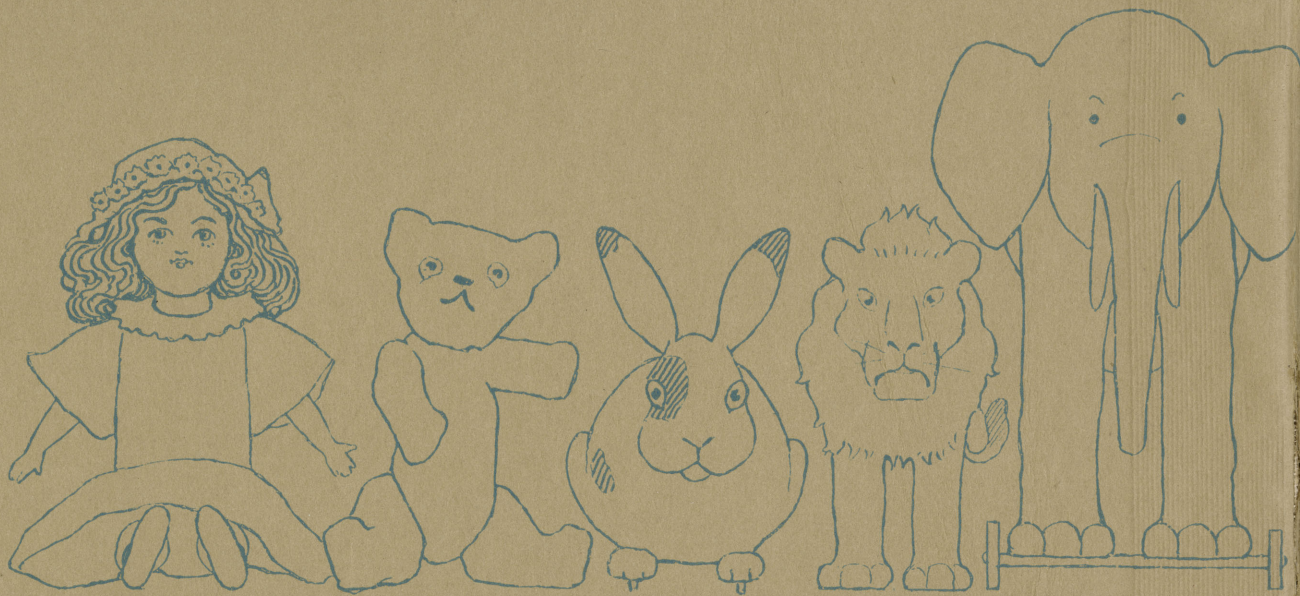
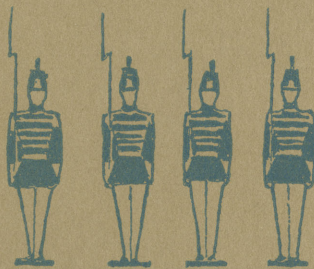
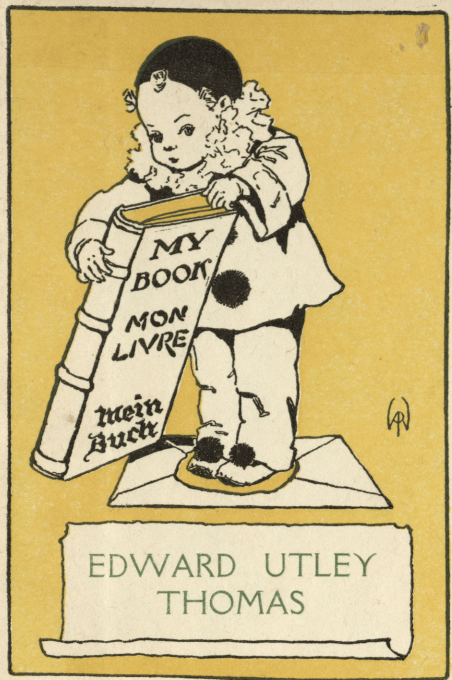


IN THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE



BY E. BOYD SMITH



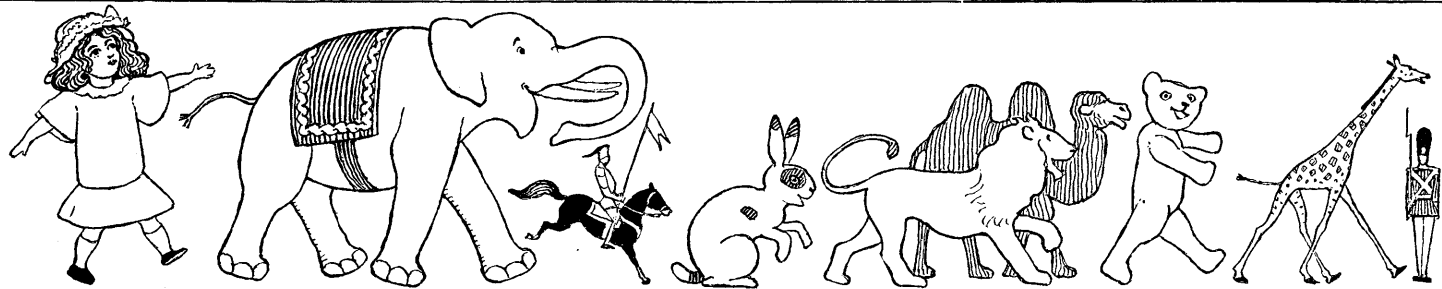


IN THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE

STORY AND PICTURES BY E. BOYD SMITH



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IN THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE



LET'S MAKE BELIEVE



IN the land of make believe our dreams come true, and we all live more or less in that happy land. And whenever we stop dreaming why then the end has come.

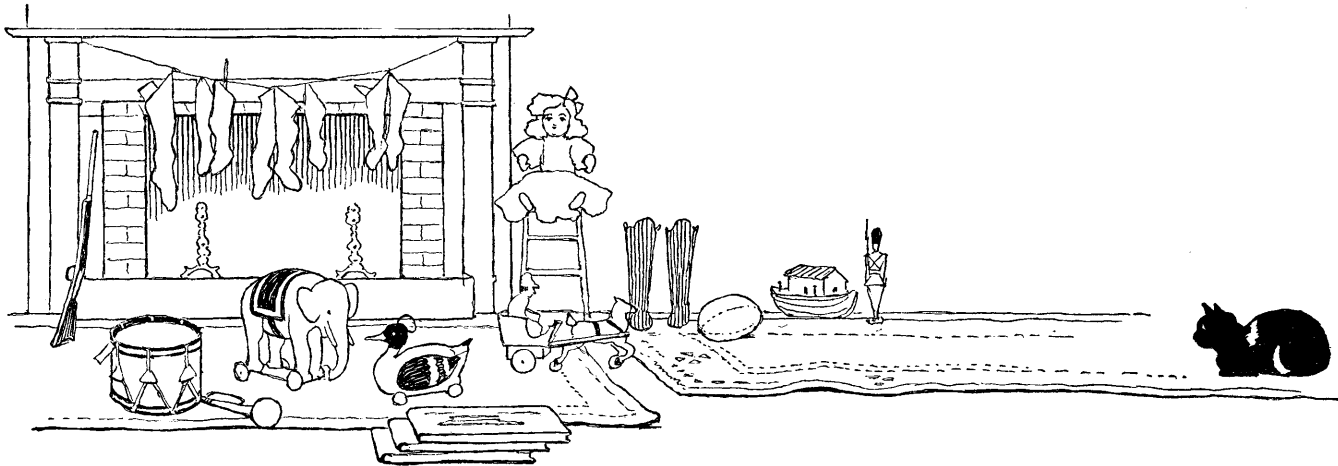
The boy and girl were playing with their toys which Santa Claus had brought, Christmas after Christmas. The elephant on wheels, and the lion who could stand alone, and ever so many others.

