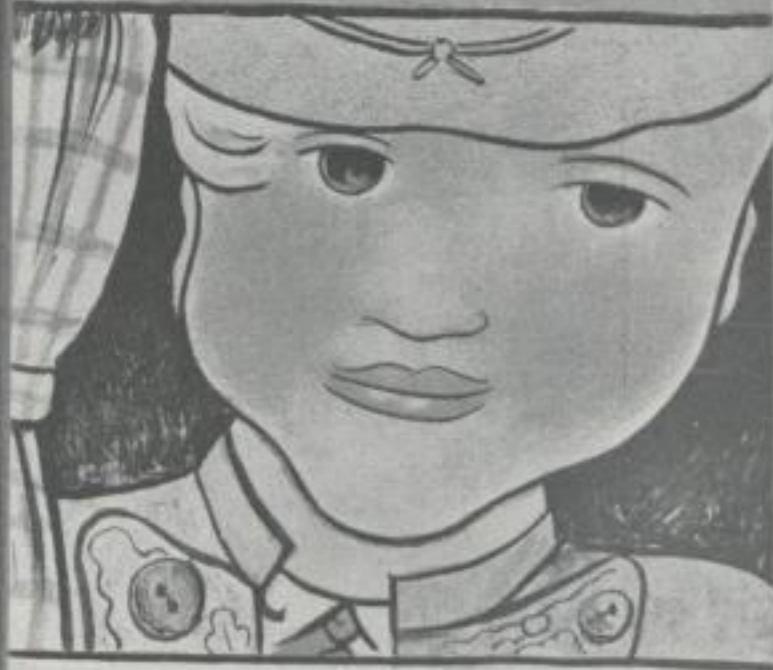


Hansi.



