

Raphael Tuck & Sons'
Prize Series.

Peeps
into
Picture
Land.

Illustrated
by

J. Pauline Gunter



For dear little Doris
with love from

Alice Williams

Smas 1896

“These ARE The Two Twins I drewed in The CART”





This is where
Dickey and I
went fishing,
alone

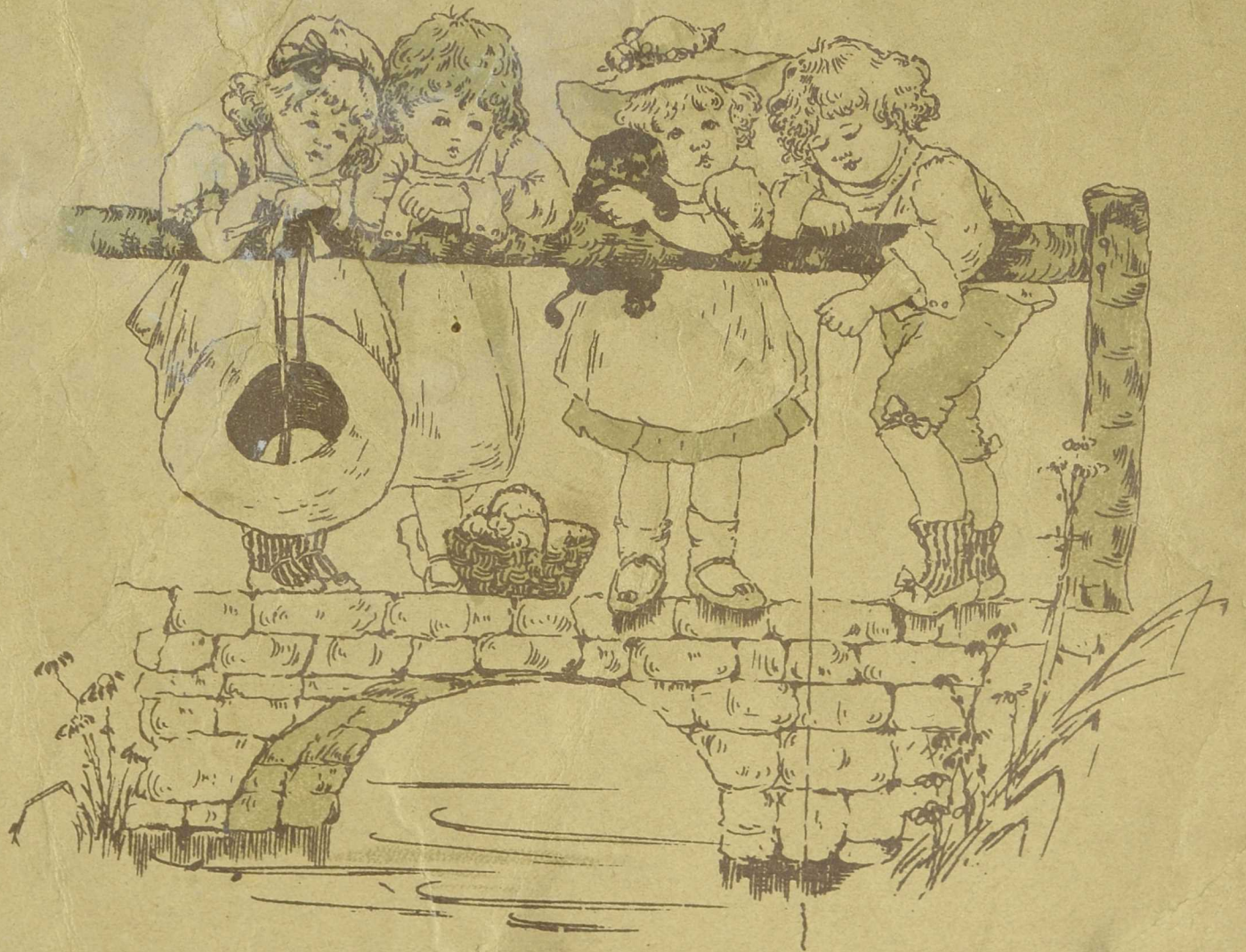
My dear Cousin,

JUST a little letter I want to write to-day
Because, dear Cousin Molly, I've such a lot to say,
And so, too, has my doggie, although his words are few
But "Bow-wow" means so much, dear, from little Tick-a-Too!

