

**PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR.
AND
OLD MOTHER GOOSE**



BY DAVID CORY

Title: Puss in Boots, Jr. and Old Mother Goose

Author: David Cory

Language: English

Subject: Fiction, Literature, Children's literature

Publisher: World Public Library Association

(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



World Public Library

The World Public Library, www.WorldLibrary.net is an effort to preserve and disseminate classic works of literature, serials, bibliographies, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other reference works in a number of languages and countries around the world. Our mission is to serve the public, aid students and educators by providing public access to the world's most complete collection of electronic books on-line as well as offer a variety of services and resources that support and strengthen the instructional programs of education, elementary through post baccalaureate studies.

This file was produced as part of the "eBook Campaign" to promote literacy, accessibility, and enhanced reading. Authors, publishers, libraries and technologists unite to expand reading with eBooks.

Support online literacy by becoming a member of the World Public Library, <http://www.WorldLibrary.net/Join.htm>.

(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



www.worldlibrary.net

This eBook has certain copyright implications you should read.

This book is copyrighted by the World Public Library. With permission copies may be distributed so long as such copies (1) are for your or others personal use only, and (2) are not distributed or used commercially. Prohibited distribution includes any service that offers this file for download or commercial distribution in any form, (See complete disclaimer <http://WorldLibrary.net/Copyrights.html>).

World Public Library Association
P.O. Box 22687
Honolulu, Hawaii 96823
info@WorldLibrary.net



(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



*"Robinson Crusoe, how do you do!"
As a strangely dressed man came into view,
Cried little Puss Junior, raising his paw,
As he stood 'neath a palm tree by the shore.*



*"Grandmother Goose your trusty broom
Makes spick and span each cottage room,"
Said little Puss Boots, doffing his hat,
For he was a most polite little cat.*



*A frog among some rushes dwelt;
A bachelor was he.
No frog was ever so polite
Or such a beau as he.*



*"Faster, faster, Good Gray Horse,
Hasten swiftly on your course,
'Till I see the stately towers
Where my father spends his hours."*



This book belongs
to

The Swenson Family

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE



THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE COUNTING OUT
HIS MONEY.

Puss-in-Boots Jr., and Old Mother Goose.

Frontispiece.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

BY
DAVID CORY

AUTHOR OF
LITTLE JACK RABBIT BOOKS,
LITTLE JOURNEYS TO HAPPYLAND,
PUSS IN BOOTS BOOKS, Etc.



PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

Made in the United States of America

CONTENTS

	PAGE
OVER THE RIVER DEE	1
MOTHER GOOSE GIVES PUSS A RIDE	5
CLOVER COTTAGE	11
"WINKY-PINKY"	17
THREE LITTLE KITTENS	20
WINKIE, BLINKIE WILLIE	24
THE MOON MAN MAKES A VISIT	28
A PARTY	31
PUSS GIVES SOME ADVICE	34
BETTY WINKLE	37
PUSS MEETS ANOTHER CAT	40
THE BOASTER	43
THE PRINCE IN DISGUISE	46
A CAT AND A MOUSE	49
THE QUEEN IN LONDON TOWN	52
PUSS LEAVES COURT	55
HUMPTY-DUMPTY'S HOME	58
EGG-SHELL ISLAND	61
CROOKED ADVENTURES	64
FAIRY NIMBLE FINGER'S GIFT	67
A NARROW ESCAPE	70
CROSS-PATCH	74
PUSS IS KNIGHTED	77

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Copyright, 1919, by Harper & Brothers
 Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TWO PRINCESSES	80
PUSS SOLVES A RIDDLE	83
PRETTY MAID SINGS "ROCK-A-BY"	86
LITTLE MOON MOUSE	90
MRS. CUCKOO SINGS A SONG	93
GOOSEY GANDER LEARNS TO FLY	96
THE SUNBEAM'S RIDDLE	99
BLACKBIRD FLIES AWAY	102
WHAT CHANGED BLUEBEARD'S BEARD?	106
AN ADVENTURE AT SCHOOL	109
SWAN PALACE	112
THE BANDY-LEGGED MAN	115
A RESCUE	118
THE UNRULY KITE	121
GOOSEY GANDER FLIES AWAY	124

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

OVER THE RIVER DEE

WELL, here we are once more reading about little Puss, Junior. In the last book, *Puss in Boots, Jr., in Fairy Land*, we left him on his Good Gray Horse riding away from the wonderful musician who played so beautifully that all the wild animals stood still to listen. And the reason, you remember, Puss didn't wait was because his Good Gray Horse was afraid that a big lean wolf might harm them when the music stopped. And now we begin this book without the Good Gray Horse, for he had sprained a leg and his little master had been forced to leave him with a kind prince. Wasn't that too bad? For the Good Gray Horse was very wise and a great help to Puss in his travels.

One day as Puss, Junior, stood on the top of a high mountain a little old man with a long

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

white beard and a high peaked hat came out from behind a big stone.

"Am I a long way from the castle where my famous father, Puss in Boots, is, Majordomo?" asked Puss, Junior.

"Yes," answered the little old man. "But you must not lose courage. I will help you. Come with me."

So Puss followed the little old man down the steep mountain path, and by and by they came to a little stream.

"Wait a minute," said the little old man, and he leaned over the bank and called out in a loud voice:

"Trout, trout, in your silver stream,
Tell me if these waters clear
Run through Mother Goose Land
Which children hold so dear?"

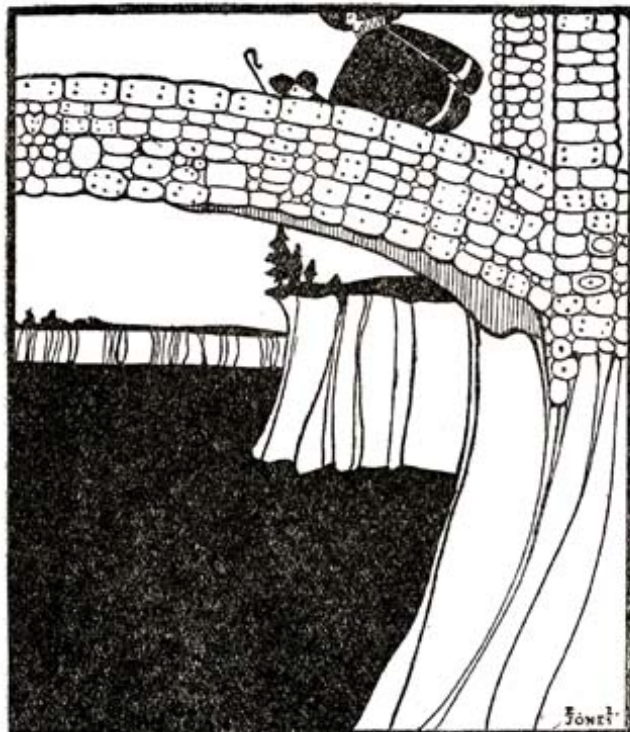
And pretty soon a big speckled trout pushed his nose up through the water and said:

"Follow this brook o'er meadow and lea
Till it empties into the River Dee."

"Oh, I know the River Dee!" cried little Puss, Junior. "I once met the jolly miller who lived by the River Dee, but it was a long time after he was bitten by the flea."

And then the trout gave a flip to his tail and

swam away, and the little old man patted Puss on the head and said:



"Good luck, little Sir Cat. I hope you will soon be in dear Old Mother Goose Land. I have a book of Mother Goose rhymes in my cave on the mountain-top, and every night I read them

to a little lame bird who lives with me and sings her pretty songs. I am an old, old man, but I still like Mother Goose."

Well, by and by Puss came to a bridge, for the little brook, you see, had run into the River Dee, and after he had crossed over with a handsome prince who was going that way he came to a beautiful meadow where flowers grew and grasshoppers fiddled in the tall grass. And as Puss was pretty tired after his long walk he sat down beneath a shady tree, and while he sat there an old grasshopper came up to him and said:

"Fiddle dum, fiddle dee,
I'm the best fiddler you ever did see."

"Then play me a tune," said Puss, Junior, with a grin. So the old grasshopper began to scrape his leg against the inside of his wing and this made a strange kind of music, and pretty soon a little robin and a meadow-lark flew by, and when they heard the strange music they sat on a limb to listen. And in the next story you shall hear what the meadow-lark said to Puss.

MOTHER GOOSE GIVES PUSS A RIDE

NOW the song which the meadow-lark started to sing in the last story was this:

"Little Puss, Junior, you will find
That the brook that flows close at hand
Empties into the River Dee
On the border of Mother Goose Land."

"Well, that's where I want to go, back to dear Mother Goose Land," said little Puss, Junior, with a sigh, and he stretched out his legs and looked at his red-top boots, which were dusty as could be with the day's travel.

"Fiddle - dee - dee, fiddle - dee - dee," sang the grasshopper, and then the little robin redbreast started to sing:

"Over the hills and far away
Is the land where Mother Goose children play.
Humpty Dumpty upon his wall,
And Little Boy Blue with his Bugle-call,
And little Bo-Peep with her snow-white sheep,
And Wee Willie Winkie who makes them sleep."

"Oh dear, and oh dear!" sighed Puss, "how I wish I were there! I find a new friend every

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

day. They travel with me for a little while, and then they go away." And after that he began to whistle, for he felt just the least little bit lonely, for one likes to have a comrade on a journey, you know.

"Over the hills and far away,
I make my journey day by day.
Sometimes a giant big and tall
I meet outside his castle wall.
Sometimes a fairy in the glen,
Sometimes a gnome with his little men;
But of all the friends that have come to hand
I love those best in Mother Goose Land."

And no sooner had he finished his song than Old Mother Goose herself appeared on her Gander.

"Take me with you, dear Mother Goose, for I am so tired," said little Puss, Junior. And then the dear old lady helped him to climb on the Gander's back, and when she had seated herself just in front of him her feathered steed flapped his wings and rose high in the air, and after he had looked all around he set sail straight for Mother Goose Country.

On and on they flew, and by and by the sun went down in his red and crimson bed in the west, and the Twinkle, Twinkle Star came out. And when she saw Puss on Mother Goose's Gander she told the Man in the Moon, who was

MOTHER GOOSE GIVES PUSS A RIDE

so happy to hear the good news that he forgot to eat a cheese sandwich before going to bed.



"Go to sleep, little Puss, Junior," said Mother Goose; "you won't fall off." And then the Twinkle, Twinkle Star commenced to sing:

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

“Rock-a-by, rock-a-by,
Sleep till the dawn,
When the red and green rooster
Will blow on his horn.”

Well, by and by, after a while, away off in the east the big, jolly Sun began to paint the sky all sorts of lovely colors, and the roosters commenced to crow and the little deer in the forest to walk down to the streams to drink. And pretty soon the farmers opened their back doors and went out to milk the cows, and not very long after that the factory whistles blew, and then the big wide world was really awake. And so Mother Goose thought it was time to wake up little Puss, Junior, for he was still sound asleep on the soft feathery back of the big Gander.

“Puss, Puss! Wake up!”

“Where am I?” he asked, rubbing his eyes, for he had forgotten all about getting up on the Gander the night before, you see.

“You’re on your way to Mother Goose Land,” said the dear old lady. “We’re almost there!”

So Puss rubbed his eyes and sat up. And sure enough, there was the Old Woman in her basket flying through the air. And that other Old Woman who swept the cobwebs off the sky.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Puss. “All my old friends are here!”

