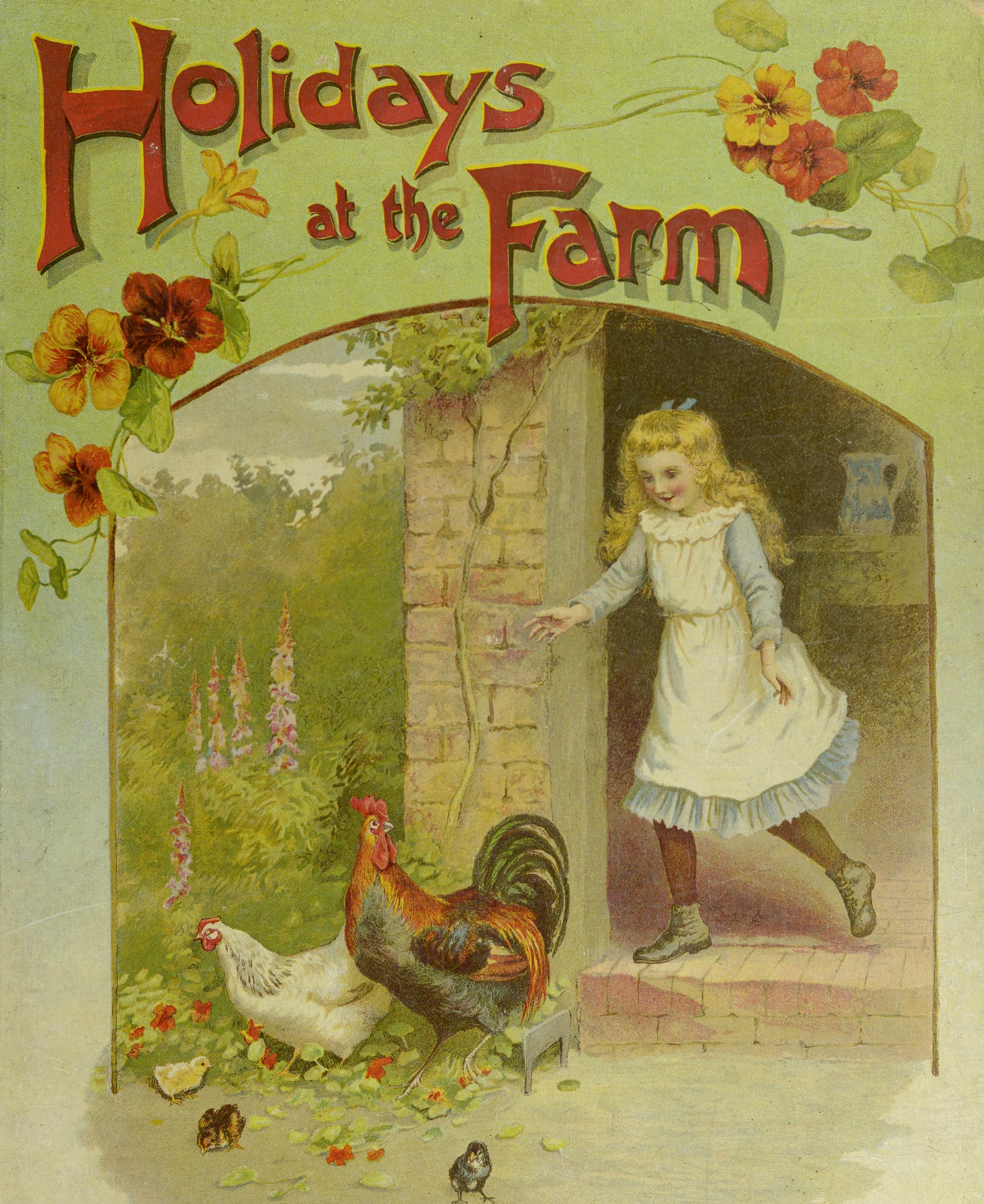


# Holidays at the Farm



London:  
Ernest Nisger

Printed in Bavaria.  
751

New York:  
E. P. Dutton & Co.







Cecily Mary Baldwin  
from her loving father

Oct 6<sup>th</sup> 1901







## Holidays at the Farm.

*O*H! holidays in town are nice,  
When school at last is done;  
In winter, skating on the ice,  
In summer, games and fun!

And holidays beside the sea,  
Beneath the clear blue sky,  
Are always jolly as can be,  
Though much too soon they fly!

But 'midst our farm friends great and small  
There is so much to charm,  
I really think that best of all  
Are holidays at the farm!—*C. B.*



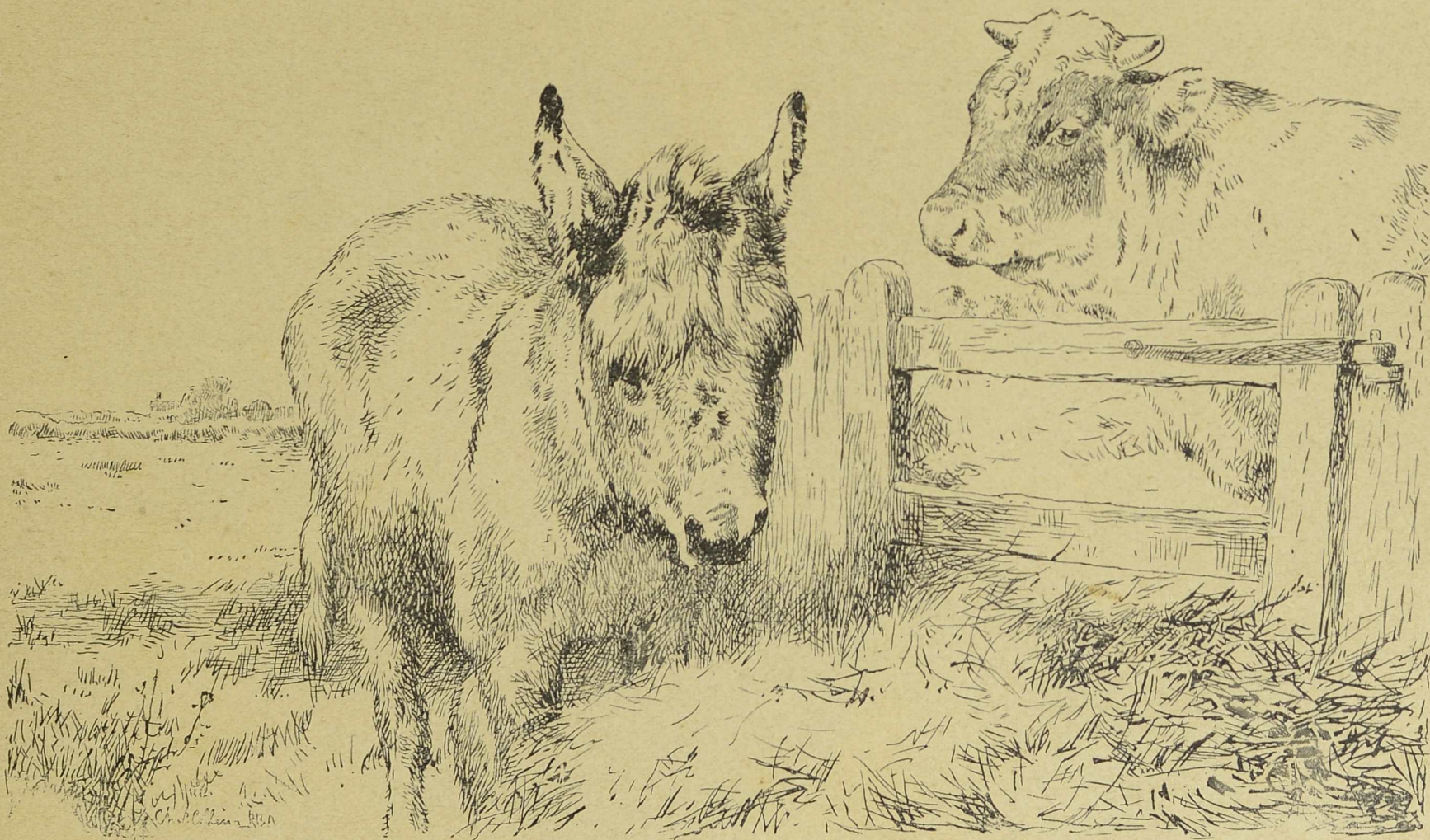




MOLLY AND HER PET RABBITS.



# Holidays at the Farm



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## The Children at the Farm.

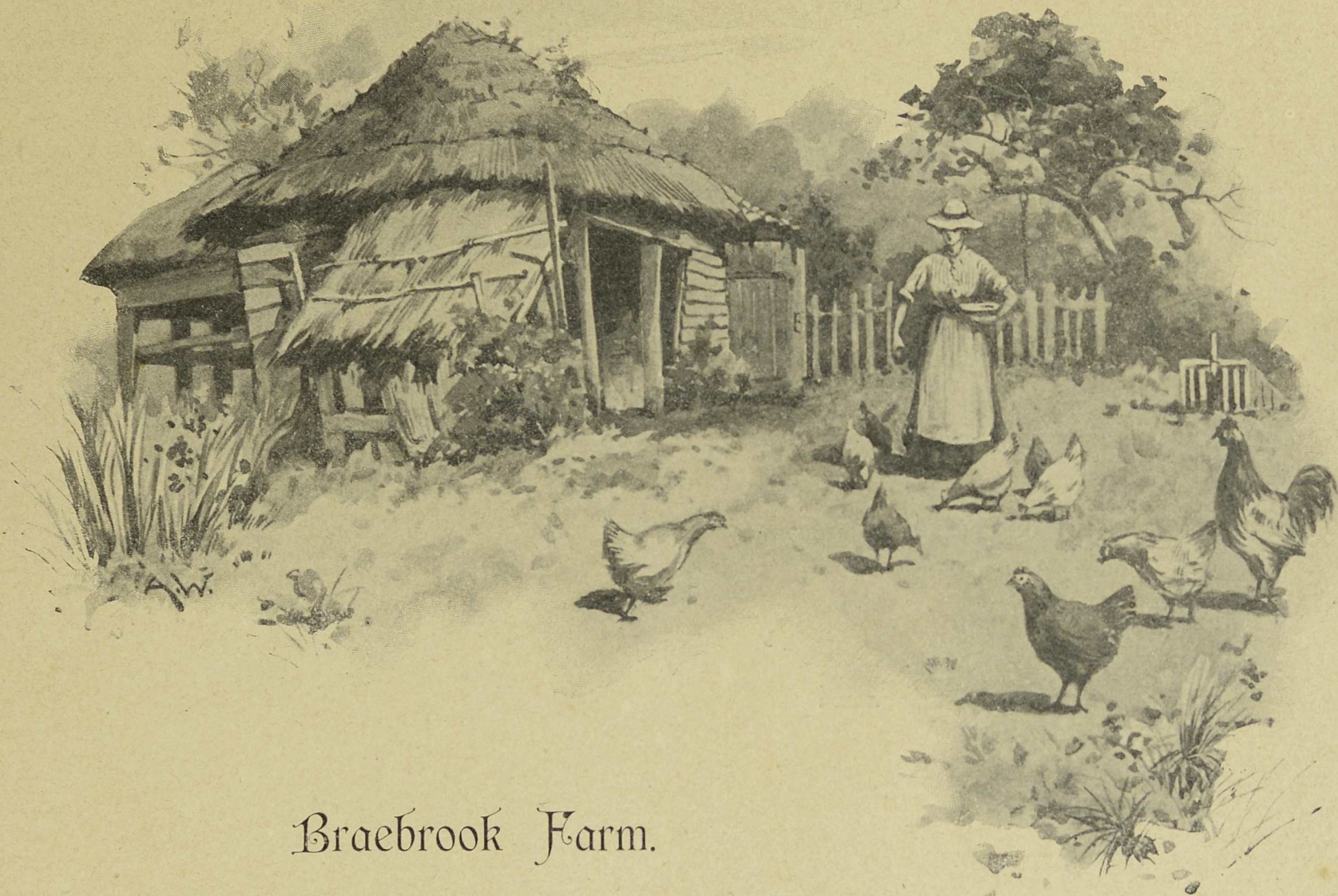
**T**HE animals, not long ago,  
A farmyard meeting had;  
They came, the big ones and the small,  
And all wore faces sad.  
They'd had some news which made them say:  
"This really is too bad!"

