

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schilling Kralik Schiller Iffland Sokrates  
Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke  
Nestroy Marie de France  
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelnatz  
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz  
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka  
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko  
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



---

The publishing house **tredition** has created the series **TREDITION CLASSICS**. It contains classical literature works from over two thousand years. Most of these titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades.

The book series is intended to preserve the cultural legacy and to promote the timeless works of classical literature. As a reader of a **TREDITION CLASSICS** book, the reader supports the mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion.

The symbol of **TREDITION CLASSICS** is Johannes Gutenberg (1400 – 1468), the inventor of movable type printing.

With the series, **tredition** intends to make thousands of international literature classics available in printed format again – worldwide.

All books are available at book retailers worldwide in paperback and in hardcover. For more information please visit: [www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)



**tredition** was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, **tredition** offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. **tredition** is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: [www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)

# **The Story of a Bold Tin Soldier**

Laura Lee Hope

# Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: Laura Lee Hope

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8491-6552-9

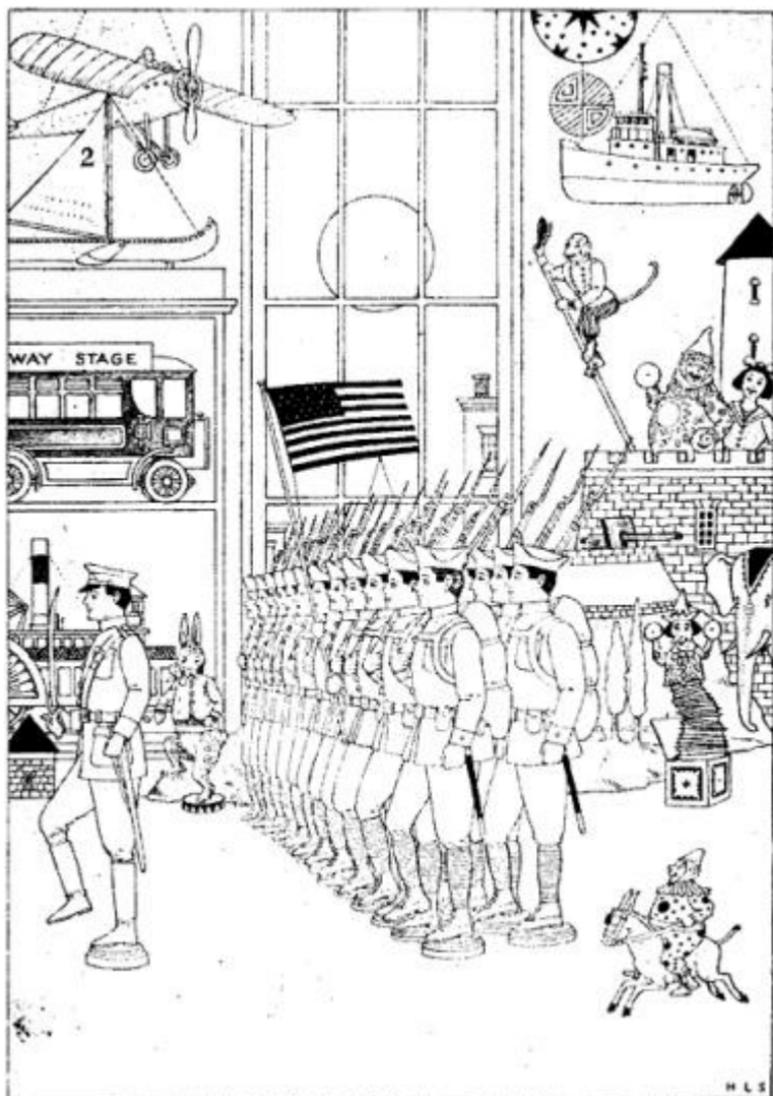
[www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)

[www.tredition.de](http://www.tredition.de)

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.