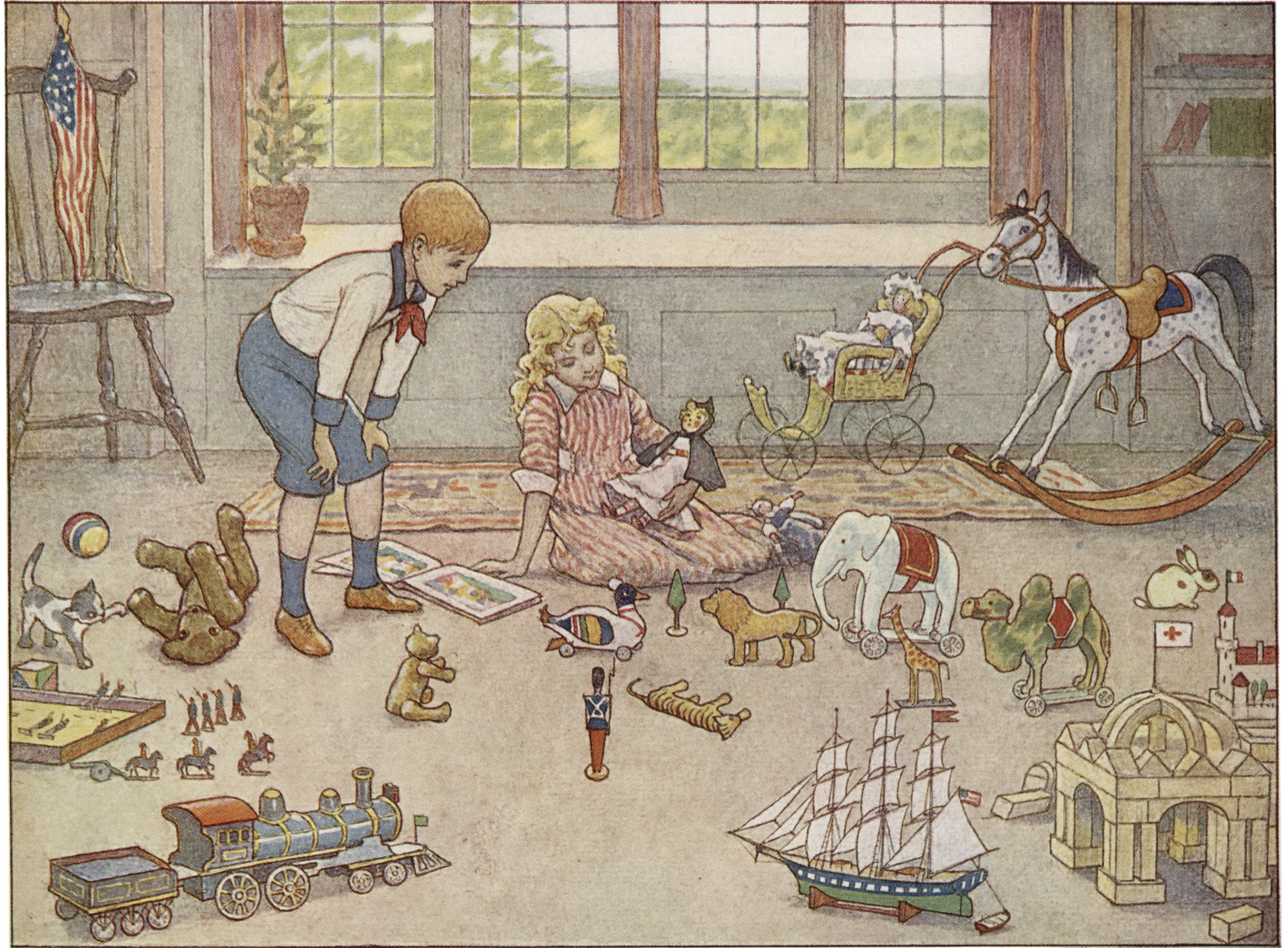
"How nice it would be if they would only come alive," said the little girl. "I'm sure they do it at night when no one sees them, for we find them all mixed up in the morning. Maybe the fairies play with them."

"Let's make believe they are alive," said the boy, "and see."

"Perhaps if we said presto! change! it would do something," suggested the girl.

"No, let's make believe as hard as we can," insisted the boy.



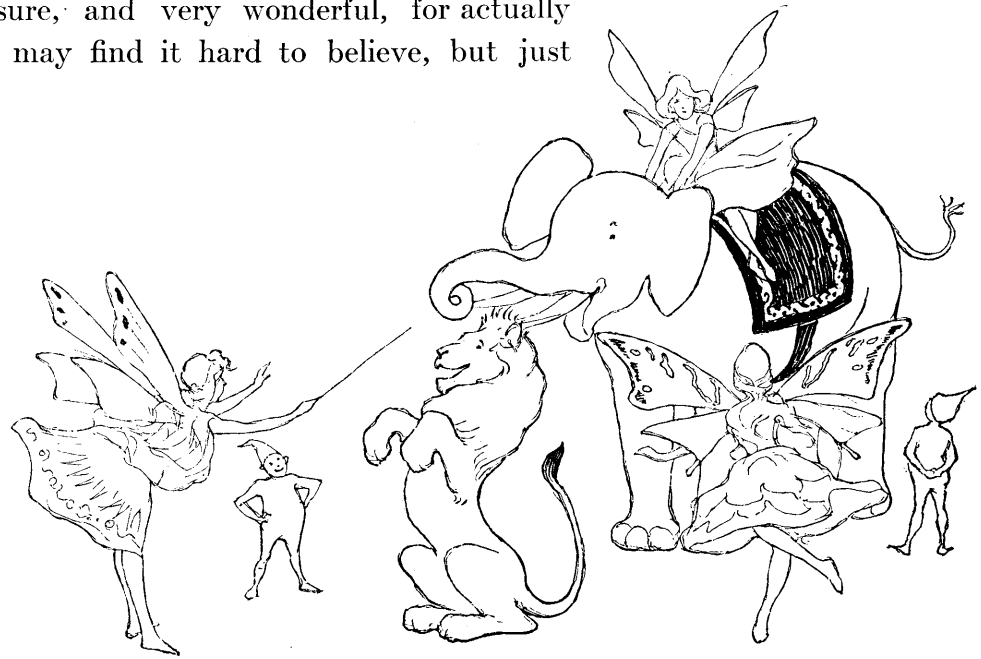


So they set to work to wish and imagine the toys had real life in them, and were doing things. And they were so much in earnest about it that soon they began to feel rather drowsy, and unreal. And then — could it be true — the lion wagged his tail, and, surely they were not mistaken, the elephant slowly swung his trunk. The plush camel turned up his nose.

Now the children felt like rubbing their eyes to be sure they were not asleep, but they didn't dare to move for fear of spoiling things, so they kept perfectly still, and with round eyes, watched, fairly holding their breath.

Slowly, oh, ever so slowly, little by little, a general movement among the toys began to take place. They could not see where it began, it was all so very gradual, but everything was becoming different in some way.

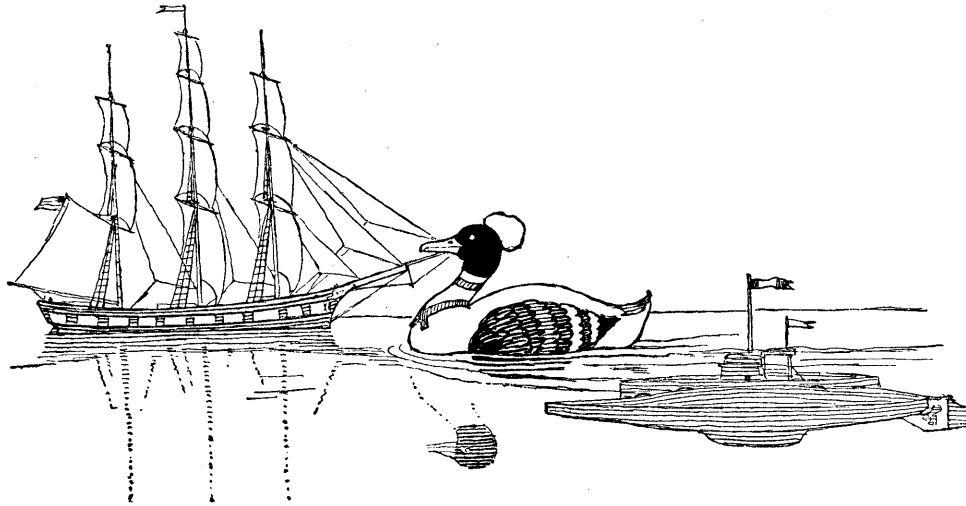
It was exciting, you may be sure, and very wonderful, for actually the toys were coming to life. You may find it hard to believe, but just wait and see.



COMING TO LIFE

NOW the duck was very proud for she was a mechanical toy, and as you know mechanical toys always feel themselves quite superior to old fashioned ones. If you turned her upside down and wound her up with a key she would roll along the floor, or swim in the water, and even quack. She quacked at the lion and startled him greatly, for though he claimed to be king of the beasts, he happened to be small — and then he wasn't fully awake yet. Just give him a chance, he will roar in good time.

