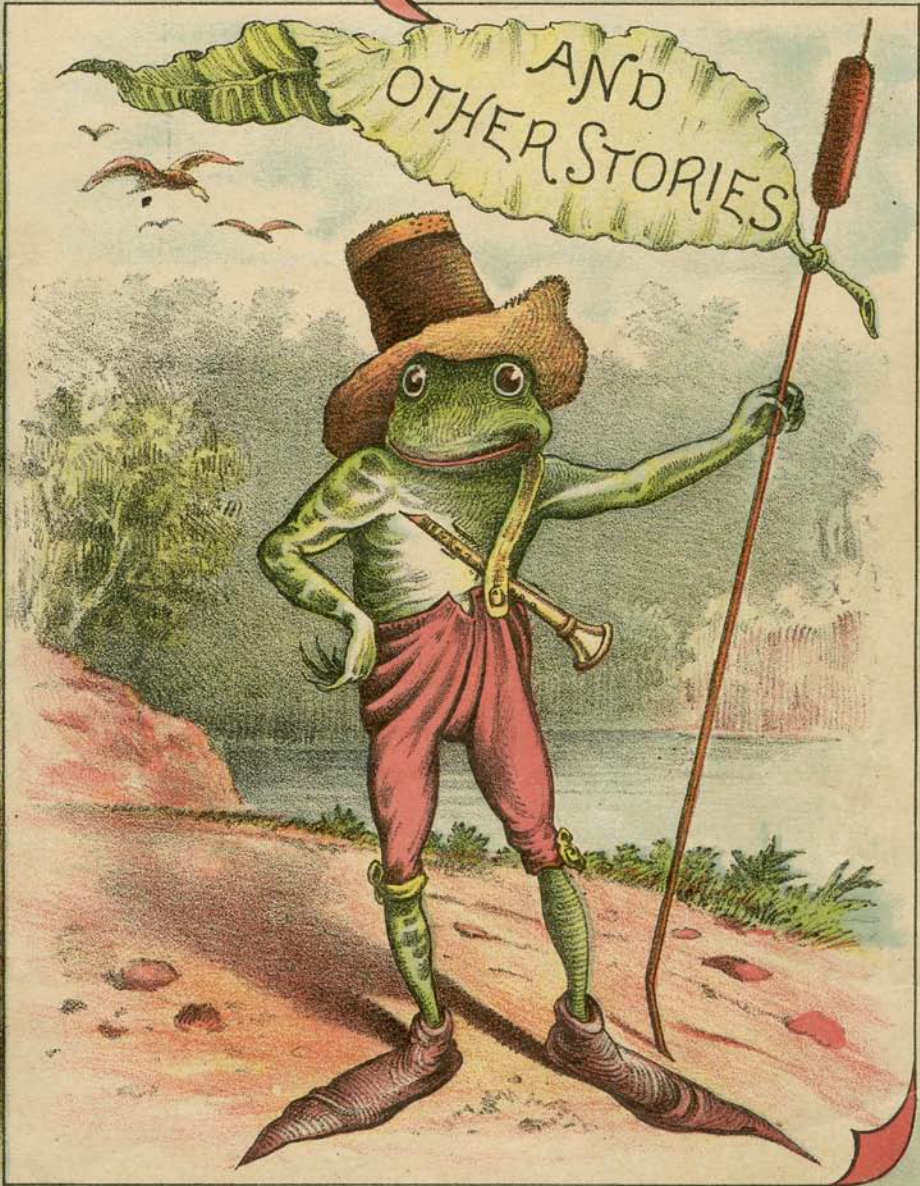
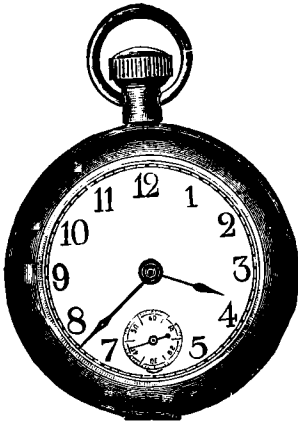


COCK ROBIN



BY **PALMER COX**
AUTHOR OF THE BROWNIES

AND
E. VEALE
THE
FAIRY TALES
AUTHRESS



THE
Washington Nickel Watch.

It Never Tells a Lie!

DESCRIPTION.

