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NEW YORK

GOLDEN ROD STORY BOOK

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The GOLDENROD Story Book

By Percy K. Fitzhugh



Illustrations by H. Ihlefeld, G. A. Davis, and C. Kendrick

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New York

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NEW YORK

Young Ladies and
Gentlemen:—

I have here the
“Golden Rod Story
Book” and would like
very much to have you
go through it with me,
if you have a little time
to spare. It is about
some girls and boys
about our own age and
a few selected animals.
I hope that you will be
interested in the
things they do. Most
of them are good and
all of them mean to be,
though they don't
always do what they
mean. You must re-
member that a great
deal depends on how
they are brought up.
All of the girls are good
of course.

Your little friend
Miss Golden Rod





Dear Young Readers:—

The boys in this book are all right—I don't care what you've heard. So are the animals—especially the dogs.

Your true friend

Tom.

CHANGEABLE ARTHUR

ONCE there was a little boy named Arthur who was always changing his mind, and who was never happy, because he wanted things that other boys had and did not care for his own things. He had many handsome toys, but he always thought that the toys of other boys were better, though as soon as his parents bought him something that he had asked for he would change his mind about it and wish for something else. So he was never very happy.

One day his uncle asked him what he was going to be when he grew up. Arthur said that he would like to be a druggist and that he did not want to wait till he was grown up but wanted to be one right away and that he was sure he would like it better than anything else in the world, because a druggist mixed things and had a funny pair of scales.

So his uncle told him that he would take him to a drug store where he knew the owner, and let him learn to be a real druggist. Young Arthur went to the store in high glee, and felt very proud when the druggist ~~he~~ showed him the counter with all the things on it. But after Arthur had been a



druggist for about an hour, he said that he was tired of that business and wanted to go home.

That night he told his uncle that he had changed his mind and that he wanted to be an author and write books, and that he was sure he wouldn't change his mind again, for he had read many books and thought it must be fine to be a real author. His uncle smiled and

got him a blank book and a pen, and young Arthur started in to write a fine story about a giant. While he was writing, his father's donkey poked his head through the window with a knowing look, as if he would like to have Arthur come out in the field and play. So Arthur went out to play with the donkey and forget all about his story.

"Well," said his uncle that



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H. C. McLaughlin
New York



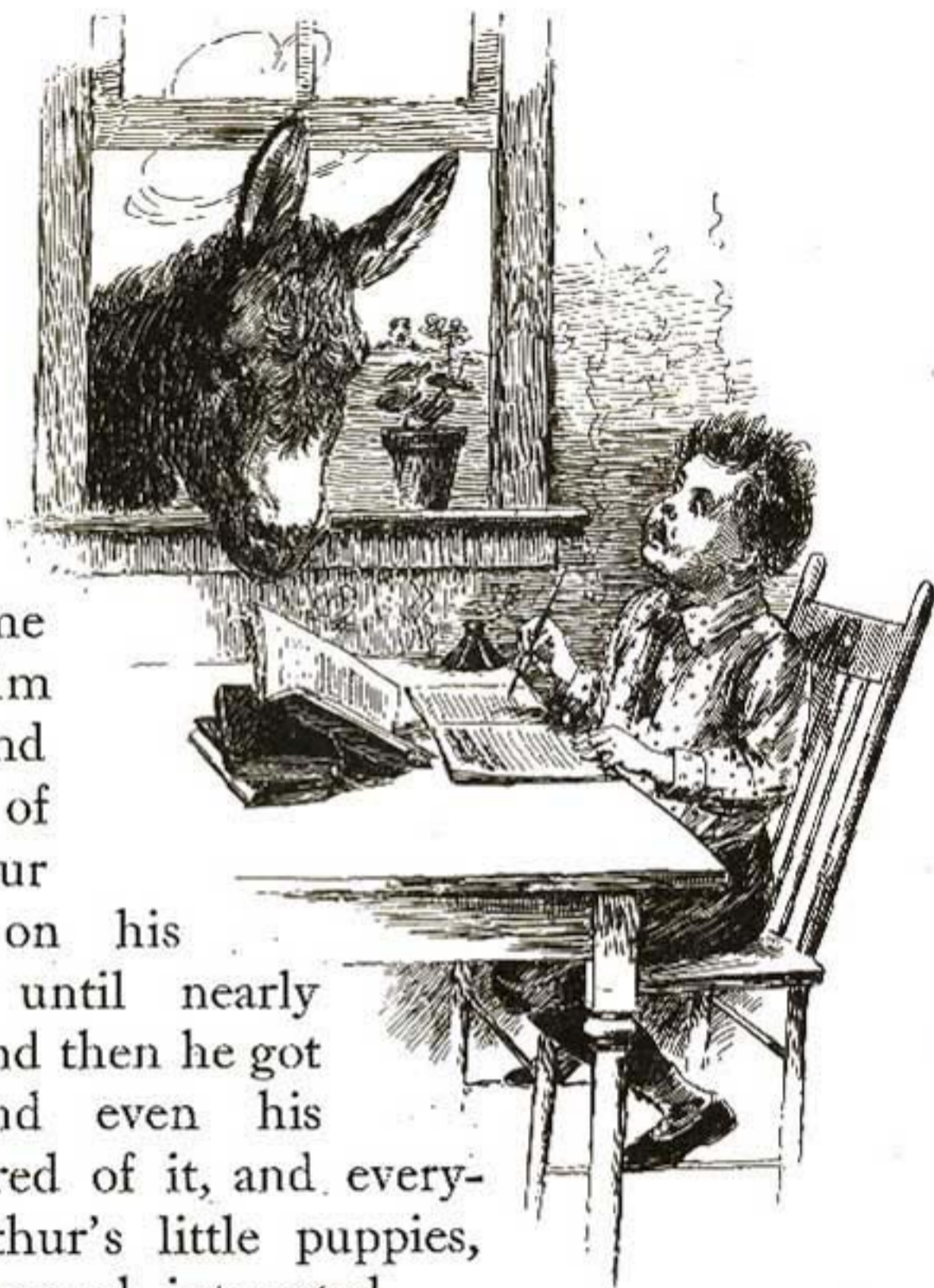
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NEW YORK

