

DOINGS OF LITTLE BEAR

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DOINGS OF LITTLE BEAR

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The Youth's Companion

What Woke Little Bear
When Little Bear Was Ill
A Joke on Father Bear
Little Bear's Bee Tree
Little Bear and Circus Man
Little Bear and the Water Barrel
Little Bear's Toad
Little Bear's Adventure
When Little Bear Went Fishing
When Little Bear Went Sailing

Woman's Home Companion

Little Bears Dough

The Continent

When Baby Bear Visited the Beavers

St. Nicholas

When Little Bear Had His Own Way

The Churchman

When Little Bear Went to Play with the Foxes



Made in U. S. A.

To
Lee and Alan's baby sisters
LAURA ALICE and MARY ANNA JOSLYN
And to all little children who love the
Three Bears



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"See what daddy's doing!"

DOINGS OF LITTLE BEAR

WHAT WOKE LITTLE BEAR

Before Little Bear learned to walk and long before Goldilocks ate his porridge, broke his chair, or slept in his bed, the Middle-sized Bear used to rock him to sleep.

One day when Little Bear was cutting a new tooth, his mother rocked and cuddled him half an hour before he fell asleep. Gently she carried him upstairs and put him in his bed. Suddenly Big Bear began dancing and prancing about the kitchen. He sang in a big voice:

“Ta-de-dum, dum, dum!
Ta-de-dum, dum, dum!”

“Why, father!” exclaimed Mother Bear. “You’ll wake Little Bear!”

Immediately Big Bear put a big paw over his big mouth and stopped singing.

Just then a flock of ducks waddled past the Three Bears’ home. It seemed to Mother Bear as if every duck tried to say “Quack!” louder than every other duck.

“Oh, ducks, please don’t!” begged Mother Bear.
“You’ll wake Little Bear!”

The ducks hid their heads under their wings.

Soon after that three black crows sat on a tree near Little Bear’s window, and began to call, “Caw! caw!”

“Oh, please don’t shout so loud!” begged Mother Bear, who was making apple pie.

The pie was in the oven when down the green road came the forest band; then Little Bear stirred in his sleep, for the rabbit was beating his drum with might and main:

“Diddy-bum, diddy-bum!
Diddy-bum-bum!”

Two hundred crickets and three hundred grasshoppers were playing their fiddles:

“Fiddle-de—dee!
Fiddle-de—dee!”

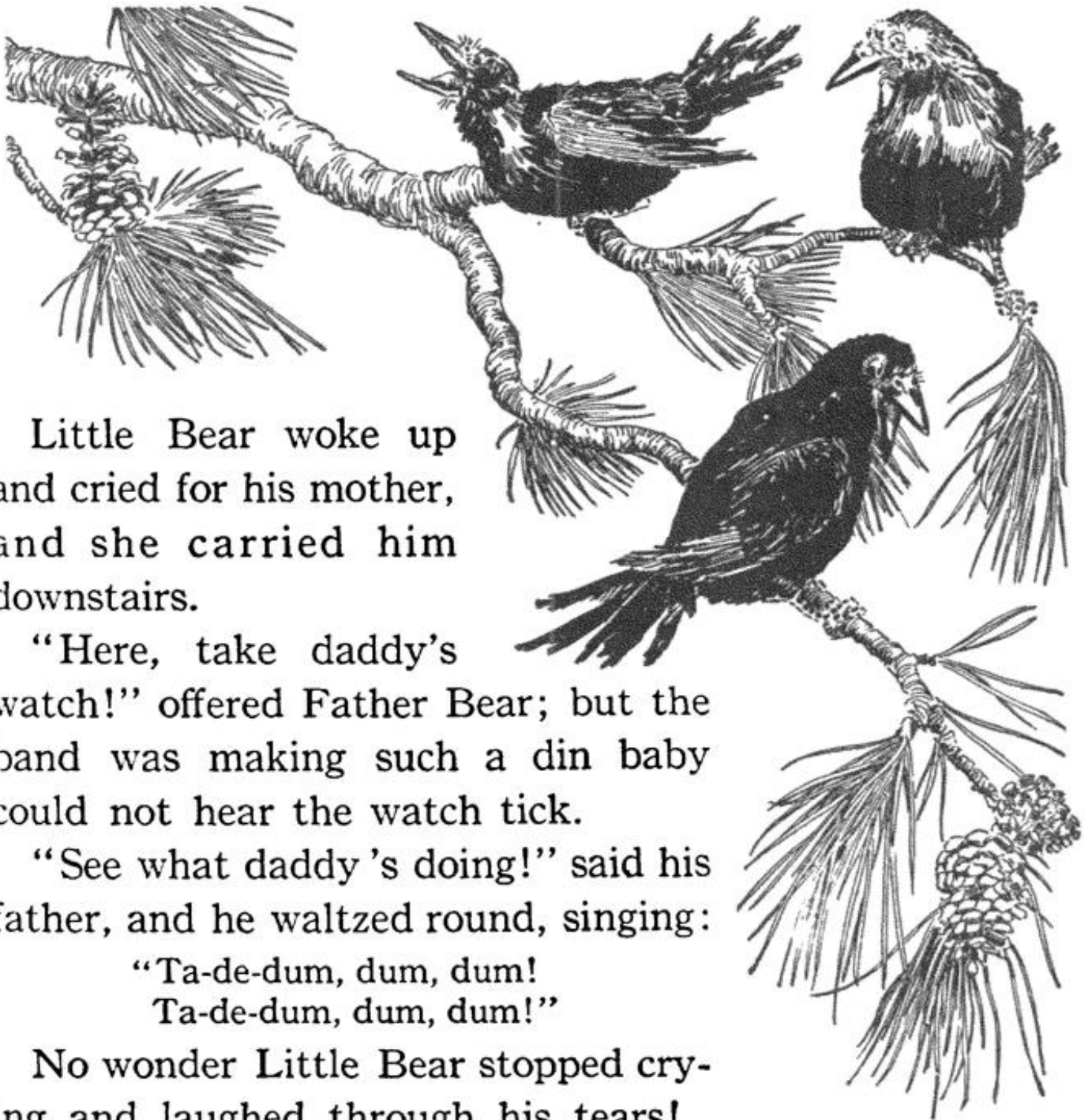
The frogs were playing their banjos:

“Plunkety, plunk!
Plunkety, plunk!”

Katydid were singing, “Katy-did!”

Beavers were beating time with their tails:

“Ker-splash—bump, bump!
Ker-splash—bump, bump!”



Little Bear woke up and cried for his mother, and she carried him downstairs.

“Here, take daddy’s watch!” offered Father Bear; but the band was making such a din baby could not hear the watch tick.

“See what daddy’s doing!” said his father, and he waltzed round, singing:

“Ta-de-dum, dum, dum!
Ta-de-dum, dum, dum!”

No wonder Little Bear stopped crying and laughed through his tears!

And Mother Bear laughed, too.

Little Bear was happy after that; but he did not go to sleep again that day.

WHEN LITTLE BEAR WAS ILL

Once Father Bear went away on a journey. He had been gone two days when Mother Bear noticed that the wood box was nearly empty, and asked Little Bear to fill it. But instead of doing as his mother had asked, Little Bear sat on the back doorstep, with his chin in his front paws, and looked at that woodpile.

“What is the trouble?” asked Mother Bear. “Don’t you feel well?”

“Not very,” answered Little Bear, but a little twinkle shone in his eye.

“You poor little fellow, you must be ill!” Mother Bear went on. “How do you feel?”

“Kind of tired,” confessed Little Bear, with a glance at the woodpile.

“Come in and lie down,” advised Mother Bear.

It was warm, and Little Bear fell asleep the minute his head touched the pillow.

Mother Bear stepped to the door when she saw Father Deer passing. “What do you do for your children when they are ill?” called Mother Bear.

“We give them salt,” advised Father Deer. “Is Little Bear ill?”



"Oh, don't make me take any medicine!"

"I fear that he is," was the reply.

"Well, give him a lump of salt," repeated Father Deer, and as he went on, he told every one that Little Bear was ill.