The movement used in the watch is the smallest and most compact lantern pinion movement made. Including plates, its extreme thickness is only $\frac{15}{32}$ of an inch. It has a patented winding arrangement, with polished spring encased in a barrel, thus giving maintaining power. Also second hand, patented escapement, 240 beats per minute, and is short wind. The movement is covered with a cap, which, screwed fast to a collar, holds it in position, strengthens the case and makes it practically dust-proof. Weight, complete, only $3\frac{3}{4}$ ounces. Less than four turns will run the movement for twenty-four hours, and the average power of the spring will run same about thirty-three hours.

A reliable time-keeper. Absolutely Guaranteed for One Year.

Factory output nearly one thousand per day!

This fine strong Nickel Watch is just the Watch for Boys and Young Men, just the Watch for rough use, Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Bicycling and all classes of Workingmen.

This Watch Easily Earned by Selling 7 Pounds of Baker's Teas!

Find a price-list of Tea, etc. in this book; then engage the 7 lbs. among your friends and mail us the order and money for 7 lbs. and we will send Tea and Watch and Chain free of expense.



Premium No. 11.

Gentlemen's Fine Gold-Plated WATCH.

This beautiful Gold Watch with a Standard American jeweled movement is given with a beautiful double Albert Chain and Charm free for selling a 24-pound mixed order of Tea, Baking Powder, and Spices.

Premium No. 10.

Ladies' Fine Gold-Plated Watch.



This magnificent engraved Gold Watch with the celebrated Vigilant movement is given with a beautiful gold finished lorgnette Chain, free, for selling a 23-pound mixed order of Tea, Baking Powder, and Spices.

Get your orders for Tea, etc. among your friends before others get ahead. Mail us the orders and the money in a registered letter, and the goods with the Watch and Chain will be sent you, same day your letter arrives, free of all express charges.

W. G. BAKER, - Springfield, Mass.



COCK ROBIN
With Variations
and Illustrations

AN
OLD TALE
RETOLD.

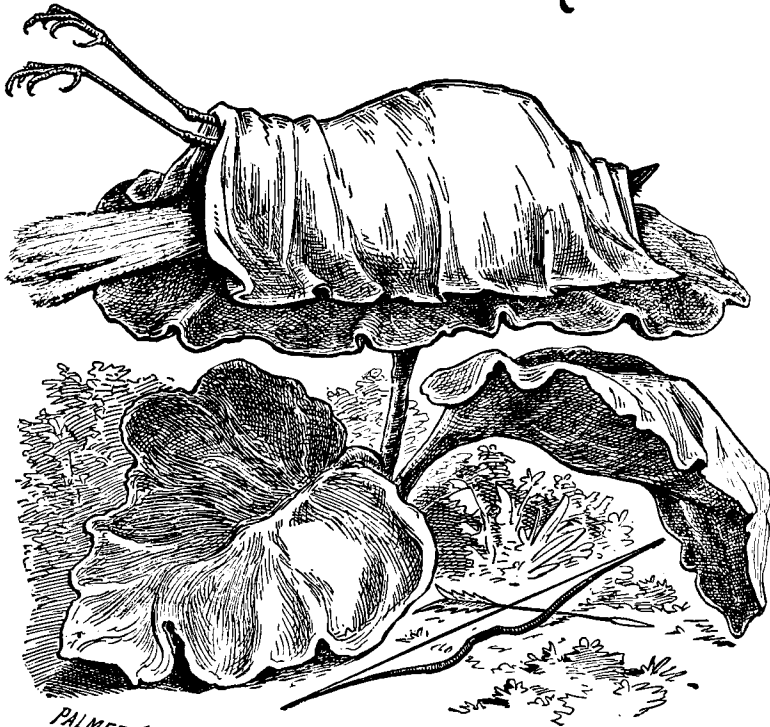
By PALMER COX



COCK ROBIN.

COCK ROBIN.

