

Story-World Readers

Second Book

Story-Fun



Suhrie and Gee

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Author: Ambrose L. Suhrie Ph.D. and Martle Garrison Gee in collaboration with John Martin

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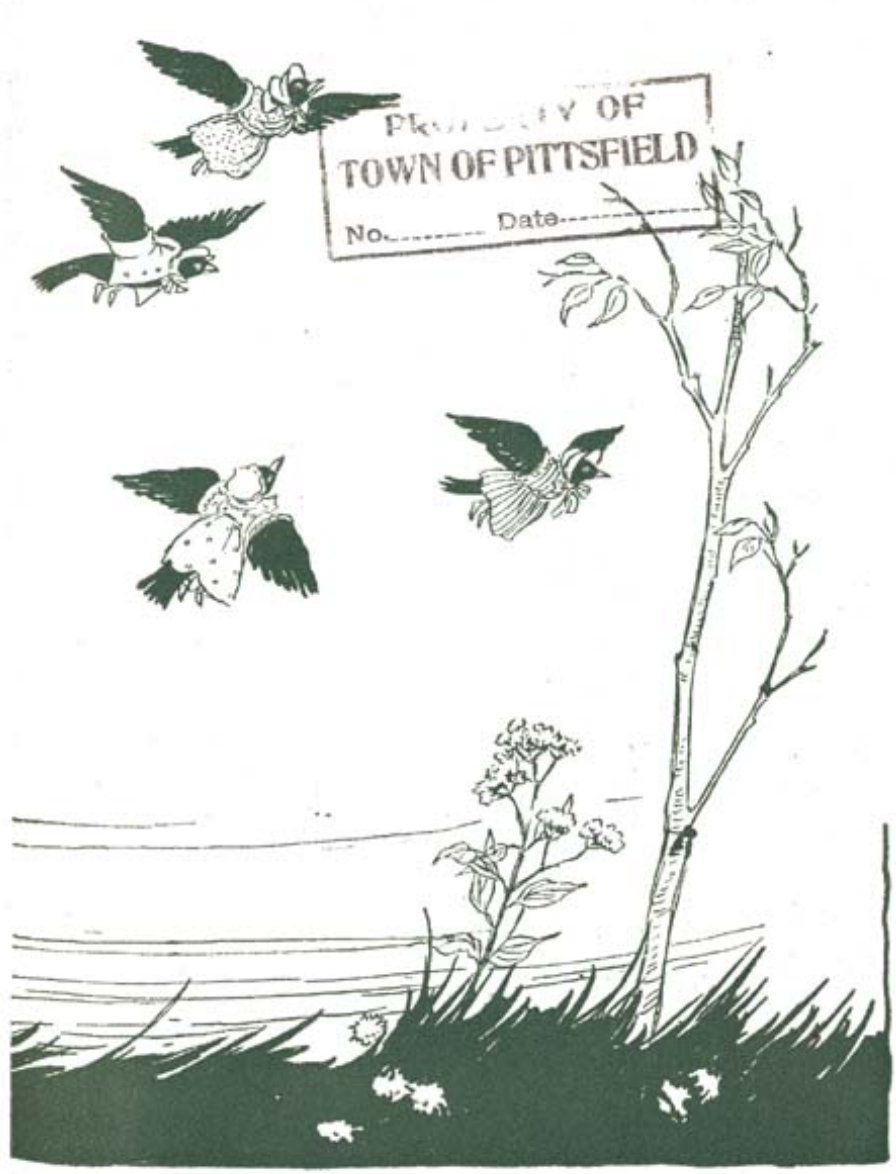
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Story-World Readers

Second Book

Story-Fun

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in collaboration with

John Martin


Editor of John Martin's Book



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Mabel Betsy Hill

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The right to copy or
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To Boys and Girls
who like to share
their story-fun
with others



Boys and girls in a good class learn many useful things from each other, as well as from their teacher and their books.

MYRTLE GARRISON GEE

THANKING OUR HELPERS

A great many friends helped us to make this book for you. We feel very thankful for their help. It would be fun if you could talk with all of them about the stories in your book. Let us tell you who these friends are.

Dr. William S. Gray of the University of Chicago gave us many good ideas. He showed us ways of making your book easy to read. Dr. Gray spends much time in helping to make reading easier for boys and girls.

Dr. Henry Turner Bailey of the Cleveland School of Art helped us to decide what kinds of pictures would be prettiest with these stories.

Miss Mabel Betsy Hill of New York City drew and colored the pictures in your book.

Some of our helpers were boys and girls of your age. How do you suppose they helped? They sent their ideas to John Martin's Book House for Children, to be used in these stories.

If you like this book you will want to join us in thanking all the people who helped to make it.

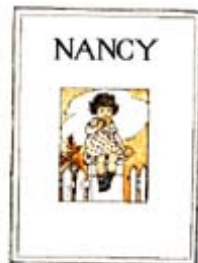
AMBROSE L. SUHRIE
MYRTLE GARRISON GEE



A NEW BOOK FRIEND

What fun it is to be introduced to new school friends! Sometimes you can have quite as much fun in learning to know new book friends. Here is another new book friend for you. Its name is Story-Fun. We hope that you will like this new book friend better and better each day.

The Authors



It is fun to open a new book.
It is more fun if you can read the new book.

It is most fun if you can read it so well that boys and girls will always want to hear you.

Just think what a good time you can have when every boy and every girl in your class is a good reader.

Can you think of any ways to help yourself to become a better reader?

Do you try hard to learn new words without any help from your teacher?



Here are some ways to learn new words for yourself:

First. Let the words you do know help you to find out any word you do not know. They will do this if you will read two or three times the part of the story which has a new word in it.

Second. Try to find some little part of the new word which will help you to say the whole word.

Third. When you are sure you cannot find out the word alone, ask your teacher to help you.

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SEVEN LITTLE BOOKS

There are seven little books in this big book. Their names are:

FINDING THINGS

NANCY

SNIPPY'S ADVENTURES

SQUIRMIE

AN AFTERNOON TEA

BROWNIE WEE

BUNNY

FINDING THINGS



FINDING THINGS

Mr. Rabbit's New Necktie.....	16
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Mr. Rabbit's New Necktie was not a necktie until he made it into one. Read the story and find out what it had been before.

All the little millikins carry tiny **Shining Swords** at their sides. Where do you think they found these swords?

Mrs. Toad's house and garden are safe behind **A Beetle Fence**. No beetles can come in to eat her turnips. Can you learn where she found this fence?

The Blackbirds' New Home cost them a bushel of nuts. Your story will tell you what a strange home it was.

MR. RABBIT'S NEW NECKTIE

The Jones family were out in the woods all summer. They slept in a tent. They had a little stove. Father caught fish. Mother cooked them on the stove. The children ate them.

When the Jones family went home, they left the stove in the woods. They also left a paper of pins, a comb, and Betty's silk hair-ribbon. They forgot to take these things home with them.

Mr. Rabbit was the first one to find them. He did not know what to



"That is very pretty," said he

do with the stove, or the pins, or the comb.

“That is very pretty,” said he, when he saw the silk hair-ribbon. “I will tie it around my neck.” And he did so.

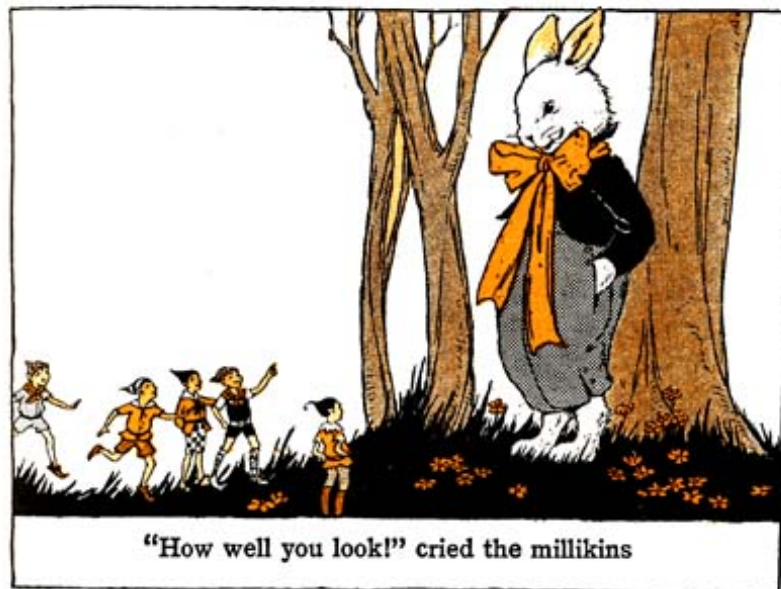
Mr. Rabbit met some millikins. Millikins are one kind of fairy.

“How well you look!” cried the millikins. “Where did you find the pretty new necktie?”

“Under the trees,” replied Mr. Rabbit.

“Are there any more pretty silk neckties under the trees?”

“No,” said Mr. Rabbit. “But there are some other things. I did not take



“How well you look!” cried the millikins

any of them. I did not know what they were.”

ELIZABETH GURNEY

* * *

Can you read the part of the story which tells what the Jones family did while they were in the woods?

They left some things when they went home. Read the part which tells about this.

Someone found these things. Can you read about what he did when he found them?

Read a part of the story which tells how Mr. Rabbit helped someone else to find some things.

* * *

Can someone in your class read the whole story so well that the boys and girls will think he is telling it?

SHINING SWORDS

The millikins ran over to the trees. They had never seen a stove or a comb. They did not know what such things were.

“Oh, goody! goody!” they cried when they found the paper of pins. “Look at all the shiny new swords! Each of us can have one.”

Every millikin put a shiny, new pin in his belt. “Now we are not afraid to meet anyone,” they said. Then they all marched away through the woods. They felt very proud, indeed.

A toad saw them passing.

“How fine you look!” she cried. “Where did you get those shiny swords?”

“Under the trees,” replied the millikins.

“Are there any more shiny, new swords under the trees?” asked the toad.

