

A BUNCH OF KEYS



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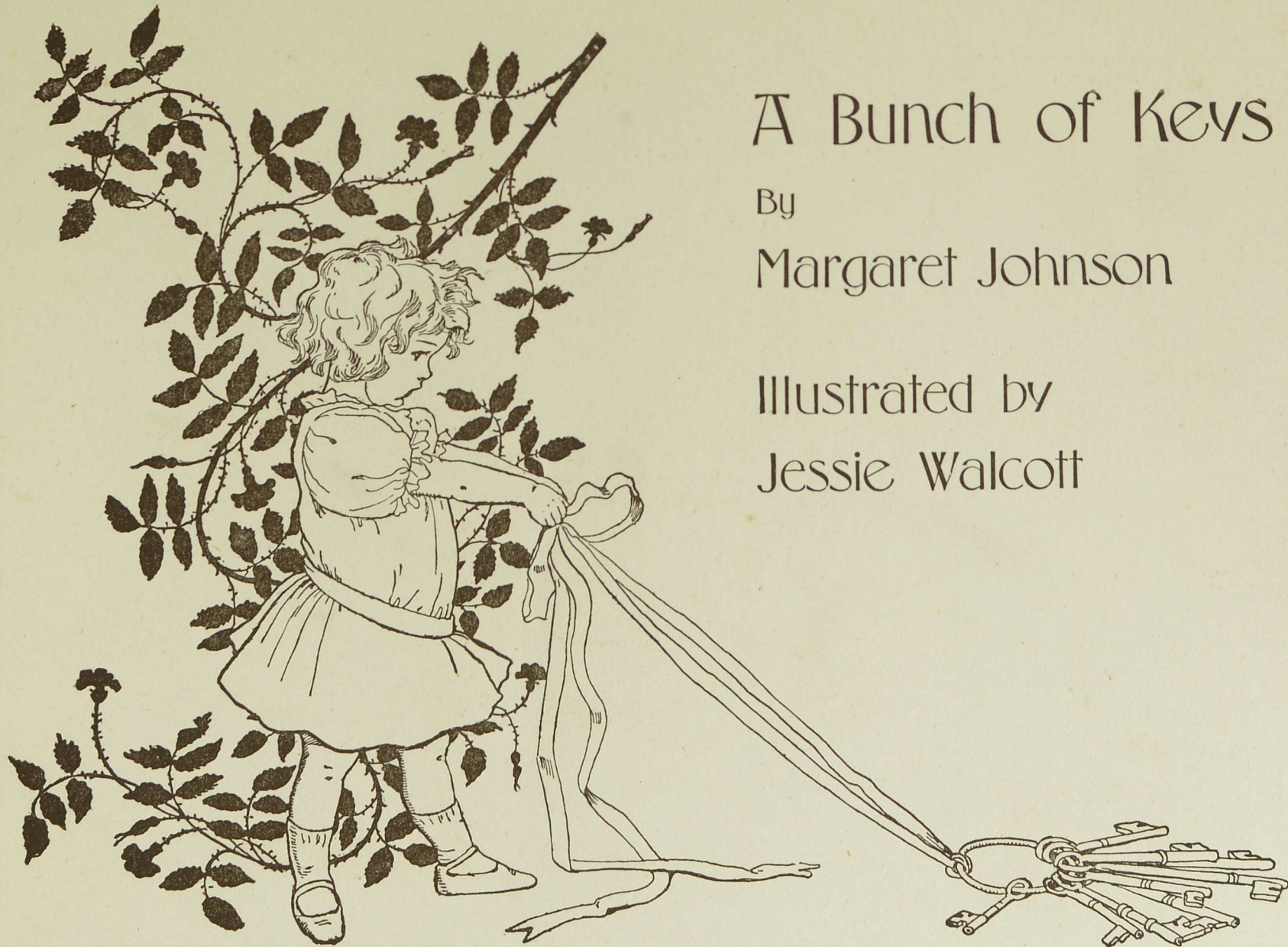


Jessie With Eric's love.

January 1908.



Frontispiece



A Bunch of Keys

By

Margaret Johnson

Illustrated by

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To Linzee King
The Little Daughter of
An Old Friend

Introduction

It was Uncle George who called them a bunch of Keys, because there were so many of them, and their name was Key. There were Grandpapa Key and Grandmamma Key, and Papa Key and Mamma Key, and Uncle George and Tom and Kinky and Curly and Baby Key. And they all lived together in a big white house with green blinds, and lilac bushes in the front yard. And this was the way they came to belong to the Key-ring.

One day Kinky and Curly sat on the piazza steps with sad faces.

“What is the matter?” asked Uncle George.

“We have read up all our books,” said Kinky and Curly, “and we want a new one — all our own; and we don’t know where to get it!”

“Make it!” said Uncle George, looking very funny and wise.

“How?” cried Kinky.

“How?” cried Curly.

“If a whole bunch of Keys can’t unlock their thinking-boxes, and make a whole book full of stories, to please themselves, it’s a pity, I think,” said Uncle George.

INTRODUCTION

“O, everybody tell a story!” cried Kinky.

“And write it down in a book!” cried Curly.

“Yes,” said Uncle George. “And everybody that tells a story shall belong to the Key-ring. And the stories shall all be written down in a book—Tom shall write them, because he can write so well. And I will make the pictures, because I can draw so beautifully.”

Then Kinky and Curly rolled over and over on the grass for joy, because they were to have a book of their very own.

“And when all the Keys, little and big, have unlocked their thinking-boxes and told their stories,” said Uncle George, “and when Tom has written them all down, and I have made the pictures, we will have a fine cover for our book, and we will call it

A BUNCH OF KEYS.”



The Grandfather's Story

"Grandpa must tell the first story, because he is the oldest," said the children. Now Grandpa sat up very straight in his piazza chair, and his eyes twinkled behind his spectacles.

"But I want to read the newspaper," he said.

"But you can't belong to the Key-ring unless you tell a story!" said Kinky.

"And you can read the newspaper afterwards," said Curly.

Then Grandpa laid down his newspaper, and wrinkled up his forehead, and thought very hard.

"Must it be a true story?" he asked.

"Please, Grandpa!" said Kinky.

"And must it be a funny story?"

"Please, Grandpa!" said Curly.

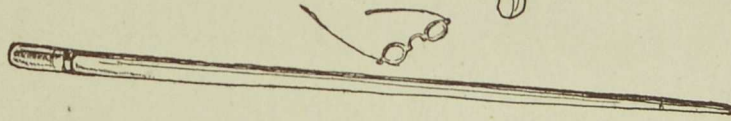
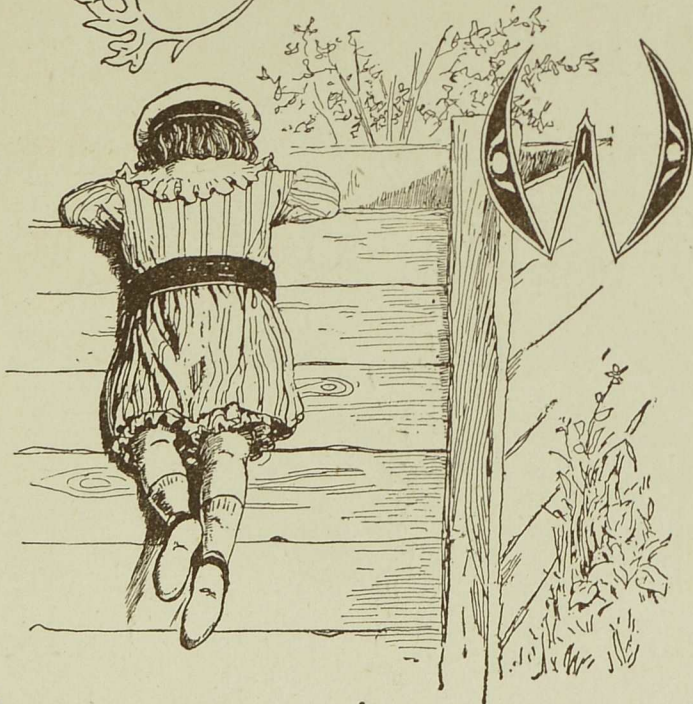
"Very well," said Grandpa, "I have unlocked my thinking-box, and out comes a story about—about a Little Pig!"


