

Little Mother Series

The Three Baby Bears



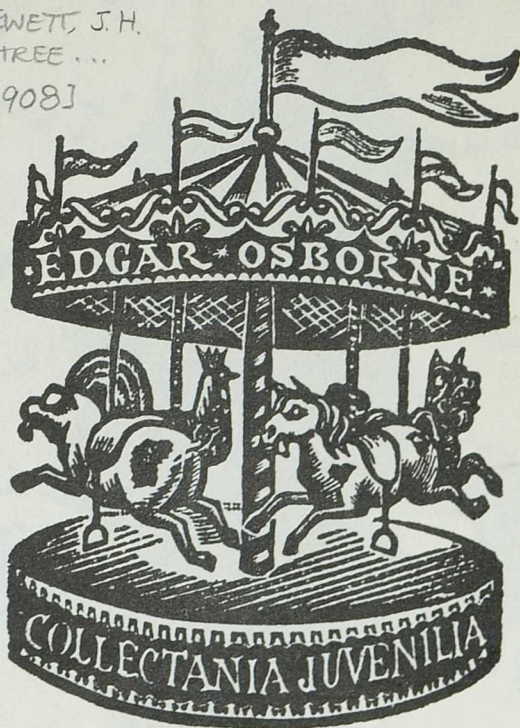
by John Howard Jewett.

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JEWETT, J. H.

THREE...

[1908]



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THE THREE BABY BEARS

by John Howard Jewett.



Illustrated by
Edith Cubitt.

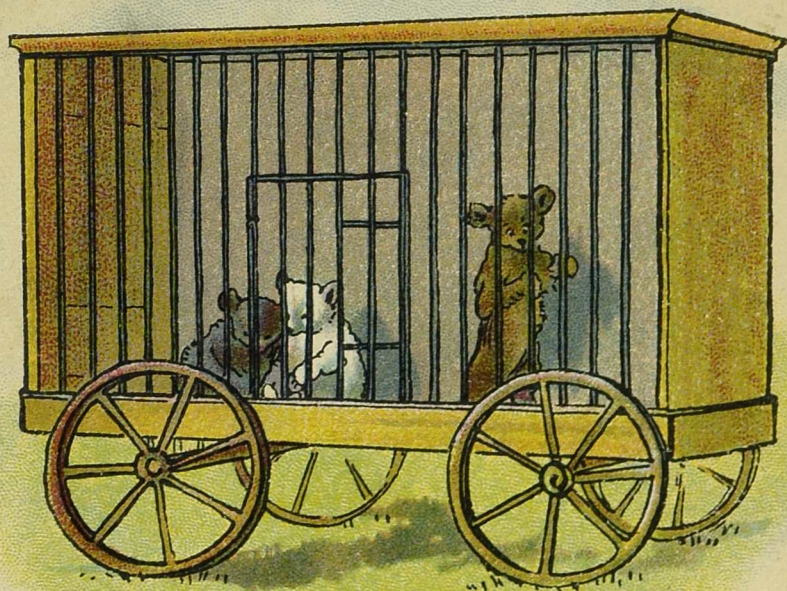


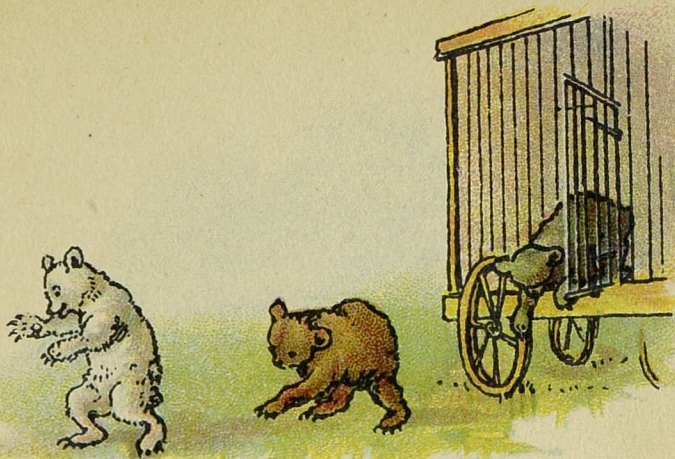
The Three Baby Bears.

