

FARM-YARD FOLK

AND- THEIR- WAYS



ECIL ALBIN

To Irene Roussom
new Dublin

John

Dec 1909.

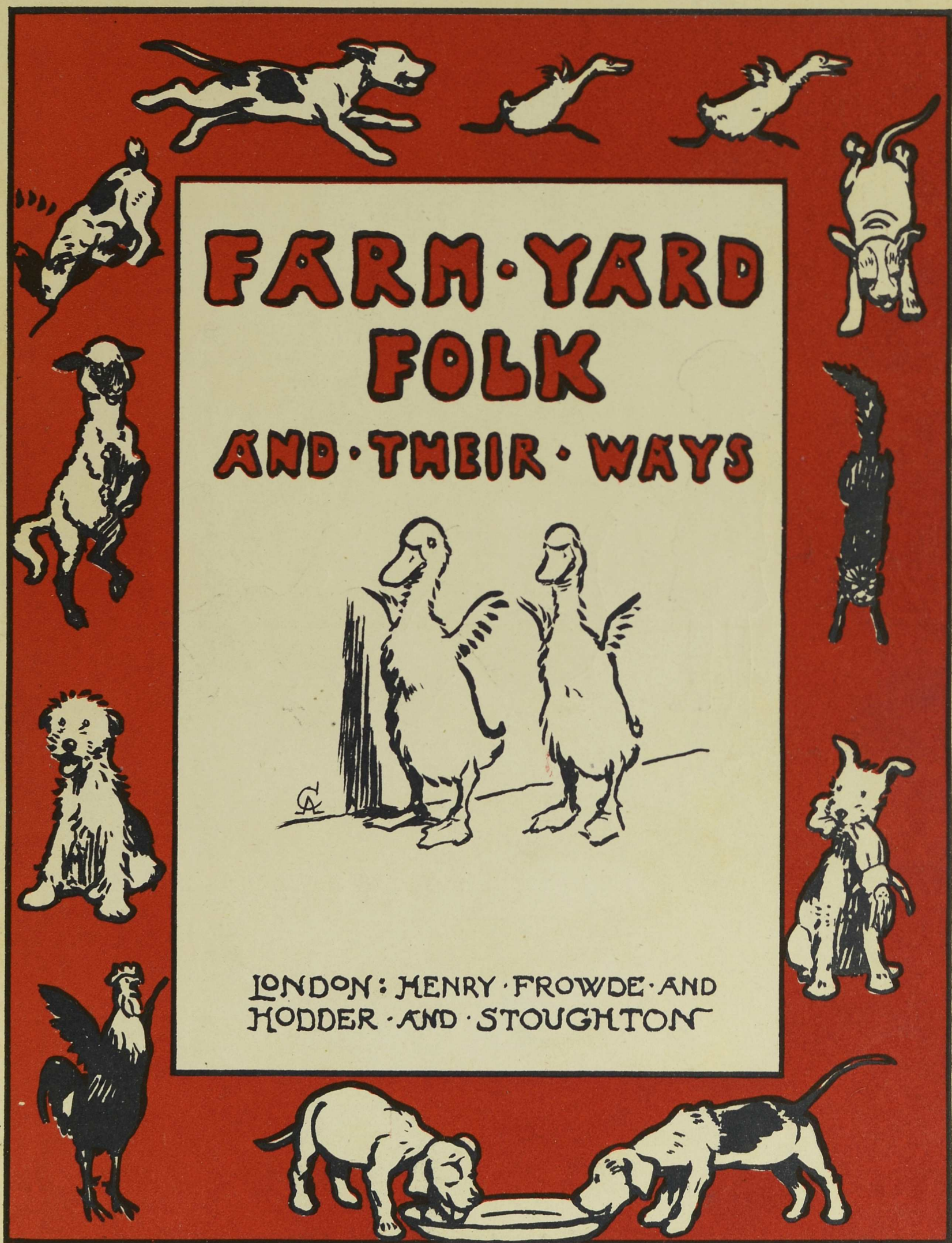


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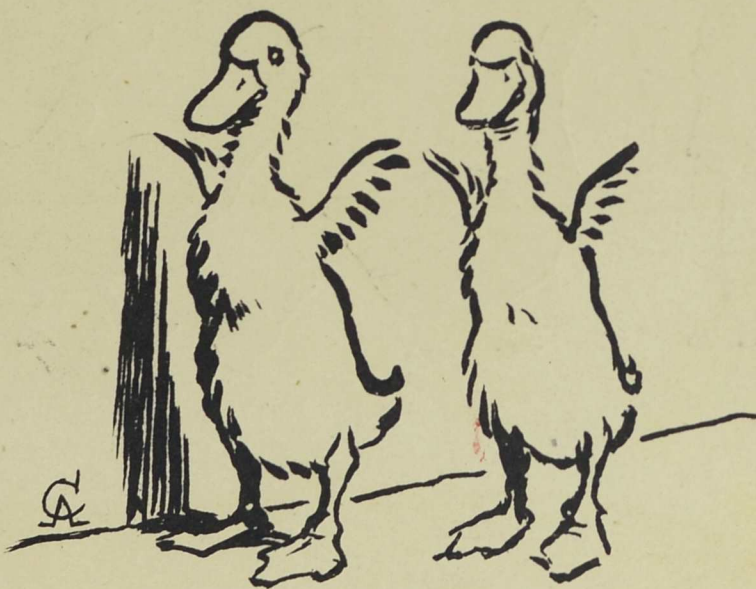
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FARM-YARD FOLK AND THEIR WAYS



LONDON: HENRY FROWDE AND
HODDER AND STOUGHTON



Robert Whalley
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Neddy and Trot



EDDY and Trot were sand-carriers.

They lived near the sea, and went with many other donkeys down a steep path on the side of a cliff to a sandy bay at the foot. There they were loaded with sacks of sand, which they carried up the cliff. The cliff-path was so narrow that the donkeys had to walk one behind another. Trot always

walked close behind Neddy, and in the shed at the top of the cliff, which was the donkeys' stable, Neddy and she stood side by side and fed from the same manger.

One day, Dora and Phil, with their father, came to the bay where the donkeys were at work. The children fell in love with Trot, who was a pretty little creature, neat of foot, with soft brown eyes.

"Do buy her for us, Father," said Dora.

"Perhaps her master cannot spare her," replied Father. But the donkey's owner was quite willing; so Trot was bought, and sent to her new home, three miles away, that evening.

Dora and Phil were delighted with her, and rode her every day. But Trot was not happy without Neddy. Although she had a comfortable stable, and as much hay and oats as a donkey could wish, she moped and would not eat. And she could never be persuaded to move faster than a slow walk with Dora or Phil on her back. One afternoon the children tied her to a tree, while they went into a wood to gather flowers. When they came back

NEDDY AND TROT

the donkey was gone. She had pulled her head free and run away. She went straight to the shed-stable on the cliff, and there she was found, saddled and bridled, standing quietly in her old place beside Neddy. She was brought home at once, but next morning she ran away again, and this time took Dora with her. The little girl, who was riding, tried to stop her, and Phil shouted, "Whoa! Stop now!" But Trot paid no heed to the pull on her bridle, nor to the cries, but galloped on to the top of the cliff, and turned into the narrow path leading down to the shore. Her old master, who was at work below, seeing her and the frightened child upon her back, shouted, "Shut your eyes, Missy, and hold tight. She will bring you down safely." Dora did as she was told, and Trot picked her way steadily and carefully over the stones until she reached the foot of the cliff, then, with a cry of pleasure, trotted straight to Neddy, and rubbed her nose against his.

