

*Head Fiddler.*—I have it, Your Majesty ! We must give a concert. I shall play, and the rest of you must sing.

*King.*—That's right. Bring my other fiddlers. Bring my pipe. Bring my bowl.

*(All rush out, except King. He opens window.)*

*King (leaning out at window).*—Attention, everyone ! There is going to be a concert. You may all come into the palace and bring your pennies.

*(Loud cheers from outside.)*

*(Lord Chamberlain, Chief Pipe-lighter, Head Fiddler, and two other fiddlers come in. King sits on throne and takes his pipe and his bowl. Fiddlers begin to play.)*

*All (singing).*—

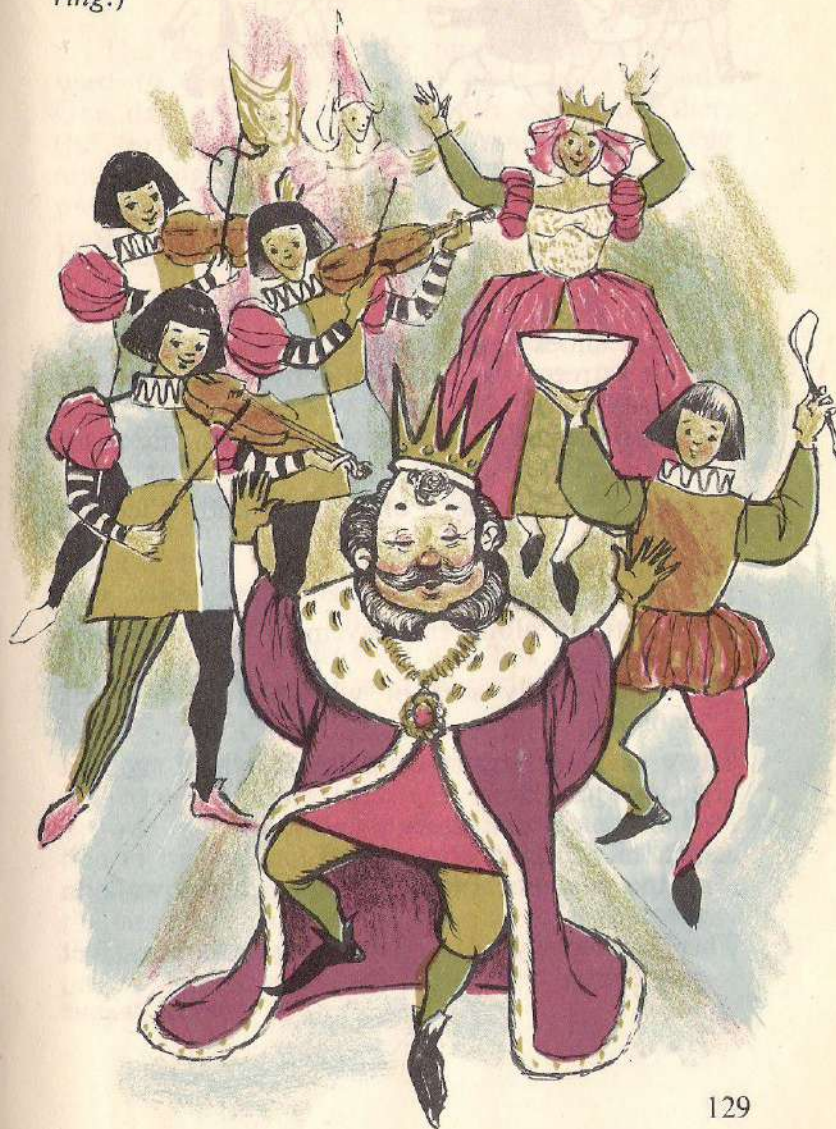
Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he.

*(Enter a crowd of people. They form a ring, until singers and fiddlers are hidden. Singing goes on.)*

*All.*—

He called for his pipe, and he called for  
his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.  
Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he.  
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare  
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

*(The crowd cheers, and as the curtain comes down you can hear the pennies falling inside the ring.)*





## NEW SHOES

I'm walking on the pavement with my head held  
high  
And my knees held stiff  
And my shoes kept dry,  
For the streets are awf'ly muddy when the cars  
splash by,  
So I'm walking on the pavement with my head  
held high.  
There's a manly sort of whistle and it comes  
from me,  
And the people think  
I'm a man, you see ;  
And I stomp along the pavement just as steady  
as can be,  
There's a manly sort of whistle and it comes  
from me.  
There's a lovely sort of banging when my feet  
go down,  
And my nice new shoes  
Are a nice bright brown,  
And the pavements kind of echo when I walk in  
town,  
There's a lovely sort of banging when my feet  
go down.

—CARYL BRAHMS.

## How the Tortoise Won the Tug of War

The elephant and the hippopotamus always used to feed together, and were good friends. One day, when they were both eating together, the tortoise came along. "You are both big and strong," he said, "but neither of you could pull me out of the water with a strong piece of rope. If you can pull me out of the water to-morrow, Mr. Elephant, I'll give you a thousand pieces of money."

