"SOMETIMES THEY WILL BLOW AND SOMETIMES THEY WON'T," SAID BEN.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

Little Susie, so pretty and sweet, was walking down the lane, singing her doll to sleep, and Frisky was marching behind, wagging his tail, when Ben came along with his basket
Baby was easily taken care of through the day; she lay playing with Dan in the sand, as he built his light-house, and only kicked her fat legs when anybody spoke to her. Conny had plenty of time to make ready the supper; she had plenty of things with which to make it ready, too. Not half so much money came into Ben's cottage as into many of the wretched rooms where beggars live in towns; but there was always an abundance of meat, potatoes, and fish in the cellar, and a Sunday suit apiece for the whole family up stairs; and the house itself,—with its rag-carpet, and big wood fires, and painted wooden chairs, and colored prints (a hundred years old) on the whitewashed wall, of King George and Queen Caroline, and the Animals going into the Ark,—was as bright and clean and shining as the white sand or blue sea without. When a person has so much fishing and sea and weather and beach to think of out-of-doors, he really has not time to care for sofas or clothes or those unnecessary things.

Conny set the table, and made hot cakes and put the soft-crabs down ready to broil; and then she rocked baby to sleep, and tucked her into bed. She was sure to sleep until morning; so that Conny could shut the door and run down on the beach to see the "Gull" come in.

The evening was damp and cold; but the sky and sea were one blaze of fierce, yellow light. She stopped to look at it.

"I never saw anything like that before, Dan."

"It's mighty curious."

Dan grunted, as if he could say a great deal more if he chose, and if she were not a girl.

The white caps were all gone. The sea was coming in, in deep, dark swells, with a dull, threatening roar. Conny saw all the fishing-boats fluttering into the little cove, although it was an hour before their usual time. Men were running down from the village to help the fishermen haul them up on shore. They worked quickly,—but, like sea-coast people, without a word,—lowered the sails, unshipped the masts.

"Now we're all in," said Cap'n Job, the wrecking-master, as the last was pulled up.

"Van Dort were n't at the Banks to-day."

"But he's at Sherk's River, with Jane," some one said.

Nobody spoke; the men looked at each other, then out to sea, and, glancing at Conny, drew apart, and whispered.

"Is the 'Gull' in danger, sir?" She pulled Cap'n Job's sleeve. He did not look down at her. He said:

"Danger, nonsense! You ought to be in bed. Go at once, I tell you!"

Conny did not go. She saw a sail, close reefed, out in the grey distance, like the flicker of a bird's wing.

"There's father now!" she cried.

At that moment there was a sharp crackling in the air. The yellow light was gone. The sea rushed in as if driven by terror.
Dan pulled her by the skirt, after awhile.

"Come away, Conny," he sobbed. "They say the 'Gull' has gone down, and they're afeard for you to stay here."

"It could n't go down. God would n't let it. I've bin prayin'." But her face was like death as she said it.

The mist had lifted now. Under the pale twilight lay the vast angry sea—the waves rising out of fathomless darkness. Conny caught Dan fiercely by the arm, and pointed outward. Her lips were too parched to speak.

"The 'Gull!' The 'Gull!'" shouted the men. Only sea-bred eyes could see the far-off boat

"SHELTERING HER EYES WITH ONE HAND, SHE LOOKED STEADILY OUT TO SEA."

which was dashed to and fro like a bubble.

"Ther's no chance ther fur a good boat," said Cap'n Job; "but for that old water-log—— Take
Here are some pictures that illustrate a story. But the story has yet to be told, and we want our young readers to tell it. Who will try? Every one of you? Good! We shall be glad to hear from all,—from the youngest as well as from boys and girls in their teens: and the very best of all the stories that come to us before August 15th, shall be printed in the magazine. We must request that it shall be neatly written, on one side of the paper only, and contain not over one thousand words. The pictures may be brought in the story in any order the writer may desire.
Little Jack Horner

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and took out a plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
And then I bade him drum;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town:
I gave him a pair of garters
To tie up his hose;
And a little silk handkerchief,
To wipe his little nose.
There Was a Jolly Miller

THERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee:
He worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,—
"I jump me jerrime jee!
I care for nobody,— no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

Robin the Bobbin

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men;
He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
He eat a butcher and a half,
He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
He eat a priest and all the people.
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"

"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

Oh Please to Remember

Oh please to remember the fifth of November,
The season of the gunpowder plot,
I see no reason why the gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.
Peter White

PETER White will never go right,
And would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose
Wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.
THERE was a little boy and a little girl,
Liv’d in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh shall I?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

THOMAS à DIDYMUS, king of the Jews,
Jumped into the fire and burned both his shoes.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me;
If twenty won’t, forty shall,
I am my mother’s bouncing girl.
DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

A LITTLE old man and I fell out;
How shall we bring this matter about?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man!

