



Wee Tony

A Day In His Life

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WEE TONY

When Wee Tony rises in the morning, he is very hungry for his porridge. Sadie gives it to him. Sadie is his cousin, and lives close by.

Tony tries to shave himself, like his Dadda. Mother says: "Oh, you wee ruffian!" and pops him into the bath and scrubs him hard.



Out at the door Tony meets a friend. He feels a little shy.

But soon they are happy together, making a mud pie for Lizzie Ann, the Dolly.



Till, all of a sudden, war breaks out.

Then down swoop the two big mammies, and bundle them both away.





Now Tony is in the dumps,
and turns his back on Sadie.

But, after all, there are many
good things in life, and bread and
butter is one of them. Tony
likes the butter best.



"Don't be greedy, Tony,"
said the ducks. "Give us just
a weeny bite, like a kind boy."
"Do, do," chirped the sparrows.
The Pussy-cat sat on the wall
and watched.

“There! just what I expected!” said the Pussy-cat. “Boohoo! boohoo!” wailed Tony. “Oh, shocking!” said the other ducks; “*we* wouldn’t have done that!” And Billy Duff popped out his head to see what the noise was about.



Then the thief ran, and Billy ran. But the piece of bread fell in the mud, and was gobbled up by the sparrows.

Meanwhile Wee Tony retired to the coal-hole, and tried whether coal was nice to eat.





Tried then to wash his dirty hands, but washed more of himself than he intended.

After that, he is put to sleep awhile on the couch, and Pussycat feels happy.



When Mother goes shopping, Tony wears his best coat and goes too.

And if he sees a chance to run off, he takes it.



And does not stop till he falls plump upon his nose. "Ow!" says Tony.

This is Mr. Quin's shop. Mother thinks Tony is close beside her; but Tony is admiring the biscuit tins.





Crash! down they come. They do not hit Tony at all, yet he does the roaring for everybody.

After that he feels lonely, and likes to go home in Mother's arms.



And now it is tea-time, and Dadda comes home from work.



But Tony is almost too sleepy
to eat his supper.

“Hooray!” says the Pussy-cat;
“now we’ll have some peace
and quiet!” But Mother says:
“Bless his wee heart, he’s tired
out! Night-night, Tony Boy!”

