

Mr.
APPLES
Family



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY

By Jean McDevitt

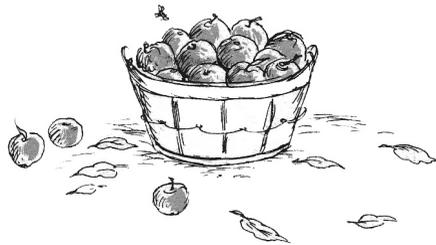
At the end of the lane was an orchard full of crooked little trees. The trees were all covered with little pink blossoms. They were apple trees. In the very middle of the orchard was a house.

The Apple family lived in the city, but with so many new little Apples coming along, their home was becoming quite crowded. It didn't take long for them to find the perfect house in the country, but it required some ingenuity and cooperation to make it their own. Follow along with the Apple family as—with tenacity and some animal mischievousness—they achieve their dream of owning a home suited for their every need.



Mr.
APPLE'S
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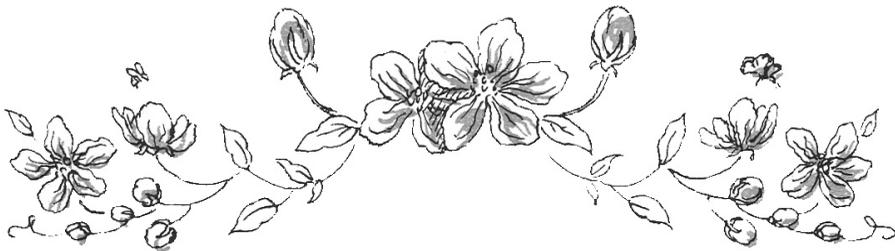
by
Jean McDevitt



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*This book is
affectionately dedicated to
THE PRIMARY CHILDREN OF
THE KIMBERLY SCHOOL*





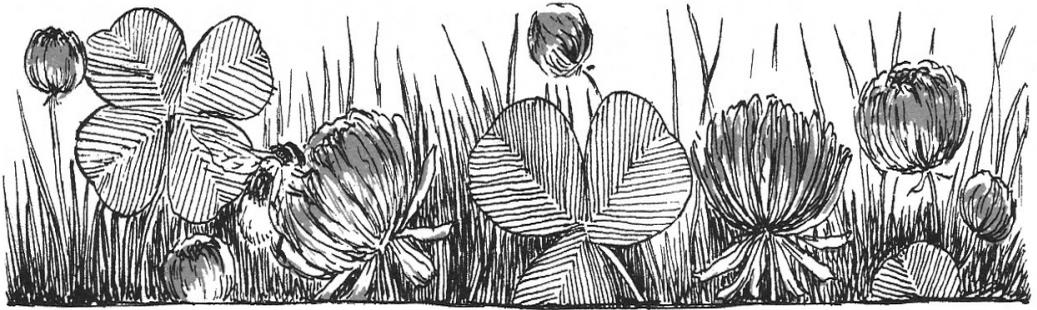
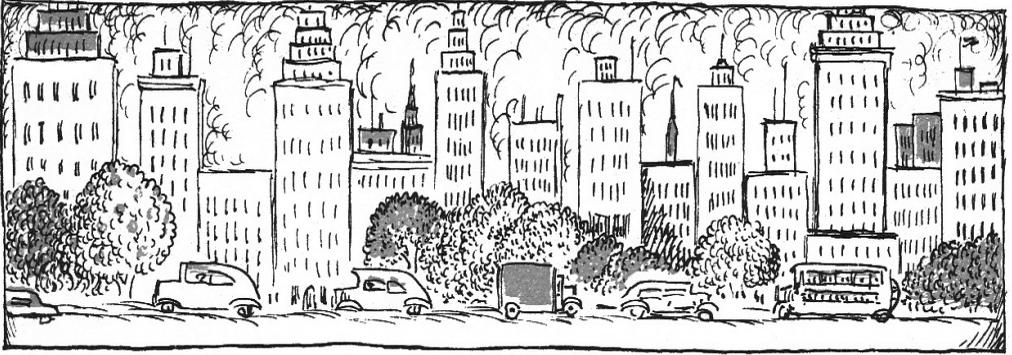


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Chapter 1

Mr. Apple Names the Children

Mr. and Mrs. Apple lived in the city. They lived in a little apartment in a big apartment house. They had lived there a long time. When Mr. and Mrs. Apple first went to live in the city, there were not any little Apples. Now there were five little Apples.

The oldest Apple boy was named MacIntosh. This was Mr. Apple's idea. He said there was no use having a name like Apple if you just called

your children by ordinary names. “George Apple or Tom Apple or Jack Apple would not do at all,” said Mr. Apple. So the Apple children were named for real apples.

Mrs. Apple did not like this idea of Mr. Apple’s very much.

“MacIntosh is much too big a name for a tiny baby,” said Mrs. Apple.