"No children coming down this year,"  
Said Mistress Molly Moo;  
"The farm will not be like itself—  
Whatever shall we do?"  
The ducks all gave a mournful quack:  
"We quite agree with you!"

Then Dobbin very wisely spoke:  
"My friends, don't take alarm;  
Do not believe the news you've heard;  
Your fears I can disarm.  
I'm going now at once, to bring  
The children to the farm!"

C. B.





## Braebrook Farm.

*WHO* could paint the joys of Braebrook Farm? Each member of the Buckland family would have told you it was one of the most charming spots in the whole world, and each one would have given a different reason for the opinion. The schoolboys, Jack and Tom, found that there was something interesting going on every day and all day long. The three younger ones, Don, Bertha, and Tots, were not allowed to wander away by themselves; but for once they did not even *want* to do what was forbidden.

And all these happy living things seemed to Don and Bertha and Tots to make the world a much more interesting place than their toys and picture-books had ever made it.

To go round with the farmer's daughter Susan every day when she went to look for eggs was one of the day's events to the three younger children. It was so exciting to peep into the nests among the straw in the barn, and into funny little holes in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and to find lying there nice white warm eggs! Don kept count as they were put into the basket, and he became quite anxious lest the number any morning should be smaller than



it was the day before. There was only one place where he could not look into the nests, and for some reason these were always the places he wanted most to see into. These nests were in the mangers of an unused stable, and Susan had to stand on a milking-stool and reach the eggs down to Don to put in the basket. Sometimes there were five or six up there.

"Let us get a ladder so that I can get them," he said to Susan, one morning, pleadingly.

"Some day, perhaps," answered Susan. "I've no time to waste now."

The children had spent a great part of the first few days looking into the nests by themselves; but when this was found out they were told that if they did so the hens would not lay eggs in them any more, and they were forbidden to go except with Susan. So the daily hunt became quite an important thing.

One day they had found the largest number Don had yet counted, and the mangers were still to be explored. They were just at the stable door when Susan's Mother called her from the other side of the farmyard.

"Quick, Susan!" she said, and so Susan put down her basket of eggs under the manger and ran off to see what her Mother wanted. At the same moment the little bell that Nurse rang to call the children in was heard.

Off ran Bertha and Tots, for they knew it was tea-time. But Don stood looking from the basket of eggs to the place where the nests were up above.

"I *did* want to finish the counting!" said he.

Then a sudden thought came into his head. Perhaps if he stood on the stool and poked his hand from below through the straw he could get the eggs that were there.

Up on the stool he mounted without delay. But, alas! it did not stand firm on the uneven ground, and before Don could grasp the bars of the manger down he fell with a clatter and a smash!

He soon picked himself up unhurt, but, sad to say, the top of the stool had caught the edge of the basket, and every egg was broken!

"Oh, my!" said a voice; "you've done it this time!"

Don turned and saw the farm-boy, Dick.

"Never mind!" said Dick. "I won't tell. You run off. I'll say Ponto did it. Hi, Ponto!"

The sheep-dog came running in at his call.

"We'll tell 'em Ponto got in. We saw him. It's quite true. Run off now, and never mind; the tea-bell's rung!"

"But——" began Don.



"There, they're calling you," said Dick; "it's all right. I'll not tell."  
Don went quickly away.

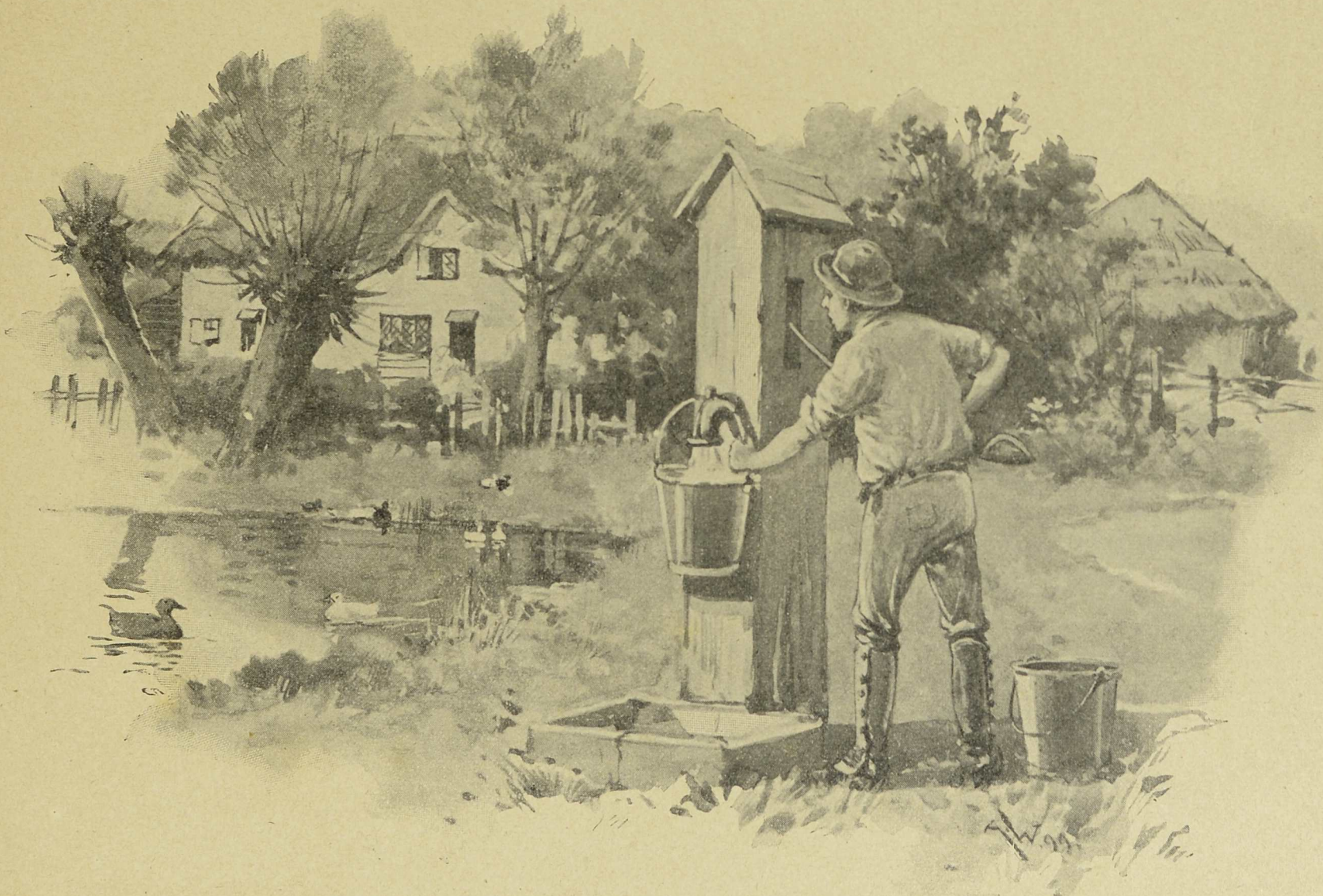
"Where were you, Don?" asked Mother, when he appeared late at the tea-table.

"In the old stable," answered Don.

"What were you doing there?"

"We went with Susan," answered Don; "then Dick came, and Ponto."

"And we got all the other eggs," said Bertha. "Do tell Susan to wait for those!"



"I am afraid Susan's time is precious," said Mother, smiling.

But Susan had not waited. She had sent Dick to get the remaining eggs and to bring the basket to her, and he had come back with the sad news that the basket had been overturned and all the eggs broken.

"It must have been Ponto," said he. "He was in there. I expect he saw a rat."

"It wasn't the children," said Susan, "for they went in when I did. Well, it's a lesson not to leave things about, but whoever would have thought of such a thing?"



It was Nurse who told the children of the mishap.

"Poor eggs!" said Tots pityingly. "How naughty of Ponto! Didn't they beat him, Nurse?"

"No," answered Nurse; "he didn't know any better."

Don said nothing then; but later the children were in the farmyard with their Father, and Ponto came bounding towards them.

"Oh, Ponto!" said Don's Father. "Who broke the eggs? Did you hear of that evil deed, boys? Ponto went into the stable and overturned a basket with all the day's eggs in it!"

"Bad dog!" cried Jack.

"He *isn't* a bad dog!" blurted out Don. "You've no right to blame him when you don't know. *I* smashed the eggs, and not Ponto!"

"But why didn't you confess, Don?" asked his Father.

"I didn't want to, 'cos I thought I wouldn't be allowed to find the eggs any more. But Ponto can't say he didn't do it—and it isn't fair!"

Dick happened to be fetching water from the pump, and he overheard this little conversation.

"I told 'em it was Ponto," said he suddenly, facing them. "Master Donald didn't mean no harm."

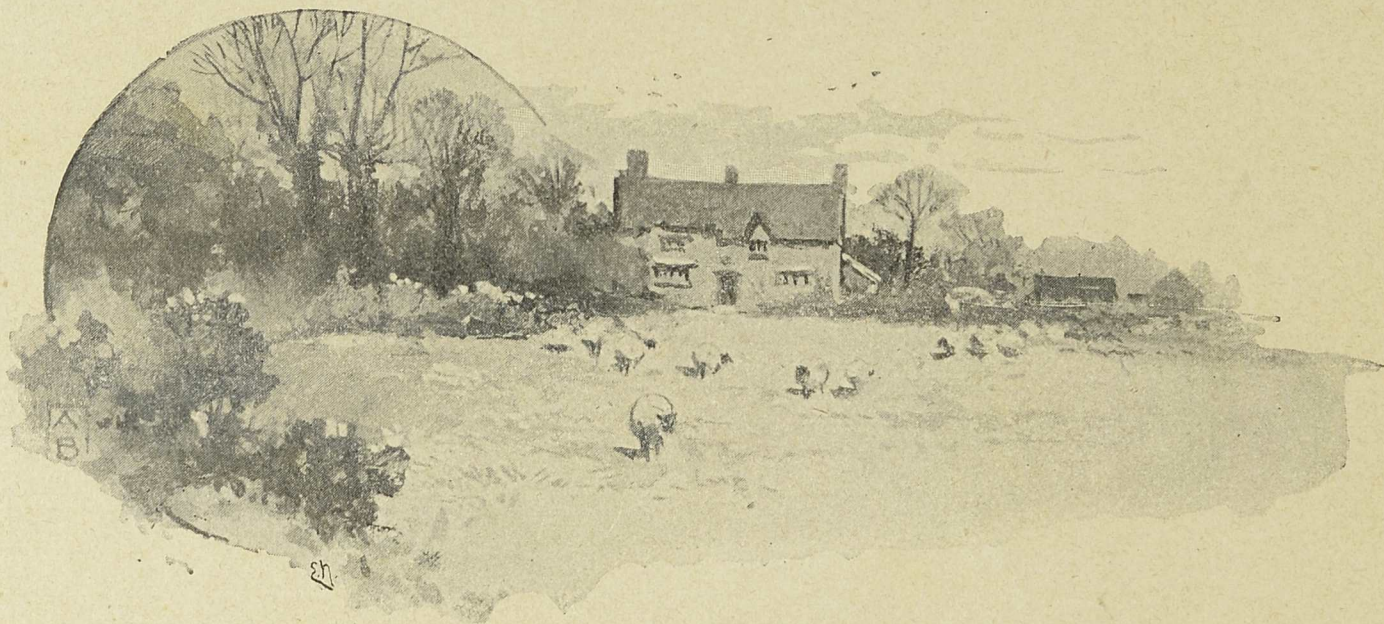
Then the whole story came out.