And presently, as the Gander flew down

MOTHER GOOSE GIVES PUSS A RIDE

toward the earth, Puss saw the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe opening the little front



door in the toe, and Little Boy Blue blowing his horn in the meadow, and the cow with the crumpled horn, and the house that Jack built.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Puss again. “I’m so glad

to be in this dear old country where giants and wicked dwarfs don't try to frighten people to death."

Well, pretty soon the Gander alighted in a barn-yard where that famous Black Hen laid nice eggs for gentlemen. And as she was a great friend of Old Mother Goose, she invited them both into her little house for breakfast.

Now it wasn't a regular hen-house, you know, but a pretty little cottage with white curtains at the windows and a little red chimney. And the little Black Hen knew how to keep it neat and clean, let me tell you. For she had a feather duster that was made out of the tail feathers of her great-great-grandfather, who was a famous rooster in his day, and every morning she dusted her little house from garret to cellar.

Well, it didn't take her long to get a nice breakfast for dear Old Mother Goose and little Puss, Junior, and she didn't forget the Gander, either. And while they were folding their napkins, three gentlemen drove up to get some fresh eggs. So the little Black Hen went to her cupboard and brought out some nice fresh ones and put them in a little box with little pasteboard partitions.

And what do you suppose was printed on the cover of that pasteboard box? I'll tell you, if you'll promise to be good until I can write the next story.

CLOVER COTTAGE

WELL, well, well! I was just going to start this story without telling you first what was written on the little pasteboard box which the little Black Hen had filled with nice fresh eggs for the gentlemen who came every day to see her. But I remembered just in time, so here it is:

FRESH-LAID EGGS

MRS. BLACK HEN

CLOVER COTTAGE

MOTHER GOOSE LAND

"There," said the little Black Hen, as she turned back into her house where Puss and Mother Goose were, you remember, in the last story, "my business is over for the day, except, of course, I'll have to lay a nice white egg at half past ten to give to-morrow to these men." And then she cackled three times and a beautiful big red rooster came down the street and gave her a letter from a cousin of hers who wanted her to come over and make a visit, so

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Mother Goose and Puss jumped on the Gander and said good-by, and away they flew across the sky till they saw the old mill by the River Dee where the miller ground his corn.



"Let us stop and see him," suggested Puss, so the Gander flew down to earth and the miller came out of his mill and said good morning. And he was in a very jolly mood that day because he had caught the flea that bothered him so.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Old Mother Goose, "for a flea can bother one more than the bills on the first of the month."

"That's true," said the miller, scratching his head. "Although I don't have many bills, I once had a wife who did, but that was a long time ago, before I became a miller."

And just then along came

Yankee-Doodle Dandy
Riding on his pony,
In his hand a lollypop
Instead of macaroni.

"Helloa, there!" he shouted, reining in his little steed. "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!" and he took out a pretty flag and waved it back and forth, and then the Gander flapped his wings and the old mill-wheel went around so fast that the water turned into foam.

"Hold on!" shouted the rusty, dusty miller; "you'll have my old mill toppling over," and I guess that would have happened if Yankee-Doodle hadn't stopped shouting and waving his flag.

"Well, we must be off," said Old Mother Goose, so away she and Puss went atop of the speedy Gander until they came to the garden of the Sing-a-song-of-sixpence Castle.

And the maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
But there wasn't any blackbird
To pinch her pretty nose,

for the King had hired a little man with a great big gun to shoot any blackbird that dared come into the garden on Monday.

"How are the King and Queen to-day?" asked Old Mother Goose, as she straightened her bonnet and put her little mirror back in her vanity-bag.

"Oh, they are very well," replied the maid, with a courtesy. "The King is in his counting-house counting out his money, and the Queen is in the parlor eating bread and honey."

"Just what they were doing when I was nere before," laughed Puss. "Is that all kings and queens have to do in Mother Goose Land, I wonder?" and Puss smiled to himself, for he had seen lots of queens and kings since that time, you know, and other wonderful people in Fairy-land.

Just then the Queen looked out of the window, and as soon as she saw Puss and dear Old Mother Goose she rang a little bell, and pretty soon a page ran out and asked them both to come in. And then the maid took the Gander around to the royal kitchen, where he had a fine dinner.

Well, pretty soon the King finished counting his money and came into the parlor, and then they all had a fine time eating bread and honey, and the King gave Puss a picture of himself and the Queen gave him a little gold ring, and then Mother Goose and Puss got on board their

Gander ship and sailed away over the meadows and over the spray that splashed from the ocean



deep and blue till they came to the town of Betsey and Prue.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Now Betsey and Prue were two old maids who kept a lollypop-shop, and everybody in town worked for them, so that is the reason they named this pretty place after these two old maids.

Well, the first person Puss and Mother Goose saw was Jackey Top, who loved a 'licious lollypop. He was first cousin to Jackadandy, who loved plum cake and sugar candy, and he had a cousin named Little Jack Horner. So you see this must have been a lovely town to live in and that these boys had lots of fun there.

"Run along to the candy-shop. Here's some money," said Mother Goose, and she gave each little boy a penny, and then she and Puss again mounted the Gander, who flew away as fast as his strong wings would take him.

Heigh-diddle-dee,
Happy are we,
Flying so high
Up in the sky.
Forever and ever,
As light as a feather
We sail o'er the town
Like a light thistle-down.

"WINKY-PINKY"

NOW the Sing - a - song - of - sixpence Castle, where Puss was in the last story, you remember, looked down on a beautiful river, the River Dee, you know, where stood the old mill whose owner once found a flea upon his pillow. And pretty soon Mother Goose jumped on the Gander and flew away, so Puss went down to the river's edge and looked over the bank. And just then a beautiful snow-white duck swam up to the bank and said:

"Little Sir Kitten, get on my back
And we will go for a sail.
Hang on to my long and slender neck
And lean back against my tail,
And we will go where the lily-pads grow,
White and pink in a pretty row."

So Puss jumped on the duck's back and she swam away, and by and by, after a while, they came to a cluster of lilies resting on their green pads.

"Now pick one," said the Duck. "But,

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

mind you, be sure to say, 'Winky-pinky,' or something dreadful will happen."

Well, Puss leaned over and picked a flower, and then he said "Pinky-winky" instead of



"Winky-pinky." And, oh, dear me! What do you suppose happened? Why, a great, big, wicked water-snake came up close to him and opened his mouth, and then he stuck out his long, thin red tongue and was just going to sting poor little Puss, Junior, when the Duck gave a loud quack and said:

"WINKY-PINKY"

"Be careful, Mr. Snake, what you do.

Don't you dare to hurt this little pussy-cat.

I'm surprised that you should think,

Because he said 'Pinky-wink,'

That you'd try to hurt his lovely feather hat."

"Think before you speak next time," said the Water-snake. "That's what my mother always taught me," and then he swam away. And after that the Duck took Puss across the lake, where he jumped off her back and said good-by. And then he started off once more in search of new adventure, and by and by, after a while, he came to the house that Jack built. And, oh, dear me, how it was changed since Puss had last seen it! There was a big piazza all around it, and in place of the barn was a nice new garage, and there stood Jack himself, with the Dog that Worried the Cat.

"Helloa! helloa! here's Puss, Junior!" shouted Jack, and then the Maiden all Forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn ran out of the house, with the Cat that Ate the Rat close at her heels. And then the Cock that Crowed in the Morn began to sing:

"Cock-a-doodle-do!

Sir Kitten has returned

From foreign lands and coral strands

Across the ocean blue."

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

"I'll take you as far as the Red Barn," she said; so Puss jumped on her back and away they went together, and it was a good thing she didn't try to jump over the moon, as she once did, oh, so many stories ago, before Puss went to Fairy-land.

Well, by and by, after a while, they came to a big red barn, and as it was getting late, Puss thought it would be wiser for him not to go any farther, so he looked about for a place to spend the night. And not very far away, among the trees, he saw a little light shining through the dark. So he left the Cow that Jumped Over the Moon in the big Red Barn, and pretty soon he came to a little cottage.

Well, Puss stepped up to the door and gave three knocks, and pretty soon it opened, and there stood the Three Little Kittens who had lost their mittens:

"Why, here is Puss, Junior,
The most famous of kittens.
Let us tell him at once
That we all found our mittens."

"I'm very glad to hear that," laughed Puss. "But tell me, can you give me some supper?"

"Of course we can," cried all the little kittens at once. And then Tom hung Puss, Junior's, cap on a peg, and Tabby took him into the parlor and sat down with him on the sofa, and the

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

WELL, it made little Puss, Junior, very happy to have Jack and the Maiden all Forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn so glad to see him once more, for you know how nice it is to meet old friends and have them glad to see you. But Puss didn't stay long. Oh my, no! He soon said good-by and started off once more through dear Old Mother Goose Land, and before he had gone very far he saw his old friend, the Cow that Jumped Over the Moon. She was grazing in a meadow close by, and when she saw Puss she gave a loud moo and jumped over the fence.

"Helloa, Sir Puss, Junior!
Where have you been so long?
In field and lane I've looked in vain,
And called to you in song."

"Let me get on your back and I will tell you as we jog along," said little Puss, Junior, with a grin, for he didn't think she would let him, you know.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

third little kitten, whose name was Judy, got the supper ready.



And after supper they all sat around the table and Puss told them how he had been to Japan and ridden in a rickshaw, and to India, and had ridden on an elephant's back. He told them,

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

too, all about his trip to China and how he had ridden the big farm buffalo with the little Chinese boy. And some day I'm going to write a book about Puss, Junior's, travels in foreign lands and then you'll know as much as these Three Little Kittens. And when he had finished, the little cuckoo came out of her clock and sang:

"It's eight o'clock and time for bed,
So get your nightcap on your head,
And take your candle in your hand
And start at once for Dreamy Land."

So Puss said good-by and went away, for there was no room in the little house for him to sleep in. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Puss. "I'm a stranger here."

"Come with me," said the little old woman; "I will give you lodgings," and she led the

WINKIE, BLINKIE WILLIE

"**W**INKIE, BLINKIE WILLIE is running through the town
In his velvet slippers and little nightgown.
He shields the little candle, for fear it will blow out,
And through the keyhole in the door he gives a warning shout:

"Wash your hands and faces, time to get in bed;
Pull the covers to your chin when your prayers are said.
When you hear the rooster crowing in the morn,
Jump up bright and happy like a little fawn."

This is what Puss heard as he stepped out of the little house of the Three Kittens. It was just at the hour when the Twinkle, Twinkle Star begins to bloom like a little flower in the sky, you know.

"Dear me!" said Puss to himself, "I sha'n't have much time to look about, for it's growing late." And just then who should come by but the little old woman who swept the cobwebs off the sky.

"Helloa, little cat!" said she. "Where are you going?"



way to a little cottage covered with rose-vines and morning-glories, which were fast asleep, for they never wake up until the sun

shines, you know, and go to bed early every afternoon.

Well, as soon as Puss was inside this little house he saw how clean the little old woman kept it. And I guess she knew how, for any one who can sweep cobwebs off the sky can certainly keep them off the ceiling, don't you think?

And the next thing Puss saw was a great, big black cat with green eyes, and she was washing her face with her paw and purring away like a little breeze among the sea-grass.

"I'm the pussy-cat that went to London to see the Queen," she said. So Puss sat down and asked her to tell him all about it, and just as she was about to begin a little mouse crept out of his hole and said:

"Twinkle, twinkle, piece of cheese,
You smell so sweet you make me sneeze."

And this made Puss laugh out loud, and of course the little mouse became so frightened that he ran back to his hole and told Mrs. Mouse there was a great big giant cat in the house who wore boots with red tops.