INTRODUCTION.

THREE chubby Baby-Bears,
White, and Black and Brown,
Fluffy, Nig and Dingy,
How they came to Town.

Where Fluffy found
her Bread and Milk;
Why Nig liked Honey best;
Where Dingy found the Berries;
And—the Story tells the rest!





FIRST STORY.

The Circus Runaways.

NOT long ago, Three Baby-Bears
Were stolen while at play,
And locked up in a Circus-cage
And kept there night and day.

One day the frisky Baby-Bears
Crawled out and clambered down
The wagon side, and started off
Alone to see the town.

One chubby little Baby-Bear
Wore fur of snowy white,
One roguish cub was Dingy Brown,
The other Black as night.

These chubby, roguish Baby-Bears
Set out in search of fun,
And bravely marched along the road—
And now the Story's begun.

LITTLE MOTHER STORIES.

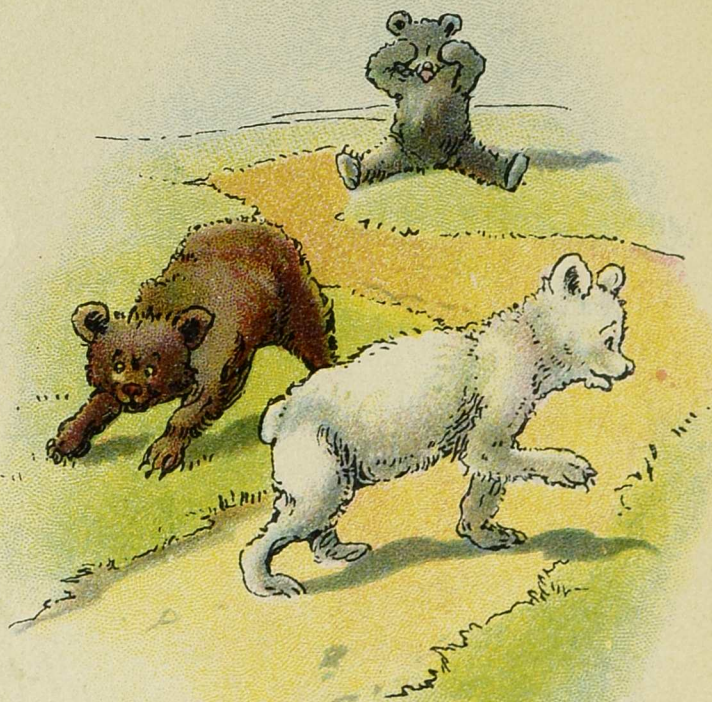




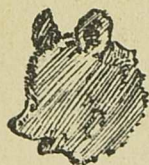
Fluffy, Nig and Dingy,
Were their Baby-names;
Full of fun and frolic,
They played all sorts of games.



Fluffy, Nig and Dingy,
Long before 'twas noon,
Were hungry for their dinner
And hoped to find one soon.



Fluffy, Nig and Dingy
Went searching ev'rywhere,
And saying to each other:—
“I'm hungry as a Bear.”



At last they found some water,
And glad they were to drink;
When Fluffy, Nig and Dingy
Began to think, and think!



Little Fluffy Baby-Bear

Said, "I should like to cry,
Why don't we find some
Bread and Milk,
I'm hungry, tired, and dry."



Chubby Nig then bravely said—
Looking very wise—
"Perhaps we'll find
some Berries, dear,
And have some Berry-Pies."

