

The Goody- Naughty Book

*Sarah Cory
Ripley*

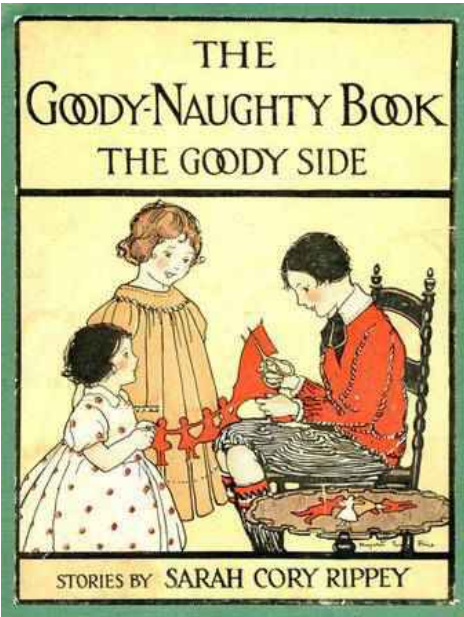
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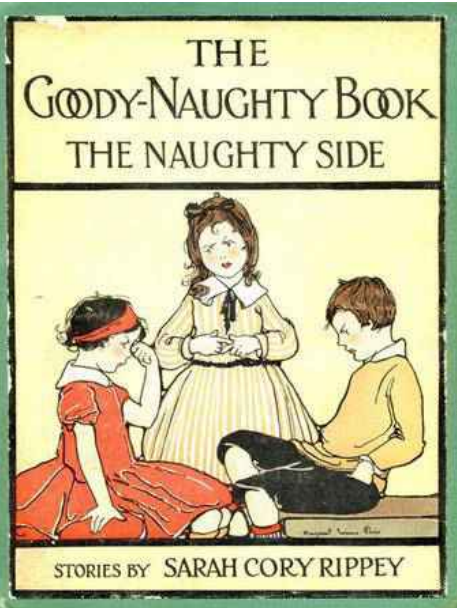
THE GOODY-NAUGHTY BOOK

BY
SARAH CORY RIPPEY





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The Goody-Naughty Book

THE GOODY SIDE

By

SARAH CORY RIPPEY

With illustrations by

BLANCHE FISHER WRIGHT

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

CHICAGO

NEW YORK



Made in U. S. A.

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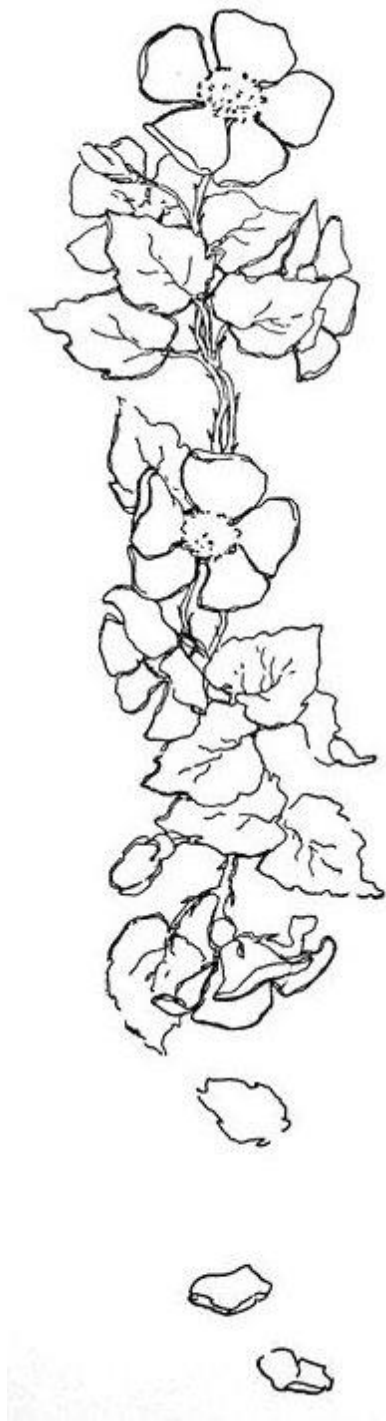
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Honor Bright faithfully fed all his pets



HONOR BRIGHT, PRESIDENT

When Honor Bright went to live in the country the very first thing he asked for was some real live geese, to join the chickens, and the pussy, and the rabbits already on the farm.

"Will you remember to feed them every day, son, if I get you a pair?" asked his father.

"Yes, papa," said the little boy. "Honor bright!"

When he promised "Honor bright," he always kept his word. And he said "Honor bright" so many times a day that finally Honor Bright became his name.



"Quack, quack!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Goose the day Honor Bright's father brought them home. "What a fine place!"

"Isn't it!" said Mother Hen.

"And just wait till you know Honor Bright!"

"Just wait!" echoed the Rabbit Gray family, and Mr. T. Cat.

Honor Bright was as good as his word, and the geese grew fatter, and fatter, and fatter.

"Good morning, Mr. T. Cat," cried Mr. and Mrs. Goose early one morning. "Had your breakfast?"

"Of course," answered Mr. T. Cat; "Honor Bright always feeds me the very first thing."

"You must be mistaken!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Goose. "Honor Bright always feeds us first."

"But Honor Bright gives my children their breakfast *very* early!" cackled Mother Hen.

"Well," squeaked Father Rabbit Gray, "we've all *had* breakfast; and that's the main thing. Now, let's make Honor Bright president, because he's so good. That's the way people do, you know."

Just then Honor Bright came out. "Hail, President Honor Bright!" they all cried.

Honor Bright thought they said, "I love you." And really, it meant the same thing.





Every day Rose-Red cut fresh flowers and arranged them for the house

ROSE-RED AND RUTHIE

It was Rose Mary's mother who named her Rose-Red. Rose-Ready, it was at first, because Rose Mary was always ready to help. Then it became just Rose-Red, for short.

Rose-Red had much of the sweetness of her name flower, and few of the thorns. That is why, when Ruthie slapped her, Rose-Red didn't slap back. But she came home crying.

Rose-Red's mamma gathered her up in her arms and comforted her. "Ruthie's probably sorry now, dear," she said. "Perhaps she will tell you so by and by. Will my little girl be Rose-Ready, if she does?"

"Rose-Ready for what, mamma?" Rose-Red sat up and dried her eyes.

"Rose-Ready-to-Forgive."

Rose-Red nodded. "I think I'll gather the posies now," was all she said.

Every day Rose-Red cut fresh flowers in the garden and arranged them for the house. It was the one thing in all the world she liked best to do. The roses she always left till the last—"for dessert," she explained.



Rose-Red's mamma gathered her up in her arms and comforted her

"Roses, dear," she said, as she tucked them one by one into their special bowl, "what would you do if your best friend slapped you?"

Just then a thorn pricked Rose-Red's finger. "You'd prick her, would you?" Rose-Red laughed. "That's because you are only a rose and don't know any better. It wouldn't be nice for a little girl to prick. I *do* know something better!"

Rose-Red chose six of the finest roses and carefully clipped off all their thorns. Then she ran to the gate between her yard and Ruthie's, and slipped them into a covered box beside it. This box was Rose-Red's and Ruthie's post office. Nearly every day something went into it from one little girl to the other.

Four o'clock was mail time. Postman Rose-Red hid behind a bush and watched.

Presently Postman Ruthie came down the path. She opened the box and took out the fragrant "letter." Then she laid something inside, drew down the cover, and ran back.

It was Postman Rose-Red's turn now to open the box. Her letter was a *real* one. It said, "I'm sorry."

Rose-Ready-to-Forgive flew through the gate.

"Ruthie! Ruthie!" she called.

And then Rose-Red kissed Ruthie, and Ruthie kissed Rose-Red. And that was the last of Ruthie-Ready-to-Slap.



THE TREE GAME

When Margaret and Benjy were getting over the measles their mamma invented a new game to amuse them.

"You might play you are trees," she suggested.

"I'm a pine tree!" cried Margaret.

"So'm I," agreed Benjy.