With Variations
—AND—
Illustrations

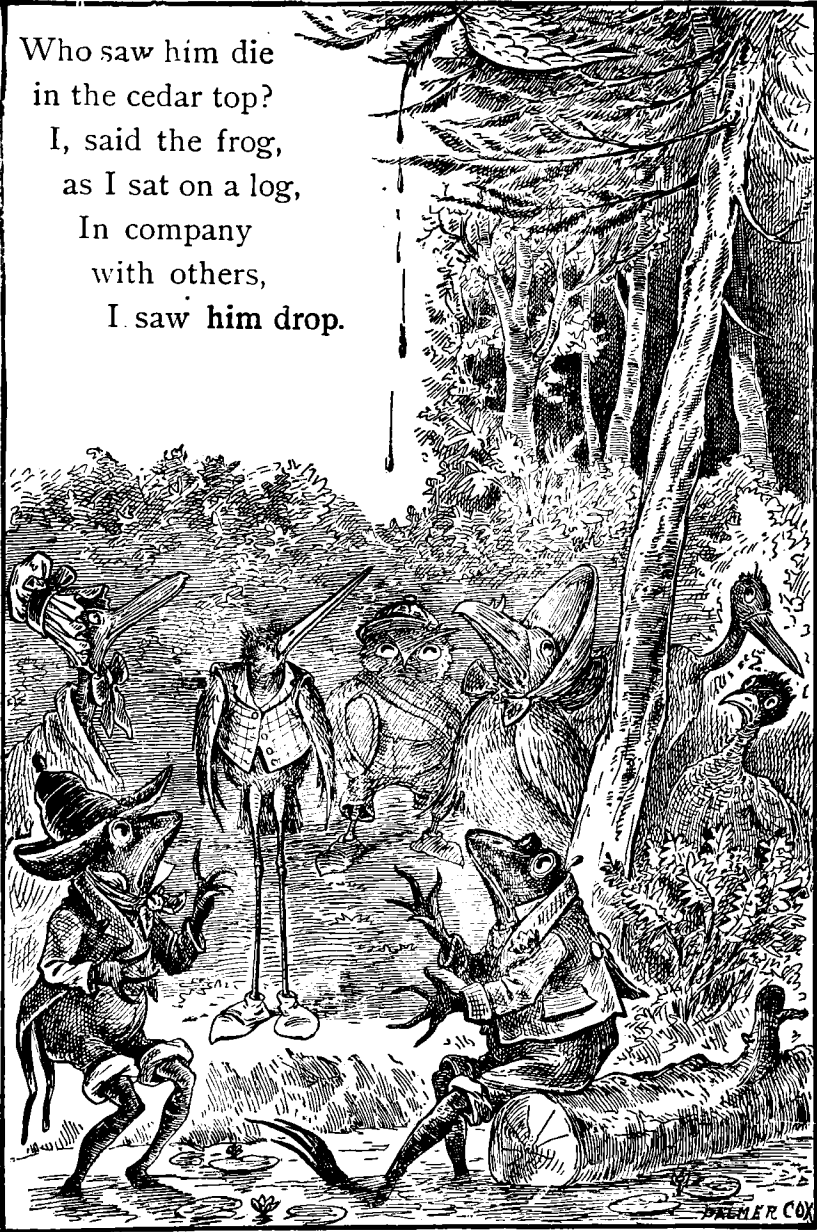


COCK ROBIN LYING IN STATE.

Who killed Cock Robin, where the lilies grow?
I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow,
I laid him low.



Who saw him die
in the cedar top?
I, said the frog,
as I sat on a log,
In company
with others,
I saw him drop.



Who was at hand; to catch his blood?
I, said the owl,
with my big bowl,
I caught the flood.



Who'll make a shroud so costly and fine?
I, said the beetle,
With my thread and needle,
The task will be mine.



Who'll dig a grave in the yew-tree shade?
I, said the mole, will soon make a hole,
I'll dig the grave with my pickax and spade.



RALMER COX



PALMER COX.

Who'll toll the bell in the chapel tower?
I said the daw, with my long claw,
I toll the bell for half an hour.



Who'll bear a blazing torch in the case?
I, said the kite, will carry the light,
And show the way to the burial place.

PALMER COX



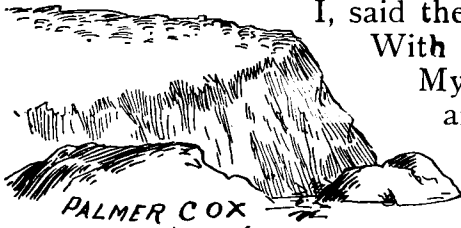
Who'll bear the pall, both careful and slow?

I, said the stork,

With a measured stride

My legs are long
and my shoulders wide,

I'll bear the pall
to the plain below.



