

# Half Holidays.

Pictures & Stories  
for  
Little Folk.



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## HOLIDAYS.

**A**RTHUR and Lucy ran home from school one day, hurrying to tell mother it was holidays.

"What shall we do when we don't go to school?" asked little Lucy.

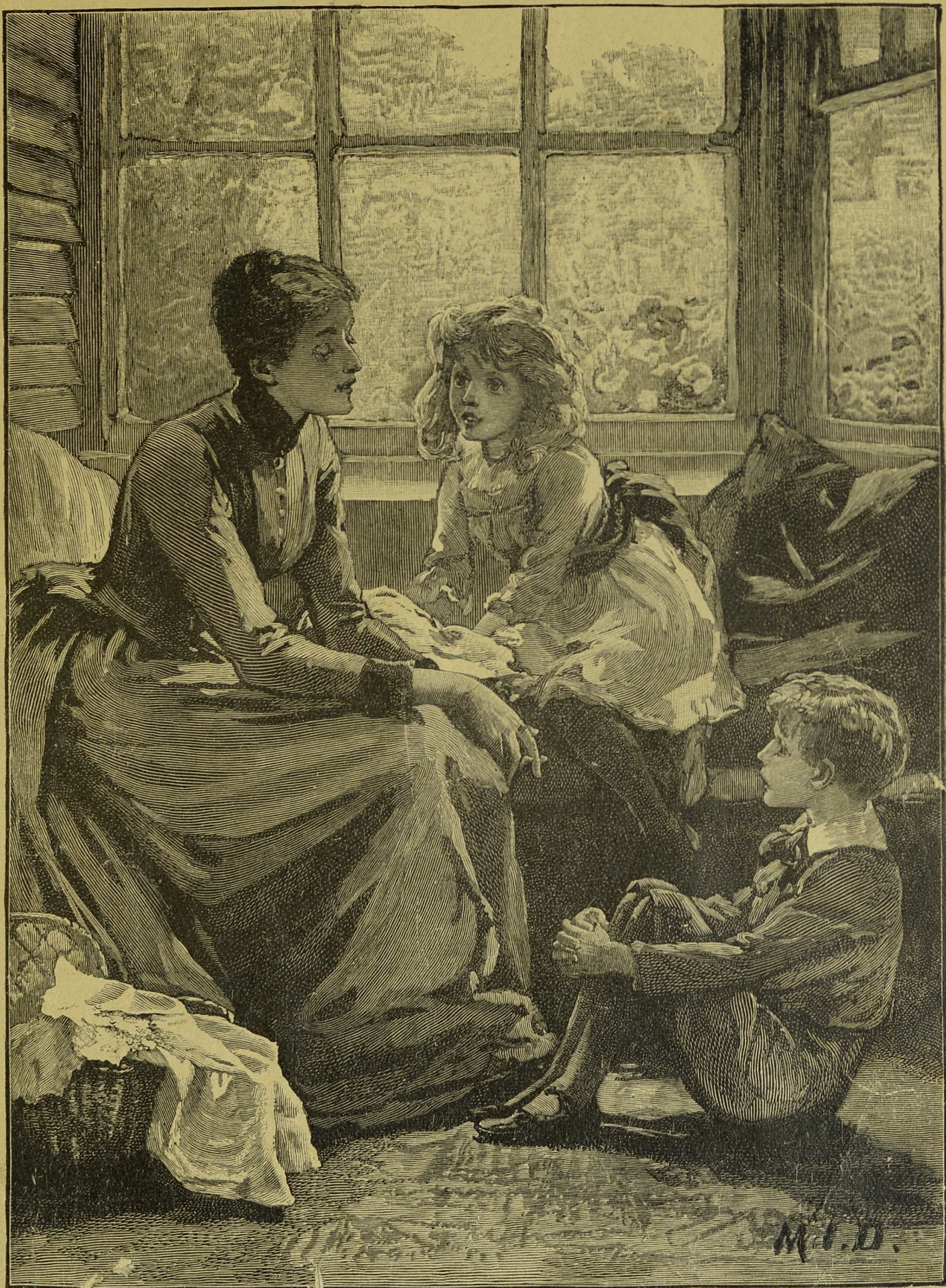
"Oh, lots and lots. I shall wheel dolly round and round the garden every day when the sun shines, and make her ever so many nice new frocks," said Lucy.

"And I shall spin tops and fly kites," said Arthur.

When they got home quite out of breath, they found Mother and Betsy were upstairs packing. In a corner, ready to be put in the train, with a neat little ticket tied round them, were two wooden spades and two little tin pails; so Arthur guessed they were going to the seaside "'cause it was holidays." When they were seated, and the train began to move off, the children clapped their hands for joy. But, oh dear, what a long, long journey it seemed to be, and how many times they worried Mother and Betsy to know if it was the seaside yet.







A Half Holiday.

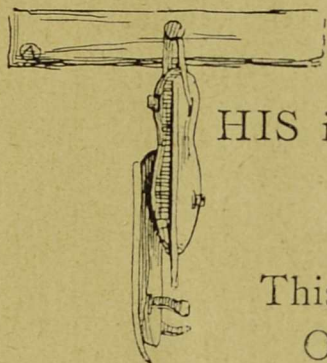




The train stopped at last, and all the people jumped out. Although Arthur and Lucy were very tired, they each carried their own little spades and pails into the omnibus, but they fell asleep long before they reached their lodgings. Next day Mother sent them out on the sands, and said they could dig as long as they liked. A dear little boy, who hadn't any brothers or sisters to play with, helped Arthur to build a castle, and showed him how to make a moat all round it; then he waded into the sea to get some real water in his little pail, quite like a man. And oh, such happy days these children had, that they wished the holidays could last for ever and ever, and the sun be always shining.



