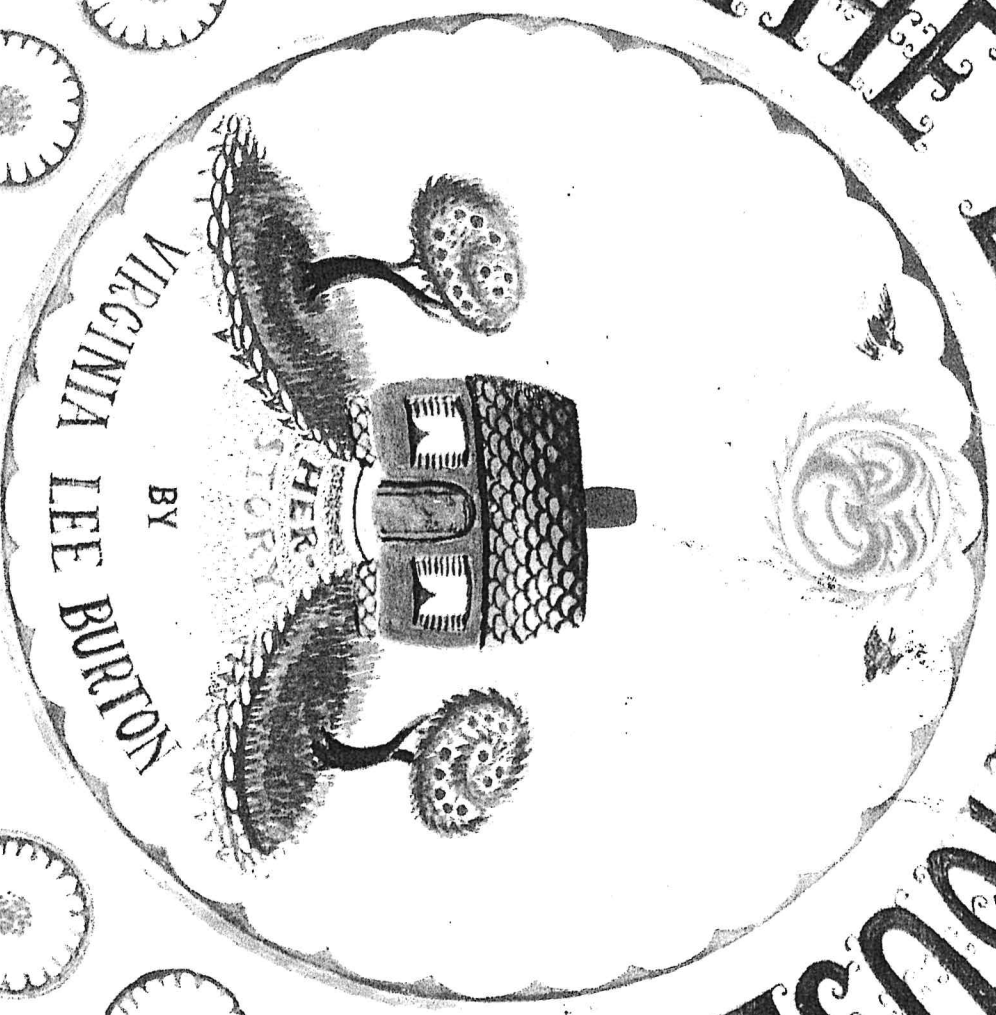
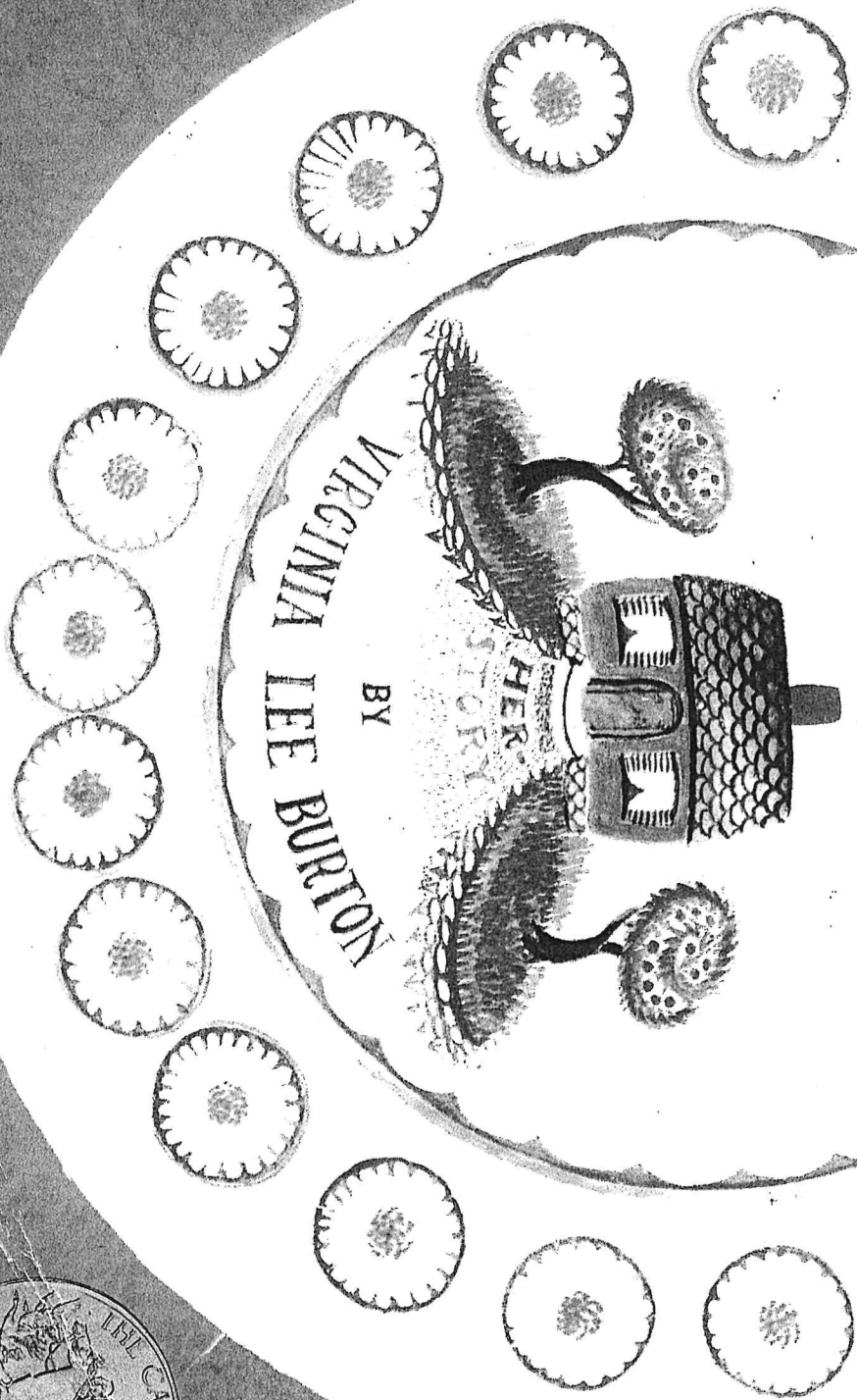


