

# JOSEPHINE GOES SHOPPING

*Mrs. Cradock*



THOMAS C. SPILLERSON

JOSEPHINE GOES SHOPPING

**BLACKIE & SON LIMITED**

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*Mr. Robb knelt down and measured Quacky's foot*

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# JOSEPHINE GOES SHOPPING

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MRS. H. C. CRADOCK

*Author of "Josephine and her Dolls"*

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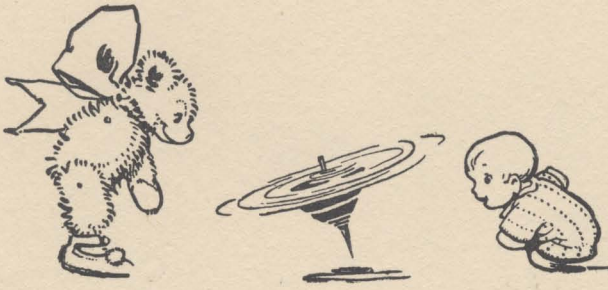
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# JOSEPHINE GOES SHOPPING

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## CHAPTER I

### New Clothes Wanted

**O**NE sunny afternoon in October Josephine stood before the toy-cupboard in the nursery, looking at her dolls.

“ Dear, dear!” she said. “ Some of you *do* look shabby; the sun shows up your crumpled and dirty frocks dreadfully.”

They all looked rather unhappy.

“ Never mind, dears. You can’t help it. Clothes *will* get shabby after a time, especially when you romp about, as you are all so fond of doing.”

They cheered up a little at her kind words.

“ I know what I’ll do!” she said suddenly. “ After tea, I’ll have a good look at all your clothes, and decide what new ones you want, and then we shall have to go shopping.”

Then was there great joy in the toy-cupboard! New clothes! They

all began talking at once in excited voices.

“ I know what *I'll* have,” said Dorothy. “ A new pink frock.”

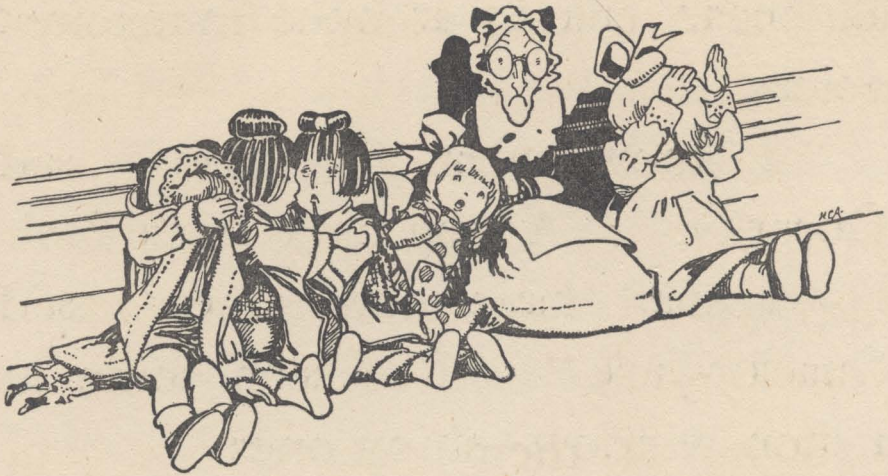
“ I shall have new shoes,” said Quacky-Jack. “ I’ve seen some in a shop window—shiny ones.”

“ I shall have a new jumper,” said Dora, “ and some beads to wear with it.”

So they went on, all talking together, and all delighted and excited.

“ My dears!” said Josephine, “ what a noise! And it’s not a bit of good going on like this. *You* won’t decide. Now listen to me. Silence, Quacky!”

They were all quiet again. Amy was still trembling a little from excitement.



*None of the girls were very brave*

Just at that moment there was a loud peal of thunder. I am sorry to say that none of the girls were *very* brave, and they all hid their faces in their frocks and pinnies, or pressed them against the next person's body. The boys, of course, were braver. Teddy even whistled to show that *he* didn't care. Quacky did just give a *little* start, for the thunder came

with a very loud bang, but he pretended that Patrick had pushed him.

“Come, children, be brave!” said Josephine. “The thunder won’t hurt you. Take your faces out of your pinnies.”

Some of them peeped out, but another bang came, and every head was hidden again. Teddy stopped in the very middle of a whistle, and Quacky turned a little pale.

“I believe that was the last bang,” said Josephine. And so it was. “Now I’ll send for your father, and we’ll see about your frocks and things.”

(The dolls’ father was John, who came so often to play with Josephine.)



## CHAPTER II

### They Arrange to go Shopping

**J**OHN came, and all the children sat on the hearthrug before the nursery fire.

“You know, John, they really do look shabby, and it’s nearly winter now, and you do have to have new things for winter.”

The children were all beginning to talk again, and there was a great hubbub. Dorothy was evidently *most* anxious about the pink frock.

“Mummy,” she said (of course Josephine was her mummy), “the



*There was a great hubbub*



pink frock I have now *is* shabby, isn't it? Really not fit to be seen."

"But, Dorothy, pink *doesn't* suit you—it isn't your colour at all. And besides, dear, winter is coming, and a pink frock for winter wouldn't be nice."

Dorothy began to look sad.

"We'll see what Daddy thinks," said Josephine. "Gentlemen sometimes have very good taste.

"Daddy, *would* you like Dorothy to have a pink frock for winter?"

Daddy looked at Dorothy's eyes and the colour of her face.

"No; I don't think pink would do," he said.

Poor Dorothy's eyes began to fill with tears, so Daddy said quickly,

before even one tear got over Dorothy's eyelashes and on to her cheek,

"She has such nice eyes and pink cheeks, I think a green coat and frock to go out in would be best—a pretty green."

"I think so too," said Mummy. "Green would be a change for you, Dorothy."

Dorothy was quite happy again. What Daddy said about her eyes and pink cheeks made her forget to cry.

"John," said Josephine in a whisper, "I didn't mean Dorothy to have two new things. Now they'll all want two."