Tick-a-Too and I, dear,
on a visit went,
darling Uncle Edwards
seven whole days
we spent!

A little girl was staying
there, with cousins
big and small,
Such great adventures
happened -

I want to
tell them all



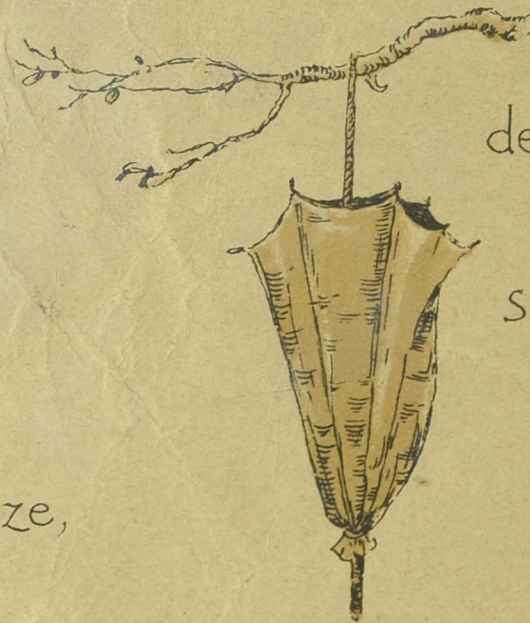
First, Tick-a-Too was wriggling,
in my arms one day

As we were standing on the bridge,
and wriggled right away,

Plump into the brook he went;
such a splash he made.

But I hooked

him out,
dear, with my
new
sunshade!



The little girl who stayed there,
loved among the trees

To sit and sing all day, dear,
swinging in the breeze,

Tick-a-Too would listen, but I had
to hold him tight

Because he always wanted her pretty toes to bite.

Then one day by the river shining in the sun
Dick and I went fishing, just we two alone.

But though we sat quite still, dear and
tightly held the rod,

We ne'er e'en caught a herring,
nor yet a bit of cod.

Oh! there was such a garden,
full of flowers sweet

Roses overhead, dear,
pinks around your feet,

But they all were very dry, dear, for the sun was hot,
And I found close by, dear, a big watering pot.

The water I poured out, dear on the thirsty ground
It really made a lovely pond running, running round
Tick-a-Too was soaked, dear - I was and round,
-Nurse was very cross, dear, rather wet,
next time that we met!





One day, too I borrowed Auntie's
skirt of green -
Wore it for a train, dear
like a fairy Queen,
And - will you believe it?
a little birdie came,
Hopped upon my train, dear,
just as tame as tame.

Oh! there were some Twins!

yes! two, I think they were
I drewed them in my cart, dear! such a funny pair!
But alas, the silly cart - tumbled on one side -
And the twins declined, dear, again in it
to ride!





"There will

be a little girl there."



