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MAY 10 '13

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Inside 2 Doors

A Tale

That Tells Itself to Wee Folk and
Those Who Belong to Them

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Dubuque, Iowa





Little Tudor Play Suits

Inside 2 Doors



Oh long ago, and far away, when nobody was poor, high on a hill a round hut sat; and that hut had no door. And a Bad Round Lamb, a Fat Round Babe, and a VERY Round Brown Bear, all lived there in that wee round hut, and never knew a care.

But one fine day the hill got mad, and went away to roam — though one WOULD think that ANY hill had



better stay at home. Hills are such clumsy, tumbly things! But this hill **WOULD** go, you see. (Hills can behave as bad, it seems, as even you or me.)



That left the Lamb, the Hut and Bear, as well as that round child, without a hill to sit upon. And they were simply **WILD!**

What would *you* be, if *your* pet hill got up and went away and left *you* there without a word? What do you think *you'd* say?



It was the Hut that felt it worst; so it sought Fairy Fax. She said a charm she knew — but, first, she made those three turn their backs. The charm she said did change the hut into a bright round moon! You can see it in the sky some night, unless you drowse too soon.

That left the Lamb, the Babe and Bear. They said they didn't mind. (Some children say that still, I hear. You won't, if you are wise.) So they



would not go to sleep at night. They stared up at the skies, to watch the moon-that-was-a-hut (without a door) until, one day, you see, Fairy Fax made up her mind they'd stay up nights no more.



So she said another charm she knew, and half that moon grew dark! The moon-that-was-a-hut, you know — it thought that quite a lark. For, up there in the far deep blue, Fairy Fax had set a door that shut off half that moon—Hut's light! But, though the Bad Lamb slept that night, the Round Babe didn't mind a mite!



Next night 'twas pretty near as bad, though the Brown Bear shut one eye and the Bad Lamb did not dance. But the Round Babe — My, oh my! It rolled and bounced and waved its hands, it would NOT go to bed. It would not do a single thing that ANYbody said.

So Fairy Fax says, with a big, big sigh: "The Babe SHALL go to sleep." And, on the ground where fairies play, soft sleepy sand she pours, as dim, dim, dimmy grows the day,



and sleep, sleep, sleepy shuts each eye
—and the Moon-Hut had TWO
doors!



Now, in these days, when babes are good and LOVE to go to bed — (They don't, you say? Why, tell me, pray, what put THAT in your head?)—they know that they can play all day, and scuff around on floors, and never hurt their nicest clothes, since they too have Tudors!

TUDORS

And when the Bye-Low Boat sets sail for the Dream-Hut up aloft, on board they creep, and sweet they sleep, in Tudors snug and soft. And, should they dream of Babe or Bear, or that Bad Lamb so round, maybe they'll stay another day, and hear, when weary of their play, what else this small book has to say, to little folks wherever found.



—MYA GORDON.

Grown-Ups — specially those who have the immediate care of little folks — may be interested in knowing that the ancient folk-lore tale from which

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the foregoing rhymody is adapted has been told in Gaelic and Celtic since the dawn of the history of those races. To this day mothers and grandmas—grannies particularly—lull the childish mind with a similar tale when the wee ones grow curious to know why the moon does not always look the same.—M. G.

Why the Round Lamb Was Bad



The lamb *would* prance, and the lamb *would* dance, and the lamb *would* bounce up hills. He'd roll around upon the ground—perhaps because he was SO round—

and, though the sheep loved quiet, that lamb's idea of gentle play was not unlike a riot.



His clothes he mused, his clothes he tore, his clothes were NEVER neat. They tried to keep him tidy, but they had to own defeat.

So, in despair, though it wasn't fair, they got the Wolf to come; and asked him if he'd scare that Lamb—yes, just scare him still and dumb!

Now the Wolf had babies of her own, and THEY were



rompers too; so she knew how hard it is to say: "My dears, you simply mustn't play when I leave you alone. I wouldn't if I were you!" But she wanted to oblige the sheep, and so, when that Lamb fell asleep, the Wolf close to his bed did creep and gruffly growled "WURRRR-ROOOO!"



The Lamb awoke in wild surprise, and bounced up off the ground, and bounced right back upon the Wolf (you know that Lamb was round!) and baa'd and baa'd with glee, and said: "Oh here's a furry-wurry Wolf that's come to play with me."



Was *that* a nice way for lambs to act? Would YOU behave that way? Not if you knew it for a fact that wolves are beasts of prey! But this Lamb was bad—so very bad (—or so they tell the tale—) that the poor Wolf thought the Lamb was mad, and its furry ears turned pale.

It ran away—the Wolf, I mean; and, to this very day, if any lamb should dare to bounce and bounce and



BOUNCE again, away up in the air,
no furry Wolf will stay around, nor
dare to go outdoors, until it has made
sure that lamb is not clad in Tudors.

**Why the Hill Got Mad
And
Went
Away
A-roaming**



For ever so long, and ever so long, the hill had just stood still; and people did not think 'twas wrong to climb way up and slide way down, and even start to build a town, upon that patient hill. It never sent a bill. It

never said a single word—at least, none anyone ever heard. It simply stood there still as still—and that is VERY still.

There were no other hills near by, although the hill could see, away off, gray against the sky, far hills it thought might be good hills to know. And so, one day, when the Lamb was specially Bad, and the Babe dug holes in idle play, the hill got just as mad as mad, and shook its head and STOMPED its foot (it never had but one; no hill has



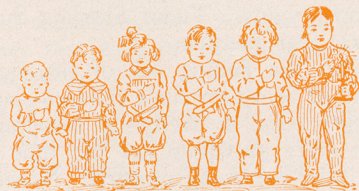
more) and said: "I haven't taken root. I'm off. Hooroar, Hooroar."

Perhaps the hill did not act right; and its language I deplore; but if you had stood there day and night, and days and nights galore (if you were a hill, I mean), and had no little hills close by to talk to now and then, I doubt but you'd be seen a-trotting off through brook and glen, and asking passing country men, where you could find some other hill to treat you kind and play with *you*.

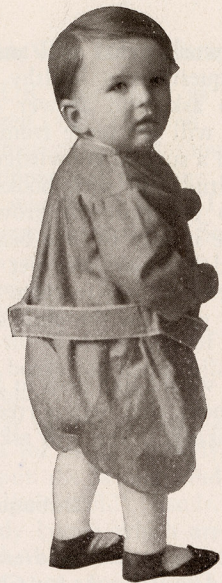
Nobody knows where that hill went; but other hills may sigh and wish that they could go roam too. Yet they never seem to try. They stand up straight—as you should do

—and when the drain drips and pours, I'm sure they wish that they, like you, were snug and dry indoors—yes, safe inside Tudors.

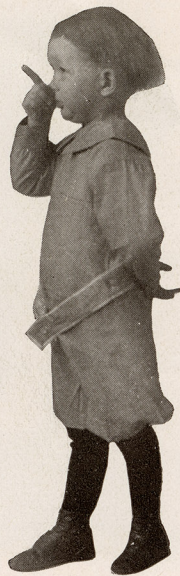
—MYA GORDON.



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Little Tudor Creepers



Little Tudor Play Suits

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Little Tudor Sleepers

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