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READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Merry Drum

Maud Lindsay

If you heard a noise like that on Christmas morning, what would you do?

Go with a hop and a skip and a jump to find out what was making such lively music?

That is just what the children did who lived on a street in the old city where the Toy-Lady had her Toy Shop. And when they looked out of their windows or doors, they saw a little boy beating a merry drum with all his might and main:

“Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!”

It sounded as if the drum were saying: “Come! Come! oh, come, come, come!”

And of course, the children came in a hurry. It was just as if the music had gotten into their feet!

The first one to hear the merry drum was a little boy named Dick.

He was sitting on the doorstep playing with one of his Christmas presents, a bright-colored pin-wheel that whirled and twirled in the wind, but when he heard that “Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!” he jumped up in a hurry.

“Wait, Andy; wait for me, and we can have a parade,” he called to the drummer-boy.

There wasn’t much of a parade at first, only Andy beating on the drum and Dick marching behind him with his whirling, twirling pin-wheel; but they had not gone far before a little girl with a Christmas doll in her arms ran out of a house to see what was happening.

“We are having a parade; don’t you want to be in it?” asked Dick as soon as he saw her.

“Oh, yes,” said the little girl, and she and the doll marched right behind Dick, keeping time to the music of the merry drum.

“Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!”

A boy with a wagon was the next to come. Wagons were fine in parades; and the little boy said if anybody wanted to ride, he could.

And what do you think? At the very next house, a dog and his little master came

out, and the children put the dog in the wagon. He sat there just like a king.

At almost every house they passed, some child heard the drum and ran out to join the parade; and almost everyone brought a toy with him. There were jumping-jacks and French harps and horns and pony-reins, and a rattle! A baby brought that, and he and his nurse went with the rest, keeping time to the music of the merry drum.

“Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!”

The longer the parade grew, the merrier it was. If anybody had not known already that it was Christmas, he would have found it out the moment he saw that line of children and heard that drum.

“Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!”



Down the sidewalk and back again they went, and when they passed Andy's house, his mother was astonished to see him marching at the head of such a fine parade.

“I must count and see how many children are here,” she said. And, do you believe it? There was a baker's dozen of children, and the Nurse and the dog besides, marching to the music of the merry drum. Andy was so pleased that he played a brand new tune:

“Bum, bum, a-bum! Bum, bum, a-bum!”

“I made them come! I made them come!”

That is what the drum seemed to say then with its “Bum, bum, a-bum! Bum, bum, a-bum!”

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