“No,” replied the millikins. “We took all of the shiny swords. Mr. Rabbit took the pretty silk ribbon. But there are some other things there. We did not take them for we did not know what they were.”

ELIZABETH GURNEY

* * *

It did the millikins no good to find the stove and the comb. Read the part of the story which tells why.

Can you read a part which tells what they thought the pins were?

The millikins made a fine picture when they put on their new swords. Read a part of the story which will help you to see this picture.

Find the part of the story which tells how the millikins helped someone else to find something useful.

* * *

Have you a reader in your class to-day who can tell the story with his voice while his eyes read the words?

A BEETLE FENCE

The toad hopped over to the trees. She had never seen a stove. She did not know what it was.

“Oh, what a splendid fence!” cried the toad when she saw the comb. “I will set it up in front of my house. Then the beetles cannot get in to eat my turnips.”

The toad took one end of the comb in her mouth. She pulled it along through the woods. The comb was heavy. It took her a long time to pull it home. She put it up in front



“What a splendid fence!” they cried.
“Where did you get it?”

of her house. Then she sat down to rest. A family of blackbirds went by.

“What a splendid fence!” they cried. “Where did you get it?”

“Under the trees,” replied the toad.

“Are there any more fences under the trees?” asked the blackbirds.

“No,” replied the toad. “Mr. Rabbit took the pretty silk ribbon. The millikins took the shiny swords. I took the splendid fence. There was something else there. I did not know what it was.”

ELIZABETH GURNEY

* * *

The stove was of no use to the toad. Can you tell the class why?

She was sure she knew what the comb was. Can you tell what she said about it?

Can you tell everything that the toad did with the comb after she found it?

Which of her friends went by and saw her new beetle fence?

What did they say to her about it?

Do you think the toad gave the blackbirds any idea which was of use to them?

* * *

Is there any part of the story that you would enjoy hearing? Ask some boy or girl to read it aloud for you.

Ask your classmates what part of the story they would like to hear you read aloud.

THE BLACKBIRDS' NEW HOME

The blackbirds flew over to the trees.

“What a wonderful bird-house!” they cried when they saw the stove. “Let us take it home.”

Each blackbird took hold of the stove with his bill.

“One-two-three, fly!” called the oldest blackbird.

They flapped their wings, but the stove was too heavy. They could not lift it. Then the blackbirds hired the brown bear to carry the stove home



The Jones family came back

for them. They paid the bear a bushel of nuts.

The blackbirds made nests in the oven. They kept nuts in the stove-pipe.

"This is the best bird-house we have ever had," they said.

The Jones family came back to the woods the next summer.

"Someone has taken the stove and the pins," cried Mother.

"Someone has taken the comb and the old hair-ribbon, too," cried Betty. "Who could it have been?"

ELIZABETH GURNEY

* * *

What did the blackbirds think they had found?

Read what they said about it.

Can you read a part of the story which tells how they got help?

The blackbirds liked their new house. Can you tell how they used it?

Read what they said about the new house.

Can you read the part of the story which tells what the Jones family learned when they came back to the woods?

* * *

Ask the boys and girls which of the stories about "Finding Things" they would like to hear you read.



NANCY



NANCY

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Some boys and girls do not understand that **A Promise Is a Promise** and should not be broken. There are many different ways of breaking a promise. Your story will tell you how Nancy broke her promise without knowing that she had done so.

Do you always know **How to Be Happy?** One day Nancy did not know how to make herself happy. She asked several people for advice. Can you read the story and find out what advice they gave her?

In the story called **Jerry and the Goose** you will find Nancy in trouble.

The goose gets her into trouble. It is Jerry who helps her. Perhaps you can find out how cleverly he does this.

On **Christmas Day** everyone is happy except Captain. He has always been a good horse and has worked well for Nancy's father. Nancy finds a way to make Captain happy. Your story will tell you her way of making Captain happy.

A PROMISE IS A PROMISE

One day when Nancy was four years old she trotted over to the gate. She peeked through at Mrs. Gray, who was planting seeds in her garden. Nancy had trotted over to this same garden gate every day for a week. Each day she had been rewarded.

Nancy's two big, bright eyes just looked "cookies," and her two rosy-red lips just looked "cookies," too. When she smiled as only Nancy could, and said, "Cookies?" Mrs. Gray could not resist. She always led Nancy to

the cooky-jar just inside the kitchen door. Lifting the lid, Mrs. Gray would let Nancy's fat fists feel around until they brought forth a cooky in each plump hand.

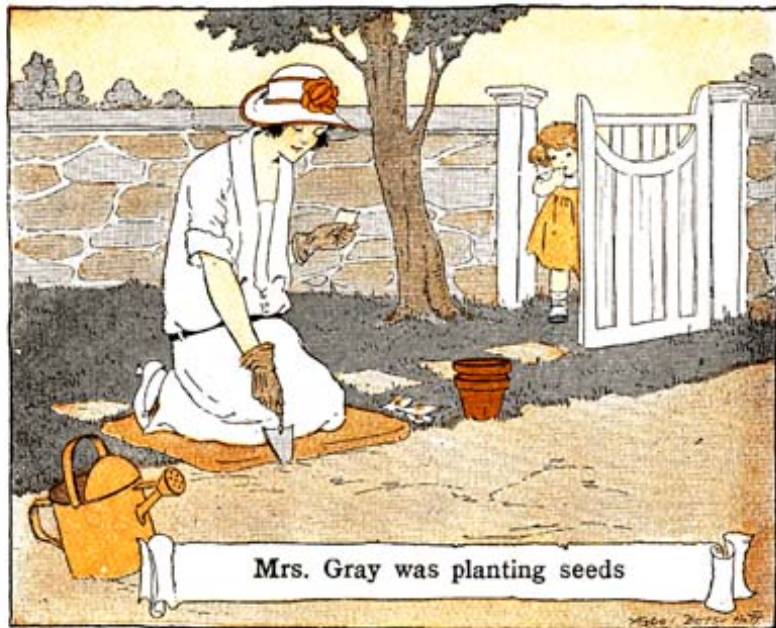
Then Nancy would say, "Thank you, Mrs. Gray," and go home to Mother as happy as happy could be.

Mother was troubled that her Nancy should keep bringing cookies from Mrs. Gray. Mother talked firmly to her. She told Nancy that it was not polite to ask for cookies, even from so kind a person as Mrs. Gray. Indeed, Mother told Nancy never to ask for cookies again. Nancy promised that she would not.

The next day Mrs. Gray was trimming her grape-vine. She had just clipped off a runner when she saw a little figure come across the grass and stop at the gate. It was Nancy. Her big eyes still looked "cookies." Her rosy lips looked "cookies," too, but, strange to say, there was no smile. No little voice said the magic word.

Mrs. Gray said, "Come in." Nancy walked slowly through the gate. Still there was never a word about cookies.

Mrs. Gray said, "Wouldn't you like to see me trim the grape-vine's hair?" She snipped here and snipped there, giving Nancy the great long trailers to play with. Still there was no



word about cookies. Mrs. Gray wondered.

By and by she said, "I think we're all through." Then she added with a smile, "Now, Nancy, what shall we do next?"

Nancy clasped her fat fingers tightly and looked quietly at Mrs. Gray. She wanted to say "cookies," but she had promised Mother, and a promise is a promise. At last she answered, "I was hungry when I got to the gate."

"Bless your dear heart," said Mrs. Gray. "We'll have to see about that." So it was that Nancy's little hands still carried cookies back to Mother.

When Nancy had trudged all the way back to Mother, her face was dimpling and her fat hands were full. Mother's eyes looked almost as big as Nancy's.

"What is this I see?" asked she in

great surprise. "Didn't you promise me, Nancy?"

"Oh, but I didn't ask for cookies," said the little girl. "I only said I was hungry. That wasn't asking, was it?"

Mother lifted Nancy into her lap. Mother took the cookies and laid them down beside her. "Nancy," she said, "because you meant to obey me, you shall have the cookies by and by. But when you obey, you must obey in the words you think and the things you do. When Mother says you must not ask Mrs. Gray for cookies, it means you must not even hint for cookies. You must not look as if you would like them, unless Mrs. Gray asks you



Mother took the cookies

first. Do you think you understand, Nancy?"

Nancy nodded her head slowly. She slipped down from Mother's lap. She never looked toward the cookies.

"You may have them now," said Mother. "Will you try harder than

ever to remember that a real promise has no hints in it?"

"Yes, Mother," answered Nancy. "I'll try."

And she did.

MARY L. T. TUFTS

* * *

Can you find any parts of the story which make you think that Mrs. Gray liked Nancy?

Read a part of the story which you think tells what kind of girl Nancy was.

Do you think that Nancy's mother helped her to understand how to keep her promise? Read the part which tells what she said to Nancy.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

One morning Nancy sat in the garden. She was sad and lonely.

Along came Mr. Worm, creeping over the grass.

"Oh, Mr. Worm," said Nancy, "are you happy?"

"Yes, indeed, I am," answered Mr. Worm.

"I wish I were," said Nancy. "How can I be happy?"

"Why, that's easy," said Mr. Worm. "Just stick your nose into the ground and wriggle as I do, and you'll be happy."

Nancy stuck her nose into the ground and wriggled as Mr. Worm did. But she got her nose muddy. She was not happy.

Very soon she spied Mr. Squirrel in a tree.

“Hello! Mr. Squirrel,” called Nancy. “Are you happy?”

“Why, of course!” answered Mr. Squirrel.

“I wish I were,” said Nancy. “Can you tell me how to be happy?”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Squirrel. “There’s nothing nicer than taking a flying leap from one tree to another. Just try it, and you’ll be happy.”

Nancy tried it. But she scratched

her hands and tore her dress. When she tried to jump from one tree to another, she fell down with a big bump. She was not happy.

Just then she saw Mrs. Cat washing herself in the sun.

“Oh, Mrs. Cat,” asked Nancy, “are you happy?”

“Always,” answered Mrs. Cat without stopping.

“I wish I were,” said Nancy. “Will you teach me how to be?”

“It ought to make you happy to sit down here in the sun and wash yourself. You need it,” answered Mrs. Cat.

