PINOCCHIO

C. COLLODI

I AM PINOCCHIO AND THIS IS MY STORY

GPO

THIS
BOOK
ABOUT
ME
BELONGS
TO

PINOCCHIO

He Redoubled His Efforts to Reach the Rock

PINOCCHIO

THE STORY OF A PUPPET

BY

"C. COLLODI"

(CARLO LORENZINI)

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

Violet Moore Higgins

OTHER WORLD-WIDE TITLES

Aesop's Fables
Heidi
Stories from an Indian Cave
East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon
Rainbow Boy
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"JUST RIGHT BOOKS"

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JOY - LINDSAY - BLAIR
MARGUERITE - DAY - DOUHET
AND - MARION - METCALFE - LINDQUIST

When Carlo Lorenzini wrote "L'Avventure di Pinocchi," a tale of the adventures of a wooden puppet, he could scarcely have foreseen the long life and popularity that was to crown his work, first in his native country and later in other lands far afield.

But in choosing a marionette for his hero Lorenzini struck the chord of popular appeal, for the love of play is inherent in all peoples.

Carlo Lorenzini, born in 1826 or 1827—accounts seem to differ—and living until 1890, made his home in Florence for many years, employed in the Ministry of the Interior, and in journalistic work. When he retired from public life he devoted himself to writing for children, under the pen name of Collodi, his native town.

No doubt Lorenzini meant this book to teach a moral. The story is like a sugar-coated pill, so thickly covered with the sweet spice of fun, adventure, and mystery that any mischievous little boy or girl will snap at it eagerly, and, once having penetrated the alluring exterior, gain permanent benefit by the moral dose within. For here we find a wealth of concrete examples of the wisdom of doing right and shunning wrong.

We are told, with much sprightly humor in the telling, how poorly paid, in the long run, are laziness, deceit, envy, selfishness, disobedience and all the rest of the roll call of childish sins. The moral is neatly and clearly outlined: "Be good and you will be happy. If you want to be happy you must be good."

But it was the happy choice of a puppet for a hero that gave the story the tang and spice of novelty, and the sparkle of a fairy tale, that kept it from being too "goody goody," and made it stand out against a host of imitators, so that with the passing of the years it has become a child classic.

In spite of the popularity and universal acceptance of the moving pictures as a mode of public entertainment, there still exists a form of amusement that delighted Greek and Roman children, and their elders, too, before the Christian era dawned—the puppet show.

In nearly every large American city there is a section known as "Little Italy" where the transplanted Italians have settled, bringing with them to their new country the customs, the cookery and the amusements of the homeland. And here flourishes the puppet show. I remember visiting one several years ago. A long, narrow room was filled with a chattering crowd, sitting contentedly on hard wooden benches, and looking eagerly toward the small stage at the farther end. There, hung upon a row of hooks, was a curious collection of limp and dangling marionettes, mere creatures of wood and wire, of cotton, velvet and tinsel. Dejected and lifeless they seemed, but a few minutes later when a one-man concertina orchestra had seated himself beside the platform, all was changed. The puppeteers climbed up into a balcony overlooking the stage, and each held the strings of a puppet (much as you may see Pinocchio holding the letters of the word "Introduction" in the sketch above). Then the marionettes began to walk and talk, to strut the stage and to act out their little comedies and tragedies, with all the fire and realism of flesh and blood actors.

So does Carlo Lorenzini pull the strings of Pinocchio's wayward impulses, and make him dance for our amusement. We laugh at his shortcomings, but we are warned by his mistakes. And we are glad to see him transformed into a real boy at the last, with a real boy's chances of success in the world.

Violet Moore Higgins.

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page

In the Country of Nothing but Play

PINOCCHIO

MASTER CHERRY AND THE LAUGHING LOG

Once upon a time there was—

"A king?" my little readers will cry instantly.

No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not fine wood, but a simple stick, such as we put in stoves and fireplaces, to make a blaze and heat the rooms.

I do not know how it happened, but one day an old woodcutter found this wood in his shop. The old man's name was Antonio, but everybody called him Master Cherry, on

account of his nose, which was always red and polished on the end, like a ripe cherry. He was overjoyed when he saw the piece of wood, and rubbed his hands together in satisfaction, mumbling to himself. "This is just the thing to make into a table leg."

He began at once, raising a sharp axe to peel the bark and shape the wood, but just as he was on the point of striking, he stopped with his arm still in air, for he heard a tiny, thin little voice say, "Do not strike me so hard."

Imagine the surprise of good old Master Cherry! He turned his frightened eyes around the room to find the source of the voice, but saw no one. He looked under the bench, and no one was there; he looked in a cupboard that was always kept closed, but it was empty; he looked in a basket of chips and shavings; he even opened the door to glance into the street. Who could it be?

"Oh I see," he said finally, scratching his wig and laughing. "Evidently I imagined I heard that little voice. I will just get to work again."

He Was Overjoyed When He Saw the Piece of Wood

He took up the axe and gave the wood a tremendous blow.

"Oh! Oh! You hurt me," cried the little voice, as if in great pain.

This time Master Cherry was dumb with fright. His eyes were nearly popping out of his head, his mouth was opened wide, and his tongue hung out like that of a thirsty dog. As soon as he could speak he said, trembling and stammering with fright, "But where does that little voice come from? There is nothing alive in this room. Can this piece of wood have learned to cry and scream like a baby? I cannot believe it. This is just an ordinary stick for the fireplace, like all the other pieces we use when boiling a pot of

beans. Well then? What if there is someone hidden inside? If there is, so much the worse for him. I'll settle him." And at that he seized the poor piece of wood with both hands and knocked it against the wall without mercy.

At last he stopped to see if any voice complained. He waited two minutes and heard nothing; five minutes, and there was nothing; ten minutes more, and still there was nothing, and then, forcing a laugh, and rubbing his wig, he said to himself: "I only imagined I heard that voice. I will go back to work." And because he was somewhat frightened, he tried to hum an air to give himself courage. Putting aside his axe he took up a plane to make the wood even and smooth, but as he worked he heard again the little voice, laughing this time, say: "Stop! You are tickling me."

Poor Master Cherry fell down as if he had been shot. When at last he opened his eyes, he found himself seated on the floor. His face expressed nothing but amazement, and the end of his rosy nose had become fairly blue from fear.

THE LAUGHING LOG GETS A NEW MASTER

Just at this minute there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the woodcutter, not yet strong enough to rise. There entered at once a lively old man whose name was Geppetto, but who was often called Polendina by the mischievous little boys of the neighborhood when they wished to make him angry, because the yellow wig he always wore greatly resembled a big yellow corn pudding (in Italy called Polendina).

"Good morning, Master Antonio" he said. "What are you doing there on the floor?"

"I am teaching the ants their A B C's."

"A great deal of good that will do you."

"Maybe" answered Antonio, "but what has brought you to me, neighbor Geppetto?"

"My legs. But to be frank, I have come to ask a favor of you."

"Here I am, ready to serve you," replied the woodcutter, getting up on his knees.

"Well, this morning I had an idea."

"Indeed! Let me hear it Geppetto."

"I thought that I would make a pretty wooden puppet. I mean a really wonderful marionette; one that can dance, walk and jump. With it I could travel through the world and earn my bread as I went."

"But how can I help you in that matter, neighbor Geppetto?"

"I want a piece of wood to make the marionette. Will you give me one?"

Gladly, Master Antonio took up the piece of wood that had frightened him so. But just as he was about to hand it to Geppetto, the piece of wood gave a shake, and wriggling

violently from his hands, fell and struck the shins of poor Geppetto.

"Ah, is that the polite way you make presents? Really Master Antonio, you have all but lamed me for life."

"I swear to you that I did not do it."

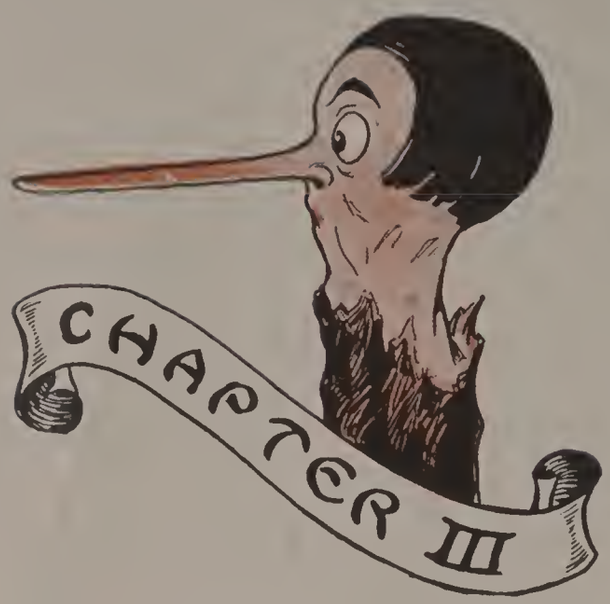
"But it certainly was you who threw the stick at me, Master Antonio."

"I did not hit you. The wood is entirely to blame."

"I know the wood hit me but it was in your hand."

"No, no, it was not."

But nothing could settle the question short of a battle, and for a few moments the two fought valiantly. When Master Antonio had two scratches on his nose, and Geppetto had lost two buttons from his coat, the account was called squared. The two shook hands and vowed to remain good friends for the rest of their lives, whereupon Geppetto took the piece of wood under his arm and, thanking Master Antonio for his courtesy, limped back to his home.



THE LOG IS GIVEN A NAME

Geppetto lived in a small room on the ground floor. It was lighted from one window under a staircase, and the furniture could not have been more simple—a broken chair, a hard bed and a tumble-down table. At one side of the room was a fireplace with wood burning in it, but the fire was only painted there, and above it there was also painted a saucepan, boiling cheerfully and sending out such clouds of steam all around it that it seemed quite real.

As soon as he reached home Geppetto got out his tools and began to make his mari-

onette. "What shall I call him?" he said to himself as he worked. "Well, I believe I will call him Pinocchio. That name should bring him good luck. I once knew a whole family called Pinocchio. There was Pinocchio the father, Pinocchio the mother, and several little Pinocchios, and all of them did well. They were a happy family. The richest of them was a beggar."

Why Do You Glare At Me So?

As soon as he had found a name for his marionette he began to work with a will. Quickly he made the forehead, then the hair, and next the eyes. When he had finished the eyes, imagine his surprise as he saw them look all around the room, and finally gaze at him fixedly! Geppetto, stared at by those two wooden eyes, said: "Why do you glare at me so, wicked wooden eyes?"

But there was no answer.

After he had made the eyes he carved the nose, but no sooner was it done than it began to grow, and it grew and grew and grew, until in a few moments it had become a great big nose, and poor Geppetto thought it would never stop, for although he tried hard to shorten it, the more he cut it off the longer that impertinent nose became. Tired of trying, he began presently on the mouth. It was hardly finished when it commenced to laugh at him.

"Stop laughing," cried Geppetto angrily, but he might as well have talked to the wall. "Stop laughing," he cried again, threateningly, and the mouth obeyed, only to begin grimacing at him. Geppetto pretended not to see this and went on working. After the mouth he made the chin, then the neck, and the shoulders, then the body, and finally the arms and hands. Scarcely had he finished the hands when he felt his wig snatched off. He turned

It Commenced to Laugh at Him

quickly, and there was his yellow wig in the hands of the marionette. "Pinocchio, give it back to me immediately," said the old man. But Pinocchio, instead of obeying put it on his own head, and was nearly smothered by it. This insolence and disobedience made Geppetto feel sadder than he had ever been before in all his life. Turning to the puppet he said sadly, "Bad little boy! Here you are not even finished yet, and already you are showing utter lack of respect for your father. Bad, bad boy." And he wiped away a tear.

There were now only the legs and feet to make. Scarcely were they finished than they began to kick poor Geppetto. "I deserve it," he said to himself. "I should have known this would happen. Now it is too late." He took the marionette in his arms, and put him on the ground floor to teach him how to walk. Pinocchio behaved at first as if his legs were asleep or very stiff, and he could not move them, but Geppetto led him about the room by the hand, and showed him how to put one foot in front of the other. When his legs had become more limber, he began to walk by

himself, and then to run about the room and then, when he saw that the street door was open, he dashed into the street and ran away. Poor Geppetto ran after him as fast as he could, but he was not able to overtake him. Pinocchio leaped like a rabbit, his wooden feet clattering on the pavement like twenty pairs of little wooden shoes.

"Stop him! Stop him!" cried Geppetto as he ran, but the people in the street, seeing a wooden marionette running as fast as a rabbit, stopped to watch and began to laugh, and laughed and laughed and laughed—with an enjoyment quite beyond description. At last, as luck would have it, a carabineer appeared and hearing all the uproar, thought that a colt had escaped from its master. He planted himself in the middle of the road, and waited, determined to catch the runaway. Pinocchio when still at some distance, saw the soldier blocking the whole street, and tried to pass between his legs, but could not do it. The soldier, with scarcely an effort seized the puppet by the nose, that ridiculous big nose, just the right size for a

He Dashed into the Street

soldier to grasp, and handed him over to Geppetto, who intended to punish him by boxing his ears. But just imagine his feelings! When looking for the ears he could not find them! And do you know why? Because in his haste to make Pinocchio he had not finished carving them. But taking him by the neck Geppetto led him away saying

as he did so: "When we get home I shall punish you. Be sure of that."

Pinocchio, at this threat threw himself on the ground, and would not go another step. In the meantime a crowd of idlers began to gather around them. "Poor marionette," said one of them, "No wonder he does not want to go back to his home. Who knows how hard old Geppetto beats him?" And others added maliciously: "That Geppetto appears to be a kind man, but he is a tyrant with boys. If he gets that poor marionette in his hands, he will break him apart."

Finally they made so much noise that the soldier set Pinocchio free and took poor old Geppetto to prison. The old man could not find words at first, to defend himself, and wept bitterly, but as he was led away to prison he stammered out: "Wicked boy! And to think I tried so hard to make him a good marionette! But it served me right. I ought to have known at first that this would happen."

What happened after is a story so strange that it is almost beyond all belief, but still I will relate it to you.

THE TALKING CRICKET

Now children, while poor old Geppetto was led to prison, for no fault of his, that imp Pinocchio finding himself free, took to his heels and ran toward the fields in order to reach his home the faster. In his haste he jumped great mounds of earth, thorn hedges and ditches filled with water exactly as do rabbits and deer when chased by the hunters.

Arriving at the house he found the street door ajar. He pushed it open, entered the room and bolted the door. Then he threw himself down on the floor and heaved a great sigh of relief. But his satisfaction did not last very long, for soon he heard some one in the room cry out, "Cri-cri-cri."

"Who is speaking to me?" asked Pinocchio in a fright.

"It is I."

Pinocchio turned around, and saw a large cricket crawling up the wall.

"Tell me, Cricket, who are you?" he asked.

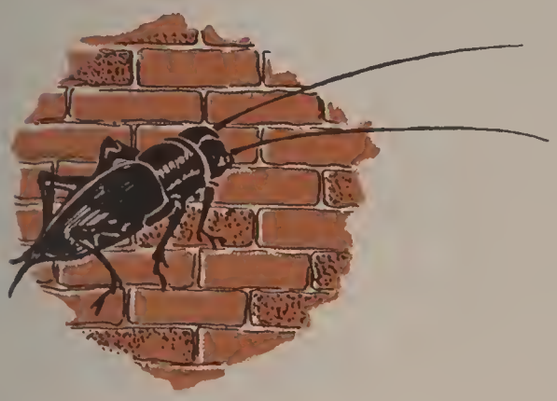
"I am the Talking Cricket, and I have lived in this room for more than a hundred years."

"Well this room is mine now," said the marionette, "and if you want to oblige me you will go away immediately without even turning around once."

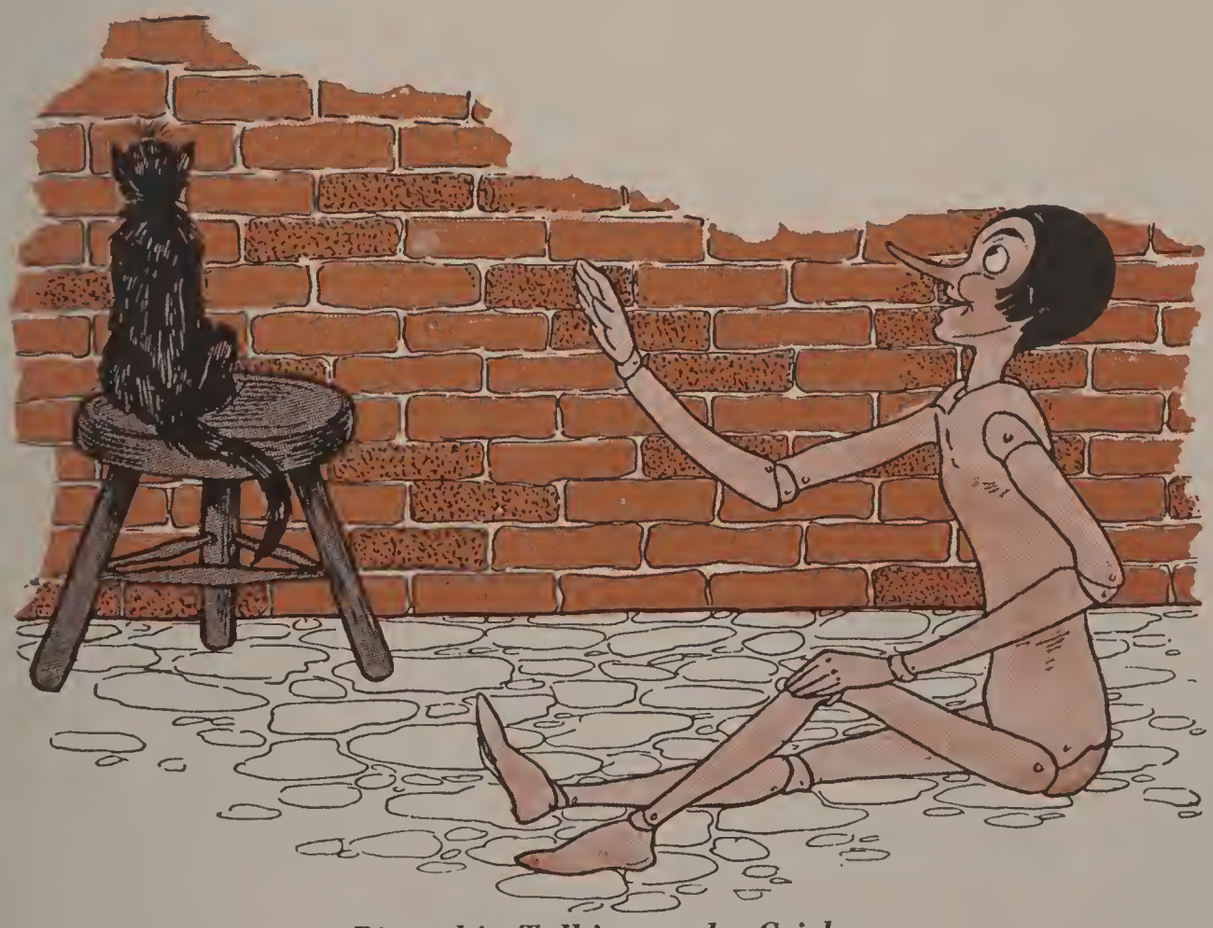
"I will not go away," said the Cricket "without telling you a great truth."

"Tell it to me then and be quick about it."

"Woe to boys who rebel against their parents and who run away from their homes whenever the fancy strikes them. They will



never come to any good end, and sooner or later will repent bitterly." "Oh sing away, little cricket, if it pleases you; as for me I have made up my mind to run away tomorrow at daybreak, because if I remain here, what happens to all other boys will happen to me. I shall have to go to school and be made to study; and I will tell you in confidence that I have no wish to



Pinocchio Talking to the Cricket

study at all, but I propose to play and run after butterflies, and climb trees, and take the little birds out of their nests."

"You poor little stupid goose, you! Do you know that way you will become a donkey, and that everybody will make fun of you?"

"Hold your tongue, you dismal little Cricket," cried Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, who was a patient philosopher, instead of becoming angry at this impertinence, continued in the same tone of voice; "And if you do not want to go to school, why not at least learn a trade, so as to be able to earn your bread honestly?"

"Why? Well if you want to know I'll tell you," replied Pinocchio who began to grow out of patience, "because among the trades of the world there is only one that suits my genius."

"And what trade may that me?"

"That of eating, drinking, sleeping and amusing myself, and living an easy life from morning till night."

"Those who live that way," said the Talking Cricket, with his usual calmness, "always end in the hospital or in prison."

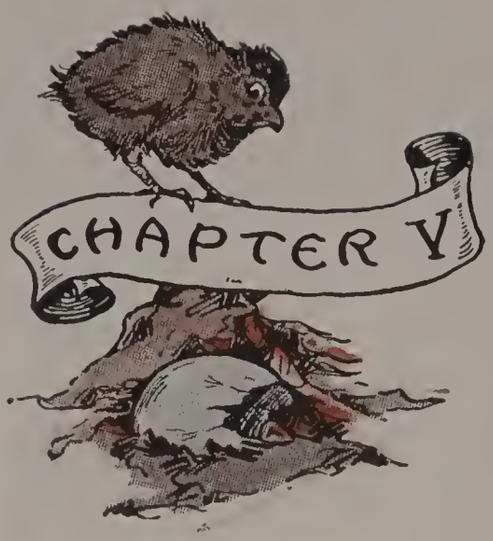
"Look out, you croaking old Cricket, look out! If you make me angry I shall be sorry for you."

"Poor Pinocchio! It is you that will need pity. I really feel sorry for you."

"And why, I should like to know?"

"Because you are a puppet, and what is worse, because you have a wooden head."

At these last words Pinocchio jumped up in a rage, and snatching a hammer from the work bench flung it at the Talking Cricket. Perhaps he had never meant to hit him, but unfortunately the hammer struck him on the head, so that the poor Cricket had only breath to give one last cry of "Cri-cri-cri" before he was flattened upon the wall.



THE FLYING OMELET

Meanwhile the night was coming on, and Pinocchio remembering that he had eaten nothing all day, felt a gnawing in his stomach that strongly resembled appetite. Now the appetite of boys increases very quickly, and so after a few minutes the appetite became real hunger, and in no time he was as hungry as a wolf. Poor Pinocchio ran quickly to the fireplace where there was the saucepan still boiling away, and tried to see what was in it, but found to his surprise that it was only a painting. His nose, already long, began to grow longer as he went about poking it into things. He ran around the room, rummaging through all the drawers and boxes and all sorts of hiding places in search of a piece of bread, just a little dry

crust, a dog's bone, a bit of mush, a fish bone, a cherry pit, in fact anything at all to eat, but he found absolutely nothing.

And still his hunger grew and grew. Poor Pinocchio had no other relief than that of yawning, and he gaped so tremendously that sometimes the corners of his mouth almost touched his ears. He began to feel faint and dizzy. Crying desperately he sobbed; "The Talking Cricket was right. I have behaved badly in rebelling against my father and running away. If my father were only here now I should not be starving to death. Oh, what a horrible feeling it is."