"Forward-March!" said the Bold Tin Soldier.



**THE STORY OF A BOLD TIN SOLDIER**

**BY**

**LAURA LEE HOPE**

**ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. SMITH**



## CONTENTS

- I. A Make-believe fight
- II. Saving the Clown
- III. Bought by a Boy
- IV. A Bean Battle
- V. The Captain and the Lamb
- VI. Saving the Sawdust Doll
- VII. A Sad Accident
- VIII. A Bunch of Sweetness
- IX. Back to the Store
- X. The Soldier and the Rabbit



## THE STORY OF A BOLD TIN SOLDIER

### CHAPTER I

#### A MAKE-BELIEVE FIGHT

"Attention!"

That was the word of command heard in the toy section of a large department store one night, after all the customers and clerks had gone home.

"Attention!"

"Dear me, what is going on?" asked a Calico Clown, as he looked around the corner of a pile of gaily colored building blocks.

"Has the Sawdust Doll come back to see us?" inquired a Candy Rabbit.

"That would be good news, if it were true," said a Jumping Jack.

"But it isn't true," announced a Monkey on a Stick, as he climbed up to the top of his perch and looked over the top of a Noah's Ark. "I don't see the Sawdust Doll anywhere, nor the White Rocking Horse, nor the Lamb on Wheels. It isn't any of our former friends who have come back to visit us."

"Who is it, then?" asked the Calico Clown, reaching up to get hold of a long string, for he thought perhaps he could turn somersaults like the Monkey on a Stick or the Jumping Jack.

"Attention, Soldiers!" suddenly called again the first voice that had spoken. "Ready, now! Attention!"

"Oh, it's the Bold Tin Soldier!" said the Jack in the Box, who was the Jumping Jack's cousin. "What's the matter down there in your barracks, my Bold Tin Soldier?" went on the Box-Jack, as he was sometimes called for short.

"I want my men to get ready to march," answered the Bold Tin Soldier. "We are going to have a fancy drill to amuse you, my friends. Would you like to see me march my men around the counter?"

"Very much, indeed," answered the Candy Rabbit. "It is night now, and there are no human eyes to see what we do. So we toys may come to life and move about and make believe we are real as much as we please. We haven't had very much fun since the jolly sailor came and carried away the Lamb on Wheels."

"Has any one heard anything from her since she left us?" asked the Calico Clown.

"Oh, yes, the Lamb has a lovely home with a little girl named Mirabell," answered the Jack in the Box. "And Mirabell has a brother named Arnold, and those two children live next door to Dorothy, who has our dear friend the Sawdust Doll."

"Really?" asked the Jumping Jack.

"Really and truly," added the Box-Jack. "And Dorothy's brother, whose name is Dick, owns the White Rocking Horse who used to be here with us."

"Why, that is quite remarkable," said the Monkey on a Stick. "I hope we all get homes with such nice children when we are sold and taken away."

"You may well say that," came from the Bold Tin Soldier. "Some children are not as kind to their toys as they might be. But now, if you want to see me and my men march around in fancy drill, please take your places and keep out of the way."

"Yes, indeed, we must keep out of the way," said the Candy Rabbit. "I don't want to get pricked with a soldier's bayonet or tickled with the Captain's sword."

"And be sure to keep well back from the edge of the counter," went on the Bold Tin Soldier. "I don't want any of you falling off when the guns are fired."

"Oh dear me! has any one a bit of cotton?" asked a Rag Doll, who sat next to a picture book.

"Cotton? Why do you want cotton?" asked the Calico Clown.

"Didn't you hear what the Bold Tin Soldier said?" asked the Rag Doll. "He spoke about guns going to be shot off, and I can't bear

loud noises. If I can find some cotton I am going to stuff it into my ears so I won't be made deaf."