They looked round at the whole



*Dorothy was quite happy again*

family, and examined all their clothes, and then John got out his notebook and pencil, which he always kept in a certain pocket (when he didn't forget to put them there), and wrote down a list of things to be bought.

“It'll *have* to be two things each now, I'm afraid,” said Josephine, “because of Dorothy.”

“ I think,” said John, “ we might let *them* choose one thing, and we’ll choose the other. They’re too young.”

“ You know some of their underclothes—vests and things—are shabby too; but I’m afraid they won’t *count* those; they’ll want things that *show*.”

“ It’s going to cost a lot of money,” said John. “ I think I’ll go to the bank and get some.”

So he went to a box in the toy-cupboard, where they kept some money for playing shop with, and put a handful in his pocket.

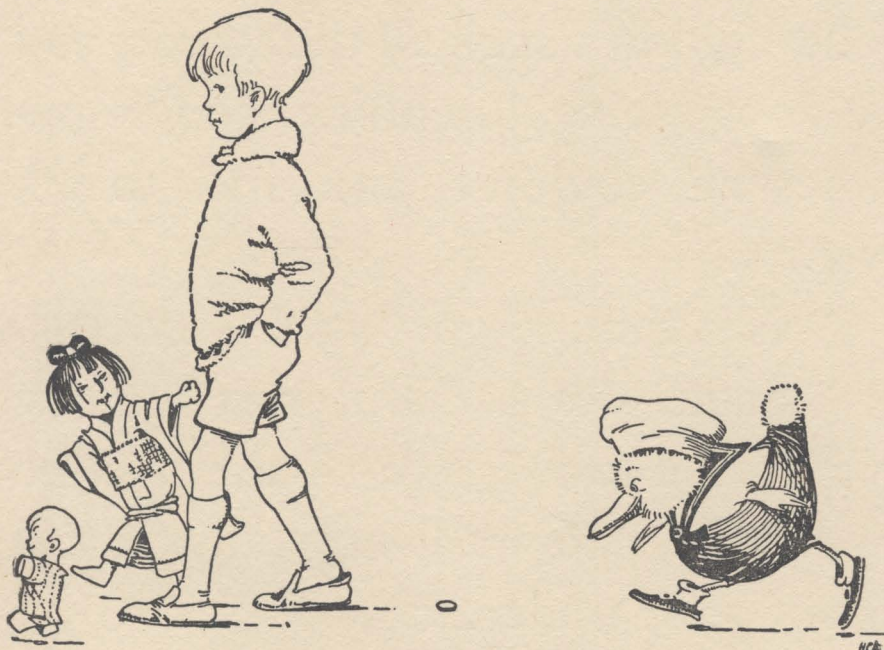
“ What did the man at the bank say?” asked Josephine.

“ He said, ‘ How much would you like, sir?’ So I said, ‘ Well, we’ve a

pretty biggish family, and they want two each.' ”

“ Didn't he say, ‘ Two *what*, each?’ ”

“ Yes, so I said, ‘ Winter frocks and things,’ and he said, ‘ I quite understand, sir,’ and bowed and gave me all this.’ ”



*He put a handful in his pocket*



The children were all listening. They thought Daddy was a very nice sort of father. But they were beginning to get impatient. Grown-ups *talk* so much, when you are in a hurry to *do* things; and Daddy and Mummy had been rather a long time looking at the clothes, and seeing whose were shabby, and making lists. John couldn't spell all the words, and he kept asking Josephine, and sometimes *she* couldn't, and had to ask Nanny.

“Is it time to go?” said Rachel.

“Soon, dears. But first—all the girls come to me, and all the boys go to Daddy, and we'll have a little talk about your underclothes.”

“More talk,” said somebody in a



*He was gazing at the ceiling, as if thinking very  
hard about something*



low voice. It *sounded* like Quacky's voice, but when Mummy looked his way, he was gazing at the ceiling, as if thinking very hard about something, so it *must* have been somebody else.

So the boys and girls stood round Daddy and Mummy, in two groups, and then a good deal of whispering might have been heard.

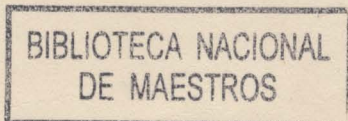
"Hush, dear," Mummy had to say, once or twice. "Not so loud."

"Is it time, *now?*" said Sunny Jim.

"*Very* soon, now," said Mummy.

. . . . .

"Let's pretend it's to-morrow morning now, John, and we'll set off to do our shopping. You be the



shopman, and I'll bring the children."

"Let's get the big motor-car out," said John.

So they put two chairs together, and covered them with a red curtain; and with a box in front, and a hooter John had bought with his last pocket-money, the motor was ready.

"Quacky, you shall drive the motor to-day," said Mummy. "It's your turn."

Quacky looked so dreadfully conceited as he strutted towards his seat in the front, that Daddy called out in a stern voice:

"Quacky, behave yourself, sir! Don't strut like that."

They were rather a long time getting off. Granny forgot where



*There was a great hunt for Granny's specs*

she had put her specs, and there was a great hunt for them; then Christabel forgot her hanky, and, as she had a cold, she really *couldn't* go without

one; and Dora had been eating toffee, and her hands and mouth were sticky, and she had to go and wash them; and little Teddy's shoe kept coming unbuttoned; and Dorothy couldn't find her purse, and said she *must* have it, because she wanted to buy something on "her own", but it was a secret. However, at last they were off.

Quacky loved being the chauffeur, and kept sounding the hooter all the way down the first street, when there was no need for it. Then he began to go *very* fast—much too fast to be safe—and when he *ought* to have sounded the hooter, of course he didn't.

"Be *careful*, Quacky!" called out Mummy, who was sitting behind with

all the children. (Daddy was, of course, not there; he was getting the shops ready.)

But Quacky, I am sorry to say, was in a very naughty mood. He tossed his head, and took no notice.

