

ADVENTURE OF
WALTER
AND
THE **RABBITS**



Wall

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A STORY FOR CHILDREN

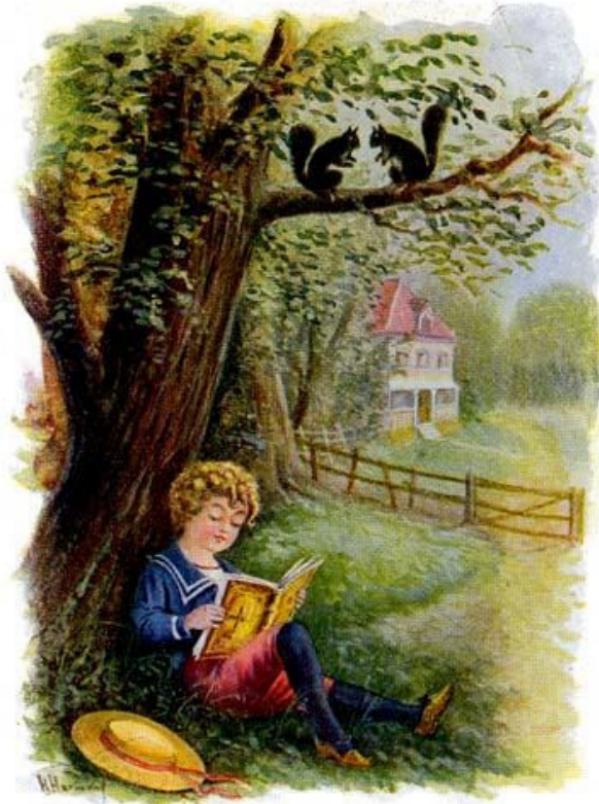
By Milton Goldsmith



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was too quick for him, and it crept into a hole at the bottom of the tree.

"I wonder how Rabbits live?" thought Walter. "I think I'll go in myself and see."

So without stopping to inquire whether Mr. or Mrs. Rabbit would like a visitor or not, he crept head foremost into the hole. At first it was so dark that he could see nothing, but presently he saw a long passage, with a light shining at the end of it, and

he knew that this must lead to the Rabbit's home. Now the passage was very tight, and Walter had lots of trouble squeezing through.

"I'm afraid I'll tear my clothes," he said, "and then what will Mother say?"

But it was impossible to back out, so he had to go on.

All at once Walter found himself looking into a fairly big room, beautifully lit up by the sunlight coming in through a little hole.

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And what do you think?

There sat the gray Rabbit,



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with his wife and three little ones grouped about him. It was a very pretty sight. They could not see Walter, as he hid behind a curtain of vines, but he could see them, and what was more, he could understand every word they said.

Papa Rabbit was talking when he peeped in;

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“Are you sure he won’t follow” said Mrs. Rabbit, while Buzzy, Fuzzy and Streaky, the three children clung to her apron strings in fright.

“Positive,” said Mr. Rabbtt. “How could a big boy follow through our narrow hallway. He would stick in the middle. Be-



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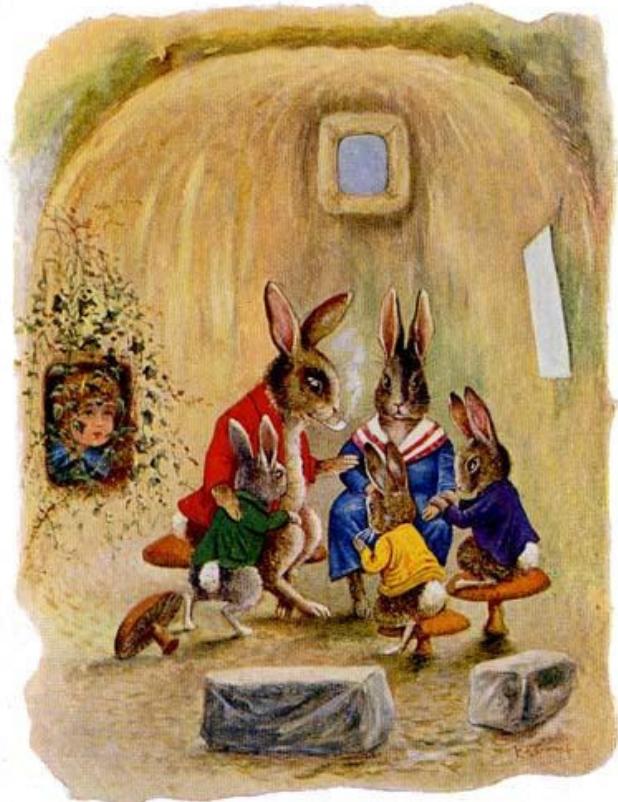
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"Goody, goody," cried the little ones, and being thrifty Rabbits they carried them to a place of safety in the rear of the room.



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Mama Rabbit took the shining stone and said: "How bright it is, just like the sun! I will put it in the closet with the others."

"Why, it is real gold," thought Walter in astonishment. "I wonder where he found it?"

Mrs. Rabbit opened a little closet in the wall and put in the nugget. Walter could see a big heap of yellow stones in the closet.

"Dear me," he thought, "what a lot of wealth. There must be enough to buy a whole row of beautiful houses and no end of diamonds. I wish it were mine. I'd be the richest boy in our town." Walter was soon to learn that wealth is not the most important thing in life. Indeed it is often a curse instead of a blessing.