"Good!" cried the children.

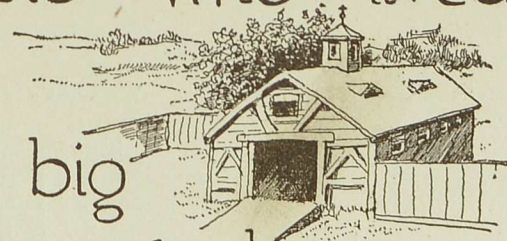
"Very good!" said Uncle George, getting out his pencils. I can draw a lovely pig.






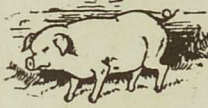
THE STORY OF LILY THE PIG

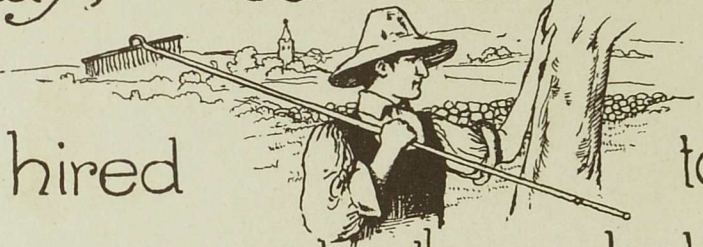
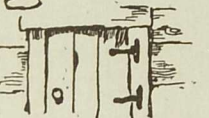
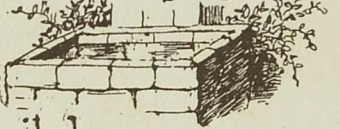
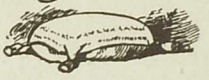


When Teddy was a very little  he went to visit his uncle who lived on a farm.

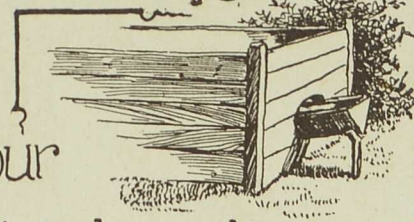


Out to the big  and the cows and the  Then he climbed up and peeped over the edge of the pigpen

Down in one corner he saw a little white
such a dear little white pig with
pink eyes and a curly 
"Hello!" said Teddy. "Out! Out!"
said the little  "You are
too nice a little pig to stay in
that dirty place," said Teddy, "You shall come
and be my little pet".


Then he got Peter the hired  to
open the  of the pigpen and they took
the little pig to the  and washed him
and Teddy tied a ribbon on his neck and gave
him a  to lie on and named him "Lily".

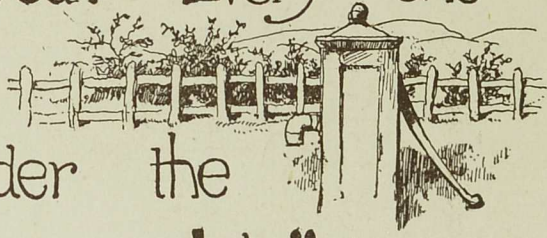

But the next day his pet was gone and when he climbed up and peeped over into the pigpen again, there was Lily the pig among all the other pigs grunting for joy to be at home again.



"Silly Lily!" said Teddy, "to like your pen better than—" And then his hands slipped and over he went headfirst into the pen! O how rough the straw was! And Teddy did not like the parings of apples and potatoes and the bowl of water was not clean, and pretty soon there were two tears in Teddy's two eyes.



Now Peter the hired man came by with a
of food for the pigs. How he did
laugh to see Teddy's sad !
"Oho!" he cried, "So you do not like
staying with Lily the pig any better
than he liked staying with you! Every one to
his own taste, Master Ted!

Come and I will put you under the 
Then Teddy laughed too. "Good-bye Lily," he said
"I will live in my  and you may live in
yours!" "Ouf! Ouf!" said Lily the pig "Ouf! Ouf!"

said all the other





THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY

“Was it you, Grandpapa—was it?” asked Kinky.

“Was it?” asked Curly.

Grandpapa looked very wise.

“When I was a little boy, my mother used to call me Teddy!” he said at last.

The children clapped their hands.

“And does the pig in the picture look truly, truly, like Lily the Pig?” they asked.

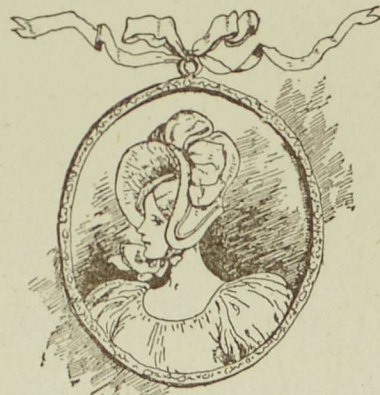
“Truly, truly!” said Grandpapa. “Uncle George has made the very curl in the very tail of Lily the Pig. And now do I belong to the Key-ring?”

“Indeed you do!” cried the children. “And we will give you a hug beside. To-morrow it will be Grandmamma’s turn for a story!”





THE



GRANDMOTHER'S

STORY

The Grandmother's Story

Clickety-clickety-click ! went Grandmamma's knitting-needles.

Grandmamma was sitting by the window, and the sun was shining, and the flowers were blooming on the sill.

"But it is your turn to tell us a story!" cried the children.

"And what about my stocking?" said Grandmamma.

Then Curly nodded her yellow head wisely.

"You can knit better when you talk, Grandmamma!" she said. "The stocking will grow while you are telling us the story."

"Hear the child!" said Grandmamma. "Well, well,—sit down then, as still as mice, and don't forget to pick up my ball every time I drop it, and I will tell you the story of The Blue Bandbox."

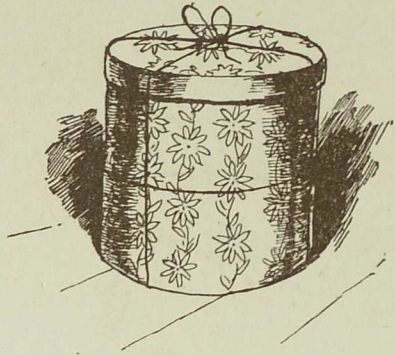
"Tell away, Grandmamma!" said Uncle George, sharpening his best pencil very sharp. "I can draw a beautiful bandbox."

The Story of the Blue Bandbox

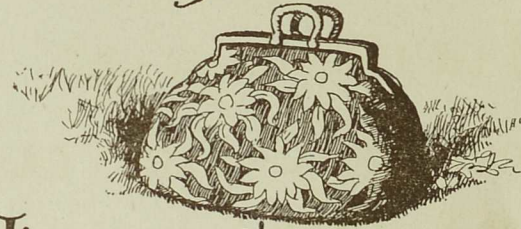


It had always stood on the top  of the closet in the trunk-room among the other  and bags and in it was Mother's best white  which she wore to meeting Sundays. Lucy took a  sometimes and climbed up for just a peep at that beautiful bonnet.

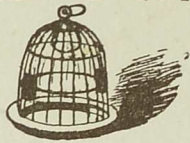
But now one sunny summer's day the blue
was going on a journey to the
country with all the family and Lucy
was to carry it.



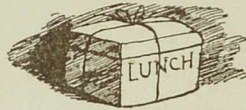
Father had the big
and Mother the little



and Jimmy the parrot's


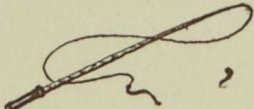




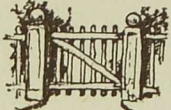

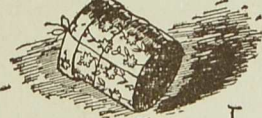






and Johnny the







the gray And the trunks were strapped
on behind and out to the great
coach went the whole



Round went the wheels, Ta-ra-ra! went the
, snap went the , and away they
all rolled down the sunny road. 
There was so much to see! At first
sat very still but  clucked, and
 barked, and up at the top of a
long hill, a tiny barefoot  popped out
of a  and shouted "Whoa!" to the great
coach. Then Lucy forgot everything, and
jumped up and clapped her . And
away went the blue . And it rolled
and it rolled and fell - splash! - into a great
pool of water at the bottom of the hill. 