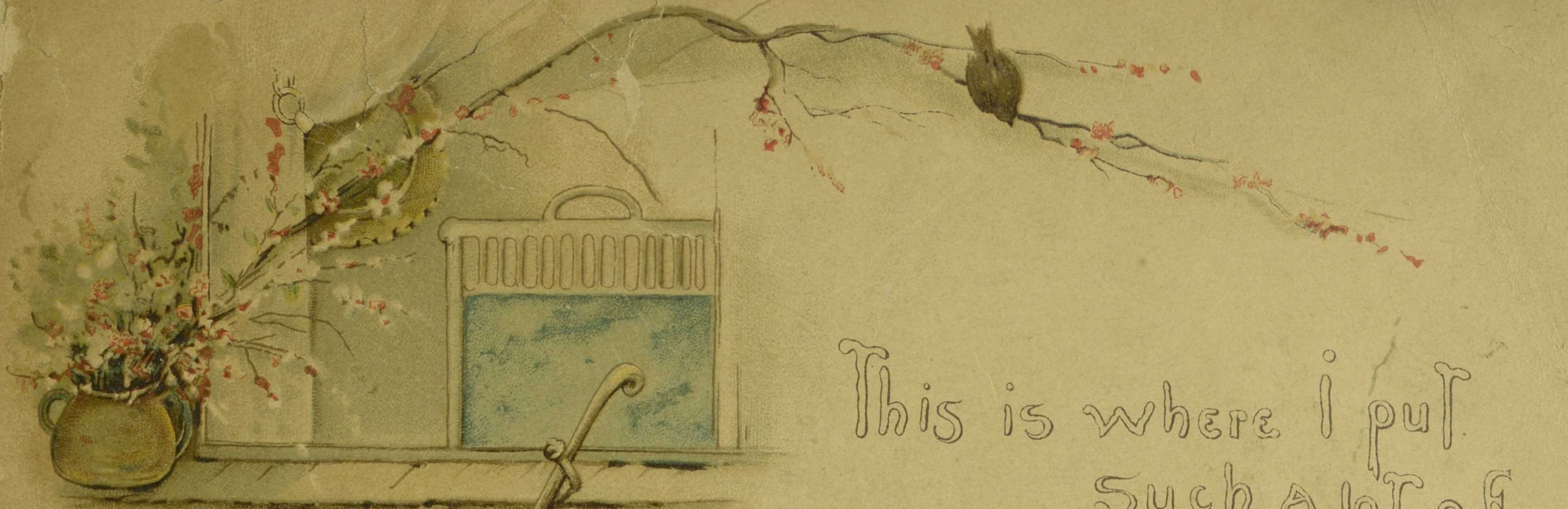
Tick-A-Too And Nelly.



This is
where i
Lost my
pink Sun shade.



This is where
The bird hopped
on my Train.



This is where I put
Such a lot of

Water on
The
Flow-
ers.



"She sits in the swing all the
time, and wears red
satin shoes. I have to hold
tick-a-too tight for fear
he will fly at her
feet."



Something for you to do.

PICTURE-LAND, as you can see from this peep into it, is a most interesting country, very nearly as delightful as Fairyland, and much prettier to look at than Story-Book-Land.

Picture-Land has everything that is lovely in it whereas poor Story-Book-Land has only rivers of ink, mountains of paper, and forests of pens, which certainly do not make very beautiful scenery. Still we all know how much we owe to the good people of Story-Book-Land — what indeed should we do without stories!

Now Mr. Raphael Tuck and his





sons who spend much of their time in this country, are sure that it would only be right if the children, who have been made so happy with stories, should make some little return for the kindness shown to them; And the Story-Book-Land people say that what they would like best would be for the children to write them some stories. Mr. Raphael Tuck and his sons think this quite a grand idea, so they have got an extra picture from Picture-Land called "Underneath the Apple Tree" and have bound it up in this pretty book, and they will give lovely prizes to the boys and girls who send in the best stories about this picture.

So what you have to do now is to carefully read the rules in this book, get your pens, ink, and paper, write the prettiest story that you can think of, and send it in, and you are sure to get, just exactly what you deserve to get.

THE TIRESOME PUP.

It's on the bridge, or by the sea

That with my pup I like to be.

