

The fairies shyly flew straight over to where Friend John was sitting. They moved his stiff fingers so gently that he didn't know what was happening. He only knew that suddenly his heart felt warm and light and happy. It almost seemed to be dancing. In a few minutes the music had a livelier sound. The goblins had taken over. They plucked the strings with their fingers. They plucked them with their toes. They spun around on one foot. They spun around on two feet. They climbed up the strings and then slid down. They turned somersaults on the strings and tumbled and stumbled all up and down the violin. With every passing minute the music grew livelier.

"Do be careful! You'll spoil Friend John's beloved violin. You'll scratch it with your somersaults," whispered the fairies.

"Nonsense!" chuckled the goblins. "Of course we won't scratch or spoil it. We know how to look after it." And off they went again, plucking, sliding, tumbling, spinning on their toes, and turning somersaults. After a while the sound of music floated down over the city.

"There's music in the gardens!" the people said. "There must be a special concert. Let's go and see."

"It's very lively and light-hearted," they said, coming nearer. "Surely it has a magic sound! It could almost be fairy music."

Soon the magic music brought quite a crowd of men, their wives, and children. The whole of the gardens seemed to be singing, yet all that the people could see when they arrived was one old man playing his beloved violin. Some sat on the smooth grass to listen, while others went into the café.

"Please give us a table near the door, so that we can enjoy that wonderful music," they said. "That old man certainly has magic in his fingers."

In the crowd, the children watched the violin carefully. Their sharp eyes could see flashes of light and colour moving along the strings. They watched the flowers and the ferns round about, and could see the same kind of flashes of light and colour moving about there.

"Oh, yes," they murmured, "the fairies are certainly about to-night."

At last even the goblins grew tired. The sound of the magic music grew fainter and fainter until it died away.



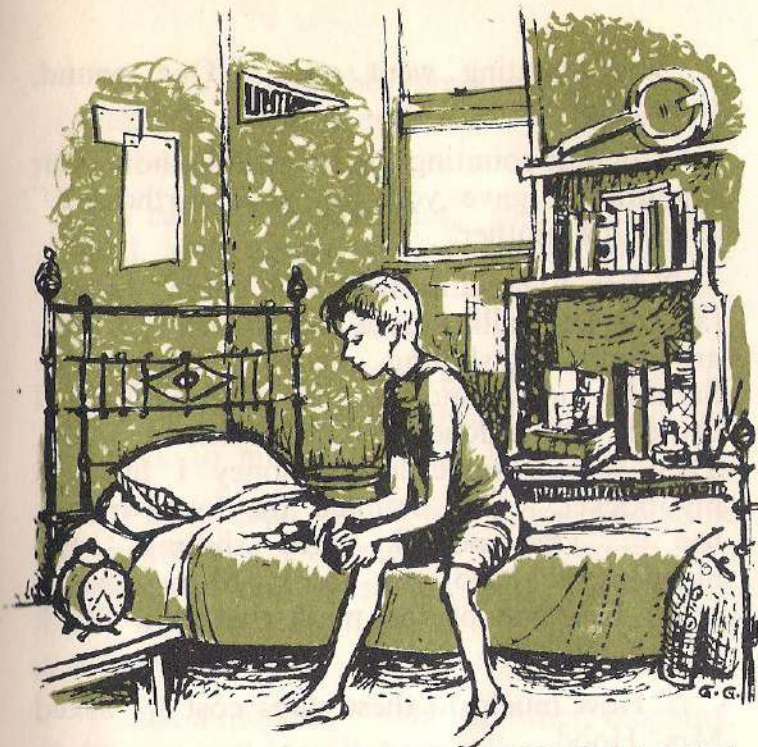
"Thank you, indeed, for that beautiful music," the people said.

Friend John put his violin down gently and spread his fingers on his knees. He said, in rather a surprised voice, "It's strange, but my fingers did not seem to belong to me. Not even my violin seemed to belong to me. I believe the fairies must have made that music." Then he unfolded his big handkerchief, wrapped up his beloved violin carefully, and put it in its case.

"Friend John, please forgive me," said the owner of the café, who was really a kind-hearted person. "I know now what kind of music the people really enjoy. Please come as usual, and play in my café for as long as you wish. I hope it may be for years."

Friend John set off for home, with a feeling of great happiness in his heart. His face was no longer pale, his fingers were no longer stiff and cold, and his feet were no longer stumbling. The fairies and the goblins watched him as he disappeared.

"Friend John has earned our help," they said. "We certainly must not let him down after this. We must always keep that magic in his fingers, and that happiness in his heart."



## DINKUM EARNS HIS NAME

### PART I.

David took his money-box down from the shelf. "One pound, one shilling. One pound, two shillings——"

"David, what in the world are you doing?" his mother called out.

"I'm just counting my money, Mum," he answered.



The counting went on. "One pound, three shillings——"

"Is that counting the ten-shilling note your grandfather gave you for your birthday?" asked his mother.

"Yes," David answered. "There's Grandfather's ten-shilling note still folded up, there are four two-shilling pieces I earned for Saturday jobs, and another five shillings I earned for unloading Grandfather's wood. Then there's some loose money I have in my pocket." He counted the loose money too. "One pound, three shillings, and ninepence! Do you think, Mum, that I could buy one of the pups that Bob Black has to sell?"

"How much do these pups cost?" asked Mrs. Hood.

"They cost five shillings each," answered David.

"What kind of pups are they?" asked his mother. "Are they sheep-dogs?"

"Oh dear, no!" said David. "They are not sheep-dogs. They are only tiny little pups."