PALMER COX

Who'll sing a psalm as the hearse goes by?
I said the thrush,
if others will hush,
I'll sing a verse will bring tears
to the eye.



PALMER COX.

Who'll be the parson with faith and trust?

I, said the rook,
will read from
my book,
"ashes to ashes
and dust to dust."



PALMER COX.

Who'll mark the songster's earthy bed?
I, said the bat, will attend to that,
I'll carve his name on the tree at his head.



PALMER COX



Who'll keep it green when summer is here?
I, said the hare, will plant flowers there,
I'll keep it green through many a year.

Palmer Cox

PALMER COX



Who suffered for his fault, ere a week rolled by?
Who, but the sparrow, that shot the fatal arrow,
And roused the indignation of all creatures far and nigh.

VACATION AT GRANDFATHER'S.

VACATION had come and Dick and I were two of the happiest boys you could find after a good long search. Vacation did not simply mean to us that examinations were over, that now books and slates could be put away, and study hour given over to play. No indeed! vacation meant lots more to us, it meant Grandfather's. If any boy has a grandfather who lives on a big farm with lots of horses and cows, and whose place is just filled with trees that grow in exactly the right style for climbing, and if he has a grandmother who knows how to make the best pies and puddings and 'ginger cake men, that no baker could possibly make half as good, then he has some idea of what vacation meant to Dick and me.

Grandfather's place was many miles from our home. We had to start quite early in the morning and ride on the train all day—then just about the time the sun commenced to creep down back of the hill the train stopped

at Clearfield, that's the name of the station and out we popped, eyes wide open for the two big grays that grandfather always drove. They never failed us, and after getting a good big hug from grandfather we always rubbed their soft noses, and patted their sleek, fat necks.

Grandmother knew the appetites of her two healthy grandsons, and made ample preparations, Such piles of bread and butter as she cut for us, and how good it tasted



spread with grandmother's lovely butter and the golden honey that the busy bees made.

"Early to bed, and early to rise" was grandfather's motto, so we boys must wait until breakfast time to tell all the home news, and to ask after Towser, the watch dog, and Bess the old donkey, and to hear about the cunning gray kittens in the barn, and the little fluffy ducklings only two days old, and the baby lambs.

The sun was not up long, when grandfather called—
“Dick! Rob! It’s time you were a stirrin.’ Don’t let the
outside world enjoy all the morning’s loveliness, get up
and enjoy yourself.”

How we did love the well cured ham that grandmother
had for breakfast, and the new laid eggs that were fried
just right. Everything tasted wonderfully good to us
boys, for hunger is a good sauce, you know.

Breakfast over, we started for the stables. It was
such fun to hear the horses whinnying for their share of
the apples we carried to Bess, and to see the little baby
colts trot cooly away as we attempted to rub their cunning
faces. Our next visit was made to the calves. Nothing
could be prettier than these timid little creatures. We
had hard work coaxing them to be
friends, but the salt held out to
them was too great a temptation
and we won at last.

Aaron, the man, was milking.
The milk rose in a snowy foam
as it poured into the shinning



tin pail. We boys were great friends with Aaron and his round, red face beamed like the sun, as we watched him with undisguised admiration.

“Mew! Mew! sounded from some far away corner. Dick went off to search for the cause, and there in an empty stall lay Malty and her four malty babies. Aaron gave us a saucer of milk for her, and she purred gently as though she were trying to express her thanks. The old gobbler strutted around the barn yard, seeming to suggest that he too was a subject for admiration.

The boy Dan had gone to the corn field to pull out the weeds that had gathered between the rows. Dick and I started off to join him, but what a laugh we had when we reached the top of the hill. There stood the funniest looking thing you ever saw. It was a scare crow rigged up in an old suit of Dan's with one of grandfather's hats on its head, a wooden gun in its hand, and a powder flask swung under its arm. But the funniest sight of all was to see a crow perched on the top of the hat, no more scared than Dick and I were.

Days went so fast that vacation was over before we

realized it, and the time had come for us to go home. It was hard work to leave so much fun, but we had to make



the best of it, and look forward to another summer and more happy day at Grandfather's.

TED'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

It was Ted's birthday. Eight years ago, Grandma told him as she wished him many happy returns of the day, and gave him a great big hug and a kiss—he was just the



tiniest mite of a thing but now she considers him quite a good size boy for his age. Ted liked to be told he was big, and he held up his head and threw back his shoulders just to make himself as tall as ever he could.