The Teddy bear grinned and thought it all fun. The elephant began to climb down off his wheels, rather clumsy about it at first. The tiger got on his feet and arched his back; cats always do when they are alarmed, and of course he was just a big striped cat.



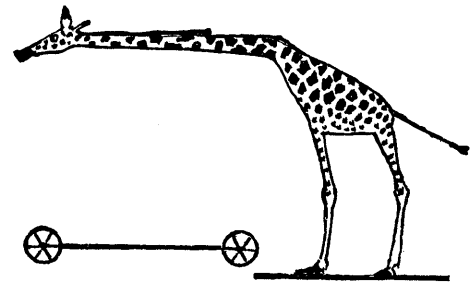
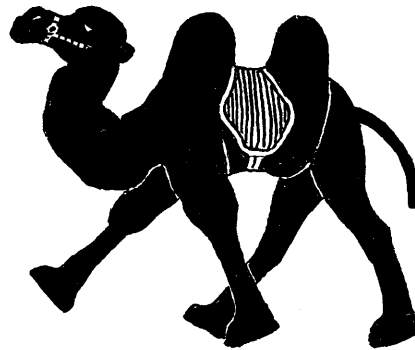


And everywhere there was a general stretching of legs and necks, and even the oldest, dearest toys woke up. Now this shows that they have a life of their own though very few of us ever see it.

The little wooden soldier — a favorite toy — boldly cried Forward! March! and all the others — the lead ones — fell into line and followed him, for soldiers will always “follow the leader;” that is their special game. They marched off their stands, and clambered out of their box, and fell into step, left, right, left, right, while the drummer beat the march.

The giraffe stretched his long neck, and the camel humped along. And every which way the toys were all moving about at once, each doing something.

It made the children dizzy to watch them all, but they knew they must keep perfectly still or they would spoil everything; and of course they were very anxious to see just what the toys did when they came alive and thought nobody saw them. Then, too, they knew this was a sight very few boys and girls ever had the good luck to see.



THE DOLL'S PARTY

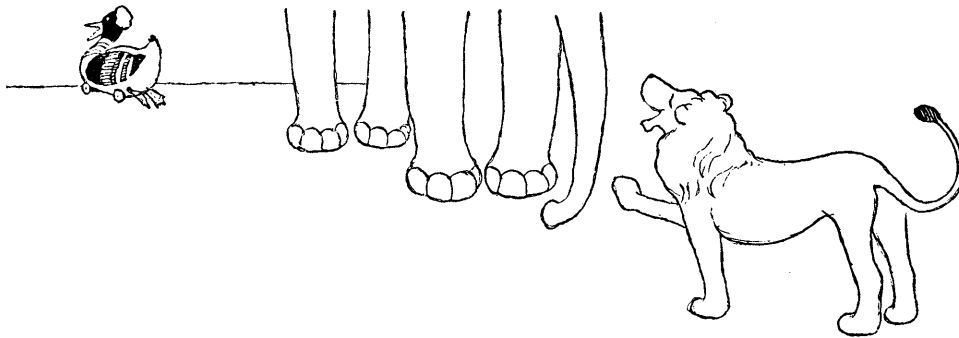
THE duck was altogether too haughty and bullying, and soon became very unpopular.

“She really is insupportable,” said the camel.

“Just let me fix her,” proposed the elephant. So with his long trunk he picked her up and put her nose against the wall, and as she was wound up to go ahead, why all she could do was butt the wall, quacking all the time in loud protest. This was the disadvantage of being a mechanical toy: when it was wound up for one thing it had to keep on and couldn’t do anything else.

“Serves her just right,” said the lion.

While this was going on the dolls had got out their tea table and were having a party. They were just beginning to gossip very happily about their neighbors, when the mice, thinking that the children were asleep, came out to see what the dolls had to eat.

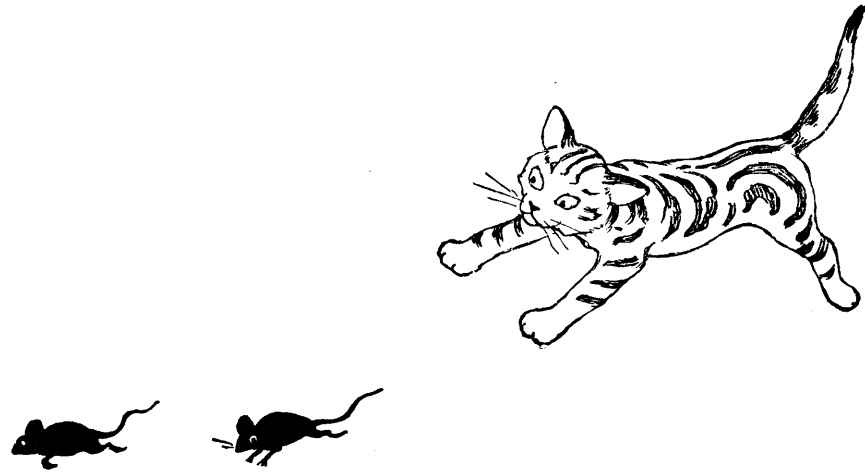




And then there was a panic, and loud cries for help. The rag doll turned pale and fainted away; and really you cannot wonder at it, for she was stuffed with bran, and these mice had already so nibbled her that her stuffing had run out and she was quite thin in spots.

Ha! ha! This was the chance for the gallant wooden soldier. He was marching about looking for some brave deed to do. With a shout he rushed to the rescue, and led his faithful army to the attack.

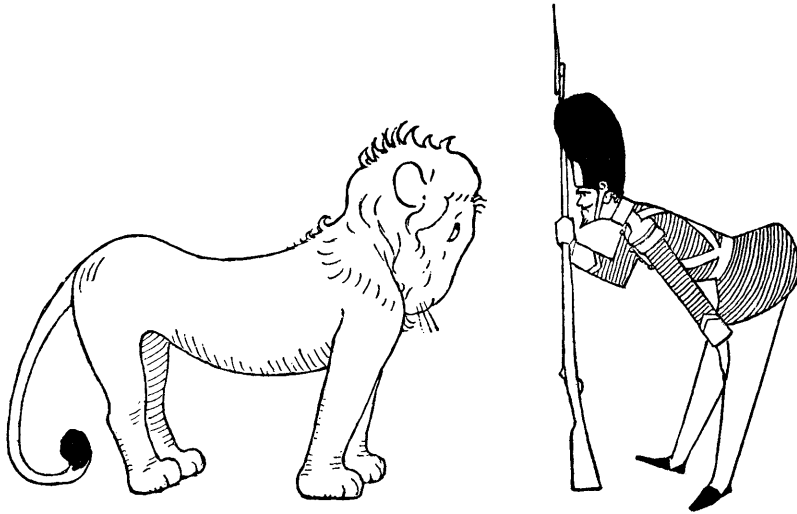
Of course toys don't like mice, real animals are not welcome, only make believe ones. And the mice were not much afraid of the toys, so they showed their teeth, and made faces. But the soldier was brave and determined. Fortunately the kitten became interested, and the mice left in a hurry. The rag doll was very grateful, and thanked her rescuer; she had always admired him, even though he was small. He gallantly assured her that he had only done his duty — one which was a pleasure. And they became very great friends.



THE RABBIT WHO FLOPPED HIS EARS

NOW that the duck was well out of the way the lion became overbearing. He roared, and frightened the ladies (the dolls). But the soldier looked him in the eye — the right one — and he went off. That is the proper way to quell lions. Then he thought he would have some fun with the rabbit. But the rabbit was big and husky, and not afraid. He flopped his ears and said “shoo,” and the lion stopped right there with his mouth open, lost in admiration. He humbly tried his best to flop his ears too, but he couldn’t do it like the rabbit.

Now the other animals tried it also, for they had to admit it was a wonderful gift. The camel turned up his nose and pretended that he didn’t want to, but that, of course, was because he couldn’t do it.

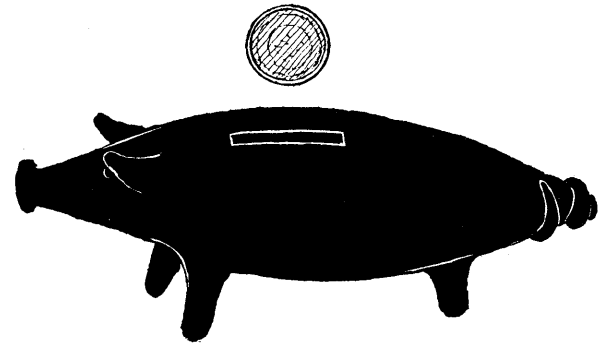




And the rabbit was very proud. The giraffe jealously told him he couldn't stretch his neck, but then the giraffe was soured, for he claimed that he was out of scale. And the rabbit just kept on flopping one ear after the other; he knew he could beat them at that, and wouldn't try any other trick. And it really is very difficult to flop your ears, one at a time — just try it.