"It wasn't fair," said Don again, feeling very penitent.

"It never is fair," said his Father, "not to take the blame that belongs to us; and if you have found out *that*, Don——"

"It's better than finding eggs," said Don, taking his Father's outstretched hand.

*E. Dawson.*





## A Prisoner of War.



**T**HERE was a great deal of noise in the farmyard. The hens were clucking and the turkeys gobbling, and Mother was calling for Dick, who was nowhere to be seen.

“Dick, Dick,” she called, “go out and see to the chickens. I think there must be a hawk in the yard.” But Dick knew better. He sat out of sight on the wall, and smiled softly to himself.

Dick had a round red face with twinkling eyes, and sturdy legs that carried him into a good deal of mischief. Just now the legs were resting from their labours, and were dangling against

the red-brick wall, out of which he had carefully picked the bits of broken glass. Over the top of the wall he could see the black pig sunning itself, with eight little black children grunting in the straw. Jock, the farm-boy, was filling the trough with food, and the greedy little pigs were squeaking and squabbling in their eagerness to get near it. Behind the laurel-bushes the cocks and hens and turkeys were squabbling too, but Dick could not see them: he could only listen to the shrill noise they made. Presently the kitchen door opened, and his Mother came bustling out. “Dick,” she said, “where have you got to, child? Something must have frightened the chickens. Dick, Dick!”

When his Mother spoke in that voice, Dick knew that she meant to be obeyed; so he parted the branches with his hand, and gave a shrill whistle. His Mother looked all about her with startled eyes, and then she caught sight of the dangling legs and the twinkling eyes. She gave a little run, and a jump at the wall; but Dick was too active, and, in a moment, he had curled his feet out of reach of her hands.

“I’m coming down, Mother,” he said; “you let me be, and I’ll come down. What do you want with me?”



"You go into the yard at once, and see what's at the chickens," she said; "there's such a noise as never was. You come down or I'll fetch you."

"I'm coming," said Dick sulkily.

But his Mother was hurrying away. "There it is again," she said; "I can't wait for you. I suppose I must go myself, and leave the bread for a bit."

But Dick's anxious voice arrested her. "No; it's all right, Mother. I'll be there in a minute. Don't you go and tire yourself; you go back to the baking."

His Mother eyed him suspiciously. As he passed his legs gingerly over the broken glass, and let himself carefully down by his two hands, his eager, twinkling eyes were full of anxiety.

"No, I'll go myself," she said firmly; but Dick was close at her heels, clutching at her gown.

"I'll see to it, Mother," he said; "you'll tire yourself."

"I'm not so easily tired," said his Mother. She flung open the door to the inner yard, and was met by a gobbling mob of turkeys and a clucking hen with her frightened brood at her feet. Beyond them was a broken coop, out of which a terrified kitten was clawing and scratching its way. Dick's Mother looked at him for a minute.

"That's your doing, Dick," she said.

"It was just a game, Mother," said Dick, in a flurried voice. "They're not really frightened. They are Boers, and Mr. Kruger is the black pig in the other yard."

"Indeed," said his Mother; "a very interesting game! Look here, Dick——"

"They really like it," said Dick eagerly. "Pussy's a prisoner of war. She scratched and bit like anything when I put her in, and she's nearly bitten her way out."

"Let her out," said his Mother sternly; but there was a faint twinkle in her eyes that made them look like Dick's.

"I was just going to," he said, "only you came too soon."

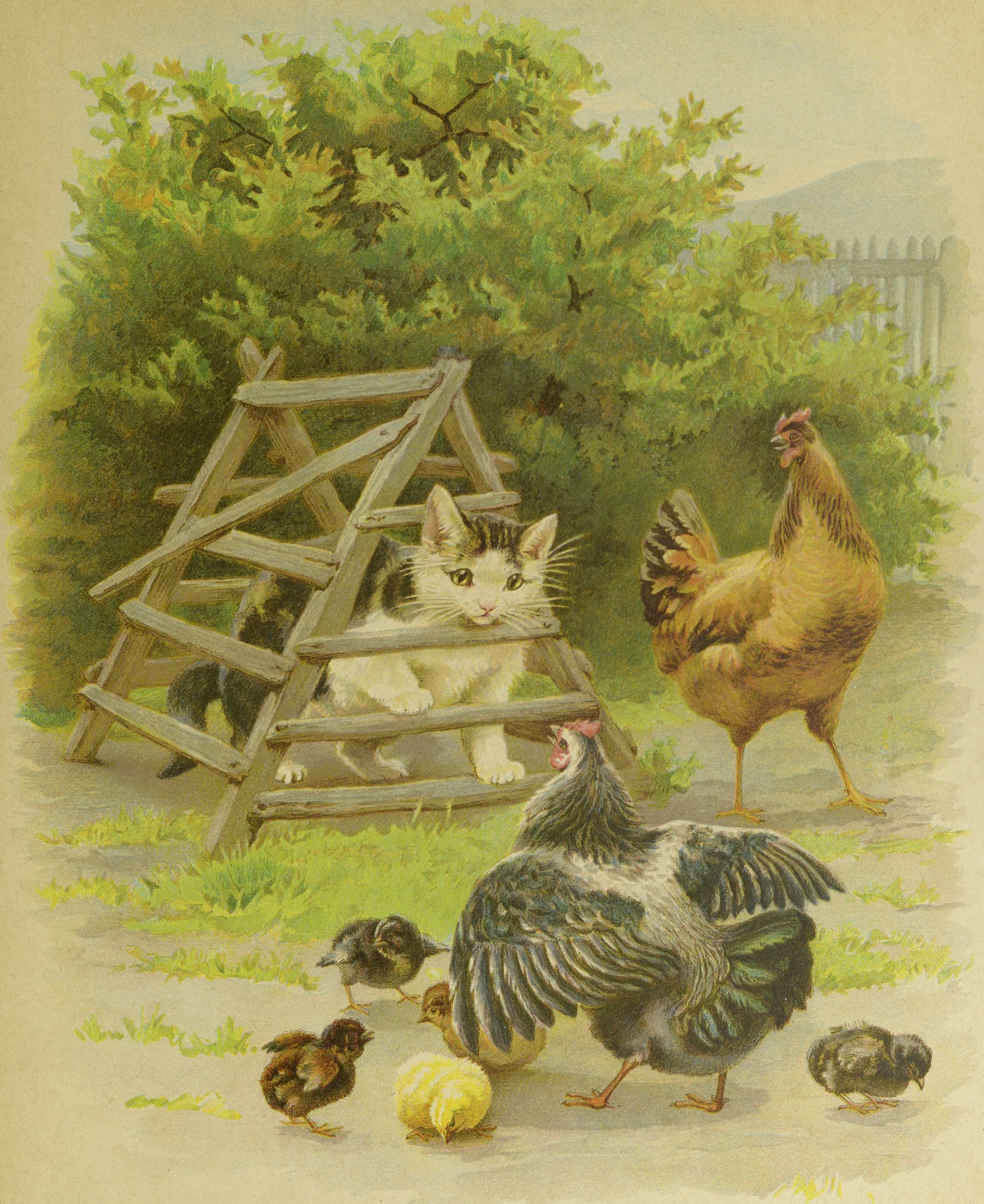
"Well, hurry up," she said. "If I hadn't come just now, I wonder who would have let the cat out, or where my chickens would have been by night."

Dick knelt down and lifted the coop carefully, and the clucking hen bustled her little tribe back into its shelter. Dick stood up smiling, with the kitten in his arms.

"Ah, but I should have been here first anyhow," he said; "no fear, Mother: I'm Bobs!"

*G. R. Glasgow.*





PUSSY A PRISONER.



## A Quacky Tale.

**Y**OUNG Hans, he was a goose-boy bold;  
Of ten geese he was proud;  
He jumped for joy and waved his hat  
When they quack-quacked out loud.

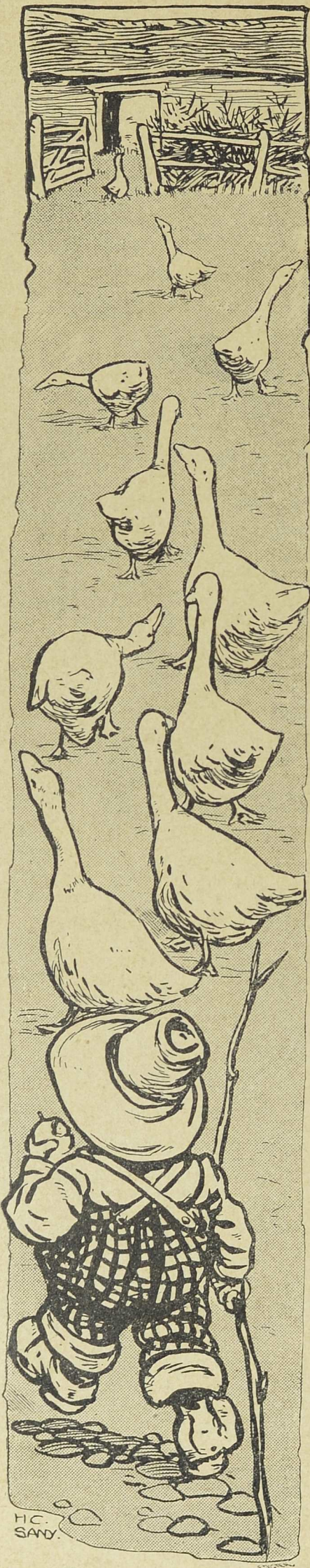
He'd take them out to grass each morn,  
And bring them back at night;  
Of all the land's fine sights, he thought  
Ten geese the finest sight!

Alas! the fair-day soon came round:  
Behind Hans' father's door  
There hung nine fine fat geese that day,  
Who'd say "quack, quack," no more!

Just one was left—the biggest one;  
The nine, alas! had fled.  
Hans drove the one home all alone,  
And bitter tears he shed.

But soon he found some big goose-eggs,  
And soon some goslings fine  
Came quacking out from those egg-shells.  
Hans counted them—just nine!

So Hans has dried his tears to-day,  
And if you watch him when  
He drives his geese at morn and night,  
You'll see he still has ten!—C. B.







*W. H. W.*  
“GO on barking, Jip,” says she;  
“It pleases you, and won’t hurt me!”



