











### Ruby

Ruby wanted to go over to Ethel's house to play. But Ruby's mother said, "You have to watch Clyde." Clyde was Ruby's baby brother. He had just learned to walk. He got into things unless someone was watching him.

"I don't want to watch Clyde. I want to go over to Ethel's house to play," said Ruby.





"You have to watch Clyde because I have to take a bubble bath," said Ruby's mother. She went into the bathroom.

Ruby called Ethel. "I'll be over in a minute," she said.





Then Ruby watched Clyde.

She watched him take all of the clothes out  
of all of the drawers in all of the bureaus in all  
of the rooms.





She watched him take all of the rice and all of the flour and all of the salt and all of the sugar and all of the coffee out of all of the kitchen cupboards and spill it all on the nice clean floor.





She watched him pull the tablecloth off the kitchen table. The bananas that had been on the table landed on Clyde's head.

Ruby watched Clyde start to cry very loud.

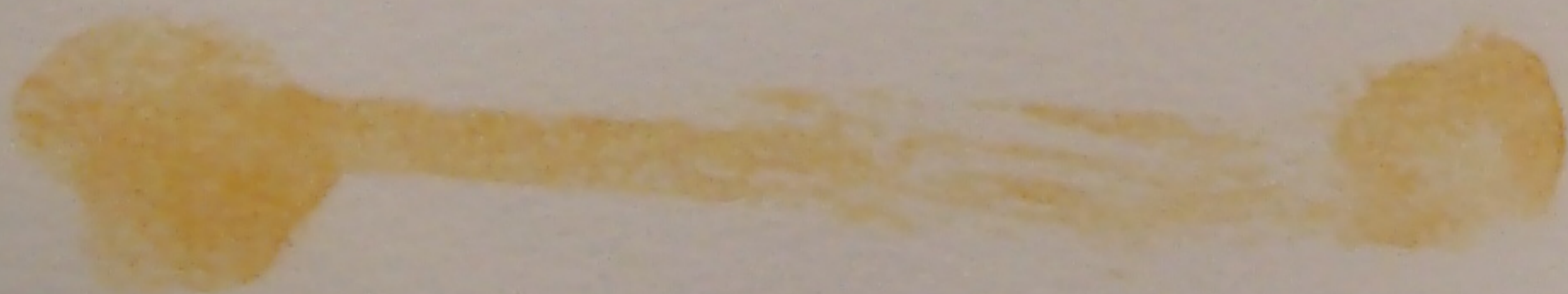




Her mother came out of the bathroom.  
“What’s going on?” she asked. “I told you to  
watch Clyde.”

“I was watching him.” said Ruby truthfully.  
“I was watching him the whole time.”