The Rose Is Red

THE rose is red, the violet’s blue,
The honey’s sweet, and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine;
I drew thee to my valentine;
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you.
JACK and Gill,
Went up the Hill,
To fetch a Pail of Water;
Jack fell down
And broke his Crown
And Gill came tumbling after.

MAXIM. The more you think of dying the better you will live.
ARISTOTLE.

THERE were two Birds sat on a Stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.
And so the poor Stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.

This may serve as a Chapter of Consequences in the next new Book of Logick.
PATTY Cake, Patty Cake,
Baker’s Man;
That I will, Master,
As fast as I can;
Prick it and prick it,
And mark it with T,
And there will be enough
For Jacky and me.

MAXIM. The surest Way to gain our Ends is to moderate our Desires.

ONE, two, three
Four and five,
I caught a Hare alive;
Six, seven, eight,
Nine and ten,
I let him go again.

MAXIM. We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.
The Cat came out and asked the Manadan who he was and how he had the impudence to come there to meet her.
He hauled in a calf.
O, horse, horse of mine, did you see this maid of mine?
The mother was now ever so glad to see them.
the cow and said: "Mrs. Cow, give me some butter! My cock is lying there and can't even breathe, he has choked himself with a bean."

And the cow answered: "Go and ask the hay-makers for some hay."
And he crew so loud, that a fox in a hole near by was up in an instant thinking: "What a funny thing for a cock to be crowing in the forest! I expect he's lost his way and can't get out again!"
And he began to look for the cock, and after a bit he saw him sitting upon the branch of the tree. "Oho!" thought the fox, "he'd make a fine meal! How can I get him to come down from there?"
"TREMBLING" AT THE CHURCH DOOR
MAN OR WOMAN
BOY OR GIRL
THAT READS WHAT
FOLLOWS
3 TIMES
SHALL FALL ASLEEP
AN HUNDRED YEARS

JOHN D. BATTEN DREW THIS: AUG 29 1891
GOOD-NIGHT.
THE FAYS.

BY AMELIA DALEY ALDEN.

They came to earth in a fleecy cloud,
And climbed to heaven on the rainbow's rim;
In the sweet sea-breeze they laughed aloud,
And sighed in the forest cool and dim.

There they went softly from door to door,
From lowly cottage to lofty hall,
From baby rolling upon the floor,
To grandma winding her knitting-ball.

25 They climbed high up in the apple-tree,
And shook the young in the robin's nest,
And then, as frightened as they could be,
Hid under the brooding mother's breast.

She never knew that the sprites were there,
She thought that only her young ones stirred,
And piped a tremulous motherly air,
To comfort the heart of each little bird.

Each fairy then a great bumble-bee caught,
And threatened his life if he let her fall;
And so, on their buzzing steeds, they sought
The homes of mortals in cottage and hall.

To every mortal a fairy spoke,
In tones that nobody else could hear,
And sullen looks into sunshine broke,
And saddened voices grew full of cheer.

The grandmother's heart went back to youth,
The child sewed gayly her tiresome seam,
The maiden thought of her lover's truth,
And the baby smiled in a happy dream.

And then the sprites, a loving band,
As shadows lengthened and grew more deep,
Took each a tired baby's hand,
And led her into the Land of Sleep.
THE FAINT FLOWER.

By Mary A. Lathbury.

Up where the meadow-grass
Leans toward the river,
Stood little Bluebell
All in a shiver.

"River! oh, River!
Where are you going
Stay just a moment
In your swift flowing!"

"Oh, little Bluebell!
How can I wait?
The miller will chide me,
The boats will be late."

"Rain-clouds! oh, Rain-clouds!
Where are you flying?
I am so thirsty,
Fainting and dying!"

"Oh, little Bluebell!
Afar in the air
The storm-king is calling,
And we must be there."

"Robin, dear Robin!
I am so ill,
And you're at the river-brink,
Drinking your fill."

