Adventures In Our Street

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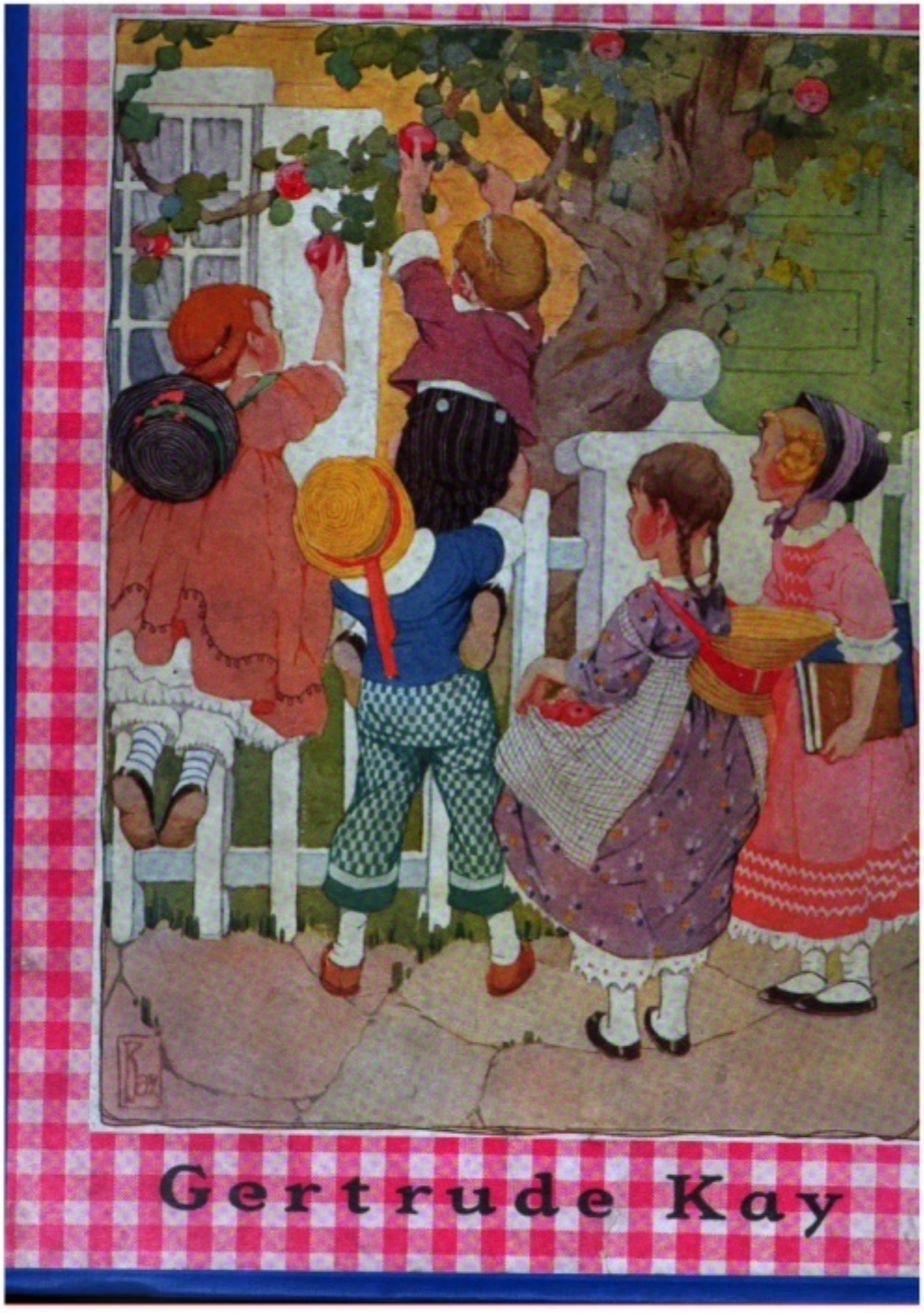

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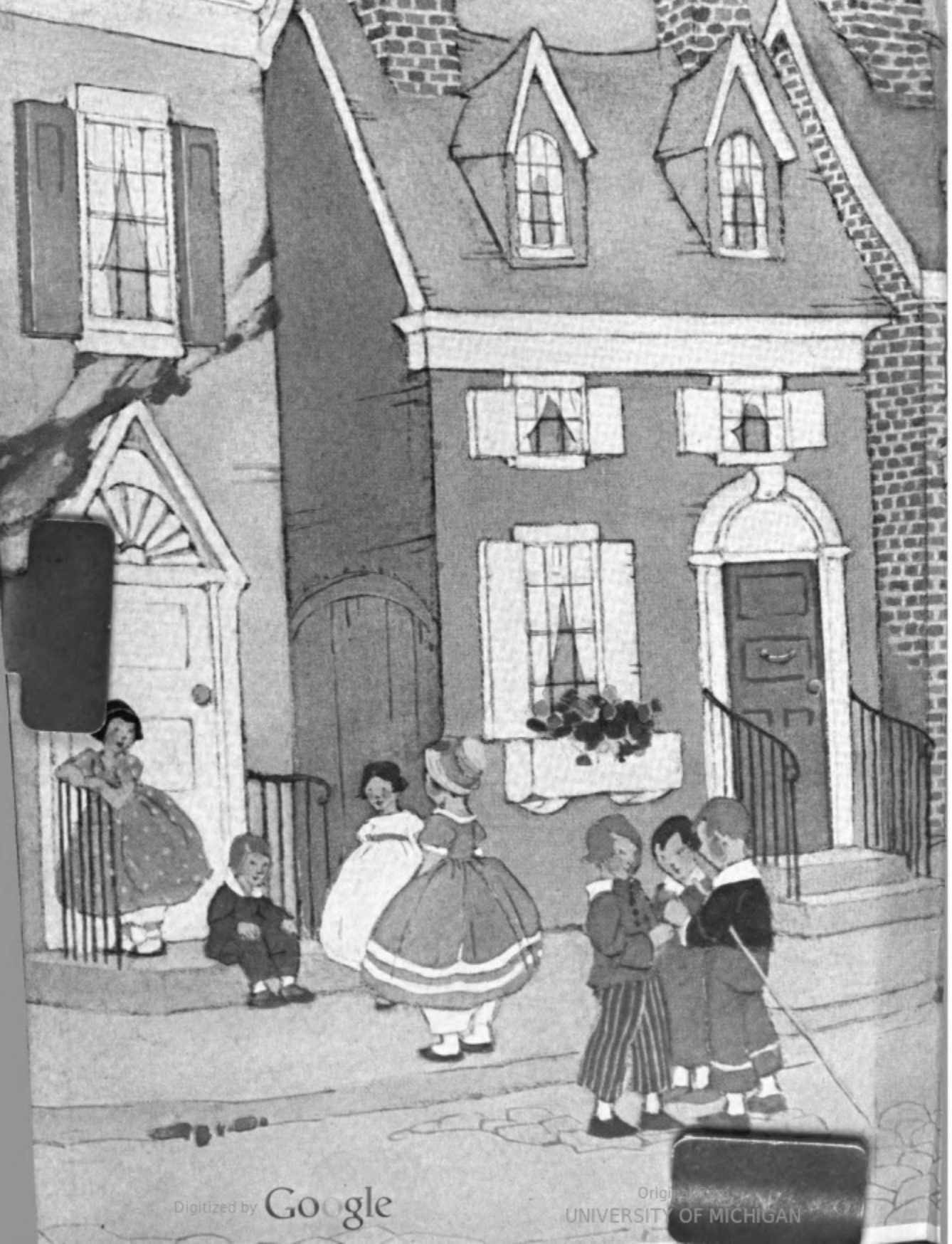