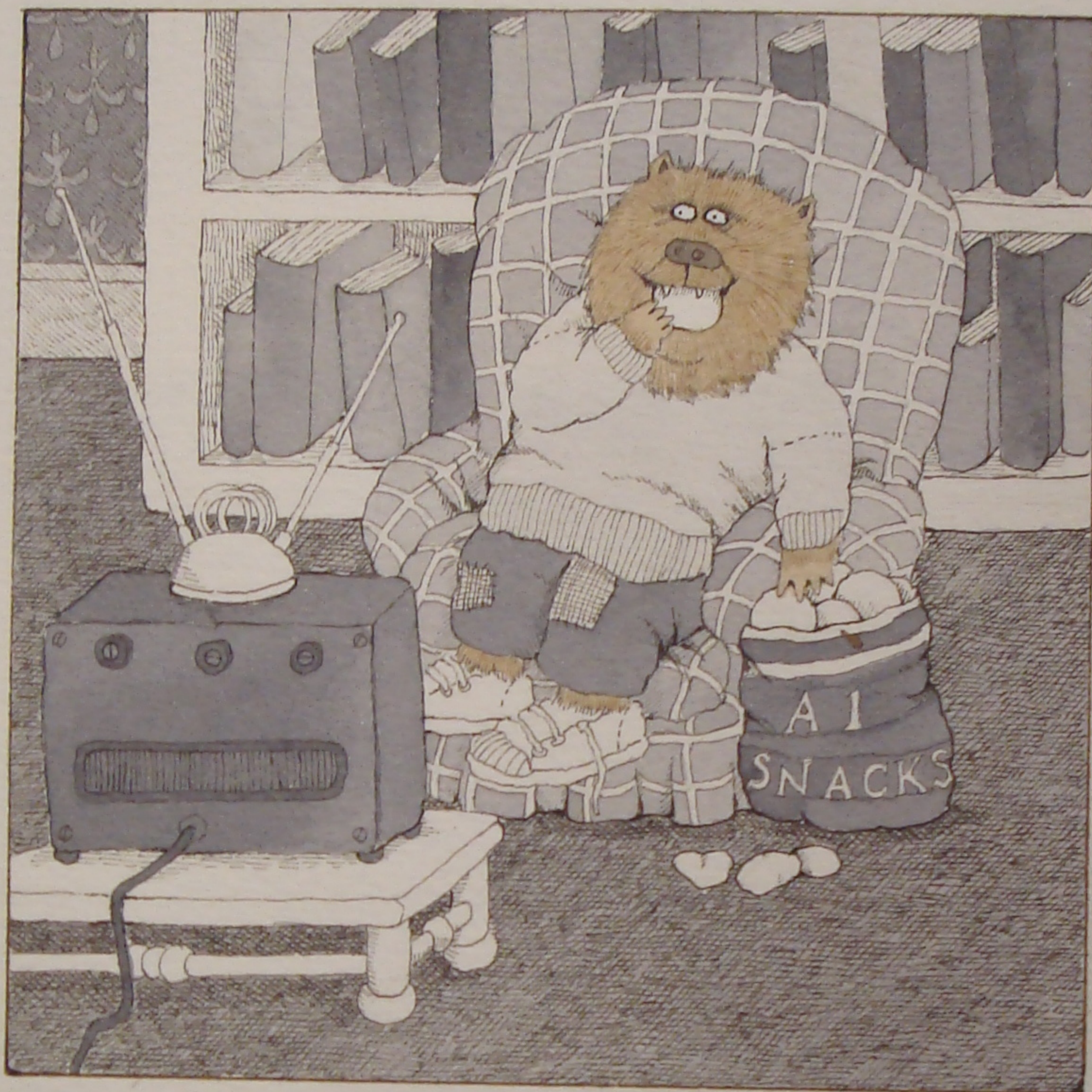








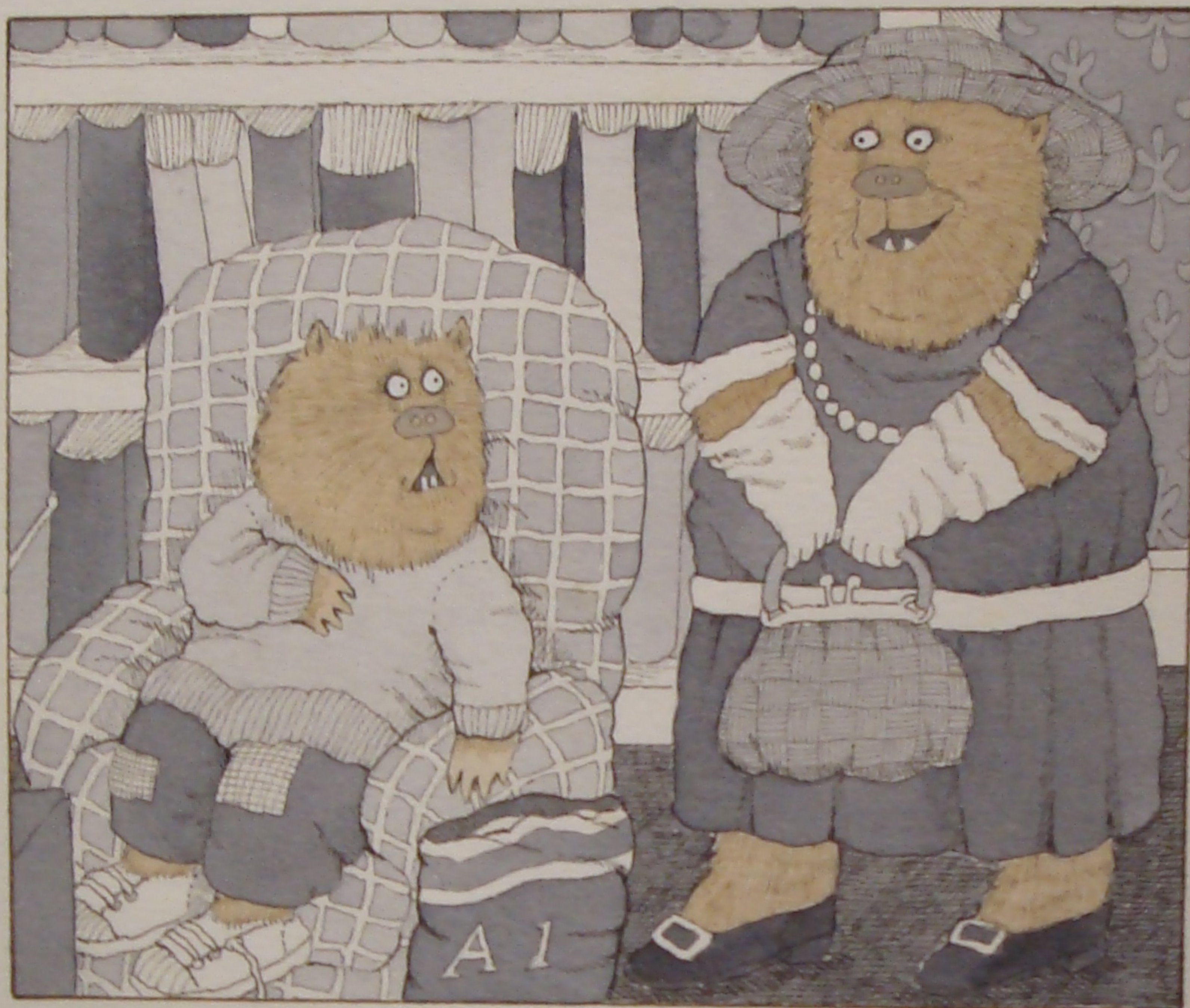




## Arthur

Arthur liked to wear his old comfortable clothes and his old comfortable sneakers. He did not like to get dressed up. He did not like to wear white shirts and nice suits, and he did not like to wear any of the nice ties he had gotten for his birthday.





“Arthur,” said his mother, “we’re going to visit Aunt Eunice. Put on your white shirt and your nice suit and your new tie and your nice new shiny shoes.”

Arthur did not want to get dressed up. He did not want to visit Aunt Eunice. He wanted to stay home in his old clothes and watch his favorite program.

“I want to stay here in my old clothes and watch my favorite program,” said Arthur.





“Well, you’re going with me to see Aunt Eunice, and that’s that. And you’re going to get dressed up, and that’s that.”

Arthur’s mother always wanted to tell Arthur what was what. That was very thoughtful. Mothers are thoughtful people.

“All right,” said Arthur.

Arthur’s mother was surprised. Usually Arthur argued. Arthur was very good at arguing.





Arthur put on his white shirt and his nice new suit and the tie that Aunt Eunice had given him for his last birthday. He put on the new shiny shoes.

“Now you look like a little gentleman,” said his mother.

And he did. He looked like a little gentleman.





As soon as he was all dressed up, Arthur went out to the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator. He poured himself a nice big glass of grape juice. Some of it got on his face, but most of it got on his white shirt and the pretty new suit and the tie that Aunt Eunice had given him for his birthday.





Then he went out to the yard. In a few minutes his nice shiny shoes were all muddy. His mother was sad.

"Oh, dear," she said. "You've spoiled all your nice clothes. You can't go to see Aunt Eunice looking like that. You'll have to stay home."