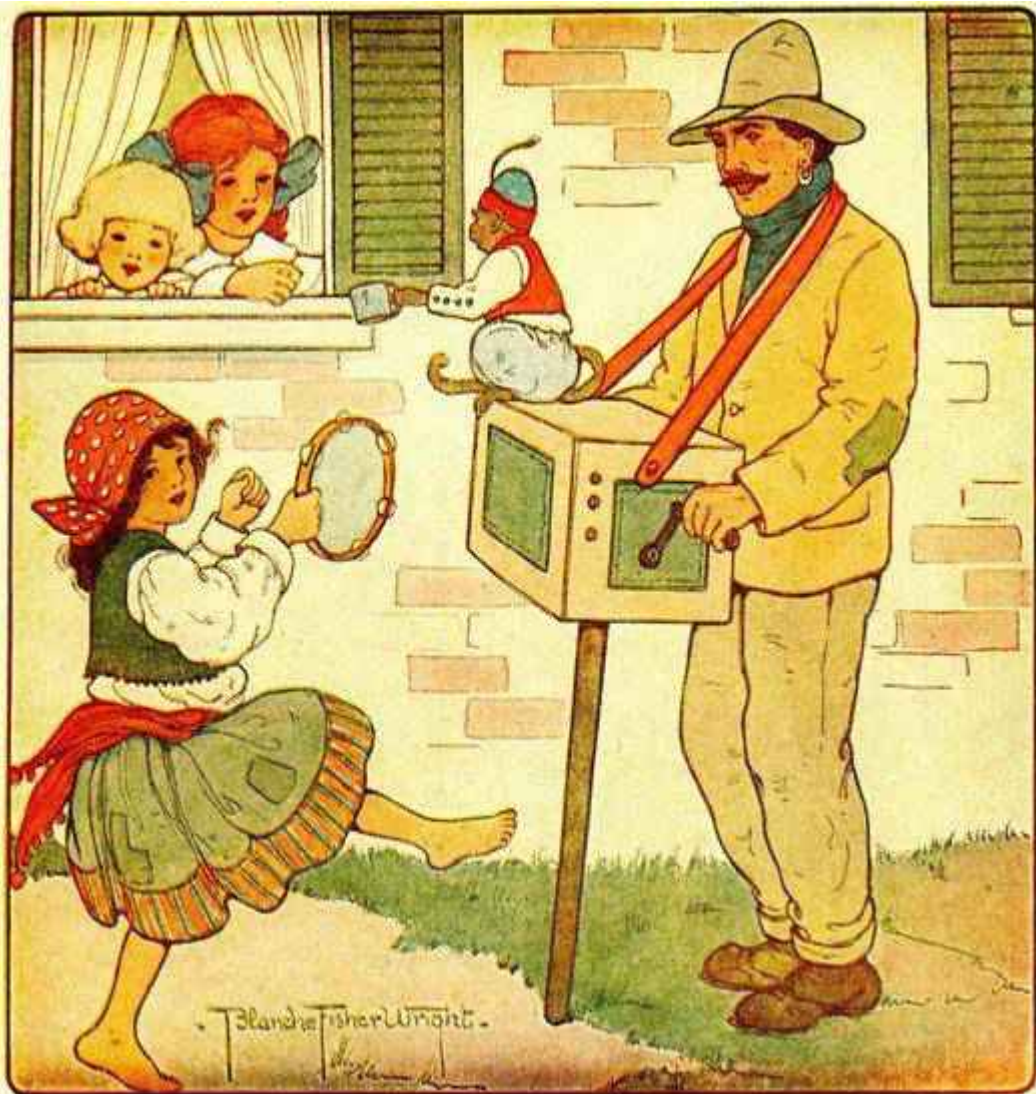
"Pine trees sing, you know, Benjy," Margaret went on, "so we must sing, too." And the two struck up a lively tune.

Too-dle-dee, too-dle-dee, doo-o-o! It was not the pine trees, however, that sang it.

"Oh, an organ man!" "Oh, a monkey!" And both little pine trees raced to the window.

The organ man smiled. "Dance, Tessa, dance!" he cried to his little girl, grinding away with all his might.

And then how Tessa's little brown legs did flash back and forth, and in and out! And what funny tricks the wee monkey did!



How Tessa's little brown legs did flash back and forth!



When the music stopped Jocko scrambled up to the window and politely presented a cup to the trees. "Pennies, please," the funny, wizzened little face seemed to beg.

The pine trees brought their banks and shook the pennies out, one by one, into the cup. Then the biggest pine tree thought of something. "Wait a minute," she cried, and disappeared. When she came back she carried two plump bananas.

"Here," she said, handing them out through the window.

Tessa smiled her thanks politely, but Jocko just fell to munching greedily.

The pine trees hung out of the window and watched Tessa and her father and Jocko as they went off down the street. Finally the biggest pine tree turned to the littlest pine tree.

"I'm not a pine tree any longer, Benjy," she announced. "I'd rather be the kind that *gives* something. I'm a banana tree now."

"So'm I," echoed Benjy.

BILLY BOY'S MAGIC KEY

Billy Boy had a magic key. He carried it in his face. There was a secret about this key—it always opened doors into pleasant things. His mamma had taught him that.

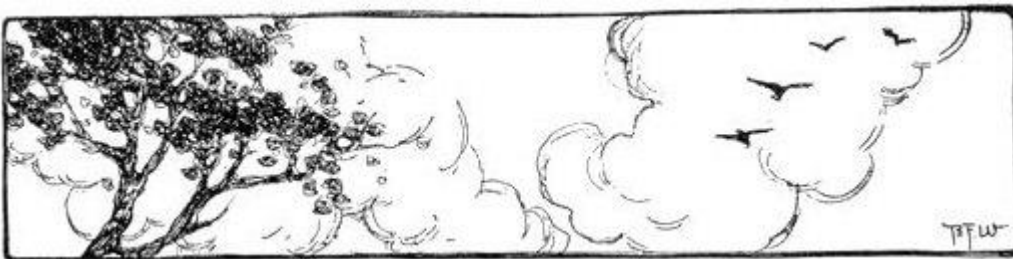
Billy Boy was playing in the yard one day when his mamma came to the door. "Billy Boy, Billy Boy!" she called. "I want you to do some errands for me!"

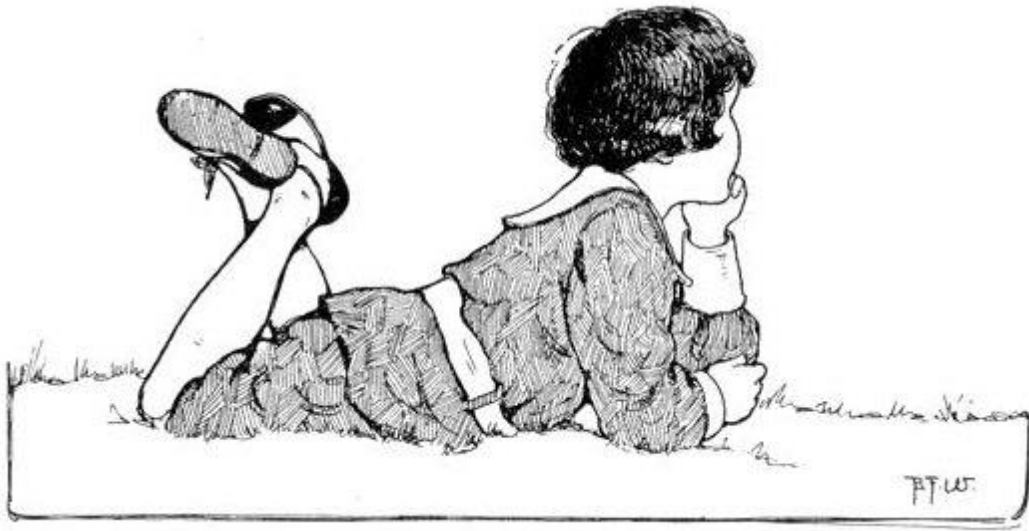
When Billy Boy hurried up to the steps his mamma handed him two baskets.

"One is to carry the groceries I've ordered, Billy Boy," she said; "and there's a cake for Mrs. Thomas in the other. You can leave it on the way to the store."

Billy Boy's face clouded. "I—I'd rather not go there, mamma," he said. "Mrs. Thomas is so cross. That's what the boys say."

"That's because they tease her cat, Billy Boy. Remember about the key, and you'll be all right."







Chief Hughie thought it would be fun to shoot at something that moved



She plunged her hand deep down in her pocket and drew out a bright new nickel



Billy Boy picked up his baskets and marched off. Pretty soon, thump, thump, thump! went Mrs. Thomas's brass knocker.

The door flew open. "No," said Mrs. Thomas's loud voice, "I don't want—" Then she stopped. Billy Boy was using his magic key.

"I'm Mrs. Sheldon's little boy," explained Billy Boy, pulling off his cap. "Mamma sent you a cake."

Mrs. Thomas just could not resist that key. "Thank you, child," she said, smiling, and lifting out the cake. "Wait a minute," as Billy started down the steps.

She plunged her hand deep down in her pocket and drew out a bright new nickel. "Here," she said, "buy some candy."

The nickel was clutched tightly in Billy Boy's hand when he reached home. "Look what she gave me!" he cried. "And she wasn't a bit cross. It must have been 'count of the key."

And the magic key? Why, it was Billy Boy's own sunny smile, to be sure.

POLLY'S NEW APRIL FOOL

"You're losing your hair ribbon, Polly," remarked the twins as their sister sat down to breakfast one first of April morning.

Polly hastily felt of her head.

"April fool! April fool! April fool!" shrieked the twins joyously, pounding on the table.

Polly glared at them. It was raining, and Polly, who hated rain, never could take a joke on a rainy day.