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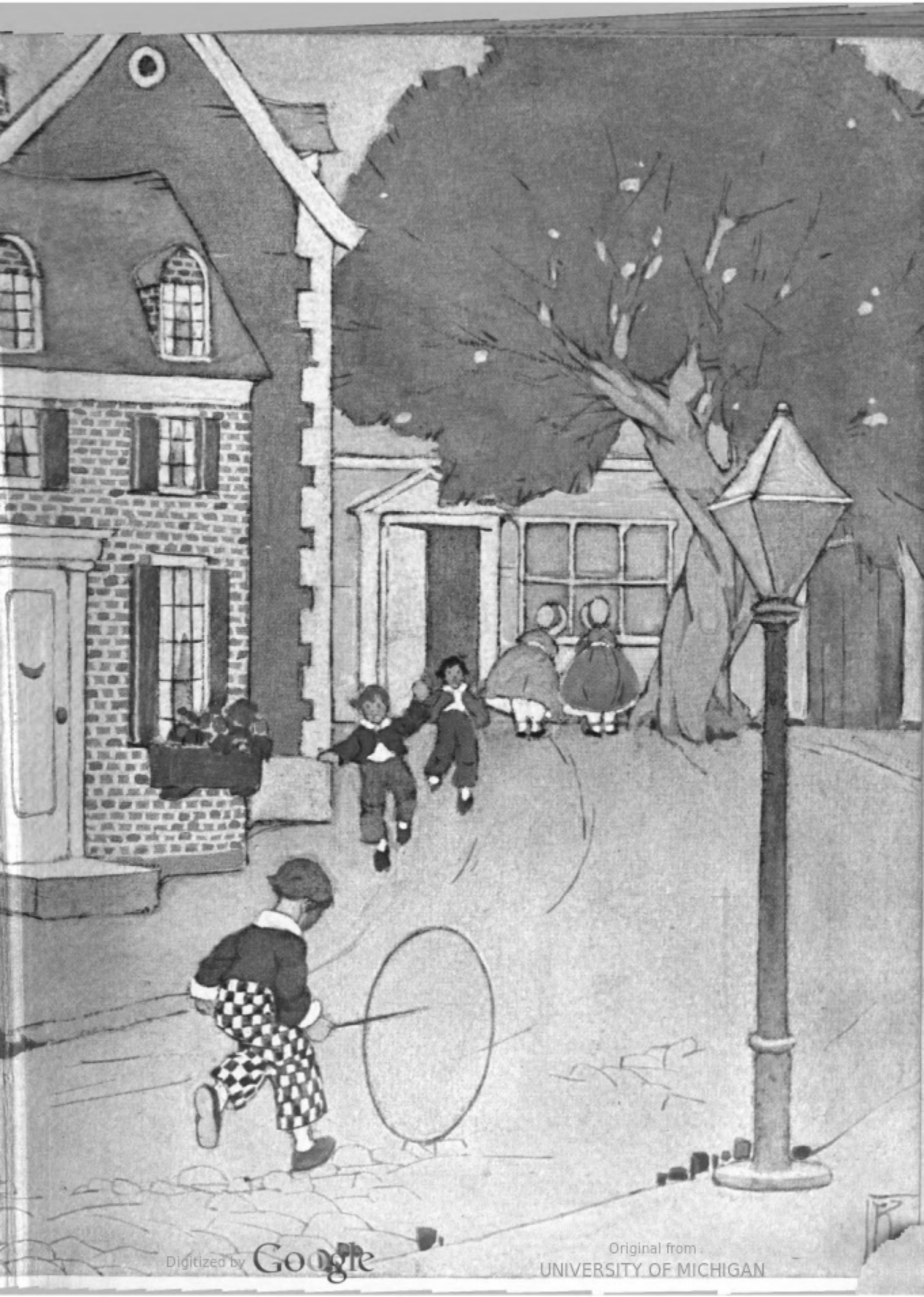

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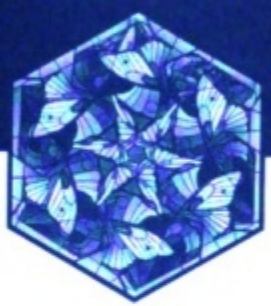

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Adventures in Our Street

Written and Illustrated by
Gertrude A. Kay

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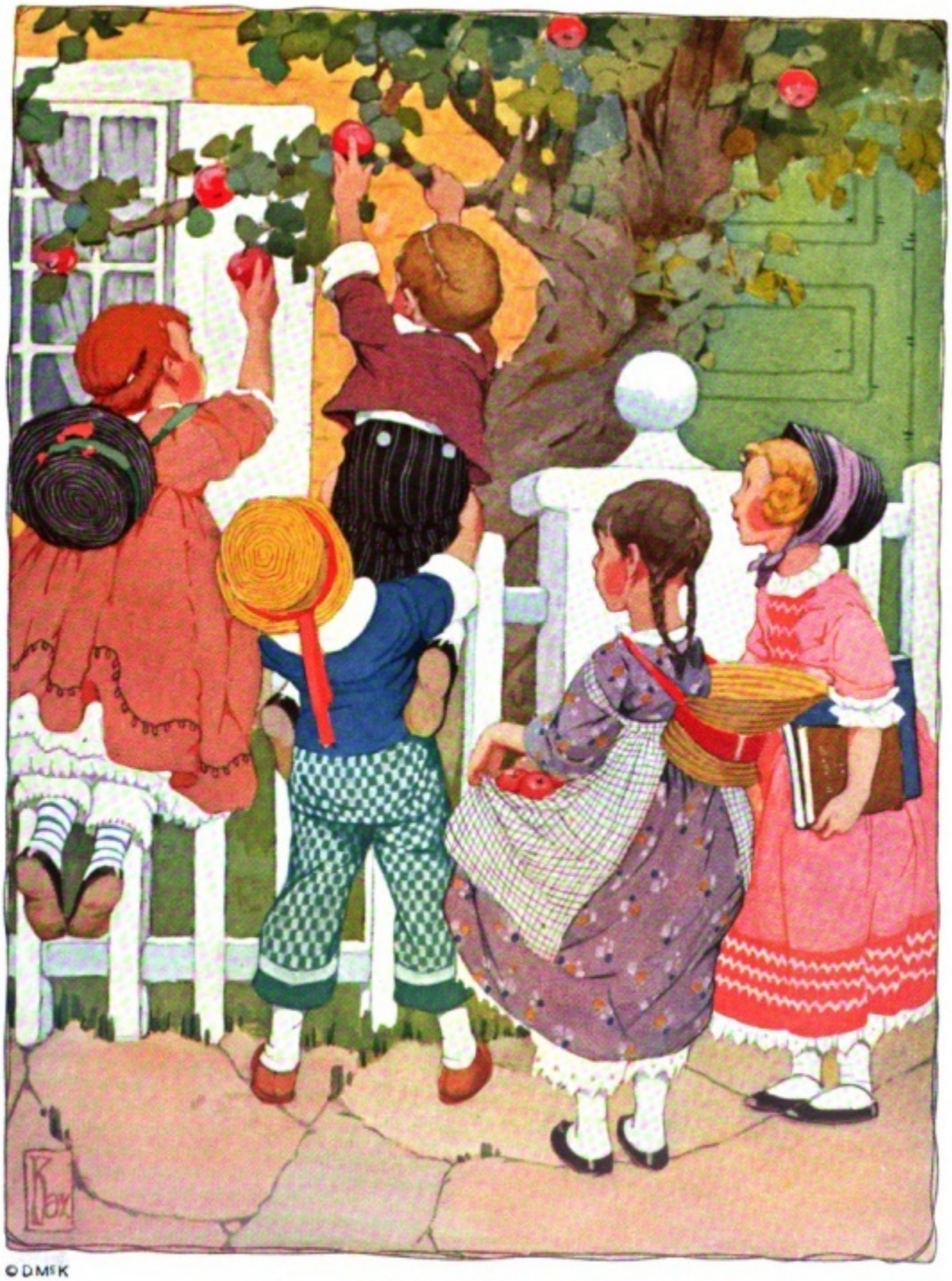