Bad news travels fast. Before Little Bear awoke from his nap the house was full of neighbors, and the table was full of medicine; Peter Rabbit's mother had sent camomile tea; Mother Deer brought salt; Sally Beaver was there with willow twigs.

"My mother says that he must nibble at the willow bark," Sally Beaver advised.

"Father says that you must roll him in deep mud," put in severe Mrs. Reynard.

"Oh, Mother Bear, Mother Bear," wailed Little Bear, "don't make me take any medicine! Oh, don't!"

By this time Little Bear was so scared that he felt positively ill.

"I'll give him the catnip tea," promised Mrs. Wildcat. "If he makes any fuss, I will hold his nose."

"And I'll hold his nose and make him take the salt!" declared Mother Deer. "It is the best medicine there is!"

"Perhaps I might coax him to take a taste of the camomile tea," began Mother Bear. "You'll take the camomile tea for dear mother, won't you?"

“No, no, no, I don’t want any medicine!” protested Little Bear.

“You’ll have to hold his legs and arms, and I’ll hold his nose,” said Mrs. Wildcat, “and of course we shall begin with catnip tea.”

At that moment Father Bear came home, having returned from his journey. “Let me see Little Bear,” he said.

Straightway all the neighbors edged toward the door, in order to make room for Father Bear.

“How did this sudden illness begin?” questioned Father Bear.



Then Father Bear looked at Little Bear’s tongue, and felt his pulse; then he heard about the empty wood box, and he said, “I know what will cure him right away. Little Bear, what you need to do is to get up and fill the wood box!”

“Oh, I’d like to fill the wood box,” answered Little

Bear. And with a leap and a bound, he sent the medicines flying as he ran toward the woodpile, and took off his little outside coat.

Soon the neighbors heard the sound of wood falling—bumpety, bang! bumpety, bumpety, bump, bump! bang, bang, bang! into the wood box.

When the wood box was filled, Mother Bear wiped her eyes. She had been crying for joy.

“If your baby ever should be ill again, give him catnip tea,” advised Mrs. Wildcat, as she walked out.

“Salt—salt is the thing,” corrected Mother Deer gently, as she bowed, and left the house.

“I’m glad that he is well again,” remarked Sally Beaver, as she nibbled at her own willow twigs. And Mother Bear kissed Sally Beaver.

As for Little Bear, he filled the wood box the next day without being reminded.



A JOKE ON FATHER BEAR

The morning that Father and Mother Bear went to Seven Mile Point they put Little Bear in his cart and took him along.

“Because we may not get home to-night,” explained Mother Bear. “Besides, it will be easier to bring our blackberries home in a cart.”

All the way to Seven Mile Point Little Bear sang and asked questions, and asked questions and sang. He was the happiest and the most bothersome little bear in the big forest that morning.

Later in the forenoon, when Father Bear and Mother Bear were busy picking blackberries, Little Bear spied Goldilocks, with her mother, her aunt, and her little cousin. They were picking blackberries on the other side of the clearing.

Straightway Little Bear began to dance up and down, and shout, “I am going to scare somebody! I am going to scare women and children, women and children!”

“Where are there any women and children?” asked Father Bear.

“Over there, over there!” answered Little Bear. “And



one is Goldilocks, and I'll scare her! I'm going to scare Goldilocks!"

"Are you sure that there isn't a man with them?" inquired Mother Bear.

"No, they are all alone! Goody, goody! I'm going to scare them!"

"How do you think you are going to scare them?" demanded Father Bear.

"I am going to creep along under the bushes, so that they can't see me, and then when I am close to Goldilocks,

I shall jump up and say, 'Boo! Boo! Boo!' And then I shall watch them run, and maybe I shall say 'Boo!' again."

Father and Mother Bear smiled; but Father Bear stopped picking blackberries and said, in severe tones, "Young Bear, you must never scare women and children. Do you understand? You must never scare women and children!"

"But I should so like to see them run!" said Little Bear. "But," he added, quickly, "of course I won't scare them—but—it would be all right to scare a man, would n't it?"

"Oh, yes, there would be no harm in scaring a man, but women and children—no, you must never do that."

Little Bear ran back to his play, and forgot Goldilocks and her mother and her aunt and her little cousin until an hour later, and then he looked down from a hilltop and saw a strange sight.

On one side of a clump of blackberry bushes he saw his father and mother; on the other side of that same clump of bushes he saw Goldilocks and her mother and her little cousin and her little cousin's mother. They were all picking blackberries!

Father Bear and Mother Bear did not know that Goldilocks and her family had crossed the clearing, and you may be sure that Goldilocks and her family did not know that they were so near a big, big bear and a middle-sized bear.

Little Bear watched with delight. Presently he saw Goldilocks move toward her mother.

"I think I heard somebody on the other side of the bushes," whispered Goldilocks. Of course Little Bear could not hear what either of them said; he could see only that they were speaking together.

Her mother answered, "My child, you hear the wind in the bushes."

"But, mother," Goldilocks said again, as Big Bear stepped on a dry twig, "I am sure I heard a noise."

"My child," answered Mother Goldilocks, "you hear the squirrels."

Again Goldilocks whispered, "Mother, I know that I heard somebody on the other side of the bushes."

"My child, you probably hear the birds flitting about."

Hardly had Mother Goldilocks spoken these words when a funny thing happened. Father Bear suddenly stepped around the bushes, and almost bumped into Mother Goldilocks. My, but she was scared! When



Mother Goldilocks seized little Goldilocks by the arm and ran, screaming, from the spot

Mother Goldilocks saw that huge brown bear standing close beside her, she dropped her blackberries, seized little Goldilocks by the arm, and ran, screaming, from the spot.

Aunt Goldilocks and little Cousin Goldilocks dropped their baskets and ran, too, as if all the lions and tigers in the jungle were after them. They did look funny as they ran away from two friendly bears!

At first Father Bear was too astonished for words, but Little Bear ran down the hillside, laughing hilariously, and Mother Bear laughed, too.

“Never, never scare women and children!” quoted Mother Bear, while Little Bear began to dance up and down for joy.

“Well, that is a joke on Daddy Bear, I must say!” admitted Father Bear, and then he laughed, too.

“But,” he added after a moment, “it is not right to scare women and children. I certainly should never do it on purpose.”

Then the Three Bears joined hands and danced round and round, and sang, “Ta-de-dum, dum, dum! Ta-de-dum, dum, dum!” and they kept it up until the Goldilocks family was well out of sight.



LITTLE BEAR'S BEE TREE

Whenever Father Bear and Mother Bear went after honey they left Little Bear at home. Little Bear wondered about that honey, and why he was always left at home.

“Where do you find honey, Father Bear?” Little Bear asked, one day.

“In a bee tree, Son Bear, in a bee tree, to be sure!” answered Father Bear.

“What is a bee tree like?” asked Little Bear. “Is

it like a needle-ey pine tree, or a maple tree, or is it like a birch tree with leaves that flutter, or what is a bee tree like, Father Bear, and how does it grow?"

"A bee tree," answered Father Bear, "is any kind of a hollow tree where bees build nests and store honey."

"How do you find a bee tree, Father Bear?" said Little Bear, trying to look wise.

"How do you find a bee tree?" repeated Father Bear, trying to look wise, too. "Why, Son Bear, you find a bee tree by—well, a bear knows where to look for a bee tree; that's all—you find it because you find it! Yes, yes!"

"Could I find a bee tree?" asked Little Bear.

"Oh, no, Son Bear," Father Bear answered, "not even in the way Goldilocks's father found his bee tree!"

"Please tell me about it!" begged Little Bear.

"Well, Goldilocks's father found his bee tree the way most men do in the north woods. He filled a little box with honey made of sugar and water. Then he caught a bee and shut it up in the box. When the bee had gathered all the sweetness he could carry, Father Goldilocks opened the box and let the bee go. You must know, Son Bear, that bees fly in a straight line to their nests; that is what is meant by a 'bee line.' Goldilocks's father followed the bee as far as he could see the right



And down he went into a bees' nest!

direction; and at last Father Goldilocks reached the bee tree and helped himself to honey."

