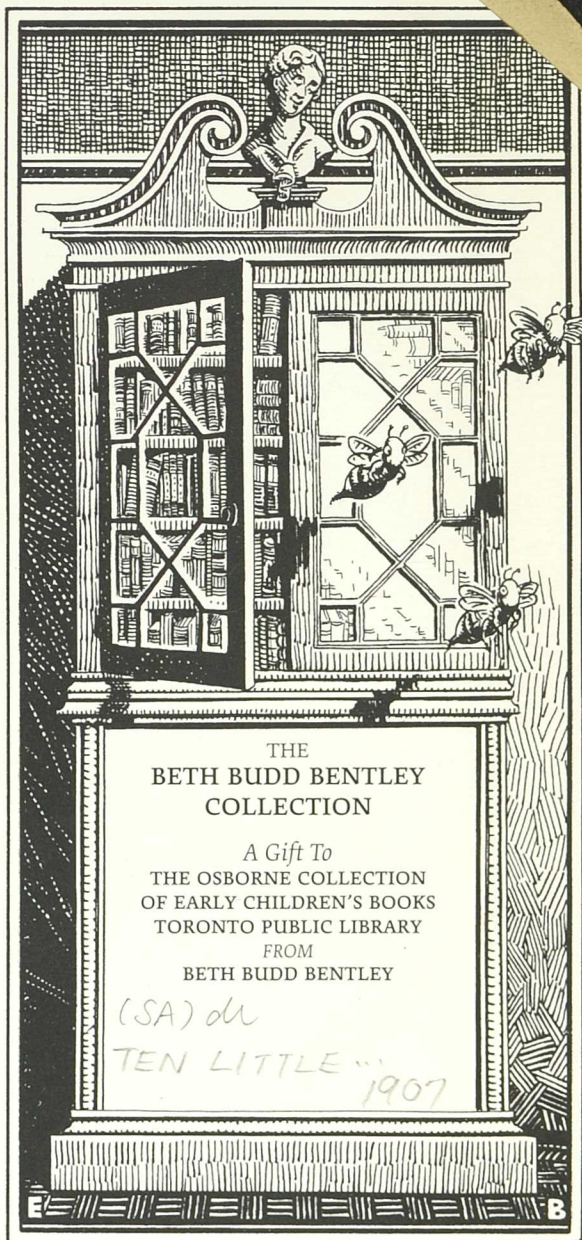




Ten Little Red Men



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TEN LITTLE " 1907

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**Ten Little
Red Men**

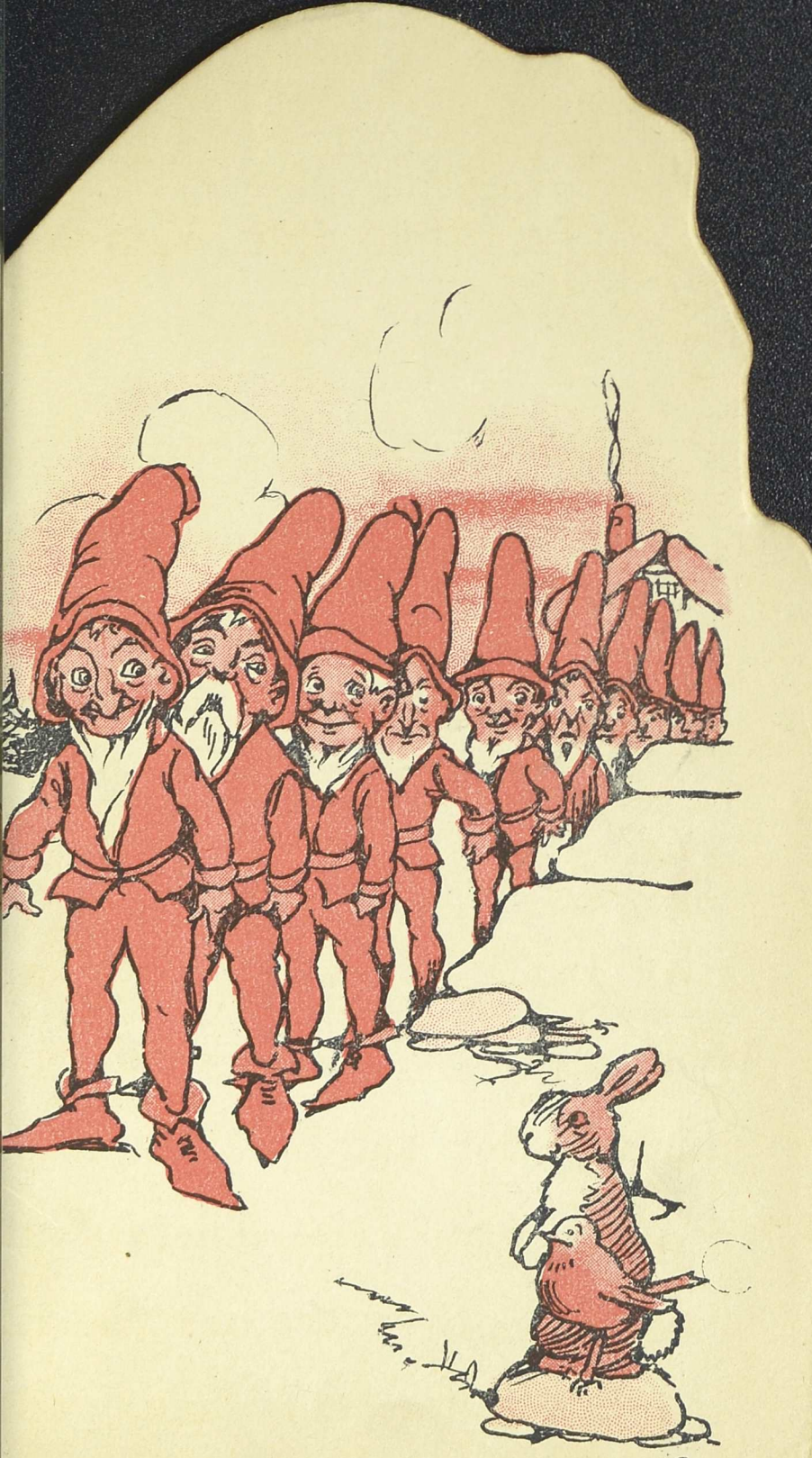


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Ten Little Red Men



ONCE upon a time, in a cosy cottage beside a hill, there lived ten little red men. Do you think you could remember all their names? One for each finger on your two hands, so that will help your memory. Begin with the thumb,--Bob, and Bill, and Jack, and Matt, and Hal. There you have five. Now the next hand, --Jim, and Joe, and Tom, and



Kit, and Dick. A

happy lot they were,
and might have been jolly
all together yet if they hadn't
—But you will see what
happened. Bob was the
greedy one. He was always
munching and gobbling at
something. One night at supper
they had bread and cream in-
stead of the usual bread and
milk. Well, greedy Bob kept
sup, supping away till the rest
got tired and went off to bed.
And next morning there were



only nine little
red men, for where
Bob had been there was a
fat, red, round cherry Not
a bit sad were Bob's brothers.
They got capital fun playing
"bob-cherry" with him. Bill
was the next to meet with an
adventure. He was the most
restless little fellow you ever
saw, never still for a moment.
One day the others tried tying
him into a chair. But he nearly
had a fit through sitting quiet,
and was more restless than ever



after that. His
brothers had a meeting
in the garden one morning
to seriously consider what