# A Merry Slide.



HIS is the day for a merry slide,  
A merry slide,  
A merry slide;  
This is the day for a merry slide,  
On a wintry day in the morning.

This is the day to skate and glide,  
To skate and glide,  
To skate and glide;  
This is the day to skate and glide,  
On a frosty day in the morning.

This is the day on a sleigh to ride,  
On a sleigh to ride,  
On a sleigh to ride;  
This is the day on a sleigh to ride,  
On a snowy day in the morning.

This is the day for a merry slide,  
It is also the day to skate and glide,  
As well as a day on a sleigh to ride,  
On a wintry day in the morning.

R. E. M.





## FATHER'S YACHT.

MARY and Charlie had just finished their lessons one morning when Nurse came into the school-room. "Come quickly," she said, "your father is going out in the yacht."

That was the children's greatest treat. They were scarcely a moment getting ready, and when they ran down to the water found Father and Mr. Fisher, the man who took care of the yacht, and Sam, his son, all in the little boat, waiting to take them out to the yacht.

It was a fine breezy day, and the wind made big waves that tossed the yacht up and down. But Charlie and Mary thought that great fun.

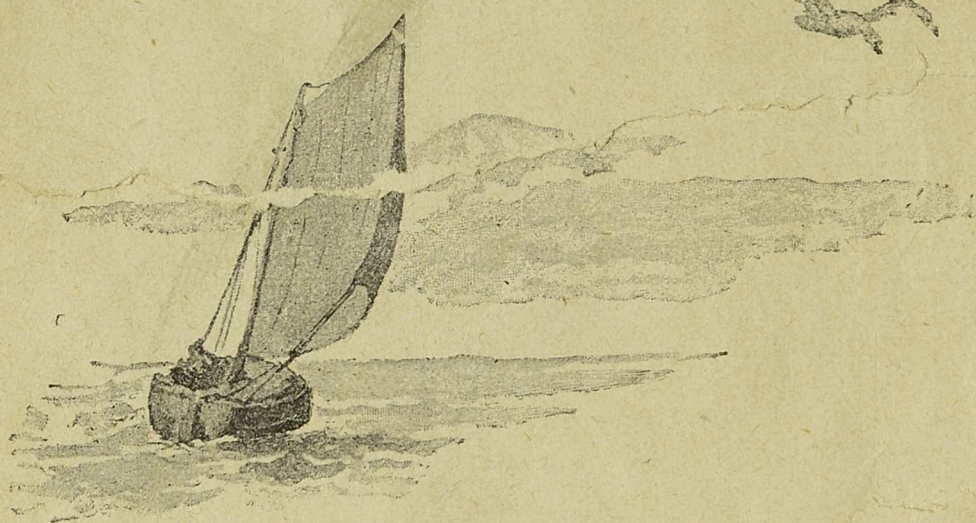
"What about dinner, Father?" asked Mary.

"Didn't you bring any with you, Mary?" said Father. "Then if Sam's friends the mermaids can't give you something I am afraid you will have to wait until tea-time."

Mary looked very grave, she did not think the mermaids could do much. But Sam went down the cabin steps, and came back with a big basket full of sandwiches and cake, enough for everyone, and the gulls who followed the boat

all the way came in for the scraps.

Presently Father said: "There is a black cloud over there that looks like a storm. We had better get back now as fast as possible."





# THE LONG AND the SHORT of it.

If Neddy wasn't quite so tall,  
Or Tommy wasn't quite so small,  
He'd soon lift Sissie  
on Ned's back-  
But as it is - alas, alack!  
He can't!





## THE TIGER HUNT.

“**L**ET’S go tiger-hunting!” cried Master Fred, excitedly shutting a book of wild adventure he had been reading.

Bella and Maud looked at him somewhat doubtfully. Tiger-hunting was not very much to their taste; they rather preferred a dolls’ tea-party, or helping cook make pastry. “Come on, girls,” persisted their brother, “it’s only make-believe, you know. We’ll go into the woods and have a regular fine hunt. I’ll take my gun, and you can take a



drum, or anything that makes a noise; you are to be the beaters in the jungle, while I shoot the tigers. See?” Bella and Maud eventually consented, and away they started, Fred armed with his new toy-gun. They entered the woods very cautiously, because you must remember that tiger-hunting is so dangerous; they peeped under bushes and behind trees for a long time without success. But at last they were rewarded. “Look,” said Fred in a whisper, pointing to a log of dead wood. “That’s a tiger. Now I’m going to shoot.” “Pop!” went the gun. “Hurrah, hurrah, he’s killed,” they shouted; and were running up