"Oh, I wish I could find a bee tree!" cried Little Bear.

"No, no, Little Bear, no, no!" Father Bear insisted. "You won't know how to find a bee tree until you grow to be a big, big bear!"

Now that very day Little Bear did find a bee tree, and this is how it happened: he was playing in the woods between the house and the river when he jumped upon a long, moss-covered log, and began to dance and sing:

"When I'm big, I'm going to find a bee tree!"

Just then Little Bear danced straight through the roof of that old rotten log, which had once been a tree, and down he went into a bees' nest! Out came the bees after Little Bear's nose! Home ran Little Bear, fast, fast!

"I found a bee tree! I found a bee tree!" shouted Little Bear, brushing the bees from his nose, first with one paw, then with the other. "Oh, I did find a bee tree!"

"Son Bear found a bee tree!" echoed Father Bear. Out came Mother Bear, and the three ran back after the honey. And that honey was so sweet Little Bear did not care if the bees did sting his nose!

After that happy day the Three Bears always went together in search of honey.

LITTLE BEAR AND THE CIRCUS MAN

One morning Father Bear and Mother Bear went away to pick blackberries. Mother Bear told Little Bear to stay in his own yard. After his father and mother went away, Little Bear was dancing a bear dance beside the lilac bush, when a stranger looked through the railing, and said, "Are you one of the Three Bears? Is your father called the Big Bear and your mother called the Middle-sized Bear?"

"Yes," said Little Bear, "we are the Three Bears family."

"Then open the gate, and come with me," said the stranger. "I am Mr. Circus Man."

Now the circus man went into the forest on purpose to catch Little Bear. In his hand he carried a chain and a collar. He wished to put the collar around Little Bear's neck, and drag him by the chain from the forest. He wanted to put him in a tent with this sign:



SIDE SHOW!

**BRING THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE
LITTLE BEAR, WHOSE HOME WAS VISITED BY
GOLDILOCKS!**

Only Ten Cents Admission!

“You should go to the circus and hear the band play, Little Bear,” said the man. “And you should see the circus tents! You should see the clowns do tricks inside the biggest circus tent! You should see the big animals that belong to the circus! You should see the elephants from India! They are bigger than your house, Little Bear! You should see the great hippopotamus and the huge rhinoceros with the horn on top of his nose! You should listen to the lions roar, and hear the tigers growl! Will you come with me to the circus, Little Bear?”

“I should like to see the circus,” spoke Little Bear, “but I can’t go until my father and mother come back from the blackberry patch. Mr. Circus Man, I should think you would be afraid of the big elephants bigger than our house.”

“Oh, no,” answered Mr. Circus Man. “I am so brave I am not afraid of the elephants.”

“I should think,” went on Little Bear, “that you would be afraid of the great big hippopotamus and the big, big rhinoceros.”

“Oh, no, Little Bear,” the circus man said. “I am so brave that I am not afraid of anything. You come with me. You see, I am not afraid of—”



Mr. Circus Man suddenly looked terribly frightened

Mr. Circus Man never finished that speech, because at that moment Father and Mother Bear returned, and Mr. Circus Man suddenly looked terribly frightened. For half a second he stared at the Middle-sized Bear and the Big Bear, and then he turned and ran so fast that his coat tails stood straight out behind!

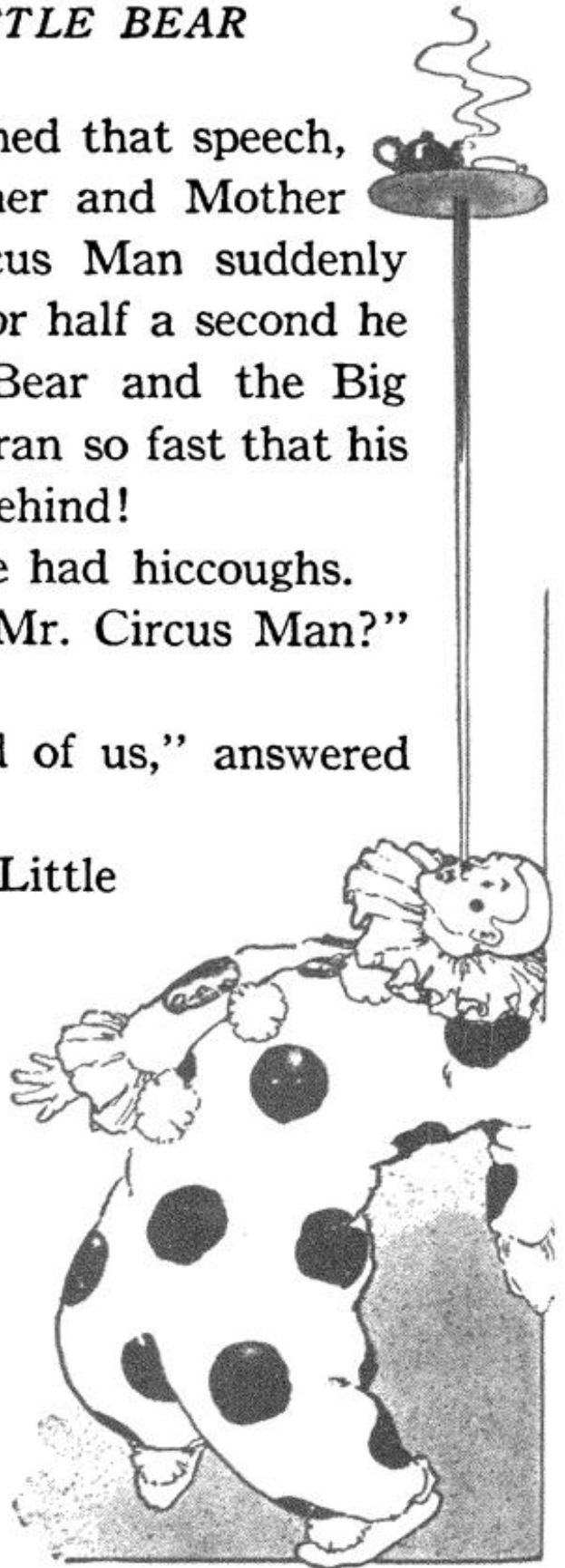
Little Bear laughed until he had hiccoughs.

“What is the matter with Mr. Circus Man?” asked Little Bear, at last.

“He must have been afraid of us,” answered Mother Bear.

“Afraid of you!” exclaimed Little Bear; and then he laughed harder than ever, because he thought it was so funny that any one could be so afraid of his good father and mother.

And that night, Little Bear laughed in his sleep, and Mother Bear smiled, and said, “Maybe he is dreaming of Mr. Circus Man running away from us. It was funny!”



WHEN LITTLE BEAR HAD HIS OWN WAY

One fine morning the Three Bears—Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Little Bear—went for a long walk, early, before little boys and girls were out of bed.

“Let’s go over to the park,” said Father Bear, reaching for his cane.

Baby Bear danced for joy. He was always glad to visit the park.

That day the Three Bears were in such haste they did n’t say good morning to the toads or the butterflies or the birds. Baby Bear did n’t even look at the bluebells and buttercups by the roadside. He had no time to pick flowers when he was on his way to the park.

When they came to the park the three had a merry time until Little Bear discovered the children’s hill. He had never seen it before. After that, he did n’t care to swing in the swings, or teeter, or dance around the May-pole. He wished to do what the children did all day long in that lovely park. He wished to climb to the top of the hill and run down the hard, hard path.

“If you should try to run down that hill by yourself, you would fall,” said Father Bear.

“Yes, you would surely fall,” said Mother Bear.

So the Three Bears climbed the wee, wee hill together, Little Bear in the middle, Father Bear on one side, and Mother Bear on the other.