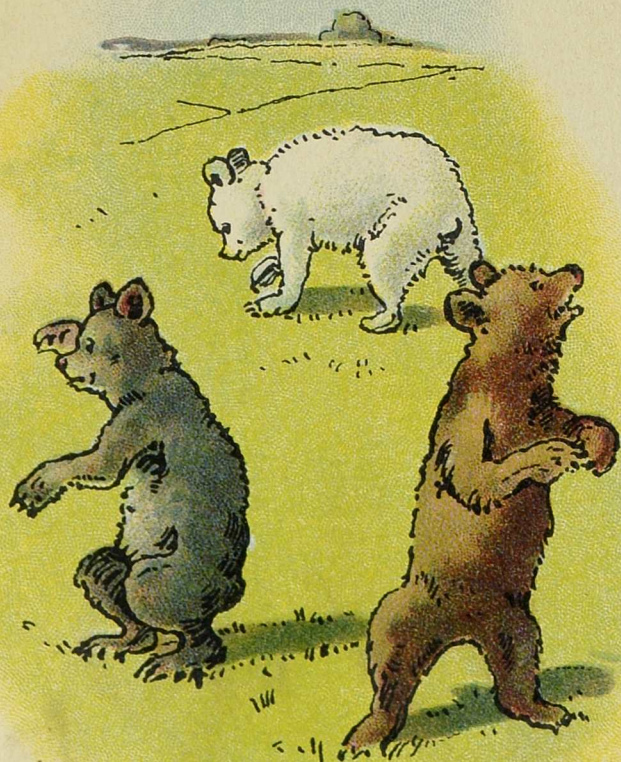




Roguish little Dingy-Bear
Then began to smile,
And said—"I'll get some
Honey-comb—
Wait a little while."



Hungry little Baby-Bears
Searching near and far,
Found no Milk, nor Berry-Pie,
Nor a Honey-Jar.





Three hungry Baby-Bears
A long way off from Town,
Weary, sad and dusty,
Watched the sun go down.





Three sorry Baby-Bears
Just then chanced to see
Puck, the Prince of Fairies,
Peeping 'round a tree.



Three noisy Baby-Bears
Shouted in their glee—
“Hi, there! We are hungry!
Please ask us in to tea.”



Three happy Baby-Bears,
Puck to his bower led,
Gave each a bath and supper,
And put them all to bed.





SECOND STORY.

HOW Fluffy, Nig and Dingy
Met the Circus Clown—
What happened to the Runaways
And Why they left the Town.

They wandered to a City,
And in the darkness there,
They couldn't find each other,
Though searching everywhere.



Why they Left the Town.

JOLLY little Baby-Bears
Woke at break of day,
And found their breakfast ready,
But Puck had gone away.

Merry little Baby-Bears,
Thankful as could be,
Wrote to Puck a letter,
And pinned it on a tree.

Wondering little Baby-Bears
Strolling into Town,
First were glad, then sorry,
To meet the Circus Clown.



"Watch out,"
cried the friendly Clown,
"The Circus comes to-day,
And here's a notice saying:--
"Three Cubs have run away."



Frightened little Baby-Bears
Asked the nearest way
To leave the Town behind them—
Then—the Band began to play!