"You're a pair of very rude boys," she said. "Nobody but horrid, rough boys like you would ever think April Fool's any fun!" And she sulked through her breakfast without another word.

But Helen was different. Helen liked rain. Moreover, she didn't in the least mind being fooled, and she laughed just as hard as anybody when she put salt on her mush instead of sugar.



She fell to work with a will, rolling and folding



When she went upstairs to put their room in order, however, the room she and Polly shared, the steady drip, drip, drip of the rain made her remember Polly's unhappiness, and it troubled her.

A robin, singing his rain song in the tree outside, cocked his head saucily as Helen went to the window.

"Help her-r-r! Cheer her-r-r! Help her-r-r! Cheer her-r-r!" sang Mr. Redbreast over and over again as he swung on the dripping branches.

"That's a good idea, Mr. Redbreast," Helen answered. "I'm sure she needs it. But how shall I do it?"

Mr. Redbreast winked wisely. "You'll find a way—a way—a way!" he trilled.

Helen spanked a pillow and stood it in its place on the bed. "Thank you, Mr. Redbreast," she answered politely. "I'll try."

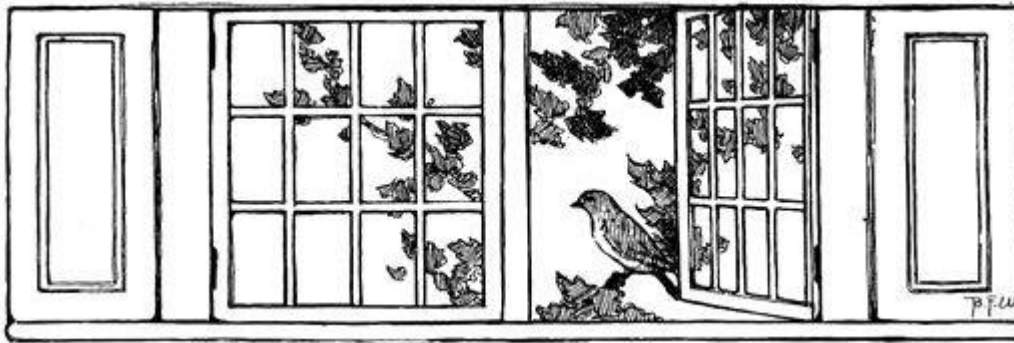
Mr. Redbreast gave his tail a pleased little shake and flew away, leaving Helen to spank the other pillow and to wonder what she could do to "help her-r-r, cheer her-r-r."

A blue ribbon was hanging out of the top bureau drawer. "The very thing!" cried Helen. "I'll straighten out her drawer. It's always in a muss!" And she fell to work with a will, rolling, and folding, and arranging things in neat little piles.

The baby stood watching her. "There! What do you suppose she'll think of that, Buddy?" she asked, as she gave the last pile a happy pat. Then a new idea popped into her head. She flew downstairs, took a sheet of writing paper out of the desk, and printed something on it in big black letters. Then, running back to her room, she laid the paper on the rows of nice neat piles and carefully closed the drawer.

"I hope she won't mind," she said with a twinkling little smile as she pulled Buddy up on her lap for a story.

The story was only half finished when Polly burst in. "What do you think, Helen!" she cried, tossing her hat and coat in an untidy heap on the bed. "I'm invited to a party! What shall I wear?"



"Help her-r-r! Cheer her-r-r!" sang Mr. Redbreast

She ran to the bureau and pulled open the top drawer with a jerk. Within lay Helen's paper. Polly picked it up. "April fool!" she read aloud. She looked into the drawer, then at Helen, her face brightening into a sudden smile with her surprise.

"Helen, you're a dear!" she cried. "And I'm just a silly, cross old bear! This is just the loveliest April fool that ever was. I didn't suppose folks could play *nice* April fool jokes."

Just then the sun came out from behind a cloud and peeped through the window. Helen pointed to it. "Another nice April fool for you, Polly."

But Polly wasn't listening. She stood quietly thinking for a moment, then she picked up her hat, shook out her coat, and started toward the closet.

"April fool!" she said with a laugh, as she hung them inside. "That's another joke on you, Miss Polly Untidy Crosspatch. A few more April fools might turn you into neat Miss Polly Polite. It's about time you turned over a new leaf."

"I think I hear it rustling," said Helen, listening.

"Hear-r-r! Hear-r-r! Hear-r-r!" chirped Mr. Redbreast joyously from the tree.





He started for the house with an armful of wood

THE THREE B's

The Three B's Club had only one rule—each member was to try every day to be all three of the B's.

Usually it was quite easy to be one B. Often it was not so very difficult to be two B's. But to be three B's was many times very, very hard indeed.

The Saturday Ned Brown's father gave him the new catching glove was one of those times. Ned wanted to go out and try the glove. Just as he was starting, however, Mrs. Brown called him.

"Ned," she said, "the wood box is empty!"

Ned knew what that meant, but he remembered B Number Two in time to keep from frowning.

"All right," he called back cheerily, and went out, whistling, to the barn.

Thwack! went the ax into the wood. Ned was strong, and every blow told. His mother, hearing the chopping, smiled to herself. She knew about the B's.

"Whew!" said Ned presently, stopping for breath. "This is being B Number One, all right. Two B's in one morning aren't so bad!"

"Hi, Ned!" came over the fence as he started for the house with an armful of wood. "Why don't you come over? You said you had a new glove."

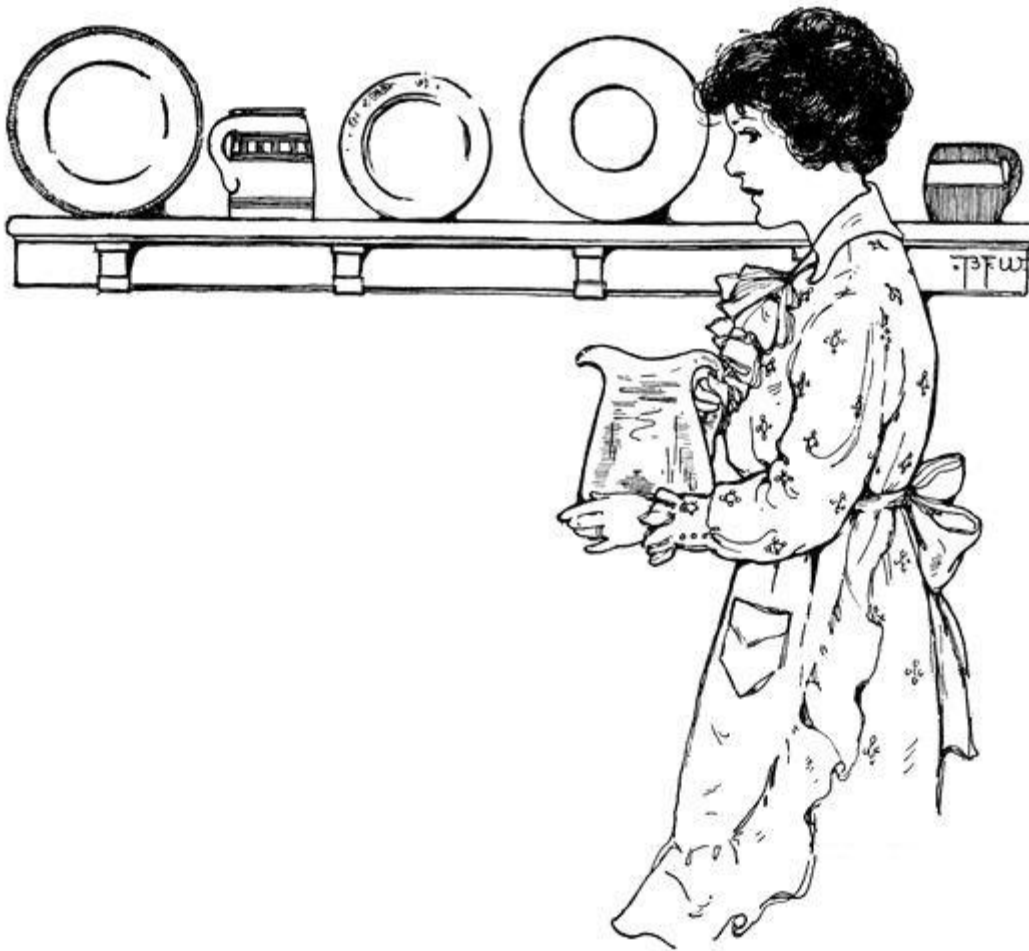
"Have," answered Ned as two other members of the Three B's climbed into sight. "Wait a minute."

He dumped his wood into the box in the kitchen, and then ran proudly back with the precious glove. "Here it is."

The boys felt of it, pinched it, tried it on. "It's a dandy. Come on and catch!" they urged.

"Can't just yet. You can use it till I come." And Ned returned to his work, while the boys ran off with the glove.

The Three B's met at Ned's house that afternoon. The club always reported once a week on their success as B's.



Mrs. Brown was just coming in with a pitcher of lemonade.