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"Not yet, my Child," replied the old Rabbit. "It would be too dangerous; wait till you are older."

"Tell us something about the big world," said Buzzy.

"It is a wicked place," answered the Father. "There are a lot of creatures called men, who walk about on two legs and are strong and do all kinds of harm."

"Are men good and kind to each other?" asked Buzzy.

"No indeed, they fight among themselves and kill each other for very little cause. They call it war and think it courageous."

"I call it cruel," said Fuzzy.

"Well, they are men," said Mama," and of course they know best, but I wish they would let us poor Rabbits alone."

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"What is it?" asked Mama Rabbit, surprised.

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"How lovely," cried Mama, trying it on. "Does it become me?"

"Beautiful," said the children, and Mama looked pleased, as though she were a real woman instead of a rabbit.

"Now let's have supper," said Papa, "for I'm hungry."

Buzzy, Fuzzy and Streaky ran to get their little mushroom chairs and the family sat around a stone table in the middle of the room. It seemed like a nice meal to Walter. There were nuts in every style, and fresh lettuce and carrots, and for dessert some nice red apples.

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So while Mama cleared away the tea things, Papa played with them. First they played a game something like "Ring-a-around-a Rosie." Papa had to get into the ring, and the children danced around him singing:

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"Now let each one speak a piece," said Mama, who by this time was through with her work and ready for fun.

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"Well, go on with your piece," said Papa. So Buzzy got up on the table and began in a loud, clear voice, just like Walter used to speak at school.

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"Bravo!" cried the others. "It was just beautiful." "Yes," said Buzzy, "it is a lovely poem, just the thing for little Rabbits." "Streaky, it is your turn now," said his Mama.

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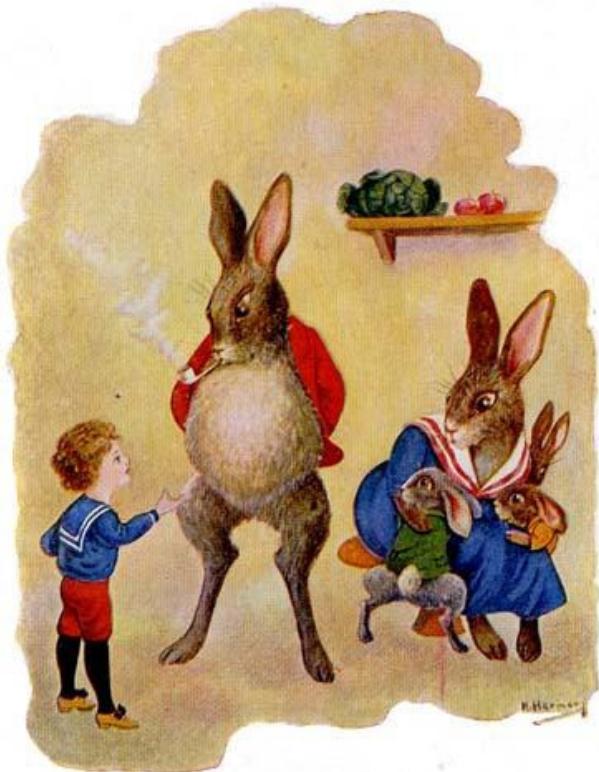
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"Please, Sir, let me go home," said Walter.

"Will you promise never to chase a rabbit again, and never to eat any, cooked in a pie or stewed, or in any other way?"

"I promise," said Walter, and he meant to keep his word.

"Very well, you may go home. I suppose your Mother is worrying about you."

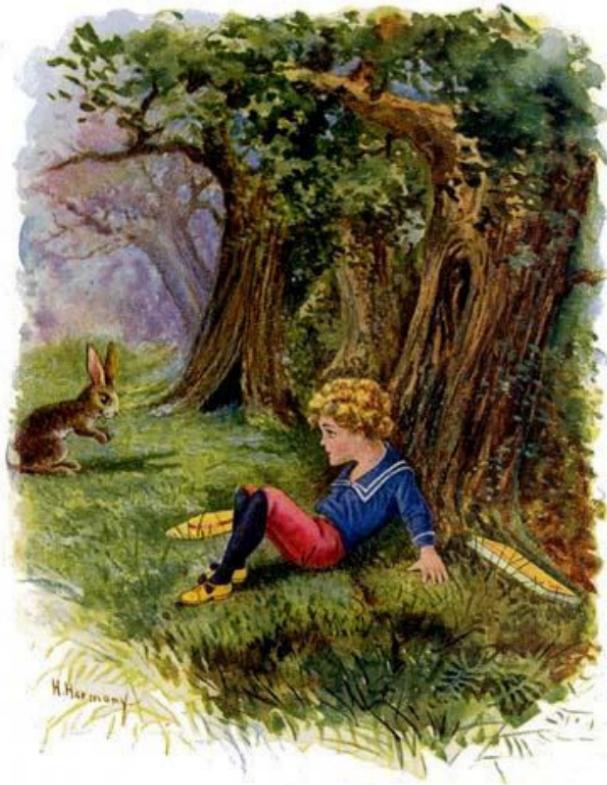
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“Oh, thank you,” said Walter as he filled his pockets with the gold nuggets. Then he said “Good-bye” and shook



