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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  
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Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
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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  
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Strachwitz Bellamy Schilling Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius  
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# **Grand-Daddy Whiskers, M.D.**

Nellie Mabel Leonard

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**GRAND-DADDY WHISKERS, M.D.**

By

**NELLIE M. LEONARD**

Illustrated

By

**CARLE MICHEL BOOG**



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## ILLUSTRATIONS

Somebody stole softly up behind him; two paws blindfolded his eyes

"All aboard for Pond Lily Lake!" he cried gaily

The heavy furniture cart was pulled down the last hill

"Will you walk into my parlor, Dr. Whiskers?"

Dr. Whiskers worked deftly away, setting the broken limb

Webbie Spider raised his paw

They worked bravely with Uncle Squeaky for captain

The little band began to play Silvy's Waltz

Dr. Whiskers twisted and pulled upon the hook

It was long past midnight when tired old Grand-daddy pulled off his boots.

"Fetch that creoline bottle, Silvy," repeated Grand-daddy sternly.

"Hold your breath, now"

They had good fun picking the brown nuts from the soft, silky linings of the burrs.

Sure enough, next morning poor Buster could hardly see out of his eyes.

"And so," explained Uncle Squeaky, "he went on a hop, skip and jump like this"

He folded his paws as Mammy had taught him long ago, tossed his head high and sang merrily.



# GRAND-DADDY WHISKERS M.D.

## CHAPTER I

### A MESSAGE FROM THE WOODFOLK

Nimble-toes Field-mouse trotted briskly along the dark subway and up the steep attic stairway in Mr. Giant's house. He had travelled a long way from his woodland home and it was getting late. The door of the cosy attic where Cousin Graymouse lived was ajar. Nimble-toes paused to get his breath and peep in at the busy, happy family.

Mother Graymouse sat in her rocking-chair singing to little Squealer. Tiny, Teenty and Buster Graymouse were playing upon the floor near by with their cousins, Wink and Wiggle Squeaky. Aunt Squeaky and Uncle Hezekiah were busy around the stove. Grand-daddy and Granny Whiskers sat in the chimney corner waiting patiently for their supper.

From the pantry came Silver Ears Graymouse and Dot Squeaky, bringing food to the table.

"I hope Limpy-toes Graymouse and Scamper Squeaky have not gone away," thought Nimble-toes.

Somebody stole softly up behind him; two paws blindfolded his eyes.

"It is Limpy-toes," he guessed, trying to be brave in that dark, strange place.

"Right you are, Nimble-toes," laughed Limpy-toes. "Scamper and I have been over to the store to get some cheese. I thought you were a burglar, just at first. Push open the door and trot in."

"It is Cousin Nimble-toes!" cried a noisy chorus of little mice.

"It is Nimble-toes Field-Mouse, sure as I'm a mouse!" declared Uncle Squeaky. "Welcome to our attic, my lad."

[Illustration: Somebody stole softly up behind him, two paws blindfolded his eyes.]

"You must be hungry after your long tramp, Nimble-toes," said Mother Graymouse. "Supper is all ready."

The little mice crowded around their cousin from the Pond Lily Lake country. They all talked at once, squealing excitedly and asking all sorts of questions, until poor Nimble-toes was bewildered.

At last he climbed upon a little red stool and shouted in Uncle Squeaky's ear:

"I've a message for Grand-daddy Whiskers. Please make 'em be still a minute, Uncle Hezekiah."

Uncle Squeaky rapped smartly upon the floor with his cane. At once there was silence.

"Fetch your little stools and sit down to supper, every last mouse of you!" he commanded. "Let your victuals fill your mouths and stop your noise. Nimble-toes has brought a word for Grand-daddy."

In a twinkling they were all seated around the long table. Nimble-toes sat beside Grand-daddy, so he could talk with him easily, for Grand-daddy's left ear had been torn in a trap and he was somewhat deaf.

