







Little Bright-Eyes

Designed by MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL.

B341.

VALENTINE'S DOLLY BOOKS.

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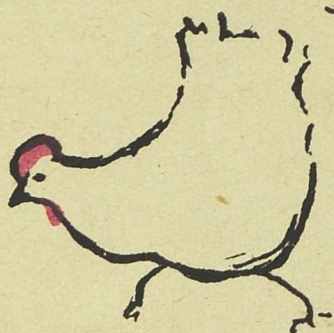


Little Bright-Eyes

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MY Mummy said, "Now, Bright-eyes, you have got your cap, and muff, and gaiters on, and though it's cold, you should be warm enough. You can go out for half-an-hour, and take a little run. But don't get into mischief, mind!" I thought, "Oh, now for fun! All by myself, how splendid!" You may guess I didn't wait; I got my hoop, and galloped off, and never shut the gate!

And first I met with Teddie Brown — he'd got a hoop like me. I said, "I'll race you down the street!" "All



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right,
come on,"
said he. I quite
forgot that Mummy
said street races weren't
allowed. Oh! how we
bowled those hoops along,
just charging through the
crowd! But people shoved
and pushed us so we'd not
gone very far, before my
hoop ran off alone, and
chased a motor-car, and
got beneath some cycle
wheels, and under
horses' feet, and ended
up by lying smashed in
the middle of the street.
I think a hoop's a silly
thing, don't you?

And as for Teddie,
he only said, "Well,
never mind, I'd won
the race already!"

And then I saw Nell



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make it
go. The kite
was very
naughty, though,
and also very strong.
Directly that it felt me
pull, it chose to fly all
wrong. It twitched the
string away from me, I
can't imagine why, and
rushed to meet an aero-
plane that came across the
sky. It tangled all its tail
upon the aeroplane, and
then, there never yet
were men so cross as
those two flying men!
They came and scold-
ed us so hard, a shame,
I call it, quite, to
blame three quiet
people for the badness
of a kite!

Of course I was
annoyed with them.
I went away, beyond
the bandstand, and the
gardens, till I reached



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the boat-
ing pond. I
found a lot
of children there,
each managing to float
a ship; but I had not
the tiniest penny sailing
boat. I sent some straws
and sticks across, but they
were not much good. But
someone gave me, pre-
sently, a little piece of
wood. I stuck a stick for
mast in it—it sailed and
sailed away. I simply
danced for joy to see
it! Didn't I hurrah!
And then my boot
went slipper - slip on
the edge, and in a
minute I found the
pond was very deep,
for I had tumbled in
it! A pond may be
all right, you know,



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for stickle-
backs and
eels ; but for
a child, you can-
not think how shivery
it feels.

They pulled me out,
they wrapped me up in
coats, and said to me,
“Where do you live?” I
told them, “Well, I *think*
it’s Forty - Three.” They
asked, “What street,
though?” And I had
to answer, “I forget.”
You really can’t re-
member things when
you’re so dripping
wet.

And then, I thought,
“Oh, where’s my
muff?” and then, “Oh,
where’s my cap? and
where’s my other
gaiter?” (one was



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hanging
by the strap).
And then I
saw my nice red
coat, all over brown-
white, and some rude,
rough boys were laugh-
ing, and they shouted.
"Serve you right!"

But just as I began to
cry inside the people's
coats, and a tall policeman,
very grave, had started
taking notes, I saw a
person passing that I
knew. I was so glad!
I cried, "Oh, Daddy!
Stop him! Come to
Bright-eyes, Dearest
Dad; and Daddy came
and hugged me, and
he took me home, and
said to Mummy, "We
must hurry and put
Bright-eyes warm in



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bed."

It was
morning
when I wakened.

I was really none the
worse, except my
clothes. But Daddy now,
and Mummy, yes, and
Nurse, won't let me go
alone again. They say they
must forbid it. They say
I get in mischief. Do you
really think I did?



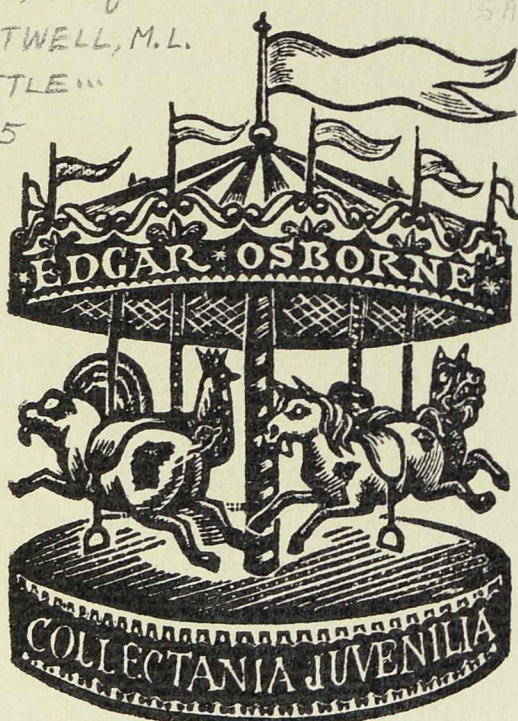
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