So Arthur changed back into his blue jeans  
and T-shirt and his old comfortable sneakers.  
His mother went to see Aunt Eunice, and  
Arthur had to stay home and watch his favorite  
television program.













“Help clear the table, dears,” said Gertrude  
and Gloria’s mother after dinner.  
They started to help.





Gertrude carried the dishes over to the kitchen sink very very carefully.

Gloria was not careful. She dropped the dishes and broke three plates. Her mother was not happy.





“Help dry the dishes, dears,” said their mother. “And be sure to put them away where they belong.” Mothers always like to have everything in the right place. That makes it easier to find things.





Gertrude dried the dishes very very carefully and put them just where they belonged.

Gloria put the cups where the plates should be, and the plates where the pans should be, and she broke her mother's very best teacup.





Her mother was very sad.  
She said she would not let Gloria help with  
the dishes any more.





Since Gertrude had been so extremely careful and helpful, and had done such a very good job, she got to help with the dishes the next day and every day after that.

Good for Gertrude.









### Bertha

It was a lovely, cool, sunshiny day.

"It's a lovely, cool, sunshiny day," said Bertha's mother. "Stop watching television and go outside and play."

Bertha did not want to go outside and play. She wanted to stay indoors and watch cartoons.





"Out you go," said Bertha's mother. "And don't argue."

Bertha wasn't going to try to argue anyway, because Bertha never won arguments with her mother. Mothers usually win arguments. Mothers are bigger than children.





The cartoon was at a very exciting part.

"I'll go outside as soon as I get dressed," said Bertha.

"Well, hurry up," said Bertha's mother.

"I am hurrying," said Bertha.





That was not true. Bertha tried to move very very slowly. It always took her an extremely long time to get ready for anything, especially when she was watching television. "Hurry up, Bertha," said Bertha's mother.





Bertha had tied knots in her shoelaces so that it would take a very long time to untie them. While she untied the knots, she watched the cartoon.





Bertha put on one shoe. She put the other shoe in a big vase.

"I can't find my shoe," said Bertha.

"Of course you can," said Bertha's mother.  
"I'll help you find it. It can't have walked off by itself."





What she said was true: Bertha's shoe couldn't have walked off by itself. Bertha's mother had some very sensible sayings.

Bertha's mother looked and looked, but she could not find Bertha's shoe.

"Well, you can wear your old sneakers," she said finally. "Here they are. Hurry up and put them on."



