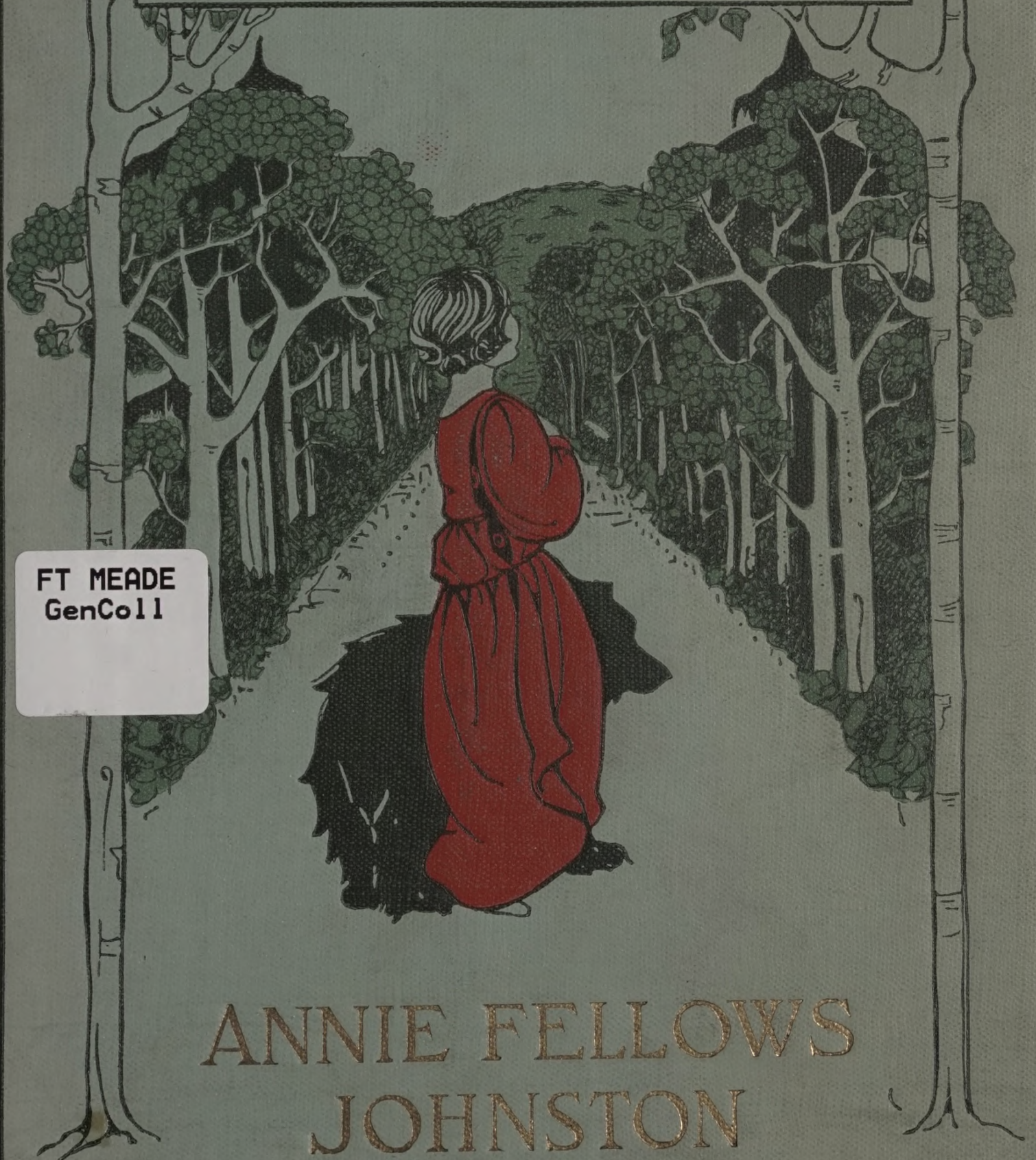


THE ROAD
of The
LOVING HEART



FT MEADE
GenColl

ANNIE FELLOWS
JOHNSTON




Class PZ 8

Book .J49


Copyright N^o Ro
copy 2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT





The Road
OF THE
Loving Heart



The Johnston Jewel Series

BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

Each, small 16mo, cloth,
decorated cover and frontis-
piece, with decorative text
borders 75c.