Of course, I hold him

in my arm

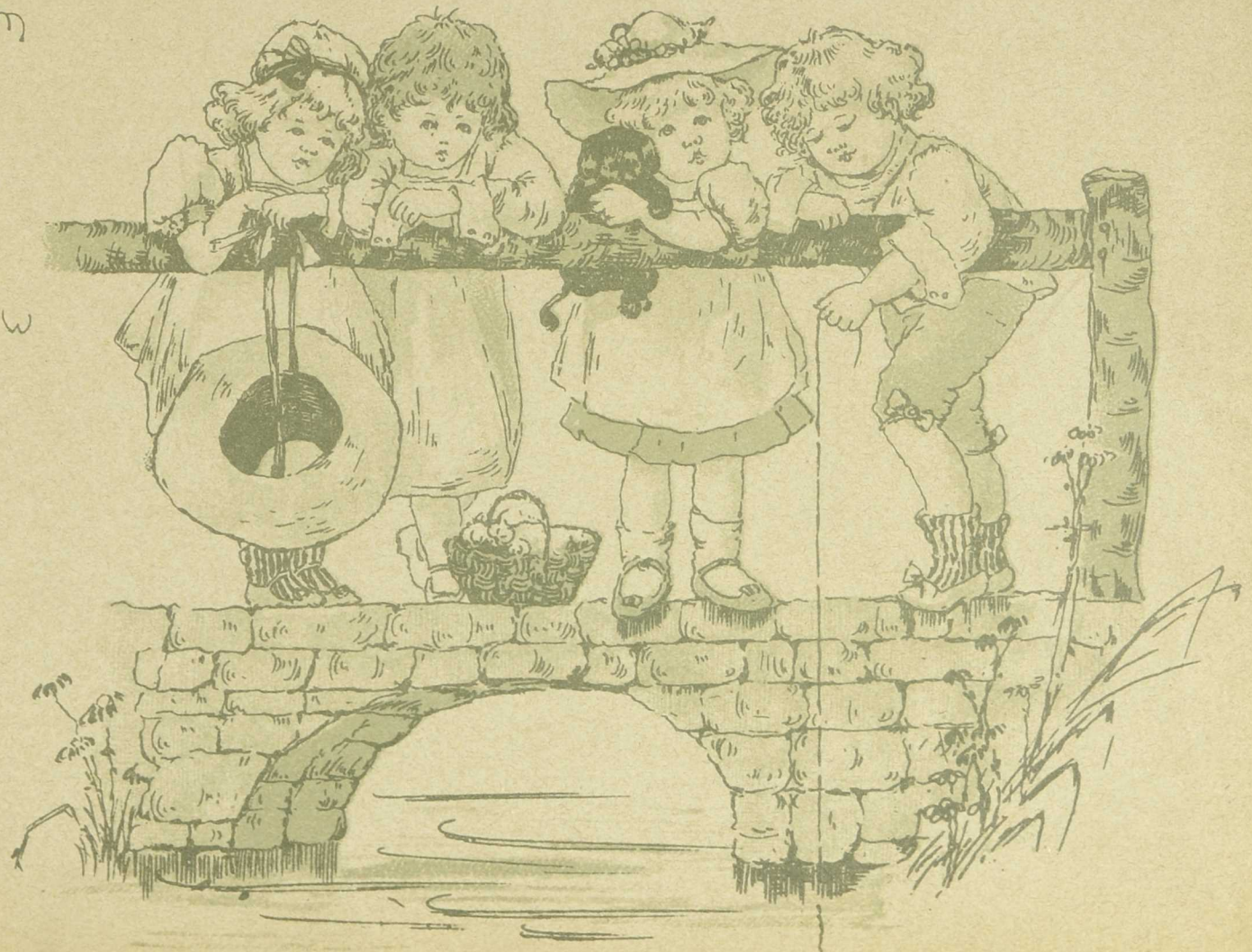
To keep my puppy
safe from harm.

For his mamma I know
would fret

If he should get
his tootsies wet;

You must look after
puppies so, -

They are such careless
things you know.



E.B.

TEA-TIME.

"We must sit here and wait
'till the kettle has boiled
Or I'm certain" said Mary
"the tea will be spoiled"

So she sat down at once
for a gossip with Joan
But Nelly went out
in the garden alone;

And the brown owl was there.

Neither stopped for a chat,
But they did something
very much better than that,
They made tea for both -

As for Mary and Joan
Their kettle

boiled over
and so they had none.