Nancy sat down in the sun and tried to wash herself with her tongue



as Mrs. Cat did. But it was not fun at all. The mud on the end of her nose tasted horrid and gritty. She was not happy.

She walked down to the end of the garden. There, under a rose-bush, sat a fairy. When she saw Nancy she said, "What's the matter, little girl? You don't look happy!"



"Oh, I'm not," answered Nancy, "and I want very much to be happy!"

"Very well, I'll tell you how. Only you must do exactly as I say," answered the fairy.

"I will, I will," cried Nancy, "if only you'll make me happy."

"Then turn around and go back to the house. Go upstairs to your

mother's room, and do what your heart tells you to do."

Nancy turned right around, went back to the house, and upstairs to her mother's room. Mother was making a new cape for her. The room was hot and it was not fun to sew, but her mother wanted to get the cape finished for Nancy to wear to school.

"Are you tired of playing in the garden?"

Nancy's heart told her the answer:

"Yes, I would much rather be up here helping you, Mother. Let me pull out the bastings. . . ." Nancy sat down in her little chair beside her mother and pulled out the bastings.

Before you could count one-two-three Nancy was happy!

Do you know why?

BRENDA PUTNAM

* * *

Several people gave Nancy advice when she asked them how to be happy. Read the advice which you think was the most sensible.

Read the advice which you think sounded the funniest.

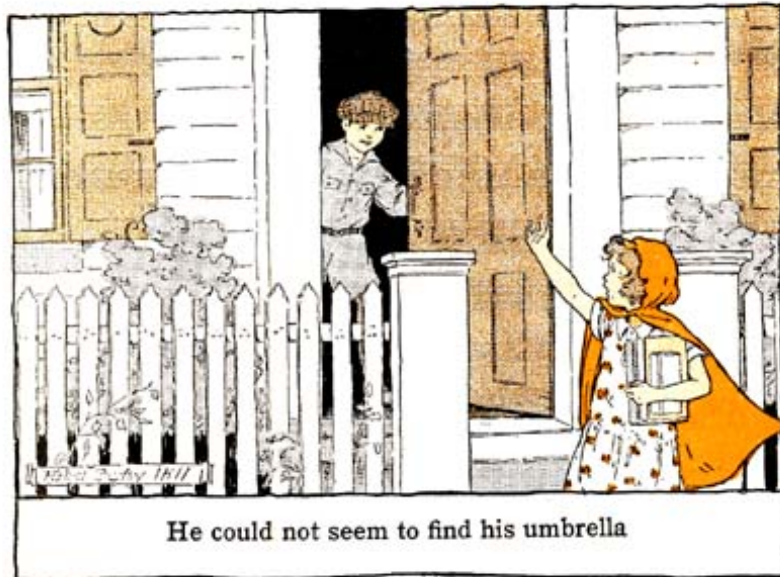
Can you find a part of the story which tells about an unselfish mother?

Read some advice which was given to Nancy. Do not tell the class who gave it. See if they can guess the name of the person who gave it.

JERRY AND THE GOOSE

Nancy was in a great hurry to start for school. Her new red cape was finished and ready to wear. The morning was gray and cloudy. It was the right morning for a warm Red-Riding-Hood cape.

Jerry lived next door and always walked to school with Nancy. This morning he could not seem to find his umbrella. When he saw Nancy coming, he called to her, "Wait for me a minute, Nancy, till I find my umbrella."



He could not seem to find his umbrella

Nancy was quite used to waiting for Jerry. She often hurried in to help him find what was missing—hat, books, mittens, or lunch-box. There was always something of Jerry's to hunt for.

But this morning she was in a

hurry to reach the schoolhouse and show her new red cape to the teacher and the girls. She pretended she did not hear Jerry and ran along.

As soon as she turned the corner, she wished she had waited. A troublesome voice from somewhere under the red cape began to say over and over, "Jerry always waits for you, Jerry always waits for you. That's true, that's true."

Nancy could not help remembering how Jerry always did wait for her when she had to stay after school to correct her number work. Jerry never had to do his number work over, but he always waited for her.

Nancy walked more slowly, hoping he would catch up to her. When she reached Mr. Johnson's house, she was looking backward. She had not noticed what was in front of her.

Mr. Johnson's cross, black gander was in front of her. He nearly always stayed in the barnyard or down in the meadow with the other geese. This morning he had caught sight of something red coming up the road. He had decided to see what it was.

He seemed to say to himself, "That little girl may like her red cape, but I do not. It makes me cross. I am going to pull it off and walk on it."

He put his head down with an

angry "hiss-ss." Nancy felt her cape grabbed from the back. She found herself being pulled along through a deep puddle toward Mr. Johnson's barn.

Nancy gave herself up for lost. She supposed the gander was taking her to his deep, dark den as Foxy Loxy had taken Chicken Licken long ago. She pulled as hard as she could to get away. She was also afraid that her new red cape would get torn or muddy.

She opened her mouth to call "Jerry!" Oh, how she wished he would come! Nothing ever frightened her or hurt her when Jerry was with

her. He always knew just what to do. If she lived to start for school again she thought she would never stir without Jerry.

Just then Jerry came. He had found his umbrella behind the bathtub and had run every step of the way.

He knew exactly what to do, just as Nancy had thought he would. He was not at all afraid, though he was only six, and not so very big. He opened his umbrella and pointed it straight at the gander. Then he rushed forward with a fierce "Boo!"

The gander thought he saw a ter-

rible animal, perfectly round, with a horn in the middle and sharp claws all around the edge. No goose could stand still before it. He dropped Nancy's cape, spread his wings wide, and fluttered to the barnyard.

Nancy and Jerry walked on to school. Nancy was quite happy again, for the red cape was not at all torn. Jerry let her carry his lunch-box and spelling book.

When she told her mother that night about her escape from the gander, her mother said, "Suppose you always carry your umbrella when you wear the red cape."

But Nancy said, "No, Jerry always



He fluttered to the barnyard

carries his, and I shall always go with Jerry."

Mr. Johnson's gander will not make any more trouble for Nancy. He has not forgotten the round, black animal that came to help her one day. When he sees the red cape com-

ing, he steps hastily into the barn and stays there until it is out of sight.

JESSIE PENNIMAN WHITE

* * *

Can you read a part of the story which will show the class what kind of girl Nancy is?

Find and read a part of the story which proves that Jerry is clever.

Do you think the story proves that a goose is not clever? Read the part which proves it.

Ask someone to read the part of the story which seemed funniest to him.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Nancy's father was a doctor. In his stable he had a friendly horse. His name was Captain.

Captain loved Nancy. He loved her mother and the kind Doctor, too. He seemed happy to go with the Doctor day or night.

When the Doctor came home one Christmas eve he said, "Mother, Uncle Billy has given me an automobile!"

Everyone ran out to look at the beautiful car. It was then put in a part of the barn far from Captain's stall.

“Now, Captain, you can rest a bit. Good, good Captain!” said the Doctor. He patted the horse’s head. But Captain stood in the far corner of his stall, trembling. He was afraid to look at the black monster in his barn.

The next day was Christmas. It was a beautiful day, all golden sun and shining snow.

Nancy’s Christmas tree was twinkling with candle lights. There were new dresses for her old dolls. There was a sweater for her Teddy Bear. There was a catnip mouse for Tabby. Piled up under the tree were new dolls, books, and dishes for Nancy. And yet Nancy was unhappy.



Nancy's Christmas tree was twinkling with candle lights

"Oh, Mother," said Nancy, "I am so sorry for Captain! He's afraid of that automobile."

She had to welcome Uncle Billy and her grandmothers and grandfathers who had come for Christmas dinner. She had to remember not to cry when there were other people about.

Nancy was very good all through the long dinner. But the twinkling candles and the good things did not keep her from thinking of Captain. Poor, frightened Captain was out in the barn with the big, black automobile.

After dinner Nancy hurried to the

library. She took a big piece of white sugar candy from under the tree. Out of the house and across the snowy yard she ran. She tip-toed into Captain's stall.

"Hello, Captain," she said. "Come here."

Nancy held out her hand. In it was the big piece of white sugar candy. Captain sniffed at it. He opened his mouth and Nancy carefully opened the box-stall door.

He did not get the candy. Nancy had walked away from him with the candy in her hand. She walked backwards as she held out her hand toward him.



Captain followed her. She went farther down the stable and he still followed her. Nancy was soon standing beside the great, black automobile.

Captain stepped back. Nancy stood still. She laid one hand upon

the mud-guard. In her other hand she held the piece of white sugar candy.

Captain came nearer and nearer. He sniffed at the edge of the mud-guard, tossed his head, and stepped back again. Then he edged nearer again. He sniffed at the mud-guard and found that it did not bite him. He sniffed it again, and it did not jump at him. He came closer. Almost before he knew it he had eaten the candy.

Nancy laughed aloud. She hurried from the stable and into the house to tell Mother all about it. She also told the Doctor about it. Then Mother and the Doctor and Uncle Billy and

the grandmothers and grandfathers went out into the stable with Nancy.

There was Captain, close beside the automobile. He was sniffing all over the mud-guard for another piece of candy. He looked up, showing his big, strong teeth in a smile that said, "Merry Christmas to everyone!"

He turned and looked at the automobile. "Even to you, you monster!"

Again he sniffed the mud-guard, hoping to find more candy.

* * *

LOUISE H. GUYOL

One part of the story tells what kind of horse Captain was. Can you read it?

There is a part of the story which

gives a picture of Nancy's Christmas tree. Find and read it.

Captain was frightened by the automobile, but Nancy was clever enough to overcome his fright. Can you read the part of the story which tells of her cleverness?

Read any part of the story which you think the class would enjoy hearing you read aloud.

* * *

Do you think that some of your classmates have read better to-day than they have ever read before? You can make them happy by telling the other boys and girls why you think so.



SNIPPY'S ADVENTURES



SNIPPY'S ADVENTURES

The Trap-Door	75
Snippy and the Lobster.....	84
Madam Turkey	91

Snippy does not know that **The Trap-Door** is in the floor of Grandmother Brown's kitchen. He tumbles through it to the cellar below. Poor, frightened Snippy is alone in the dark cellar a long time before someone discovers him. You can find out who discovered him.

