

BOYS & GIRLS... Paint The Pictures!



ANN and the LITTLE PUPPY

The Rag Dolls

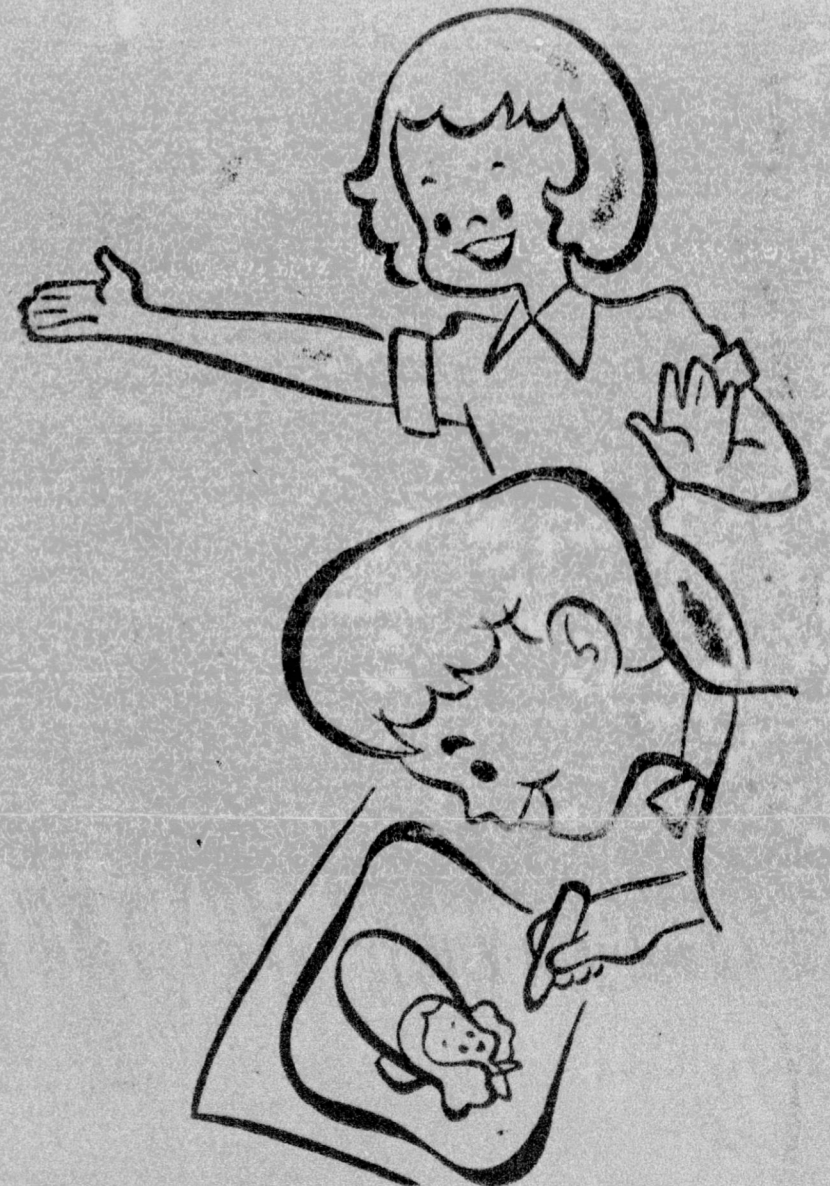
One late November day, more than a hundred years ago in the quaint old city of New York, a little girl named Ann stood watching her grandmother sewing. For as long as she could remember . . . most of her seven years . . . Ann had lived with the wise and pleasant old lady, for her own parents had died when she was quite small. Ann watched

her grandmother closely for she was making rag dolls, dozens of them, out of old clean socks . . . with shoe buttons for eyes. The old lady stuffed them with sawdust and dressed them in clothes made out of bright pieces of cloth. "Soon, Ann," her grandmother said, "you will learn how to make dolls, too!" And Ann felt very happy!

Kiddies--Get out your crayons and water-colors and have fun painting the pictures in this timely Christmas story--You will enjoy it!