“He will not be a tiny baby long,” said Mr. Apple. “We will call him Mac for short.”





Mrs. Apple saw that Mr. Apple wanted very much to call the baby MacIntosh. "Very well," said Mrs. Apple. "We will call him Mac." She knew she could not have her own way all the time. Mr. Apple must sometimes have what he wanted. So when the second little Apple came, he was named Jonathan. He was called Jon for short.

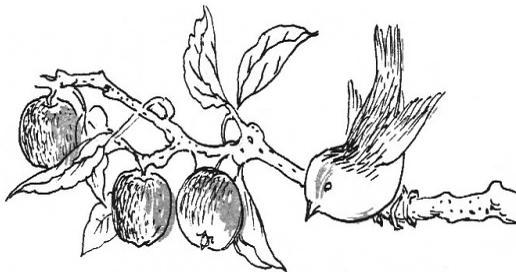
Mrs. Apple got used to the idea of MacIntosh and Jonathan for her two boys. She even boasted a little bit to the neighbors.

“Mr. Apple is very clever,” Mrs. Apple would say. “He has such fine ideas. No one but a man as clever as Mr. Apple would have thought of naming his children for real apples.”

Then the first little girl came along. It was much harder for Mr. Apple to think of an apple name for a little girl.

“If she had been a boy,” said Mr. Apple, “I could have named her Spitzenberg. She could have been Spitz for short.”

“She is not a boy, and she cannot be named Spitzenberg,” said Mrs. Apple. “A little girl should have a pretty name. She cannot be called Spitz.”







“How would Delicious be?” asked Mr. Apple.
“There is a fine apple named Delicious.”

“Delicious is a beautiful name,” said Mrs. Apple happily. “I think we will call her Delia for short.”

The fourth little Apple was also a girl. Mr. Apple had a very hard time indeed to find an apple name for her. He thought and thought about it. But he could not think of an apple name for another little girl.

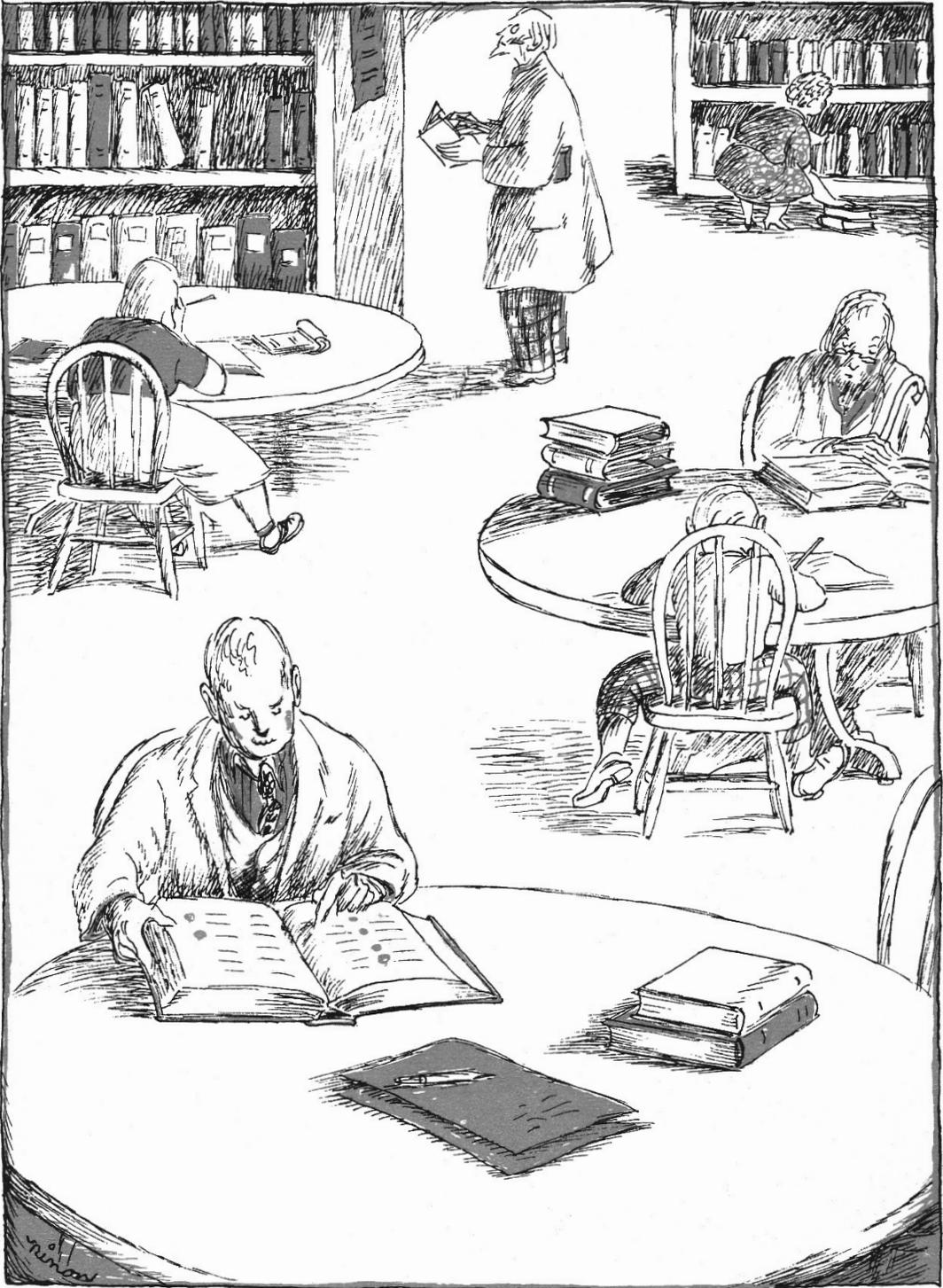
One day Mr. Apple said to Mrs. Apple, “I know what I will do. I will go to the library and look for a name in a book.”