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After coaxings and pattings and many pretty compliments, he was finally dressed, and dear old Puggsy led the two children down to breakfast.

At the table Two-Braids was very nice and ladylike, doing exactly as Puggsy had taught her to do. But The Door-Slammer was—oh, very careless! Really it was a pity and it worried poor patient Puggsy very

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women used needle-books. But just then Two-Braids dragged The Door-Slammer away and made him walk on.

The tallest child rattled the knocker and the door flew open, for Yellow-Curls was standing right there. And so the birthday party began.

At first we stood around rather stiffly, just as if we didn't know each other very well. Then Yellow-Curls'

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"Gillions!" answered the baker desperately.

"That's only a handful," sneered the cat, who had an enormous appetite.

"They're yours," said the baker, with a generous wave of the hand.

"Done," said the cat.

And thus the agreement was made between the two

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Chapter IV

THE BLUE BALLOON

AT breakfast The Door-Slammer tried his best to tell Puggsy and Two-Braids about his experience in Pie-Crust Town, but Two-Braids kept interrupting and saying that it was only a dream and that dreams never came true. But Puggsy was very polite and listened carefully, and said that it was a very good dream and had a good moral which she hoped he would not forget. They were still talking about this when they heard a strange sound—"Ba-loons—Ba-loons!"

"Hooray!" shouted the two Children, leaping from their chairs. "Please excuse us Puggsy," they called on their way out of the door. They made directly for the group in the middle of the street, surrounding the Balloon Man who stood there holding the dancing, enchanting things by their slender strings—red ones, blue ones, green ones, purple ones. How could anyone like one better than another! They were all so beautiful. The Balloon Man was a fat, frowsy fellow, but with that beautiful bouquet of balloons in his hand he appeared handsome enough to the children. He had a very loud

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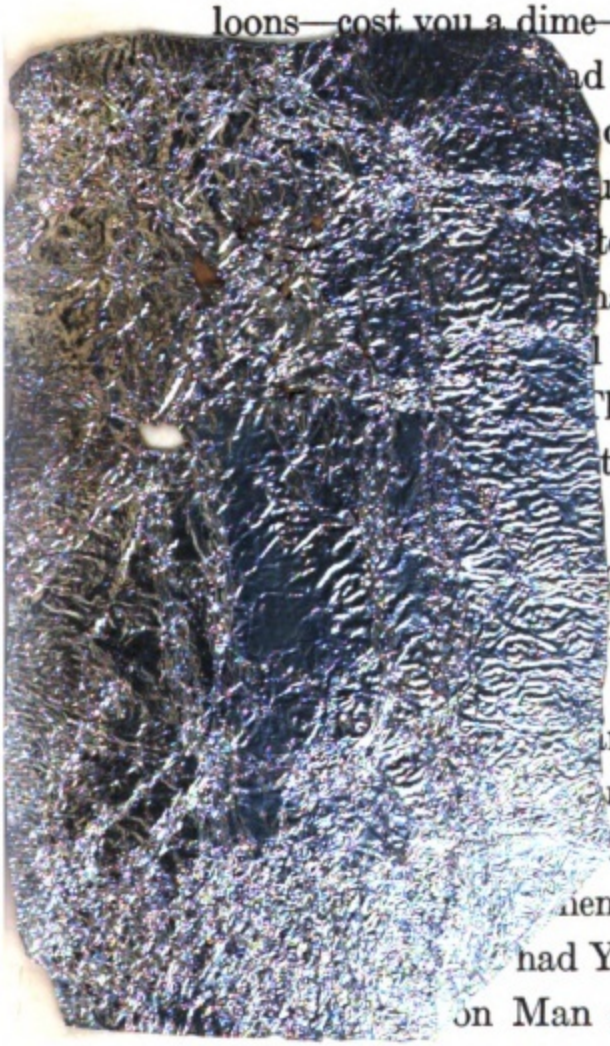
voice and kept calling over and over—"Ba-loons, ba-loons—cost you a dime—only a dime!"



d only cost a nickel it would have one of the children had a whole ddy-Heels. He ran in and shook teen pennies dropped out, but he hat Miss Chatty heard him and l back—every one.

he Door-Slammer had the sort t open until they were full. You out no matter how hard you one of The Children-Who-Broke-istmas had a cent. They earned errands, but always hurried up nd spent it right off.

ldn't-Talk-Plain had had seven body's Grandfather took him to iem all on the plate when a man had Yellow-Curls.

on Man seemed to understand that no one was going to buy a balloon that day, and he was about to go when the garden gate at the New Children's house opened and the crabby nurse came out walking very proudly and straight. The Children all moved back as she went directly up to the Balloon Man and selected

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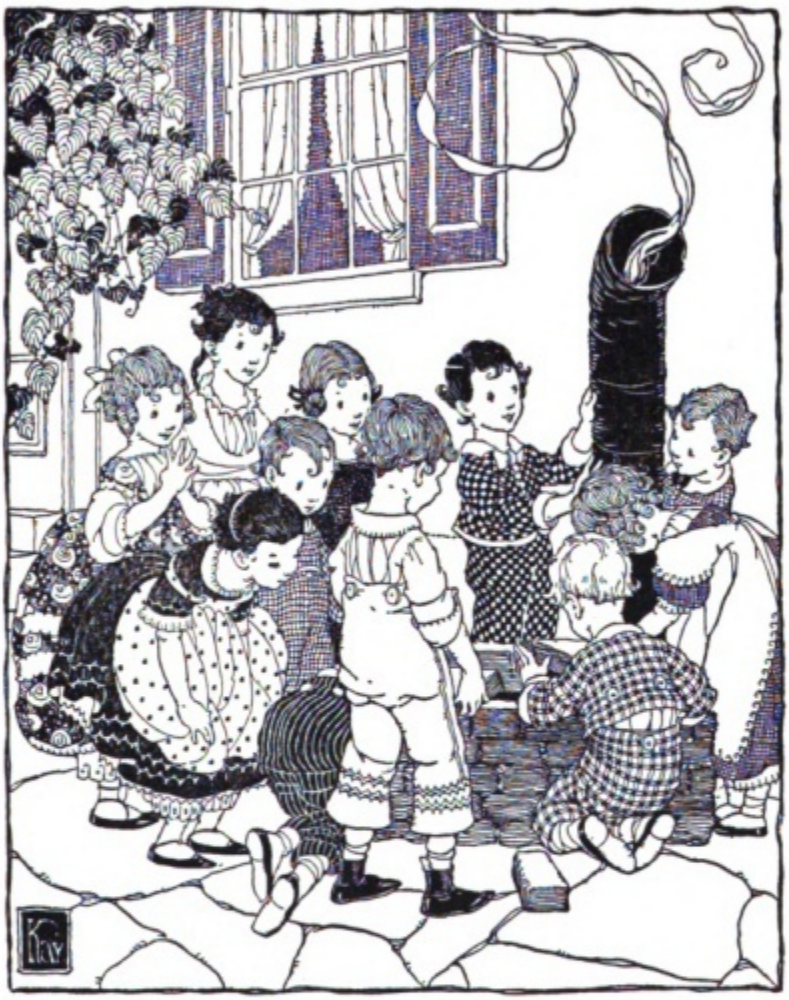