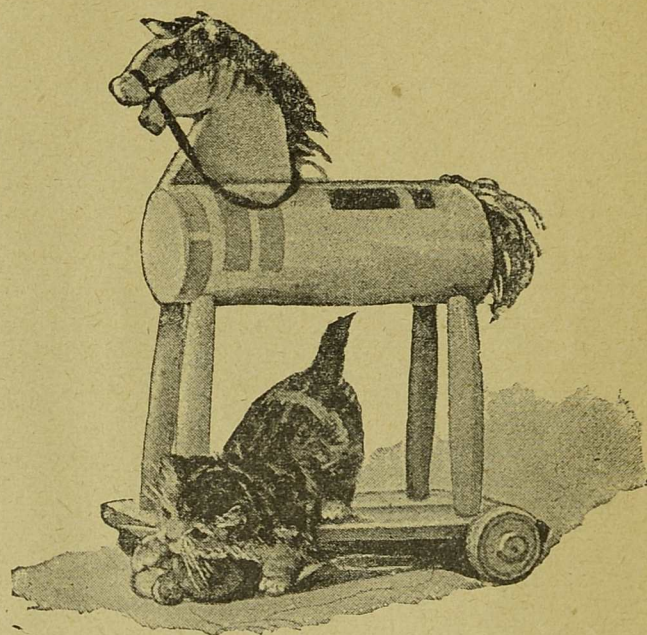




A Little Milksop.



to secure their prize, when they suddenly stopped, dumb with astonishment, for on to the log of wood there jumped a funny animal, with bright eyes and whiskers; and tail and claws, really by no means unlike a tiger, but much smaller. "Miou-miou," cried the animal, running towards them with its mouth open. Not that it meant to eat them, although it was hungry, for it was a poor little starved kitten that had no home, and dearly wanted a saucer of milk. "This is our Tiger-cub," said Fred, "we will take him home and keep him." And so they did, and called him Tiger, and fed him with milk; in fact they had to teach him to drink, he was so young. This was really a wonderful ending to a wonderful adventure, and Kitty considered it a particularly pleasant ending.



## APRIL.

**I**N a cosy farmyard, one balmy day in April, just after a nice, refreshing shower had fallen, everything seemed cheerful and happy. The little baby ducks were eagerly picking up all the worms they could find, the hens were clucking and the cocks crowing, and everything looked pleased with itself—all except three grumbling little children, two girls and one boy! Nellie wouldn't play at this, Bessy wouldn't at that, and Robbie would play at nothing. "Well, children," said their mother, coming out of the cowshed with a frothing pail of milk in her hand. "What's the matter? Been quarrelling?" "No, mother," said Nellie, "but we don't know what to do with ourselves." "Well, let me think," said their mother. "Oh, I

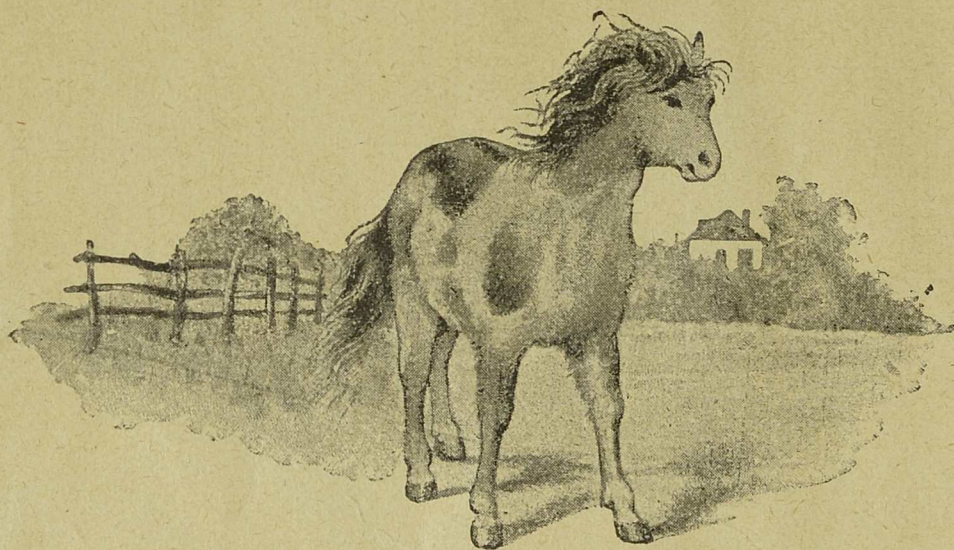




Nellie and Bessy.



know, you are all very fond of Janet, the haymaker, aren't you?" "Yes, yes, mother," they all cried; "we love old Janet." "Well, then, children, she is very ill, poor old woman, with the rheumatism again: suppose you all three go and gather her some flowers, primroses or something, and I'll fill up a basket with butter and eggs, and you can take it to her." "Oh, mother, that we will," they all cried. Off they ran to the meadow, where the primroses and cowslips were growing as thick as a carpet; Robbie kept letting his fall as fast as he gathered them, so at last he contented himself with fill-



ing Nellie's arms.

"I'm sure that's enough now," said he, "let's be off home again." And each of them ran their quickest, eager to get the basket first.