evening, "how do you like being an author? You must let me read your story, Arthur." Then Arthur turned very red, and had to admit that he had forgotten all about wanting to be an author. His uncle smiled, and that night all the family went to a concert in the village where there was a band of music. On the way home

Arthur said that he had at last made up his mind what he would really like to be, and that was a musician! If he could only learn to play the flute and then join a band he would be happy for the rest of his life.

So the next night when his uncle came he brought him a tin flute and some sheets of music. Arthur played away on his flute all day until nearly supper time, and then he got tired of it, and even his mother was tired of it, and everyone except Arthur's little puppies, who were very much interested.

When his uncle came that night he asked Arthur to bring his flute in and play a tune. But Arthur had lost the flute when he went out to play a little while before supper, and he had forgotten all about wanting to be a musician. He had to tell his uncle that he had changed his mind again, and he was just going to say that he had decided to be a doctor, when his uncle called him over to him and handed him a package. "Now," said his



uncle "I want you to use this to-morrow, and at night you can tell me what you want next."

The package contained something that looked like a great big soup ladle with the spoon part made out of netting. Arthur's father told him that it was to catch fish with. So he went out to a little brook not far away, and there he stayed all day fishing.



That night when his uncle came, Arthur ran up to him and thanked him for the new toy which he had had so much fun with all day.

"Aren't you tired of it yet?" his uncle asked, for Arthur always became tired of a thing in one day.

"No sir," said Arthur, "and I don't want to be any of the things that men are, but just a little boy and play out in the fresh air."

"Now I will tell you something," said his good uncle, "It is very

nice to be a druggist or a musician or an author, but the best thing in the world to be is a contented little boy — and there isn't a musician or an author or a druggist that wouldn't be a little boy if he only knew how. For you can be those things a whole long life but you can only be a little boy once."

BELINDA BENTLY BENNINGTON,

When she began at school,

Refused to tell
the principal
her name;

For she said,

“It’s very long,
And, as I am
not strong,
I’m afraid that
I could never
stand the strain.

“Three big B’s
it has in it,
And it takes
about a minute,
Or a minute
and a half,
to say it right.”

So she said to
the officials,
“In regard to
my initials,
I will ask a
little favor,
if I might.

“It is this,” she
said with glee,

“I will wear a wooden B,



Which will be a good reminder to the school;
And then, oh don't you see?
You can simply call me B,
And everyone will know that it's the rule."

GOING TO BOSTON



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All aboard for Boston town
But the horse he will not go
They urge him on but he doesn't care
He simply rocks like a rocking chair.
With his stubborn eye a-glow.

Ship a hoy! for Boston town
We'll go in a boat instead
With plenty of jam
And a pickled ham
And no end of home-made bread.



But the tide is low
And the boat won't go
And it's getting late in the day
And the stout old oar
Won't push from shore
So we'll travel another way.

Gee up! now, for Boston town
With a team of oxen strong
With a
 wooden cart
And an
 early start
And baby
 John along.

And that is
 the surest
 way to go
With a team
 of oxen
 meek
With a team
 of oxen strong
 and kind
Who never balk
But always mind
 And it only takes a week.