Well, by this time the old woman who swept the cobwebs off the sky when the wind was blowing sweet and dry took out of her cupboard her old mother hubbard, and when she was

dressed she said, "I'll be blest if I don't think I'll take a piece of sponge cake."

And while she was eating it a knock came at the door, and in the next story you shall hear who was there.

And a bowl of shimmery gold,
 And every night when the sky is light
 And the dew is sparkling cold
 He fills his jars with the diamond stars
 Like a robber brave and bold.

THE MOON MAN MAKES A VISIT

YOU remember in the last story a knock came at the door just as the little old woman who kept the sky clean of cobwebs was talking to Puss.

"Who can that be?" she said. "It is getting late for callers," and then she went over and opened the door. And there stood the Man in the Moon.

"What brings you here?" she asked. "You should be up in the sky country tending to your lamps in the moon."

"There is no moon to-night," he replied. "The sky is covered with clouds and the rain will soon be coming down!"

"Well, what can I do for you?" she asked, pushing a chair forward for him to sit on. And just then he saw Puss, Junior, for the first time.

"Gracious me!" he cried, "if this isn't my little friend pussy in boots," and the Man in the Moon got up and shook hands with Puss, Junior.

Oh, the Man in the Moon
 Has a silvery spoon

And just then it began to rain, and some acorns dropped on the roof with a rat-a-tat-tat. And the wind blew down the chimney and scattered the ashes from the hearth over the floor, and the candles flickered and flared, and then the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled.

"Deary me!" exclaimed the old woman, and she picked up her broom and swept up the floor, for she was a particular old lady, let me tell you, and kept her house as neat as a pin.

"It's a bad night," said the Man in the Moon. "Can you lend me an umbrella?" So the old woman gave him one and then he wished them good night and went out into the darkness, but how he ever found his way back to the sky country is more than I can tell. Perhaps he flew up on the back of an old owl! At any rate, he reached the moon safely, for the next night it was shining as brightly as ever when little Puss, Junior, looked up to the sky as he was making his way along a country road that led to the town of Bramberry Cross, where lived an old lady who owned a white horse. She had Liberty Bonds and Thrift Savings Stamps and Japanese shades on her best parlor lamps.

Well, it was getting late and, as the town was still some distance away, Puss crept into a haystack and was soon fast asleep, and in the next



story if a little black spider who loved apple cider doesn't tickle his ear I'll tell you what happened after that.

A PARTY

"**H**ERE stands a post;
Who put it there?
A better man than you.
Touch it if you dare!"

"I like that verse," said Puss, Junior, to himself. "It sounds as if the man who wrote it was a brave man." But just the same, the post was of no help to travelers, for the sign didn't say how many miles it was to this town nor how many to that. And while Puss, Junior, stood at the crossroads, uncertain which way to go, Tom, the Piper's Son, came by, playing, gaily, "Over the hills and far away"!

"I'll take the road over the hills and far away," said Puss to himself, and he never looked back at the pleasant road that led through the green meadows. "Over the hills and far away" was the road for him.

Well, by and by he came to a cottage where close to the fence were two little old people looking as cross as two sticks. The little old man was weeding the garden, scowling all the while, and his little old wife was leaning on the fence, frowning as hard as she could.

"What's the trouble, my good woman?" asked our little traveler.



"My little old man and I fell out;
I'll tell you what 'twas all about—
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun,"

answered the little old woman.

"Too bad!" said Puss. "And you have such a nice garden and such a pretty cottage."

"It's this way," cried the little old man, coming up to the fence. "She keeps the key to the little iron bank and won't let me get out even a penny now and then to buy tobacco with. That's what's the matter."

Well, I don't know what the little old woman would have said to this if at that moment a stage-coach hadn't stopped before the gate. Out jumped Jack and Jill, Little Bo-Peep, Simple Simon, Little Red Riding-Hood, and lots and lots of Mother Goose people.

Each one had something nice for the two grumpy old people. Simple Simon had a box of tobacco for the little old man, but just what the little girls gave the old lady I really can't say, for there were so many ribbons and bows and that sort of thing that I'm all mixed up. But I do know this: before the coach drove off, the old woman gave the key to the little old man and told him to get out some money to buy ice-cream with so that everybody might have a feast.

"Cheer up, Simon," cried Puss. "Love is blind, so I'll pardon your running into me!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Sylvia, "you are a bright little cat!"

PUSS GIVES SOME ADVICE

"**H**EIGH-HO!" cried little Puss, Junior, merrily starting out one fine morning on his journey of adventure, and just as he came to a wood he heard a voice singing:

"Sylvia, sweet as morning air,
Do not drive me to despair;
Long have I sighed in vain;
Now I am come again.
Will you be mine or no-a-no—
Will you be mine or no?"

There knelt Simple Simon before the fair Sylvia.
But, oh, dear me! she only frowned and said:

"Simon, pray leave off your suit,
For of your courting you'll reap no fruit;
I would rather give a crown
Than be married to a clown.
Go for a booby, go, go-a-go—
Go for a booby, go."

Then Simple Simon turned sorrowfully away, and he was so sad that he walked with his head downcast and so almost ran into Puss, Junior.



"Let me tell you both a story," said Puss, Junior.
"Tell one of your adventures," said Sylvia, seating herself on a fallen tree.

“Well, I will tell you about the man who scratched out both his eyes—the Bramble-bush Man, you know. It was the day I rode home on my Good Gray Horse with the farmer’s daughter so rosy and fair. We stopped at his house to ask him where my father lived. You see, I was then hunting for my dear father. Everybody called the man a wise man, so I thought he could tell me. But he couldn’t. In fact, he said that he considered himself a very foolish man indeed to jump into a bramble-bush and scratch out both his eyes, and that it was a wonder he had had enough sense to jump into another bush and scratch them in again. Now the moral of this little story to you, my dear Simon, is this: You have fallen in love with Sylvia; in fact, you have jumped into a bramble-bush of love and scratched out both your eyes, for Sylvia doesn’t love you; and if one is not loved in return, love is certainly a bramble-bush. Now my advice to you is to fall in love with another girl and get your eyes again!”

Puss, Junior, stood up and twisted his mustache, and then, bowing very low, continued on his way. Poor Simon looked at Sylvia, but I don’t know to this day whether he took Puss, Junior’s, advice or not.

BETTY WINKLE

LITTLE Betty Winkle, she had a pig. It was a little pig, not very big. When he was alive he lived in clover, But now he’s dead he’s dead all over.

This was a very sad state of affairs, and Puss, Junior, felt very sorry for Betty Winkle. He didn’t feel sorry for the little pig, for he was dead and couldn’t feel anything any more.

“He was such a dear little pig,” said Betty Winkle, looking at Puss with tear-dimmed eyes. “He was so cunning, and his tail had such a curl!”

“I always liked pigs,” replied our small traveler. “My first adventure, many, many stories ago, was with Piggie Porker, and since then I’ve met the pig that was stolen by Tom, the Piper’s Son, and the pig that flew up in the air and was soon brought down by the man in brown. Oh yes, I’ve met many pigs in my travels. They are quite famous animals in *Mother Goose*.”

“And so are cats,” said little Betty Winkle. “There’s the little cat who went to London to

see the Queen, and the cat who came singing out of a barn with a pair of bagpipes under her arm, and the Ding-dong-bell Pussy in the Well."



"Yes, I've met them all," replied Puss, Junior, "and almost everybody in Mother Goose Land besides."

"Won't you tell me a story?—for you have traveled so much you must know many interesting things."

"I will tell you about the Robber Cat," commenced Puss, as he and Betty Winkle sat down. "My little comrade, Tom Thumb, was with me. We saw this bold cat enter a wood. He had a big pistol and he looked very fierce. The first person he met was a rooster, and in a twinkling he shot his head off. Then he robbed a nest of young owls and took a purse away from a pussycat. Well, by this time he discovered Tom Thumb and me. If it hadn't been for the pistol I would have fought him with my sword, but that was too risky, so I waited my time and finally got the pistol away from him. And the way it came about was this: A Robber Dog met us and at once attacked the Robber Kitten. Now, I can't see a dog get the best of a cat, not even if the cat has tried to get the best of me," said Puss, Junior, with a laugh. "So I set upon the Robber Dog and with the help of the Robber Cat we put him to flight, which so pleased the kitten that we became great friends, and he went home to his mother and promised to be a good cat ever after. And I guess he has kept his word."

Then Puss, Junior, stood up and bowed. "I must be on my way; so good-by, Miss Betty Winkle. Let me say, you should be gay; let your blue eyes twinkle. Don't be sad, be always glad, little Betty Winkle."

the house where lived the old woman who rode on a broom. But she wasn't at home. She had gone for a ride in the sky, her old cat told Puss.

PUSS MEETS ANOTHER CAT

LITTLE Jack Jelf was put on the shelf
 Because he could not spell pie.
 When his aunt, Mrs. Grace,
 Saw his sorrowful face,
 She could not help saying, "Oh, fie!"

"He can *eat* pie, though, can't he?" asked Puss, Junior, with a grin. "And I think he can spell it, too."

But, oh, dear me! He couldn't. He just sat there:

And since Master Jelf
 Was put on the shelf
 Because he could not spell pie,
 Let him stand there so grim,
 And no more about him,
 For I wish him a very good-by!

And Puss, Junior, doffed his cap and went upon his way. "I have no use for such stupid boys," he said to himself, and neither have I, and I hope that no little boy or girl who reads this story is as stupid as Jack Jelf.

Well, Puss, Junior, went merrily along, whistling a little tune, and by and by he came to



E. JONES
 BABCOCK

"She usually takes me along for the groom
 When she goes a-sky-riding upon her old broom.
 I sit behind and she sits before
 While we merrily travel the sky-meadows o'er."

"I met your mistress many stories ago," said Puss, Junior. "I was then traveling with dear Mother Goose on her Gander. We came across your mistress and we traveled together for some time. I think we took a trip to the Man in the Moon."

"Well, now I remember you," cried the old cat. "I was very hungry and wanted to get home. I slid down a rainbow and my mistress went without me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Puss. "I can see you now. But let me tell you a little secret. I did the very same thing myself not long ago. I landed in a haystack. Where did you land?"

"On top of a circus tent," said the old cat. "And would you believe it, I crawled in through a hole in the canvas and saw the show for nothing."

"Did you happen to see a cat with red-topped boots riding on a beautiful white horse? If you did, I was the cat, for I once belonged to a circus for three whole days."

And would you believe it, the old cat said yes, and then she and Puss had a good laugh and a cup of tea.

THE BOASTER

ONE day, as Puss, Junior, came to a little house in the wood, he heard a man say to his wife that he could do as much work in one day as she could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,
 "If that you will allow,
 To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
 And I'll go drive the plow."

"And you shall stay and be the judge," cried the old man, on seeing Puss, Junior.

"I am willing," said the old woman to her husband,

"But you must milk the Tidy cow,
 For fear that she go dry;
 And you must feed the little pigs
 That are within the sty;
 And you must mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she lay away;
 And you must reel the spool of yarn
 That I spun yesterday."

"He'll have his hands full," laughed Puss to himself, but he said nothing. Well, when the next morning came,

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

The old woman took a staff in her hand
And went to drive the plow;
The old man took a pail in his hand
And went to milk the cow.



But, oh, dear me! What happened then was too funny for anything. The cow kicked over

THE BOASTER

the milking-pail, and the little old man fell off his three-legged stool into the straw.

“High! Tidy! ho! Tidy! high!
Tidy, do stand still!
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
’Twill be sore against my will!”