The parrot screamed, the cat mewed, Lucy cried and the  jumped off the driver's seat and ran down the hill, and fished the  out of the  and brought it dripping to Lucy. And the blue ran down her clean

frock and mixed with her tears. But when they had opened the  lo, there was nothing in it! "Dear, dear!" said Mother, "The last time I wore my best  to meeting I put it away in the *green* bandbox, and never thought of it again!" Then the  crowed, the  purred, everybody laughed, and Ta-ra-ra! away they all went!



THE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

"And was the bonnet all safe?" asked Kinky.

"All safe in the *green* bandbox on the top shelf of the closet in the trunk-room," said Grandmamma.

"How do you know?" asked Curly.

Grandmamma shook her gray curls merrily.

"Because I was Lucy," she said. "And that was my own mother's best Sunday bonnet!"

Then she began to knit so fast that the children had to look twice to see her needles.

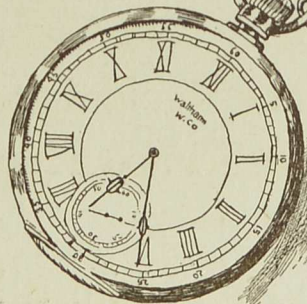
"Run away!" she cried, "and let me finish my stocking! I have told my story, and you must put me on the Key-ring. To think I might never have been there, if it had n't been for The Blue Bandbox!"





The Father's

Story



The Father's Story

The lamp was lighted, and the shades were pulled down, and Papa Key was winding his watch.

“Will there be time for a story before we have to go to bed?” asked Kinky.

“Will there?” asked Curly.

“There will be a whole half-hour and five minutes over, before you have to go to bed,” said Papa Key. “What kind of a story can I tell you in a whole half-hour and five minutes over?”

“A story about a Cat,” said Curly.

“A story about a Dog,” said Kinky.

“Not a bit of it!” said Papa Key. “I shall tell you a story about a Real Live Elephant!”


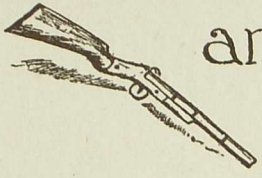
Then the children hugged him till he nearly choked.

“Splendid!” they cried.

“My goodness gracious!” said Uncle George. “Do I have to draw a Real Live Elephant? Let me sharpen my biggest pencil, quick!”

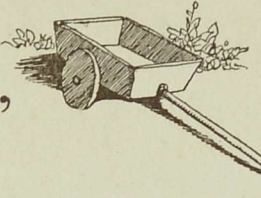

The Story of the Real Live Elephant




Billy-boy had been playing circus with the gray flannel and the woolly white with three legs and the plaster  But by and by he grew tired of this play. "These are not truly animals," said Billy-boy, "I think I will take my  and go and find a Real Live Elephant."


"Where are you going?" asked Little Brother,
playing with his red  in the yard.



"To find a Real Live Elephant," said Billy-boy.

"I will go too," said Little Brother, "And I will take
my red  full of  to feed
him with."

"Where are you going?" asked the  who
lived next door, Daisy Bell.

"To find a Real Live Elephant," said Billy-boy.

"I will go too," said Daisy Bell, "And I will take
my new  to show him." "Bow-wow!"

I will go too," said Duke the  "Yap-
yap! And so will I!" said Dandy the 

Then away they all went down the street,



and



and




and

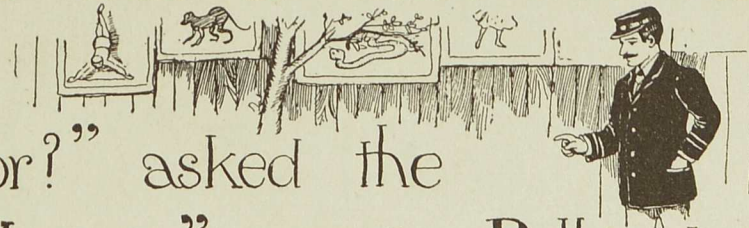


and



And they went and they went till they came
to a high board  with pictures on it

And behind the fence was a big 
and in front of the fence was a man with brass
buttons on his coat.

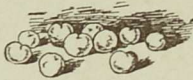



“What are you looking for?” asked the

“For a Real Live Elephant,” said Billy-boy.

Then the man laughed. “This is the place,” he
said, “But please don’t shoot him with your gun!”

Then the man opened a little narrow gate in the fence and there — what do you think! — there, just inside, was the

And Little Brother fed him with  and Daisy Bell showed him her new  and Billy-boy patted him softly with his gun and Duke and Dandy said “Bow-wow! Yap-yap!” And then they all went home



and



and




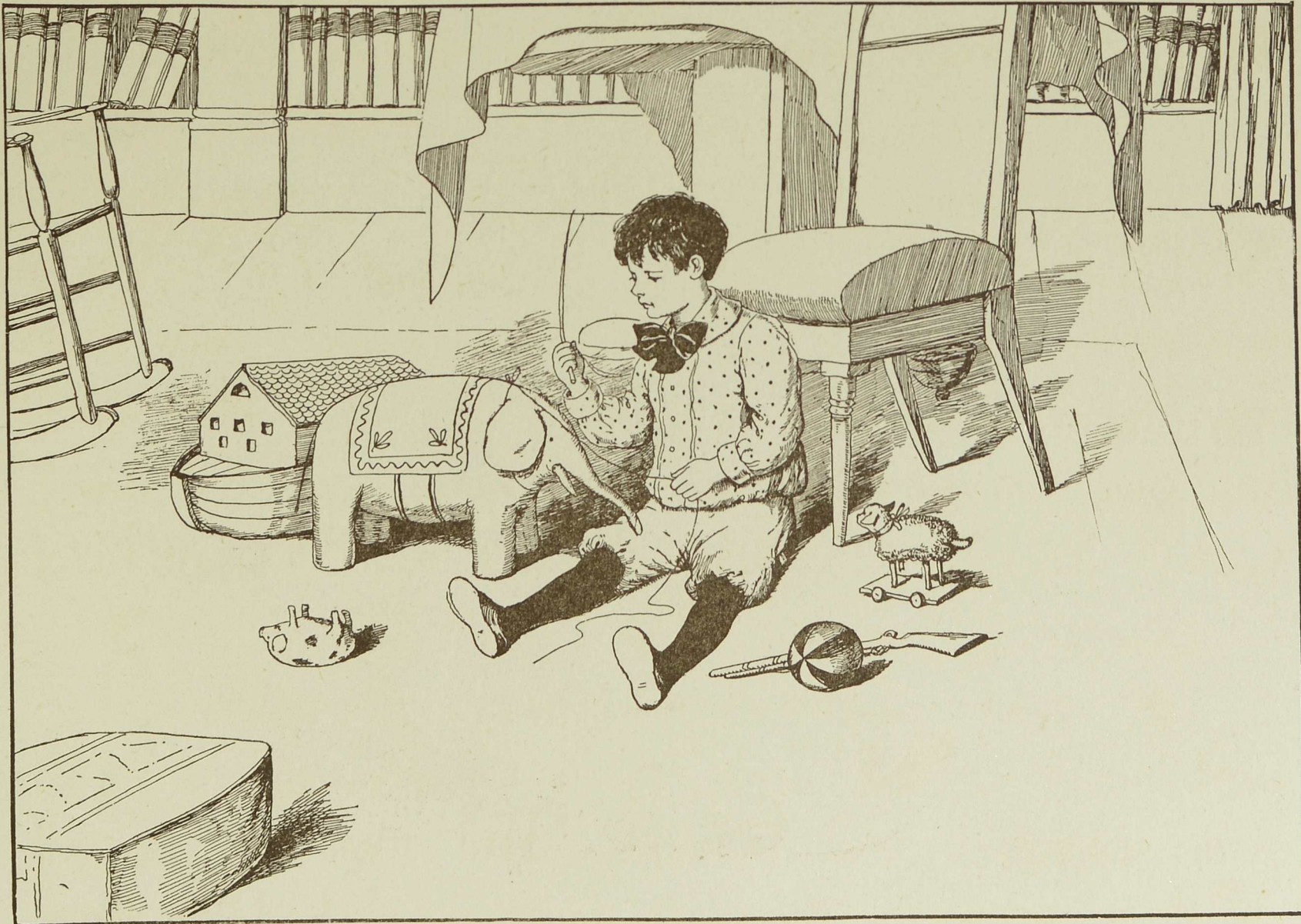
and



and



quite pleased and happy. “But the gray flannel  is nicer to play with,” said Little Brother.



