ORPHANT ANNIE STORY BOOK

JOHNNY GRUELLE

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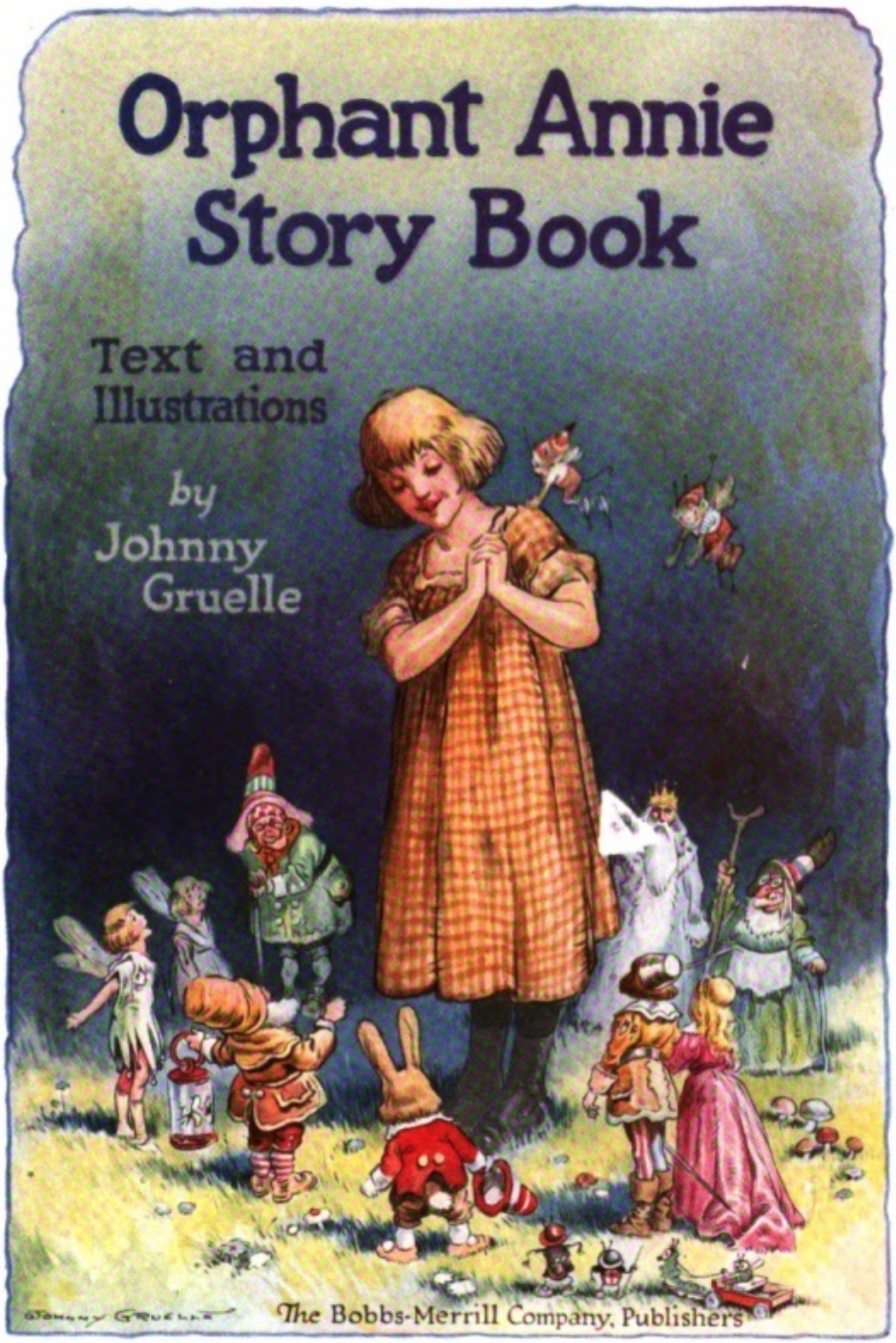
Orphant Annie Story Book

Text and Illustrations by Johnny Gruelle



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ORPHANT ANNIE STORY BOOK

I

WHEN ORPHANT ANNIE CAME TO CARL AND BESSIE'S HOUSE

THE day Orphant Annie came to Carl and Bessie's house, the children were down on the floor in front of the great fireplace looking at picture books.

The morning had started out with a cold drizzling rain, but later had turned colder, so that the drizzle became a filmy curtain of snow. Not enough, however, to make the ground white, except in patches here and there. Toward noon the

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Then as Father seemed to have done all there was for him to do, he blew his nose loudly and went out to finish his work in the barn.

Mother, however, untied the green veil that held Orphant Annie's hat on her head and unpinned the tattered shawl from around her shoulders. The children looked at the newcomer with eager curiosity and they saw that she must be very cold. Her little hands were covered with mittens, made from old stockings, that were so short they left the thin wrists showing bare and blue. Orphant Annie's shoes, as the children afterward learned, had belonged to her aunt and were so large they could easily have held feet twice the size of Orphant Annie's, while the toes turned up just as do the toes of the shoes worn by Turkish women.

When Mother went to the kitchen to get something warm for Orphant Annie to eat, Carl picked up her hat and looked at it. It was a funny, old summer hat with a bunch of faded flowers twisted about the crown and held in place with heavy black linen thread.

During all this time Orphant Annie seemed frightened and her large eyes moved restlessly from one to the other of her new-found friends, as much as to say that she was not accustomed to such kindness. But when Mother came back

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Orphant Annie

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II

THE GNOME OF THE APPLE TREE

WHILE good food, and plenty of it, filled out Orphant Annie's thin little body and kindly treatment brought a gypsy-like rosiness to her cheeks, she still retained a certain fairy kind of wildness which at times was beyond the understanding of the older people.

To Carl and Bessie, however, she always seemed a creature you would expect to see peeping out from behind deep woodland bushes; one whose place was with Gnomes and Elves as they formed their Fairy Rings and danced in the shimmering moonlight.

If anything, Orphant Annie's large brown eyes grew more luminous and more mysterious as her body grew in health, so that at times the children felt sure that Orphant Annie saw more than they could see.

And, when Orphant Annie found Carl and Bessie keenly delighted with her weird stories of Fairies and Goblins, she was always ready and able to account in a fairy way for whatever happened about the farm.

Carl and Bessie's love for Orphant Annie was mixed with a wonder that was beyond their childish understanding, and the longer she lived with them, the more their wonder grew

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until they fully expected she might vanish some day before their very eyes.

To the children, Orphant Annie might have passed through a keyhole had she wished, or she might easily have done any of the magical things she told them of in her stories. Not that Orphant Annie said she might do these things, but because the children felt that she really belonged to Fairyland and had the powers that Fairies are supposed to have.

Carl and Bessie came out upon the back porch where Orphant Annie was busy peeling potatoes, and sat down on the long step beside her.

"You should have been out here just a moment ago!" said Orphant Annie. "Then you would have seen him!"

"Who?" the children asked.

"Why, the little Gnome of the apple tree!" Orphant Annie replied, as she turned the potato in her hand and cut a curl of the paring at least three feet long. "Isn't that a daisy!" she laughed, as she bounced the long curl up and down.

At another time perhaps the children would have been interested in the curl of potato-peeling, but now they wished to hear about the Gnome of the apple tree.

"Did you see him?" Bessie asked.

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When Mrs. Bunnikin's rabbit babies ate bitter toadstools, the little Gnome ran over to the Bunnikin home and gave them just the right kind of medicine, so their fat little stomachs would not ache

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"Now there is one funny thing about the magic invisible potion that Minky-the-Magician made, and that is, while it made Minky invisible to those with eyes, it did not make him invisible to things without eyes!"

"Dear me!" Carl cried, "I don't see how that could be! For if things don't have eyes, then they can not possibly see!"

Orphant Annie laughed. "You are right, Carl, in what you say about seeing, but you will understand what I mean when I finish telling you the story.

"When Minky-the-Magician came anywhere near Freddy Fox or Mickie Mole or any of the other woodland creatures, they could not see him but they could scent him, and if Minky-the-Magician happened to be looking intently at something

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when any of the woodland creatures came quietly along, they could bump right into him and knock him head over heels! So you see, even if Minky-the-Magician was invisible, he could be scented and he could be felt.

"One day Wally Woodpecker, the woodland mail carrier, who wears such a fine red hat, brought the little Gnome word that Mrs. Henrietta Hedgehog wanted him to run right over to her house, for one of the Hedgehog twins had swallowed an acorn and had a very bad stomach-ache. So the little Gnome picked up his medicine case and ran out the door of his tree-home as fast as he could run, and as it happened, Minky-the-Magician was at that moment looking through the little Gnome's keyhole, so when the little Gnome ran out through the door, he bumped right smack into Minky-the-Magician and knocked him down. The little Gnome was surprised to feel such a bump and not be able to see what caused it, but he was in a hurry, so, picking up his hat, he ran on through the woods to Mrs. Henrietta's home. Of course the little Gnome did not know that Minky-the-Magician was very angry because he had been bumped into and knocked over,

nor did he know that Minky had a large stick with which he intended whacking the little Gnome when he caught up with him. Nor did the little Gnome know that Minky-the-Magician was so close at his heels when he opened Mrs. Henrietta Hedgehog's door and slammed it shut behind him. If the little Gnome had known that Minky-the-Magi-

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"And Minky-the-Magician did all the things he planned to do to the little Gnome except change him into something else. This he could not do for, you know, when one's heart is filled with happiness and love, there is no room for anything else, and so one can not be changed at all. But Minky did a great many things to the little Gnome. He put burrs in his bed and stretched strings across his doorway so the little Gnome would trip and fall when he came out to take a walk. After a while, the little Gnome grew tired of having these tricks played on him, so he moved from the wood and came over here and made his home in the apple tree.

"And even then Minky-the-Magician followed him all the way here to play mean tricks on the little Gnome. But one day when Minky was away from home, Charlie Chipmunk, seeing Minky's door open, went inside and found the large book of magic. Now Charlie Chipmunk could not read but he knew that Harry Hootowl could, for Harry had gone to night school for a long, long time.

"So Charlie Chipmunk ran over to Harry Hootowl's home and brought Harry to Minky's house. There, Harry read in the book how to take wrinkles out of any one's face, and he would have read a lot more only Minky happened to come home and find them reading his book.

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"And Minky said he thought that would be very nice, so he moved right in with the little Gnome and the two of them have been living there for years and years. And do you know it is very hard to tell Minky from the little Gnome when you see them together. I do not believe that many of the woodfolk know whether it is Minky or the little Gnome who is doing kindnesses for them!"

"Does Minky-the-Magician help the little Gnome take care of the woodland creatures?" Bessie asked.

"Oh, yes!" Orphant Annie replied. "And he has taught the little Gnome all the good magic there was in the large magic book, so that between the two of them, they can do a great deal of good and bring a lot of happiness to the woodland creatures.

"Gracious me! Was that eleven o'clock that just struck?" Orphant Annie cried as she got to her feet. "I'll have to fry these potatoes in a jiffy for I heard your Daddy say he wanted an early dinner so he could get into town around one o'clock!"