Everything was going finely, when suddenly a voice said, "Well, well, well, what *are* you children doing?"

"There," said Muddy-Heels, desperately, "I knew we'd be caught."

"No we're not," said Two-Braids. "It's only Puggsy." Puggsy never spoiled the fun, as we all knew. Instead she squatted down in the street and peeped

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Chapter VI

PRINCE THE ROCKING HORSE

THE Baby-Who-Couldn't-Talk-Plain was a very generous child, and none of us ever dreamed of making fun of the way he talked because we were all so fond of him. He had by far the finest rocking horse in the street. He called the horse Prince, which was a very

good name because Prince did not look at all like a common horse, having always a very proud glitter in his round glassy eyes. Then, too, he had a wonderful gallop very much like a "really" horse. And he was coal black, with a stiff black tail and a very red nose and mouth.

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"Then one day, all of a sudden, the Robber came crawling back through the trees and briars—and there

was a piece of a chain hanging to him. He was pale and weak, for he had been in prison down in a dark dungeon."

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The first thing that the Prince knew he had been turned into a coal black Charger. His Nobles fled in terror, fearing that they too might be turned into beasts.

"So ever after the dashing young Prince was a coal black Rocking-horse."

"How did he get here?" asked Muddy-Heels.

"Well, don't you know when a story is over?" asked the Story-teller in a hurt tone. "You must not go on asking questions for that spoils a story."

So, knowing what Prince had been before he came to live with The Baby-Who-Couldn't-Talk-Plain, we all had great respect for him and admired him even more than we had before.

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and Miss Chatty hustled him home, and she put him to bed. The rest of us wondered whether she did that to

punish him or to get him warmed up. Anyway we didn't see him again that day. And not one of the boys said a word about Adventures. Every child in the

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boys mostly. A man on a box in front of the tent was urging everybody to hurry inside before all the seats were taken. Everybody's Grandfather bought us each a bag of peanuts, then we all paid our dimes to the man

standing on the box, lifted the loose side of the tent, and went in. We were the first ones there! It was very hot and there were wooden benches in rows, so we sat down. A funny looking piano stood in one corner and a red curtain divided off another corner. We could hear

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shoulder. Then the man who had stood on the box outside told us all about the Men-Dwarfs, and they blinked their eyes very fast. After that they jumped off the platform and came down by the benches selling photographs of themselves. We all wanted to buy one, but, of course, nobody had a quarter.

Then the three dwarfs sang a song together and made gestures with their short arms—and that was the end of the show. We were told that the next one would be in fifteen minutes.

We climbed over the benches, lifted the loose side of the tent, and were out in the fresh air once more. And everybody talked at once and wished that they had another dime to see it all over again.

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So we all scampered into the garden and when she came out with her green watering can, we all began—"Miss Chatty, please, please tell us a story!" Of course

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Just then Big Dick came whistling up the street, lighting the lamps as he came. Mothers began calling children and Miss Chatty said it was getting damp, so everyone said good-night and went home.

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to leave its home and how the poor little mother would miss it! So everyone of us promised that never, never would we rob a bird's nest.

When we reached the creek what do you suppose Puggsy said? Well, she said that we could all go in wading! Shoes and stockings came off in a jiffy and in we went. The water was nice and warm and the sand in the bottom was soft and oozy and the stones were as smooth

as satin. The sunlight came through the leaves and danced gaily on the water. Everybody's Grandfather sat on a log and watched us. Then he surprised everybody by putting a funny little boat on the water. He had made it quick as a flash out of a piece of bark with a big maple leaf on a twig for a sail. Wasn't that funny? Then he made some more little boats, till we had a whole fleet.

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We played all sorts of games here, but Hide and Seek was our favorite. There was no end of hiding places.

If you didn't tuck in back of boxes and barrels or in the trunk or under the stairs you could always hide in the hay. And it was indeed bad luck if you chanced to be "it" because it was so very hard to find anyone.

Well, one rainy day we were all in the nice, cozy, cob-webby old barn playing our favorite Hide and Go

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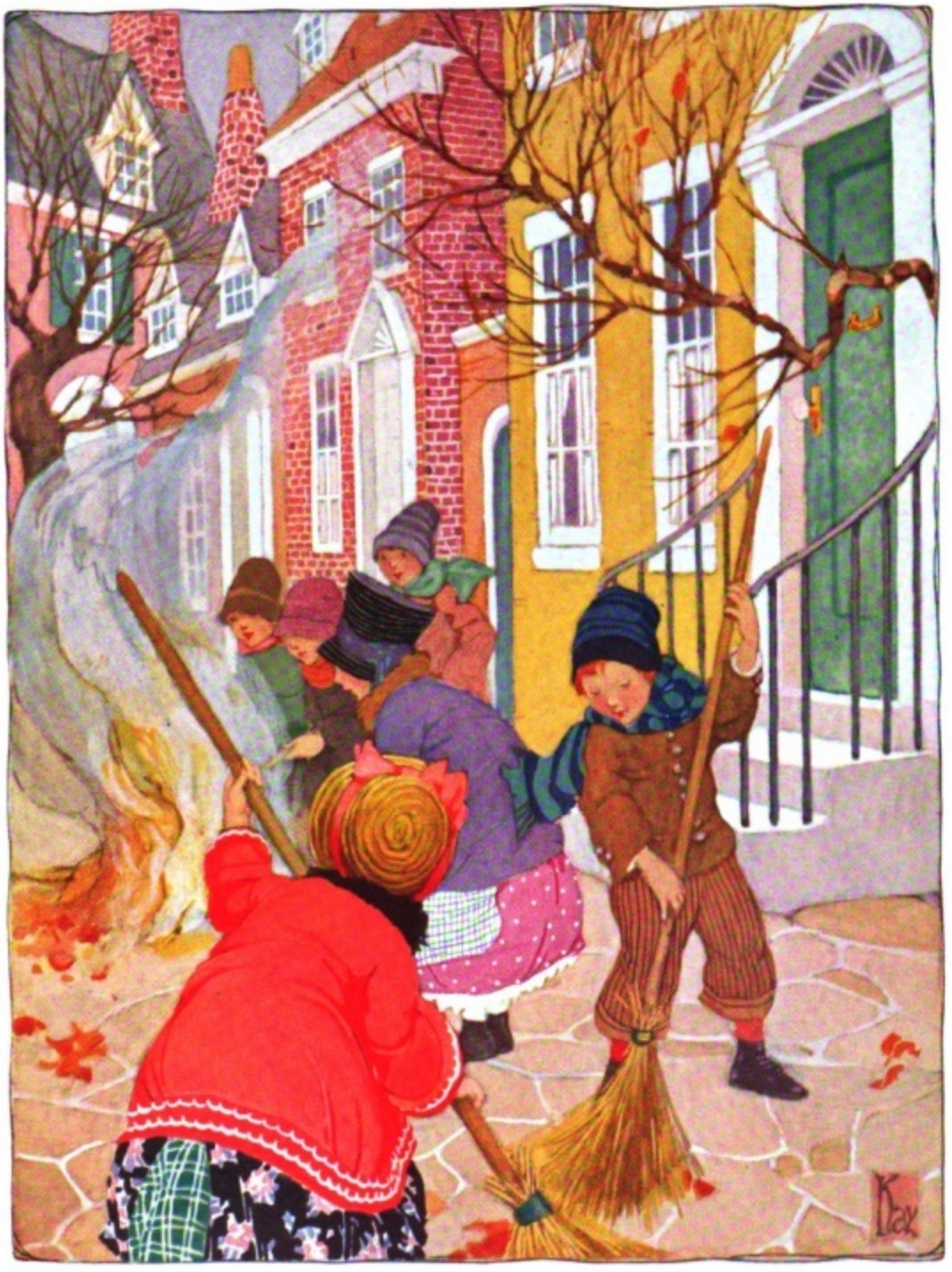