THE FATHER'S STORY

"And was it really a Real Live Elephant?" asked Kinky.

"Was it?" asked Curly.

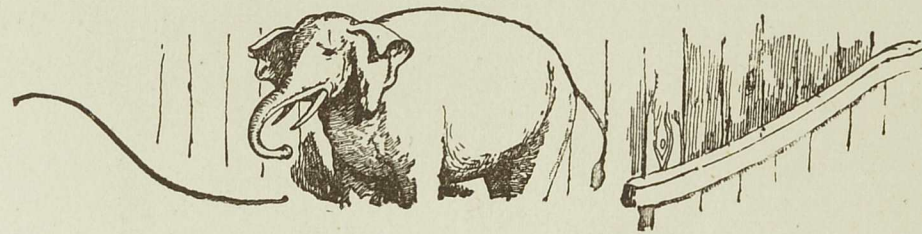
"Really," said Papa Key. "A Real Live Elephant that belonged to an Animal Show, and the kind man was the Keeper of the Animals."

"And did Little Brother really like the Gray Flannel Elephant best?" said Curly.

"Ask Uncle George," said Papa Key, with a funny twinkle in his eye. "He knows!"

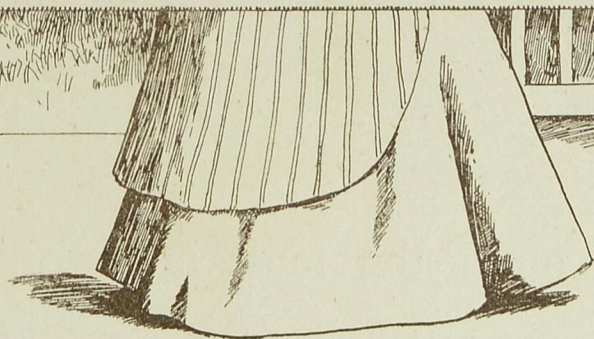
"Did he, Uncle George, did he?" cried the children.

"Dear me, I suppose he did," said Uncle George, "if Papa Key says so. For he was Billy-boy, and I was Little Brother!"





THE MOTHER'S STORY



The Mother's Story

Up and down and here and there went Mamma Key. She dusted the parlor, and picked the flowers, and made the pudding, and brought the peas out on the piazza in a bright tin pan to shell for dinner.

“And now you can tell us a story!” said the children.

“Dear me!” said Mamma Key. “And suppose I don't know any story?”

“Then you must unlock your thinking-box and find a story!” said Kinky.

“A be-yewtiful story!” said Curly.

“Very well,” said Mamma Key. “I will shell five peapods without stopping, and then I will tell you what I have found.”

So she shelled five peapods without stopping, and then she said: “Now I will tell you the most be-yewtiful story of Dollabella and the White Sunbonnet.”

“And I will make the most be-yewtiful pictures for it!” said Uncle George.






THE STORY OF DOLLABELLA AND THE WHITE SUNBONNET



The White Sunbonnet belonged
to a very little
called Dimple.




She used to wear it when she
played in the sand with her little  and
and when she picked  in the sun. And
Grandpapa said that sunbonnet made her look
like a big white  herself on a short stem.


Wherever Dimple went, she took her big china
whose name was Dollabella.




sat in Dimple's  and rode in



her  and slept in her crib,

and was fed out of her .

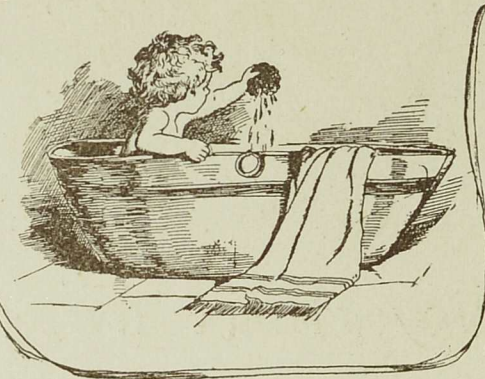
Once Dimple pulled Dollabella into the bath  when Jane,


the nurse, gave her a morning

and poor Dollabella had to be

dried by the  and

never looked so pretty again.

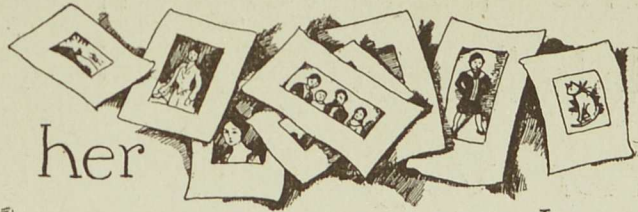


Now Grandpapa wanted to have a picture
of his little Dimple in her white  made
to stand on the table in his study.

So one day Dimple and her Mamma and Dollabella went to the picture-man's to have the picture taken. And then - what do you think! - this silly



didn't want the Picture-man to take it!



They showed her and






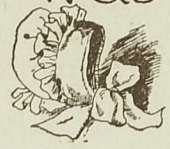
and a bird that sang and a funny little red



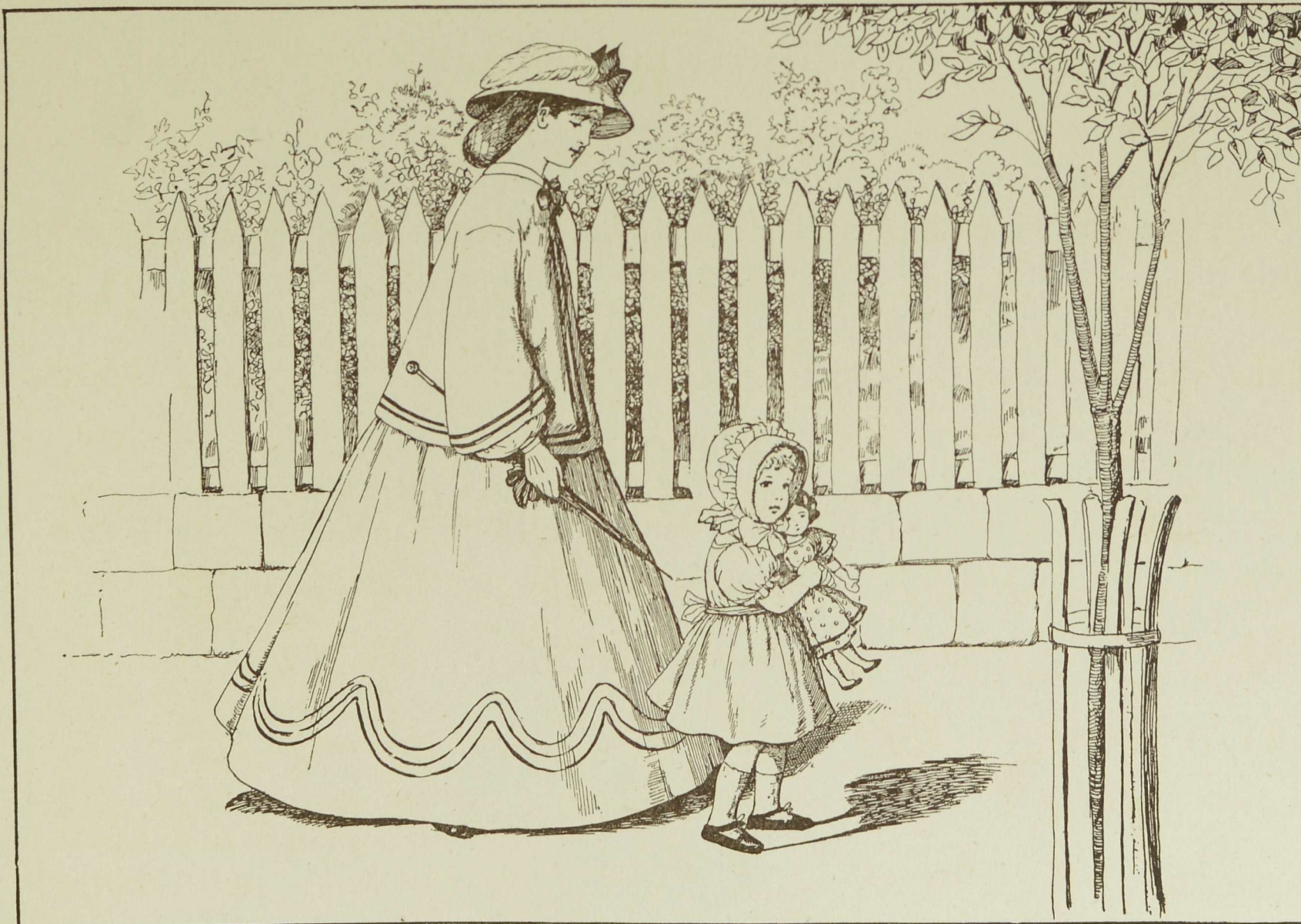
and they talked to her and coaxed her, but still she said she couldn't and she wouldn't, and she was just going to cry out loud when in came Cousin Fred. "Dear, dear, what's this?" he said, doesn't want to have her picture taken?