"Now we are as still as mice," chuckled Grand-daddy. "Speak out, Nimble-toes."

"I have a message from our woodfolk, Grand-daddy," began Nimble-toes. "No one could write a letter, so they told me what to say. I've said it forty-'leven times, lest I forget. The message is from Pa Field-Mouse, Squire Cricket, Sir Spider, Daddy Grasshopper, Mr. Hop Toad, and Mr. Jack Rabbit. They bade me say this:

"Dr. Grand-daddy Whiskers—

"We woodfolk are sometimes sick; we need a doctor. We wish our children to have a teacher. They must learn to read and write. Our wives must learn to cook and sew. We wish to be civilized. We miss Uncle Squeaky's band. Please come to Pond Lily Lake and help us."

"We'll come, all right, Nimble-toes," interrupted Wiggle.

"We'll surely come," promised Wink. "Hurrah for another summer at Pond Lily Lake!"

"Hush! hush!" cried Mother Graymouse.

"You will put your noses in a dark corner instead of eating supper, if you interrupt again," warned Uncle Squeaky, scowling at his excited twins.

"Are there many sick ones?" asked Grand-daddy.

"Squire Cricket has a sore throat, Lady Spider is ailing, and almost everyone is sneezing," replied Nimble-toes.

"They really need you, Grand-daddy," advised Aunt Belindy Squeaky.

"Our kiddies need the country sunshine after being shut up all winter in this attic," added Mother Graymouse.

"Limpy-toes shall help Grand-daddy, I'll be his nurse, and Dot will make a lovely school teacher," planned Silver Ears.

"I'd love to teach the little Spider, Cricket and Grasshopper kiddies," smiled Dot Squeaky.

"Ah, there's lots of goodies down by the Lake!" reminded Buster. "There's strawberries, blueberries, apples, potatoes, sweet corn—let's go right away, Grand-daddy."

Granny Whiskers sat silently rocking while the others chattered eagerly.

Grand-daddy watched her as she wiped away a tear and sighed wearily.

"What do you say, Granny? You enjoyed last summer's vacation at the Lake, didn't you?" he asked.

"Ah, Zenas, it was pleasant enough; pleasant enough, to be sure! But I cannot bear to think of leaving our dear attic home. You went away last winter with Hezekiah and Scamper. And what happened? Why, we nearly fretted our hearts out, waiting for your return. Something was always happening at the Lake. Baby Squealer got lost, Wiggle 'most got drowned, Limpy-toes came near burning to death, and the barn burned to the ground. If you listen to me, Zenas Whiskers, you'll tell Pa Field-Mouse and his neighbors that you cannot be their doctor. Let us stay safely in our attic where there is nothing to harm us."

Grand-daddy looked sadly disappointed.

"I always wanted to live in the country and be a doctor, Granny," he sighed.

"Bless my stars, Granny," laughed Uncle Squeaky, "we found Squealer without much fuss; Nimble-toes fished Wiggle out of the pond, and Limpy-toes didn't get even the patch on his trouser's knee scorched. To be sure, the barn did burn down. Lucky we were at the Lake, I'm thinking. Just take a nap, Granny, and forget your notion that this attic is the safest spot in the world. Nimble-toes' coming has stirred up my Gipsy blood. It is summertime again and the country is the place for your Uncle Hezekiah. We'll start for the Lake as soon as we can pack our belongings, Nimble-toes. Let me give you some more pudding."

"I really feel called to go, Granny," argued Grand-daddy earnestly. "Just think of those kiddies who cannot read or write. You can help Betsey and Belindy teach their mothers how to make these delicious puddings and cookies. You can help me brew medicines. Think of those poor kiddies, as sweet and good as our own pretty ones, and they may be having the colic, or the tooth-ache, the whooping-cough or the measles, and never a doctor to dose 'em with peppermint and cure-all salve. I see that you and I are needed at the Lake."

Granny began to look interested.