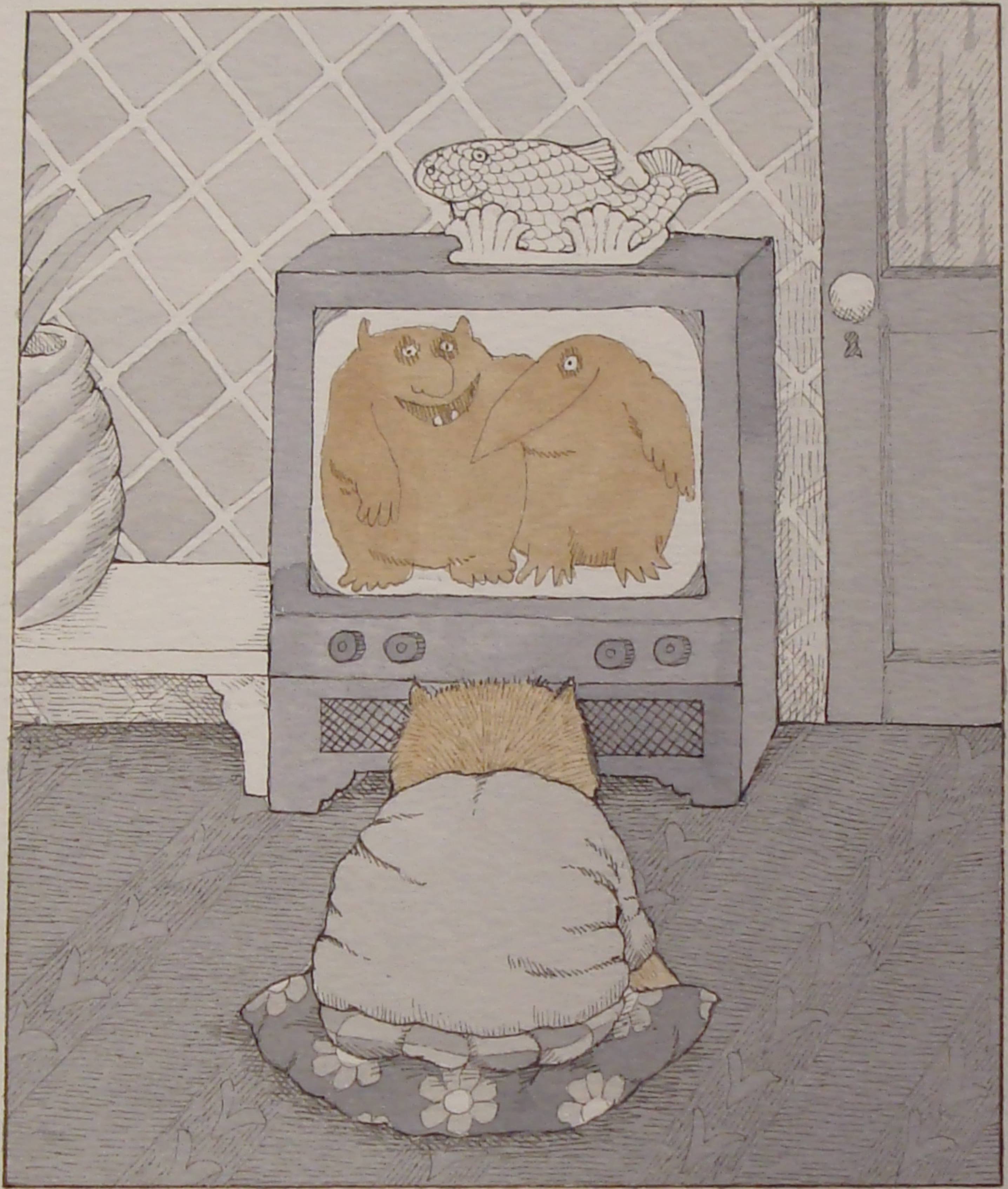


"I can't find my jacket," said Bertha.

That was because Bertha had put her jacket in a very secret place.

Bertha's mother looked and looked for the jacket. By the time she had found it, it had started to rain.