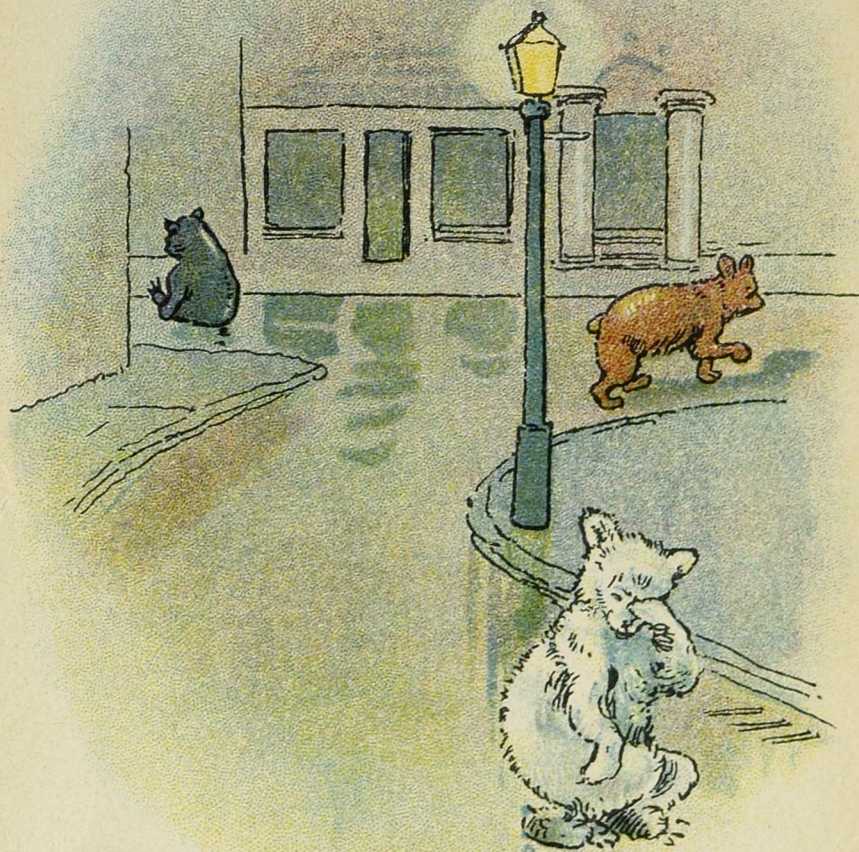
How those frightened Baby-Bears,
White and Black and Brown,
Fluffy, Nig and Dingy,
Hustled out of Town.





Racing, puffing Baby-Bears
Nearly dead from fright,
Tried hiding in a City,
And all got lost that night.





Lost and lonesome Baby-Bears,
Did they meet again?
May be not—and May be
Their Story'll tell us when.





THIRD STORY.

HOW Fluffy wandering alone
Was frightened there to meet
A band of noisy Hoodlums,
Parading through the Street.

How she lost her way again
And from the Hoodlums fled.
How glad to meet a Milkman,
And what a Milkman said.



When Fluffy Met the
Hoodlums.

WHEN Fluffy met
the Hoodlum band,
While going through the town,
They tried to catch and hold her,
And rudely threw her down.







Little Fluffy Baby-Bear
Almost lost her breath,
And when she
got away from them
Was nearly scared to death.





Little Fluffy ran and ran,
Till they gave up the chase;



The Hoodlums couldn't catch her,
And Fluffy won the race.



Lost and lonely Baby-Bear,
Strolling on the road,
Saw a Milk-cart coming,
A Milkman with his load.