But alas! he soon wished he *had* been careful. At a corner stood

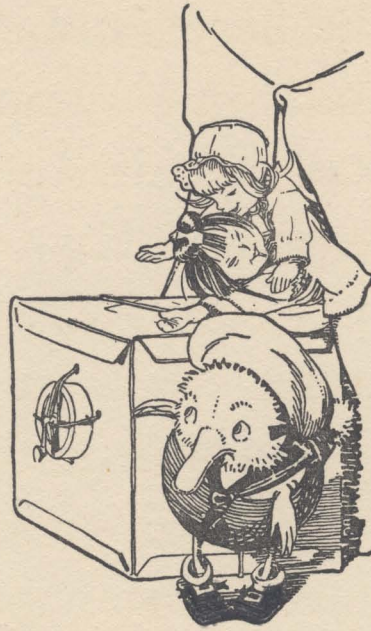
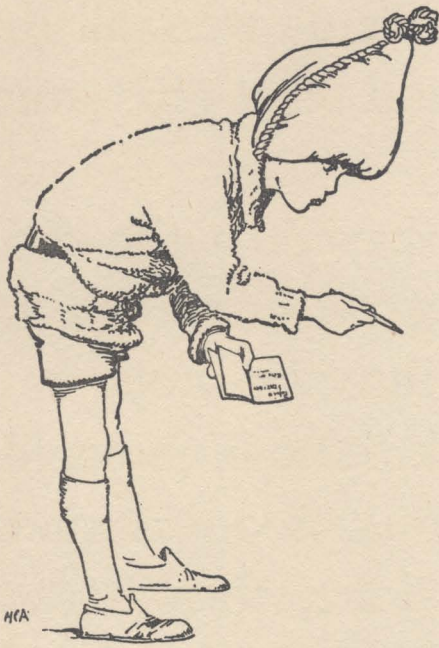


*Little Teddy's shoe kept coming unbuttoned*



a policeman, and he held up his hand, and made Quacky stop! The stop was so sudden that everybody behind fell on the top of everybody else, and they got so mixed up that they hardly knew who was who. There was a *dreadful* muddle; but they all thought it great fun. At least, all but Quacky. He didn't like the policeman.

But Mummy, being old and wise, knew that policemen are nice men really; so she got out and explained that the driver was rather excited and would the policeman forgive him just this time. And he said, "Yes, but don't do it again, driver;" and Quacky said, "No; I won't; and here's a penny for you."



*Quacky didn't like the policeman*

“Thank you, sir,” said the policeman, and they parted the best of friends.

At last they drew up at a draper's shop.

“Quacky, dear; you stay and look after the car whilst we are in this shop. Only the girls will go in with

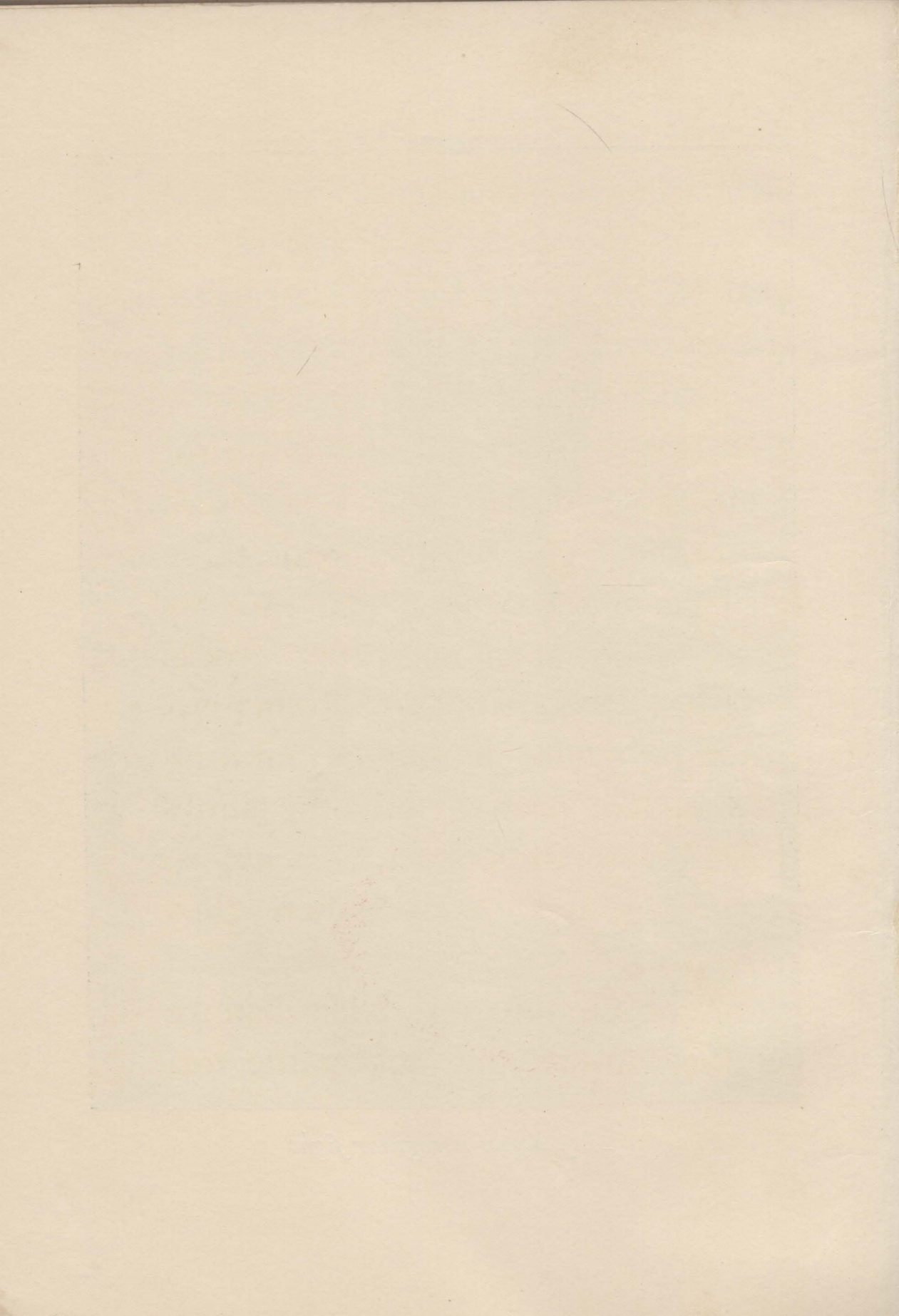
me here; and afterwards we shall go to a *boys'* shop, and the girls will stay outside."