The Box-Jack and the Jumping Jack stood side by side as cousins ought; the Candy Rabbit found a place near the Noah's Ark; the Monkey on a Stick found a place as near the parade grounds as the Bold Captain would let him come; and the Calico Clown moved over close to the Rag Doll.

"If the guns should, by accident, shoot too loudly," said the Clown. "I will hold my hands over your ears, Miss Rag Doll."

"That is very kind of you," she answered with a smile. "But please do not bang your cymbals, as they make almost as much noise as the soldiers' guns."

"I'll be careful," promised the Calico Clown, who wore a gay suit of many colors, one leg being red and the other yellow, while his shirt was spotted, speckled and striped. On the end of each arm was a round disk of brass. These were called "cymbals," and when any one pressed on the Clown's chest he moved his arms and banged his cymbals together with a clanging sound.

"Attention!" called the Bold Tin Soldier again, and at this word of command the other Tin Soldiers in the box with their Captain stood up and began to move into line, each one carrying his gun over his shoulder.

As I have told you in my other books, the toys could pretend to come to life and move about after dark, when no one was in the store to see them. The toys could also move about by themselves in the day time, if no human eyes watched them. But as there was nearly always some one—either clerk or customer—in the store during the day, the toys seldom had a chance to do as they pleased during daylight hours. So most of their fun took place after dark, as was happening now.

"Attention!" once more called the Captain. "Get ready, my brave men! Forward-March!"

And then while some of the Soldiers who had fifes, drums, trumpets and horns played a lively tune, the others, led by their Captain, marched along. They went down the toy counter and paraded past

the place where the Candy Rabbit sat watching them. Straight and stiff marched the Tin Soldiers, the music of the tin band becoming more and more lively.

“Left, wheel!” called the Captain, and the Tin Soldiers turned to the left.

“Right, wheel!” shouted the Captain, and the Tin Soldiers turned to the right.

Then they marched around in a circle, and they marched in a square, and they marched in a triangle, and in all sorts of fancy figures. They swung around the Rag Doll, and the Captain waved his shiny sword so fast that the Calico Clown cried:

“Oh, it is so dazzling bright that it hurts my eyes!”

And then the Bold Tin Soldier Captain led his men up a hill made of a pile of building blocks.

“Oh, I hope they do not fall off!” said the Rag Doll.

“No, they won’t fall,” answered the Candy Rabbit. “I guess the Captain knows what he is doing.”

Straight up the building-block hill the Bold Tin Soldier led his men, and when they reached the top he cried:

“Jump!”

“Oh mercy me!” screamed the Rag Doll, “they’ll all be killed!”

And those Tin Soldiers, who, like other soldiers, must always obey their officers, jumped right off the top of the building-block hill.

But they were not killed, nor was one of them hurt, I am glad to say. For at the bottom of the pile of blocks was a rubber football, and the Soldiers landed on this, bounced up and down, and then gently landed on the counter. The Captain knew the football was there, or he would not have told his men to jump.

“My, that was a fine drill!” said the Rag Doll. “How exciting!”

“Hush! They are going to do something else,” said the Monkey on a Stick.

And it did seem so, for part of the Soldiers, shouldering their guns, marched to one end of the toy counter, and the others, with their Captain at their head, remained near the pile of blocks.

“Are you ready?” asked the Captain of a Sergeant who had charge of the second half of the tin soldiers.

“All ready, sir!” was the answer.

“Load! Aim! Fire!” suddenly cried the Captain.

“Oh, they are going to shoot! Oh, it’s going to be war! There is going to be a battle!” cried the Rag Doll.

“Nonsense! It is only going to be a make-believe battle!” said the Calico Clown. “Our Captain told me about it. It is to be a sham battle to amuse us. See, they are aiming their guns at one another!”

And as he spoke the Rag Doll looked and saw the two companies of Tin Soldiers ready to take part in a battle.

“Oh, hold me! Hold me!” whispered the Rag Doll to the Calico Clown. “I know I am going to faint!”