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Some shelled pop-corn, which is sharp and prickly and hard to get off the cob. Someone else put it in the popper, which was kept flying backward and forward over the hot stove. Very soon it began to smell good, then to sputter, and pop as white as snow. The syrup for the taffy was boiling away and Puggsy watched that, her face getting redder and redder beside the hot stove.

The Door-Slammer and Muddy-Heels made a great noise cracking nuts for the taffy on a flat iron. Sometimes they cracked their fingers instead.

Then when the syrup was ready some of us made lovely round white stickey pop-corn balls and others pulled taffy till it was stiff. Then we ate and ate till everything was gone, but you should have seen that kitchen! But good old Puggsy helped put it in order; then it was time to go home.

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gave their consent and doors opened all along the street and out we came in our caps and hoods and things.

Some had red mittens and some had blue ones—and some of the mittens had holes in them.

Of course the boys began to make snow-balls at once and the girls squealed and ran as girls always do.

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Off we went. The start was fine, but we ended in a snow-drift. It was very funny. But the next time we went clear down the hill past the mill, as far as the place where the Dwarf's tent had been.

Each time it got nicer and nicer and the White Flyer went faster and faster. After Grandfather went in to warm his feet Muddy-Heels sat in front and steered. Grown-ups in the houses watched and waved. The poor New Children were allowed to watch us, but not to come out and coast—the poor things.

It was so much fun coasting that we hated to waste time eating our dinners. And before we knew it the sun was ready to have the Genial Giant put him to bed. Then we were called in. And the White Flyer was put to bed in Miss Chatty's Store where she said we might keep it so that when morning came it would be ready to start right off down the hill.

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Out in the street there was wild calling and running in and out of all the houses, for everybody had to see everybody else's gifts and admire Christmas trees and eat nuts and candy.

We all decided that of all our Adventures, Christmas was the biggest, by far! But Adventures in our Street did not stop at Christmas by any means. We went right on coasting on the White Flyer, made snow-men, lost our new mittens, and found them again.

Then finally, when the snow was gone, came hoop-

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rolling and marbles, and later we flew our kites and played jack-straws on the steps.

But there came a time at last for us all to start to school, in the red school-house, way down the hill from the mill, across the bridge, far from Our Street. Then our Adventures were quite different, but we kept right on having them, and our pretty teacher's name was Miss Phoebe, and we each had a fine black slate, and a pencil with red stripes running around it, and a primer, which later we learned to read.

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and girls laughed, and he cried, and Miss Phoebe took him on her lap and wiped his nose with her handkerchief. And she told the big boys and girls that they had bad manners.

We knew our way to school and home again now, and begged our mothers not to let Puggsy go with us and wait at the bridge for us when we came out. The big boys called us apron-string-babies. They chased us and knocked off the boys' caps and pulled our hair, but we

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Chapter XVI

THE SCOLDING OLD LADY

THEN one day coming home from school we got into mischief, though when we did it we did not mean to be bad. It just happened—before we knew it.

The Scolding Old Lady's house—but first you must be told about her. She lived on the other side of the red bridge and had a strawberry patch and a big apple tree that started up by the porch and hung down over

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"Let's put them back," said one of The-Children-Who-Broke-All-Their-Toys-on-Christmas.

Nobody wanted to eat the apples, anyway, and even though we were afraid we crept out from under the bridge and back to the Scolding Old Lady's house. She was digging in her garden with her sun-bonnet pulled down so she didn't see us and we put the apples on her porch. Then we ran.

And every time we heard the knocker we felt like hiding for fear it was the Scolding Old Lady come to tell on us. But several days later she came to Miss Chatty's store to buy raisins. Muddy-Heels saw her coming and hid under the counter and listened. But all she talked about was the weather—and raisins, of course.

We all knew that it wasn't right to steal, but we didn't know that we were going to do it—not until we had. Anyway, we put them back. So, after all, we were not really thieves.

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He ate wherever he worked and slept up in the hay where Yellow-Curls bantam hen had her nest. One day the boys crept up there and peeked into his funny

little trunk. And they said it was full of sharp swords and other *fierce* things to fight cannibals with.

He told us that besides being all over Geography he had been to the North Pole and the South Pole—and the Equator. He said that he had named all the polar bears, so that they would come when he called them.

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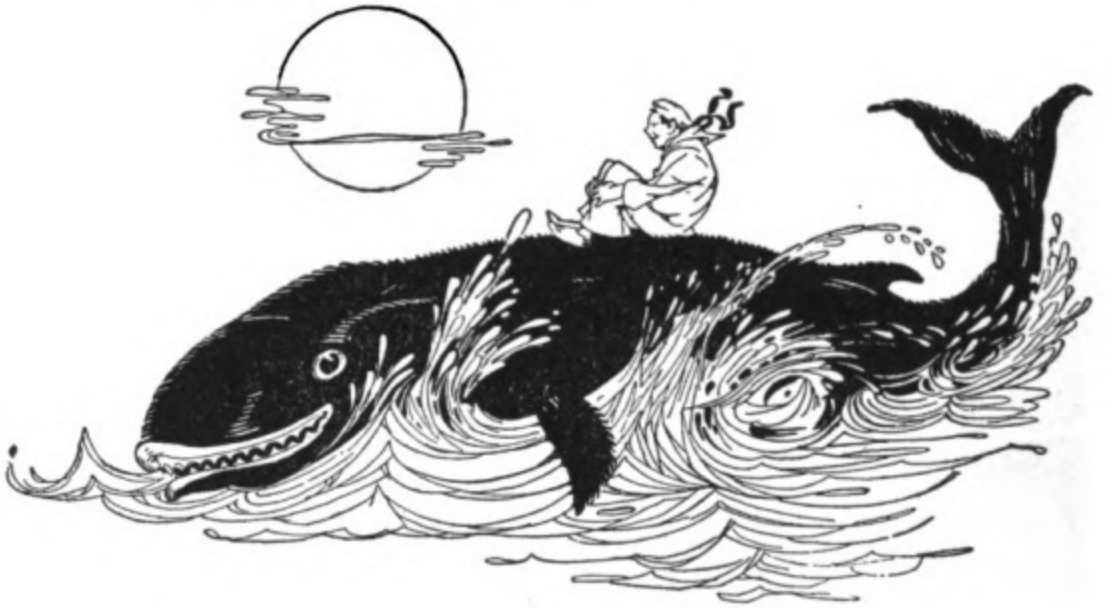
"Do you mean me?" asked our Sailor.

