

CHAPTER XI

MORE FROM JANET

MY GOOSE'S EYES



My goose's eyes weren't
made to rhyme;
She looks at me with
one at a time.
She talks back cross when she hears
me speak,
But she can't help it, the words just
leak.

THE STARS AND THE SUN

When the sun gets tired of being high
It leaves hot shine on the top of the sky
That burns little holes in the big, big
blue
And lets some bits of the shine come
through.

The sun is *there*, like an apple pie,
But the stars are only holes in the sky.
The world is big and a girl is small
But a star is, really, nothing at all.

KINDS OF GIRLS

Two kinds of girls this world has got,
One kind eats crust and one does not.

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THE FISH'S TOES

A dear little baby-fish in a brook
Stuck up his feet and let me look.
Toes and back like a fan has he,
How can he sit on his mother's knee?

MY SEA

Out in the yard I have a sea
That's plenty big enough for me,
For if I couldn't keep on top
I'd only have an inch to drop.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

A wolf went to a farmer's place
And tried to catch a hen.
The farmer set a trap and caught
The wolf. The farmer, then,
Caught all his hens and ate them up.

JANET AND HER DEAR PHEBE

Now, if the wolf was bad,
Was that man good? If I was a wolf,
People would make me mad.

THE BUTTERFLY

Here is a creature with beautiful wings;
It has no feathers; it never sings.
An empty chrysalis the answer brings:
It's nothing at all but a worm with
wings.

Ah, so I've heard;
It isn't a bird;
It's only a worm with wings.

LONG LIFE

The ripe corn rustles in the wind. I
hear it. The corn is not a year old,
but soon it will die. It will do all the

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good it can, then it will die. If I live many, many times as long as the corn, shall I do many, many times as much good as the corn?

QUEER THINGS

How queer are likes and dislikes! My father likes sweet-potatoes and my mother likes them, too, but I would rather do without my dinner than eat them.

My father and my mother and my Phebe love me, but Inez passed on the other side of the street yesterday so that she need not speak to me.

I do not know why I do not like sweet-potatoes nor why Inez cannot endure speaking to me.

GROWING

I wish we had a big tree in our yard.

All the trees in Amity are little. Men planted them, and they take a long time growing.

Radishes and French-pinks, and chickens and doggies get grown-up quickly, but baby-trees and baby-men and baby-women are all very lazy.

A PUZZLE

I have been wondering about birds and horses. Birds cannot run fast but they can fly. Horses cannot fly but they can run fast. If a horse had wings he could go faster than a bird. If a bird had four feet it could go faster than a horse, but if birds and horses all

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had wings and four feet, every one couldn't go faster than all the rest.

I guess this is foolish; anyway, it makes me feel all queer and mixed up to think about it.

I WONDER

A sunflower came out of its nest in the ground.

Its nest was a seed.

The seed was little and the sunflower was big.

How could such a big flower begin to live in a nest so little?

THE SPRING

Away down under the grass and below the black ground we step on, there is a jail.

JANET AND HER DEAR PHEBE

The prisoner is Water.

When Water can find a place to get out, it runs away from the jail and plays in the sunshine.

Our spring is a place to get out.

That is why I hate to bring the water in a pail with a cover on. The Water looks twinkly and bright when the sun shines on it, but when it is shut up in the dark I am sure it all turns to tears.

MEDITATIONS

I saw Phebe yesterday. She was on her way to the spring. She stepped like Mr. Steven's colt with its first harness on; she stepped as if she wanted to break something.

To-day I saw Phebe go out of the church ahead of me. She was so near

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I could almost touch her dress. She did not seem to step at all, then; she moved forward smooth and straight among the other people, like the deep part of the Nodaway River going fast and still between the gurgly water among the stones on each side.

To-morrow, Phebe will walk some other way, I know. She is always new. Every day her face is different and every day it is beautiful, like flowers that are never two alike but every one is loveliness and delight.