"I don't have any chance to be B Number Three," complained Ned, when his turn came to talk.

Mrs. Brown was just coming in with a pitcher of lemonade. "I know better, Ned," she said. "How about chopping wood when you wanted to play ball? That made all three B's this morning—Busy, Bright, and Brave."

"And I know another B Number Three, too," cried Ned Baker. "How about loaning us your catching glove when you hadn't used it yourself?"

Ned smiled shyly, and B Number Two was written all over his face as he slowly sipped his lemonade.

Christmas was near, and there were only a few pennies in Teddy's apple bank.

"I'm afraid I won't have money enough to buy them, mummie," said Teddy wistfully. "Won't you—" His eyes looked the question his lips wanted to ask.

"No, Teddy," said his mother. "For then it would be my present instead of yours."

"But Arthur's hands get so cold carrying the clothes!" Teddy's eyes fell to his own hands, which were always snug and warm in their red mittens. The washerwoman's little boy had no mittens.

"Earn some money, Teddy," suggested his mother.

Teddy's face fell. "How can I?" he said.

"Keep your eyes open and do the thing they tell you to do."

"All right," answered Teddy. "I'll try."

At that moment Father Sun, who had been peeping through the window, slipped behind a cloud.



How the snow did fly as he dug and scraped and shoveled!



peeping through the window, slipped behind a cloud.

"Children," he said to the little clouds, "there's a boy down below who wants to earn money to buy mittens for a boy who hasn't any. I want you to help him."

"We will, Father Sun," cried the little clouds. Then the sky began to grow so dark that the earth people looked up and said, "I do believe it's going to snow!" And it did.

Soon the air was filled with great fluffy, whirling flakes, tumbling eagerly down to help Teddy.

"Not so close!" cried the first flake as the others came down on top of him. "We'll make it too hard for Teddy if we pack tight together."

"That's so!" cried the others. And so they settled very, very gently.

All night the snowflakes fell. In the morning Father Sun poked his head out from behind a cloud.

"My, my! How fine the earth looks!" he exclaimed. "I think that's about enough, children." And Father Sun smiled so broadly that the earth people said, "How dazzling the sun is!" and squinted, and rubbed their eyes.

When the last flake had settled in its place, Teddy buttoned on his leggings to go out.

"Are you keeping your eyes open this morning, Teddy?" asked his mother.

Teddy laughed. "Of course," he said. "I couldn't see if—" Then he stopped abruptly. "It *is* a way, isn't it, mummie!" he cried.

"Yes," she said. "I think I hear twenty-five cents dropping into the apple. I will give you that much if you will shovel a path to the gate."

"Goody!" cried Teddy. Then he hunted up the snow shovel and fell to work.

"Teddy! Teddy!" Teddy looked up. The old lady across the way was standing in her door. "I'll give you a quarter if you'll clean my walk."

"All right!" Teddy shouted back. And then how the snow did fly as he dug and scraped and shoveled!

"My, my!" said Father Sun. "What an industrious boy!" And he smiled till Teddy grew quite warm, and the busy hands in the red mittens were never once cold.

When the day was over, four bright quarters lay snugly in the apple bank.

The day before Christmas Teddy emptied the bank and went shopping. And that night, when the washerwoman's boy came for the clothes, on top of the basket lay, not mittens, but a pair of thick gloves lined with wool.

Father Sun was so happy about it that he smiled all Christmas Day. And so did Arthur. And so—more brightly than either—did Teddy.



THE RED-LETTER DAY

"What's a red-letter day, Nora?" asked Betty, coming into the kitchen where Nora was doing the Saturday baking.

"It's a day when something 'specially nice happens," answered Nora. "Why?"

"Mamma just said it would be a red-letter day if she got *all* her mending done by night. I wish," added Betty wistfully, "that I could make it a red-letter day for her!"

"You can!" cried Nora. "I'll show you how to make a cake, and then she won't have to make it. She can have the time to mend."

"Goody, goody!" cried Betty, when her mamma said she might try.

"I didn't tell her about the red-letter part," she explained, as she and Nora measured and beat and stirred. "That will make it another kind of red-letter day—S for S'prise."

The cake came out of the oven light and flaky and beautiful.





"I didn't tell her about the red-letter part," she explained, as she beat and stirred

"Wouldn't it be nice," sighed Betty, "if it could *only* have a red S right in the middle?"

"It can," said Nora. "Make it of those tiny red candies of yours. You'll have to work fast before the icing dries."

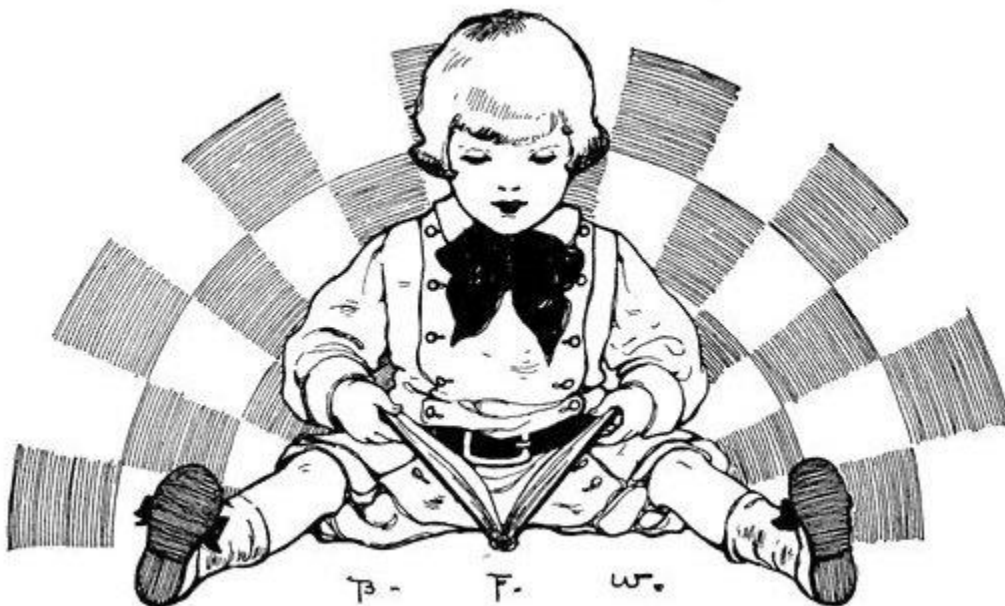
When the S was finished it was pretty crooked, even for an S. But there was no doubt at all about what it was.

When dinner was on the table Betty brought in the cake and set it before her mother.

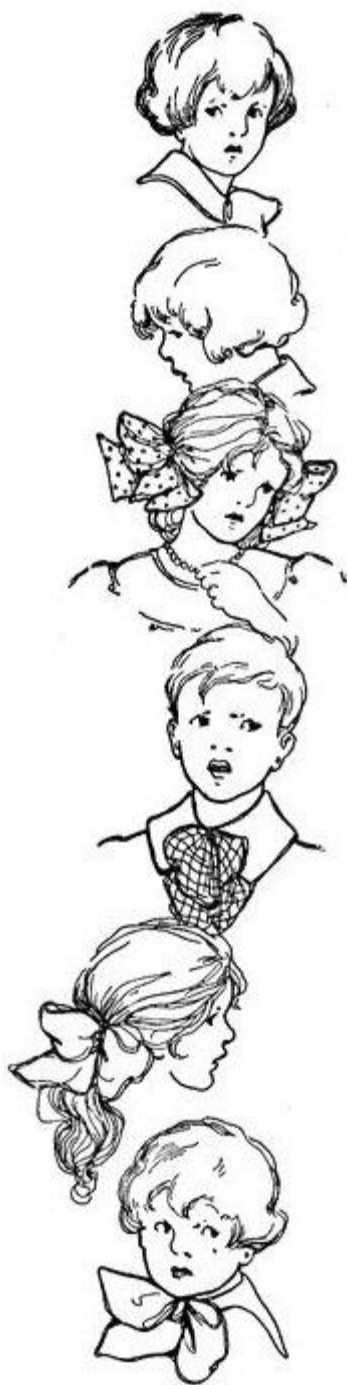
"Well, well, well!" cried Mrs. Arnold. "What a fine little cook I have! But what is the S for, Betty?"

"It stands for Saturday, mamma," said Betty. And then she told all about the red-letter plan.

"It was a dear plan," said her mother. "And I did finish the mending. And now I'll tell my little girl something else. S stands for Saturday, but it stands for another word, too—it stands for my Sunshine," she finished, giving Betty a loving kiss.



