

WEE ONES IN WONDERLAND
BY
E. LOUISE LIDDELL
(Author Of Polly Perkins' Adventures)

Dedicated to All my Little Friends



When'er are tired and need to rest,
This is the way that we like best;
To sit down in an easy chair,
And read the book we both can share.

FOR HER PICTURE

ard work to have your picture "took",
Keep still, and have a pleasant look!
Box comes rolling front of you,
e--maybe a Kitty, too,
aid so), Then, "wink when you please:"
breath, 'cause I wanted to sneeze!
ng time, 'fore he said "That will do;
r the proofs next Saturday at two."

Louise Liddell

AVE LAD

"Sure, I'm a brave lad," boasted young Patrick Lee,
"I never get scared at the bark of a tree.
And when the grass shoots, I never would run;
And flowers armed with pistils to me are just fun.

"And speaking of trees, it does seem too queer
To say that they leave, when they're staying right here.
And what makes them sigh? I wish I could know,
Or without any mouths, how roses can blow?
Oh! a lot of strange things a lad sees and hears,
If he keeps his eyes open, and likewise his ears.
Louise Liddell.

And hint a
Overtake a



4 yrs.



This white ribbon can be
fastened with with-creases

THE FAVOR

Now Betsey Jane,
How very pleasant
You're ~~xxxxxxx~~ not a be
Be doubly sweet,
For here's your
Just come from F
And with her da
Who looks much l
Besides Annette
Have come to jo
And you're in su
I hardly like my
Fine feathers make fine birds, you know;
It seems a pity, but it's so.

There, there! Don't cry. Lift up your head.
I never meant a word I said
Of all the dollies any where,
Not one with Betsey can compare;
So never mind about the rest,
I love ole Betsey Jane the best.
Louise Liddell

for illustration, the dolls sitting at tea.



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A temporary gift

Mrs. E. Louise Liddell,
845 East 135th St., New York.

D A P H N E

A MOUNTAIN GODDESS

E. Louise Liddell

She stood in the doorway of a little log-cabin, far up in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Through the trees, on one side, might be seen the outline of Long's Peak, bathed in the purple glow that precedes the early sunset of the mountain regions. On the other side naught was visible but the dark green foliage of the fragrant pines that reared their stately heads skyward, and the masses of cold gray rocks that nestled below.

But evidently it was not the majestic beauty of the scenery that claimed the girl's attention, for though her gaze was rivetted on the opening of the canyon close by, the expression of her face betokened anxiety.

"What yer watchin', Daffy?" called a feminine voice from within the cabin.

The girl hesitated a moment, and the color rose faintly under the creamy pallor of her rounded cheek as she replied, "Not much of anything, mother. I was only wonderin' what had become of party that went up the peak day before yesterday. Joe Rabb was tellin' father this mornin' that he saw a big bear up there lately. I don't reckon there's any danger, but--"

A cackling laugh interrpted the unfinished sentence, and a young woman with coal-black hair and eyes made her appearance at the open door. "Now don't you be a-worryin', Daff," counselled this young person. "There ain't no bear got Mr. Travers--it's a deer, if anything. I seen him talkin' with that Cory girl over 't the Cliff House, as I come 'long past."

"Oh! he's got back, then?" exclaimed Daphne, unmistakably relieved.

"Yes, he's got back!" mimicked her sister, laughing again. "An' I reckon it won't be very long 'fore he'll be lettin' you know it, too."

The girl made no response to this bit of pleasantry, but occupied her -

Mrs. E. Louise Liddell,
845 E. 135th St. N.Y.

D A P H N E

A ROMANCE OF THE ROCKIES.

E. Louise Liddell.

She stood in the doorway of a little log-cabin, far up in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. Through the trees, on one side, might be seen the outline of Long's Peak, bathed in the purple glow that precedes the early sunset of the mountain regions. On the other side, naught was visible but the dark green foliage of the fragrant pines that reared their stately heads skyward, and masses of cold, gray rock that nestled below.

But evidently it was not the majestic beauty of the scenery that claimed the girl's attention, for ^{though} her gaze ^{was} rivetted on the opening of the canyon close by, the expression of her face betokened anxiety.

"What yer watchin', Daffy?" asked a woman's voice from within the cabin.

