

## BRIER ROSE

Once upon a time, there lived a good king and queen, who felt very sad because God had not sent them any children. At last, there came to them a little daughter as lovely as the day.

The king was so pleased that he made up his mind to give a great feast, and to ask to it

all the fairy godmothers in the land. There were thirteen of them, but one was not sent for, because, many years ago, she had shut herself up in a lonely tower, and no-one knew whether she was living or dead.

Twelve golden plates were set out on the table for the twelve fairies. As soon as the feast was over, the godmothers stood round the baby's cradle with their twelve gifts. One gave to her still greater beauty. Another gave her grace. Another gave her riches. Another gave her skill in music. Another said that she should sing as sweetly as the birds. Another said that she should have the mind of an angel. And so they went on till eleven of the fairies had given her almost everything that is to be wished for in the world.

Just then, in came the thirteenth fairy, the one who had not been asked to the feast. At the same time, the twelfth hid herself behind a curtain. The old fairy who had just come was in a dreadful temper. She shook with rage because they had not asked her to come. Bending over the cradle, she said these words: "The king's daughter shall prick herself with a spindle on her fifteenth birthday, and shall fall down dead." The wicked old fairy then turned round and flew out through the window.

Then the twelfth fairy, who had not yet had her wish, came from behind the curtain. She said, "I cannot take away the evil; I can only make it less. She shall not die, but she shall sleep for a hundred years."

After this, the king gave an order that every spindle in the land should be burned, and no-one must spin. The princess grew up so fair and wise and good that all who knew her loved her. On her fifteenth birthday, she went with her father and mother to a far-off castle. Wandering about by herself, she climbed to a high tower and went into a little room where an old woman sat spinning.

"What is that, good dame, which whirls so merrily?" said she, and she took the spindle in her hand. As she did so, she pricked her finger, and sank down in a deep sleep on a couch that stood near.

Everybody and everything in the castle fell asleep also, the king and the queen and their servants, the horses in the stable, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof, the fire in the chimney, the flies on the wall, even the clock on the shelf.

A great hedge of thorns sprang up all round the castle and hid it from the sight of every person in the land. Years and years went by, and it became an old story that there had once been a beautiful princess who went away from all men's sight on her fifteenth birthday. But only a few people thought that the story was true.

From time to time, young princes who had heard the story tried to push their way through the hedge. But the thorns laid hold of them like hands, and many a bold youth was so badly hurt that he lost his life.

At last, on the very day that the hundred years were ended, there came another king's son to dare the hedge of thorns and seek for the beautiful princess he had seen only in his dreams.

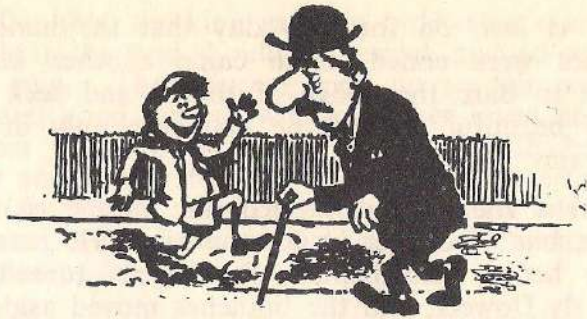
His friends had warned him of the risk he ran, but no danger could stop him. He reached the hedge, and behold, the thorns turned to lovely flowers, and the branches moved aside to make way for him, and then closed in behind him.

He reached the castle yard, where the dogs lay here and there asleep. No sound was heard but that of his own footsteps. He passed through a great hall where men sat sleeping in their chairs. He climbed the stairs, and at last went into the little room where the princess lay.

She was so fair, so very fair, that he could not lift his eyes from her. Softly, he bent over and kissed her. Then she opened her eyes and smiled on him and arose; and they went out together.

Then all the castle awoke. The horses neighed in their stalls, the dogs barked, the flies buzzed, the doves fluttered, the clock began to strike and the fire to blaze. The king and the queen awoke also; the servants sat up and rubbed their eyes. At the same time, the hedge of thorns melted into thin air, and all was as it had been before.

By and by, the prince and Brier Rose were married, and they lived happily ever after.



## OLD MR. TATTERLOCK

Old Mr. Tatterlock walks quite slow ;  
 His joints are stiff and he taps his stick.  
 I go a-rush and a-tumble-O  
 And my racing feet cry, " Quick, quick, quick !"  
 Old Mr. Tatterlock's boots are bright,  
 Just footpath walks are the walks he takes,  
 With never a speck of mud in sight,  
 So his toes have stars that the sunlight makes.  
 I love puddles and gutters and ruts  
 And the rough red tracks that the wagons choose ;  
 Old Mr. Tatterlock tut-tut-tuts  
 And blinks at the mud on my old brown shoes.  
 If ever my feet stop flying quick—  
 I hope they won't, but you never can tell—  
 If my joints grow stiff and I tap my stick  
 And keep my shoes shone ever so well,  
 Then I'll meet boys who have been for walks  
 On the rough red tracks that the wagons choose,  
 And I'll mimic the way old Tatterlock talks  
 And tut-tut-tut at their mud-splashed shoes.