Snippy and the Lobster happen to be on the front porch at the same time. Snippy has never seen a lobster before. He thinks it a queer looking creature. What do you suppose he tries to do to it?

Madam Turkey has a plan which she likes. It is not a wise plan. Grandfather Brown is grateful to

Snippy for helping him to find out about it before Madam Turkey can do what she plans to do. Your story will tell you what her plan was and how Snippy helped Grandfather Brown to find out about it.

1

THE TRAP-DOOR

While Snippy was spending a vacation with Mistress Betty at Grandfather Brown's farm, he had an adventure with a trap-door which was in the kitchen floor. A rug lay over it. Snippy did not know there was a door under the rug.

One day the rug was folded back neatly and the trap-door was open. Grandmother Brown had been carrying down pickle jars and had come upstairs again. As she was about to close the trap-door, she heard a rap

at the kitchen door. Grandmother hurried away without closing the trap-door.

It was Sammy Stout, who lived across the road. His mother wanted some lettuce for supper. Sammy was too little to be trusted to gather the lettuce. Grandmother went out to get it for him.

Snippy had been dozing in Grandmother's rocking chair. Betty was not at home. She was visiting a neighbor who owned a big gray cat and did not like puppies.

The slam of the door behind Grandmother awakened Snippy. He got up, stretched, and yawned.



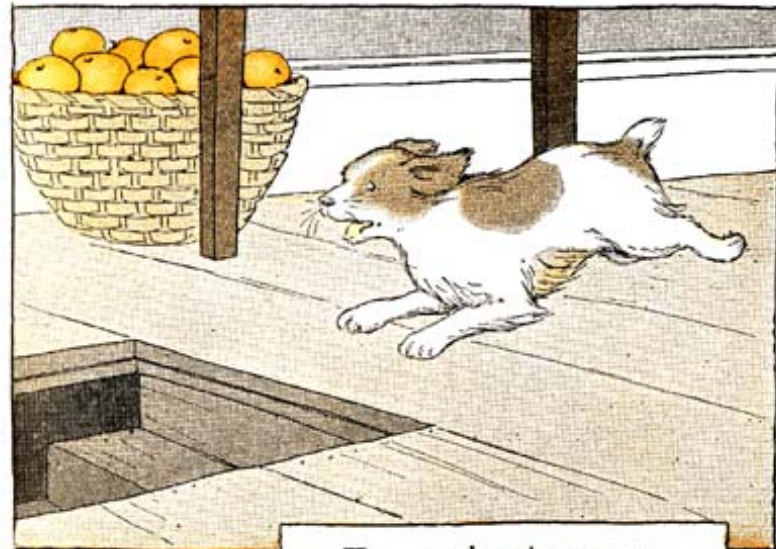
Snippy had been dozing in Grandmother's chair

“What a long day!” he said to himself. “I had better go out to the kitchen and see if there is anything good in my dish.”

The very thought of food made him hungry. He started walking, but by the time he reached the kitchen door he was going at a scamper.

“Bow-wow-wow!” he cried, as he bumped down the steep, narrow stairs.

When he reached the bottom it seemed to him that there was no breath left in his body. He lay quite still. He could see the light from the kitchen far above. Just then he heard Grandmother Brown come in. Oh,



He was going at a scamper

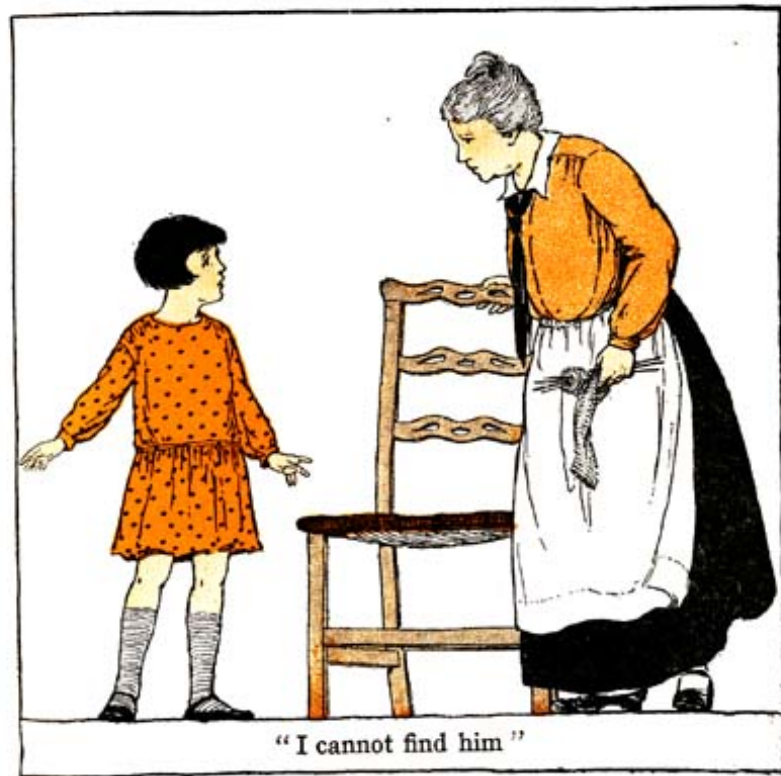
how glad he was! But he did not have enough breath to bark. What do you think happened? Grandmother Brown closed the trap-door and pulled the rug over it! Then Snippy got his voice back.

“Bow-wow-wow!” he called. But Grandmother Brown did not hear.

Snippy laid his head on his paws and cried softly. Only a little light came in at the narrow cellar windows. It was a gloomy place. By and by he heard Betty’s footsteps. Then he heard her ask, “Where is Snippy?” He heard Grandmother Brown answer, “He was asleep in my chair a little while ago.”

“Bow-wow! Bow-wow!” called the prisoner. Nobody heard. People do not have as sharp ears as puppies have.

Snippy heard Mistress Betty leave the kitchen. Then he heard her come



back and say, “I cannot find him! Do you suppose something has happened to him?”

“Oh, he is somewhere about!” said Grandmother.

"Snippy, Snippy!" called Betty.

"Bow-wow-wow!" answered Snippy, but no one heard.

Then Betty went outdoors.

"Snippy, Snippy!" she called.

"Bow-wow-wow-wow!" came the answer.

This time Betty heard. She flew into the hall, and down the stairs. Snippy ran to meet her, crying, "Bow-wow-wow!"

"Oh," said Grandmother Brown, "he must have fallen through the trap-door!"

"Next time I will look where I am going!" said Snippy. And he did.

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

* * *

Snippy was a dog, but in some ways he was like a person. Are there any parts of the story which make you think this? Read them to the class.

Can you read parts of the story which tell all that Snippy heard above him when he was a prisoner in the cellar?

Do you find any parts of the story which seem to show that Betty loved Snippy?

Read a part that makes you think Snippy learned a lesson.

* * *

Ask for any part of the story that you would enjoy hearing read aloud.

SNIPPY AND THE LOBSTER

“Yip! Yip!” exclaimed Snippy. “Now what is that?” He braced his front paws and looked all around him.

“Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click.”

This noise had roused Snippy from his afternoon nap on the back porch.

“Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click.”

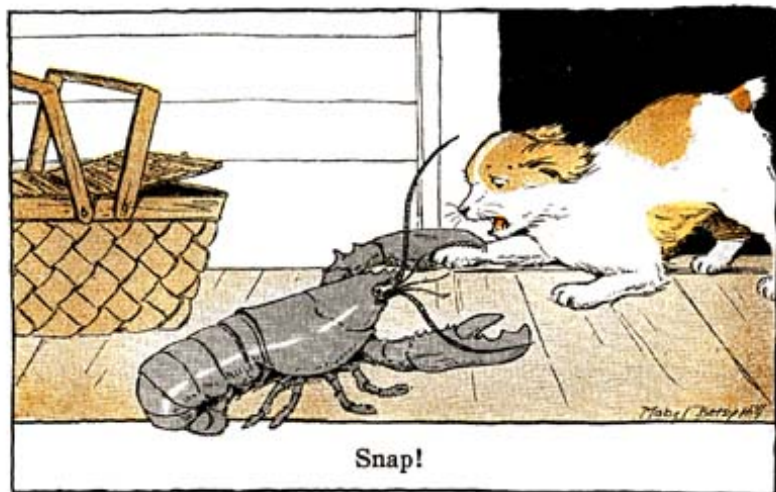
“Oh! such a queer looking creature! And on my back porch, too! I ought to drive him away. I am sure Mother would if she were here. I wish she

were. Mistress Betty would be frightened out of her wits if she were to come out and find him here!”

“Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click.”

It surely was a queer looking creature. It took all Snippy’s courage to march toward it. But he did. The “clickety-click” stopped and the queer looking creature stood quite still.

“Bow-wow!” said Snippy firmly, though he felt very shaky. “Go away! Betty would not want you here!” The queer looking creature did not move. “Bow-wow!” repeated the puppy. “Go at once!”



Snap!

But it remained quite still.

Then Snippy put out a soft little paw and gave it a brisk little push.

“Snap!”

The queer looking creature had a firm hold on Snippy’s fluffy front paw.

“Bow-wow!” shouted Snippy.

But the queer looking creature

would not let go. It seemed a long time to Snippy before Betty’s mother came running out on the porch.

“Oh, Dick, Dick!” she cried. “That big, live lobster climbed out of his basket. I am afraid he is killing Snippy.”

Betty’s big brother Dick came down the stairs three steps at a time. Mother and he made the lobster drop the puppy.

“The darling!” said Mother. “I will never forgive myself for not fastening that cover more tightly.”

Then she bound up the little paw carefully. It began to feel better at once.



Just as she finished tying it, Betty came home.

“Oh, what has happened to Snippy?” she cried.

She heard the story of his bravery from her mother and Dick. How she cuddled him!

“He’s a hero! That’s what he is!” she cried. “He thought he ought to drive that dreadful animal off the porch. He did the very best he could.”