Just then he thought he saw something very much resembling a hen's egg, lying on top of a rubbish heap. It needed only a second to jump to the spot, and there he really saw a nice big egg.

He Found an Egg in Some Rubbish in the Corner

It is impossible to describe his joy. You would have to be a marionette to understand it. Almost fearing that it might be a dream he kept turning the egg in his hand, and smoothing it. Kissing it, he said; "And now, how shall I cook it? Shall I make an omelet? No, I think it would be better to poach it. Or maybe it would be more tasty scrambled. Or instead of cooking it I might drink it raw. No, after all I believe the nicest way will be to cook it in a saucepan."

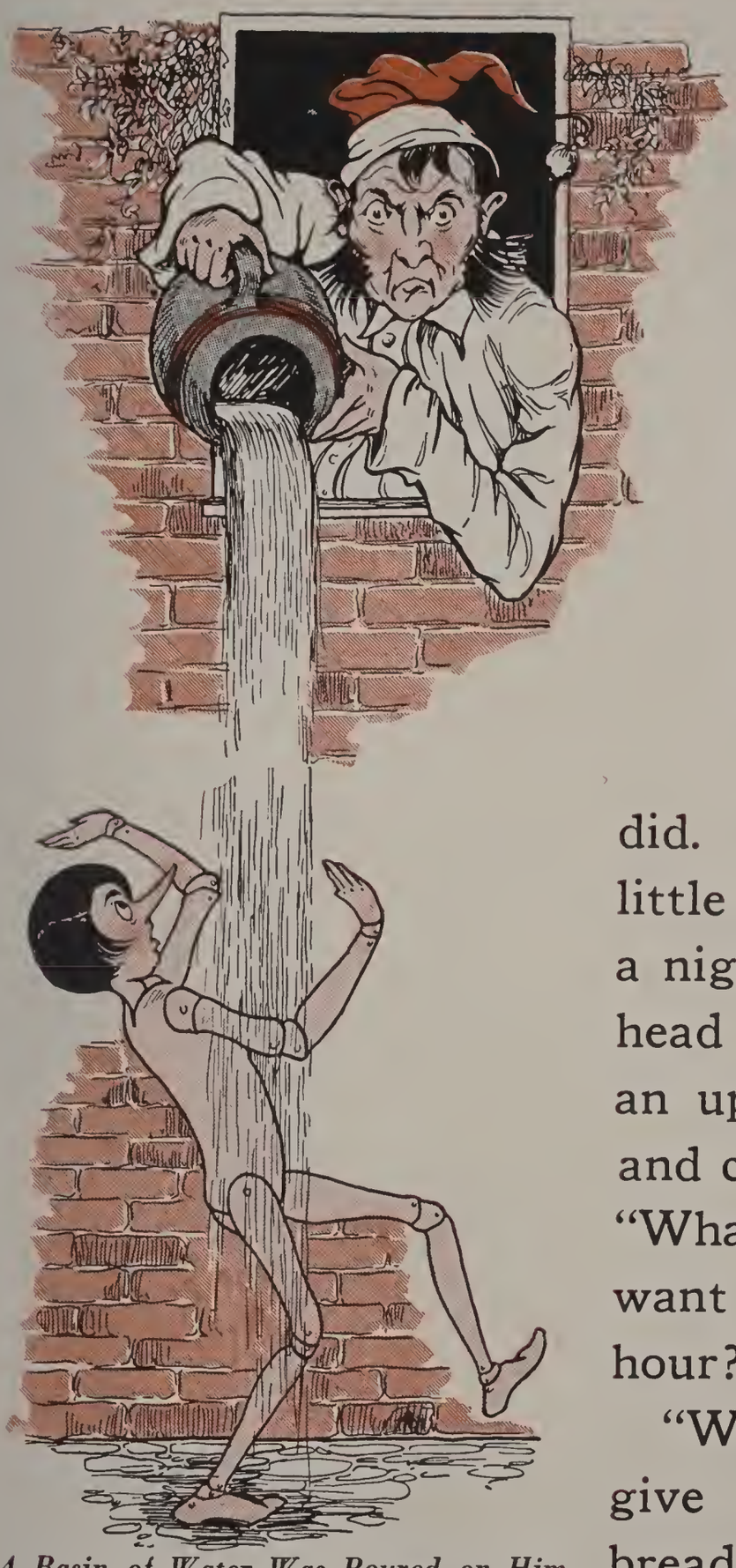
No sooner said than done. Finding a little earthenware dish, he put it over a small brazier (a little portable stove much used in Italy with charcoal or wood shavings as fuel). In the dish, instead of butter he poured a little water. When the water began to steam, he broke the shell—tac—and held it over the steaming saucepan. Just as he was in the act of pouring out the egg, instead of the yolk there appeared a little chicken, very lively and polite. Making a beautiful bow, it said, "Many thanks, Mr. Pinocchio for saving me the trouble of breaking my own shell. Goodby! Be good. And do give my regards to the family."

With this the little chicken spread its wings and flew out of the open window, and was soon out of sight. The poor marionette stood there stupefied with his eyes staring, and open mouthed, the egg shell still in his hand. He soon came to himself, however, and began to cry and scream, and stamp his feet on the floor in desperation. Between sobs he said, "Oh yes, the Talking Cricket was right. If I had not run away, my father would be here, and in that case I should not be starving to death. Oh what a dreadful thing it is."

And because he was more miserable than ever, and because he did not know what else to do, he thought he would leave the house and go to the neighboring town, in the hope of finding some charitable person who would help him, and give him a piece of bread.

HOME AGAIN

It was a wild and stormy night. It thundered heavily, and the lightning seemed to set the heavens on fire, while a bitter wind whistled savagely and raised a great cloud of dust. Pinocchio was afraid of thunder and lightning, but his hunger was stronger than his fear, so he left the house and made a dash for the village, reaching it in a hundred leaps quite out of breath, and panting heavily. He was faint and weak with hunger and fright. But he found the town dark and deserted. The shops were closed, the doors of the houses were shut, and the windows bolted, and there was not even a dog to be seen in the streets. In desperation Pinocchio seized



A Basin of Water Was Poured on Him

the doorbell at one of the darkened houses, and rang it with all his might saying to himself, "That will bring somebody."

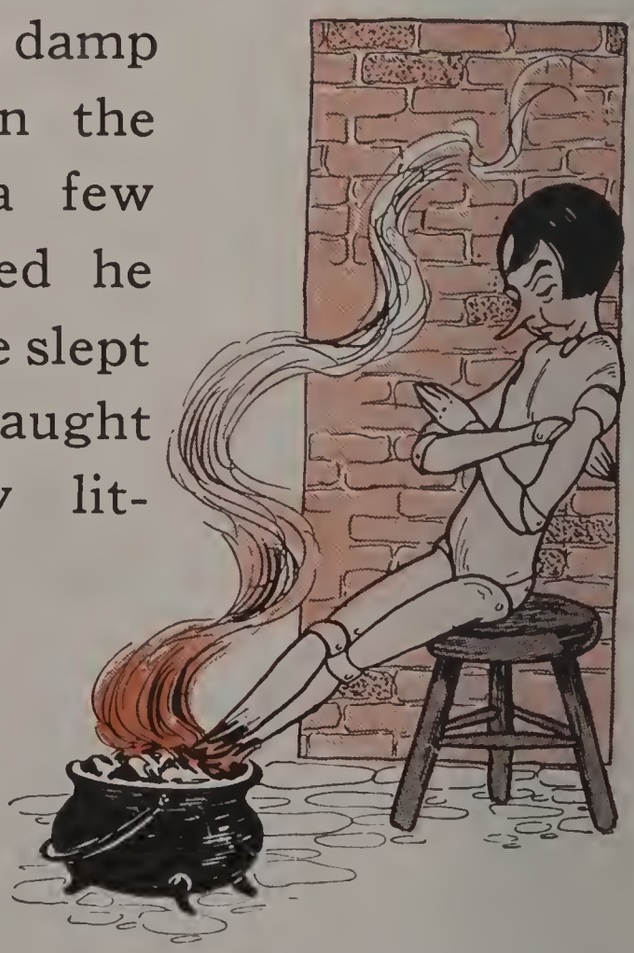
And so it did. Soon a cross little old man with a night cap on his head appeared at an upper window, and called angrily, "What do you want at such an hour?"

"Will you please give me a little bread?"

"Wait a moment and I will give you something," replied the old man, thinking he had

to deal with one of those rascally boys who amuse themselves at night by ringing the house bells of respectable people, sleeping quietly. A moment later he shouted to Pinocchio, "Come under the window and hold out your hands."

Pinocchio obeyed, and as he did so an enormous basin of water was poured down on him, wetting him from head to foot as if he had been a pot of dried up geraniums. Dripping and miserable he returned home, weak from hunger and tired out. Having no longer strength to stand, he dropped into a chair, and resting his damp and muddy feet on the brazier in which a few shavings still burned he fell asleep. And as he slept his wooden feet caught fire, and little by little burned to ashes. Pinocchio, however, slept on, and snored away just as if his feet belonged to someone else.



He Fell Asleep

He was awakened the next morning by someone knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" he asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"It is I," replied a voice. The voice was the voice of Geppetto.

GEPPETTO RETURNS

Poor Pinocchio who was still half asleep, had not yet noticed that his feet had been burned off. But at the sound of Geppetto's voice he jumped off his chair to run and open the door. Instead, after staggering a little he fell flat on the floor, and in falling he made as much noise as a sack of wood would make in falling from the fifth story of a house.

"Open the door," shouted Geppetto from the street.

"Oh father, I cannot," replied the marionette crying and rolling about on the floor.

"Why?"

"Because someone has eaten my feet."

"And who has eaten them?"

"The cat," said Pinocchio, seeing a cat playing with some shavings on the floor.

He Fell Flat on the Floor

"Open the door, I tell you" repeated Geppetto, "If you don't, when I get into the house I shall whip you."

"But I cannot stand up, really I cannot. Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall have to walk on my knees all my life."

Geppetto, believing that all this crying was only another trick to fool him, discovered a way to put an end to the matter, and climbing up he entered the house through a window. He was very angry at first, but when he saw Pinocchio stretched out on the floor unable to walk, he was quite overcome, and taking the puppet in his arms he kissed him tenderly. As tears ran down his cheeks he cried, "My dear little Pinocchio, how did you burn your feet?"

"I do not really know, father," said the marionette, "but it has been a horrible night, and I shall remember it as long as I live."

Sobbing out a confused account of his night's misfortunes, from the talking cricket and the flying egg to the pitcher of water he ended: "And now I have no feet any more, and I am still hungry. Oh dear, oh dear," and poor Pinocchio began to cry so hard that he could be heard for miles.

Geppetto had understood only one thing from all this jumbled story, and that was that the marionette was dying of hunger, so he made haste to pull three pears out of his pocket, and handing them to the puppet he said, "These were to have been my breakfast, but I will give them to you gladly. Eat them and I hope you will feel better."

"If you want me to eat these pears, you will have to peel them for me."

"Peel them?" repeated Geppetto in surprise. "I would never have believed that you could be so hard to please. Bad boy! In this world little boys must eat what is given to them."

"That may be" said Pinocchio, "But I never eat fruit unless it is peeled. I simply cannot eat the skins."

And would you believe it, that good man Geppetto took from his pocket a small knife, and patiently peeled the three pears, putting all the skins on the corner of the table. After Pinocchio had gobbled down the first pear in two bites, he was about to throw away the core, when Geppetto caught his arm, and said, "Do not throw the core away. Everything in this world has its use."

"But I never eat the core," cried the marionette, turning on him fiercely. "All right, all right," said Geppetto, without losing his temper. And so the three cores, instead of being thrown away were placed on the corner of the table with the skins. Having eaten, or rather, having devoured the three pears, Pinocchio gave a great yawn and said "I am still hungry."

"But my boy, I have nothing more to give you."

"Not another thing?"

"Absolutely nothing, except those skins and cores."

"Oh well," said Pinocchio, "if there is nothing more I will eat the skins."

And he began to eat them. At first he puckered his mouth, but one after another the skins disappeared. After the skins he ate the cores also. When he had eaten everything, he clasped his hands contentedly over his stomach and said "Now I feel better."

"You see now," said Geppetto, "That I was right when I told you that you must accustom yourself to what is given you and not be too dainty. My dear boy, no one ever knows what may happen in this world, so always be prepared for the worst."

NEW FEET AND NEW CLOTHES

No sooner had the marionette satisfied his hunger than he began to grumble and cry because he wanted a new pair of feet. But Geppetto, in order to punish him for his naughtiness, let him cry for half a day. Then he said: "And why should I make you a new pair of feet? Perhaps you would run away again."

"I promise you," said the marionette sobbing, "that hereafter I will be a good boy."

"All boys" said Geppetto "When they want to get something, say that."

"I promise you that I will go to school, I will study, and I will be an honor."

"All boys, when they want to get something tell the same story."

"But I am not like other boys. I am better than all the rest and I always speak the truth. I promise you, father, that I will learn a trade, and that I will be your consolation and support in your old age."

Geppetto wore a stern look, but his eyes were filled with tears, and his heart was full of pity when he saw poor little Pinocchio in such a state. Without a word he took up his tools, and two small pieces of wood, and began to work very diligently. In less than an hour the new feet were finished. They were nimble and nervous feet, and were made so beautifully that they might have been carved by a great artist. Then Geppetto said to the marionette, "Close your eyes, and go to sleep."

Pinocchio closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, and meantime Geppetto stuck on the two feet with a little glue, melted in the egg-shell, doing it so well that one could hardly see the places where they were joined. As soon as the marionette saw that his feet were

on he jumped down and began to dance around as if he were mad with joy.

"In order to pay you back for your kindness" he said, "I will go to school immediately."

"Good boy."

"But to go to school I need some clothes."

So Geppetto, who was so poor that he had not a cent in his pocket, made him a beautiful suit of clothes from some flowered paper, a pair of shoes from the bark of a tree, and a cap of stale breadcrumbs all moulded together. Pinocchio ran immediately to look at himself in a tub filled with water, and he was so delighted with his appearance that he strutted about proudly and said, "Really I look quite like a gentleman."

"Yes indeed" replied Geppetto, "because, bear in mind, it is not fine clothes so much as clean ones that make the gentleman."

"By the way," added the marionette, "Now to go to school there is only one other thing I lack."

"What is that?"

"Why I have no A B C book?"

"You are right, but how can I get one?"

"That is easy. Go to the book store and buy it."

"And the money?"

"Well I haven't any."

"Neither have I," answered the good old man very sadly. Pinocchio, although his was a merry nature looked sad too, because real poverty is understood by everybody, even by boys.

"Wait a minute," cried Geppetto, suddenly, getting to his feet. Taking off his old coat, all darned and patched, he ran out of the house, the coat under his arm. After a little while he returned with the A B C book in his hand, but his coat was gone. The poor man was in his shirt sleeves, and it was snowing outside too.

"Your coat, father?" cried Pinocchio.

"I have sold it."

"Why did you sell it?"

"Because it made me too warm."

Pinocchio understood in an instant, and not being able to restrain his feelings, he jumped up, threw his arms around Geppetto's neck and kissed him again and again.

Threw His Arms Around Geppetto's Neck

PINOCCHIO STARTS TO SCHOOL

The snow having stopped, Pinocchio, with his nice A B C book under his arm, started for school. As he walked along he began to imagine a thousand things and to build a thousand air castles, each new one more beautiful than the others. To himself he said, "Today at school I will learn to read at once; tomorrow I will learn to write; and then the day after tomorrow I will master my numbers. Then with all that learning I can earn many pennies, and with the first ones that fill my pocket I will order a nice new cloth suit for my father. Cloth indeed? Why need

Pinocchio Starts for School

it be cloth? Silk? It shall be a suit of gold, lined with silver and fastened with diamond buttons. The poor man really deserves it, because in order to buy me an A B C book so I could go to school, he is now in his shirt sleeves, and in the cold weather too! There are not many fathers who would sacrifice so much."

While he was talking this way to himself he thought he heard the music of a fife and the beating of a drum, —pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi, zum, zum, zum. He stopped to listen. The sounds came from the end of a long street that led to the sea. "What is that beautiful music? It is too bad that I have to go to school. If—" And he stopped and stood there, irresolute. He must decide now whether to go to school or to listen to the fife and drum. "Today I will go and hear the fife and drum," the little rascal decided at

last, "and tomorrow I will go to school. There is always time to go to school."

No sooner said than done. He turned down the street and ran as hard as he could. The more he ran, the more distinct became the sound of the fife and drum, pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi, zum, zum, zum. Soon he found himself in the middle of an open square filled with people, all crowding around a little wooden building with a sign painted in many bright colors.

"What is that house?" asked Pinocchio, turning to a boy standing near.

"Read the sign and you will know" the boy answered.

"I wish I could, but it so happens that today I do not know how to read. Tomorrow I could read it."

"Blockhead! I will read it for you. On that sign with letters of fire is written, 'Grand Puppet Theater'."

"How soon does the show begin?"

"It is beginning just now."

Will You Give Me Four Pennies for This A B C Book?

"And how much does it cost to get in?"

"Four pennies."

Pinocchio was wild with curiosity, and forgetting all his good resolutions, shamelessly turned to the boy and said, "Would you lend me four pennies until tomorrow?"

"Willingly, if I had them, but today I have not a one to spare."

"For four pennies I will sell you my jacket" said the marionette.

"What good would a paper jacket be to me? If it was rained on it would fall in pieces."

"I will sell you my shoes."

"All they are good for is to start a fire."

"How much will you give me for my cap?"

"Nice bargain indeed, a cap of bread-crumbs. Why, the mice might come out and eat it off my head."

Pinocchio was in despair. He stood there not knowing what to do next. He hardly had the courage to offer the last thing he had. He hesitated for a while, but at last he said, "Will you give me four pennies for this A B C book?"

"I am a boy and I do not buy from boys," replied his companion, who had more common sense than the puppet.

"For four pennies I will buy the A B C book," said a seller of old clothes, who had been listening to the conversation. So the book was sold then and there. And to think that poor Geppetto had remained at home in his shirt sleeves, shivering with cold, just to buy that A B C book for his son!

WOODEN HEADED FRIENDS

When Pinocchio entered the puppet playhouse something very surprising happened. The curtain was up and the comedy had begun. On the stage Harlequin and Punchinello were quarreling with each other, and threatening every minute to come to blows. The audience, all attention, laughed loudly at the quarrel between the two marionettes who gesticulated and acted out their threats of abusing each other as naturally as if they had been real human beings.

Suddenly Harlequin stopped short, and turning toward the audience and pointing to some one in the rear of the theater he shouted in a highly dramatic tone: "What do my eyes behold? Do I dream or am I awake? Surely that boy there is Pinocchio."

"It certainly is," cried Punchinello.

A Last Leap Brought Him on the Stage

"It's Pinocchio—it is, it is" screamed Rosa, peeping from behind the scenes.

"Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!" shouted all the marionettes coming out from the wings onto the stage.

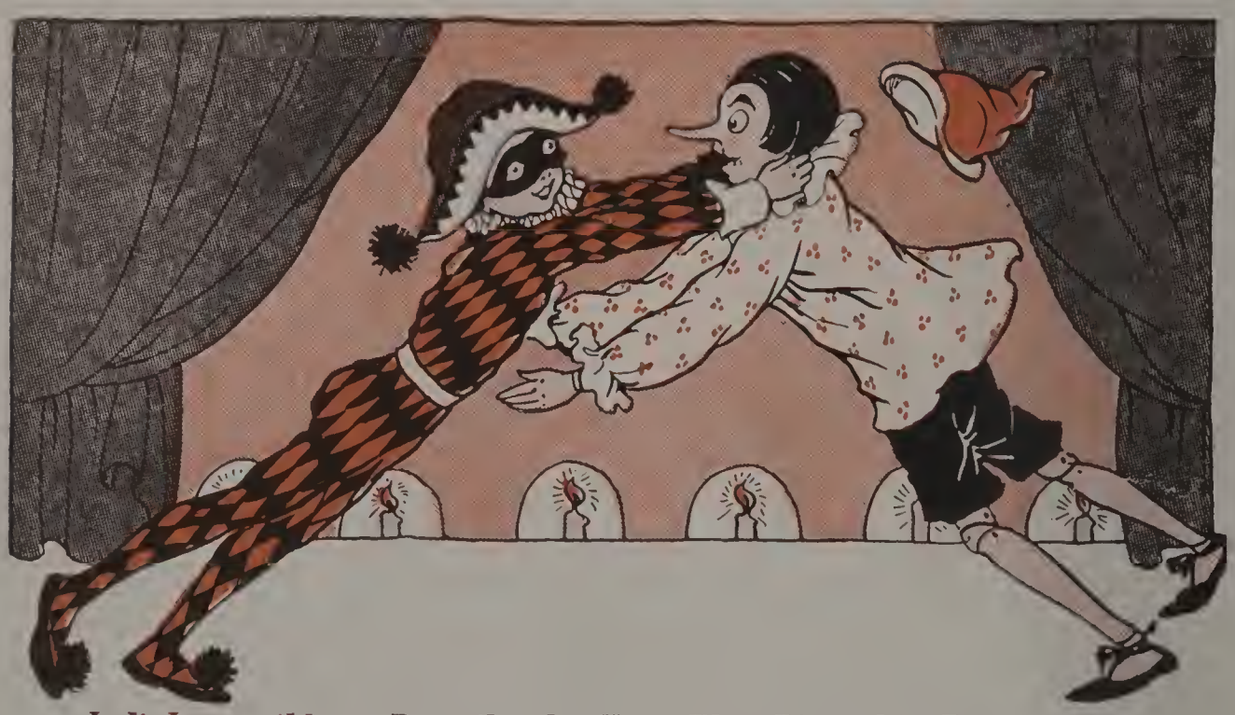
"Pinocchio, come up here to me" cried Harlequin, "Come and throw your arms around your wooden brothers."

At this affectionate invitation Pinocchio made a great leap from the back part of the theater to the reserved section, another jump from there to the head of the orchestra leader, and from there a last leap brought

him on the stage. It is impossible to describe the kisses, hugs, words of endearment, and wooden headed sayings of brotherly affection that Pinocchio received from the excited manikins of that puppet company. It was a touching sight, but the audience, seeing that the comedy was stopped, grew impatient, and began to yell, "We want the play—go on with the play."

It was breath thrown away, for the marionettes, instead of continuing the dialogue, redoubled their noise, and lifting Pinocchio to their shoulders they carried him in triumph upon the stage.

At that moment came the manager, a big man who made people tremble at a look. His



It Is Impossible to Describe the Hugs That Pinocchio Received

beard, black as ink, reached to his feet, and almost tripped him as he walked. His mouth was as big as an oven, his eyes were like two lanterns of red glass with lights burning in them, and he carried a great whip made of snake skins and fox tails twisted together, and kept cracking it furiously. At his sudden and unexpected appearance, all the marionettes grew silent. Every one seemed to hold his breath. Why, you could have heard a fly walk! All the poor puppets trembled like leaves.

"Why have you come here and made all this disturbance in my theater?" he asked looking straight at Pinocchio, and speaking with the voice of an ogre with a cold in his head.

"Believe me, honored sir, it is not my fault," quavered Pinocchio.