WALKING THROUGH THE GOLDENROD

Walking through the goldenrod,
 Little man and little maid,
From the wood beyond the fields
 Where your little feet have strayed;


All the flowers in your path,
 All the posies you have made,
Are not half so fair as you,
 Little man and little maid.



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WALKING THROUGH THE GOLDENROD

A WOUNDED HERO



A tear we must shed
For poor little Fred
Who fell from the big
chiffonier;
And it's lucky
for him
That a neat
little trim
Little
hospital
nurse was
near.

Now what
will
she do
To bring
the
boy to,

And see if he's broken his back?
Why, she'll give him a pill,
And then she will fill
Him with essence of nice ipacac.

And when that is through
Some vinegar too
She will give him in order to pickle him;
But the best thing to do
To bring Freddie to
Would be simply to stoop down and tickle him.



GRACE'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

GRACE was a little girl who had always lived in the city but when she was eight years old she went to stay all summer with her aunt who lived on a big farm. And, oh, such fun as she had! She petted the hens and

chickens until they would come and eat from her hand as she sat on the grass. She helped her uncle pick up apples out in the orchard and pile them into the big baskets ready to be put away in the cellar for winter time. She made friends with the squirrels that frisked about, among the trees, and sometimes in the afternoon when



she got very hungry, Aunt Caroline would give her two thick slices of bread and butter, and Gracie would go out to the garden with it and coax the squirrels until they came out and sat on the bench beside her, and ate the crumbs of bread which she scattered for them.



GRACE MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE HENS.



AND ALSO WITH THE LITTLE BABY DUCKS

Old Towser, the dog, followed her about wherever she went, and when she put her own little hat on his head and told him to sit up and behave himself like a



lady he would look at her very knowingly, as if he understood every word she said.

But the greatest fun of all was when Aunt Caroline showed her how to make butter. She felt very proud and

important as she stood at the churn, dressed in one of Aunt Caroline's long aprons, while her cousin Sammy sat



on a bench eating a big red apple and watching her. And when Uncle Charlie said at supper that he had never before eaten such good butter, I think that Gracie was the happiest girl in the world.

INK IN THE WRONG PLACE



What do you think of
Arabella,
Trying to write
with ink?

But what *you*
think
doesn't
matter
to her,

For it's
what
will her
mother
think?

Maybe she'll
tell her
how
naughty
she was,

And never to
do it again;

But I'm sure that she'd never have done it at all
If she'd had a nice fountain pen.



THE QUEER RABBIT

THE QUEER RABBIT

There was a queer rabbit
Who had a strange habit
Of wearing suspenders and pants,
For he said, "What's the use
Of being a goose?"
To his horrified sisters and aunts;

"I've often heard tell,
And I know very well,
That many a rabbit is dead
From running around
On the damp rainy ground,
And getting a cold in the head.

"You each ought to get,
Like a sensible set,
A neat little gown with a ruffle,
And a warm bed of straw
To spread on the floor
Would keep you from having a snuffle."

But they said, "We don't care
For the cold or the air;
And wear ruffles, we simply will not!
And we don't need a bed
Of nice straw, as you said,
For see the warm fur that we've got.

“And when you grow old,
You’ll know better than scold
Your sensible sisters and aunts;
And you’ll see how absurd
Is this talk that we’ve heard,
Of wearing suspenders and pants.

“For then you will know
That the rain or the snow,
Or anything else on the ground,
Is not half as bad,
Nor a quarter as sad,
As a man with a gun and a hound.”

THE UNPATRIOTIC SNOW-MAN

Little John and Little Hannah
Made a Snow-man in the yard,
Packed the snow all tight and solid,
Till he stood there cold and hard.

Stood there like a gallant soldier,
With his paper hat awry;
“We will leave him,” then said Hannah,
“Till the Fourth of next July.

“Then we’ll give him big firecrackers,
And we’ll make him wave his flag,
And we’ll fill him with torpedoes
From a little paper bag.



But, alas, when winter vanished,
And the glorious wished-for day
Came with all its noise and tumult
He had melted all away!



GIVING DOLLY HER MORNING BATH



MAMMA'S PRESENTS.

MAMMA was going to have a birthday. Molly and Ruth knew it because they had heard papa say so.

“And it won't be a birthday, if we don't give her a birthday present,” Molly said.

But neither Molly nor Ruth had any money to buy a birthday present, and they didn't know how to make anything for mamma. Molly thought about it all the time she was giving her dolly her morning bath, and after-

wards while she was watching the baby when mamma had gone to the store. But Baby John didn't help them



any, though Ruth said he looked just as if he could tell them lots of things if he only knew how to talk.

Ruth asked Bennie about it afterwards but Bennie was



MOLLY CROSSING THE BROOK



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RUTH HAS A GERANIUM FOR MAMMA

so much occupied with the little guinea-pigs that papa had given him that he couldn't stop to think about mamma's birthday—though he loved mamma very dearly.