"I suppose so, Zenas, I suppose so. I know you are a good doctor, a grand doctor, indeed. But it's a big risk to leave our cosy attic home and travel amid dangers."

"We will go, Granny," decided Grand-daddy. "I promise you solemnly that Hezekiah and I will take good care of our big family and bring you all back, safe and sound, before snow flies."

Granny still looked worried.

"Ah well, Zenas, we shall see! Ah yes, we shall see!" she sighed as she sipped her tea.

After supper the little mice had to show Nimble-toes all the wonderful toys that Uncle and Grand-daddy had brought from the city.

Uncle Squeaky began to pull out boxes and bags in which to pack his shirts and neckties.

"Hurrah, Grand-daddy!" he cried. "I'm as excited as the kiddies. Bless my stars, but they are giving Nimble-toes a jolly good time! Pond Lily Lake until snow flies ah, but it's a great country down there!"

"I'm a-thinking if I do much doctoring and we fetch greedy Buster, little

Squealer, and those mischievous twinnies of yours home safe and sound,

that it will not be all vacation fun between now and snow-time," said

Grand-daddy. "Better tuck the kiddies into the blankets early, Hezekiah.

We have a busy day ahead of us on the morrow."



## CHAPTER II

### BACK TO THE LAKE

Their attic home was a bare-looking place by the next evening. All day long the little mice had trotted down the dark subway, carrying their treasures to the entrance near Mr. Giant's back doorstep. Here was hidden the cart which Grand-daddy had made from a stout box and four big spools. It was piled high with furniture, boxes of food and clothing, and all sorts of supplies.

Dot and Silver Ears had rummaged in Mrs. Giant's trunk and chosen pretty pieces of cloth from which they could make dainty summer gowns. Aunt Squeaky and Mother Graymouse had spent the day baking ginger cookies, jelly tarts, and other goodies. Granny Whiskers had helped Grand-daddy make a stout bag and packed it with his precious medicines.

Near their furniture cart stood the wonderful automobile which Limpy-toes had invented and built in the long winter evenings. He had taken the wheels and springs from an old clock in the attic. The whole family was quite proud of Limpy-toes' automobile. Early the next morning, he meant to make a trial trip and take Dr. Grand-daddy to the Lake.

"Please let me ride with you and Grand-daddy, Limpy-toes?" begged Buster.

"Better not, Buster Boy," grinned Uncle Squeaky. "There's a whole load of goodies on our cart. Mammy and Aunt Belindy baked lots of good stuff to eat."

"Mammy will give me some cakes in my pocket. I want to ride in the automobile. Please let me, Limpy?"

"All right," agreed Limpy-toes good-naturedly. "Cousin Nimble-toes may ride also."

Nimble-toes opened his eyes wide.

"Excuse me, if you please, Limpy-toes," he said quickly. "I will help Uncle Squeaky pull the cart. I'm sort of scared of a cart that'll go without pulling or pushing. It may run away with you."

"And it may have to be pushed or pulled," teased Uncle Squeaky.

"It is every bit as good as Mr. Giant's automobile," insisted Buster. "I'm not the leastest bit scared. I know it will go whizzing. Ah, what sport we will have!"

"Grand-daddy will start very early, for he must find a house near his patients. If you wish to ride with Limpy-toes, you must trot off to bed right now, Buster," decided Mother Graymouse. "Aunt Belindy and I are going down cellar to say good-by to Polly Scrabble and her babies."

Next morning, while the Giant family were sound asleep, Grand-daddy, Limpy-toes and Buster tip-toed softly down to the entrance.

"Do not make too much noise cranking your automobile, Limpy-toes," whispered Grand-daddy. "We do not wish to disturb Mr. Giant." Limpy-toes pushed in the key and began to wind the stiff spring.

"See if you can turn it any more, Grand-daddy. Perhaps your paws are stronger than mine."

Grand-daddy gave it several twists. Then Limpy-toes hopped upon the seat and grasped the wheel.