After this, Father said Trot must be sold, as she was not a safe donkey for children. But Phil thought of a better plan. "Buy Neddy for me, Father, and let Dora keep Trot. She will settle down all right with her old friend." He was right. Father did buy Neddy, and now he and Trot are as happy as the day is long. With their young riders, they trot about the lanes, the fastest and best-groomed donkeys in that countryside. No one would guess they had ever been shaggy-coated sand-carriers. Indeed, they seem to have forgotten it themselves, and gallop along the cliff road, with never a turn of their heads as they pass the stable or the path leading to the sandy bay.



NEDDY AND TROT

*From a Picture by YATES CARRINGTON
By permission of THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY*

No Wool

“BAA, baa, black sheep!”

That's what the baby said;

“Oh, can't you leave off eating,

And play with me instead?

There's a rattle and a ball out here,

And lots of flowers to pull,—

But first, dear lambkins, tell me,

Why have you got no wool?”

“Baa, baa, baby!”

That's what the Lambkins said;

“It's time you left off playing,

And went straight home to bed:

We want to go to sleep ourselves,

Our eyes with dust are full,—

But first, dear baby, tell us,

Why have you got no wool?”

“Bark! bark! bad folks!”

That's what the sheep-dog said;

“Be off about your business,

And let me come instead.

If things go wrong, the farmer comes,

As angry as a bull,

And beats me,—which is very hard,

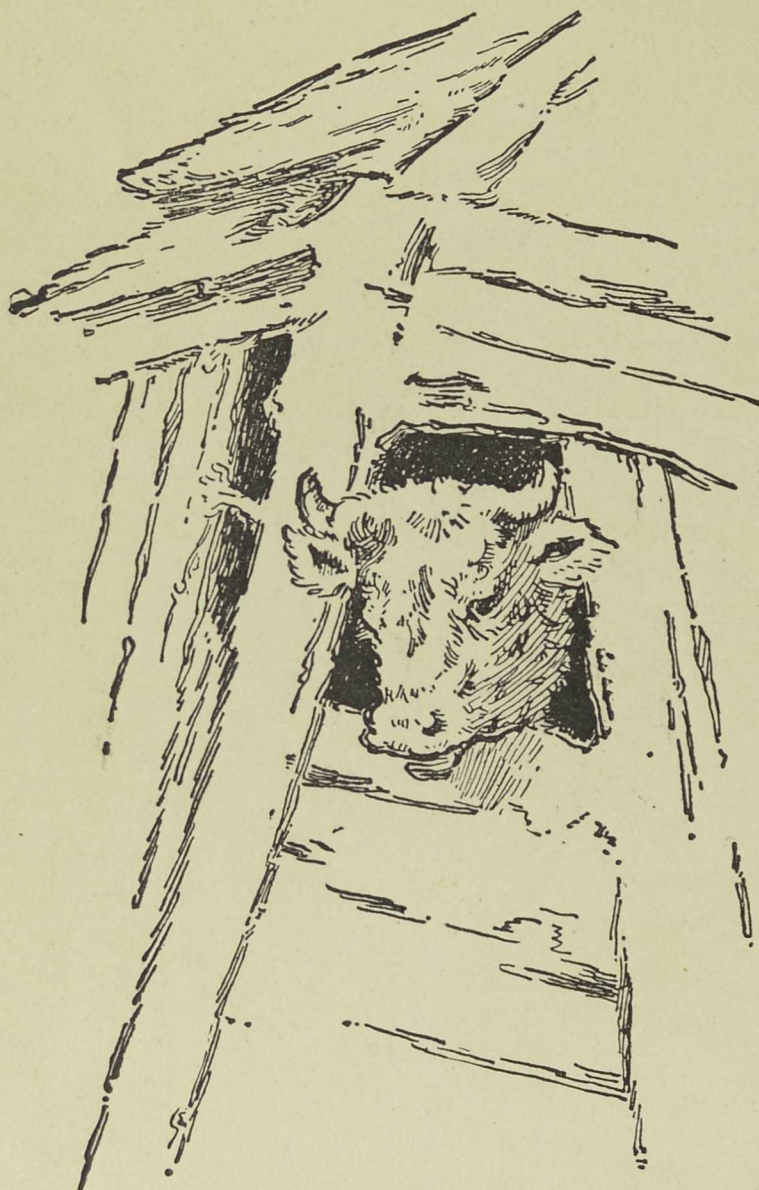
For *I* have got no wool!”



LAMBKINS

From a Drawing by CECIL ALDIN

Two Sides to the Question



IT was a very wet day. The rain streamed from the roofs, dripped from the trees, and bubbled in the gutters. The ducks were enjoying themselves, dabbling in the mud at the edge of the pond; but the cattle, after a hurried breakfast in the early morning, had taken shelter in the cow-shed. A young calf put his head out of the small window to see what was going on.

“Moo-oo!” cried he to the ducks. “Come in out of the rain. You will all catch cold.”

“Quack - quack!” replied the ducks, talking all at once.

“Why are you wasting such a lovely day indoors? Come out and be merry?”

“Lovely day, indeed!” said the calf, with a snort. “You must be mad to say so. No sensible creature would stay out-of-doors for pleasure in such dreadful weather.”

“Dreadful weather! Did you hear him call it dreadful weather?” screamed the ducks. “Look at the rain! Look at the mud! Why, the air is wet, the grass is wet, and the pond is full! What more can he want? Really, these creatures without feathers have no sense at all.”

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION

“Poo-oo-oo!” mooed the calf scornfully. “You don’t understand what you are talking about,” and he drew his head back into the shed.

“Quack, quack! Look! We have driven him away. We have shown him that he is wrong, and we are right,” gabbled the ducks, more noisily than ever.

“Did you ever hear such nonsense?” asked the calf, stamping with impatience.

“Take a mouthful of hay, and pay no heed to them, my son,” said a placid old cow. “They are only ducks, and know no better.”



Pretty Polly

“**P**RETTY Polly! Pretty Polly!” shrieked the parrot over and over again. She was excited, for she had been moved into the back-kitchen because her usual home, the conservatory, was in the hands of the painters.

“Some creatures think a great deal of themselves,” cackled an old hen in the yard. “Ugly Polly! I should say, with her gaudy feathers and great beak.”

“Quite right,” cackled another old hen. “It would be more modest to leave others to call her pretty, but these foreigners never know how to behave.”

Just then the cook came out of the kitchen, leaving the door open. Seeing this, the two old hens crossed the yard and came into the room. No one was there but the parrot, so they went in. “Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly!” screamed she, dancing up and down on her perch.

“Clk-Clk,” said the hens. “We have come to teach you that respectable creatures have had enough of your noise and nonsense.” And each seized in her beak one of the fine tail-feathers of the parrot, and began to pull.