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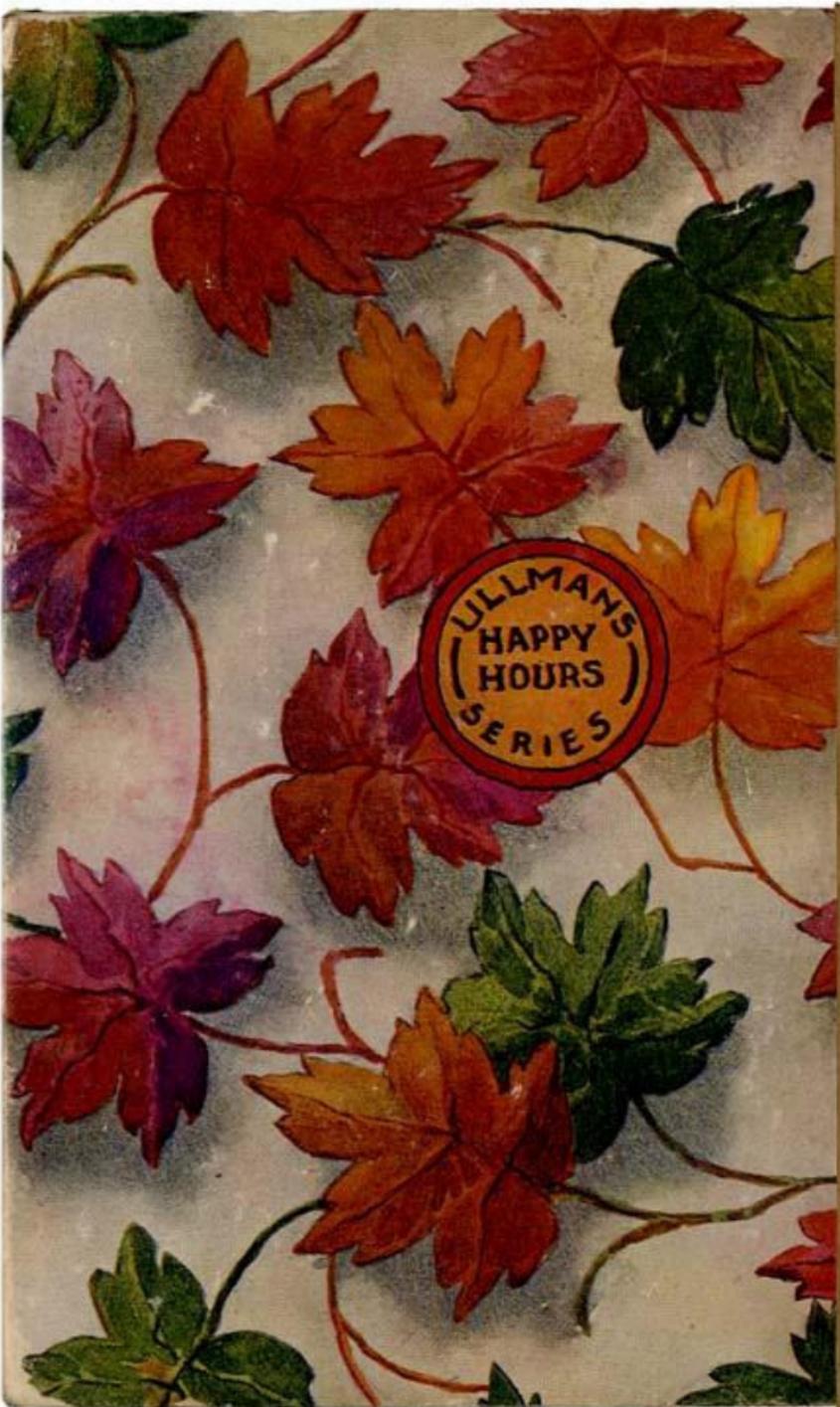
"Help! help!" he cried as he struggled to get through.

Just then he found himself

sitting on the ground under the big tree. He had been asleep and had dreamed all about the rabbits.

"How natural it was," he thought. On looking up he really saw a big gray rabbit scampering across a log and disappearing into a hole. The rabbit turned and looked at Walter, and seemed to wink at him as much as to say, "We have met before. Mind that you keep your promise."

"Indeed, I will," he murmured. "I shall never be cruel to animals again."