And with this, Orphant Annie ran into the kitchen, leaving the children sitting on the porch step gazing in the direction of the gnarled apple tree, in the hope that they might catch a glimpse of the little Gnome or the Magician who had been changed from an ugly selfish creature into a happy one with a heart filled with sympathy and love for others.

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III

THE GRANDPA-HORSE, THE RAG-MAN AND THE WHANGWHIZZLE

THE gentle old "family horse," Dan, wandered lazily up to the fence and stood with his nose resting on the top rail. Occasionally he swung his head around to his shoulder to frighten away a persistent fly, but unless the fly bit him, he made no motion, except a twitching of his hide or a lazy brush of his tail. He had been in the family long before Carl and Bessie were born, and now he spent his old age in contentedly eating his fill of clover during the summer and a meal of corn and oats every day in the winter.

Of course there had been a time when Dan was jumpy and frisky and would cut up all sorts of "didoes," dancing over the sidewalks when the band played, or some one suddenly raised an umbrella, or a trolley car passed by. But Dan had outgrown all that foolishness and although now and then he tried to be gay, he was usually too tired even to roll over.

As old Dan stood with his head resting on the top rail of the fence, Orphant Annie walked out and gave him some sugar to eat. While she was talking to him and rubbing his soft nose, Carl and Bessie came around the house and joined her.

When Orphant Annie had given old Dan the last lump of sugar, she and the children sat down on the grass and gazed

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One day when the rag-man was scratching in a trash pile, he picked up a queer little box

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whizzle. Now I thought at first that a Whangwhizzle was some kind of fireworks, like a Snake-in-the-Grass which explodes with a loud pop when it gets through fizzling and chasing about, but it isn't that at all. A Whangwhizzle is a little teeny, weeny wrinkled-up Elf, and this one said he had been shut up in the box for years and years, just like the Genii the fisherman found in the bottle. Don't you remember? The Whangwhizzle was only an inch and a half high, but being even that small, he did not have very much room in the little box and if it hadn't been for his magic, he probably would have been very hungry. But the Whangwhizzle seemed mighty glad to be out in the air once again, for in his joy he jumped over a teacup and danced about the rag-man's table, kicking up his tiny heels and making little squeaky noises like a mouse.

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"The Whangwhizzle was the cutest little creature the rag-man had ever seen and he smiled as he watched the little fellow jump about and squeak in his happiness. Finally when the Whangwhizzle had danced enough, he perched himself on the edge of the rag-man's cup and said, 'Thank you so much for getting me out of that box! I will let you make any wish you want to make and it will come true! You can have all the money you wish, or anything you like!'

"Now when he was a boy the rag-man had read a story about a man and his wife who had been given three wishes and the wife wished for a chain of sausages, and this foolish wish made her husband so peevish, he wished that the sausages were hanging on her nose. Then there was only one wish left and that was to wish the sausages off the wife's nose, so when they got through, the foolish couple did not have anything more than they had before they wished. So the rag-man said to the Whangwhizzle, 'I do not wish to be paid for

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played with the grandpa-horse; and the mamas and daddies of the children liked the rag-man, too, because he was generous and kindly to every creature. Even the rich man and the others in the town who had not liked the rag-man and his grandpa-horse before, now nodded pleasantly to him as he passed!"

Orphant Annie stopped, and after waiting a moment to see if she would continue, the children both asked, "But Orphant Annie, what was it that the Whangwhizzle gave the rag-man that he did not need?"

"Well, sir!" Orphant Annie laughed, "that was just what I asked old Dan here, when you came around the house, but he was so sleepy, I guess he forgot what his great-great-grandpa-horse told him the Whangwhizzle gave the rag-man. And I don't know any way to find out unless old Dan will tell us now!"

"What was it, Dan?" the children asked.

The old "family horse" raised one ear slightly at the sound of his name, whisked his tail lazily over his back, but did not open his eyes.

"You see!" laughed Orphant Annie as she shook her finger at the tired old horse, "I said he didn't know himself, and I wouldn't be surprised if he made the whole story up as he went along!"

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IV

GERTRUDE GARTERSNAKE AND THE THREE GOBLINS

ONE day Orphant Annie drove old Dobbin to town to do some marketing and of course the children went with her. Old Dobbin, you know, was old Dan's younger brother. As they turned into the lane leading to the house a little snake wiggled across the path just in time for old Dobbin to step on it. Orphant Annie gave the reins a jerk but was too late to save the little creature. She and the children climbed out of the buggy and looked at the snake. It was one of the prettily colored, harmless kind, commonly known as a Garter snake.

"Poor little thing!" said Orphant Annie. "Maybe it was on its way to the grocery store for its Mama!"

"Its tail is still wiggling!" Carl said. "It'll keep wiggling till sundown. That's what the Hired Man says!"

"That isn't the reason its tail wiggles!" said Orphant Annie as she climbed into the buggy again and smacked the reins on Dobbin's back.

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Old Mister Doodlesnipper didn't say a word, he just went out to the kitchen and ate all the Goblins' pancakes and maple syrup and then came in and sat down facing Gertrude Gartersnake

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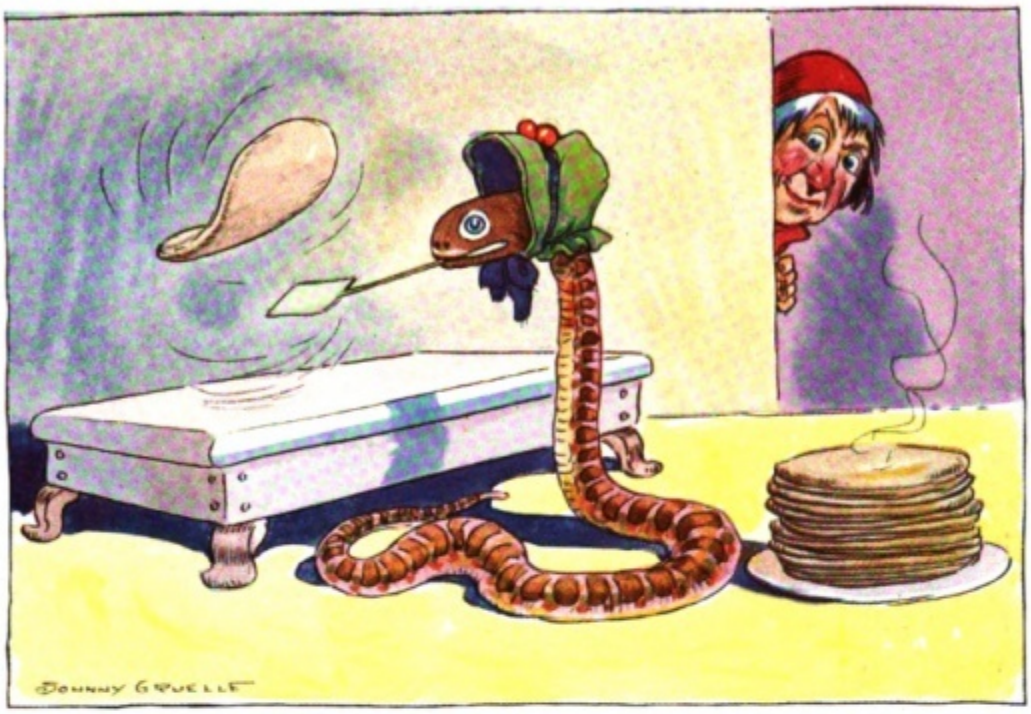

himself, 'Gertrude Gartersnake was busy frying pancakes when I walked in, and when she saw me so mad and with these switches, she wiggles to the front door and puts her tail out! This is about the fifth time I have been here to catch them Goblins and each time she has done that!'

"So Old Mister Doodlesnipper went out in the kitchen and pretended he was going to get a drink, but instead he slipped around and peeped about the front of the house. Old Mister Doodlesnipper had to laugh in spite of himself as he walked back into the Goblins' house, for Gertrude Gartersnake's tail was out the front door wiggling like a flag-man trying to stop a train. Old Mister Doodlesnipper didn't say a word, he just went out to the kitchen and ate all the Goblins' pancakes and maple syrup and then came in the front room and sat down facing Gertrude Gartersnake. When it began to get dark, Gertrude Gartersnake said, 'Mister Doodlesnipper, ahem, did I hear your wife calling you?' And Old Mister Doodlesnipper said, 'No, Gertrude Gartersnake, you didn't hear my wife calling me! 'Cause why? 'Cause I hain't got no wife!'

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"And it grew later and later and the dew fell on the grass and Gertrude Gartersnake thought, 'Poor Gooby and Gibby and Gobby Goblin, you'll be all wet and drippy with the dew, and I'll bet you'll be hungry! I wish Old Mister Doodlesnipper would go home!' Then she thought and thought while she wiggled her tail out the door and finally she said, 'Mister Doodlesnipper, did I hear your Mama calling you?' And Old Mister Doodlesnipper said, 'No, Gertrude Gartersnake, you didn't hear my Mammy calling me! 'Cause why? 'Cause I hain't got no Mammy!' Then Old Mister Doodlesnipper pulled another chair up and put his feet in it and went to sleep, but Gertrude Gartersnake kept her tail out the front door and wiggled it all night for she did not know when the three little Goblins might return. Of course Gertrude Gartersnake did not know that Gooby and Gibby and Gobby Goblin had crawled into a woodchuck hole and had gone to sleep. If she had known this, Gertrude Gartersnake could have saved her tail from being almost wiggled off. But she did not know it, so she kept her promise and wiggled her tail until morning. Then she was so tired she fell asleep.

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"So when Gibby and Gooby and Gobby came home and did not see Gertrude Gartersnake's tail sticking out the door and wiggling, they thought Old Mister Doodlesnipper had gone home. So into the house they walked and slammed the kitchen door behind them. This awakened Old Mister Doodlesnipper and he *lambasted* the three little Goblins until his switches were all worn out. Then he went home after promising the Goblins he would give them more the next time.

"Gooby and Gibby and Gobby Goblin were very angry at first with Gertrude Gartersnake, but when she told them how she had wiggled her tail out the front door all night, they forgave her. 'But,' they said, 'it will not do for us to get caught this way again; we will fix your tail so that it will wiggle even if you get killed.' So they made a magic liquid and put it on Gertrude Gartersnake's tail, and after that even if Gertrude went to sleep her tail would keep on wiggling. And Gertrude Gartersnake took some of the magic liquid and gave it to all the other snakes; and that is why all snakes' tails wiggle even after they have been killed," said Orphant Annie, as she stopped old Dobbin by the side door and started to carry the bundles into the house.

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V

WHY THE LADYBUG IS RED

"HELLO there, little Lizzy Ladybug!" Orphant Annie cried, as she held up her hand upon which a ladybug had just alighted.

Carl and Bessie drew close to Orphant Annie and watched the tiny little creature fold its wrinkly brown wings up under their red cap-shaped coverings. Then they all laughed when Orphant Annie said, "No, it isn't Lizzy Ladybug after all! At first I thought it was!"