Now Papa had a birthday kiss for Ted too, but he had something besides that. Right along side of Ted's chair at the table was the loveliest red wheel barrow all finished off in black and gold. You should have seen Ted's eyes

when they spied the treasure. They grew bigger and bigger until you might almost think they would drop out of his head. He had wanted a wheel barrow for ever so long, and now that his wish was to be fulfilled he was too pleased to say one word. Papa looked almost as pleased as Ted, he did so like to make his boy happy.

Ted's birthday came in the spring. He thought it was a beautiful time to have a birthday—the whole outside world seemed to put on its prettiest dress in honor of



the day, and as Ted sat at the table trying to eat his breakfast, but too full of delight over his wheel barrow to care very much, the breezes heav-

ily laden with the perfume of the blossoms stole softly in at the half opened windows.

Little Bess was Ted's three year old sister, and she

was also his pet and plaything. Ted was an idol to Bess and to share in his play was her greatest happiness. Bess thought the new wheel barrow the most beautiful thing she had ever seen

“Go put your bonnet on and I’ll take you for a ride,” said Ted.

What fun they had and how frightened Bess grew when Ted trunneled her so swiftly around the corners. Ted laughed at her fear and went all the faster.

But Ted’s fearlessness led to sad trouble. Just as they started at full speed down the hill, off came the wheel, out

went Bess and the pretty red wheel barrow fell all to pieces. No bones were broken, but two broken heart-ed little children picked up the



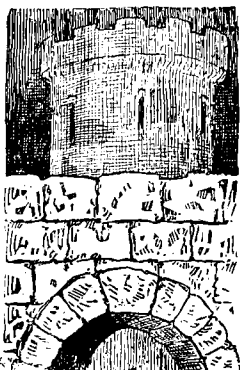
pieces and went into the house to mother. Mother kissed and petted them both, and comforted Ted with the promise that Father would mend it and make it as good as new.

TALES OF THE CRUSADES.

LONG, long years ago before your grandfather, or your great-grandfather or your great-great-great-grandfather was born something happened away across the Atlantic Ocean which set that great big country in a regular hub-bub. The Turks, a nation living in Asia had gotten possession of a country called Palestine or the Holy Land, and it was to try and get it once more in her possession that all Europe was so greatly exercised.

The Holy Land was a place very dear to the hearts of the Christian people, it was the place of sacred relics and when the Turks conquered it some of their rulers behaved very badly. Not all, for some of them treated the Christians with much kindness, but others persecuted them shamefully. It was the custom of the Christian people to make pilgrimages to this holy spot to bring gifts of money and to worship there, many of them walked all the distance reaching the place of worship ragged and foot-

sore. But these people who had taken possession had a very different religion from the pilgrims and they often



abused these religious visitors most cruelly. Some of the Christians who still made their home in the Holy Land suf-



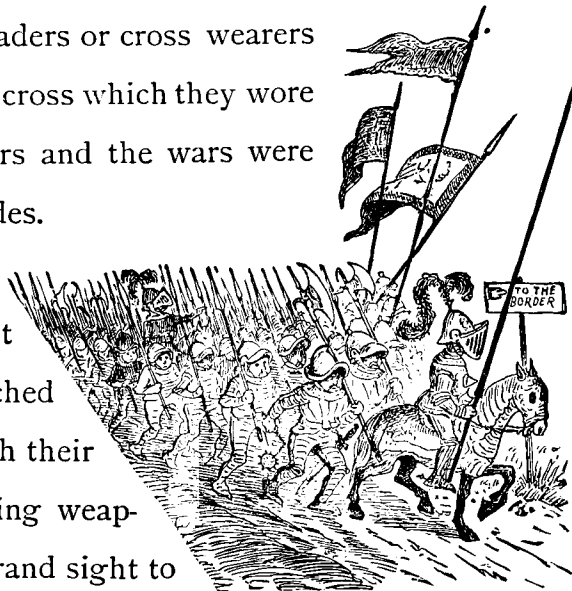
fered severely from the hands of the Turks. They did more than this, they destroyed their places of worship, and tried to interfere with their pilgrimages.