## The Farmer's Horses.

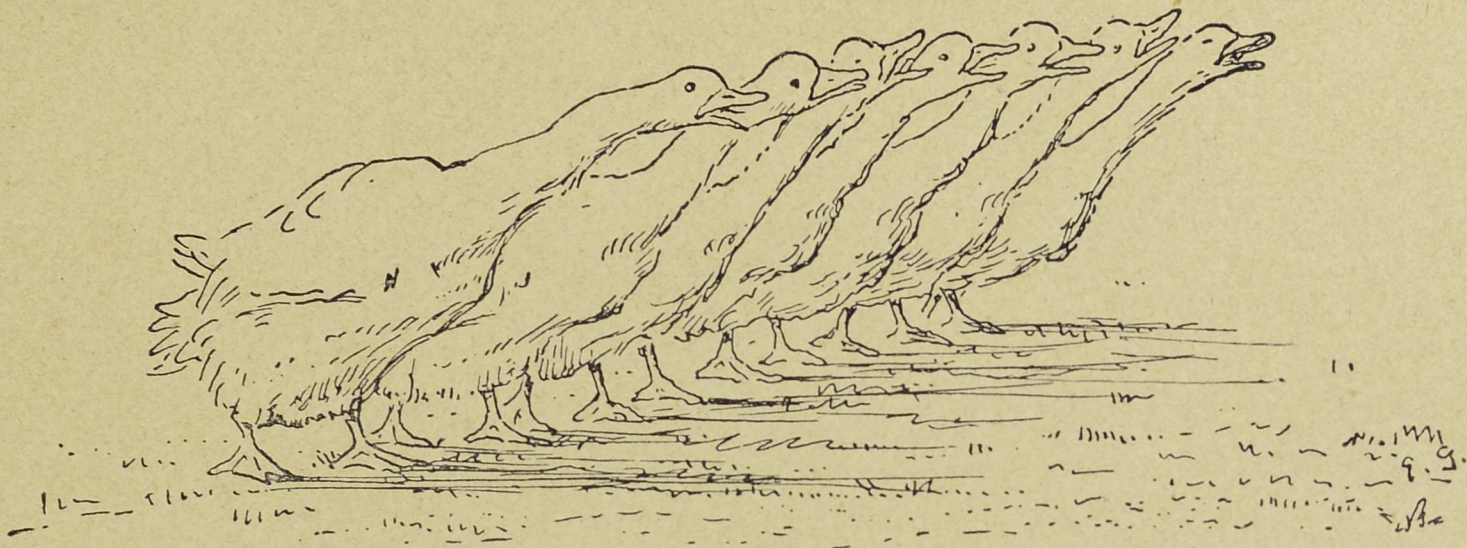
**T**HE farmer's horses are strong and true;  
Right well the farmer's work they do;  
Whether it's carrying home the hay  
Or dragging the harrow all the day.



Though work is hard, they little care,  
They're such a brave and honest pair;  
They well deserve, when day is done,  
The rest their long day's toil has won.

C. B.



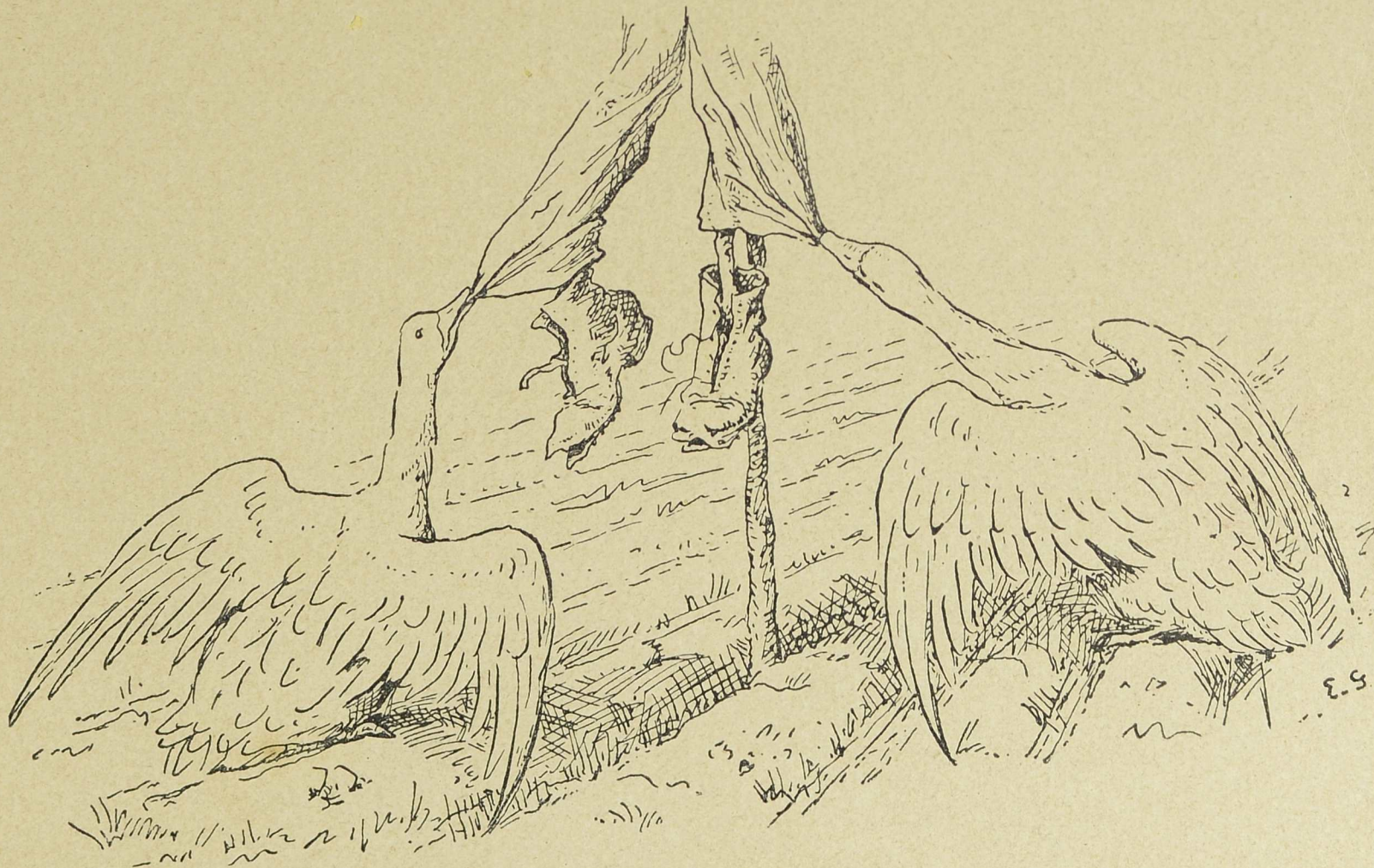


## The Geese and the Ugly Man.

**T**HERE were seven geese. By the hissing and noise they made in the farmyard that hot summer day one would have thought there had been seventy, but there were only seven, and they were the biggest geese that you ever saw.

*And they had an enemy.*

The enemy was a man who always stood in the corn-field right in the way







of the geese when they wished to get to the large, round pond. He was a very ugly man.

He never spoke to the geese; he never said "Shoo!" nor "Boh!" to them, but sometimes he threw his arms about and kicked.

The geese hated this enemy of theirs, and they said: "We must chase him away." So they began to chase him away.

First of all, they stood in a row and quacked at him. But the ugly man did not move. Then they clapped their wings at him. But the ugly man did not move.

Then they all stretched out their necks and hissed at him. But the ugly man did not move.



Then one bold goose ventured to go near and give a pinch to his leg. But the ugly man did not move. "Qua-a-ack!" said an old goose; "this won't do. We are not getting rid of our enemy. We must—everyone of us—attack him at once."

So, with a loud squawk of rage, all the geese flew at the ugly man. One goose flew at his head, two at his arms, one pulled one corner of his coat, another pulled the other corner, while two tugged at his legs with all their might and main.

At last, with a loud crack, down fell the ugly man! His hat tumbled on to one goose, his coat on another goose, his left boot on another goose, his right boot on another goose, while his whole straw body and the rest of his clothing fell right over the other three geese.

This put the geese into a terrible fright. They cackled and they quacked and they tried to fly away.

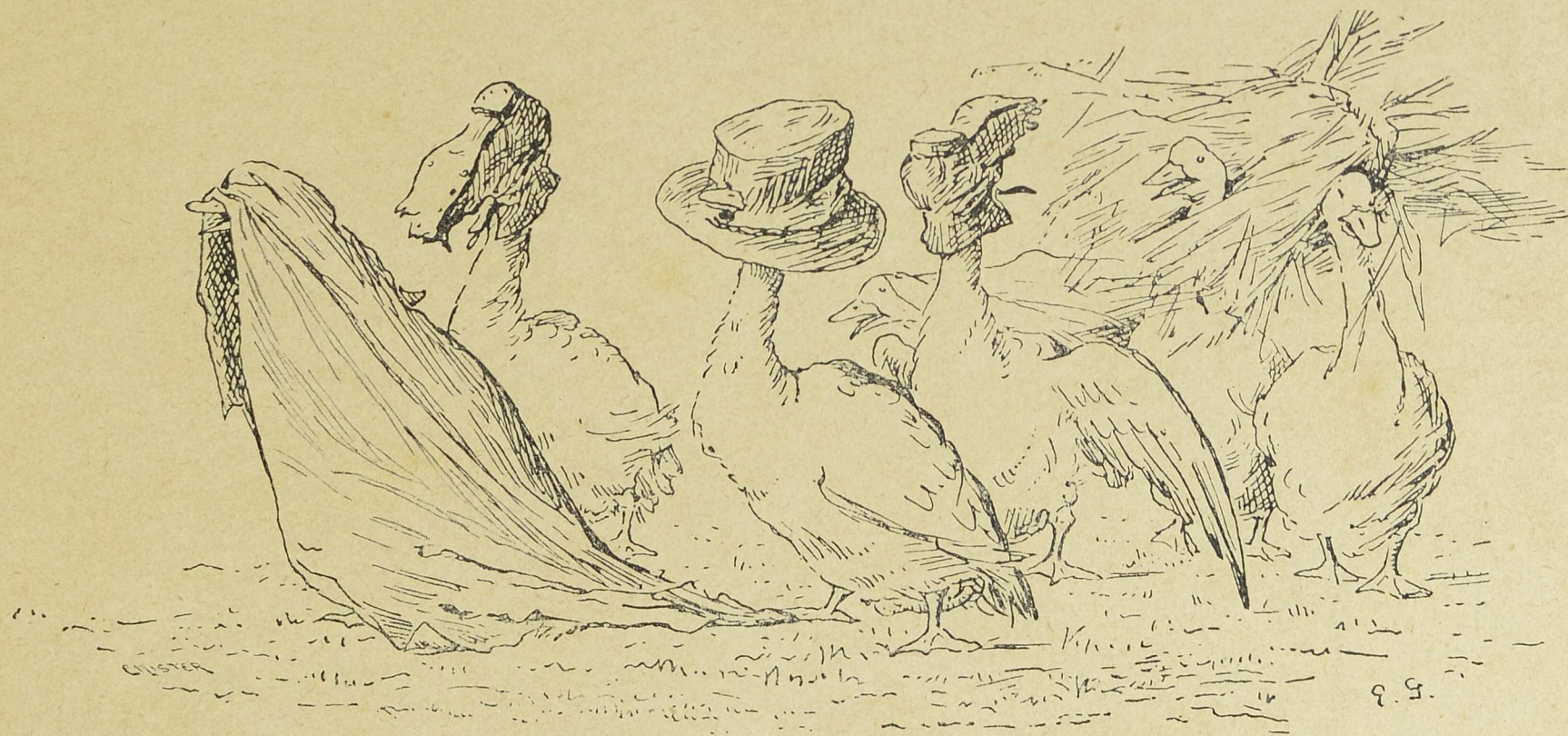
But it was not so easy to fly away with their enemy's boots and hat and coat and all the other bits of him on their heads.

However, they all managed somehow to scramble and waddle back to the farm in safety.

Now, anyone (who was not a goose) might have known that their enemy was only a scarecrow set up by the farmer to frighten away little birds and the crows who came to steal the corn.

But then, you know, they really were the very biggest geese that you ever saw!

