

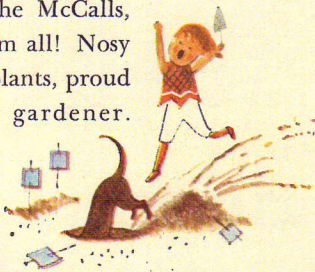
# Betsy McCall

## *plants a garden*

Betsy looked at the pretty packages of seeds—pictures of radishes, red and round as balloons; golden carrots, plump and long; feathery parsley; lovely marigolds, like little suns; morning-glories and zinnias—oh, what a wonderful garden she'd have! She planted seeds in straight, neat rows, while her dog, Nosy, snoozed in the sun with his paws on a bone. At the end of each row, Betsy placed the seed envelope on a stick. "Now," she said to Nosy, "we'll know where everything is." But he only sighed happily in his sleep. Betsy returned the tools to the shed. When she came back, oh, what a sight! Nosy had dug up all her tidy rows! And he was still digging, tail wagging joyously, paws sending up a cloud of dirt. "You naughty dog!" she shouted. Nosy's tail drooped, and he looked so sad Betsy felt sorry for him. "Never mind! Maybe we'll get a brand-new plant, with flowers and vegetables growing on a morning-glory vine, and it will win a prize. Right?" Nosy growled: "R-r-right!" But each little seed knew what it would be, and so did Betsy, really. And so do you, of course! If there had been a prize for the craziest garden, this would have won it. But each flower was still a flower, and all the vegetables looked good enough to eat. And so they were, and the McCalls, except Nosy, ate them all! Nosy just ran among the plants, proud and happy as any gardener.



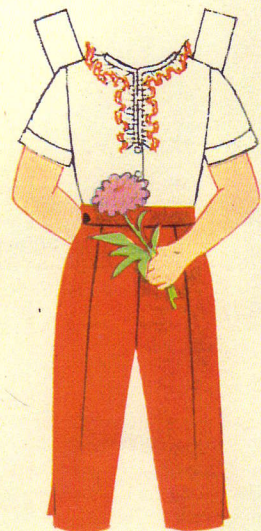
This is Betsy McCall



This pretty red bandana-print top is fully lined. The pedal-pushers are polished cotton



The cool, sturdy smock is made of cotton ticking, and so are the cuffs on the pants



Betsy feels dressed up in her ruffled blouse. The red rick-rack matches the tapered pants