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Dutchie and the Dill Duck

❖ I ❖

DORA'S Dutch Doll was looking out of the Nursery window one morning, when she saw Yellow-down, the Dill Duck, walking by. Now Dora, herself, was away from home that day, on a visit to some friends, with mother, and Dutchie had been saying all the morning; "This is my chance to run away, and never see Dora any more." So she threw open the window, and called with a loud voice: "Downie, Downie, where are you going? Wait for me!"

"I'm going across the sea," cried the Dill Duck, "and the ship is ready to start."

Dutchie fetched her hat and away she went as fast as she could go.

"Are you coming to see me off?" asked Downie, when she overtook him on the road.

"No; I am going to cross the sea in the same ship," replied Dutchie, "I am tired of Dora, and mean to have my way."

"It is not always safe to

have our way!" said Downie.

But Dutchie would not listen to advice, and a few minutes later they



They were alone on the Sea.

DUTCHIE AND THE DILL DUCK—continued

were on board the ship. Before the sun went down in Doll Land on that wonderful day, Dutchie and the Dill Duck were far away at sea, but as Dutchie lay in her little bed trying to sleep, she heard the loud wind blow, and the great waves roar as they broke against the ship's side. And then, just as the morning began to break, Downie came to the door, and shouted: "Get up, Dutchie, get up! The ship is going down."

It was quite true, and there was only just time for them to jump on to a raft, which the Dill Duck had very cleverly made. A moment more, and they were alone on the sea; the ship had gone down, and no other was in sight.

"Ah, Dutchie, Dutchie," said Downie, "I told you it was not always safe to have our own way."

"And you were right," sighed Dutchie, "I wish I was with Dora now."

"Never mind," cried her friend. "I see land far, far away, and the wind will soon take us there."

And it did. Before many hours had passed, Dutchie and Downie had landed on an island, and were spreading some of their clothes on the warm sand to dry.

"We can wait here till a ship comes to save us," said Downie.

"And be quite safe," laughed Dutchie.

But she did not know that just behind her a band of wild men were creeping and crawling nearer and nearer, with spears in their hands. She did not know at all what was going to happen next. Poor Dutchie!

(To be continued.)



She did not know what was going to happen next.

Dutchie and the Dill Duck

✻ II ✻

I WAS telling you last month how Dutchie and Dill were spreading their clothes on the sand to dry, little thinking that danger was near. But it was.

“Hark!” cried Dill suddenly. “I hear a footstep!”

They both looked round, and there among the rocks were three wild Indians.

“Save me!” cried Dutchie. “Save me, Dill!”

“I’ll go for help at once,”

shouted Dill. And without more ado he splashed, dashed into the sea, leaving poor Dutchie to be

snatched up by the largest of the wild men.

Now, Dill had hardly swum away out of sight when Dutchie looked for the first time at the face of the Indian who was holding her.

“Dear me!” said she. “I seem to know you, sir. Are you not the Golliwog who used to live in the house of—of—Mistress Dora?”

“Even so,” said the Red Man. “My friends and I have reason to remember the

maiden you refer to. In her hands we suffered many sorrows, till, one by one, she was careless enough to



He splashed, dashed into the sea.

DUTCHIE AND THE DILL DUCK—continued

lose us. That was the happiest day we ever knew, for it made us free.”

“Then you did not try to go back?” asked Dutchie.

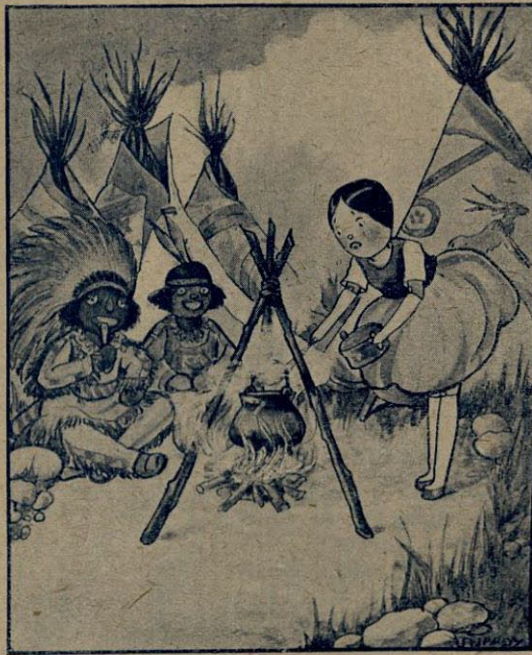
“Not at all, miss,” said another of the Gollies. “We came to this island, and here we live the lives of happy Indians.” With Dutchie between them they began walking away from the sea-shore.