"Oh, little Bluebell!
Do, then, look up;
Some kind cloud will give you
A drop in your cup."

Here little Bluebell
Ceased her complaint,
Drooping still lower,
Hopeless and faint.

But down fell the twilight,
And up came the Dew,
Whisp'ring, "Dear Bluebell,
We're sorry for you."

"We are not strong,
Like the Rain or the River,
But never a flower faints
For help we can give her."

By thousands and thousands,
The Summer night through,
Silently gathered
The hosts of the Dew.

At dawn little Bluebell
Held gratefully up,
Her silent thank-offering—
The Dew in her cup.
Good Seems to me 4 sniff something extra green.
The Call

Spring’s trumpet is long and silver,
And its call like a clear, clear bell
That sounds over many a hilltop,
Over river and valley and dell,
Till it reaches the realm of the fairies,
Where the flower elves lie asleep;
And all little fays hear the summons
And from their brown coverlets peep;
They join hands all in a circle
And earthward trippingly go,
A-dancing and skipping and rising,
Each fairy on eager tiptoe.

LINDA CARTER
Metamorphosis of a Normal Girl

MY HIGHEST AMBITION - PLUMB

Her Ambition Realized
THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

The country scenes among which England’s greatest woman novelist spent her early years, and which she pictured in her famous books—The home life of one of the most remarkable figures in the literary history of this century.

The year 1859 was a memorable one to the reading and thinking world. Within a few months of each other, Darwin’s “Origin of Species” and the anonymous “Adam Bede” were given to the public. Both books created the profoundest sensations, instantly. Within a month after the appearance of “Adam Bede,” a speaker in the House of Commons was quoting Mrs. Poyser’s “It wants to be hatched over and hatched different,” and all England recognized its source.

Here was a woman of forty who produced a masterpiece at almost her first attempt. But few novelists, if any, ever came to their task with such a background of culture, such an intellectual grasp not only of theories, but of life itself, and such a womanly sympathy. She had already made her marriage—for experience of her own; how she had visited a condemned criminal, a young girl who had murdered her child and refused to confess; how she had prayed with her through all the night before the execution, until at last the hard heart was moved, and the poor creature broke out into sobs and told her story; and how she had gone with her, the next day, to the scaffold. It was at Lewes’ advice that this material was made into a novel.

Doubtless, had it not been for him, the book would never have been written; but
Finally some one heard a slight noise over in one corner of the attic and an investigation revealed the photographer, crouched down behind a pile of old boards, utterly frightened out of his senses. Further search disclosed a box in another corner behind some rafters and in this box was found all the money, as well as several checks and other papers which had been taken from the safe at the same time. In the few minutes that had elapsed from the time he had found himself shut in the attic until the searching party arrived, the guilty man had been unable to dispose of the telltale evidence against him and his attempt to hide his booty had been useless.

To resist arrest or to deny his guilt, in the face of the proof found with him, was out of the question for the photographer, and he submitted without complaint to being taken into custody and locked up.

Pinkey and Bunny were hailed on all sides as real heroes and were soon the envy and admiration of every boy in Enterprise.

Further action against Jim was dropped at once and the order given for his release. Tin Star marched him from his house back to the court-house that the judge might discharge him according to law. Even Tin Star could scarcely keep from smiling, but with his sternest expression on his face he gave no hint to Jim, preferring to let the judge himself tell the good news. Jim was greeted on all sides with assurances of belief in his innocence from the first. The real culprit admitted his guilt and also that he had placed the piece of rosin beneath the safe in the hope that, in case he had been seen in the vicinity of the mill, no one would suspect him with such tangible evidence against some one else. He said he had hidden the money in the court-house until he could dispose of it because there was little chance of it being found there, and if it should be found, the fact that Jim was employed about the building would be another cause for suspicion against him.

There was no defense that the photographer could make and the trial was consequently brief, ending with his being sentenced to a long term in prison, and by the judge extending to Pinkey and Bunny the thanks of the entire community for so bravely and so effectively ridding their town of such a dangerous person.

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A LITTLE FOLKS' ALPHABET

BY CAROLYN WELLS

A - Affable Andy
   Ate sugar candy.

B - Boisterous Ben
   Shot at a hen.

C - Gay little Guy
   Thought he could fly.
   Helen and Hugh
   Called the sky blue.

D - Careless Corinne
   Lost her gold pin.
   Dear little Davy
   Liked chicken gravy.