Well, then she needn't. But let's have a picture of  now that we are all right here, - shall we?" O yes, Dimple would like that very much. "Then you must take Dollabella in your lap," said Cousin Fred, "and keep her very still."

So Dimple sat down in a little  and took Dollabella in her lap, and kept her very still. "Now!" said the man, and held up a bright  and snap! the was taken! And how Grandpa laughed, for there was the very picture he wanted of Dimple in her  with Dollabella in her arms.





THE MOTHER'S STORY

"That was the most be-yewtiful story!" said Kinky.

"I wish I knew that cunning little girl!" said Curly.

"You do know her," said Papa Key. "Mamma Key was that cunning little girl."

"Was she?" cried Kinky.

"Was she, really?" cried Curly.

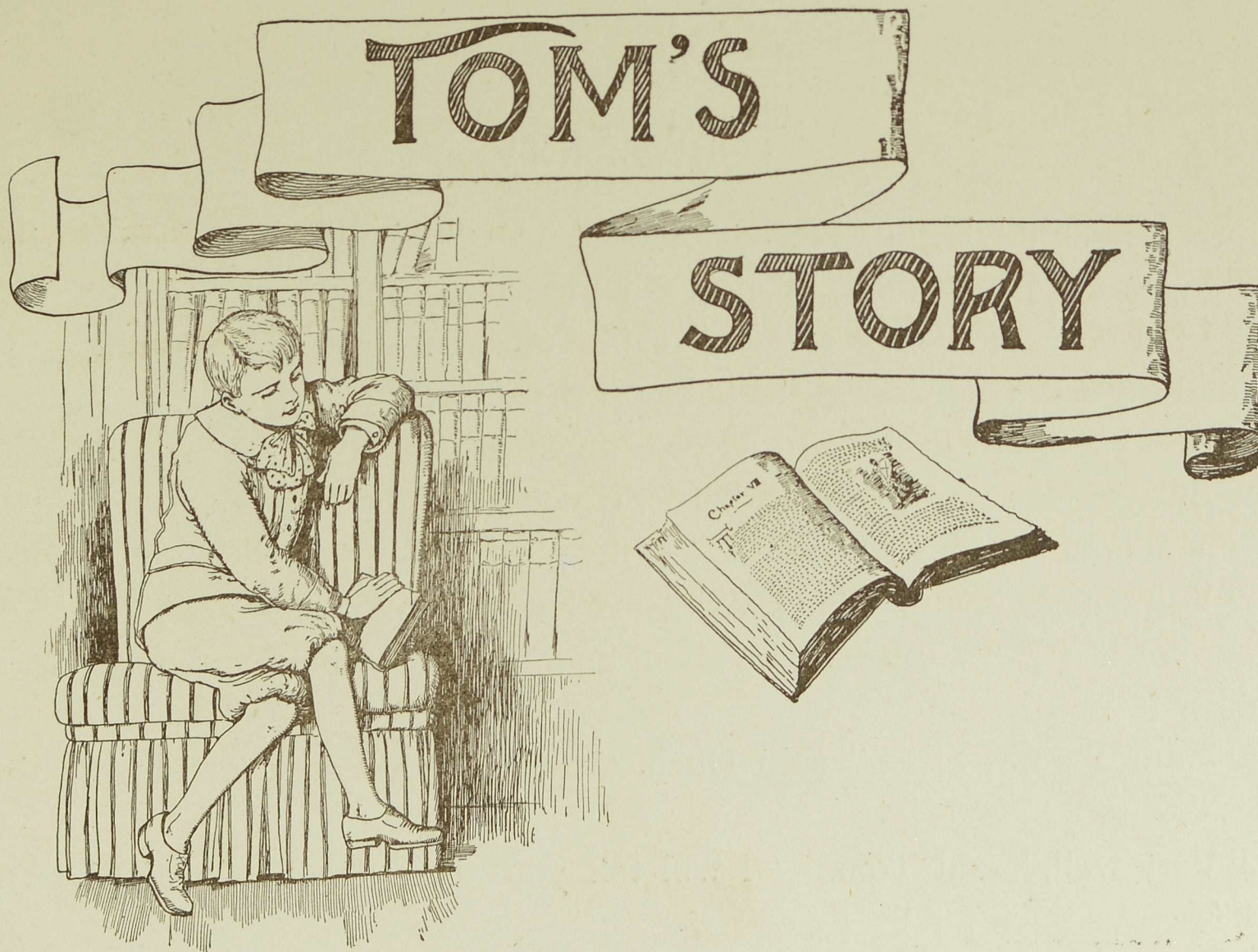
"Really," said Papa Key. "And I should n't be surprised if she had that very sunbonnet tucked away somewhere now, and Dollabella too."

"But I'm glad she is n't that cunning little girl any more," said Curly.

"Because now she's such a cunning big lady!"

And then they all laughed.





Tom's Story

Tom was studying his history lesson. The children pounced upon him.

"What are you reading, Tom?" they cried.

"I am reading about a soldier," said Tom, "a great, splendid, brave soldier, and a great, splendid, glorious battle that he fought."

"It is your turn to tell us a story," said Curly.

"But you can tell it about a battle, if you like," said Kinky.

Then Tom shut his book.



"You could n't understand about my battles," he said.—Tom was such a big, big boy!—"But I can tell you about another kind of battle, if Uncle George can draw it."



"I am a great artist," said Uncle George. "All great artists can draw battles."






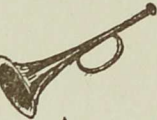
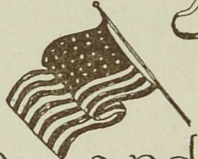
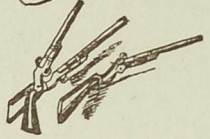
"Very well," said Tom. "I will tell you about the Battle of Blueberry Bend."

The Story of the Battle of Blueberry Bend








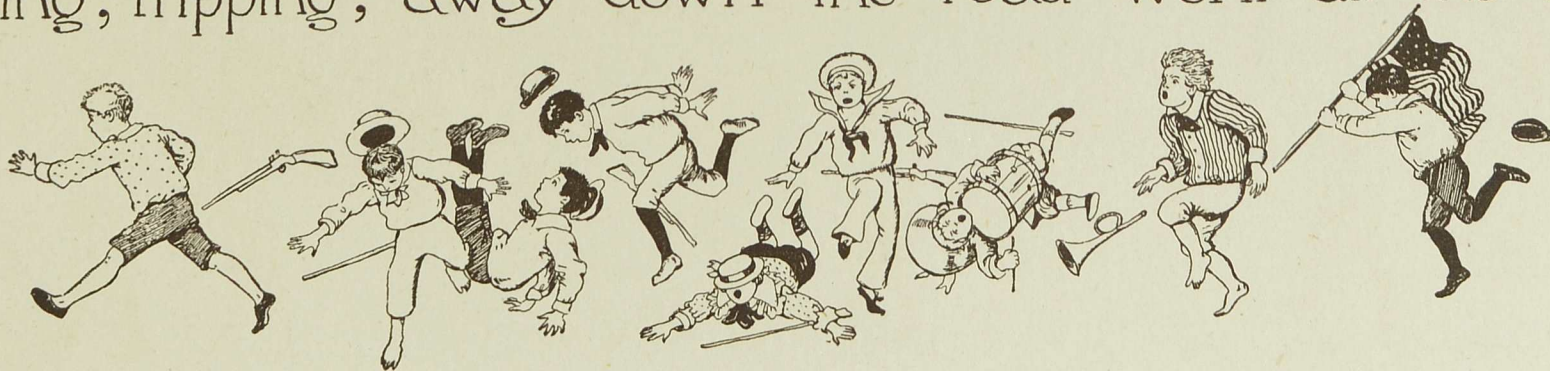
Qne day when Captain Harry was playing with his  of tin  a bright thought popped into his curly



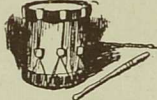
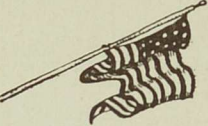

 "I will have a real army, with real  he said, "to fight real battles with real wooden guns and swords, and then I shall be a real Captain!"