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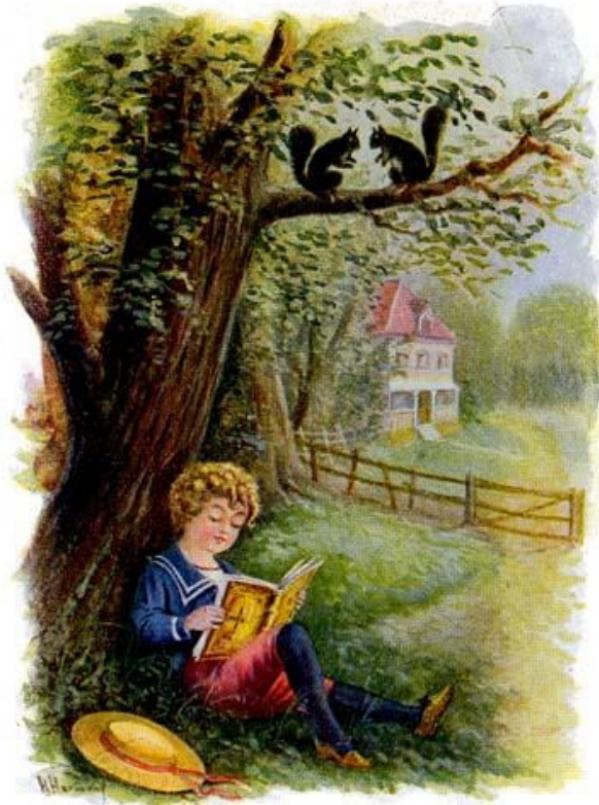
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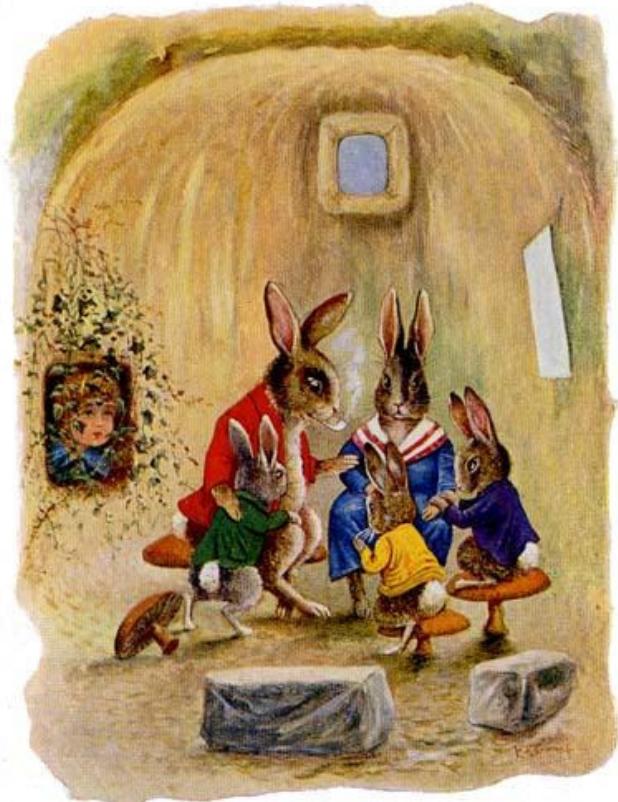
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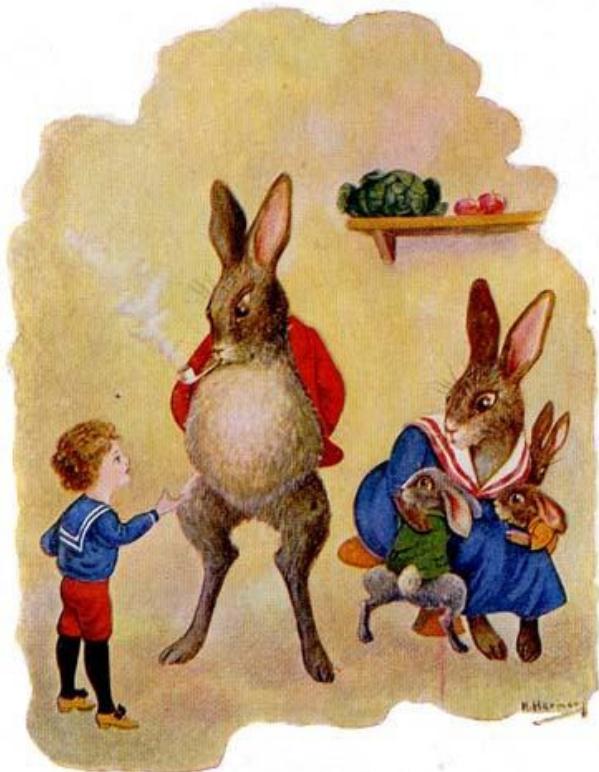
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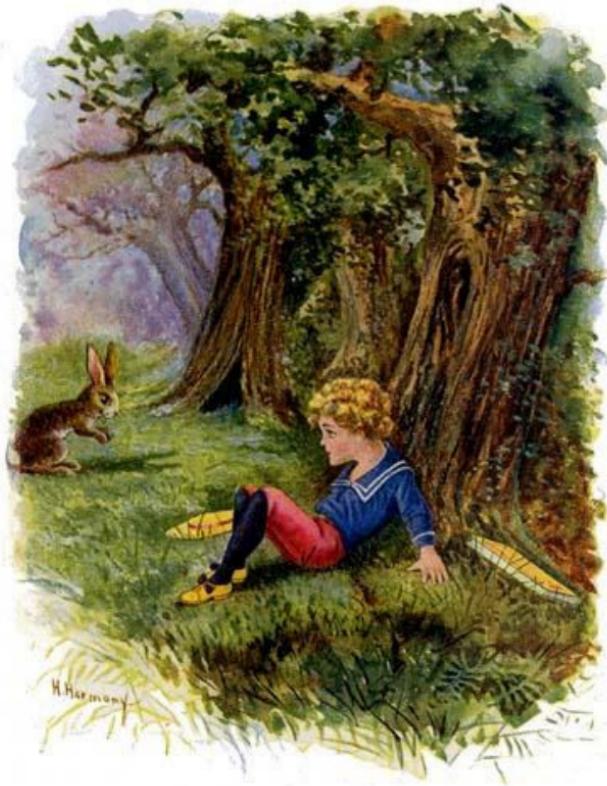
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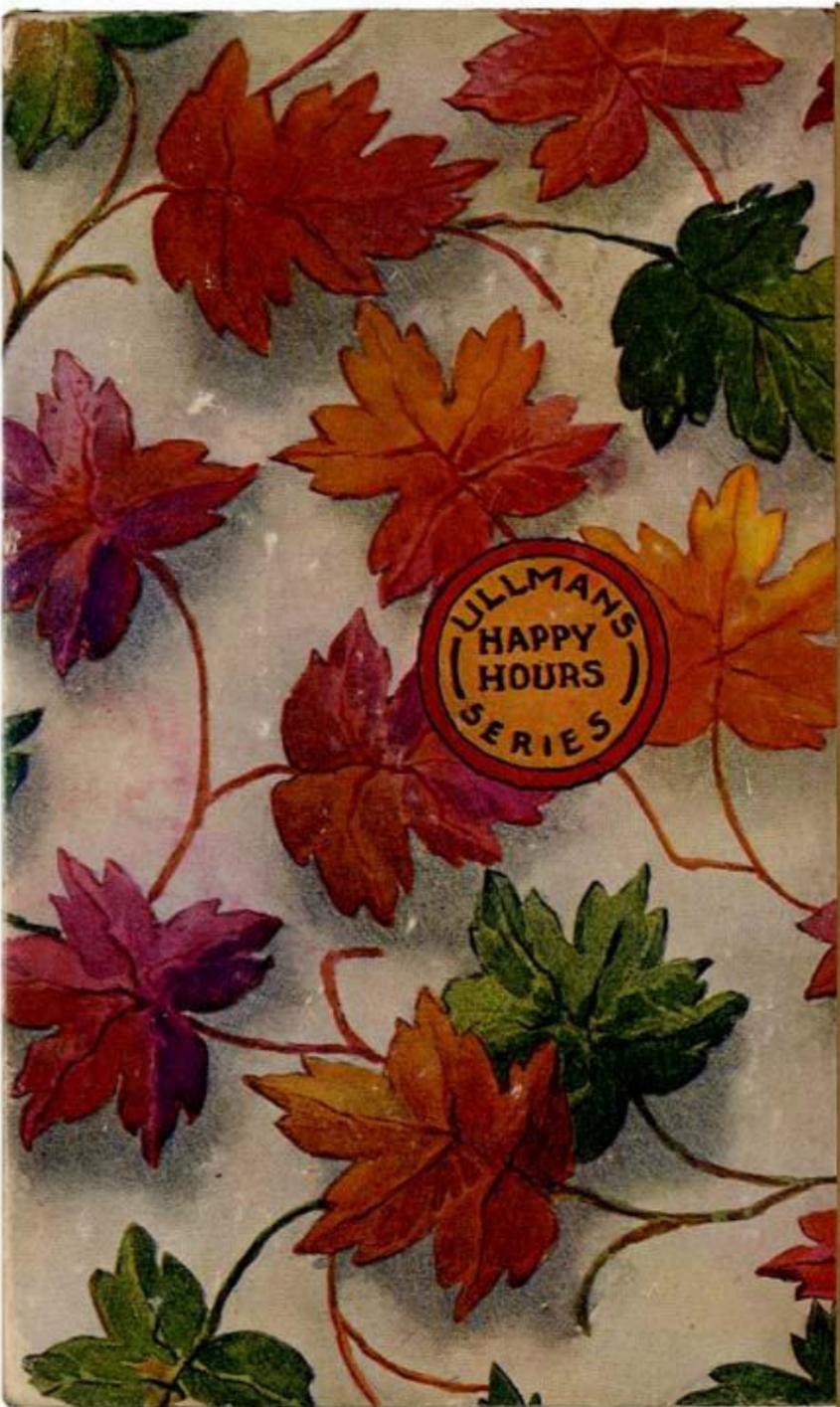
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ADVENTURE OF
WALTER
AND THE **RABBITS**