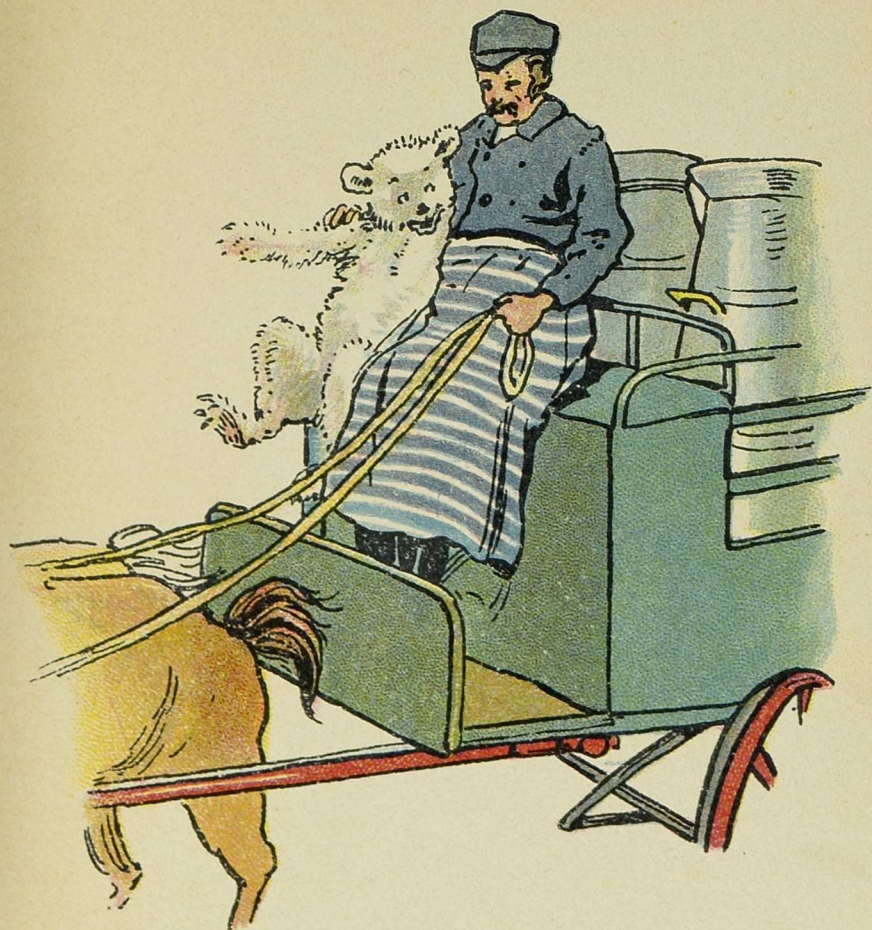
The Horses pranced to see a Bear,
Until the Milkman said:—
“Come here, you big white Kitten,
You needn't be afraid.”





The smiling Milkman took her up
Beside him on the seat;
"You are the biggest Kitten,"
Said he: "I've chanced to meet."





Fluffy drank a can of milk
And whispered to him there,
"I'm not a big white Kitten,
I'm only a Baby-Bear."



The Milkman said:

"Ha! ha! Ho! ho!

The Circus man wants you,
Perhaps you'd like to see him—
Where are the other two?"



Then Fluffy cuddled up to him
And said: "Please let me stay,
I've had enough of Circus,
That's why we ran away."

The Milkman carried
Fluffy home,
To be the Children's pet,
And grow up with them—May be
She's living with them yet.

FOURTH STORY.

HOW little Nig, the Baby-Bear,
Went searching hollow trees
To find the Wild Bees' Honey—
And afterwards found Bees.

How naughty Nig upset the hive,
And how the Bees stung him;
How Nig ran to the river,
So glad that he could swim.





Where Nig found Bees and Honey.

LITTLE Nig, the Black Bear,
Went tramping far away
In search of Bees and Honey,
And didn't stop to play.



Nig was so very hungry,
He chased some Busy Bees,
To find their nests and Honey
Hid in hollow trees.



The Busy Bees had hidden
Their Honey up too high
For Nig to climb and get it—
Those Bees were very sly.



Then the hungry little Bear
Went searching all around,
Until he found a Farm-yard,
With Bee-Hives on the ground.



Nig smacked his lips and chuckled
As he upset the hive,
But found while stealing Honey,
The Bees were all alive.





They pounced on the sticky Nig,
And stung his ears and face,
And when he ran, they gave him
A long and lively chase.