The Tipple Topple toys, after they had seen enough of this, took a walk about the room, and no matter what happened they could always be counted on to stay right side up.

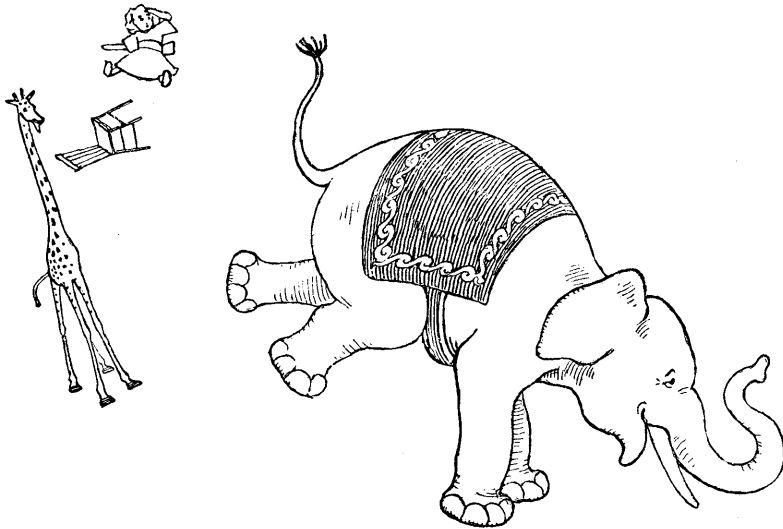
The green pig was made of pottery, and had to be careful not to get himself broken, as he trotted about. He had a slit in his back where you could drop in pennies. You couldn't tell whether he liked it or not, for he never said anything. He rattled inside every time he moved, and though this seemed very strange to the other toys he didn't appear to mind it, in fact perhaps he was proud, for though he couldn't wobble his ears, nobody could rattle inside as he did.

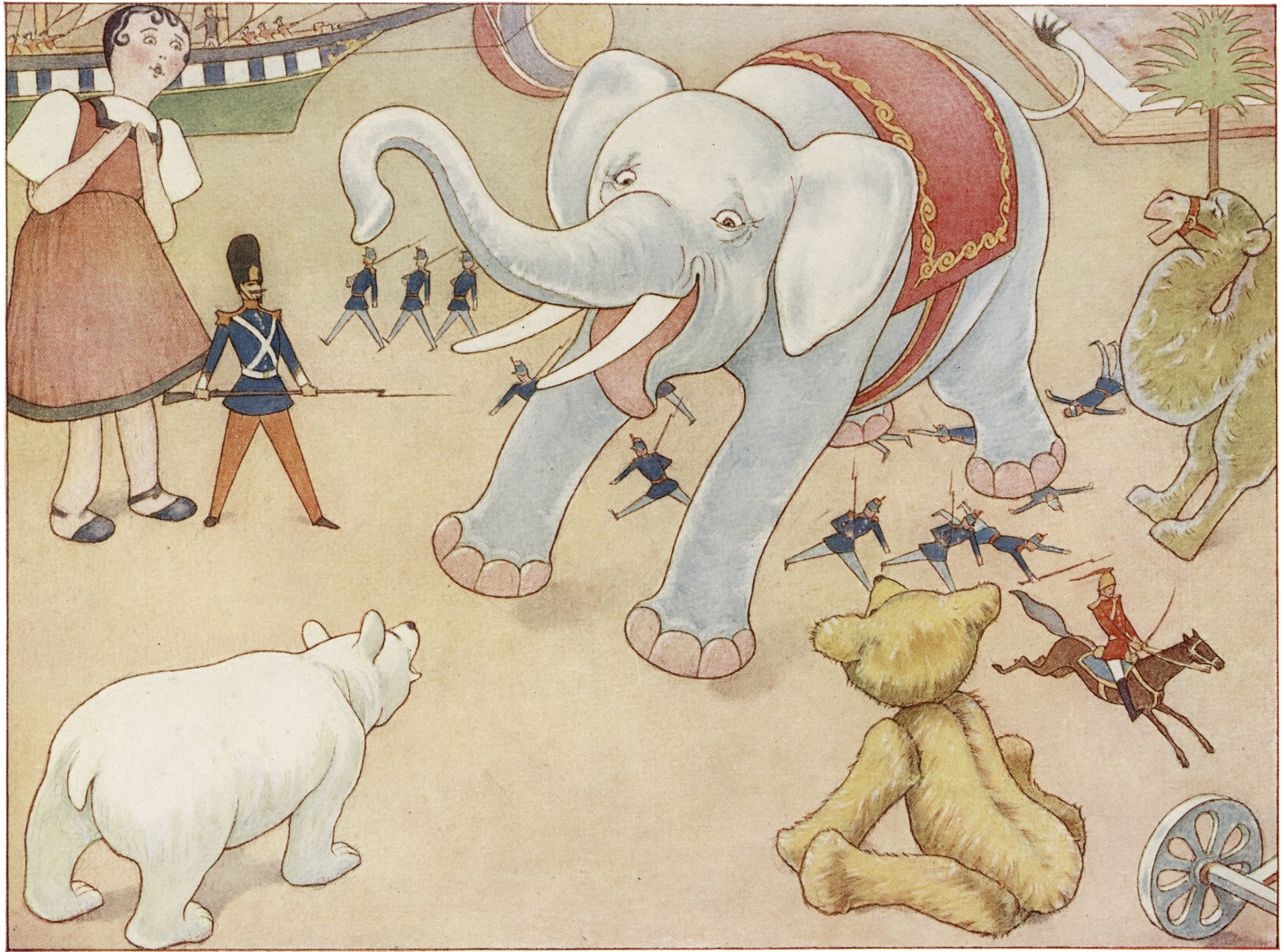


THE ELEPHANT'S FROLIC

JUST here the elephant began to feel playful, and danced and capered. He went bounding about crying, "Gimme room, I'm the Grand Trunk line." Though he was always good natured the other toys had to get out of his way, for he was rather clumsy and upset things. He knocked over the army and stepped on the soldiers, and it looked as though somebody would be hurt. Luckily his feet were soft, though big, for he was a plush toy, and though the soldiers thought they were hurt — which is almost as bad as being so — and felt rather flat, they managed to get up again and brush themselves. They now saw how lucky it was that they were made of lead, even though at times they did feel rather heavy.

The camel thought such goings on undignified and was offended because he had to dodge out of the way.





The soldier protected the rag doll from any harm; he liked her because she was sweet tempered and soft, and not a bit stiff, like the china dolls, and then they were both old fashioned toys, so they understood each other. She limped a little, for one of her legs had lost some of its stuffing. He gallantly walked about with her, and told her about the soldiers, and explained how the cannon was loaded — he spoke of it as a 75, but perhaps he was boasting — soldiers have been known to.

And now more and more toys became active and took an interest. The polar bear toddled about saying, “Rather warm today; don’t you think so?” The Teddy bear didn’t complain, he was always happy. Even the wooden trees woke up, and spread their branches.

And on board the ship there were sounds of life and preparation. The tin engine was also getting ready for business.

The little soldiers busily kept up their drill, marching back and forth. They believed in preparedness, and talked of a great meeting they were going to have at a place they called Plattsburg — or something like that.



SHIP AHOY!

A BREEZE sprang up, and now the ship shook out her sails and began to move, just as though she was out at sea. Of course she couldn't sail as fast on the floor as she would in water, but then making believe it was water helped.