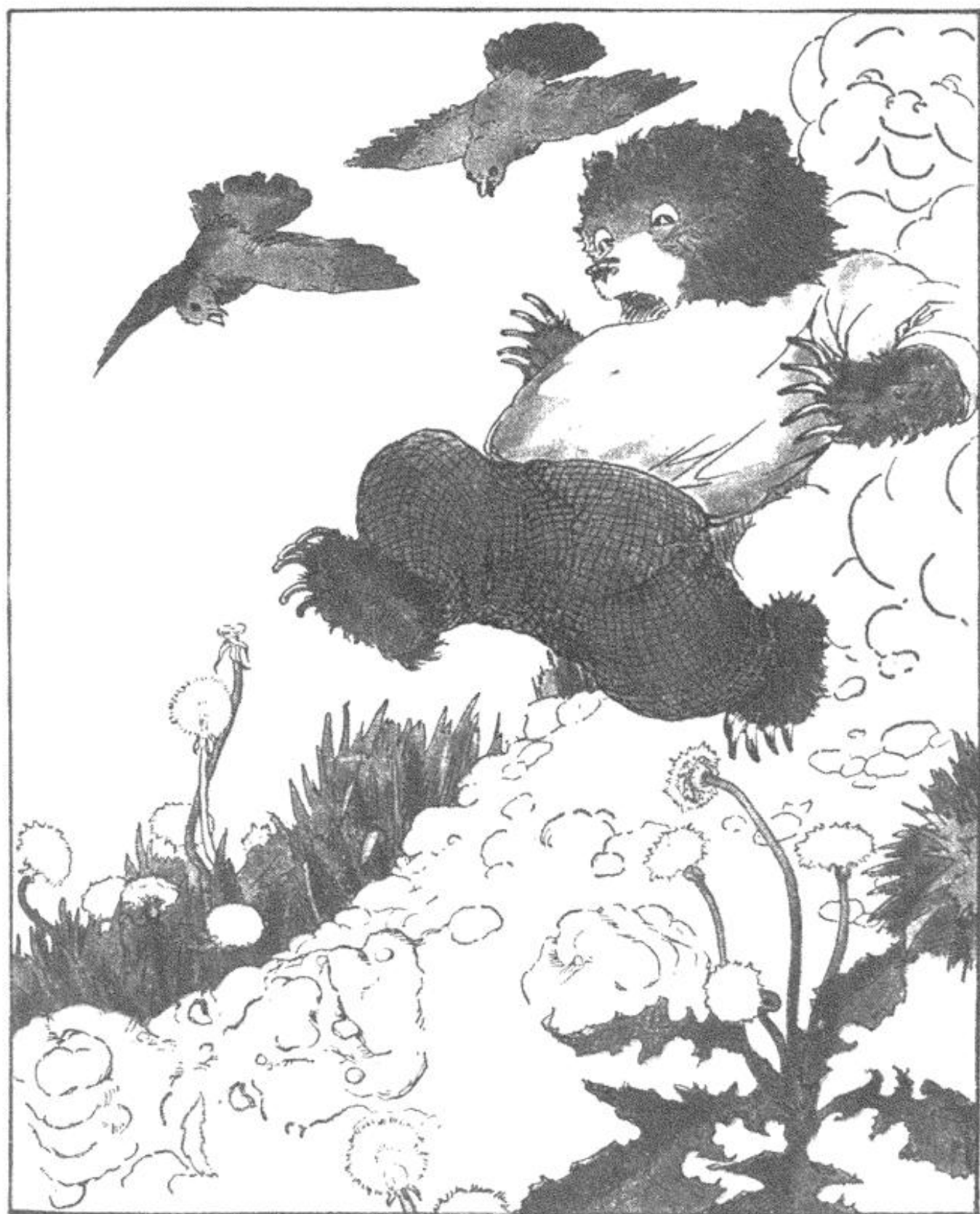
“Now, down we go!” began Father Bear, when the three stood at the top of the tiny hill, looking down the hard, hard path where children played all the long summer days.

“Down we go!” said Mother Bear, keeping tight, tight hold of Baby Bear’s little paw.

“One, two, three, go!” counted Father Bear, keeping tight hold of Baby Bear’s other paw.

Downhill ran the Three Bears—plunk, plunk, plunk! plunkety, plunkety, plunkety, plunk! At first, Little Bear kept his feet on the path and made them run fast, fast; but before he reached the bottom of the hill his feet didn’t touch the path, and he seemed to be flying, with Mother Bear on one side and Father Bear on the other.

Over and over again, Mother Bear and Father Bear climbed the little hill to run down again with Baby Bear, until they were both tired and out of breath. Father and Mother Bear were too big and heavy to enjoy what Little Bear thought was such fun. Besides, Mother



It seemed as if the path tried to hit him in the face

Bear wished to see the peacocks, and Father Bear wanted a drink of water.

“Let me run down the hill alone!” begged Baby Bear. “The children do it all day long!”



“Not *little* children!” said Mother Bear. “Their fathers and mothers always run down the hill with them. You are too small to run down the hill alone!”

“But I want to run down alone!”

the hill
I want to
run down the
hill alone!” howled
Baby Bear, in a tantrum.

“You shall have your own way!” thundered Father Bear.

“You shall run down the hill alone!”

“Oh, but he will get hurt!” put in Mother Bear.

“It will do him good!” said Father Bear. “It will teach him that fathers and mothers know best. Now we will go and see the peacocks.”



Away tramped Father Bear and Mother Bear, leaving Little Bear climbing the hill alone. Up and up climbed Little Bear. The hill seemed longer to him than before. At the top he waited a minute, then waved his arms and counted, "One, two, three—here—I—go!"

Little Bear started down the hill all right. His feet came plunk, plunk, plunk! on the hard path, exactly as if his father were on one side and his mother on the other. But the next thing Little Bear knew, his feet were going too fast! Plunk, plunk, plunk! plunkety, plunkety, plunkety, plunk! Little Bear wished his father were on one side and his mother on the other. He was afraid he was going to fall! It seemed as if the path tried to hit him in the face! And the next that Little Bear knew, his feet got away and landed him bump, bump! *ker-smash!* on the hard, hard path, and over he rolled in the dust and dirt until he reached the bottom of the hill!

Mother Bear had been looking over her shoulder, and that is how it happened that she reached the bottom of the hill almost as quickly as did Baby Bear.

"Poor little lamb!" she said, and she took him up and tried to comfort him.

"Oh, my nose, my nose, my nose!" wailed Baby Bear,

and, sure enough, Little Bear's pretty little nose was black and blue in three places, and his head was covered with bumps. Mother Bear kissed every one of those bumps.

Baby Bear cried so loud, loud, loud, Father Bear was afraid the keeper of the park might waken and come running. "There, there!" comforted Father Bear, "did n't I tell you fathers and mothers knew best?"

Just then, a voice from across the duck pond called, "Papa! Papa! Papa! Come quick! Here are three bears! And, oh, oh, one of them is a little bear!"

When Father Bear looked around, there was Goldilocks pointing toward Little Bear, and shouting, louder than ever, "Oh, come and catch the little bear! I want him for a pet!"

Quick as a wink, Father Bear snatched up Little Bear in his arms, and ran out of that park, with Mother Bear close at his heels. The two big bears did n't stop running until they were in the woods.

There they stopped to take breath and to look behind them, and then, when they saw that no one was following them, and that they were quite safe, Father Bear stood Little Bear up in front of him and brushed the sand and dirt off of Little Bear's fur coat, and then he



took Little Bear down to the brook and washed his face. After that, Mother Bear put some leaves on his poor, hurt nose; and he was a good Little Bear the rest of that day.