At last, the day before mamma's birthday Molly went across the brook to carry some soup for mamma to a poor old lady who lived all alone, and there in the yard was a cherry tree full of ripe, red cherries, and the old lady said Molly might have all she wanted of them. Molly thought that was just the thing for mamma, and gathered a basket full. On the way home she picked a bunch of pretty white flowers to lay on the top of the cherries.

When Ruth came home from school she had a geranium for mamma with two bright red blossoms. Mamma was greatly pleased with her presents, and said next day it was the very nicest birthday she had ever had.

JACK AND JILL

UP the hill
Went Jack and Jill,
For a basket of luscious pears;
But all they found beneath the trees
Was little Mary Snickersneeze,
Who said that the pleasant summer breeze

Had blown her unawares,
From the branches high,
Up in the sky
Among the luscious pears!



Now how in the world could that be true?
And what a thing to tell!
Impossible quite,
For the little mite
Must have known that if she fell,
Then every pear
That hung up there
Would have come to the ground as well!

(So Jack and Jill didn't believe her.)



A ROADSIDE ORNAMENT



THE LITTLE HARVEST QUEEN

A BARN DANCE

DID you ever see the children on the sidewalk dancing when the hand-organ man comes round and makes music for them? These little children live away out on



a farm in the country where there are not any hand organs, but Tony, the farmer's boy, has found an old accordion up in the attic, and while he plays on it Susie and

Jennie are dancing about on the barn floor and laughing so merrily that Pet the old horse, pokes her head out of her stall to see what all the noise is about.

WHEN MAMMA FINDS OUT

When Eddie goes
after preserves,
Not a word
can I say,
For I'm dumb
with
dismay,
And though
he won't
get
All he'd like
of them,
yet,
I'm afraid he'll
get what
he
deserves.

(A little later)



TOO YOUNG FOR SCHOOL



Albert was a little boy four years old. Now little boys four years old don't go to school you know, but Albert had so often heard his big brother Tom talking about school and about all the wonderful things he learned there, that Albert wanted very much to go to school too, and learn some of those strange things.

So one day when Tom had gone on an errand for his mother, Albert took his brother's books and slate and tucked them under his arm just as he had seen Tom do, and started off for school. He went down the street and turned the corner that he saw Tom turn every morning, and then he walked down that street and turned another corner, but when he got to the place where he thought the school house ought to be, he didn't see it. He looked around all the corners but the big red school house was nowhere to be seen. Then he thought he would go back home and ask his mother how to go to school, but when he started to go home he didn't

know which way to turn, and whenever he went round a corner he grew more and more puzzled.

Then Albert, who was a very wise little boy, sat down on somebody's doorstep to wait until a policeman came along, for he knew that policemen always help little boys to find their way home.