"What port?" asked the deep voice.

"To the Equator," answered the Sailor.



Then he rolled over and looked around to see who it might be who was talking. And, to his amazement, he saw it was a big comfortable looking Whale.

"Of all things," said the Sailor.

"Why not?" asked the Whale.

"That's so," said the Sailor, "this *is* the Ocean."

"Of course—all aboard," said the Whale. "Free seats. I will change my course, might just as well run down to the Equator as anywhere else."

"Fine," said our Sailor, and he bounced onto the

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enjoyed being a runaway. It took a lot of lump sugar till finally someone got hold of him. Then Muddy-Heels was lifted down and sent whimpering into the house.

By this time everyone had forgotten about George Washington, for we knew that we would be scolded—Muddy-Heels most of all. Though The-Children-Who-Broke-All-Their-Toys-on-Christmas were really the ones who started it. Their mother was always too busy to punish them, but anyway Everybody's Grandfather was there to take their part if she did.

Then Duke was led down the street. He was still chewing Miss Chatty's fuchsias. The Parson and Everybody's Grandfather hitched him back in the buggy, and all that they said was "the young rascals."

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gold to the King and told him that he had returned without the blue parrot. He expected the King to be very angry and probably say, "off with his head." But instead he said, "good boy," and slapped him on the back.

And the Beggar Boy wondered again if the King were joking. But such was not the case, though he did say that the Beggar Boy was too honest to remain a beggar. So he made him a Knight and gave him a barrel of gold.

Just then we heard all our mothers calling "dinner's ready," and the Sailor and the rest of us climbed the hill in a hurry.

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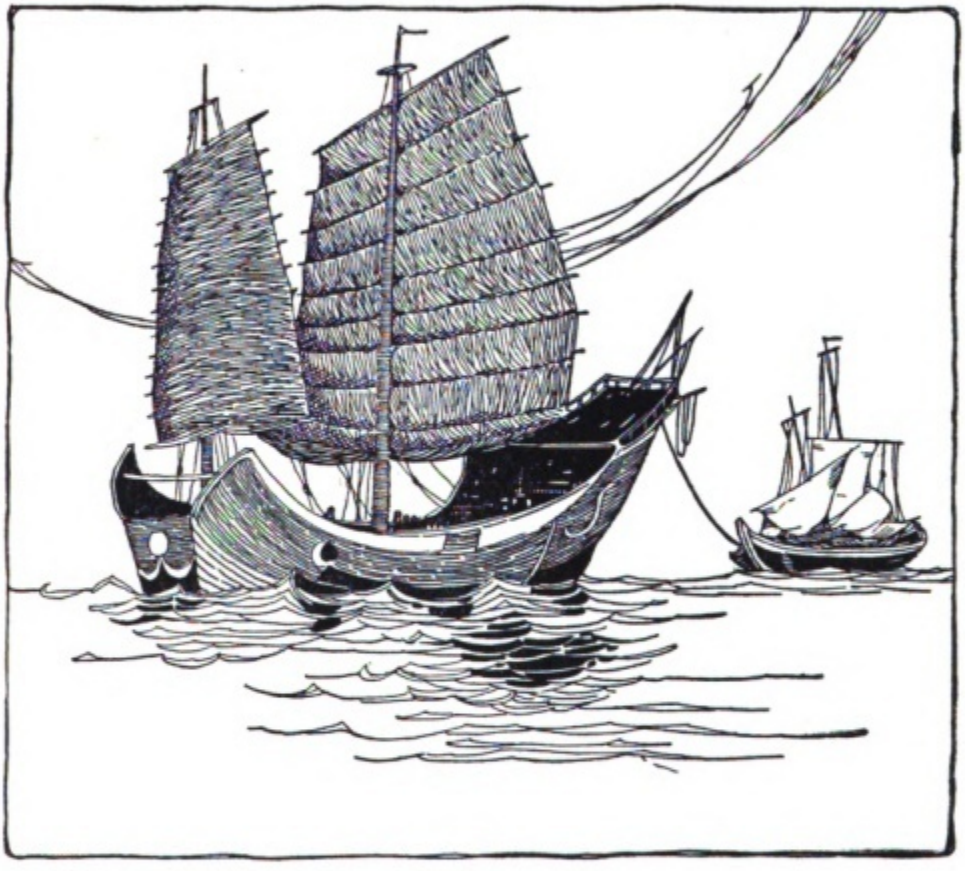
for you see it was a Chinese Junk and couldn't understand a single word that the Young Schooner said. But it was a very kind hearted junk, for it threw out a



rope, and so just like hand in hand they started out—the poor little shabby Schooner and the splendid big Junk.

Finally they came to a harbor where there were ships from Everywhere bound for Every-which-way. They were

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packed a lunch in a basket with a cover. She didn't want him to get hungry, so she fixed enough for six boys. It looked like a picnic basket and there was a cocoanut

cake like the one that we tried to steal. He would have enough to eat until he got out West.

We were all excited—and so was Muddy-Heels. He came running down the street in one of his new checkered suits, and at first we didn't know him. His new hat had a ribbon on and he didn't wear copper-toed shoes.

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Then it started, and you felt like a Circus Person. The music was so fine and the horses' backs were slippery. But it went faster and faster and we had to hold on with

our legs and arms. Finally it went so fast that we couldn't see Puggsy or the mill. Then all of a sudden someone began to cry—even louder than the music, but we didn't dare to look around to see who it was. We were too busy trying not to fall off.

"Puggsy, I'm sick! I'm sick, I say! Stop!" It was The Door-Slammer. The Merry-Go-Round man made

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all our books and slates ready to take home Miss Phoebe said she had a surprise to tell us. We all listened and this was it. She would not come back to teach us any more because she was going away to be married. But she would never forget us because we had had such happy times together, or something like that. And she hoped that we would all grow up to be nice women and men.