So the boys all stayed in the car, with Quacky still in the driver's seat, and the girls went into the shop.

But do you think those boys could keep still? NO. As soon as they found themselves alone, they began a regular fight, knocking each others' caps off, and those who had hankies rolled them up into balls and threw them at the others. (But only three had them.)



*They began a regular fight*



## CHAPTER III

They go to the Draper's

**I**NSIDE the shop most beautiful frocks and hats and coats were spread out. (Nanny had made these out of coloured paper. She was very clever about making paper frocks and hats and things. John was spreading them all out and making the shop look pretty, whilst the family were being driven by Quacky, so everything was ready when they arrived.)

“ Now, Granny dear, what shall we get for you—let me look at the list.

Oh, I see, a shawl for your shoulders.”

“Yes,” said Granny, getting her specs out of their case, and looking at a shawl to see if it would do. “And I choose a flannel petticoat for my other thing.”

“What *dull* things!” Dora whispered to Dorothy.

Then the shopman thought he had better say something pleasant, so he said: “A very fine day, Madam.”

Granny was rather deaf, so she said: “No, a flannel petticoat, please.”

The shopman thought he had better stop talking about the weather, so he bowed and said:

“I am exceedingly sorry, madam, but we don’t keep any flannel petticoats; they are not worn now.”



*“A shawl for your shoulders”*



“Not worn!” said Granny, deeply offended. “Then I shall spend all my money at another shop.”

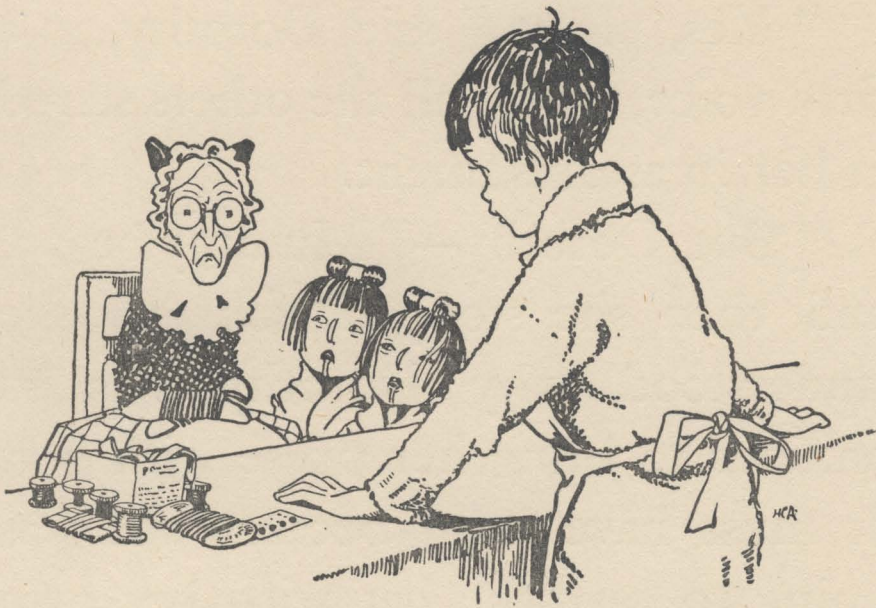
This was a bad beginning.

“You see, Granny dear,” said Mummy, trying to soothe her, “the fashions have changed, and flannel petticoats have ‘gone out’.”

But Granny sat on a high chair by the counter with her hands folded in her lap, and would buy nothing more. She did not like things to change.

“Now, Dorothy, you buy your own things,” said Mummy.

Dorothy looked round at the lovely things—some hanging on a piece of string, and some laid on the counter—and saw the *sweetest* green coat and frock and a hat to match.



*“Not worn!” said Granny, deeply offended*

“Those, please,” she said, pointing to them.

But that was awkward, for a coat and a frock and a hat make *three* things, and it had been decided that *two* each was what they were to have.

The shopman hesitated a moment.

“*Three* things, did you say, madam?”

“ Yes, please,” said Dorothy, in a firm voice, whilst all the others stared at her in astonishment.

“ But, Dorothy—” Mummy began, and then she stopped, for *now* she understood why Dorothy was so anxious to bring her purse with her. It must have been because she was going to buy the hat with her own money!

Yes, that was it. Whilst they all looked at her with wide-open eyes, and some with open mouths too, she took the hat from the stand, and took off her own shabby one, and tried the new one on before the glass on the wall. It was black velour, trimmed with green ribbon, tied in a very fashionable bow at the side.



HONOR C.  
APPLETON

*They all looked at her with wide-open eyes*



Still they all stared. It was such a *very* grown-up sort of thing to do.

“How much money does it cost, please?” said Dorothy.

The shopman looked at a little ticket which was pinned on to the hat and said: “That one is twopence, madam.”

“Then I will have it, please,” said Dorothy.

She opened her purse, and counted out eight farthings, which she had been saving up for a long time. She was *very* proud of herself, for none of the others had purses—some had money-boxes, and some had pockets in their frocks, and they had to keep their money that way. But Dorothy wouldn't have pockets in her frocks;

she said they were *most* old-fashioned. She was really getting very grown-up indeed.

It would take too long to tell you what *everybody* bought; I mean it would take too long to tell you what everybody said and did.

Dora chose silk stockings—pale-blue ones. She generally wore socks, but seeing Dorothy being so grown-up made her also want something rather grand. She *would* try them on, too.