But Nelly
Went out
in the garden
alone,

And
the brown
owl
was there.



DOROTHY'S DOG.



DOROTHY was busy carting dead leaves in the garden when suddenly one of the wheels flew off and all the dead leaves and the twins as well were shot out onto the grass. — The twins began to cry, but just then up came Sybil with a very long face.

"O Dorothy!" she said "I am so sorry but I have lost Jerry."

Jerry was Dorothy's puppy. She washed him and combed him exactly as if he were one of the little ones and dressed him up in pretty blue ribbons to make him look smart.

"How ever did you manage that?" asked Dorothy.

"I was only walking with him in the



paddock - oh! very, very
carefully! - and he was
at one end of the string
and I was at the other, and
a rabbit came out and looked at us, and
before I knew what was going to happen the
rabbit had bolted through the hedge and Jerry
after him, and I was left with a
little piece of string in my hand
and here it is."

And she held it out with
fresh tears.

Of course, there was nothing
to be done but to go and
look for Jerry. The broken
wheel was forgotten, the
twins hastily wiped away





their tears and spread out
their handkerchiefs to
dry so as to be ready
if they wanted to cry
again in case of
Jerry's not com-
-ing home.

And then
the chil-
-dren
all started
off to look
for him.

"Have you seen
my dog?" they asked
a little girl on
a swing.

"No, I have

seen no dog. I have
seen six robin red breasts
on one branch
and that's enough
for one morning"

"Have you seen my
dog?" they asked the little
children down by the river?"

"No" they said "we have
only seen the flowers and
the kingfisher."

But at last under a warm,
sunny bank they found Jerry who
had lost the rabbit and gone to
sleep and they brought him home
in triumph.





So
We sit
by
the sea
and look
over
the foam.

JACK AT SEA.

When Jack was at home,
he would sit down with me
On the top of the cliff
that looks over the sea,
And wave, and blow kisses
as Daddy came by
As fast as his taut little
schooner could fly.
But now I'm alone,
for they've both gone away
And there's nobody left to
sit with me but Tray,
So we sit by the sea
and look over the foam,
And long for the day
when our Jack will come home



E.B.

The Little Fishers.

Tom took his sister out to fish

As little boys should do;

