

go too far or stay too late, and I brought the blackberries for Daddy's pie, and a rabbit brought me home and is eating carrots this very minute in my garden."

"I know," said his mother softly." I know. And when he gets through with the carrots in your garden, he's welcome to the carrots in mine."

"I like blackberry pie much better, anyway," said his daddy. And they all went into Peter's warm, pleasant house and closed the door behind them.

THE END

The Little Boy Who Wasn't Lost

By Julilly House Kohler

Illustrated by Maurice Brevannes



carrot. Peter just stood there and looked all around and strained his eyes to see in the pale moonlight.

“Rabbit,” he said softly, “Rabbit, are there, by any chance, beans growing in the next row to this?”

“Don't bother with them,” said the rabbit, with his mouth full. “They're old and woody and the new ones are just coming along.”

“Rabbit,” went on Peter, and he began to sound very excited, “Rabbit, are there big Spanish onions in the row next to that? Are there?”

“Onions? Yes, there are,” said the rabbit without raising his head,

So Peter took a berry pail and off he went toward Mr. Buck's woods. First he crossed the road, looking very carefully in both directions to make sure there was no truck or tractor or hay-wagon coming. Next he trudged across Mr. Jensen's big oat field, hot and rough and full of stiff stubble left after the tall oats had been cut. Then he squeezed, very carefully, under the barbed wire fence, and there he was at last, at the edge of Mr. Buck's woods.

Then he saw the blackberries, dark and ripe.” Plup!” went each fat berry as it slipped neatly from its greenish-white stem.” Pling!”

and then pretty soon he was shouting with laughter until there were tears in his eyes.

“Silly!” he said, when he could get his breath.” Those aren't monsters. Those are automobiles. Those are not eyes shooting fire; they're headlights to keep the driver from hitting you. They don't roar or bellow. They just sound a horn to tell you to get out of the way.” And Peter looked at the rabbit as though he really liked him for the first time and the rabbit looked back the same way.

But all Peter said was, “Rabbits!” and he grinned.

rustle behind him. Out of the bushes marched five baby pheasants. They were going for a walk all by themselves.” Look at that!” breathed Peter.” They haven't even grown their tail-feathers.” He picked up his berry pail and followed the pheasants into the woods.

But baby pheasants can run fast. In a few minutes Peter was deep in the pine woods, and too tired to take another step. He threw himself down on some soft moss under a big tree and soon he was fast asleep.

When he opened his eyes again, it was almost dark. The birds had

have to stop a minute to take them off and dump them out.” I’ll try not to be very long.” And he sat right down and struggled with the knots in his shoelaces and tugged and tugged and finally got his shoes off and poured simply buckets of stuff out of them. The gray rabbit meanwhile sat and looked at him and seemed to grow bigger every minute. But all he said was “Boys!”

After that, it wasn't so bad. They reached the end of the field and walked on solid grass for a while and then, for some reason, they stopped. Only this time, it was the rabbit who stopped.

woods —which were at one end of Mr. Jensen’s oat field —which were across the highway —which ran along in front of his own farmhouse. That's where he was, all right, and his mother knew it and would tell his daddy, who would soon come and get him if he didn't come home for supper.

Just the same, Peter began to feel hungry. He thought of the blackberry pie his mother was going to make. Then he began to think of all the other beautiful things to eat in the world.

“Maybe, if I say them out loud, “he said to himself, “it will make

“Oh, I can't” cried Peter.” Wait!
Wait for me! I must push the
berry pail through first, and then
step down on this bottom wire,
and lift up the next one, like this,
and squeeze between very slowly-
-Oh, dear, I almost caught my
shirt on one of these sharp
points.”

“Boys!” snorted the rabbit.” I
suppose I'll never understand
them.” And off he went through
the plowed field that stretched
out ahead in the moonlight.

The plowed field was very long,
and really, Peter thought, very
plowed. He never could seem to
find one furrow to walk in, but

soup; and carrots, with oodles of
butter...”

“Carrots?” said a curious voice not
two inches away from Peter's
ear.” Did I hear somebody
mention carrots?”

“Yes,” said Peter in surprise,
trying hard to see who was
speaking to him, “I mentioned
carrots, with lots of butter and
salt.”

“Waste of time,” said the voice,
this time close to Peter's other
ear, “putting anything on 'em. Eat
'em the way they grow; the more
the better. Shall we go and get
some now? I was just about to
start when I saw you sitting here.”

rabbit really wanted him to come along. So...

“All right,” said Peter, and he smiled at the rabbit.” Thank you very much. I will come with you and I do like carrots just as they grow, particularly if they're good ones.”

“Good ones? These carrots are the best carrots in the country; and I should know. I've tasted a lot of carrots in my days and nights, and I think I can positively say that, for crispness and sweetness and size and color, the carrots I'll take you to right now would take a prize at Rabbit Hill itself. Come along. Follow me!”



“Well... I'm not sure that I'd better go with you,” said Peter slowly.” You see, I'm waiting for somebody to come and find me.”

“What do you mean, 'find you'? I found you, didn't I? And besides,” said the rabbit, “why do you have