“In a book!” said Mrs. Apple. “Is there a book with apple names in it?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Apple. “I am sure there is. There is a book for everything in the library.”

So Mr. Apple went to the public library. He said to the librarian, “Have you a book that will tell me the names of apples?”





“Yes, indeed,” said the librarian. “We have a Garden Encyclopedia.”

Mr. Apple took the big book and sat down at a table. He hunted and hunted through it for an apple name for his second little girl. He wrote many names on a piece of paper. Then he took the Garden Encyclopedia back to the librarian.

“Thank you for your help,” said Mr. Apple.

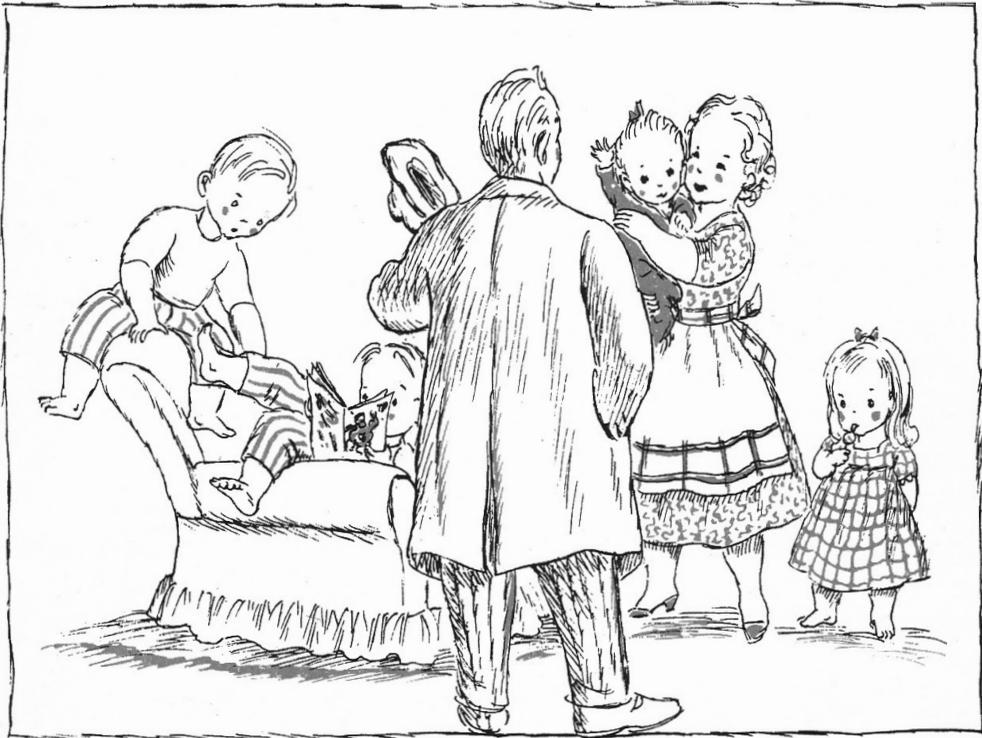
“Did you find what you wanted?” asked the librarian.

“Well,” said Mr. Apple, “I found a great many names, but they are not very good names for a little girl.”

The librarian looked very surprised. “I thought you wanted names of apples,” she said.

“So I did, so I did,” answered Mr. Apple.

He did not stop to explain. He wanted to get home. He wanted to see if Mrs. Apple would like any of the names he had found.



“Did you find a book of apple names?” asked Mrs. Apple as soon as Mr. Apple came home.

“Oh yes,” said Mr. Apple. “There is a big, big book of apple names in the library. It is called a Garden Encyclopedia.”

“It was very clever of you to think of going to the library, Mr. Apple,” said Mrs. Apple.

“That is what a library is for,” said Mr. Apple.

“What names did you find?” asked Mrs. Apple anxiously.