"Don't talk back to me! I'll settle my account with you later."

The marionettes went on with the comedy and the manager went to the kitchen, where he was cooking a sheep for his supper, turning it slowly before the fire on a spit. As there was not enough fuel in the fire to finish

roasting it, he called Harlequin and Punchinello and said, "Bring me that marionette you will find hanging on a nail out there. He seems to be made of good dry wood, and I am sure he will make a beautiful fire for the roast."

They Returned to the Kitchen Dragging Pinocchio

Harlequin and Punchinello hesitated for an instant, but appalled by a glance from their master's eye they obeyed. Shortly they returned to the kitchen, dragging Pinocchio, who was wriggling like an eel out of water, and who was crying despairingly, "Oh Father, dear Father, save me! I do not want to die! I do not want to die!"

PINOCCHIO ACTS THE HERO

The showman, Fire Eater (for that was his name) looked very dreadful, with his black beard covering his chest and legs like a great apron, but really he was not a bad man. When he heard Pinocchio crying, "I do not want to die! I do not want to die," and saw his struggles, he began to be sorry for him. He tried to resist the feeling, but could stand it no longer, and at last he gave a terrible sneeze. At the sound Harlequin, who until then had been doubled up like a weeping willow with his grief, began to look

more cheerful, and leaning toward Pinocchio, whispered to him softly, "Good news, brother! Our master has sneezed. Take heart. That is a sign that he pities you, and now you will be saved."

For while many men and women cry when they feel moved to pity, Fire Eater had a habit of sneezing instead. It was his only way of letting others know the tenderness of his heart. After he had sneezed, the manager, still looking cross, shouted to Pinocchio, "Stop crying! Your tears give me a sick feeling, here in my stomach. I feel a spasm that nearly—etchi—etchi" and he sneezed twice more.

"Bless you" said Pinocchio.

"Thank you. Are your father and mother still living?" asked Fire Eater.

"My father yes, but I have never known a mother."

"Oh, what a dreadful thing it would have been for your father if I had thrown you on the fire. Poor old man, I pity him.—etchi—etchi—etchi—" and he sneezed three times more.

"Bless you," said Pinocchio.

"Thank you. But all the same some pity is due me too, because if I let you go, you see I shall have no wood to make the fire to finish cooking my mutton, and you would have made a fine fire. But now that I am going to spare you, I shall have to wait and look around a bit. I shall have to burn some one of my company instead. Ho, gendarme, come here."

At this command two wooden guards or policemen, who are called gendarmes in Italy, appeared immediately, with caps on their heads and swords by their sides. The showman said to them in a hoarse voice. "Bring in Harlequin, bound tightly, mind you, and throw him on the fire. I want that roast well done."

Imagine how poor Harlequin must have felt! He was so scared that his legs doubled under him, and he fell face downward on the floor. Pinocchio at this pitiful sight, threw himself at the feet of the manager, and crying into the long black beard of Fire Eater, so that he dampened it with his tears, said pleadingly, "Have pity, Sir Fire Eater."

Pinocchio Threw Himself at the Feet of the Manager

"Don't call me Sir," roared Fire Eater.

"Pity, Mr. Cavalier!"

"Don't call me Mr. Cavalier," he said less severely.

"Pity, Mr. Commander."

"Don't call me Commander."

"Pity, pity, your Excellency."

On hearing himself called Excellency the manager began to smile, and became more human and tractable. He said to Pinocchio, almost pleasantly:

"Well, well, what do you want?"

"I ask you to spare poor Harlequin."

"Impossible. I have spared you, but I must put someone on the fire, for I am determined to have my meat well cooked."

"In that case" said Pinocchio proudly, straightening himself, and throwing aside his cap of bread crumbs, "In that case I know my duty. Come gendarmes, bind me and

throw me into the flames. It is not right that my friend Harlequin should die for me!"

These words, pronounced in a loud and heroic tone made all the marionettes present, cry. Even the gendarmes, wooden though they were, cried like two little baby lambs. For a time Fire Eater remained hard and cold as ice, but slowly he began to melt, and to show signs of wanting to sneeze. After having sneezed four or five times he held out his arms to Pinocchio, saying, "You are a brave boy. Come here and give me a kiss."

Pinocchio ran and climbing like a squirrel up the beard of the manager, gave him a hearty kiss right on the point of his nose.

"Then I am saved?" asked Harlequin, in a little thin voice that could hardly be heard.

"Yes, you are saved" replied Fire Eater. Then he added, sighing, and shaking his head, "And tonight I must eat a half cooked supper. But another time, woe to anyone who changes my plans."

When the marionettes heard that Harlequin was saved they ran to the stage, lit all the lights as for a special holiday performance, and began to dance about merrily.

PINOCCHIO MAKES SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES

The next morning Fire Eater called Pinocchio aside and said to him, "What is your father's name?"

"Geppetto."

"And what is his business?"

"He is a woodcarver, but he is very poor, and must almost beg his bread."

"He doesn't earn much then?"

"He never has a cent in his pockets. Just think, in order to buy me an A B C book he had to sell his only coat. It was covered with patches, but they gave him enough so that he could buy me the book."

"Poor man. I am sorry for him. Here are five gold pieces. Go at once and take them to him with my compliments."

Pinocchio, you may be certain, thanked the showman a thousand times. He hugged the marionettes one after another, and then, nearly wild with joy, started home. But he had not gone half a mile when he met a fox with a lame paw, and a cat blind in both eyes. The fox, who limped, leaned on the cat, and the blind cat was guided by the fox.

"Good morning, Pinocchio," said the fox accosting him politely.

"How do you know my name?" asked the marionette.

"I know your father very well."

"When did you see him last?"

"I saw him yesterday at the door of his house."

"What was he doing?"

"He was in his shirt sleeves and shivering with cold."

"Poor father! That's over now. In the future he will not ever need to shiver."

"Why?"

"Because I have become rich."

"You rich!" said the fox and laughed rudely. The cat laughed too, but to conceal it she stroked her whiskers with her front paws.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Pinocchio, taken aback. "I don't like to make you envy me, but here as you can see, are five beautiful pieces of gold." And from his pocket he pulled the money that Fire Eater had given him. At the sound of the gold clinking together the fox involuntarily stretched out his lame paw, and the cat opened wide both eyes like big green lamps, but all so quickly that Pinocchio saw nothing of it.

"And now," said the fox, "what do you intend to do with all that money?"

"First of all," replied the marionette, "I shall buy a coat for my father, all covered with gold and silver and diamond buttons on it. Then I shall buy a new A B C book for myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes indeed. I want to go to school and begin studying."

"Look at me" said the fox, "because of my passion for studying, I have lost the use of my leg."

"Look at me" cried the cat, "Because of my love of study I have lost both my eyes."

Just at that moment a blackbird flew near them and sang shrilly.

"Pinocchio, do not listen to the counsel of bad companions. If you do you will be sorry."

Poor blackbird. Hardly had be finished before the cat gave a spring and caught him, and without giving him time to say "Oh" she had eaten him up, feathers and all. Then she licked her whiskers, closed her eyes, and again pretended blindness.

"Poor blackbird," said Pinocchio, "Why did you treat him so badly?"

"I did it to teach him a lesson. Another time he will know enough not to meddle in other people's business."

They walked along together for a while, and then, stopping suddenly, the fox said to the marionette, "How would you like to double your money?"

"What do you mean?"

"How would you like to turn those miserable five pieces into ten, into a hundred, into a thousand?"

"Why of course, but how can it be done?"

"Very easy. Instead of going home, come with us."

"And where do you want to take me?"

"To the Country of the Owls."

Pinocchio reflected a moment, and then said firmly, "No, I will not go. My father is waiting for me. Poor man, perhaps when I did not return yesterday he may have worried about me and cried for me. I have been a bad boy, and the Talking Cricket was right when he said 'Disobedient boys never get along well in this world.' I have had one dreadful experience because I was bad. Only last night at the house of the Fire Eater I was in the greatest danger. Brrr! It makes me tremble to think of it."

"You are quite decided upon going home then?" said the fox. "All right, of course if you want to, but it will certainly be the worse for you."

"Yes it will be the worse for you," echoed the cat.

"Consider carefully, Pinocchio, for you are throwing away a fortune."

"A fortune," repeated the cat.

"Your five pieces might be two thousand by tomorrow."

"Two thousand," repeated the cat.

"But how could they possibly become so many?" asked Pinocchio, with mouth wide open in astonishment.

"I will explain," said the fox. "In the Country of the Owls there is a magic field called the Field of Wonders. There you make a little hole in the ground, and put in it a piece of money, for example, one of your gold pieces. Then you fill in the hole with a little earth, water it with a few drops from the fountain nearby, put two pinches of salt on it, and go away and go to bed and to a quiet night's sleep. In the meantime, during the night, the gold piece begins to grow and blossom, and the next morning, when you return to the field, guess what you find? Why a big tree loaded with gold."

"If I bury five pieces," said Pinocchio, all excited, "How many shall I find in the morning?"

Pinocchio, the Cat and the Fox

"That's easy to count," replied the fox. "You can do it on your fingers. Every gold piece will make five hundred, and therefore multiplying each by five, you will have two thousand five hundred pieces of pure gold."

"Oh, how wonderful!" cried Pinocchio dancing with joy, "When I have all those gold pieces I will give you five hundred of them, and I will take the other two thousand to my father."

"A present to us!" cried the fox scornfully as if he were offended, "No indeed!"

"No indeed!" said the cat.

"We work only to enrich others," said the fox.

"Only others," repeated the cat.

"What good people!" thought Pinocchio, and forgetting all about his father, the new coat and the A B C book, he said to the fox and the cat, "Come on, I am going with you. Let us get started at once."

AT THE RED LOBSTER INN

They walked and walked and walked, until at last toward evening they arrived at the Red Lobster Inn, all tired out.

"Let us stop here a while," said the fox, "just long enough to get something to eat and rest a little. At midnight we can start again, and tomorrow morning we will arrive at the Field of Wonders."

They entered the inn and seated themselves at a table, but none of them was hungry. The poor cat felt very much indisposed, and could eat only thirty-five mullets with tomato sauce, and four helpings of tripe, and because the tripe did not taste just right to him, he called three times for butter and cheese to put on it.

He Was Just About to Grasp It When He Was Awakened by a Knocking

The fox would willingly have ordered something, but as the doctor had told him to diet, he had to be contented with a nice fresh rabbit dressed with the giblets of chicken. After the rabbit, he ordered as a finish to his meal some partridges, pheasants, frogs, lizards, and some bird of paradise eggs, and then he did not want any more. He felt such a dislike for food that he said he could not eat another mouthful.

Pinocchio ate the least of all. He asked for some walnuts and a chunk of dry bread, but he left it all on his plate. He could think of nothing but the Field of Wonders. When they had finished the fox said to the innkeeper, "Give us two good rooms, one for Mr. Pinocchio, and another for me and my companion. We will have a little sleep before we go. Remember, though, to wake us at midnight so we can go on with our journey."

"All right, sir," replied the man, and he winked at the fox and the cat, as much as to say, "I know what you are up to. We understand each other."

Pinocchio had scarcely jumped into bed when he fell asleep and began to dream. He

They Were All Gold Pieces and Made a Tinkling Noise

seemed to be in a big field filled with arbors, and each was overgrown with vines covered with large clusters of fruit. Instead of grapes, however, they were all gold pieces that made a tinkling noise when the wind blew—zin-zin-zin-zin. It seemed just as if they said, "Here we are. Let who will come and take us."

Just as Pinocchio was reaching out his hand to pick them he heard a loud knocking at the door of his room. It was the landlord who came to tell him that the clock had struck midnight.

"And are my companions ready?" asked the marionette.

"Ready? Better than that. They left two hours ago."

"Why were they in such a hurry?"

"The cat received word that her eldest kitten was sick from chilblains on the paws, and was in great danger."

"Did they pay for the supper?"

"What kind of people do you think they are? They are too highly educated to insult such a gentleman as you."

"Oh yes. That affront would have displeased me very much," said Pinocchio

hastily. Then he added, "Did they say where I should meet them?"

"At the Field of Wonders, tomorrow morning at daybreak."

Pinocchio paid a gold piece for his supper and that of his companions and left the inn. He groped his way along, because outside the inn it was so dark that he could not see a hand's length ahead of him. It was very quiet, and not even a leaf stirred, only some night birds flying across the road brushed Pinocchio's nose with their wings. He jumped back and cried out in terror, "Who goes there?" and the echo in the surrounding hills took up his words, and repeated "Who goes there? Who goes there? Who goes there?"

As he walked on, he saw on the trunk of a tree a little creature that shone with a pale opaque light just like a candle behind a globe of thin porcelain.

"Who are you?" asked Pinocchio.

"I am the spirit of the Talking Cricket," it replied, in a voice so small and faint that it seemed to come from another world.

"What do you want with me?"

"I want to warn you. Go back, and take the four gold pieces that you have left, to your father, who is in despair thinking he will never see you again."

"Tomorrow my father will be a very rich man, because these four pieces will have become two thousand."

"Do not trust those whom promise to make you rich in a night, my boy. Usually such persons are mad or deceitful. Listen to me and go back."

"I want to go on."

"It's very late."

"I want to go on."

"The night is dark."

"All the same I want to go on."

"The road is dangerous."

"Nevertheless I will go on."

"Remember that boys who always do what they want to, will sooner or later repent."

"The old, old story! Good night Cricket!"

"Good night, and may you escape from the robbers."

The Talking Cricket had hardly said these words when suddenly he disappeared, just as if someone had blown out the light, and the road was darker than ever.

PINOCCHIO PURSUED

"Really," said the marionette to himself as he resumed his journey, "how unfortunate we poor boys are. Everybody scolds us, everybody warns us, and everybody gives us advice. Why, everybody takes it upon himself to be our father and master—even the Talking Cricket. Here I am, and because I would not pay any attention to that tiresome Talking Cricket he said that many awful things would happen to me! I should meet robbers! I have never believed in robbers. I think that robbers have been invented by fathers on purpose to make their boys afraid to go out at night. And then, even if I did meet them on the road they would probably tell me my way. Why, I wouldn't be afraid. I would go straight up to them, and say right to their faces, 'Mr. Robbers, what do you want of me? Don't think you can fool with

me. Go on about your own business, quick.' At such talk the poor robbers,—I can just see them now—would run away like the wind. In case they were so foolish as not to run away, why then I would, anyhow, and thus the thing would end."

But Pinocchio did not finish his reasoning, for at that moment he thought he heard a rustling in the leaves behind him. He turned to look, and saw in the road behind him two evil looking black figures covered with coal sacks, and their faces masked by them, running toward him on tiptoe like phantoms.

"And here they are, actually" said Pinocchio to himself. Not knowing what to do with the four gold pieces he put them in his mouth under his tongue. Then he tried to run away. But he did not get a step. His arms were seized and he heard two hollow voices say, "Your money or your life."

Not being able to reply on account of the money in his mouth Pinocchio made many bows and gestures in order to make his captors understand that he was only a poor marionette and did not have a cent in his pockets.

"Come on now, and stop your nonsense. Out with it!" the robbers cried threateningly, and at that the marionette made signs with his hands and head which meant "I have none."

"Hand over the money or you will die," said the taller robber.

"You will die," repeated the smaller one.

"And after you are dead we will kill your father."

"We will kill your father," echoed the other.

"No, No! Not my poor father!" cried Pinocchio despairingly, but in saying this the gold piece made a noise in his mouth.

"Oh, you story-teller! You have hidden the money in your mouth. Out with it, quick now!"

Poor Pinocchio remained silent.

"Oh, so you pretend to be deaf, do you? Just you wait, and we will show you how we will make you give up the gold."

One of them seized him by the end of the nose, and the other caught his chin. At once they fell upon him and began to handle the marionette very roughly, but after a hard

battle Pinocchio managed to liberate himself from their hands, and after jumping a hedge that bordered the road be began to run across the fields with the robbers after him, like two dogs after a rabbit. After a run of fifteen miles Pinocchio felt that he could go no farther. Giving himself up for lost he climbed to the top of a large pine tree and perched himself on one of the highest branches. The robbers tried to climb up after him, but when they were halfway up the tree trunk they slipped down to the ground, rubbing the skin off their legs and arms as they fell.

Pinocchio at the Top of a Tree

But they were not so easily beaten. They collected a quantity of dry sticks, piled them around the foot of the tree, and set fire to them. In less time than it takes to tell it, the

pine tree took fire and blazed like a candle blown by the wind. Pinocchio seeing the flames mounting higher and higher, and not wishing to be roasted to a cinder, made one great leap from the tree top, and away he ran, just as before, with the robbers always running close behind him, and never seeming to grow tired. Meanwhile the day dawned and the chase still went on. Pinocchio found himself on the edge of a wide ditch filled with muddy brown water, just the color of coffee with cream. What should he do? "One, two, three," he said, and crouching, he made a great spring and landed safely on the other side. The robbers jumped too, but not having judged the distance properly, splash—both fell into the ditch.

Pinocchio, who heard the plunge and the splash, cried out, "I hope you had a nice bath, Mister Robbers!" and then began to run again. He thought at first that his pursuers were drowned, but looking back he saw them running as before, the water streaming from their wet clothes as they followed him.

PINOCCHIO CAUGHT

At this the marionette's courage failed him, and he was about to give himself up as lost, when looking about him he saw gleaming far, far away in the middle of a deep dark forest, a little house as white as snow. "If I have breath enough to reach that house, perhaps I shall be saved," he thought, and without delaying a minute he began to run through the forest as fast as he could. The robbers still followed him. Finally after a desperate run of two hours, he arrived, out of breath, at the door of the house and knocked. There was no reply. He knocked again, harder than before, because he heard the approaching steps and heavy breathing of his pursuers, but still there was silence in the house. Seeing that knocking had no effect he began to kick and beat the door in desperation. At last there appeared at a

window a beautiful Fairy with blue hair. When she saw Pinocchio she said in a small faint voice that seemed to come from another world, "There is no one in the house. They have all gone away."

"Then won't you please open the door for me yourself," sobbed Pinocchio.

"I cannot. I too am going away," and having said this she closed the window quietly and went away from his sight.

"Oh beautiful Fairy with the blue hair," cried Pinocchio. "Open the door for pity's sake. Have mercy on a poor boy pursued by robb—" But he could not finish the word, because he was suddenly seized by the collar and heard the angry voices of his captors threatening him, and crying,

"Now you shall not escape us again."

The marionette, seeing no escape from his wicked captors, trembled so that all his joints cracked, and the four gold pieces jingled in his mouth.

"Now," said the robbers, "Will you open your mouth? Yes or no? Oh, you do not reply? Very well, this time we will open it

for you." And they flashed two knives, sharp as razors, and—zaff-zaff—they gave him two slashes in the middle of the back. Fortunately the marionette was made of good hard wood. The knife blades broke into several pieces, and the robbers stood staring at each other, with only the knife handles in their hands.

"Well," said one of them at last, "We shall have to choke him."

"Choke him," said the other. So they tied his hands behind him, put a rope around his neck, and hung him to a branch of a tall tree called the Big Oak. Then they sat down on the grass and waited for the marionette to open his mouth for breath, hoping then to get the gold pieces. But after three hours he still held his mouth tightly closed and looked straight at them and kicked his feet defiantly. Losing patience at this long wait they finally rose to go, and said tauntingly,

"Goodby until tomorrow morning. When we get back we shall expect to find your mouth open, and the gold will be ours." And they went away.

A wild north wind had risen, and it swung the poor puppet back and forth like a bell and made him very dizzy. He felt that he could not endure his position another moment, yet he kept hoping that someone would come to save him. But when after long waiting he began to realize that no one would come, he thought of his good Father, and thinking that never should he see him again, he sobbed out "Oh father, father, if only you were here now!" But he had no breath to say more; his senses seemed to leave him, and for a long time he knew nothing of what happened.

PINOCCHIO RESCUED

While poor Pinocchio swung from the branch of the Big Oak, more dead than alive, the beautiful Fairy with the Blue Hair came to the window once more. Pitying the poor puppet she clapped her hands three times, and at this signal there was a beating of wings and a great falcon came and lighted on the window sill.

"What do you command, my gracious fairy?" asked the falcon, dipping his beak in respect. For the Fairy with the Blue Hair was none other than a beautiful enchantress, who for more than a thousand years had lived in the neighborhood of this forest.

"Do you see that marionette hanging from a branch of the Big Oak?"

"I see him."

"Fly to him at once and with your strong beak untie the knot that holds him suspended, and lay him gently on the grass under the tree."

The falcon flew away and in two minutes returned, saying, "That which you have commanded is done."

"How did you find him—alive or dead?"

"He seemed to be dead, but really he cannot be, for scarcely had I untied the knot and laid him gently on the ground when he gave a sigh and said 'Now I feel better'."

At that the fairy clapped her hands twice and a magnificent Bearded Dog appeared, walking on his hind legs as if he had been a man. He was dressed in livery. On his head he wore a three cornered hat trimmed with gold lace, and a curly white wig that hung down on his shoulders. He had a chocolate colored dress coat with diamond buttons, and two big pockets to hold bones, a pair of short crimson velvet breeches, and big shiny boots, and he carried behind him a sort of umbrella cover of blue satin, in which he put his tail when it rained.

"My brave Medoro," said the Fairy to the Bearded Dog, "go and harness the most beautiful carriage in my stables and take the road to the forest. When you reach the Big Oak you will find a poor half dead marionette stretched out on the ground there. Take him up carefully and bring him here to me. Do you understand?"

The Bearded Dog, to show that he did, shook the cover of his tail three times, and departed in a flash. A few minutes later a beautiful little carriage, all trimmed in canary bird feathers and lined with cream colored plush came from the stables. It was drawn by one hundred pairs of white mice, and the Bearded Dog sat on the coach box and cracked his whip from side to side as a coachman does when he fears he shall be late.

A quarter of an hour had not passed when the carriage returned. The Fairy who was waiting at the door, took the poor marionette in her arms and carried him to a little bed of mother-of-pearl, prepared especially for him. Then she sent post haste for the three most famous doctors in the neighbor-

hood. They soon arrived, one after another, a Crow, an Owl, and a Talking Cricket.

"I should like to have you tell me, gentlemen," said the Fairy, turning to the three doctors who were assembled around the bed of Pinocchio, "whether this poor marionette is dead or alive."

At this question the Crow stepped forward and tested the patient's pulse, tweaked his nose and pinched his toes. When he had thus examined him thoroughly he pronounced these words solemnly: "It is my belief that the puppet is quite dead, but if by chance he should not be dead then it would be a sure sign that he is alive."

"It pains me," said the Owl, "to have to contradict the Crow, my illustrious friend and colleague. In my opinion, however, the marionette is still alive. But if through some chance or other he should not be alive, then it would be a sure sign that he is dead."

"And have you nothing to say?" said the Fairy to the Talking Cricket.

"I say that a prudent doctor should be quiet when he does not know what to say. Besides, this marionette's face is familiar to

me. Indeed I have known him for some time."

Pinocchio, who until then had been as motionless as any piece of wood, began to tremble so violently that he shook the bed.

"That marionette there," continued the Talking Cricket, "is a good for nothing."

Pinocchio opened his eyes and then closed them immediately.