I - Ignorant Ike
   Fell off his bike.
   Jaunty young Jack
   Stepped on a tack.

E - Elegant Ed
   Had a new sled.
   Fair little Fanny
   Wrote to her Granny.

K - Kind little Kay
   Gave things away.
   Lovable Lenny
   Lost his new penny.
Merry young Mac Rode in a hack.

Nice little Nettie Never was pretty.

Unsocial Una Gazed up at Luna. Always was “sprintin’.”

Opulent Ollie Rode on the trolley.

Popular Polly Made pies so jolly.

Whimsical Winnie Started for Guinea. Tried a high jump.

Rollicking Rory Read a long story.

Queer little Queen Always wore green.

Yellow-haired Yorick Made leaps historic.

Zealous young Zed Stood on his head.

Sturdy St. Clair Marched everywhere

Tommy and Teddy Climbed straight and steady.

Ampersand held a book in his hand.
The joys of that enchanting spot no language will declare.
All manner of amusements for boys and girls were there;
There fountains fizzed with lemonade all daytime, and, at night,
With colored mines and star-bursts and diamond spray were bright;
There guns were stacked in hedges, and crackers built in walls,
While here and there beneath the trees stood free refreshment stalls.

Torpedoes, and fire-crackers, pinwheels or dragon’s nest,
Or caramels or taffy, whichever one liked best:
Ice-cream or watermelon, or cocoa nut or cake.
Or flags or soldier caps or drums, whichever one chose to take;
Prismatic Bengal fires, peanuts or lemon pie.

At Fizz-Bang Park you only asked, you did not have to buy.

But there was one condition (so ran the Mayor’s plot)—
They must say “Please” and “Thank you” for everything they got.
They could have all they wanted, if they would be polite,
But he that came without a “Please” did not receive a mite.

So many, many times they came that ere the sun had set
They all had formed a habit which they would not soon forget.

And year by year the lesson was repeated, as you see,
They became as well-conducted as’t is possible to be!
There was a little kitten, sailing on a kitten ship,
And the way the tempest roared was truly fearful;
But she kept up her courage, with a smile upon her lip,
Though the water in her eyes was "very tearful."
Then suddenly a gust of wind just swooped her off the deck,
And she fell into the dreadful salty sea.
She cried, "My goodness, gracious! Is there going to be a wreck?
And if there is, what 's happening to me?"

But Captain Thomas Kitten was a-standing at the wheel,
And he threw a life-preserver pretty quick.
Kitty Kitten put it on her, but she soon began to feel
That the motion of the waves would make her sick.
She quickly got inside it and she floated on the wave
Till she surely thought she was about to sink.
Then she shouted to the Captain, "If you want my lives to save,
You had better throw me nine of them, I think!"
Then Captain Thomas Kitten got the life-preservers out,
Threw eight more of them to Kitty in the ocean.
She put them all upon her and she floated on without
Feeling any of "that awful, horrid motion."
She thanked the Captain kindly as she drifted to the land,
And the Captain said, "You're welcome, Kitty dear!"
And when he got ashore again he offered her his hand,
So she married him within about a year.
Base-ball in Jungleville.

Score 9 to 9—last inning. The heaviest batter up.

A "skyscraper" throw to first. "He's good for second!"
Rounding Third. "Good boy Elly! Now check your trunk for home!"

Won by a nose! Score 10 to 9
THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

THE Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the Crown;
The Lion beat the Unicorn
All round about the town.
ORANGES AND LEMONS
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
CLASS HISTORY

FRESHMAN SOPHOMORE JUNIOR SENIOR
THEY CAME

THEY SAW

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"Come and trip it as ye go
On the light, fantastic toe."
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The Mouse did not notice this question, but hurriedly went on—"‘I found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William’s conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of his Normans—’ How are you getting on now, my dear?” it continued, turning to Alice as it spoke.

“As wet as ever,” said Alice, in a melancholy tone; “it doesn’t seem to dry me at all.”

“In that case,” said the Dodo solemnly, rising to its feet, “I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies——”
"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why, Pig!"

She said the last words with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats could grin."

"They all can," said the Duchess; "and most of 'em do."
“All right,” said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

“Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin,” thought Alice, “but a grin without a cat! It’s the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life.”

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare; she thought it must be the right house because the chimneys were shaped like ears, and the
The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said:
"Consider, my dear; she is only a child!"
"Come on!" said the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.
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