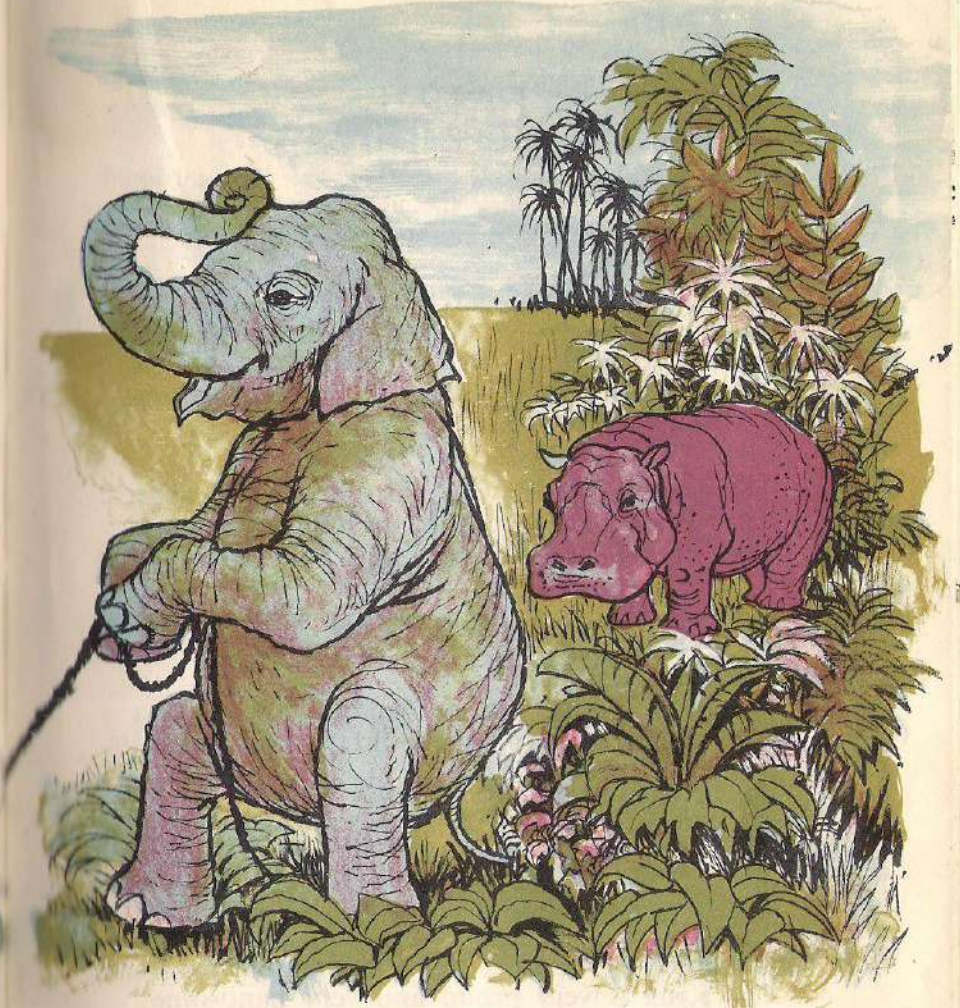
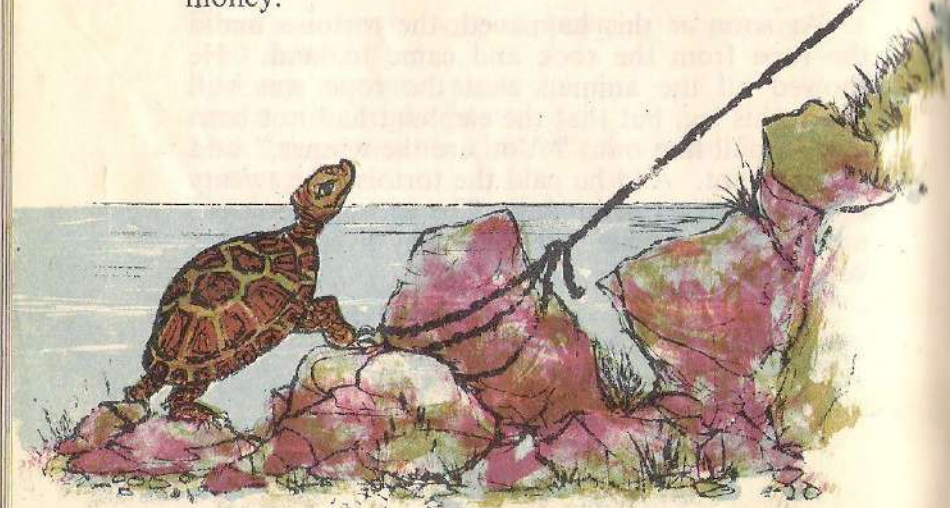
Because the tortoise was very small, the elephant said, "If I cannot draw you out of the water I will give you twenty thousand pieces of money." So next morning all the animals came along to see the tug of war. The tortoise got some very strong rope. He tied it to his leg, and went down to the river. When he got there he tied the rope round a big rock under the water. The other end was left on the shore for the elephant to pull. Then the tortoise went down to the bottom of the river and hid himself. The elephant came along and started pulling. After a time he broke the rope.

As soon as this happened, the tortoise undid the rope from the rock and came to land. He showed all the animals that the rope was still tied to his leg, but that the elephant had not been able to pull him out. "You are the winner," said the elephant. And he paid the tortoise the twenty thousand pieces of money. The tortoise took the money home to his wife, and they lived together very happily.

After three months had passed, much of the money was spent. The tortoise thought he would make some more by the same trick. So he went to the hippopotamus. He said, "Will you have a tug of war with me?" The hippopotamus replied, "Yes, I will. But I shall take the water and you will take the land. I will then pull you into the water."

"Very well," said the tortoise. So they went down to the river as before. The tortoise got some strong rope. He tied it to the hind leg of the hippopotamus, and told him to go into the water. As soon as the hippopotamus had gone out of sight under the water, the tortoise put the rope twice round a strong palm-tree that was growing near. Then he hid himself at the foot of the tree.

When the hippopotamus was tired of pulling, he came up puffing and blowing water into the air from his nostrils. As soon as the tortoise saw him coming up, he unwound the rope, and walked down toward the hippopotamus. He showed him the rope round his leg. Then the hippopotamus said that the tortoise was too strong for him, and handed over the twenty thousand pieces of money.



The elephant and the hippopotamus then said that they would take the tortoise as their friend; he was so very strong. But, of course, he was not really so strong as they thought. He had won because he was so cunning.

## FAIRIES

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden !  
It's not so very, very far away ;  
You pass the gardener's shed, and you just keep  
straight ahead——

I do so hope they've really come to stay.  
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,  
And a little stream that quietly runs through ;  
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry-  
making there——

Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden !  
They often have a dance on summer nights ;  
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little  
breeze,

And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.  
Did you know that they could sit upon the  
moonbeams,  
And pick a little star to make a fan,  
And dance away up there in the middle of the  
air ?

Well, they can.

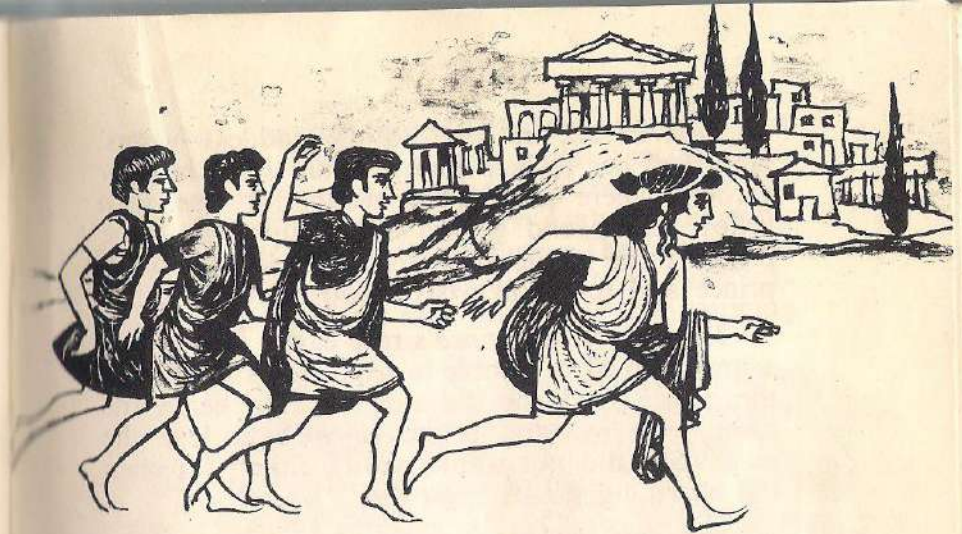
There are fairies at the bottom of our garden !  
You cannot think how beautiful they are ;  
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen  
and King

Come gently floating down upon their car.  
The King is very proud and very handsome ;  
The Queen—now, can you guess who that could  
be ?