was to be done with him,
when who should float by
but Bill, become a crimson
butterfly. "If people will be
fidgetty they quite deserve
their fate," said Hal, and the
others all cried, "Hear. Hear."
Jack, the eldest of the lot, had
more pride than all the rest put
together. They used to make
fun of Jack's stiff, prim ways.



But that was behind his back. Jack kept them all in order. "He's worse than ever," whispered Jim, the merry one, on a sunny Saturday morning. "I do think he will be changed into a poker or something one of these days." And that night only seven little red men crept sadly to bed, for Jack had become a stick of sealing-wax. Jim kept laughing every time he looked at it, but



the others saw
no joke in Jack, and
scolded the merry-hearted
little fellow for making
fun of his brother. The
only lazy one of the lot was
Matt. He simply hated work,
and could scarcely be tempted
to have fun at all. If it was
summer, he was far too hot to
play; if it was winter, then he
was far too cold. Send him
on an errand, he was sure
to sit and rest for an hour by



the way, and in
the morning it took
all the rest of the little
red men to get Matt out of
bed. His favourite sleeping-
place in summer was at the foot
of a great oak tree. The rabbits
would scuttle all over him, and
he never felt them, and an im-
pudent little squirrel delighted
in nibbling at his nose. One
day his brothers got tired of
halloing to get him to come to
breakfast, and when they went



over to shake

him up, they found

Matt changed into a mushroom. So only six little red men sat down to dinner.