Polly fluttered on her perch, screaming angrily, then tumbled off backwards. She alighted on the neck of one of the hens, into which she stuck her sharp claws. At the same time she pecked the other hen with her strong beak.

Then there was a great noise and commotion. The cook, running back to the kitchen, met two hens flying into the yard. The parrot was sitting on her perch once more, with her crest up, and her feathers ruffled. “Well, Polly! Been entertaining company?” asked the cook, laughing. “Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly!” shrieked the parrot.



F.N.

TEASING POLLY

From a Drawing by FLORENCE NOBLE

The Orphan

MAGGIE lived at a Highland farm beside a mountain lake. ∞ She had chickens to feed, and cows to milk, and butter and cheese to make. ∞ She helped to nurse the little weak lambs, and to bring the foals their food, ∞ and all the animals loved her, because she was kind and good. ∞ One day she was merrily playing, just outside the farm, ∞ with Donah the sheep-dog at her feet, and Donah's pup on her arm; ∞ when she heard a pitiful mooing, as sad as sad could be, ∞ and a little lonely calf came up and laid its head on her knee. ∞ It couldn't speak in English, of course, but it said, extremely plain, ∞ "Oh dear, I've lost my mother,—do help me find her again! ∞ Some men have taken her right away,—last night I saw them go. ∞ And I'm afraid she'll never come back,—and I do want her so!"

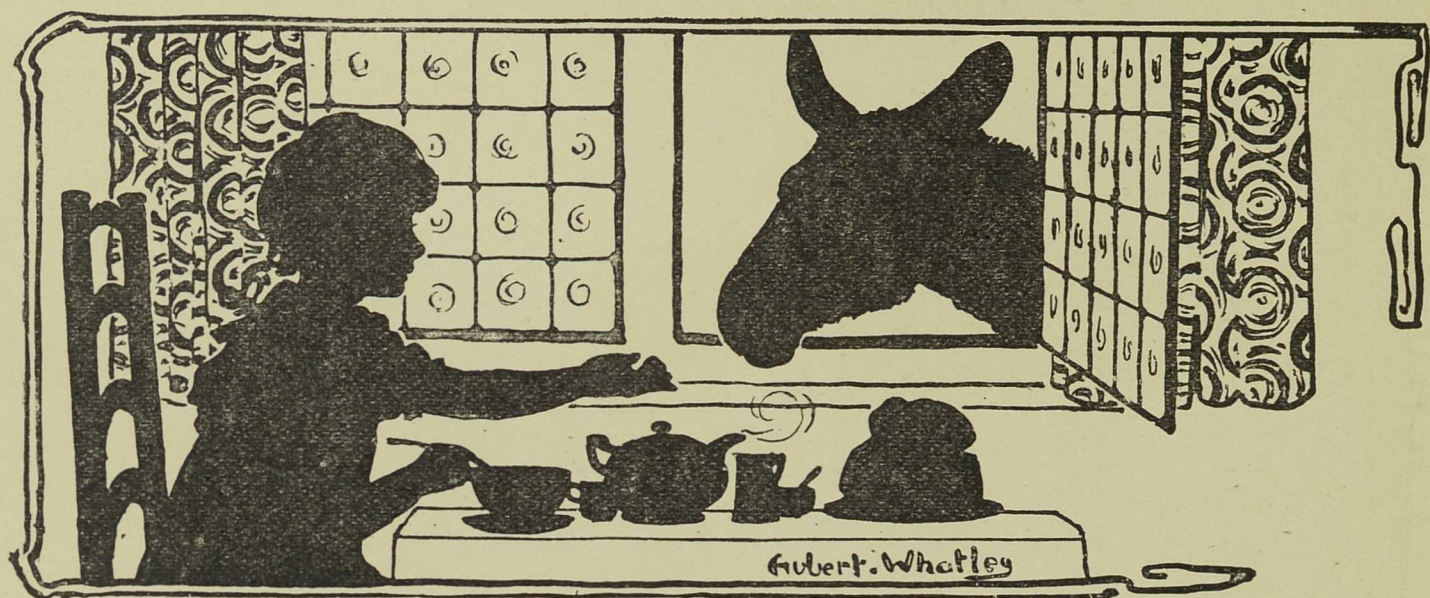
Then Donah began to show her teeth, and bristle her long hairs up; ∞ and next there was a cross little snarl from Donah's baby pup. ∞ But Maggie said, "Now don't be unkind! You two have got each other; ∞ and here's this poor little orphan calf in trouble about its mother!" ∞ So she stroked the calf, and brought it some drink, and it gratefully licked her shoes; ∞ and she said to Donah, "Make friends with it! you can be nice when you choose." ∞ Very likely Donah understood, having a child of her own, ∞ that the poor dear calf was motherless, and didn't like being alone. ∞ For, by and by, the dogs and the calf got on quite well together, ∞ following Maggie about the farm, in every kind of weather. ∞ The men would laugh to watch them pass, and say, "Just see the sight! ∞ There goes the Happy Family!" And, indeed, I think they were right.



THE ORPHAN

C³

*From a Picture by BASIL BRADLEY
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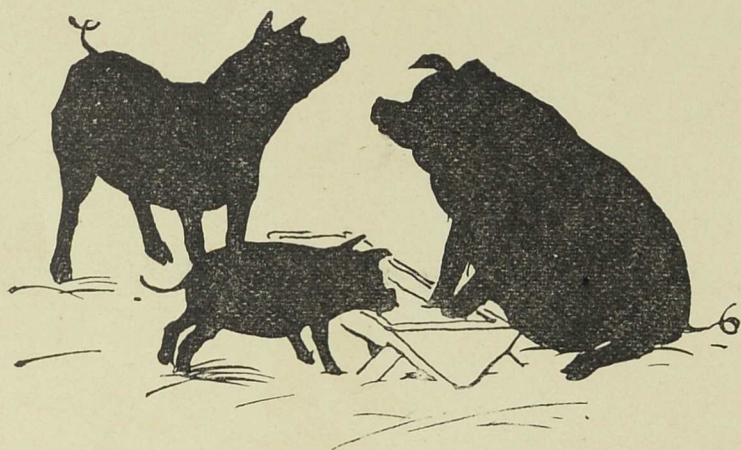
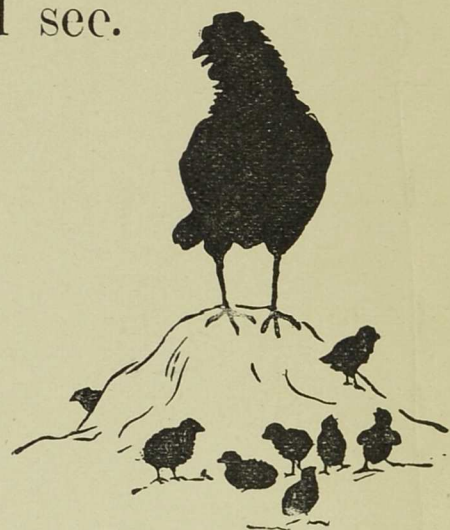
Farmyard Town

COME to Farmyard Town with me,
And some curious sights you'll see.

When you at your breakfast sit,
Neddy says, "Give me a bit!"