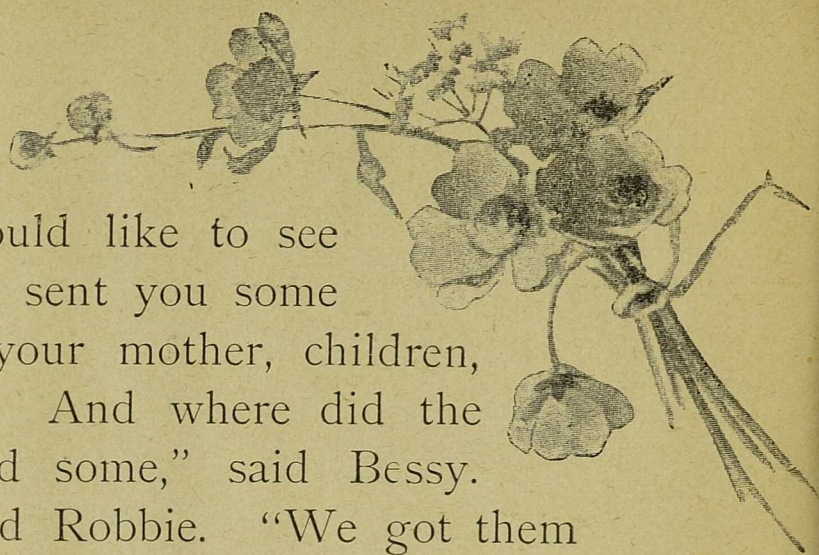
"Here we are, mother; can I carry it?" said Bessy. "Oh, no! me, mother," said Robbie. "Oh, mother, I think I should have it," said Nellie. "Gently, gently," said their mother, "You'll break the eggs between you; you must wait till I put the flowers in. There now, it does look pretty! And Nellie, you can carry it, as you will walk the quietest; and don't stay long." Away they went, Nellie carrying the basket very cautiously, till they came to the old haymaker's cottage. "Tap, tap, tap," rapped Robbie's knuckles on the door. "Come in," said a feeble old voice, and Robbie lifted the latch and the three walked in. "Oh, children, is it you?" said Janet. "Oh, but it does my old heart good to see you! And did you think of poor old Janet, lying here all by herself?" she asked as she kissed and patted their three heads.





Through the Fields.





"Mother thought you would like to see us," said Nellie. "And she has sent you some butter and eggs." "Oh, bless your mother, children, for she's a good friend to me. And where did the flowers come from?" "I pulled some," said Bessy. "And I pulled a whole lot," said Robbie. "We got them in the meadow," said Nellie. "Where shall I put them for you, Janet?" "In that blue china bowl, Nellie; it is one your mother gave me, so I value it; put them in that. Ah! children, you have just been like three little fairies to poor old Janet this morning, and just wait till the hay is ready, won't we have some fun, that's all?" said Janet. And they began talking and laughing, and forgot all about the time, till suddenly Nellie said: "Oh, mother said we were not to stay long, so we must be off, Janet." "Good-bye, good-bye," they cried, "mind and eat all the butter and eggs, Janet!" "Good-bye, my pets," said Janet. "God bless you!" she said, as they shut the door gently and ran home.

## THE APPLE-CART.

*R*OSY as a Pippin,  
Merry as a Bee,  
With her cheeks so winsome,  
Like an Apple she!

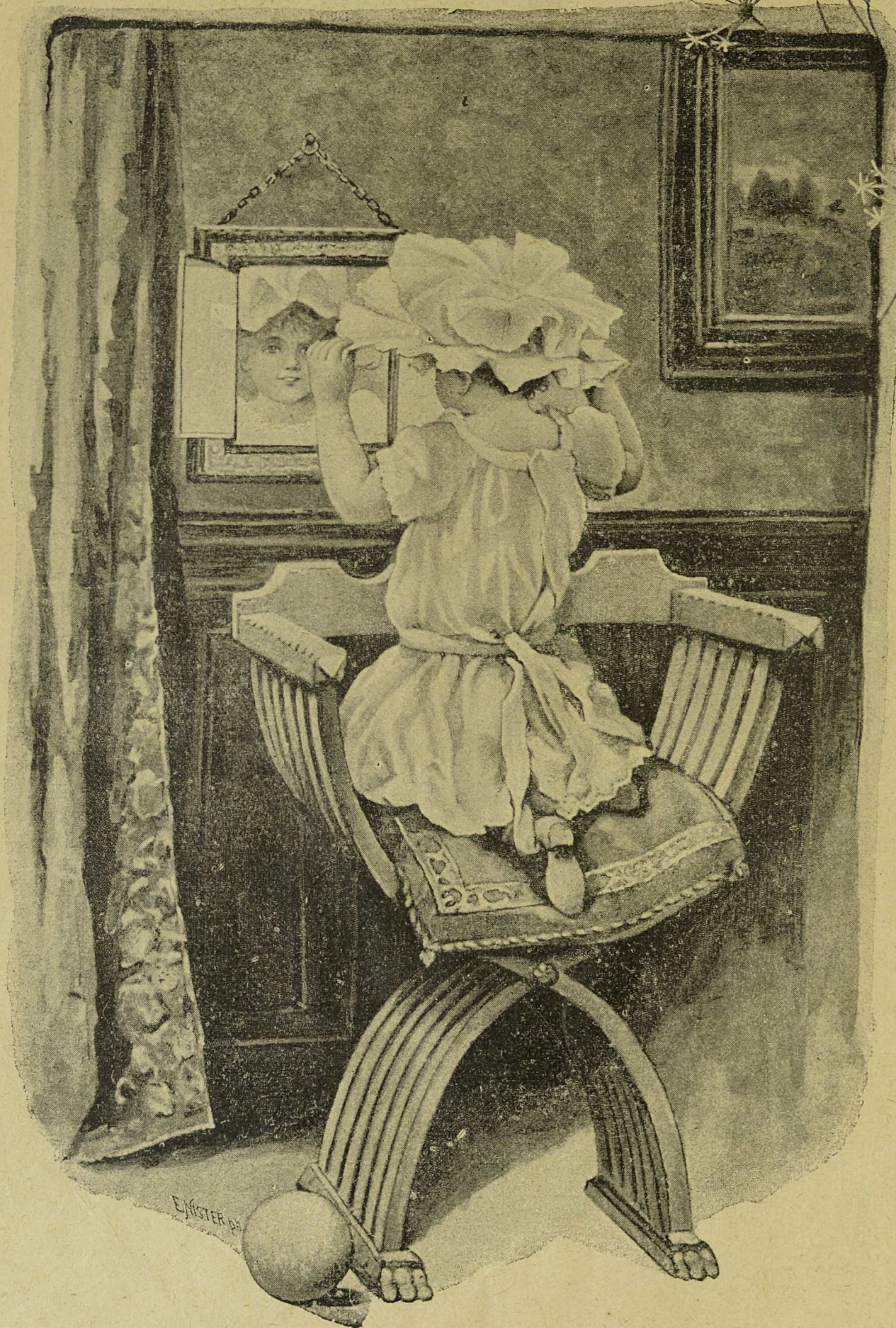
Put her in the Apple-cart,  
Take her to the Fair,  
We shall get a penny piece  
For the darling there!