THE CAROLINIAN

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY DECEMBER 27, 1952



Money For Christmas

Ann was happy because she loved her grandmother. They were very poor and the only way they could get money to buy food and clothing was by making and selling rag dolls. Ann would take the dolls her grandma had made and sell them on the street. The prettiest ones cost 50c. Ann hoped she could soon help her grand-

mother make the dolls for the old lady's eyesight was not too good and they needed money so badly! Especially now, for Christmas was coming, and there was a tree, a dinner and the little gifts to buy. "Buy my dolls," Ann said, and today people DID buy them! Ann was happier than ever.



A Sad Happening

Yes, people had been very nice to Ann today! Perhaps their hearts were touched by the way she stood smiling in the snow, saying "Please buy my dolls." At any rate, Ann had sold most of them. She had more than two whole dollars! She stood counting her money

happily . . . but suddenly two boys ran by. They knocked Ann over and her remaining dolls fell into the snow. But worst of all . . . her precious coins flew out of her hands and were lost in a deep snow-drift beyond recovery!



Whine in The Doorway

Ann grew panicky. She had to find the money somehow! Taking off her mittens, she dug into the deep snow for the coins, dug until her little hands were stiff and cold. But all she could find was one penny. It was getting dark and turning colder. Her grandmother would be worried. So, crying softly,

she picked up her soiled, wet dolls and started slowly home. She was only a block from home when she heard a faint and pitiful whine from a doorway. Ann turned toward the sound . . . and there, huddled on the doorstep, was a tiny puppy, the coldest, wettest puppy she had ever seen!



The Little Puppy

The little animal was shivering as it lay in the doorway. Its paws were covered with snow and its coat was soaked bedraggled. Ann had never seen anything so pathetic. Forgetting her own troubles, she picked the little puppy up and tried to warm it. "You poor little thing!" she cried. The

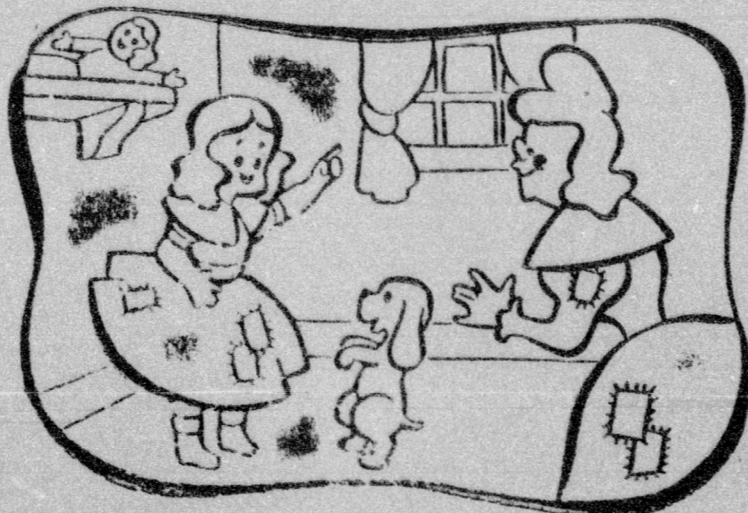
little dog was so cold that it could only wag its tail feebly. Ann knew that unless it had food and warmth it would die. "I shall take you home," she said, "and give you some warm milk." And tucking the puppy under her arm, she ran all the way home.



Let's Name Him Bobby

"Oh, Grandma!" cried Ann as she entered the little cottage where she lived. "I found this poor little puppy almost frozen!" And she showed the little dog to her grandmother. The kind old lady quickly warmed a saucer of milk and put it on the floor. The puppy sniffed at it and began to lick it up, slowly at first, then fas-

ter and faster, his little tail wagging. "May we keep him, Grandma? May we please?" The old lady smiled. "Why not?" she said. Ann jumped for joy. She had forgotten all about her loss of the money. "Let's name him Bobby!" she said. And Bobby's tail wagged even faster.



Bobby Learns Fast

Bobby quickly became part of the little household. He would romp and play with the bright pieces of cloth left over from making doll clothes. He learned to sit up and beg, to roll over, to jump and bark on command. He would welcome Ann home each day by

barking excitedly. At night he slept on the foot of Ann's bed; he would wake her each morning by licking her face. Ann made a little leash for him and took him for walks. Bobby loved the little girl and her grandmother. But he loved Ann best.