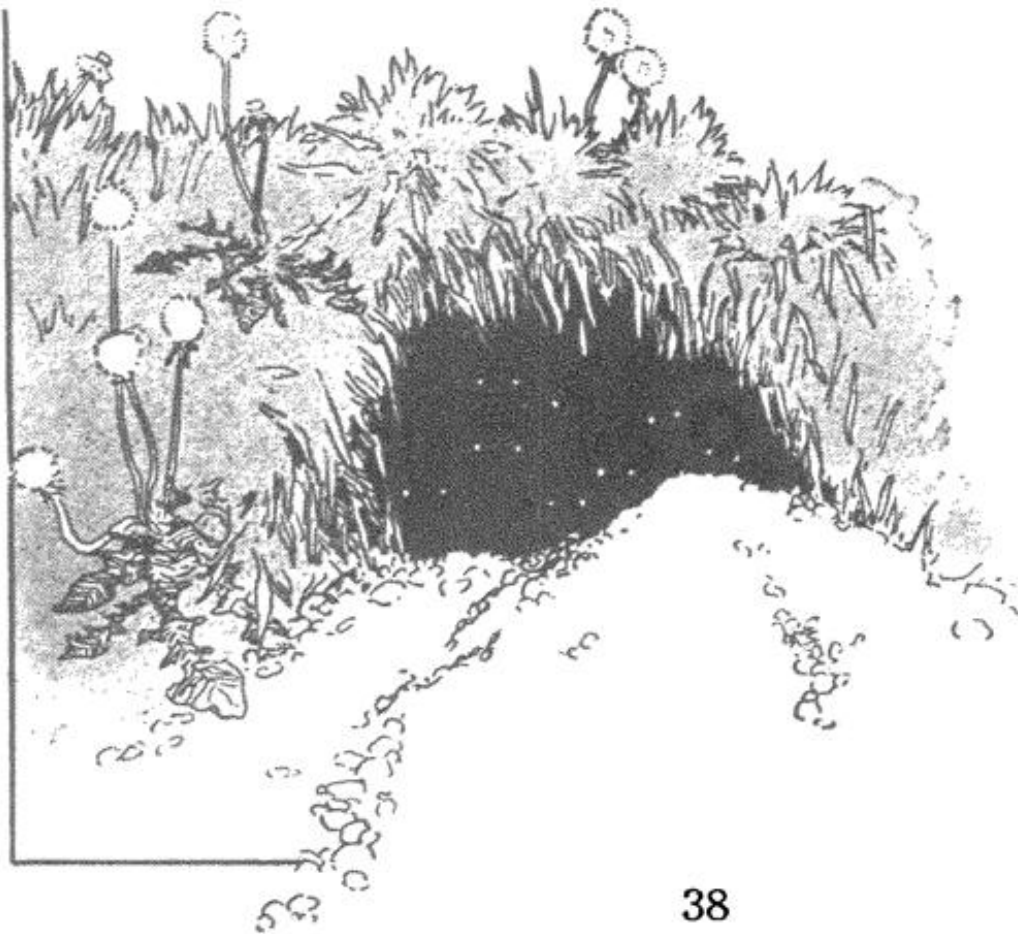
And now, when Little Bear sometimes remembers that day in the park, he takes his little brown paw and gently rubs his head where the bumps were, and says: "Fathers and mothers always know what is best for their children."

LITTLE BEAR'S VISIT TO THE FOXES

Late one afternoon when the sun was low in the forest and birds and bees and good little bears were thinking of bedtime, a family of seven sharp-nosed little Foxes went out to play. Baby Bear heard their shrill, happy barks, and wished to go too. He knew that the Fox family lived in a burrow not far away from the Three Bears' house, but he had never seen the children. Their mother kept them at home daytimes.

Many and many a time when Baby Bear was cuddled

in his bed he had heard the Foxes barking, now near the house, now faraway; but his mother never, never allowed him to get up and go to see them.



"I don't know what Mother Fox is thinking of to let those children sit up so late!" middle-sized Mother Bear used to say.

She was stirring the porridge for supper when Baby Bear heard the little Foxes. Instead of asking his mother if he might go, Baby Bear opened the gate softly and ran as fast as he could to the playground. There he saw seven little Foxes playing leapfrog; at least the game seemed to be leapfrog.

Mother Fox was watching them. When she saw Baby Bear, she said, kindly enough, "You better run home, Baby Bear!"

But Baby Bear did n't go home. When the seven little Foxes saw him they laughed slyly, for he was so slow and so clumsy, while they were light-footed and nimble.

"Let's play tag, now," suggested one little Fox, with bright eyes full of mischief. "Baby Bear, you are It! You must catch us if you can!"

Mother Fox laughed until she almost cried, while watching those children play. Baby Bear could n't catch one of her lively youngsters, no matter how hard he tried.

Suddenly Mother Fox heard a sound that put an end

to the game; it was Father Fox warning her of danger.

“Run for home, children,” said she, “run for home! Baby Bear, you must go with us! Run, run! Faster, faster, faster!”

Baby Bear stumbled along as best he could with the Fox children, and crowded after them into the burrow. Scarcely were they in the house when close behind them rushed Father Fox. He was all out of breath and dreadfully tired.

“What is the matter?” asked Baby Bear, who was much frightened.

“Nothing unusual,” answered brave Father Fox when he could speak; “the farmer was after me, that is all. Don’t ask any more questions!”

Baby Bear did n’t ask any more questions, but he began to cry.

“Are you homesick already?” asked Mother Fox, not unkindly. “Poor child! I suppose you are hungry, but we have nothing for supper.”

“Nothing for supper! Nothing for supper!” wailed the baby Foxes.

“There, there,” comforted Father Fox, “don’t cry, children, don’t cry! Daddy’ll go hunting again. Come, Baby Bear, I shall take you to your mother!”



"Let's play tag now"



Baby Bear was glad to get home, and middle-sized Mother Bear was glad to see him; but she put the little fellow to bed that night before sunset.

“Did you thank Father Fox for bringing that naughty child home safely?” asked big, big Father Bear when he sat down to think, after supper.

“Yes, indeed!” answered middle-sized Mother Bear. “Father Fox means well, he certainly means well, although you can’t blame the farmer for calling him bad names! If Foxes would only eat blackberries and honey, like other folks, we might allow Baby Bear to play with the little Fox children, but as it is, Baby Bear must learn to stay at home when they are out!”

“I’ll never go to play with the little Foxes again unless you go, too,” promised Baby Bear, calling from his bed. “I like my home better, and my father and my mother and my porridge for supper!”

LITTLE BEAR'S TOAD

One morning, when Little Bear was playing in the forest near his home, he heard a toad calling for help.

"Where are you, Mr. Toad?" asked Little Bear.

"I have fallen into a deep hole, and I can't get out. Is that you, Little Bear?"

"Yes, and I will get you out, Mr. Toad."

"Please do, Little Bear, and be quick, because I can't live much longer in this dry, sandy place. There isn't a bit of moisture here. If you'll help me out of this trouble, I'll be your pet, and work for your father."

Little Bear was too polite to say that he did not care to have a pet toad, nor did he laugh at the idea of a wee toad working for big Father Bear. Gently he lifted Mr. Toad from the hole and placed him on the ground.

"Why, Mr. Toad, you are ill! What is the matter?" inquired Little Bear, when he saw that the toad was thin and weak.

"Water! Water!" begged the toad. "Water, please!"

Without stopping to talk, Little Bear ran to get his tin pail, which he filled at the river, and carried to the sufferer. "Here, Mr. Toad," said he, "take a good big drink."

“Toads never drink with their mouths,” answered the toad. “Please, Little Bear, pour the water over me. I take water in through my skin.”

Greatly wondering, Little Bear did as he was told, and soon Mr. Toad was sprawling in a puddle of water, and drinking it in through his skin, and in a little while he was a plump and happy toad once more. Then out went Mr. Toad’s tongue, and gone was the fly Little Bear had seen only a moment before. Another fly disappeared down Mr. Toad’s throat, and then another.

“How do you do it, Mr. Toad?” asked Little Bear. “I never saw such quick work! You sit still as a mouse, dart out your tongue, and you have caught the fly! It seems wonderful to me. I couldn’t do it.”

“That’s nothing,” said Mr. Toad, who felt much refreshed after his bath. “Look at my tongue, Little Bear. You see, it is placed in the front of my mouth instead of at the back, and it is sticky, so that flies can’t get away. But I am hungry; I must have a dozen caterpillars and forty or fifty grasshoppers and molasses, or I shall not be strong enough to travel all the way to the Three Bears’ house.”

Little Bear soon ran away to play in the forest.



"Look at my tongue, Baby Bear"

When he came home to dinner, there was Mr. Toad under the doorstep, dressed in a bright new skin. He was winking and blinking happily.

“I have just changed my clothes,” explained Mr. Toad. “I am sorry you were n’t here to see me do it.”