—IRENE CHEYNE.

## Kimbula, the Cruel Crocodile

(*Players : Story-teller ; Parrot ; Kimbula, the Cruel Crocodile ; Man ; Jak-tree ; Cow ; Jackal.*)

*Story-teller.*—There was once a cruel crocodile who lived in a water tank in a village of Ceylon. He had made himself a den of mud at the side of the tank. In the dry time of the year, the water went lower and lower, and the mud became harder and harder. One day the crocodile tried to leave his den to look for food. He found that he could not break through the mud wall.

*Parrot.*—What is the matter, Kimbula ? Why are you groaning ?

*Crocodile.*—I have tried and tried, and yet I cannot get out of my den.

*Parrot.*—It is the dry time of the year, Kimbula. The mud is very hard, and there is no water in the tank.

*Crocodile.*—But I am hungry. I must get out to find some food.

*Parrot.*—Why don't you call for help ?

*Crocodile.*—Help ! Help !

*Parrot.*—Louder, Kimbula ! Your voice is very husky.

*Crocodile.*—Will no-one help me to get out of my den ?



*Story-teller.*—Just then, a man walked past the water tank.

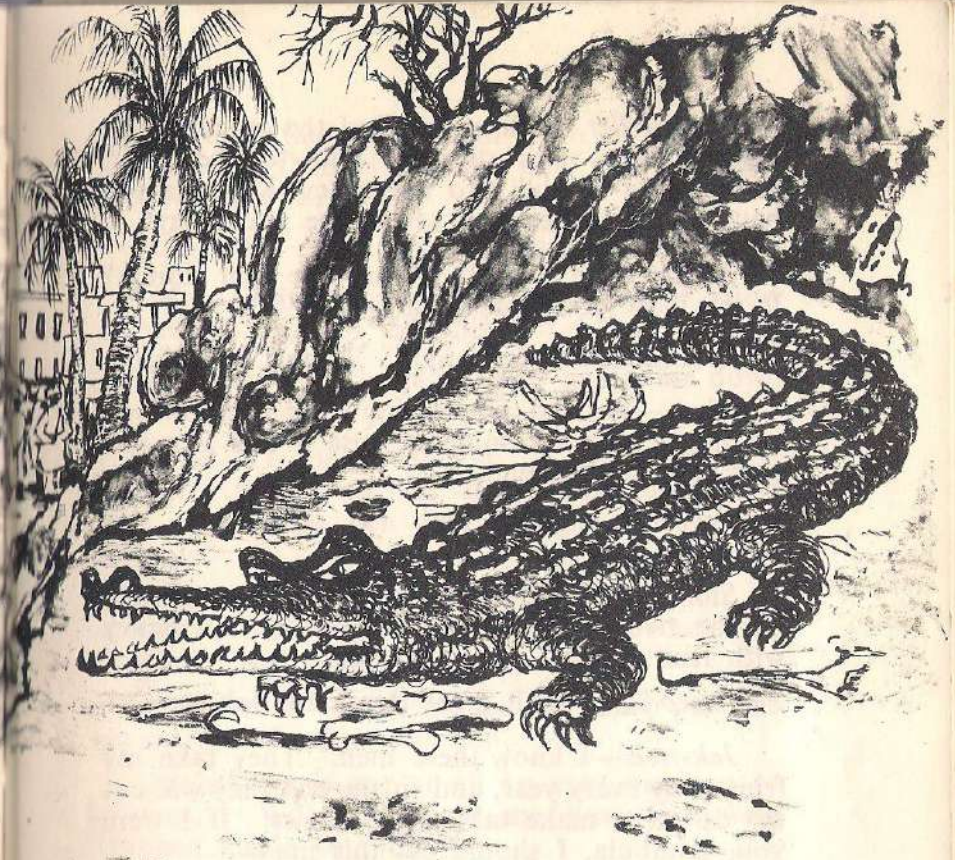
*Man.*—Did someone call for help?

*Crocodile.*—Yes, yes. Help me out, for pity's sake!

*Man.*—Who are you?

*Crocodile.*—I am Kimbula, the crocodile, and I cannot get out of my den, because the mud is so hard.

*Man.*—I would gladly help you, Kimbula, but you may eat me as soon as you are free.



*Crocodile.*—What a thing to say about Kimbula, the kind crocodile! He never eats his friends.

*Man.*—Very well, then. Be patient a while!

*Story-teller.*—The man took his hoe and made a hole in the mud wall of the den.

*Man.*—Out you come, Kimbula!

*Crocodile.*—Alas, I am too weak to move. Will you carry me to the water?