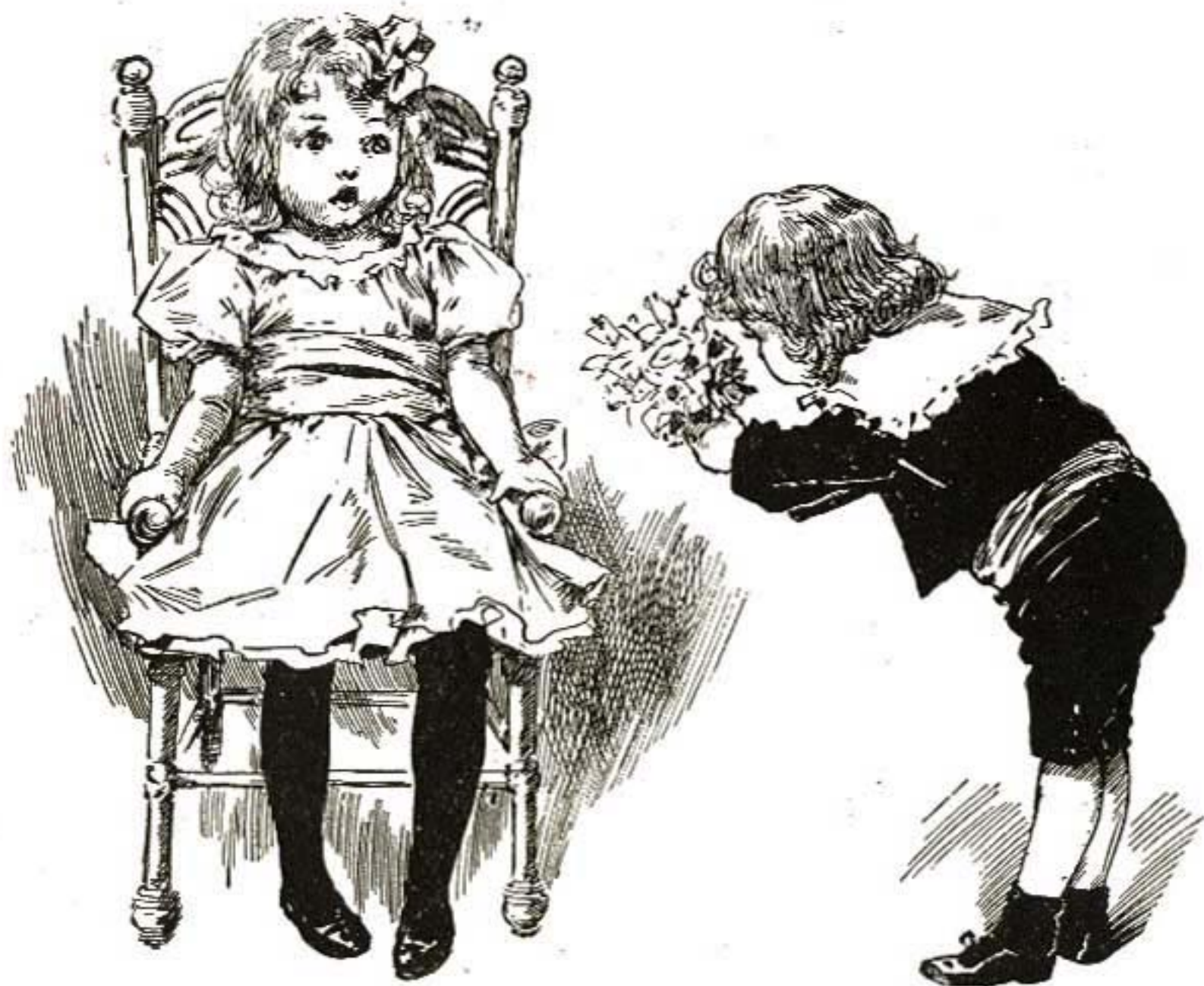
Albert was a very brave little boy, too, so he didn't cry, but he did wish the policeman wouldn't be so long in coming for he was getting very hungry and very tired—he had walked around so long.

He was beginning to wonder if his mother was eating her dinner at home without him when he heard some one say "Hello, what are you doing here?" And there was his brother Tom. Oh, how glad Albert was to see him! And the next thing



he knew, he was up on Tom's shoulder and Tom was racing home as fast as he could go, to Mamma, who was becoming very anxious about her little boy.

AN INVITATION



OH, won't you come and dance with me, sweet maid ?
You needn't feel a single bit afraid,
And we'll glide along the floor,
Through the hall out to the door,
While the fairy minuet is being played.

And we'll dance across the flower-beds and lawn,
Till the sun appears above the hill at morn,

And we'll dance beyond the clouds,
Far away from all the crowds,
And nobody will know where we have gone.

And we'll dance across the Sea of Carrolade,
Where a bridge of sugar candy has been made,
Where the imps and fairies dwell,
Near a sarsaparilla well,
And we'll drink a hundred quarts of lemonade.

And we'll dance into the land of cakes and pies,
Where the doughnuts are a most enormous size,
To the fairy city royal,
Where they have no castor-oil,
And where parents are quite sensible and wise.

And in the chocolate river we will wade,
And when we feel that long enough we've stayed,
We'll come dancing back again
To the horrid world of men,
While the fairy minuet is being played.



MOTHER DUCK

Have you seen Mother Duck,
As she waddles through the muck,
With her basket and her bonnet and her shawl?
She is going to the store
With a hundred eggs or more,
And she'll sell them every one — or none at all.

And then as she comes back,
With a quack, quack, quack,
And a twinkle in her funny little eye,
Her basket she will fill,
At the baker's on the hill,
With currant jam and tarts and apple pie.