The girl hesitated a moment, and the color rose faintly under the creamy pallor of her rounded cheek as she replied, "Not much of anything, mother. I was only wonderin' what had become of that party that went up the peak day before yesterday. Joe Rabb was tellin' father this mornin' that he'd seen a big bear up there lately. I don't reckon there's any danger, but--"

A cackling laugh interrupted the unfinished sentence, and a young woman with coal-black hair and eyes, and intensely red cheeks made her appearance at the open door. "Now don't you be a worryin', Daff," counseled this young person. "There ain't no bear got Mr. Clinton, it's a deer, if anything. I seen him talkin' with that Cory girl over 't the hotel, as I come 'long past."

"Oh, he's got back, then!" exclaimed Daphne, unmistakably relieved.

"Yes, he's got back!" mimicked her sister, laughing again. "An' I reckon it won't be very long 'fore he'll be lettin' you know it, too."

The girl made no response to this bit of pleasantry, but occupied herself in training a wild woodbine over the end of the cabin, while her mother and sister Cordelia otherwise Mrs. Tom Tomkins, chattered over family affairs.

TITLES OF RHYMES (S.L.L.)

- 1--Wee Ones In Wonderland
- 2--The Spring Maiden
- 3--The Runaway Doll, or
The Dreadful Fate Of A Disdainful Doll)
- 4--Little Grace Goes A-Shopping
- 5--Coasting Song
- 6--Three Little Scared Maidens
- 7--The Man In Our Back Yard
- 8--The Fate of Snowflake
- 9--Her Busy Day
- 10--Which One Is Dolly?
- 11--The Evolution Of Buttercup
- 12--The Lay Of The Snowflakes
- 13--Children's Night
- 14--A Runaway Steed
- 15--My Sweetheart
- 16--Grandfather's Clock
- 17--Jack At All Trades
- 18--The Elves Frolic X
- 19--Home Sweet Home
- 20--A Day With Polly and Dolly
- 21--A Catastrophe
- 28--The Inconsiderate Seal
- 29--Babe's Boatrike
- 30--The Story Of Daisy Rose
- 31--The Best Season
- 32--Betsey Jane
- 33--The Merry Monarch
- 34--Dancing Maidens
- 35--The Silly Wish
- 36--Robin With A Shovel (The) Dream
- 37--The Cruise (or Voyage) of Pretty X
Polly
- 38--Three Little Kitties
- 39--Autumn
- 40--Change Of Weather
- 41--Two Points Of View
- 42--The Undutiful Snail X
- 43--Winter
- 44--A Business Call X
- 45--Whale Limerick, forget title, and
not sure of 44, also limerick. X

Mrs. E.L.Liddell,
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ALL ABOUT THE WEATHER

Sighed Gloomy-Boy Ben, half ready to cry,
"I'm sure I can't see the least reason why
Whenever I plan to go anywhere,
The pleasantest weather will never stay fair;
It rains or it snows; it hails or it blows;
And spoils all my fun, that's just what it does.

Laughed Happy-Boy Hal, "I heard father say
He hoped it would rain the whole blessed day.
The garden and fields were so shriveled and dry,
Without a good rain, the crops must all die.
But no need to fret, for you can just bet,
There's plenty of fun in spite of the wet.

Now isn't it truly, the far better way
all day by
To like ~~that~~ the weather we get ~~every~~ day?
The heaviest storm the soonest is past;
The sun from the clouds will shine out at last;
Come rain or come snow, come calm or come blow;
Somewhere there'll be someone who likes it just so.

Louise Liddell

Illustration,
the three kits
watching hole
as mouse
goes in to
his "bed".

THREE LITTLE KITTIES

Three little kittens were snoozing, one day,
When one little mouse came creeping that way;
Up woke the kitties in sleepy surprise;
Quite still ~~stared~~ wee mouse, with wide-open eyes.
"Farewell," said the mouse, "I'm off to my bed."
"We ought to have caught him," the three kitties said.

Louise Liddell.

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Copies of
The Book
Rhymes

(seated
very small girl in row-
boat, boat tied to shore.)

(Youth's Companion)

DAINFUL DOLL

ie
egree;
pen and close;
red as a rose;
atest style.
tisfied smile
ou ever see
e Marie?"
a walk and talk--
ke unto a clock)--
ligiously high,
she passed by,
fortunate,
perambulate.
anna did chide
foolish pride,
ate that might
o.
didn't care!
in a lofty air!

NIGHT

ald and Flo,
no one would have dreamed
aloo.
own too soon)
te old;
ar woolly sheep,
fold;
from the wood,
all the fun?
from the hub-bub
so,
ne magic lantern,
ow.

Louise Liddell.

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