

**AUNT JO'S
SCRAP-BAG AND
OTHER STORIES**

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Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag and Other Stories by Louisa M. Alcott

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LOUISA M. ALCOTT

**AUNT JO'S
SCRAP-BAG AND
OTHER STORIES**

AUNT JO'S SCRAP-BAG.

MY BOYS, ETC.



By LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL," "LITTLE MEN,"
"HOSPITAL SKETCHES."

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

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PREFACE.

AS grandmothers rummage their piece-bags and bundles in search of gay odds and ends to make gifts with which to fill the little stockings that hang all in a row on Christmas Eve, so I have gathered together some stories, old and new, to amuse the large family that has so rapidly and beautifully grown up about me.

I hope that when they promenade in night-caps and gowns to rifle the plump stockings, the little "dears" will utter an "Oh!" of pleasure, and give a prance of satisfaction, as they pull out this small gift from Aunt Jo's scrap-bag.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,
1871-72.

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MISS LOUISA M. ALOTT'S
RECENT NEW WORKS.

LITTLE WOMEN. PART FIRST.

LITTLE WOMEN. PART SECOND.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

LITTLE MEN.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES AND CAMP AND FIRE-
SIDE STORIES.

It is quite safe to say that the author of "Little Women" is, to-day, the literary idol of the American fireside. Within three years her books have achieved an unparalleled success, delighting and instructing legions of readers.

IS All of Miss Alcott's RECENT NEW WORKS without exception, have our name on their title-pages as her authorized publishers.

They are now bound in a new style of binding, to distinguish them from imitations, and may be had, put up in a neat box, labelled "Little Women Library," the five volumes, price, \$7.50; or, separately, \$1.50 each.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Boston.

AUNT JO'S SCRAP-BAG.

MY BOYS.

FEELING that I have been unusually fortunate in my knowledge of a choice and pleasing variety of this least appreciated portion of the human race, I have a fancy to record some of my experiences, hoping that it may awaken an interest in other minds, and cause other people to cultivate the delightful, but too often neglected boys, who now run to waste, so to speak.

I have often wondered what they thought of the peculiar treatment they receive, even at the hands of their nearest friends. While they are rosy, roly-poly little fellows they are petted and praised, adorned and adored, till it is a miracle that they are not utterly ruined. But the moment they outgrow their babyhood their trials begin, and they are re-

garded as nuisances till they are twenty-one, when they are again received into favor.

Yet that very time of neglect is the period when they most need all manner of helps, and ought to have them. I like boys and oysters raw ; so, though good manners are always pleasing, I don't mind the rough outside burr which repels most people, and perhaps that is the reason why the burrs open and let me see the soft lining and taste the sweet nut hidden inside.

My first well-beloved boy was a certain Frank, to whom I clung at the age of seven with a devotion which I fear he did not appreciate. There were six girls in the house, but I would have nothing to say to them, preferring to tag after Frank, and perfectly happy when he allowed me to play with him. I regret to say that the small youth was something of a tyrant, and one of his favorite amusements was trying to make me cry by slapping my hands with books, hoop-sticks, shoes, any thing that came along capable of giving a good stinging blow. I believe I endured these marks of friendship with the fortitude of a young Indian, and felt fully repaid for a blistered