*Edith Gourlie.*

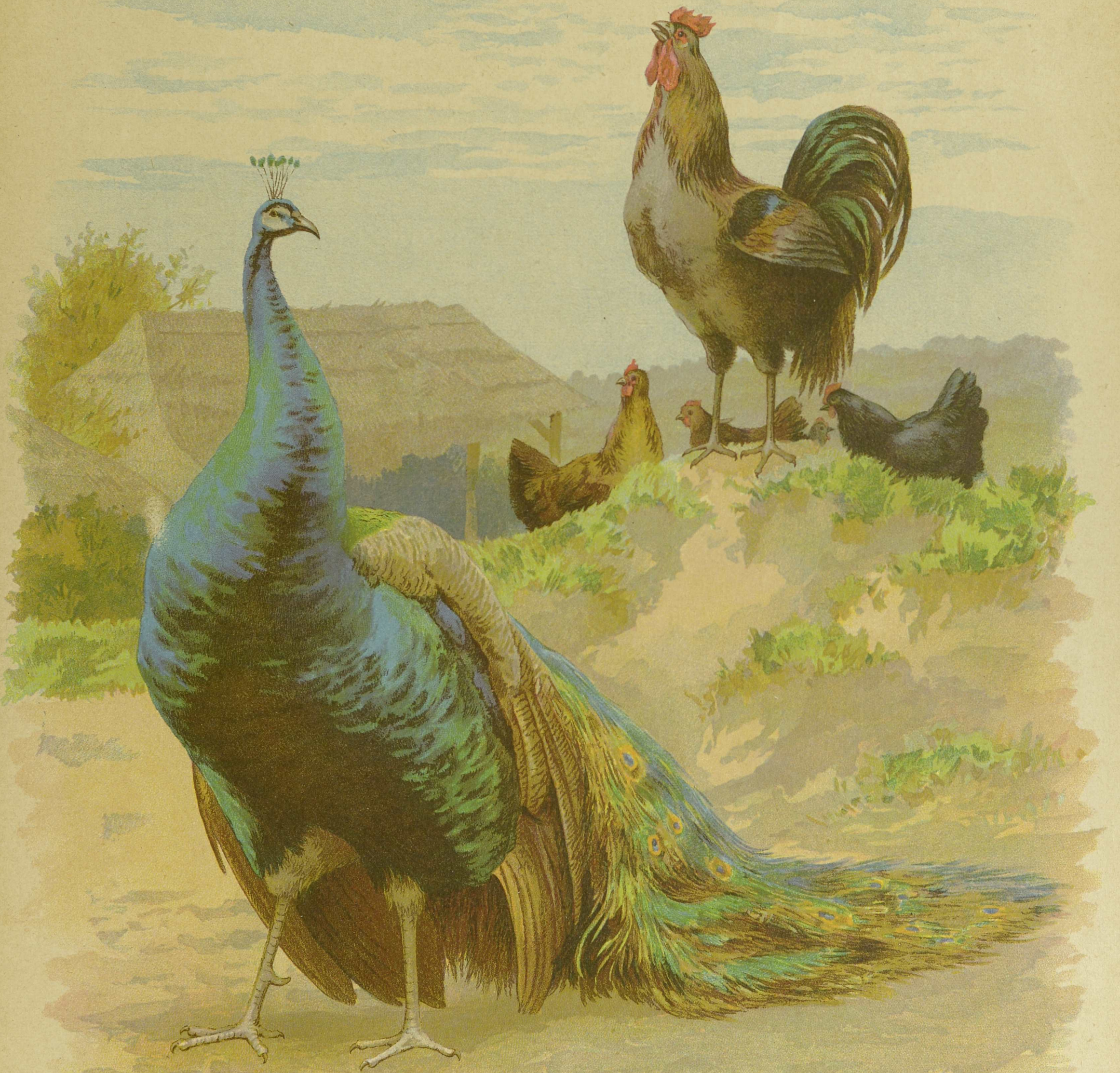






VISITORS.





THE RIVALS.



## Charlie's Rabbits.

*W*ILLIE'S rabbits were thoroughbred Angoras and had taken prizes at a local show, and so, of course, Willie was immensely proud of them. Little Charlie used to gaze at them and think how lovely it would be if he had two such pets; and then he would turn away and sigh, for it wasn't likely that a little boy of seven could expect such good fortune to happen to him.

But one day the old shepherd came to him, carrying a basket full of something that wriggled. "Master Charlie," said he, "my Tom's got work in the town, and, as he can't take his rabbits with him, he thought maybe you would like them."

The little boy could scarcely believe his ears; but there were the rabbits, sure enough, and Charlie sprang at the shepherd and hugged him with delight. Having given the rabbits into Charlie's care, the old man next proceeded to set their hutch up in a waste part of the garden, which Charlie called his.

Then and not till then was Willie fetched.

"Pooh!" said he; "they're only common rabbits, not like my Angoras."

"They're not common," Charlie said indignantly; "they're lovely, and ever so much tamer than your Angoras! Why, they will let me take them up and play with them, and your bunnies scratch like anything."

This was true, as Willie's hands bore witness, and so he said nothing, but just slipped his scratched hands into his pockets and walked away whistling.

But later on he had his revenge. "I say, Charlie," he said that evening, "there's a bit in our school magazine about keeping wild animals. It says it's very cruel and they're sure to die. You ought to let those rabbits of yours go; they're wild ones, you know."

"Oh, Willie, do you really mean it?" cried the poor little fellow.

"Of course I do," said Willie, laughing to himself to think how easily his little brother was taken in, for he was only teasing him. Charlie's bunnies had been bred in captivity and would be more likely to die if turned loose.

That night in bed Willie heard the sound of a sob coming from the corner of the room where Charlie slept. "What's the matter, old man?" he asked. No answer came, only another sob; so he slipped out of bed and went to Charlie.

Poor little fellow! he was in great distress. "Oh, Willie," he sobbed, "I loved them so."

"Well, never mind," said his brother; "didn't you know I was teasing you? Why, your rabbits would die if you turned them loose."





PET ANGORAS.



“What!” shrieked poor Charlie. “Oh! oh! oh! I let them out before I went to bed.”

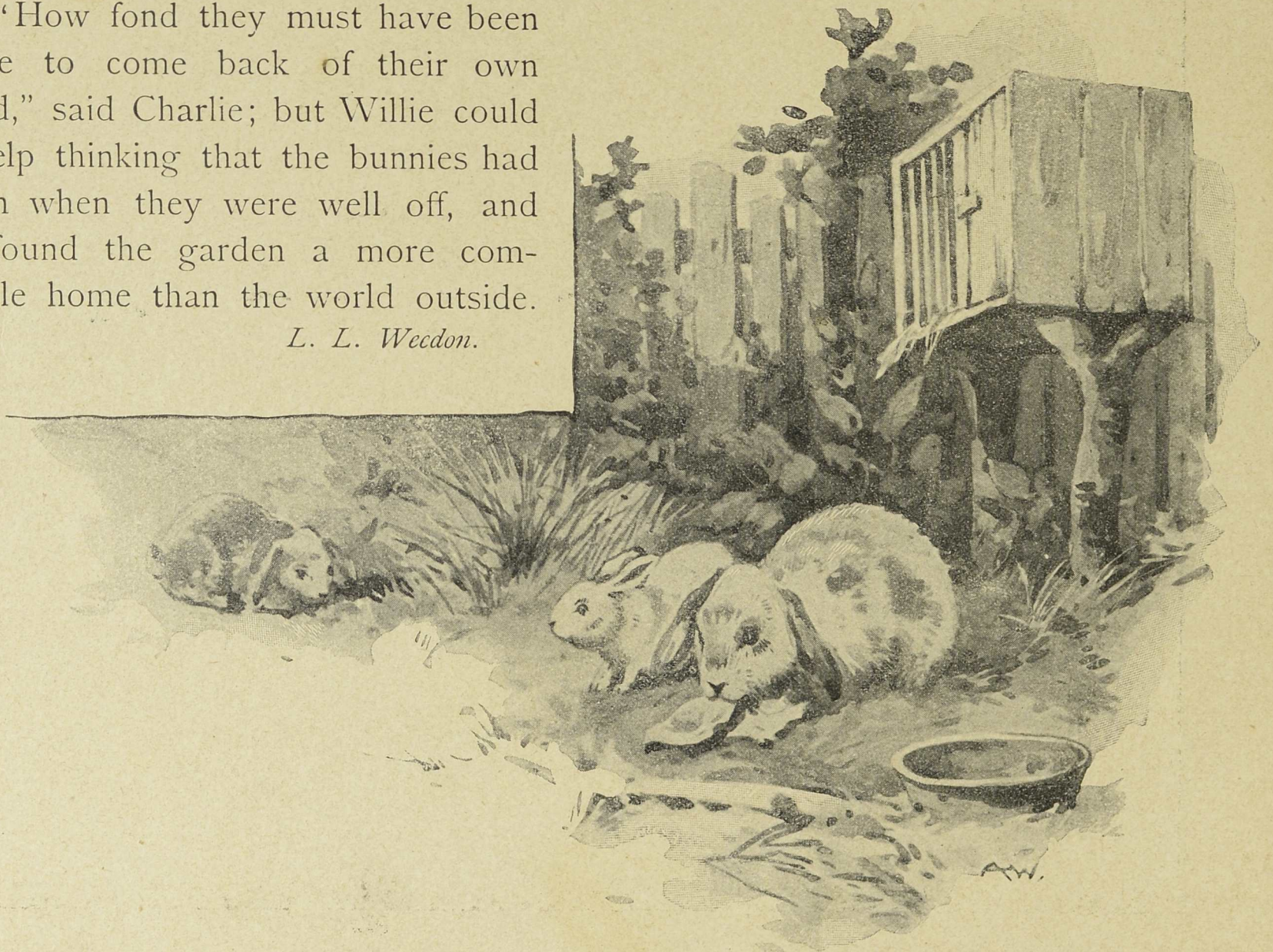
Willie did feel mean then. He tried his best to comfort his little brother—he even promised to give him one of his beloved Angoras; but Charlie was inconsolable. The next morning they were up early, for neither of them had had a very good night’s rest. They strolled out into the garden together, but when they came in sight of the deserted hutch the tears began to steal down poor Charlie’s cheeks and he turned back.

But Willie went on, his face glowing with excitement, for he thought he had caught sight of a rabbit’s tail disappearing behind a bush. He crept cautiously on. Yes, there were all three rabbits, enjoying a first-rate breakfast amongst the cabbages. In a moment he had told the glad news to Charlie, who could hardly contain his joy.

The first thing they did was to catch the bunnies and put them in their hutch, for bunnies are not good gardeners by any means. Then they gave them a good breakfast, and next went to get their own.

“How fond they must have been of me to come back of their own accord,” said Charlie; but Willie could not help thinking that the bunnies had known when they were well off, and had found the garden a more comfortable home than the world outside.

*L. L. Weedon.*





## Great and Small.

GERALD sat on the stile and watched the sheep nibbling the grass, and the lambs playing by their mothers' side. The sun shone brightly and the country looked beautiful, yet Gerald was not enjoying it very much.

"I'm tired of talking to the cows and sheep," he sighed. "They aren't very *companionable!*"

"Companionable" was a big word for a small boy like Gerald; but he was a little old for his age, because he was the only child and had lived with grown-up people all his life. His parents owned two houses: one in the town, and the other—which was called "The Farm House"—in the country. In the summer they would spend a few weeks at the latter, and Gerald looked forward to these visits with delight. However, this summer he grew tired of wandering about by himself, and began to long for a companion to enjoy it all with him. His Father saw his loneliness and determined to make his little son happier.

As Gerald sat thinking, he heard someone calling his name. "Yes, Father!" he cried, for he knew it was his Father's voice. He got down and ran across the meadow to where he saw two figures coming towards him. One was his Father, and the other looked like a very large dog. Gerald had never seen it before, so he quickened his steps eagerly.

"Oh, Father!" he exclaimed, as he came up to them, "what a beautiful big dog! Where did you get him?"

"Didn't I promise to give you a puppy?" asked his Father, with a smile.