Then he went to feed the little pigs, but he bumped his head against a beam. I guess he saw a million stars. And after that

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she’d lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife didn’t do a day’s work in her life,
She should ne’er be ruled by he.

“There’s nothing like learning by experience,” said little Puss, Junior, to himself, as he started off again on his journey of adventure. “Each one can do his own work the best.”

the night here?" asked Puss, wearily. "I have traveled far to-day," and he thrust forward a foot, showing a hole in the boot.

THE PRINCE IN DISGUISE

THE little old town was very still
As the big round moon came up the hill
And slowly traveled over the sky,
Lighting the steeples slim and high.

Yes, it was late, and Puss, Junior, was weary and footsore. He had traveled far that day and now found himself, late in the evening, entering a quiet little town.

The Twinkle, Twinkle Star was out and the Man in the Moon was looking down—I guess to see if all the little children were in bed. And Wee Willie Winkie! Well, he had long ago run from house to house, crying through the lock: "Are the children in their beds? It's past eight o'clock!"

Puss, Junior, was at a loss where to spend the night. At last he stopped before a neat little house. His knock was answered by a little woman dressed in blue gingham, and, upon seeing our small travel-stained traveler, she exclaimed:

"What! A cat in boots? Well, I declare!"

"I am very hungry and tired. May I spend



After supper the little woman asked Puss to tell her a story, and he replied that he would relate one of his adventures:

“One day I came to a large castle whose owner, strange to say, was a huge beast. I was badly frightened at first, but when he confided to me that he was really a prince under a spell I felt very sorry for him. Now the only way he could ever regain his human shape was by marrying the lovely daughter of a merchantman who lived in the town near by. I don’t remember just how it all happened, but one day the merchantman and his daughter came to the castle and the beast gave the father a large sum of money to allow her to remain. But after a few days she grew homesick and returned to her home. This made the beast most sorrowful, for how was he then to make her love him and so once more become a prince? Day by day he waited for her return, but she did not come. And of course, knowing that he was really a prince, I felt all the more sorry for him. He was nearly dead with grief when at last she returned, and when I brought her to him she felt sorry to think that he had missed her so much, and, remembering all his kindness to her and her father, she said she would marry him. But I must tell you,” concluded Puss, with a merry twinkle in his eye, “I had already told her that he was a handsome prince in disguise!”

A CAT AND A MOUSE

PUSS, JUNIOR, and Mr. Watts were walking along one day together. Who Mr. Watts is you will hear in just a moment, for I am going to sing you a Mother Goose song, and it’s not very short, and it’s not very long! Well, just then a cross-looking woman appeared in the doorway of a small cottage and said:

“Good Mr. Watts,
We are troubled with rats;
Will you drive them out of the house?”

But good Mr. Watts said:

“We have mice, too, in plenty,
That feast in the pantry;
But let them stay,
And nibble away.

What harm is there in a little brown mouse?”

Which showed what a kind-hearted man he was. But the cross little old woman didn’t think so. “You’re a very disobliging sort of a person,” she said, and slammed the door.

"She should have asked you," said Mr. Watts, with a smile at Puss. "You can catch mice, I warrant."



"I'm a bit out of practice," admitted Puss, Junior. "You see, I've been a traveler for so long that I have forgotten how to be a hunter."

Just then a little brown mouse ran out of the house and said to Puss, Junior, "I'm the little mouse 'under the chair.'"

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Watts, in amazement.

"Have you forgotten your *Mother Goose*?" asked Puss, Junior. "Don't you remember the pussy-cat who went to London to see the Queen, and the little mouse she frightened under the chair?"

"Ah, to be sure. Is this the little mouse?" And good Mr. Watts scratched his head reflectively. It was strange that she was not afraid of Puss, Junior, but you see the little people in *Mother Goose* love Puss, Junior, just as much as you and I do, for the friends we make in childhood are the sweetest friends of all.

"Won't you take me back to London?" said the little Brown Mouse to Puss, Junior. "The cross woman hates me and I fear for my life."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Puss, Junior, not because of what she said, but because he thought it was so funny for a cat and a mouse to be traveling together. "I beg your pardon, I was laughing at the idea of a cat and a mouse traveling together; not, my dear Miss Mousie, at your troubles. Come with me, if you wish, for

"I'm on my way to London Town
With little Mousie sleek and brown;
Of her I'll take the greatest care
Until I bring her safely there."

Queen's presence. And she was a very sweet queen, indeed. She never screamed and jumped on a chair, as a great many ladies do when they see a little brown mouse. No, indeed. She

THE QUEEN IN LONDON TOWN

SEE, saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London Town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London Town.

And that's the way Puss, Junior, and the little Brown Mouse traveled along, first one foot up, and then the other foot down, Puss in Boots and the Mousie brown. And by and by they came to the great big city. And they hurried along for they were anxious to reach the castle, for you remember the little Brown Mouse wanted to get back to the Queen, and Puss wished to see her Royal Highness, for the poetry in *Mother Goose* says, you know:

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?

and Puss felt that it would be very nice to be able to answer:

"I've been to London to see the Queen."

At last the castle came in sight and very soon our two little travelers were ushered into the



smiled and said: "Come here, my little subjects. What is your errand, and what do you wish?"

"To see our most beautiful Queen," cried Puss, Junior, bowing low in a gallant manner, while the little Brown Mouse squeaked, "I was

homesick to get back to the castle, for I once lived here, my most lovely Queen."

Well, everybody who has met the Queen knows what she does, but I will tell you in case you haven't met her. She ordered cake and cream to be served at once, and the little Brown Mouse had all the cake she could eat and Puss all the cream he could drink. And after that the Queen asked Puss to tell her a story about his travels, so Puss began to relate how he had been a traveler ever since the time he had discovered the picture of his father on the nursery book called *Puss in Boots*. "At first, you see," said Puss, Junior, "I went out in search of my illustrious parent, and when I found him at the castle of my Lord of Carabas, I was indeed most happy, for I had searched for him a long, long time. But then, life at the castle became dull to one who was accustomed to travel, so I once more set out, and many's the adventure I have had, your Royal Highness," and he looked at the Queen with such a queer, funny little grin that she leaned over and picked him up and placed him on her lap.

"I will make you my Page if you will remain at court," she said.

But what Puss, Junior, said I will tell you in the next story.

PUSS LEAVES COURT

HEY ding-a-ding,
Did you hear the bells ring?
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King!
Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
To see the Parliament soldiers pass by.

Hey ding-a-ding, and ho ding-a-ding!
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King;
Some with new beavers, some with new bands;
The Parliament soldiers are all to be hanged.

This was terrible news to Puss, Junior, for he had accepted the Queen's invitation to be Court Page. He was fond of the soldiers, and of course he didn't want to have them hanged. There was one soldier in particular of whom he was most fond—the one who had gone to war with the woolen comforter his mother had made for him. He had kept a cooky-stand for some time after the war was over, but now was once more in service.

"I will go to the Queen," said Puss, Junior, to himself. "She will see that the soldiers are not hanged." And away he went, and soon the Queen was giving orders that the soldiers

should be spared, for the King was afraid of his wife when she made up her mind to do a thing, and he felt it wiser to let her have her way than



to lose his crown; for he had read of many a king who had lost his throne on account of a woman.

Well, as soon as the King learned who had told the Queen he did everything in his power

PUSS LEAVES COURT

to make Puss uncomfortable. And as Puss, Junior, was not the kind of a cat to stand anything like this, he bid the Queen a fond adieu and once more set out upon his journey of adventure.

"Heigh-ho!" he whistled, "here I am once more traveling on! I wonder what next is coming." By this time he had reached the riverfront where the vessels lay at the docks and the sailors hurried to and fro loading them with their cargoes.

And, oh! wasn't he delighted to see the Owl in his "beautiful pea-green boat"! "Helloa!" cried Puss. "The Giant isn't after me this time, but I would like to take a voyage with you just the same!"

"Jump aboard!" cried the Owl, and he cast off the line and hoisted the sail. And by and by they came to an island with a great wall of stone around it and a queer-looking house in the middle. And such a queer-looking little man sat on the wall that Puss, Junior, began to laugh and sing:

"Hey diddle-diddle,
Our little green boat,
She is the neatest ship afloat.
The owl and the pussy-cat are her crew,
As they sail away on the ocean blue!"

house; it was topsyturvy, for the kitchen was on the top floor and the attic on the ground floor. And the chimney went into the ground, so that this funny little house looked as if it were standing on its head.



"This is Topsyturvy House," said Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty. "But how did you come to land on our Egg-Shell Island?"

Before Puss, Junior, could reply, a host of fairies flew in and said to Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty: "Where is our leader, Nimble Finger? Please tell us quickly."

"He's washing at the tub. Don't you hear him?"

"Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub!

Monday's the day to scrub, scrub, scrub!"

HUMPTY-DUMPTY'S HOME

NO sooner had Puss, Junior, and the little Owl landed from their "beautiful pea-green boat" than the funny little man who was seated on the stone wall fell down and broke his crown.

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

And so the funny-looking little man was nothing but an egg, after all! And, of course, he couldn't be mended! So Puss scrambled over the wall and set out for the queer-looking little house. And when he reached it a queer little woman came out and said she was Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty. And I guess she was, for she had a very pleasant face and two smiling eyes.

"It's wash-day," she said, "but come in just the same. I sha'n't be long, for Fairy Nimble Finger is helping me."

Puss had never seen such a strange kind of

Then all the Fairies began singing:

“Nimble Finger, leave the tub,
 Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub!
 Evil news we have to tell,
 Humpty-Dumpty broke his shell!”

“Oh, deary, mercy me!” cried Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty when she heard this. “How will he ever get home?”

“Leave that to me,” cried Nimble Finger. “It is more important I go to him than to finish the wash,” and he flew off with his small subjects. This was too much for Puss, Junior’s, curiosity, and he bowed to Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty and ran down to the shore, followed by the Owl. Of course he was anxious to see how Nimble Finger could mend an egg. And so would anybody I’ve ever known, for I don’t believe any one but a fairy could do it.

Well, the first thing Nimble Finger did was to get the egg back into the shell, and after that he waved his wand over it and sang:

“Come together, milk-white shell,
 Then Humpty-Dumpty will be well!”

And would you believe it, in a few minutes the egg was as good as new, and new eggs are always good because old eggs are always bad!”

EGG-SHELL ISLAND

“AND now, Sir Cat,” said Fairy Nimble Finger, “if you will come with me I will show you some of the sights of Egg-Shell Island.” So Puss said good-by to the Owl, who flew back to his “beautiful pea-green boat,” and set out with Nimble Finger.

“You’ve just seen Topsyturvy House,” said the Fairy, “so now I’m going to show you a ‘little crooked house.’” And just then Puss, Junior, began to grin, for

There was a crooked man,
 And he walked a crooked mile,
 And he found a crooked sixpence
 Against a crooked stile;
 He bought a crooked cat,
 Who caught a crooked mouse,
 And they all lived together
 In a little crooked house.

And I don’t blame Puss the least bit for smiling, for the way the crooked little man walked was enough to set any one laughing. He couldn’t go very fast, and when Puss and Nimble Finger

came up to him he was nearly home, so he asked them in, and of course Puss accepted, for he



was curious to see the crooked cat and the crooked mouse.

As they entered his little crooked house the little crooked man smiled a crooked smile and said:

"Now don't think for a moment because I only paid a crooked sixpence for my crooked cat that she isn't a good mouser. The very first night she caught a crooked mouse, and it's very hard to catch crooked things in this world, let me tell you, although it's very easy to do them." Which is very true when you think it over.

