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# Adventures with Animals Big and Small

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# The Dinosaurs' Dance

By G.F. Hill



'Twas in the big Museum, where  
You've very often been,  
I saw a sight that made me stare;  
The time was Hallowe'en

As I have always done, I went  
To see Diplodocus;  
Down to my ear his head he bent  
And whispered softly thus;

“When everyone has gone away,  
We’re going to have a spree;  
I think you really ought to stay;  
‘Twill be a sight to see.”

“For every Hallowe’en, you know,  
We animals have a party;  
If you would like to see the show,  
We’ll give you welcome hearty.”

I thanked him much, and walked  
about  
Until the clock struck four,  
And when they turned the people  
out  
I hid behind a door.

I sat and waited on a seat  
Until at half-past five,  
I heard a noise of shuffling feet,  
And the animals came alive.

The Dinotherium stretched himself,  
The Mammoth yawned aloud,  
The Dodo fluttered off his shelf  
And mingled with the crowd.



They cleared the Reptile Gallery  
(A most convenient place);  
They had such lots of company  
There wasn't too much space.

The Mammoth danced with  
Triceratops,  
Diplodocus played the fiddle;  
The Moa, with gigantic hops,  
Went pounding down the middle.

While some of 'em danced, the  
others sang;  
Tinoceras led the chorus,  
And the whole enormous building  
rang  
To the voice of the Brontosaurus.

A happy and exhausted child,  
I struggled home that night;  
It's doubtful if I ever can  
Forget that wonderful sight.

If you yourself do not believe,  
You'd better come with me  
When I go there next Witches' Eve  
And see - what you will see.



# **How They Came to Have the Picnic**

**By Margaret Evtinge**

This is the way they came to have a picnic in the woods that fine autumn day. Blue Bird went under the big oak-tree to look for some worms or grass-seeds to eat, when something fell from the tree upon her head.

“Dear me,” said she, “what was that?” And off she flew to tell Gray Squirrel about it.

Gray Squirrel was in a hole in a tall tree

“Good-day” said Gray Squirrel, when he saw Blue Bird.

But Blue Bird did not say “Good-day.” She said “Oh! Gray Squirrel, something fell from the big oak-tree and struck me upon the head!





“Did it hurt?” asked Gray Squirrel.

“It did,” said Blue Bird.

“Didn’t you look to see what it was?” asked Gray Squirrel.

“No; I was so frightened, I flew right away,” said Blue Bird.

“Let’s go and tell Field Mouse about it,” said Gray Squirrel. “I will call my mother, and my two sisters, and my three brothers, and they can go too.”

So Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, went with Blue Bird to call on Field Mouse. Field Mouse lives in a hole in the ground. She

peeped out of the hole when she heard them coming.

“Good-day, Blue Bird” said she. But Blue Bird did not say “Good-day.” She said, “Oh! Field Mouse something fell from the big oak-tree and hit me upon the head!”

Then Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all said at once, “Yes, something fell from the big oak-tree and hit Blue Bird on the head!”

“Did it hurt?” asked Field Mouse.

“It did,” said Blue Bird.

And Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all said at once, “It did.”

“I will call my five little mice,” said Field Mouse, “and we will go and see Wise Frog. He will, no doubt, be able to tell us how to find out what it was.”



So Field Mouse and her five little mice, and Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all went with Blue Bird to call on Wise Frog. Wise Frog lives in a brook that runs through the woods. "Good-day, Blue Bird," said he.

But Blue Bird did not say "Good-day." She said, "Something fell from the big oak-tree when I was

under it, and hit me on the head!" Then Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all said at once, "Yes, something fell from the big oak-tree and hit Blue Bird on the head!"

"Did it hurt?" asked Wise Frog.

"It did," said Blue Bird.

And Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all said at once, "It did."

The Wise Frog said, "Let me think." And they let him think.

Then he said, "We must go to the foot of the big oak-tree and find out what it was that came down and hit Blue Bird on the head. I will call my friend Speckled Toad, and he can go too."

So Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three

brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, and Wise Frog and his friend Speckled Toad, all went with Blue Bird to the foot of the big oak-tree.



And what do you think they found there?

Nothing but an acorn, and a very small one at that!

“Dear me,” said Blue Bird, “how silly I was to be so frightened!”

“Very silly,” said Wise Frog.

And “Very silly!” said Speckled Toad, and Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all at once.

The Blue Bird said, “But now that we are *here*, all together, let’s stay the rest of the day and have a good time.”

“We will,” said Wise Frog and his friend Speckled Toad, and Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all at once. And they did.



# **Some Twins, a Bear and a Christmas-Tree**

**By Sarah E. Mulliken**

Jo and Joanna were twins who lived away off on a woods road that went up the side of a mountain.

The great woods came right down to their back door; so, of course, they had splendid neighbors.

There were blue-jays and nuthatches, and wood-peckers, and thrushes, and golden robins, and squirrels, and chipmunks, and rabbits; and sometimes a deer. And they were all friends of the twins.

Now there was only one thing in the world that Jo and Joanna wanted. That was a Christmas-tree. At bedtime their mother would tell them of her Christmases when she was a little girl, how she

always had a wonderful tree,  
trimmed with pop-corn and  
cranberries and covered with  
presents.