The Apple Cart.

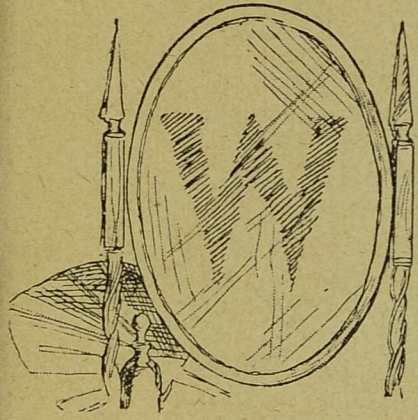




The New Hat.



# The Magic Mirror



HERE is the Magic Mirror?

It hangs upon the wall  
In Mother's little parlour,  
Just where the curtains fall.  
It tells me when I'm naughty,  
It tells me when I'm good,  
I wouldn't lose my Mirror  
Or change it if I could!

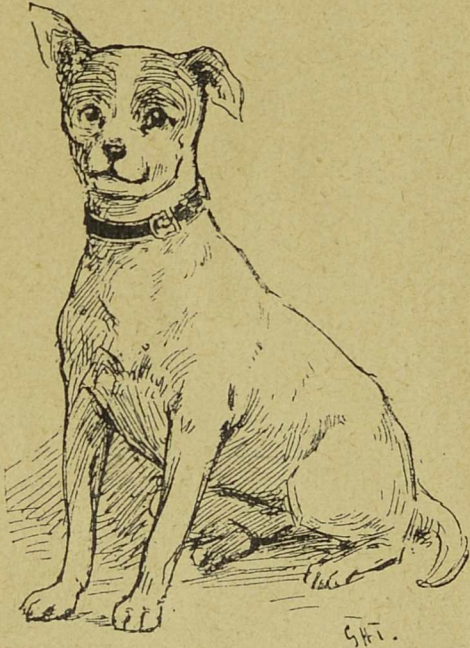
For when I'm looking in it,  
It shows me two blue eyes,  
And when I laugh it laughs too,  
And when I cry it cries.  
When I've a new sun-bonnet,  
My mirror, don't you know,  
Will always tell me truly  
If it's on straight or no!

I wonder who's the fairy  
That's hiding there behind.  
I've looked, O dear, so often,  
But no one I can find.  
When I am looking in it,  
A face there I can see,  
It looks just like a fairy —  
But Mother says it's me!

*Clifton Bingham.*



## REVENGE IS SWEET.



**P**oor Towzer was feeling very uncomfortable, and he wished that Trixie would go away and leave him to himself. Like a great many other people, Trixie liked to purr over him and say "I told you so," and there was something in the very way she washed her paws and blinked her eyes: it was so superior.

Yesterday Towzer had done a very wicked thing. He had crept into the larder after cook, and when she and the mistress were counting if there were enough jam tartlets for dinner, he had pulled a whole young rabbit off its hook, and trotted off with it into the garden. No one saw him but Trixie, and she crept humbly after him and begged him for a share. But Towzer wouldn't. He growled, and showed his teeth, and dragged the rabbit by its skin into a quiet corner of the garden, where he could eat it in peace. There was no excuse for him. He was not hungry, like the poor half-starved cur at the corner house. He was simply greedy, and Trixie was disgusted with him. She went back into the kitchen and whined and miewed, until she had attracted cook's attention to the empty larder.

"Why, dear me," said cook, "that rabbit's gone—Towzer. Where's Towzer?"

She took down the broom and hurried out into the garden, where Towzer was calmly enjoying his stolen meal. He jumped up when he saw her, and ran off, but cook threw