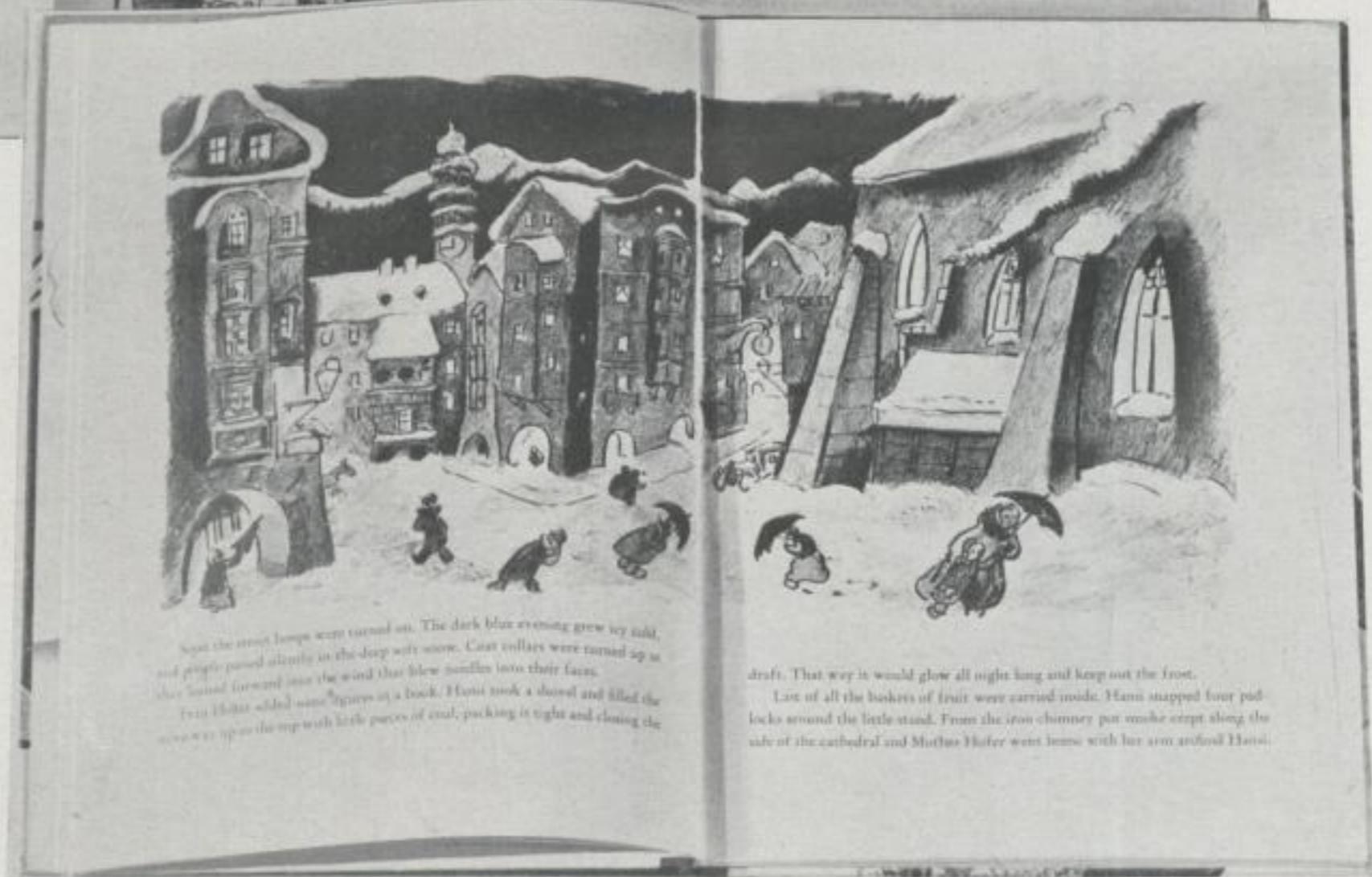
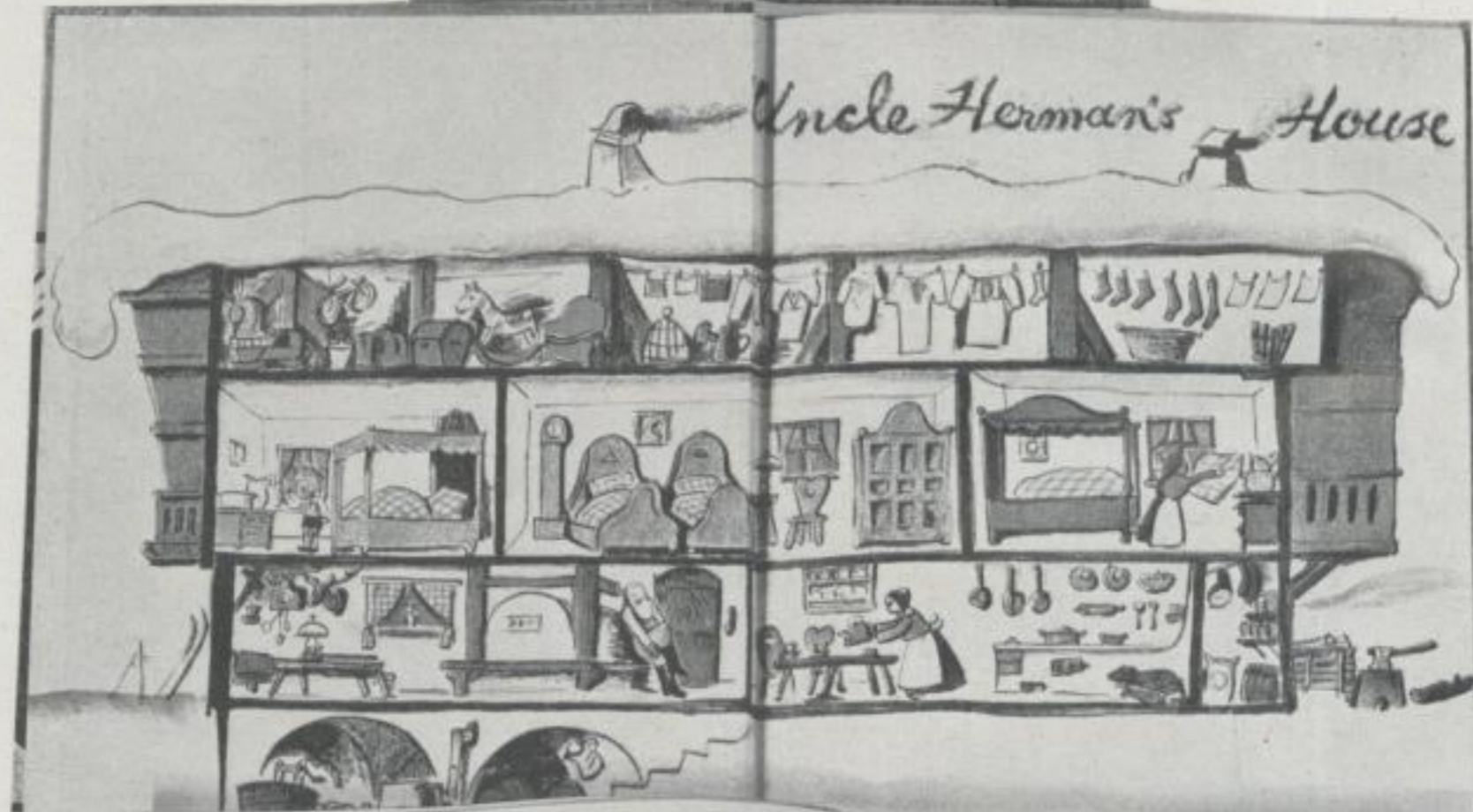
Ludwig Bemelmans



LUDWIG
BEMELMANS

„Hansi“,
Verlag The Viking Press,
New York

Aus der Internationalen
Kinderbuch-Ausstellung
der Librairie
Fischbacher, Paris



When the street lamps were turned on, the dark blue evening grew very still, and people passed silently in the deep white snow. Coat collars were turned up as they hurried forward into the wind that blew needles into their faces.

Franz Huber whistled some figures in a book. Hansi took a shovel and filled the snow on top with little pieces of coal, packing it tight and closing the

draft. That way it would glow all night long and keep out the frost.

Lot of all the baskets of fruit were carried inside. Hansi snapped four padlocks around the little stand. From the iron chimney pot smoke crept along the side of the cathedral and Mutter Huber went home with her arm around Hansi.