

stands, for he was not a goblin to be satisfied with an ordinary house, but was trying to find just the place he wanted, where he could make the greatest number of people most uncomfortable.

He had passed the corner of the street where Little Boy lived when, ah! alas! and unfortunately, he saw a doctor's buggy standing before the door of Little Boy's house.

"Aha!" said the goblin, "I must look into this!"

So he slipped into the house and up the stairs and into Little Boy's room, and there he saw Little Boy lying in bed, with his mother and his grandmother and all his aunties ready to wait on him, and across the foot of the bed was a pair of stockings. And in the pair of stockings was a couple of holes, just the size of a slate pencil when school is in and those hateful sums in subtraction won't come right. So the goblin knew that he was in the right place, with a little boy who doesn't care how hard his mamma has to work to darn the holes in his stockings that he makes on purpose, and he slipped into Little Boy's mouth and down his throat and hooked his crooked legs round Little Boy's ribs and proceeded to make him most uncomfortable.

For now when Little Boy was told to take his medicine or to gargle his throat, or to have anything done for him that was likely to make him feel better, the goblin wouldn't let him, but he would grab him by the throat and make him scream and kick him in the sides and make him cry for cake and candy and all sorts of things that are not good for little sick boys, until at last the mamma said that indeed she must send for the fairy godmother.

But Little Boy said no, and kicked and screamed more than ever, for he knew quite well that if the fairy godmother came she would make him mind, and so his mamma said very well, then she would send for the old witch-woman.

When the witch-woman came she had on a pointed cap that touched the ceiling of the room when she stood up straight, and directly she looked at the little boy she said he was suffering from kalema-zoo-mazary, which is a very dreadful disease indeed. So she told mamma to blister the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet with mustard and to switch him all over with rose tree switches, with the thorns left on, and the mamma did so, but the kalema-zoo-mazary went on as before, and the Little Boy's behavior was worse than ever. Then the mamma said again that she would send for the fairy godmother, but the Little Boy kicked and screamed worse than ever, for he knew if the fairy godmother came she would make him mind, so his mamma said very well, she would send for the magician.

So the magician came and looked through his spectacles, and he said at once that Little Boy was suffering from a disease called rinktum-roarum-jammer-jee, which is very much worse than kalema-zoo-mazary, and he ordered his head to be shaved, and rubbed him all over with something stickier than vaseline, but the rinktum-roarum-jammer-jee went on the same as before, and Little Boy's behavior was worse than ever. And so then the mamma said, with de-

## Crooked-legs, the Goblin

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

There was once a goblin who was never happy except when he was making himself and every one around him most uncomfortable. His head was enormous, his arms were too long for his body, both eyes looked straight at the bridge of his nose all the time and his legs were so very crooked that, if he had ever been baptized, which I regret to say was not the case, he would certainly have been called Crooked-legs, and could not have been called anything else if his godfathers and godmothers had had the slightest regard for veracity.

Crooked-legs had lived for many years in the body of an old miser and had succeeded in making himself very much at home and the miser most uncomfortable; for the goblin persuaded the old man to eat almost nothing, to dress in rags and to live in a house where the rain came through when it rained, and the snow when it snowed, and the wind blew in under the doors and around the windows pretty much all the time. And all the while the miser had a chest full of gold in one corner, which Crooked-legs used to persuade him was something very fine indeed; so that the miser would go without his supper in order to add another sixpence to the pile, and you know that when people go without their suppers they are most uncomfortable.

But at last the miser went without one supper too many and died. Then Crooked-legs found himself without a home and thrown upon the tender mercies of an unfeeling world. So he went up the streets and down the streets, and round and round the corner where the toyshop

cision, that she must send for the fairy godmother, and, though Little Boy kicked and screamed, she sent, and the fairy godmother came straight away in her coach drawn by eight fiery dragons.

So the moment she looked at Little Boy, with her clear, bright eyes, she saw what was the trouble, for her eyes were brighter than X rays, and she saw through Little Boy's skin and bones, which was about all that was left of him, the enormous head and the ugly face of the goblin, holding fast with his crooked legs to Little Boy's ribs. So she said to Little Boy, "Mind!" and Little Boy minded. And she said, "Sit up straight in the bed!" and Little Boy sat up straight in the bed.

Then the fairy godmother said, "Now open your mouth, wide."

So the Little Boy opened his mouth just as wide as he could, and the fairy godmother beat him in the back with her magic wand. At which the goblin let go of the Little Boy's ribs and flew out of his mouth and out of the window, and the Little Boy began to get well from that very minute. But as for Crooked-legs, he is still looking for some other little boy or little girl who cannot be made to mind, and I hope with all my heart that he will never get into you, for he will certainly make you most uncomfortable.

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