Walt
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THE ADVENTURE OF
Walter and the Rabbits

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

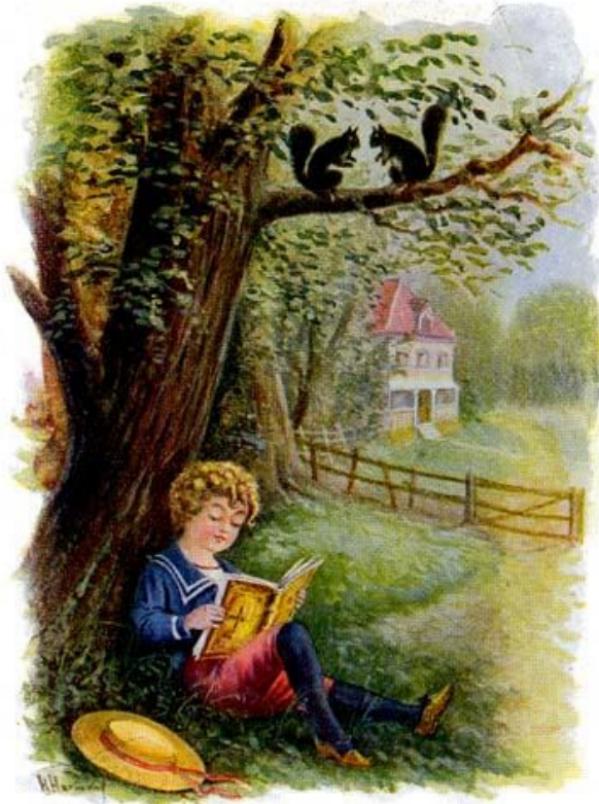
By Milton Goldsmith



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THE ADVENTURE OF WALTER AND THE RABBITS