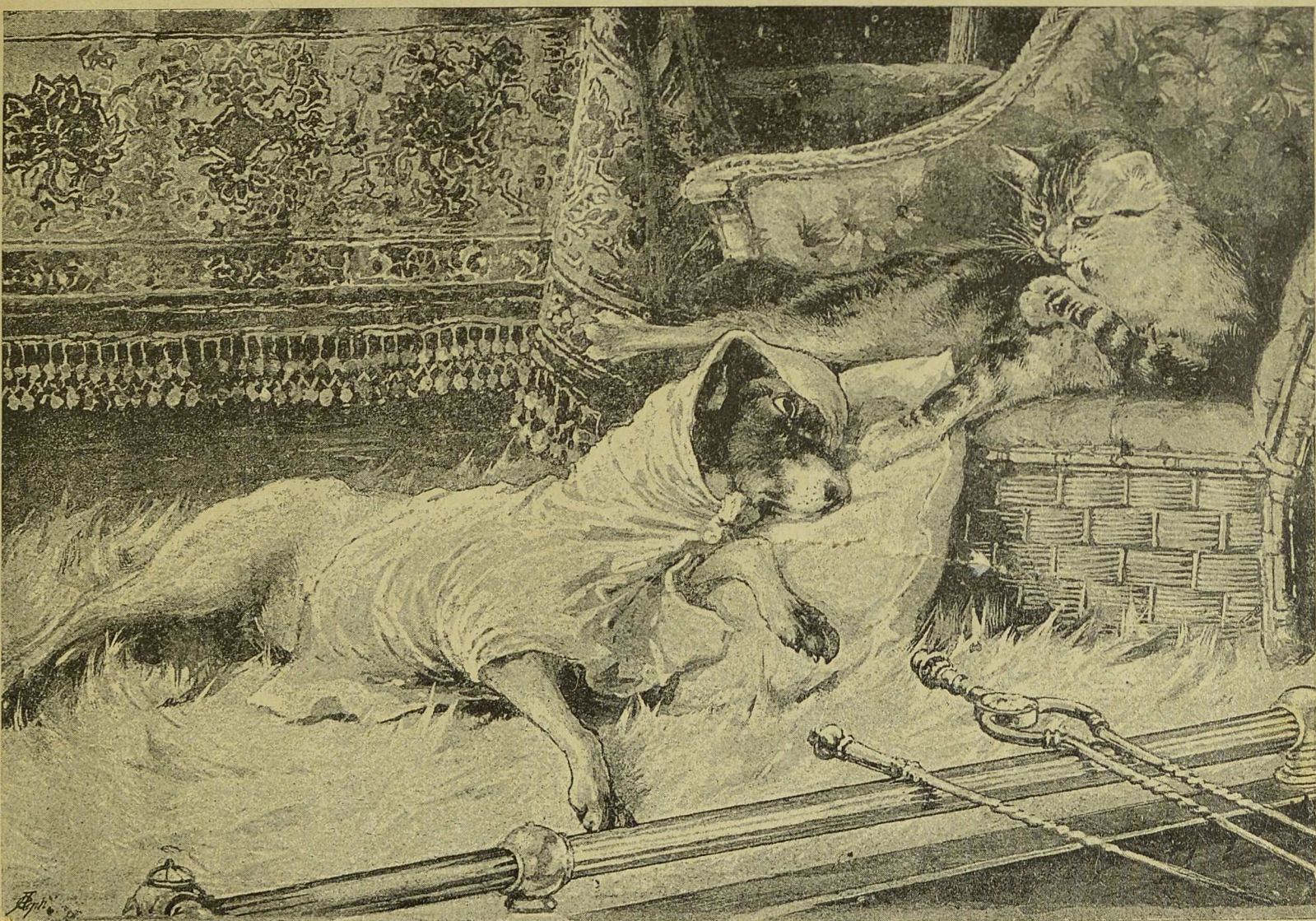


the broom after him and it hit him on the head, and hurt him more than she really intended. Trixie sat purring on the wall, washing her face, and feeling very superior, but cook suddenly turned and saw her.

"I'll be bound you've had a hand in it too," she said; "hs-h-h, get away. No milk for supper to-night, for you—you're just a couple of common thieves."


Cook bustled back into the house, and Trixie left off washing her face, and sat trembling on the wall for a long time. She really was extremely hungry when she went to bed, and she made a resolution, and confided it to Towzer, that she would never tell tales again.

*G. R. G.*



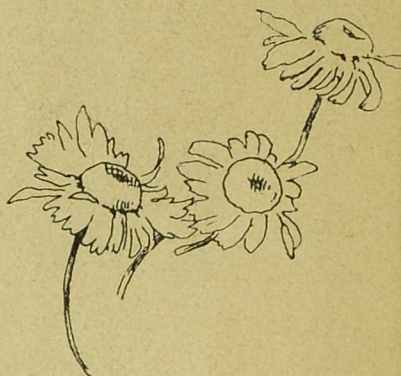
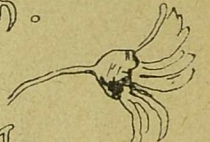


# DAISY DAYS.




To number years not more  
than seven,  
To have sweet eyes  
as pure as heaven,  
And hearts without a stain;  
To lay our heads on Mother's breast,  
And tell her that we love her best,  
And kiss and kiss again.

To gather flowers in sunny meads,  
To follow where the brooklet leads  
Through pleasant  
winding ways;  
To love each wild thing of the wood,  
To know that God  
is kind and good—  
Ah, these are  
daisy days!



L. Haskell







A Daisy.





### THE NEW KITTEN.

“**I** SAY, you know, this sort of thing won't do. I'm the cat in this house. Have you dropped in to pay a visit, or do you think you're going to stop?”