"They may be now, dear," said his mother, "but they will grow. We haven't room for a dog the size of a sheep-dog."

"I don't think they are sheep-dogs," said David, "but Bob doesn't seem to know what kind they are."

"I can well believe that," said Mrs. Hood. "Well, we'll speak to your father about it. If a pup costs only five shillings it isn't dear, and I know you've always wanted a dog."

David began to feel excited. When he heard his father coming home he raced out to speak to him.

"Please, Dad, may I buy a dog with some of the money I've earned? I'll scrub him every week, and brush him every day, and I think he'll be the right size. He's not like a sheep-dog."

"Just a minute!" said his father, laughing. "As you say, you'll have to scrub him and brush him. You will also have to promise that he will be fed and given water at the right times."

"I'll promise to take care of him in every way, Dad, and I wondered if I might have that wooden case by the workshop for a kennel, please," said David.

"Yes, David," said Dad; "and once you've scrubbed it out I'll help you turn it into a real kennel."



“ Oh, Dad, that will be wonderful ! Then may I go to-morrow after breakfast and buy the pup I’ve chosen, please ? ”

When Mr. Hood agreed, David felt almost too excited to eat his tea.

Next morning being Saturday, David got up early and did his usual Saturday jobs, and then scrubbed out the wooden case. Then he took down his money-box from the shelf and counted out the five shillings. He wrapped the money in paper, unfolded his handkerchief, tied the money in the corner, and put the handkerchief back in his pocket and the money-box back on the shelf.

“ I’m off now, Mum,” he called out to his mother. “ I won’t be long.”

“ Just a minute till I see if you’re clean and tidy. Just you go, young man, and look in the glass. Your hair needs brushing, and your tie isn’t straight.”

“ I’m sorry, Mum,” said David, looking in the glass.

He brushed his hair, straightened his tie, and then set off, whistling, along the edge of the road. He walked for about a mile, past the police station and past the school, to the fire station where Bob Black lived.





In a few minutes David had paid over his five shillings, and Bob had brought out and given him the pup that he had chosen. The pup was simply terrified by the powerful cars passing by, so, for safety, David had to carry him almost the whole way home. His mother and father came out to welcome the puppy, but he didn't make friends at first, because he was afraid of everything strange about him. He walked around, sniffing at them, sniffing at his kennel, and sniffing about the whole house.

"He'll have to get used to all the strange new smells and sounds," said Mr. Hood. "Have you chosen a name for him yet, David?"

"No," said David. "I want a good Australian name for him, but I haven't chosen one yet."

"Do you want an aboriginal word for a name?" asked his father.

"No, it needn't be an aboriginal word," said David.

"What about 'Dinkum'?" said his mother. "I don't know whether it's an aboriginal word, but it's certainly Australian."

"Oh, Mum, that's just the right name for him!" said David. "Come here, Dinkum."

Dinkum, however, was busy sniffing his way around. He began to enjoy himself when he and David began to tumble on the grass. David tried to teach him a few tricks, but he could do none of them.

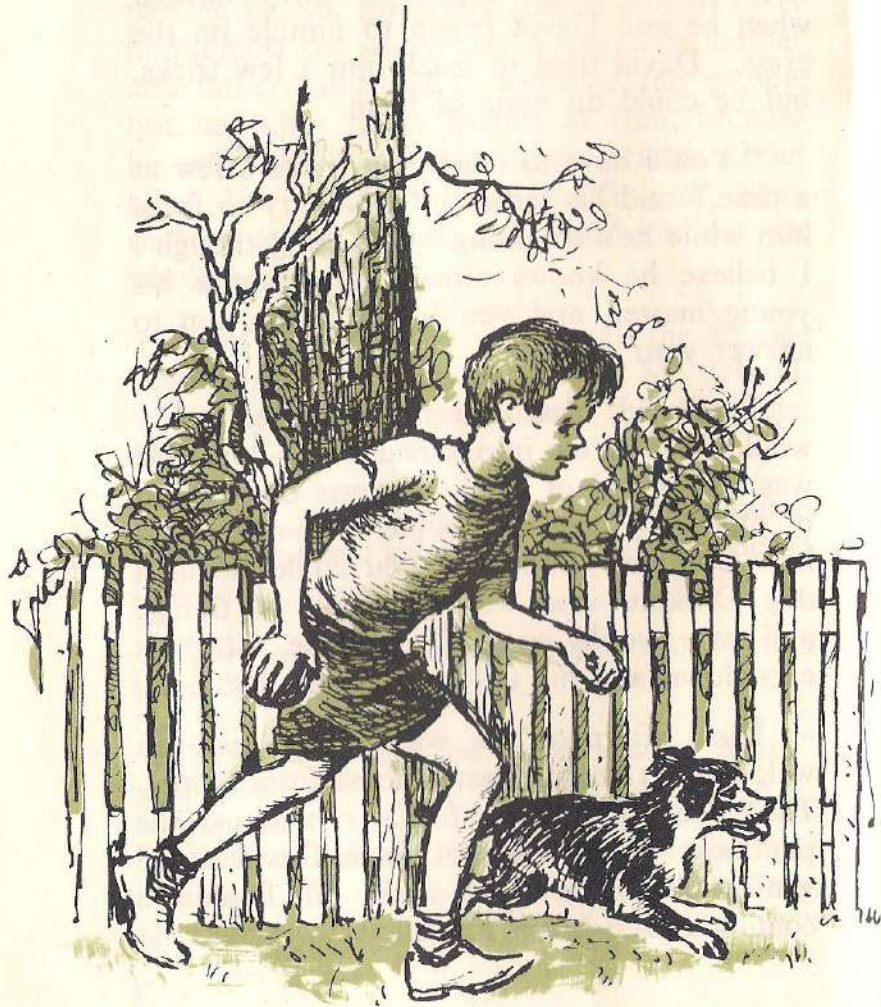
"You'll have to teach him tricks a few at a time," said his father. "Don't try to force him while he's so young. One thing though! I believe he knows already that you're his young master, and you'll soon teach him to answer your whistle."