At last the people could stand it no longer and it was decided that nothing remained but to go to war against the Turks, and a poor monk named Peter the Hermit, who had suffered at the hand of this Eastern nation and who had seen the sufferings of his fellow creatures went forth

preaching against these cruelties and rousing the people so greatly that thousands of men, rich and poor gave up everything to go fight for the Holy Land.

A great and mighty army was formed and men full of zeal and vigor led these hosts of men. Now these soldiers were called Crusaders or cross wearers owing to the red cross which they wore on their shoulders and the wars were called the Crusades.

These pilgrims too many almost to count marched forth armed with their bright and shining weapons. It was a grand sight to behold this vast body of soldiers.



One Crusade after another was formed—eight in all and victory and defeat both met them. These wars lasted many years—after the eighth Crusade had been formed and the army conquered by the Turks, the expeditions were abandoned and the Eastern nations held the land.



UNCLE JOHN'S VISIT.

THERE were four of them counting the baby; Fred and Nell, Tot and baby Joe. Of course little Joe knew nothing about it, but the rest knew that Mother had gone off on the steam cars early that morning to find a place where they meant to stay all the summer long. What jolly times they meant to have! They knew all about it, for Mary the nurse had once lived in the country, and she had told them beautiful stories about the cows and the horses, and the little baby chickens that were so soft and yellow. They had heard too, about the pig that had a ring put in his nose because he rooted up all the young plants that were put in the ground. Fred could scarcely wait to go fishing, with a rod and line, like Mary's brother used to have. He could make them. Papa's cane had served him for a pole, and he had found a string and a pin in Mother's sewing basket. Nell wanted to wear a sun bonnet and go after black berries, and Tot meant to find all

the nests where the hens laid the eggs that Father loved to have for his breakfast. Poor Mary was almost crazy



with the questions they kept asking her, and she sighed as she looked at the clock and found that it was more than

four hours before Mother would be at home to satisfy the curiosity of these noisy little tormentors.

Ding! Dong! sounded the front door bell. It was Uncle John, the dearest, best uncle that ever lived, so the children thought. Uncle John had come to see Mother, and finding she was away from home, decided that he would wait until her return.

The children were right in thinking well of Uncle John for a kinder man never lived. He pitied poor Mary when he saw her tired face, so he asked her to leave him with the children for a while, he thought they would get along very well indeed. Mary was only too glad to leave them, and went off to have a cup of tea and a chat with the cook.

Uncle John felt quite proud of himself as the children gathered around, listening with rapt attention to the tales of the wonderful things he had seen. By and by baby Joe grew restless, for all this talk failed to please him, and his little lips quivered, and great big tears rolled down his cheeks. Out of his pocket came Uncle John's watch, and baby grabbed hold of it eagerly. Uncle John started off

once more with his wonderful tales but interest was lost and failure seemed to stare him in the face. At last Fred spied something, Uncle John's glasses had met his fancy, then his dairy fell a victim to Fred's searches. Nell with an eye to the beautiful, and a love for finery had mounted a chair to rob Uncle of his necktie. Tot was missing by this time, but not for long, for in she walked with Uncle's beaver hat perched on or rather over her curly head. By this time Uncle had repented of his eagerness to relieve poor Mary, and looked around helplessly for some means of getting rid of these children. Relief came much sooner than he had expected for Mother had taken an earlier train, and had hurried home to her darlings. Then Uncle John was forgotten, but he made up his mind that never as long as he lived would he play nurse maid to four small children.

It was much more of a task than he had bargained for, and he said, (to himself, of course) that he did not see how Mary managed to live, if they were always as full of mischief as they were that day. But that was all because he was not used to their pranks; not because they were bad.

High-Grade Rolled Gold Rings

EARNED BY SELLING 4 LBS. TEA!

Get your **ORDERS** Early and Mail to us with **FULL PAYMENT** and **SECURE YOUR RING!**



No. 341. Rolled Gold Engraved Band.



No. 342. Rolled Gold, Engraved Band, set with the finest imitation in the world, will deceive experts.



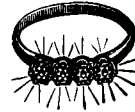
No. 343. Boys' rolled Gold Intaglio Stone.



No. 344. Rolled Gold set with either Turquoise and Pearls, Rubies and Emeralds and Pearls.