"He is a scamp, a rogue, a vagabond, a do nothing, a ragamuffin."

Pinocchio hid his face under the covers.

"That marionette is a disobedient child, who is breaking his poor father's heart."

At this, smothered crying and sobbing were heard in the room. Imagine how surprised everybody was when the covers were pulled down and the crying and sobbing were found to come from Pinocchio!

"When the dead cry," said the Crow, "It is a sign that they are on the road to recovery."

"It grieves me to contradict my illustrious friend and colleague," added the Owl, "but to my mind, when the dead cry it is a sign they do not want to die."

THE LENGTHENING NOSE

As soon as the three doctors left the room the Fairy approached and touching his forehead, saw that he was in high fever, that must be cured at once. So she put a little bit of white powder in a glass of water, and handing it to the marionette said to him gently, "Drink, and in a little while you will be well."

Pinocchio looked at the glass, made a face, and said in a tearful voice:

"Is it sweet or bitter?"

"It is bitter, but it will do you good."

"If it is bitter I will not take it."

"Listen to me—drink it."

"I do not like bitter things."

"Drink it, and when you have taken it I will give you a lump of sugar to take the taste out of your mouth."

"In a Little While You Will Be Well"

"Where is the lump of sugar?"

"Here it is" said the Fairy, taking a piece, from a golden bowl nearby.

"First I want the lump of sugar, then I will drink the bitter water."

"You promise me?"

"Yes, I promise."

The Fairy gave him the sugar, and Pinocchio crunched it to atoms, and smacked his lips. "How nice that was" he said, "If sugar could only be called medicine, I would take medicine all day long."

"All right, but now keep your promise and drink these few bitter drops. They will cure you."

Pinocchio took the glass in his hand unwillingly, and put it under his nose, then he put it to his lips, then under his nose again. Finally he said, "It is too bitter! It is too bitter! I cannot drink it!"

"How do you know that, when you have not tasted it?"

"I know it. I can smell it. I want another lump of sugar first: then I will drink it."

So the Fairy with the patience of a loving mother, put another lump of sugar in his mouth and gave him the glass again. "I cannot drink it," said the marionette making a thousand faces.

"And why not?"

"Because that pillow on my feet bothers me."

The Fairy took the pillow away.

"It is no use. I cannot drink it even now."

"Well, what is the matter now?"

"That door is half open."

The Fairy closed the door.

Pinocchio burst into tears. "I cannot drink that bitter water. No! No! No!"

"My child, you will be sorry."

"No I won't."

"Your fever is very high."

"I don't care."

"In a few hours it may kill you."

"I don't care."

"Are you afraid of nothing?"

"No. I would rather die than take that dreadful medicine."

At that moment the door of the room flew open and four rabbits, black as ink, entered, carrying a stretcher on their shoulders.

"What do you want with me?" cried Pinocchio, sitting up in his bed in a great fright.

"We have come to take you away."

"To take me away? But why?"

"You have refused to drink the medicine that would cure you of your fever."

"Oh, my Fairy, oh my Fairy," screamed the marionette. "Give me the glass at once. Send them away. I do not want to go away from you." And seizing the glass in both hands he swallowed the medicine at one gulp.

"Oh dear!" said the four black rabbits in chorus, "We have made this call for nothing." And placing the stretcher on their shoulders

again, they left the room grumbling and muttering between their teeth.

A few moments later Pinocchio jumped out of bed well and strong, for wooden marionettes have the advantage of being sick very seldom, and when they are they get well very quickly. The Fairy, seeing him run around the room as lively and bright as a little chicken just out of its shell, said to him, "Then my medicine has cured you?"

"Yes indeed! It has restored me to life."

"Then why did you require so much persuasion to take it?"

"Boys always act like that. We are more afraid of the medicine than of the sickness."

"Shame on you! Boys ought to know that a good medicine taken in time may save them from a serious illness, and perhaps even from death."

"Oh, another time I will not behave so badly. I will remember the black rabbits, and then I will take the medicine at once."

"Now come here and tell me how it happened that you fell into the hands of robbers?"

So Pinocchio told her the story of his adventure from the moment Fire Eater gave him the gold until he was rescued under the Big Oak.

"And where have you put the four pieces of gold?" asked the Fairy when he had finished.

"I have lost them," replied Pinocchio. But he told a lie, for he had them in his pocket all the time.

Scarcely had he said this than his nose, already long, grew two fingers' length longer.

"And where did you lose them?"

"In the forest."

At this second lie his nose grew longer still.

"If you have lost them in the forest we will hunt for them there and find them too, because everything that is lost in my forest is always found again."

"Oh now I remember," replied Pinocchio, confused at that, "I didn't lose them, but I swallowed the four pieces of money when I took that medicine."

At this third lie his nose grew so long that poor Pinocchio could not turn around in the room. If he turned to one side, it struck the bed or the window panes, and if he turned to the other, it struck the walls or the door. If he raised his head he ran the risk of sticking it into the Fairy's eyes.

Watching his embarrassment, the Fairy stood there and laughed at him.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the marionette, very confused and anxious because his nose had grown so long.

"I am laughing at the foolish lies you have told."

"How do you know I have told lies?"

"Lies, my boy, are recognized immediately, because there are two kinds, those that have short legs, and those that have long noses. Yours, as it happens, is one of those with a long nose."

Pinocchio, not knowing where to hide himself from shame, tried to get out of the room, but he could not. His nose had grown so large that he could not get through the door.

OLD FRIENDS

You may be certain the Fairy let the marionette cry and scream for a good half hour because he could not go through the door on account of the length of his nose. This she did because she wanted to teach him a lesson and show him how wicked he had been in telling lies. But when she saw how his poor eyes were swollen red from crying, she took pity on him, and clapped her hands together sharply. At the signal a thousand birds called Woodpeckers flew into the room, and perching on Pinocchio's nose began to peck at it so furiously that in a few moments it was reduced to its usual size, whereupon the Fairy waved her hand, and all the birds flew away.

"How good you are, my Fairy," said the

marionette, drying his eyes, "And how I love you."

"I love you too," replied the fairy, and if you want to stay with me, you shall be my little brother, and I will be your little sister."

"I would stay willingly—but there is my poor father."

"I have thought of everything. Your father has been told you are here, and before night he will be here with us."

"Really?" cried Pinocchio, jumping with joy. "Then, my dear Fairy, if you are willing, I should like to go and meet him. I can hardly wait to kiss that good Geppetto, who has suffered so much for me."

"Very well, you may go, but do not lose your way. Take the road to the forest, and I am sure you will meet him."

Pinocchio started and as soon as he reached the forest he began to run like a deer, but when he arrived at a certain point, almost in front of the Big Oak, he stopped because he thought he heard someone. Then he saw two persons appear on the road from among the bushes, and who do you suppose they were? None other than the fox and the

cat, the two companions with whom he had dined at the Red Lobster Inn.

"Here is our dear friend Pinocchio!" cried the fox, hugging and kissing him. "How did you ever get here?"

"How did you ever get here?" repeated the cat.

"It is a long sad story" said the marionette, "and I will tell it to you when I have time. You know the night when you left me alone at the Inn I met some robbers on the road."

"Robbers? Oh, my poor friend. What did they want?"

"They wanted to rob me of my money."

"Villains," cried the fox.

"Villains," echoed the cat.

"But I started to run" continued the marionette, "and they ran after me until they caught me and tied me up to a branch of that Big Oak there," and Pinocchio pointed to the tree near which they stood.

"It is hard to believe such a thing?" said the fox. "What a world we live in! And now what are you doing here?"

"I am waiting for my father—I expect to meet him any minute now."

The Woodpeckers Perched on Pinocchio's Nose

"And your money, where is that?"

"I have it all in my pocket, all but the piece I spent at the Red Lobster Inn."

"And to think that instead of four pieces they might become two thousand by tomorrow! Why didn't you follow my advice? Why don't you go and sow them in the Field of Wonders?"

"I cannot go today. Perhaps I will go some other time."

"Another time will be too late," said the fox.

"Why?"

"Because the field has been bought by a rich man and after tomorrow no one will be permitted to sow any more there."

"How far is it to the Field of Wonders from here?"

"Hardly two miles. Will you come with us? In half an hour we shall be there. You can sow the money at once, and after a few moments you can return home with your pockets full. Will you come with us?"

Pinocchio hesitated a little, because he thought of the good little Fairy, of old Geppetto, and of the warnings of the Talking

Cricket, but after the way of foolish, heartless boys, he yielded at last. With a toss of his head he said to the fox and the cat, "Come on, I will go with you." And they started. After they had walked half a day they arrived at a town called "Trap-for-Blockheads." As soon as they entered it Pinocchio saw that the streets were full of sick dogs crying with hunger; clipped sheep that trembled with cold; featherless chickens that begged for grain; big butterflies that could not fly any more because they had sold their beautiful wings for a few pennies, and were ashamed to be seen; and pheasants that drooped, mourning for their brilliant gold and silver feathers now lost to them forever; and peacocks without tails. Here and there in the crowd of beggars and unhappy creatures they passed several fine carriages, each containing a fox or a thieving magpie.

"And where is the field of wonders?" asked Pinocchio.

"Not two steps further." They crossed the town and outside the walls they came to a field which to Pinocchio looked much like other fields. No one was in sight.

"Here we are at last," said the fox. "Now you must stoop down and dig a hole, and then put your money in it."

Pinocchio obeyed, dug the hole, buried the money, and covered it over with earth.

"And now," said the fox, go to the well, get a little water and sprinkle the ground where you have sown."

Pinocchio went to the well, and as he had no bucket in which to carry the water, he took off his shoe, and filling it, came back and sprinkled his garden patch. "Now," he asked, "is there anything else to be done?"

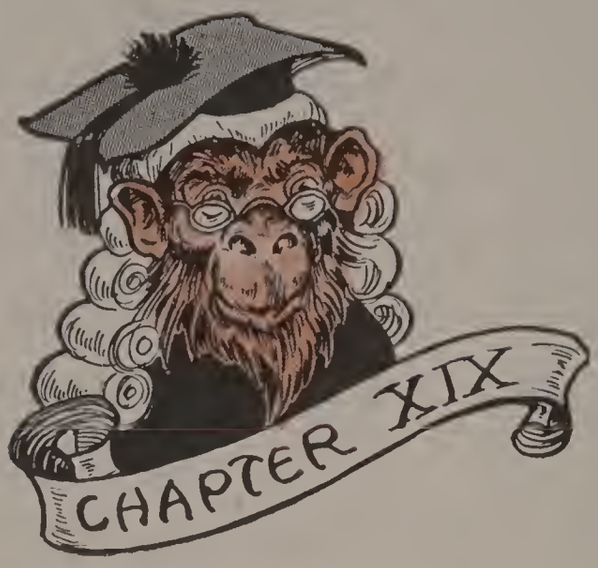
Pinocchio Buried the Money

"Nothing else," replied the fox. "We will go away now. You can return here in about twenty minutes, and you will find a large vine with its branches covered with money already pushing up from the earth."

The poor marionette, beside himself with joy, thanked the fox and the cat a thousand times, and promised them beautiful presents.

"We want nothing," they replied, "For us it is enough to have taught others the way to get rich without working, and we are as contented and happy as if we had the money ourselves."

Thereupon they bowed to Pinocchio, and wishing him a good harvest, they hurried away.



THE END OF A GOLDEN DREAM

The marionette, returning to town, counted the minutes one by one. When he thought it was time to go back he took the road that led to the Field of Wonders, and as he walked along his heart beat like a big hall clock—tic-toc-tic-toc. "What if I should find five thousand instead of two!" he thought to himself. What if I should find a hundred thousand instead of five! Oh what a lord I should be then! I would have a palace and a thousand wooden horses and carriages to amuse me, a library filled with candy, tarts, plum cakes, almond cakes, macaroons and cinnamon sticks."

While he was building these air castles he arrived at the field. He looked eagerly for the great vine with many branches full of money, but saw none. He took a few steps more. He saw nothing unusual. He entered the field and hurried to the hole where he had planted his money, but there was no bush there. Then he became thoughtful, forgot the rules of good society, scratched his head and wondered what to do next.

Just then he heard a whistling above his head, as if someone were laughing at him. Looking up he saw perched on a tree nearby a big green parrot preening his few feathers.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Pinocchio angrily.

"Because I tickled myself under the wing when I was preening my feathers."

Pinocchio hardly noticed him. He went to the well, and again sprinkled the spot where he had buried his money. At this he heard a laungh lounder and more impertinent than the first, and it sounded very strange in the lonely field.

"Well," he said angrily, "tell me if you can, you ignorant Parrot, why you laugh now."

"I laugh at those silly ones who believe everything that is told them."

"I suppose you are referring to me?"

"Yes, I am, Pinocchio. You are foolish enough to think that money, sowed in the earth, will grow like grain and plants. I thought so once too, and so today I have very few feathers. Now it is too late to correct matters. I have made up my mind that to earn and save a few pennies it is necessary to work with your hands or invent something with your head."

"I do not understand," said the marionette, who already was trembling with fear.

"I will explain," said the Parrot. "While you were in town the Fox and the Cat returned here, took your money and fled like the wind. And now you will never catch them."

Pinocchio stood a moment with wide open mouth, then unwilling to believe the words of the Parrot he began to dig up the dirt with his hands, in the spot where he had buried his money. And he dug and dug and dug, until he had made a hole large enough for a haystack, but the gold was not there.

In desperation he rushed back to town. There he went before the Court of Justice and denounced the robbers who had stolen his money. The judge was a Monkey of the gorilla race. He was old and commanded respect on account of his white beard, and especially for his gold rimmed eyeglasses with no glass in them. These he wore all the time because of a weakness of the eyes, which had troubled him for many years.

Pinocchio told the judge everything, gave the names and addresses of the robbers, and ended by asking for justice. The judge listened with great dignity. He took a lively interest in the story and seemed quite moved, and when the marionette had no more to say the judge stretched out his hand and rang a bell. At that summons two large mastiff dogs entered, dressed as gendarmes. Pointing to Pinocchio he said to them: "This poor idiot has had his money stolen. Take him off to prison."

The marionette hearing his sentence, began to protest, but the dogs, not caring to waste time, stopped his mouth, and led him off to a cell. And there he remained for four

long months, and would have been there much longer, if something fortunate had not happened. You see, little readers, the young ruler of the town called "Trap-for-block-heads" had just won a splendid victory over his enemies, and had ordered a grand festival, fireworks and all sorts of parades, and to celebrate his triumph further he ordered all the prisons opened, and the prisoners freed.

"If the other prisoners go out, I must go too," said Pinocchio to the guard.

"You?" replied the man, "No, because you are not a criminal."

"Excuse me," said Pinocchio, "But I am as bad as any of them."

"In that case you shall go," said the guard, and raising his hat respectfully and saluting the marionette, he opened the door of his cell, and allowed him to escape.

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE

Just imagine how happy Pinocchio was when he found himself free once more! Without stopping a second he left the town and took the road that led to the house of the Fairy. The roads were all very soft because of recent rains, and at evey step he went in up to his knees in mud. But he did not let that stop him. Wild with longing to see again his dear father and his little sister with the blue hair, he leaped from one patch of dry ground to another, splashing mud all over his clothes as he went.

"How unfortunate I have been!" he thought. "But I deserve it all, because I am such a headstrong and nervous puppet. I always want to have my way, without paying any attention to those who love me and are a thousand times wiser than I. But from now on I will change my life and become a

good, obedient boy. I have found out that boys who are disobedient always lose in the long run. And my poor father has waited for me so long! Shall I find him at the Fairy's house? It is so long since I have seen him that I will give him a thousand hugs and kisses. And will the Fairy forgive my naughtiness in going away? To think of all the kindness I have received from her! And to think too that I owe my life to her!" He stopped suddenly, frightened half to death and took four quick steps backward. What do you think he saw? There was an immense Serpent stretched out across the road. It had a green skin, fiery eyes, and a tail that smoked at the end just like a chimney. It is impossible to describe the terror of the marionette, who, retreating some distance, sat down on a heap of stones and waited for the Serpent to go away about its own business, so that the road would be left clear. He waited an hour, two hours, three hours, but the Serpent did not move, and even from a distance Pinocchio could see the fiery eyes and the smoking tail. At last, getting up his courage, the marionette

approached within a few feet of the Serpent and said in a soft and gentle voice, so as not to anger it: "Excuse me, Mr. Serpent, but would you oblige me by moving to one side so that I can pass?"

He might as well have talked to a wall. There was no answer. Then he said in the same soft tone, "If you must know, Mr. Serpent, I am going home, where my father is waiting for me. Will you let me pass so that I can go on my way?"

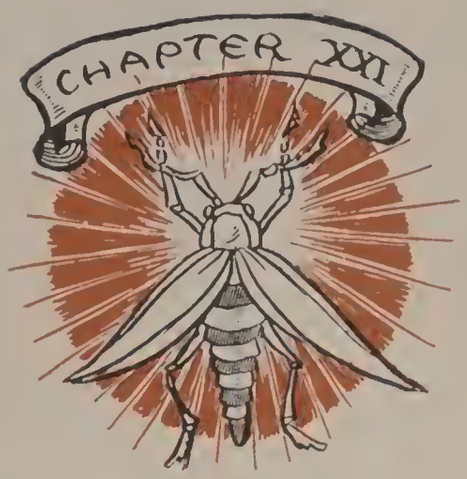
He waited for some sign of response, but there was none. On the contrary, the Serpent, which until then had been quite lively, grew suddenly quiet and rigid. His eyes closed and his tail stopped smoking.

"I believe he is dead," thought Pinocchio, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and went forward intending to jump over him to pass to the other side. But hardly had he lifted a leg, when the Serpent rose suddenly, like a spring let loose. The marionette, trying to jump back, tripped and fell to the ground with such force that he landed with his head half stuck in the mud and his feet in the air. At the sight of the marionette kicking his

Pinocchio in the Trap

legs so violently the Serpent was seized with convulsions of laughter. He laughed and laughed and laughed with such force, that he broke a vein and perished. And this time he really was dead.

Pinocchio started on a run along the road, hoping to reach the house of the Fairy before dark. Before long, however, he began to be hungry, and he jumped into a field nearby to gather a bunch of grapes. And here again he was unlucky. For hardly had he reached the grape arbor when—crack—his legs were caught between two pieces of iron with a force that made him see several new stars in the heavens. The poor marionette was fast in a trap placed there by a farmer to catch a thieving weasel that was the scourge of his poultry yards.



PINOCCHIO BECOMES A WATCHDOG

Pinocchio, you may be certain, began to cry and scream, but all for nothing, for there was not a house near him, and no one passed along the road. At last night came. The trap was causing him so much pain, and he was so afraid of the dark that he nearly fainted with it all. Suddenly he saw a firefly, and called to it, "Oh, Firefly, won't you please help me to get away from here?"

"Poor boy!" replied the Firefly, stopping to look at him, "how ever did you get your legs caught in that trap?"

"I came into the field to get a bunch of grapes, and—"

"But are the grapes yours?"

"No."

"Then what made you steal another person's things?"

"I was hungry."

"Hunger, my boy, is never a good excuse for stealing something belonging to another."

"I know it! I know it!" wailed Pinocchio, "and another time I will not do it."

Just then the conversation was interrupted by the sound of footsteps that came nearer and nearer. The owner of the field had come to see if one of the weasels that were eating his chickens had been caught in the trap, and he was greatly surprised, when, taking out a dark lantern from under his coat, he saw instead of a weasel, a boy puppet.

"Ha, you little thief!" cried the angry farmer, "So you are the one that has been carrying off my chickens!"

"I? No," cried Pinocchio, sobbing. "I came into the field for a bunch of grapes."

"He who steals grapes is quite capable of stealing chickens too. Just you wait. I will give you a lesson that you will remember for some time."

He opened the trap, took up the marionette by the back of the neck, as a cat carries a kitten, and took him home. When he reached the door he said to Pinocchio, "It is late, and I want to go to bed. We will settle our account tomorrow. Meanwhile, as my watch dog died today, I will put you into his house. I will make you my watchdog."

No sooner had he said this than taking a great collar studded with nails he put it around Pinocchio's neck, and snapped onto it a heavy chain that was fastened to the wall at the other end.

"If it should rain tonight," said the farmer, "there is some straw inside there that my dog has used for four years, and you may go in and rest on it. And if robbers should come into the yard, watch them closely and bark."

After this last warning the farmer entered his house and closed the door and the poor marionette was left lying in the barnyard more dead than alive from cold, hunger and fear. Now and then he put his hands between his neck and the heavy collar, because it hurt him, saying to himself: "It

Saying to Himself, "It Serves Me Right"

serves me right. I was determined to run away. I listened to the advice of bad companions, and that is why I am so unhappy now. If I had been a good boy as so many boys are, if I had wanted to study and to work, if I had stayed at home with my father, I should not be here now, sleeping in a dog house, and watching a chicken coop, like a dog! Oh, if only I could begin all over again! But now it is too late."

And giving a great sigh, he entered the kennel and fell asleep.

PINOCCHIO BECOMES A HERO

He had been sleeping soundly about two hours when he was awakened at midnight by a whispering which sounded near him. "Pist! pist!" it said, and seemed to come from the barnyard. He put his nose out of the door in the dog kennel, and saw four little beasts that looked a little like cats. But they were not cats. They were weasels, bold animals that eat young chickens. One of them, leaving his companions, went to the kennel and said in a low voice, "Good evening, Melampo."

"My name is not Melampo."

"Well then who are you?"

"I am Pinocchio."

"What are you doing here?"

"I am playing watchdog."

"But where is Melampo? Where is the old watch dog that lived in this kennel?"

"He died this morning, I am told."

"Died? Poor beast! He was such a good dog! But judging from your face I should say that you were a nice dog too."

"Excuse me, but I am not a dog."

"Not a dog? What are you then?"

"I am a marionette."

"And you play watchdog?"

"Yes, I do, but only for a punishment."

"Oh, well, never mind that. I want to propose to you the same agreement that we had with Melampo. Are you willing?"

"That depends. What are the conditions?"

"We will come here one night a week, as we have done in the past, to pay a visit to this chicken house, and we will carry away nine chickens, eight for ourselves and one for you, on condition—don't forget that—that you pretend to be asleep and that you do not come out and bark, and so arouse the farmer."

"And Melampo did that?" asked Pinocchio.

"Oh yes, and we got along very nicely. Now you just go quietly to sleep, and you may be sure that before we go we will leave a nice fat chicken for your breakfast tomorrow morning. Do we understand each other?"

"Very well," replied Pinocchio, but he shook his head in the dark as if he could have said, "We'll talk more about this later."

When the four weasels felt that they were safe from harm they ran boldly toward the chicken coop which was very near the dog house, and having opened the wooden gate with their teeth and claws they filed in one by one. But hardly were they inside when they heard the gate close with a bang.

Who had closed the door? It was Pinocchio, who, not satisfied with the latch that held the door shut, put a big stone there besides, and then began to bark and bark, just like a watchdog—bu! bu! bu! At the sound the farmer jumped out of bed, took his gun and ran to the window, calling,

"What is the matter?"

"The robbers are here," Pinocchio answered.

"Where are they?"

"In the chicken coop."

