

TIDDLEDYWINK TALES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649721917

Tiddledywick Tales by John Kendrick Bangs

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

**TIDDLEDYWINK
TALES**

TIDDLEDYWINK TALES



"JIMMIEBOY."

TIDDLEYWINK TALES

BY

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHARLES HOWARD JOHNSON



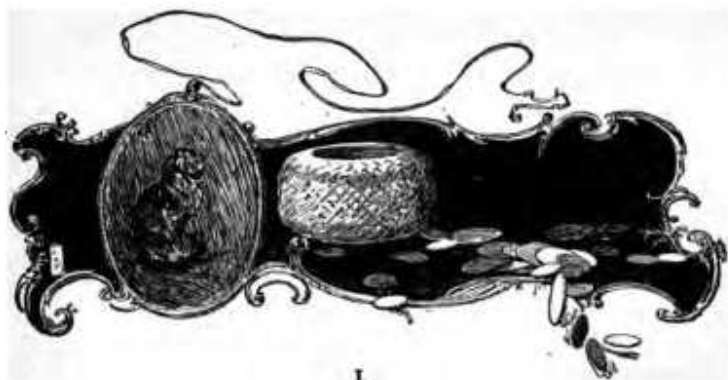
NEW-YORK

R. H. RUSSELL & SON

MDCCCXCI

TO
KENNIBOY





I.

JIMMIEBOY.

JIMMIEBOY was feeling rather tired. He was four years old, and had been playing ever since he had reached the happy age of six months. Before that time Jimmieboy had been content to sit on his nurse's or his mamma's lap, and wonder why people did such queer things; but when he realized that he had really reached the advanced age of six months, he thought it was high time he should stop being a lap baby, and assume the dignity of a seat on the floor. So he informed his parents by means of certain signs and struggles, which they at once understood, that he had made up his mind to get down on the carpet, and

seek his fortunes in the nursery without the assistance of anyone.

And Jimmieboy succeeded very well after this declaration of infantile independence. It was not long before he could push himself swiftly around the nursery with his left leg, his chubby little right leg doubled up under him, and his pudgy hands flat on the floor. Once in a while, to be sure, he would move so fast, that his hands could not keep up with the rest of him, and then he would fall over on his little nose, but this did not hurt Jimmieboy. The little nose was entirely too little to be hurt very much, and so he got on famously.

Before he was a year old, Jimmieboy had succeeded so well in making his fortune that he owned five full railroad trains. One of the trains was almost as heavy as Jimmieboy himself, and the little engineer could not make it go without taking it apart, and pushing each car separately before him, which suited Jimmieboy quite as well, particularly when it came to pushing the engine which had a beautiful cowcatcher and six lovely red wheels.