To David, alas, it seemed that the puppy would never grow into a real watch-dog. He was still afraid of cars. He was even afraid of other dogs and of people. No-one called him Dinkum. Somehow you couldn't call a dog Dinkum who was so afraid of things, and who would run off and hide, with his ears down and his tail between his legs.

Each afternoon he was at the gate to welcome his young master home from school. Then they both went for a run across the paddocks. When they got home, David would gently pluck the grass-seeds off Dinkum's coat and then brush him down.



"Oh dear," David would murmur, plucking out the grass-seeds, "I think you're the best dog in the whole world, but I don't believe you'll ever make a watch-dog!"



## DINKUM EARNS HIS NAME

### PART II.

One warm evening, when the mosquitoes were very busy, David had almost dropped off to sleep, when he heard the dog barking sharply. He also heard a faint sound of bottles being moved. He slid quietly out of bed and tip-toed to the sleep-out window.



In the pale moonlight he could faintly see the dog looking toward the workshop. Without waiting to put on his dressing-gown, David tip-toed inside.

"Dad, the dog's barking," he said.

Mr. Hood, who had also been kept awake by the busy mosquitoes, had just dropped off to sleep.

"Perhaps the mosquitoes are biting him," he murmured sleepily.

"Oh, no, Dad, it's not just mosquitoes. Listen! I believe there's someone moving around in the workshop."

Mr. Hood listened. Then he tumbled quickly out of bed, and struggled into his dressing-gown, wrapping it round him as he ran.

"You're right, David. Ring the police station. Quickly!"

David rang the police station and then rushed for his own dressing-gown. Then he raced to the kennel and let the pup off the chain.

There was a sound of breaking glass as a man pounded at a window with a case. Mr. Hood had opened the door. Dinkum flashed past him and made a spring at the man, who

by now had one leg out of the window as he tried to escape. Dinkum caught the man's other leg just below the knee. The man tried to shake him off, but Dinkum wound his little body round the man's leg and bit him. Angrily the man dropped the case right on top of Dinkum and once more tried to escape. As Dinkum tumbled to the ground the case slid over him.

While this was happening Mr. Hood had also managed to catch hold of the man, and as he struggled with him the police car arrived. When the man was taken captive, Mr. Hood and one of the policemen looked about the workshop. Bottles and tins of paint had tumbled out of the case and down from the shelf.

"He tried to force the window first," said the policeman, "but when he couldn't manage it he forced the door."

"I believe I should have lost all these things if it hadn't been for Dinkum," said Mr. Hood. "Dinkum, come and meet a policeman!"

David was on the floor, with Dinkum on his knees. Dinkum looked a picture of happiness. He seemed to know he had been



brave, and his tail wagged excitedly as he put out his little nose and sniffed at the policeman.

"That little pup!" said the policeman. "Well, he has certainly earned his name. I think he deserves a medal for bravery, too."

"Perhaps David and I could make him a special medal," said Mr. Hood. "He has certainly earned it."

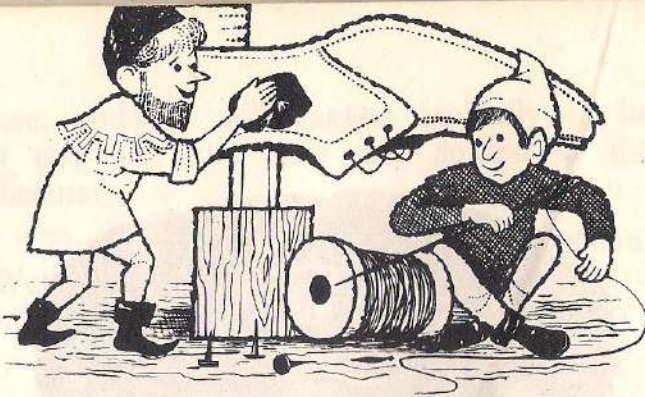
"Oh, Dinkum," murmured his young master, gently pulling the dog's ears, "you're not only the best, but the bravest, watch-dog in the whole world!"

Dinkum now has his own little medal for bravery. He also has a very fine kennel. David painted it, and across the front, in big letters, is one word—Dinkum.



## PART II.





## The Cobbler and the Elves

Long, long ago, there lived in a small town a cobbler and his wife. The cobbler was an honest man, and he always worked very hard. Both he and his wife were always kind to those who were in want.

But work became very scarce. Through no fault of his own, the cobbler grew poorer and poorer. At last, he had only enough leather left to make one pair of shoes.

He cut out the shoes in the evening, and meant to make them up next day. Then he went to bed, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, he rose early and went to his bench. What was his surprise to find that the shoes were already made!

He could not tell what to make of it. Taking the shoes in his hand, he looked at them very closely, but could find not a single bad stitch.

He called his wife and showed them to her. She was as much surprised as he was, and was just as puzzled to know who had made them.

That very morning, a man came in to buy shoes. He was so pleased with those the cobbler showed him that he bought them for a good price.