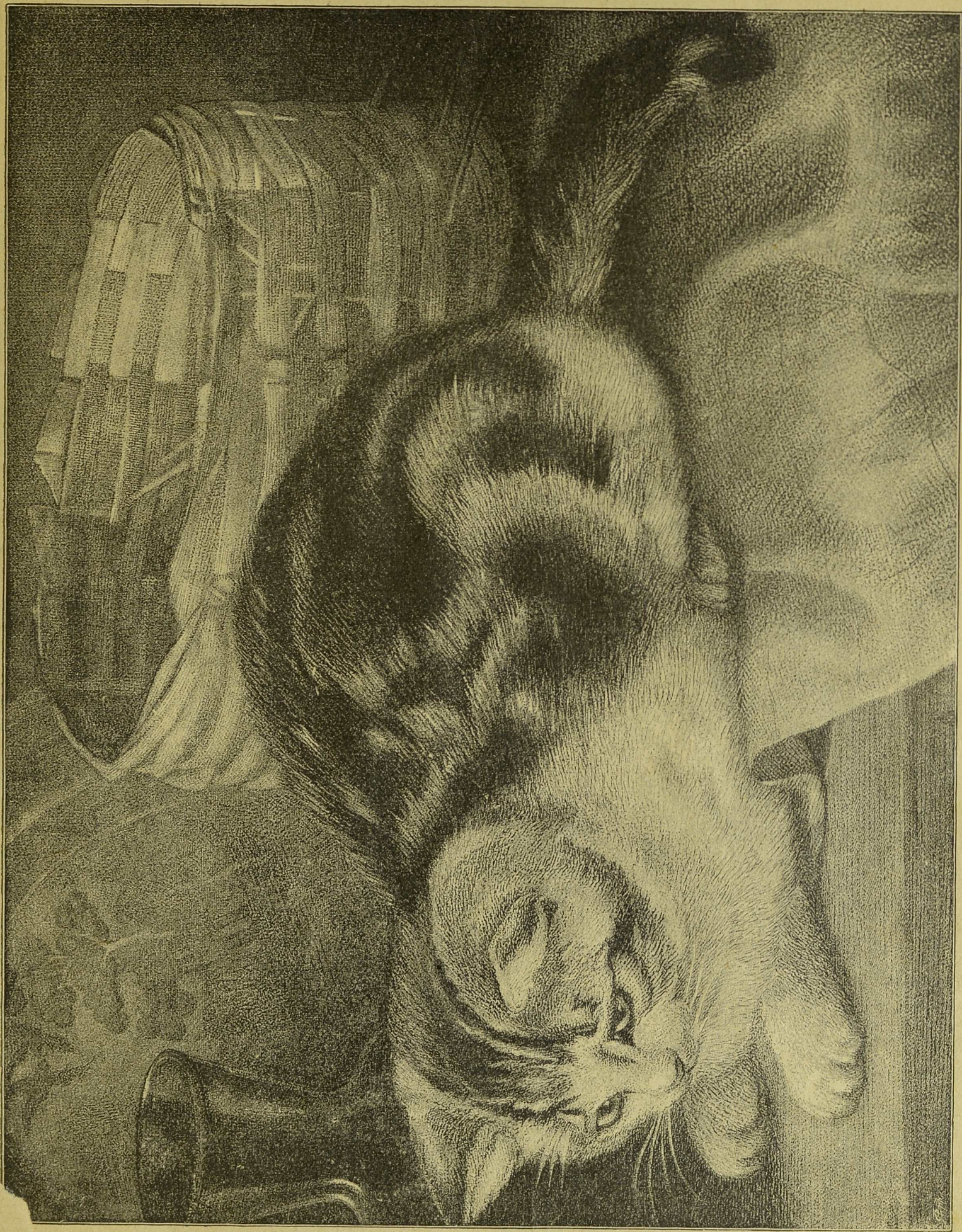
“I should like to stop, please.”

“I dare say you would. But allow me to remark that one cat is enough for a small family like ours; besides, we have a dog, and a duck, and a bowl of a gold-fish, and three children, to say nothing of the ‘grown-ups.’ Why don't you go back to your own people?”

“Because my people have gone and have forgotten to take me with them.”

The above conversation took place between two kittens. They were both tabbies, but there the resemblance between them ceased. One was fat and sleek, and had a red collar, and was evidently well cared for; while the other was a poor, thin, half-starved looking little creature. The thin kitten had walked into the kitchen, where the fat kitten, whose name was Fluff, was warming herself by the fire.





Fluffy.



At that moment the children came running in from their morning's play in the garden, where Maud and Lily had been skipping and behaving quite properly as good little girls should, while Tom had been mischievous as usual, chasing the fowls, and holding the ducks under the pump—in fact, behaving as a good little boy shouldn't.

"Halloa, here's a poor kitten," cried Lily. "I wonder where it came from?"

"Let's go and ask Mother if we can keep it," said Maud; "the poor little thing looks so miserable."

Away ran the children, and returned to the kitchen in a few minutes with the news that the New Kitten could stop as long as it liked.

"Well," said Fluff to herself, "if this isn't disgusting, I don't know what is. Here am I, who am an educated cat, who have been taught never to look at the canary and the gold-fish, who have had half-a-dozen lessons on the piano, and am admitted to be a perfect mouser, have now to associate with a thing like that. It's past all bearing, and I'll—I'll leave the house."

"Perhaps you will kindly keep to the corner of the fire-place," continued Fluff, addressing the New Kitten, "and not come near to me."

Whether the New Kitten did so far misbehave itself remains to be seen.

About a week after the New Kitten had arrived, during which time it had been thoroughly snubbed and scolded by the other little

cat, Fluff disappeared in a most mysterious manner.