They all felt sad, except Hal.

He was the only unloveable one of the lot--a hard, cold,

little creature with never a

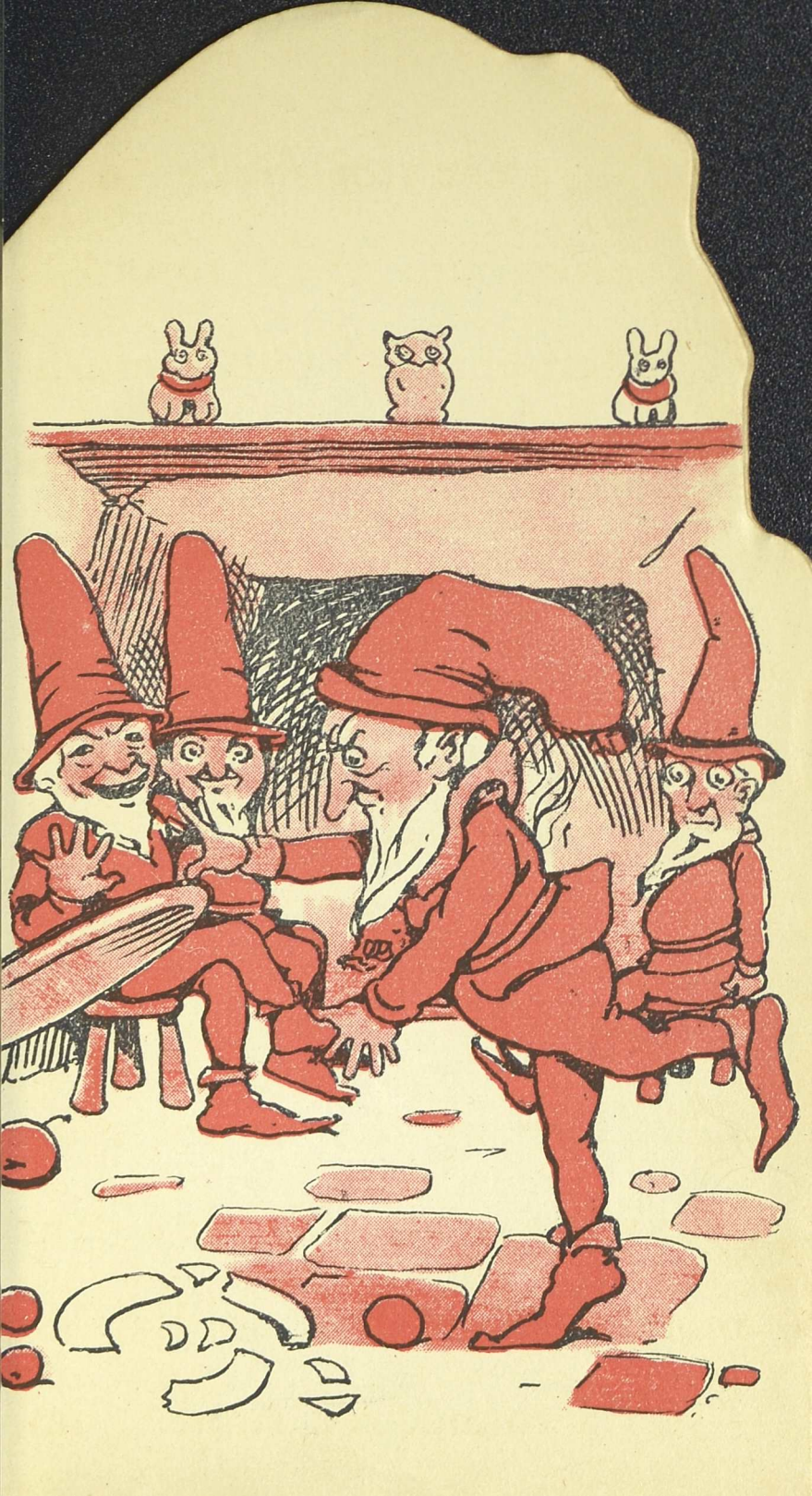
thought for anyone but him-

self. Day by day he got more

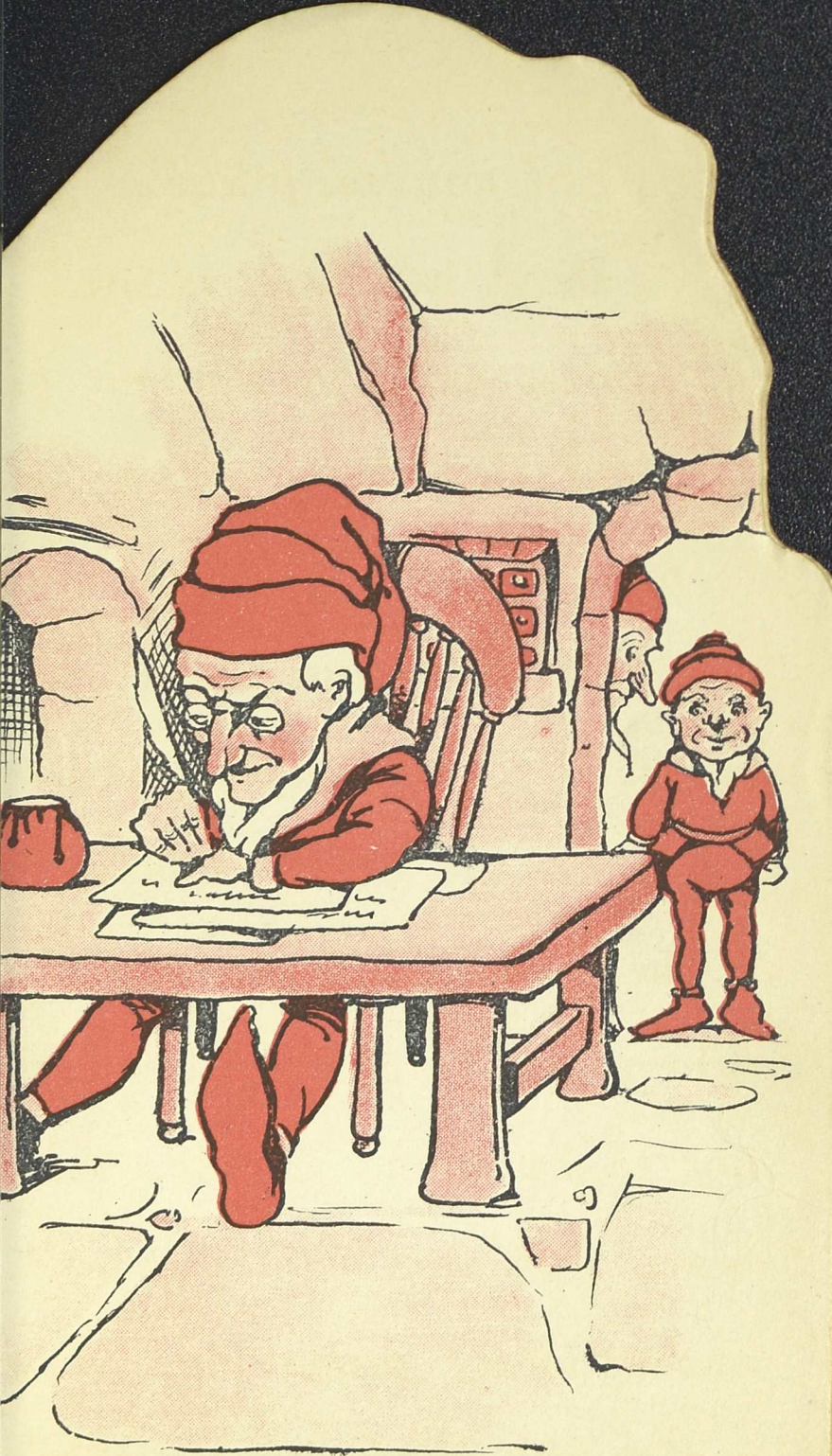
stony hearted, till one fine

morning there was no Hal left

--just a round, red stone. Jim,



of course, joked
about it. He was the
tiniest and the funniest of
them all. From morn till
night he was running and
tumbling about, just like a little
red ball. Often Jim would play
tricks on the others, and hide
in the most unlikely places. So
when one morning he was
not to be found in bed, they
were not the least alarmed,
but patiently sought in every
corner, till--what do you think