The cobbler was now able to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. Again he cut them out in the evening, meaning to rise early the next morning to finish them. But he did not need to rise early, for in the morning there stood on the bench two pairs of shoes, ready to be worn.

These, too, were soon sold, and the cobbler bought leather for four pairs. Having cut these out, he laid them ready as before. When he came down in the morning, he once more found them done.

And so it went on. He had only to buy the leather and cut out the shoes, and each morning he found them waiting for him. So good was his trade that the man soon became rich.

One evening, just before Christmas, the cobbler said to his wife: "My dear, I should like to find out who the good people are that help us. Let us sit up to-night and watch." His wife agreed, and they hid themselves in a corner of the workshop.

Just at midnight, two little elves came running into the room. Sitting down upon the cobbler's bench, they took up the work that was cut out, and began to stitch, and sew, and hammer.



They worked so well and so fast that, in a short time, all the shoes were done. Then the elves jumped off the bench and ran away.

Next morning, the woman said: "The good little fairies have been very kind to us, and have made us rich. I should like to thank them in some way."

"But what can we do?" asked the cobbler. "They must often be cold at night," said his wife. "I shall make them some warm clothes, and you can sew them some little shoes."

This plan pleased the cobbler very much, so he and his wife set to work at once. You may be sure they took great care to make the shoes and the clothes as nice as could be.

At last, everything was ready, and one night the good man and his wife laid the clothes on the bench. Then they hid, to see what the elves would do.

At midnight, the elves came running in. They jumped on the bench, ready to begin work. But there was no leather to be seen, only the pretty little clothes.

At these they looked, first in surprise, and then with delight. Seeing the clothes were meant for them, they put them on and danced for joy. At last they danced out of the room, and never came back any more.

But everything went well with the good cobbler and his wife. So long as they lived, they were never again in want.

—THE BROTHERS GRIMM.



## THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do!  
Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,  
Rivers and trees and cattle and all  
Over the country-side—  
Till I look down on the garden green,  
Down on the roof so brown—  
Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air and down!

—R. L. STEVENSON.



## THE EASTER RABBIT

In many countries people give one another presents of brightly coloured eggs at Easter. This is a story about the first Easter eggs. The story comes from Europe, where it is early spring at Easter-time.

Once upon a time, many years ago, the winter had been long and cold. "What makes Spring so late?" said all the little children. "Let us go to the woods and see if she has come yet."

But when they got there they found the woods bare and cold. There were no birds or flowers to be seen. Only Jack Frost and North Wind were playing among the trees. Poor children! They went back to their homes with sad faces.

But at last Spring came. When Jack Frost and North Wind saw her, they waved good-bye and ran away. Soon the birds were making their nests. The flowers were peeping up out of the ground, and the tree buds were bursting.

"Why don't the children come to the woods?" said Spring. "Last year and every other year they came to play with the birds and the flowers and the animals."

"It is sad without them," said the birds. "They will not hear our beautiful songs."

"If they do not come soon," said the flowers, "we shall all be faded."

All the baby rabbits and squirrels and foxes said, "We want to see the children. We want to hide in our holes and peep out at them as they pass."

"Perhaps they do not know we are here," said Spring. "Robin, will you tell them?"

"I am too busy making a nest for my little ones," said the robin. "Send the fox. His little ones are already here."

"Will you go, Red Fox?" said Spring.

"It is of no use sending me," said the fox. "The people will think I have come to steal the chickens."

"That is true," said Spring. "We cannot send you. Black Bear, will you go?"

"I am so big and I look so fierce," said the bear, "that I should make the children afraid. Besides, I am so thin and hungry after sleeping all winter. I must eat and eat and eat all day long. Ask the rabbit to go. Children all love rabbits."

Now, the rabbit is very timid, but he felt very proud to hear that all the children loved him. So at first he said he would go. Then he thought of the dogs. "Oh, but the dogs!" he said. "The dogs will catch me."

"You can go at night. All the dogs will be asleep," said Spring.

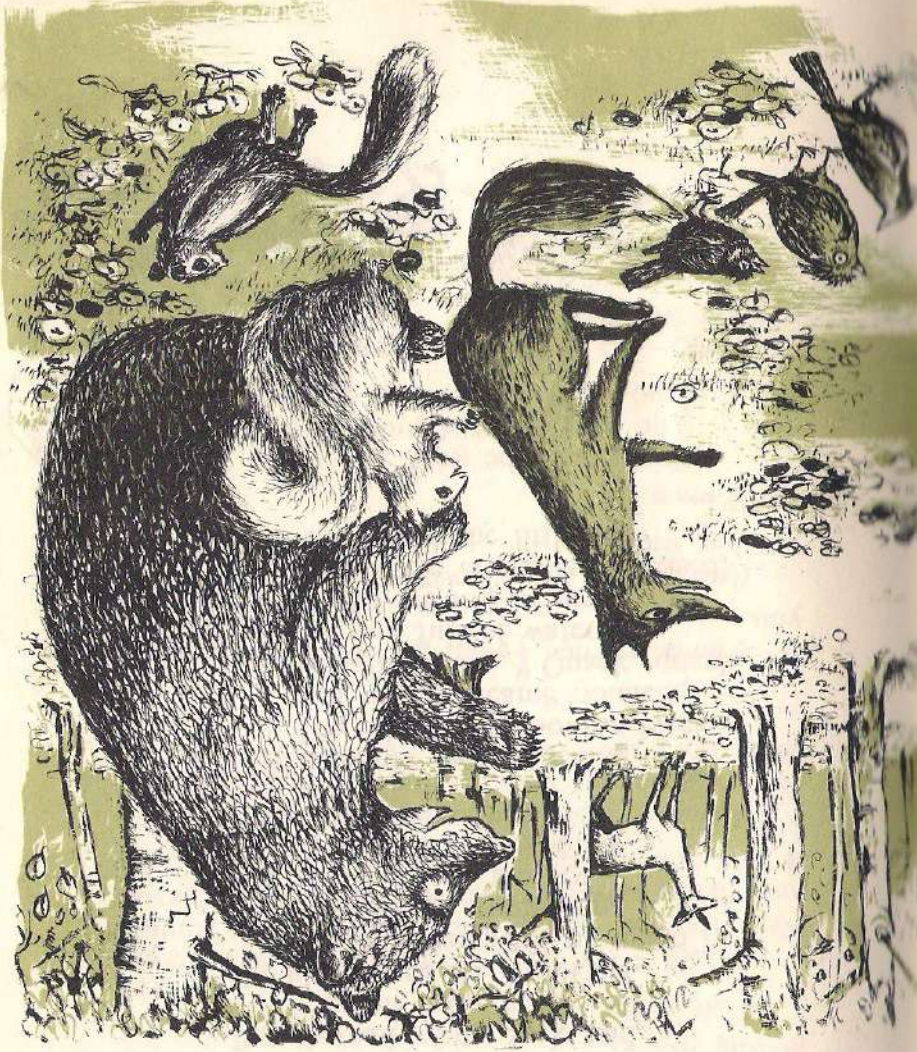
"So I can," said the rabbit. "I will go to-night."