THE WHITE HOUSE



VIRGINIA LEE BURTON
BY



THE LITTLE HOUSE

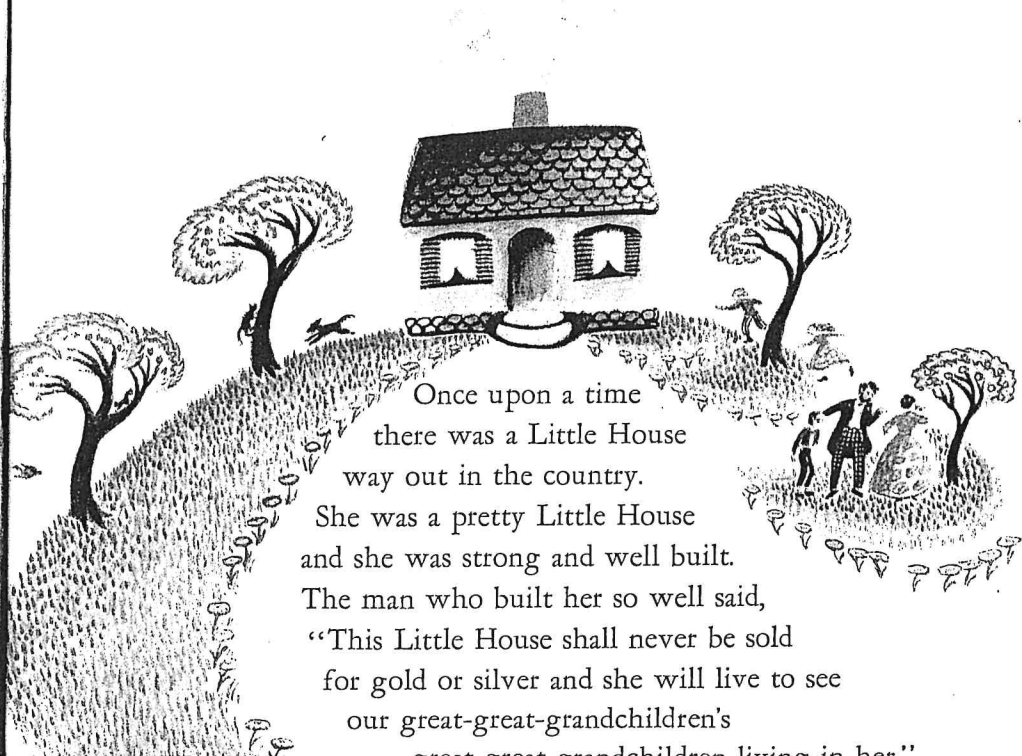


STORY AND PICTURES

BY

VIRGINIA LEE BURTON

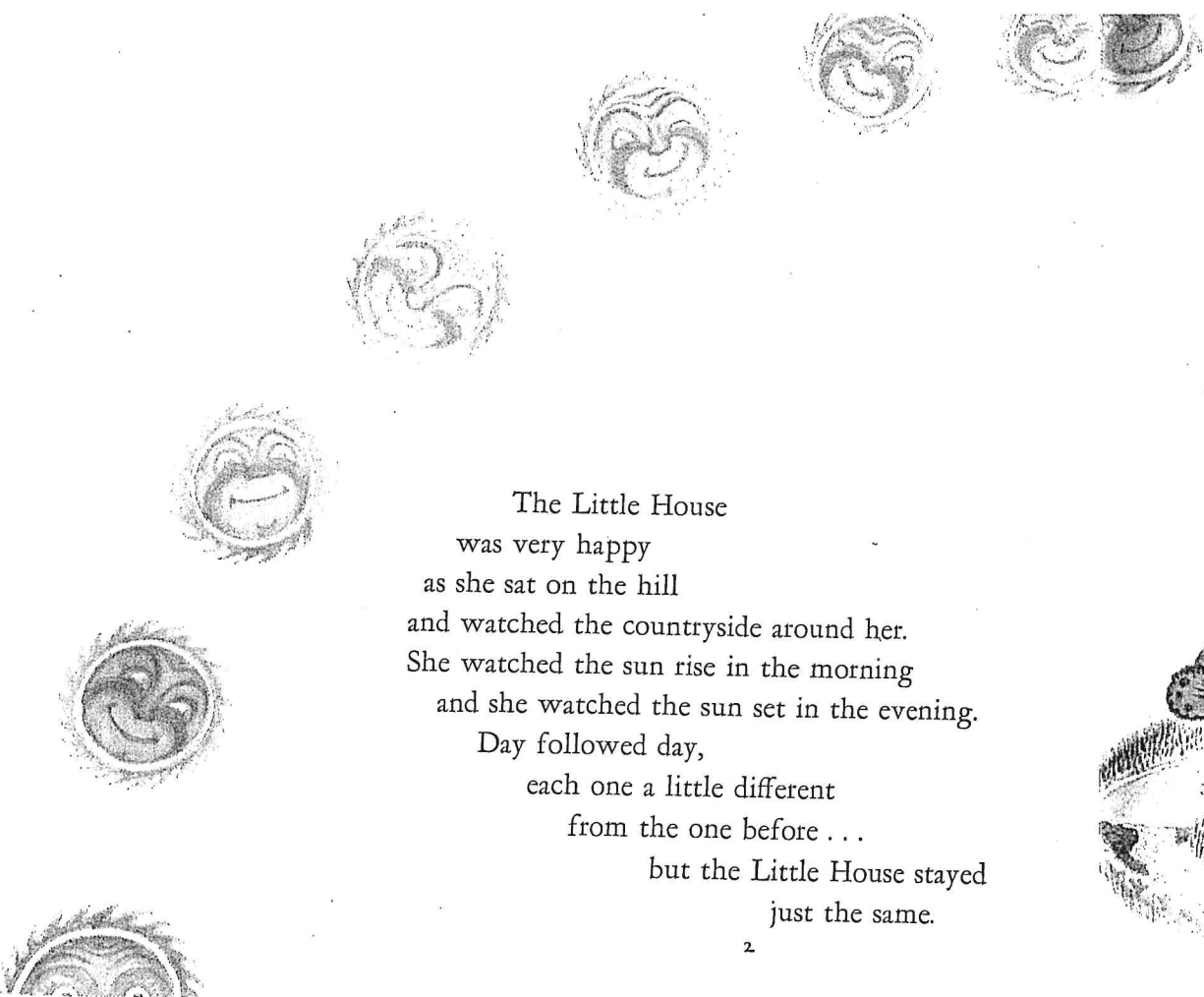

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · BOSTON



Once upon a time
there was a Little House
way out in the country.

She was a pretty Little House
and she was strong and well built.

The man who built her so well said,
"This Little House shall never be sold
for gold or silver and she will live to see
our great-great-grandchildren's
great-great-grandchildren living in her"



The Little House
was very happy
as she sat on the hill
and watched the countryside around her.
She watched the sun rise in the morning
and she watched the sun set in the evening.
Day followed day,
each one a little different
from the one before . . .
but the Little House stayed
just the same.

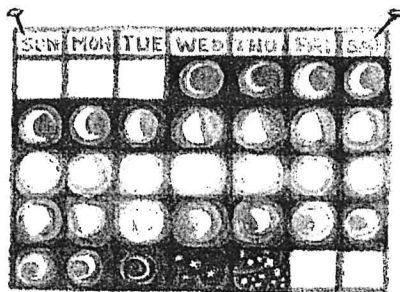
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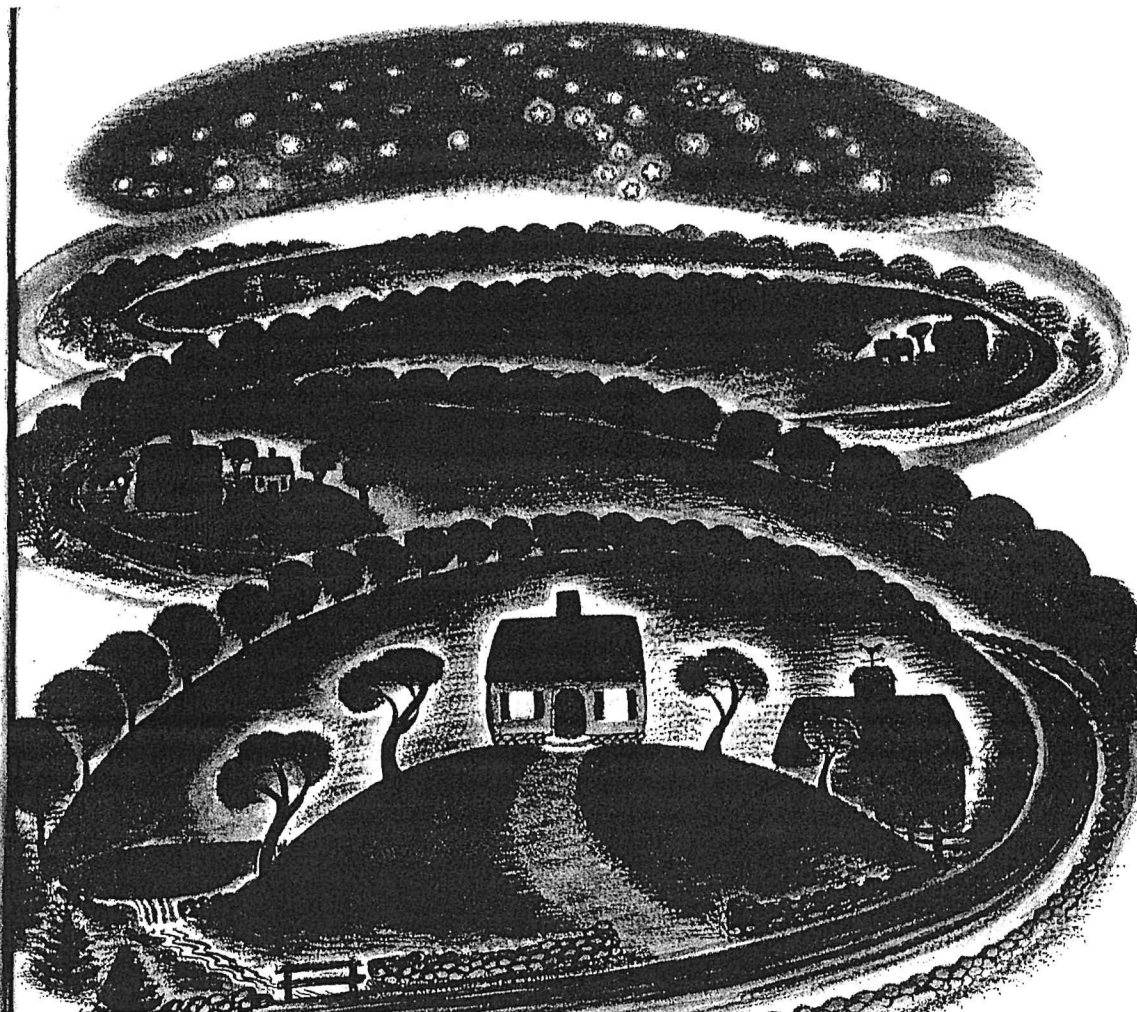
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In the nights
she watched the moon grow
from a thin new moon to a full moon,
then back again to a thin old moon;
and when there was no moon
she watched the stars.
Way off in the distance
she could see the lights of the city.
The Little House was curious about the city
and wondered what it would be like to live there.





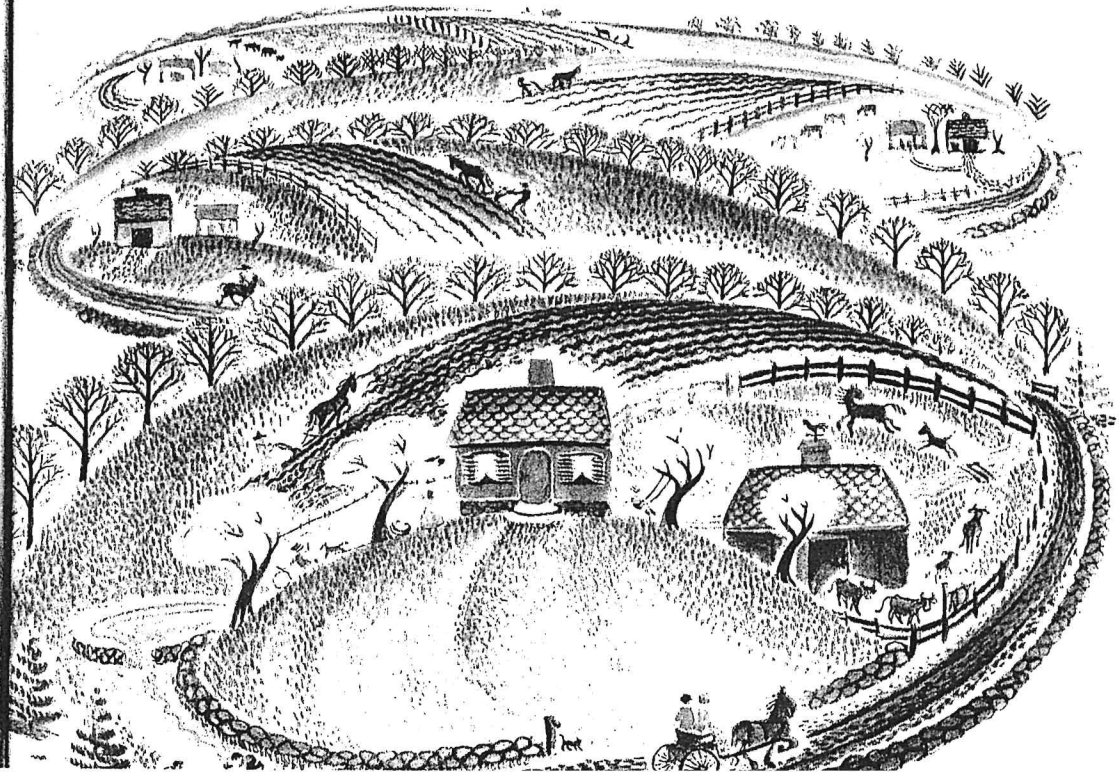
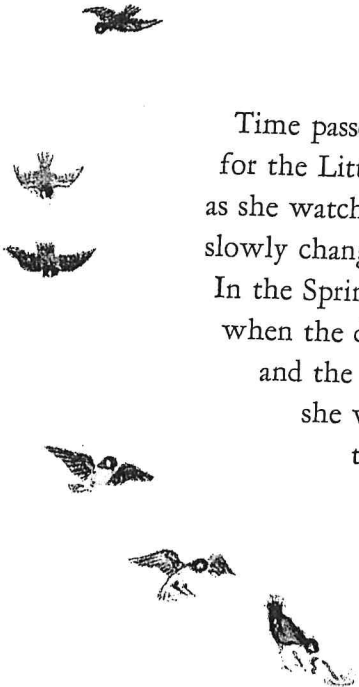
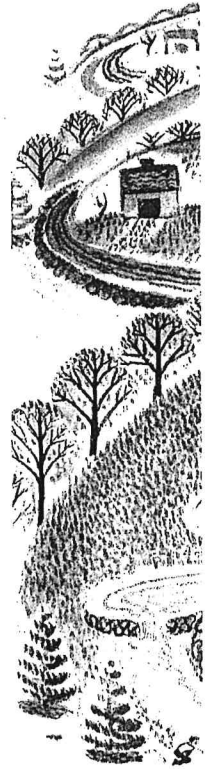
Time passed quickly
 for the Little House
 as she watched the countryside
 slowly change with the seasons.

In the Spring,
 when the days grew longer
 and the sun warmer,
 she waited for the first robin
 to return from the South.

She watched the grass turn green.