“Allow me, madam,” said the shopman, and, bending down on one knee, he tried one on Dora’s fat little leg.

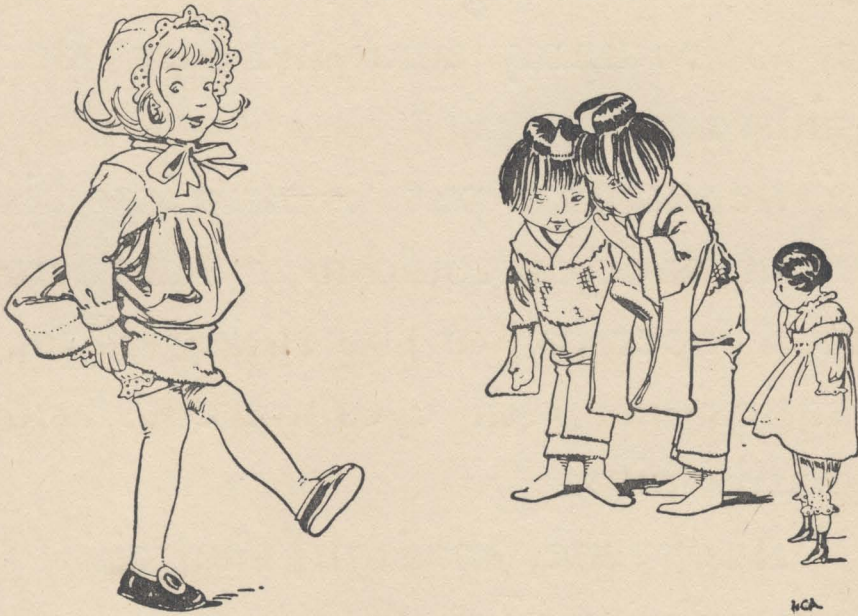
“Both, please,” said Dora.

“But, madam, they are both the

same size; there is no need to try both on."

"Yes, please," said Dora anxiously. She really wanted to walk about the shop in them, and have all the others admiring her.

So the shopman put both on, and Dora walked up and down several times. She was feeling very happy,



*All the others admiring her*



when the shop door suddenly burst open, and Quacky-Jack and Teddy appeared at the door, and Quacky called out:

“ *Do* look at Dora! Look at her legs, Teddy!”

He pointed at her legs, and they both laughed loudly, and ran out again.

Poor Dora began to cry, and ran up to Mummy and hid her face against her.

The shopman put his hand into his pocket, and you could hear that there was a paper bag or something of the sort inside. All eyes were turned towards him.

“ Allow me, madam,” he said to Dora, offering her a chocky. He kept

some always ready in case of little affairs of this sort.

Dora was quite ready for the chocky, so she took it gratefully, and being called "madam" helped her to stop crying. But something *must* be done with those naughty boys. Mummy went outside and found them all sitting as still as when she left them, and Quacky in the driver's seat, reading a book.

"Teddy and Quacky, come here this minute! You are very rude, naughty boys. I believe you were the ring-leader, Quacky. And— Why, that's my book you've got, the one I teach you geography from. Come inside the shop, both of you!"

So they went in, hanging their



*Quacky and Teddy in disgrace*

heads, and had to stand in the corner (not both in the same corner, you may be sure!) during the rest of the shopping.

“Now,” said Mummy — when things were quiet once more, and when Dora had put on her own socks again, and had her silk stockings

wrapped up in a neat little parcel—  
“we must get on with our business.”

The shopman offered to send the parcels home for the young ladies, but they all wanted to carry their own, especially when they saw what nice paper they were wrapped in, and how the string was tied with a little loop at the top for them to put one finger through.

When they left the draper's shop, this is what they carried away:

*Dorothy:* green coat, green frock,  
black hat.

*Dora:* silk stockings, blue jumper.

*Christabel:* blue coat, knitted cap  
to match.

*Margaret:* brown frock, brown  
knickers.

*Rachel:* party frock (white spotted muslin), combies.

*Granny:* shawl.

*Amy:* white serge coat, nightie.

*The two Koreans:* some very pretty stuff with a pretty flowery pattern for Mummy to make into frocks for them; and scarves to tie round their bodies. (They came from Korea where children dress in a different



*Pretty stuff with a pretty flowery pattern*

way from the rest of Mummy's children.)

The shopman had quite a lot of money when they had all paid for everything. (Mummy paid for *one* thing each, and she gave them money to pay for the thing they chose.) He gave them little soft bills with writing on, like a real draper does. That pleased them greatly.

At last they were ready to go. They *had* had a happy morning! The only thing that just spoilt it a *little*, was Dorothy being so proud of herself because she had bought a hat with her very own money, and nobody else had had any money like that.

She walked out of the shop in a



*The whole party were packed into the big motor*

very grand, proud sort of way; but Mummy just said, "Come, come, Dorothy," and Dorothy humbled herself.

"Come out of the corners, Teddy and Quacky," said Mummy. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes," said they both.

So once more the whole party were packed into the big motor, hugging tight their parcels, and Quacky drove them off to the boys' shop.

The policeman was standing quite near them.

"Have you spent your penny yet?" asked Quacky.

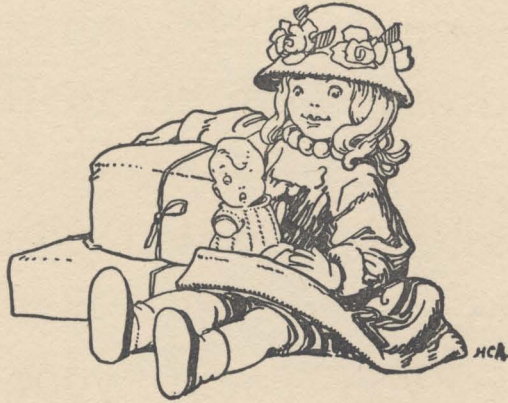
"Yes, sir; I've bought a new whistle."



The little ones (I mean the *very* young ones) looked so astonished. They thought you whistled with your lips.