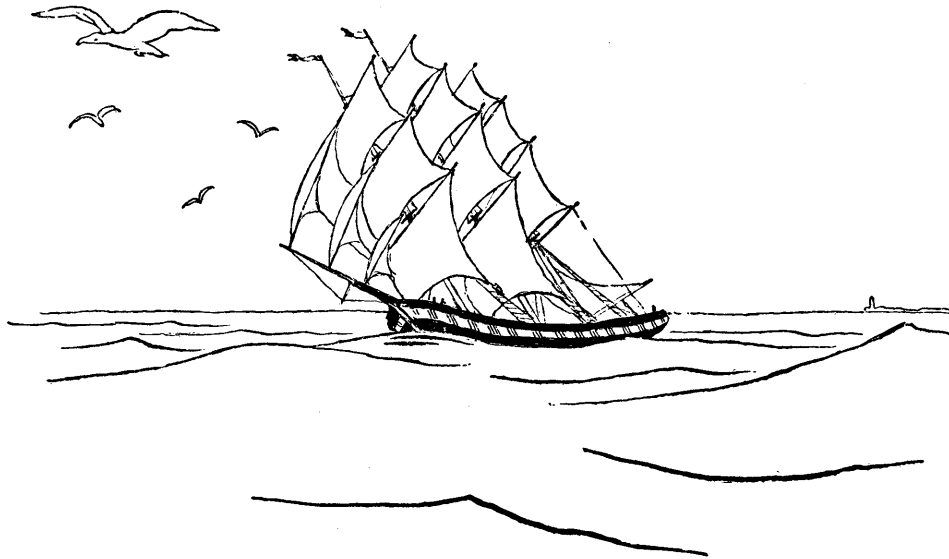
The sailors hauled on the ropes with a "yo ho, all together."

"Pull, you lubbers," encouragingly called the captain.

Soon a sailor sighted the whale and shouted, "There she blows." It seems that that is the correct thing to say in such a case.

The whale, being a mechanical toy, wagged its tail, and tried to "spout," but something was out of order — perhaps it needed water.

The rag doll admired the ship and thought it would be nice to sail. "Why not?" said the gallant soldier, "the floor is so level there is no danger of being seasick."

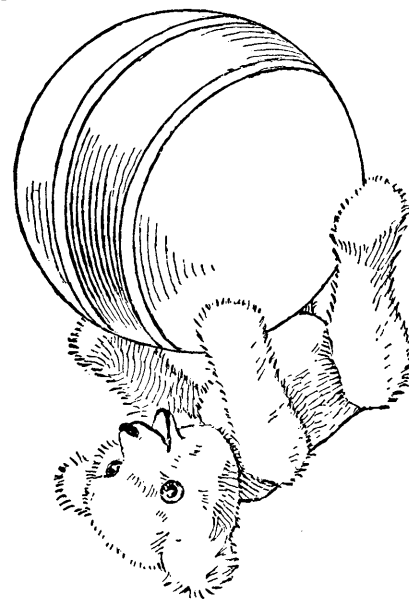




“But I’m too big,” she said, and wouldn’t try — which was very wise. The submarine, one of the latest toys, when it saw the ship at once tried to dive and attack it. It tried and tried, in vain, for it couldn’t get through the floor. And no one felt sorry for it. The gloomy giraffe even laughed at it.

But the ship and the rocking horse were soon in collision, though the helm had been put “hard down” at the first warning of “horse ahead.” She lay over on her beam ends, and it was feared she would capsize. But she righted herself, and “came up into the wind,” but got “in irons,” then she “wore away,” and “came about” on another “tack,” and, with sheets “close hauled” sailed away from danger, while the captain complained that what he wanted was “sea room.”

The Jack in the Box popped up, and boisterously applauded; nothing was too exciting for him. The Teddy bear did circus tricks, and things were waking up in earnest.

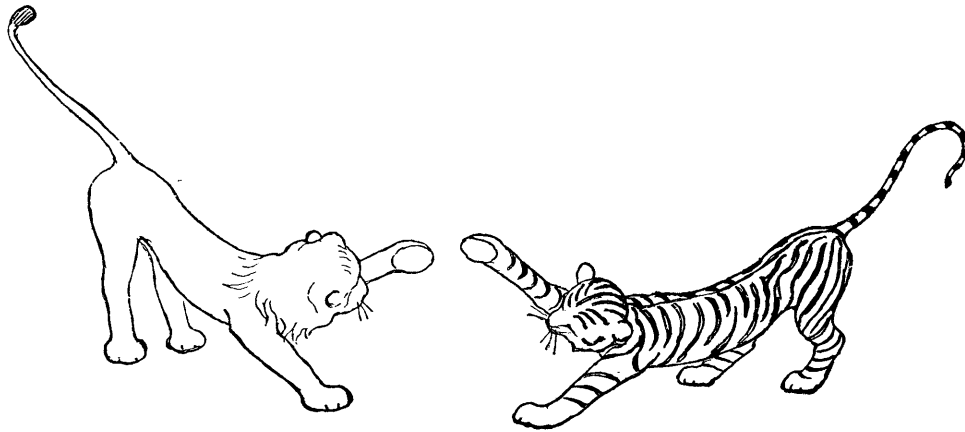


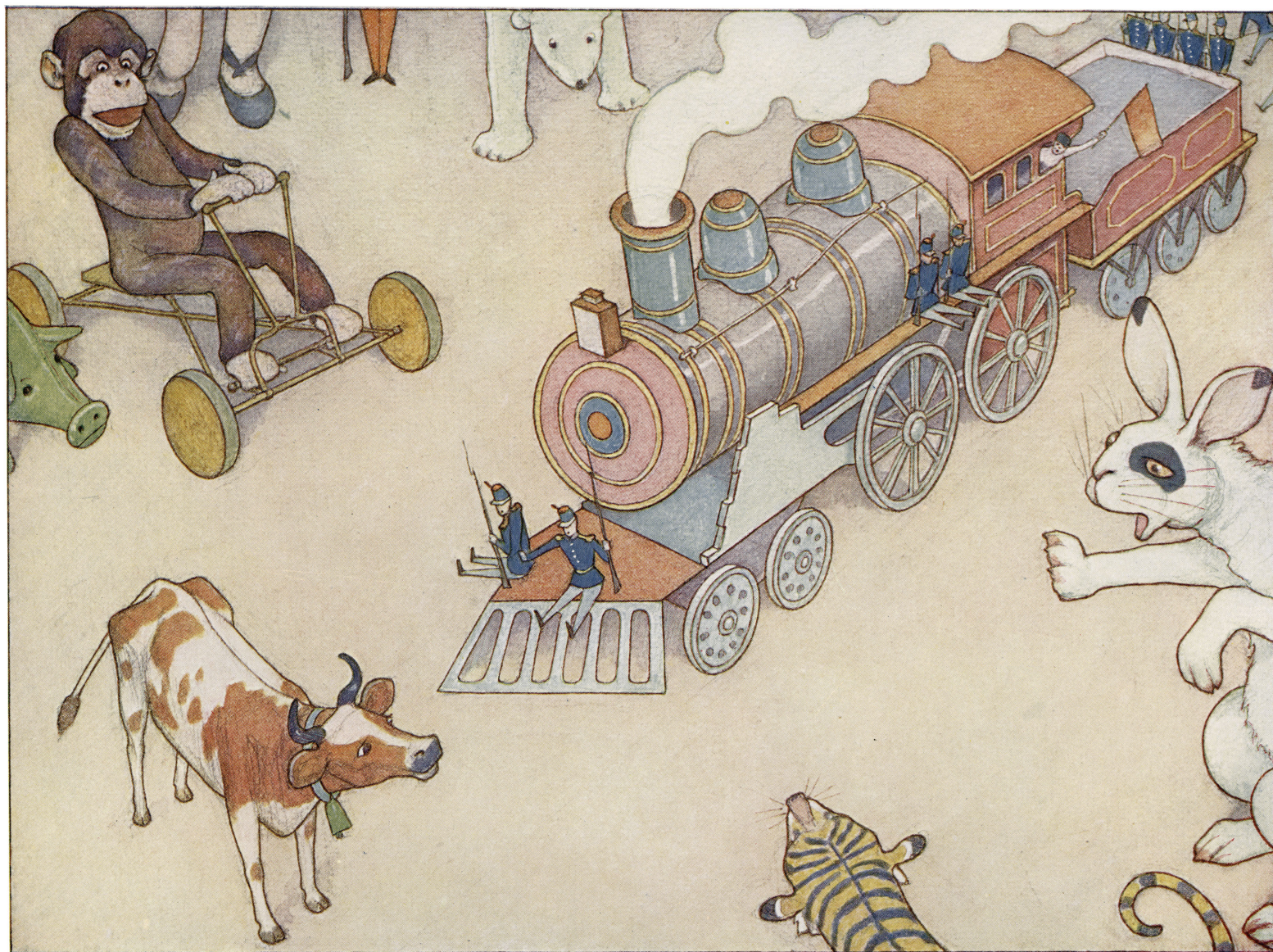
LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE!