"All aboard for Pond Lily Lake!" he called gaily. Grand-daddy and Buster scrambled in. The automobile made a dash through the chrysanthemum bushes into the driveway. On and on they sped, past the new barn, by the poultry houses and the sweet apple tree. Grand-daddy pulled his cap closer.

"Ah!" cried Buster, "this is fun. But is it running away, Limpy-toes?"

"Oh, no, I am steering it and can stop any minute," answered Limpy-toes.

"A wonderful invention," praised Grand-daddy. "Now if any creature is sick, Dr. Whiskers will be there in a jiffy. Ah! What is the trouble, Limpy-toes?"

The automobile had come to a sudden stop at the edge of Mr. Giant's orchard.

"It has stopped," explained Limpy-toes.

"So I see," chuckled Grand-daddy.

[Illustration: "*All aboard for Pond Lily Lake!*" he called gaily.]

"I'll crank it up." So Limpy-toes pushed in the key and wound, and wound, and wound. Then they started on again.

"Runs fine," said Grand-daddy.

"Most takes my breath away," gasped Buster. "Say, Limpy-toes, why are we stopping?"

"Run down again, I guess," sighed Limpy-toes.

"Must we stop every few minutes and wear our paws out cranking it up forty-'leven times?" grumbled Grand-daddy.

Again they were off—and again they stopped. This time they were in the middle of Mr. Giant's clover field.

"Sakes alive, Limpy-toes! Suppose I was on my way to see a sick mouse?

He'd die maybe, or else be all cured, before I could ever get there."

"Automobiles need lots of twistity," argued Buster. "Mr. Giant has to twist his automobile. I heard Robert Giant say there was twistity in the batteries."

"Why doesn't it go this time?" demanded Grand-daddy.

"The key must have bounced out when we struck that big stone near the ash heap," said Limpy-toes. "I will trot back and find it."

"And I'll take my stout cane and my own strong legs and trot toward the Lake, if you don't mind," decided Grand-daddy. "You and Buster can finish your pleasure trip a little at a time, but I have business to look after and a house to hire before the rest of the family catch up with us."

He started off at a brisk pace. Buster sat on the front seat and nibbled ginger cookies, while Limpy-toes limped back to find the lost key.

By-and-by, Buster's cookies were all eaten, so he strolled off to help Limpy-toes.

"Never mind, Limpy," he said, looking up into his big brother's sad face. "It is a fine automobile, if you do have to twist it often. We can have nice rides around the Lake."

But Limpy-toes would not be comforted.

"I wanted an automobile that would fetch Dr. Grand-daddy to his patients very quickly. I must study until I make better power than this clock spring. Ah, here is the key! We must hurry, or Uncle Squeaky will catch up and laugh to find us by the roadside."

Grand-daddy and Pa Field-Mouse were standing on the bungalow steps talking earnestly together when Limpy-toes drove up.

"A fine automobile, Pa Field-Mouse," said Grand-daddy, waving his paw. "My grandson is a great inventor; he will be famous some day."

"Ah!" cried Buster, "how good our Gray Rock Bungalow looks! See the pretty hemlocks and sweet ferns, Limpy."

"Wait until you see the fine house the neighbors have built for me!" exclaimed Grand-daddy. "They felt sure that I would come. Silvy would call it Wild Rose Cottage. It is a real bower of roses. Here come our folk, now. Wait and I'll tell you all about it."

The heavy furniture cart was pulled down the last hill and stopped at the door of Gray Rock Bungalow. Grand-daddy held up his paw and hushed the merry chatter of the travellers.

[Illustration: *The heavy furniture cart was pulled down the last hill.*]

"Listen!" he cried. "Do not unload my belongings. These kind woodfolk have made me a splendid house right at the center of their village. I want Limpy-toes to be my helper and stay with me. If Dot teaches school, she must come with us, for her scholars live near by. Granny needs Silvy to help with the housework. She and