TURN OVER



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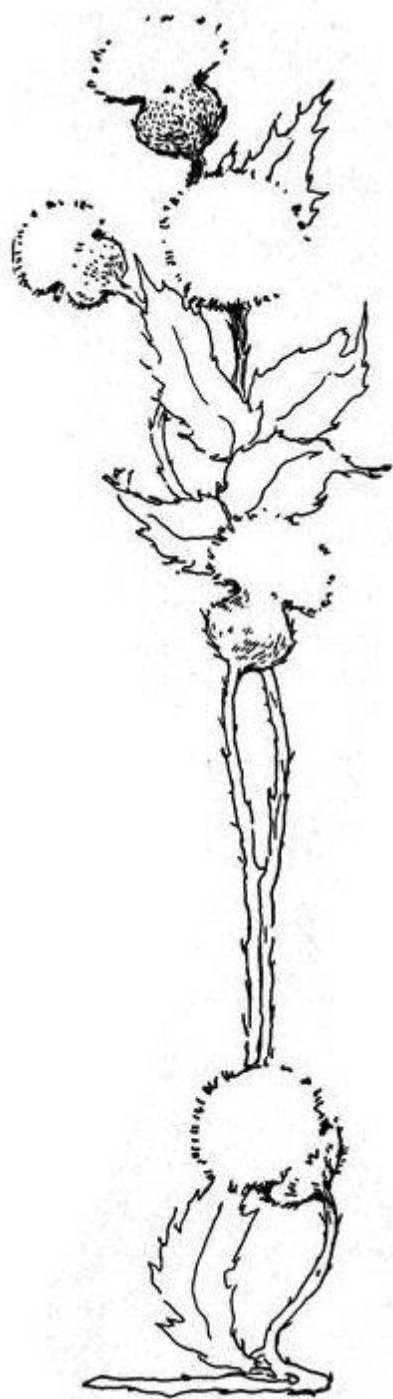
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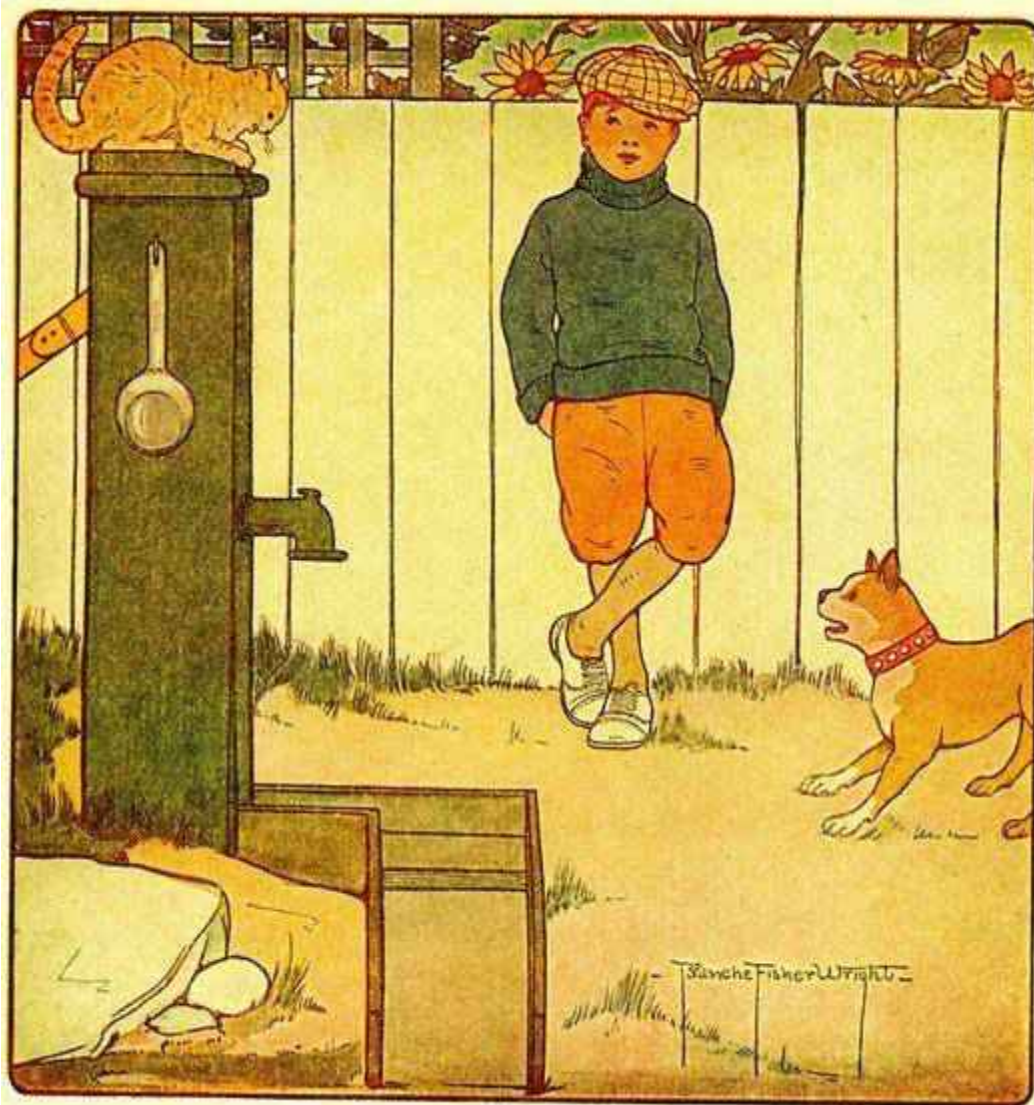
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"S-s-s-t!" spit pussy, scurrying to the top of the pump

"WILLIE WON'T"

It was baking day at Willie Wright's house. Willie was on hand, as usual, to scrape the dish and tease for raisins.

Suddenly Jennie the cook threw up her hands. "Oh, dear," she cried, "I forgot to order baking powder! Willie, will you—"

Bang! went the door, and off ran Willie down the path, with Laddie at his heels.

"I won't go to the store!" he grumbled.

"Wil-lie!" called Jennie from the house.

"Won't, won't, won't!" Willie screamed.

The next-door pussy was sunning herself in the Wrights' yard.

"Sic 'em, Laddie!" cried Willie.

"Wow-wow!" barked Laddie joyously.

"S-s-s-t!" spit pussy, scurrying to the top of the pump.

"Wil-lie-e-e!"

Willie dropped down beside the fence, out of Jennie's sight. "She c'n go herself," he said.

Laddie cuddled down beside him. It was warm in the sun, and the locusts were droning drowsily in the grass.

"Oo-ff! Oo-ff! Oo-ff!" snored Laddie.

Willie nodded—and nodded—and nodded.

"Ho-ho!" came a voice over the fence. "Willie Won't! That's a funny name!"

"Funny!" retorted another voice. "It's ugly. Willie Will would be far nicer."

"Nobody named Willie Will would ever set a dog on a cat," came a third voice.

"No," said a fourth, "nor run off and hide when there are errands to do."

And then the four began to sing—

"Willie Won't's a horrid boy!

No one will like him till

He helps when people want him to

And turns to Willie Will."

Willie jumped to his feet and looked around. The neighbors' sunflowers nodded solemnly over the fence.

"Willie Will," they seemed to urge.

Willie started for the house. "Willie Will," he echoed, as he went up the path.





She sat on the couch and sulked because she could not go out to play with Little Sister

MOLLIE AND THE POUTS

Until the Pouts got to work on Mollie she was a very pretty little girl. But when she sat on the couch and sulked, and sulked, and sulked because she could not go out to play with Little Sister, the Pouts turned her into a very ugly little girl indeed.

"Ouch! You hurt!" cried a little voice, just as a Pout drew Mollie's mouth down at the corners.

Mollie started. She had forgotten that she was holding Dear Doll Dainty by the arm, and she let go of her in her surprise.

"Well!" cried Dear Doll Dainty. "It's a wonder that fall didn't break my head. Why didn't you lay me nicely on the couch? My, what a sour face!"

With that, Dear Doll Dainty stepped up to her own special trunk, which stood open in the center of the floor, and put on her hat and slipped into her coat.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" asked Mollie, staring.

"Going away, of course. I don't care to belong to a little girl with the Pouts."

Dear Doll Dainty walked to the door.

"Wait a minute, Dear Doll Dainty," squeaked the rabbits that were capering around the top of the wall; "we're coming too." And with a great scurry, down slid the bunnies. "We're tired of trying to make a cross little girl happy."

"So are we," added the roses on the curtains sweetly, as they let themselves down by their thorns and walked to the door on their stems.

"And we." The pillows Mollie's impatient little fists had punched dropped to the floor and started off.

The trunk slammed down its lid and followed the pillows, the bureau followed the trunk, the book Mollie had thrown on the floor followed the bureau.

"Pardon me," said a deep voice, "but I am tired of being sat on and having heels dug into me!" Up went the couch. Bump! went Mollie on the floor.



The couch walked clumsily to the door. It couldn't get through.

"Tee-hee-hee!" giggled Mollie. The Pouts took to their heels. "Tee-hee—"

Mollie stopped laughing and looked around in amazement. Everything in the room was just as it ought to be, except that she and Dear Doll Dainty were both on the floor.

