

**TUCK-ME-IN TALES:
THE TALE OF OLD
MR. CROW**

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Tuck-Me-In Tales: The Tale of Old Mr. Crow by Arthur Scott Bailey

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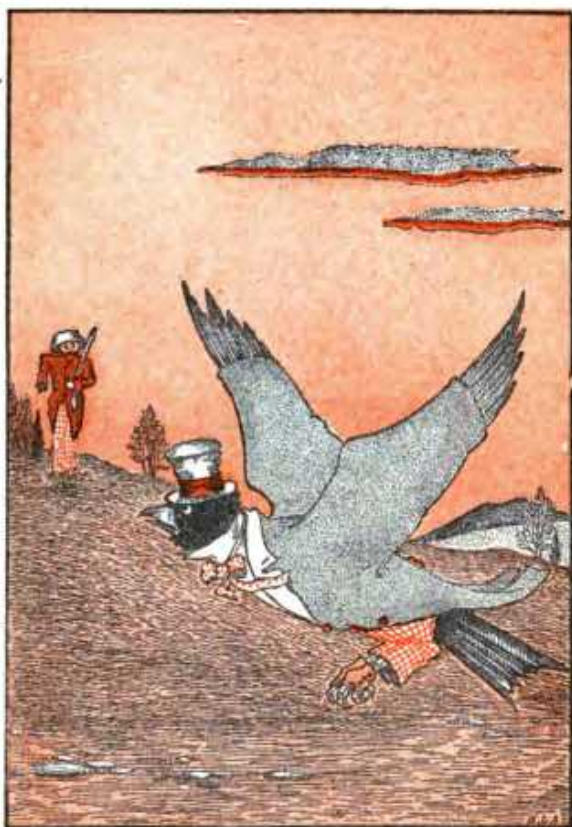
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ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

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Mr. Crow Noticed Something That Looked Like a Gun
Frontispiece—(Page 13)

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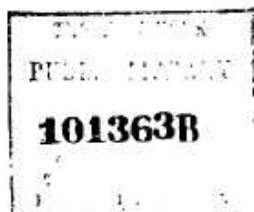


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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	THE OUTLAW	1
II	SOMETHING LOST	5
III	THE GIANT SCARECROW	10
IV	CAUGHT NAPPING	15
V	A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT	20
VI	MR. CROW IN TROUBLE	26
VII	MR. CROW'S BAD MEMORY	31
VIII	THE NEW UMBRELLA	38
IX	CAUGHT IN THE RAIN	44
X	A QUEER TOADSTOOL	49
XI	MR. CROW'S PLAN	55
XII	A RACE WITH THE TRAIN	61
XIII	THE GAME OF CHECKERS	65
XIV	THE LUCKY LAUGH	69

C. D. TRANSER AUG 30 1940

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XV	MR. CROW'S NEW COAT . . .	74
XVI	A TIGHT FIT	80
XVII	THE STRANGE BUTTONS . . .	85
XVIII	AN UNLUCKY NUMBER . . .	89
XIX	THE SHOE-STORE	94
XX	OLD SHOES FOR NEW	99
XXI	THE CROW CAUCUS	105
XXII	THE TEST	110

THE TALE OF OLD MR. CROW

I

THE OUTLAW

A GOOD many of the forest-people claimed that old Mr. Crow was an outlaw. They said he was always roving about, robbing Farmer Green of his corn and his chickens, and digging up the potatoes when they shot their sprouts above the surface of the potato-patch. And everybody was aware that the old gentleman stole eggs from the nests of his smaller neighbors. It was even whispered that Mr. Crow had been known to devour baby robins.

But perhaps some of the things said of him were not true. Though if he really was an outlaw he seemed to enjoy being one. He usually laughed whenever Johnnie Green or his father tried to catch him, or when they attempted to frighten him. And on the whole he was quite the boldest, noisiest, and most impertinent of all the creatures that lived in Pleasant Valley.

His house stood in a tall elm, not too far from the cornfield. And those that dwelt near him never could complain that the neighborhood was quiet. . . . It was never quiet where old Mr. Crow was.

Many of the smaller birds feared him. But they couldn't help laughing at him sometimes—he was so droll, with his solemn face, his sedate walk, and his comical gestures. As for his voice, it was loud and harsh. And those that heard too much of it often wished that he would use it less.