“I never knewed you *bayed* a whistle,” said Charlie.

“Oh, yes,” said Dorothy, taking him on her knee, and still feeling rather grown-up.



## CHAPTER IV

They go to the Boot Shop

**O**H, dear me, children, it's dreadfully late; that draper's shop took us an awfully long time. Patrick, look at your watch, and see if it tells the same time as mine. Mine says one o'clock."

Patrick was always puzzled by the figures on his watch. He took it out of his watch pocket (he never would wear it on his wrist; he thought it didn't look manly). He could make any time he liked really, by twisting the little knob round at the top.

He twisted it about and made the big hand point to one.

“Yes,” he said. “It is *one*.”

“Well, then, dears, I am sure you must be hungry; so before we begin buying the boys’ things, we will go to a cake shop and have some lunch.”

Everybody looked pleased.

“Can you turn the car round in this narrow street, Quacky?”

“Yes,” said Quacky, “easily.”

“Be careful, then.”

Quacky was very anxious that all the people in the street should think him a very clever boy, so he began “showing off”, and turning the car round very suddenly and very fast; in fact it went so fast that he couldn’t stop it—round and round it went in



*There was the policeman again*



a circle till all the family felt most dreadfully giddy.

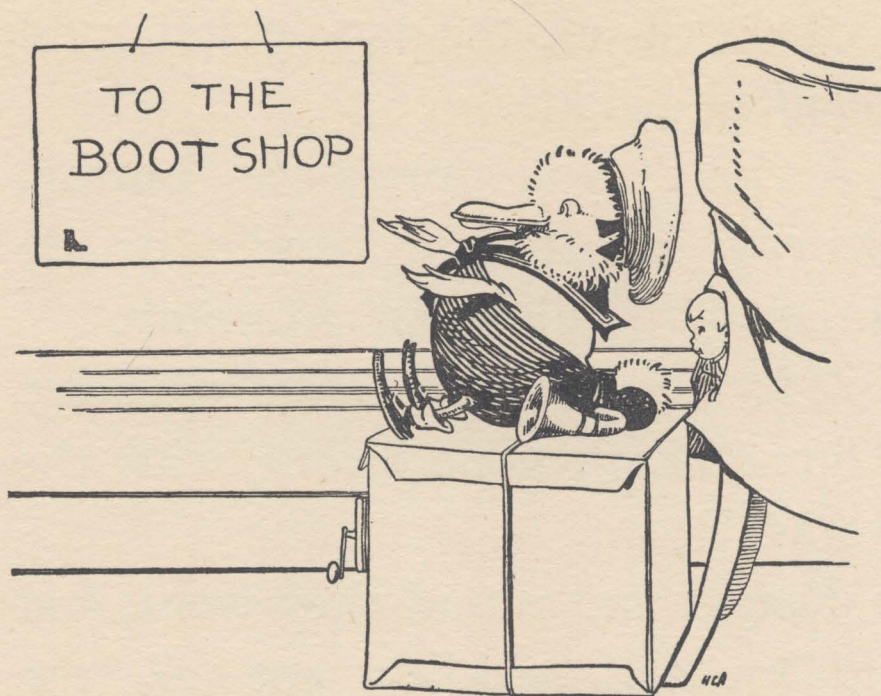
“Can’t you press a button, Quacky, or turn a handle or do *something?*” called out Mummy.

“It won’t stop!” cried Quacky. “Something’s gone wrong with the works.”

Round and round they went, and giddier and giddier got all the family. But happily, when it seemed as if they would have to go spinning round for ever, there was the policeman again, standing close by, with his whistle up to his lips. He whistled, and at once the car stopped!

“Oh, thank you!” said Mummy, out of breath.

They went into the cake shop and



*They saw a sign-post*

sat at little tables, and little Teddy rang a bell. The cake-shop man came, and all the children ordered the sort of cakes they liked best.

“Where are we going now?” said Christabel, as they left the shop.

“To the boys’ boot shop,” said Mummy.

They drove along a little way, and then saw a sign-post which said:

## TO THE BOOT SHOP

in large letters.

The boys went in with Mummy, whilst the girls stayed outside.

Mr. Robb, the boot-shop man, came forward, and Mummy said:

“ I have brought the young gentlemen to see about some new shoes.”

“ Very good, madam,” said Mr. Robb.

“ Quacky, we will begin with you,” said Mummy.

So Quacky sat down on a chair, and put his feet on a little sort of a stand where you are *meant* to put your feet in a boot shop.



Now Quacky's feet were rather wide and flat, and he generally wore shoes with very square toes; but he had seen a gentleman very smartly dressed, wearing long, narrow shoes, and he wanted to have some like them.

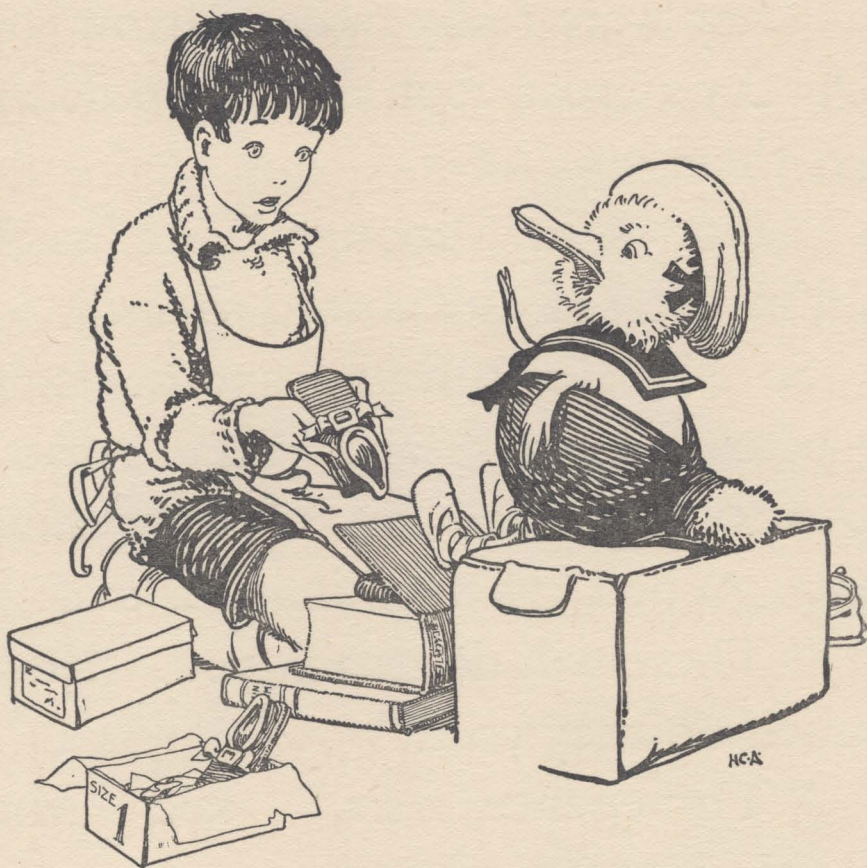
Mr. Robb brought some boxes with shoes in, and said: "What size do you take, sir?"