they found? Not

Jim: just a holly-

berry. They simply couldn't help laughing, these four little men. But the house felt very dull without Jim the joker. And Joe the careless one grew worse than ever with no Hal to reprove him. He just loved to grub about, and shock the others with his untidy ways. All the scoldings in the world did no good: Joe took his own way, till at last he became a little red

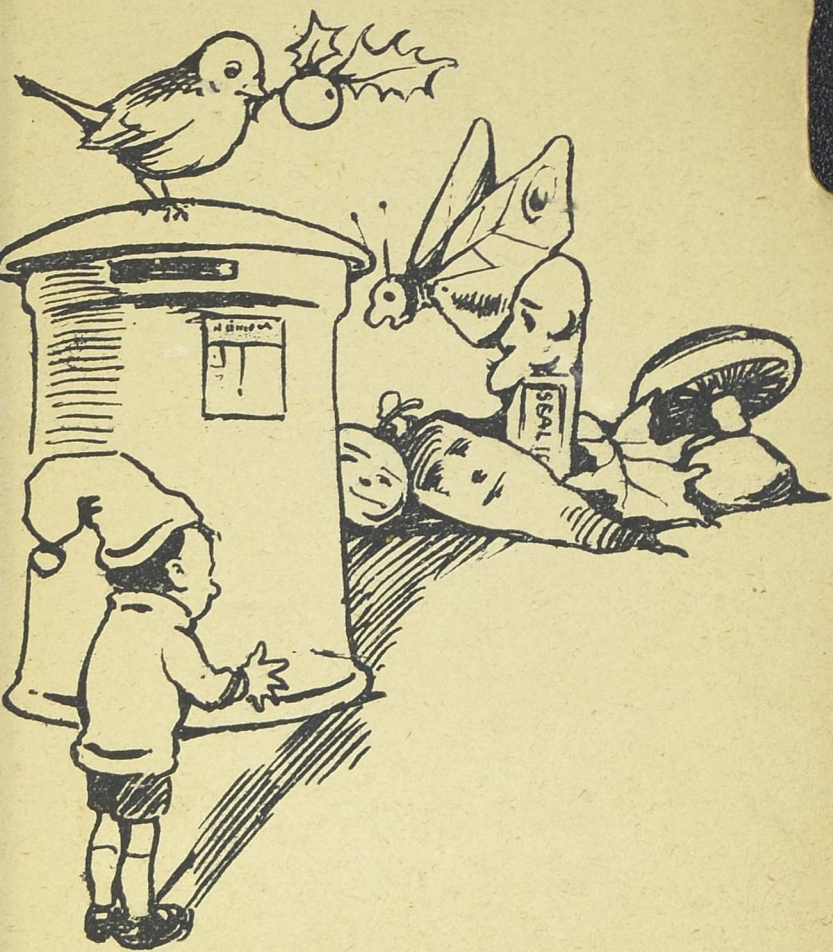


carrot, with feet
stuck fast in the mire.

After that Tom the selfish
one shut himself up in his
room more than ever, write,
writing all the time. No won-
der he turned into a pillar-box.
Served him right. Only Kit
and Dick were left now, and
eight little chairs sat empty.
Kit, who had always been timid,
got quite scared at the loneliness,
and one morning Dick came
down to a deserted house, for



Kit was but a red
leaf fluttering out at
the window. Poor little
Dick, he couldn't stay alone,
so he wandered out into the
snow-covered world, loiter-
ing at folk's doors, peeping in at
their windows, hoping to find
friends, At last he became a
robin redbreast. So the ten are
all scattered now. But some day,
perhaps, when they all meet, the
fairies will take pity on them,
and once again there will be
ten little red men.





Ten Little Red Men