WALTER'S family had just moved into the country, and everything was so new to him. You see, he had been living in the crowded City all his life, where he hardly ever got a glimpse of the green grass or flowers, and now all Nature seemed like a beautiful picture. Near the house was a big wood, with tall trees, and Walter loved to lie in their shade with a book and read. He liked fairy tales best of



Walter loved to lie in the shade and read.



A large rabbit jumped over a log

all, stories like Jack and the Beanstalk, or Alladin and his Wonderful Lamp, and it seemed to him as though he heard the fairies whenever the wind shook the leaves over his head.

One day Walter had just closed his book and was thinking of going home, when he saw a large gray Rabbit jump over a log right at his feet and run towards a big tree not far away. Walter jumped up in a moment and ran after the Rabbit, but it

was too quick for him, and it crept into a hole at the bottom of the tree.

"I wonder how Rabbits live?" thought Walter. "I think I'll go in myself and see."

So without stopping to inquire whether Mr. or Mrs. Rabbit would like a visitor or not, he crept head foremost into the hole. At first it was so dark that he could see nothing, but presently he saw a long passage, with a light shining at the end of it, and

he knew that this must lead to the Rabbit's home. Now the passage was very tight, and Walter had lots of trouble squeezing through.

"I'm afraid I'll tear my clothes," he said, "and then what will Mother say?"

But it was impossible to back out, so he had to go on.

All at once Walter found himself looking into a fairly big room, beautifully lit up by the sunlight coming in through a little hole.

It was such a cute room, quite different from any Walter had ever seen. The walls were made of birch bark and moss, the furniture was made of big and little stones, and the chairs were mushrooms. The floor was covered with dried leaves instead of carpet. There were no pictures on the walls, only beautiful flowers, and the windows were filled with honeycomb, made by the bees, instead of glass.

And what do you think?

There sat the gray Rabbit,



He crept head foremost into the hole.

with his wife and three little ones grouped about him. It was a very pretty sight. They could not see Walter, as he hid behind a curtain of vines, but he could see them, and what was more, he could understand every word they said.

Papa Rabbit was talking when he peeped in;

"I had such a scare just now," he said. "As I was coming home, I almost ran into a boy at the foot of the tree. When he saw me he jumped up and ran

after me, but I got into the hole of my tree first and left him behind. I wonder why people always run after us poor Rabbits and try to hurt us.”

“Are you sure he won’t follow” said Mrs. Rabbit, while Buzzy, Fuzzy and Streaky, the three children clung to her apron strings in fright.

“Positive,” said Mr. Rabbtt. “How could a big boy follow through our narrow hallway. He would stick in the middle. Be-



sides, even if he once got in, he could do us no harm. We would be at home and stronger than he."

The little Rabbits seemed less afraid and went back to their toys which consisted of acorns and chestnut burrs.

"Did you have a pleasant day?" asked Mama Rabbit.

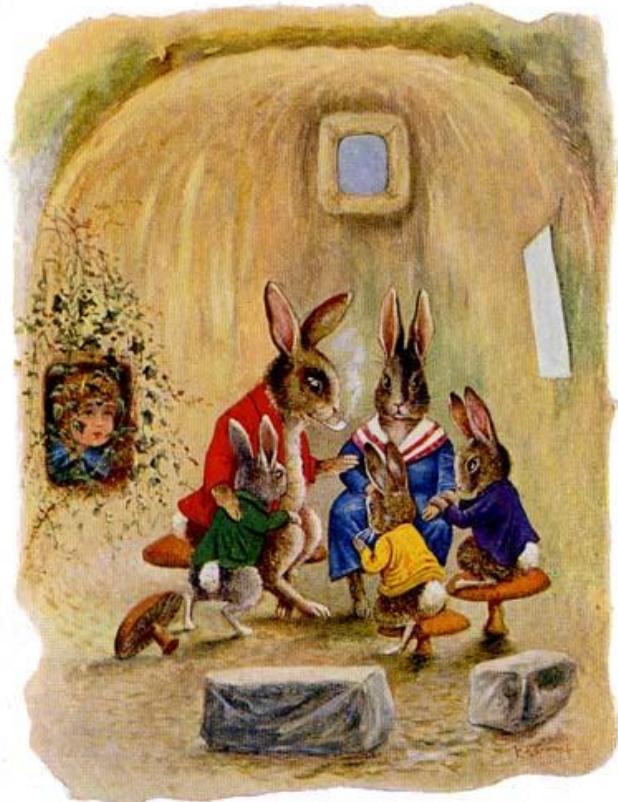
"Oh yes, fairly pleasant," replied her husband. "Once a dog chased me which frightened me a little, and once a man with

a gun shot at me, but I only laughed at him and ran away."