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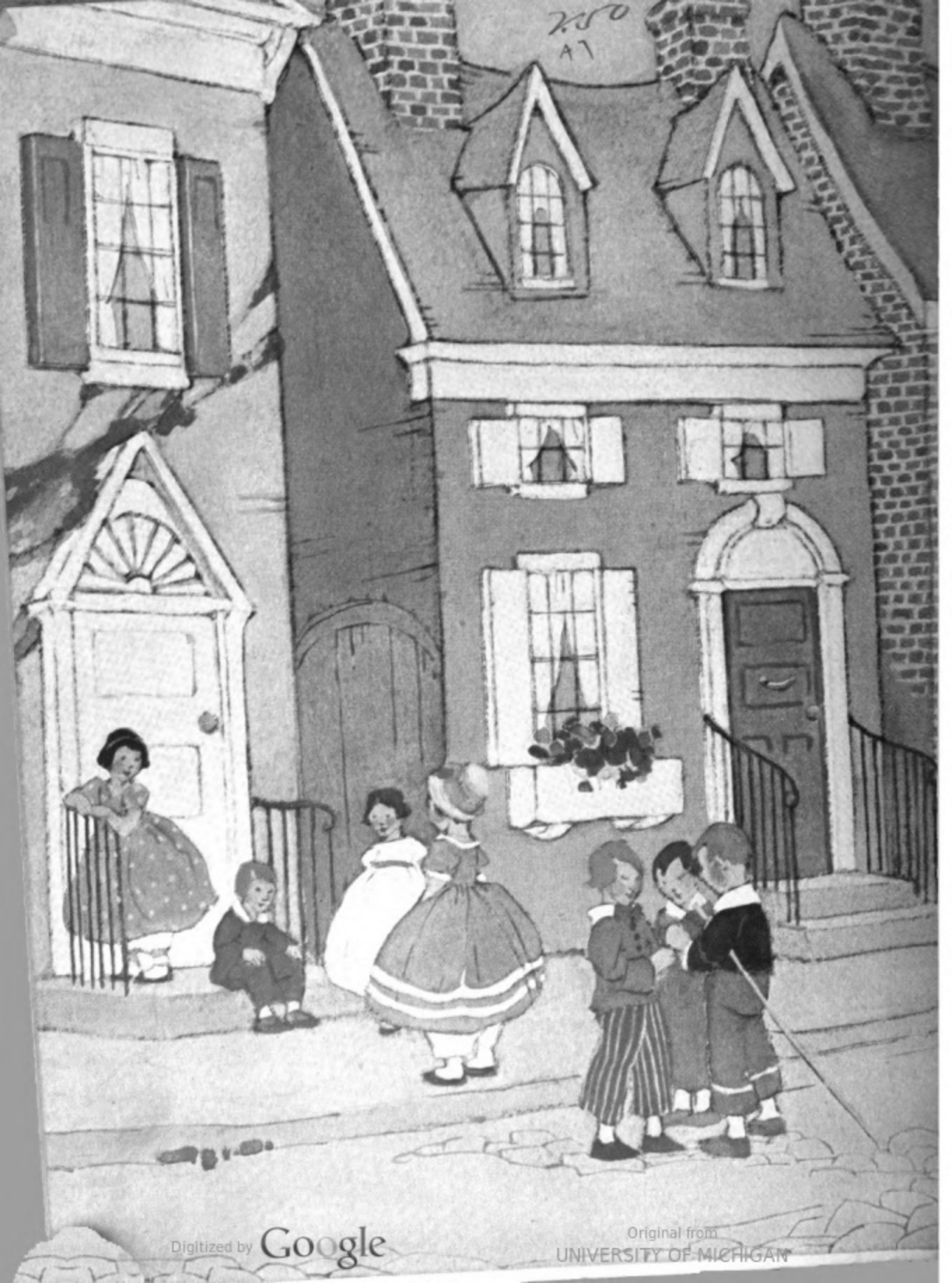

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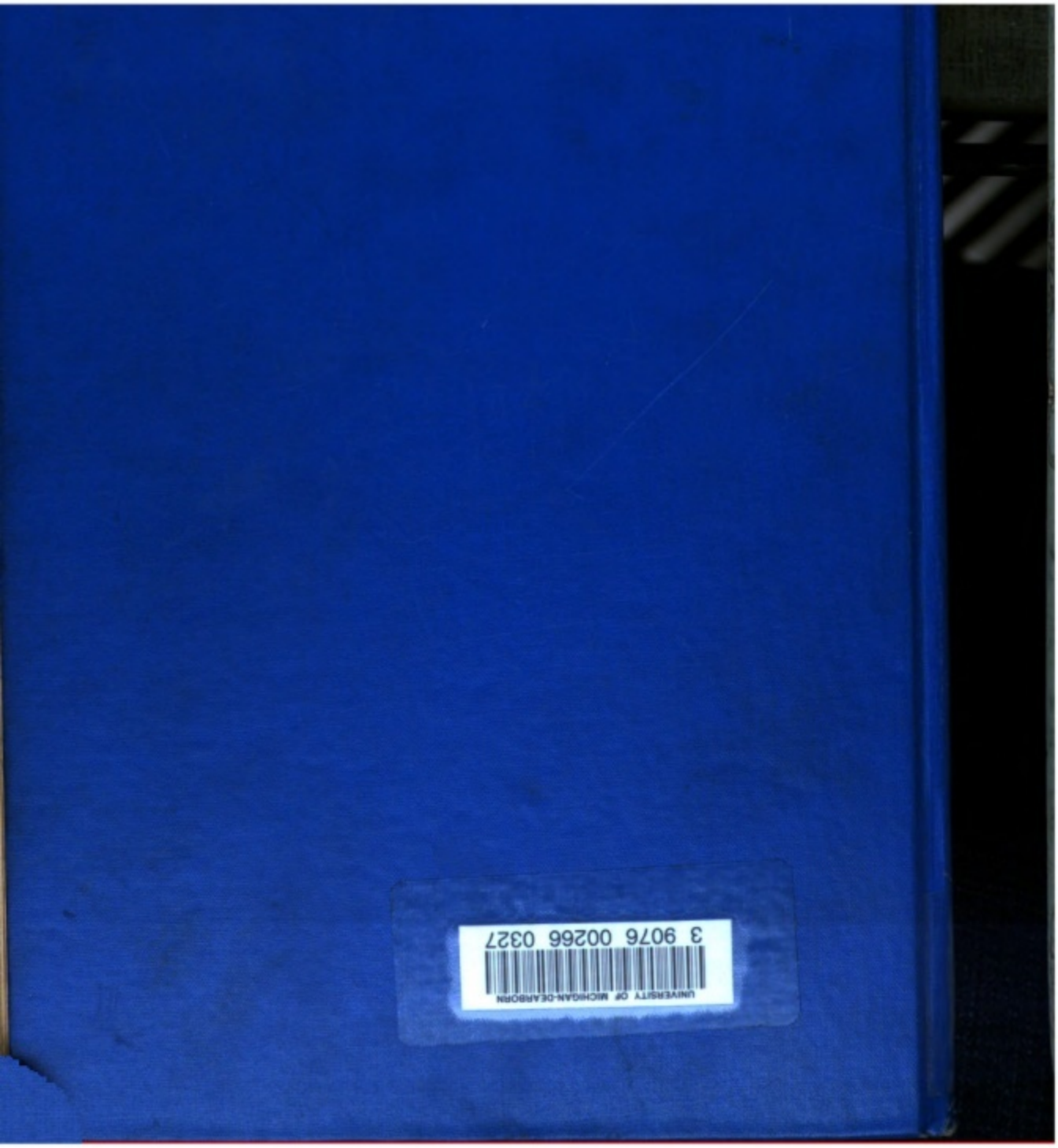