"How can you tell, Orphant Annie?" Carl asked.

"It's easy!" Orphant Annie replied. "See, it is Larry Ladybug! You can tell him because his shirt-tail is sticking out!" Orphant Annie showed the children the little brown wrinkly wings which the Ladybug had not drawn completely under the cup-like coverings. When Larry Ladybug had washed his little eyebrows with his front feet, he began to walk toward the highest part of Orphant Annie's hand. "Now watch!" whispered Orphant Annie, "and you will see just how foolish little Ladybugs are!" And sure enough when Larry Ladybug reached the top of Orphant Annie's hand she turned her hand over so that the Ladybug was underneath.

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"See!" laughed Orphant Annie, "he will climb to the top every time, no matter how often you turn your hand!"

"Why does he do that?" Bessie wondered.

"Because he doesn't know any better!" laughed Orphant Annie. "He thinks he has traveled a long, long way, I guess, and he is still right where he started from! Just like a whole lot of people!" Orphant Annie added.

"Are all Ladybugs just as foolish?" Carl asked.

"Nearly all of them are!" Orphant Annie said. "That's how they happened to get painted red!"

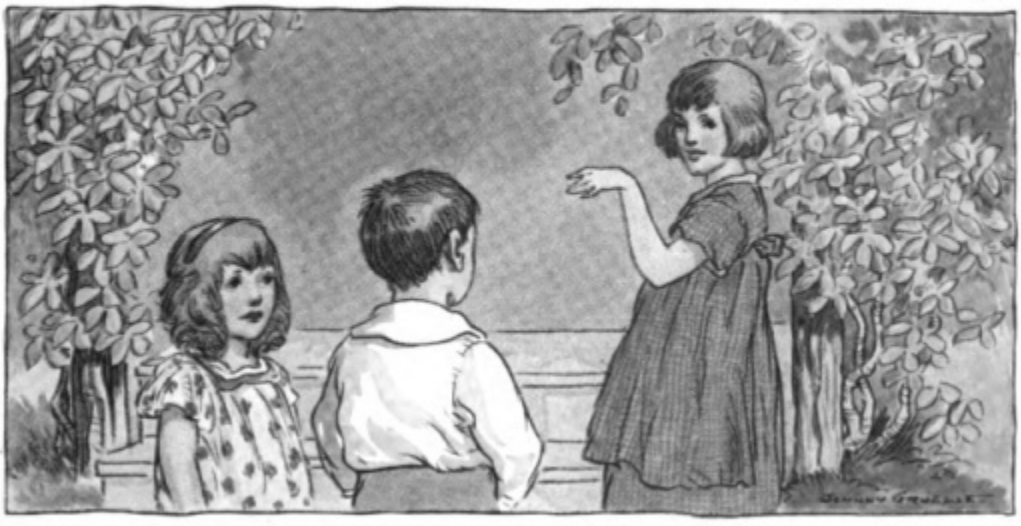
"Oh, Orphant Annie!" Bessie cried, "Ladybugs grow that way, they are not painted!"

"Maybe Orphant Annie knows what she's talking about," Carl told Bessie.

"Ladybugs are all this color now," Orphant Annie said very seriously. "But there was a time when they were white! Just as white as a snow-flake!"

"When was that, Orphant Annie?" both children cried in one breath.

"Oh, it was a long, long time ago, and just as soon as I look in the oven at the roast, I'll tell you how it all happened." And with this, Orphant Annie, with the Ladybug still walking around and around her hand, went into the kitchen.



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The Ladybugs had a very cunning teeny weeny house made out of an acorn, with three little windows and a cute little door

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Just then the two friends heard Charlie Cricket's little wagon wheels go "wheekity wheekity" and they looked out the front door and there he was **driving right up the path to the Katydid's corncob house**

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of the wet paint. Then they had hardly got to sleep when some larger creature, running through the woods stepped on the corncob house and sent it rolling down the hill. And as the corncob house went rolling along, Mama and Daddy Ladybug began running around the sides of the long hallway, first across the ceiling, then as the corncob turned over, they found themselves running across the wet paint. And when their feet got covered with the wet paint, they would slip from the ceiling and, splash! they would fall down into the wet red paint upon their backs!"

Carl and Bessie joined in Orphant Annie's laughter as they thought of the two Ladybugs scrambling over the walls as the corncob house rolled along.

"Finally," said Orphant Annie, "when the corncob house stopped rolling, Mama Ladybug and Daddy Ladybug were so tired they just lay down where they were and went sound asleep. And in the morning, what a sight they were! Their backs were covered with red paint that had dried hard in the night, so instead of being nice white Ladybugs, they were red Ladybugs.

"Mama Ladybug looked at Daddy Ladybug and cried and cried, and Daddy Ladybug looked at Mama Ladybug and he cried and cried. At last, thinking of their nice little cozy acorn house, they opened the door of the corncob house and

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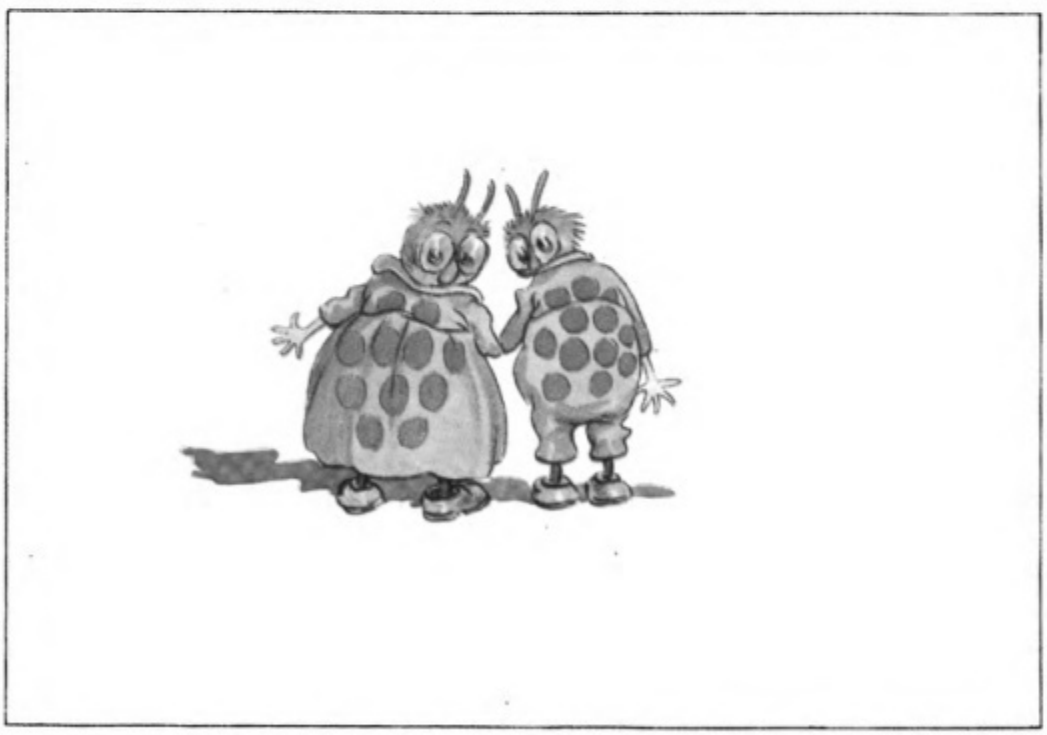
there right before them they saw their own little acorn house. The corncob house had rolled straight down the hill and had stopped just in front of their old home.

"Mama and Daddy Ladybug hurried inside the acorn house and put some water on to heat, so that they might wash off the red paint, but no matter how hard they scrubbed, only a few little spots of the point would come off and as these spots turned black they decided to remain as they were. And," Orphant Annie said, as she gave a puff that blew the little Ladybug off her hand, high in the air, "they have always been red with the little black spots ever since. And when their children came, why, the children were red with black spots, too!"

"And I suppose, running around the corncob house that night is what makes them always run to the top of everything, just like this Ladybug did no your hand!" Carl laughed.

"I suppose that is the reason!" Orphant Annie said, as she rose and went into the kitchen to see if the roast was done.



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VI

THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS WITH GREEN EYES

"ONCE there were nine little goblins with green eyes!" said Orphant Annie, when the children had teased her into telling them a story. "And they had nine little goblin wives with red eyes. The nine little goblin wives had red eyes because they spent all their time in weeping. They were always sad, it seemed, and nothing the nine little green-eyed goblins could do seemed to please them.

"If it happened to be a rainy day, one of the little green-eyed goblins would look out of the window and say: 'Ho, ho! It's raining to-day!' And at that all of the nine little goblin wives would begin crying in different keys, which sounded so funny that the nine little green-eyed goblin husbands would have to run out in the kitchen and snicker with their hankies in their mouths to keep their wives from hearing them laugh. For the nine little green-eyed goblins were happy little fellows and could see fun in almost anything.

"And when the goblins awakened in the morning to find the sun shining brightly, if one of the little green-eyed goblins

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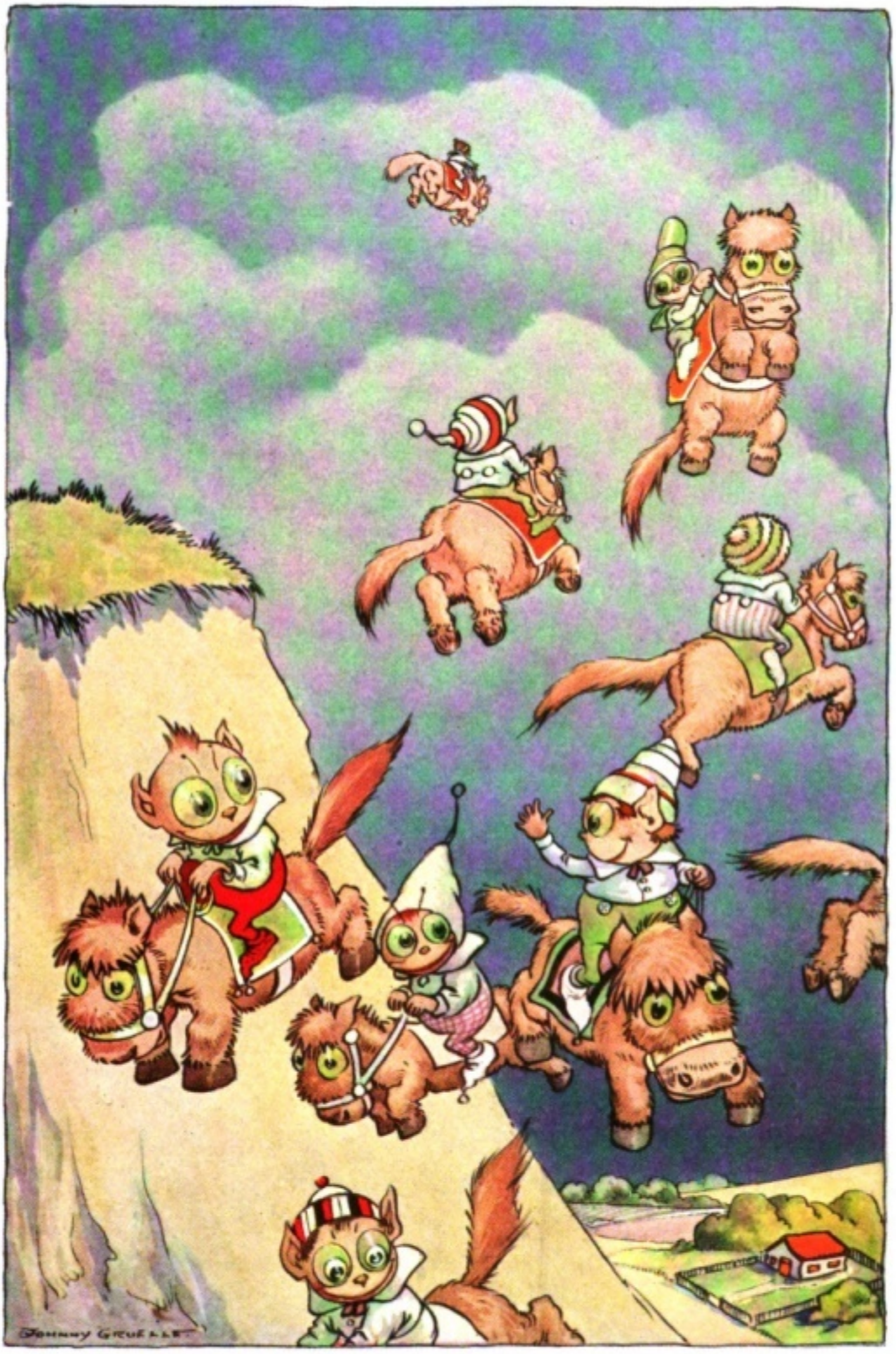