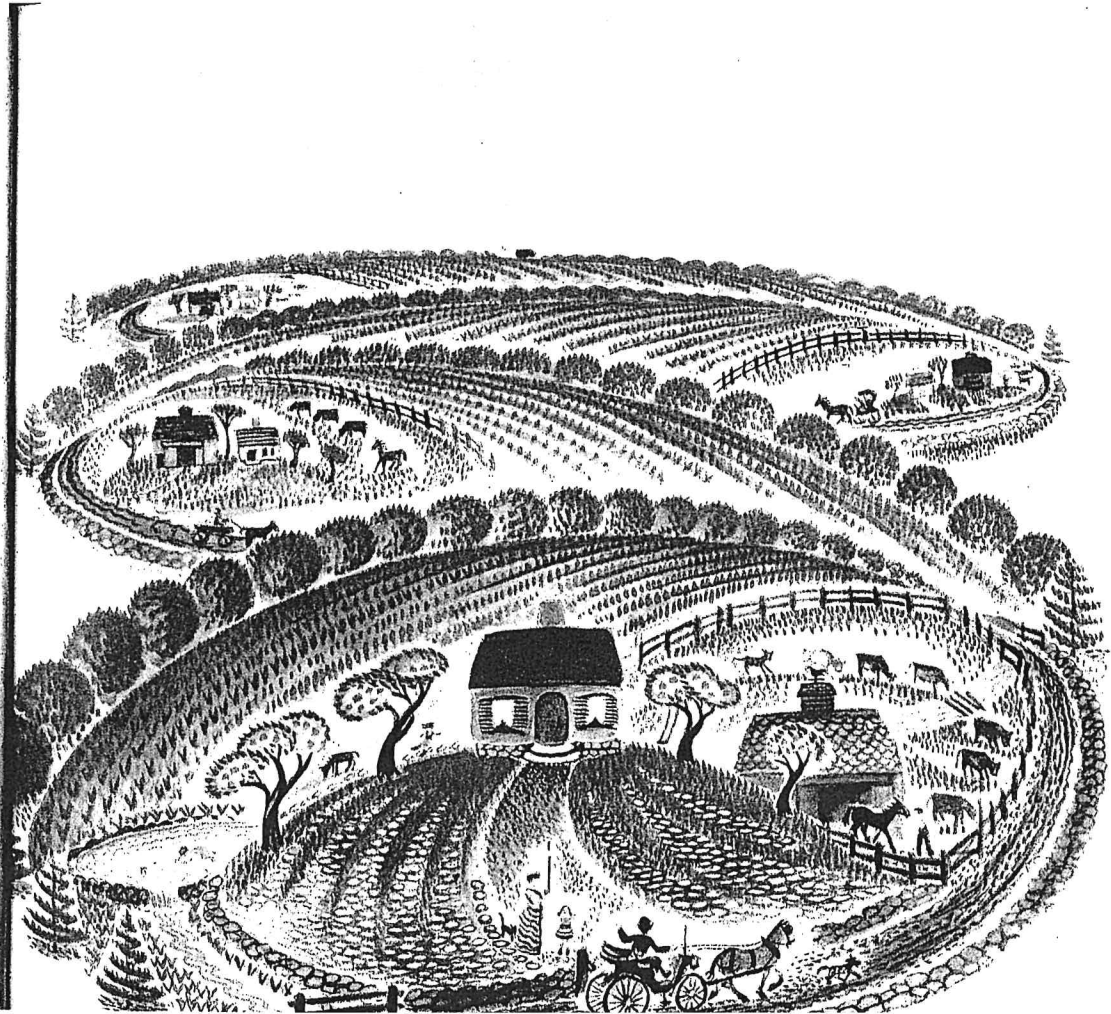
She watched the buds on the trees swell
 and the apple trees burst into blossom.

She watched the children
 playing in the brook.



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 o blossom.
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In the long Summer days
she sat in the sun
and watched the trees
cover themselves with leaves
and the white daisies cover the hill.
She watched the gardens grow,
and she watched the apples turn red and ripen.
She watched the children swimming in the pool.



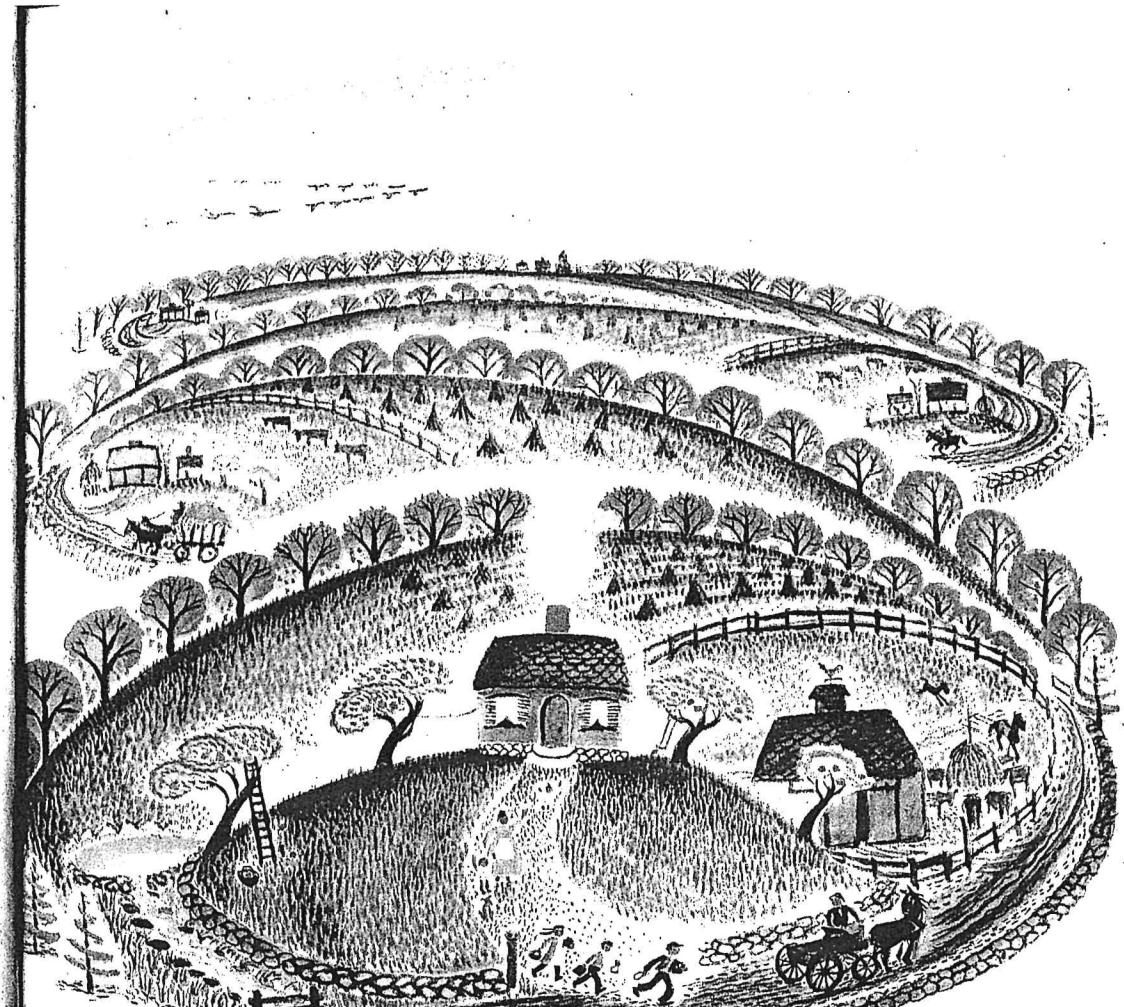
pen.
ng in the pool.

In the Fall,
when the days grew shorter
and the nights colder,
she watched the first frost
turn the leaves to bright yellow
and orange and red.

She watched the harvest gathered
and the apples picked.

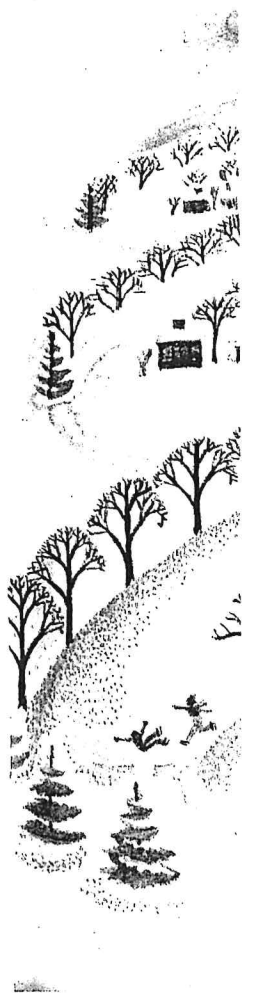
She watched the children
going back to school.

10



In the Winter,
when the nights were long and the days short,
and the countryside covered with snow,
she watched the children
coasting and skating.
Year followed year. . . .
The apple trees grew old
and new ones were planted.
The children grew up
and went away to the city . . .
and now at night
the lights of the city
seemed brighter and closer.

12



ad closer.

One day
the Little House
was surprised to see
a horseless carriage coming down
the winding country road . . .
Pretty soon there were more of them
on the road and fewer carriages pulled by horses.
Pretty soon along came some surveyors and surveyed a line
in front of the Little House.

Pretty soon along came a steam shovel and dug a road
through the hill covered with daisies . . .

Then some trucks came and dumped big stones on the road,
then some trucks with little stones,
then some trucks with tar and sand,
and finally a steam roller came
and rolled it all smooth,
and the road was done.

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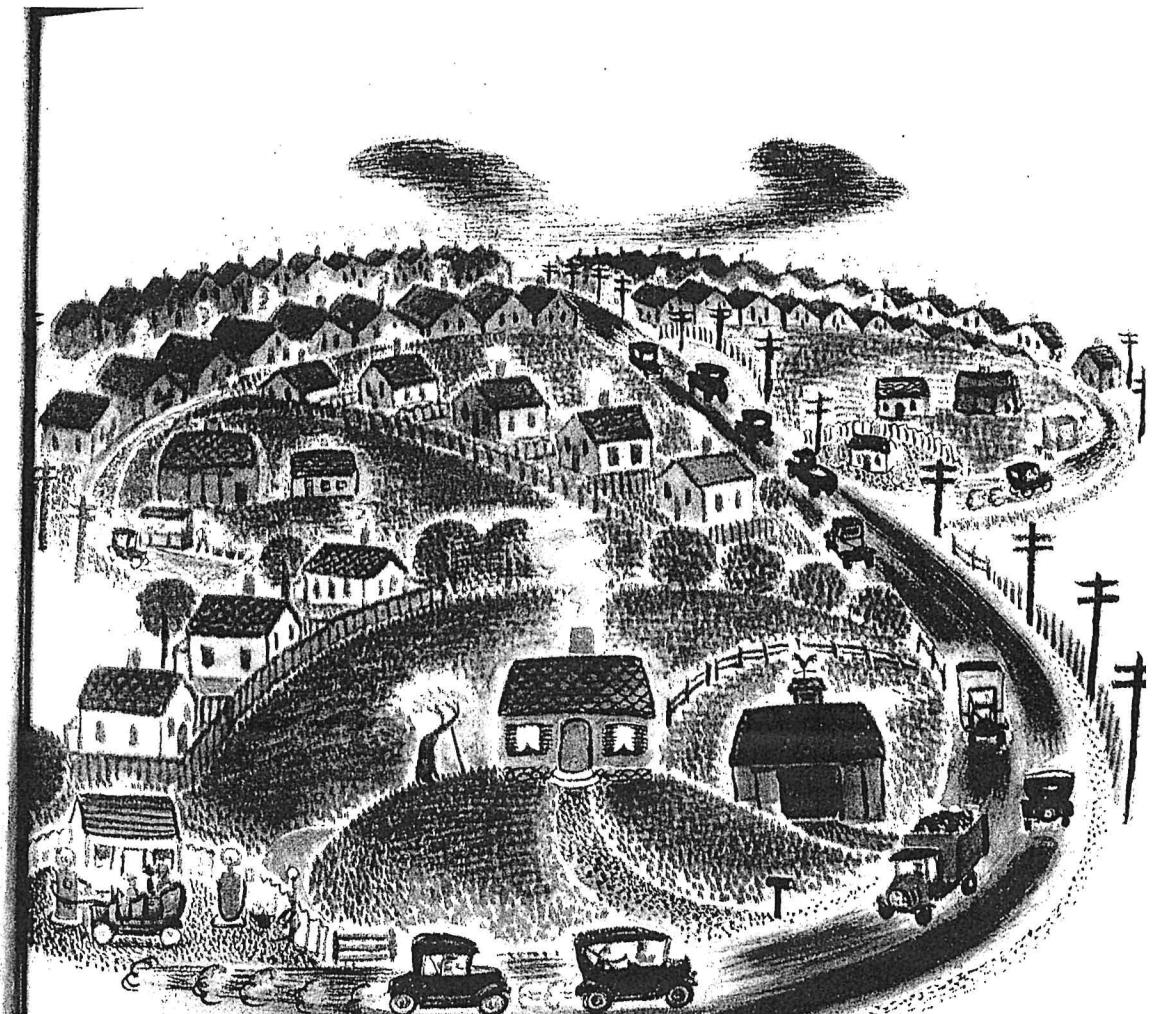
on the road,



Now the Little House
watched the trucks and automobiles
going back and forth to the city.
Gasoline stations . . .
roadside stands . . .
and small houses
followed the new road.