“People who run away from home,” said the Gollies in a chorus, “must face the trouble that it brings. In the Play-room in the old days, you looked with scorn upon such humble folk as me. Now you shall come to our camp. You shall cook our dinners and wash our dishes.”

“Oh, I never, never have done such things before,” sobbed Dutchie. “Let me go home, and I will never leave it again.”

But while she was talking they

reached the Indian camp, where a fire was burning under a cooking pot. A few minutes later, Dutchie found herself hard at work getting food ready while her captors sat round in a ring, telling her to be as quick as she could. It was a hard task, but she *had* to do it.



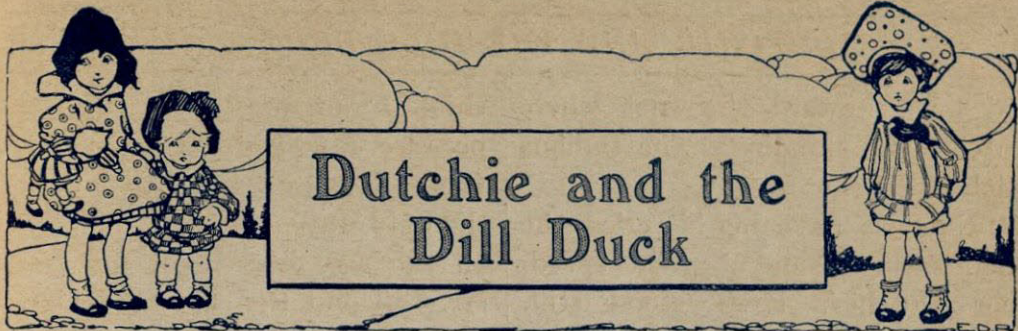
Dutchie found herself hard at work.

A day, a week, a month flew sadly by, and Dutchie had given up all hope of seeing her home again, when one morning she was roused from sleep by hearing a great noise in the camp. The Golliwog Indians were shouting with fear, and as she jumped from her bed she caught the words:

“Look at the sky! Look at the sky!”

She glanced timidly up, and what she saw far, far away made her heart go “Bump!” with joy.

(I will tell you what it was next month.)



Dutchie and the Dill Duck

III

WHAT Dutchie saw when she looked up into the sunny sky, was an airship, and it was sailing nearer and nearer to the lonely island.

Dutchie ran down to the shore and raised her hands above her head.

“Come, come quick!” she cried. “Or the Golliwog Indians will be after me!”

It was quite true. At first the Indians had been afraid when they saw the airship, but presently the chief said, “Let every man get his spear and

follow me!” This order was obeyed, but by the time they had reached the cliff-tops and could see Dutchie below them on the shore, the airship was very, very near.

“Begone!” cried the chief, waving his spear. “How dare you come to this island to take my captive away!”

Poor Dutchie heard his voice and the thud, thud of his feet, followed by all the rest, and tears of fear rose to her eyes.

Would the

airship reach her in time?

The Indians scrambled down the cliffs. The airship dropped lower



Dutchie ran down to the shore.

DUTCHIE AND THE DILL DUCK—ended

and lower toward the spot where Dutchie was standing. The Indians reached the shore.

“Now we have her!” cried the chief, racing along at great speed. Poor Dutchie’s heart stood still. She heard his voice; she felt the earth tremble beneath his feet; his hand was stretched out to grasp her. But at that moment her arm was seized by someone in the airship, and she was lifted into the tiny car. Saved! Saved!

The Golliwog Indians gave a yell of anger. But what of that? They were answered by a voice that Dutchie had heard before—long ago,—and when she turned to see who had spoken, there, in the car of the airship—think of her surprise to see—the Dill Duck.

“Ah, Dutchie,” said he, “did you

think I ran away from the Indians because I was afraid? Not at all. It was because I knew that that was the only way of saving you. I went all the way home, got my friends, Mr. Bill and Ben Bunny to buy an airship—and—here we are again.”

It was all quite true, and I need not say that the journey home was one long delight to Dutchie. Her joy was great when she saw land once more, and trouble had made her so contented with Mistress Dora, that she was never, never known to run away from home again.



Her joy was great when she saw land once more.

As to Yellow Down, the Dill Duck, whenever he passed the nursery window, when Dutchie was looking out, he would nod in a manner that said: “Ah, Dutchie, Dutchie, *now* you know that it is not always safe to have our way!”