Mamma Porker says, "Ah, well,
Curly tails are sure to tell!"

"Presently, when you come out,
You'll remember us, no doubt!"



Then upon the strawyard
heap,
Hark! the chickies go
"Cheep-cheep,"

Saying, "When you're done
with these,
Don't forget us, if you
please!"

FARMYARD TOWN



Through the meadow
then you go,
Hear the moo-cows
softly low,

“Grass is pleasant,
but we, too,
Sometimes want a
drink, like you!”

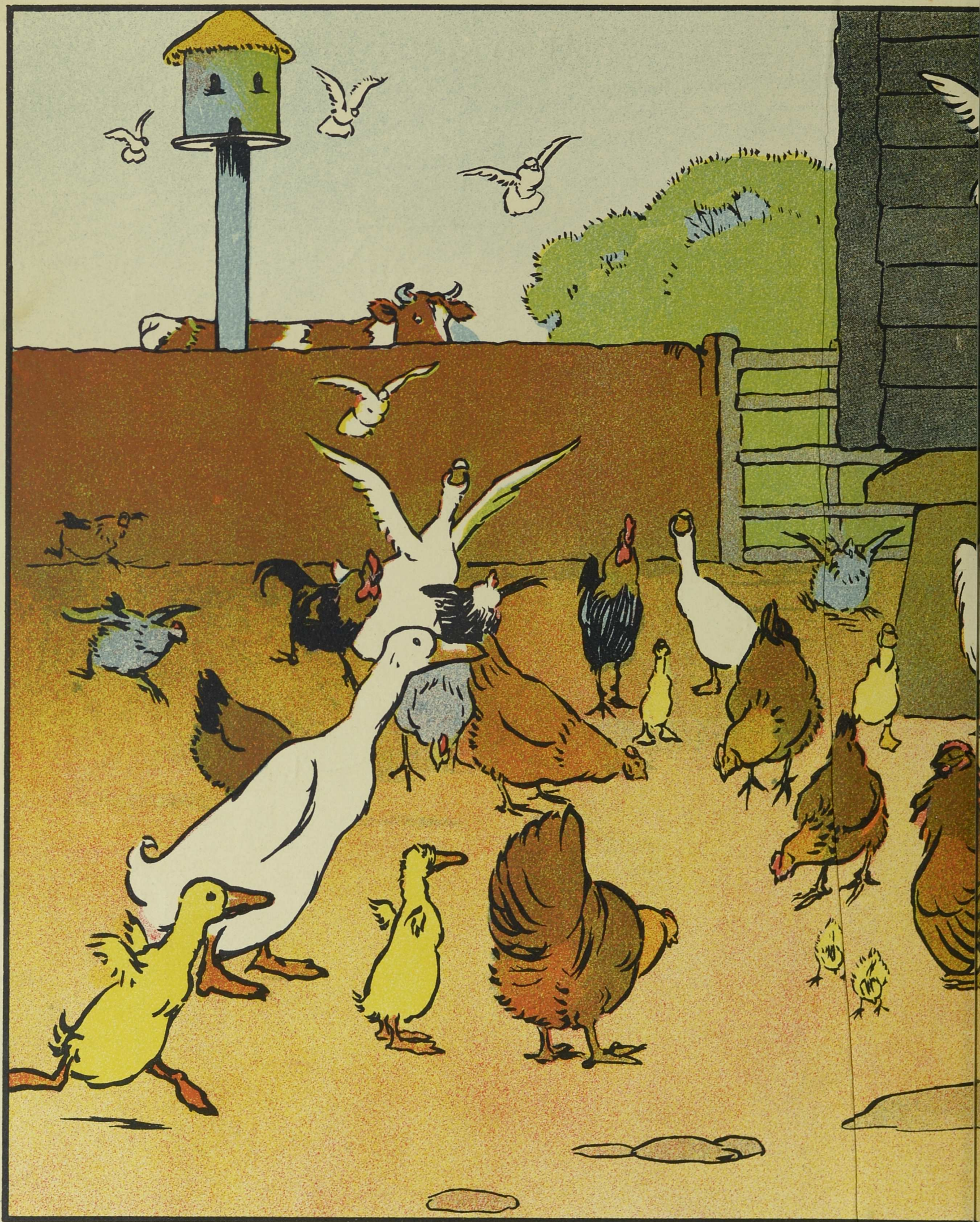
See, how in the early morn,
Down the pigeons come for corn.

How they strut and how
they coo,
“Oh, how glad we are 'tis
you!”

Then the magpie in his
cage,
He'd be in a dreadful rage
If he thought he was forgot;
You must feed him on the
spot!

So you see there's heaps to
do,
Both for others and for you,
As you wander up and
down,
Through the streets of Farm-
yard Town!