The nine little Goblins with green eyes flew their little goblin ponies out over the canyon and up into the air, each taking the direction he thought best

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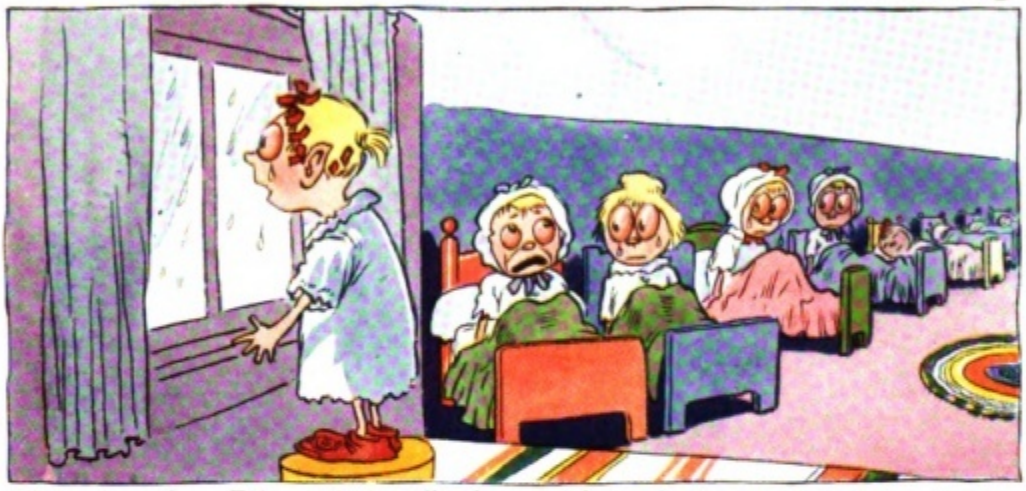
"So the nine little goblins with green eyes said to one another: 'It's no use! Nothing can cure them, they are unhappy unless they are unhappy. Perhaps we will make them happier by making them unhappier!'

"So they went out behind the goblin barn and whispered to one another. Then the next morning the nine little goblins with green eyes pretended they were still asleep until one of the wives looked out the window and saw that it was raining.



'Oh dear! It's raining!' she said and she burst into tears. Whereupon the other little goblin wives with red eyes immediately burst into tears, also. Then the nine little goblins with green eyes asked, "Whasmatter?' in sleepy goblin voices. 'It's r-r-raining!' answered the nine little red-eyed goblin wives as they sobbed and sobbed.

" 'Dear me!' cried the nine little goblins with green eyes, 'It's raining!' and immediately they burst into sobs, and they sobbed and sobbed, and the goblin wives sobbed and sobbed, and all they did the live-long day was sob, sob, sob.

"And the next morning, very early one of the little red-eyed goblin wives looked out of the window and saw the sun shining brightly. 'Oh, dear!' she cried. 'The sun is shining!' and immediately she and all the other little red-eyed goblin wives burst into sobs.

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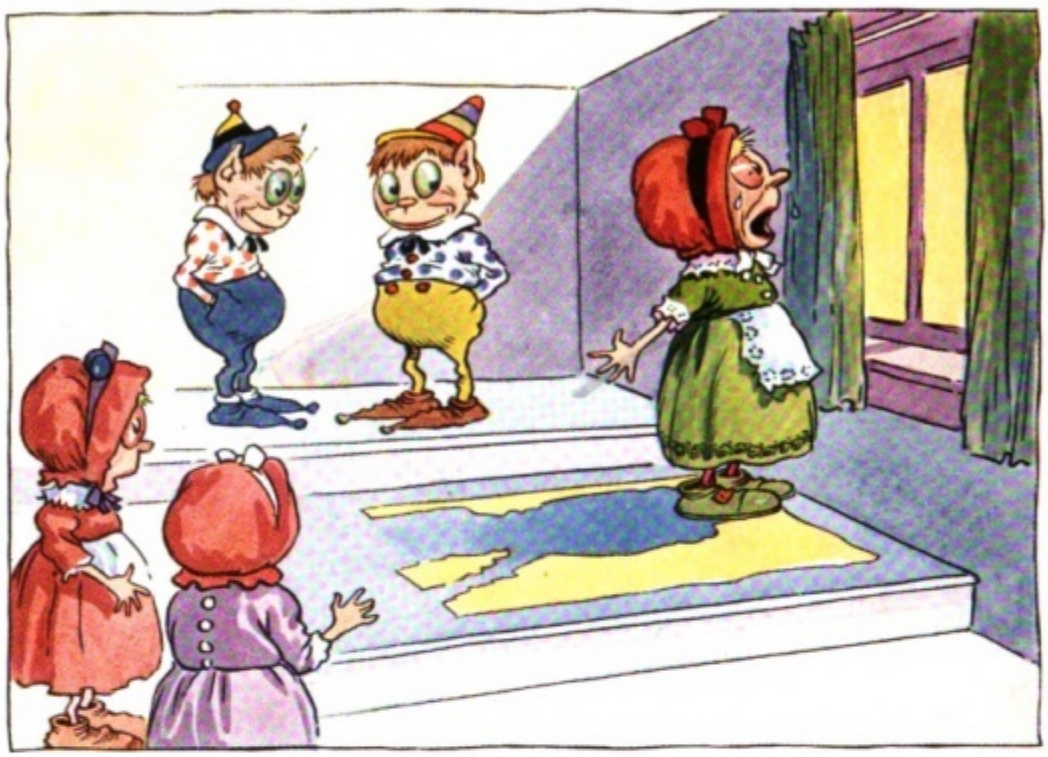

"And when they told the nine little goblins with green eyes what was the trouble, the nine little goblins with green eyes immediately burst into sobs, too. So they all sobbed and sobbed and sobbed the live-long day.

"After supper the nine little goblins with green eyes winked at one another and began crying as loudly as they knew how, and they cried all night so that their nine little goblin wives with the red eyes could not sleep a wink. And at breakfast, instead of eating, the nine little goblins with green eyes sat down on the floor and howled and howled as if their little goblin hearts would break, while their nine little goblin wives with the red eyes ate their breakfast in silence and could not understand it at all.

"So the nine little goblins with green eyes howled all day and all the next night, making so much fuss with their howling that their nine little goblin wives with the red eyes had to go out in the kitchen and stuff their hankies in their ears. And so for six days the nine little goblins with the green eyes

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cried and howled at everything, stopping hardly long enough to get a drink of water. All this time their wives were so astonished they forgot to be sad. Then when the nine little goblins with green eyes thought they had howled enough, they suddenly quit.

"And their nine little goblin wives with the red eyes came and put their arms around them and said, 'You don't know what a relief it is to have you quit that silly, foolish howling over nothing! If we had not loved you so much, we would have taken the brooms to your little goblin backs!'

"Then the nine little goblins with green eyes winked at one another over their wives' shoulders and said: 'We will promise not to howl and blubber over trifles after this!'

"And their wives answered, 'That's nice, for you can't imagine how foolish it is to hear you all crying in different keys when there is nothing in the wide world to cry about.'

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"After that, the nine little goblins with green eyes and their nine little wives lived together in the happiest and pleasantest way, for none of them ever cried or howled about anything. And in a very short time the nine little goblin wives with the red eyes changed to nine little goblin wives with green eyes, for you know," said Orphant Annie, "it is crying that makes your eyes the reddest, and if you do not cry at all, your eyes always take on their natural color, and the natural color of all happy goblins' eyes is bright twinkly green. And that is the story of the nine little goblins with the green eyes."

"Didn't their wives ever find out the joke played on them, Orphant Annie?" Bessie asked.

"Oh, yes!" Orphant Annie replied. "And when the nine little goblins told their nine little goblin wives, the wives laughed as heartily as the husbands, for you see they had forgotten how to cry, long before that."

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VII

THE GNOME IN THE PEANUT

WHEN the Hired Man returned from town he brought the children—Carl, Bessie and Orphant Annie—three bags of peanuts. After thanking the Hired Man, they raced out into the orchard and sat beneath the trees and ate the peanuts.

"Once there was a little weazened-up Gnome who lived on the top of a high hill," said Orphant Annie. "He was a stingy little Gnome too and lived all by himself. Whenever he saw any one coming up the hill to his house, the weazened-up little Gnome would run and hide, for fear that the visitor wished to borrow something. So one day, when the little Gnome saw a tall, strange-looking man walking up the hill to his home, he thought to himself, 'Now who is this, and what does he want? I guess he wants to beg something to eat.' And with that selfish thought in his heart, the little Gnome ran to his garden and hid beneath the vines until the tall, strange-looking man had gone. The next day the tall, strange-looking man came again, and again the little stingy

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"Then the Magician climbed down from the tree and went to the foot of the hill and met the poor old woman, and seeing that she was weeping, he asked: 'Why are you crying, Grandmother?'

" 'Because we have no bread in the house and my husband is ill in bed. I just walked up to the Gnome's house to borrow some, but he is never at home when a person wants to borrow anything.'