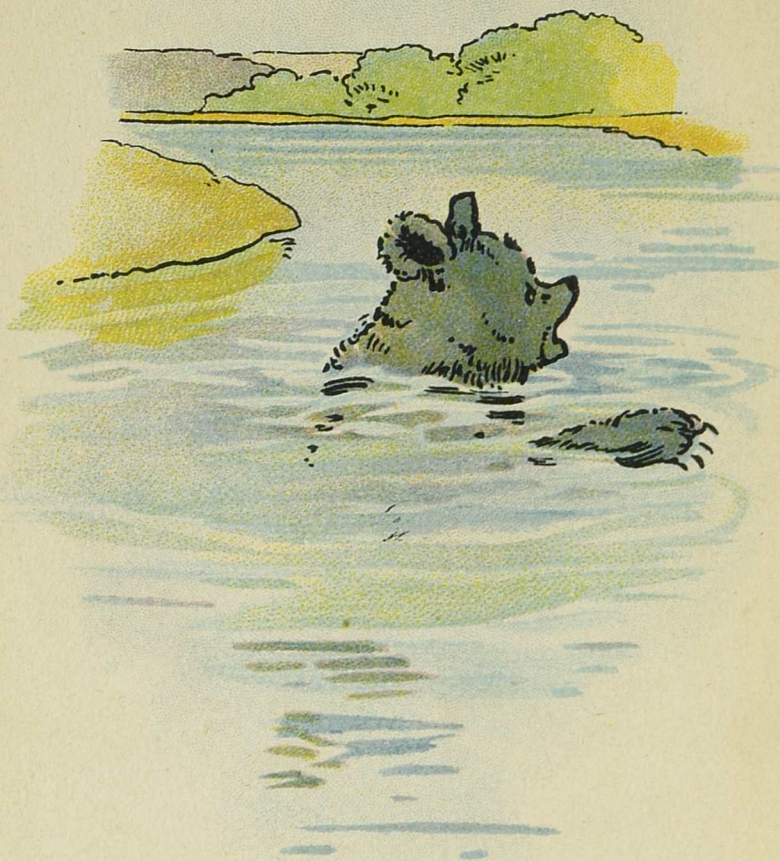




They kept him very busy,
For miles they followed him,
Till Nig ran to a river,
And plunged in for a swim.

He swam across the river,
And came out very wet.
The Bees went home, but may be
Nig is running from them yet.









FIFTH STORY.

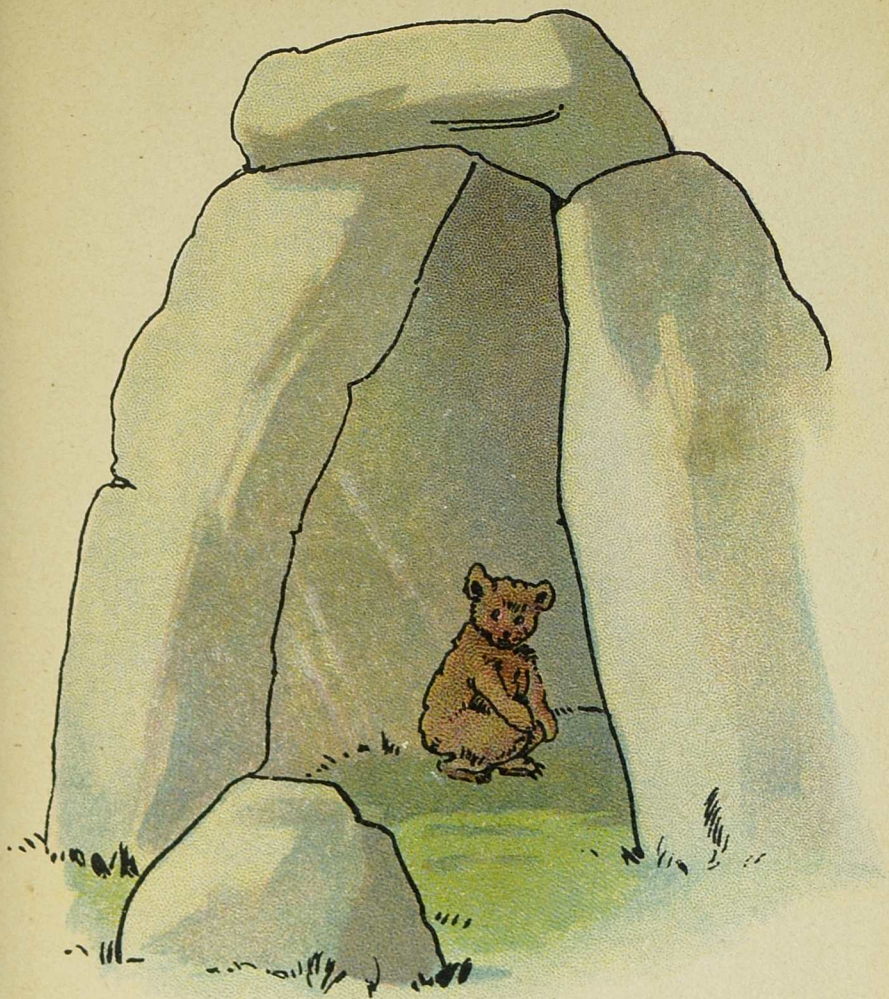
WHERE Dingy
found a Berry-patch
And lots of Berries there;
Until the Dogs found Dingy
And chased that little Bear.