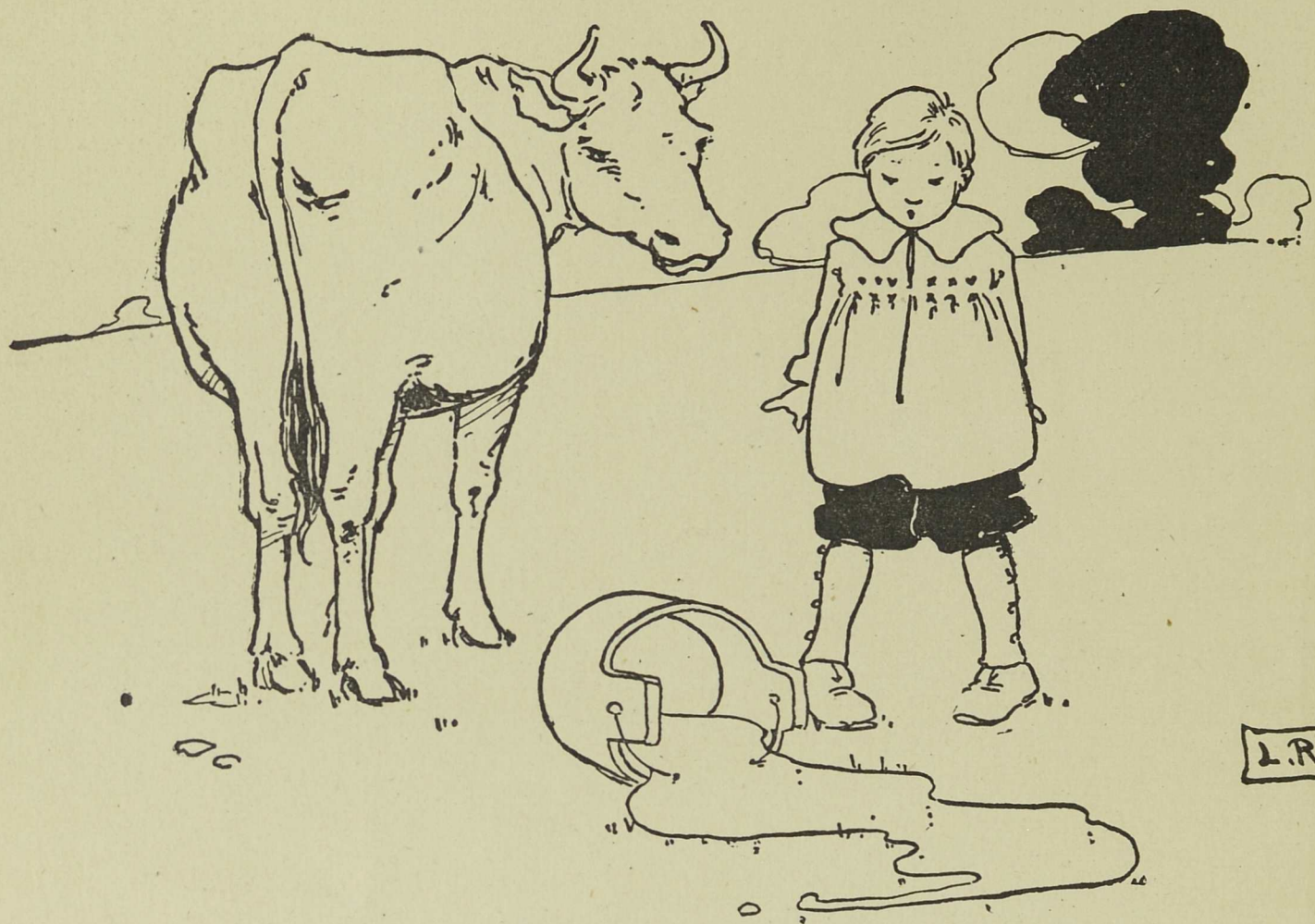




AN EXTRA MEAL



From a Drawing by CECIL ALDIN



Farmer Toby

WHEN Toby was eight years old, Uncle Tobias gave him a cow—not a toy cow, but a real live one, which gave milk morning and evening, and had curly horns and a long tail. Toby's mother bought the milk, and put the money in his money-box.

“Save your pennies, and when you are a man you will be able to buy a farm like Uncle Tobias's,” said she. Toby thought it would be splendid to have a farm, but he did not want to wait for it until he was a man.

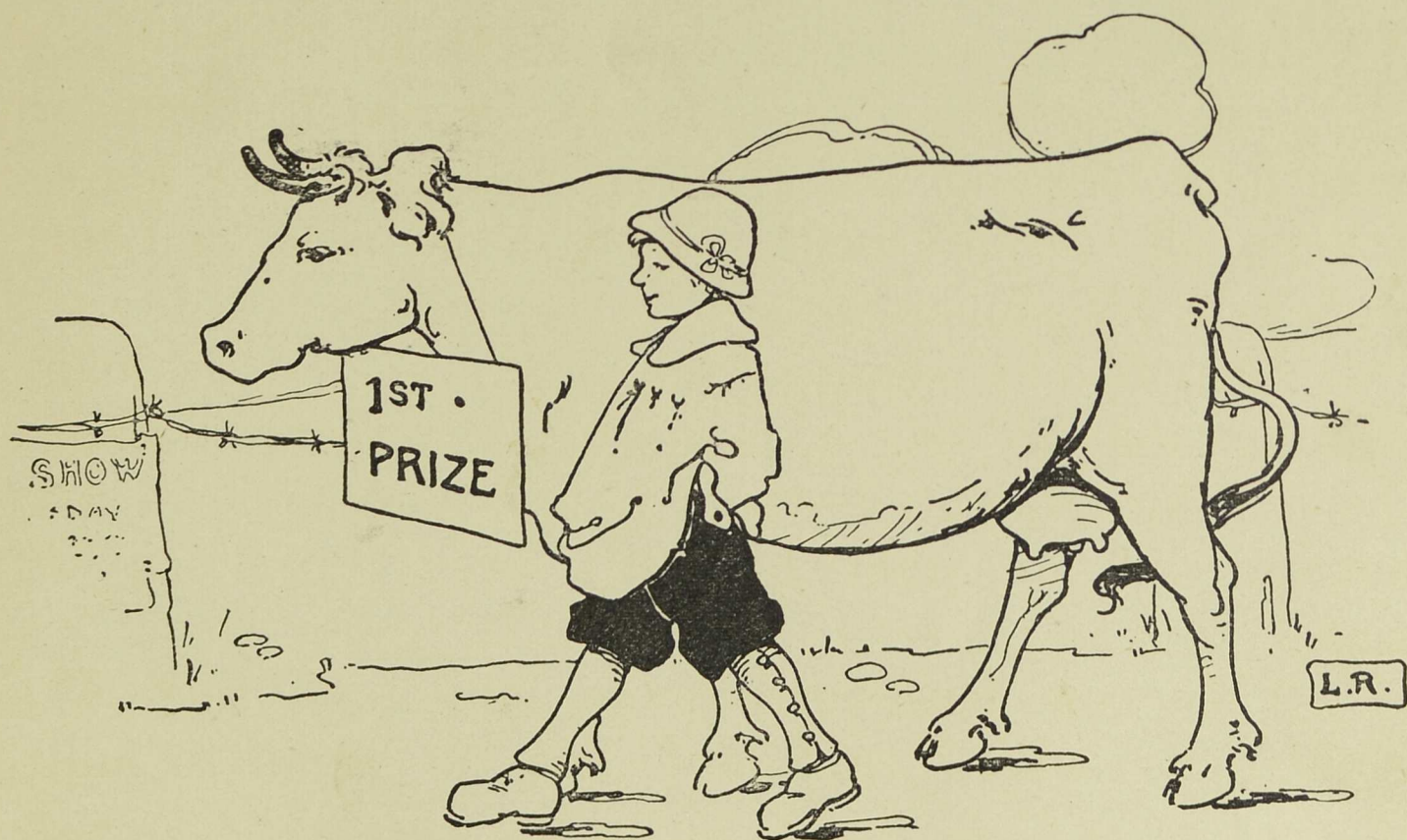
“My cow must give more milk, and then I shall grow rich sooner,” said he. And he began to milk her