THE toys, like the rest of us, have different ideas; some wanted to play, while others didn't. The camel was plainly proud of his humps, because none of the other toys had any, and then being of plush perhaps, also, made him feel superior; at any rate he took his pleasure in just looking haughty and bored.

Some of the dolls too were proud, as the china ones with the "flirting eyes." Most of them could open and shut their eyes, so they looked down on the rag doll who was so modest and easy going. But then, maybe they were jealous because the soldier took her about so much; they scornfully said that the others were both out of date toys, anyway.

Record Peter, the monkey, recklessly riding about, they did not like either, for he didn't seem to care whether he ran into you or not. The big



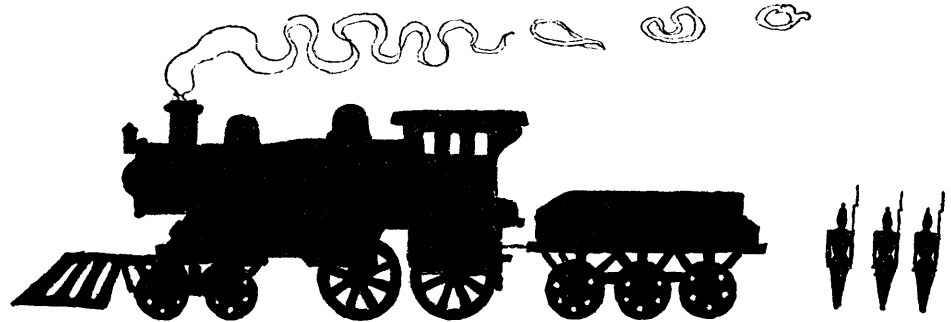


toys, like the ship, needed plenty of room, and took it: the others had to get out of the way or be run down.

“Chew! chew! Clear the track! Stop, look, listen! Look out for the engine when the bell rings!” puffed the engine, as it slowly got up steam and began to roll across the floor. Faster and faster it came. Now an engine is rather dangerous when you get in front of it, so everybody got out of its way — except the cow — cows will get on tracks if you don’t look out.

The other toys shouted to it to run for its life, but it wouldn’t move. It simply looked foolish and said, “What! Why? Who? Me?”

The rabbit warned it that it would be killed. The soldiers getting a ride on the cowcatcher did their best to “shoo” it away. But a cow eats, thinks, and moves slowly, you can’t hurry it very well; but an engine on the other hand is always in a hurry. And, of course, the expected happened—she was knocked down and rolled over. Alas!



THE ACCIDENT

AND now there was a great commotion. The cow bellowed loudly and said she was killed. The other animals were very much shocked. Peter raced off aimlessly for help. The soldiers set to work to get the cow on her feet again, while she complained indignantly all the time. With the help of the elephant they succeeded. But she would not be consoled, and as she was made of wood she was awfully afraid that she had been broken somewhere. She felt pains all over, she said, and was sure that she was injured internally.

Someone suggested "call a doctor," but of course they had none among the toys — no one ever plays with a doctor, far from it.

The rag doll fainted, for she was tender-hearted. The soldier supported her as best he could and called for water. At the word the submarine pricked up its ears, and even the duck against the wall quacked.

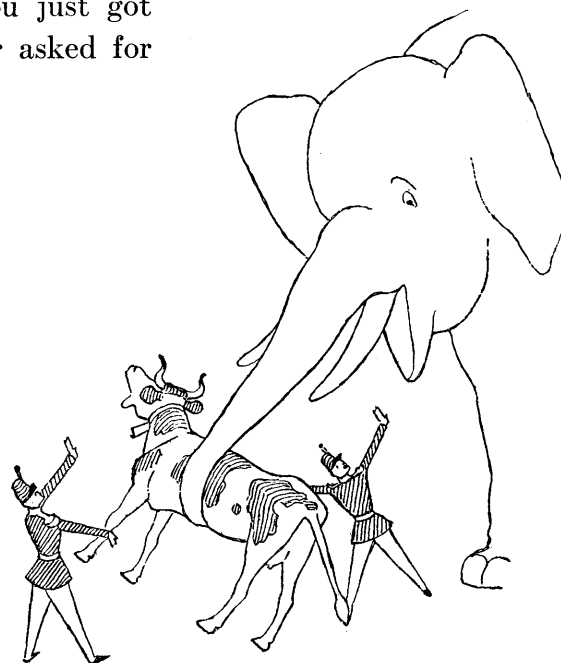




Up came the policeman — who could walk “backwards and forwards” — to see what the trouble was. He wanted to arrest somebody, of course, but you can’t arrest an engine. And then it was hard to say who was to blame. There is always disagreement between wheeled vehicles and the rest of the world. It is an old familiar story; we have all heard of people failing to dodge automobiles — even Fords.

The soldiers who had been knocked off the engine picked themselves up without help: nobody paid any attention to them. Soldiers expect to get hurt — and often do — it is part of their business. But the cow, when last heard of, was still complaining.

The Tipple Topple toys thought she made altogether too much fuss, they didn’t think there was anything in being knocked over; why, you just got right side up again, that was all that was necessary, — they never asked for help.



THE LATE COMERS

AND now, from out the corners where they had been rather neglected, came the old style playthings. At first they had felt somewhat timid before the new, mechanical ones, but they took courage.

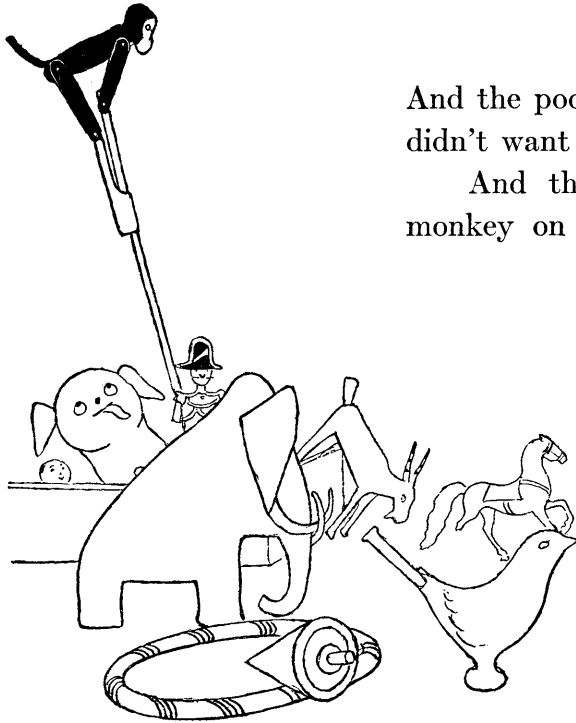
“We used to be good in our day,” they said.

The Noah’s Ark family and the animals came, seriously marching along, some rather damaged, but still able to be about, and they sang together, as they walked, their old song:

“The animals came in two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo.”

And the poor doll who had lost her head groped her way about blindly, — she didn’t want to be left behind.

And the paper dolls, and other odd toys came to life, even to the monkey on the stick, who wanted somebody to push him up and down.

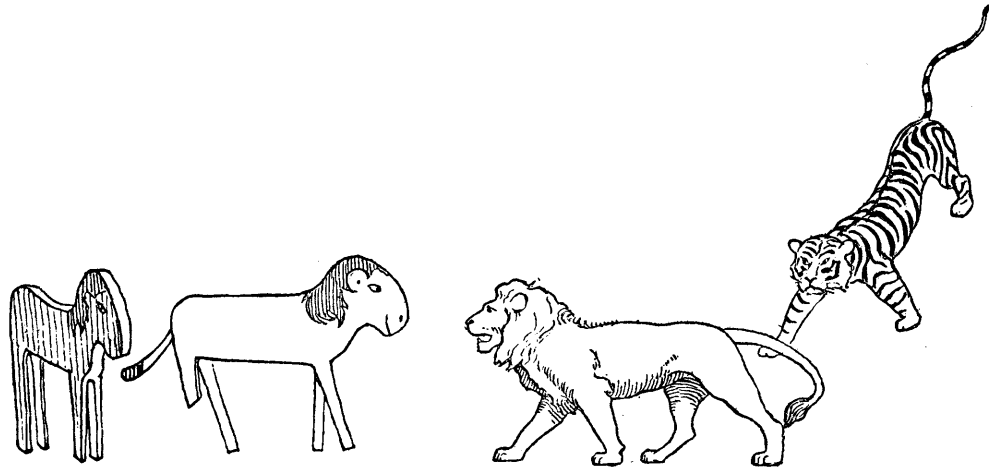




Now the Jack in the Box, always a noisy character, loudly made fun of all these. Even the Teddy bear, who of course thought he was all right, grinned at the wooden animals which came out of the Ark.