Bobby Is Recognized

The days passed swiftly. It was almost Christmas. One bright winter day Ann and her grandmother took Bobby for a walk in Washington Square. Bobby was proud in a little sweater than Ann's grandmother had knitted for him. They walked past a park bench

where a little girl was sitting with her father. As the dog walked by, the child stood up in sudden excitement. She seized her father's arm and started to run after Ann and the little dog. "Wait! That's my dog!" she called.



Whose Puppy?

Ann stood still in amazement as the beautifully dressed little girl came running. She was very near Ann's own age, about seven. Kneeling down on the sidewalk, she hugged the little dog happily. "My name is Martha," she explained. "Three weeks ago my little dog ran away and got lost and we've been looking for him

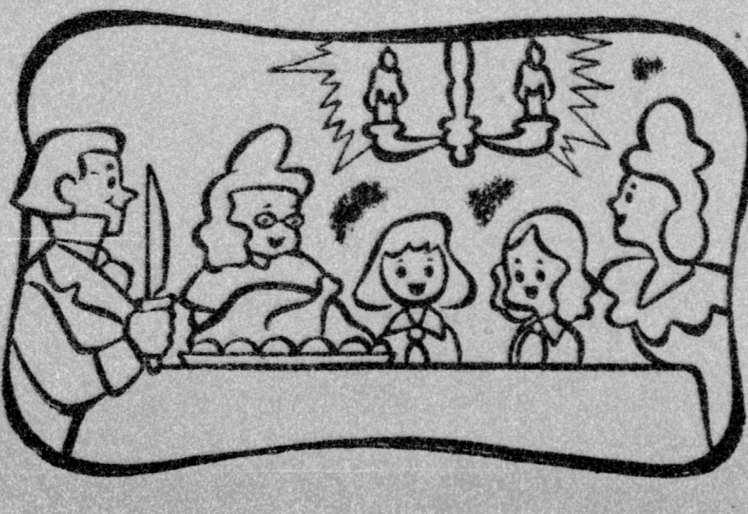
ever since! I'm so glad you found him!" She took hold of Bobby's leash. The puppy seemed glad to see her; but when Martha tried to lead him away, he whined and cried and tried to stay with Ann. Martha turned to her father. "He doesn't want to go. What shall we do?"



A Happy Decision

Martha's father was a very rich and wise man. He listened to Ann's story . . . how she had found the puppy and cared for him. And because he was a kind man, too, he quickly made up his mind. "Let's give the puppy to Ann, Martha," he said, "because that's where Bobby wants to stay." Then

he invited Ann and her grandmother to have dinner with them. On their way, they stopped at a shop where Martha's father insisted on buying a pretty dress for Ann and one for her grandma, too. They didn't want him to, but he was so kind that they accepted the gift.



An Even Happier One

What a wonderful dinner! More food than Ann had ever seen at one time. A tremendous turkey with all the fixings . . . even Bobby had a big piece. Ann and her grandmother met Martha's mother, a sweet and lovely lady. And in Martha, Ann knew she had found a real friend! As the ice cream was served, Martha

whispered to her mother for a moment. Then her mother said, "Martha wants me to ask you both if you will stay here and live with us. Will you? Bobby too, of course." Ann was too happy to even talk, but her grandmother answered, "If you really want us, yes! We'll stay."

A Merry Christmas For Ann

And so Ann and her grandmother left their tiny cottage for good . . . and went to live with Martha and her parents in their beautiful home on Washington Square. Ann and Martha loved each other like sisters, and Bobby loved them both . . . though I think he loved best the little girl who had found him when he was so cold and hungry. And with the help of Martha's father, Ann's grandmother started a factory to make rag dolls and

became very well-to-do. And on Christmas morning there was a wonderful tree and gifts for everyone! Even Bobby got a new collar. This is a true. My grandmother told it to me when I was little. She heard it from HER grandmother . . . whose name was Ann . . . and who found a shivering little puppy on a cold winter evening more than a hundred years ago in the quaint old city of New York.