OLD MOTHER DUCK



DREAMING HAPPY DREAMS

DAYTIME FOR PLAYTIME



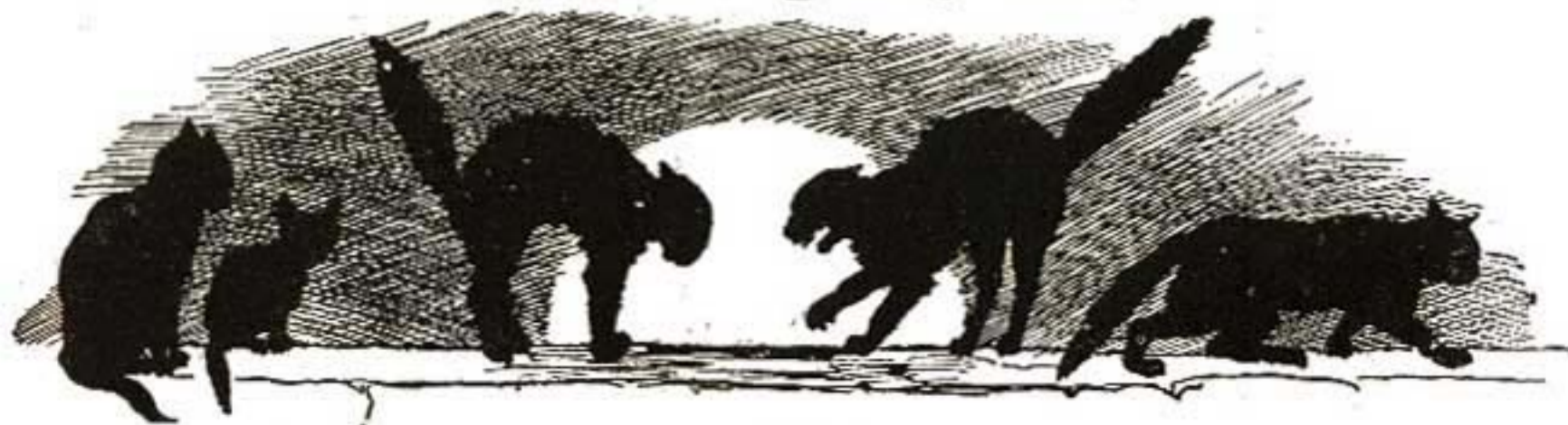
WHEN all the
children are in bed,
And every tired
little head
Is dreaming
happy dreams ;

Then sly and
stealthy
thievish rats
Glide softly o'er
the parlor mats,
And crawl from under beams.

And from his home up in the tree,
The crazy owl shrieks out "Ter wee !"
And through the gloomy park

The spooky bat he flits about,
Until the pale-faced moon comes out
To chase away the dark.

And then upon the garden wall
The ghoully cats begin to squall,
And make a ghostly noise,



And skinny dogs they howl and moan,
Out in the garden all alone,
While all the girls and boys,

Within their beds all packed away,
Are dreaming of the sunny day,
And hours filled with glee.



And all the cats,
And owls, and bats,
And skinny dogs,
And thievish rats,
And all the other
ghouly brats,
Can have the
night, you see !



And I am
glad the
pleasant day,
When we can
run around
and play,
Belongs to
you and me.



MILKING TIME

WHEN all the games of
day are through,
Then little

Miss Lorinda Lou,
The subject of
this rhyme,

She takes a pail,
as you can see,
And toward
the barn-
yard gate
goes she,
For it is
milking
time.

And from the
meadows
rich
with hay

The patient cows they
wend their way,
For they, like her,
are through;

Until they reach the
farmyard gate,
And there they stop
to keep their date
With Miss
Lorinda Lou.