Everyone and everything
moved much faster now than before.

16



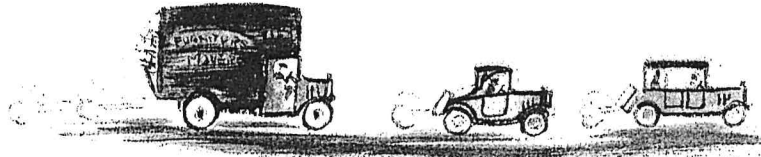
ore.

More roads were made,
and the countryside was divided into lots.
More houses and bigger houses . . .
apartment houses and tenement houses . . .
schools . . . stores . . . and garages
spread over the land
and crowded around the Little House.

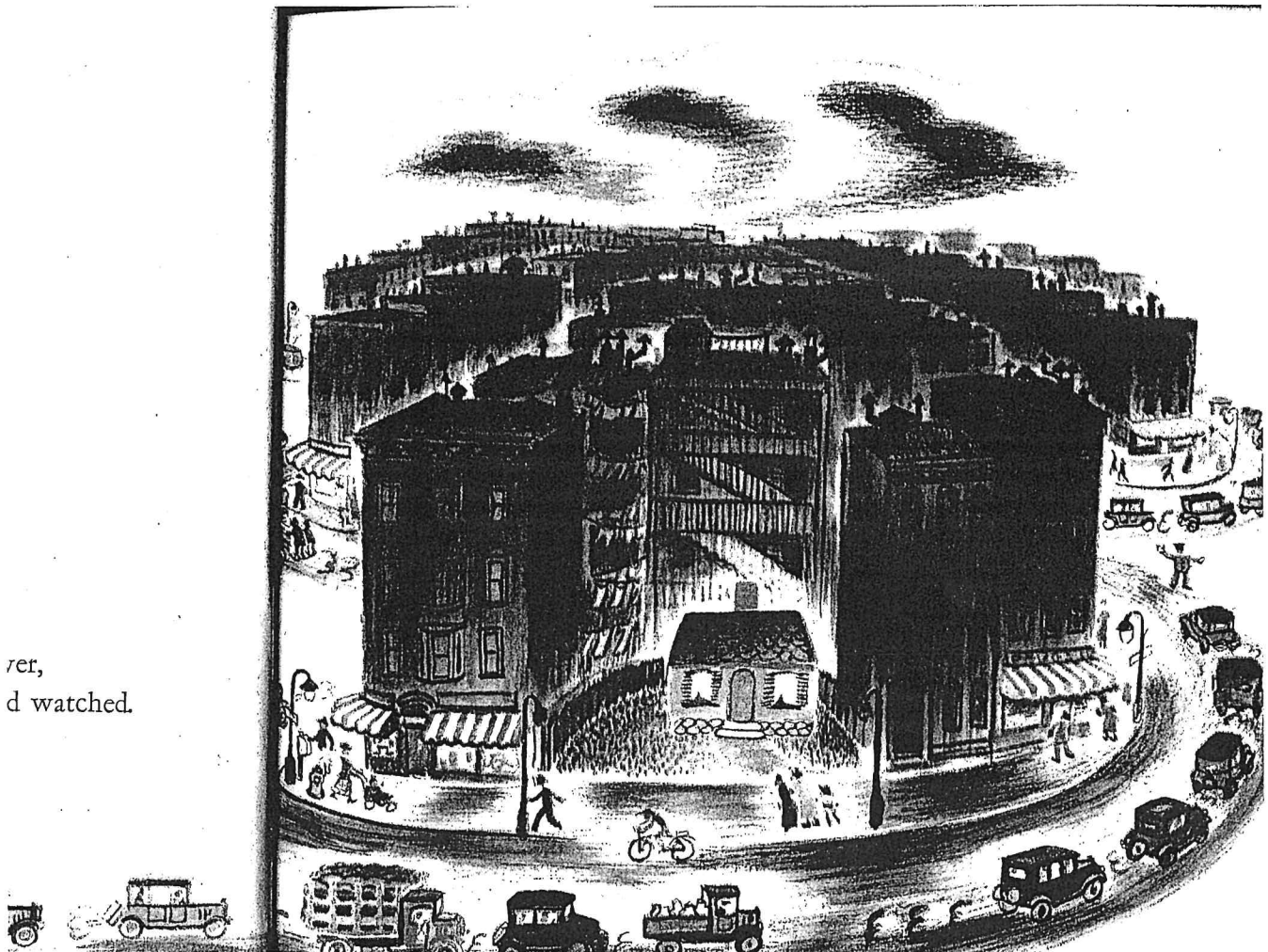
No one wanted to live in her
and take care of her any more.

She couldn't be sold for gold or silver,
so she just stayed there and watched.

18



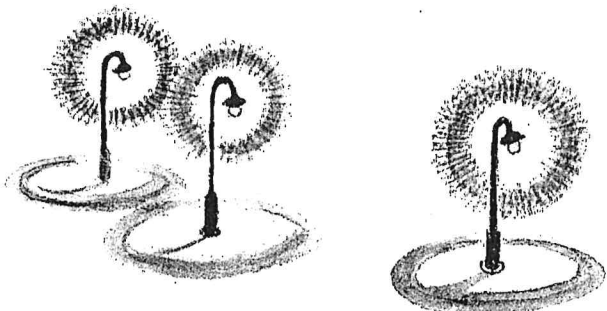
ver,
d watched.



Now it was not so quiet and peaceful at night.
Now the lights of the city were bright and very close,
and the street lights shone all night.

“This must be living in the city,”
thought the Little House,
and didn't know whether she liked it or not.
She missed the field of daisies
and the apple trees dancing in the moonlight.

20

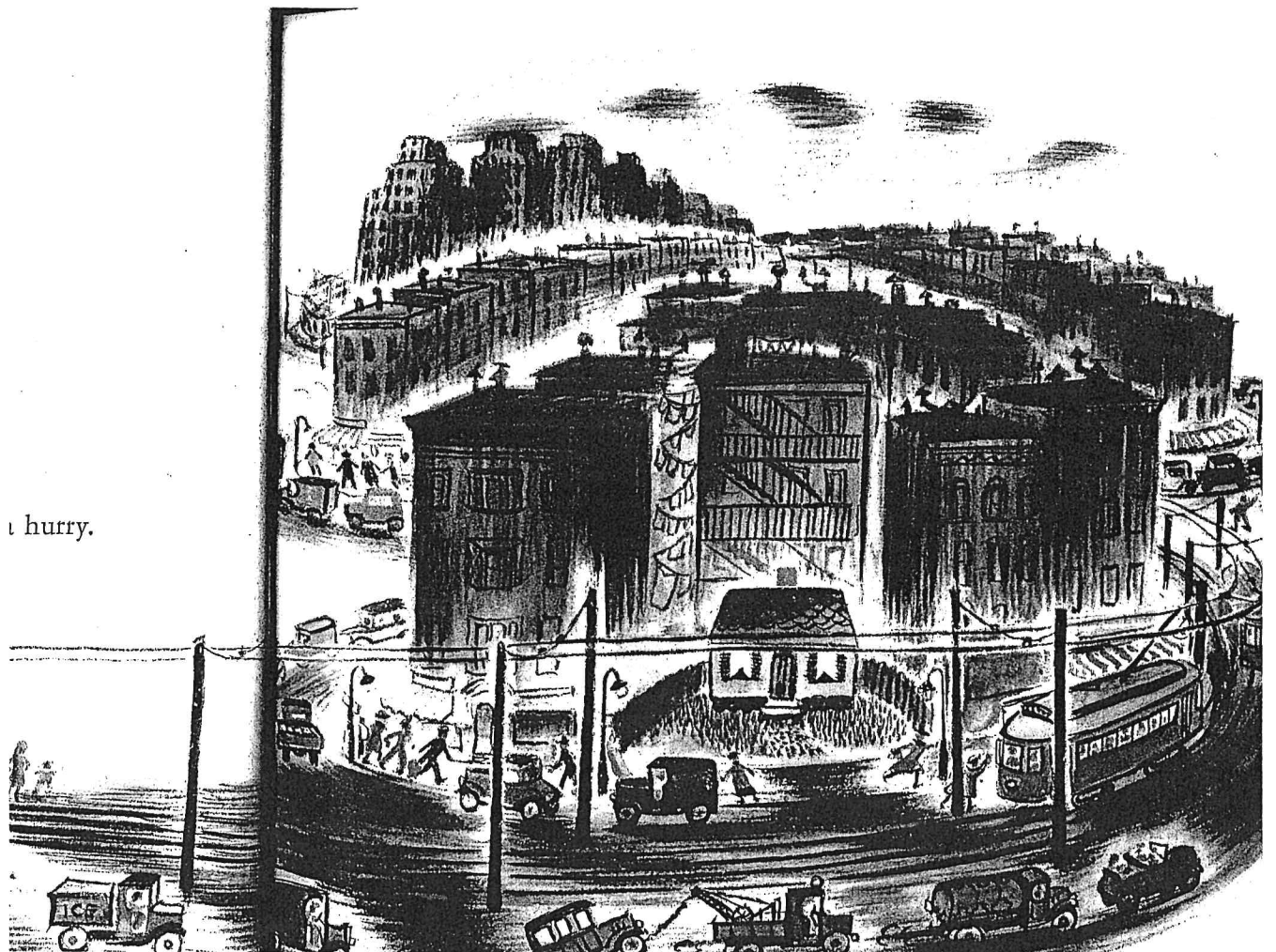
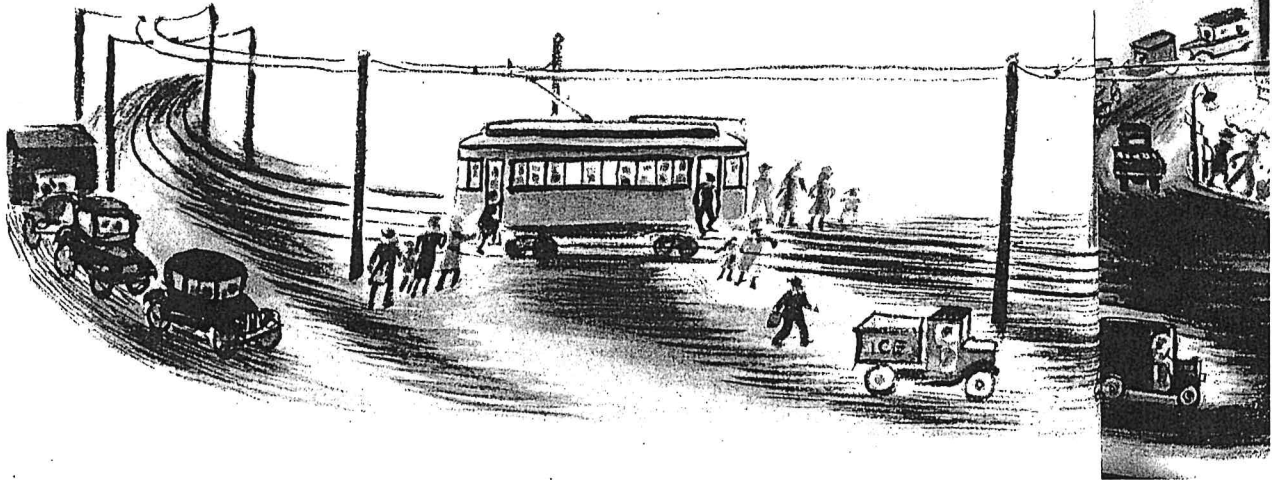


it.
close,



Pretty soon
there were trolley cars
going back and forth
in front of the Little House.
They went back and forth
all day and part of the night.
Everyone seemed to be very busy
and everyone seemed to be in a hurry.