“Where did you put the old ones?” asked Little Bear.

“I swallowed them,” was the answer. “My coat split down the middle of the back, I pulled out my legs, drew the skin over my face, and sucked it into my mouth. Our folks get new suits at least four times a year. Please tell your father that your toad has gone into the garden to hunt. Remember, Little Bear, I’m your toad.”

Big Father Bear was much pleased when he heard about Mr. Toad. “Good news, good news!” said he.

Sure enough, from that day Mr. Toad has worked in the Three Bears’ garden from late afternoon until early morning. He destroys Father Bear’s enemies—flies, grasshoppers, beetles, crickets, and caterpillars.

WHEN LITTLE BEAR WENT FISHING

One morning Father Bear and Mother Bear rose at dawn and went fishing. They wished to catch a big fish for breakfast.

Little Bear heard the back gate click, clickety, click! behind them. He sprang up, dressed himself quickly, and ran after his father and mother.

“Wait, Father Bear! Oh, Mother Bear, wait for me!” he called. “I woke up, and I want to go fishing, too!”

Father Bear and Mother Bear laughed when they heard Little Bear’s merry voice.

“Got a fishing pole for me?” inquired Little Bear, when, by hopping and skipping and running, he had reached his father’s side.

“No, indeed,” answered Father Bear. “My son, you are too small to go fishing.”

“Then I shall fish with my little brown paw,” declared Baby Bear, with a brisk nod.

Father Bear laughed.

“You may fish with your little brown paw if you choose,” said Mother Bear, “but I fear you will catch nothing.”

Soon the Three Bears reached the bank of the river, where Father Bear and Mother Bear baited their hooks and sat down to fish.

Baby Bear, however, stretched himself out on the bank, flat on his face, and began fishing with his little brown paw.

Father and Mother Bear smiled; but Little Bear crooned softly:

“Come, fish! Come, fish!
Come to my little brown paw.”

His song was so low and sweet, and sounded so harmless, a wee bluebird sang with him:

“Come, fish! Come, fish!
Come to my little brown paw.”

Five minutes passed, ten minutes passed, and then came a fish, swimming—swimming down the river.

The fish nibbled at Father Bear’s big, big fishhook; but he did not like the bait; it was too hard for him. Then the fish nibbled at Mother Bear’s middle-sized hook, but he did not like the bait; it was too soft for him.

But when that fish saw Little Bear’s brown paw, fishing, fishing, in the water, and when he heard Little Bear crooning softly, and when he heard the wee bluebird



"Come, fish! Come, fish! Come to my little brown paw"

singing, that big fish swam straight into Little Bear's brown paw!

Quick as a flash, Little Bear dipped that fish out of the water and upon the bank!

"Oh, I caught a fish! I caught a fish!" called Little Bear, while he danced around for joy.

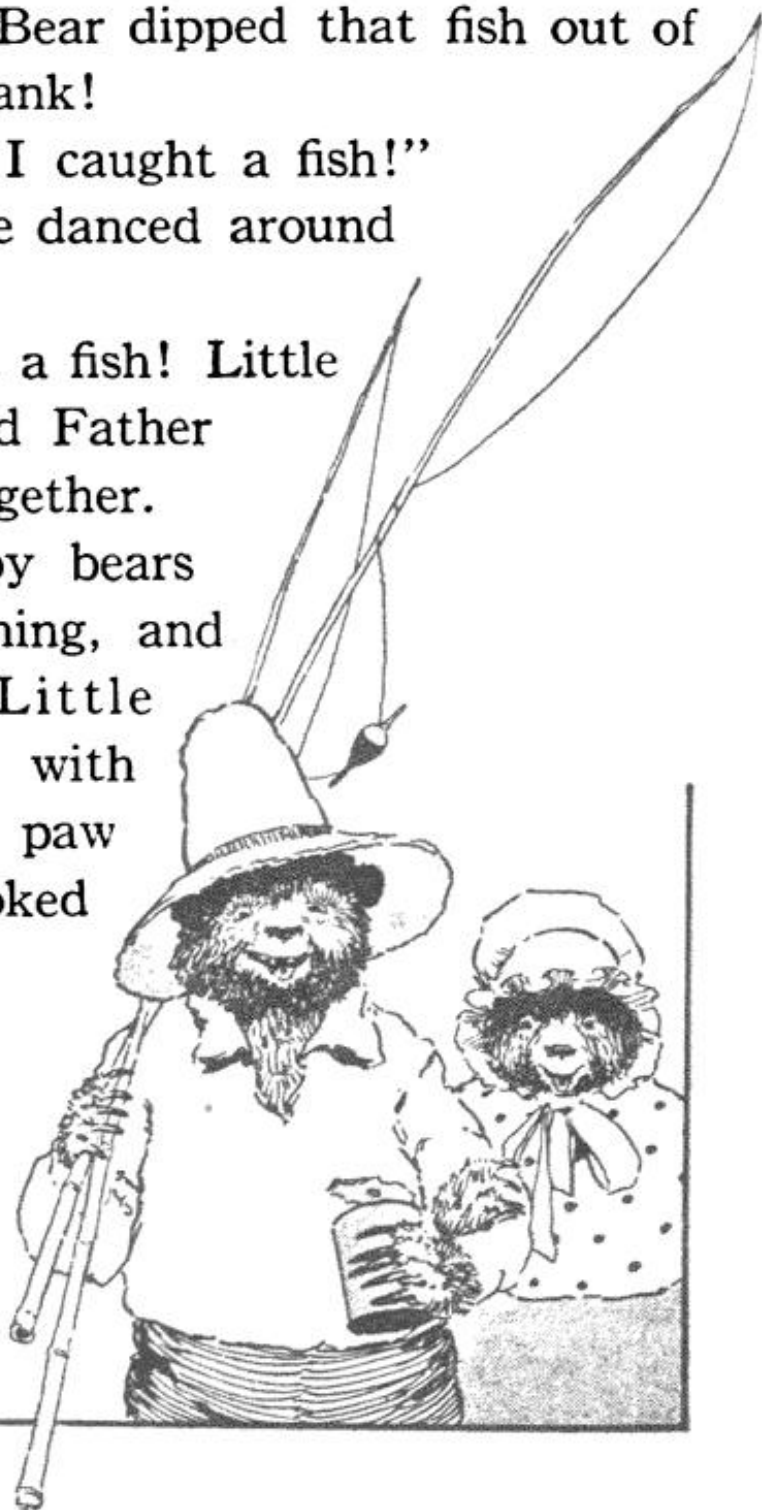
"Oh, Little Bear caught a fish! Little Bear caught a fish!" cried Father Bear and Mother Bear together.

Home went three happy bears ever so early in the morning, and

the fish that Little Bear caught with his brown paw was cooked



for his breakfast. It was the very best and sweetest fish that Little Bear had ever tasted.





LITTLE BEAR'S ADVENTURE

One afternoon, when Baby Bear was little, big Father Bear came in from a walk, and said that Mrs. Wildcat was ill. Then Mother Bear went out into the garden, and picked some catnip. Then she called Little Bear.

“My child,” said Mother Bear, “take this basket of catnip to Bramble Thicket, and leave it by the gate, where Mrs. Wildcat will be sure to smell it. But do not go into the house, or play with the Wildcat babies. At this time of day I think they will be asleep in the den.”

After promising to obey, Little Bear walked through the gate down the path toward Bramble Thicket.

“That catnip will make Maria Wildcat feel better

the minute she tastes of it," said Mother Bear, as she sat down in the middle-sized chair and began knitting.

Soon after, Aunty Brown Bear knocked at the door and walked in, asking, "Where is Little Bear?"

"He has gone on an errand. He will soon be back," answered Mother Bear.

"I shall probably meet him," said Aunty Brown, "and if I may, I'll take him to supper, and bring him home at bedtime. His Uncle Brown wishes to see him."