So he called all the little boys he knew into his yard and stood up on a  and told them his plan. And they all threw their  into the air and cried Hurrah! And the army was ready to march that very day. Captain Harry had a fine  and  Tommy had a  and Johnny a  and Willie a  and all the rest  And straight and trim, and proud and prim, away down the road marched all the little





Past the church they marched, and by the school-
 and over the  till they came
to the turn in the road by the stone 
called **Blueberry Bend**. And there they met the
enemy, **Farmer Brown's old Billy-** 
Billy stared at the boys, and the boys stared at **Billy**
"Charge!" said brave **Captain Harry**. But it was
 that charged! And running, skipping, stum-
bling, tripping, away down the road went all the little



Johnny jumped over the  and Joey climbed up a  and Tommy and his  rolled over and over down the hill, and Willie tripped in his  and the rest dropped their  and ran home as fast as they could. And no one was left of all the army but their brave Captain



“My tin  would not have run away!” said he sadly to Sister Mary. “No,” said she, but  might have chewed them up. And now the army is all safe; and brave and gay may march away, and fight again another day!”



TOM'S STORY

“That little Tommy that ran away from the goat, was it you, Tom?” asked the children.

“Well,” said Tom, “you see, I was very small then, and did n't know any better.”

“But you are brave now, are n't you?” said Curly; “as brave as the great, splendid, brave soldier that you read about in your history book!”

“O yes!” said Tom, looking very fierce, “I am not afraid of anything. So if you ever meet with a terrible Tiger or a great, great, roaring Lion, let me know, and I will come and fight him for you! Now run away and let me finish my history lesson!”





Kinky's Story

"O, must I tell a story too?" asked Kinky. "Must I?"

"Of course," said Uncle George. "You can't belong to the Key-ring unless you do."

"And must I make it all up my own self?" asked Kinky.

"Well," said Uncle George, "if you should happen to remember something that somebody has told you, you might put that in too, but you must make part of it up. And you must make it up about something that I can draw."





"Can you draw a—a—Bear?" said Kinky.





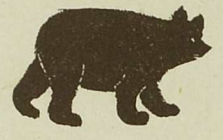


"O yes, I can draw a splendid Bear!" said Uncle George.


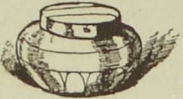
"Then," said Kinky, "I will tell a story about a Lazy Brown Bear and a Very Polite Little Boy."


The Story of the Lazy Brown Bear

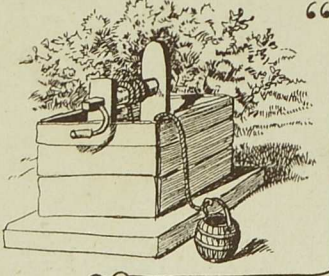
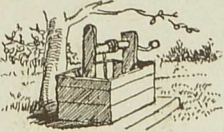



Once there was a Lazy Brown Bear that lived in a big hole in a big  in the big Pine Woods. And once there was a Very Polite Little  that went out to pick  and got lost in the big Pine . And when the Little Boy saw the Lazy Brown Bear, he said "How do you do, dear Mr. Bear."

Please not to eat me!" And the **Lazy Brown**
 said "No, I won't eat you, if you will
 bring me some  for my
 dinner!" So the **Little Boy** ran and
 ran till he came to a big **Oak**  "Please, Mr.
Oak," he said, "give me some acorns!" And the
Oak-tree shook down a  full of 
 And the **Little Boy** ran and ran and took them
 to the **Lazy Brown Bear**. "Now you won't eat
 me, will you?" he said. "No," said the 
 "Not if you will bring me some nice 
 for my dessert." So the **Little Boy** ran
 and ran till he found a **Hive** of 

“Please, dear ,” he said, “Give me some ” And the Bees gave him a full of honey. And he ran and ran and took it to the Lazy Brown Bear. “Now you won’t eat me, will you?” he said.

“No,” said the Lazy Brown  “not if you will bring me a drink of water!” So the Little Boy ran and ran till he came to a cool, deep



 “Please, dear Well,” he said “Give me some water!” And the deep  gave him a  full of water.


And he ran and ran and took it to the Lazy Brown Bear. “Now you won’t eat me, will you?”

he said. "No," said the Bear, "not if you will bring me a nice soft  for my head."


So the Little Boy looked up at the Big Pine



and said "Please, dear Trees, give me some  " And the Trees shook down a whole  full of needles.

And the Lazy Brown 

lay down and went fast asleep with his head on the nice soft  And the Little

Boy ran and ran till he ran way out of the Big Pine Woods, and ran and ran till he ran straight into his Mama's arms! 



KINKY'S STORY

And was it because he was such a polite little boy that the Lazy Brown Bear did n't eat him up?" asked Curly.

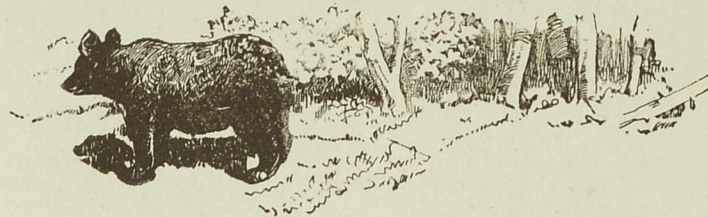
"Course it was," said Kinky. "And that was why he got everything he wanted. Did n't you hear him say 'please!' every time?"

"That very polite little boy did n't happen to be you, did he?" asked Uncle George.

"No," said Kinky. "I never went in the Big Pine Woods, and met a Lazy Brown Bear. But it might have been me——"

"Because you are a very polite little boy," cried Curly, "and always say 'please!' "

And then Curly hugged Kinky till they both fell off the piazza steps.



CURLY'S STORY



Curly's Story

Curly was playing with Seraphina in the corner of the piazza. Seraphina was Curly's doll, and she had on all her best clothes.

"Now you are a Princess," said Curly.

"It is your turn to tell a story!" said Kinky.

Curly put Seraphina down, and looked very grave.

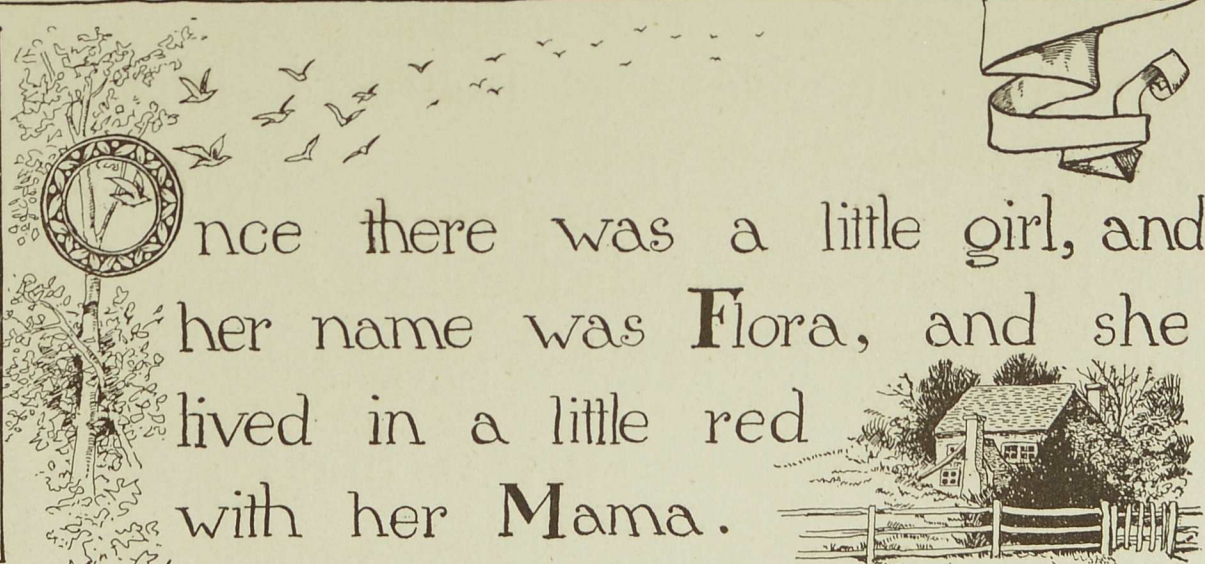
"What shall I tell about?" she said.