22



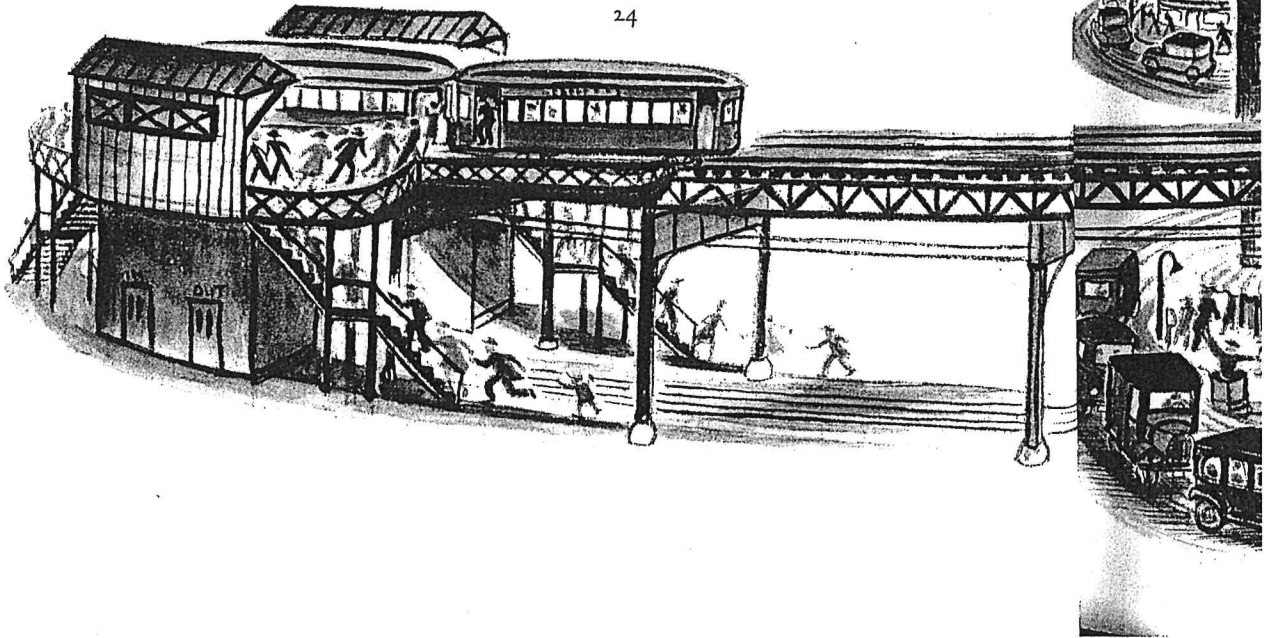
t hurry.

Pretty soon there was an elevated train
going back and forth above the Little House.
The air was filled with dust and smoke,
and the noise was so loud
that it shook the Little House.

Now she couldn't tell when Spring came,
or Summer or Fall, or Winter.

It all seemed about the same.

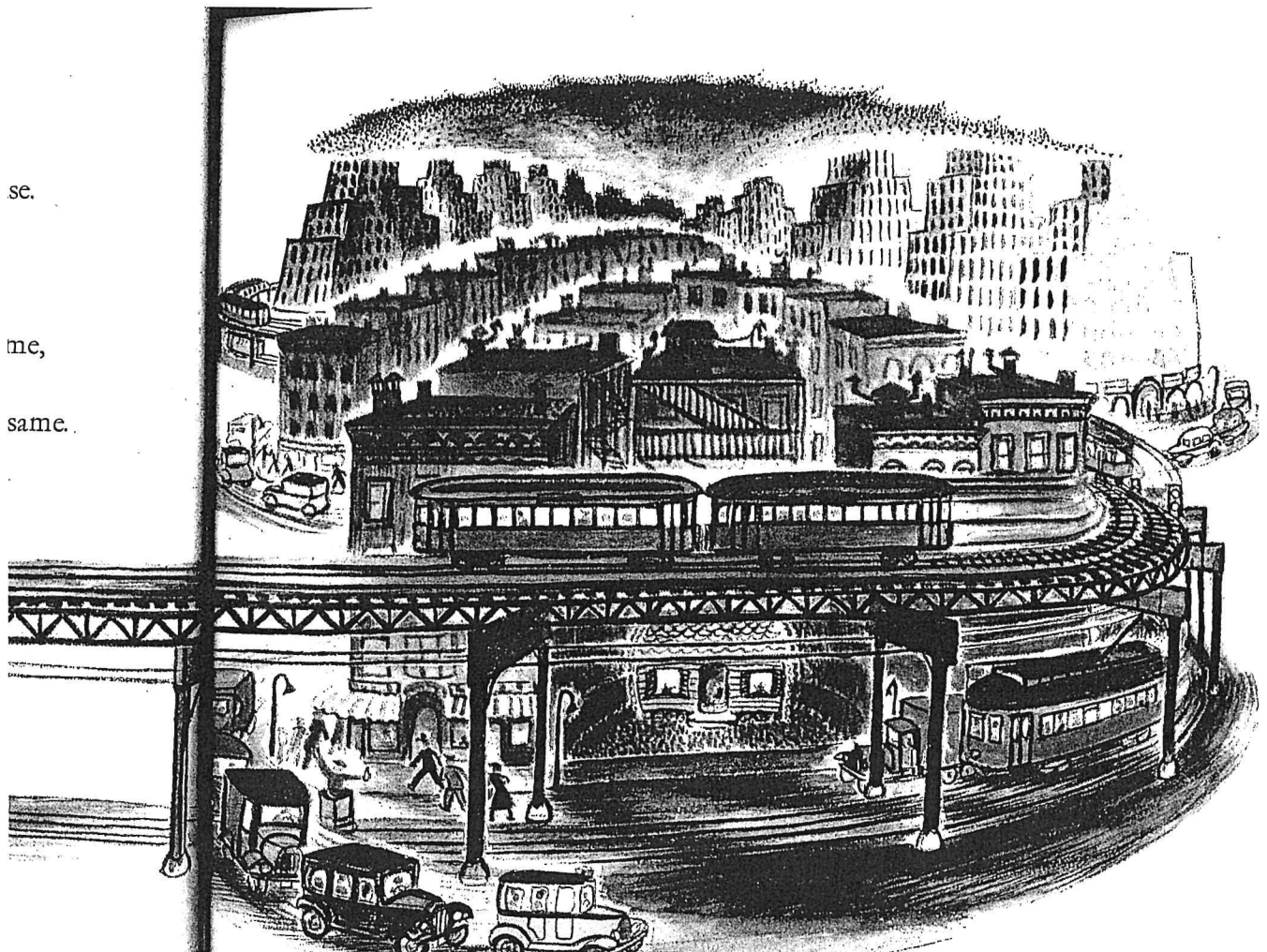
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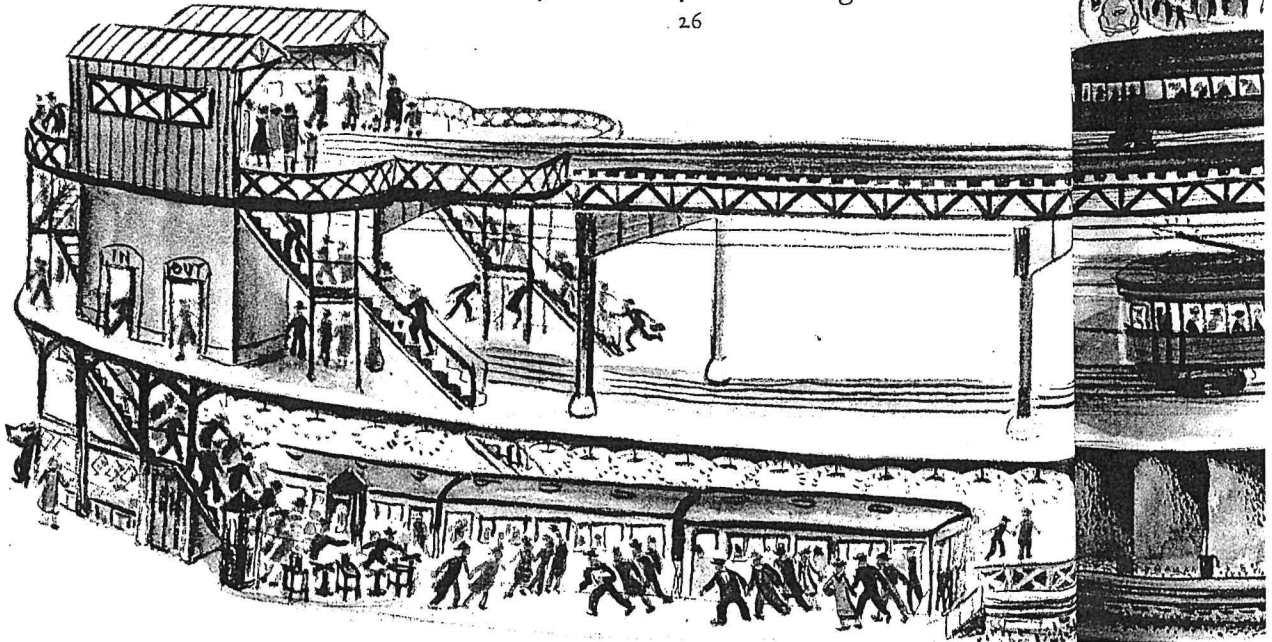
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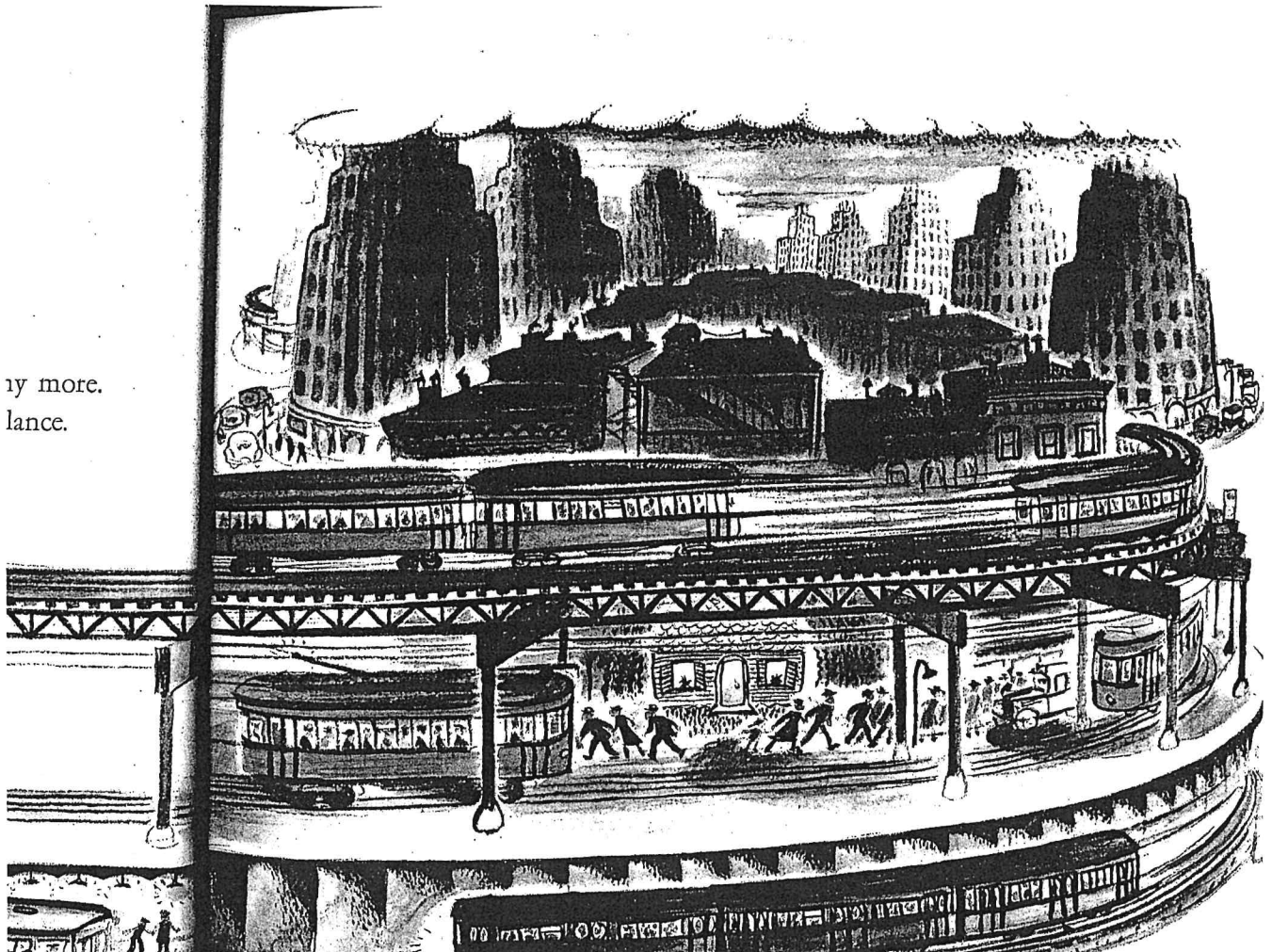