Snippy snuggled more closely and licked Betty’s hand with his soft little tongue. “After all,” he thought, “I don’t mind a sore paw, since I did the best I could.”

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

* * *

Do you think that Snippy would have been as brave if he had known

more about lobsters? Talk to the class about it.

Does any part of the story make you think you hear the sound that a lobster makes when it moves? Can you read it?

Can you read any parts of the story which show that Betty and her family wanted to take good care of Snippy and keep him out of danger?

* *

Tell the class what boy or girl you would like to hear read the whole story aloud. Can you tell them why?

MADAM TURKEY

Snippy and Mistress Betty were spending a vacation at the home of Grandmother and Grandfather Brown in the country. Sometimes Snippy did not see Betty for a whole afternoon at a time. She spent many afternoons with a new friend who owned a big, old, gray cat and did not like puppies.

One sunny July afternoon Snippy was lying on the back porch. He was half asleep and half awake. The sun was warm. A gentle little breeze played among the leaves.

"This is a delightful world," said Snippy dreamily to himself. "I am a very happy puppy, even if my mistress does sometimes leave me alone."

He stretched cozily, closed his eyes, and had almost gone to sleep when he heard a queer sound.

"Quit, quit, quit!"

It was the queer little voice of Madam Turkey.

Snippy jumped up and looked around. Madam Turkey was strutting off very slowly across the vegetable garden, all alone. She stopped every few steps to pick up a grasshopper or to arrange a ruffled feather.

He felt sure that she was starting for some favorite place.

"Quit, quit, quit!" said she.

"I think I shall go along, too," said Snippy to himself. He very quietly jumped down from the porch and trotted after her.

As long as she could be seen by anyone in the house, Madam Turkey walked as if she had all the time in the world and nothing to do. Once in a while she would say, "Quit, quit, quit," dreamily.

But just as soon as she got out of sight behind some rows of young sweet corn, she looked and acted like a different turkey. She flattened her

feathers, making herself look smaller and slimmer. Then she stretched out her slender neck and ran. She ran so fast that Snippy had to scamper to keep up with her. Soon they had left the garden and had come into a little field. Madam Turkey now began to stroll and pick up grasshoppers again. But all the time she was heading toward the blackberry thicket.

“How queerly she acts!” said Snippy to himself. “I wonder what she is trying to do. It is my duty to find out.”

As soon as Madam Turkey reached the blackberry patch, she looked all around. Either she did not see Snippy,



She was heading toward the blackberry thicket

or she did not think he was worth noticing. She quickly lowered her head and darted into a little opening between the thorny stems.

“Now, what is she going in there for?” thought the little watcher. “I really must find out.”

He trotted along to the opening and peeped in. He could not see anything. It was very dark in there under the clustering leaves among the big thorny stems, but he walked in.

Suddenly he felt "Whack! Whack!" It was Madam Turkey's bill.

Oh, how his forehead hurt! He turned and ran. The turkey ran after him to the opening of the hole. On the way she gave him three hard pecks. It seemed to him that he was sore all over and always would be. He wanted to cry.

As soon as Madam Turkey went back, he sat down to think and to lick as many of his sore spots as he could

reach. Soon he felt better. He went and looked in at the opening. He could not see anything, but he knew that, away in there, Madam Turkey was waiting.

"She acted as if she were running off to hide," he said to himself. "I do believe she has done something naughty. I will see if I can call Grandfather Brown."

"Bow, wow, wow!" he barked. Then he listened. He thought he heard someone coming. "Bow, wow! Bow, wow!"

Soon he saw Grandfather Brown running.

"Bow, wow, wow!" called Snippy,

dancing up and down in front of the hole.

Grandfather Brown stooped down and looked. He picked up a turkey feather, then another one. He stooped and looked again.

“Aha!” said he. “Madam Turkey is in there where she has hidden her nest. She has been hiding away for many days. She must have a nestful of eggs.”

He turned and patted Snippy’s sore forehead.

“You are a fine little puppy to find this nest,” he said. “Now I shall hurry to catch that old weasel I saw in the wall down here yesterday. If I do



“Aha!” said he. “Madam Turkey is in there”

not he will get these eggs some day when Madam Turkey is away for lunch. You are a smart little puppy. You have saved a whole brood of turkeys!”

He very gently patted the sore head again. How glad and proud Snippy was! He felt that he had done a very good afternoon's work. He trotted up to the house behind Grandfather Brown.

When Grandmother Brown heard the story, she gave him a saucer of cream. Then he lay down on the back porch in the sun.

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

* * *

Snippy was curious when he saw Madam Turkey. Can you read about all the things which his curiosity made him do?

Madam Turkey was determined to

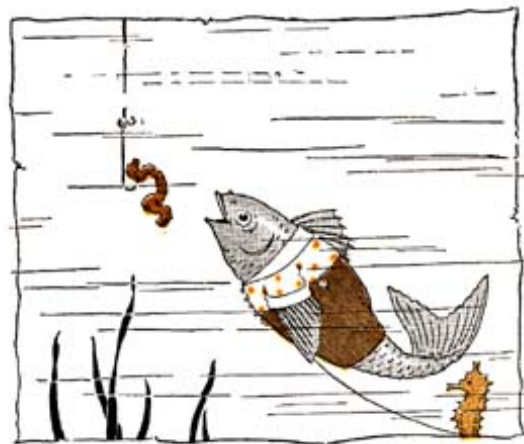
have her own way. Can you read some parts of the story which show just how determined she was to have her own way?

Can you read a part which shows that Grandfather Brown was grateful to Snippy for discovering Madam Turkey's plan?

Can you read a part which shows that Grandmother Brown was grateful to Snippy for discovering Madam Turkey's plan?

* *

Have you found out what your classmates think about Snippy? Try to find out by asking them some questions.



SQUIRMIE

SQUIRMIE

Big Bridge	106
As Sharp as a Needle.....	109
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Squirmie is a proud little fish, for he can swim as far as **Big Bridge**. Your story will tell you what his pride makes him want to do.

Squirmie bites something which feels **As Sharp as a Needle**. What do you suppose it is?

Squirmie might have died if it had not been for **Dr. Pompous Pickerel**. Can you find out what Squirmie says after the doctor has saved him?

BIG BRIDGE

Squirmie lived in the cool shadow of a big, flat rock. When he was but a little fish, his mother taught him to swim. Squirmie could soon swim a long way.

How happy he was when he could swim as far as Big Bridge! He had to swim out of Bubble Brook into Bright River to reach Big Bridge. His mother always went with him, for it was a long swim, and he had to stop to rest.

When he grew big enough to go

swimming alone, his mother stayed at home. Squirmie was very good about obeying her.

She would say, "Don't swim alone down to Big Bridge in Bright River, and don't ever bite any wriggly worms you see hanging in the water."

Every day Squirmie used to see the wriggly worms hanging in the water. He longed to bite them, but his mother had said he must not.

One day he was cross. He said to himself, "My mother does not know anything. I'm going to swim down to that old Bridge. She won't see me. I'll eat all the wriggly worms I see hanging in the water, and then I'll

swim home. When she sees me full and happy, she'll think I know something, too."

LAURA CHADBOURNE PUFFER

* * *

Can you tell where Squirmie lived?
Why do you think he was called Squirmie?

One thing made Squirmie very happy. Can you read about it?

Read what his mother always told him when he went to swim alone.

Was Squirmie always pleasant and happy?

Can you read what he said he was going to do?

AS SHARP AS A NEEDLE

Naughty little Squirmie swam down to Big Bridge as fast as he could. The first thing he saw was a wriggly worm. He swam up boldly and bit it hard.

Something as sharp as a needle went through his mouth. In less than a second he was pulled out of Bright River, where he had always lived.

"Oh, he's too little!" he heard a man say. The man drew the sharp thing out of Squirmie's mouth and threw him down near the cool water.

Why he couldn't have thrown him into the river, Squirmie could never understand. The man might easily have done so. He was thoughtless about it.

Laura Chadbourne Puffer

* * *

Squirmie did two things which his mother had told him not to do. Can you read about them?

Read about what happened to him after he bit the wriggly worm.

* *

Can you read the whole story so well that it will sound as if you are telling it instead of reading it?

DR. POMPOUS PICKEREL

Squirmie flopped about as he tried to breathe. Soon he found his strength going. He gave one more flop and found himself in the cool water.

For a few minutes he lay still. How good it was to breathe easily again! He lay there thinking how glad he would be to see his home once more. Just then his mother came swimming up Bright River.

"Squirmie, Squirmie, where have you been?"

"I've been a naughty boy, Mother, but I never shall be again. I bit a big, wriggly worm and one of his teeth must have stuck through my mouth. I didn't know that worms had such sharp teeth. He did not like me. He threw me out on the land!"

"That was a hook," said his mother. "A man had it on the end of a long line. He put that worm on to catch you. He wanted to eat you."

By this time they had reached their own home under the big, flat rock. Very soon old Doctor Pompous Pickerel was called to look at Squirmie's torn mouth. He washed it and put on some ointment.



"You will have to feed him on porridge for a day or two, Mrs. Fish. Put a hot-water bag on his mouth, and keep him quiet. And, above all things, be sure he is kept wet and cozy."

Squirmie was soon in bed and sound asleep. He was tired. In the night he awoke. Mother was there watching him.

“Mother,” he murmured, “when I grow to be a big fish, I’m going to get a hook and line and catch that man.”

LAURA CHADBOURNE PUFFER

* * *

Can you read the part of the story which tells what Squirmie thought when he got back into the water?

Who came to help him?

Read what Squirmie and his mother said to each other after she had found him.