For though his gaiters weren't a pair

His heart was kind and true

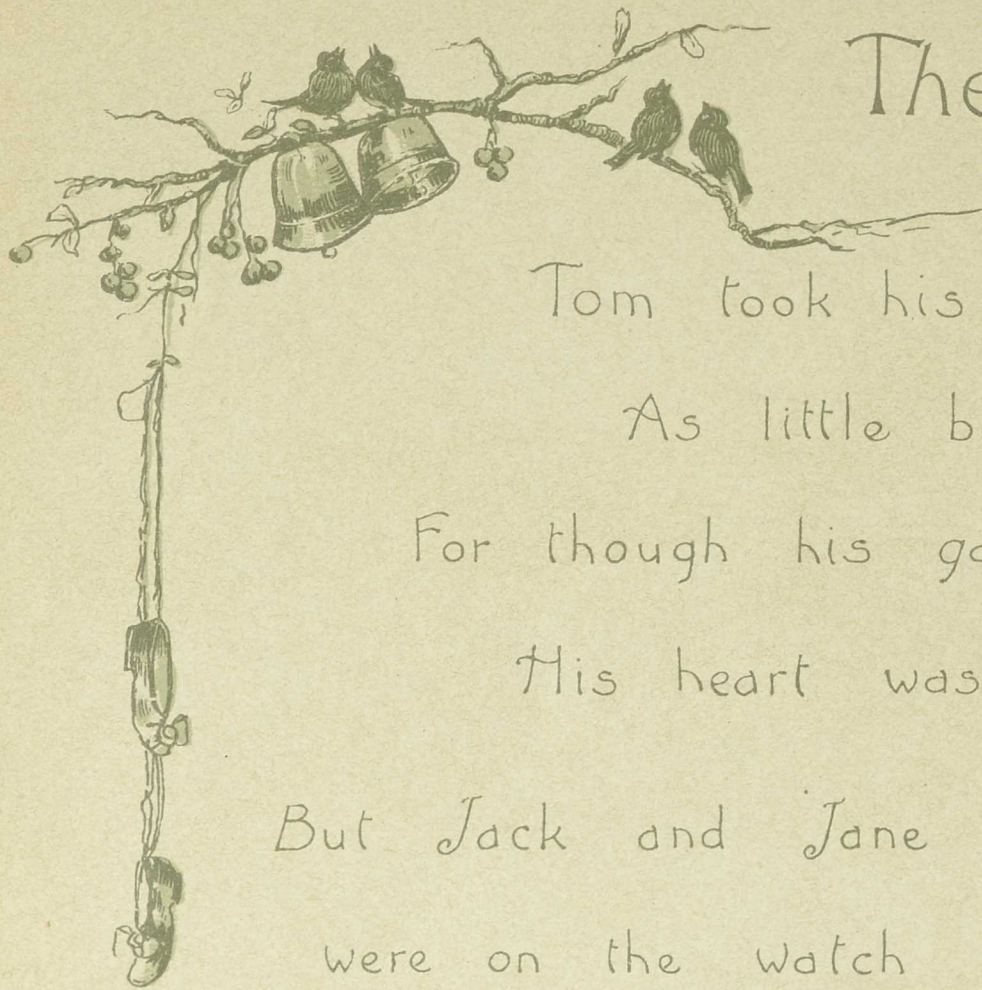
But Jack and Jane

were on the watch

And creeping up behind,

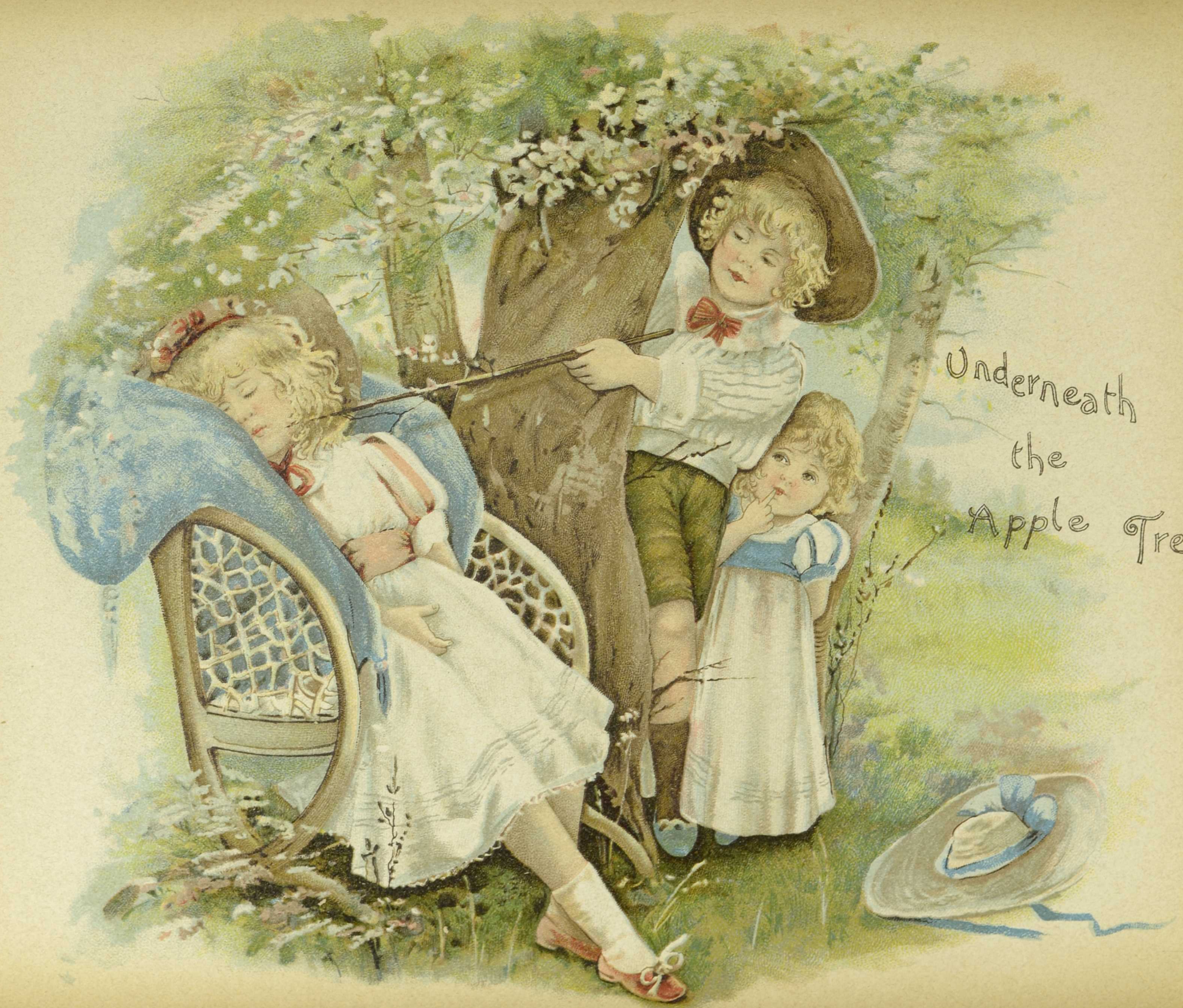
They pushed the little fishers in:

Now wasn't that unkind?



But Jack
and Jane
were on
the watch.





Underneath
the
Apple Tree.

A picture
in
Picture-Land.



There
We'll laugh
and sing
and play.



AN INVITATION.

Dolly, Dolly, come with me
Underneath the apple-tree,
There we'll laugh and sing and play
On this sunny April day.

Merrily the time shall pass
For I'll dance upon the grass
Holding up my little skirt
Just to keep it from the dirt.

If you should be tired, you know,
(Dollies are too often so)
Where the pretty pansies peep
I will lay you down to sleep.




MOLLY'S ADVENTURES.



MOLLY was determined not to suffer from sun or shower, or hunger or thirst, so she took the big umbrella and some biscuits, and an orange in her little bag, and set out to look for adventures.

She soon found one - After passing through the big meadow and picking a lot of flowers she came to a little cottage, and peeped through the window. Tea was set out on a little round table - tea for one - And Molly guessed that one



A vintage illustration of a room. On the left, a round table with a white lace tablecloth holds a blue teapot, a cup and saucer, and a bowl. A window with a view of a landscape is behind it. A brown dog sits on the floor, looking towards the right. In the center, a young girl with curly hair, wearing a white dress, is lying on the floor. To the right, a woman in a long green dress and a large straw hat stands holding a basket. A small bird is perched on a branch above her. The text is written in a cursive font in the center of the scene.

was for the little girl
who lived there, and who
was left alone while
her father & mother
went to work.-
There was a nice



blue and white earthenware
teapot, and a teacup to match,
but only bread and butter to eat,
and not very much of that so
Molly softly put her hand through
the window and put all her biscuits-
nice ones, with pink and white sugar
on the top - on the plate beside the bread and butter.

If she could have seen the poor little
girl's face when she came in and found
the biscuits - she would have been rewarded.

Then she ran down the lane, and left
her flowers for the poor sick woman in the corner
house. And her Orange she gave to a poor old

man who was breaking stones in
the hot, dusty road. He said
"God bless you, my dear"- and
Molly went home quite happy.

When she got home
she found her cousins
had come to play ~
and brought their
dolls and Fido so
she hung up
the umbrella
and the basket,
and they all
went out
and had
a glorious
game.



Of course
I hold him
in my arm,
to keep
my puppy
safe from
harm.



MY PRIZE STORY.





(P) (P) fol
PEERS...



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N^o 894.