## CHAPTER II

### SAVING THE CLOWN

"Ready! Take aim! Fire!" cried the Bold Tin Soldier Captain.

"Bang! Bang!" cracked the tin guns, some in the hands of one "army" and some shot off by the other "army." The Soldiers had divided themselves into two "armies," to give a make-believe fight to amuse the other toys.

"Crack! Crack! Bang! Bang!" rattled the tin guns.

But the guns were so small and there was such a little bit of the make-believe powder in each one that the noise they made would not have broken an egg, to say nothing of hurting the ears of a Rag Doll.

"Are you going to faint?" asked the Calico Clown of the Doll. He stood with his arms stretched out, ready to catch her in case she did.

"No! No, I don't believe I shall faint!" she answered. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" she suddenly laughed.

"What is so funny?" asked the Calico Clown. "I didn't tell a joke or ask a riddle, did I?" For that is what he sometimes did to make the toys in the department store laugh.

"No, you didn't do anything," answered the Rag Doll. "It is just that you look so funny, standing there ready to catch me with those brass things on your hands. Ha! Ha!"

"Those are my cymbals," said the Clown. "I can't let go of them. They are fastened on. Sometimes I get tired of them, but I cannot get rid of them."

"I know it, and it was too bad of me to laugh at you," answered the Rag Doll. "I did not mean to make fun of you, and it was very kind on your part, to be ready to catch me if I fainted. But you did look so funny!"

The Bold Tin Soldiers were doing their best to make some entertainment for the other toys.

“Ready! Aim! Fire!” cried the Captain to his men, again and again.

“Ready! Aim! Fire!” shouted the Sergeant to his men, for he had been given command of half the toy Soldiers for this sham fight.

The guns popped, the Soldiers rushed back and forth on the toy counter. Some pretended to be hit and fell down as natural as anything.

But at last the Bold Tin Soldier Captain and his men seemed to be winning. Most of the Captain’s Soldiers were up on their feet, while quite a number of the Sergeant’s men had fallen over.

“Surrender! Surrender! Give up!” shouted the Captain, as he rushed with his men toward the Sergeant and his men. “Surrender! Hoist the white flag!”

“All right, it is hoisted!” answered the Sergeant, and he tied his handkerchief on the end of his gun, where the stickery thing, called a bayonet, was fastened. “We surrender!” said the Sergeant.

“All right! Stop firing!” called the Captain to his men. “We have captured the enemy and the battle is over.”

“I’m so glad it was only a make-believe one, and no one was hurt,” sighed the Rag Doll.

“It was very jolly, all right,” said the Candy Rabbit. “This is the first make-believe fight I ever saw. Are you going to have another, Captain?”

“Not to-night,” was the reply. “My men are tired, but we are glad if you toys enjoyed our efforts.”

“We certainly did,” declared the Monkey on a Stick. “I wish I had joined the army instead of going through life on a stick, climbing to the top and climbing down again,” he added, with a sigh.

“Oh, well, we cannot all be soldiers,” said the Jack in the Box.

“No, indeed,” agreed the Candy Rabbit. “If I had a gun I should not know what to do with it. It is only brave men, like our Bold Captain and his men, who know how to use swords and guns,” he concluded.

"Thank you," said the Captain, waving his shiny sword. "We are glad you liked our drill and make-believe fight. Form in line, ready to go back to your box, my men," he went on.

Led by the Sergeant, under whom some of them had fought in the pretended battle, the Tin Soldiers formed in line, ready to march back to the box in which they were kept on the toy counter.

"I wonder what will happen to-day," remarked the Calico Clown, as he looked out through a distant window. "It will soon be morning," he went on. "I can see the sun beginning to redden the sky in the east. I wonder if any of us will be sold and taken away."

"It might happen," said the Bold Tin Soldier. "If I have to go I hope my men may come with me."

"Oh, of course they'll go with you," said the Rag Doll. "Who ever heard of a Soldier Captain without some men under him? You will all go together, for you belong in the same box."