So they made a big basket of twigs and leaves, and lined it with soft grass. Then each



"Why, Spring is here! Spring is here!" said the children, when they saw the pretty nests on their door-steps next morning. "We were afraid that she was not coming this year. But, see, here are the tracks of a rabbit's feet. He must have brought us the message."

So off they went to the woods, crying with happy voices: "Hurrah for Bunny! Hurrah for Bunny! For Spring is here at last, and Bunny has come to tell us!"



bird brought an egg from her nest. Soon the basket was nearly full.

There were blue eggs, and speckled eggs, and brown eggs. How pretty they looked! Then they covered the eggs over with the earliest spring flowers, and tied the basket on Bunny's back.

When evening came, the rabbit set off for the town, hippity-hop, hippity-hop. How strange and quiet it was in the town! Everyone was asleep.

Bunny went to the first house where a child lived. He made a little nest of the soft green grass. He put in it one pretty egg and one spring flower. Then he put the nest on the door-step. Then he hopped on to the next house, and the next, and the next. When the sun came up, he hopped back to the woods, a happy bunny.





## Michael Met a White Duck

Michael met a white duck  
Walking on the green.  
"How are you?" said Michael.  
"How fine the weather's been!  
Blue sky and sunshine,  
All throughout the day;  
Not a single raindrop  
Came to spoil our play."

But the sad white duck said,  
"I myself want rain.  
I'd like to see the brooklets  
And the streams fill up again.  
Now I can't go swimming,  
It really makes me cry  
To see the little duckponds  
Look so very dry."

But behold, next morning,  
The clouds are looking black:  
Down the rain came pouncing,  
Said the duck, "Quack, quack.  
Ponds are full of water,  
Ducks are full of joy."  
But someone else is not pleased,  
And that's the little boy.

—J. DUPUY.



## The Old Woman and the Goat

(*Players.*—*Reader* ; *Old Woman* ; *Goat* ;  
*Stick* ; *Fire* ; *Water* ; *Camel* ; *Rope* ; *Rat.*)

*Reader.*—Once upon a time, in Africa, there was an old woman. She lived in a hut with walls of mud and a roof of leaves. One day it began to rain, and a hole came in the roof of the hut.

*Woman.*—Oh dear, it is raining, and we are getting wet.

*Goat.*—Baa, yes.

*Reader.*—The old woman looked outside. Near the hut was a brick well. It was empty, and, being covered with a roof of palm leaves, it was dry inside.

*Woman.*—Listen to me, Goat. We shall go down the ladder into the well. We shall be dry there until the rain stops. You go first.

*Goat.*—Baa, no.

*Woman.*—Then I shall get my stick and beat you.

*Reader.*—So the old woman went outside and got her stick.