Some of the latest new toys even wondered why these old ones needed a place in the sun; but the old toys said that they had lasted a long time and expected to play quite a while yet.

And then, most unexpected of all, from the leaves of the picture books, out came the wild animals. Everything was coming to life. The lion stalked out proudly, and looked with scorn at the Noah's Ark lion, so modest and peaceful. Then came the cantankerous rhinoceros, and the easy-going hippopotamus, the striped zebra, the alligator, and a host of others. The playroom was fairly teeming with life. The picture elephant looked up at the big plush one and wondered what kind of a creature that was. The toy elephant looked down and said, "That looks like an elephant, but it's too small."



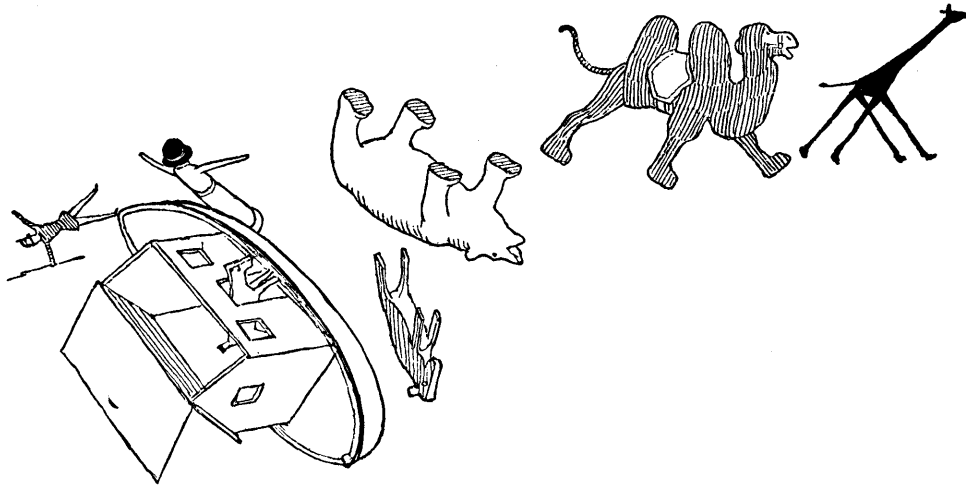
TROUBLE AND CONFUSION

TOYS, like some children, get excited when they play, and these were now running about every which way and getting all mixed up.

The ship with every sail drawing tacked back and forth, while the engine ran wild. And the rocking horse, which was really too big to play with the others, caused many upsets. And there was great confusion, and a general racket, for now they were becoming quite noisy. The sailors cheerfully sang

“A life on the ocean wave
And a home on the rolling deep.”

The Noah's Ark procession kept on singing their march. And the band played “Tipperary.” Some of the lead soldiers couldn't sing, so they just





kept crying loudly “Made in Germany,” and they seemed to think this quite enough. And the elephant trumpeted — the duck quacked — the lion roared — the pig squealed — the cow bellowed — the polar bear grunted — the tiger growled — and each helped the concert by making a different noise. But they were all good natured, and though disorderly were only playing — until the picture book animals appeared. Now these were fierce creatures, and loved to fight. The rhinoceros at once attacked the engine. The lion and the tiger, though so small, worried the big soft elephant. Now toys are only made to play with, all they know is play, they don’t know how to fight. So the elephant was terribly shocked, and didn’t know what to do.

The pig, who had only three legs, scampered away in terror. But the duck, who had at last got loose again, was very angry and quacked spitefully. And the Jack in the Box, who loved excitement, egged everybody on. The soldiers tried to keep the peace — they will even fight for it — they shut the Jack down in his box, but, as they forgot to hook him in, he would jump out again, and kept them busy.



BOW! WOW! WHAT IS IT?

SUCH a riot and disorder was never seen; it seemed as though the toys would be all smashed up, or torn to pieces, in a general wreck. As it was, the pig, alas, was broken, and out rolled his pennies. Things went from bad to worse. The boy and girl, looking on, were shocked to see that toys and picture animals could behave so badly. They never would have believed it possible if they hadn't really seen it. They thought that they soon would have to interfere and put a stop to such goings on.

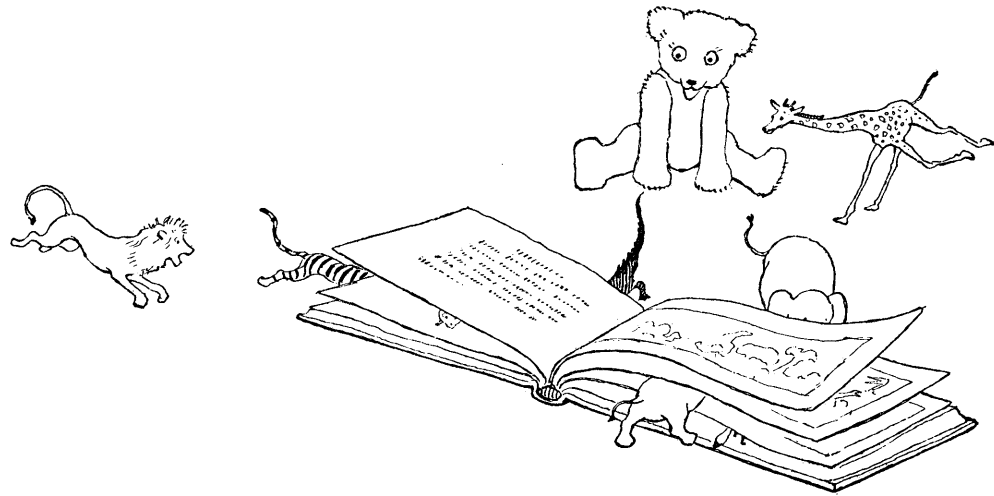
Here the little aeroplane which had been whirring and buzzing about the room was caught by a draft and blown — or flew — out the window. And just then the pup — Tonto, — who had been soundly sleeping through it all, after a hearty breakfast, woke up and dashed barking across the room, suddenly very much excited — like the others. Perhaps it was catching. He scattered the toys in every direction, and left them upside down behind him.





Now the lion, the tiger, and the other wild beasts who had been causing so much trouble, when they heard and saw him were struck with terror. This was a creature they had never seen before. To them he was a mighty, hairy giant, who looked as though he would destroy them. They took to their heels and scampered back as fast as they could to the shelter of their book — where they belonged.

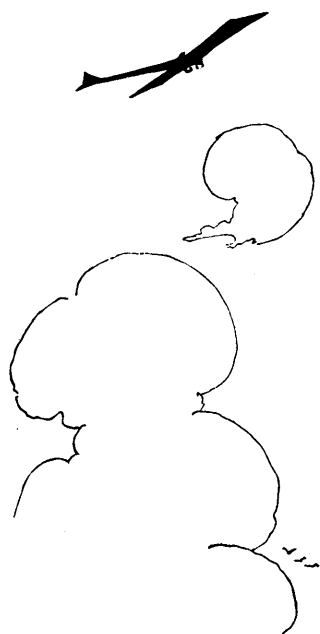
What did Tonto see? Was it the little aeroplane which had blown out? Or what? He was very much in earnest about it, whatever it was, and barked with all his might. He barked loudly at the sky, and, not satisfied with looking out the window, he ran around to the open door, and out and away, still barking. Something unusual called him: what could it be?