*Story-teller.*—The man lifted the crocodile on his shoulders and dragged him to the river. As soon as he slid into the water, Kimbula felt better. He turned and seized the man's arm.

*Man.*—Stop, stop! What are you doing? Is this how you treat your friends?

*Crocodile.*—I am hungry. I must have food.

*Man.*—Yes, so you must. But before you eat me, let us ask someone else if this is a fair way to treat a friend.

*Crocodile.*—Very well. I shall ask this jak-tree.

*Story-teller.*—The jak-tree stood in a garden by the river. It was well cared for, and heavy with fruit.

*Crocodile.*—Shall I eat this man, Jak-tree?

*Jak-tree.*—I know these men. They take my fruit away every year, and in the end they will cut me down to make tables and chairs. If I were you, Kimbula, I should eat this man.

*Crocodile.*—Did you hear that, Man?

*Man.*—I heard, but what does a jak-tree know about it? Let us ask this cow.

*Story-teller.*—The cow was grazing in the garden near the jak-tree.

*Crocodile.*—Shall I eat this man, Cow?

*Cow.*—I know these men. They leave us to roam about and find our own food. When we

have calves they take them from us and steal our milk for themselves. If I were you, Kimbula, I should eat this man.

*Crocodile.*—Did you hear that, Man?

*Man.*—I heard, but what does a cow know about it? Let us ask this jackal.

*Story-teller.*—The jackal had just come down to the river for a drink.

*Man.*—O clever Jackal, is it right that Kimbula should eat me, when I have just helped him out of his den and brought him to the river?

*Jackal.*—This is not an easy question to answer. Will you show me the den where the crocodile was caught?

*Story-teller.*—So Kimbula, the man, and the jackal went back to the den.

*Jackal.*—It is not at all an easy question to answer. Will you show me how you were trapped inside your den?

*Story-teller.*—So the crocodile went back into his den, and the man put the mud back as it was before.

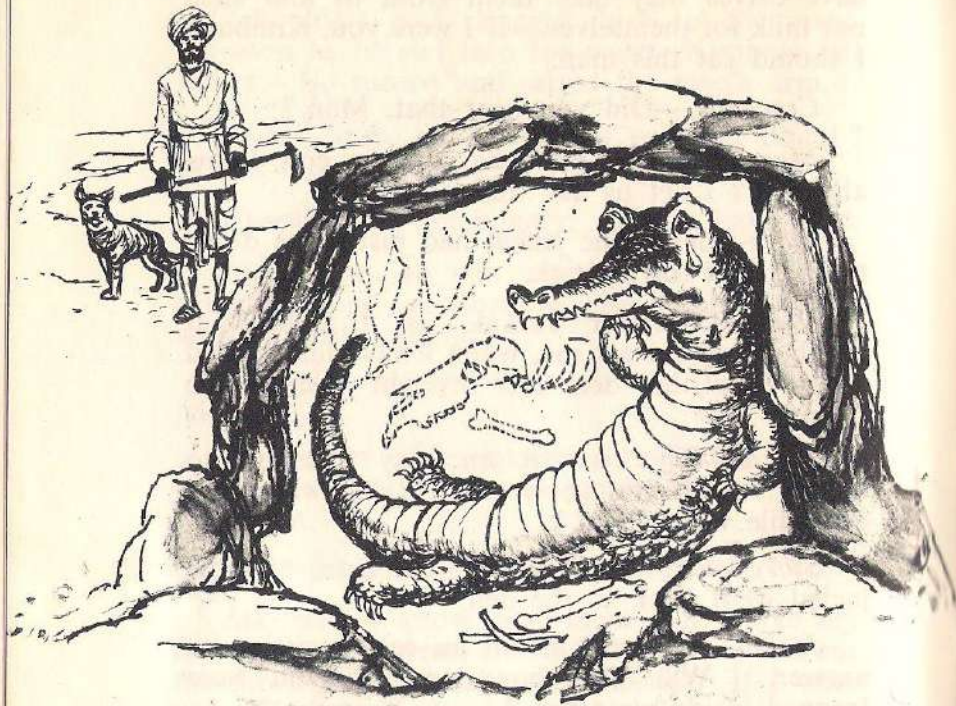
*Jackal.*—Is this how it was, Kimbula?

*Crocodile.*—Yes, yes, Jackal, just like this.

*Jackal.*—Is the mud as hard as it was, Kimbula?

*Crocodile.*—Yes, yes, Jackal, just as hard.

*Jackal.*—Can you get out, Kimbula?



*Crocodile.*—No, no. I am trapped as surely as I was before.

*Jackal.*—And you shall stay trapped, Kimbula, until you have learned how to treat a friend.

*Story-teller.*—Then the jackal went back to his jungle, and the man went back to his village. Perhaps the crocodile found someone else to help him. Perhaps he lay there hungrily, until the rains came.

## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

“There’s no water left in the big pool, Mary,” called Andy, as his sister picked her way toward him over the hot stones of the little creek. “We’ll have to push along a bit farther.”

Mary took off her faded pink hat and fanned herself. “There’s always water not far from the bridge,” she said. “We should find tadpoles there. It can’t be late; we’ll have time before tea.”

The magpies that were sheltering in the shade of the steep creek bank flapped out into the paddocks, calling, as the children laughed and scampered along the waterless, winding creek-bed. The parrots shouted overhead, and miners sang. Through it all there came the endless calling of the cicadas through the summer afternoon.

Although it was nearly the end of December, the deep hole to the east of the bridge was still there, green and dark and weedy. It was a shadowy place, where old plum-trees, heavy with fruit, hung over a fence, and scrambled down the steep bank to the water.

“I didn’t know I could be so thirsty,” said Mary at last. “We can’t drink water from the ground, and those plums are hopeless. It will be weeks before they’re fit to eat.”

Andy pounced, with a splash. “Got him!” he cried, gently picking up a wee frog. He placed it in a screw-top jar. “We may get a lot of frogs here for our pond; let’s stop a while.”

Then he saw how hot Mary looked. "I'll go up and see if we can get a drink somewhere," he said. "You stay to see if you can catch a few tadpoles." He swung up the bank, and Mary was left kneeling in the thick, yellow grass. It did not seem as if he had been gone three minutes when Mary heard Andy's shoes sliding down the slippery bank.

"There's no water," he grinned, "but look at these."

He held out a wonderful yellow peach in each hand. Mary took hers and smelt the furry skin. She had taken a mouthful of the soft, golden flesh before she even wondered where it had come from.

"There's a fine old tree just up the bank past these plums," Andy told her. "I don't know whose fruit-trees they are."

"They're mine," said a quiet old voice. Looking up, they saw a little white-haired, wrinkled woman, with sharp black eyes that blinked over her spectacles. She was browner than an almond, and so thin that there was very little of her at all in her old black dress. The peach juice dried on Mary's lips. It was "The Witch".

The grown-ups called her Mrs. Davis; but all the children knew she was a witch. On their way to school they saw her black cat; there was a magpie that always called out, "Be quick! Be quick!" Although he was supposed to say many things, they had never stopped to hear any more.



"It would have been nicer of you to ask for the fruit," she told Andy gravely. "Any child here is welcome to a peach. I cannot pick them for market. I am too old now, and the climbing doesn't agree with me any more than the peaches do."

"I'm sorry I didn't ask," Andy said, jumping up. "We were just thirsty, that's all. If it would help, Mary and I will pick the peaches for you. Have you a case or two?"

"That is very kind," said old Mrs. Davis. "Come, then, and we'll see what we can do together. A few shillings for Christmas would be welcome, I don't mind saying."

Mary's legs trembled so much that they did not feel right for some time after she and Andy had started picking under the boughs of the lovely peach-tree.

The fruit was so large and so perfect for picking that it was no time before the two cases were filled. And then, between the tangle of plum-trees came the tiny old woman with a little black tray. On it were cool lemon drinks and cake.

"Do you suppose she really is a witch?" mused Mary as they climbed through the old wire fence of their own cow paddock.

"Well, if she is, I think she must be a very nice kind," Andy replied.

After the first few visits that the children made to old Mrs. Davis, they were quite sure she was not a witch. She allowed them to pick

her fruit and her flowers, and she always seemed happy to see them. One day, Andy and Mary had been thinking aloud about their Christmas presents, when Mary saw that they had wandered along the side of the creek until they were nearly at Mrs. Davis's house.

"Wouldn't it be awful to be so old, and perhaps have nobody to give you a present?" Mary went on, chewing at a dry grass stem. "I know! We'll give her one. A Christmas stocking!"

"We-ell," Andy agreed, with some doubt in his voice, "we might try."

There were only a few days left before Christmas-eve, but somehow they were able to fill the empty stocking that Mary had kept from last year. It was just like new, and showed up the almonds and walnuts in the toe. The nuts had been Dad's gift from his trees, and Mother had put in a little pot of strawberry jam, and some of her best daffodil bulbs.

Because they had no money left after their Christmas shopping, Andy had thought of making some toffee, and it looked very good in its little glass jar. At the last moment Mary remembered the blue soap rabbit that Father Christmas had given her last year, and which she had kept away in its own box.

Then, after packing the little biscuits she had made herself, Mary picked a handful of holly and stuck it in the top of the stocking, instead of the usual coloured paper.





"Anybody would love a stocking like that," whispered Mary, as she hurried with Andy away to the creek on Christmas-eve.

They saw no sign of Mrs. Davis, and they left the stocking, wrapped in brown paper, in the letter-box. On the parcel was a note that read: "Open in bed on Christmas Day."