She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals  
away——

Well, it's Me !

—ROSE FYLEMAN.



## THE RACE

Long ago there lived a little princess called Atalanta, who was very fond of playing games with boys. She was a very fast runner. Her playmates soon found that she could race them all.

Atalanta grew into a lovely maiden, and many a young man wished that he could marry her. She said that she would only marry the man who could race her. Many tried to beat her in a race. But they all failed. The worst of it was that, when they lost the race, they had to be put to death.

One day a handsome young prince watched Atalanta race. He thought she looked most lovely as she ran. Her long, golden hair streamed out behind her, her bright eyes shone, and her swift feet seemed to have wings upon them. The prince made up his mind to try to race her.

First of all, he went to the goddess Venus. He asked her to help him. Venus went into her garden, where she had a wonderful tree with yellow leaves and golden apples upon it. She picked three of the apples. She gave them to the prince and told him what to do with them.

The day of the prince's race came. There was a great crowd of people to see it. Atalanta liked the prince, and she did not want to begin the race. She was too proud to wish to lose the race. She did not want to win, either, for then the charming prince must die.

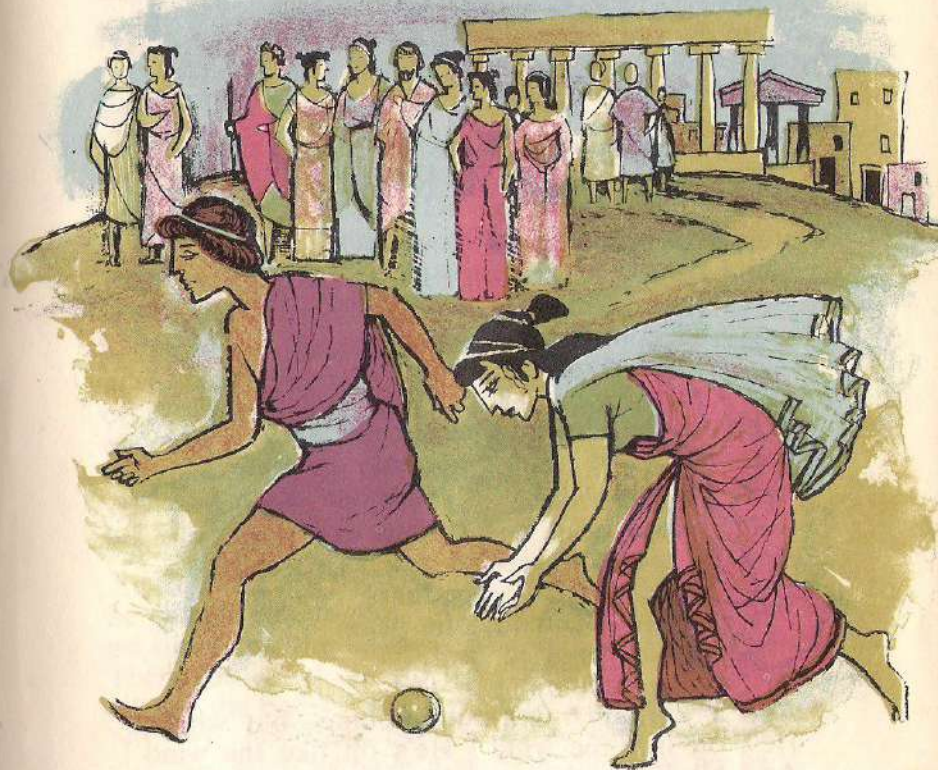
The two runners waited for the word to start. There was a loud blast of a trumpet, and off they went. Atalanta ran like the wind, and was soon ahead of the prince. The crowd cheered him on. Then he rolled one of his golden apples along the ground, right past Atalanta's feet.

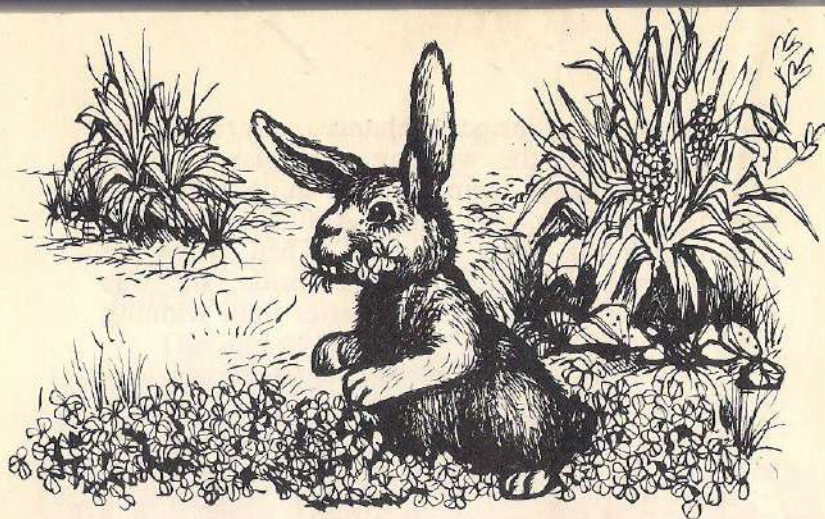
She looked down in great surprise at the ball of gold. Then she stopped for a second to pick it up. While she paused, the prince raced ahead. The crowd cheered and cheered. Atalanta ran faster than ever, and soon passed the prince.

Again he rolled a golden apple in front of her. She stopped to watch it, and ended by picking it up. The prince passed her once more. But, in a few moments, the swift Atalanta was leading.

The winning post was now not far off. The prince threw his last apple, hoping and hoping that once more Atalanta would stop. She saw the gleaming fruit roll across the sand, and felt that she must have it. For just one second she bent and caught it up.

That was the prince's chance. Darting past her, he reached the winning post just in front of her. He turned round with a smile, while the crowd shouted for joy. At first Atalanta was angry with herself for losing the race. Then, when the noble prince claimed her as his bride, she was happy. Losing *that* race was better than winning it.





## BUNNY RABBIT

Bunny creeps out and caresses his nose,  
Combs out his ears with his fluttering toes,  
    Blinks at the sun  
    And commences to run  
    With a skip and a hop  
    And a flippety-flop,  
Nibbling the clover wherever he goes ;  
But only when he is quite easy in mind  
Does he button his little white tail down behind.  
Bunny stops dead and stiffens each hair,  
And his eyelids freeze in a terrified stare,  
    And he pricks up his ears,  
    For the sound that he hears  
    Is a low muffled beat,  
    And a drumming of feet,  
And a warning rub-a-dub-dubbing—but where ?  
He's off like the wind ! He's off like the wind !  
And his little white tail is unbuttoned behind.

—DOUGLAS ENGLISH.

## APPLESEED JOHN

Once upon a time, in the United States of America, there lived an old man who was bent almost double by age and hard work. Although he was so old that he could work hard no longer, he still felt that he ought to do something to help others.

It was not easy for him to think of a way to do this, for he was no longer strong, and he had no money. At last, however, a good and very simple plan came to him.