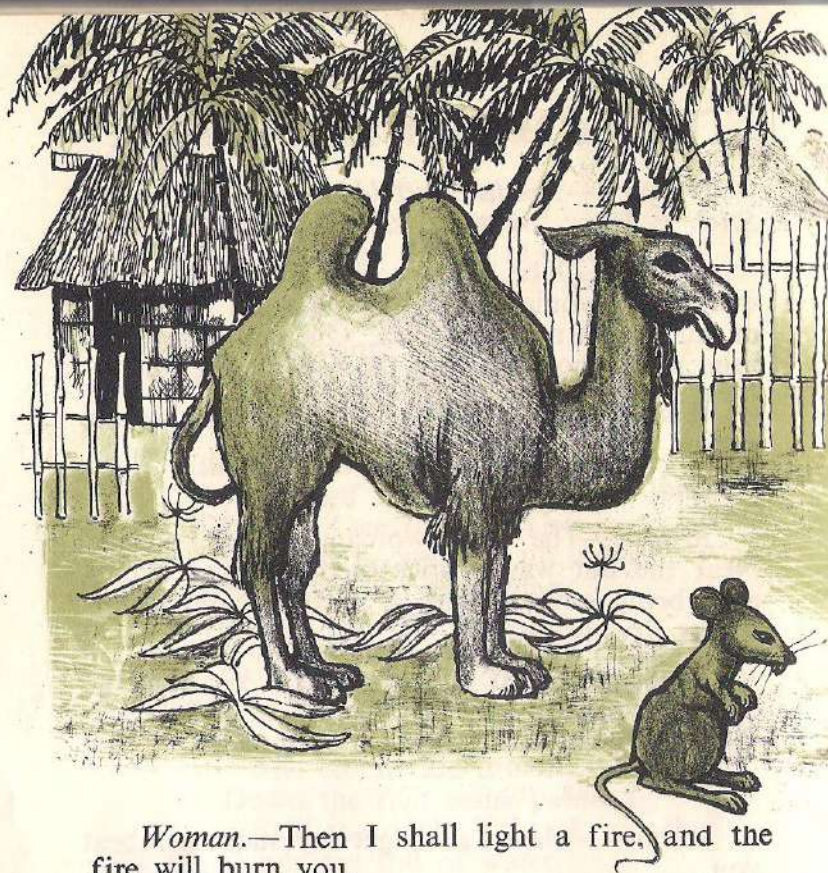
*Woman.*—

Stick, beat the goat.

The goat will not jump into the well,  
And we shall both be drowned.

*Stick.*—No, I will not beat the goat. He is a good friend of mine.





*Woman.*—Then I shall light a fire, and the fire will burn you.

*Reader.*—So the old woman made a fire in a dry corner of the hut.

*Woman.*—

Fire, burn the stick.  
The stick will not beat the goat.  
The goat will not jump into the well,  
And we shall both be drowned.

*Fire.*—No, I will not burn the stick. It is a trusty old stick.



*Woman.*—Then I shall ask the water to put you out.

*Reader.*—So the old woman turned to the water that was dripping through the roof.

*Woman.*—

Water, put out the fire.  
The fire will not burn the stick.  
The stick will not beat the goat.  
The goat will not jump into the well,  
And we shall both be drowned.

*Water.*—No, I will not put out the fire. It is a nice bright fire.



*Woman.*—Then I shall ask the camel to come and drink you up.

*Reader.*—So the old woman went to the door and called the camel.

*Woman.*—

Camel, come and drink the water.  
The water will not put out the fire.  
The fire will not burn the stick.  
The stick will not beat the goat.  
The goat will not jump into the well,  
And we shall both be drowned.

*Camel.*—No, no, I will not drink the water. I have had enough water to-day.

*Woman.*—Then I shall ask the rope in the corner to choke you.

*Reader.*—So the old woman pulled the rope off the wall.

*Woman.*—

Rope, choke this camel.  
The camel will not drink the water.  
The water will not put out the fire.  
The fire will not burn the stick.  
The stick will not beat the goat.  
The goat will not jump into the well,  
And we shall both be drowned.

*Rope.*—No, I will not choke this camel. He has never done me any harm.

*Woman.*—Then I shall ask the rat that lives in the hole to come and gnaw you.

*Reader.*—So the old woman called the rat that lived in the hole under the door.

*Woman.*—

Rat, gnaw the rope, and I shall give you some fat to eat.  
The rope will not choke the camel.  
The camel will not drink the water.  
The water will not put out the fire.  
The fire will not burn the stick.  
The stick will not beat the goat.  
The goat will not jump into the well,  
And we shall both be drowned.

*Rat.*—All right, I will gnaw the rope. Moving about may help to keep me warm.

*Rope.*—Rat, please don't gnaw me. The camel is not really a friend of mine.

*Camel.*—Rope, please don't choke me. I am quite thirsty after all.

*Water.*—Camel, please don't drink me. It is time that the fire was put out.

*Fire.*—Oh, Water, please don't put me out. I would love to burn that stick.

*Stick.*—Fire, please don't burn me. I just feel like beating a goat.

*Goat.*—Stick, please don't beat me. I am quite ready to jump down the well.

*Reader.*—So, one, two, three—down went the goat! One, two, three—down went the old woman after him! And they both kept dry until the rain stopped.





## THE FAIRIES

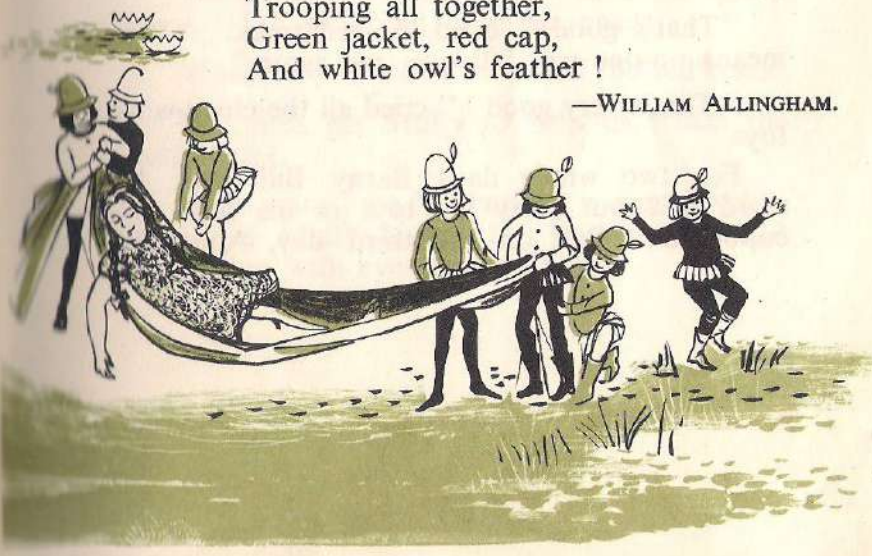
Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men ;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together,  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather !  
Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam ;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs  
All night awake.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long ;  
When she came down again,  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since,  
Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there ;  
Is any man so daring  
As dig them up in spite,  
He shall find their sharpest thorns  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men ;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together,  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather !

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.





## BARNY BILL AND HIS TOYS

"Come here, Barny Bill!" called Daddy. "Look at this wonderful toy-cupboard I have made for you."

It was a wonderful toy-cupboard. It was large and roomy, with shelves for books, shelves for toys, and a drawer for paints and pencils. It also had a drawer for clock-work toys.

"How can I open it, Daddy?" asked Barny Bill.

"You have to press this little knob, Barny Bill," Daddy told him. "Press hard, just here, and see how easy it is to open the cupboard."

"I hope you will remember to put away your toys now," said Mother. "I hope you will never again leave them all over the floor."

"Oh, no, I won't," said Barny Bill. "I shall keep them in my cupboard, and never again leave them about."

The toys were very glad when they heard this.

"That's good!" said the green engine. "That means I'll never again get dust in my works."

"That's good!" cried the red truck. "That means no-one will fall over me again."

"That's very good!" cried all the clock-work toys.

For two whole days Barny Bill kept his word and put away his toys in his blue toy-cupboard. But, on the third day, Aunty Jill

called to see if Barny would like to go for a drive in her new car. Barny was so excited that he threw his toys higgledy-piggledy into the toy-cupboard and rushed off with Aunty Jill.

"Oh, bother!" grumbled the green engine. "I hate being left upside down."

"Oh, bother!" grizzled the red truck. "I hate standing on my front wheels only."

"Oh, bother, bother!" cried all the clock-work toys. "We want to be in our own drawer."

On the very next day, Barny was looking at a new picture-book Aunty Jill had given him. The time slipped away so quickly that he forgot to put his toys away at all. He pushed them under a chair, and ran off to tea. The next day he left them on the floor.

"This will never do," said the green engine.

"This will never do at all," agreed the red truck. "How can we teach Barny a lesson?"

"We wish we could run away," cried all the toys.

"Well, we can't do that," said the green engine, "but we could be taken away."

"What do you mean?" asked the red truck.

"We must get Muffy to help us," said the green engine.

"Who wants me?" barked a merry voice. There was Muffy himself! He was a small spotted dog with eyes that twinkled.



"We want you to hide us from Barny," said the green engine.

"We want to give him a fright," said the red truck.

"We want to teach him a lesson," cried all the clock-work toys.

"Very well," said Muffy; "I could bury you just as I bury my bones, and then no-one will find you."

"That won't do," said the green engine. "We don't want to get dirty."

"That won't do," cried the red truck. "We aren't smelly old bones!"

"I'll hide you under the hedge, then," said Muffy.

Wasn't Barny Bill surprised when he came for his toys! He looked in the toy-cupboard, but they were not there. He looked under the chairs, but they were not there. He looked under the table, but they were not there.

"Where did you leave them?" asked Mother. "No-one could have taken them from your cupboard unless you had shown him your secret lock."

Barny Bill hung his head. "I forgot to put them in my cupboard," he said sadly. He was very unhappy as he sat on the grassy lawn, and two tears trickled down his cheeks. Muffy saw them as he peeped through the hedge.

"Barny Bill is very unhappy," he told the toys.





"So am I," sighed the green engine. "I wish Barney would wind me up."

"So am I," sobbed the red truck. "I wish Barney would fill me with sand and push me about."

"So are we," wept all the little clock-work toys. "We wish Barney would race us on the veranda."

"Dear me," said Muffy, "everyone is unhappy."

He barked, "Bow-wow!" He barked again, "Bow-wow-wow!" He barked once more, "Bow-wow-wow-wow!" This time Barney heard him.

"What is the matter?" asked Barney as he peeped under the hedge. Then he saw all his toys—his green engine, his red truck, and every one of his dear clock-work toys.

"You clever Muffy," cried Barney, "you have found my toys for me!"

"You clever Muffy," cried the toys, "you found us for Barney!"

"Yes, I am clever," agreed Muffy. "I hope you will all be happy now. I hope Barney will never leave you about again."

Barney never did.

"No-one can take my toys away if I keep them in my cupboard," he said.

—MARJORIE CLARKE.



## MY DOG

Have you seen a little dog anywhere about?  
A raggy dog, a shaggy dog, who's always looking  
out

For some fresh mischief which he thinks he  
really ought to do—

He's very likely, at this minute, biting someone's  
shoe.

If you see that little dog, his tail up in the air—  
A whirly tail, a curly tail—a dog who doesn't  
care

For any other dog he meets, not even for  
himself:

Then hide your mats, and put your meat upon  
the topmost shelf.

If you see a little dog barking at the cars—  
A raggy dog, a shaggy dog, with eyes like  
twinkling stars—

Just let me know, for though he's bad, as bad  
as bad can be,

I wouldn't change that dog for all the treasures  
of the sea.

—EMILY LEWIS.