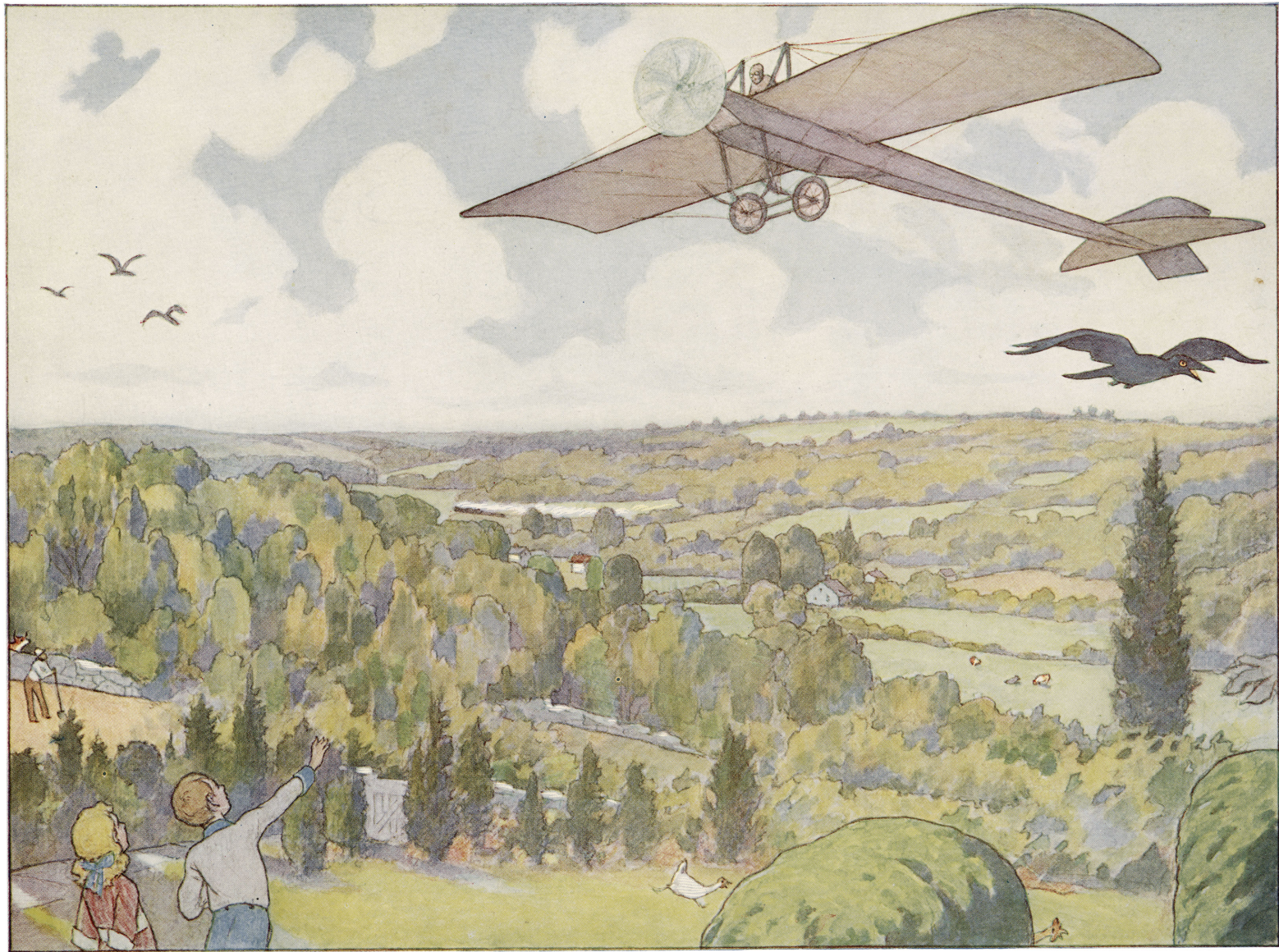


THE FLYING MACHINE

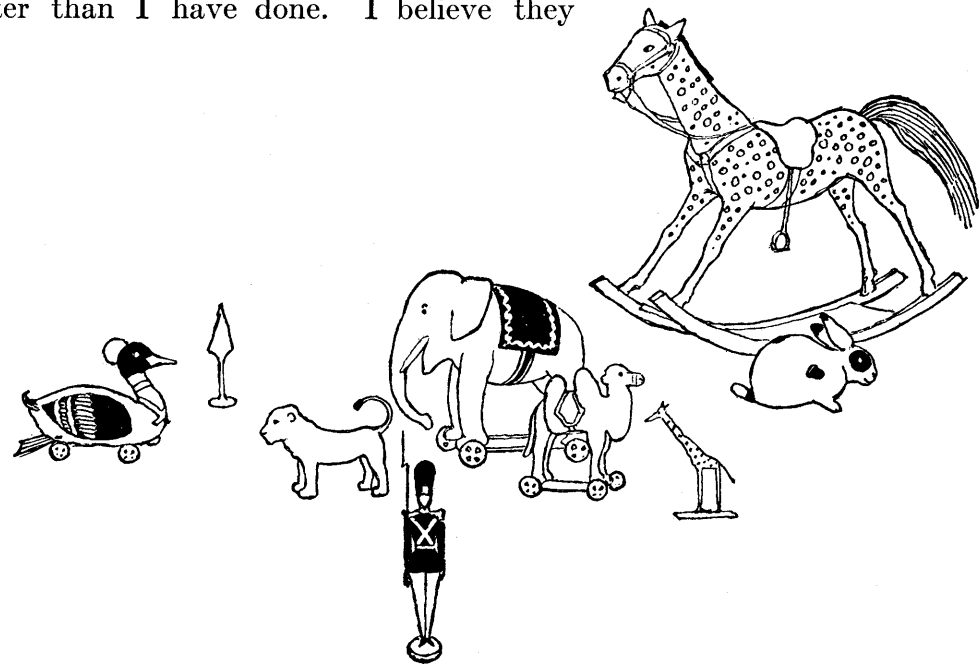
THE boy and the girl jumped up and ran after the pup to see what was the cause of his excitement. Out on the lawn they found him jumping about still barking at the sky. The chickens too were alarmed at something. They looked up to see what it was, and lo, they saw above them a great flying machine, their aeroplane come to life, and grown big — or was it another big toy — or a real aeroplane? Was it make believe, or real? They didn't know what to think.

It buzzed like a huge dragon fly; they watched it gracefully soaring up, over the valley, above the trees, ever higher and higher, up among the clouds, till gradually it became but a speck in the blue sky, and then, at last, far away, it went out of sight altogether.

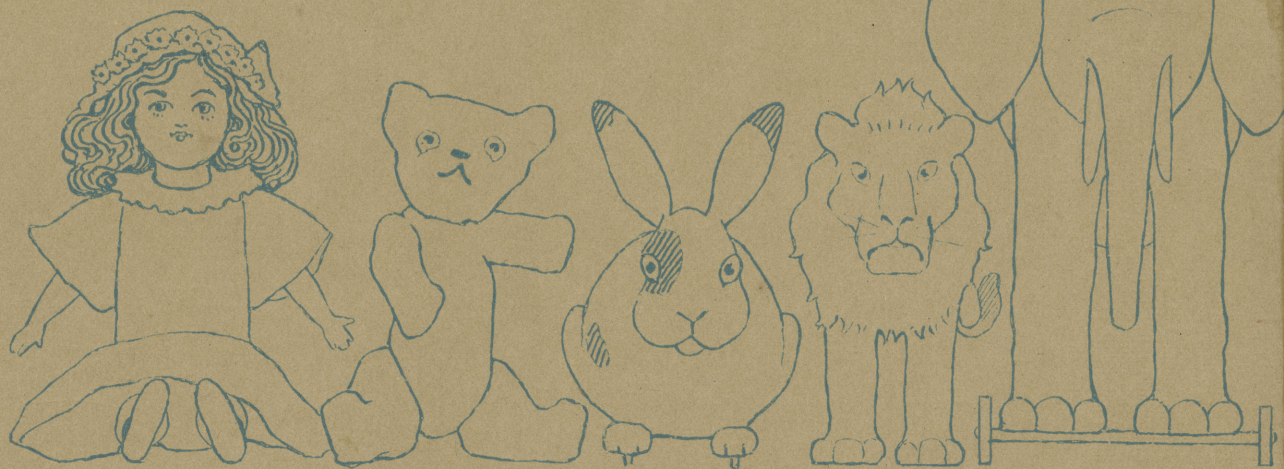
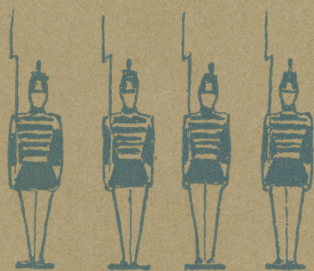




The children rubbed their eyes and wondered whether they were dreaming. Then they ran back into the room to find out, and behold, the toys, though somewhat mixed up — but then Tonto had upset some — were standing quietly in their places, the elephant, with the others, back on their little wheels again, all looking very demure and innocent. The boy and girl did not know what to think. They felt sure that they had seen all these toys hard at play,—seen their little aeroplane fly out the window, and then seen it, or something very much like it, flying away up in the sky. Was it all a dream, or was it real, or was it partly dream and partly real? They could not tell. Who can say? for it is so often hard to separate the real from the make believe. We all know that. But if you should ever meet that boy and girl they will tell you all about it, better than I have done. I believe they will never forget it. Would you?







SMITH IN THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE. 1916

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