"I'm sure I shall like your cat," said Puss, Junior. "Indeed, all the Mother Goose cats I have met have been charming, with one exception, and he turned out to be very nice in the end. I'm thinking of the Robber Kitten, you know."

"Oh yes," laughed the crooked man; "he was crooked, only in another way." Well, at this moment the door opened and a cat came into the room. "This is my dear little crooked cat," said the crooked man.

"I'm very glad to meet you," she said to Puss, Junior, and Nimble Finger.

Then they all sat down and had some tea out of a little crooked teapot that poured the tea out of the back of the handle instead of the spout. But the little crooked mouse wouldn't come out of her hole, for she was afraid of a cat who wasn't crooked, and Puss, Junior, was so very tall and straight!

CROOKED ADVENTURES

I DIDN'T quite finish my story about the little crooked man and the little crooked house. I was trying to remember what happened next. Well, all of a sudden the crooked cat jumped out of the window. "What's the matter now?" exclaimed the little crooked man, and he ran out into the yard, followed by Puss, Junior, and Fairy Nimble Finger. Of course everything was crooked as could be in the yard. The apple-tree was twisted and bent, and the little barn was one-sided, and the clothes-line had kinks in it. Even the little robin which the crooked cat was trying to catch was crooked, and the eggs in its little crooked nest weren't round at all, but a queer, kinky shape.

"Come here, kitty," cried the little crooked man; "don't you hurt my crooked little robin. He and Mrs. Robin are the only two little crooked birds on Egg-Shell Island." The crooked cat looked very much ashamed of herself. "There are plenty of other kinds of birds if you must go a-hunting, but you let my crooked birds alone!" and the little crooked man looked

very cross, which is a sort of crooked way of looking when you come to think of it, isn't it?

Then they went into the little barn, where a little crooked horse was eating hay. His legs were so crooked that Puss wondered how he



could trot, but the little crooked man explained that he was a single-footer; that is, he put only one foot on the ground at a time, for fear he'd get all four legs tangled up. After this they all sat down under the crooked apple-tree.

"And now won't you tell us one of your adventures?" said the little crooked man, with a funny little smile that turned the corner of his mouth up in a crooked way. So Puss, Junior, thought a moment and then began:

"One bright morning, a short time after I had

left Mother Goose in her dear little house in the woods, I came to a broad highway. It was very dusty and by noon I was tired, for you see I had been riding with Mother Goose for some time on her Gander, and it was hard to travel again on foot. Well, suddenly Yankee-Doodle came riding by, on his dappled pony, a feather stuck upon his cap, and trimmed with macaroni!

"Where's your horse?" he asked, and when I laughed and said I had none, he asked me to climb up behind him. So I jumped up and away we went. Well, we rode so fast that we almost ran into the Man in the Moon, who came tumbling down to ask his way to Norwich. Yankee-Doodle Dandy just pulled up in time, and the pony slid on his hind feet and almost lost two shoes. And the Man in the Moon was very angry, and so was Yankee-Doodle Dandy. 'You came down too soon,' he cried; 'why didn't you wait until we were out of the way?'

"Oh, that's very easy to say,' said the Man in the Moon, 'but you just try it yourself.' And then he insisted upon going south, although we told him he'd burn his mouth by eating cold plum porridge."

Then Puss stood up and said good-by to the little crooked man in his little crooked house, and winked at the crooked cat and the little crooked mouse, and set off once more with Fairy Nimble Finger by his side.

FAIRY NIMBLE FINGER'S GIFT

PUSS, JUNIOR, and Fairy Nimble Finger traveled for some distance over Egg-Shell Island until they came to a tall tree where sat a young man and a young woman. Then Nimble Finger whispered to Puss, "Now I will make you invisible," and, presto! something happened, although Puss felt just the same.

There was a little man
Who wooed a little maid,
And he said: "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
So will you aye or nay?
For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded, ded."

The little maid replied:
"Should I be your little bride,
Pray what must we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

Nimble Finger nudged Puss with his hand. "A very practical young woman. The Fairies at her birth must have given her good common

sense, which is a fine gift, is it not, my good Sir Cat?"

"My dear Nimble Finger," said kind Puss, Junior, "if you have the power to render me in-



visible, have you not the power to turn this tree into a pretty cottage where the little man and little maid may dwell forever in happiness?"

Nimble Finger smiled and replied: "I have, Puss, Junior. We will give them a cottage where the little god of Love can be cook and king at the same time."

"Yes, yes," cried Puss, "let me see the tree turn into a cottage." And would you believe it, the trunk grew wider and wider and the knot-holes became little windows, and the branches overhead formed themselves into a roof, and a little red chimney grew on top from which smoke began to come out.

"Step inside the doorway," said Nimble Finger. And when Puss had done this, the Fairy said: "Now I'm going to make you visible again. Then you tell the young man that you will give him this house if he will promise to learn by heart every rhyme in *Mother Goose*. I will tell the young woman that if she wishes to be happy she must say this little verse every day to the fairies:

"Keep our little house, I pray,
Safe at night as well as day.
Fairies, with your magic power,
Make me happy every hour;
Help me in each thing I do
Always to be good and true."

And the young man was so happy when Puss gave him the house that he asked Puss to stay with him always. And the young woman was so pleased with what Fairy Nimble Finger told her that she blushed and promised always to make the young man a most dutiful wife.

"It's going to be very hard work, for I can hardly keep moving ahead, the wind blows so

A NARROW ESCAPE

WELL, by and by, after Puss, Junior, and Fairy Nimble Finger had traveled all over Egg-Shell Island, Puss said he wanted to get back to the mainland. So Nimble Finger stood by the water and sang:

"Swan, Swan from over the sea,
Come to the shore for Puss and me.
Come with your wings like a snow-white sail,
And take us across before the gale."

Then up swam a beautiful white swan and Puss got on its back, but Nimble Finger remained on the island, for he said he wished to see that the young man and woman who were to be married the next day were comfortably fixed in the small cottage I told you about in the last story.

The Swan then swam away with Puss, but they had not gone very far when the water grew rough and the wind blew, and it was all the Swan could do to swim.

"Gracious me!" said Puss, Junior, "I'm afraid, my dear Swan, we'll never get to land."



hard," and pretty soon the poor Swan became so tired he couldn't swim any more at all, and

he drifted farther and farther away from the land until he and Puss, Junior, were 'way, 'way out on the big wide sea. The spray dashed over them and wet them to the skin; I mean it wet Puss, Junior, to the skin. Of course the Swan didn't get wet, for his feathers are meant to shed the water.

"It looks pretty bad for us," said little Puss, Junior, bravely, and he felt sure unless some one picked them up very soon they would be drowned, but he didn't cry.

"Keep up your courage," said the Swan. "As long as I can float we'll be all right."

By and by, when things were looking very bad, they saw a boat coming toward them. Puss waved his cap and soon the boat was alongside and they were taken aboard. The captain was Bobby Shafto, with silver buckles on his knee. And when Puss, Junior, told him that it was only a short time ago that he had met the pretty girl in the lighthouse who had sung the song,

"Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee.
He'll come back and marry me."

Bobby Shafto said: "Well, I'm glad she's well and waiting for me. It won't be long before we're there. You shall come to the wedding, my dear Puss, Junior, and so shall your friend

the good Swan." And after a while the boat came up to the lighthouse and anchored near by, and Bobby Shafto, with Puss and the Swan, got into a small boat and rowed up to the beach where the pretty girl stood waving her handkerchief at them and singing:

"He's come back to marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto!"

so well," said Puss, Junior, to himself as he tramped over the bridge, his red-topped boots making a loud noise on the planks and his spurs clanking away at a great rate. And when he

CROSS-PATCH

WELL, Bobby Shafto and the pretty girl who kept the lighthouse were married, and Puss, Junior, went to the wedding, and when it was over he kissed the bride and once more set out upon his journey of adventure. As for the Swan, he swam back to Egg-Shell Island and told Fairy Nimble Finger all about the wedding and the beautiful presents.

After Puss, Junior, had traveled a long ways he came to Westminster Bridge, and the man who took the toll looked at him and said:

"As I was going o'er Westminster Bridge
I met with a Westminster scholar;
He pulled off his cap, AN' DREW off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.
What is his name?"

"Oh, that's easy," cried little Puss, Junior; "Andrew is his name."

"Well answered, my good Sir Cat," said the toll-man. "You may cross the bridge without paying toll, for you are the first person to-day to answer my riddle."

"It's a good thing I know my *Mother Goose*



reached the other side the sun was going down behind the hill.

"Another day gone," said our small traveler to himself. "Now I must find a place to sleep for the night," and he looked about him. Across the way was a small house, and toward this he hurried, and when he knocked on the door a cross voice cried out:

"Come in, neighbor."

By the fire sat a cross-looking, little old woman, and near at hand was her spinning-wheel. Just then a parrot began to speak, and this is what the naughty bird said:

"Cross-Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in."

The old woman looked up at Puss. "That Parrot needs punishing, but I'm too tired spinning to do another thing to-day. What do you want, Master Cat?"

"I'm a traveler, my good woman," our small hero replied, "and I would spend the night beneath a roof, so I knocked upon your door."

"Call your neighbors in!" cried the Parrot to the old woman.

"Be quiet, you naughty bird!" said the old lady. Then turning to Puss, she said, "What is your name, Master Cat?"

And when Puss, Junior, told her who he was the old woman began to smile, and, would you believe, she didn't look like a cross-patch at all.

"You shall spend the night here," she said, "for I once met your famous father, Puss in Boots, and I am honored to be able to offer shelter to his son, Puss, Junior."

PUSS IS KNIGHTED

DOODLE, doodle, doo,
The Princess lost her shoe;
Her Highness hopped—
The fiddler stopped,
Not knowing what to do.

Here was a pretty state of things, and if Puss, Junior, had not found the little shoe I don't suppose her Highness would ever have danced again or the fiddler ever played any more.

Well, Puss, Junior, bowed very low when he handed the little slipper to the Princess, and she smiled and thanked him, and then—I'm telling you exactly what happened—she caught up Puss and commenced dancing around while the fiddler played away till he broke one of his strings and had to stop. Puss, Junior, was all out of breath, and the little Princess was as rosy as a rose.

Then the King came in and said, "Whom have we here?"

"Puss in Boots, Junior, your Highness," answered our little traveler.

And the King said: "I will make you a Knight, my good Sir Cat, for you have found my little

daughter's slipper. You shall be the Knight of the Silver Slipper."

This pleased Puss tremendously, for ever since meeting Sir Launcelot of the Lake he had longed to be a Knight. And now at last he was one!



After that a great banquet was spread, and when this was over the King asked Puss to tell one of his adventures.

"I'm not much of a story-teller," began Puss, Junior, curling his whiskers as he tried to think of something that would interest his royal audience, "although I have met with many an adventure in my travels. Once, when I was riding

on my Good Gray Horse through a thick woods, I was halted by a little fairy, and, thinking it a joke on the part of my small highwayman, I laughed at his boldness. Whereupon he blew on his horn and immediately I was surrounded by myriads of fairies and before I could escape I and my Good Gray Horse were bound hand and foot. I know not what would have become of me had not three woodsmen run to my rescue and cut the cords that bound me. That night, on reaching an inn, the host told me that once before, many years ago, a traveler had been held up in those same woods by the fairies."

"Zounds!" exclaimed the King. "I have heard of Robin Hood and his merry men doing deeds of this kind, but never have I heard of fairies who acted thus!"

