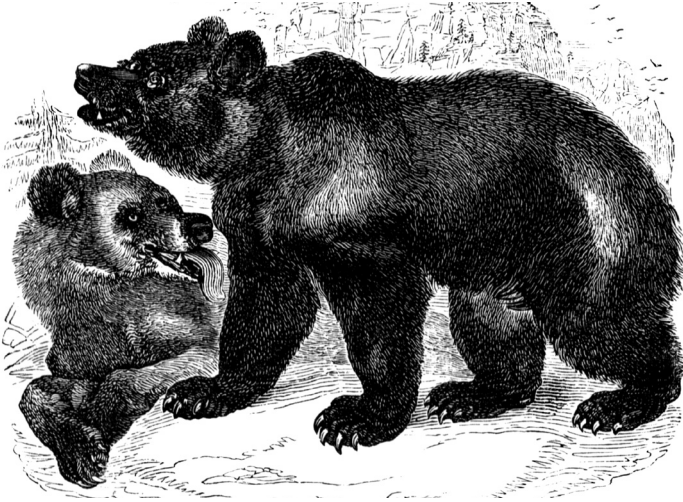


LITTLE BEAR AT WORK AND AT PLAY
Three Bears Come to Breakfast

by Frances Margaret Fox



From the day when the Three Bears discovered the Enchanted Land where bears may walk without fear of harm, and may safely poke their noses into any man's tent if they choose, from that day, Little Bear teased to go back.

"Then let us be off," exclaimed Father Bear at last. "Let us be off on a holiday journey, Mother Bear. Come, son, close the door of our little house and away we go!"

And away they went. Little Bear was so happy when the three jolly companions finally reached the Enchanted Land that he went to bed at sunset so that he might be up early in the morning to explore a country where rocks were painted in all colors of the rainbow, where springs of hot water bubbled through the earth, and where crystal-clear waterfalls filled his little heart with wonder.

Sure enough, Little Bear awoke in the early dawn, gave his father a friendly poke in the side, gave his mother's nose a friendly tweak, and thus merrily the day began.

"Let us take a walk before breakfast," suggested Little Bear.



“Very well,” agreed Father Bear, “and let us catch fish for breakfast in a mountain stream!”

“And we shall cook the fish in the first hot spring along the way,” added Mother Bear.

On through the glorious dawn went the Three Bears, crooning an old song and joyfully sniffing the air, when suddenly they came upon a sleeping camp, where the tents of the campers formed a big circle. In the center of the circle were the ashes of a campfire, and not far away was a cookstove standing near a covered wagon.

On that stove was a kettle. Over to that kettle pranced Little Bear. He lifted the cover and peeped in.

The kettle was full of something Little Bear had never seen before. Over walked Father Bear, over walked Mother Bear. They peeped in the kettle and shook their heads.


“It is something the cook forgot to put away!” remarked Father Bear in pompous tones.

“You may taste of it if you wish, Son Bear,” said his mother.

Into the kettle went Little Bear’s paw, and out it came filled with soft, brown, juicy fruit. He ate it, and it was good-so good he ate more and more. Father Bear ate the fruit, Mother Bear ate the fruit.

“What is it?” they said one to another. But although they could not answer the question, they liked that fruit so well they ate and ate until they ate it all up. They even forgot their manners and smacked their lips.

Suddenly there was a noise in one of the tents, and out popped the cook’s wife, calling, “Oh, the bears are eating our prunes! Oh, the bears are eating our prunes! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! They were eating our prunes!”



“So we were eating prunes!” exclaimed Mother Bear, as away went the Three Bears, laughing.

“And prunes are good!” piped up Little Bear, in his shrill, shrill voice.

But Daddy Bear pranced through the forest singing:

“Oh, let us sing some new, new tunes!

All about her prunes, prunes, prunes!”

And “Prunes, prunes, prunes,” the Three Bears sang all that merry day. “Prunes, prunes, prunes, prunes we had for breakfast!”