Quacky didn't understand, so he said: "Long, narrow ones, and *shiny*, please."

Mummy said: "I think you had better measure the young gentleman's foot."

So Mr. Robb knelt down and measured Quacky's foot.

"Size one," he said, and then



*“Too broad,” said Quacky*

opened a box and brought out a pair.

“Too broad,” said Quacky.

“Oh, Quacky, *no*,” said Mummy.

“Try them on, dear.”

They were really rather narrow for Quacky's broad foot, and he couldn't get them on.

"Not shiny enough," he said. "I'm tired of dull, broad shoes."

So Mr. Robb found another pair—patent leather and very smart. Quacky squeezed his toes together and pushed his feet in, and said:

"These will do, thank you. How much do they cost?"

"Threepence, sir," said Mr. Robb.

"I think I'll wear them *now*, and you can wrap up my old ones," said Quacky. He wanted to astonish the girls.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Robb, wrapping up the old pair.

Now the new ones were really too narrow for Quacky's broad feet and they hurt him; but he wouldn't have his old ones on again, so he bore the pain, and strutted up and down the shop.

Sunny Jim had set his heart on brown shoes, and Mr. Robb found a beautiful pair for him and put some



*Quacky strutted up and down the shop*

brown laces in them. They were an extra good pair, so they cost four-pence.

The two Teddies came next.

“You two don’t wear shoes, do you?” said Mummy; “so I must get you something else instead.”

But the two Teddies thought they *would* like a pair each, just to wear sometimes. They wanted a different colour from Quacky’s black ones and Sunny Jim’s brown.

“Have you any blue shoes suitable for a gentleman?” Teddy asked.

“Teddy, gentlemen *don’t* wear blue shoes; it’s not at all the fashion,” said Mummy.

“But who makes the fashion—who *starts* it?” said Teddy.



HONOR C.  
APPLETON

*“All the gentlemen in the town will soon be  
copying me”*



“ Well, sir, that’s an awkward question,” said Mr. Robb.

“ Nobody quite knows, Teddy,” said Mummy, “ who does.”

“ Well, then,” said Teddy, looking important, and waving an arm in the air, “ *I* will make the fashion—I will wear blue shoes, and all the gentlemen in the town will soon be copying me.”

“ And I will wear *red* shoes,” said little Teddy, “ and the gentlemen will all copy me.”

“ Now, Mr. Robb,” said Mummy, “ some of the young gentlemen have had accidents, and so they are rather short of legs. Do you sell *ones*—not pairs?”

“ Certainly, Madam,” said Mr. Robb.



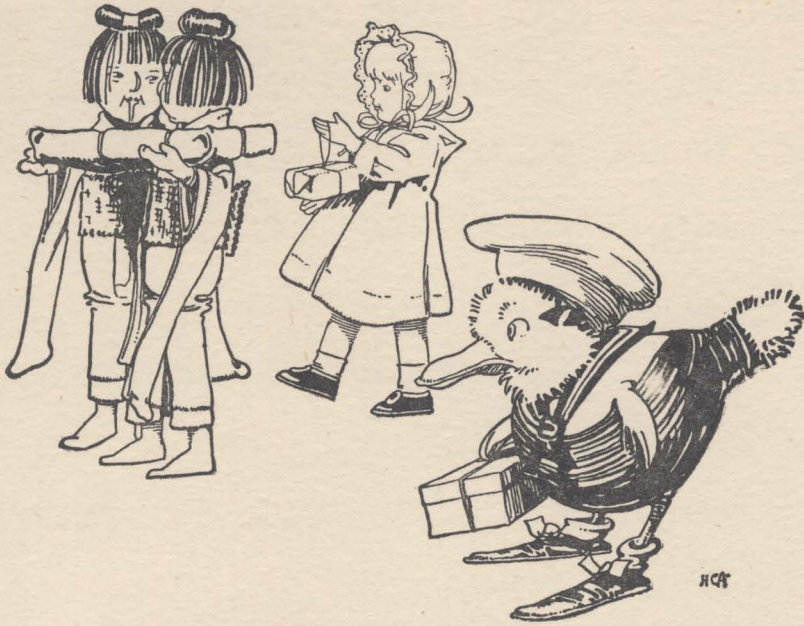
Then he opened a cardboard box, and in it was one laced boot—quite a manly sort of boot, and it just fitted William. In another box he had a buttoned boot, and that just fitted Patrick.

But poor Charlie! He was sitting on Mummy's knee, and he had no feet at all! What was to be done?

“ I know!” said Mummy. “ You shall have a whole new sailor-suit instead. Won't that be lovely?”

Charlie was quite used to having no feet. (They came off ages and ages ago, in the nursery.) He was *delighted* about the new sailor-suit.

“ We will get it at the next shop,” said Mummy. “ We are just going there now for the second thing each.”