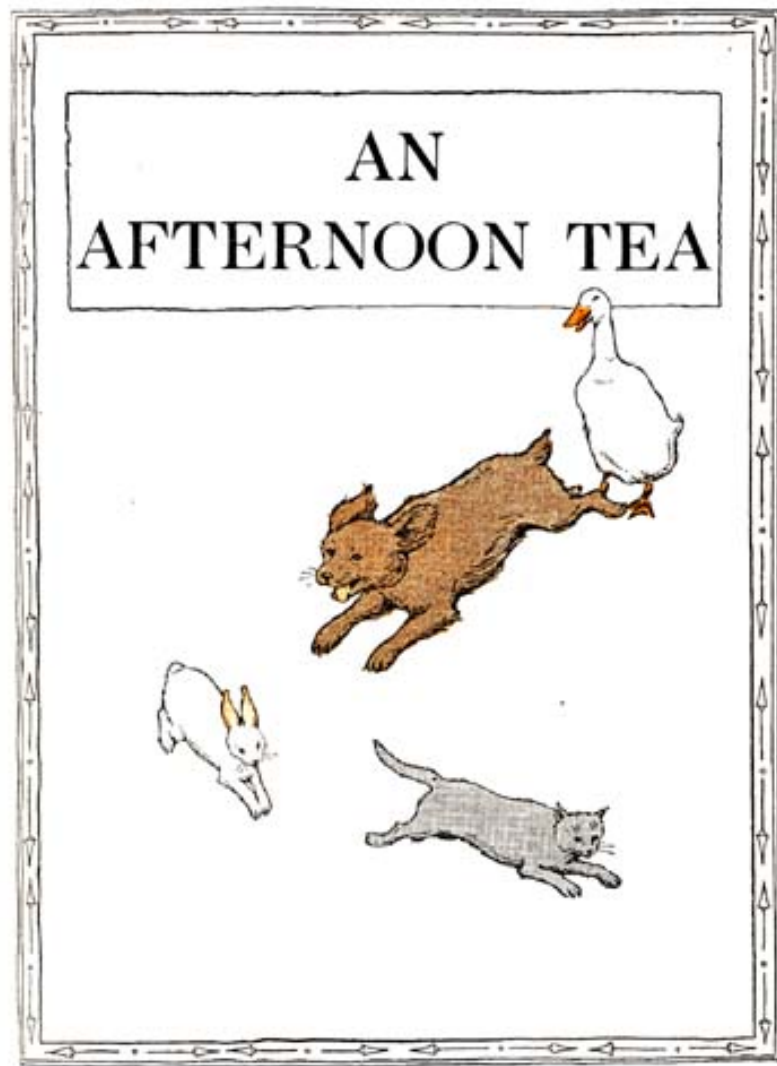
Doctor Pompous Pickerel treated Squirmie’s mouth. Can you read a part which tells how he treated it?

He also gave directions to Mrs. Fish. Can you read them?

Find a part of the story which tells how Squirmie felt toward the man who had caught him.

* *

Ask the boys and the girls what part of the story they would like to hear you read aloud. If they enjoy your reading they may tell you so. See if they can tell you how you may read so that they will enjoy your reading more.



AN AFTERNOON TEA

Teddy's Friends	120
In the Dark Cellar.....	126

One day, dog Teddy found a tea table on the front porch. It was spread with good things to eat. It surprised him to learn that there was no one to eat the pink cakes and tiny sandwiches. It gave him an idea. Soon **Teddy's Friends** were being invited to a tea party on the front porch. You can read his invitation in the story. You can also find out what his friends said when they arrived at his party.

Everyone had a good time at the tea party. Suddenly Teddy found himself all alone **In the Dark Cellar**. How do you think it happened?

TEDDY'S FRIENDS

Teddy looked at the tiny tea table on the front porch. He spied some little pink cakes and tiny sandwiches. "Bow-wow-wow," he said.

Everyone had gone away in the big, red motor car. The children had forgotten the little table. Only the four dolls were left on the porch and they were asleep. Here was a feast fit for a king with no one to enjoy it.

"One small dog could never eat such a feast alone," said Teddy to himself. "I think I shall have an

afternoon tea. Such a chance as this does not often come."

He trotted out to the front gate and called in his most polite way:

"Bow-wow-wow! One and all.
Come in answer to my call."

Fluffy, the maltese cat, scampered around the corner of the house.

"Bow-wow-wow!" said Teddy.
Fluffy answered:

"Mew-mew! I do thank you
For asking me to come to tea,
And, Teddy, you will surely see,
How very nice a cat can be."

She gave Teddy a fat mouse which she had just caught. He did not care



He called in his most polite way

much for mice, but he bowed as politely as he could.

Cleo, the old white duck, waddled up to the porch. Teddy hurried to meet her.

“Bow-wow-wow!” he said. Cleo answered:

“The door of my house was shut very tight,
And I just had to push with all of my might.”

She found a comfortable seat on a blue sofa pillow. Her muddy feet left spots on it.

Then came Bunny, the rabbit. In his mouth he held a big cabbage leaf

which he gave to Teddy. Teddy said "Bow-wow!" which meant "Thank you." He left the cabbage leaf on the steps.

By this time Beauty, the little cow, had arrived. She bowed low, saying:

"I feared all the time that I should be late;
I know that tea parties never can wait."

She ate the fresh grass of the lawn and walked over the flower beds.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

* * *

Read what Teddy thought when he first saw the tea table.

Can you find the parts of the story which tell who came in answer to Teddy's call?

Find two parts which show you that Teddy was a polite dog.

* *

Ask some of your classmates to read parts of the story that have not been read aloud to-day. If you enjoy the way they read, be sure to tell them so when you thank them for reading.

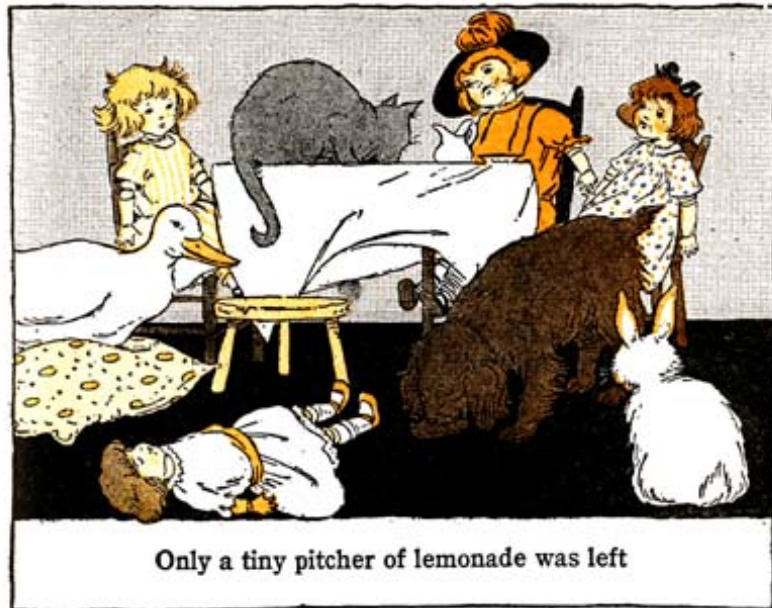
Have any boys and girls read parts of the story so well that you would enjoy hearing them read the same parts again? They might be pleased if you asked them to do so.

IN THE DARK CELLAR

Soon the party began. In almost no time the sandwiches and the little pink cakes were gone. Only a tiny pitcher of lemonade was left for the dolls. They lay in a heap under the table. The white table cloth was stained. The floor was covered with crumbs.

“Now, let’s play tag,” said Teddy. So he began to chase Bunny around the house, and Fluffy and Cleo followed.

Suddenly the big, red motor car



Only a tiny pitcher of lemonade was left

came buzzing down the street. It stopped in front of the house. As the children ran up the walk to the porch, what a sight met their eyes!

Soon someone was leading the little cow back to the barn. Someone else was saying “Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!” to Cleo.



What a sight met their eyes!

The afternoon tea was ended. Teddy found himself all alone in the dark cellar. He thought about his party and the trouble it had made. He said sadly:

“Bow-wow-wow! it never did pay,
To give a party when folks were
away.

Bow-wow-wow! I'll try to be good,
And do as all wise doggies should.”

In her stall Beauty was saying:

“Moo! Moo! there's one thing true;
With parties and such I'll have noth-
ing to do.”

Fluffy said to herself:

“Mew! Mew! I know what I’ll do;
If a dog again asks me to tea,
He’ll see how deaf a cat can be.”

The old white duck did not say what she thought. Neither did Bunny, but they both seemed glad to be safe in their homes again.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

* * *

Can you read the part of the story which tells what they had to eat at the party?

One part of the story tells what they did after they had eaten. Can you read it?

Find the part which tells what stopped the party.

Read any part which you think is the funniest.

* *

What question would you like to ask about the story?

Try to ask questions which will help you to find out what some of your classmates liked best.

Should you like to read the whole story aloud to the class? Ask if you may do so. Then ask your classmates what parts of your reading they enjoyed. Can you ask them what parts they did not enjoy? See if they will tell you why.



BROWNIE WEE



BROWNIE WEE

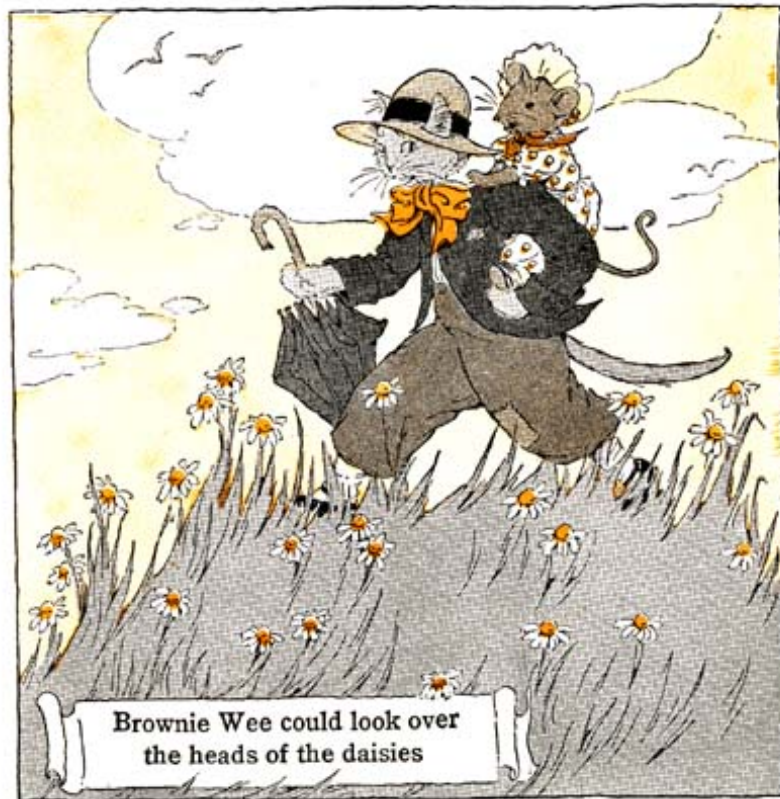
The House on Green Cut Road..	136
Brownie Wee and the Big Fat Purse	142

Have you ever heard of a cat and a mouse who were friends? In **The House on Green Cut Road** you will find Brownie Wee living safely with a Great Gray Cat who never tries to eat her. Do you think this could ever happen outside of a story?