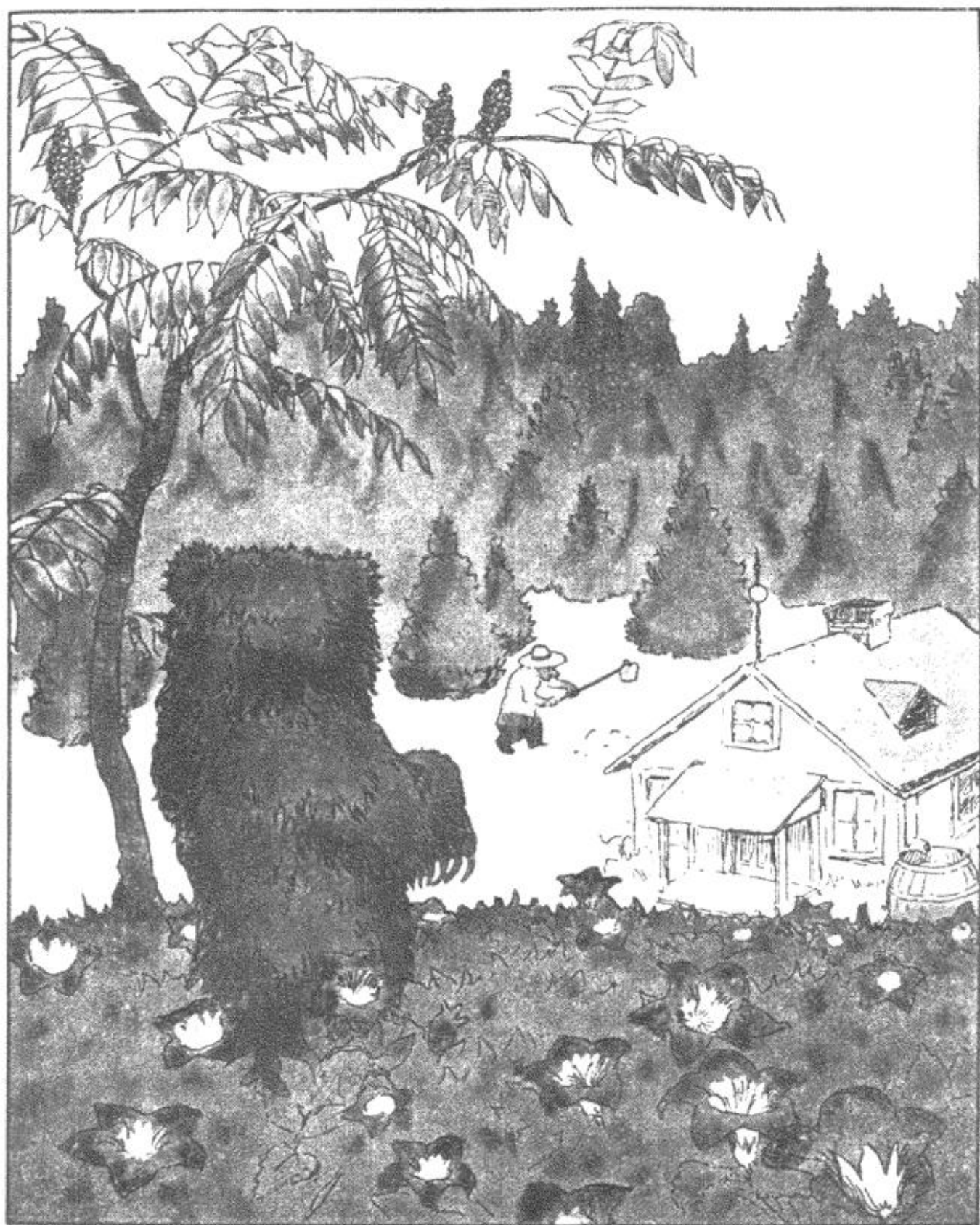
"Very well," agreed Mother Bear, "but he must be in bed before dark, or he won't grow big and strong."

But Aunty Bear did not meet Little Bear, for he was lost. He had left the catnip at Bramble Thicket, and was hurrying away, when he heard the baby Wildcats quarreling. The noise frightened Little Bear so he began to run; but he followed the wrong path.

At first, Little Bear thought he could find his way home; but after he had wandered round half an hour without seeing a tree he knew, or a clump of bluebells, or a daisy patch, he sat down and cried.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" advised Mother Robin.

So Little Bear cheered up and traveled on. But he could not find his way. Here and there he ran through the forest, looking for a familiar stone, or a path,



He was standing at the top of his own little hill!

or even a fairy ring; but though he found fairy rings, and paths, there was not one he had ever seen before.

On and on ran Little Bear, and his feet were tired and sore. Then daylight faded and darkness came. But he remembered that Father Bear had often said, "Little Bear, never give up! Never give up!"

So Little Bear would not give up. He wiped his eyes, and climbed the hill. When he reached the top, what do you suppose he saw in the gathering darkness? He saw his own little house and his own big garden; he was standing at the top of his own little hill! And he heard two hoes in the garden, going scritch—scritch—scratch! And he heard big, big Father Bear singing.

Little Bear ran down as fast as he could go, calling, "Mother Bear! Come get your baby! He was lost!"

You may be sure Father Bear and Mother Bear were surprised and grieved when they heard Baby Bear's story. After Mother Bear had given Little Bear a warm bath and a big bowl of bread and milk, Father Bear said:

"Son Bear, I'm ashamed of you! Next time mother sends you with catnip for Mrs. Wildcat, stay in the road. Cowards always get into trouble. You must be brave!"

But after Little Bear was sound asleep, Mother Bear went up to kiss him and whisper, "Poor little fellow!"

WHEN LITTLE BEAR SAT UP LATE

Seven o'clock was Little Bear's bedtime. Usually he was glad to cuddle down when robins tucked their heads under their wings and oriole babies in swinging cradles quit fretting. But one night when robins had gone south and oriole babies were grown up, he surprised his mother.

"I don't want to go to bed," said he. "Hoot Owl children sit up late, and, please, I should like to, too!"

Little Bear spoke in cheerful tones and smiled so happily that middle-sized Mother Bear looked pleased and big, big Father Bear grinned from ear to ear.

"We'll think about it," answered Mother Bear, with a wink at Father Bear.

"Very well," said Father Bear, "we'll think about it."

Soon after that the huge clock on the wide chimney shelf struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven!

Instead of saying, "Come, Little Bear, it is bedtime," Mother Bear began clearing away the supper. She washed the porridge bowls and spoons and the big kettle, and put them in the cupboard. Father Bear stirred the fire in the huge fireplace. This done, Mother Bear spread the cheery red cloth on the table, and placed two candles on it. Then she sat down in her middle-sized chair to

knit, while Father Bear seated himself in his big, big chair and read aloud from a ponderous book.

Little Bear sat in his wee, wee chair in front of the fire, and breathed a sigh of deep content.

The fire snapped, crackled, and roared up the chimney. The clock ticked loud tick-tocks on the wide shelf, the knitting needles clickety-clicked! and Father Bear droned on about "Winter Homes for Bears," "The Best Caves in the Forest," and other stories. Outside the wind howled, "Woo-oo-oo!" around the little house.

First thing he knew Little Bear began to feel sleepy. Next thing he knew he could n't keep his eyes open. At last Mother Bear dropped her knitting and smiled.

"Father Bear," said she, "Little Bear is sound asleep."

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Father Bear.

Just then the clock struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight!

"Shall I carry him up to bed?" asked Father Bear.

"Let me undress him first," answered Mother Bear.

Little Bear was so sound asleep he did n't awaken when his father lifted him from his wee, wee chair and put him in his mother's lap. Bumety-bump! went his nodding head against her shoulder when Mother Bear undressed him and put on his red flannel nightie.



Father Bear wound the clock, and blew out one of the candles. Then he tramped up to bed, carrying Little Bear, while Mother Bear followed with the lighted candle.

Soon the Three Bears were sound asleep and dreaming happy dreams while the autumn wind sang, "Woo-woo, woo-woo—ooo-oo!" outside their little house.

How Little Bear laughed next morning when his mother told him how he stayed up late, but could n't keep awake, not even until the clock struck eight!

Next night he was glad to go to bed right after supper, and by and by when the Three Bears moved to their winter home, Little Bear fell asleep and slept all winter.