The truth was that Mrs. Davis had been leaving a parcel for them. There it was, right under the tree on Christmas-morning! Dad handed it to them the last of all.

"Candied fruit! Hurrah!" cried Andy.



Mary looked at her beautiful little package of home-made fruits, and she wondered whether Mrs. Davis had not really a great deal of magic about her. "We'll go to thank her this afternoon," Andy continued.

Mary was still a little afraid when they arrived at the tumbled old house, but she clutched her new and beautiful doll. She knew she no longer

had reason to feel fear. Mrs. Davis always met them now with such a big smile of welcome that she looked very different from the first time that they had seen her.

"I've never had a Christmas stocking before in my life," she told them, when they had settled with cakes and cool drinks under the apple-tree.

"What a wonderful surprise it was this morning!"

"Doesn't Father Christmas come to you?"

"Well," said Mrs. Davis, with a smile, "perhaps we once almost fell out. Of course, it was years ago. Just about dark one Christmas-eve I fired a shot to frighten what I thought was a possum getting down my chimney. Perhaps it was *not* a possum . . ."

"Wasn't that an awful thing to happen?" Mary asked Andy, as they went off home to tea in the heat of the afternoon. Andy was so thoughtful that Mary could hear all the cicadas shouting along the creek, and the magpies quarrelling a whole paddock away.

"I think we'll make Mrs. Davis a stocking every year," said Andy at last. "We'll make a better one next time."

"Yes," said Mary; "and when I write next year I'll just tell Father Christmas about that possum, and see that he gets her address. And we must tell everyone that we don't believe she is a witch, after all."

—IRENE GOUGH.



## CHRISTMAS-CARDS

(For a leader and six children.)

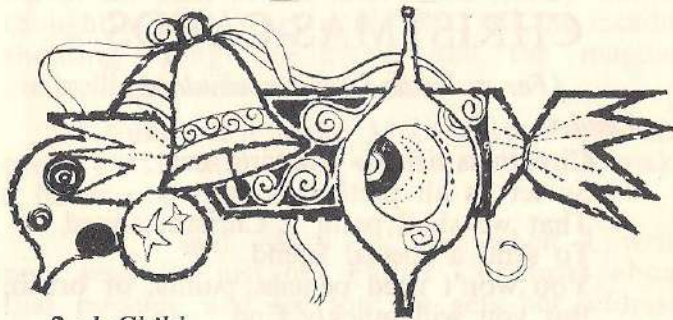
*Leader.*—

Christmas-time is drawing near,  
So let us all pretend  
That we shall paint a Christmas-card  
To send a special friend.  
You won't need pencils, paints, or brush,  
But you will quickly find  
It's fun to think a happy thought,  
And paint it in your mind.

(Smiles at children, and nods at first child to step forward and begin.)



*1st Child.*—  
 I think I'll paint a Christmas-tree  
 With toys and trimmings bright,  
 And a fairy on the very top  
 In a sparkling dress of white.



*2nd Child.*—  
 I'd like to paint some Christmas-bells  
 A-swinging to and fro ;  
 And holly tied with ribbons gay,  
 And lanterns all aglow.

*3rd Child.*—  
 I'll paint a silver aeroplane  
 That's loaded up with toys,  
 With kind old Santa waving out  
 To greet the girls and boys.

*4th Child.*—  
 I'll have a snow-man on my card,  
 And children with a sledge ;  
 And a little robin redbreast on  
 A cottage window-ledge.



*5th Child.*—  
 My card will have a pretty house,  
 With a door that opens wide,  
 To show a fire, a Christmas-tree,  
 And happy folk inside.

*6th Child.*—  
 I'll paint a roadway deep with snow,  
 And Santa in a sleigh  
 That's filled with gifts for everyone  
 To share on Christmas-day.



*Leader.*—Your cards are very nice indeed,  
But one thing we must do—  
A Christmas-card must always have  
A Christmas greeting too.  
So what will be our message now  
To friends we wish to cheer?

*Children.*—  
A Merry Christmas, everyone,  
And a very bright New Year.

*(All turn toward audience.)*

*All.*—  
A Merry Christmas, everyone,  
And a very bright New Year.

—DOROTHY COMBER.



## STORIES AND POEMS

“Please, tell me a story.” Have you ever tried to think who was the first boy or girl to say those words? That boy or girl, whoever he or she may have been, must have lived a long, long time ago. Some of the stories that you have read in this book were first told so long ago that no-one now remembers who made them up.

When the world was young, few people knew how to write, but many could tell stories for all that. Fathers and mothers would tell to the children stories that they had heard from their own fathers and mothers; and when the children grew up they would tell the same stories to their little ones in turn. So it went on from age to age. The stories were handed down, as we sometimes say, by word of mouth.