Puss, Junior, grinned and curled his whiskers again. "But there is more to my tale," he said. "That very night they stole my Good Gray Horse from the inn stable and it took me a precious time before I regained him. Had the innkeeper not lent me his bicycle, I never would have overtaken him; but 'all's well that ends well,'" and Puss rose and bowed to his royal audience, who cried:

"Long live Puss in Boots, Junior, Knight of the Silver Slipper!"

Princess Elaine, "but I think I'll try. Let us both come back here in a week and tell each other how we have succeeded."

Then they said good-by and rode away, and the pretty bird flapped his wings and flew off

TWO PRINCESSES

ONE day, as Puss entered a wood, he saw a lovely princess on her horse listening to a little bird who was singing:

"If you want to be happy, be good, be good!"

"But I am happy," cried the little Princess, patting her horse's neck.

"What!" exclaimed the little bird, looking at her closely. "Aren't you the Princess Héloïse?"

"No, indeed. I am the Princess Elaine."

"Strange!" cried the bird. "I certainly thought you were she. But now that I come to think of it, you have blue eyes and she has black."

Just then up rode the other Princess, who said, with a laugh, "Every time I see this little bird he tells me if I want to be happy I must be good."

"But aren't you?" asked the Princess Elaine.

"I don't know," replied the other Princess; "that is, I don't believe I am, because I'm always wanting something different. Are you?"

"I never thought about it," answered the



into the forest. And Puss, Junior, also went his way. But he was most curious to learn what the little Princesses would say to each other when they met. And it happened, some time

after, that as he sat beneath a tree he heard a little bird singing overhead:

“If you want to be happy, be good, be good!”

“Tell me, little bird,” cried Puss, Junior, “did the two little Princesses meet again?”

“Yes, indeed,” he chirped, “but they hardly recognized each other. ‘Oh, how you have changed!’ exclaimed the Princess Héloïse. ‘You look so happy!’ ‘And so do you,’ cried the Princess Elaine. ‘Your eyes fairly dance and your lips smile.’” Then the little bird paused to pick up a crumb while Puss hummed the tune of the song:

“If you want to be happy, be good, be good!”

“Well, what happened after that?” he asked.

“Well,” said the little bird, “I flew over to the two Princesses and said, ‘You both are more beautiful than ever, for the secret of my song is this: goodness is beauty, and if you want to be happy you must be good.’ Then they rode away smiling. ‘Thank you, little bird,’ they called to me. But I have never seen them since, although their praises are sung by every one, for they are considered the most lovely princesses in the world.”

PUSS SOLVES A RIDDLE

“ON marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold.
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.”

This was a hard riddle for Puss, Junior, to answer. For a moment he almost forgot his *Mother Goose*—that is, he almost forgot that this little poem was in *Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes*.

“Let me think a moment,” he said to the little Yellow Hen who had asked the riddle. And then she began to laugh, and she laughed so long that Puss suddenly remembered the answer, and cried: “An egg! An egg!” Then the little Hen stopped laughing and went inside and laid a beautiful egg in her nest just to show Puss what a wonderful little hen she was.

But he had seen lots and lots of strange sights and had met giants and fairies and other people, so he said good-by and went upon his way. And the little Yellow Hen felt very badly, for

everybody in the barn-yard knew her riddle and there was nobody to ask, so she went back to her nest and sat there for many long days. And



by and by twelve little chicks came out of their shells. And after they grew a little older she asked them the riddle.

But, of course, Puss didn't know this. He traveled on until he came to the Fat Man of Bombay who was smoking that sunshiny day

when the snipe grabbed his pipe and without saying a word flew away like a horrid old thief of a bird.

"Helloa!" said Puss. "How did you get your pipe back?"

"That's a long story," said the Fat Man of Bombay. "But I did finally. Little Dog Buff, who spilt his master's snuff, found it and brought it to me. Wasn't that nice of him?"

"It was, indeed," said Puss. "But I thought you said it was a long story?"

"I'm only telling you the ending," said the Fat Man, between puffs. "I haven't told you how many 'Lost and Found' ads. I looked through, nor how many rewards I offered, nor how I hunted for it myself, nor how I asked every snipe I met if he had seen one of his own kind smoking a pipe. No, sir; I haven't told you half what I went through," and the Fat Man heaved a great sigh, and then puffed rings into the air, and sighed again. "I wouldn't lose this pipe again for all of 'India's coral strands,' he cried, "and I come from Bombay and know something about coral."

"Well, good-by," said Puss, who was growing tired of all this talk, and away he went, down the road, whistling merrily:

"Oh, who would be a stay-at-home
When he can have the chance to roam!"

"What else?" asked the Pretty Maid, with a pout. "I don't care much about foxes."

"The rocka - by - baby - upon - the - tree - top

PRETTY MAID SINGS "ROCK-A-BY"

"AS I was going up Pippen Hill,
 Pippen Hill was dirty;
 There I met a pretty Miss,
 And she dropped me a courtesy.
 Little Miss, pretty Miss,
 Blessings light upon you.
 If I had half a crown a day,
 I'd spend it all upon you."

"Well, you are a generous little cat," cried the Pretty Maid, as Puss, Junior, finished this Mother Goose song.

"Mother Goose is a dear old lady," said Puss, Junior, sitting down by the Pretty Maid. "I have been to her little house in the woods and I have also ridden on her Gander. A very fine bird he is, I can assure you."

"How exciting! You are a great traveler," and the Pretty Maid looked at Puss with much admiration. "Come, tell me one of your adventures, won't you?"

"Which one shall it be, I wonder?" said Puss, with a grin. "I supped one night in a fox's den. Shall I tell you that one?"



is another," cried Puss, "and the Jolly Miller upon the River Dee, and, let me see—"

"Tell me the rock-a-by story," said the Pretty Maid.

“Well, it was this way. We all fell out of a balloon into a tree and there was the rock-a-by baby in its cradle, swinging away. You see, I was at a Fair and with a number of people had gone up in a balloon, so that’s how we happened to fall into the tree-top. Right close to the tree was an old mill, and the miller and I became good friends. He told me the mother of the baby every morning hung the cradle upon the tree-top before she went to work. And when her day’s work was over she carried him home. She was a kind little mother, and that very evening she came and lifted him out of the cradle. I wish I could remember the lullaby she sang. It seems to me it went like this:

“Come, little baby, from off the tree-top;
 Mother has finished her work at the shop.
 Now it is evening, she comes for her boy;
 Weary work’s over, time now for joy.
 Laugh, little baby, for mother is nigh,
 Baby boy’s out of his cradle so high,
 Safe in his mother’s arms, little babe boy;
 Weary work’s over, time now for joy.”

As Puss finished, the Pretty Maid picked him up in her arms and carried him into her cottage. “I’m going to sing you to sleep,” she said, sitting down in a rocking-chair.

“Rock-a-by, Pussy, rock-a-by-rock,
 Go to sleep hearing the tick-tocky clock,
 The sleepy old clock, the drowsy old clock,
 Ticky-tock, ticky-tock, ticky-tock, tock.”

And in a few minutes little Puss, Junior, was sound asleep.

was looking out of his west window, which was directly over the wood, and when he saw Puss, Junior, fast asleep, he said to a little mouse who

LITTLE MOON MOUSE

“**H**ERE sits the Lord Mayor,
 Here sit his two men,
 Here sits the cock,
 Here sits the hen,
 Here sit the little chickens,
 Here they run in,
 Chinchopper, chinchopper,
 Chinchopper, chin!”

sang the Pretty Maid, tickling Puss, Junior, on his forehead, eyes, cheeks, nose, mouth, and chin, which woke him up, and surprised him, too, for of course he had forgotten that he had gone to sleep in her lap when she had sung him the tick-tocky lullaby. Then he curled his whiskers and grinned at her, which made her laugh, and after that he jumped down and said he must be on his way. So off he went, all ready for another adventure in Mother Goose Land. Well, after he had traveled all day, toward night he found himself in a thick wood. There was no hut in sight, so he curled himself up in a hollow tree and was soon fast asleep.

Now it happened that the Man in the Moon



was nibbling some green cheese, “Little Mouse, run down on one of my moonbeams and wake up Puss, Junior, for I wish to speak to him.”

“Where is he?” asked the little Mouse. “Oh, dear! Why do you send me away from this

moon-green cheese to wake up a cat? I'm afraid of cats."

"Nonsense! You need have no fear of Puss, Junior. He is no ordinary cat. Besides, you needn't run into his paws."

So, the little Mouse left off nibbling the cheese and slid down a moonbeam. But she didn't go very near Puss. She gave a little squeak, which woke him up with a start.

"Who was that?" he asked, sleepily, rubbing his eyes.

"The little Moon Mouse."

Puss grinned, for he was now awake. Then he curled his whiskers and pulled on his red-topped boots, for he had taken them off before going to sleep.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he said.

"The Man in the Moon sent me down to wake you up," she replied, "but he didn't tell me why."

"That's strange," said Puss, and he looked up at the Moon. He could just make out the face of the Man, and the more he looked the more he felt, in a strange sort of way, that the Man in the Moon wanted to see him.

"What shall I do?" asked the little Moon Mouse.

"Tell your master I will call on him as soon as I can," said Puss, and after that the Mouse ran up on a moonbeam and Puss was left alone.

MRS. CUCKOO SINGS A SONG

WHEN Puss, Junior, awoke the next morning he was surprised to find his red-topped boots on, for he always took them off before going to sleep. Then, suddenly, he remembered all about the little Moon Mouse who had slid down the moonbeam to wake him up, and that he had hurriedly put on his boots while talking to her. But he couldn't remember another thing after that, and it was now morning, and everything looked so different and wide awake!

"Oh dear!" said Puss to himself, "I believe I was only dreaming!"

And he was right, and I was just going to tell you so, only he said it first.

Well, all of a sudden a cuckoo repeated aloud this Mother Goose rhyme:

"In April,
Come he will.
In May
He sings all day.
In June
He changes his tune.
In July
He prepares to fly.
In August
Go he must."

"How about the month of September?"

"Oh, that's another story," answered the Cuckoo.

"Well, let me give you a little advice," said Puss, with a grin. "If ever again you lay one of



your big eggs in Robin Redbreast's nest I'll punish you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to make your own nest and to bother other people the way you do." But the Cuckoo flapped her wings and flew away, for she felt dreadfully mortified at what Puss, Junior, had said. But I don't believe she ever built a nest for herself, for I've never heard of a cuckoo who did.

Then Puss, Junior, got up and walked across

the meadow where the yellow cowslips glittered in the grass and the spring wind sang little songs through the tree-tops.

Goosey, Goosey Gander had just come up from the pond and stood waiting for Puss, Junior. "Well, I declare," he cried, "it's a long time since I last met you."

"It is," said Puss. "Where have you been wandering lately? Have you been thrown down-stairs again?"

"It wasn't I who was thrown down the stairs," replied Goosey Gander, haughtily. "It was the Old Man Who Wouldn't Say His Prayers."

"So it was," cried Puss; "I forgot for a moment. I beg your pardon." And just then the old man himself tried to grab the Gander by the left leg. But, oh dear! There isn't enough room in this story to tell you what happened after that, so please wait for the next one.

"I should say so," laughed Puss, Junior. "I once had a good gray horse, but I think you are just as fine a steed."

"Now don't flatter me," said Goosey, Goosey Gander. "I'll do my best, but I may fail, for

GOOSEY GANDER LEARNS TO FLY

"DON'T you touch Goosey, Goosey Gander!" cried Puss, Junior. And the Old Man Who Wouldn't Say His Prayers looked at our small hero and said:

"Why not, my good Sir Cat? He belongs to me."