Brownie Wee feels very thankful for all that the Great Gray Cat has done for her. She wants to repay him for his kindness. When you read about **Brownie Wee and the Big Fat Purse** you will learn how she repays kitty for his kindness.

THE HOUSE ON GREEN CUT ROAD

Brownie Wee and Great Gray Cat had grown to be fast friends. They used to take long walks together. When the mouse was tired, the cat would carry her pick-a-back. Such fun! Gray Cat would go trot, trot, trot through the grasses. Brownie Wee could look over the heads of the daisies and see many beautiful sights. Standing on her own short legs, she could never have seen such wonderful things. Now she could see clouds, the tops of trees, and all the sky at once.



After taking a walk, the two would go to Brownie Wee's house for tea. They would sit down by the wee fireplace. The mouse would get out a

big plate for her guest, then a wee, wee cup and saucer, and a wee, wee, wee spoon for herself. They would then have the best kind of party together!

One day, when they had finished tea, which was really milk, they seated themselves comfortably before the fire. Great Gray Cat stroked his whiskers and said, "Brownie Wee, I wish we could have tea parties all the time, don't you?"

"Yes," said Brownie Wee, "I get very lonely when you go away."

"Suppose we take another walk now. It's growing late. If it is dark before we return, I will show you all

kinds of wonderful things. Stars, for instance!"

"Oh!" said Brownie Wee, "let's stay very, very late."

"First of all," said the cat, as they trotted through the sweet white clover, "we'll go along Green Cut Road."

Now what do you suppose those two found on Green Cut Road? The most beautiful house you ever saw! It was cozy; it was white. Best of all, it was vacant. Brownie Wee wasted no time. She went trip, trip, trip up the path and scampered in through the door.

"Oh-h-h-h!" said Brownie Wee.

"Ah!" said Great Gray Cat. Then they went all over the house from attic to cellar.

"What a fine fireplace!" said Great Gray Cat. "We could burn big pieces of wood here! And, oh, look! Brownie. Here is a little cupboard, just the thing for your wee cup and saucer."

"And I could put my wee, wee armchair on this side of the fire, and you could have a great big armchair on the other side."

"Hm'm!" sniffed Great Gray Cat. "What fine suppers we might cook in this kitchen!"

"Whee-ee!" exclaimed the mouse.

"What fun to coast down those banisters! Let us buy the house right away."

"Yes, let us," said Great Gray Cat. And they did.

HELEN F. MORLEY

* * *

Brownie Wee likes pretty things. Read any parts of the story which help to tell you this.

Great Gray Cat would rather be friendly to mice than unfriendly. Can you read some parts of the story which show this?

Would you like to tell the class, by reading to them, how the house on Green Cut Road looked?

BROWNIE WEE AND THE BIG FAT PURSE

“Now, my dear,” said Brownie Wee’s grandmother, as she tied the mouse’s pink bonnet under her tiny brown chin, “I want you to go into the city and buy yourself a new dress. That one is quite shabby. In fact, you have not bought a dress since you went to live in that big house with Great Gray Cat. I certainly am ashamed of you.”

The mouse’s whiskers trembled.

“I’m sorry, Grandmother,” she



squeaked. “Thank you for the money. I’ll go to town at once. My! how fat my little purse is! Good-by! I’ll come to see you again to-morrow.”

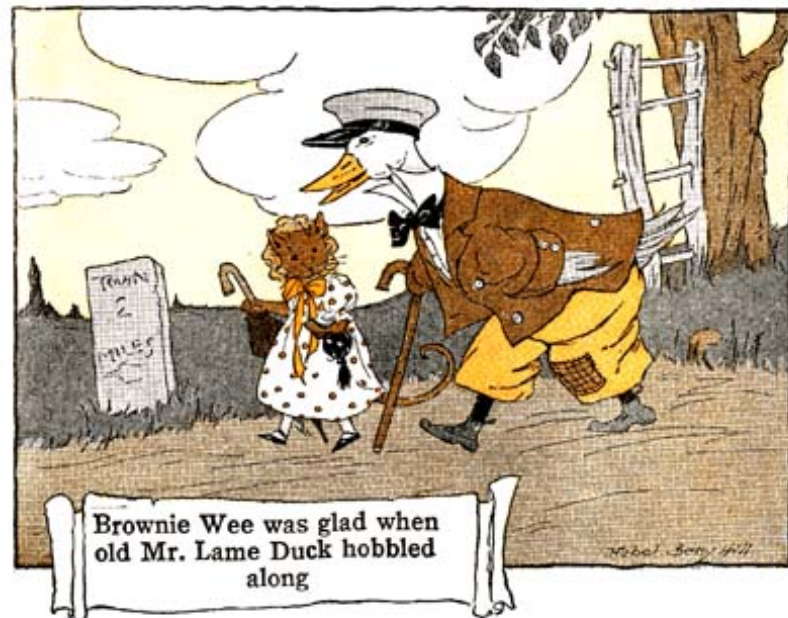
The old Gray Mouse looked from her window and smiled to herself as Brownie Wee tucked the purse under

her right fore-paw and sang a tiny song.

“Tweet-ey-chee-chee! Tweet-ey chee-chay. I’m glad I’m alive on this bright sunny day.”

But there was not much time for singing because many of Brownie’s friends were going to the city that morning. They joined her to chat as they walked along.

First came Chipmunk. He was going to buy a nut-cracker as a wedding present for his best friend, Squirrel. He had hardly explained this when up came Squirrel himself. Squirrel was, of course, very happy. He danced along as if he owned the



earth. Soon he would have a house in a hollow tree.

“Ho! Ho!” he chuckled. “I have to buy my new little wife an acorn tea-set. That’s why I must go to town.”

Squirrel and Chipmunk walked very fast. Brownie Wee was glad

when old Mr. Lame Duck hobbled along and asked her to walk slowly with him. Old Mr. Lame Duck was very sad. He would talk only about his aches and pains.

“Quack! Quack! Wait until you are old, my friend. How this left leg of mine hurts!”

Just then the great buildings of the city appeared over the top of a hill.

“Hee! Hee!” squealed Mousie. “Now I can buy my new dress.”

The shop was as big as the field at home. Brownie felt very small.

“Oh, dear! I want to go home. I don’t want to buy a dress. I want to

see Great Gray Cat. I am afraid! Ouch! I wish people would be careful not to step on me. Oh! what a lovely dressing-table!”

The mouse looked at herself in the mirror, pulled her little pink bonnet straight, and felt better. She began to look at all the pretty things on the counters. Then she saw the rug!

Oh! it was a beautiful rug! How well it would look in the dining room at home! Great Gray Cat would like it.

Brownie Wee stood and gazed. The rug was dark blue, like the sky on a summer night. It had white shining spots like the stars when there is no moon.

“How much is it?” whispered Mousie.

Then the little fat purse suddenly became very thin. Brownie scampered home to tell Great Gray Cat all about it.

That night they had fun dancing on their new rug. They invited Grandma Gray Mouse to come to supper.

“But where is your new dress, Brownie Wee?” she asked.

“Oh! Oh! I forgot all about it! But I don't really need one. This one is very comfortable. Do come and dance on my rug, Grandmother.”

Gray Mouse stopped scolding when she saw how happy Brownie Wee was.

She sat down instead to knit a new pink bonnet for her.

HELEN F. MORLEY

* * *

It is easier for some people to be unselfish than it is for them to be selfish. Is there a part of the story which seems to show that Brownie Wee would rather be unselfish?

Brownie Wee had several conversations on the way to the city. How many of her conversations can you find and read?

Did Grandmother forgive Brownie Wee for not buying a new dress? Read a part which will tell about it.



BUNNY



BUNNY

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Bunny could not reach the world outside his home unless he traveled **The Moonlight Trail over the Hills.** It was very hard for Bunny to do this because of his great size. He would never have grown so large if it had not been for a bad habit which he had. When you read the story you will find out what Bunny's worst fault was.

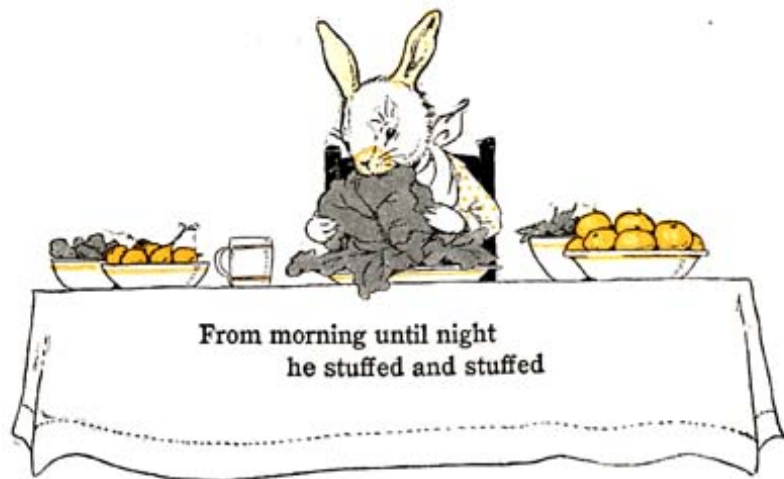
Princess Fluff-Puff was not a happy princess. Many unfortunate things had happened to her. Before Bunny came she had grown to think that never again would she be free and happy. He brought her freedom and happiness. By reading your story you can find out how he did it.