But boys and girls were not the only people who liked stories in bygone days. Grown-ups liked them too. Once upon a time there were no books at all, or very few books. So, in the long winter evenings, round the fire, grown-ups told stories to one another. In many countries there were men who went about to towns, to castles, or to village fairs telling stories. Usually they were paid, or perhaps were given a meal and a bed, by those who listened. Sometimes these story-tellers told their tales in a sort of poetry while, at the same time, they played upon their harps.



Then, during the last few hundred years, men and women who loved the old tales began to gather them and to write them down. One such man was Andrew Lang, who was one of the first people to write down the story "The Golden Bird in the King's Garden", which he may have heard in Sweden. Andrew Lang was born in England, where he died about fifty years ago. Two other men who gathered a number of old tales were the brothers Grimm, Jacob and



William. They lived in Germany about a hundred years ago. Two of the stories that they heard and then told for us are "The Cobbler and the Elves" and "The Town Band".

In this book, also, there is a story that was told by the people of Russia. There are two others that were first told by the dark people of Africa. Look back over the pages and try to find the story that came from Russia and the two that came from Africa.

The negroes in the south of the United States of America were very fond of stories, some of which were about a cunning fox and a smart little rabbit. An American writer, Joel Chandler Harris, liked the stories so much that he made up his mind to put them into a book so that all boys and girls might read them. In his book, he makes it seem that the stories of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit are being told to a little white boy by an old, old negro called Uncle Remus. "The Tar Baby" is one of these stories.

Australian writers, too, have gathered stories and written them down. Mervyn Skipper, an Australian whose home was for many years in Melbourne, lived for some time in Borneo, a large island to the north of us. There he heard the people telling stories about the animals and the birds that lived in the jungle and also about other people in the villages. Mr. Skipper gathered enough of these stories to make two books. The story about Lazy Tok is in one of these books.

Some of the poems that you will read as you grow up are almost as old as the oldest of the stories; but there are no very old poems in this book. Until about a hundred years ago not many writers took the trouble to write poems for boys and girls.

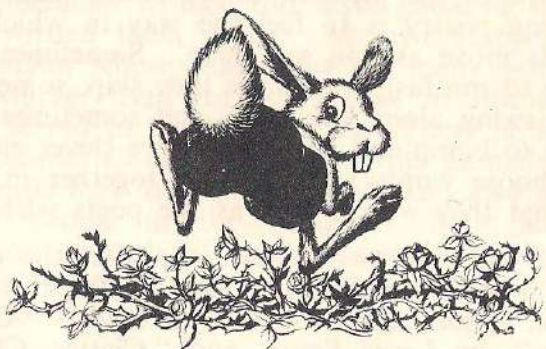
Robert Louis Stevenson was one who did. He was born in Scotland, where his father was a builder of lighthouses. When he grew up he travelled a good deal in other lands and wrote books about them. At last he became ill and went to live in the lovely Samoan Islands, where

he hoped to find enough sunshine and warmth to make him better. He died there when he was only forty-four years old.

Most of his poems for boys and girls were written before he left Europe. They tell about the things that he did and saw while he was a boy in Scotland, and he put them all together in a book called *A Child's Garden of Verse*. Two of his poems are "The Swing" and "The Land of Story-books".

One of the pleasant things about reading or hearing poetry is to feel the way in which the words move as you say them. Sometimes they seem to run fast, sometimes they skip, sometimes they swing along smoothly, and sometimes they seem to bump and jerk. Poets are clever enough to choose words and fit them together in lines so that they will do just as the poets wish.

If you read two poems, one after the other, you will see sometimes how differently they move. Here are two pairs to read: "Cradle Song", by Louis Esson, and "Clatter, Clatter, Clang", by Nel Law; "Riding Song" and "Going and Coming", both by C. J. Dennis. All four of these poems were written by Australians. During the year you will have read poems by English, American, and Australian poets.



## NOTES ON SOME AUTHORS

### THE COBBLER AND THE ELVES.

PAGE 102.

*The Brothers Grimm, Jacob and William,* were born at Hanau in Germany. Jacob was born in 1785 and was a year older than his brother who died in 1859, four years before Jacob. Together they collected German songs and stories and studied the history of the German language. In 1841 the two brothers became professors at the University of Berlin. Collections of their fairy-tales may be readily obtained from booksellers or in most libraries.

### THE SWING.

Page 105.

*Robert Louis Stevenson* was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. His father was an engineer who designed and built lighthouses, as his father had done before him. Robert Louis was educated for the Law, but soon turned to writing. He travelled in Europe and in the United States and several of his books were written abroad. Poems in this Reader, "The Swing" and "The Land of Story Books", are taken from his collection, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which was largely written at Hyères, in France. In 1890, in ill-health, he went to the South Seas and settled at Vailima, in Samoa, where he died at the age of forty-four. During his stay at Vailima he visited Australia. Among his best known stories are : *Treasure Island, The Black Arrow,* and *Kidnapped.*

### MICHAEL MET A WHITE DUCK.

Page 110.