Pretty soon
there was a subway
going back and forth
underneath the Little House.
She couldn't see it,
but she could feel and hear it.
People were moving faster and faster.
No one noticed the Little House any more.
They hurried by without a glance.

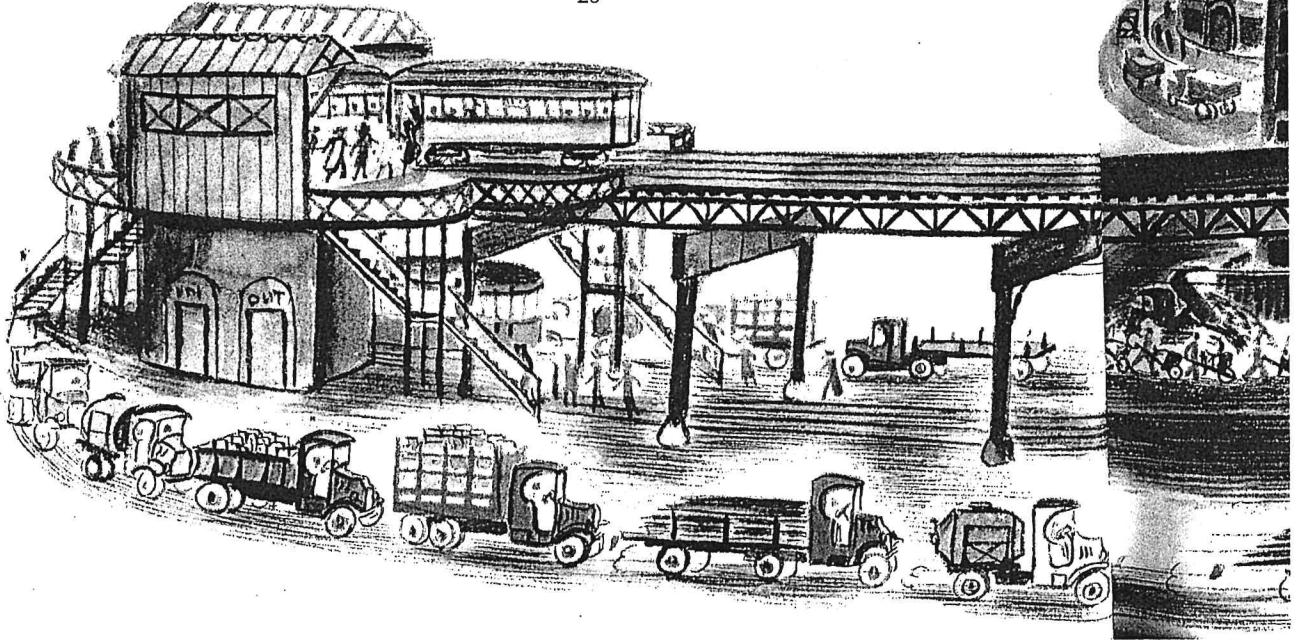
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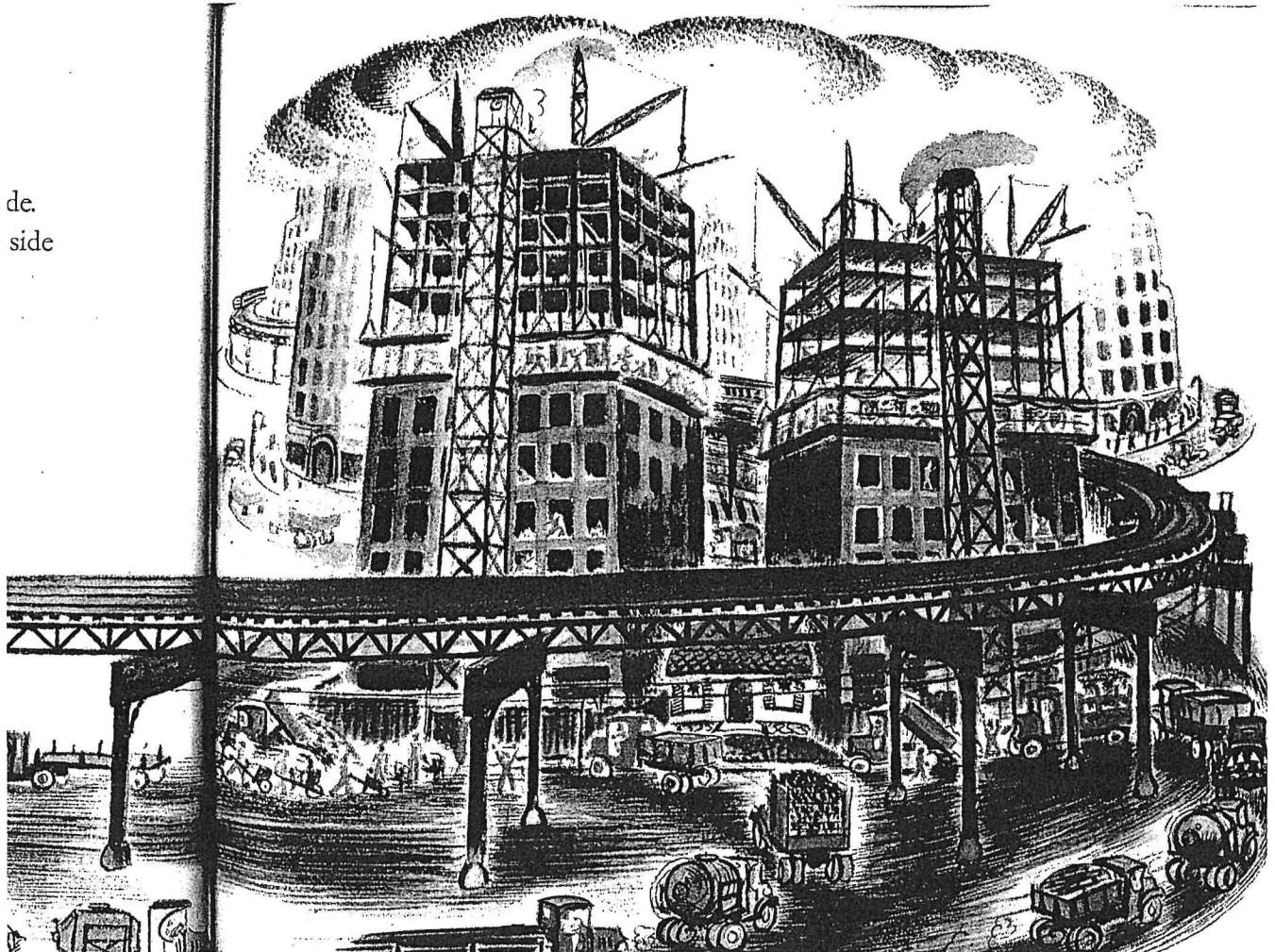
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Pretty soon they tore down
the apartment houses and tenement houses
around the Little House
and started digging big cellars . . . one on each side.
The steam shovels dug down three stories on one side
and four stories on the other side.
Pretty soon they started building up . . .
They built up twenty-five stories on one side
and thirty-five stories on the other.



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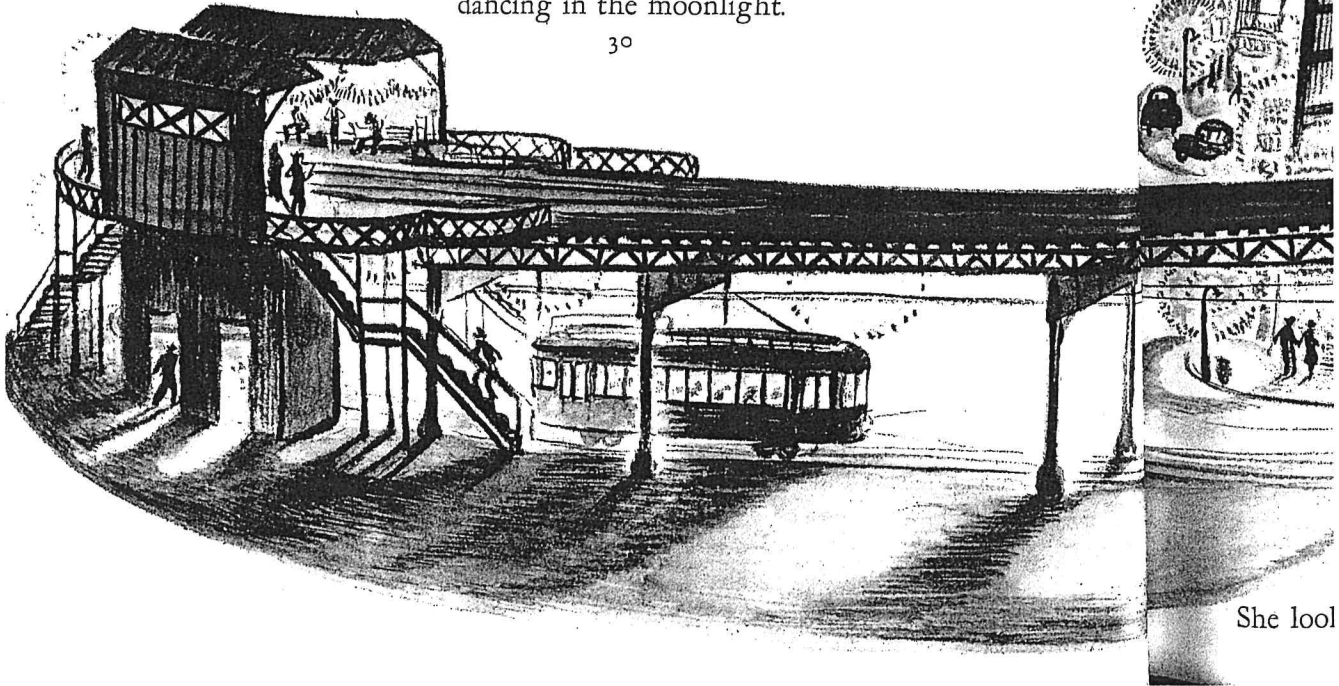


Now the Little House only saw the sun at noon,
and didn't see the moon or stars at night at all
because the lights of the city were too bright.