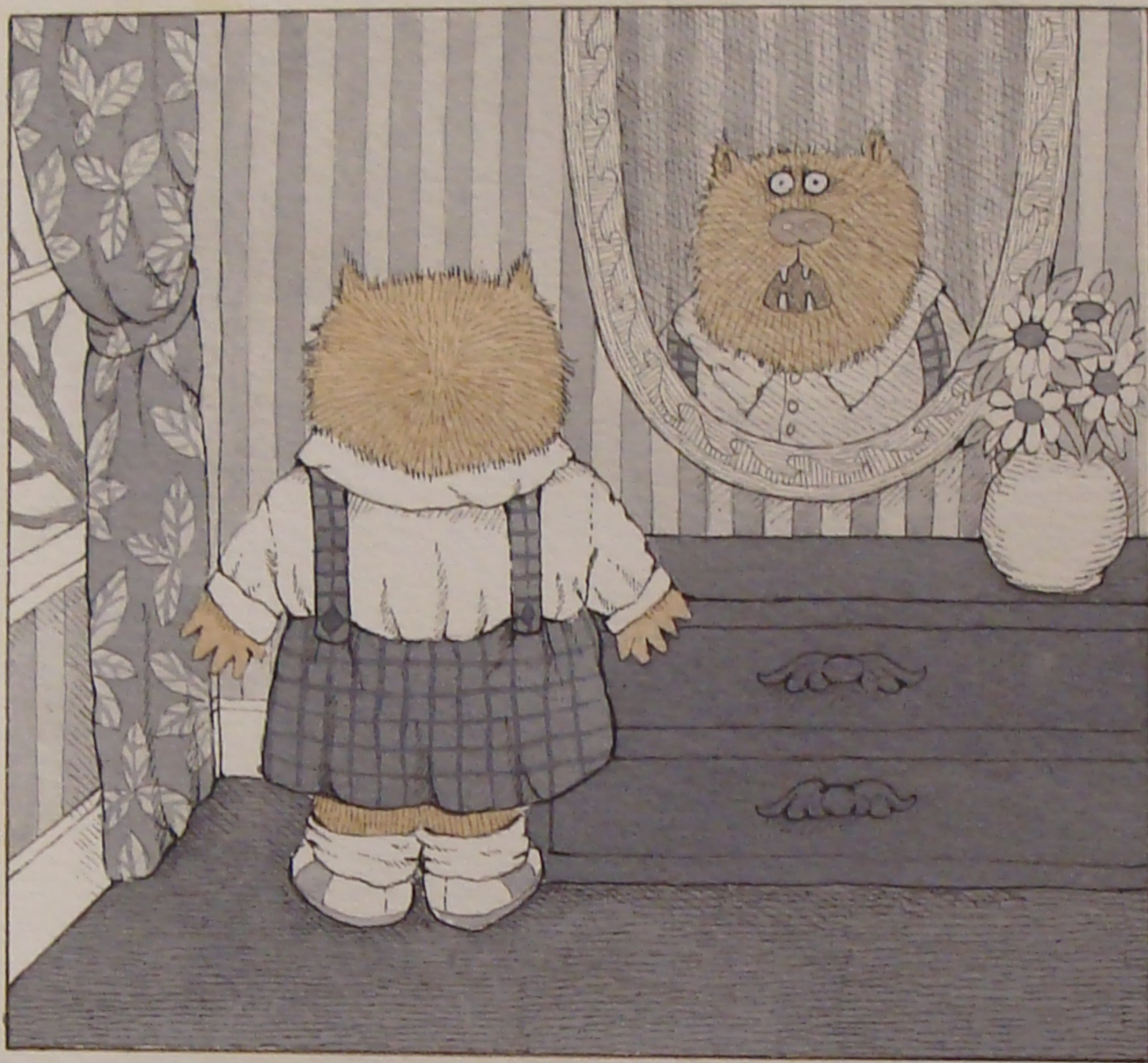


"You can always get out of things you don't want to do," thought Bertha, settling down in front of the television set.









## Harriet

Harriet was a very good whiner. She practiced and practiced, and so of course she got better and better at it. Practice makes perfect.

Some children hardly ever whine. Can you believe that? So of course they never get to be very good at it.





“Can I have a piece of that blueberry pie?”  
Harriet asked her mother while her mother  
was fixing dinner.

Guests were coming, and her mother  
wanted everything to be very nice.

“No, Harriet. The pie is for after dinner.  
We’re having roast beef.”

Children like Harriet are not interested in  
roast beef when they are interested in pie.





"I want a piece of pie," whined Harriet. She used her best whiny voice.

"I said no and I mean no," said Harriet's mother. She always liked to say what she meant.

Harriet's mother started to make some nice tomato aspic.





Harriet kept whining, "Can I have some pie, can I have some pie?"

Harriet's mother kept saying that when she said no she meant no. Harriet's mother tried to concentrate on the aspic, but that was very hard to do because Harriet was whining.

Good whiners make it very hard for anyone to think of anything else.





“Why don’t you color in your nice new coloring book?” asked Harriet’s mother.

“I want some pie now,” whined Harriet.

“Dinner will be ready pretty soon,” said Harriet’s mother.

“But I want some pie now,” whined Harriet.

A good whiner sticks to one subject. A good whiner never gives up.