He went to a town near by and began to walk up one street after another, calling at each house and asking for work. He looked so old that no one thought he could do much. People, however, were sorry for him, and some of them found little things for him to work at.

At some houses he watered the gardens, and at others he swept up the dead leaves. There were other houses still at which he looked after the children. When the time came to pay him, the people for whom he worked thought him very strange indeed, for he would take nothing for his work but ripe apples.

He carried a bag over his shoulder, into which he put the ripe apples. When it was full, he would go out from the town to his hut in the fields. There he would cut up the apples and eat them, all but the cores. Did he throw the cores away ? No. He put them back into the bag, for these, you see, were to have a part in the plan he had made.



At the end of every few months he would set off on foot over the plains, going far from the towns, among the farms and even among the Indians. As he went along, he would poke a hole here and there in the deep soil with the stout stick he carried. Into the hole he would drop an apple core, and then rake the soil on top of it again and go on his way.

At the farms to which he came the people gladly took him in. After supper he told the children stories. He told them how the owls hooted and the wolves howled out on the plains on the nights when he slept beneath the stars. He told them of his life in the city when he was a boy. Some of his stories of knights and dragons and battles came from his own head. Always in the morning, when the family got up, the old man, with his stick and his bag of apple cores, was gone.

When his apple cores gave out, he would go back to the town to work for more. As he went from house to house, singing and working, some



people called him lazy, while others said he was just a little bit mad. On and on he went, however, planting his apple seeds far and wide, and men called him Appleseed John.

There came a day at last when Appleseed John walked the plains no more. But in the years after his death his apple-trees, covered with flowers in spring, with leaves in the summer, and with ripe apples in the autumn, grew and flourished. Then the people of the plains remembered Appleseed John and were glad that he had lived. There are not many better ways in which a man can help those who live after him than by planting trees.

## RABBITS

I like rabbits best by far ;  
They're very funny animals rabbits are.  
They look so bunchy, but they are so long ;  
They look so little, and they are so strong.  
They don't quite jump, and they don't quite hop ;  
They just—go suddenly, and then just stop.  
But watch them if anybody moves or calls ;  
They race like thistle-down and bounce like balls.  
They plop down holes at such a fearful pace,  
Any other animal would bump its face.  
Their noses wobble, and their ears go flat,  
And no other animal's a tail like that.  
Have you seen them feeding in the evening dew ?  
I should never hurt a rabbit, if I were you.

—GEOFFREY VICKERS.



## THE MUSICAL BEAR

*1st Reader.*—There once lived an old man and an old woman who had two sons. The elder was called Toivo, and he was a good, hard-working lad, but very gloomy. Whether he was fishing, or whether he was making a sledge, or whether he was cutting down trees, he never laughed and he never sang ; he just smoked his pipe, puff, puff ! He was so gloomy that they called him Toivo-Never-Smile.

*2nd Reader.*—The younger son was called Matti. He was a good, hard-working lad, too ; but he was always smiling. Whether he was fishing, or whether he was making a sledge, or whether he was cutting down trees, he was always laughing and singing. He was so merry that they called him Matti-Merry-Lad.

*3rd Reader.*—Now, one day Toivo-Never-Smile wanted some wood to heat the stove. So he took his big axe, jumped into his sledge, and drove off.

*Class.* — Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop !

*4th Reader.*—And all the while he neither laughed nor sang ; he just smoked his pipe, puff, puff !

*Class.* — Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop !

*1st Reader.*—Soon he came to a forest, and, putting his sledge aside, he sat down on an old





tree stump and smoked his pipe, puff, puff! When he had finished his pipe he got up, and, choosing a good pine-tree, began to cut it down.

*Class.*—And swing and hack and rest,  
And swing and smack and rest,  
And swing and crack and rest,  
And swing and whack and rest!

*2nd Reader.*—The noise woke up a bad-tempered old bear who had his den near by.

*Bear.*—Who is that knocking? Who won't let me sleep? Who is spoiling the clean forest air with his filthy tobacco smoke? I will show him!

*3rd Reader.*—And the bear rushed upon Toivo-Never-Smile and knocked him over. Toivo



was glad to scramble back into his sledge, and to drive home.

*Class (quickly).*—Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop!

*4th Reader.*—So Toivo arrived home half dead, with his coat torn, without his axe, and without his logs.

*1st Reader.*—But wood was certainly needed for the stove, so Matti-Merry-Lad decided that he would go and get some. He took his guitar, jumped into the sledge, and drove off.

*Class.* — Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop !

*2nd Reader.*—All the while, he laughed and sang.

*Class.* — Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop !

*3rd Reader.*—Soon he came to the forest ; and to the very same place where his brother had stopped a little time before ; and to the very same pine-tree ; for there, lying in the snow, was Toivo's big axe. Before picking it up, he sat down on the old tree stump and played a tune on his guitar.

*Class.*—Plinka-plonka, plinka-plonka, plinka-plonka, plinka-plonka !

*4th Reader.*—Now, the bad-tempered old bear was very fond of music, and he woke up to the music that Matti-Merry-Lad was playing.

*Bear.*—Who is that tickling my ears ? I like it ! I shall go and see who it is.

*1st Reader.*—He came out of his den, and the music pleased him so much that he couldn't help dancing to it.

*Class.*—Plinka-plonka, plinka-plonka, plinka-plonka, plinka-plonka !

*2nd Reader.*—Matti stopped playing, and the bear stopped dancing.

*Bear.*—Hey, lad ! Teach me to play the guitar. I should like to play for my little cubs to dance.

*Matti.*—I'll teach you. Here, catch hold of the guitar like this, and pluck the strings like this.

*3rd Reader.*—But, when the bear tried to play it, his paws were too thick.

*Class (heavily).*—A-plonk, a-plonk, a-plonk, a-plonk !

*Matti.*—It's of no use. Your paws are too thick. You must have them made thinner.

*4th Reader.*—He led the bear to the pine-tree, and, swinging his axe, he split the tree down the middle and drove a wedge into the crack.

*Class.*—And swing and hack and rest !

*Matti.*—Come on, put your paws in there.

*1st Reader.*—The bear did so, and Matti brought his axe down with a mighty whack. The wedge flew out, and the bear's paws were held fast in the tree.

*Bear.*—Hey ! What are you doing ? Let me go !

*Matti.*—You must wait until your paws become thinner. You will never be able to play the guitar until your paws become thinner.

*Bear.*—I don't want to play the guitar. I want to get out.

*Matti.*—Will you promise never to frighten people or to drive them away from the forest ?

*Bear.*—Yes, yes ; I promise.

*Matti.*—Very well, I'll let you go.

*2nd Reader.*—And Matti drove the wedge into the crack again.

*Class.*—And swing and whack and rest !

*3rd Reader.*—The bad-tempered old bear pulled his paws out and ran back to his den as fast as he could go. Then Matti-Merry-Lad cut himself as many logs as he needed.

*Class.*—And swing and hack and rest,  
And swing and smack and rest,  
And swing and crack and rest,  
And swing and whack and rest !

