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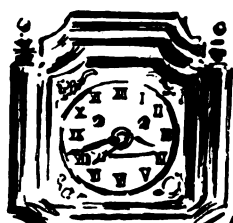
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THE TIME SHOP

by
John Kendrick Bangs



OF course it was an extraordinary thing for a clock to do, especially a parlor clock, which one would expect to be particularly dignified and well-behaved, but there was no denying the fact that the Clock did it. With his own eyes Bobby saw it wink, and beckon to him with its hands. To be sure, he had never noticed before that the Clock had eyes, or that it had any fingers on its hands to beckon with, but the thing happened in spite of all that, and as a result Bobby became curious. He was stretched

along the rug in front of the great open fireplace, where he had been drowsily gazing at the blazing log for a half hour or more, and looking curiously up at the Clock's now smiling face, he whispered to it.

"Are you beckoning to me?" he asked, rising up on his hands and knees.

"Of course I am," replied the Clock in a soft,

silvery tone, just like a bell, in fact. "You did n't think I was beckoning to the piano, did you?"

"I did n't know," said Bobby.

"Not that I would n't like to have the piano come over and call upon me some day," the Clock went on, "which I most certainly would, considering him, as I do, the most polished four-footed



"'ARE YOU BECKONING TO ME?' HE ASKED."

creature I have ever seen, and all of his family have been either grand, square, or upright, and if properly handled, full of sweet music. Fact

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



THE little boy and the little girl had many friends among the animals. There was the rabbit, the turtle, and the owl and the proud blue jay and pretty, cheery Robin. The old gray goose and the speckled guinea hen and the quacking duck and the strutting rooster and the clucking hens were their friends, too. So were the pigeons and the old black crow, and the little, frisky, scampering squirrel.



MASTER SQUIRREL BRINGS NUTS FOR A PRESENT.

These friends all knew that early New Year's morning the little girl and the little boy would go to the evergreen playhouse for the gift the New Year brought. Nobody had ever told the little girl and the little boy that the New Year would bring them a gift, but all children know a great many things that nobody tells them.

The evergreen playhouse was a beautiful circle of evergreen trees, with an opening on one side for a door. This playhouse had only the sky for a roof, so it was very gay and cheerful. A table for play stood in the center of the house.



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE
GIRL FIND THEIR NEW
YEAR'S GIFTS.

All these bird and animal friends of the little girl and boy thought it would be nice to bring New Year's gifts and lay them on the table in the evergreen playhouse—fine, good, New Year's gifts.

So early New Year's morning the little boy and girl went hand in hand to the evergreen house and stood quietly inside the door.

Then they looked at the table and there they saw all the beautiful New Year's gifts.

"Feathers!" shouted the little boy when he saw what some of the birds had brought. "Feathers of all sorts of colors! I know what I will do. I am going to make an Indian war-bonnet that *is* a war-bonnet!—a perfect beauty!"

"Oh, see the red grains of corn, and the yellow grains of corn!" cried the little girl, as she saw the present the barnyard fowls had brought, "I'll string them for a necklace!"

"Oh, goody, look at the nuts!" laughed the little boy, as he saw the nuts the squirrel had brought; "won't they taste fine!"

"There's my littlest doll—the one I lost!" shouted the little girl. The sharp-eyed crow had brought it back from his hiding-place.

"And there's my lucky penny!" shouted the little boy. For that rascal of a crow had brought that back, too.

So they laughed over their presents until all their animal friends crept in to see.



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE GIRL HAD
MANY FRIENDS AMONG THE ANIMALS.

"Come!" cried the little boy, "We'll all have a dance around the table!"

So around they went; the birds and chickens, the squirrel and the crow, and all the friends, squeaking and quacking and crowing and chirping and cawing, while the little girl and boy sang "la, la, la," to no tune at all, just because they were so happy.

"Mercy, children!" called their mother who came out to the evergreen house to see what was going on, "what *are* you doing!"

"Just having fun!" answered the little boy.

"Oh, the *mostest* fun, mama!" called the little girl, "with all our friends!"