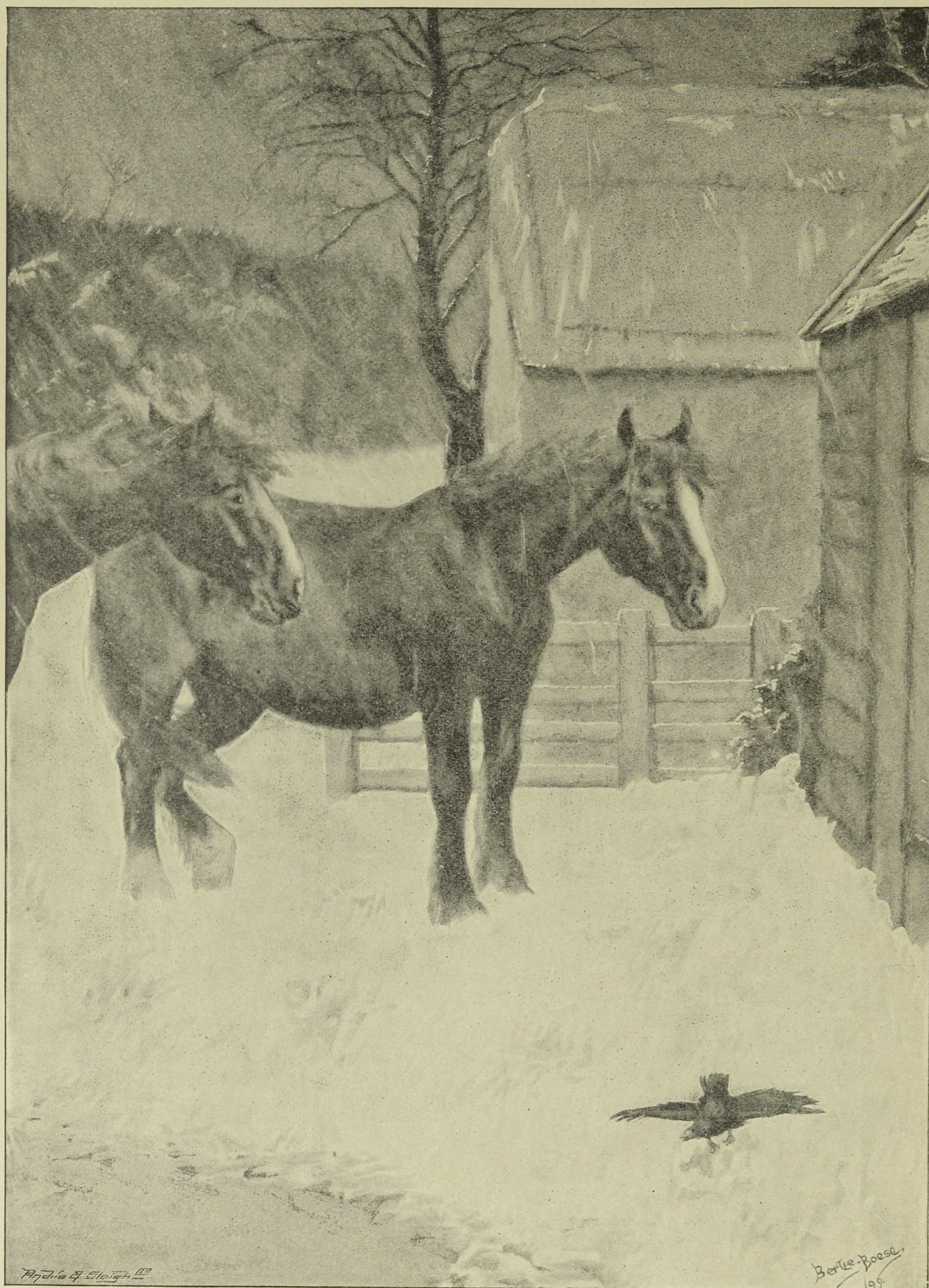
FARMER TOBY

at midday as well as in the morning and the evening. But the cow now gave less milk than before.

"She must eat more," said Toby, and he followed her about the meadows, stirring her up when she lay down, and driving her from one flowery patch to another, until the cow was so weary and frightened that she would hardly eat at all. Then she gave even less milk, and one evening when there was very little in the pail, Toby felt so angry that he hit her. The next moment the pail was overturned, and the milk was soaking into the grass. The indignant cow had kicked him.

"Tut, tut! what is the matter?" asked Uncle Tobias, looking over the fence. He smiled when he heard Toby's story. "You must get wisdom as well as pennies before you can be a farmer," said he. "First of all, remember





OUT IN THE COLD

SHUT OUT

to treat your beasts well if you wish them to serve you well." Toby did remember. After this, he left his cow in peace, to eat and rest when she pleased, and milked her only twice a day. And she grew and throve, and her milk became plentiful and rich.

When he had had her a year, Toby took her to the Cattle Show, where she won the first prize.

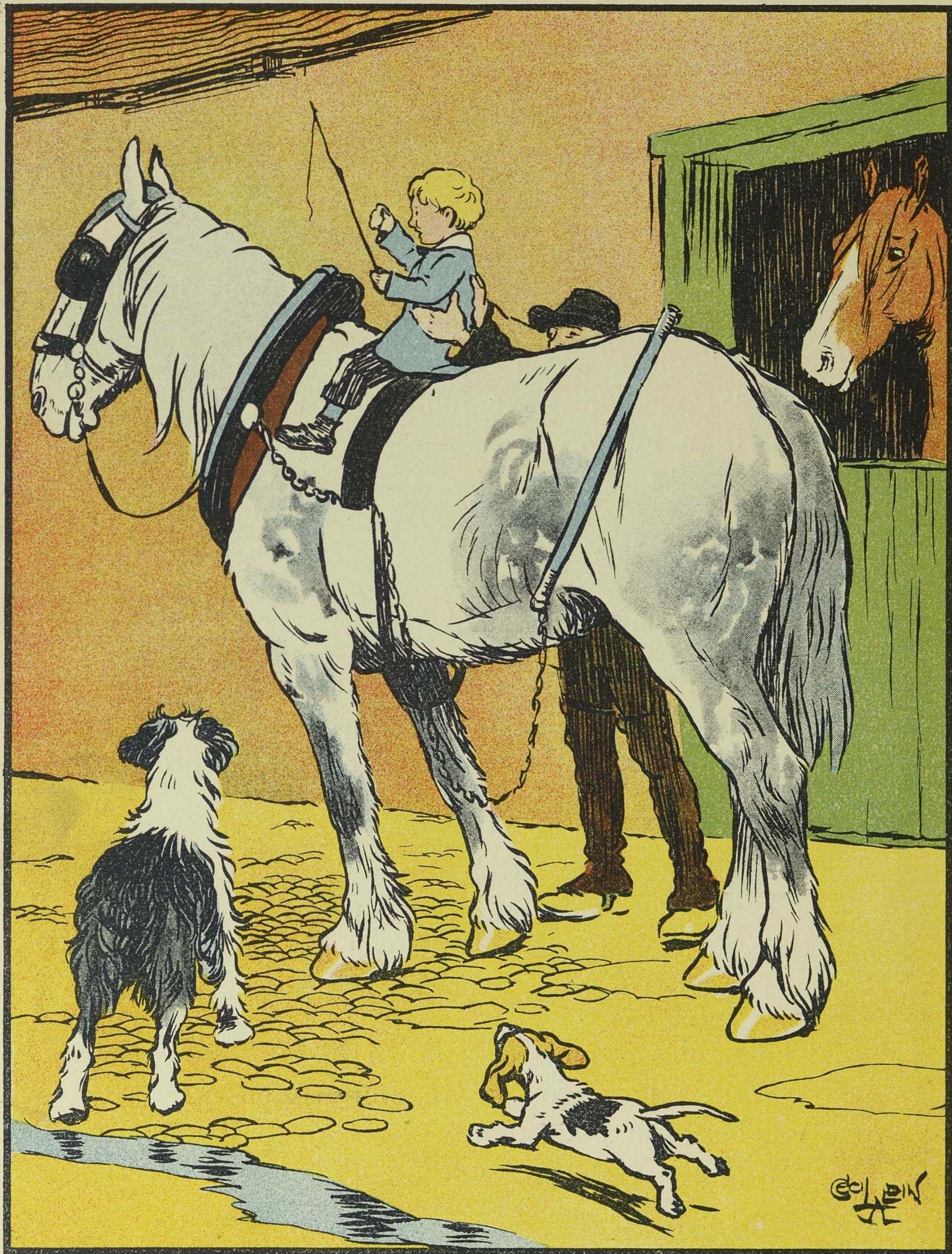
"Bravo, Toby!" cried Uncle Tobias, clapping him on the back. "I see you have found out that patience is a better tool than hurry."