*4th Reader.*—Since then the bad-tempered old bear has never interfered with people in that forest.

—E. NEWTON—G. SHELLEY.



## RIDING SONG

Flippity-flop ! Flippity-flop !  
Here comes the butcher to bring us a chop.  
Cantering, cantering down the wide street,  
On his little bay mare with the funny white  
feet ;  
Cantering, cantering out to the farm,  
Stripes on his apron and basket on arm.  
Run to the window and tell him to stop—  
Flippity-flop ! Flippity-flop !

—C. J. DENNIS.



## GOING AND COMING

Did you see them pass to-day—Billy, Kate, and  
Robin,  
All astride upon the back of old grey Dobbin,  
Jigging, jogging, off to school, down the dusty  
track ?  
What must Dobbin think of it, three upon his  
back ?  
Robin's at the bridle rein ; in the middle, Kate ;  
Billy's holding on behind, his legs out straight.  
Now they're coming back from school, jig, jog,  
jig !  
See them at the corner where the gums grow big,  
Dobbin's flicking off the flies and blinking at the  
sun ;  
Having three upon his back he thinks is splendid  
fun.  
Robin's at the bridle rein ; in the middle, Kate ;  
Billy's holding on behind, his legs out straight.

—C. J. DENNIS.

## LAZY TOK

### PART I.

Tok was born lazy. When she was a baby, everybody said what a good baby she was because she never cried. But really she was too lazy to cry. It was too much trouble. The older she grew the lazier she became, until she got so lazy that she was too tired to go and look for food for herself. One day she was sitting by the side of the river, too lazy to wonder where her next meal was coming from, when a Nipah-tree on the other side of the river spoke to her. A Nipah-tree is a kind of palm-tree.

" Good evening, Tok," he said. " Would you like to know how to get your meals without having to work for them ? "

Tok was too lazy to answer, but she nodded her head.

" Well, come over here and I'll tell you," said the Nipah-tree.

" Oh, I'm much too weary to come over there. Couldn't you come here ? " yawned Tok.

" Very well," said the Nipah-tree. And he bent over the river. " Just tear off one of my branches," he said.

" Oh, what a bother," said Tok. " Couldn't you shake one down yourself ? "

So the Nipah-tree shook himself, and down dropped one of his branches at Tok's feet.

“ Good evening, Tok,” said the Nipah branch. “ Would you like to be able to get your meals without having to work for them ? ”

Tok was too lazy to answer, but she nodded her head.

“ Well,” said the Nipah branch, “ all you have to do is to make a basket out of me.”

“ Good gracious,” said Tok. “ What a bother. Couldn’t you make yourself into a basket without my help ? ”

“ Oh, very well,” said the Nipah branch. And he made himself into a nice, neat, fat basket.

“ Good evening, Tok,” said the Basket. “ Would you like to be able to get your meals without having to work for them ? ”

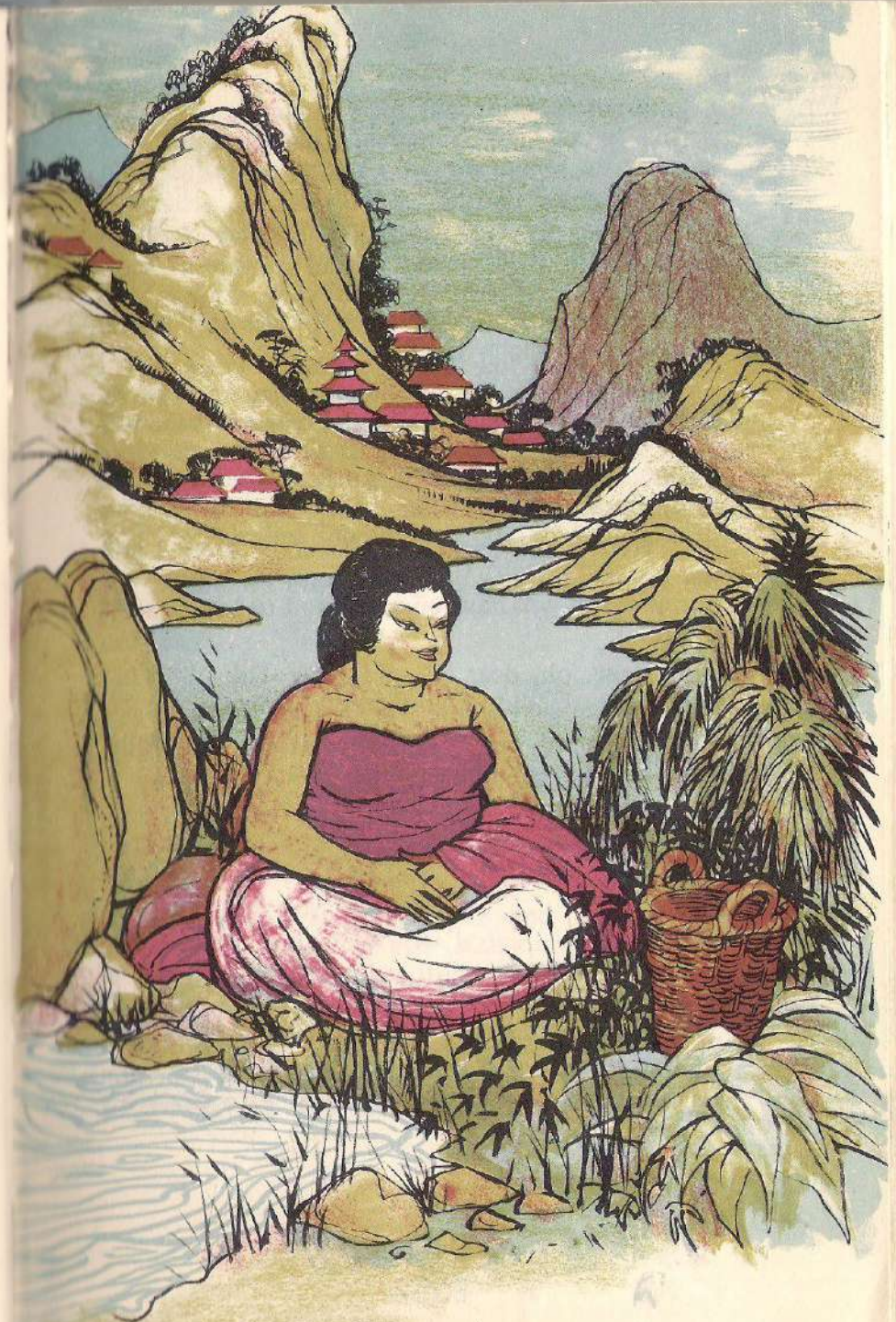
Tok was too lazy to answer, but she nodded her head.

“ Then pick me up,” said the Basket, “ and carry me to the edge of the road and leave me there.”

“ Good gracious me,” said Tok, “ do you think I’m a slave ? Couldn’t you pick yourself up and go without bothering me ? ”

“ Oh, very well,” said the Basket. And he picked himself up and went off and laid himself down by the side of the road.