Where Dingy found a rocky place
And made himself a Den
To hide in, near the Berry-patch—
And how he liked it then.

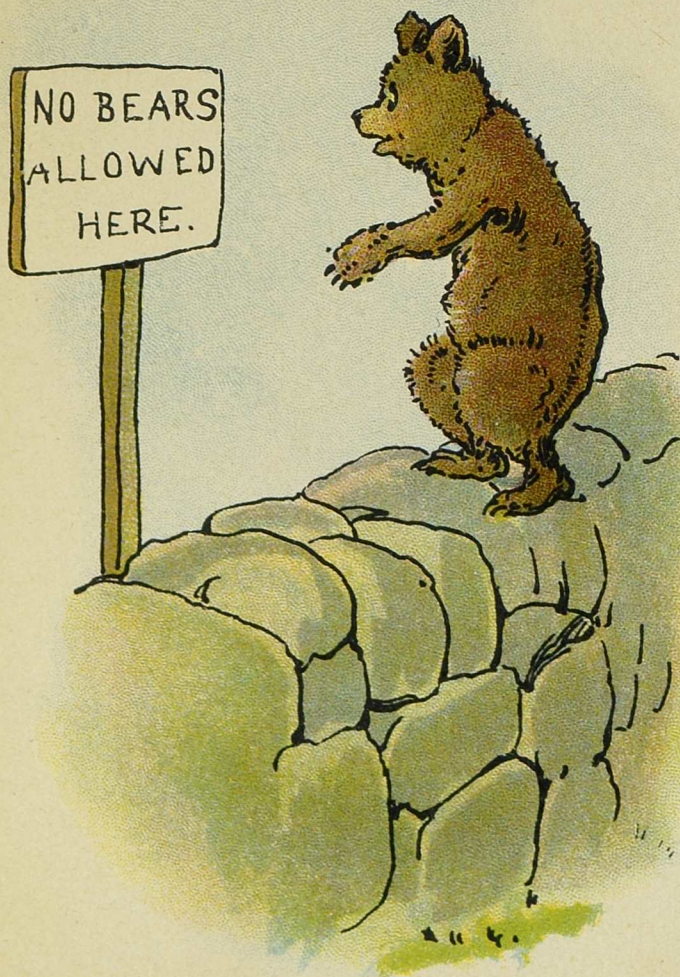




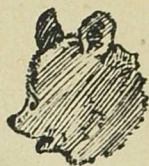
How Dingy Liked Berries and Dogs.

WHILE frisky little Dingy
Was wandering all alone,
He found a Berry pasture
Behind a wall of stone.

When Dingy climbed
the low stone wall,
He thought it very queer
To find a printed notice,
"No Bears allowed in here."



But Dingy picked and ate and ate,
Until he had his fill;
If something hadn't happened,
He might be picking still.