"I will come right down," said the farmer, and the next moment there he was. After he had put the four weasels in a sack, he said to them in a tone of real satisfaction, "You then, were the ones that have been stealing my chickens! I ought to punish you, but you are beneath my notice. Besides I have a better plan. Instead I will take you to the innkeeper in town in the morning, and he will gladly take you as a present and serve you up as rabbits. You really do not deserve such an honor, but generous men do not mind taking a little trouble now and then."

Then approaching Pinocchio, he patted him kindly, and asked, "How did you ever catch these four robbers? And to think that Melampo, my good and faithful Melampo never could do it!"

The marionette might have told all he knew about the disgraceful bargain between the dog and the weasels, but remembering that the dog was dead he said to himself: "Why should I accuse him now? He is dead

and the best thing to do is to leave his memory in peace."

"Were you asleep when the weasels came into the yard?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, I was," replied Pinocchio, "but they woke me with their chatter, and then one of them came up to my kennel and told me that if I would not bark and wake you up they would give me a nice fat chicken for myself. What do you think of that? I am only a marionette, and have nearly all the faults any puppet could have, but I would never enter into a bargain with thieves."

"Brave boy!" said the farmer patting him on the shoulder, "Such fine sentiments do you honor, and as a proof of my gratitude I will set you free to return to your home."

And he took off the dog collar.

A SORROW AND A FAR JOURNEY

As soon as Pinocchio was relieved of the weight of the hard and humiliating collar he started to run across the fields, and never stopped once until he had reached the high-road that led to the house of the Fairy. There he turned and looked back on the forest where he had been so unlucky as to meet the cat and the fox, and there in the middle he saw the great oak to which they had tied him, but though he looked in every direction for the little white house where lived his dear Fairy with the Blue Hair, he could not find it at all. A feeling of sadness and fear came over him and he ran as fast as his legs would take him. In a few minutes he reached the field where the little white

house had stood, but the white house was there no more. Instead there was only a white marble slab, on which was carved an inscription.

It said:

HERE LIES
THE FAIRY WITH THE BLUE HAIR
WHO DIED OF SORROW
BECAUSE SHE WAS FORSAKEN BY
HER LITTLE BROTHER PINOCCHIO

As Pinocchio could not read he did not at first realize what had happened, but the Talking Cricket hovered near as if waiting for his return, and read it for him. You may imagine how the marionette felt when at last he understood the meaning of those words. He fell to the ground, and covering the marble slab with kisses, cried as if his heart would break. He cried all night and all the next morning, until he had no more tears left, and all the hills around about repeated his loud cries.

"Oh, my little Fairy, why did you die?" he sobbed. "Why am I not dead instead of you? Oh my dear little Fairy, tell me where

I can find my father. I want to be with him, and never leave him any more. Oh tell me it is not true that you are dead. If you really love me, if you love your little brother, come back, return to life! Doesn't it make you unhappy to see me left all alone by everybody? If the robbers came now to hang me to a tree again, I should die this time for sure. What can I do alone in this world, now that I have lost my father and you? Who will give me anything to eat? Where shall I sleep at night? Who will make my clothes? Oh, it would be better a hundred times better, that I should die. Yes, I want to die. Ih! Ih! Ih!"

And in despair he tried to tear out his hair, but as it was made of wood he could not even run his fingers through it, nor pull out a single lock. Just then a large dove that was flying past, seeing the little marionette leaning on the marble slab, stopped, and hovering in the air, asked: "Tell me little boy, what are you doing down there?"

"Don't you see that I am crying?" said Pinocchio, raising his head toward the voice,

and drying his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket.

"Tell me," the Dove went on, "do you know among your companions a marionette who is called Pinocchio?"

"Pinocchio? Did you say Pinocchio?" cried the puppet, jumping to his feet, "I am Pinocchio."

When the Dove heard this he flew down to the ground, and at close range Pinocchio saw that he was as large as a turkey cock.

"Do you know Geppetto too?" asked the Dove.

"Do I know him? He is my poor father. Has he asked you about me? Can you take me to him? Is he alive? Tell me, is he alive?"

"I left him three days ago on the sea-shore."

"What was he doing?"

"He was making a little boat for himself in order to cross the ocean. For four months the poor man has been searching everywhere for you, and not succeeding, he has decided to build a boat and search in far distant lands."

"How far is it to the shore?" asked Pinocchio.

"A thousand miles."

"A thousand miles! Oh Dove! Oh, if only I had a pair of wings."

"If you want to go, I will carry you there."

"How?"

"Astride my back. Are you heavy?"

"No indeed. I am as light as a feather."

And without further words Pinocchio jumped on the Dove's back, and put a leg over each side just like a man on horseback. Then he cried to the Dove: "All ready, go! Gallop, my little horse!"

The Dove spread his wings and in a few moments they had soared so high they almost touched the clouds. Finding himself at such a height the marionette had the curiosity to turn around and look down, but his head spun around so fast as he viewed the country far below that he had to put his arms around the Dove's neck and hold tight or he would have fallen. They flew all day long. Toward evening the Dove said "I am very thirsty."

"And I am very hungry," added Pinocchio.

They Soared So High They Almost Touched the Clouds

"Let us stop at this dove house a few minutes, and then we will start on our way again, so as to be at the shore tomorrow morning."

They entered a deserted dovecote where they found a little basin of water and a small basket of chick peas placed near the door. Never in all his life had the marionette been able to eat chick peas. Merely hearing the name nearly always made him sick. But that night he ate them ravenously, and when he had almost finished he turned to the Dove and said:

"I would never have believed that chick peas could taste so good."

"You will find out Pinocchio," replied the Dove, "that when you are really hungry even the chick pea seems delicious. Hunger has no whims or fancies."

Having eaten their lunch they resumed their journey, and the next morning they reached the seashore. The Dove placed Pinocchio on the ground, and not wanting to be troubled with thanks for his good action, flew quickly away and disappeared.

The shore was crowded with people crying and pointing out to sea.

"What has happened?" asked Pinocchio of an old woman.

"There is an old man out there, who, having lost his little boy, ventured to go to sea today in a little boat in search for him, and the sea is so rough we are afraid he will sink."

"Where is the little boat?"

"There it is—follow my finger," she said, pointing to a little boat that from where they stood looked like a walnut shell with a tiny doll in it.

Pinocchio, fixed his eyes on it, and suddenly gave a piercing scream:

"It is my father! It is my father!"

Meanwhile, the little boat, tossed around by the waves, now disappeared between the billows, now came to the surface. Pinocchio, standing on the top of a high reef, kept calling his father by name and making every kind of signal with his hands, his arms, his handkerchief and his cap. And although Geppetto was so very far away from the shore he seemed to recognize his boy, for

he too took off his cap, and tried to make it clear that he would come to shore if it were not made impossible by the heavy seas.

All of a sudden there came a terrible wave, and the boat disappeared. The watchers on shore waited to see it rise, but it was seen no more.

"Poor man!" said the fishermen, but they could not help him, so they turned away, murmuring their sympathy. Then they heard a wild cry. Looking back they saw a little boy on top of a reef throw himself into the water, crying as he jumped; "I want to save my father!"

Pinocchio, being made of wood floated easily, and he could swim like a fish. Now he was seen to disappear under the water, carried down by the fury of the waves; now he appeared again, striking out against them. The fishermen watched him until he was so far from shore that they could no longer see him.

"Poor boy!" they said, and then, as they could do nothing for him, they went home.

A WONDERFUL MEETING

Buoyed up by the hope of arriving in time to save his father Pinocchio swam all night. And what a horrible night that was! The rain came down in torrents, the hail rattled on him, thunder crashed, and flashes of lightning made it bright as day. Toward morning he saw land not far off. It was an island in the middle of the sea. He tried to reach the sandy shore, but the attempt was in vain. The waves tossed him about like a straw. At last, as fortune would have it, there came a tremendous wave that hurled him far up the shore with such force that he nearly broke his bones, but he said bravely:

"I was lucky to escape at all."

Little by little the weather cleared. The sun appeared in all its splendor, and the sea grew as smooth as oil. The marionette spread his clothes out on the sand to dry, and sat down in the sun. He peered all around, but could see nothing of the little boat with a little man in it.

"I wish I knew the name of this island," he said to himself. "Anyhow I wish I knew if it is inhabited by kind people who do not hang boys to trees. But there's no one here to tell me about it."

The idea of finding himself all alone on an island in the sea made him very sad, and he began to cry. Suddenly, not very far from shore, he saw passing by a large fish going quietly about his affairs, with his head above the water. The marionette called in a loud voice to be sure of being heard:

"Hello, Mr. Fish! Will you allow me one word with you?"

"Two if you like," replied the Fish, which was a dolphin, and so polite that it would be hard to find his equal in the sea.

"Will you please tell me if in this island

I can find something to eat without running the risk of being eaten myself?"

"I am sure of it," replied the Dolphin. "You will find some good people not far from here."

"And what road shall I take?"

"That little path to the left and follow your nose. You cannot miss it."

"Tell me please another thing. You travel about in the sea a great deal by day and by night and perhaps you have seen a little boat with my father in it?"

"And who is your father?"

"He is the best in the world, and I am the worst son that can possibly be."

"No, I haven't seen him, but with the terrible storm we had last night the boat must have sunk."

"And my father?"

"By this time he must have been swallowed by the dogfish who has been playing havoc in these waters for several days now."

"Is the dogfish very big?" asked Pinocchio, beginning to tremble with fear.

"Big?" replied the Dolphin, "Well you can get some idea of him when I tell you that he

is as big as a five story house, and his mouth is so wide he can swallow a train of cars and the engine at one gulp."

"Oh, oh me!" cried the marionette in terror, and putting on his clothes in frantic haste he started down the path, calling over his shoulder to the Dolphin, "Goodby, Mr. Fish. Excuse my haste and I thank you a thousand times for your kindness."

Once on the road Pinocchio ran as quickly as he could. At every little noise he heard he looked back for fear he might be followed by the terrible dogfish as big as a five story house, and with a mouth wide enough to take in a train of cars and the engine. After having run for half an hour he arrived at a little village called "The Town of the Busy Bees." The streets were filled with people running here and there attending to their business; everybody had something to do; you could not find an idler.

"I see this country is not for me," exclaimed that good-for-nothing Pinocchio, "I was not born to work."

But in the meantime he was hungry because he had eaten nothing for twenty-four

hours—not even a chick pea. What should he do? There were only two ways to get food, either to beg or to work for it. He was ashamed to beg, because his father had told him that the only ones who had a right to beg were the poor, the sick or the blind. The poor are often so because old age and sickness make them no longer able to work with their hands, and they deserve help. But everyone else must work, and if they will not, so much the worse for them.

While he was considering his situation a man came along the road, panting and perspiring as he dragged two carts filled with charcoal. Pinocchio, judging from his face that he was a kind man, lowered his eyes in embarrassment, and said in a low voice:

"Will you please give me a penny? I am starving."

"Indeed I'll do better, replied the man, "I will give you five if you will help me pull this wagon up the hill."

"I am surprised," replied the marionette in an offended tone, "I am not a donkey. I have never pulled a wagon in my life."

"Well that's your loss," said the man, "and let me tell you, my boy, if you really are hungry, eat a couple of slices of your pride, and take care that it does not give you indigestion." And he went on.

After a few moments a bricklayer passed along, carrying a basket of lime on his shoulder.

"Please sir, will you be kind enough to give a penny to a poor boy who is fainting with hunger?"

"Come with me and I will give you five if you will carry this basket of lime for me."

"But the lime is heavy," objected Pinocchio, "and I do not want to tire myself."

"If you do not want to get tired, my boy, go hungry. Goodby."

In less than half an hour twenty other people passed by and Pinocchio begged help from them all, and each one said to him; "Shame on you! Go find a little work and earn some money, instead of standing there and begging like a vagabond."

Finally along came a little woman carrying two pitchers of water.

He Had to Put It On His Head

"Will you please give me a sip of water?" asked the puppet, who was burning with thirst.

"Certainly, my boy," said the good woman, setting the two pitchers down on the ground. Pinocchio drank like a sponge, then muttered, as he dried his mouth. "I have quenched my thirst, now if I could only satisfy my hunger."

The good woman, hearing this, replied quickly, "If you will help me carry one of these pitchers up the hill, I will give you a nice piece of bread."

Pinocchio looked at the pitchers and answered neither yes nor no.

"And with the bread I will give you a piece of cauliflower dipped in oil and vinegar."

Pinocchio gave another glance at the pitchers and said neither yes nor no.

"And after the cauliflower I will give you a piece of cake."

At this Pinocchio could resist no longer. He said, "Oh, very well. I will carry the pitcher home for you." It was very heavy, and not being able to carry it in his hands he

had to put it on his head. When they arrived at the house the good little woman made Pinocchio sit down at a little table, and gave him all that she had promised. Pinocchio did not eat. He gorged. He was so hungry that one would think he had not eaten for a week.

At last when his hunger was somewhat satisfied, he raised his head to thank his benefactress. Hardly had he looked at her when he uttered a long "Oh-h-h-h!" of surprise, and stared as if bewitched, with his eyes opened wide, his fork in the air, and his mouth full of bread and cauliflower.

"What is the matter?" the good woman asked laughing, "Why do you seem so surprised?"

"What!" replied Pinocchio stuttering in his excitement, "What!—how you resemble —yes! yes! yes!—with the blue hair too, just like her! Oh, my little Fairy, tell me that it is you! Do not let me cry any more! Oh, if you only knew how much I have cried—how much I have suffered!"

And at this he burst into a flood of tears and throwing himself on the floor at her feet, clung to the knees of the mysterious lady.

PINOCCHIO IS GIVEN A PROMISE

At first the good little woman pretended that she was not the Fairy with the Blue Hair, but afterward, seeing that she was found out, and not wishing to prolong the comedy, she admitted that he was right and said to Pinocchio:

"You little rascal! How did you ever discover that it was I?"

"Because I love you so much. That is what told me."

"You remember me? I have grown much older since you left me. I am old enough now to be your mother."

"And I should like to call you that. I should like to have a mother like the other boys. But how did you grow up so quickly?"

"It is a secret."

"Teach me how to do it. I should like to grow too, don't you see? I am always the same height, no bigger than a ninepin."

"But you cannot grow."

"Why?"

"Because puppets never grow. They are born puppets, live puppets, and die puppets."

"Oh, I am sick and tired of always being a puppet," cried Pinocchio, striking his own head, "I want to become a man."

"Then you shall become one if you deserve it."

"Really? And what can I do to deserve it?"

"That is easy. By learning to be a good boy."

"But I am one now."

"Indeed not! Good boys are obedient, and you"—

"And I never obey."

"Good boys like to study and work and you"—

"I like to play and run around, and am always idle."

"Good boys always tell the truth"—

"And I always tell lies."

"Good boys go to school willingly"—

"And to me school is a dreadful thing. But from today I will change my life."

"You promise me?"

"I promise you. I want to become a good little boy and a comfort to my father. Poor father! Where is he now?"

"I do not know."

"Shall I ever have the happiness of seeing him again?"

"I believe so. Indeed, I am certain you will."

At this Pinocchio was so happy that he danced with joy. Then raising his head and looking lovingly at the Fairy he said, "Tell me, little mother, is it true that you are alive?"

"Of course I am," the Fairy answered.

"If you only knew the sorrow I felt when I thought you were buried under that stone."

"I do know it, and that is why I forgive you. The sincerity of your sorrow proves that you have a good heart. There is always hope for boys with good hearts. Even if they sometimes act like scamps there is

always hope that some time they will turn to the right road. That is why I have come here. I will be your mother."

"Oh, good!" cried Pinocchio, jumping with joy.

"But you must obey me and always do as I tell you."

"Willingly, willingly, willingly!"

"Then tomorrow," said the Fairy, "you will begin by going to school."

Pinocchio became suddenly a little less joyful.

"After that you must choose a trade or some business, just as you wish."

Pinocchio became serious.

"What are you mumbling through your teeth," asked the Fairy severely.

"I was saying that now it seems a little late for me to go to school," said Pinocchio in a low voice.

"No sir. Remember that it is never too late to learn."

"But I do not want to learn a trade."

"Why?"

"Because it makes me tired to work."

"My boy, those who say that always end

"I Will Be Good"

either in prison or else in the poor-house. Every man, whether rich or poor, ought to work at something. Woe to the one who lives in idleness! Idleness is a very bad disease, and should be cured quickly in childhood, or else when you are old you will never get over it."

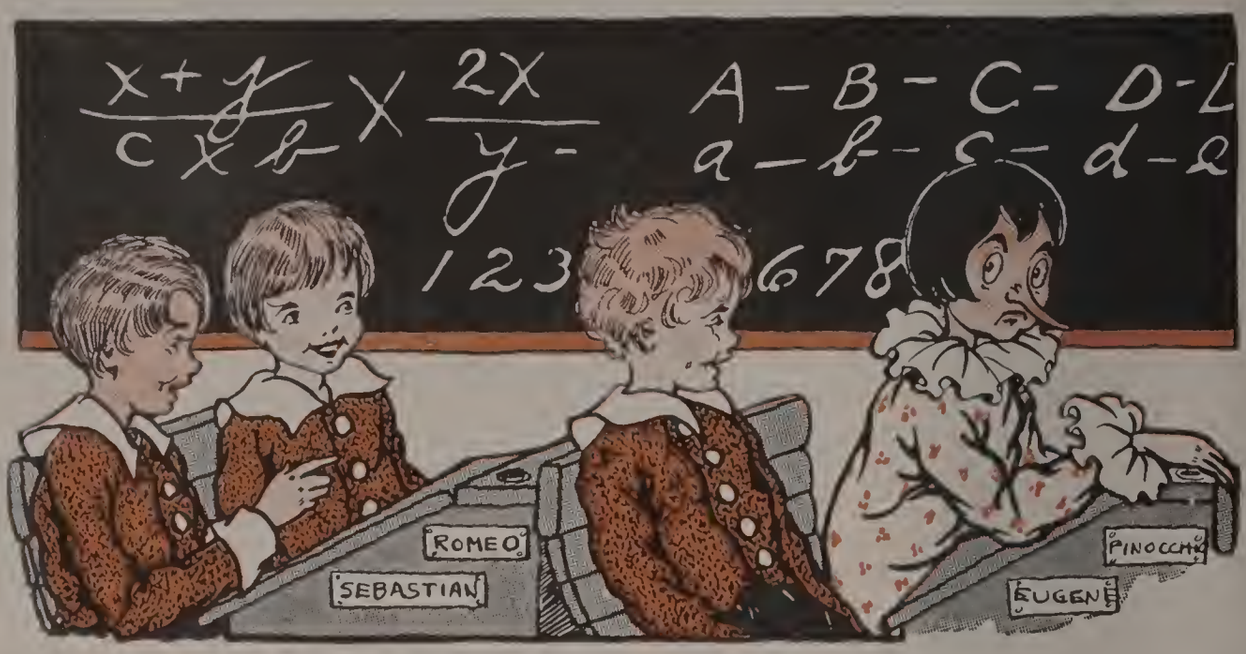
These words touched the heart of Pinocchio, and raising his head quickly he said to the Fairy, "I will study, I will work. I will do all that you ask, because I am tired of being a marionette, and I want to become a real boy. You promised me that I would, didn't you?"

"I did promise you, and now it depends entirely upon yourself."

SCHOOL AT LAST

The very next day Pinocchio went to the public school. Just imagine how the little scholars behaved when they saw a puppet walk into the room. They set up a roar of laughter. They played jokes on him. One took his cap, another pulled his coat, another tried to paint an inky mustach on his face, and another tied strings to his arms and legs and tried to make him dance. For a little while Pinocchio pretended not to notice them, but finally, losing all patience, he said, "Take care! I have not come here to be your clown! I respect the rights of others and I want mine to be respected."

"Hurrah for the clown! He talks like a book," shouted the little scamps bursting into laughter, and one of them, more im-



Pinocchio at School

pertinent than the others, stretched out his arm and tried to seize Pinocchio by the nose. But he did not have a chance, for the puppet suddenly thrust his leg out from under his desk and kicked his tormentor.

"Oh, what hard feet he has!" cried the boy, rubbing the bruise that the marionette had made. "And what hard elbows!" said another, who for another attempted trick had received a poke in the ribs. The fact is that after a few punches and elbowings, Pinocchio won the respect of all the boys in the room, and they began to like him very much too. Even the schoolmaster praised him because he was so attentive, studious and in-

telligent, always the first to enter the school, always the last to leave when it was over. He made only one mistake. He had too many friends, among whom were a few who did not care to study and were well known for their dislikes of school. The schoolmaster warned him daily against them, and the good Fairy too added her words of advice, saying: "Take care, Pinocchio! Those bad companions of yours will sooner or later make you lose your love of study, and perhaps will bring disaster upon you!"

"There is no danger of that," said the marionette, shrugging his shoulders, and touching his forehead with his first finger as if to say, "There is much wisdom here. I know too much for that."

Now it happened that one beautiful day as he was going to school, he met several of these companions, who said as he came up to them:

"Have you heard the news?"

"No, what news?"

"Not far from here a big dogfish as large as a mountain has floated up on the beach."

"Really? Why it may be the same one that swallowed my father."

"We are going over to look at it. Will you come along."

"No. I am going to school."

"What do you care for school? We can go there tomorrow. One lesson more or less will not matter at all."

"And what will the schoolmaster say?"

"Oh he will have something more to talk about tomorrow. He is paid to grumble."

"And my mother?"

"Your mother will never know," said the wicked boys.

"I have a better plan" said Pinocchio, "I want to see the dogfish very much, so I will go after school."

"Poor stupid thing!" they jeered, "Do you think that a dogfish that size will wait for your convenience? Why as soon as he is tired of it here, he will go away, and then you will be sorry you did not go."

"How long will it take to go there?" asked the marionette.

"We can be there and back in half an hour."

Pinocchio Was Always First in a Race

"All right. I will go. Come on! The first one there is the best!" he cried. At that they all began to run. Pinocchio was always first in a race. He ran as if he had wings on his feet. From time to time he turned to peer at his companions who were some distance behind, and seeing them puffing and blowing and covered with dust, he laughed out loud. Poor boy. He did not know the disaster that was in store for him.

IN TROUBLE AGAIN

Arriving at the shore Pinocchio looked up and down the coast, but there was no dogfish. The sea was as still and shiny as a looking-glass. "Where is the dogfish?" he asked turning to his companions.

"It must have gone to breakfast," answered one of them laughing.

"Or maybe it is lying down on its bed for a nap," said another, laughing still louder. From these silly replies Pinocchio knew that the boys had played a trick on him, making him believe a story that was not true. He turned on them angrily and said, "And now why did you tell me all this nonsense about the dogfish?"

"Because we wanted to," they shouted in chorus.

"But why?"

"Because we wanted you to lose a day at school. Aren't you ashamed to go to school every day so steadily? And then you are too studious. Why do you do it?"

"If I am studious what business is that of yours?"

"Why, it means a great deal to us, because it makes us look like bad boys in the eyes of the schoolmaster."

"Why?"

"Because the boys who study are always compared with those of us who do not, and we do not look well by comparison. That's all."

"And what should I do to satisfy you?"

"You must hate school, lessons, and schoolmaster, the three greatest enemies we boys have."