"And did you bring us anything?" asked Buzzy.

"Of course," replied Papa Rabbit; "for each of you, two hickory nuts" and he took the nuts out of his pocket.

"Goody, goody," cried the little ones, and being thrifty Rabbits they carried them to a place of safety in the rear of the room.



"Did you bring us anything?" asked Buzzy.

"And here is something else I found," said Papa; "one of these yellow stones that you admire so much. I heard some one say that men work hard to find them, so they must be valuable."

Mama Rabbit took the shining stone and said: "How bright it is, just like the sun! I will put it in the closet with the others."

"Why, it is real gold," thought Walter in astonishment. "I wonder where he found it?"

Mrs. Rabbit opened a little closet in the wall and put in the nugget. Walter could see a big heap of yellow stones in the closet.

"Dear me," he thought, "what a lot of wealth. There must be enough to buy a whole row of beautiful houses and no end of diamonds. I wish it were mine. I'd be the richest boy in our town." Walter was soon to learn that wealth is not the most important thing in life. Indeed it is often a curse instead of a blessing.

"Oh, how I wish I could go out with you Father," said Streaky.

"Not yet, my Child," replied the old Rabbit. "It would be too dangerous; wait till you are older."

"Tell us something about the big world," said Buzzy.

"It is a wicked place," answered the Father. "There are a lot of creatures called men, who walk about on two legs and are strong and do all kinds of harm."

"Are men good and kind to each other?" asked Buzzy.

"No indeed, they fight among themselves and kill each other for very little cause. They call it war and think it courageous."

"I call it cruel," said Fuzzy.

"Well, they are men," said Mama," and of course they know best, but I wish they would let us poor Rabbits alone."

Walter really began to feel ashamed that he was a person, and made up his mind that he would never be cruel to any living being.

"By the way, Mother," said



"Does it become me?"

Papa Rabbit, "here's something I bought for you."

"What is it?" asked Mama Rabbit, surprised.

"A new hat," said Papa, taking a large tinted leaf out of his pocket. "It is the latest style, and Mrs. Jack Rabbit, down the lane, has one just like it."

"How lovely," cried Mama, trying it on. "Does it become me?"

"Beautiful," said the children, and Mama looked pleased, as though she were a real woman instead of a rabbit.

"Now let's have supper," said Papa, "for I'm hungry."

Buzzy, Fuzzy and Streaky ran to get their little mushroom chairs and the family sat around a stone table in the middle of the room. It seemed like a nice meal to Walter. There were nuts in every style, and fresh lettuce and carrots, and for dessert some nice red apples.

As Walter was hungry he would have liked to join them, and help them eat. But of course he couldn't come in without being invited.



It seemed like a nice meal.

First they said Grace, of course, for every one should thank God for his blessings and goodness.

It was such a well-behaved family. Mama Rabbit never had to say, "Fuzzy, behave yourself," or "Buzzy, don't eat so fast," or "Streaky, don't soil your bib," like Walter's Mother often had to say. But every little Rabbit behaved beautifully. When supper was over, they said: "Come, Papa, and let us have our games."

So while Mama cleared away the tea things, Papa played with them. First they played a game something like "Ring-a-around-a Rosie." Papa had to get into the ring, and the children danced around him singing:

"Ring around a big tree,
Maybe 'tis a fig tree.
Every Rabbit eats a fig,
It will make him strong and big."

They sang very well, and had good, clear voices.

Then Papa stooped down for leap-frog, and the little ones jumped over his back without



Papa played with them.

falling once. At last they played "Hide and Seek," and how they laughed when they found their Father hiding under the root of a tree in the corner.

"They are just like real folks," thought Walter, who was watching the fun from his hiding place. "I never knew that Rabbits had so much common sense."

"Now let each one speak a piece," said Mama, who by this time was through with her work and ready for fun.

"Let Buzzy speak first," said Papa Rabbit.

"Yes," said Buzzy. "I know a beautiful poem I learned to-day from little Sammy Squirrel on the oak tree down the lane."

"I wonder how Mr. Squirrel is feeling?" said Mama. "You know his foot was caught in a trap some wicked boys had set for him," "Oh he's alright," replied Buzzy. "He is able to climb trees again." "One can't be too careful," said Mama.

"Well, go on with your piece," said Papa. So Buzzy got up on the table and began in a loud, clear voice, just like Walter used to speak at school.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To show in public in a cage.
I'll always do just as I ought,
And hope I never will be caught.

"Bravo!" cried the others. "It was just beautiful." "Yes," said Buzzy, "it is a lovely poem, just the thing for little Rabbits." "Streaky, it is your turn now," said his Mama.

Streaky made a beautiful bow and began in a squeaky voice:

"The Squirrel stood on the chestnut tree,
Whilst all but him had fled;
He looked about and saw with glee
The chestnuts overhead.
His Father called, his Father called—"

Here Streaky broke down and began to cry, but the others only laughed at him, and called him a cry-baby, whereupon he hid his face in his Mother's lap.

But his Mother petted him and gave him an apple.



He began his little piece.

Then Fuzzy began his little piece.