THE MOONLIGHT TRAIL OVER THE HILLS

Bunny lived in a valley with hundreds of other bunnies, young and old. The valley was small. The hills about it were so steep that the bunnies could see nothing of the rest of the world.

Though the hills were very steep, they could be climbed if one worked hard. Every night some of Bunny's friends were off and away, following the moonlight trail over the hills.

Sometimes they would come back to the valley at sunrise, but they never would tell what they had seen



during the night. They would only laugh and hurry up the trail again as soon as night came. Sometimes they would return no more.

At first Bunny had not wanted to climb the hills. The only thing he wanted to do was to eat. From morning until night he stuffed and stuffed.

The older bunnies scolded him for his greediness, but he would not stop.

When all the younger rabbits had left the valley, he began to think of something besides eating.

“I, too, will go up the trail to-night,” said Bunny.

All that day Bunny ate cabbage leaves. When the moonlight came he started up the trail. For a while he went gayly along, nibbling at sweet grass. Soon the trail grew steeper. A heavy weight seemed to be pulling him back. His feet felt like lead. He could not go forward another step!

At his feet lay a queer black thing. Bunny thought that it was a black

dwarf. He cried with fear and tried to strike it off. His blows went through it as if it were made of air. When he tried to run down the hill, the dwarf followed him.

Home he fled and tumbled down into his burrow. His mother sent at once for Granny Bunny to come and tell them what to do. Granny came, but she would say very little.

“He will reach the top when the black dwarf grows thin,” she said as she hobbled away.

This did not comfort Bunny much. How could he make the horrible black dwarf grow thin when he had looked as fat as a pig?

The dwarf seemed to have stayed outside, for not a sign of him was to be found in the snug, dark burrow. Bunny said he would stay there and never go outside again. There he did stay, day after day, while his mother brought him food.

After a time he grew tired of staying at home. One night he crept out softly, that the black dwarf might not hear him. Softly he stepped into the moonlight.

There was the black dwarf, clutching tightly at his feet. Surely he seemed much thinner! At that Bunny's heart grew lighter.

"Perhaps he will drop off as I climb," he thought.

For a time all went well. He climbed much farther than he had the first night. After a while the dragging began again. It was not long before he was tumbling down into his burrow.

"Some time I'll climb that hill!" he shouted.

Night after night he worked, getting a little nearer the top each time. The black dwarf still hung at his feet, but he was growing thinner and thinner.

At last there came a night when Bunny had climbed within a few feet



of the top of the hill before the dwarf began to drag him down.

Suddenly a row of heads popped over the top of the hill. There were all his old playmates calling to him to

hurry up. Bunny gave one big jump. Over the top he tumbled, quite out of breath but giggling with joy.

"The black dwarf had me!" he exclaimed.

Then how his friends laughed! "You silly old Bunny!" they shouted. "The black dwarf was only the shadow of your fat, lazy self. He seemed to be pulling you back because you were such a fat bunny you could not climb. When you stopped stuffing and began working, your shadow grew thin and up you came."

ELSINORE R. CROWELL

* * *

What do you think of Bunny's bad habit? Tell the class your ideas about

it. Ask them for their ideas about it.

Can you read a funny part of the story so as to make it seem funny to the class?

Was Bunny determined to succeed in reaching the top of the Moonlight Trail? Read any parts which show how determined he was to succeed.

Did he succeed in reaching the top of the trail?

Can you read a part which tells of his success?

Ask if you may read the part of the story which you like the best.

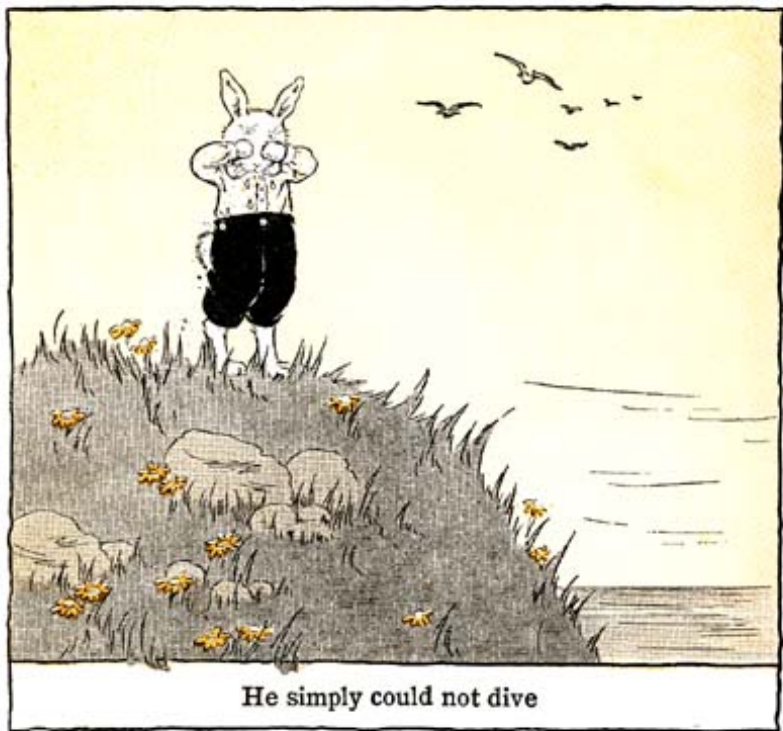
PRINCESS FLUFF-PUFF

As Bunny gazed upon the great wide world, he thought it was well worth all his struggles with the black dwarf.

Before him lay a beautiful city. He wanted to explore it at once. But there was something in his way.

Between him and the city ran a river, swift and deep and cold. It lay about the city like a great wet ring. There were no boats on it nor any bridges over it.

Bunny's playmates dived head



foremost into the water and swam across to the city.

“Come on. Hurry up, Bunny!” they called.

Bunny stood on the bank of the

river. He felt sure that if he had to dive into the cold water he would never reach the city. He simply could not dive.

But there lay the beautiful city. He wanted to explore it. By this time his playmates had reached it.

Bunny could wait no longer. He waded into the shallow water and began to swim. Once in the water, he really liked it. In a short time he reached the other bank of the river.

The city was a very old one. It had been there ever since the Rabbit Tribe came to be. It was their capital city.

This city had once been much

more beautiful. That was when all the royal rabbit family were living there.

There had been a king and a queen and many little princes and princesses. But two tribes that lived outside the city had planned to do harm. They were the tribes of the Gophers and the Ground-Squirrels. They are large, cruel people. They are not in the least like their gentle cousins, the little Moles and fluffy Tree-Squirrels.

Shortly before Bunny reached the city, the Ground-Squirrels had chased off all the royal family except the little Princess Fluff-Puff.

She had hidden herself away. But

the next week the Gophers tunneled under her garden and carried her off.

They had hidden her somewhere in their dungeons. Everyone loved little Fluff-Puff, but no one had been brave enough to try to bring her back.

The more Bunny thought about little Fluff-Puff, the more he felt that something should be done. He wished that he were brave enough to rescue her.

He called a meeting of the oldest soldier bunnies and asked for their help.

The soldiers showed him the place where a road had once led to the dungeon in which little Fluff-Puff was

kept. It was under the tallest tower in the city and had been filled with earth and stones by the Gophers.

It is one thing to plan a brave deed and quite another thing to do it, as Bunny found out. He was trying to do something that none of the other rabbits had dared to do.

The soldier bunnies called him a brave rabbit. They said, "You shall be our Captain. Long live Captain Rabbit!" They waved their caps and cheered Bunny as he started to tunnel.

Everything went well at first. Down, down under the tower he tunneled, winding his way around tough roots and over great rocks.

Bunny grew tired and often discouraged. More than once he thought that he surely must have reached the end. Once he came to a rock that was much larger than any he had dug around before.

What should he do? Should he turn back? He hung his head for shame. He was turning away when something stopped him. He heard far off a tiny sob and felt sure it came from Fluff-Puff.

"I must do it!" he cried. He began to dig under the nearest corner of the rock just as fast as he could dig. He had to dig a long, long tunnel, but at last it ended at a small iron door. He

could now plainly hear the sobbing.

The Gophers had locked the door and had hung the key beside it. They had felt sure that no rabbits would ever tunnel the long, long way to rescue their princess.

Bunny unlocked the door and threw it open. Before him stretched a long table. In the middle of the table sat the loveliest little rabbit he had ever seen. She wept and wept into her tiny paws.

The opening of the door brought her to her feet.

“Who are you?” she cried.

“I am Captain Rabbit and I have come to set you free!” shouted Bunny.

With one jump he leaped to the table and unchained the little Princess. Soon he was fleeing up the long tunnel with her. At last they came out into the sunshine. There the other rabbits were waiting.

What a rejoicing there was! All the bunnies kissed the Princess Fluff-Puff’s paw and danced about her. They crowned Bunny with lettuce-leaf wreaths as a real hero.

The old king gave a great feast in honor of Captain Rabbit. The king made a speech. He said he was too old to be king any longer. He asked whom they would like to have for their king. Everyone shouted “Cap-



Bunny took her proudly by the hand

tain Rabbit!" That was just what the old king wanted them to say.

"And now, Captain Rabbit, whom do you choose for your queen?"

Bunny took little Fluff-Puff proudly by the hand while all the rabbits cheered.

ELSINORE R. CROWELL

* * *

In this story Bunny succeeded in doing two hard things. He succeeded

in diving into the river. Can you read about it? He succeeded in tunneling under the city. Can you read about it?

Your story tells you what happened after Bunny succeeded in rescuing Princess Fluff-Puff. Read to the class the story of the happiness which his success brought to everyone.

* *

Would you like to have someone read the story all the way through so that you can hear the exciting parts over again? As he reads, raise your hand when you think he is reading an exciting part.



The End.

