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Little Dwarf Merry Maker

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*If this story needs any explanation,
It has to do with a glad vacation.*

Little Boy and Little Girl stood with their noses flattened against the window pane, looking out when they heard a merry voice call:

*"Little Boy, Little Girl, it is merry June,
Ha, ha, ho, ho, are your hearts in tune?"*

It was at that very minute the children saw something that looked like a great white bird sailing down, down, down.

They heard a "whir, whir, whir."

They ran out into the yard, and down sailed a Fairy.

He took off his little red cap and made a low bow, saying:

*"Little Boy, Little Girl, let me explain,
I often arrive in my aeroplane."*

Little Boy and Little Girl laughed very hard at that and went to look at the tiny aeroplane landed safely on their lawn.

Little Dwarf Merry Maker (for it was he who rode in the aeroplane) said:

*"Little Boy, Little Girl, please tell the reason,
You both seem sad, in vacation season."*

Then Little Boy and Little Girl explained that school was out and other little boys and girls had gone away to spend their vacation, but they had to stay at home all summer.

Their voices were so sad it would have made you weep to hear them tell their troubles.

Little Dwarf Merry Maker only laughed a merry "ha, ha," and replied:

*"If you are on enjoyment bent,
Why don't you pitch a little tent?"*

"Oh" and "ah," cried the children, "we never once thought of a tent!"

They looked about them. Sure enough, there was a sheet flopping about on the clothesline invitingly. In less time than it takes to tell it, the tent was up, and they were all inside.

Little Boy said:

*"We need a chair or two and table,
To find them, now perhaps I'm able."*

Little Girl said:

*"Dishes, now, are sometimes found,
On cupboard shelves or on the ground."*

Little Dwarf Merry Maker chuckled as he heard the children speak in verse and replied:

*"You must know a thing or two,
Any wooden box will do."*

Soon the children found a soapbox and a starch box and a peach box.

Then Dwarf Merry Maker cried:

*"I will call the Cretonne Fairy,
She is really clever—very."*

The Cretonne Fairy came and decorated the boxes in a twinkling of an eye.

Little Dwarf Merry Maker cried:

*"Gather up some broken dishes,
We can mend them with our wishes."*

The children soon had three broken cups and saucers and plates, and that funny little fairy sang funny little verses about wishes until they were all as good as new.

They all sat down by the soapbox table, and Dwarf Merry Maker cried:

*"Little table, I do not tease,
But bring us chocolate if you please."*

No sooner said than done, there appeared chocolate, smoking hot in a brown chocolate pot, on the table.

Then Dwarf Merry Maker cried:

*"Little table, I do not tease,
Bring us doughnuts, if you please."*



Down sailed a plate of doughnuts so crisp and brown. It had so many doughnuts upon it the children could not count them all.

Dwarf Merry Maker kept singing happy little songs as they had their feast:

*"Don't forget to make a rhyme,
In happy, glad, vacation time."*

Then, suddenly, without any warning, and just in a second of time, Dwarf Merry Maker ran out of the tent and got in his aeroplane and sailed away, away, away, until he looked like a great white bird in the sky.

Little Boy and Little Girl stood by the window as before. The tent was gone.

Now the most wonderful part of the most wonderful part of the story is still to come.

Mother sang:

*"Surprises often happen soon,
In the merry month of June."*

Father called:

*"How many hours have you spent,
In a real vacation tent?"*

The children never really knew quite how it happened, but when they had skipped downstairs, jumping two steps at a time, to their surprise, they saw a little white tent down in the orchard by the apple tree.

Inside the tent were boxes covered with pretty cretonne, and on the table were pretty dishes, and doughnuts and chocolate, smoking hot! Little Boy and Little Girl clapped their hands with delight and cried:

*"Dwarf Merry Maker comes again,
In his little aeroplane."*

Mother and Father looked surprised, but overhead was heard a "whir, whir, whir," and something that looked like a great white bird sailed by, and an airy, fairy voice called as before:

*"Little Boy, Little Girl, it is merry June,
Ha, ha, ho, ho, are your hearts in tune?"*

Little Boy and Little Girl had a happy vacation in their tent, and Dwarf Merry Maker spent many happy hours with them.

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