*J. Dupuys*, an English writer of whom little is known.

### THE FAIRIES.

Page 116.

*William Allingham* (1824-1889) was born in Ireland and lived for many years in London, where he met many well-known

English men of letters, including Rossetti (a close friend), Tennyson, and Carlyle. Allingham became editor of a notable magazine of the day, *Fraser's Magazine*. His own best work consists of lyrical poems, which he published in three volumes. Other poems of Allingham's commonly found in anthologies are: "Wishing", "Robin Redbreast", "Here and There", and "The Leprechaun".

BARNY BILL AND HIS TOYS. Page 118.

*Marjorie Clarke* is a writer of stories for children. She was born in England, and has lived in India and China. For some years she lived also in Perth, Western Australia, and while there she wrote for a number of children's magazines. Her home is now in England, where she continues her writing.

MY DOG. Page 123.

*Emily Lewis*, an American writer, of whom little is known beyond the fact that she wrote a book of verse called *Rainbow Lanterns*.

LOST. Page 124.

*Reitta Drysdale* was a Melbourne writer who wrote a number of stories and verses for boys and girls. Some have been broadcast and some have been printed in children's papers. Mrs. Drysdale died in 1956.

NEW SHOES. Page 130.

*Caryl Brahms* is a living English writer who has written not only many poems for boys and girls, but also a number of books for adults. Other poems by Miss Brahms that children will enjoy reading are: "The King's High Drummer" and "Many Mothers to Many Daughters".

FAIRIES. Page 134.

*Rose Fyleman* (1877-1957) an English writer, chiefly of plays, stories, and poems for children. A few of her books are:

*Fairies and Chimneys, The Fairy Green, Forty Good Morning Tales, The Katy Kruse Play Book*. The poem "Fairies" comes from *Fairies and Chimneys*. Poems that appear in various anthologies are "Differences", "In Holland", "The Christmas Pudding", "The Doctor", "The Cuckoo", "Alms in Autumn", "Daddy", "A Fairy went a-Marketing", "The Canary".

RABBITS. Page 142.

*Geoffrey Vickers* is an English writer, of whom little more is known.

RIDING SONG. Page 149.

*Clarence James Dennis* (1876-1938) was born in South Australia and went to school there. As a young man he tried his hand at several occupations, including journalism. Coming to Melbourne about 1907, he was set up by a friend in a tent at Toolangi, among the hills, where he later built the home in which he lived for the remainder of his life. In 1922 Dennis joined the staff of a Melbourne newspaper, to which he became a regular contributor of topical verse. Among his best-known books of verse are: *Songs of a Sentimental Bloke* (which, published in 1915, brought him immediate fame); *The Moods of Ginger Mick* (1916); and *The Glugs of Gosh* (1917). *A Book for Kids* (1921), in which appeared the poems used in this Reader, was later re-issued with the title *Roundabout*. Dennis died at Melbourne in 1938. The house in which he lived at Toolangi is still pointed out to visitors; there is a stone and cement memorial in the garden.

GOING AND COMING. Page 150.

For notes on the author, see under "Riding Song".

LAZY TOK. Page 151.

*Mervyn G. Skipper* was born in 1884 and attended school in Adelaide, where he showed distinct interest in literature.



As an employee of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company he travelled to Java, Borneo, the Cocos Islands, Vladivostok, and other parts of eastern Asia. He became Melbourne editor for the *Sydney Bulletin* and was well known as a writer and as a drama, art, music, and literary critic. As a result of his travels in Malaya and Borneo he wrote *The Meeting Pool* and *The White Man's Garden*, into which he wove numerous stories of animals and people in Indonesia. These two books were translated into more foreign languages than any other children's book of their time. The story "Lazy Tok" belongs to *The Meeting Pool*. Mervyn Skipper was engaged in works on philosophy and psychology when he died in 1959.

#### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

Page 157.

*Edward Lear* (1812-1888) was an English artist and humorous poet. He was born in London, and began to earn his living by drawing birds for the Zoological Society. Later he was employed by the Earl of Derby to draw the plates for a book on wild life. It was for the Earl's grandchildren that Lear wrote his *Book of Nonsense*, which was published in 1846. Several similar volumes followed. For these books he drew his own pictures. He travelled a good deal, and at one time was painting and teaching drawing in Rome. Among other well-known nonsense poems of Lear's are: "The Nutcrackers and the Sugar-tongs", "The Jumbles", "The Table and the Chair", "The Dong with the Luminous Nose", "The Two Old Bachelors", "The Pobble Who Has No Toes", and "The Quangle Wangle's Hat".

#### HENRY, THE ENGINE. Page 159.

*Elizabeth Courtney* (Mrs. G. E. Hautot) was born in England and was educated at Homerton College, Cambridge. She came to Australia with her husband in 1946, and has since written stories for children. She lives in Melbourne.