"Tell about a Princess!" cried Kinky.




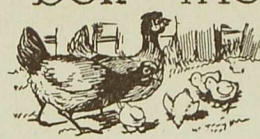
"Tell about a fairy!" said Uncle George. "Nobody has told a story about a fairy, and I should so like to draw one,—a pretty little fairy, with wings and a wand!"







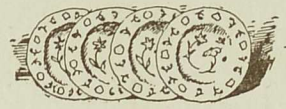



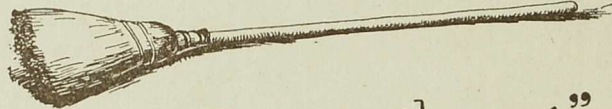

"Very well," said Curly, "I will tell you a story about a little girl and a fairy, and there will be a Princess in it too, to please Kinky. And the name of it will be The Story of Flora and the Fairy."

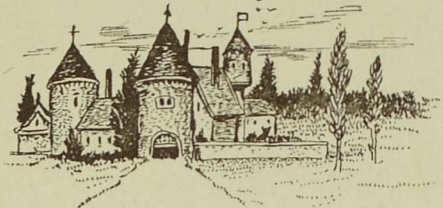


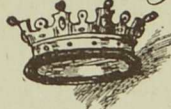





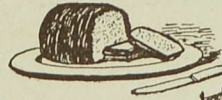

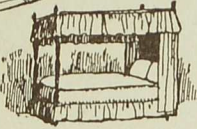
The Story of Flora and the Fairy



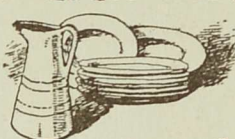



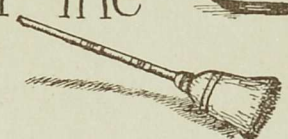





Once there was a little girl, and her name was Flora, and she lived in a little red with her Mama.

And she had to wash the  and boil the  and peel the  and feed the  and sweep the floors with a big, big broom before she could go out to play.

And one day when Flora was sitting out on the
peeling  she heard a little
voice call "Flora!" And Flora looked
up and she saw a beautiful little  sitting
on the edge of her  with wings, and a 
in her hair. And the fairy said, "What do you want,
little ?" And Flora said "O, I want to be a
Princess and live in a fine  where there
are not any  to wash, or  to boil
or  to feed, or  to peel, or floors
to sweep with a big, big 
And the Fairy said, "Shut your  then!" And
Flora folded her hands and shut her eyes tight.

And when she opened her eyes she was sitting
 in a fine  in a big gold  with forty-
 'leven  and a gold  on her head and gold  on
 her feet. And in this fine castle
 she had cake for breakfast every morning, and ice-
 cream and  for supper every night, and forty
 'leven  of candy to eat, and forty'leven 
 to play with. But she did not have any chickens
 or  or any  and  or any Mama
 to tuck her up in her  at night.
 And one day when she was sitting in her great
 gold chair, she heard a little voice call "Princess!"

And she looked up and there was the beautiful little
 standing on the toe of her  And
 the Fairy said, "What do you want,
 little girl?" And the  said,
 "O, I want to go home to my own
 Mama!" And the Fairy said, "Do you want to
 wash the  and feed the  and boil
 the  and peel the  and sweep the
 floors with a big, big ?" And the Princess
 said "Yes, I do!" And the Fairy said, "Shut your
 then." And she shut her  tight. And
 when she opened them, she was not a Princess
 any more, but little Flora sitting on the 



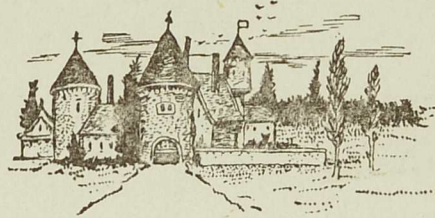
CURLY'S STORY

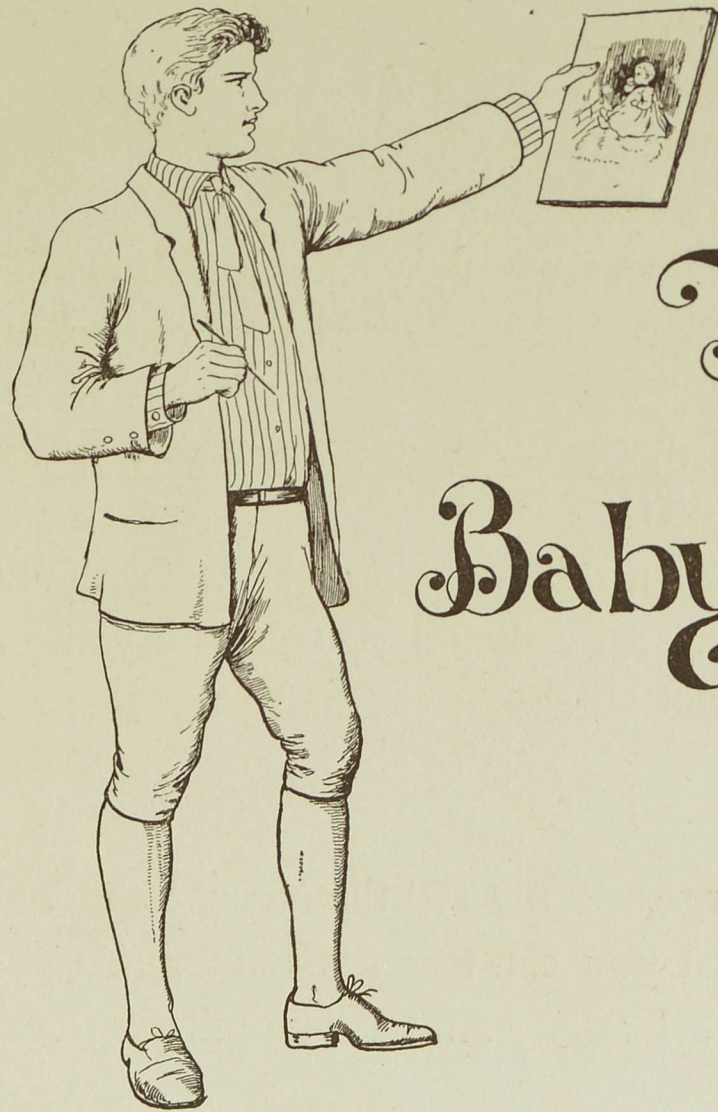
“That little girl could never have been you, Curly,” said Uncle George. “Because I am sure you never wanted to be a Princess!”

“No,” said Curly. “But if I had to wash the dishes and boil the potatoes and peel the apples and sweep the floors with a big, big broom, *then* I should want to be a Princess!”

“But did the little girl really see the fairy, did she?” asked Kinky. Curly looked at Uncle George and smiled.

“I think,” she said, wisely, “I think prob'bly she dreamed it!”





The Baby's Story

The Baby's Story

"The baby ought to tell a story," said Curly.

"The baby can't talk," said Kinky.

Baby Key sat on Mamma Key's lap, and looked as solemn as a little owl.

"Only a very wise person can understand what the baby says," said Uncle George. "He has told me a great many lovely stories when you would n't have heard him say anything but 'Goo!'"