" 'Well, well, well, Grandmother,' the Magician said. 'Dry your eyes, for if it is something to eat that you wish, I can easily give you that,' and he went behind some bushes and pulled a little round box out of his belt and from the box he took a little round white pebble (it was the thing he was returning to the little Gnome). The Magician rubbed the little round white pebble once crossways and twice crisscrossways and said: 'Hokus, pokus! Let there be a basket of nice food and drink for this good old Granny!' and before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' there was the basket filled with food and drink upon the ground before him.

"The Magician carried the basket to the old woman and she was very, very grateful. 'If I owned the nice farm of the little Gnome,' the old woman said, 'I would soon be rich enough to repay you for this kindness!'

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"Oh, please do not thank me, Grandmother," said the Magician

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" 'Now how do you feel?' asked the Magician.

"The man laughed and kicked the covers from the bed. 'Just as you said that I would,' and he grasped the Magician's hands and thanked him.

" 'Now,' said the Magician, 'you will find Grandmother up at the top of the hill and I wish you to take this medicine to her so that she will become as young as you are.'

" 'Thank you, thank you,' the young-old man replied, 'but what is Granny doing way up at the little stingy Gnome's house? She knows well that the little Gnome will never help us, he always runs and hides. He has always done that ever since I was a boy!'

"Then the Magician laughed and told the man all about watching the Gnome hide. 'And,' he went on, 'you and Grandmother may have the little Gnome's place to live in, for the little Gnome will never be able to leave his hiding-place in the vines.'

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"So the Magician shook hands with the man and told him good-by and watched the man as he scampered up the hill with the medicine in his hands for his wife.

"After a year had passed a poorly-dressed woman climbed the hill which used to belong to the little Gnome and knocked at the door.

" 'Come right in!' two cheery voices cried, and as the poorly dressed woman walked in, the little lady, who had been a little old woman before the Magician gave her the medicine, and her husband ran to meet the poorly-dressed stranger. 'Are you hungry?' they asked, and not waiting for an answer they ran to the cupboard and brought out food and drink.

"Then the poorly-dressed woman threw off her cloak and bonnet and the two saw it was their old friend the Magician.

" 'Ha, ha, ha! That was a good joke on you,' he laughed. 'I wanted to see how you treated visitors.'

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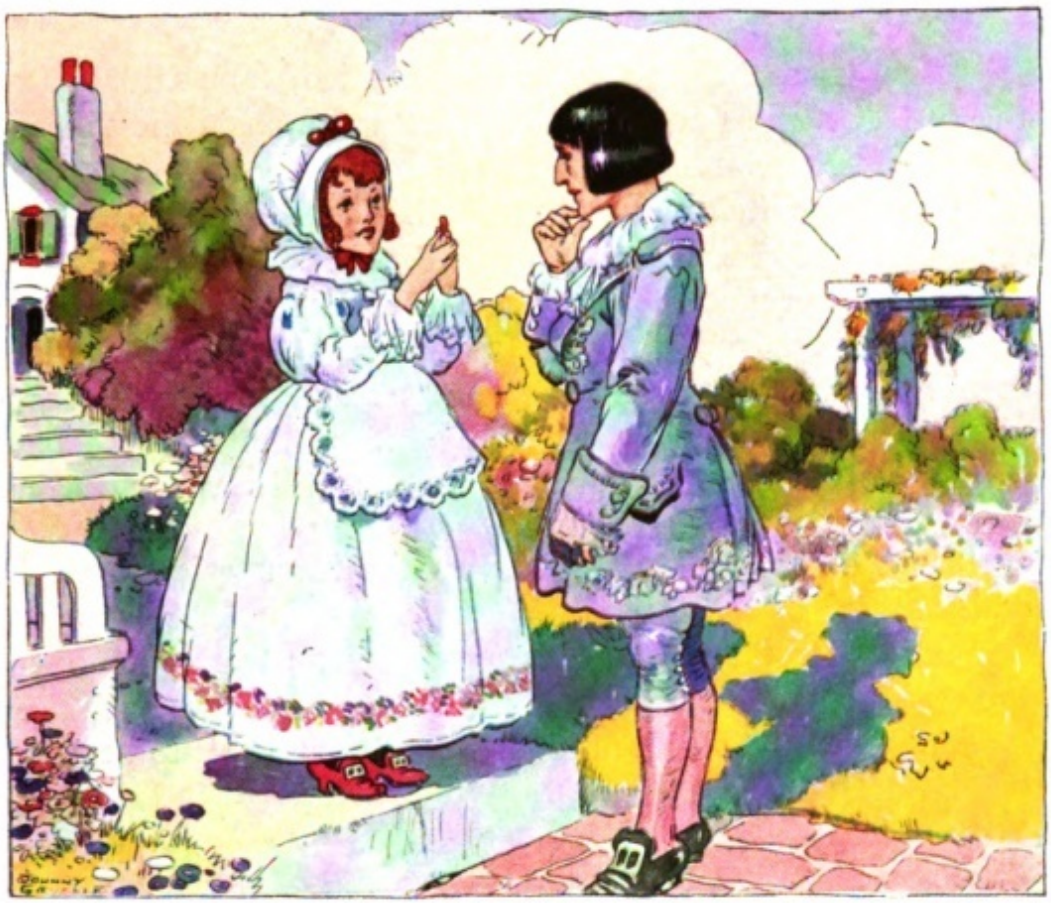

"The little man and the little lady laughed with the Magician and said: 'After you made us so happy, you don't believe that we could ever be anything but pleased to help others all we can.'

"'Well, I am glad of that,' the Magician laughed, 'for there's so much more fun in being helpful and generous than there is in being stingy.'

"'Indeed, we have found that out!' said the little lady.

"And they talked and visited with the Magician for a long time.

"Then just before the Magician left them, the little lady ran out to the garden and back again. 'We have found the little weazened-up Gnome!' she cried.

"'That's strange!' the Magician replied. 'I never knew my magic to fail and I said that he would disappear forever.'

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"'Oh, excuse me,' the little lady replied, 'You said, "May the little Gnome remain hidden forever amongst the vines!" and he is truly well hidden.'

"Then she held up a peanut, like this," said Orphant Annie. "And she broke it open, like this!" Orphant Annie cracked the peanut she held in her hand. "Then the little lady took the kernel from the peanut like this and split the kernel in two, like this!" Orphant Annie held up the two pieces of the kernel. "And there hiding between the two pieces of the peanut kernel was the little weazened-up Gnome!"

"Let's see, Orphant Annie!" the children cried. "Is it really there?"

"Sure," Orphant Annie answered, "every peanut you open you will find the little Gnome hiding between the kernels."

And when the children looked, they found this to be true.

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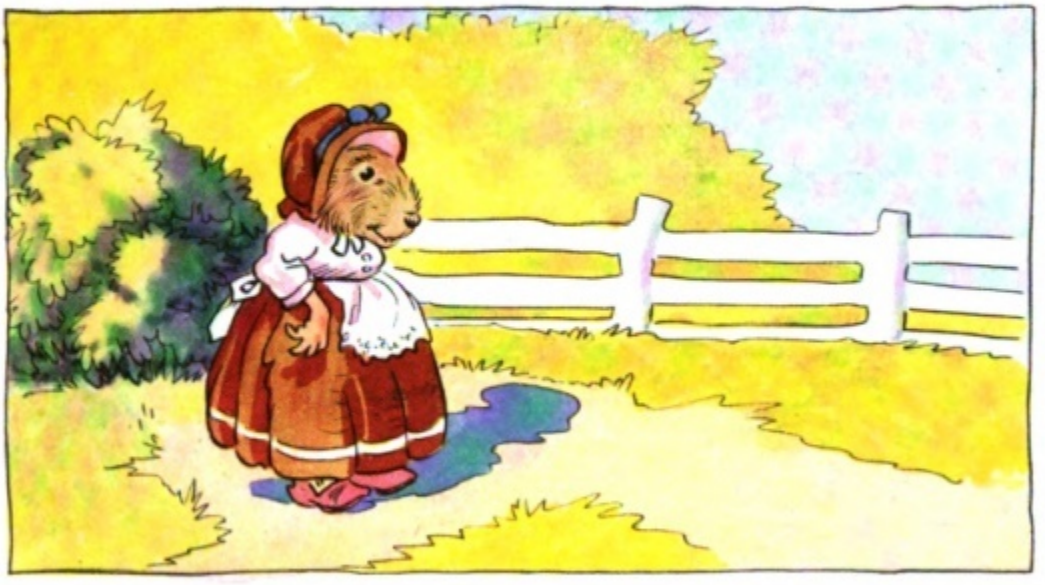

VIII

THE PIXIE PLAY PARK

"MRS. GEORGIANA GROUNDHOG lives over in the large meadow, near the rail fence," said Orphant Annie, "but she is rather shy about coming out of her house when grown-up folks are about. However, sometimes we get a glimpse of her when she makes a trip to the market for green vegetables, and we often see where she has helped herself to some of our garden truck!"

"The Hired Man said yesterday, he was going to spend a whole day sometime, sitting behind the fence with a twenty-two rifle!" said Carl.

"Well, he just won't!" Orphant Annie laughed. "For I have hidden the rifle. He told me the same thing."

"Why does he want to shoot the Groundhogs?" Bessie asked.

"Well, you see," Orphant Annie answered, "the Hired Man naturally wants the garden to be as nice as possible and Mrs. Georgiana Groundhog and Mr. George Groundhog and

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A Pixie walked right up to Georgiana Groundhog's doorway where she was sweeping and said, "Good morning, Georgiana Groundhog"

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'Yes indeedy!' the little Pixie said: 'All right, then come along.'

"But just as they left the house, here came George Groundhog and Willie Groundhog and Winnie Groundhog.

" 'Where are you going?' they all asked Georgiana Groundhog.

" 'This dear little Pixie is taking me to see where he lives,' answered Georgiana Groundhog.

" 'They may go along too if they like,' the Pixie said.

"So the whole Groundhog family went with the Pixie to see where he lived.

"Well," Orphant Annie laughed, "you would never guess where the Pixie took them, so I will have to tell you. He took them through the rail fence and over to the brook, then he tapped upon a large stone near the brook and the large stone raised up in the air and they all went down a stairway that led beneath the ground in under the brook. 'Any time

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you wish to come to see me,' said the Pixie, 'you must come to the stone and knock three times while you say to yourself: "Higgeldy-piggeldy!" '

"Then the Pixie led the Groundhog family down a roadway, under the ground, to a dear little house, just the kind of house you would expect a cunning little Pixie to live in. 'Here we are!' said the Pixie. 'Help yourself to any thing you see that you may care to have and I will be out in a minute.'

"So the Groundhog family walked about the Pixie garden and were so surprised at what they saw, you might have knocked their eyes off with a stick. The first thing they came to in the garden was a long row of bushes. The bushes were all different, for on one bush were pretty little red and blue and yellow and green slippers. On another bush there were stockings; on another little pairs of pants; on another, little dresses; on another bush there were bonnets; on another hats.

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among all the other little creatures and ate everything they wanted to eat and drank ice-cream sodas and rode on the merry-go-rounds and roller-coasters until it was time to go home.