But Mother lived in a town when  
she was a child, and Grandfather  
and Grandmother didn't have to be  
bakers, butchers, and candlestick-  
makers, not to speak of being  
carpenters, dressmakers, farmers,



shoemakers, plumbers, and everything else; so they had time to plan Christmas-trees for their children.

Jo and Joanna were talking about Christmas one sunny November afternoon as they sat on a rock half-way up the mountain.

Although it was November, it was so warm and sunny the twins had no coats on, and the animals that hide away in the winter were out sunning themselves

Said Joanna: "I'd go without maple sugar on my griddle-cakes if we could have a Christmas-tree! But we can't!" And then she stopped and sighed.

Said Jo: "I'd chop wood all day long, if we could have a Christmas-tree. But we can't." And *he* sighed.

And a chickadee over their heads  
said: "Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee!  
What a pitee, what a pitee!"  
And a squirrel threw a big acorn at  
Jo's head, and then one at  
Joanna's head, just to cheer them  
up!

But the chickadee stopped short  
and the squirrel scampered up a  
tree, for there came tearing over  
the rocks a little bear cub, giving  
terrified, little grunts and rubbing  
his poor little nose.

When Jo and Joanna saw the bear  
cub coming right at them, rubbing  
his poor little nose, and grunting  
and squealing, they hurried to  
meet him, hand in hand. And Jo  
and Joanna said, "Little bear cub,  
what *is* the matter?"

Then they saw what the matter  
was. The bear cub had been  
poking around looking for some

honey, and had bumped into a porcupine, and of course, the porcupine had sent a shower of his needles right into the bear cub's nose! And they hurt his poor, tender, little nose dreadfully and made it look like a pin-cushion.



When Jo and Joanna saw that the trouble was, they said, "Oh, poor little bear cub, let us take out the porcupine quills for you! The bear cub was glad enough to have the twins help him. So they pulled out the quills as gently as they could, and Joanna took her

little clean handkerchief to the brook, and washed the little bear cub's nose very carefully, and the water felt nice and cool. Then the twins ran home to supper.

The little bear was very grateful and he grunted, in bear language, "I'd like to do something for those nice twins; but I don't know anything they want."

And the chickadee said, in chickadee language, of course: "They want a Christmas-tree. I heard them say so."

And the squirrel said, in squirrel language, of course: "And so did I." Then said the bear, "Let's give them one."

And the chickadee and the squirrel said: "How can we? How can we? We'd like to, for they are nice children. They give us nuts and crumbs."

And the bear said: "Best of all, they picked out porcupine needles for

me. They *shall* have a Christmas-tree!”

So the bear cub put on his thinking cap, and he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

The next day he called a council of all the wild creatures that knew Jo and Joanna, and when they heard the little bear cub’s plan, the crows cawed, the owls hooted, the rabbits chuckled, the bees buzzed, the partridges drummed, and everybody started to work on a tremendous surprise for Jo and Joanna.



If you had been at the end of a woods road, half way up a mountain, one moonlit Christmas Eve, you would have seen a queer sight. There was a house at the end of the road, and close to the house was a pine-tree. Up the pine-tree climbed a bear cub. What do you suppose were in his paws?

Two hornets' nests! And the hornets' nests were filled with honey! And the bear tied them on to the lower branches of the tree with long grasses plaited together.

Hardly had the bear climbed down, when suddenly a flock of chickadees came in sight. They had great long strings of red things in their beaks. What do you suppose they were? Why, checkerberries and partridge-berries, to be sure, all strung on straws and grasses, put together as only birds can do it. And the birds flew in and out of the

branches, until by and by the tree was all garlanded with bright red berries.

Then came a troop of squirrels and chipmunks, and what do you suppose *they* carried? Why, each one had a last year's nest filled with nuts. They put the nests on the branches of the tree.

Then the blue-jays came in sight. You could never guess what *they* brought. Why, they had made dolls, with oak-apple heads and with feather dresses from the blue jays' own tails!

The black crows came with snow in their bills, and some with red apples, and they trimmed the tree with them.

When the sun came up, the twins' mother peeped into their room and said: "Merry Christmas, Jo and Joanna! Come and see the red mittens I have knitted for you!"

And the twins' father said: "Merry Christmas, Jo and Joanna! I've some maple candy for you!"  
And the twins said: "Merry Christmas, Father and Mother! Thank you! Are they on a Christmas-tree?"





Just then the twins' mother looked out of the window and said, "Oh!" The twins' father looked over her shoulder and said: "Oh, Oh, Oh!" And the twins hopped out of bed and looked out of the window, and they hopped, and danced, and screamed, "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!"

For there was the most wonderful tree ever heard of! It sparkled with real snow, it was garlanded with checkerberries and partridgeberries, on its boughs hung strange presents, birds' nests and hornets' nests full of nuts and honey, strange dolls and apples! The whole family rushed out of doors, exclaiming, "Where *did* these things come from?" And the little bear cub, hidden in the bushes, grinned.

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