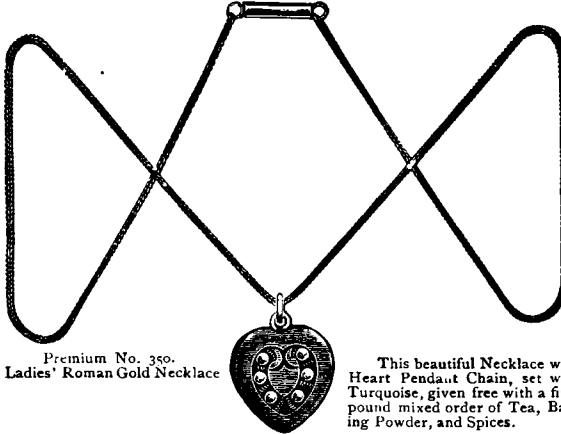
No. 345. Silver and Gold wire Lover's Knot, now all the rage.



No. 346. Ladies' Gold filled Ring, set with four Rhine Stones that sparkle like the genuine.



Premium No. 348. Ladies' Gold Stick Pin. This Elegant Solid Gold Mounting Stick Pin with real indestructible Pearl, given away free with a four-pound mixed order of Tea, Baking Powder, and Spices.

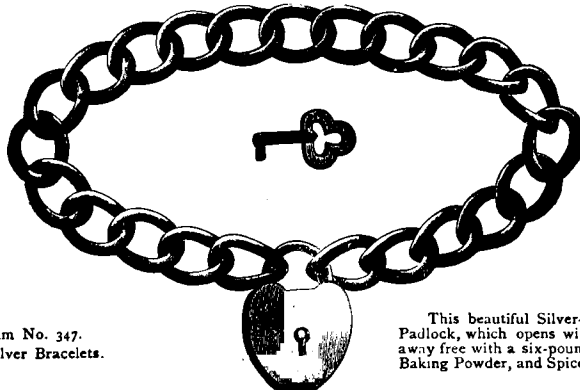


Premium No. 350. Ladies' Roman Gold Necklace

This beautiful Necklace with Heart Pendant Chain, set with Turquoise, given free with a five pound mixed order of Tea, Baking Powder, and Spices.



Premium No. 349. Ladies' Enameled Brooch. This Richly Enameled Brooch set with eight real indestructible Pearls, given away free with a six-pound mixed order of Tea, Baking Powder, and Spices.



Premium No. 347. Ladies' Silver Bracelets.

This beautiful Silver-finished Bracelet with Padlock, which opens with a Silver Key, given away free with a six-pound mixed order of Teas, Baking Powder, and Spices.

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, BAKING POWDER, COCOA, AND EXTRACTS.

W. G. BAKER, 356 Main St., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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Our Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder, Cocoa, and Extracts.

Thousands of boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, in all parts of the United States, owe today, Watches, Bicycles, Tricycles, Dinner Sets, Lace Curtains, and other premiums, which they have earned, by selling our goods. These articles have been appreciated, and we judge from the letters and testimonials that they have afforded keener enjoyment from the fact that they were fairly earned rather than given as presents by parents and friends.



Just go among your neighbors and sell a mixed order amounting in total from 175 to 200 lbs. for a Ladies' High-Grass Bicycle, 26 or 28 inches, or same amount for a Gentlemen's Bicycle. Or, sell 100 lbs. for a Girl's Bicycle; 75 lbs. for a Boy's Bicycle; 30 lbs. for a Fairy Tricycle; 50 lbs. for a Waltham Gold Watch and Chain or a Decorated Dinner Set; 25 lbs. for a solid Silver Watch and Chain; 10 lbs. for solid Gold Ring; 25 lbs. for an Autoharp; 10 lbs. for a Crescent Camera.

Agents wanted everywhere. We give as payments to our agents any of the valuable premiums mentioned in this book, or where cash is preferred instead of premiums, we pay 25 per cent. cash commission. We enclose an order blank and price-list of Teas, Baking Powder, Spices, etc., and if you desire to become an agent you can go to work without further authority.

As our profits are very small after giving the valuable premiums, we expect payment to be sent with each order, and orders which contain full payment are shipped same day as received and are delivered to any part of the United States free of express or freight charges, except that we do not pay express or freight on small orders amounting to less than \$12 which go west of the Mississippi River, and we do not pay charges on small orders of less than \$2.00 worth of Goods, for any section.

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