#### CLATTER, CLATTER, CLANG. Page 165.

*Nel Law* (Mrs. P. G. Law) lives in Melbourne and is the wife of the noted Australian explorer, Mr. Phillip Law. She is a painter in oils and in water colours, and writes verses for children by way of relaxation.

#### CRADLE SONG. Page 175.

*Louis Esson* (1879-1943), an Australian dramatic writer whose full name was Thomas Louis Buvelot Esson. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, he was brought to Victoria as a child. After spending a period as a librarian, he worked on various magazines. He travelled in India and Japan and worked as a journalist in London and New York. During the last years of his life he lived in Sydney.

#### JOEY. Page 176.

*W. L. Williams* is editor of the Education Department's publications. Among his books for children are: *Red Gum Bend*, *The Silver Bone*, *Plays for Occasions*, *First Flights*, and *History Trails in Melbourne*.

#### THE ZOO. Page 180.

*Eveline Dare* was born in Victoria and for some years was a teacher in Victorian schools. She has written stories for various school magazines and for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Among her books for children are: *The Elfin House*, *Mr. Spider's Walk*, and *The Elf Who Lived in a Teapot*.

#### DOING WITHOUT THE BIRDS. Page 182.

For notes on the author, see under "Joey".

#### SEVEN LITTLE EGGS. Page 187.

*Ivy O. Eastwick* is an English writer. This poem appeared in an English magazine for schools. One of her books is called *Fairies and Such*.

As an employee of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company he travelled to Java, Borneo, the Cocos Islands, Vladivostok, and other parts of eastern Asia. He became Melbourne editor for the *Sydney Bulletin* and was well known as a writer and as a drama, art, music, and literary critic. As a result of his travels in Malaya and Borneo he wrote *The Meeting Pool* and *The White Man's Garden*, into which he wove numerous stories of animals and people in Indonesia. These two books were translated into more foreign languages than any other children's book of their time. The story "Lazy Tok" belongs to *The Meeting Pool*. Mervyn Skipper was engaged in works on philosophy and psychology when he died in 1959.

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WHAT BRIGHT-EYES WANTED. Page 188.

*R. De Witt* is not known except as the writer of this story, which was published for her in an English magazine for children.

SOMEONE. Page 193.

*Walter de la Mare* (1873-1956) was an English writer of poems and stories for both children and adults. He began life as an office-worker, but Henry Newbolt encouraged him to give up this occupation for writing. Among his books of poems for boys and girls are: *Songs of Childhood* (1902), *The Listeners* (1912), and *Peacock Pie* (1913). His poetry for children was assembled in 1944 in *Collected Rhymes and Verses*. Among his prose stories for children are *The Three Royal Monkeys*, *The Lord Fish*, and *The Magic Jacket*. To the end of his life he kept the wonder and fancy—the dream-like quality—that marked his early work.

THE TOWN BAND. Page 194.

For notes on the authors, see under "The Cobbler and the Elves".

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS. Page 198.

For notes on the author, see under "The Swing".

THE TAR BABY. Page 206.

*Joel Chandler Harris* (1848-1908) was an American printer, lawyer, and writer. He grew up in Georgia, one of the southern "cotton" states, where there were many negroes. He worked on newspapers, finally spending nearly a quarter of a century on the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*. He contributed many of his negro stories and sketches to that paper. *Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings* was published in book form in 1880. Then followed other books of like kind. His stories were first written in the dialect used by negroes of his day. Editions in everyday English are now published; in these the stories are more easily read by boys and girls. Harris died at Atlanta in 1908.

LITTLE BOY BLUE. Page 210.

*Eugene Field* (1850-1895) was born at St. Louis, Missouri. He became a brilliant journalist, first in his native and then in other states. One of his first attempts at serious work was "Little Boy Blue", which was instantly popular, as were his other poems for or about children. After his death, his collected works were published in ten volumes, to which two more were subsequently added. Other poems by Field that are frequently found in anthologies are: "The Rock-a-by-Lady", "Christmas Eve", "Japanese Lullaby", "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod", "The Lost Doll", "The Night Wind", "Pittypat and Tippytoe", and "The Dream of a Girl Who Lived at Seven-oaks".

OLD MR. TATTERLOCK. Page 216.

*Irene Cheyne* was a writer of children's stories and poems. She lived in Melbourne, where she died in 1951. Among her books are: *Annette of River Bend*, *Annette and Co.*, *The Packman's Pipe*.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING. Page 223.

*Irene Gough* (Mrs. I. M. Hall) lives in South Australia. She has contributed a number of stories and poems to *The School Paper*.

CHRISTMAS-CARDS. Page 231.

*Dorothy Comber* was born in Melbourne, where she still lives. She has written a large number of stories and poems for children. Readers of *The School Paper* will be thoroughly acquainted with her work.