But Mollie thought the rabbits winked at her as she laid Dear Doll Dainty gently on the couch and put the book in its place on the table.

INDIAN HUGHIE

Hughie had always wanted to be an Indian. One day he told his mamma about it.

"Well," she said, "why not *be* an Indian?"

Hughie looked down at his little blue suit and his low shoes. "I can't be an Indian," he said. "I haven't any bow and arrow 'r—'r anything Indians have. And anyway, little boys can't be Indians."

"Oh, yes, they can," said his mamma. "Indians are strong and brave. Any little boy can be that. How do you do, Chief Hughie?" she added, with a low bow.

Hughie drew himself up until he was at least an inch taller. "Heap—heap strong and brave, thank you," he said gravely.

That very day Hughie's mamma bought him a bow and arrow. Then Hughie felt himself a real Indian indeed.

But Chief Hughie grew tired of shooting at a mark with his new bow and arrow.

It would be much more fun, he thought, to shoot at something that moved.

Just as he thought that, a bird flew up from the snowball bush. Chief Hughie hastily slipped an arrow into his bow. Bing! it went, toward the bird.

"Hughie!"

Hughie turned around. "Chief Hughie," he corrected, politely.

"No," said his mamma, "*not* Chief Hughie. Squaw Hughie! Chiefs are strong and brave. Chief Hughie would never shoot at a dear little bird. Only a cowardly Indian, a squaw Indian, would do that."

She came down the path and took away Hughie's bow and arrow.

"Squaws don't carry weapons," she said.

Hughie threw himself down on his stomach and screamed with anger.

"Squaws cry," said his mamma.

She walked back to the house, leaving Hughie sitting on the grass. He was wondering how long it would take for a squaw to become a chief once more.

"I FORGOT"

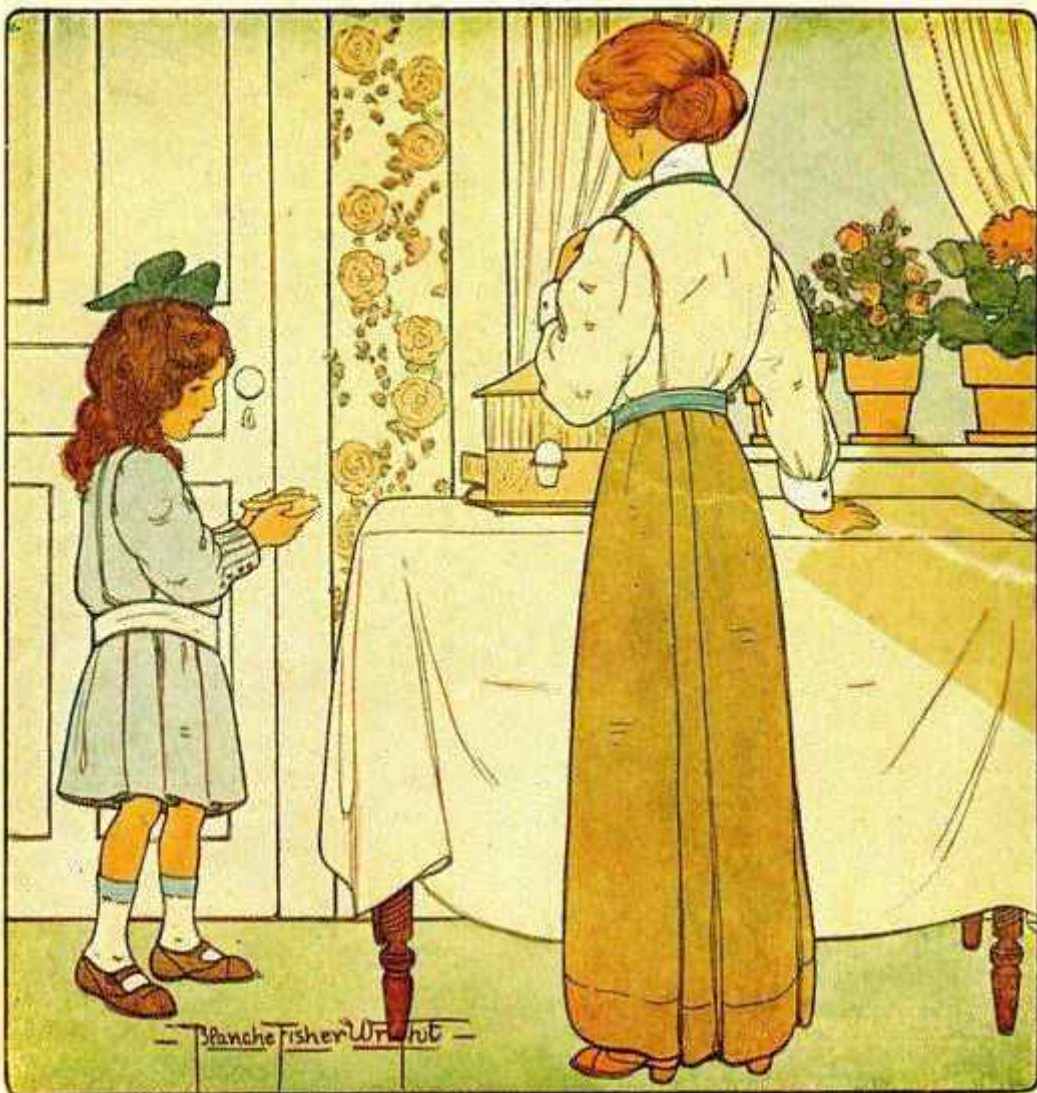
Inside of little Jean there lived a naughty imp. His name was "I Forgot." One time this imp made Jean do a very wicked thing.

Jean owned a canary, named Goldie because of his golden feathers. Whenever Jean came into the room where his cage hung, Goldie would pour out a flood of song.

But one morning when Jean came in there was no flood of song from the yellow throat. The tiny singer lay still on the bottom of his cage. Jean slipped in her hand in alarm and drew out her little pet.

"Mamma, mamma," she cried, "something's the matter with Goldie!"

The imp "I Forgot" laughed as he heard her, but Jean's mamma did not laugh. She knew about "I Forgot," and she laid her hand tenderly on Goldie's little body, all thin under the fluff of feathers.



Jean slipped her hand into the cage and drew out Goldie



"Goldie has starved to death, Jean," she said sadly. "Why didn't you feed him?"

"I f-forgot!" sobbed the little girl.

"Forgot! Poor Goldie!" Jean's mamma stroked the golden feathers. "It's too bad, Jean, that you couldn't remember to do that one small thing for Goldie when he did so much for you, with his songs and his cheer."

Jean's tears fell fast. Her mamma looked thoughtfully at the bird. "We can do nothing more for Goldie," she said at last, "but I have thought of a way you can help other birds for his sake, Jean."

Jean wiped her eyes. "How?" she asked.

Jean felt happier when her mamma had explained the way to her.

And if you should pass Jean's house some morning before breakfast, you could see the way for yourself. For every day Jean scatters crumbs and grain on the lawn for the birds and puts fresh water in their drinking bowl.

"For Goldie's sake," she whispers to herself, as the birds fly down for their breakfast.

As for the naughty imp "I Forgot," he is fast turning into the lovely fairy "I Remember."