“Hey diddle-doodle,
The Hare and the noodle,
The Squirrel in the water-but^t,
The poor Rabbit cried
When the lettuce was fried,
And Bunny walked off with a nut.”

There was a great clapping of hands when they had finished.

“It reminds me of the poems I used to recite,” thought Walter, “only they are a little different. I wonder where they learned them?”

“Perhaps Rabbits have a

school where they learn their A B C. I know that fish go to school, for only the other day I read about a school of Mackerel. Who would imagine that Rabbits had so much sense?"'

Then he felt as though he'd like to come forward and recite "Old Ironside," or tell them the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk," which he thought would be new to them, but as no one asked him he didn't like to intrude.

By this time it had begun to get dark. "I think," said



They gave a nice soft light.

Papa Rabbit, "I'll go out and get some lights," and he jumped out of the window.

Walter wondered what kind of lights this little family used, when presently, the Rabbit came back through the same window, and in each paw he had several fire-flies, which he hung up on hooks around the wall. They gave a nice, soft light that was bright enough to read by.

"Now children, it is time to go to bed," said Mama.

Now if these had been ordinary children they would no

doubt have said, "Oh, let us stay up a little while longer," but being well-behaved Rabbits, they jumped up at once and kissed their Papa and Mama good-night.

Just then an awful thing happened. Streaky's room was in the hall, just where Walter was hiding and as he came into the hall, he saw Walter and gave a cry of fright.

"What's the matter?" said Papa."

"It's a boy," cried Streaky.
"A boy?" shrieked the others,



It's a boy!

running to hide behind their Mama.

Walter now came into the room and tried to explain.

“Don’t be frightened,” said the Papa Rabbit to the little ones. “He can’t hurt us, for he is in our power. Out in the cruel world man is the stronger, but here in our home we command and men must obey.”

To Walter’s surprise he noticed that the Rabbits looked very big, while he seemed as small as the Rabbits had seemed to him at

first. Papa and Mama Rabbit were about the size of his own parents at home.

“Sit down,” said Mr. Rabbit, sternly. Walter sat down on one of the mushrooms.

“Now explain how you got here,” said Mr. Rabbit.

“Please, Sir,” said Walter, very much frightened, “I came in through a hole under the tree.”

“By rights,” said Mr. Rabbit, “we ought to kill you and eat you, for that’s what you would do to us if you caught us in your home. But we are not as



“Sit down!” said Mr. Rabbit sternly.



Stuff that men call gold.

savage as men, and we do not eat our fellow creatures."

"Please, Sir, let me go home," said Walter.

"Will you promise never to chase a rabbit again, and never to eat any, cooked in a pie or stewed, or in any other way?"

"I promise," said Walter, and he meant to keep his word.

"Very well, you may go home. I suppose your Mother is worrying about you."

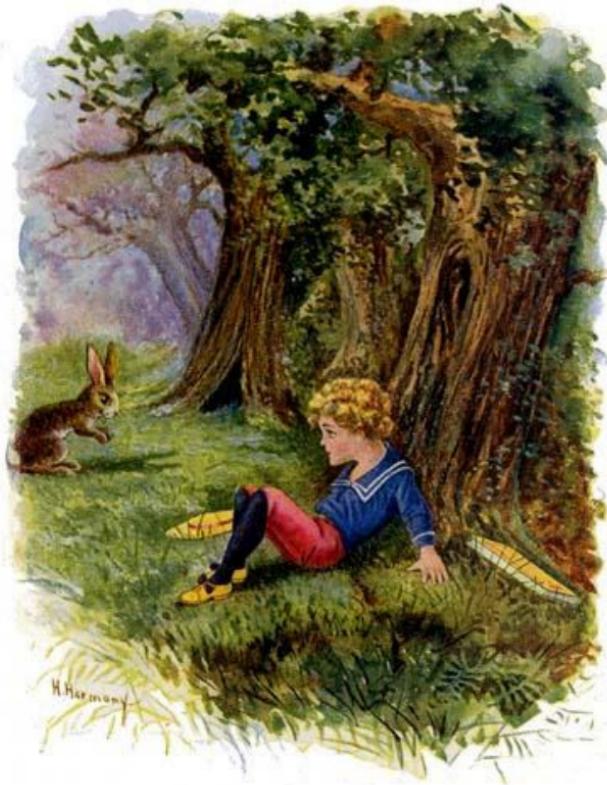
"Thank you," said Walter as he started to go.

"Stop," commanded the

rabbit in such a tone that Walter was scared out of his wits. So Walter stood still while the rabbit went to the closet and opened it.

“There’s a lot of stuff that men call gold,” he said. “It’s of no use to us. We can’t eat it, or drink it, and it’s too heavy to play with. Men seem to like it better than anything else. Take it home with you. We have no use for it.”

“Oh, thank you,” said Walter as he filled his pockets with the gold nuggets. Then he said “Good-bye” and shook



He found himself sitting on the ground.

hands with Papa Rabbit and Mama Rabbit, and the three little rabbits and started to creep out through the narrow passage. Walter hadn't gone far before he got stuck. The gold in his pockets made him so broad that he couldn't squeeze through either way. How he wished he hadn't taken the gold, and he thought how often gold brings trouble instead of pleasure.

"Help! help!" he cried as he struggled to get through.

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sitting on the ground under the big tree. He had been asleep and had dreamed all about the rabbits.

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