"After that, whenever they wish to, the Groundhogs go to the large stone and say 'Higgeldy-piggeldy' and walk down the steps into the Pixies' land of play with the little creatures. And of course, few grown-ups know about the Pixie Land, so think that some of the little creatures of the fields and forests do not have any amusement.

"And the chances are," said Orphant Annie, "that when we think the little creatures are hiding in their little houses during the daytime, they are really down in Pixie Land playing together and forgetting all about the troubles they may have above the ground."

"I'd like to take a peep into the Pixies' Land, wouldn't you?" Carl asked Bessie and Orphant Annie.

"Yes," Bessie replied, "I'd like to ride on a roller-coaster right now and have a great big ice-cream soda."

"It must look cute to see all the little animals dressed in the Pixie clothes playing about in the Pixie Amusement Park," said Carl.

"Indeed it must be a very pleasant place for the little animals to go," Orphant Annie mused, as she looked dreamily across the meadow toward Georgiana Groundhog's burrow. "For, according to the Pixie laws, they must all be friends while in the Pixie Land. And to be with friends is in itself a great happiness."

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IX

THE THINGAMAJIG AND THE WHATCHAMACALLIT

"THE Thingamajig and the Whatchamacallit once had an argument as to which one was right," said Orphant Annie, as she held the new pup under the pump while Carl pumped the water over him. "The Thingamajig said that fleas hopped and the Whatchamacallit said that fleas jumped.

"Here, now! don't you do that!" Orphant Annie cried, as the puppy wiggled and twisted to get out from under the water spout. "You have to get your bath. There, that's enough, Carl. Now hand me the soap, please.

"Well, sir," Orphant Annie said, as she rubbed the new puppy dog's back with the soap and covered him with the lather, "the Thingamajig and the Whatchamacallit argued and argued until they grew tired, then they rested and thought up new things to say to each other, then they would start all over again and argue until it was time to go to bed.

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The Thingamajig and the Whatchamacallit argued and argued

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good evening to him and then started their argument all over again.

"'I tell you, Whatchamacallit, you are wrong!' cried the Thingamajig.

"'I tell you I'm right and it is you who are wrong!' the Whatchamacallit replied, as he reached in the cracker barrel and took a handful of crackers.

"'I tell you that I AM right!' cried the Thingamajig, as he, too, reached into the cracker barrel and took a handful of crackers.

"'It looks like it might rain to-morrow,' said the Snarly-gig, as he reached into the cracker barrel and took a handful of crackers.

"'They jump!' cried the Whatchamacallit with his mouth full of crackers.

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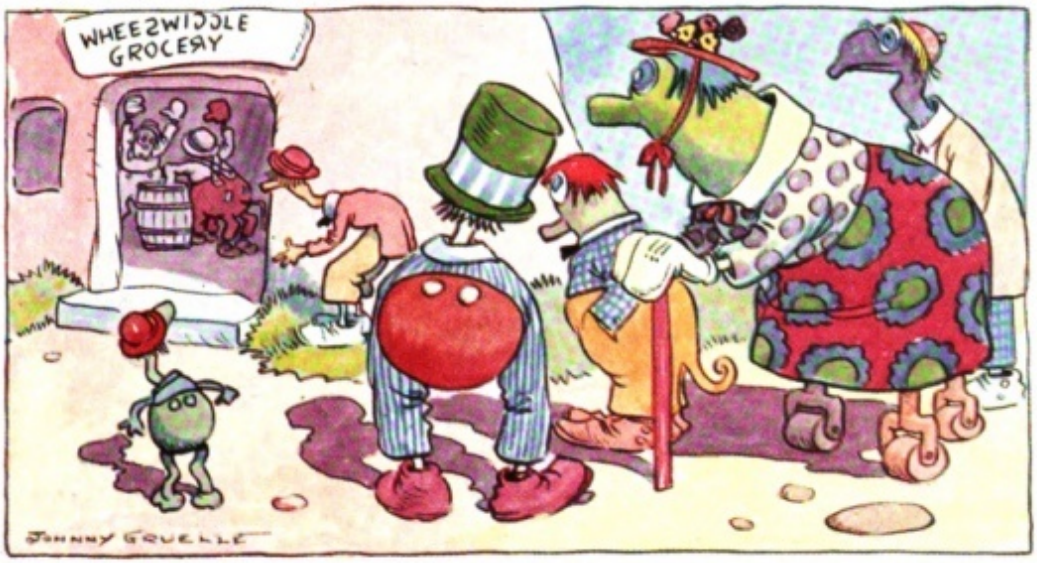

"'They hop!' cried the Thingamajig with his mouth full of crackers.

"'How can they hop, when you know that they jump!' cried the Whatchamacallit as he reached into the cracker barrel and took another handful of crackers.

"'How can they jump, when they hop?' cried the Thingamajig, as he took another handful of crackers from the cracker barrel.

"'It is clouding up as if it might storm to-night!' said the Snarlygig, as he reached into the cracker barrel and took another handful of crackers.

"'They jump, anyway!' cried the Whatchamacallit, with his mouth full of crackers.

"'They hop, anyway!' cried the Thingamajig, with his mouth full of crackers.

"'What are you talking about?' the Snarlygig asked, with his mouth full of crackers.

"'Fleas!' said the Thingamajig.

"'Fleas!' said the Whatchamacallit.

"'The Whatchamacallit says that fleas jump!' said the Thingamajig, as he reached into the box of prunes and took a handful.

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" 'The Thingamajig says that fleas hop," cried the Whatchamacallit, as he reached into the prune box and took a handful of prunes.

" 'And they *do,'* cried the Thingamajig excitedly.

" 'And they *don't!'* cried the Whatchamacallit excitedly. 'They jump!'

" 'Oh, that's it, is it?' the Snarlygig laughed, as he reached into the prune box and took a handful of prunes. 'Well, well! Ha, ha, ha!'

" 'What are you laughing at?' asked the Thingamajig.

" 'He's laughing at you,' cried the Whatchamacallit. 'He knows fleas jump.'

" 'He's laughing at *you!'* cried the Thingamajig. 'He knows fleas hop!'

" 'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the Snarlygig. 'You're both wrong, fleas skip.'

" 'Dear me!' said the Thingamajig.

" 'Land sakes!' said the Whatchamacallit.

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" 'Oh, yes,' said the Snarlygig, as he reached into the prune box and took another handful of prunes. 'Every one knows that fleas skip. Yes, yes, indeed.'

" 'I knew they did,' said the Thingamajig and the Whatchamacallit together, 'but I didn't want to let on that I knew it.'

"So the Thingamajig and the Whatchamacallit shook hands and agreed never to argue again, and went home.

"When they got home, the Thingamajig said, 'I knew all along that fleas jumped.' And the Whatchamacallit said, 'And I knew all along that fleas hopped, and we have just been contrary, and all about some silly little thing, too.'

" 'Yes,' replied the Thingamajig, 'and I am ashamed of myself.'

" 'And I am ashamed of myself, too,' said the Whatchamacallit.

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"And," Orphant Annie finished as she wiped the new puppy dog's back with a cloth, "the Thingamajig and the Whatchamacallit each took a pot of red paint and each painted a wide smile across the other's face. You see they were so sorry for having been stubborn they did not feel like smiling for a week. So that's why you always see a Thingamajig and a Whatchamacallit with a wide smile painted across his face."

"Yes, but we've never seen a Thingamajig or a Whatchamacallit," laughed Carl and Bessie.

"Well, neither have I," Orphant Annie laughed, "but maybe we will some day.

"Now look at that, will you?" she went on as the new puppy dog was released after his bath and ran out in the dusty road and rolled over and over. "Isn't he just like a Whatchamacallit?"

"Just like a Thingamajig!" laughed Bessie.

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X

HOW THE GRASSHOPPERS HELPED THE FAIRIES

"DID you ever notice how much a grasshopper looks like a horse?" Orphant Annie asked as she held a large yellow grasshopper up so the children could see it. "Look!" Orphant Annie continued. "It even has a horse's collar on!"

"Maybe grasshoppers are fairies' horses," ventured Bessie.

"Who knows?" Orphant Annie replied. "But I can tell you one thing, the grasshopper helped the fairies at one time when they needed help very much." And seeing the children wanted to hear the story, Orphant Annie began.

"Well, it was a long, long time ago, of course, that a family of cunning little fairies no larger than your little finger, lived together under a log in a great forest. Beneath the log, the fairies had scraped away the stones and built walls and passages down into the ground, so that it was nice and cool in summer and warm and cozy in the winter time. And it made no difference to the fairies how long the snow stayed on the ground, for there was a tiny chimney which led from

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of boards and put a padlock on it so that no one could open it except herself."

"Didn't she give them any food?" Carl asked.

"Oh, yes," Orphant Annie replied, "Witchy Crosspatch knew that the tiny little people would not last until summer time unless she fed them. But she only gave them bread crumbs, and lots and lots of nights she forgot to give them anything at all."

"She must have been very wicked and cruel," Bessie said, her heart swelling at the thought of any one mistreating such dear little cunning creatures.

"Indeed she was," Orphant Annie agreed. "But crosspatches always think more of themselves than of others, or they would not be crosspatches.

"But someway or other, even though they did not get the kind of food they were used to, the little fairy family lived in the wooden box until the warm sun melted the ice and snow, and the leaves and grasses became green in their summer dresses. Then Witchy Crosspatch caught the Epizoodick from eating too many toadstools and had to stay in her bed for days and days, so the tiny little fairies went without anything to eat at all.