"And if I want study, what will you do?"

"We will wait our chance, and at the first opportunity we will pay you up."

"You make me laugh," said the marionette tossing his head.

"Take care, Pinocchio!" said the largest boy going up to him and shaking his fist under his nose. "Don't make fun of us. None of your fine airs here, even if you are not afraid of us. Remember you are one against seven, and we are not afraid of you either."

"Now, Pinocchio, I am going to teach you a lesson" cried another, and struck the puppet with his fist. But it was an exchange of blows, for the lively marionette ducked his head and replied suddenly with another blow, and then the fight became general. Pinocchio, although he was alone, defended himself like a hero. His hard wooden feet worked so well that they kept all the boys at a reasonable distance. Where the feet struck they always left black and blue spots. Then the boys, provoked at not being able to get near the marionette looked around for stones to throw, but there was nothing but sand. Finally they took their spelling books, geographies, histories and arithmetics and began hurling them at him. But Pinocchio was very quick and dodged every one so that the books flew over him, and fell into the sea, splash!

And what do you think the fishes did? Thinking that the books might be something to eat they swam to the edge of the sea in shoals, and looked at the pictures and the print, but after swallowing several pages they spat them out and made wry faces as if to say: "This is no food for us. We are accustomed to something better."

Meanwhile the battle grew fiercer, until a huge old crab came out of the water, and crawling slowly up the beach, cried in the voice of a trombone that has caught a cold: "Stop it! stop it! These battles among boys always end badly. Some disaster is sure to happen." Poor crab! He might as well have spoken to the wind. That naughty Pinocchio, turning around, said to him very rudely: "Hold your tongue, you ugly old crab! You would do better to eat some stewed seaweed and cure that cold of yours. Go home to bed and take a nap!"

In the meantime the boys, who had used up all their own books, looked around, and spying Pinocchio's they seized them in less time than it takes to tell. Among his school books was a volume bound in thick card-

board. It was a treatise on arithmetic, and you can imagine how very heavy it must have been. One of the boys seized this book, and taking aim, threw it at Pinocchio's head. But instead of hitting the marionette it struck one of his companions in the temple. The boy became as white as a sheet, and fell to the ground, where he lay motionless.

Thinking he was dead the frightened boys ran away as fast as they could, and in a few minutes there was no one left on the shore but Pinocchio. Although he was half dead with grief and fright, nevertheless he ran and soaked his handkerchief in the sea, and began to bathe the temples of his poor schoolmate, crying despairingly, "Eugene! My poor Eugene! Open your eyes and look at me! Why don't you answer me? It was not I who hurt you. Believe me it was not I. If you keep your eyes shut I will die too. How can I ever go home now? What can I say to my good mother? What will she say to me? Where can I go? Where can I hide myself? Oh, how much better, a thousand times better, would it have been if I had gone to school! Why did I listen to

Pinocchio Is Arrested

them this morning? And to think that the schoolmaster and my mother warned me to beware of bad companions. But I am headstrong. I am a bad obstinate boy. I let them tell me what to do, and then I do as I please. Why was I ever made? I have never had a quiet day in my life. Oh dear! What will become of me? What will become of me?"

And Pinocchio continued to cry and sob, to punch his head, and to call poor Eugene by name. Suddenly he heard the sound of footsteps. He turned and there were two gendarmes.

"What are you doing here?" they asked.

"I am helping my schoolmate."

"Is he hurt?"

"He seems to be."

"Hurt indeed!" said one of them, bending down and looking at Eugene closely, "The boy has been severely wounded in the temple. Who did it?"

"It was not I," stammered the marionette breathlessly.

"If you did not do it, then who did?"

"Not I," repeated Pinocchio.

"What struck him?"

"This book" and the marionette picked up the treatise on arithmetic, bound in thick cardboard, and handed it to the gendarme.

"Whose book is this?"

"It is mine."

"That is enough. You must have done it. Get up and come with us immediately."

"But I—"

"Come along with us."

"But I am innocent."

"Come along with us."

Before they left, the gendarmes called some fishermen who were passing in a row-boat near the shore, and said to them: "We leave this wounded boy to you. Take him to your house and take care of him. To-morrow we will come back and see how he is."

Then they turned to Pinocchio, and placing him between them, said in a commanding tone: "Forward! March! If you do not obey, so much the worse for you."

Without a word the marionette set out along the road that led to the village, but the poor little wretch hardly knew where he was. It seemed to him that he was dream-

ing, and what a horrible dream it was! He was almost distracted. His eyes saw double. His legs trembled. His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth and he could not say a word. And yet in his dazed condition he felt a pang in his heart at the thought of passing under the window of the good Fairy guarded as he was by gendarmes. He would rather have died.

They had almost reached the village and were just entering it, when a gust of wind blew Pinocchio's cap off his head and carried it along the road over which they had just come.

"Will you allow me to get my hat?" he asked of his guards.

"Yes, but be quick about it."

The puppet ran after his cap, but he did not put it on his head. He caught it between his teeth, and then began to run toward the sea as fast as he could go, speeding like a cannon ball. The gendarmes, seeing that it would be difficult to catch him, sent on his trail a bloodhound that had won all the first prizes at all the dog shows. Pinocchio ran, and the dog flew after him. The people hear-

ing the noise, ran to their front doors and windows, to see who would win the race. But the dog and Pinocchio raised such a dust as they ran that in a few moments nothing could be seen of either.

THE STRANGE FISHERMAN

In that desperate race that followed there was a terrible moment in which Pinocchio believed himself lost, for Alidoro ran so fast that he nearly caught up with the puppet, who could hear the heavy panting of the ugly beast, and could even feel the dog's warm breath. But as good fortune would have it, the beach was near, and he saw the the sea but a few yards away. As soon as he reached the water's edge the marionette gave a great leap like a frog and plunged into the surf. Alidoro tried to stop, but

carried away by the impetus of his speed he too rushed into the water. The wretched dog did not know how to swim, but he began to make frantic gestures with his paws in order to save himself, but the more he struggled the deeper his head went under the water. When at last he rose to the surface again for a moment his eyes were full of tears and he barked piteously, "Save me! I am drowning."

"Drown!" shouted Pinocchio from a distance, seeing that he was out of danger now.

"Help me, Pinocchio! Save me!"

At that pitiful cry the marionette, who really had a kind heart, was moved with compassion, and starting toward the dog he said, "But if I save you, will you promise that you will not run after me or bother me any more?"

"I promise, but be quick, or I shall drown in a moment more."

Pinocchio hesitated a second longer. Then remembering that his father had told him a good action is never forgotten he swam toward Alidoro, and taking him by the tail, pulled him out and landed him safe and

sound on the sand. The poor dog could not stand on his feet. He had been forced to swallow so much salt water that he was puffed up like a balloon. But not trusting him entirely the marionette thought it best to jump into the sea again and as he swam away he cried: "Goodby, Alidoro, remember me to your friends the gendarmes!"

"Goodby, Pinocchio," barked the dog. "A thousand thanks for having saved my life. You have done me a great service, and I shall never forget you. I hope I shall be able to repay you some day."

Pinocchio swam on, keeping always near the shore, until finally he thought he had reached a safe place to land. Looking along the shore he saw among the reefs a sort of cave from which rose a cloud of smoke.

"In that cave," he said to himself "there must be a fire. So much the better. I will go and dry myself. Then we will see what happens next."

Having made this decision he started toward the cave, but just as he was about to land he felt something in the water entangle him and draw him along. He tried to escape,

but it was too late, and he found himself in a great net filled with fishes of every kind, flapping and struggling. At the same time he saw coming from the cave a fisherman so ugly that he seemed to be some kind of sea monster. Instead of hair his head was covered with a thick mat of green seaweed; his skin was green; his eyes were green and his long beard too. He looked like a big lizard standing on its hind legs. When the strange fisherman had pulled in the net he gave a great cry of satisfaction: "Thank fortune! Today I shall have a splendid feast of fish."

"It is a good thing I am not a fish," Pinocchio said to himself, regaining his courage.

The monster carried the net into the cave, which was dark and smoky. In the center was a fire, and over it sizzled a frying pan full of oil.

"Now let us see what kind of fish I have caught today" said the green fisherman, and reaching out a hand as big as a shovel he drew out a number of mullets.

"These are beautiful mullets," he said looking at them with satisfaction and after examining them carefully he threw them

into a washtub. He repeated this operation many times, filling many tubs with other fish, his mouth watering all the time so that he could hardly wait until the fish were cooked.

"What good whitefish! What exquisite bass! What delicious soles! What choice crabs! What dear little anchovies!"

The last to be taken from the net was Pinocchio. As the fisherman drew him out he opened his big green eyes in amazement, and exclaimed: "What kind of a fish is this? I don't remember ever seeing one like it before!" and he looked him all over again and then said, "Oh, I know! He must be a crawfish."

Mortified at being called a crawfish Pinocchio cried out indignantly; "I am not a crawfish! Look at me. I am a marionette."

"A marionette!" repeated the fisherman, "Well, well! A marionette is a new kind of fish to me. All the better. I shall eat you with greater relish."

"Eat me? But you do not understand! I am not a fish. Don't you see that I reason and talk as you do?"

The Last to Be Taken from the Net Was Pinocchio

"That is true," replied the fisherman, "But as I see that you live in the water, and so must be a fish, and as you know how to reason and talk, I will let you choose the way you will be cooked. Should you like to be boiled, or fried, or stewed in a pan with tomato sauce?"

"To tell the truth," answered Pinocchio, "If I can choose, I should prefer to be set free and go home."

"You are joking. Do you think I would lose the chance of eating so rare a fish? Leave it to me. I will fry you with the others. Being fried with companions is always a consolation."

At this the unhappy Pinocchio began to cry—and exclaimed, "How much better would it have been if I had gone to school! I listened to the bad advice of my school friends, and now I am paying for it. Ih! Ih! Ih!"

And he twisted and turned and wriggled like an eel, so that the fisherman took a piece of cord and bound his feet together as if he had been a chicken in a market, and threw him in with the others. Then he brought

out a box of flour, and having buttered the fish all over, dipped them into flour and tossed them into the frying pan. The first to be put in were the mullets, then the whitefish, then the soles, then the bass, then the crabs, then the anchovies, and finally it came Pinocchio's turn. The marionette, seeing himself so near his end, and such a horrible one too, trembled with fright, and had not breath left to say a word. The poor boy looked sadly at the fisherman, but the green monster, not caring in the least, buttered him from head to foot and dipped him five times in the flour, so that he looked like a plaster puppet. Then he took him by the neck and—

THE PRODIGAL RETURNS

Just as the fisherman was on the point of throwing Pinocchio into the frying pan a big dog entered the cave, attracted by the savory odor of the fried fish. "Go away!" shouted the fisherman threateningly, waving the marionette all covered with flour. But the poor dog, who was as hungry as a wolf whined and wagged his tail as if to say, "Give me a mouthful of fish and I will leave you in peace."

"Go away!" repeated the fisherman raising his foot to kick him. Then the dog, too hungry to be trifled with, showed his terrible teeth. At that moment there was heard in the cave a feeble little voice crying, "Save me, Alidoro! If you do not I shall be fried."

The dog recognized the voice of Pinocchio, and to his surprise found that it came from the floury bundle that the fisherman held in his hand. So what did he do but make a great leap, catch the white bundle, and holding it gently between his teeth run out of the cave like a shot. The fisherman, furious at losing his rare fish, tried to catch him, but found it impossible and had to content himself with those that were left. In the meantime, Alidoro, reaching the road that led back to the village, stopped and carefully placed Pinocchio on the ground.

"How can I thank you?" cried the marionette.

"It is not necessary," said the dog. "You have saved me, and now I have saved you. In this world, you know, we must all help one another."

"But how did you find the cave?"

"After you left me I was lying on the shore exhausted, when the wind brought me the odor of fried fish. That gave me an appetite, and I followed up the delicious smell. If I had been a minute later—"

"Don't speak of it!" cried Pinocchio, still trembling with fear, "Don't speak of it! If you had arrived a minute later, by this time I should have been fried, eaten, and digested. Brrrr! It makes me shudder just to think of it!"

Alidoro, laughing, held out his paw to Pinocchio, and after shaking hands like two good friends they separated, the dog going home, and Pinocchio walking on to a little cottage not far away. There he found an old man who was sitting in the doorway basking in the sun, and asked: "Tell me, do you know anything about a little boy called Eugene, who was hurt near here?"

"The boy was taken into town by some fishermen, and he is now—"

"Not dead?" interrupted Pinocchio, in great grief.

"No indeed. He is alive and has gone home."

"Not really?" cried the marionette dancing with joy. "Then the wound was not serious?"

"No, but it might easily have been fatal,

for he was struck in the head with a heavy book."

"And who threw it."

"One of his schoolmates, a certain Pinocchio."

"Who is this Pinocchio?"

"They say that he is a bad boy, a vagabond, and a regular good-for-nothing."

"That is not true."

"Do you know him then?"

"By sight," replied the puppet.

"What do you think of him?"

"He appears to me to be a good boy, anxious to go to school and study, and obedient and affectionate to his parents."

When the marionette told this story he touched his nose and found that it had grown much larger. Frightened by this he cried, "Good man, do not believe all that I have said. I know this Pinocchio very well, and I assure you that he is really a very bad boy, a vagabond and a scoundrel, and instead of going to school he runs off with bad companions." Hardly had he finished speaking when his nose returned to its natural size.

"And why are you covered with white?" asked the old man suddenly.

"I will tell you, if you must know, but it is a long story and I am in a hurry," replied the puppet who was ashamed to tell the real reason for his appearance. "Perhaps you could lend me some clothes to wear home."

"Well, my boy, you cannot go like that. I have only a little sack to offer but you are very welcome to it."

Without further ado Pinocchio made a little bundle of his own clothing, cut a hole in the bottom of the little sack and one at each side, and put it over his head like a shirt. With this light clothing he set off along the road home, saying to himself as he walked along, "How shall I present myself to my good Fairy? What will she say when she sees me? Will she forgive me a second time? On, no, she will not pardon me I am sure, because I have been a scamp and have not kept my promise."

When he reached town it was night, and very dark. Rain was falling in torrents and he went directly to the house of the Fairy, resolved to knock at the door. But when he

reached it his courage failed, and instead of knocking he ran on past for a few yards. He returned a second time to the door, but could not knock. Then he approached it a third time, and dared not rap. The fourth time he took hold of the knocker, and trembling as he did so, let it fall with only a gentle knock. He waited and waited. At last after a half hour a window opened on the top floor—there were four stories to the house—and Pinocchio saw a large Snail with a lighted candle balanced on the top of her head. She called to him: "Who is there at this hour?"

"Is the Fairy at Home?" he asked.

"The Fairy is sleeping and must not be awakened. But who are you?"

"It is I."

"Who is I?"

"Pinocchio."

"Who is Pinocchio?"

"The marionette who lives here with the Fairy."

"Oh, I see," said the Snail. "Wait there, and I will come down immediately."

"Hurry please, for I am perishing of cold."

"My boy, I am a Snail, and snails never hurry."

An hour passed, then two, and the door was not opened. Pinocchio, who was wet through and trembling with the cold knocked again, louder this time. At the second knock a window on the third floor opened, and the Snail looked out.

"Beautiful Snail," cried Pinocchio from the street, "I have waited two hours, and two hours in this weather seems like two years. Please hurry, won't you?"

"My boy," answered the Snail, calmly, "I am a Snail, and snails never hurry," and the window was shut down again.

Some time afterward it struck midnight, then one, then two, but still the door remained closed. Then Pinocchio, losing patience, seized the knocker in a rage, intending to strike with all his might, but the iron knocker suddenly became an eel, and slipping through his fingers, disappeared into a stream of water that ran down the middle of the road.

"Very well!" cried Pinocchio, more enraged than ever, "if the knocker disappears

He Tried to Pull It Out, but He Could Not

I will use my foot," and drawing back his foot he kicked the door so hard that his foot went through the wooden panel and stuck there. He tried to pull it out, but he could not. Just imagine how he felt! He was obliged to wait with one foot on the ground and the other in the door for the rest of the night. In the morning the door was opened. The good Snail had taken only nine hours in descending the stairs, and as might have been expected, was wet with perspiration from her exertions.

"What are you doing with your foot in the door?" she asked laughing.

"It was an accident. Kind Snail, do try and help me."

"My boy, you need a carpenter, and I have never learned that trade."

"Ask the Fairy to help me."

"The Fairy is asleep and cannot be disturbed."

"But what can I do all day with my foot fastened to the door?"

"Amuse yourself by counting the ants that pass by."

"Then bring me something to eat, won't you? I am very hungry."

"Immediately," said the Snail.

And after three hours Pinocchio saw her coming with a silver tray on her head. The tray contained some bread, a piece of chicken and four ripe apricots.

"Here is your breakfast, sent to you by the Fairy," she said.

At sight of such good food Pinocchio was consoled for his sufferings. But his eyes had deceived him, for when he took the bread he found that it was plaster, the chicken was made of cardboard, and the four apricots were only painted china. He wanted to cry, he wanted to scream, and in his despair he tried to throw away the silver tray, but he was so weak that he fainted from exhaustion. When he came to he found himself on a sofa, and his good Fairy was beside him.

"Yes, I will forgive you this time, but woe to you if you ever do it again," she said. Pinocchio promised that in the future he would be as good as gold, and he kept his promise all the rest of the year. Indeed at the examinations he took the highest honors

in the school, and the Fairy was so pleased that she said to him, "Tomorrow you shall have your wish."

"What—do you really mean—"

"Tomorrow you shall stop being a marionette and become a real boy."

One who never saw Pinocchio cannot imagine how happy he was at this announcement. All his friends and schoolmates were to be invited to a wonderful party at the Fairy's house the next day to celebrate the event, and for the occasion the Fairy had prepared two hundred cups of coffee and cream, and four hundred little sandwiches buttered inside and out. That day promised to be a great event in the life of Pinocchio, but—

Unfortunately in the life of a marionette there is always a BUT that spoils everything.

OFF FOR A NEW COUNTRY

Pinocchio asked the Fairy's permission to go round the town and invite his friends to the party, and she said "Go if you like, but remember to come back before dark. Do you understand?"

"I promise to be back in an hour," he replied.

"Take care, Pinocchio! Boys are always ready to make promises, but they do not always keep them so readily."

'I am not like other boys. And I certainly shall keep this promise."

"We shall see. If you disobey it will be the worse for you."

"Why?"

"Because boys who do not pay attention to the advice of their parents always meet with disaster."

"I have had that experience," said Pinocchio, "but I shall never make that mistake again."

"We shall see if you are telling the truth."

In a little more than an hour all but one of his friends were invited. Some accepted at once; others hesitated until they heard of the coffee and cream and the sandwiches buttered on both sides, and then they said, "Indeed we will come."

Now, among his companions was one that he liked best of all. His name was Romeo, but he was nicknamed Candlewick, because he was so thin and straight and pale, like the new wick on a candle that has never been burned. Candlewick was the laziest and most wilful boy in all the school, but Pinocchio was devoted to him, and now he hunted everywhere for him to invite him to the party, but he looked in vain. Where could he be? He hunted here and there and everywhere and finally found him under the porch of a farm house.

"What are you doing here?" asked Pinocchio.

"I am waiting for midnight so that I can start."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Far, far away."

"I have looked for you everywhere."

"What do you want with me?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"What is it?"

"Tomorrow I shall no longer be a marionette. I shall become a boy like you and the rest."

"Good luck to you!"

"But I want you to come to the party."

"I have told you that I am going away tonight."

"When?"

"Shortly."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to live in a new country—the most beautiful place in the world. It is a real paradise."

"What is it called?"

"They call it the Country of Nothing-But-Play." Won't you come too?"

"I? No, indeed."

"You are wrong, Pinocchio. Believe me, if you don't come you will be sorry. Where could you find a better place for boys? There are no schools; there are no teachers; there are no school books. In that delightful country they never study. On Saturdays you have no school here, and there every day is Saturday except one, and that is Sunday. Just think, the vacation begins the first day of January and ends the last day of December! That is the country for me. That is what I think all civilized countries should be like."

"But how do you pass the days in the Country of Nothing-But-Play?"

"Why, you play from morning till night. At night you go to bed, and next morning it is the same thing all over again. How would you like that?"

"Uhm!" said Pinocchio and he nodded his head as if to say "That country would please me very well."

"Then you will go with me? Yes or no?"

"No, no, no! I have promised my kind Fairy to become a good boy and I mean to

keep my word. The sun is going down and I must hurry. Goodby and a pleasant journey."

"Don't rush away so soon? What is your hurry?"

"I told the good Fairy I would be home before dark."

"Wait two minutes."

"No—I will be late."

"Only two minutes."

"The Fairy will scold me."

"Let her scold. When she is tired of scolding she will stop," said the little rascal, Candlewick.

"And what are you going to do? Are you going alone or with friends?"

"Alone? Why, there will be a hundred boys!"

"Are you going on foot?"

"Oh no! A coach will soon come to take me there."

"How I would like to see the coach pass by now!"

"Why?"

"I should like to see you all start."

"If you will wait here a little while you will see us."

"No no! I must go home."

"Oh, wait another two minutes."

"No, I have waited too long now. The Fairy will worry about me."

"Poor Fairy! Does she think you will be eaten by bats?"

"Tell me," urged Pinocchio, "are you sure that there are no schools in that country?"

"Not even the shadow of one."

"And no school masters?"

"Not one."

"And no one is ever made to study?"

"Never, never, never!"

"What a beautiful country," said Pinocchio enviously, "I have never been there but I can imagine all about it."

"Why don't you come along?"

"It is useless to tempt me. I have promised to be a good boy, and I mean to keep my word."

"Well then, goodby! Remember me to all the scholars."

"Goodby, Candlewick. A pleasant journey to you, and I hope you will meet some nice

new friends, but do not forget us."

Having said this the marionette took two steps toward home, then he stopped and asked, "But are you sure there are six Saturdays and only one Sunday in every week?"

"I am positive."

"What a beautiful country! And do you know for certain that vacation begins on the first of January and ends the last day of December?"

"I am positive."

"What a beautiful country!" Pinocchio repeated, enchanted. Then he made another start and said, "Well, goodby for sure this time, and I wish you a safe journey."

"Goodby."

"How soon do you start?"

"Very soon now."

"Oh well, if it's only a few moments now, I think I will wait and see you go."

"And the Fairy?"

"I am late now anyhow, and an hour more will not make much difference."

"Poor Pinocchio! And what if the Fairy should scold?"

"Well let her scold. When she is tired of scolding she will stop."

In the meantime it had become quite dark. Suddenly as they talked they saw moving along the road in the distance, a faint little light, and heard the tooting of little trumpets so fine and small that they sounded like the buzzing of a mosquito.

"Here they are!" shouted Candlewick jumping up.

"What is it?" asked Pinocchio in a low voice.

"It is the coach coming for me? Now will you go? Yes or no?"

"But are you sure," asked the marionette, "that in that country the boys are never obliged to study?"

"Never, never, never!"

"What a delightful country it must be!"