He hadn’t been waiting there long before a fat Chinaman came along.



"What luck!" said the Chinaman. "Here's a fine basket that somebody has dropped. It will just do for me to carry my goods home from market."

So he picked up the Basket and went off to market with it. He soon had it full of rice, potatoes, dried shrimps, and other things too numerous to mention. When it was full up he started off home with it.

After a while he felt hot and tired. So he put the Basket down under a tree and went off to sleep. As soon as the Basket saw that the Chinaman was fast asleep, up it jumped and ran away back to Lazy Tok.

"Here I am," said the Basket. "Here I am, full to the brim. You have only to empty me out and you will have enough food to last you for a week."

"Dear, oh, dear!" said Lazy Tok. "What a bother. Couldn't you empty yourself out?"

"Oh, very well," said the Basket cheerfully. And he emptied himself into Tok's lap.

## LAZY TOK

### PART II.

Next week, when Tok had eaten all the food, the Basket went off again and lay down on the grass by the side of the road. This time a Boolloodoopy came along. When he saw the Basket he thought it would be fine to carry his

goods home from market. So he picked it up and took it off to the market. When it was full of pineapples and all sorts of nice things too numerous to mention, he started off home with it. But he hadn't gone far before he felt hot and tired, and sat down on the side of the road to have a nap. As soon as he had fallen asleep, up jumped the Basket and ran home to Lazy Tok.

So every week the Basket got itself carried to the market and came back full of fruit and rice and all sorts of other nice things too numerous to mention. And Lazy Tok sat on the river bank and ate and ate and ate and got fatter and fatter and lazier and lazier, until she became so fat and so lazy that she simply couldn't feed herself.

"Here we are waiting to be eaten," said the fruit and the shrimps and the other nice things one day.

"Oh, bother," said Lazy Tok. "Couldn't you feed me yourself, without giving me so much trouble?"

"We'll try," said the fruit and the shrimps and the other nice things. So after that they used to drop into her mouth without giving her trouble.

So Lazy Tok grew fatter and FATTER and FATTER, and lazier and LAZIER and LAZIER. But one day the Basket went off to lie down by the side of the road, just when the fat Chinaman who had picked it up the first time came along.

"Twee!" he said angrily. "There you are, you thief!" And he picked up the Basket and

took it to the market to show all his friends what had been robbing them. All his friends came round and looked at the Basket and cried, "That is the rascal that has been robbing us!"

So they took the Basket and filled it full of soldier ants, lizards, hot-footed scorpions, bees, wasps, leeches, and all sorts of other creeping, prickling, biting, stinging, tickling, and itchy things far too unpleasant to mention. After that they let the Basket go.

Off ran the Basket, with his load of bugs and beetles and centipedes and gnats, and ran straight home to Lazy Tok.

"What have you got for me to-day?" asked Lazy Tok.

"You'd better get up and look," said the Basket.

"Oh, dear me, no!" said Tok. "I'm so tired, and I feel I couldn't stir a finger. Just empty yourself into my lap."

So the Basket emptied the ants and beetles and other things too horrible to mention into Lazy Tok's lap.

Lazy Tok got up and ran and ran and ran, as she had never run in her life before. But the ants, beetles, and scorpions ran after her, and the leeches and lizards crawled after her, and the wasps and bees flew after her. They stung her and bit her and pricked her. The harder she ran the harder they bit her. As far as I know she may be running still, and she is thinner than ever.

—From *The Meeting Pool*, by MERVYN SKIPPER.



## The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat ;  
They took some honey, and plenty of money  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note,  
Pound note,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
Oh, let us be married! Too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring,  
A ring?  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the bong-tree grows;  
And there in the wood a Piggywig stood,  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.  
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill,  
The hill,  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And, hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

—EDWARD LEAR.



## HENRY, THE ENGINE

Henry was a brand-new railway engine. His name, Henry L. Smith, was in gleaming brass letters on the side of his boiler. He was very happy and very proud because he shone and sparkled so beautifully. To make him even happier, he had eight brand-new carriages and a brand-new luggage-van to pull along behind him.

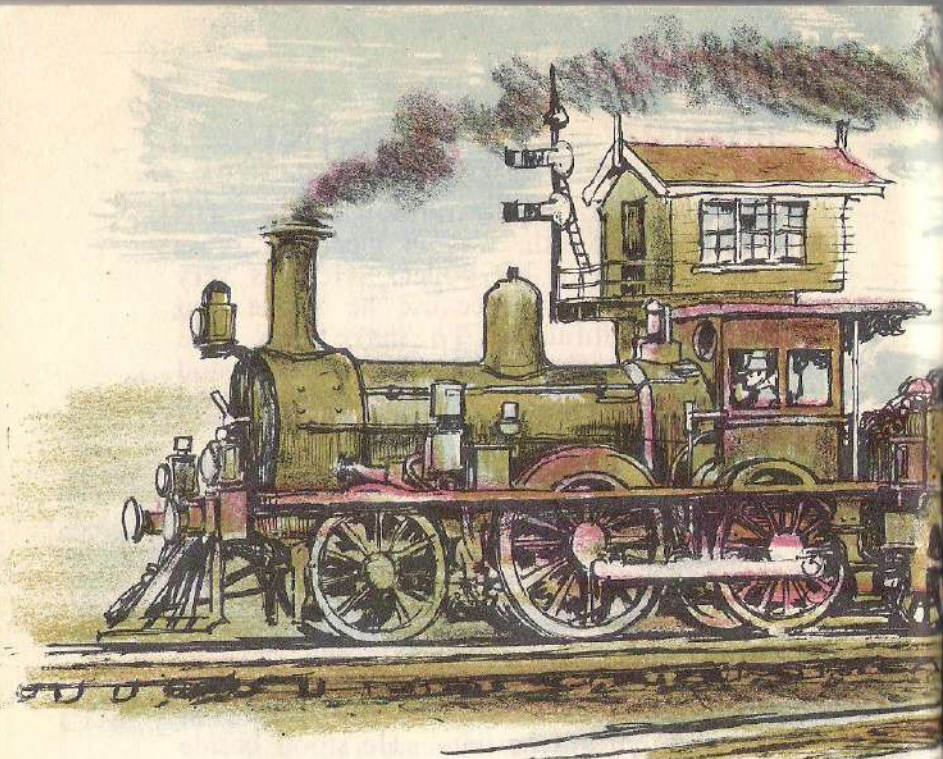
When his passengers stepped inside the carriages, he heard one say, "Isn't this nice?" Another said, "What comfortable seats!" A little boy cried in delight, "Daddy, may I go and look at that lovely new engine?" Henry was so pleased that he let a large puff of steam escape from him as he sighed with happiness.

He was taking passengers for the very first time. How important he felt! He stood beside the platform and smiled as he watched people hurrying to get seats in his new carriages. He did not even see the other train that stood beside him.