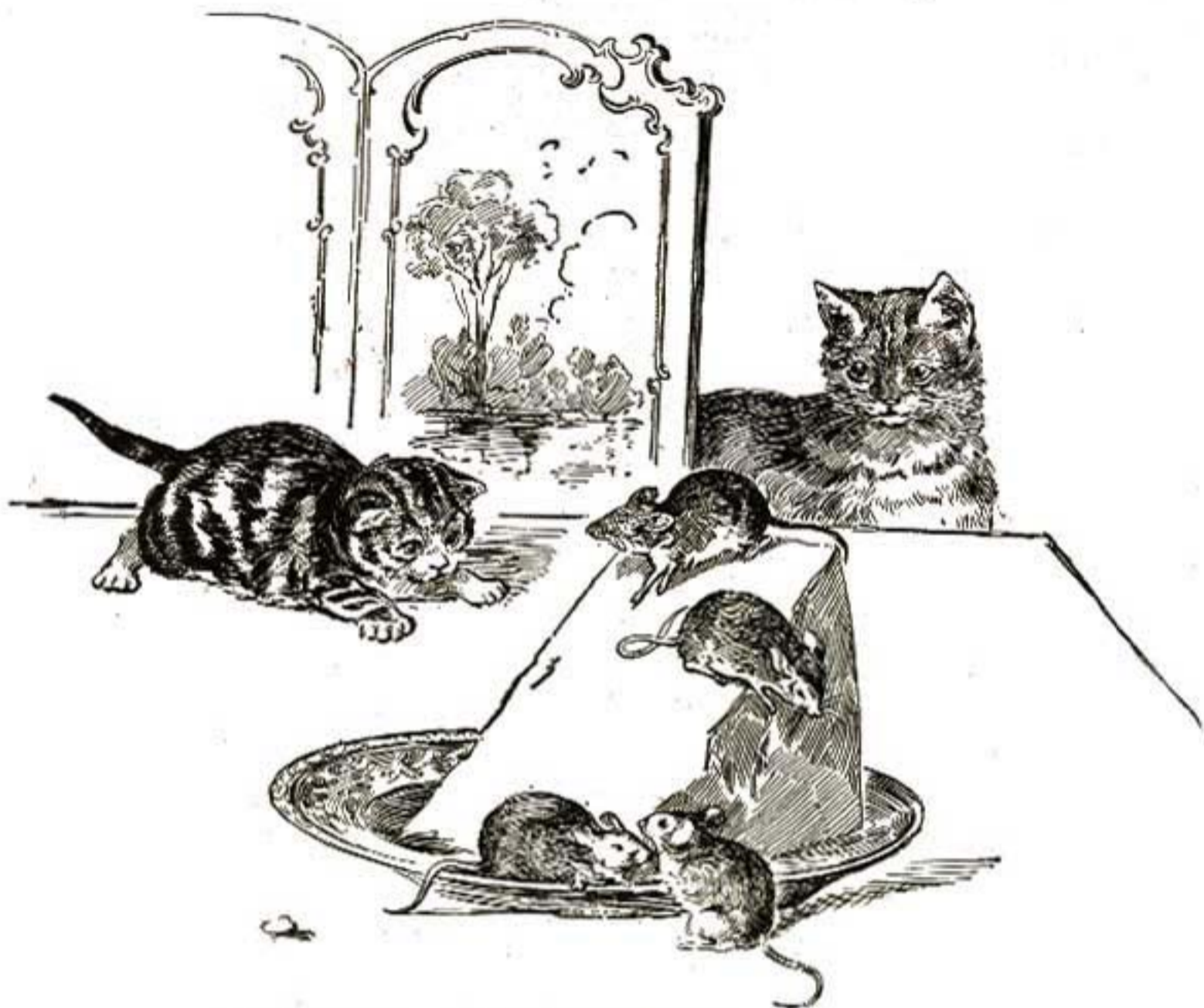


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THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens,
So fluffy and sweet
Where can we find them something to eat?



“Come, Mother Puss
Don't you hear us cry.
Sleeping so soundly there where you lie?

“Your babies are hungry.
So catch them some mice;”
Up jumps Mrs. Puss, wide awake in a trice!

“Your dinner, my darlings?
Is that what you wish?
Ah! there goes a mouse and I'm off with a swish!”

WILD OR TAME ?

It's very fine fun
For most any one
To ride a wild pony, of course ;



But safer than that
You'd feel if you sat
On a nice little, tame hobby horse.



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RIDING A WILD PONY



GENERAL CHICK

GENERAL CHICK

Oh, General Chick is a gallant bird,
His voice is the shrillest that ever you heard,
And his uniform is quite absurd
For a chicken of such a size.

And the grasshoppers run with their spindle legs
And the other chicks just out of their eggs,
They crouch about, and every one begs
With tears in his little eyes,

That he will spare him from certain death,
And then they tremble
and hold their breath,
When all of a sudden
young Master Seth,
The farmer's
boy, appears.



And General Chick
he hides
his face,
And off he
starts at a
fearful pace,
And he hides in
some lonely
quiet place,
Beside himself
with fears.



ALICE'S BIRTHDAY

“MEW, MEW, MEW,” said Pussykins, and scratch, scratch went Pussykins’ claws on Alice’s door. Alice opened her eyes and stretched her arms, and then jumped out of bed in a hurry and ran to open the door for Pussykins. Perhaps Pussykins knew that it was Alice’s birthday, and perhaps that was why she had brought her three little kittens up to Alice’s door so early in the morning. Anyway, there they all were, mewing and looking up at Alice as if to say they wanted their breakfast.

So Alice dressed as fast as she could and ran down stairs to the kitchen, where she got a big bowl of milk, and put it down on the floor where all the little pussykins could reach it.



ALICE ANSWERING MAMMA'S CALL



ALICE PLAYING WITH HER GOLDFISH

For Alice was very fond of animals. She had a great many pets, and would never let anybody feed them but herself; and mamma sometimes said it took her so long to feed all her pets that she forgot all about her own breakfast!

The kitties were so hungry this morning that they all tried to get the milk first, and the littlest kitty was in such a hurry that she tumbled right into the bowl headfirst. How Alice laughed, and Big Doggie, who had brought Little Doggies to see the fun, looked as if he wanted to laugh too.