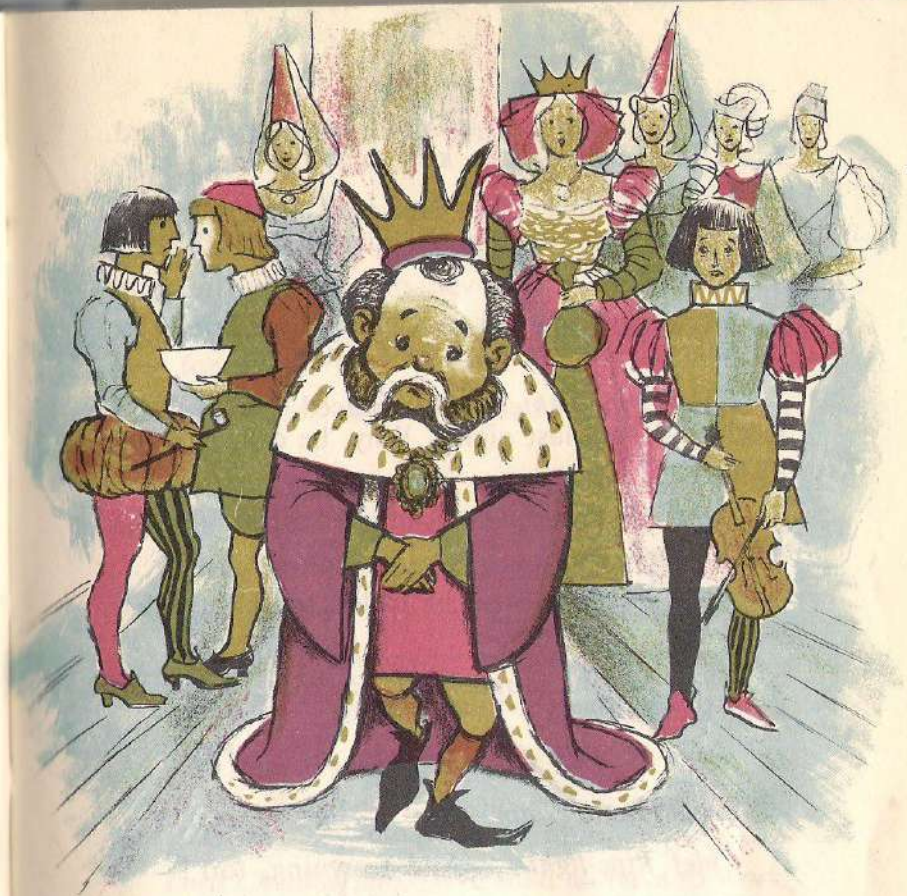
## LOST

Excuse me ! Have you any idea  
If the boy I live with is anywhere near ?  
My paws are so tired from walking about.  
I'm sorry now that I ever went out.  
I'm not supposed to. I'm much too small.  
But I'd never been out with just me at all ;  
So when I noticed the gate was ajar  
I stepped out for a while. (Didn't mean to go  
far.)

But you know how it is when you go for a walk ;  
You meet other puppies and stop for a talk.  
Then I met a small boy who asked me to play ;  
So I did, and we had such a wonderful day !  
I went home with him then, having nothing to  
do,  
Hoping his mother might ask me in, too.  
But she didn't like puppies, and made it quite  
clear.  
" Run away ! " she shouted. " I don't want you  
here."

I'm lost now, and weary of walking about.  
I'm afraid that my paws may wear right out !  
So please, please say, have you any idea  
If Alexander is anywhere near ?

—REITTA DRYSDALE.



## KING COLE'S CONCERT

(Scene : King Cole's court. Persons : Lord Chamberlain ; Chief Pipe-lighter ; Head Fiddler ; King Cole ; two other fiddlers ; crowd of people. Only the first three speakers are on the stage when the play opens.)

Lord Chamberlain. — Good morning, Chief Pipe-lighter. Why are you here so early ?



*Chief Pipe-lighter.*—Good morning, my lord. I am here because the king sent for me.

*Lord Chamberlain.*—He sent for me, too. The page who brought the message said he was very angry.

*Head Fiddler.*—It's not like His Majesty to be angry. He wasn't angry last night.

*Chief Pipe-lighter.*—No, indeed. He was a merry old soul last night. Why, he called for his pipe—

*Lord Chamberlain.*—And he called for his bowl—

*Head Fiddler.*—And he called for his fiddlers three—

*All.*—And he laughed and laughed. How the king laughed!

*(All laugh like King Cole.)*

*Lord Chamberlain.*—Sh! Here he comes.

*Chief Pipe-lighter.*—And frowning, too!

*Head Fiddler.*—I think we ought to sing to him. Are you ready? One! Two! Three—

*(King Cole comes in.)*

*All (singing).*—

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he—

*King (shouting).*—Stop it! Stop it! Stop that noise! I'm not the least bit merry.

*Lord Chamberlain.*—What is the matter, Your Majesty?

*(King begins to walk up and down.)*

*King.*—It's all the Queen's fault. She has stopped my pocket-money again.

*Chief Pipe-lighter.*—Oh, Your Majesty, what ever for?

*King.*—She says I spend too much on tobacco—

*Lord Chamberlain.*—Ha-ha, Chief Pipe-lighter!

*King.*—And on lemonade—

*Head Fiddler.*—Ha-ha, Lord Chamberlain!

*King.*—And on paying people to make music.

*Chief Pipe-lighter.*—Ha-ha, Head Fiddler!

*(All but King shake fists at one another.)*

*King.*—Now, now, don't go fighting among yourselves. Tell me what to do.

*Lord Chamberlain.*—We shall all have to work, Your Majesty. A king must have pocket-money.

*King.*—Work! But I couldn't work for money. I have always worked because I liked it. That's why I have been such a merry old soul.

*Chief Pipe-lighter.*—Then we must beg, Your Majesty.

*King.*—I can't beg. I begged the Queen to change her mind. It was of no use. I am no good at begging.