WHEN LITTLE BEAR VISITED THE BEAVERS

Not far from the home of the Three Bears in the forest lived a colony of happy beavers. Their lodge was on a tiny island in the river. One moonlight night when Baby Bear was ill because he had eaten too much honey his mother gave him medicine and then rocked him in the middle-sized chair. Little Bear wasn't a bit sleepy, and when he saw a birch tree behind the house fall, swish, bang! into the river, he sat up straight in his mother's arms and pointed toward the window.

"That is *Castor Americanus* Beaver cutting down trees for his dam," explained Mother Bear. "You have seen his house and the dam, with the willow trees growing on top, many a time."

"What makes the Beavers build a dam?" asked Baby Bear.

"To protect their houses, Baby Bear. Sometimes the water in these little rivers dries up, so the Beavers build a dam across our river to keep the water from all going away, or freezing to the bottom during cold winters. Father Beaver is starting a new house, too, so they tell me, and that is why he is cutting down so many birch trees across the river."

“I wish I could go and see Father Beaver build his house,” said Baby Bear. “Sally Beaver said, ‘Ask your mother if you may come over and stay all night when we begin our new house, and see all the Beavers work.’ They do their work at night, she says. May I go?”

“Certainly, as soon as you are well,” agreed the Middle-sized Bear.

Two days later she took Baby Bear to the Beavers’ lodge across the river, and called upon Sally Beaver’s mother and her family. “Baby Bear wishes to come visiting,” said she.

“We are glad to see him,” said Mrs. Beaver. “Will you stay all day and all night, Baby Bear?”

Little Bear nodded his head vigorously, kissed his mother good-by, and went away with Sally Beaver to play with her brothers and sisters. Mother Bear walked home, smiling to herself.

That day Baby Bear dined on blackberries and





Lifting one of her hind feet, she combed her fur with her toes

roots of the yellow water lily. Then Sally Beaver told him he must take a long nap with the seven Beaver babies that were born in May.

“Where shall I sleep?” asked Baby Bear.

“On the floor, right here. You see it is kept perfectly clean. This is the only room that belongs to our family. There are a dozen other families living here under the same roof, but we each have only one room and one outside door. We also have holes in the river bank where we hide when danger threatens. Once a trapper tried to catch my father, but Goldilocks’s uncle sent him away from the forest and nothing bad has ever happened since. Now, don’t talk any more, Baby Bear, but cuddle down, and go to sleep.”

Baby Bear did n’t like to cuddle down on a floor made of mud and sticks and stones, but he rolled up in a round ball, down among the beavers, and was soon asleep. When he awoke Mother Beaver was teaching Sally and her seven other children how to keep their fur clean.

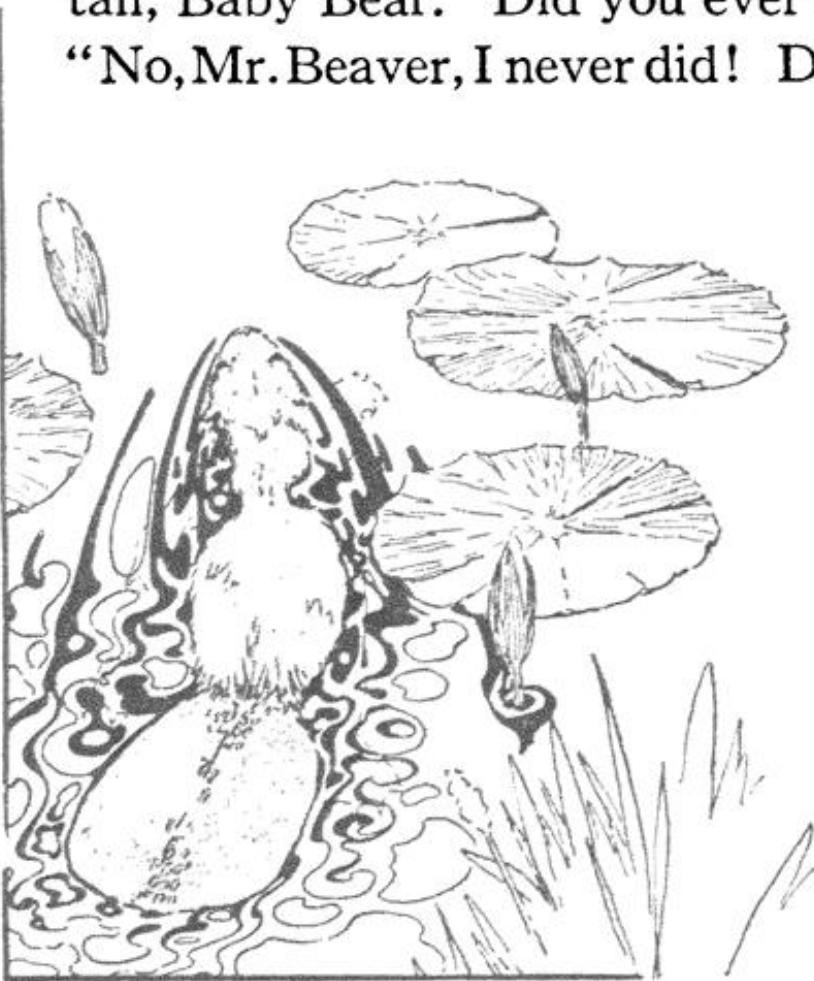
“Do it this way,” said she, and lifting one of her big hind feet, which were webbed like a duck’s foot, she combed her fur with her toes. Soon all the baby Beavers were combing their fur with their toes. Baby Bear thought it was a funny sight; but when he tried to comb

his hair with the toes of his hind foot over he went, tumblety, tumble! and bumped his nose. All the baby Beavers laughed until Sally Beaver told them it is n't polite to laugh at one's company.

When Father Beaver came home to supper he showed Baby Bear his sharp, orange-colored teeth, which were so strong he could cut down small trees with one bite. "But I usually gnaw round and round a tree before I can cut it down," he explained. "And look at my big flat tail, Baby Bear. Did you ever see anything like it?"

"No, Mr. Beaver, I never did! Do you plaster with it?"

"No, no, Baby Bear, that is a mistake. I use my tail for a paddle in the water, and for a rudder. I carry mud for plastering in my hands—I hold it up close under my throat, like this. We do plaster our houses and our dams, inside and out, and we keep



them plastered, but we do all that work with our hands. We are always busy, and now you know what it means to be 'busy as a beaver.' Well, Baby Bear, you must be hungry, so let us go in to supper."

Baby Bear did n't like his supper as well as he did his dinner, because all Mother Beaver had prepared was bark of trees, willow bark particularly.

"Bedtime, Baby Bear. Come, Baby Bear," called Sally Beaver at sunset.

"Oh, but I am going to sit up all night, Sally Beaver, and see Father Beaver build his new house!" cried Little Bear.

"But, Baby Bear, he won't build his new house until frost comes!" exclaimed Sally Beaver. "He is getting the materials ready now, and cutting down trees for us to eat bark from in the winter. He is working on our new house, of course, but the work he is doing now is floating trees down the river. Cuddle down and go to sleep, Baby Bear. You can come again in October and see the new house."

Tears rolled down Baby Bear's cheeks, but he cuddled down beside the little Beaver children and tried to go to sleep.

"Swish, swish! Swish, swish!" sang the river close

beside the Beavers' house. It sang the baby Beavers to sleep; but Baby Bear did not like its music. It made him feel lonesome and want Mother Bear, so he began to cry softly.

"Poor little fellow! I really believe he is homesick," declared Sally Beaver. "Please go for his mother, Father Beaver."

So up the river paddled good-natured Father Beaver as fast as he could go. Then he waddled up the garden path to the Three Bears' house and told Father Bear that his baby was homesick.

Father Bear and Mother Bear went together after their homesick baby. When they were home again Mother Bear gave Little Bear a bowl of porridge and pretty soon the little fellow was sound asleep in his own wee bed.

"I never could understand why the Beavers like to live in such damp houses!" said Mother Bear to Father Bear.

"Nor I, either," admitted Father Bear, "but they are good neighbors, good neighbors!"