THE TALKING DONKEY

At last the coach arrived, and without making the least noise, for the wheels were wound with tow and rags. It was drawn by twelve pairs of little donkeys all of the same size but of different colors. Some were gray, some were brown, others were speckled like pepper and salt, and others were striped with bands of yellow and blue. But the most singular thing about them was that these twenty-four donkeys, instead of having shoes made of iron, wore on their feet white kid boots made like a man's.

And the coachman? Picture to yourself a man very fat and round, like a big ball of butter, with an oily smile, a face like an apple, and a thin caressing voice like that of a cat trying to win her way into the good graces of her mistress. As soon as they saw him, all the boys were tempted to jump into his coach and start away for that place—never found on the ordinary geography class maps—the Country of Nothing-But-Play.

Now, the coach was filled with boys between eight and ten years of age, packed in like herrings in a barrel. They were huddled together so closely that they could hardly breathe. But no one said "Oh!" No one grumbled. The consolation of knowing that in a few hours they would reach a country where there were no books, no schools, no schoolmasters, made them happy and resigned to anything, so that they did not feel hungry, or thirsty or uncomfortable.

As soon as the coach stopped the fat driver turned to Candlewick, and with a thousand smirks and grimaces said to him, "Tell me, my fine lad, do you want to come with us to the finest country in the world?"

"Indeed I do."

"But you can see for yourself that there is no place inside. It is full."

"Never mind," replied Candlewick, "if there is no place inside, I will sit on top of the coach," and he jumped up and sat beside the driver.

"And what about your friend?" said the driver, turning toward Pinocchio with flattering politeness. "What will he do? Are you coming with us too?"

"I remain here," replied Pinocchio. "I am going to return home. I prefer to study and be a good boy."

"What good will that do you?"

"Listen to me, Pinocchio," said Candlewick, "come with us and we shall have such fun!"

"No, no, no!"

"Come with us and we shall have such fun!" cried four voices from inside the coach.

"Come with us, and we shall have such fun!" came a chorus of voices.

"And if I go with you, what will the good

Fairy say?" asked Pinocchio who was beginning to yield.

"Never mind about that. Think of the beautiful country we are going to, where we shall be our own masters and make a glorious noise all day long."

Pinocchio did not reply, but he sighed, then he sighed again, and then a third time, and finally he said, "Make room for me. I am going with you."

"All the places are full," replied the driver, "but if you wish, you may take my place."

"What will you do then?"

"I will walk."

"No indeed, I cannot allow that. I prefer to ride on one of the donkeys," said the puppet. Approaching the nearest donkey he tried to mount it, but the creature suddenly raised its hind feet, and threw Pinocchio off. Just imagine the impertinent laughter of all those boys as they saw this!

Pinocchio, in a fury, made another jump to the donkey's back, and the leap was so agile that the boys began to laugh and shout "Hurrah for Pinocchio!" and clap their hands

in glee. When they were ready to start the donkey again raised his hind feet and gave such a powerful kick that the marionette was thrown over on top of a heap of stones in the middle of the road. The boys roared with laughter, but the driver, instead of joining in the laugh, went over to the donkey, and seemed to be whispering something in his ear, but in reality he gave it a sharp nip with his teeth. Then he said to Pinocchio: "Mount him again, and don't be afraid. That donkey had a silly notion in his head, but I have spoken to him about it, and he will be more reasonable, now, I am sure."

So Pinocchio mounted and the coach started. As the donkeys galloped along, and the coach rattled along over the stony road the marionette fancied he heard a strange voice saying, "Poor simpleton! You insisted on having your own way, and you will be sorry."

Pinocchio, half frightened, looked from one side of the road to the other to see where the words came from, but he saw no one. The donkeys galloped, the coach rolled along,

the boys inside slept, Candlewick snored like a Dormouse, and the driver sang between his teeth:

"All the night they sleep,
But I never."

They made another mile. Again Pinocchio heard the voice. This time it said, "Bear in mind, simpleton, that boys who refuse to study, throw away their books and do nothing but play and amuse themselves will sooner or later come to a bad end. I know it for I have tried it, but I cannot say any more. Someday you will cry as I do now, but then it will be too late."

At these whispered words the marionette was more frightened than ever. Jumping to the ground he put his ear to the donkey's nose. Imagine his surprise when he saw that the donkey was crying just like a little boy!

"Mr. Coachman," cried Pinocchio, "do you know that this donkey can cry, and just like a boy at that?"

"Let him cry. He will laugh when he has some hay."

"But who taught him to talk?"

"He learned to say a few words when he lived for awhile in The Country of the Talking Animals."

"Poor beast!"

"Come, Come! Don't waste your time pitying a crying donkey. Jump on his back and let us be going."

Pinocchio obeyed in silence. The coach moved on, and as the sun came up they arrived in the Country of Nothing-But-Play. It was a country unlike any other in the world. The population was composed entirely of boys. The oldest was fourteen and the youngest scarcely eight. In the streets there was so much noise, shouting and blowing of trumpets that it was almost deafening. Everywhere groups of boys played at marbles, at shinny, at ball; some rode on velocipedes and wooden horses; some played hide and seek; others played tag, some sang, others jumped over benches; some walked on their hands with their feet in the air; others tried to kick over their heads; others were trundling hoops, or strutting about dressed as generals wearing paper helmets and commanding cardboard soldiers; some were

laughing, some calling, some were whistling, and some made a noise like a hen that had just laid an egg. In fact there was such pandemonium that you would have to put cotton in your ears not to be deafened.

In every open square canvas theaters had been put up, and they were crowded with boys from morning till night. On the walls of the houses there were sentences written in chalk or charcoal: "Long live playthings!" "We will have no more schools," "Down with arithmetic!" and similar fine sentiments, all very badly misspelled.

As soon as Pinocchio, Candlewick and all the other newcomers to this country had arrived, they joined the others and soon had made friends with everyone. So with games and amusements, the hours, the days, and the weeks passed like lightning. Who could have been happier than they?

"Oh what a delightful life this is!" cried Pinocchio, every time he met Candlewick.

"See! Wasn't I right?" asked his friend, "You did not want to come. Just think! You wanted to return to the Fairy's house and study! That you are free from all the annoy-

ances of school and its troubles today, you may thank me. True friends are the only ones who know how to render service to one another."

"It is true, Candlewick. If today I am a free and happy boy, I owe it all to you. Yet the schoolmaster used to say to me, 'Do not associate with Candlewick, because he is a bad companion for you! and will only get you into trouble'."

"Poor master!" replied the other shaking his head, "I knew he disliked me, and spoke unkindly of me, but I will forgive him."

This happy life went on for five months. They never saw a book, they never studied a minute. They played from morning till night without a serious thought. But one morning when Pinocchio awoke he was surprised to find that something very disagreeable had happened, and the surprise and shock of it put him in a very bad humor.

DONKEY FEVER

What was the surprise? It was this, my dear little readers: When Pinocchio awoke that morning, and happened to scratch his head, he discovered—oh, just guess what he discovered! You know that the marionette had very small ears, so small that you could scarcely see them. Fancy then, how surprised he was, when he put his hand to his head, to find that during the night his ears had grown until they seemed a foot long. Hastily he went in search of a mirror, but not finding any, he poured some water into

a wash basin and there he saw reflected something that he certainly did not expect to see—two long magnificent donkey ears!

Imagine the grief, the same, the despair of Pinocchio. He cried and screamed and beat his head against the wall, but the more he cried the more his ears grew and grew and grew, and hair began to appear on their tips.

At the sound of his heart-rending cries a Dormouse, who lived on the same floor, hurried into the room. Seeing the marionette in such anguish she asked eagerly, "What is the matter with you, my dear little fellow lodger?"

"I am sick, Mrs. Dormouse, very sick, and in a way that frightens me. Do you understand counting the pulse beats?"

"A little."

"Then see if I have a fever."

The Dormouse took Pinocchio's wrist in her paws, and after a moment said, "My friend, it grieves me, but I have bad news for you."

"What is it?"

"You have a bad fever."

"What kind?"

"The donkey fever."

"I don't know anything about that disease," replied Pinocchio, who really knew only too well.

"Then I will explain it to you. In two or three hours you will be a donkey, a real donkey, like those that pulled the coach that brought you here."

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" wailed Pinocchio, pulling his ears wildly, so that it must have been painful to him.

"My dear," said the Dormouse, "what can you do? You surely realize that it is a written law that those boys who do not want to study, who hate schools and schoolmasters, and who spend all their time enjoying themselves, always end by becoming little donkeys."

"Is that really true?"

"Of course it is. And now it is of no use to cry. You should have thought of it sooner."

"But it was not my fault. Believe me, the blame all rests on Candlewick."

"And who is Candlewick?"

"A friend of mine. I wanted to go back to school, I wanted to study and to be an honor to the good Fairy, but Candlewick said to me, 'In the Country of Nothing-But-Play no one studies, and we can play from morning till night.' "

"Why did you follow the advice of a bad companion?"

"Why? Because, Mrs. Dormouse, I am a foolish heartless marionette. Oh, if I had only had a good heart I should never have left my good Fairy, who loved me like a Mother, and did so much for me. And by this time I should have been a little boy like all the rest instead of a marionette. Oh, if I had not met Candlewick!"

He turned to the door. But when he reached it he remembered his donkey ears and being ashamed to be seen in public what do you think he did? He made a dunce cap, and putting it on his head, pulled it down over his ears. Then he set out to look for Candlewick, but for a long time he could not find him, though he sought in the streets, in the theaters, everywhere, and asked about

him of everyone he met. At last he went to his friend's house, and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" called Candlewick from within.

"It is I—Pinocchio."

"Wait a moment and I will open the door."

After half an hour the door opened, and Pinocchio saw that his friend was wearing a dunce cap too, drawn down over his ears. At the sight of that cap Pinocchio felt somewhat consoled, for he thought to himself: "He has the same trouble, and is suffering from donkey fever too."

But pretending not to see anything he asked gayly, "How are you, my dear Candlewick?"

"As happy as a mouse in a piece of cheese."

"Are you answering that seriously?"

"Why should I tell a story?"

"Excuse my asking, but why do you wear that cap?"

"The doctor ordered it because I had hurt my knee. And you, Pinocchio, why do you wear that big cap?"

"The doctor ordered it because I had stubbed my toe."

Pinocchio and Candlewick in Dunce Caps

"Oh, poor Pinocchio!"

"Oh, poor Candlewick!"

After this there was a long silence, during which the two friends looked at each other steadily. At last the puppet said in a low voice, "Raise your cap just a little, will you?"

"Never! And you?"

"Never! You see I have an ear that is very painful."

"So have I."

"You too? And which ear hurts?"

"Both. And you?"

"Both. Can we both have the same malady?"

"I fear so."

"Will you do me a favor, Candlewick?"

"With all my heart."

"Let me see your ears."

"Why not? But first let me see yours."

"No, you ought to do it first."

"No. After you, always."

"Very well then," said the marionette, "let us make a bargain."

"All right. What is it?"

"Let us both take off our caps at the same moment."

"All right. I agree."

"Ready then." And Pinocchio began to count, "One! Two! Three!"

At the word "three" the boys took off their caps and threw them into the air. And then, realizing that they were both smitten with the same misfortune, suddenly they began to laugh and laugh, and they laughed until they were weak from laughing. Then all at once Candlewick stopped, staggered, and changing color, said to his friend; "Help! Help me, Pinocchio!"

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, dear me! I cannot stand up any longer!"

"Neither can I!" cried Pinocchio, and even as they were speaking, they fell on their hands and knees, and began to run around the room on all fours. And as they ran their arms became legs, their faces lengthened, and their bodies became covered with hair and their hands turned into hoofs. But the moment that was the worst for each of those wretched boys was when he felt a tail swishing behind him. Overcome by shame and grief, they tried to talk. Instead of sobs and cries, they could only bray like donkeys and say, "Hee-haw."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and they heard a voice outside saying: "Open the door! I am the driver of the coach that brought you here. Open the door at once or it will be the worse for you!"

THE DANCING DONKEY

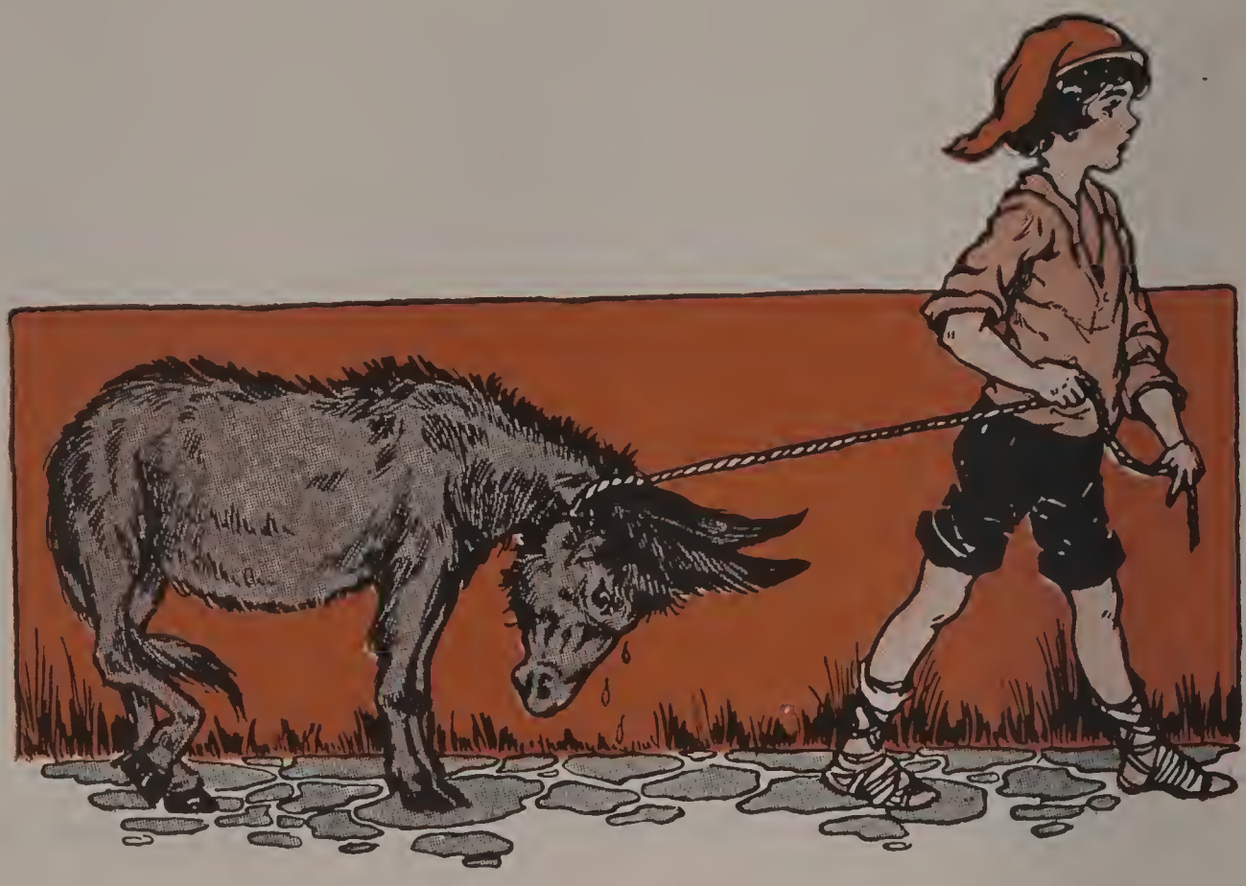
Finding that the door remained shut the driver burst it in with a violent kick, and entering the room, said in his usual oily way: "Good boys! You bray very well. I recognized your voices and here I am to take you away."

At these words the two little donkeys grew silent. They hung their heads, drooped their ears, and put their tails between their legs. Then the driver patted them and smoothed their hair, after which he produced two leather straps and bridled them both. When he had curried them till they shone like two looking-glasses he led them to the market-place in the hope of selling them at a good

profit. Purchasers soon made their appearance. Candlewick was sold to a farmer whose donkey had died from overwork the day before, and Pinocchio was bought by the director of a company of clowns and circus performers, to be taught to do tricks and capers.

And now, my little readers, do you understand what trade the coachman followed? That wicked creature, who had a face as sweet as milk and honey, made frequent journeys around the world with his coach, and by fine promises gathered to him all the naughty boys that were tired of school and study. As soon as he had filled his coach he took them to the Country of Nothing-But-Play, where they could pass all their time in playing and having fun. When these poor foolish boys had played for a certain length of time without any study between times, they became donkeys, which he led away, and sold in the town, and in this way he had become very rich, with heaps and heaps of money.

How Candlewick fared, is not known. We do know, however, that Pinocchio led a very



Pinocchio Is Led Out to Be Sold

hard life from the first. When he was put in a stall his new master threw some straw into the manger, but Pinocchio after he had tried a mouthful, spit it out. Then his master, grumbling, gave him some hay, but that did not please him any better.

"Oh, so you do not like hay?" cried the man in rage. "Well I will teach you to like it," and taking a whip he gave the donkey a crack on the legs.

Pinocchio gave a long bray of pain, "Hee-haw" as if to say, "I cannot eat straw."

"Then eat hay," replied his master, who

understood donkey dialect very well.

"Hee-haw! Hay gives me a stomach ache."

"Do you mean that a donkey like you thinks he should be fed on breast of jellied chicken?" asked the master, and gave him another lash of the whip.

At the second stroke Pinocchio prudently kept quiet and said nothing. Meanwhile the stable was closed, and Pinocchio was left alone. He had not eaten anything for hours and he was very hungry. He opened his mouth and was surprised to find it so large. At last, finding nothing in the place but hay he took a little and after chewing it well he closed his eyes and swallowed. Then he said to himself: "This hay is not so bad after all. But how much better off I should have been if I had not run away! Now I should be eating bread and sausage instead of this dry stuff. Oh my! Oh my!"

When he awoke the next morning he searched his manger but he had eaten all the hay, so he took a mouthful of straw and tried that. It did not taste as good as Milanese rice or Neapolitan macaroni, but he managed to eat it.

"Oh dear!" he mused as he chewed it, "oh dear, if only I could warn other boys of my experience, how happy I would be. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"Oh dear!" repeated his master, entering the stable at that moment. "Do you think, donkey, that I have bought you just to watch you eat and drink? Oh no! I bought you to earn money for me. Come on, and I will teach you how to jump through hoops, and bow to the people, to dance the waltz and the polka and to stand on your hind legs."

Poor Pinocchio! He had a hard struggle. It took him three months to learn these things and he received many a blow from his teacher during the lessons. But the day finally came when the master could announce to the public a most extraordinary spectacle. Posters of all colors were pasted up on street corners everywhere, bearing the following interesting announcement:

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT
WILL TAKE PLACE TONIGHT

There will be the usual wonderful feats of jumping and most surprising performances

Executed by all of the artists and by
all the horses in this remarkable company
and in addition
There will be presented for the first time the
Famous Little Donkey
PINOCCHIO
called
THE DANCING STAR
THE THEATRE WILL BE AS BRIGHT
AS DAY

That night as you can easily imagine, there was not a seat to be had in the house and all the standing room was taken an hour before the show began. The whole theater swarmed with little children, of all ages, who were eager to see the famous donkey, Pinocchio, dance. When the first part of the entertainment was over, the director of the company, in a black evening coat with white trousers and high shiny black boots, presented himself to the public and after making a profound bow, shouted:

"Respected public, ladies and gentlemen—The humble manager of this performance, passing through this great metropolis, desires me to say that it is his wish to have the

honor, not to say the pleasure, of presenting to this intelligent and distinguished audience a celebrated donkey that has already had the honor of dancing before His Majesty the Emperor and all the principal courts of Europe."

This discourse was received with much laughter and applause, but the cheers redoubled and became a sort of hurricane as Pinocchio appeared in the ring. He was decked out for the occasion. He had a new bridle of shining leather with buckles of polished brass, two white roses were stuck behind his ears, his mane was divided and curled and the curls tied with red ribbon. A wide band of gold and silver was tied around his body, and his tail was braided with velvet ribbons of all colors. In fact he was the most gorgeous donkey ever seen. The director presented him to the public with these words:

"My respected auditors—I will not take up much of your time, but I wish to tell you some of the great difficulties I encountered and overcame in taming and teaching this animal which I found grazing among the

mountains on the plains of the tropics. Observe, I pray you, how savagely his eyes roll. It seemed almost impossible to train him to behave like other domestic animals, and I had to use the whip as an argument, but all my advances were received with scorn, and he grew daily more savage. However, I had noticed on his head a peculiar little bump, hard to see, but easily felt. According to the medical faculty of Paris this indicates a talent for dancing, and I therefore began to teach him the art of using his feet. And now you may judge for yourselves how well I have succeeded with my task."

Here the director made another profound bow and turning to Pinocchio said, "Before going through your exercises salute this respected and intelligent audience."

Pinocchio obeyed, falling on his knees, and remaining there until the master cracked his whip and cried "Walk!" Then the donkey stood up on his four feet and began to walk around in a circle.

"Now trot!" And Pinocchio began to trot.

"Gallop!" And Pinocchio galloped.

"Full speed!" And Pinocchio ran as hard as he could. While he was running the director raising a pistol, fired twice. At the sound the donkey pretending to be hit, fell flat on the floor and lay there motionless. Rising to an outburst of applause which could be heard for miles, Pinocchio lifted his head and looked at the audience. In one of the boxes he saw a beautiful lady wearing around her neck a heavy gold chain from which hung a medallion, and on the medallion was engraved the portrait of a puppet.

"That is my picture! That lady is my Fairy" said Pinocchio to himself, recognizing her instantly. He tried to cry out "Oh my Fairy! Oh, my Fairy!" but instead of these words there burst from his throat such a braying that everyone laughed, especially the boys. Then the director, in order to teach him better manners than to bray at an audience, gave him a blow on the nose with the handle of his whip. The poor donkey licked his nose at least a dozen times, hoping to ease his pain, but what was his despair, when, turning a second time toward the Fairy, he found that she had disappeared.

He thought he should die. His eyes filled with tears, and he began to cry. No one noticed it, however, not even the master, who cracked his whip and shouted: "Now show the people how well you can dance."

Pinocchio tried two or three times, but every time his feet slipped from under him. Finally with a great effort he danced, a few steps, but his hind feet slipped so badly that he fell to the floor in a heap. When at last he managed to get up he was so lame that he could hardly walk and had to be taken to his stall at once.

"Bring out Pinocchio! We want the donkey! Bring him out!" cried the boys in the theater, unhappy over the accident. But the donkey was seen no more that night. The next morning the veterinary, that is the doctor of animals, paid him a visit and when he had examined the poor donkey declared that he would be lame for life. At that the director said to the stable boy, "What do we want of a lame donkey? He would only eat food without earning it. Take him to the market place and sell him for the best you can get."

When they reached the square they soon

found a buyer anxious to learn the price asked.

"Four dollars," replied the stable boy.

"I will give you twenty-five cents for him. Do you suppose I am buying him to do hauling? Oh no. I want to skin him. I see that his skin is hard—it will be just the thing for a drum or a tambourine for our band."

Just imagine how poor Pinocchio felt when he heard that he was only worth twenty-five cents! And he was to be made into a drum head and beaten all the time!