It was a goods train, with a very old engine, black and dirty, behind which stood a long line of trucks. Some were filled with coal, some with wood; others were closed so that no-one could see what was inside them. All were covered with a thick layer of dust, for they had come a long way.

Goods Engine was a friendly fellow. "Is this your first journey with passengers?" he asked.



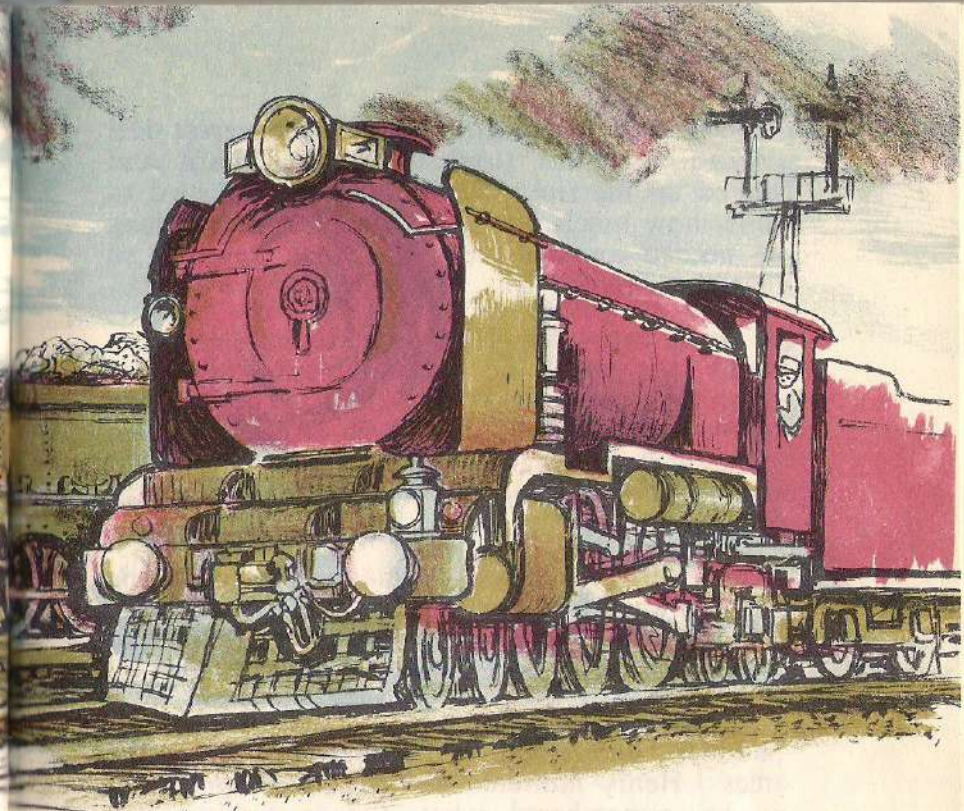


"Yes," said Henry, and he swelled with pride.

"Then, good luck!" said Goods Engine. "I hope you get there on time. That's the only thing that matters, you know."

"Thank you," said Henry. Then, as he looked sideways at Goods Engine, he said, "Why don't you get someone to clean you up a bit?" Poor Goods Engine felt sad and a little ashamed, but he said nothing.

At last all the cases and boxes were safely inside Henry's brand-new luggage-van, and all the passengers were sitting back in their seats.



The guard waved his green flag, and Henry moved smoothly out of the station. As he travelled away from town, he began to move faster and faster. "How happy I am! How happy I am! How happy I am!" he sang to himself as he rushed along.

Once he came to a level crossing and saw that the gates were open to let him pass. He blew his whistle loudly to all the people who were standing there to watch him. He saw paddocks, trees, and a shining river, as he carried his passengers along, singing to himself all the time.

Because he travelled so fast he ate a great deal of coal, and his fireman shovelled hard and stoked up the fire. Henry sang and whistled to show how much he enjoyed it all. Before long he needed another meal, and then another, so that the fireman was kept busy all the time.

Soon, however, Henry had eaten so many meals that when the fireman looked again for some coal there was none left. The fireman told the driver, and the driver looked worried. Henry's rush became slower and slower. At last he stopped altogether and made a long, low, hissing sound.

The driver climbed down and walked along the railway line, calling to the passengers: "Sorry, folk, we've run out of coal. There's no telling how long we'll be here."

Some people got out, walked across the paddock, and stood in little groups under the trees. Henry muttered and grumbled to himself as he remembered what Goods Engine had said. "You must get there on time. That's the only thing that matters." He was nearly in tears.

"What ever shall I do?" he thought. He tried and tried, but he couldn't move an inch.

"Get out of the way! Get out of the way! Get out of the way!" an angry voice shouted from behind, and it quickly came nearer and nearer.

"Good gracious!" panted Henry. "Another train is coming. We shall both be smashed!"

He was afraid. The driver of the second train saw a man standing still on the line and waving a red flag, so he slowed down until he stopped just behind the new luggage-van.

Poor Henry shivered. "That was a narrow escape," he thought. The engine behind was very angry, and it puffed and snorted while the two drivers talked.

"Sorry, we can't let you have any coal," said the second driver. "We've only just enough for ourselves."

Just then Henry heard another voice saying slowly, "What's going on here? What's going on here? What's going on here?" The goods train was coming along on the other railway line. His driver looked at the two trains standing there, and at all the people under the trees. Then he stopped Goods Engine right beside Henry.

"What's the trouble?" asked Goods Engine.

In a miserable voice poor Henry told him what was the matter.

"Don't worry," said Goods Engine, "we've plenty of coal to spare. Look, my fireman is already starting to give you some."

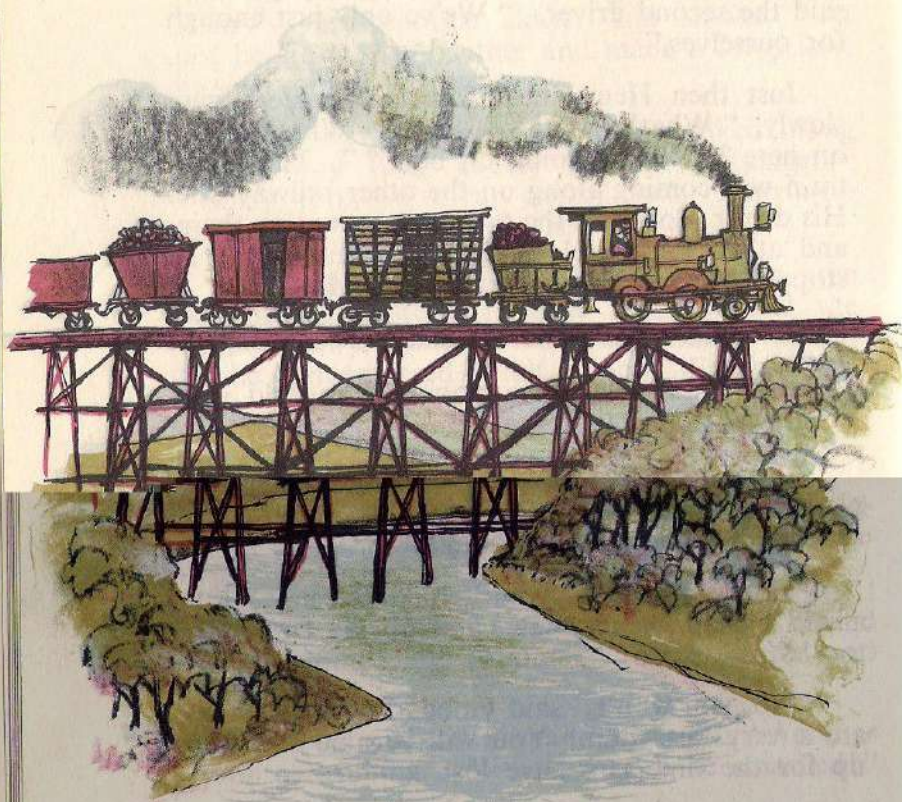
"Oh, I do thank you," said Henry. "I'm afraid I shall be very late, and on my first run, too!"