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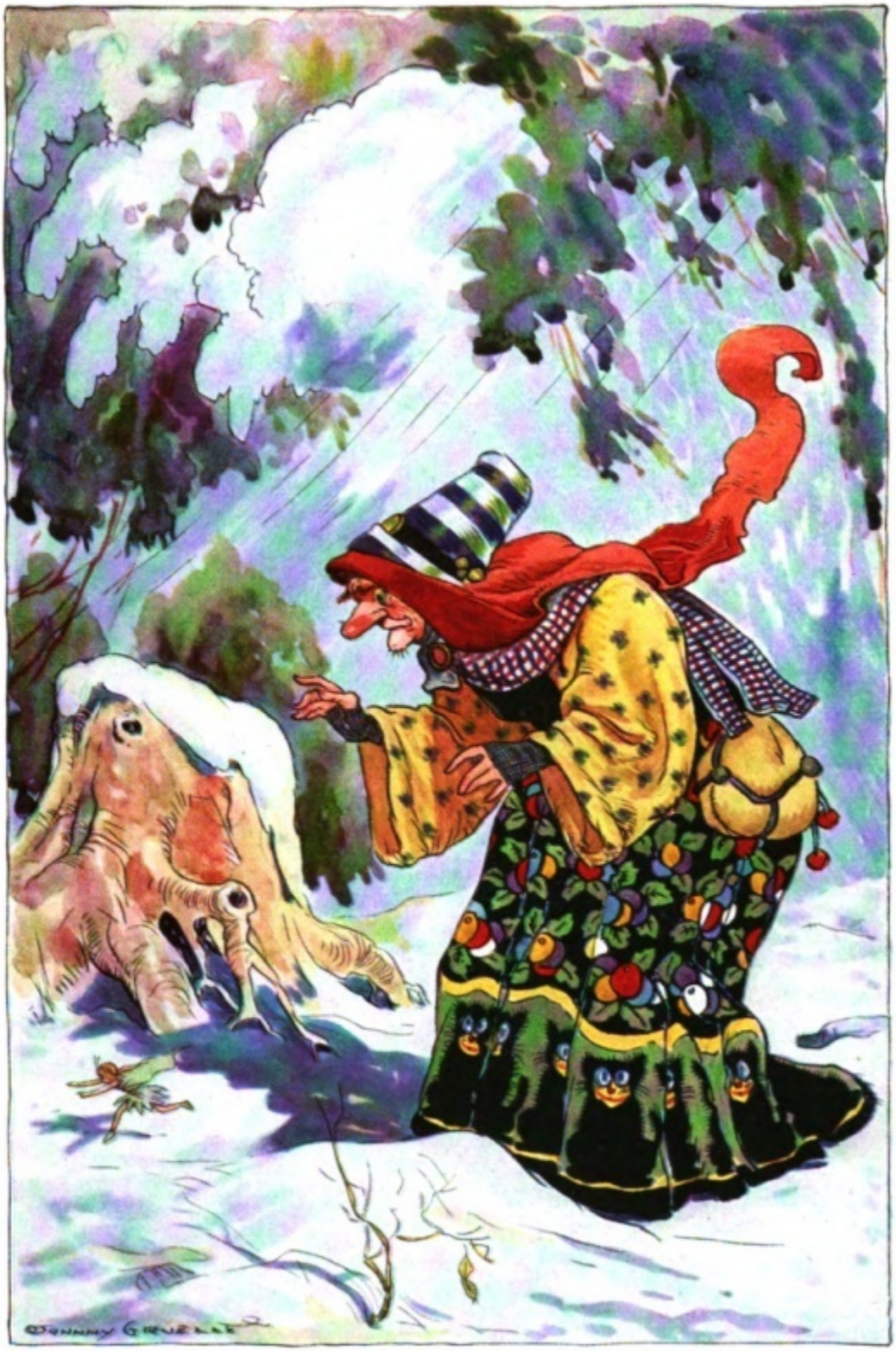

There is no telling what would have happened to them if it had not been for the one little fairy who escaped from Witchy Crosspatch

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"My how glad they were to be out of the box. They hugged their little brother and then hugged all the grasshoppers, one after another.

" 'Where is the old Witchy Crosspatch who shut us up in the box?' they asked.

" 'She's in bed with the Epizoodick!' the little fairy told them.

" 'Then,' said the little fairies, 'we will get into the cupboard and eat and eat, for we are very hungry.' So the little fairies and the grasshoppers ran to the cupboard and ate and ate until they could not eat any more. Then they all lay down under the kitchen stove and took a long nap, for they had eaten so much it made them sleepy. They were all very tired, too, so they slept almost the whole day and night. And probably would have slept longer if Witchy Crosspatch's Epizoodick hadn't made her howl so loud. Of course, the howls made the little fairies jump and the grasshoppers scattered in all directions—jumpity, jumpity, jump.

"But when they found that Witchy Crosspatch could not get out of her bed, they all came back under the kitchen stove. 'My, how she howls!' said one grasshopper, 'she must have been eating green apples.'

" 'Maybe you'd howl, too," said the little fairy, 'if you had the Epizoodick.'

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" 'No, we wouldn't!' all the grasshoppers cried. 'We know just what to do for the Epizoodick!'

" 'What do you do?' all the little fairies asked, for now that they were out of Witchy Crosspatch's box and had all eaten as much as they could hold, they felt sorry for Witchy Crosspatch and easily forgave her for the way she had treated them.

" 'There's a great leaf growing in the fields,' said the grasshoppers, 'and you have to make a plaster of it and wrap up your big toe. Then in a day or two, you won't have the Epizoodick any more.'

" 'Then let's get the leaves and make the plaster,' said all the little fairies. But when they went to the kitchen door the little fairies found that they were just a wee bit too large to crawl out the little chink through which the grasshoppers crawled.

" 'Never mind,' the kind grasshoppers said, 'we will get the leaves and bring them to you.' So out the chink they crawled.

"But when they tried to get the big leaves through the chink, they found the chink was too small. There was only one way to do and that was for the grasshoppers to chew the large leaves into tiny bits and then crawl through the chink

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and put the tiny bits on a rag which the fairies had found. When the grasshoppers had enough leaves chewed up, the fairies waited until Witchy Crosspatch went to sleep and then they hurried to tie the plaster of chewed-up leaves around her big toe.

"'Now, she'll be all right in the morning,' the grasshoppers said, as they told the little fairies good-by and went out through the chink under the kitchen door. The little fairies wondered how they might get out of Witchy Crosspatch's house, but as they couldn't find a way, they decided they would visit the cupboard again. And in the morning when Witchy Crosspatch awakened she did not have even a smidgin of the Epizoodick, so she hopped out of bed happier than she had been for years and years. Then when she went to the kitchen and discovered all the little fairies curled up asleep under her kitchen stove, she knew in a minute who it was that had tied up her toe and cured her of the Epizoodick. So Witchy Crosspatch took up all the little fairies and carried them in her apron to their home and placed them right where the log had been. Then she tiptoed away, her heart beating pitty-pat for the kindness she had done. And it made her feel so good to have her heart seem as if it were full of sunshine, she decided right then and there that she would never be a cross-

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patch again, but would try her level best every day to do generous, kindly acts for others.

"And when they woke up, the little fairies wondered how they happened to be safe at home. And look!" said Orphant Annie, as she put one finger to the grasshopper's mouth and took it away covered with a brown liquid. "The grasshoppers chewed so many of the tobacco leaves when they cured Witchy Crosspatch of the Epizoodick, they caught the habit of chewing!"

"Do they still chew tobacco?" Carl asked.

"Lawsy no," Orphant Annie laughed. "They just chew grass and things like that for you know chewing tobacco is not a bit nice."

"Ah-ha!" a loud voice startled Orphant Annie and the children. "So it was you who took my tobacco, Orphant Annie!" And the Hired Man shook his long forefinger at her.

"Yes, I did!" Orphant Annie laughed. "And I threw it away. You ought to be ashamed to chew tobacco."

"Well!" the Hired Man said, as he shrugged his shoulders and shuffled back around the house. "I'll try going without it a mite longer, but I reckon I'll be chawin' corn-silk 'fore the day's out!"

Orphant Annie put the grasshopper down upon a broad leaf and winked at the children. "Come on in and watch me make some doughnuts!" she said. "We'll see if we can't get him something better than corn-silk to chew."

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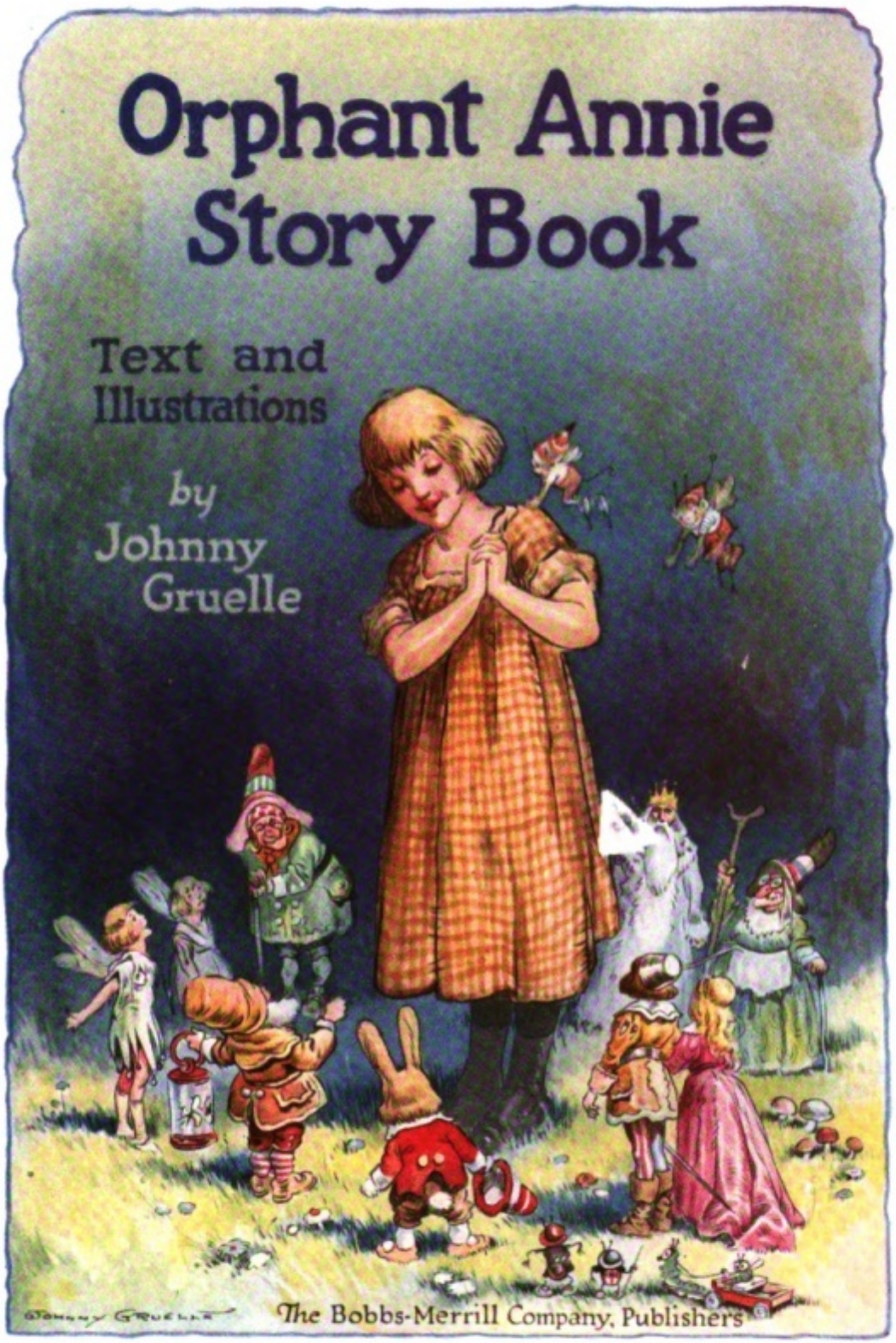