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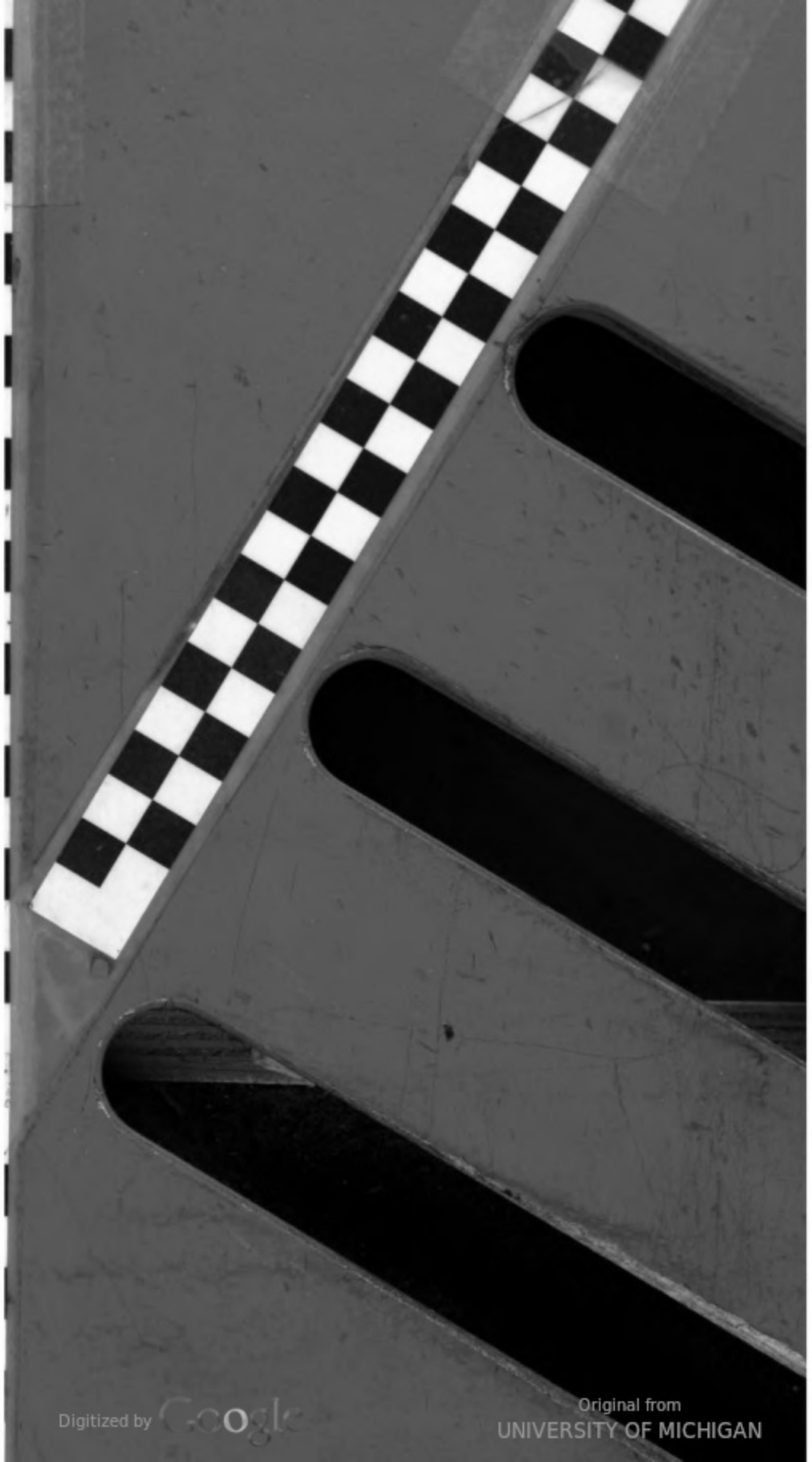

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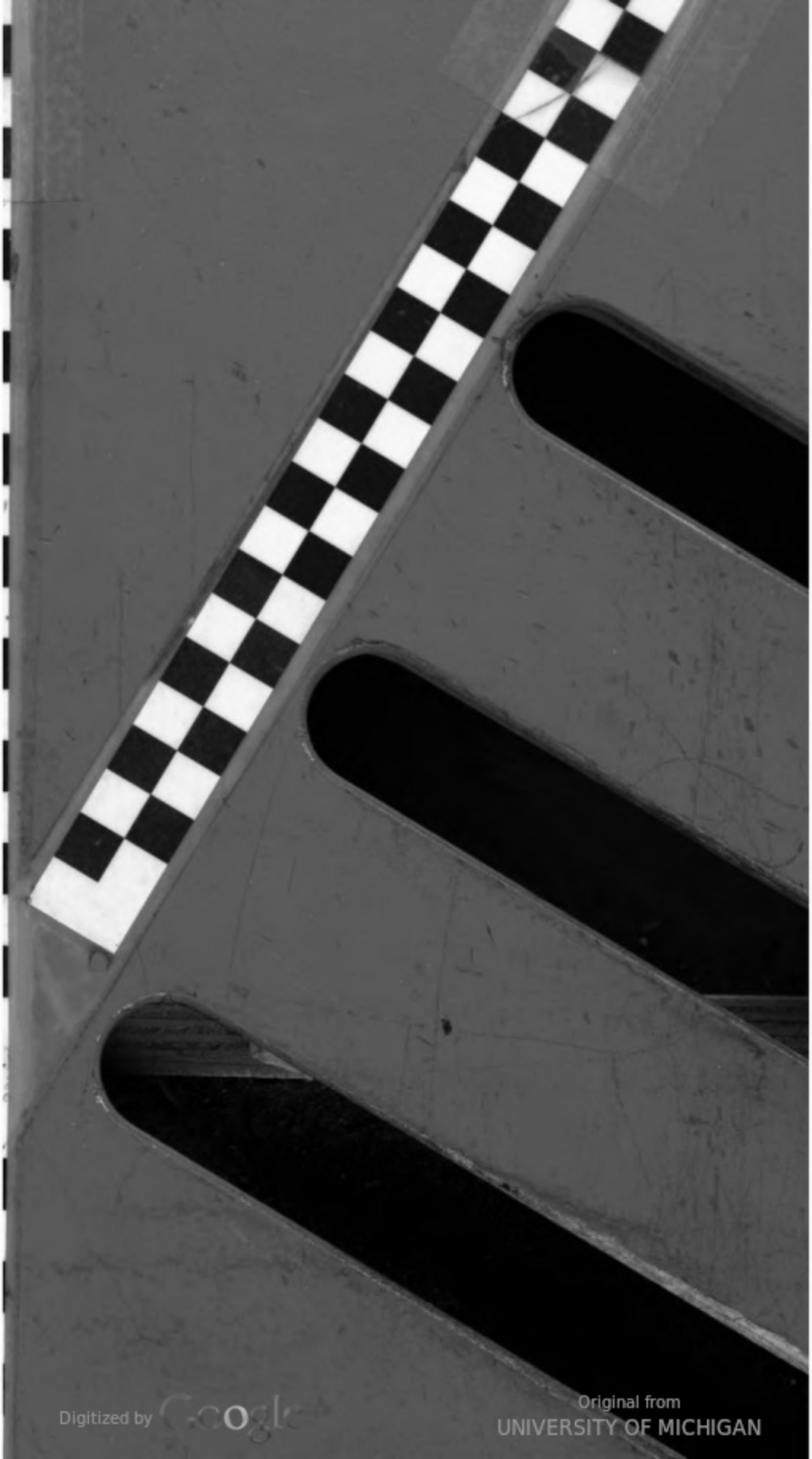

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