"Well, I don't care if he does," said Puss, stoutly. "I'll not have him hurt." And this so pleased the Gander that he flapped his wings as if he were about to fly away. And then a bright idea came to Puss.

"Can't you fly as well as Mother Goose's Gander?" he asked.

"I never tried," replied Goosey, Goosey Gander.

"Let me get on your back," said Puss, "and then you fly away, for I am tired traveling all by myself." So the Gander gave a great flap with his wings and, sure enough, up he went in the air as gracefully as you please, with little Puss, Junior, on his back. And when they had flown for over a mile, the Gander said:

"Pretty good for a beginner, eh?"



"I'm not used to flying and may get dreadfully tired pretty soon."

But he didn't. He flew on and on until the sun went down behind the western hills, and the Moon came up out of the east. And then, all of a sudden, Puss remembered his dream about the

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

little Moon Mouse and the Man in the Moon, so he whispered to Goosey, Goosey Gander:

*Let's go to the Moon,
Where the little stars croon,
And the clouds are so fleecy and white.
Oh, hurry, I pray,
For gone is the day,
And dark, oh, so dark is the night!"

Well, pretty soon they came to the Moon. It seemed rather funny not to have a path leading up to the front door, but the moonbeams made a very nice sort of a silver bridge, so the Gander waddled along until the Man in the Moon, who had been looking out of a window, ran down and opened the door.

"Come in, my friends," he said.

The little Moon Mouse left off nibbling her green cheese and said to Puss: "So you thought it was a dream, did you? You never really thought I slid down the moonbeam and talked to you?"

"Oh, dear, I'm so sleepy now I can't think," said little Puss, Junior. And do you know, the Man in the Moon lifted him up and tucked him away in a bed. And then he gave the Gander some corn, and after that he closed the front door and went to bed himself. But the little Mouse stayed up all night to eat the green cheese.

THE SUNBEAM'S RIDDLE

IT was two or three days after Puss, Junior, had visited the Man in the Moon that he was riding along in the air on Goosey, Goosey Gander, when he heard a voice singing:

"Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
On the King's kitchen door,
All the King's horses
And all the King's men
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more
Off the King's kitchen door."

Goosey, Goosey Gander blinked his eyes, for the Sun was shining very brightly. "It's a little sunbeam singing," he whispered. "He's asking you a riddle?"

"Well, Master Sunbeam," laughed Puss, Junior, "I don't quite see you, for there is so much sunlight all around, "but if you are asking me a riddle I'll tell you the answer."

Then the same little voice cried:

"Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
On the King's kitchen door."

Well, by this time the Gander had flown down to a stately castle, where he alighted in the garden, and as Puss looked at the kitchen door, it shone so brightly in the sun that Puss knew the answer at once.

"Oh-ho! little Sunbeam. I know the answer. It's Sunshine!"

And then the good-natured Gander laughed and the little Sunbeam tinkled. That is, it sounded like a tinkle when he laughed.



"You have guessed right, Puss, Junior. Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more is the Sunshine on the door."

And after that Puss looked in a window of the castle and saw the Queen in her parlor eating bread and honey, and this made Puss feel so hungry that he asked Goosey Gander where

they should go to get something to eat; and just then a little bird commenced to sing:

"Little fishie in the brook,
Papa catch him with a hook,
Mamma fry him in the pan,
Johnny eat him like a man."

"How hungry that makes me feel!" cried little Puss, Junior.

"Well, come right in and have some fish," said kind old Dame Trot, who at that moment looked out of her house and saw Puss.

Well, it didn't take him long to seat himself at the table, and after he had tucked the napkin under his chin he began to eat. And at first he was so hungry that he didn't notice three little kittens peeping at him through the half-open door. And just then in came Dame Trot with another piece of fish. "Shoo! you naughty kittens! Don't you bother Sir Puss, Junior!" and of course after that they scampered outdoors to play hide-and-seek under the lilac-bushes.

"I'll go out and give Goosey Gander some corn," said Puss when he had finished. So he stepped outside, when, all of a sudden, the Dog that Worried the Cat and who lived in the house that Jack built ran through the gate and frightened the little kittens almost to death.

"What are you doing here?" asked Puss, angrily, and he drew his sword. And then that tease of a dog ran away.

“for she is going to leave me all her money, and I’ll be a Goosefeller or a Ganderbilt some day.”

Just then the Golden Goose came out of her beautiful castle and commenced to sing:

“Cocks crow in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise,
For early to bed
And early to rise
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

BLACKBIRD FLIES AWAY

WELL, when Dame Trot heard the noise she ran out in the garden to see what was the matter, but the Dog that Worried the Cat had gone, as I told you in the last story, but, oh, dear me! all of a sudden a Blackbird flew down and tried to bite off her nose. And when Goosey, Goosey Gander saw the Blackbird he gave a tremendous hiss, which frightened the naughty Blackbird away, and he didn’t bite off Dame Trot’s nose. I knew he wouldn’t, anyway, for she had her hands over her face.

“Really, I’m afraid to hang out the clothes in the garden,” she said. “That dreadful Blackbird is flying around here all the time.”

“Leave him to me,” cried Puss, pulling out his sword. “I will cut off his head the first chance I get.” But the Blackbird must have heard him, for he didn’t come around again, and by and by Puss got on Goosey, Goosey Gander’s back and rode away. And by and by they came to the wood where lived the Golden Goose, who was a very rich relative of Goosey Gander.

“Be very polite,” said Goosey, Goosey Gander,

“You see, I know Mother Goose,” she said, bowing to Puss, Junior.

“And is she a relative of yours?” asked Puss.

“She is, indeed,” replied the Golden Goose. “And she is very fond of me, too, I can tell you, for she knows I am going to leave all my money to Goosey, Goosey Gander, and he is her favorite goose next to her own dear Gander.”

Then Puss bowed and, tickling Goosey, Goosey Gander under his left wing, rode off on his flying steed, up in the air and over the woods until they came in sight of a stately castle. At first Puss, Junior, did not recognize it, but when the Gander alighted on the marble steps leading up to the front doors, Puss remembered that he had been there before. It was Bluebeard’s castle, the wicked Bluebeard.

"Ah! I will see whether he is still unkind to his wives," said Puss to himself, rapping on the door with his sword-hilt.

"Where is Sir Bluebeard?" demanded Puss, haughtily, as the great doors swung slowly open.



But Puss was not afraid. "I was passing, merely passing on my way," he said, with a grin, "and stopped to inquire whether you had reformed since my last visit."

But what the wicked Bluebeard replied I will tell you in the next story.

"Here!" cried a gruff voice, and Bluebeard himself strode forward.

At this, Goosey Gander, who had been silent all this time, flapped his wings and said:

WHAT CHANGED BLUEBEARD'S BEARD?

BLUEBEARD looked at Puss, Junior, and then at Goosey Gander, and then he stroked his beard. And do you know, his beard wasn't blue any more? And his eyes had a very kind look, and the more Puss thought it over the more he was puzzled. And all this time Bluebeard had not answered the question which Puss had asked him in the last story. Perhaps he was waiting for Puss to notice the color of his beard, which was brown and not blue any more. But as Puss did not repeat his question, Bluebeard said: "I have reformed, my good Sir Cat. And to tell you the truth, I think it was the color of my beard that made me so cruel."

"Indeed," said Puss, following Bluebeard into the great hall. "And when did you dye it another color?"

"I didn't dye it," exclaimed Bluebeard. "It changed color of itself one night, and when I awoke in the morning I felt so pleasant and happy! Indeed, my good Sir Cat, one is much happier when one is good."



"Hearts that are good and true
Would not have a beard of blue,
So a Fairy of renown,
Nimble Finger, turned yours brown."

"What!" cried Bluebeard, "did a fairy change the color of my beard?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Puss. "I know Fairy Nimble Finger, and a clever and wise fairy he is."

"But who told you?" asked Bluebeard, turning to Goosey Gander, "and why is a blue beard a bad thing for a man to wear?"

"I will answer your first question," said Goosey Gander. "A little bird told me, and the little bird was a little crooked robin who lived in a little crooked garden that held a little crooked house in which there lived a crooked man, a crooked cat and mouse."

"Ha, ha! he, he!" roared Bluebeard, very pleasantly you know, only very loud; but it was a cheery laugh just the same; "you'll make me believe in fairies the first thing you know."

Just then who should come in but Fairy Nimble Finger himself. "I will answer Bluebeard's question," he said. "A wicked fairy turned his beard blue when a young man, but I have now subdued this evil fairy, whose name is Meddlesome. So Bluebeard hereafter will be a good man and wear a brown beard."

AN ADVENTURE AT SCHOOL

AFTER Puss, Junior, had bidden Bluebeard farewell, he and Goosey Gander came to a little red school-house on a hill. The school-master was unlocking the door, but when he saw Puss astride the Gander, he said:

"The land was white, the sea was black;
It 'll take a good scholar to riddle me that."

"Let me come inside and I will answer it for you," said Puss, Junior, with a grin, and then he got off the Gander and went into the school-house, where he sat down at a desk.

Give me some paper, and give me some ink,
And give me a pen that I may think,
That I may think and then write what I know
Upon the paper as white as snow.

The school-teacher began to smile, for I imagine he thought Puss knew the answer to the riddle. After Puss had covered the paper with this verse, he said:

"The land is the paper, the sea is the ink,
The riddle's answer is WRITING, I think."

"You have guessed correctly," said the teacher, and he gave Puss a medal. "I wish you'd stay until school is over, for I would like to have the children meet you."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Puss, "I think I had better not. You remember what happened when Mary's little lamb went to school!"



Of course the teacher did, and he began to laugh, and just then who should arrive but Mary and her little lamb. And when she saw Puss she hugged him and said:

"You dear, dear Puss. Did you find your father?" And when Puss answered yes, she laughed and said she was so glad. The Lamb and Goosey Gander became very friendly, when,

all of a sudden, the school bell rang, and so they had to say good-by.

Well, the Gander flew over hill and tree-top, over lowly hut and stately castle, until by and by they came to a lake. There were ever and ever so many white swans sailing over the bright water and one had a wreath of roses round its neck, which made Puss, Junior, very curious, so he said to the Gander, "Let us stop here awhile, for maybe we will have a strange adventure."

"Who knows!" said the Gander, turning toward the earth and alighting on the edge of the lovely lake just as the Swan with the rose-wreath came up.

"Welcome to the Swan Lake," she said, bending her stately neck most graciously. "Welcome, O little Puss in Boots, Junior, and Goosey, Goosey Gander!" But before they could reply a black swan swam up and began to hiss fiercely.

And what happened after that we will have to read in the next story, for there is no more room in this one.

As soon as the Black Swan heard this he swam over to the other side of the lake, and when he came back he brought a big bouquet of flowers

SWAN PALACE

YOU remember in the last story how the Black Swan swam up just as the White Swan with the wreath of roses around her neck was speaking to Puss, Junior, on his faithful Goosey Gander. I hope you do, for otherwise you won't know how Puss ever reached the shore of Swan Lake. Well, the Black Swan hissed fiercely at sight of Puss, and Goosey Gander hissed back, and if Puss hadn't held on tight to the reins I'm sure Goosey Gander would have fought right then and there with the Black Swan.