As soon as the buyer had paid for him he led the donkey to the top of a cliff along the seashore, and tying a heavy stone around his neck and binding his feet together with cords, he pushed the poor creature over the edge. The donkey, weighed down by the stone, sank to the bottom at once, and the buyer who held one end of the rope tightly in his hand, sat down on the rocks and waited patiently until the little donkey would drown, intending then to skin him.

PINOCCHIO PLAYS JONAH

After the donkey had been under water about an hour the purchaser said to himself, "Now my poor little lame donkey must be drowned by this time. I will pull him up and skin him and set to work on my drum." And he began to pull on the rope that he had tied to the donkey's leg. He pulled and pulled and pulled, and what do you think he saw emerge from the water? Instead of a dead donkey he saw a live puppett, kicking and struggling, twisting and wriggling like an eel. Seeing the marionette the man thought he was dreaming, and he stood there amazed, with his mouth open and his eyes nearly popping out of his head. When at last he found words, he said,

"Where is the little donkey that I threw overboard?"

Pinocchio Is Pulled Up Again

"I am that little donkey," replied Pinocchio laughing.

"You?"

"I."

"Oh, you little scamp! Do you think that you can make fun of me like that?"

"Make fun of you? On the contrary, I am entirely serious."

"But how is it that a little while ago you were a donkey, and now, after you have been in the water for an hour, you are a wooden marionette?"

"Oh, that is the effect of sea water. The sea never tells its secrets, but this is one of its little tricks."

"Take care, puppet, take care! Don't think you can pull the wool over my eyes that way. Woe to you if I lose all patience!"

"Very well. Do you want to know the true story? Untie my legs and I will tell you."

The buyer, curious to hear the real story, untied the knots that bound the marionette, and Pinocchio, finding himself as free as a bird in air said; "Well then, I was once a wooden puppet, just as I am now, and on the turn of becoming a boy, just like the others. But I listened to the advice of a bad companion, and one morning I awoke and found myself turned into a donkey with big ears and a long tail. How ashamed I felt when I saw that tail. Then I was led to a market place where a man bought me and taught me to do tricks and dance. One night when I was performing, I fell and sprained my leg so badly that I could hardly stand on it. Then my master, who did not want a lame donkey, sold me to you."

"Only too true! I paid twenty-five cents for you. And now who will give my money back to me?"

"Yes, and why did you buy me? You planned to beat me by stretching my skin over a drum!"

"Very true, but where shall I find another skin?"

"That is not for me to say."

"Does your story end here?"

"No," replied the marionette, "a few more words and then I shall be done. After you bought me you led me here to kill me, but then, being a kind man, you decided to drown me. This attention on your part was most honorable, and I shall always remember your goodness. You would certainly have succeeded in drowning me too, if it had not been for the good Fairy."

"Who is this Fairy?"

"She is my mother, who like all the other mothers in the world loves her child and never forgets him, and always helps him no matter how bad he is. She loved me and tried to make me a good and studious boy. As soon as the good Fairy saw I was in danger of drowning she sent a school of fishes, which, believing I really was a dead donkey, began to eat me. And what mouthfuls they took! Some ate my ears, some ate my legs and mane, some my back, and there was one big fish that ate my tail at one bite. When the fish had eaten everything they came at last to the bones—or rather they came to the wood. Finding that too hard for their teeth,

they went away without even looking back to say goodby."

"I do not believe your silly story," said the man in a rage. "I know I have spent twenty-five cents and I want my money back. Do you know what I am going to do? I shall take you back to the market place and sell you for a piece of kindling wood."

"All right!" said Pinocchio, but as he said it he jumped into the water and swimming lightly away from the shore, called to the angry man, "Goodby, dear sir! if you ever want a drumhead don't forget me!" And he laughed and kept on swimming. Then after a while he turned again and shouted 'Goodby, dear sir! If you want a piece of kindling wood, don't forget me."

Then almost in the twinkling of an eye he was so far away that he could hardly be seen. There was only a little black speck on the water, splashing around like a jolly dolphin. Meanwhile, as Pinocchio swam, he saw not far away a rocky island that seemed to be made of white marble. On the top of it stood a beautiful little goat that bleated and made signs to him to swim nearer. The most sing-

ular thing about this goat was the color of its wool. It was not white, or black, or any color that goats usually have, but blue, just like the hair of the beautiful Fairy. Imagine how the heart of Pinocchio began to pound.

He redoubled his efforts to reach the rock, and when he was halfway there he saw rising from the water the horrible head of a sea monster with mouth opened wide like a gulf and three rows of enormous teeth that would frighten you, even to see them painted in a picture book. Can you guess who that monster was? It was none other than the huge dogfish mentioned several times in this story, and which, on account of its blood-thirsty nature was called The Terror of Fishes and Fishermen.

Imagine the terror of poor Pinocchio at sight of the monster. He tried to avoid him, to change his direction. He tried to escape, but that immense open mouth kept coming toward him with the speed of an arrow.

"Hurry, Pinocchio!" called the goat, bleating loudly. And Pinocchio swam desperately with his arms, legs, chest and feet.

"Hurry, Pinocchio, the monster is almost

on you!" and Pinocchio, gathering his forces, redoubled his strokes.

"Look out! Look out! He is gaining! Hurry! Oh, hurry, or you are lost!" Pinocchio swam faster than ever, and away they raced as fast as cannon balls. As they neared the rock the goat held out its two front paws to help Pinocchio out of the water. But—It was too late! The monster had overtaken him. Drawing in its breath it sucked in Pinocchio, just as it would have sucked an egg, and swallowed him with such violence that the marionette fell into the monster's stomach with such force that he was stunned for a quarter of an hour. When he came to himself after being swallowed he could not realize where he was. All around him was darkness so intense that he thought he had fallen head first into an ink bottle. He listened, but could hear nothing. From time to time he felt a great gust of wind striking his face. At first he could not understand where it came from, but later he discovered it was from the lungs of the monster; for you must know, little readers, that the dog-fish suffered greatly from asthma, and when

he breathed it seemed like the North Wind blowing.

At first Pinocchio tried to be brave, but when he had hunted and hunted for a way out and found he was fast in the body of the great fish he began to cry and scream: "Help! Help! Oh, dear me! Is there no one to save me?"

"Who wants to be saved?" asked a voice that sounded in the darkness like a guitar out of tune.

"Who is that speaking?" asked Pinocchio, nearly frozen with fear.

"It is I. I am a poor Tunny fish who was swallowed at the same time you were. What kind of a fish are you?"

"I am no fish. I am a marionette."

"Then why, if you are not a fish, did you let yourself be swallowed by the monster?"

"I couldn't help it. And now what shall we do in this dark place?"

"We must resign ourselves to our fate and wait until we are digested."

"But I do not want to be digested," said Pinocchio, beginning to cry again.

"Neither do I," replied the Tunny, "but I am philosopher enough to console myself with the thought that it is more dignified, if one is a Tunny fish, to die under water than to be soaked in vinegar."

"Nonsense!" cried Pinocchio.

"It is my opinion," replied the Tunny, "and the opinions of fishes should be respected."

"As for me," Pinocchio went on, "I want to get away from here. I want to escape."

"Well, escape if you can."

"Is the Dogfish very large?" asked the marionette.

"Why, his body is a mile long without counting his tail."

As they were talking, Pinocchio thought he saw in the distance a little glimmer of light. "What can that be?" he asked.

"Probably some poor unfortunate like ourselves, waiting to be digested."

"Well, I am going to find out. It may be some old fish that can tell me the way out of here."

"I wish you luck, my poor marionette."

"Goodby, Tunny."

"Goodby, marionette, and good luck go with you!"

"When shall we meet again?"

"Who knows? It is better not to think of it."

A MEETING AND AN ESCAPE

As soon as Pinocchio had said goodby to his friend the Tunny, he began to grope his way in the darkness through the body of the fish, advancing toward the little light that shone so far away. The farther he walked the clearer and brighter became the light, until finally he reached the end of the passage. And what did he find? I will give you a thousand guesses. He found a little table all nicely set, and lighted by a candle stuck into a green bottle. Seated at the table, he saw a little old man with snow-white beard and hair, eating fish. At the sight of the old man Pinocchio was so overjoyed that he nearly lost his senses. He wanted to laugh; he wanted to cry. He did not know what to

do. He could only stammer a few confused sounds, for words would not come. Then with a cry of joy he ran to the old man, threw his arms around him, and shouted; "Oh, my dear father! I have found you at last! Now I will never, never, leave you again!"

"Do my eyes tell me the truth?" asked the old man rubbing them, "Do I really see my dear Pinocchio?"

"Yes, yes, I really am Pinocchio. And you have already forgiven me, haven't you, father? How good you are! And to think that I—Oh, but if you only knew how many things have happened to me since the day you sold your coat for my A B C book!" and hurriedly Pinocchio gave him a wild and jumbled account of his adventures from that moment up to the time when he had seen Geppetto far out at sea in a little boat.

"I recognized you," he said, "because my heart told me that you were there, and I made signs for you to come back to shore."

"I recognized you, too," said Geppetto, "and I wanted to go back, but how could I? The sea was so rough and my boat was so

frail. Then a horrible Dogfish came up near me, put out its tongue, and swallowed me as if I had been a pill."

"And how long have you been shut up here?" asked Pinocchio.

"It must be two years, Pinocchio, and it has seemed like two centuries."

"And how have you managed to live? And where did you find the candle and the matches to light it?"

"I will tell you. Luckily when the Dogfish swallowed me he swallowed my boat too and all my belongings."

"What? He swallowed all in one mouthful?" asked Pinocchio in surprise.

"All in one mouthful. As the boat was loaded with preserved meat, figs, biscuits, wine, raisins, coffee, sugar, candles, and matches, I was well supplied. Today, however, I am burning my last candle."

"And after that?"

"Why after that, my dear boy, we shall both be left in darkness."

"Then father," said Pinocchio, "there is no time to lose. We must hurry and plan to escape."

"How?"

"Why we must escape through the mouth of the Dogfish and throw ourselves into the sea."

"But I do not know how to swim."

"That does not matter. You can get on my back, and I will take you to shore."

"You are dreaming, my boy," said Geppetto, shaking his head.

"Try it and see. Anyhow we shall have the consolation of trying." And without further words, Pinnochio took the candle and started to walk toward the mouth of the Dogfish. "Come along, and do not be afraid, father" he said.

They walked along for some time down the whole length of the monster's stomach. When they reached the end of it they stopped to look about carefully to choose the best time and means of escape. Now, fortunately, the Dogfish, being very old and suffering from asthma, and palpitation of the heart, was obliged to sleep with his mouth open. Pinocchio, therefore, looking up through the great throat, saw the starry heavens and the light of the moon beyond

the huge jaws.

"This is the moment to escape," whispered Pinocchio to Geppetto; "the Dogfish is sleeping, the sea is calm, and it is as light as day. Come on, father. Follow me, and we shall soon be safe."

They mounted the throat of the sea monster, and reaching the immense mouth, began to walk on tiptoe along the tongue. Suddenly the Dogfish sneezed. The candle was blown out, and both Geppetto and Pinocchio were given a violent shake and found themselves back once more in the stomach of the Dogfish.

"Now we are really lost," cried Geppetto.

"Give me your hand, and be careful not to slip."

"Where are you leading me?"

"Come along, and don't be afraid," and with this Pinocchio took his father's hand, and again they mounted the throat of the monster on tiptoe. Passing along the tongue and between the three rows of teeth they found themselves out in the air at last.

"Now, get on my back," said Pinocchio, "and hold on tight. Leave the rest to me."

And as soon as Geppetto put his arms around Pinocchio's neck the brave marionette began to swim. The sea was as smooth as oil, the moon shone brightly, and the Dog-fish was sleeping so soundly that not even a cannon shot would have awakened him.

A BOY AT LAST

As Pinocchio was swimming as fast as he could toward the shore, he noticed that his father, who clung to his shoulders, shivered as if he had ague. Was he trembling from cold or fear? Perhaps a little of both. But Pinocchio, thinking that it was fear, said to him, in a comforting tone, "Courage, father! In a few moments we shall arrive on shore safe and sound."

"But where is the shore?" asked the old man, becoming more and more uneasy, and straining his eyes to see it, just as tailors do when they thread a needle. "Here we have been swimming all night, and still I see only sky and sea."

"But I see the shore," said the marionette. "Due to your skill in carving me I can see in the night as well as a cat."

Poor Pinocchio pretended to be in a very hopeful mood, but really he was beginning to lose heart. His strength was failing, and his breath growing shorter. He could not swim much longer and the shore was still very far off. He kept on until he had no more breath. Then he turned his head toward Geppetto, and said in broken tones; "Help me, father, help me—I am drowning!"

The father and his son were nearly drowned when they heard a voice, like a guitar out of tune, saying, "Who is going to drown?"

"It is I and my poor father."

"I recognize that voice. You are Pinocchio."

"Exactly, and who are you?"

"I am the Tunny, your companion in the stomach of the Dogfish."

"How did you escape?"

"I followed your example. You showed me the way, and after I saw you go, I followed."

"Oh, my friend, you have come just in time! I implore you, for the love you bear your little tunny fishes, to help us, or we are lost!"

"With all my heart! Take hold of my tail, and in a few minutes we shall reach land."

As you may easily imagine, Geppetto and Pinocchio accepted the invitation without any argument.

"Are we too heavy?" asked Pinocchio.

"Heavy? Why you are like two feathers. It seems to me that I have two small shells clinging to my tail."

When they reached the shore Pinocchio was the first to scramble out and he helped his father to do the same. Then he turned to the Tunny, and with a voice trembling with emotion said: "My friend, you have saved my father's life and mine, too. I do not know how to thank you. Let me kiss you as a sign of eternal friendship."

The Tunny put his nose out of the water and Pinocchio, kneeling on the sand, kissed the fish tenderly. At this sign of affection, the poor Tunny, who was not accustomed to such kindness, felt so moved by it that he

began to cry like a baby, and plunged into the water to hide his tears.

By this time the sun had risen. Pinocchio, offering his arm to his father who was almost exhausted, said, "Lean on my arm, dear father, and let us go on. We will walk as slowly as ants, and when we are tired we can rest by the roadside."

"And where shall we go?" asked Geppetto.

"In search of a house where we can get a bite to eat and some straw to lie down upon."

But they had not gone a hundred feet when they saw by the roadside two evil looking individuals begging. It was the fox and the cat, but one could hardly have recognized them. Just think! The cat had pretended to be blind so long that she really had become so; and the fox was old and mangy, half paralyzed, and had lost his tail.

"Oh Pinocchio," cried the fox, "give a little charity to two old people."

"Two old people," repeated the cat.

"Get away, you imposters," replied Pinocchio, "you deceived me once, and now you are paying for it. You'll not fool me again."

"Believe us, Pinocchio, today we are really poor and starving," said the fox. "Really," repeated the cat.

"If you are poor, you deserve it. Remember the proverb that says 'Stolen money will never bear fruit!' Goodby, deceivers!"

"Have compassion on us."

"On us," said the cat.

"Goodby. Remember the proverb that says, 'Stolen wheat always makes poor bread'."

"Do not abandon us," begged the fox.

"No, no!" cried the cat.

"Goodby. Remember the proverb, 'Whoever steals his neighbor's coat usually dies without a shirt'."

And Geppetto and Pinocchio went on their way. A few yards farther on they saw a little straw house with a tile roof. "That place must be lived in by someone," said Pinocchio, "Let us knock at the door."

"Who is there?" asked a small voice inside, when they had reached the house.

"We are a poor father and his son, and without bread or a home," replied the marionette.

"Turn the key and the door will open," said the same voice.

Pinocchio turned the key and the door opened, but though they entered the house and looked all around, they saw no one.

"Where is the master of the house?" asked Pinocchio, in surprise.

"Here I am, up here."

Geppetto and the puppet turned quickly and there on a rafter they saw the Talking Cricket.

"Oh, my dear cricket!" said Pinocchio, bowing politely to him.

"Oh, now you call me your dear cricket do you? But do you remember the time when you struck me with a hammer to drive me away from the house?"

"Oh you are right, Cricket, to scold me. Take a hammer and drive me away if you will, but have pity on my poor father."

"I will have pity on you both, but I wanted to remind you of your bad manners, and to teach you, if I could, that in this world we should show courtesy to everybody if we want it to be extended to us in our time of need."

"You are right, Cricket, you are right. I will bear in mind the lesson you have taught me. But tell me how did you build such a nice large house?"

"This little house was given to me yesterday by a beautiful Goat with blue wool."

"And where has the Goat gone?" asked Pinocchio with lively curiosity.

"I do not know."

"And when will it come back?"

"Never. Yesterday it went away bleating in distress, and I thought I heard it say, 'Poor Pinocchio! I shall never see him again. The Dogfish has swallowed him'!"

"Did it say that? Then it was the Fairy. It was my dear beautiful Fairy," exclaimed Pinocchio, and he began to cry. After he had cried a long time he dried his eyes, and prepared a comfortable bed of straw for Geppetto. Then he said to the Talking Cricket, "Tell me, Cricket, where can I find a glass of milk for my poor father?"

"Three fields from here you will find a farmer called Giangio, who keeps cows. Go to him and you can get some milk."

Pinocchio ran all the way to Giangio's house, and said to the farmer,

"Will you please give me some milk?"

"How much do you want?"

"I want a glassful."

"A glass of milk costs one penny. Where is the money?"

"I have none," answered Pinocchio, mortified.

"If you have no money, I have no milk."

"I am so sorry!" said Pinocchio, and turned to go.

"Wait a moment," said the farmer, "I think we can arrange matters. Do you know how to draw water from a well with a well sweep?"

"I can try."

"Well, draw a hundred buckets of water for me, and I will give you a glass of milk."

"All right! It's a bargain."

Pinocchio worked so hard that when he had finished he was wet with perspiration. He had never felt so tired in all his life.

"I have a little donkey that usually draws the water for me," said Giangio "but today he is sick, poor thing!"

"May I see him?" asked Pinocchio.

"Yes, indeed. He's over there in the stable."

As Pinocchio entered the barn he saw a beautiful little donkey stretched on the straw, and apparently worn out with overwork. Pinocchio recognized him at once. "I think I know that donkey," he said. Bending down and speaking to it in the donkey language he said, "Who are you?"

At the question the donkey opened his tired eyes and replied in the same language, "I am Candlewick," and then he closed his eyes again.

"Oh, my poor Candlewick," said Pinocchio in a low voice, and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Why do you take so much interest in a donkey that cost you not a cent? I paid real money for him."

"I will tell you. He was a friend of mine."

"A friend?"

"Yes, a schoolmate."

"Well, well!" shouted Giangio, bursting into laughter. "So you had donkeys for

schoolmates! What a wonderful school you must have gone to!"

The marionette felt so mortified at these words that he took the glass of milk in silence and returned to the Cricket's house in haste.

But from that day for more than five months, Pinocchio continued to get up at daybreak to draw water for the farmer each morning, receiving only a little milk for his work. But he was not satisfied with doing that only. He learned to make straw mats and baskets and sold them to buy food for their daily needs. Among other things he made a little wheel chair, so that he could take his father out on fine days for a little fresh air. In the evenings he practiced reading and writing. Indeed he became so industrious that he was able to maintain himself and Geppetto in comfort and finally managed to save forty pennies to buy himself a new suit. One morning he said to Geppetto, "I am going to the market to buy a jacket, a cap, and a pair of shoes. When I come back I shall be dressed so fine you will take me for a real gentleman."

Leaving the house he began to run and jump because he was so happy. Suddenly he heard himself called by name, and turning, he saw a big snail crawling out from under the hedge.

"Don't you know me?" asked the snail.

"It seems to me—it seems—"

"Don't you remember the Snail that lived with the Beautiful Fairy with the Blue Hair, and how I came downstairs to let you in the time you put your foot through the door?"

"I remember it all," shouted Pinocchio. "But tell me, where is my beautiful Fairy now?"

To these words the Snail replied with her usual slowness, "The Beautiful Fairy lies ill in a hospital."

"In a hospital?"

"Yes. Overtaken by a thousand misfortunes, she has fallen ill, and is so poor that she has not enough to buy a mouthful of bread each day."

"Really? Oh, what a shock you have given me! Oh, my poor Fairy, my poor Fairy! If I had a million I would give it all to you, but I have only forty cents. Here it is. I was

going to buy some clothes with it, but that can wait. Here, take my money, Snail, and carry it to the good Fairy at once."

"And what about your new clothes?"

"What does that matter? I would even sell these rags to help her. Go now, Snail, and in two days come back, and I will have some more money for you. From now on I will support my good Fairy, too. I will work five hours more each day."

Contrary to her usual habit the Snail really ran as if a bird were after her, and Pinocchio returned home. "Where are your new clothes?" asked Geppetto.

"I heard from the Snail that my good Fairy was ill in a hospital, and so poor she could not buy food, so I sent her the forty cents," he answered.

That night, instead of going to bed at ten, Pinocchio worked until midnight. Then he went to bed and fell asleep at once. And while he slept he thought he saw the good Fairy, all beautiful and happy and smiling, bend down to kiss him, and he thought he heard her say; "Well done, Pinocchio! For your good heart I will forgive all your past

He Had Become a Boy

misdeeds. Boys that help their parents lovingly in their troubles always deserve praise and affection."

At this Pinocchio's dream ended, and he opened his eyes suddenly. But imagine his great surprise, upon waking, to find he was no longer a wooden marionette, but had become a boy like all the others! He looked around him, and saw instead of a bed of straw and the straw walls of the cottage, a well furnished room in a comfortable house. Jumping out of bed, he found a nice new suit ready for him, a new cap and a pair of new shoes, just the right size. As soon as he was dressed, like all boys who have a new suit, he put his hands into his pockets, and pulled out a small mother-of-pearl pocket-book, on which was written: "The Fairy with the Blue Hair returns the forty cents to her dear Pinocchio, and thanks him with all her heart." Opening the purse he found, instead of forty pennies, forty pieces of gold.

Then he went to look in the mirror that hung on his wall, and did not know himself at all, for he no longer saw the reflection of a wooden puppet, but the image of a bright

The Old Puppet Leaning Against a Chair

and intelligent boy with chestnut hair and large bright eyes. Pinocchio was bewildered, and yet as happy and joyful as if it were a holiday. In the midst of these marvels that had happened one after another he could not tell whether it was all real or whether it was a dream.

"Where is my father?" he asked suddenly and running into the next room he found old Geppetto well and lively and in good humor. He had resumed his old profession of wood-

carving and was hard at work.

"What does it all mean, dear father?" asked Pinocchio.

"It means that you must try to deserve all this beautiful house," said Geppetto. "This sudden change in our fortunes is all your doings."

"But how can that be possible?"

"Because when bad boys become good, they cause everything to change for the better, and bring happiness to the whole family."

"And the old wooden Pinocchio—where is it?"

"There it is," replied Geppetto, and he pointed to a wooden marionette leaning against a chair with its head limply on one side, its arms dangling down, and its legs crossed, so that it was a wonder that it stood at all.

Pinocchio turned to look at his old self, and after he had regarded it for a while, he said with great satisfaction; "How naughty I was when I was a marionette! And how happy I am now that I have become a real, live boy!"


THE END

I
AM
PINOCCHIO
AND
THIS
IS MY
STORY