"I hope," said the New Kitten to herself, "that Miss Fluff hasn't



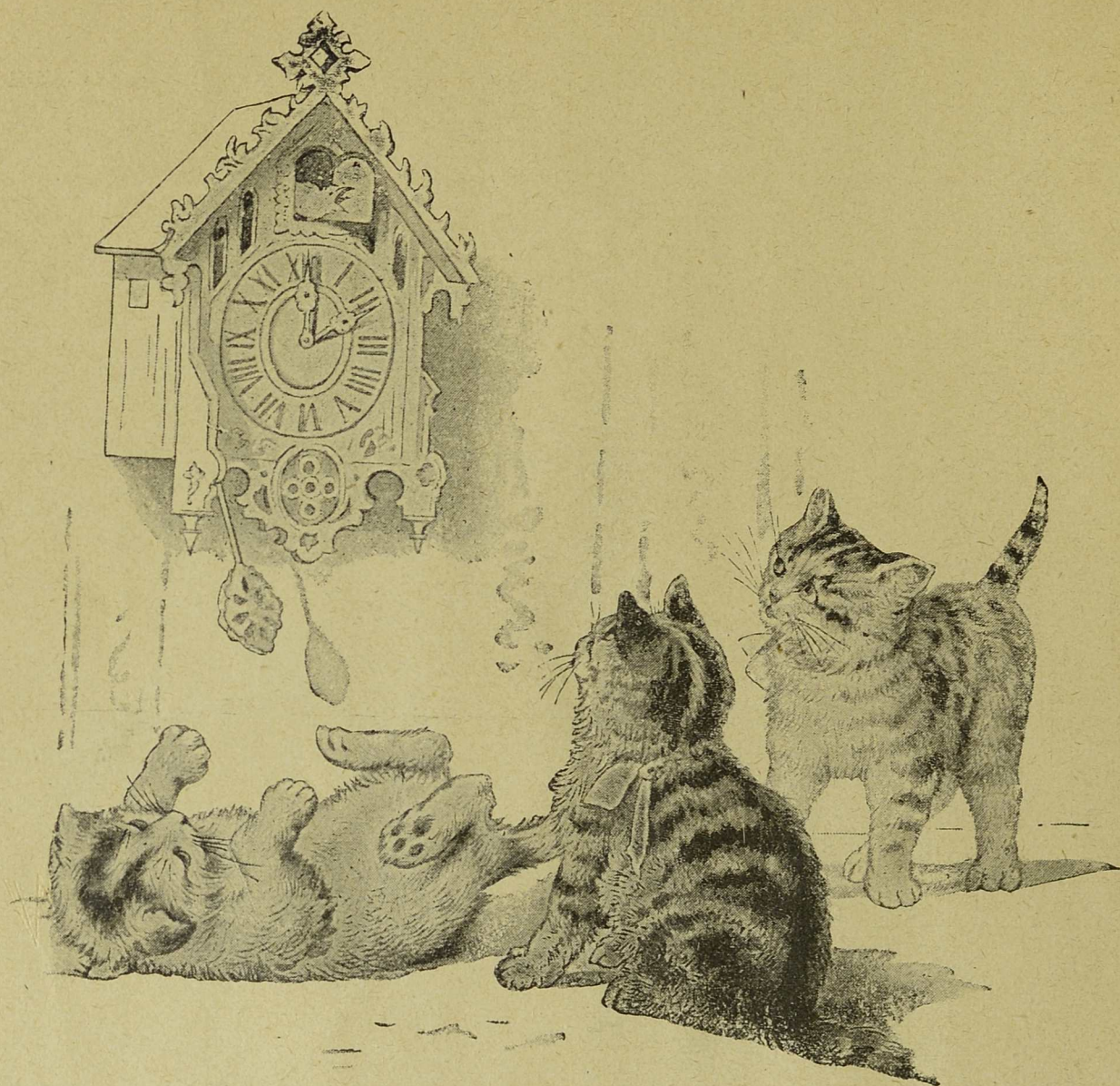




Pussy's First Lesson.

gone off because I'm here. She has threatened to more than once, and I would sooner go myself than turn her out, although she is so unkind to me. She may be in the house after all, and locked up in some room. I'll go round and have a look."





Everybody was asleep when the kitten went to look for Fluff. And she had not been searching long when she heard a faint mew proceed from the top story, and running upstairs found Fluff had been shut up in a big box.

"Miou-miou, how did you get in there, Miss Fluff?" asked the New Kitten.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?" cried Fluff. "I found the box open, and thought I would look for a mouse, and Tom shut the lid down, not knowing I was inside. Do let me out, New Kitten, and I'll never be cross to you again."

"I'm not strong enough to open the box," replied the little cat.

"I know what you mean, you wish me to die of hunger and thirst. You can have half of my milk for the rest of



your life if you will only go and let the children know I'm here." "Everybody's asleep," replied the kitten, "but I'll tell you what I'll do, if you like, I'll sit here and tell you stories, and in the morning I'll let them know you are here."

Fluff could do nothing else but agree, so the New Kitten told stories till the morning—wonderful stories about fairy cats; and in the morning the New Kitten mewed loudly outside the nursery door, and when Tom came out she trotted on in front of him till she brought him to the box, where Fluff was mewing piteously to be let free.

You may be quite sure this little experience taught Fluff a great lesson. She made friends with the New Kitten (who, by-the-bye, never even looked at the canary and gold-fish), and the two cats are now as great friends as two cats can possibly be. Both their lives were much happier; so, dear, you can understand how right it always is to return good for evil.

*Edric Vredenburg.*







A Merry Slide.