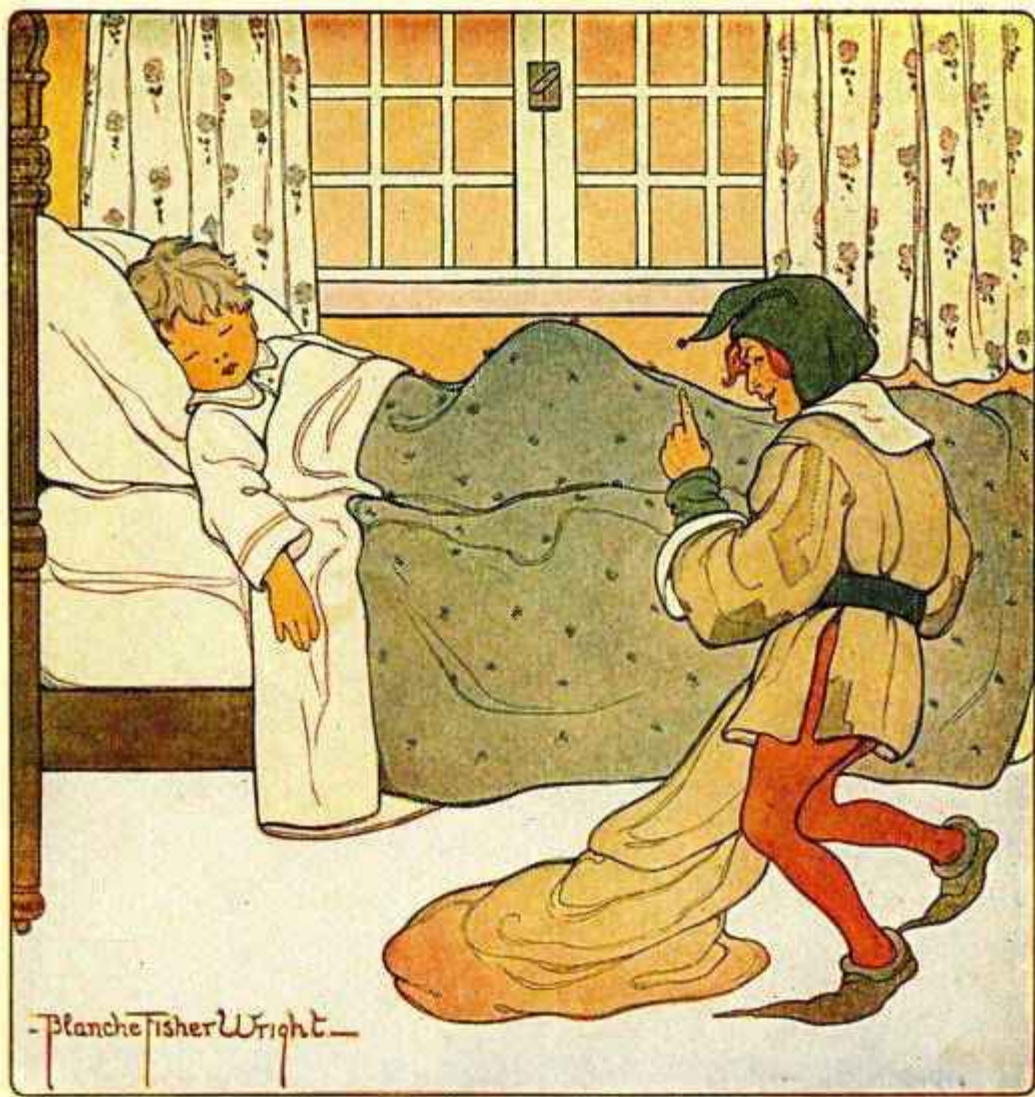
HOW SAMMY WAS CURED

Sammy was a pretty good boy in some ways, but in one way he was a very naughty boy indeed. He never got up when he was called.

"Ye-aw-w-w!" he would yawn. "Uh-huh!" And with that he would roll over and go fast asleep again.

This always happened at least three times every morning. Often it happened more times. Then when everybody was out of patience and breakfast was nearly over, Sammy would come creeping down, digging his fists into his eyes and still yawning "Ye-aw-w-w!"

One morning Sammy's father had just called him the second time, and Sammy had grunted "Ye-aw-w-w!" and turned over for another nap, when the door opened softly.



Sammy didn't see the little man with twinkling eyes and queer clothes who entered the room



Creep, creep, creep, came quiet steps. But Sammy didn't see the little man with twinkling eyes and queer clothes enter the room. He didn't know that the little man lifted him out of bed, slipped him quickly into a sack, and swung him over his shoulder. Sammy was too fast asleep to know anything.

"Crickety, flickety, fle-flo-fli!" cried the little man. And away they flew, straight through the window!

And still Sammy slept. He didn't know he was not in his own bed till the little man slipped him out of the sack and gave him a shake.



You're the little boy that never gets up when he's called

"Ye-aw-w-w!" muttered Sammy sleepily.

"So you are Sammy Sleepyhead!" a loud voice interrupted him. Sammy woke up so quickly that he bit his tongue. "I know you. You're the little boy that never gets up when he's called."

Sammy looked about him in surprise. He was in a room filled with the queerest little men he had ever seen, men with funny clothes and twinkly eyes; while right in front of him on a throne sat a very splendid person. Sammy knew by his robes and his crown that this splendid person must be a king.

Sammy had never before seen a real king. He opened his mouth in awe.

The king thought Sammy was going to yawn.

"No yawning here!" he cried, giving Sammy a sharp little rap with his scepter. "This is the Land of the Wide-Awakes. We always wake up the sleepy people."

And then, just because he knew he mustn't, Sammy yawned. "Ye-aw-w-w!" he said, so loud that it frightened him, and he clapped his hand quickly over his mouth.

But the king had heard him.

"Sleepy Cure Number One, men!" he cried.

The men in the funny clothes at once formed in two lines, facing each other and twinkling more than ever.

"Sammy Sleepyhead, step forward between the lines," commanded the king sternly.

Sammy saw each queer little man pull a small paddle from his pocket. His knees were shaking with fear, but he dared not disobey.

"Run!" ordered the king.

Sammy started. Spat! went the first paddle. "Ouch!" screamed Sammy.

"Faster!" cried the king.

Spat! Spat! Spat! went the paddles as he ran. "Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!" screamed Sammy.

"Done!" cried the king, as Sammy, breathless and crying, reached the end of the lines.

"Awake? Cured?" inquired the king.

"Uh—uh—uh-huh!" hiccoughed Sammy, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his nightie.

"No, you're not," cried the king. "Only sleepyheads say 'Uh-huh.' Cure Number Two!"

Poor Sammy stood, scared and crying, while the little men, grinning broadly now, brought big sponges dripping with water.

"Squeeze!" cried the king.

Squash! went the first sponge, right over Sammy's head.

"Ugh!" screamed Sammy as the ice-cold water poured down his back. "Ugh! Ugh!"

The next little man stepped up, lifted his sponge, started to squeeze it, then changed his mind.

"Crickety, flickety, fle-flo-fli!" he cried instead.

The next thing Sammy knew, he was standing in his own bathtub, wet and shivering. His father stood beside him, holding a big dipper.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" gasped Sammy, while the water dripped from his yellow head.

"I'm sorry, Sammy," said his father, handing him a towel. "But we can't have any more of this nonsense about getting up. This will happen every time you have to be called more than once. Dry yourself now, and hurry into your clothes."

Sammy gulped and nodded. He couldn't think of anything to say just then. But he did as his father told him to, and never once dug his fists into his eyes or said "Ye-aw-w-w."

The next day he joined the Wide-Awakes. Sammy Sleepyhead was cured.





Mary Jane came back with her pail full of water

THE GOING-TO CLUB

The Going-To Club had only one member. Bobby Brant was that member. In fact, Bobby was the club.

It was his mother who named him the Going-To Club. It always took at least two askings to get Bobby to do anything. Sometimes it took three or four. Bobby was always "going to."

This club always met when there was something Bobby wanted particularly to do; and it met most often in the spring, when the boys were out flying their kites. In the spring nobody could get Bobby to do anything.

One spring Bobby had a very fine new kite that he and his father had made together. They named it the Skylark, because they thought it would fly higher than any of the other kites. But something was wrong. Instead of sailing up gracefully, as it should, the first time Bobby tried to fly it, the Skylark pitched about so violently that Bobby had to wind it in.

Just then he heard Mary Jane calling, "Bobby, will you get me some water?"

"All right," cried Bobby. "I wonder what ails it," he added, as he turned the kite about.

"Bob-by-y!"

"I'm going to," answered the Going-To Club impatiently, and straightway forgot all about it.

Pretty soon Mary Jane came down the path with the water pail. Mary Jane had little brothers. Perhaps she could tell what was the matter.

"Mary Jane," said Bobby, "my kite won't fly straight. Will you help me fix it?"

A naughty twinkle came into Mary Jane's eyes. "All right, Bobby," she said, and went on to the well.

"Will you?" urged Bobby, as she came back with her pail full.

"I'm going to, Bobby."

Bobby followed Mary Jane to the house.

"Mary Jane——"



Mary Jane dried her hands and picked up the kite

Mary Jane set down the pail and went on with her washing. "I'm going to," she promised.

Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! went the clothes.

"Mary Jane——"

And this time Mary Jane dried her hands and picked up the kite.

"Tail's too long," she said. "And, by the way, Bobby," she added with a laugh, "what do you think about the Going-To Club *now*?"

Bobby grinned and hung his head.

P'rapsy Perrin was never quite certain about things. She always said "P'raps" instead of "Yes," or "No." That's how she came to be called P'rapsy.

