GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER: CHILDREN WHO HAVE MADE STORIES

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Giovanni and the Other: Children who Have Made Stories by Frances Hodgson Burnett

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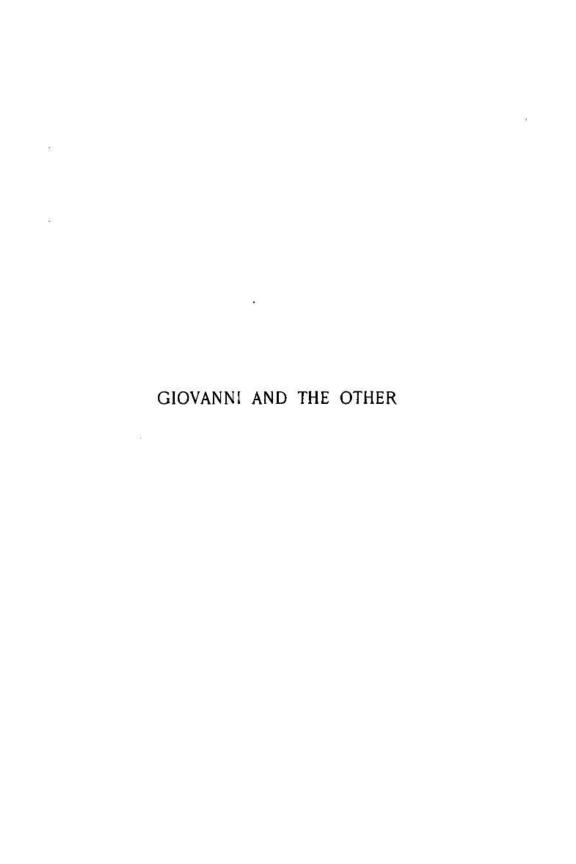
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FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER: CHILDREN WHO HAVE MADE STORIES





MRS. BURNETT'S FAMOUS JUVENILES.

GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER. CHILDREN WHO HAVE MADE STORIES.

SQUARE 840, \$1.50.

In this new volume of stories for young readers, by the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," there is a certain unity proving out of the fact that with one or two exceptions the takes are about little people whom Mrs. Bernett has known, an unbedigraphic interest thereby attaching to these charming portraits of child life. Four of the stories, sad, woret and touched with delicate humor, are about little Italian waifs who creft into the author's heart. Two of the stories are of incidents in the lives of Mrs. Burnett own boys; and the athers, while varied in subject have the same magic charm of disclosing the beauty of child-life with a sympathy and warmth of feeling the secret of which Mrs. Burnett alone norms to possess. Mr. Birch's illustrations portray the heroes and heroines of Mrs. Burnett's stories with a clear insight into the boatty of character, as well as quase of person, which they typify.

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Illustrated by REGINALD B. BIRCH.

GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER

CHILDREN WHO HAVE MADE STORIES

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

80CIETY.

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1892

PREFACE

A LL my life I have made stories, and since I was seven years old I have written them. This has been my way of looking at life as it went by me. Every one has his own way of looking at things. A man or woman who is an artist probably sees everything as a picture. Sunset and sunrise, country and town groups, children playing, older people at work, perhaps all form themselves into pictures when an artist looks at them.

In the same way it happens that scenes, incidents, and persons quite naturally suggest to me the story which may belong to them. I do not know how many such stories pass through my mind in a day. Some of them merely flit through like birds across the sky, and are forgotten, but there are some that stay, or at least leave traces. And in thinking of this once, I found I could call out of the shadows a number of children, some of whom, though only seen for a few moments, have remained quite distinct memories to me, and seem like little friends I like to think about. There are so many of them, of so many countries, speaking such different languages, wearing such different costumes, and each one of them seeming to suggest a story of his own. Sometimes it may be the story of a tiny news-boy in New York; a little fellow with sunbleached hair whom I find in the mountains of North Carolina; a poor little man waiting in the mud and drizzling rain in a crowded

London street, and rushing to open my carriage door in the hope of being given a few coppers; a beautiful little soft-eyed, curly-haired beggar in Rome, lingering in the sun until I drive out of the court-yard of my hotel, that he may run after me, laughing, as he cries out, "Soldi, Signora!"—quite sure that he is so pretty and coaxing that he need not pretend to be miserable (which he is not at all), and that the soldi will be thrown tinkling onto the pavement. It may be the story of any of these or of many others, but each one is part of some story, and there seems to be a little sketch of each hung in a certain gallery in my mind.

Remembering that to my own childhood the story of a child who was a real, living creature had a special fascination, I have put some of these sketches into words, trying to give them the color which surrounded them and made them stories and pictures to me, thinking that perhaps other children may like to read of small creatures who were as real as themselves, and not only beings of the imagination.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

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