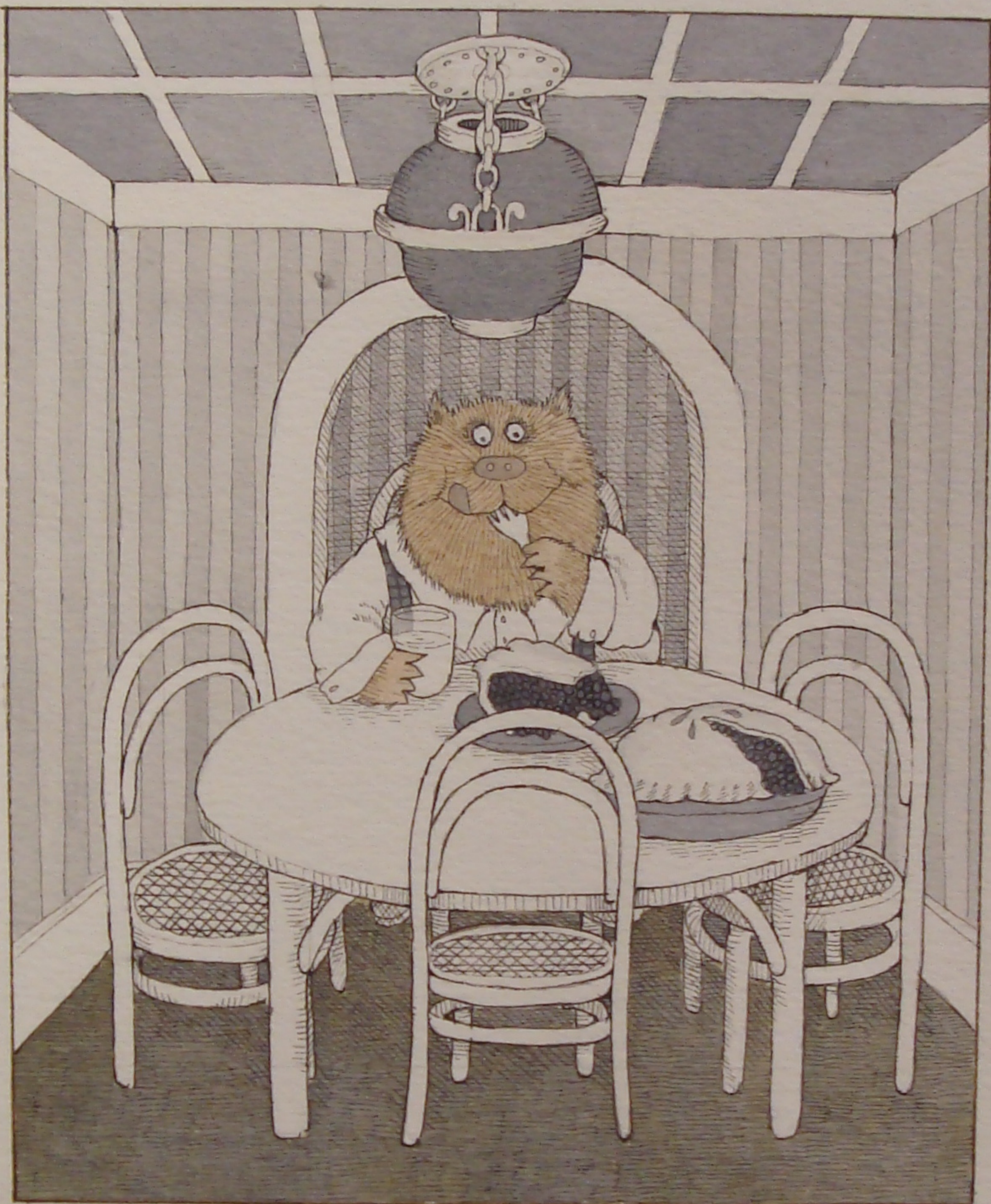


Harriet kept whining, and her mother kept trying to get dinner ready.

"I want some pie," whined Harriet, and her mother burned the gravy.

"All right, all right," her mother said. She was very tired of hearing Harriet whine.





Harriet stopped whining while she had her piece of pie. She always rested up between whines. That's what good whiners always do.