Shut Out

THE little lambs and the mother sheep
Are safe and snug in the fold;
But it's snowing hard out here in the yard,
And oh, so bitterly cold!

The children are sitting around the fire,
With nice warm milk and food;
But no such fuss is made over us,
Though we have been just as good.

The babies are nestling down in bed,
With pillows so smooth and white,—
We beg you once more, please open the door,
And don't shut us out all night!



A RIDE ON DOBBIN

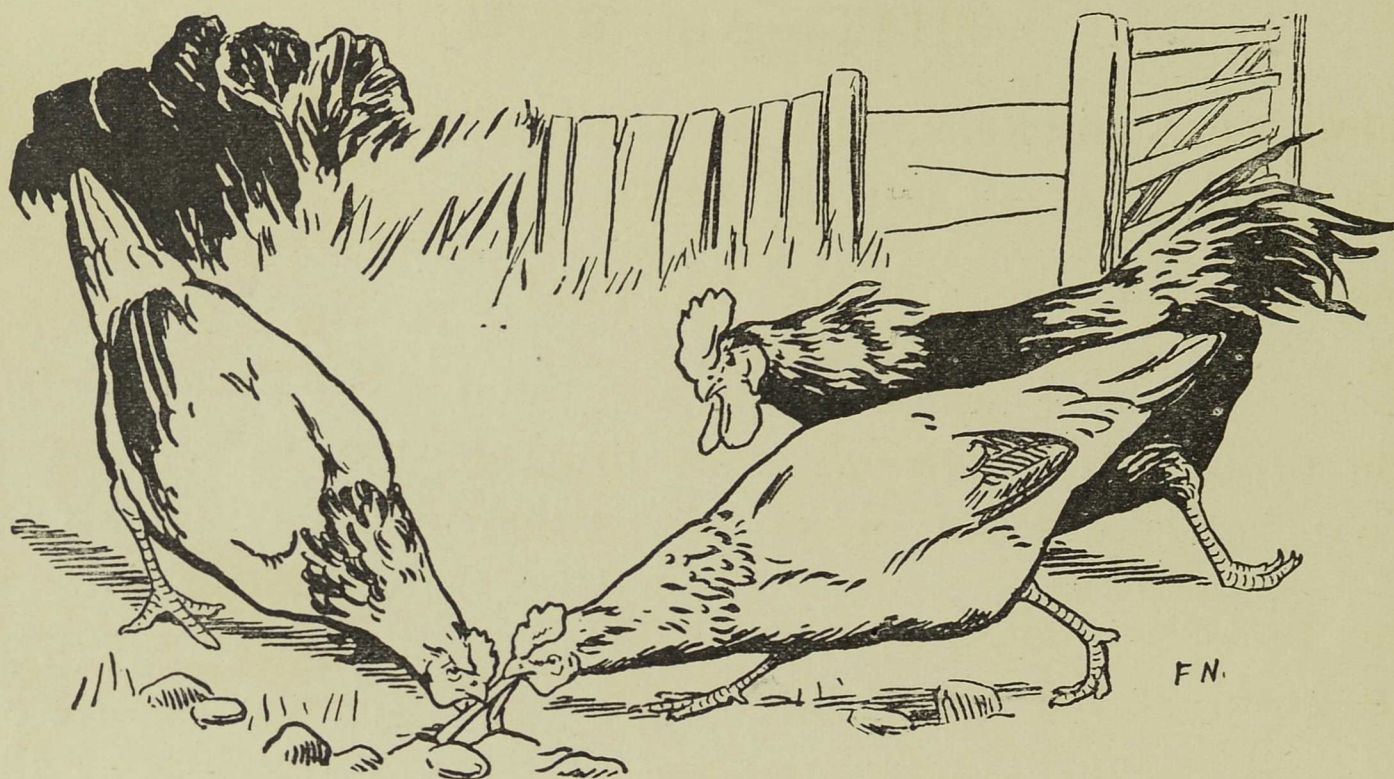
From a Drawing by CECIL ALDIN

Tom's Ride

TOM was only six, so it is no wonder that he felt rather frightened as well as proud when his new friend, the farmer's man, set him on Dobbin's back. Tom held tightly to Dobbin's halter to steady himself as the horse jogged slowly down the lane towards the pond, with John trudging behind, and the farm-dogs running beside him. He felt very proud to meet his big schoolmates, Ned and Charlie, and to hear them shout, "Give us a ride, youngster." But he was not quite happy when the pond was reached, and Dobbin stepped down into the water. Tom looked round for John, but he had stopped to light his pipe, so there was nothing to do but to sit still.

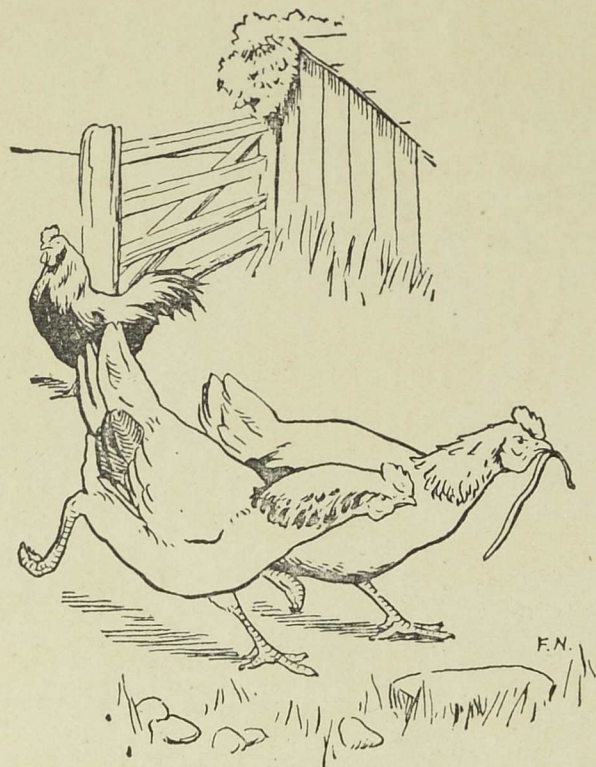
In the water, Dobbin stood still and bent his head to drink. As he did so, his halter slipped down over his neck, and Tom, who was holding it, slipped too, and tumbled over the horse's head into the water. The startled Dobbin turned and splashed his way to the bank. Jess, the sheep-dog, sprang into the water, and seized Tom's coat, and John ran up and pulled his small friend to land. Tom was none the worse for his bath, but he was frightened and nearly crying. However, when he saw Ned and Charlie laughing at him, he swallowed his tears and his fears, and asked John to let him ride Dobbin in for a drink again.

"Well done, youngster!" said John, lifting the boy to the horse's back, and telling him not to touch the halter, but to hold on by pressing his knees firmly against Dobbin. This time all went well, and Tom, as he rode up the bank, flushed with pride and pleasure to hear Ned and Charlie join with John in shouting, "Well done, youngster!"



That's all Right !

MRS. Cockadoodle-Do
Saw a worm, and off she flew.