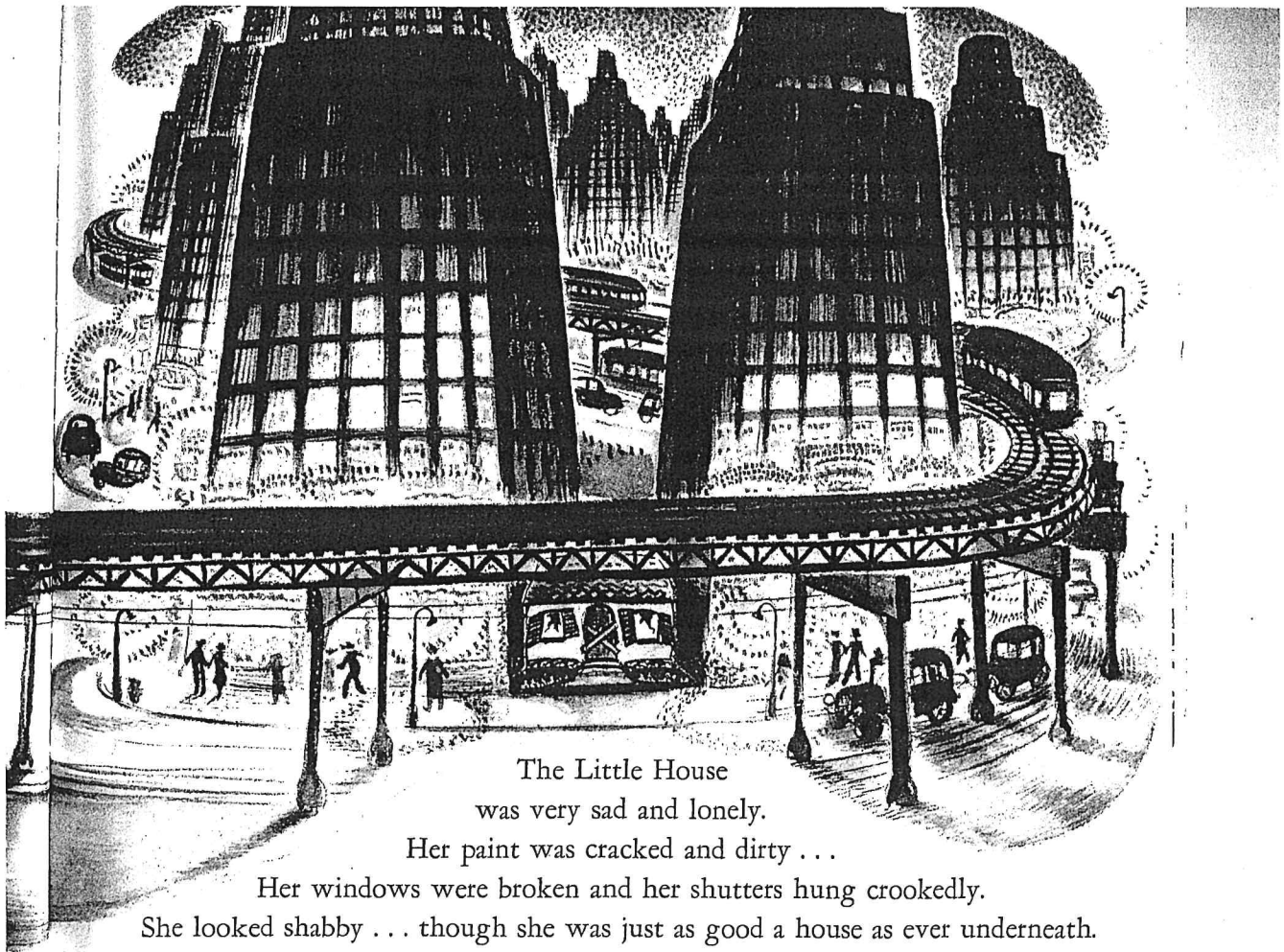
She didn't like living in the city.

At night she used to dream of the country
and the field of daisies
and the apple trees
dancing in the moonlight.

30



She lool



The Little House
was very sad and lonely.

Her paint was cracked and dirty . . .

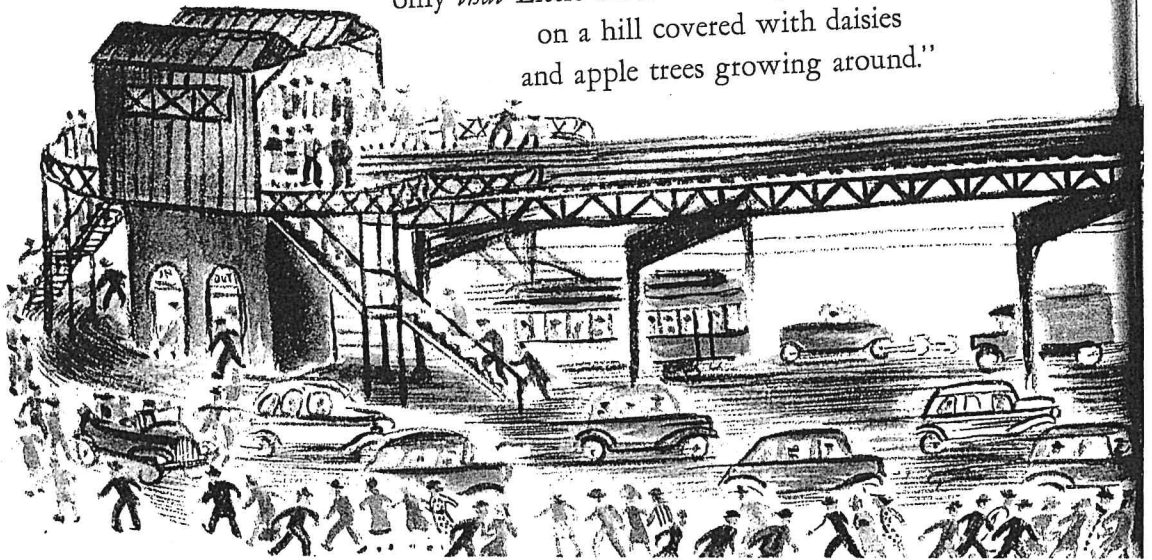
Her windows were broken and her shutters hung crookedly.

She looked shabby . . . though she was just as good a house as ever underneath.

Then one fine morning in Spring
along came the great-great-granddaughter
of the man who built the Little House so well.
She saw the shabby Little House, but she didn't hurry by.

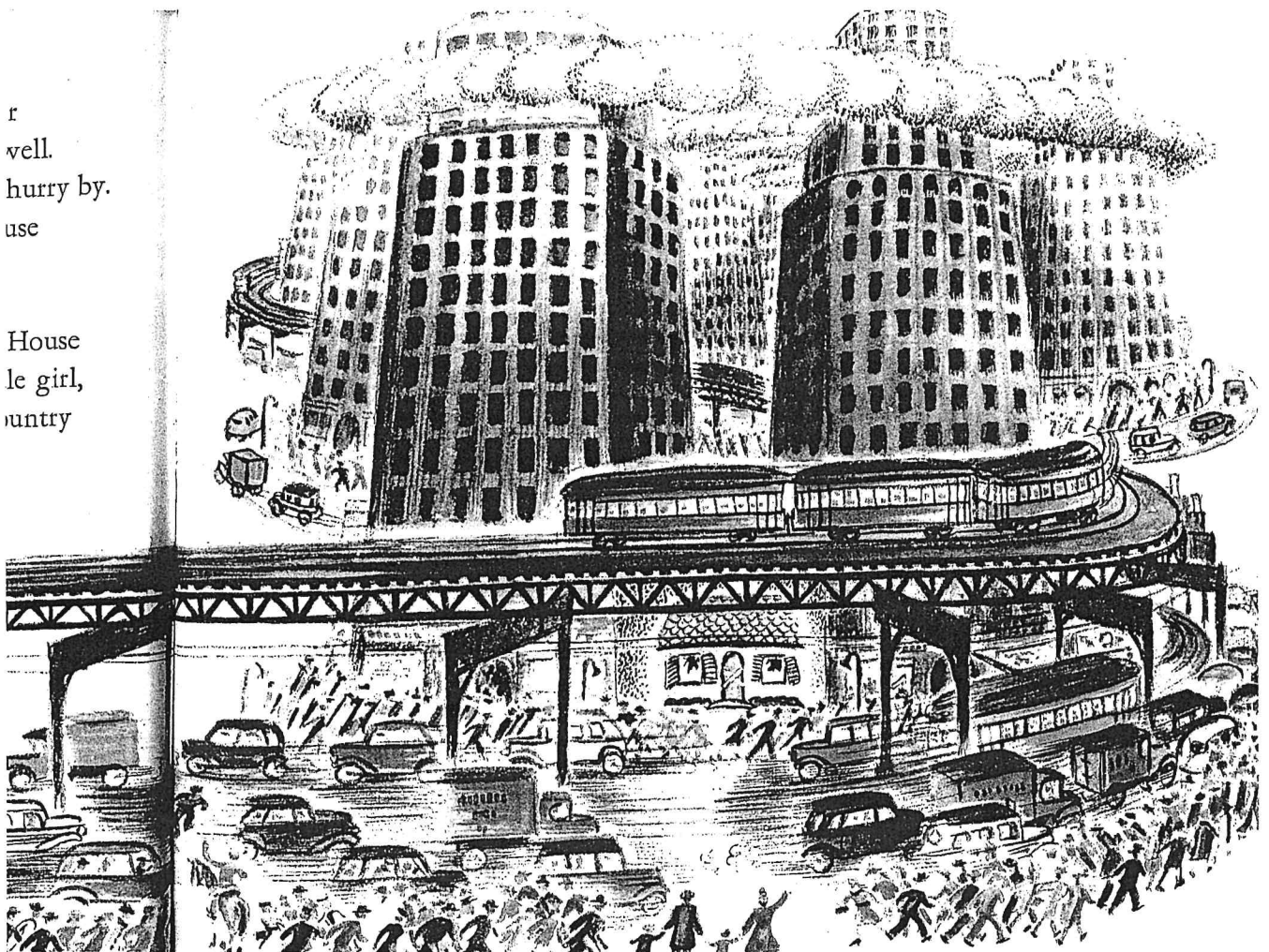
There was something about the Little House
that made her stop and look again.

She said to her husband,
"That Little House looks just like the Little House
my grandmother lived in when she was a little girl,
only *that* Little House was way out in the country
on a hill covered with daisies
and apple trees growing around."