Then Alice hurried away to give her chickens and the dear, little fluffy ducklings their breakfast, and found a nest away up in the hay with fine big brown eggs in it. She gathered them up in her



apron to carry them into the house, but as she passed the field where the cows were, she saw Minnie and Winnie, the two little calves, who frisked about so merrily, with their heads pushed out through the bars anx-

iously trying to reach something. And there was Trick, the mis-

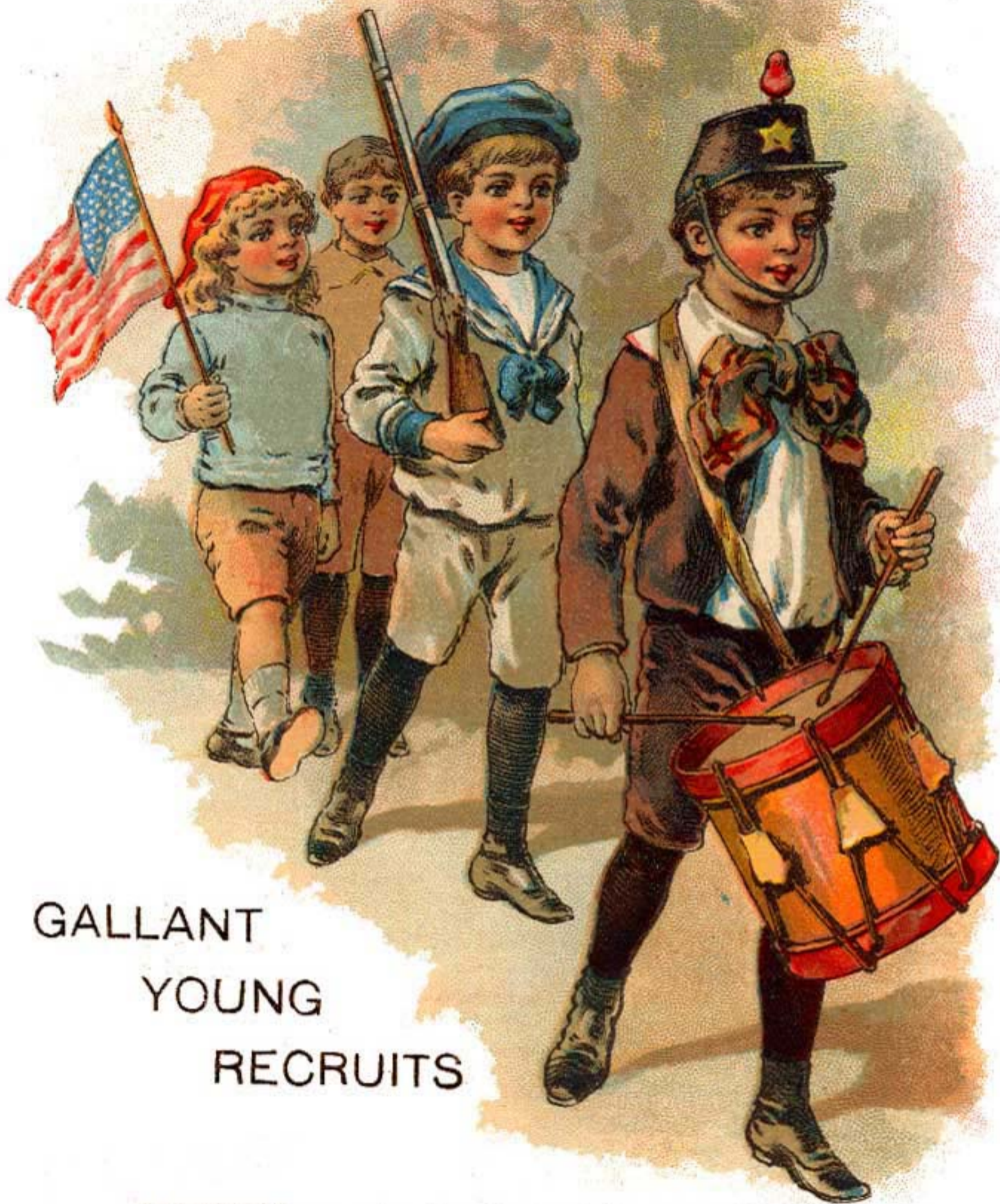
chievous puppy, eating up all their breakfast!

Alice had just gotten Tom to give the baby cows

another pailful of breakfast, when she heard mamma calling her to come and see her birthday present. She ran into the house, and there on a table was a big glass



globe full of water, with three of the prettiest, shiniest goldfish you ever saw! Alice was so delighted that she could hardly wait until after breakfast to put on her coat and bonnet and run across the field to tell her little friend, Sadie, about her happy birthday.



GALLANT
YOUNG
RECRUITS

WHEN war's declared in our town,
Then all us young recruits
We start away to join the ranks
In tinselled soldier suits.



Big or little, each of us
Is sure to take his place,
And march against the enemy
With bravely smiling face.

And even little Adelaide
She gets her uniform,
And water-tank to quench our thirst
Throughout the battle's storm.

The End.

