

**SAFETY FIRST FOR
LITTLE FOLKS: FIRST
STEPS IN CIVICS**

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Safety First for Little Folks: First Steps in Civics by Lillian M. Waldo

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LILLIAN M. WALDO

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'SAFETY FIRST FOR LITTLE FOLKS

FIRST STEPS IN CIVICS

BY
LILLIAN M. WALDO

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

FOREWORD

THIS little book is, the author believes, fully in accord with the times in its aim and spirit, which is to further good citizenship; civic betterment; cleanliness; economy; the conservation of human life, happiness, and efficiency, both of one's self and of others; and to assist in reducing to some degree the terrible waste of life, limb, and effort resulting from thoughtlessness and carelessness. Childhood is the appropriate time for teaching the virtue of carefulness, thoughtfulness, helpfulness, and consideration for others. A reasonable care for one's own safety and well-being is an essential element for proper helpfulness to others. Any teaching of selfish disregard for the safety of others has been avoided.

Thanks are due to the various municipal departments of New York City, to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co., to Walter H. Bennett, State Fire Marshal of Illinois, and to Dr. B. B. Mosher, of Brooklyn, for photographs used in the book.

L. M. W.

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SAFETY FIRST FOR LITTLE FOLKS

CHAPTER I

THE BIG, BLACK MUD PUDDLE

Three things were certain, that inside the house was a big, shiny bathroom, and inside the bathroom was a big, shiny tub, and inside the tub one could paddle in clear, shiny water: it was the big, black mud puddle's fault entirely.

For the big, shiny bathtub had been doing its best for years to make Dotty and Dick love it. It had invited little floating toy ducks and geese and swans and frogs to bathe with them.

It had made all sorts of lovely noises to amuse them. Splurr, splurr, splurr! Splash, splash! Swish, swash! Blub, blub-b, and gurgle, gurgle, gurgle!

So you see the big, shiny bathtub couldn't possibly have had any part in the mischief. No, it must have been entirely the fault of the big, black mud puddle.

It had beckoned to Dotty and Dick with every tiny ripple. "Paddling in my black water is a new kind of fun!" the puddle seemed to whisper. "You have to guess

where your feet are—can't see them at all. Come on in and play you haven't any feet."

In another moment off came four little shoes and then off came four little stockings, and then—into the big, black puddle went four little white feet, the owners of those four little white feet never once stopping to think that the roadway was not a safe place to play, and that paddling in the cold, black water of the mud puddle was dangerous, too.

Either the mud puddle had been joking about the "fun" or winter had come again, for Dotty and Dick had been paddling only a very short time when they began to shiver and shake.

"Oh, i-it's t-t-oo c-cold!" wailed Dotty.

"Y-e-es, l-l-et's g-go in and g-get w-arm!" shivered Dick as fast as his chattering teeth would let him.

Two shivering, shaking, shamefaced children crept softly into the bright, warm kitchen, their little wet, red feet leaving muddy tracks on Mother's nice clean floor.

Mother saw and understood (as mothers will till the end of time). No questions, no scoldings—only hot water (in the big, shiny tub) for the cold little feet, hot-water bags for the cold little hands, hot lemonade to warm the cold little bodies. Then nice warm beds, and last, but not least, medicine—not nearly so pleasant as the lemonade.

Then Mother sat between the little beds and talked only as MOTHERS can. She told Dotty and Dick a great deal