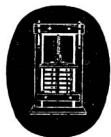


# WHAT KATY DID



RETOLD BY JOHN KENNETT

THE KENNETT LIBRARY



**Susan Coolidge**

WHAT KATEY DID

retold by John Kennett



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## LLUSTRATIONS

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FRONTISPIECE. *Elsie slipped, screamed, caught at the banisters, missed them . . .*

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PAGE 10. *“Katy,” said Dr. Carr next day, “you came into the room just now like your new friend Miss Clark.”*

---

PAGE 75. *The swing gave a violent twist, spun half round, and tossed Katy into the air.*

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PAGE 92. *Debbie would tie on a clean apron and come upstairs for orders.*

## To the Reader


ALL of you, I expect, have at one time or another seen a film, or a television play, that has been made from some famous book. I wonder if you have said to yourself then: "Now, that was a really exciting story—I must get hold of the book!"

Then what happens? You get the book—and, it's more than likely—you get a shock as well! You turn ten or twenty pages, and nothing seems to *happen*. Where are all the lively people and exciting incidents? When, you say, will the author get down to telling the story? In the end, probably, you throw the book aside and give it up as too hard a task. Now, why is that?

Well, perhaps the author, in the first place, was writing for grown-ups and not for children. Perhaps the book was written a long time ago, when people had more time for reading and asked nothing better than a book that would keep them entertained for weeks. So, writers spun out their stories to a great length.

We think differently today. That's why I've taken some of these very wonderful books, and retold them for you. Some of the books are for boys and some for girls—and some, I hope, for boys and girls together.

If you enjoy them in this shorter form, then I hope that when you are older, and reading comes more easily to you, you will go back to the original books, and enjoy all the more the wonderful stories they have to tell.

USAN COOLIDGE was a popular writer of many kinds of books and poems, but she is best remembered and loved for her children's stories.

Her real name was Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, and she was a niece of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, who was President of Yale University from 1846 till 1871. She was born in 1845 at Cleveland, Ohio, in the United States of America, and died at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1905.

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## CHAPTER ONE

### *The Carr Family*

KATY'S name was Katy Carr. She lived in the town of Burnet, which is a small place in America. The house she lived in stood on the edge of the town. It was a large, square, white house, with green blinds, and a porch in front with roses growing over it. On one side of the house was an orchard; on the other side were wood-piles and barns, and an ice-house for keeping ice frozen during the summer.

There were six of the Carr children—four girls and two boys. Katy, the oldest, was just twelve; little Phil, the youngest, was four; and the rest fitted in between.

Their father was a doctor, and they hadn't any mother. She had died when Phil was a baby, four years before. Only Katy could remember anything about her at all.

In place of a mother, there was Aunt Izzie, the doctor's sister, who had come to take care of them all after mother went away on that long



journey. She was a small, thin woman, sharp-faced and rather fussy about everything, and not very good at understanding children or the things they like to do.

The doctor wasn't like that. He wanted the children to be bold and hardy, and liked to see them climbing and playing rough games, in spite of the bumps and torn clothes which came from it.

Now, I want to show you the little Carrs and I don't think I could pick a better time than one Saturday morning when five out of the six were perched on top of the ice-house, like chickens on a coop.

Clover, next in age to Katy, sat in the middle. She was a sweet dumpling of a girl with thick pig-tails of light brown hair and short-sighted blue eyes which seemed to hold tears just ready to fall from under the blue. Little Phil sat next to Clover, and she held him tight with her arms. Then came Elsie, a thin child of eight, with eyes that were as bright and quick as a bird's.

Dorry and Joanna sat on the two ends of the roof's ridge-pole. Dorry was six years old; a pale, pudgy boy with rather a solemn face and smears of jam on the sleeve of his jacket. Joanna, whom the children called "Johnnie", was a square, splendid child, a year younger than Dorry; she had big eyes and a wide rosy mouth

which always looked ready to laugh. These two were great friends, though Dorry seemed like a girl who had got into boy's clothes by mistake, and Johnnie like a boy who, in a fit of fun, had borrowed his sister's frock.

Now, as they all sat there chattering, the window above opened, a glad shriek was heard, and Katy's head popped out. In her hand she held a bundle of stockings, which she waved in the air.

"I've finished the darning," she cried. "Aunt Izzie says we may go now. Are you tired out waiting? I couldn't help it, the holes were *so* big, and took so long. Hurry up, Clover, and get the things! Cecy and I will be down in a minute."

The children jumped up gladly, and slid down the roof. Clover fetched a couple of baskets from the wood-shed. Elsie ran for her kitten. Dorry and Johnnie armed themselves with two big sticks. Just as they were ready, the side-door banged, and Katy and Cecy Hall came into the yard.

I must tell you about Cecy. She lived in the house next door. Between the houses there was only a green hedge, with no gate, so that Cecy spent two thirds of her time at Dr. Carr's, and was just like one of the family. She was a neat, pink-and-white girl, with light shiny hair which

always kept smooth, and slim hands which never looked dirty.

How different from poor Katy!

Katy's hair was always untidy; her dresses were always catching on nails and "tearing themselves"; and, in spite of her age and size, she was always in and out of mischief. She was also the *longest* girl that was ever seen. What she did to make herself grow so, nobody could tell; but there she was, already up above father's ear, and half a head taller than poor Aunt Izzie.

Katy's days flew like the wind. When she wasn't studying lessons, or sewing and darning with Aunt Izzie—which she hated very much—there were so many delightful schemes rioting in her brains that all she wished for was ten pairs of hands to carry them out. Her active mind was always getting her into scrapes. She was fond of building castles in the air and of dreaming of the time when something she had done would make her famous, so that everybody would hear of her and want to know her. She'd not made up her mind what this wonderful thing was to be, but she was always planning how, by and by, she would be beautiful and beloved and as full of grace as an angel.