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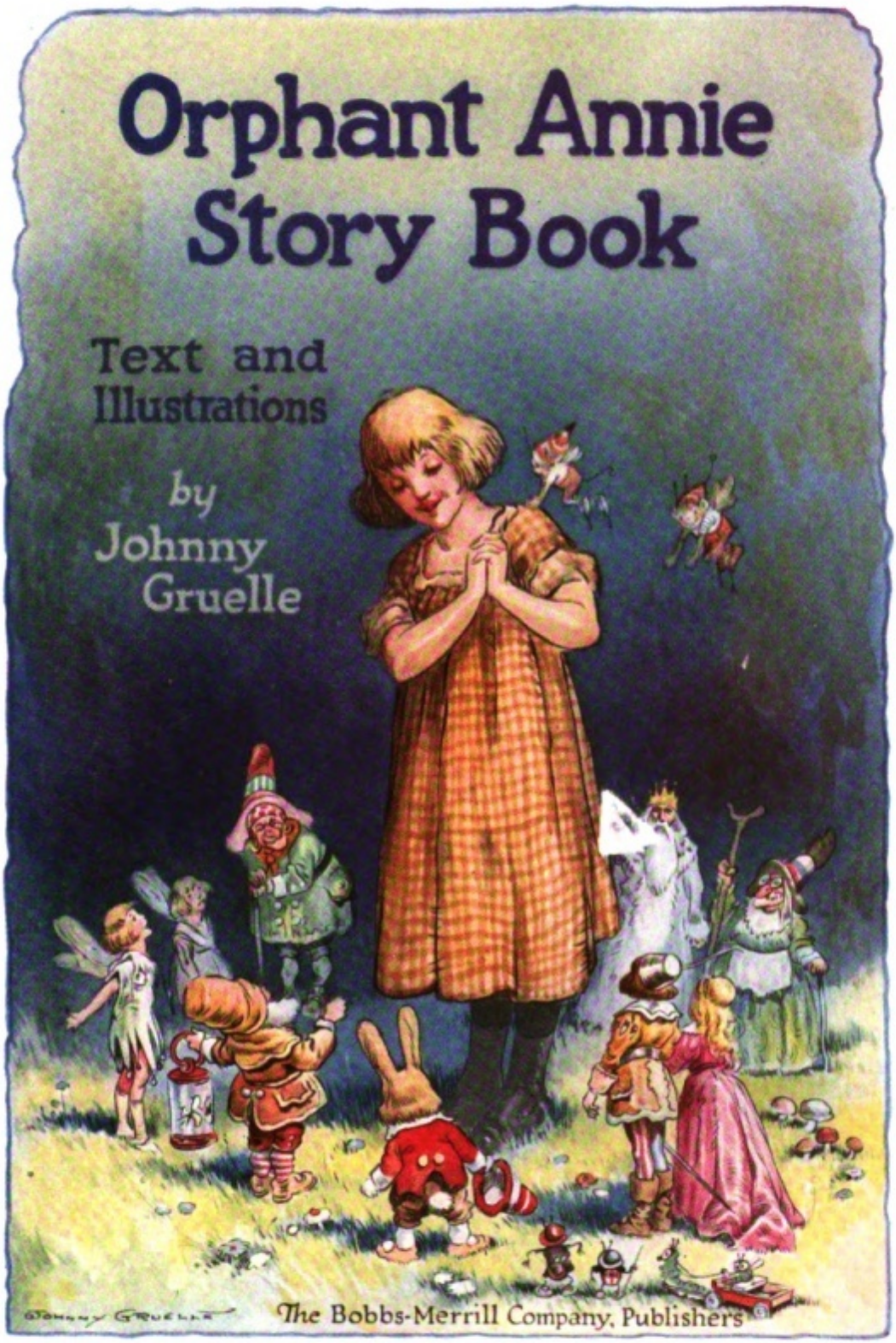

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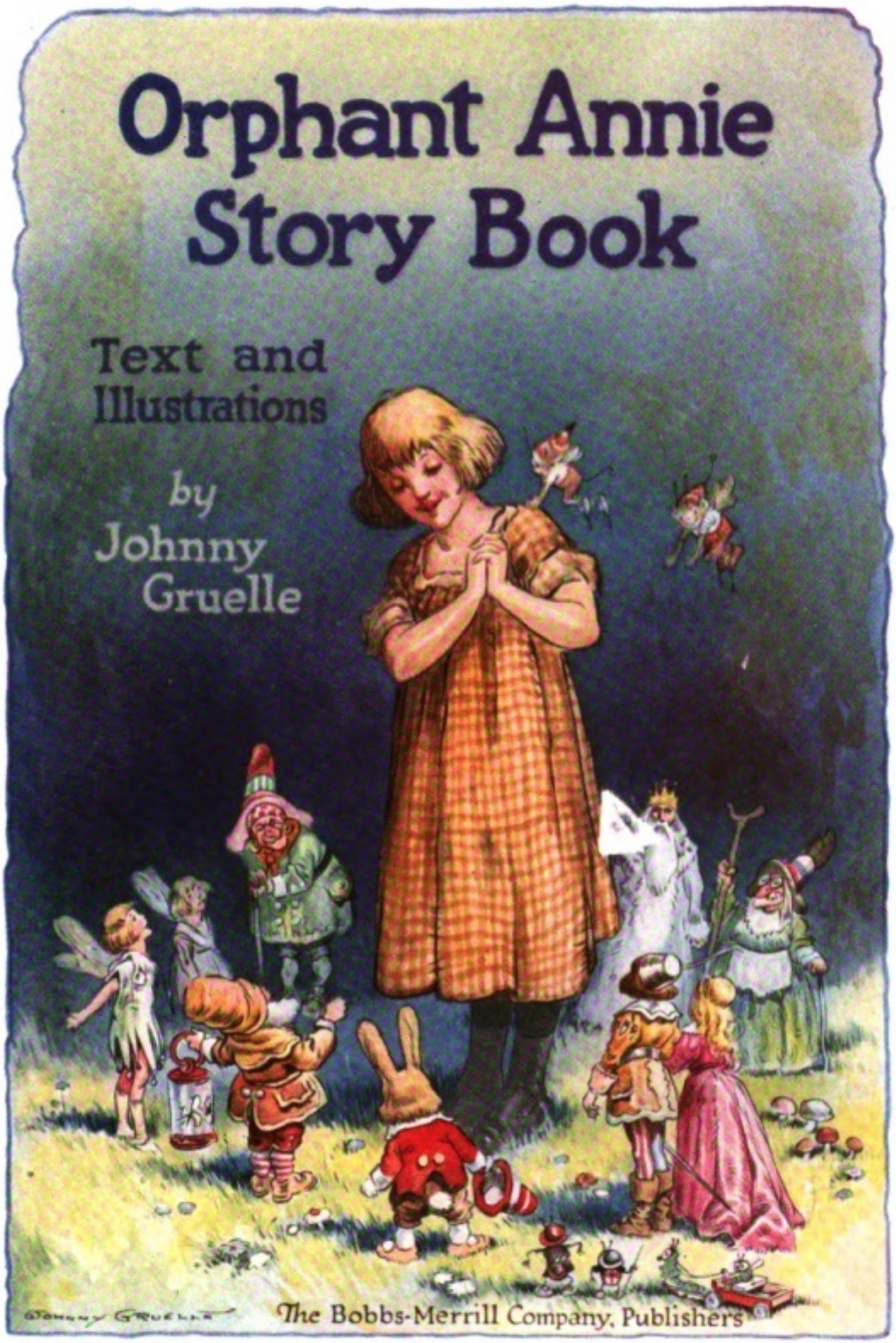

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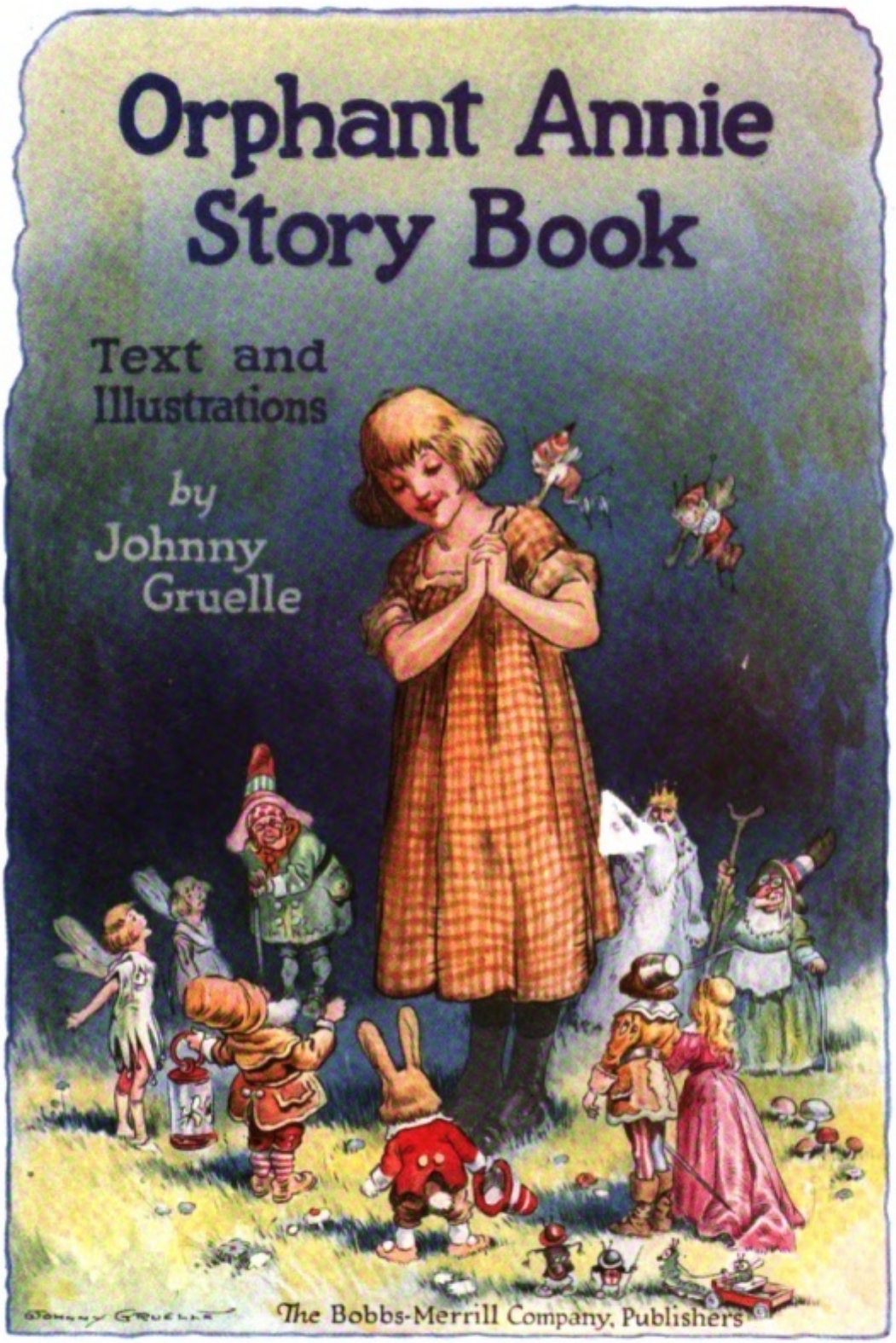

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