"But a puppy is a little dog," said Gerald wonderingly.

"This is a St. Bernard puppy," replied his Father; "he will grow even bigger. I know how fond you are of large dogs, so I bought him for you. His name is Leo."

"Oh, Father!" cried Gerald, his eyes full of delight, "how *splendid* of you! Leo, I *am* glad to have you, old fellow! We will be friends, won't we?"

And so they were—excellent friends. Leo would follow his little master about the farm, and many a jolly romp they had together in the meadows.

One day Gerald and Leo went to see a lady who lived near their country home. While they were having tea a little black kitten ran into the room.

"What a dear little thing!" cried Gerald, picking it up.

The kitten seemed to like him as much as he did her, for she purred



loudly and rubbed her head against his cheek. Gerald was so pleased that he could not bear parting with her, and looked quite sad when it was time to say good-bye. The lady saw his grief, and, to his immense delight, she made him a present of his little new favourite.

So Gerald walked home with Kitty in his arms, Leo by his side, and joy in his heart.

At first he was afraid to trust his tiny pet with his big "puppy." But Leo fell in love with Kitty at first sight. He would let her jump up on him and curl up to sleep on his broad back or between his big paws, and would lie quite patient and still till she awoke.

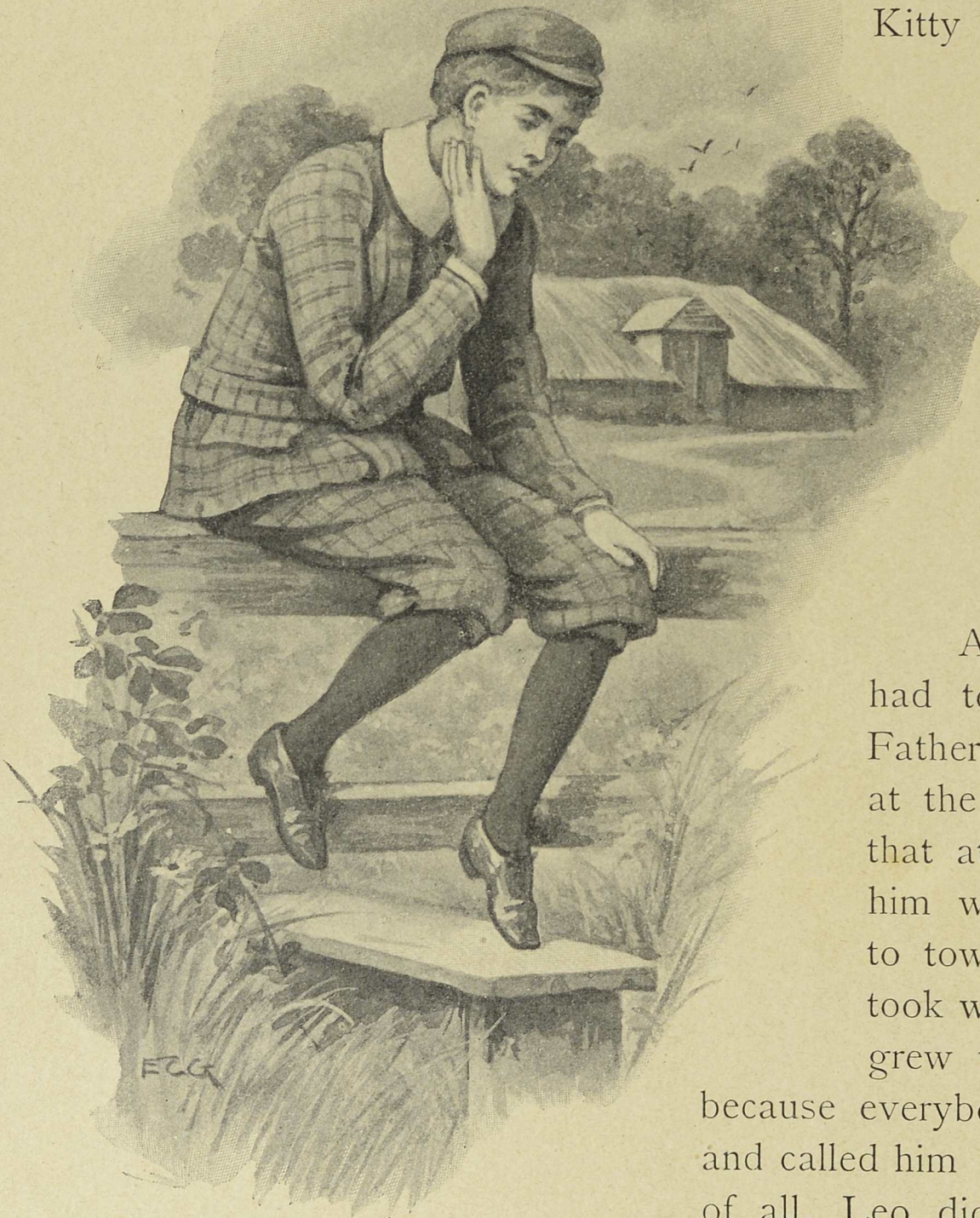
At last Gerald and his parents had to go back to London. His Father thought it best to leave Leo at the farm, but Gerald pleaded so that at last they consented to take him with them. So Leo travelled to town, where he and his master took walks in the park, and Gerald grew very proud of his "doggie," because everybody stopped and admired him and called him "a fine fellow." But, in spite of all, Leo did not seem happy. He was

very dull, and nothing they could do made him brighter.

One day the house was filled with alarm and dismay—for Leo was nowhere to be found!

He was searched for everywhere, but in vain; and, as he was a very valuable dog, Gerald's Father offered a large reward to anyone who would bring him home.

Poor Gerald was miserable, and would not be consoled.





After a week's anxiety, one evening there was a loud barking at the front door. Gerald gave a great jump, for he recognised Leo's deep note.

He rushed to the hall in time to see his Father letting in the lost favourite.

As Gerald ran up he saw Leo was bending down and licking a small black object by his side.

"Why," cried Gerald, "*it's Kitty!* Father, he must have been to the farm!"

He picked up the kitten and, holding her in one arm, threw his other round Leo, and, regardless of the dirt on his woolly coat, kissed and hugged him for very joy.

Both Leo and Kitty were very, very tired, and their feet sore from much walking.

The next morning a letter came from those in charge of The Farm House, saying Leo had arrived three days before, very footsore and worn.

They nursed him and intended bringing him back, when he suddenly disappeared. At the same time Kitty was lost!

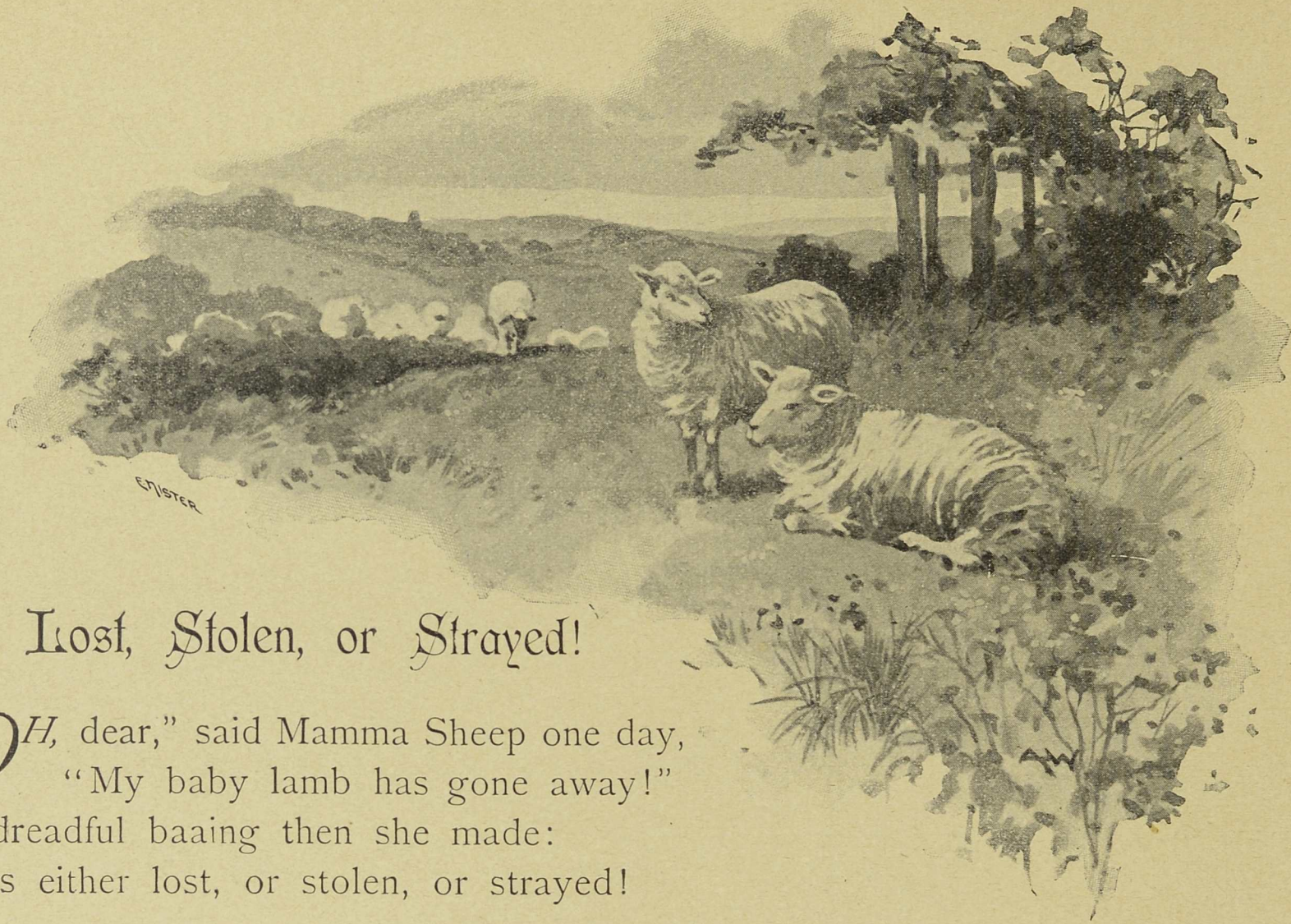
It was clear the dog had missed his small friend, had found his way to the country, and brought her to town with him.

Gerald loved him all the more for it, and, now he had both his pets, there was no happier boy in town.

*Edith Roberts.*







## Lost, Stolen, or Strayed!

“*O*H, dear,” said Mamma Sheep one day,  
“My baby lamb has gone away!”  
A dreadful baaing then she made:  
“It’s either lost, or stolen, or strayed!”

“It is not lost, I’m sure,” cried she;  
“No one would take the dear from me.  
Can it have strayed away, the pet?  
Has anyone my lambkin met?”

She searched for it both far and near,  
And listened, too, its voice to hear,  
Round every bush, ’neath every tree,  
But not a sign of it could see.

This way and that she vainly ran,  
Until her heart to ache began;  
She sought and sought it high and low,  
For oh, she loved her lambkin so!

Just then a strange thing caught her eyes—  
A big round thing of wondrous size.  
She peeped—there was her lambkin small:  
’Twas only stolen, after all!—*C. B.*



## "Where are Their Tails?"

"**T**HEY call them little piggies—  
I'm sure I don't know why.  
Their home is in a wooden hutch,  
Instead of in a sty.  
They have such funny whiskers,  
And you can plainly see  
They feed upon green leaves, and that  
Would not suit you and me!



"The children think them piggies—  
I've heard them call them so.  
I've been a pig myself for years,  
And so I ought to know.

They cannot grunt as we do;  
They squeak the whole day long;  
Because of that, I feel quite sure  
The children must be wrong.