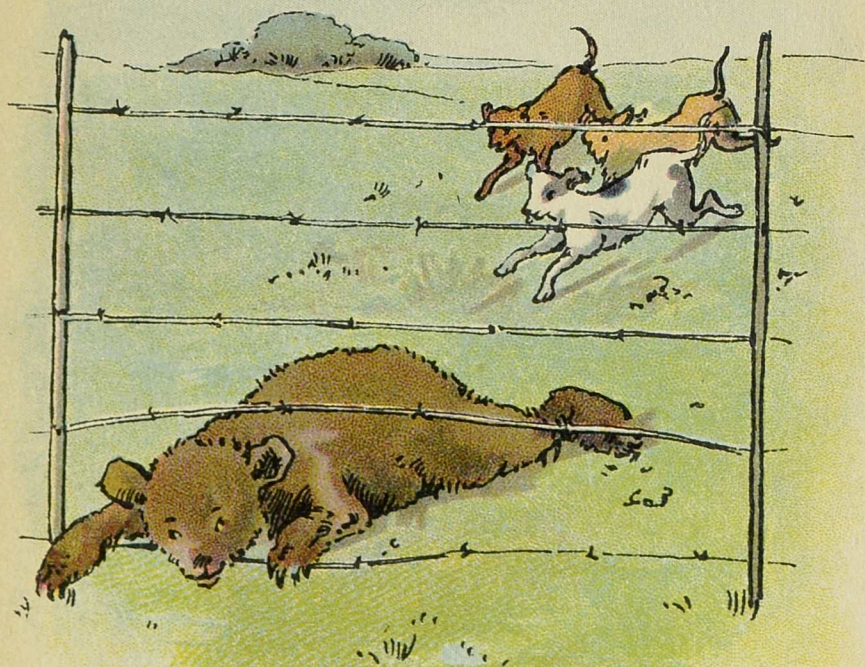


The man who owned
the Berry-patch
Kept Dogs to guard the place,
And when they spied poor Dingy,
The Dogs gave him a chase.



They chased him up
and down the patch,
Dingy galloped like a streak,
Until they spoiled more Berries
Than they could eat in a week.

• Then Dingy found
a barbed-wire fence
And crawled through
safe and sound;
The Dogs who tried
to jump the fence
Were thrown back
on the ground.



The sharp wire-barbs
 had pricked the Dogs
And made them yelp, "Ki-yi,"
Till home they ran, while Dingy
Hid in the woods close by.

And then he found a cozy cave
Behind a pile of rocks,
With doors and windows
 made of stone
That fastened without locks.

When all the Dogs
 had gone to sleep,
The hungry little Bear
Stole back into the Berry-patch
And had his supper there.



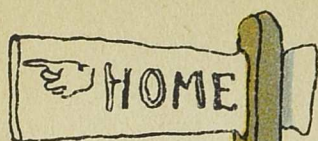
Then Dingy made the cave his den,
With Berries near to get
For Berry-Pies—and may be,
He's keeping house there yet.



What Happened Then.

IT may be—that
 something else happened,
It may be—this Story's not done.
It may be—the Baby-Bears grew up,
It may be—they had lots of fun.

For some one who told me the story,
Said all Baby-Bears liked to roam
Until they were homesick and lonely,
And glad then to run away home.



And that is why Baby-Bear Fluffy
Came back to her own folks to stay,
That both Nig and Dingy came later
And never again ran away!



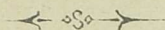
P.S.

The same Story-teller has told me,
The Baby-Bears never grew old;
And if you'd like more he will tell you
The stories the Baby-Bears told,

When they were safe home
in the forest;
More stories
than one book can hold.
And that's why
you'll find in another,
The stories the Baby-Bears told!



THE LITTLE MOTHER STORIES.



Uniform in price and similar in style:

1. Baby Finger Play.
2. The Three Baby Bears.
3. The Stories the Baby Bears Told.
4. The Baby Bears' Picnic.
5. The Little Toy Bearkins.
6. Toy Bearkins' Christmas Tree.
7. Little Blue Rabbit and his Adventures.
8. Edward Buttoneye and his Adventures.
9. Little Redskins.
10. The Animals' Trip to Sea.