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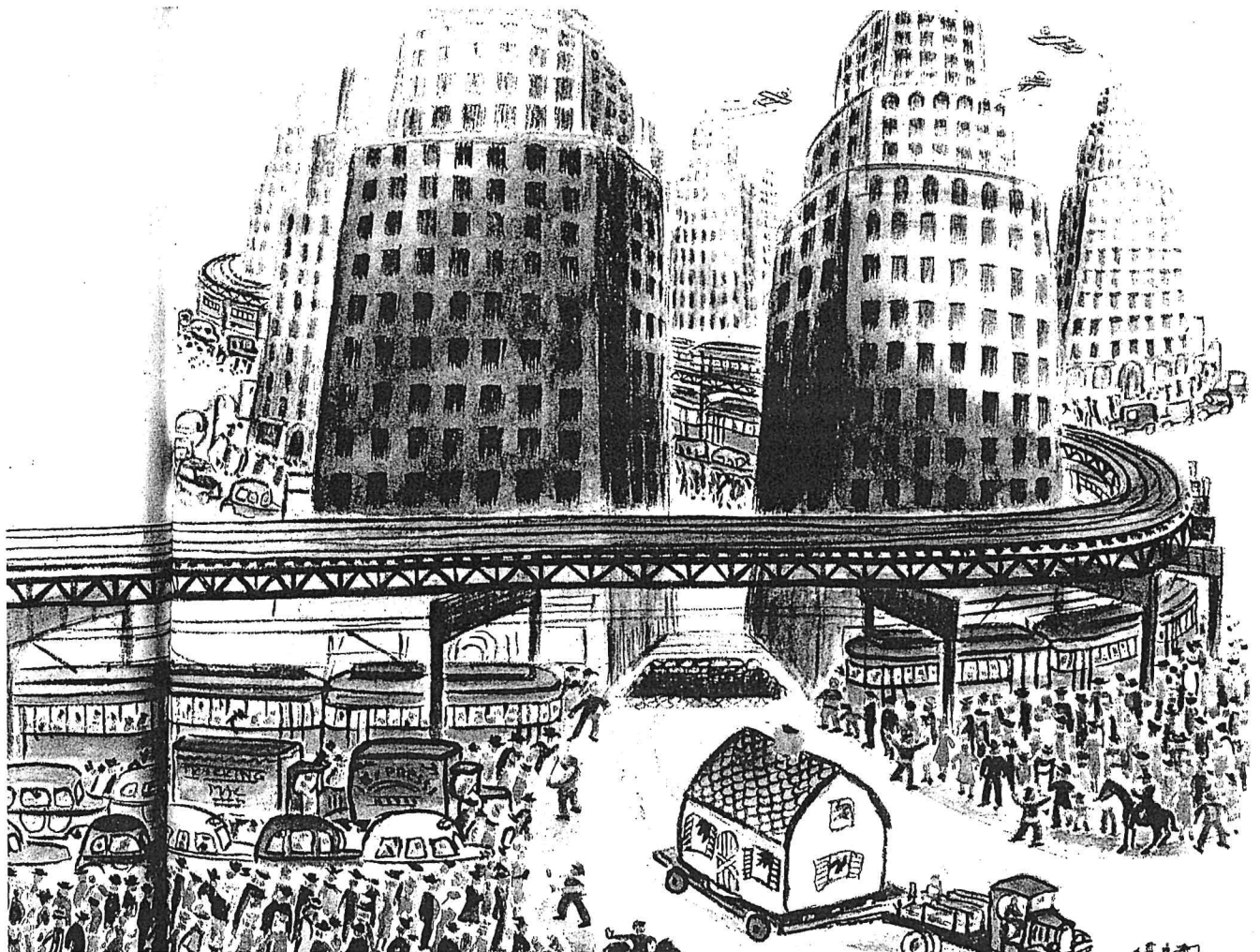
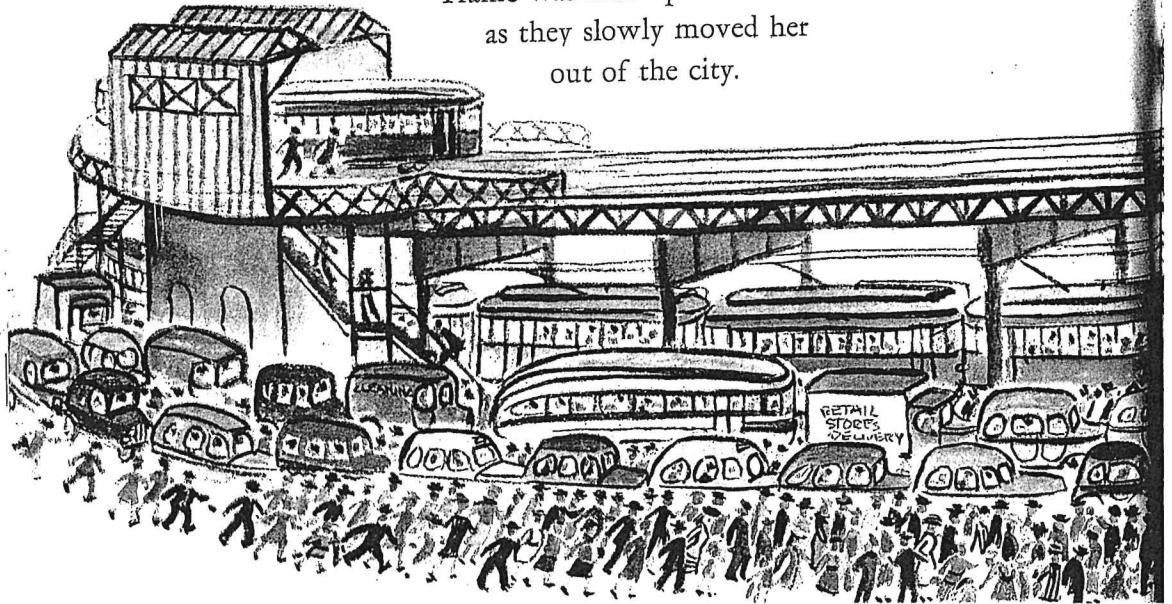
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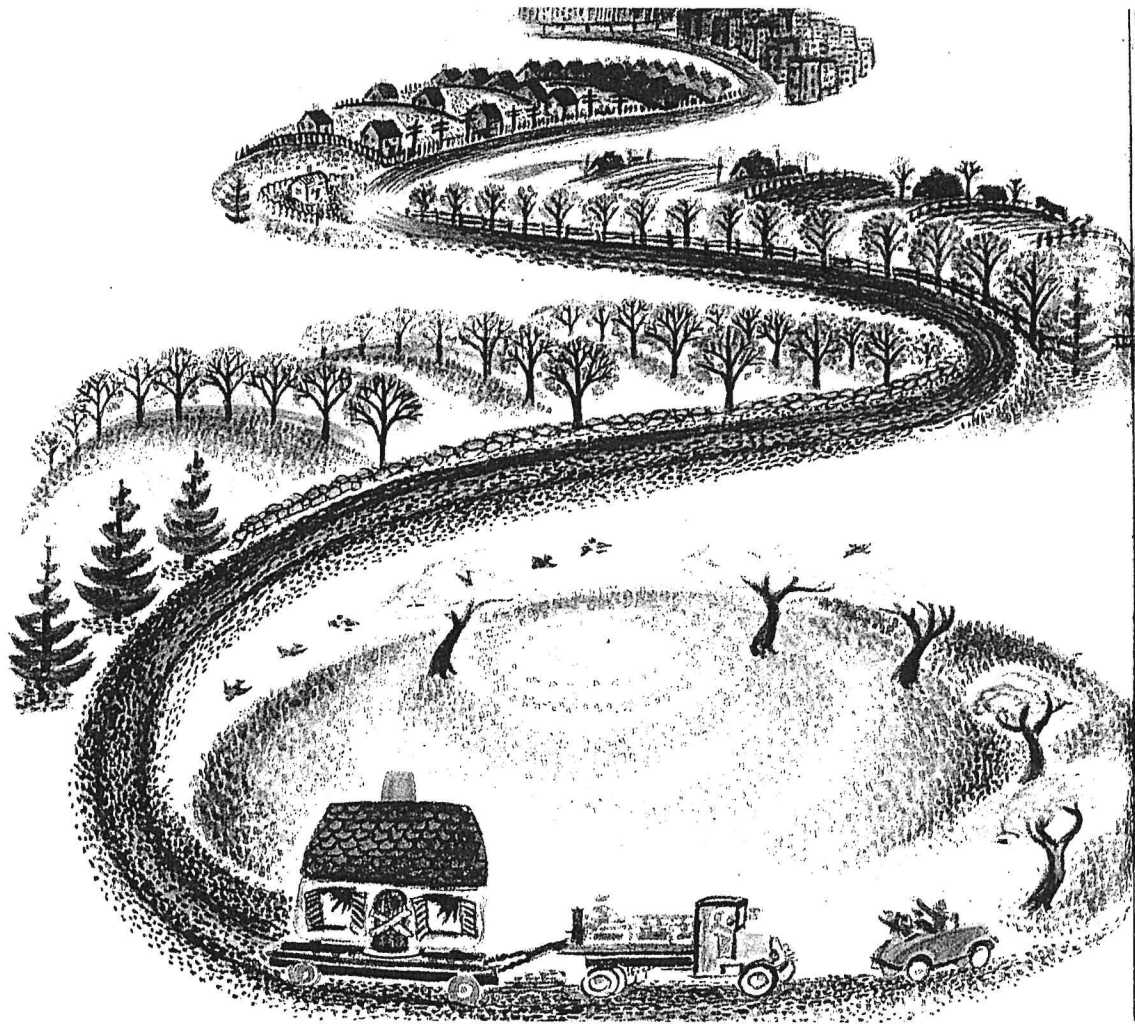


They found out it was the very same house,
so they went to the Movers to see
if the Little House could be moved.
The Movers looked the Little House all over
and said, "Sure, this house is as good as ever.
She's built so well we could move her anywhere."

So they jacked up the Little House
and put her on wheels.

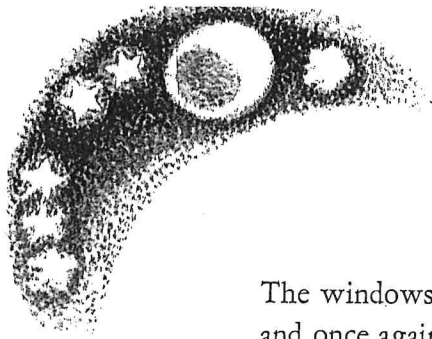
Traffic was held up for hours
as they slowly moved her
out of the city.





At first
the Little House
was frightened,
but after she got used to it
she rather liked it.
They rolled along the big road,
and they rolled along the little roads,
until they were way out in the country.
When the Little House saw the green grass
and heard the birds singing, she didn't feel sad any more.
They went along and along, but they couldn't seem to find
just the right place.
They tried the Little House here,
and they tried her there.
Finally they saw a little hill
in the middle of a field . . .
and apple trees growing around.
"There," said the great-great-granddaughter,
"that's just the place."
"Yes, it is," said the Little House to herself.
A cellar was dug on top of the hill
and slowly they moved the house
from the road to the hill.





The windows and shutters were fixed
and once again they painted her
a lovely shade of pink.

As the Little House settled down
on her new foundation,
she smiled happily.

Once again she could watch
the sun and moon and stars.

Once again she could watch
Spring and Summer

and Fall and Winter

come and go.

38



e and go.

Once again
she was lived in
and taken care of.



Never again would she be curious about the city . . .

Never again would she want to live there . . .

The stars twinkled above her . . .

A new moon was coming up . . .

It was Spring . . .

and all was quiet and peaceful in the country.