A great deal would have to happen to Katy before that time came, she imagined. Her eyes, which were black, would have to turn blue;

her nose would have to lengthen and straighten, and her mouth—which was much too large at the moment—would have to be made over into a sort of rosy button. Meantime, she forgot about her face as much as she could and got on with all the exciting things there were to do.

And now that you've met Katy and the others, let's follow them and see what they were up to on this fine Saturday morning. . . .

## CHAPTER TWO

### *The Camp*

 HE place to which the children were going was a sort of marshy thicket at the bottom of a field near the house. In winter the place was all damp and boggy, so that nobody went there excepting cows, who don't mind getting their feet wet; but in summer the water dried away so that it was all fresh and green, and full of wild roses and birds' nests. Narrow, winding paths ran here and there, made by the cattle as they wandered to and fro. This place the children called their camp, and to them it seemed as wild and endless and as full of adventure as any forest of fairyland.

They had to get to it through a wooden fence. Katy and Cecy climbed this with a hop, skip, and a jump, while the smaller ones scrambled underneath. Once past the fence they all began to run till they reached the edge of the wood.

They halted.

"Which path shall we go in by?" asked Clover.

“The Path of Peace,” said Katy, and led the way into the thicket.

The Path of Peace got its name because of its darkness and coolness. High bushes almost met over it, and trees kept it shady even in the middle of the day. A sort of wild flower grew there, which the children called Pollypods because they didn’t know the real name. They stayed a long while picking bunches of these flowers; so that before they had gone through Toadstool Avenue, Rabbit Hollow, and the rest, the sun was just over their heads and it was noon.

“I’m getting hungry,” said Dorry.

Dorry never liked to be kept waiting for his meals, but there was something that had to be done before he could eat.

“You’ll have to wait until the camp is ready,” cried the little girls, and all of them set to work to build their camp.

It did not take long, for it was made of boughs hung over skipping-ropes which were tied to the stems of trees.

When it was done they all cuddled in underneath. It was a very small camp—just big enough to hold them and the baskets, and the kitten. I don’t think there would have been room for anybody else, not even another kitten.

Katy sat in the middle and untied the lid of the

largest basket. She lifted it, while all the rest peeped eagerly to see what was inside.

First came a great many ginger cakes. These were carefully laid on the grass to keep till wanted. Buttered biscuits came next—three apiece, with slices of cold lamb laid in between; then a dozen hard-boiled eggs, and last of all a layer of thick bread-and-butter sandwiched with corned beef.

How good everything tasted in that camp, with the fresh wind rustling the poplar leaves, sunshine and wood-smells about them, and the birds singing overhead! It was great fun. Each mouthful was a pleasure; and when the last crumb had gone, Katy opened the second basket, and there, delightful surprise! were seven little pies—fruit pies, baked in saucers—each with a brown top and crisp edge, which tasted like toffee and lemon-peel and all sorts of good things mixed up together.

Everybody shouted at the sight, and Johnnie and Dorry kicked their heels on the ground in the wildest of joy. Seven pairs of hands were held out towards the basket, seven sets of teeth were at once set to work.

Within two or three minutes every scrap of the pies had gone, and the whole party were happily and contentedly sticky.

“What shall we do now?” asked Clover.

"I don't know," replied Katy, dreamily.

She had left her seat and was half-lying on the low, crooked bough of a tree which hung almost over the children's heads.

"Let's play we're grown up," said Cecy, "and tell what we mean to do."

"All right," said Clover, "you begin. What do you mean to do?"

"I'm going to have lots of beautiful silk dresses," said Cecy, "and I shall look good, and be very good, too. All the young men will want me to go and ride with them, but I shan't notice them at all because I shall always be teaching in Sunday-school, and visiting the poor. And one day, when I'm bending over a poor old woman and feeding her with currant jelly, a poet will come along and see me, and he'll go home and write a poem about me," finished Cecy triumphantly.

"Pooh!" said Clover. "I don't think there's much fun in that. I'm going to be a beautiful lady—the most beautiful lady in the world! And I'm going to live in a yellow castle, with a sun-house on the roof. My children will have a play-house up there. I shall wear gold or silver dresses every day, and diamond rings, and have white satin aprons to tie on when I'm dusting or doing anything dirty. In the middle of my back-yard there'll be a pond full of Eau de



Cologne, and whenever I want any I shall just go out and dip a bottle in!"

"I'll have just the same," cried Elsie, who thought all this sounded very grand, "only my pond will be the biggest. I shall be a great deal beautifuller, too," she added.

"You can't," said Katy from overhead. "Clover is going to be the most beautiful lady in the world."

"But I'll be *more* beautiful than the most beautiful," cried Elsie.

"*You can't!*" shrieked the rest, and they all roared with laughter.

"What'll you be, Johnnie?" asked Clover.

"I don't know," said Johnnie simply. "I 'spect I'll just be me—only bigger!"

Dorry had more to say than that.

"I'm going to eat turkey every day," he said, "and batter-puddings with brown shiny tops. I shall be so big then that nobody will tell me three helpings are enough for a little boy."

"Oh, Dorry, you pig!" cried Katy, while the rest screamed with laughter.

"It's your turn, Katy," said Cecy. "What are you going to be when you're grown up?"

Katy frowned.

"I'm not sure," she replied. "I'll be beautiful, of course, and good if I can—only not so good as you, Cecy, because I think it would be