But, you see, she hadn't reckoned
With Cockadoodle-Do the second.

And next, an angry voice she
heard

From Cockadoodle-Do the third.

Then she hit upon a plan—
She seized the worm, and away
she ran.

But the other Cockadoodle came,
And fought with her—a horrid
shame !

THAT'S ALL RIGHT !

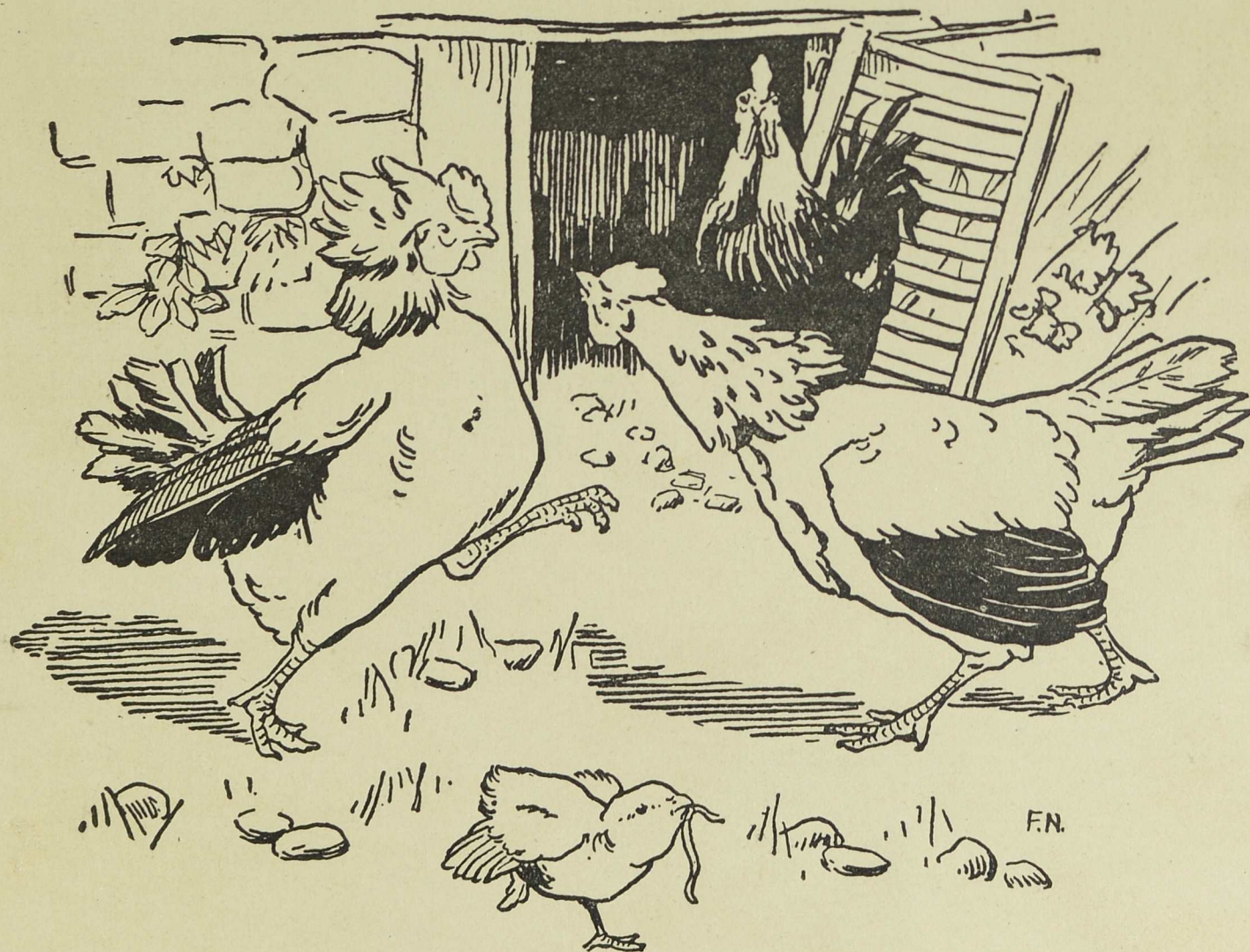
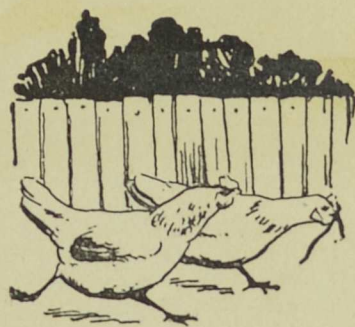
There were chickens, one, two, three,
Who said, "What can the matter be?"

One said, "Come and see the fun!"
He was a very daring one.

The other said, "Oh no, dear brother,
We'd better far run home to mother!"

The littlest chicken didn't speak,
He grabbed the worm up in his beak,

And squeaked, "Whoever wins the fight,
I've got the prize—so *that's* all right!"





A GOOD DINNER

From a Drawing by FLORENCE NOBLE

Johnnie



“**W**HERE are you, Johnnie? Fetch me some turnips for dinner before you go to school, and don't forget to feed your rabbits, and to let out the chickens, and to turn the goat into the field,” called Johnnie's mother. Johnnie climbed unwillingly from the wall where he was watching for his friend Tom, and ran into the garden.

In a few minutes he came out again with an armful of turnips, which he carried towards the house. But as he reached the yard he heard Tom's “Coo-oo-ee.” Down went the turnips on an overturned wash-tub, and away ran Johnnie to the wall. He meant to come back again, but from the top of the wall he saw Tom proudly holding up to view a dead rat. After that all else was forgotten. For an hour or more the turnips lay on the wash-tub in the hot sunshine, and the goat, and the rabbits, and the chickens waited for their breakfast. Then Billy grew impatient and began to rattle the door with his horns. Johnnie had not fastened the bolt securely the night before. After ten minutes' shaking the door flew open, and Billy walked proudly into the yard, followed by the rabbits and the chickens. Hungry as they were, they were not long in finding the turnips, nor long in eating them. When Johnnie's mother came out to look for her vegetables, she found only a scrap or two, which the chickens were pecking at, upon the ground. The goat and the rabbits were

THE BITERS BIT

finishing their breakfast in the garden. At twelve o'clock Johnnie came home from school, and was met in the yard by his mother, looking very hot and tired.

“Johnnie!” said she sternly, “go straight into the garden, and do not come out again until you have caught all your rabbits. It has taken me an hour to turn out the goat, so I have had no time to cook any dinner for you. But it will do you no harm to go hungry for once. I only hope it will make you remember to do as you are told another time.”

The Biters Bit

THERE were five little chicks at Buttercup Farm,
Whose mother thought they were safe from harm.
Two were brown, and two were yellow,
But the one in black was a fine little fellow.

There were two little pups at Buttercup Farm,
Who put the chickens to great alarm,—
They barked at the yellow, they chased the brown,
But they bit the black, and he tumbled down.

There was one big turkey at Buttercup Farm,
His face with anger was red and warm:
He gave the puppies a furious bite,—
And it did them good, and it served them right.



THE TABLES TURNED

From a Drawing by ERNEST LINZELL

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