"I'm sure I hope so," went on the Captain. "I suppose I shall be bought and given to some boy. Girls, as a rule, don't care very much for soldiers. They would rather have a Sawdust Doll or a Lamb on Wheels. And if I am given to some boy, I hope he will be like the boys we have heard about—Dick, the brother of Dorothy, and Arnold, the brother of Mirabell."

"Yes, they are nice boys, from what I have heard," said the Calico Clown. "Well, it will soon be bright daylight, and then we shall see what happens," he added.

"Yes, we'll see," said the Captain. Then, turning to his men, he commanded:

"Ready—March."

Off to their box marched the Tin Soldiers led by the Sergeant, who was next in command to the Captain. There ought to have been a First and Second Lieutenant, but the man who made the tin toys had forgotten them.

So the Sergeant led the Tin Soldiers back to their box after the make-believe battle. And, like good and proper soldiers, they stood themselves in straight rows. No standing around in a crowd, or

lying down in hammocks, or stretching out under trees for these Tin Soldiers!

No, indeed! They stood up as straight and stiff as their own guns!

"Did you like our drill and sham battle?" asked the Bold Tin Soldier Captain of the Rag Doll, strolling over to speak to her before going back to join his men.

"Very much, indeed," she answered. "At first I thought I might faint when the guns shot off, but they were fired so gently that I did not, and the Calico Clown did not have to catch me in his arms."

"I don't let my Soldiers use too much powder in their guns," answered the Captain. "It is a sort of tooth powder we use in these make-believe fights, and then no one is hurt."

"It will be lonesome if you go away from us," said the Rag Doll, with a sigh, as she looked at the Bold Tin Soldier.

"Thank you for being so kind as to say that," said the Bold Tin Soldier. "But I have no notion of going away until I have to."

However, he little knew what was going to happen nor that he was to be taken away much sooner than he expected.

"I had better be getting over to the box with my Soldiers, I think," said the Captain, as he thrust his shiny sword back into the scabbard at his side. "Our fun for to-night is over."

"No, not quite yet," said the Calico Clown. "The sun has not yet risen, and it will be ten minutes before the watchman comes in to turn out the lights and get the store ready for the day's trade."

"But what can be done in ten minutes?" asked the Rag Doll.

"I can do a funny trick for you," said the Clown. "I have not yet done my share towards the night's fun, so I will do my trick now."

"Are you going to tell a joke or ask a riddle?" inquired the Candy Rabbit. "If you are, I wish you'd tell that one about what makes more noise than a pig under a gate."

"No, I am going to do a funny trick. Do you see that string there!" he asked the other toys, pointing upward.

"Do you mean the one hanging near the gas jet?" asked the Box Jack.

"Yes," answered the Clown. "Well, I am going to climb that string and hang by my toes."

He quickly walked over to a long string that hung down from the ceiling. At Christmas time it had held some wreaths of holly, but now nothing was fast to it.

"Up I go!" cried the Clown.

It was hard work for him to climb the string with the cymbals fast on the ends of his arms, but he managed to get up nearly as high as the flaming gas jet which lighted the store at night, so the watchman could see his way around.

"That's high enough—don't go up any farther!" cried the Bold Tin Soldier.

"Yes, I am high enough now," said the Clown. "Watch me hang by my toes!"

He began turning over as he clung to the string, and, as he did so, he began to sway to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock.

"Look out! Look out for the blazing gas light! You'll be burned!" suddenly called the Rag Doll.

And as she spoke, the Clown on the dangling string came too near the gas flame. His baggy trousers, one leg red and the other yellow, began to smoke.

"Oh, the Calico Clown is burning! He will catch fire!" cried the Candy Rabbit. "Will no one save him?"

"Yes, I'll save the Calico Clown!" cried the Bold Tin Soldier, and he drew his shining sword. "I will save him!"