*Alas! no one noticed them*

They paid for the shoes, and went back to the motor-car, carrying their parcels. Quacky's shoes still hurt him, but he walked in a very proud way, hoping the girls would look at his feet.

But alas! no one noticed them. So Quacky made up his mind to play

them a trick. He climbed up into the car just behind Mummy, so that her frock partly hid his shoes, then turning to Dorothy and Dora he said:

“Who would like to see what’s in *my* parcel?”

Of course many voices cried out: “Me!”

“My shoes are *gorgeous!*” he said, undoing his box.

They all looked eagerly, and you can imagine their surprise when, instead of seeing lovely, shiny new shoes, they saw Quacky’s dirty old ones, with a hole in one of the toes!

Quacky was delighted. He *had* taken them all in! Then, of course, they all looked down at his feet, and



HENRY C.  
APPLETON

*"Just the very place!" said Mummy*



greatly admired his elegant shoes. So he was satisfied.

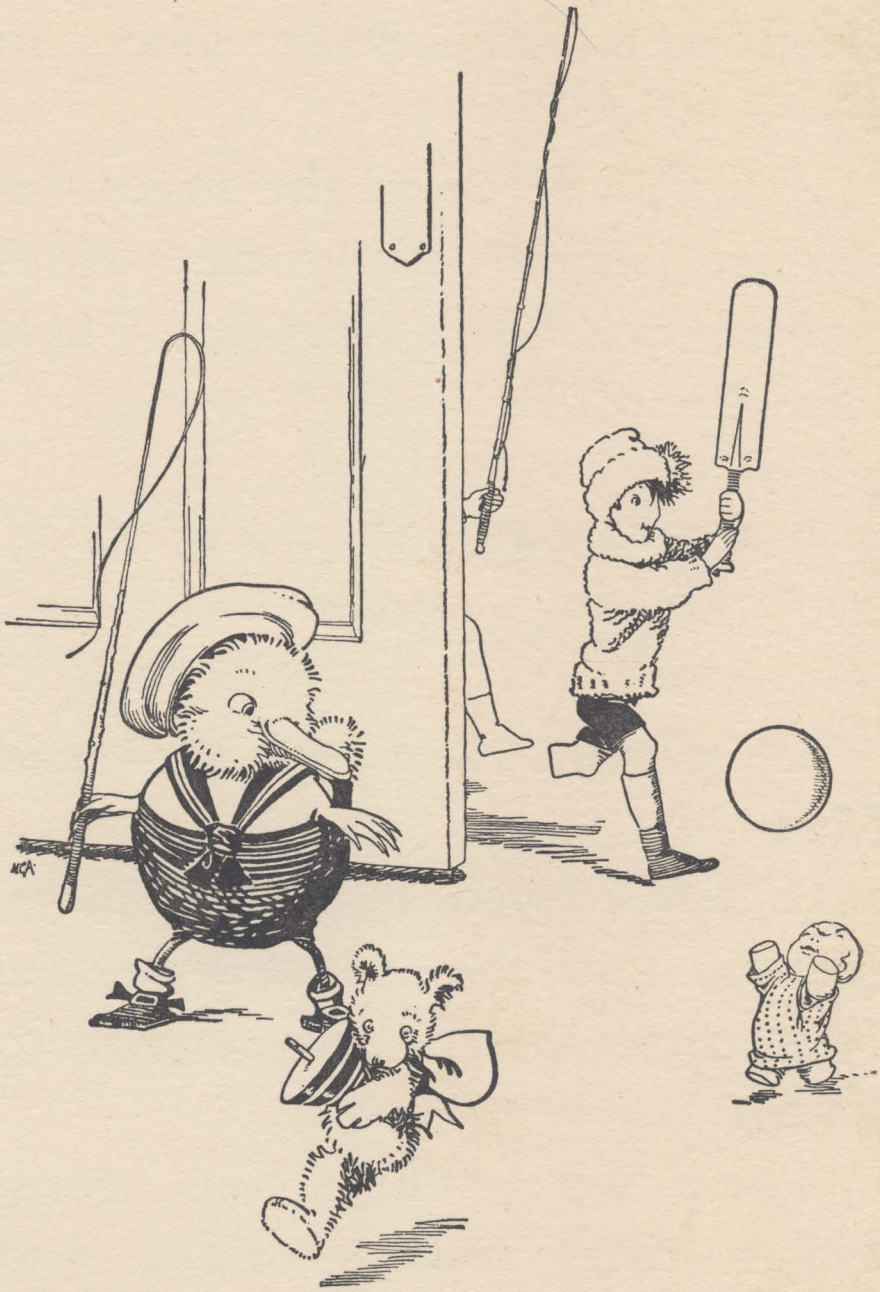
A little way down the street was another shop with some words printed over the big window. These were the words:

## A VERY MANLY SHOP FOR GENTLEMEN.

“Just the very place!” said Mummy.

So they stopped the car once more, and this time they all went in—the boys to buy things, and the girls to watch.

There were whips, tops, guns, fishing - rods, walking - sticks, and things of that sort. The boys put



*At last they went away carrying—*

on a very manly air, and looked quite grown-up. *Fortunately*, though it was not a shop for clothes really, there was just one sailor-suit! Charlie at once said, "I'll have it, please," and held out his farthing, which was all he had. So Mr. Chambers, the shopman, wrapped the suit up and gave it to him, and gave him a half-penny change.

The boys found it hard to choose what to have; *all* the things looked so nice. At last they went away carrying these:

*Teddy*: a gun.

*Quacky*: a whip.

*Little Teddy*: a top.

*Patrick*: a fishing-rod.

*William*: a cricket bat.



*Charlie*: a ball, and his sailor-suit.

*Sunny Jim*: a walking-stick.

So ended a happy day. They were tired when they reached home, so Mummy gave them tea, then bathed them, and popped them all into bed.

Granny was saying to herself, as she fell asleep: "To-morrow I shall buy a new bonnet; I hope bonnets are not out of fashion. I think I must be getting old."