"Who ever heard of piggies  
Who didn't love their sty?  
I don't believe they're pigs at all,  
And, brother, this is why:

Look at our tails so curly,  
Although they

may be small.

Piggies indeed—

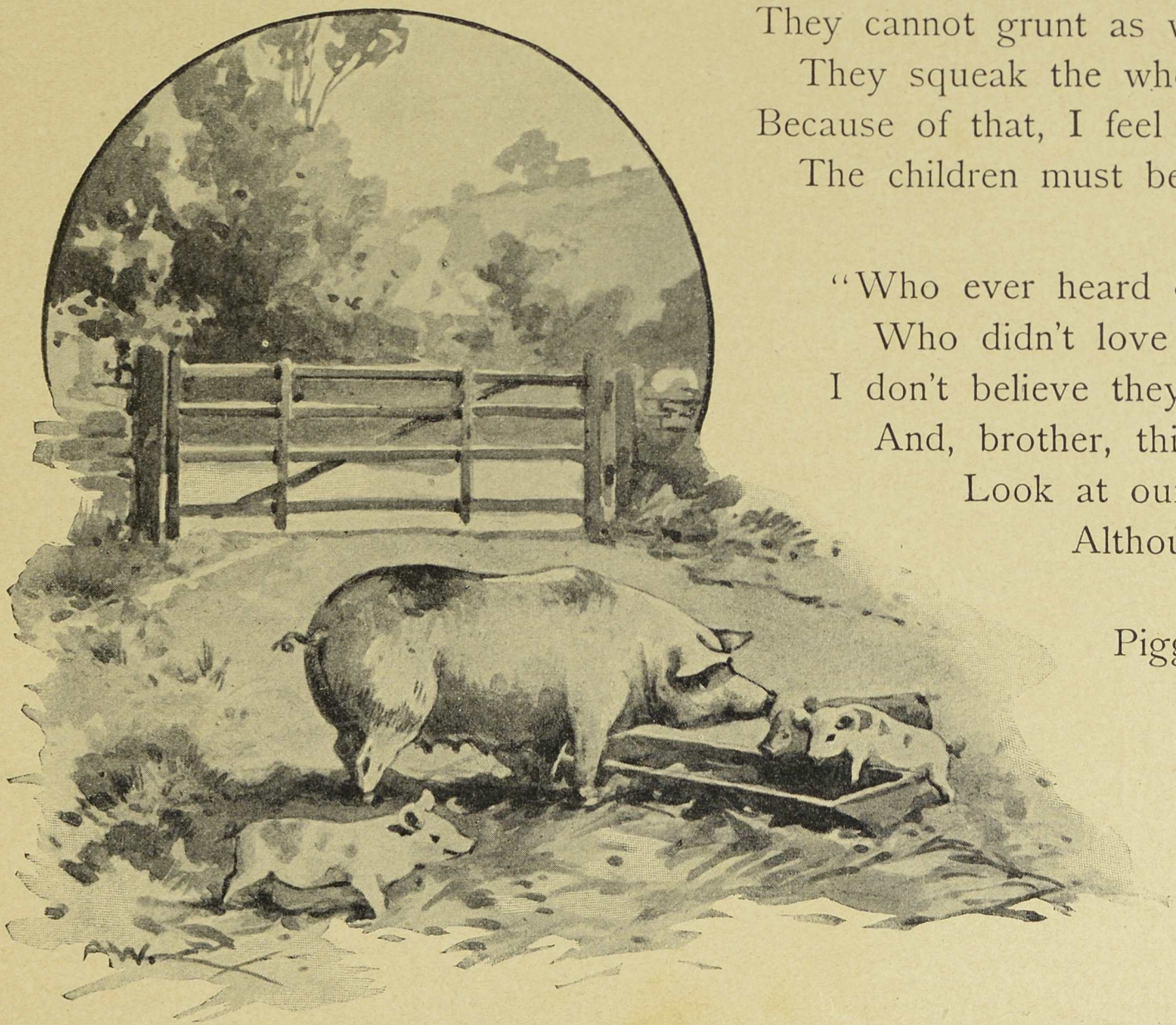
of course

they're not—

They have no

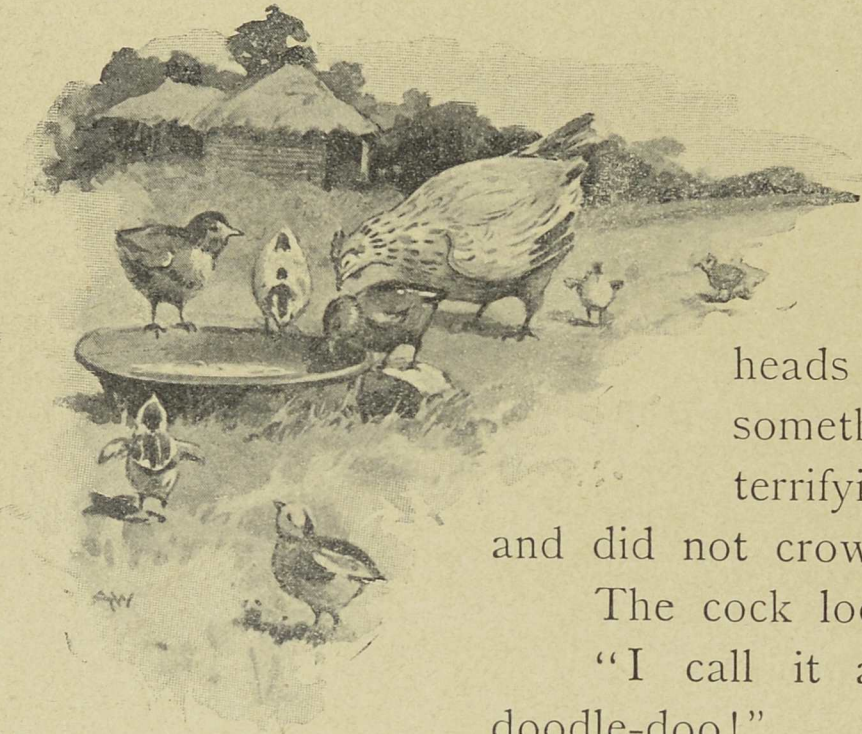
tails at all!

*Clifton Bingham.*





## “Cock-a-Doodle-Doo!”



“*WHAT* do you call that?” said the hens.

They were pecking about in the straw of the farmyard, and scratching for worms, and suddenly they lifted their heads and saw a dazzle of green and gold—something that was not useful like a hen or terrifying like a turkey, that did not gobble and did not crow.

The cock looked it up and down contemptuously.

“I call it a hideous monster,” he said. “Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

The hens breathed more freely. They were dreadfully afraid that the cock might have admired it.

“Yes, it is a hideous monster,” they said, in a breath.

The peacock listened in amazement, and puffed out the green-and-gold feathers on his neck until they glistened in the sun.

“Ignorant creatures!” he said. He spread out his tail, and swept past the cock with his head in the air. “They have never seen anything like that,” he said to himself: and they never had!

“What do you call that?” said the hens more faintly.

They were clustered together, almost frightened by the blaze of colour, and they looked enquiringly at the cock.

“I call it vulgar,” said the cock.

“Yes, it is very vulgar,” said the hens, in a breath. “Walking about with one’s feathers sweeping the yard, instead of holding them carefully out of reach, is certainly not in good taste.”

“Out you go!” said the cock.

He strode down the hill, and trod upon the peacock’s tail. “Come!” he called to the hens—“turn him out! Let him go where he is wanted—we don’t want his airs and graces here.”

“Ignorant rabble!” screamed the peacock. “Have you never travelled



beyond your own narrow yard? Leave me alone. I am more refined and delicate than you."

"Out you go!" said the cock.

The turkeys gobbled and the hens cackled, and the peacock was frightened. The farm-boy waited with the pigs' pail in his hand and stared.

"Why, there's that screeching peacock," he said, "and all the hens after it. What fun!" He set down the pail, and picked up a handful of little stones, and threw them slyly at the peacock. The peacock gathered up his tail and ran screaming to the door. He tried to fly to the top of the wall, but it was too high, and he was breathless and flurried.

"This way, this way!" shouted the boy, and he threw another stone. The peacock looked wildly round at the cackling mob behind him, and then he ran to the door as the boy flung it open. He saw a green stretch of lawn, with roses round it, and a grey old house with a red roof. He almost fell at the feet of the master of the house, his heart was beating so fiercely with fear and anger.

"Why, what is this?" cried the master of the house, as the shouting, scrambling mob of birds and boy filled up the doorway. "Here, Jock, drive them away—we don't want the whole farm-yard on the lawn."

The hens were





rushing at the beds and scratching for worms, the cock was stalking across the grass on to the terrace, and Jock, the farm-boy, stood, red and uncomfortable, in the doorway, scratching his head.

“Get out!” said the master of the house good-humouredly, “and take your friends with you; they’ll scratch up the lawn in ten minutes. Cocks and hens have no respect for a garden; they are so vulgar.”

Jock laughed and threw his handful of stones at the cocks and hens and ran after them, brandishing his arms. He was always ready to chase anything, and he did not much mind on which side of the door it was.

“Here, get out,” he said to the cock, “and hurry up—the master doesn’t want you here.”

The peacock had spread his glistening tail on the grass, and was preening his gold-and-green neck.

“Hurry up,” he said, with a little scream, “and take those vulgar, greedy hens with you, and shut the door, please—shut the door.”

“Ignorant beast!” said the cock.

Jock hustled them out, and flung his stones at all the unruly crew as they scrambled past, and the master of the house shut the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

The hens turned and looked at the cock uncertainly.

“What do you call that?” they said.

“I call it a hideous monster,” said the cock, “living in a dull hole,” and he scratched for worms.

“Yes,” said the hens, and they breathed more freely, “it’s a dull hole,” and they too scratched for worms.

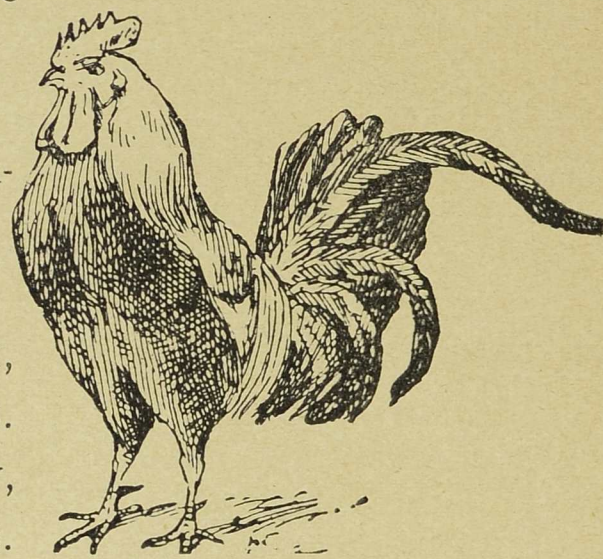
“Give me my own yard and my own worms,” said the cock. “I don’t ask for anything better. Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

“You are sure he was hideous?” said the hens doubtfully.

“Quite,” said the cock.

“And vulgar?” said the hens.

“Oh, decidedly vulgar,” said the cock.



*Geraldine Glasgow.*





## The Runaway Calves.

“*M*OTHER, I wish I were a sheep,” said the little calf discontentedly.

“Don’t be silly!” moaned the old cow. “Whatever can you want to be a sheep for? You wouldn’t like it a bit if you were—to be chased here and there and everywhere by a dog, which won’t let you go where you want to, and makes you walk miles and miles down dusty lanes.”

“Well, but are we not chased by dogs?” asked Buttercup.

“No,” said the old cow crossly. “Who cares for that little Snap? He barks to try and tease us; but if you take no notice of him he will soon leave you alone. And now don’t talk any more, but let me get a mouthful of grass before milking-time.”