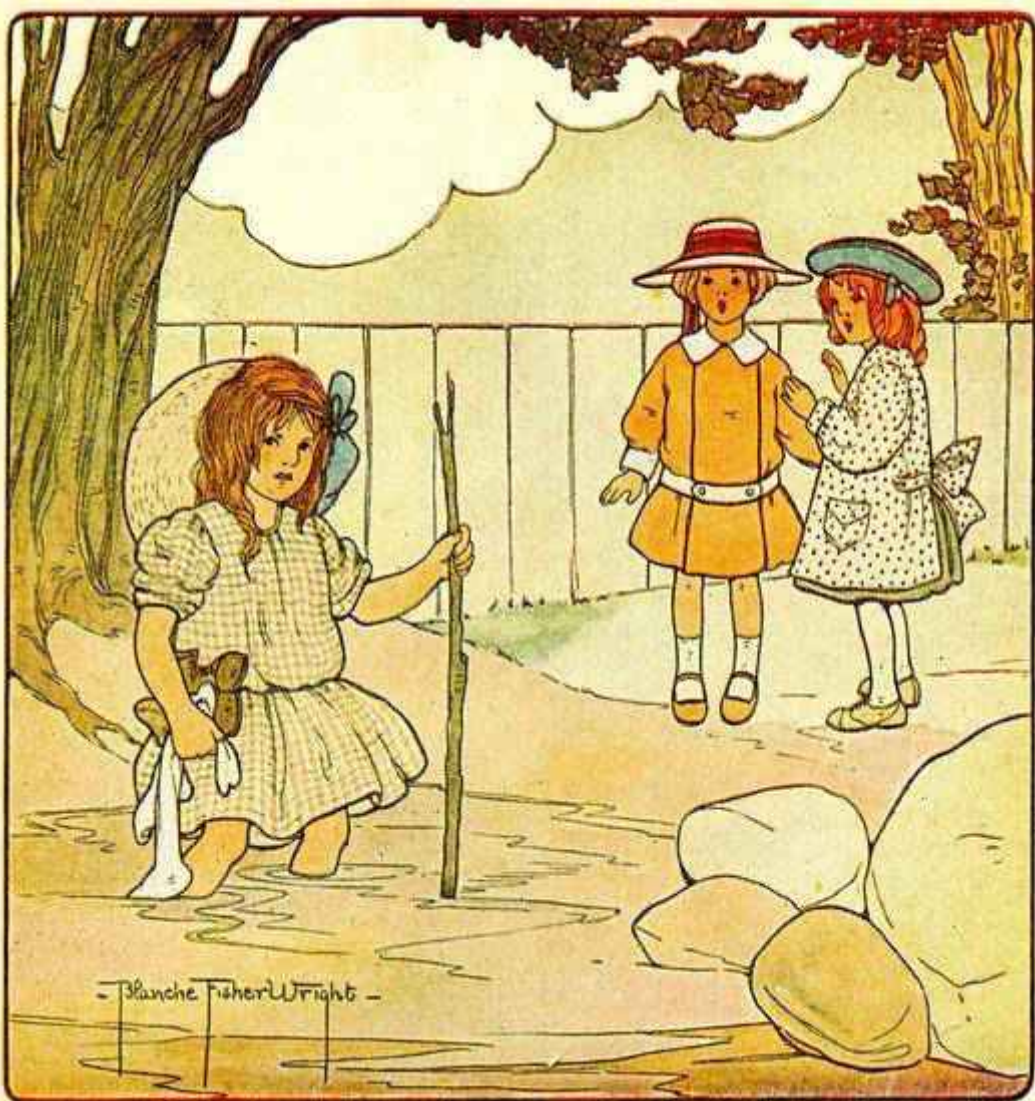
But there was one thing P'rapsy *was* certain about—she loved to go barefoot; and just as soon as the first warm spring day came, P'rapsy teased to take off her shoes and stockings.

But Mrs. Perrin only laughed. "You'll catch cold, P'rapsy. And you know what you have to take when you get sick."

P'rapsy thought of the big white bottle on the bathroom shelf, and stopped teasing. But she didn't forget.

That afternoon Mrs. Perrin went out to make some calls.

"Be a good girl, P'rapsy," she said as she left the house.



You'll take cold," finally ventured the biggest little girl



"Yessum," promised P'rapsy. But she must have added "P'raps" inside; for she ran straight to the back yard and called to the two little girls next door.

"Yoo-hoo!" she cried. "Come on over and go wading."

A pool of water had been left in the hollow of the yard by the heavy spring rains. "Dare you!" it seemed to twinkle up at P'rapsy.

"Oo-o-o, I dassent!" cried the biggest little girl, carefully smoothing down her stiff, clean dress.

"Oo-o-o, I dassent!" echoed the littlest little girl.

P'rapsy eyed them scornfully as she took off her shoes and stockings and splashed into the pool.

"'Fraid cats!" she jeered. "'Fraid cats! 'Fraid cats! 'Fraid cats!"

The little girls watched P'rapsy in scared silence.

"You'll take cold," finally ventured the biggest little girl.

"P'raps I will," retorted P'rapsy.

"You're getting wet," said the littlest little girl.

P'rapsy only sniffed. But it wasn't so very much fun, after all. P'rapsy kept hearing, "Be a good girl, P'rapsy." "Yessum."

When she had proved that she, at least, was not a 'fraid cat, P'rapsy splashed out.

"You needn't tell," she cried over her shoulder, as her bare feet twinkled back to the house.

That night Mrs. Perrin heard strange sounds in P'rapsy's room: "Ker-choo! Ker-choo! Ker-choo!" She went to the door. P'rapsy was sitting up in bed.

"I'b dot sick, babba," she explained. "I'b just—ker-choo!"

Mrs. Perrin left the room. When she returned she carried a big white bottle and a spoon.

"Do, do, do!" screamed P'rapsy, as her mother poured out the thick, slippery oil. "I'b dot——"

What she was "dot" was lost in a gurgle and a splutter as the oil slid down her throat.



When she returned she carried a big white bottle and a spoon

P'rapsy was not happy. She drew the blankets up around her, and buried her head among the pillows.

"P'rapsy," said her mother when the dose was down, "you've disobeyed me. Are you sorry?"

"P-p-pr—yes!" sobbed P'rapsy under the bedclothes.

WHAT HAPPENED TO WAGGLES

Waggles was Jimmie's chum. He was never cross, and he loved Jimmie. And Jimmie loved Waggles, but sometimes Jimmie *was* cross. It was when he was cross that he tied the can to Waggles's tail.

Waggles thought it was a new game, but at his first jump the can bounced up and struck him.

This frightened Waggles, and he tried to run away from the horrid, bouncing Thing. But the faster he ran the harder the Thing bounced, and the oftener it struck him. Waggles became wild with fright, and he gasped for breath as he raced along.

Suddenly he heard a voice that he loved: "Waggles! Waggles! Waggles!"

Waggles stopped running, and dropped, exhausted, at the feet of Jimmie's father.

"Poor Waggles!" said Mr. Brown tenderly as he cut the string. "I didn't suppose there was a boy in this town mean enough to do a thing like that."





Waggles thought it was a new game

Waggles licked his hand and looked up at him gratefully. But Waggles was too much of a gentleman to tell on Jimmie, even if he could have spoken.

When Mr. Brown went home Waggles trotted along beside him.

"Jimmie," asked Mr. Brown that evening, "who tied that can to Waggles's tail?"

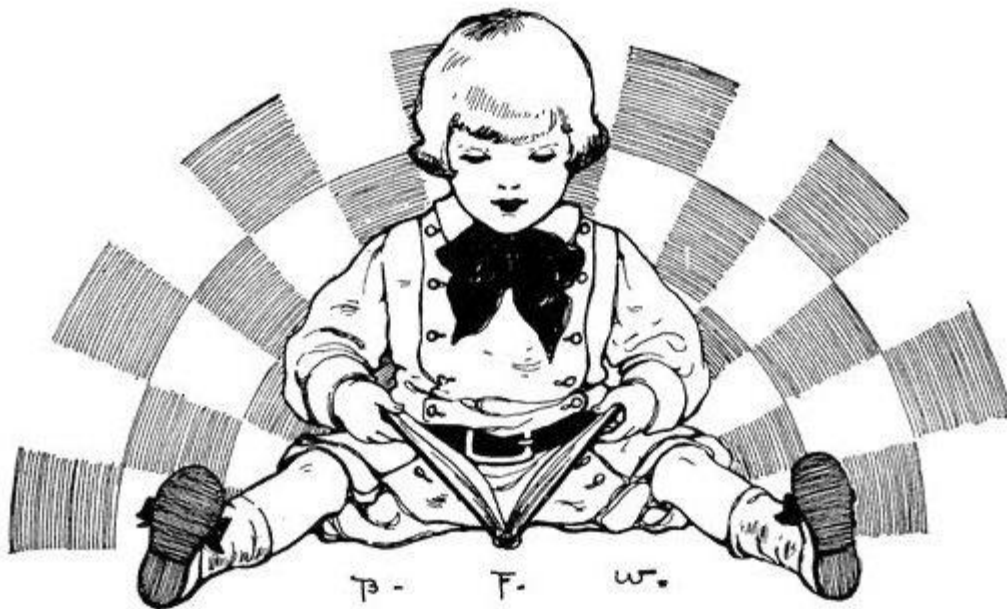
Jimmie said nothing, but his face grew red.

"Very well," said his father. "A boy who could treat a dog like that, doesn't deserve to have one. I shall give Waggles away."

Jimmie was very unhappy. He cried himself to sleep that night. But next morning who should come bounding in but Waggles! He jumped, and barked, and said "I forgive you" in every doggie way that he knew.

Jimmie hugged Waggles, and looked wistfully at his father.

"Well, Jimmie," said Mr. Brown, "since Waggles has forgiven you, I think I shall have to forgive you, too. Waggles may stay."



TURN OVER