"No, you won't," said Goods Engine. "You are a very fast train. You will be able to make up for the time you have lost."

Goods Engine was right. Henry hurried as fast as he could, and arrived just on time. "What a good engine to get here on time after all!" said his passengers, as he stood by the platform, smiling once more.

Now, whenever Henry and Goods Engine pass one another, they blow their whistles. Of all the trains that travel up and down the line, these two are the best of friends.

—ELIZABETH COURTNEY.



## CLATTER, CLATTER, CLANG

I'm walking near the railway yards  
To hear the railway noise,  
A special thing that's only made  
By trains, for little boys.

"Toot!" calls the engine,  
Which bumps the first truck—bang!  
Then a truck bumps a truck,  
And a truck bumps a truck,  
"We're happy, happy, happy, happy,  
Happy, happy, clang!"

Of course, I've travelled in a train and heard  
the noise inside—

"Hippety rah, we're travelling far,  
Hippety ray, we're going away."  
And then I've travelled back again and had a  
lovely ride—

"Clackety clack, clackety clack,  
Clackety clack, we're glad to be back."

But noises in the railway yards  
Are extra special ones  
For little boys, from wheels and trucks  
And engines weighing tons.

"Toot!" calls the engine;  
The signal drops, and—bang—  
A truck bumps a truck  
And a truck bumps a truck,  
"Clang, clang, batter, batter,  
Batter, batter, clang!"

—NEL LAW.

## The Golden Bird in the King's Garden

### PART I.

There was once a king who had a beautiful garden. In it stood a tree that bore golden apples. About the time when the apples grew ripe, it was found that every night one of them was gone.

The king became very angry at this, and ordered the gardener to watch all night. The gardener set his eldest son to watch ; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch ; and at midnight he, too, fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone.

Then the third son lay down under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve, a bird of pure gold came ; and, as it was snapping at one of the apples, the gardener's son shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did no harm to the bird, which dropped a golden feather from its tail and then flew away.

The golden feather was brought to the king in the morning. Everyone agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom. But the king said, "One feather is of no use to me. I must have the whole bird."

Then the gardener's eldest son set out to find the golden bird. When he had gone a little way he came to a wood. There he saw a fox, and was going to shoot it. But the fox said :

"Do not shoot me, for I will give you good advice. I know that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village, and you will see two inns facing each other. One of the inns is very beautiful to look at. Do not go there, but rest for the night in the other."

But the son took no notice of the fox, and, when he came to the village, he went into the better inn, and ate and drank, and forgot about the bird. Time passed on, and, as the eldest son did not come back, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him.

The youngest son then went to seek the golden bird. As he came to the wood, he met the fox, and heard the same good advice. But he was thankful to the fox, and did not try to shoot him. So the fox said, "Sit on my tail, and you will travel faster."

So he sat down, and the fox began to run. Away they went, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the son went to the shabby inn and stayed there all night. In the morning the fox came again and said :

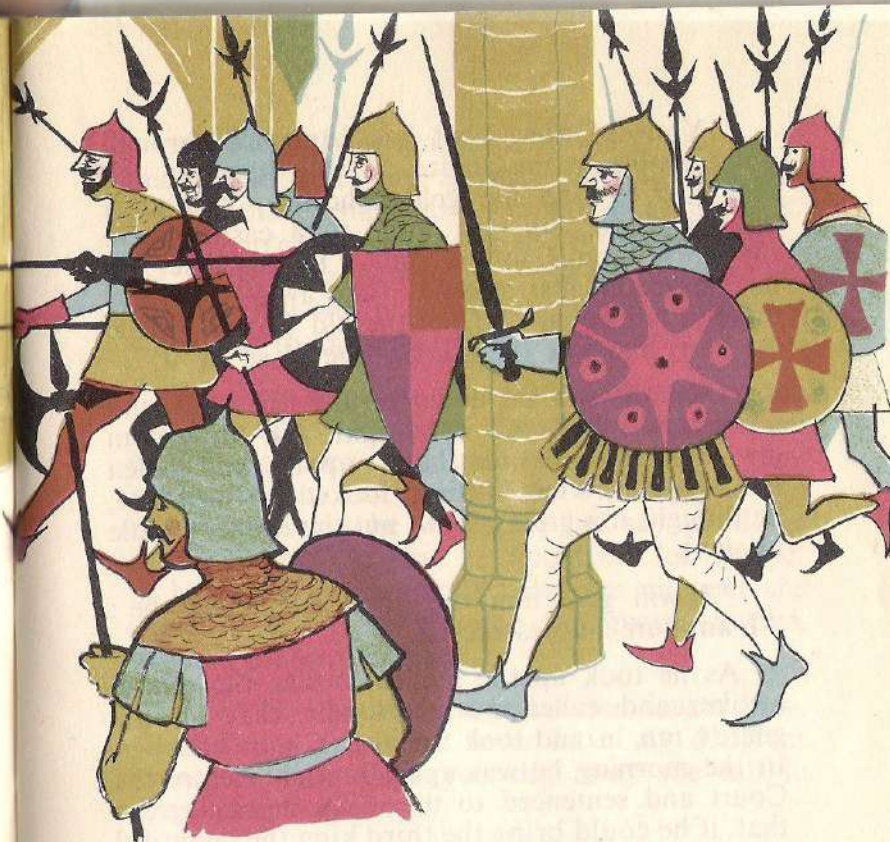
"Go straight forward till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep. Take no notice of them ; but go into the castle and pass on till you come to a room where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage. Close by it stands a beautiful golden cage ; but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one."



The fox stretched out his tail again, and away they went.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said. So the son went in and found the room where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage. Below stood the golden cage, and the three golden apples that had been lost were lying close by it. Then he thought :

“It will look very strange to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage.”



So he took hold of it, and put it in the golden cage. But the bird set up such a loud scream that the soldiers awoke, and took him prisoner. The next morning the Court sentenced him to die, unless he should bring the second king the golden horse, which could run as swiftly as the wind. If he did this, he was to have the golden bird for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, when the fox met him and said :