Buttercup did not dare go on talking when her mother told her to be quiet; but she thought a good deal. By-and-by, when the herd-boy came to drive the cows up to the sheds, she tried to stay behind, and when the boy gave her a tap with his stick she grumbled again, and her mother said it served her right, and she sulked. Oh, she *was* a foolish little calf!

The next day Buttercup made friends with another little calf just as silly as herself, and the two naughty creatures made up their minds to run away. So when their mothers were having a quiet chat together, off went the calves. At first they enjoyed themselves immensely, and Buttercup said: “We will never go back to that dull meadow again. Let us go and live with the sheep.”

The two calves had managed to get out of the meadow by a gap in the hedge, and had trotted a long way down the lane. Just as they were talking about



going to live with the sheep, they heard a great noise of "Baa-aa-baa-aa" on the other side of the hedge.

They stopped to look through a closed gate, and then saw what seemed to them a terrible sight. Some men were shearing a number of sheep, which were struggling their best to get free.

"Moonface," whispered Buttercup, "don't you think we had better go back to our mothers?"

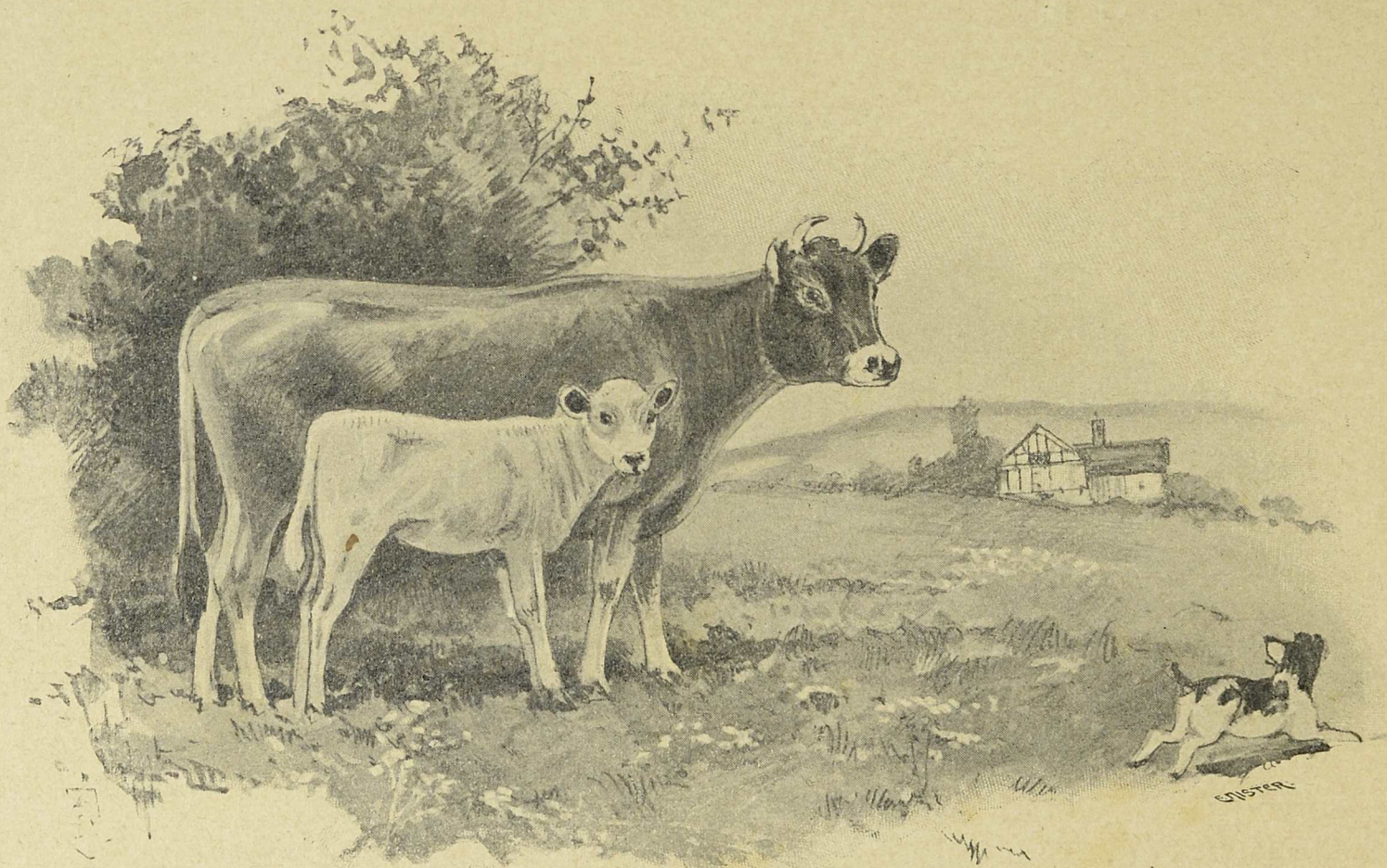
"Yes," answered Moonface eagerly, and away they went down the lane, and ran at once to their mothers.

"Where *have* you been, you naughty calf?" said Buttercup's mother.

"Oh, mother," said the little calf, "we ran away to go and live with the sheep; but we saw some men tearing their skins off, and so we came back at once. Just think if they had caught us and taken our skins, mother! I'll never, never run away again."

"That's right," said the old cow, and then she and Moonface's mother looked at one another. They did not say anything, but each was thinking that their calves would be wiser and would not wish to run away by the time they found out that the sheep had not been skinned, but had only lost their thick warm wool, which would grow again for the winter.

*L. L. Weedon.*



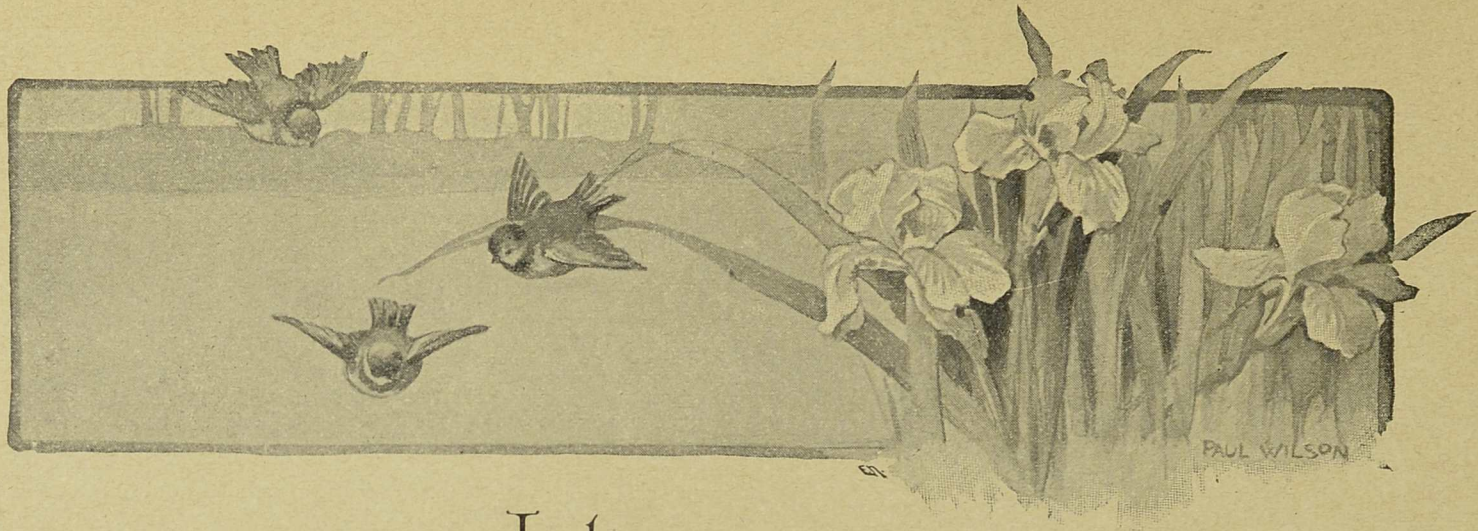




### Killy's Introduction.

*P*RETTY calfie, white and brown,  
This is my new pet from town.  
She has come from far away,  
At the farm to spend the day.  
Don't be frightened, baby chicks;  
Puss won't play you any tricks.  
Come and at her softly peep—  
Well, I never—she's asleep!"—*C. B.*





## Late.

**S**AID Molly Moo to Crumplehorn:  
“Where can that milkmaid be?  
The sun will very soon be set;  
It’s long past time for tea!”  
Said Crumplehorn: “A little bird  
Told me, an hour ago,  
He’d seen her in the field at work,  
Among the hay, you know.”

“I think I saw,” said Molly Moo,  
“The flutter of her gown  
Just now outside the dairy door—  
That new print dress from town!  
I fancy she was talking to  
Those merry boys and girls.  
I heard their laughter loud and sweet,  
And saw their dancing curls.”

“Oh, dear!” said Crumplehorn; “then we  
Shall have to wait some while.”  
“Oh, no,” cried Molly; “there she comes:  
She’s by the meadow-stile.  
Not all the boys and girls could make  
The dear forget us ever;  
So let us in a greeting moo  
Say: ‘Better late than never’!”

*Clifton Bingham.*





ELSTER

WAITING FOR THE MILKMAID.





FRIENDS.





HAPPY COMPANIONS.



## The Puppy's Story.

*L*ONG, long ago, as far back as I can remember, I lost my mother. I do not mean that she died; but I was taken away from her and sold for two pounds ten.

My mother was the handsomest dog on the farm, and her children—Floss, Jock, and I—had been pronounced “real beauties.”

One day the farmer brought a strange man to see us, who looked at us three puppies, and then slipped me into the pocket of his great-coat, and said: “This one will do.” Mother was dreadfully angry; indeed, I think she would have bitten him, but the farmer quietly slipped a collar round her neck and chained her up.

Well, my new master carried me away to the railway-station, and as we had some time to wait for the train, he felt in his pocket for his pipe. It was under me, and he took me out of his pocket and put me on the ground whilst he fumbled for it. I was feeling very lonely and miserable by this time, and what was my joy when I suddenly saw my darling mother's nose peeping round a corner. I ran towards her, and in a second she had me in her mouth and was trotting off home with me. It hurt rather, for I was a fat heavy puppy, and I could not help squeaking now and again; but mother never heeded my cries and never slackened her pace until she dropped me into the old barrel again. Then, as soon as she had recovered her breath, she told me that the farmer had unchained her when the strange man was off the premises, and she had set out at once to look for me.

Mother hid me under the straw, and we hoped I should not be found there; but I *was*, and I was given up to the strange man again, who was in a terrible temper because he had lost not only me, but the train as well. However, he soon became better tempered when he found me, and he even patted mother, and called her “poor old lass,” and when she saw that there was no help for it, she just gave me a parting lick and bade me be a good dog.

I have had a happy home with my present master, and I think I have obeyed mother and been a good dog; but I have never forgotten my old home or my dear, kind mother.

*L. L. Weedon.*





CRISTEN

A FAMILY PARTY.



## Curiosity.

*A* *BASKET* one fine morning stood  
Upon the table wide;  
Said Kit: "I do feel curious  
To know what is inside!"



"Let's look,"  
then cried her  
brother kit,  
"For I too have a wish  
To know what's  
in that basket there.  
I really think it's fish!"

So up they jumped,  
those kitties three.  
The cover quickly slipped,  
When something  
with an ugly claw  
Poor pussy's  
finger nipped!

"Oh, dear, I wish  
I hadn't looked!"  
She cried, in pain  
and fright.

"I'm very fond  
of fish, but, oh,  
I don't like fish  
that bite!"  
C. B.











SA (TBe)  
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