"*You* can tell the baby's story, then, Uncle George!" cried the children.

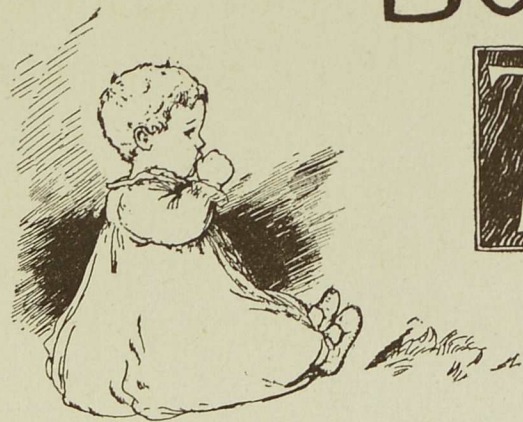
"Very well," said Uncle George. "I will tell you the story the baby told me when he came in from the Park the other day. Shall I tell them that story, Baby Key?"

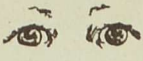

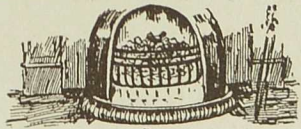

"Goo!" said Baby Key.




"He says yes," said Uncle George. "If I tell the story, I think somebody else ought to draw the pictures. But you can't any of you make such lovely pictures as I can, so I will draw while I talk. And I will tell you the Story of the Bold By-low Baby."

The title "The Story of the Bold By-Low Baby" is written in a decorative, serif font. A ribbon-like border with circular ornaments and two small figures (one on the left, one on the right) is integrated into the text.

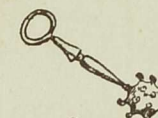

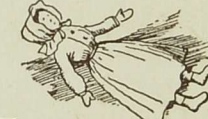
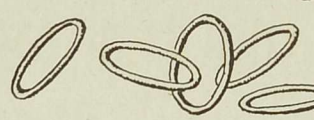
The Story of the Bold By-Low Baby





The By-low Baby was a year and a day old. He had brown hair and brown  and he was very bold. He used to sit on the  in front of the  with his little round  in his mouth, and think of all the beautiful things that he would do if only his Mama and Nurse Alice would let him.

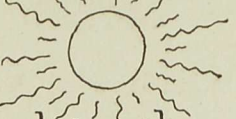


One day Nurse Alice took the By-low Baby out for a walk in the Park. There were  and green grass and lillle  on the lake, and big white . Nurse Alice put the By-low Baby down on the grass with all the other little





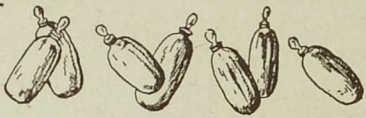





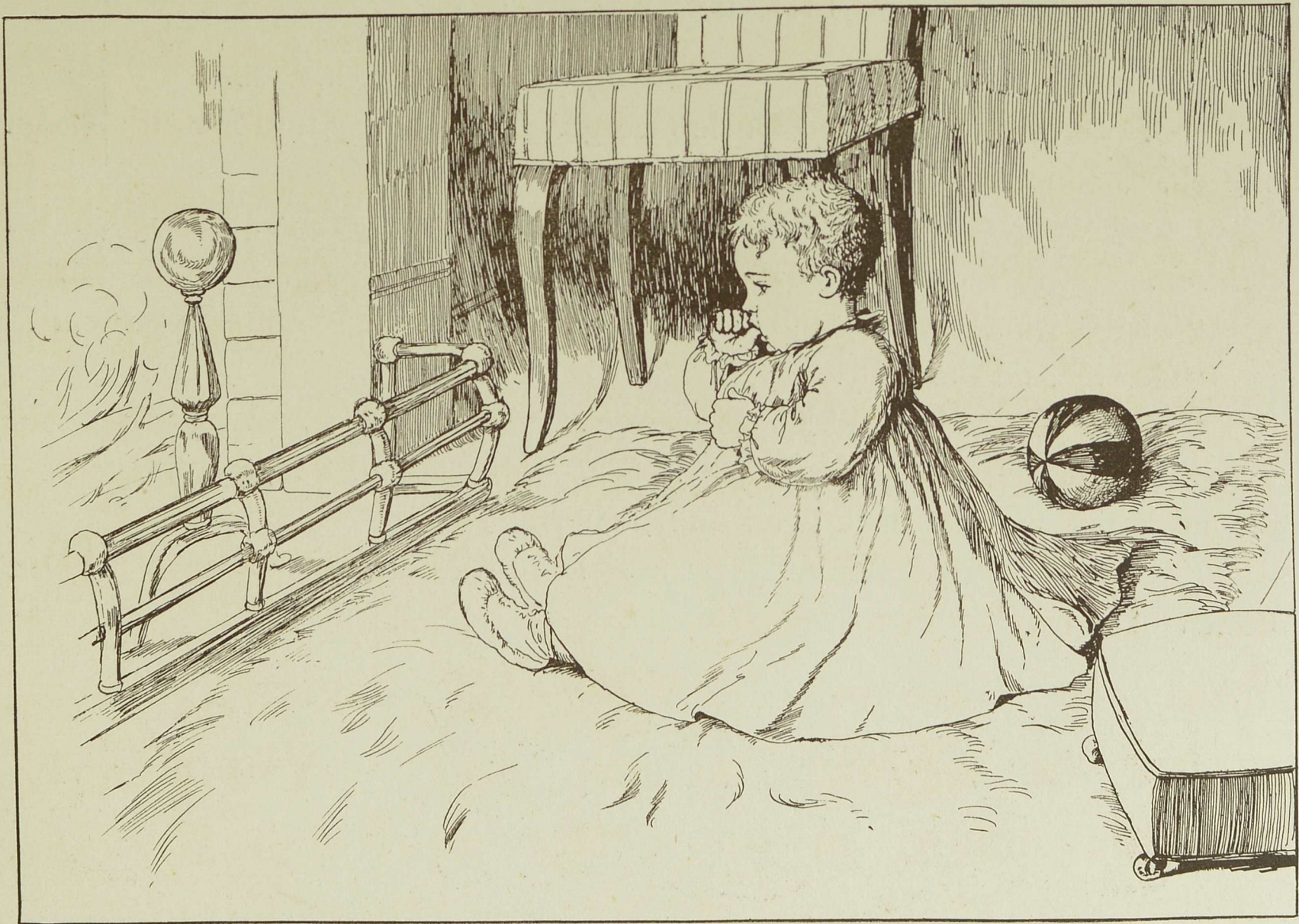
One baby had a  and one had a worst-
 ed  and one had a rag  and all
 the rest had rubber . And they all sat
 still in the grass and looked at each other.

When the nurses saw that the babies were quite contented and quiet, they sat down on a  and turned away their . "Goo! goo!" said the **Bold By-low Baby**, and that meant "Come with me!" "Ah-goo!" said all the other little



and that meant "So we will!" And they crept, and they crept, and the  shone and the  sang and they thought they would creep round the  "Goo!" said the **Bold By-low Baby**.

And that meant "Isn't it fine!" And just then a terrible Thing came along the . It had long  that flopped and long legs that hopped. And all the  cried "Ow!" and fell backward over each other and screamed until all the  came running and picked them up and kissed them and gave them  and put them to sleep. "Goo!" said the Bold By-low Baby. And that meant "Pooh! I'm not afraid! It was only a . I shall creep round the  another day!" And then he put his thumb in his  and shut his eyes and went to sleep with all the other babies.



THE BABY'S STORY

“Was the Bold By-low Baby *our* baby?” cried the children.

“Of course he was,” said Uncle George. “Baby Key told me all about it himself, as soon as he came home.”

“And were the other babies really afraid of the rabbit?” laughed the children.

“That’s what the baby told me,” said Uncle George. “Ask him yourself!”

“Goo!” said the baby.

“I told you so!” said Uncle George. “And now we all belong to the Key-ring, from Grandpapa to the baby. The stories are all told, and the pictures are all drawn, and the book is all done,—hurrah!”

“Hurrah!” cried Kinky. “Hurrah!” cried Curly. “Hurrah for the Bunch of Keys!”