"I wonder what I had better do," thought Puss to himself, and then, all of a sudden, he began reciting a little Mother Goose rhyme, for he thought that might make them friendly; and this is the little nursery rhyme from dear old *Mother Goose*:

"Swan, swan, over the sea;
Swim, swan, swim!
Swan, swan, back again;
Well swum, swan!"



and gave them to Puss, saying, in a very pleasant voice:

"He who his *Mother Goosey* knows
Shall have the sweetest flower that blows!"

and then Puss took the lovely roses and thanked the Black Swan. And it only goes to show what a sweet influence these old Mother Goose rhymes have on everybody, for even big grown-ups can shut their eyes and make believe they are stand-

ing in the nursery door, even if it's only for a minute.

Pretty soon the beautiful White Swan asked Puss and Goosey Gander to come to Swan Castle, which was on a little island in the lake, but Puss couldn't see it, for it was hidden behind a clump of trees.

Then Goosey Gander swam after the two swans, and Puss pulled up his legs so as not to get his boots wet, and by and by they came to the marble steps that led from the water's edge into the castle. And Goosey Gander waddled up the long marble flight, while Puss walked by his side, and the beautiful black and white swans went on ahead to show them the way.

There were swan sentinels on either side and a large black porter swan at the door of the palace, and little swans for pages, and a gold throne for the lovely white swan with the wreath of roses round her neck, and another gold throne close at hand for the beautiful Black Swan.

And when the two swans were seated on their thrones the Black Swan asked Puss, Junior, to tell them a story. Puss, who was sitting on a little gold chair, stroked his whiskers reflectively, just like a regular story-teller, you know, and then began, but what he told I cannot tell just now, but in the next story you shall hear what Puss, Junior, related to the swans on their golden thrones in the beautiful Swan Palace.

THE BANDY-LEGGED MAN

“COME, my noble Puss, Junior, and tell us one of your adventures,” said the beautiful Black Swan, who had brought Puss, Junior, and Goosey Gander to his palace, as I told you in the story just before this one.

“Once upon a day,” began Puss, with a grin—for he was going to tell them a funny story, I guess, but we'll have to wait and find out to be sure—“I met a man with bandy legs who was going to London to sell his eggs, and they were the eggs I heard him say that his little black hen laid every day.”

“The little black hen that laid nice eggs for gentlemen?” asked the Black Swan, politely.

“The very same,” answered Puss, Junior, crossing his leg over the other so that his red-topped boots might shine in the light of the crystal chandelier overhead, for he was very proud of his boots, for he was Puss in Boots, Junior, you must remember.

“Well,” continued Puss, “just as I was about to speak, a very disagreeable-looking person tripped up the bandy-legged man and he fell on his nose, and the eggs spattered everywhere over his clothes.

"So I asked the disagreeable-looking person why he had done this, and he answered that he



had asked the bandy-legged man if his eggs were fresh and that he had replied they were as fresh

as he was, which made the disagreeable-looking person ever so much more disagreeable, and then he tripped up the bandy-legged man. I remember it was such a lovely day that I said to both angry men, 'How can you be so disagreeable on a beautiful day like this?' Then they both looked very ashamed, although the bandy-legged man kept looking at his broken eggs, as much as to say, 'Who's going to mend my eggs?' Well, do you know, the disagreeable-looking man turned out to be a wonderful doctor, and, while he couldn't mend the eggs, he did mend the bandy man's legs. He took him home with him and straightened his legs so that he could walk without tangling his toes and falling at times on the bridge of his nose; in a wonderful way he worked out his plan and straightened the legs of the bandy-legged man!"

As Puss finished his story there arose a great commotion at the palace door. Such a hissing and quacking you never heard in your life unless you have visited a duck-farm. The beautiful Black Swan called for his Palace Guard and in a moment in rushed twelve great swans with guns and swords and stood in front of the throne to guard the lovely White Swan with her necklace of rosebuds.

And now we must wait for the next story to find out what happens to Puss, Junior, and his faithful Goosey Gander.

once? Are you the fox who stole Mr. Slipper-Slopper's goose?"

"I am," answered the Fox, and he grinned even more than Puss, Junior.

A RESCUE

IF you remember, I told you there was a great commotion going on at the doors of the Swan Castle and that the Black Swan had called his Palace Guard to protect the lovely White Swan with her necklace of rosebuds, as well as Puss, Junior, and his faithful Goosey Gander. Well, just then in came three foxes, and if it hadn't been for Puss, Junior, who drew his sword, I fear the lovely White Swan would have been eaten up, for the Palace Guard were so frightened that they dropped their guns and hissed in terror.

"Stand back!" cried Puss, Junior, swinging his sword like a little Knight of the Round Table. "Back, I say, or I will run you through with my trusty blade!"

"Why, it's Puss in Boots, Junior!" exclaimed one of the foxes, and he came forward and held out his paw. "Don't you remember me?" he said, looking very kindly at Puss, who put down his sword and began to grin.

"Are you the fox who asked me to supper



When Goosey Gander heard this he was scared nearly to death and so was the Black Swan, and the lovely White Swan trembled so she lost some little pink leaves from the rosebud necklace.

"I hope you are not thinking of anything like

that now," said Puss, making believe he was very angry, but winking at the old Fox.

"Of course not," and he bowed very low to Puss. "I will take my family and leave the castle in peace."

And he was just about to go when the Black Swan said: "Sir Fox, why do you this? Is it for the sake of my guest?"

"It is, indeed," replied the Fox, "for no one would hurt a friend of his. Puss, Junior, is a friend and a favorite of every one, and to do him a favor is to honor oneself," and the crafty old Fox bowed again. Perhaps he knew that if he did not do as Puss, Junior, wished him, some day harm would befall him, for that is the way in this great world of ours, as well as in Mother Goose Land, that evil comes to him who does evil.

Then the lovely White Swan stood up on her golden throne and threw a rosebud over to Mrs. Fox, and this pleased Mr. Fox, for he was very proud of Mrs. Fox, for she had a wonderfully beautiful bushy tail and knew how to cook splendid roast-duck dinners. Then the foxes bowed themselves out of the Swan Palace, and the Swan Guards picked up their guns and looked very brave now that everything was all over.

And after that Puss, Junior, said good-by and rode away on Goosey Gander in search of more adventure, which you shall hear by and by.

THE UNRULY KITE

"SING-song! merry-go-round,
Here we go up to the moon, oh!
Little Johnnie a penny has found,
And so we'll sing a tune, oh!"

The little boy looked up at Puss, Junior, who sat astride of Goosey Gander. "Did you see me pick up the penny?" he asked. "I hope it isn't yours?"

"No, it's not mine," replied Puss, with a grin.

"What shall I buy,"
Johnnie did cry,
"With the penny I've found,
So bright and so round?"

"What shall we tell him?" whispered Puss to Goosey Gander, and then, would you believe it, Goosey Gander began to recite his answer in rhyme, and this is what that Goosey bird said:

"What shall you buy?
A kite that will fly
Up to the moon, all through the sky!
But if when it gets there
It should stay in the air,

Or the Man in the Moon
Should open the door
And take it in with his long, long paw—
We should sing to another tune, oh!"



Well, just then along came a man with kites for sale, and the little boy bought a beautiful one, and pretty soon it was up in the air for over a mile, I guess, for it looked as small as a star. And then the wind began to blow harder and

harder and, the first thing you know, up went the little boy in the air, for he was such a brave little boy that he wouldn't let go of the string, and, of course, when he got up very high he was afraid to! Then his mother came running out of the house, crying bitterly, for she thought her little boy was gone forever.

"I'll bring him back," cried Puss, Junior, and away he flew on the Gander up in the air after the kite. And Goosey Gander had to use all his strength, too, to catch up with the little boy, for the wind blew a regular gale, and if the Gander hadn't spread out his tail for a sail I doubt whether he ever would have come up to the kite at all.

At last Puss, Junior, caught hold of the string and tied it to the Gander's left leg. "Now Goosey Gander," he said, "drop, just let yourself drop, and we'll pull down the kite." And then he called out to the little boy to be sure and not let go, and by and by they came down to the ground.

And if the little boy's mother hadn't tied the string to a big strong tree just as quickly as she could, the kite might have gone up in the air again, for all I know, with Goosey Gander, for the string was still tied to his left leg when the little boy let go!

GOOSEY GANDER FLIES AWAY

IN a cottage in Fife
 Lived a man and his wife
 Who, believe me, were comical folk;
 For, to people's surprise,
 They both saw with their eyes,
 And their tongues moved whenever they spoke!

"Let us stop here," said Puss, Junior, to Goosey Gander, so the good-natured bird flew down to the ground and landed his small rider safely in front of the cottage.

No sooner had he knocked than the door opened and a little woman asked him what he wanted.

"Ah, madam!" replied Puss, Junior, "I am traveling through the charming land of Mother Goose, and as I have been told that you and your husband are 'comical folk,' I stopped to see for myself."

"Well, do you think we are?" she asked, with a laugh.

Puss looked puzzled. "No, you certainly are not," and he was just going to ask for her husband, when he appeared. And there was noth-

ing comical about him, either, except that he had a pair of pink eye-glasses on his nose.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed the little man, "if this isn't Puss, Junior!" and he took off his spectacles and shook hands with Puss. And then he patted Goosey Gander and remarked what a fine bird he was to carry Puss on his back so safely over hill and dale. "One would almost think you were the son of Mother Goose, for she has a son Jack who rides on her Gander at times, so I have heard."

"I visited her once," said Puss, "but it was a long time ago. Tell me, does she live far from here?"

"In yonder wood," replied the little man. "It is not far, as you can see."

Well, pretty soon Puss, who was anxious to ask Mother Goose the way home to his father, bade the little man and his wife good-by and started off. But just as he was about to mount his feathered steed a fox sprang out from behind a tree, which so frightened Goosey Gander that he flew off without saying good-by.

"You shall pay for this," cried Puss, fiercely, drawing his sword. But Mr. Fox had no desire to do battle with a cat who handled a sword so well as Puss, and so he turned tail and fled into the wood.

"I have lost my Goosey Gander," said Puss to himself, "so now I must go on foot." And

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR. AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

with these words he started bravely off to find Mother Goose, nor did he for a moment fear harm from the fox. Puss was too brave for that, and, besides, he had with him his trusty sword, and

When one has a trusty sword
He bravely doth go forth abroad!

And what he does after that I will tell you in the next book, which will be all about Puss in Boots, Junior, in New Mother Goose Land.

THE END

THE PUSS-IN-BOOTS, Jr. SERIES

By DAVID CORY

Author of "The Little Jack Rabbit Stories" and "Little Journeys to Happyland"

Handsomely Bound. Colored Wrappers. Illustrated.
Each Volume Complete in Itself.

To know Puss Junior once is to love him forever. That's the way all the little people feel about this young, adventurous cat, son of a very famous father.

THE ADVENTURES OF PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR. IN FAIRYLAND

TRAVELS OF PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR., AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE

PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR., IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR., AND THE GOOD GRAY HORSE

PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB

PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR., AND ROBINSON CRUSOE

PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK



*"Faster, faster, Good Gray Horse,
Hasten swiftly on your course,
'Till I see the stately towers
Where my father spends his hours."*



*Little Tom Thumb with his tiny spear
Follows Puss Boots both far and near.
Did you ever see such a brave little cat,
With a shiny sword and a feathered hat?*



*"Grandmother Goose your trusty broom
Makes spick and span each cottage room,"
Said little Puss Boots, doffing his hat,
For he was a most polite little cat.*



*Little Puss Boots, hat in paw
Boxed as Miss Pussy opened the door.
"Glad to see you," she purred. "Come in!
My little house is as neat as a pin!"*

The End.