—
LIST OF TITLES

**THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS
WINSOME: A Fairy Play for Old
and Young.**

**KEEPING TRYST: A Tale of King
Arthur's Time.**

***IN THE DESERT OF WAITING:
The Legend of Camelback Moun-
tain.**

***THE THREE WEAVERS: A Fairy
Tale for Fathers and Mothers as
Well as for Their Daughters.**

**THE LEGEND OF THE BLEED-
ING HEART.**

***THE JESTER'S SWORD.**


*Also bound in full flexible leather,
with special tooling in gold, boxed
\$2.00

—
**THE PAGE COMPANY
53 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.**

OCT 20 1922 ✓







The ROAD
of *The*
LOVING
HEART

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

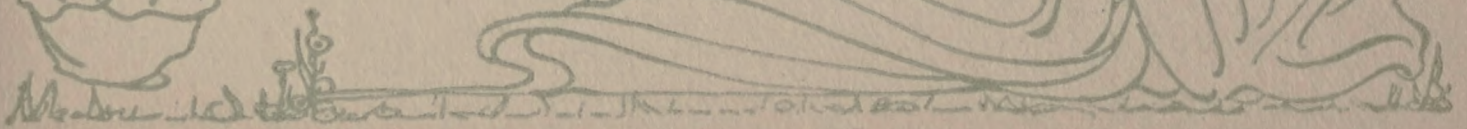
*Author of "The Little Colonel Series," "Big Brother," "In
the Desert of Waiting," "Keeping Tryst,"
"The Jester's Sword," etc.*

Illustrated and Decorated By
WINIFRED BROMHALL

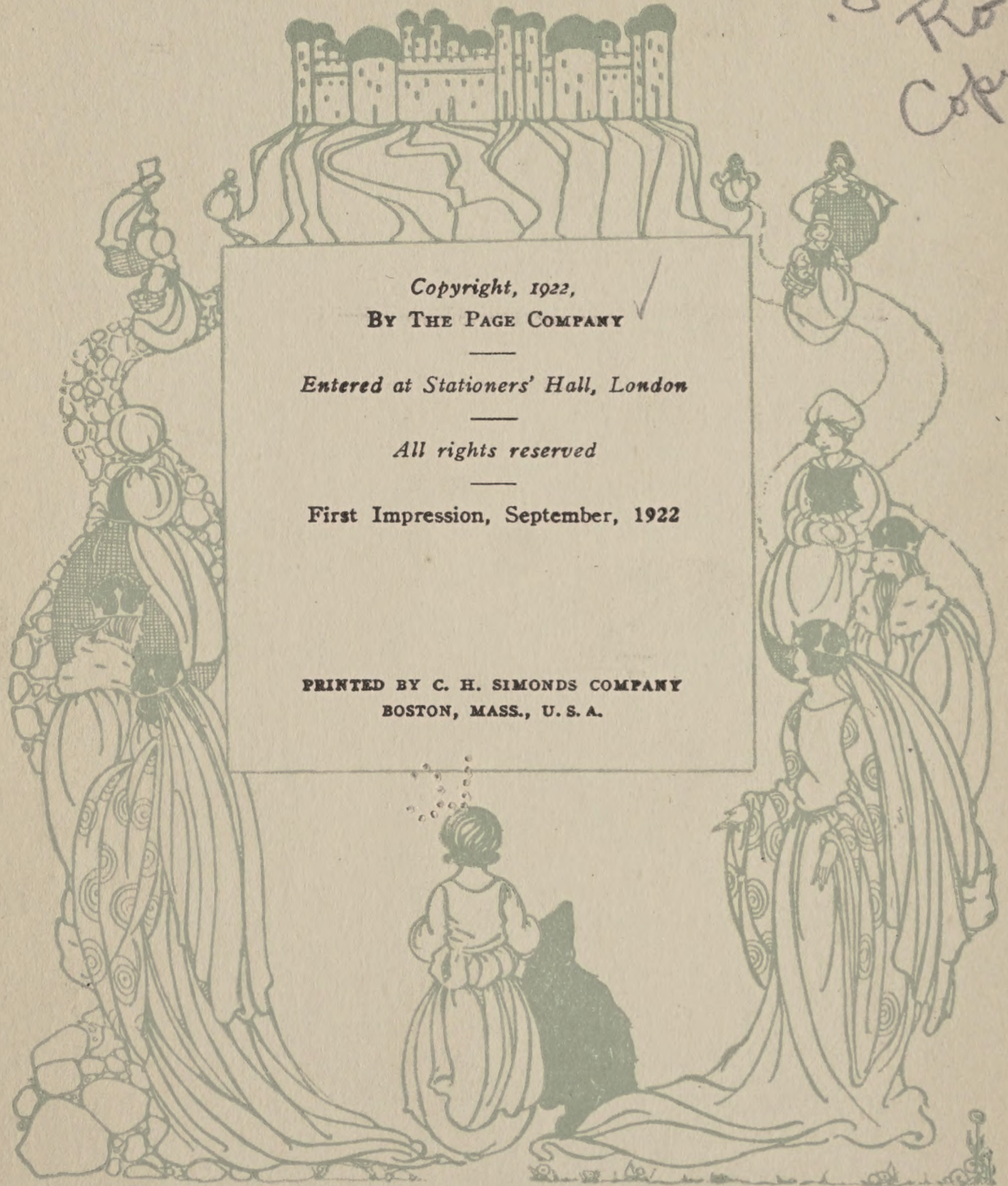


BOSTON
THE PAGE COMPANY
MDCCCCXXII

Copy 2



PZ 8
J49
Ra
Copy 2



Copyright, 1922,
BY THE PAGE COMPANY

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

All rights reserved

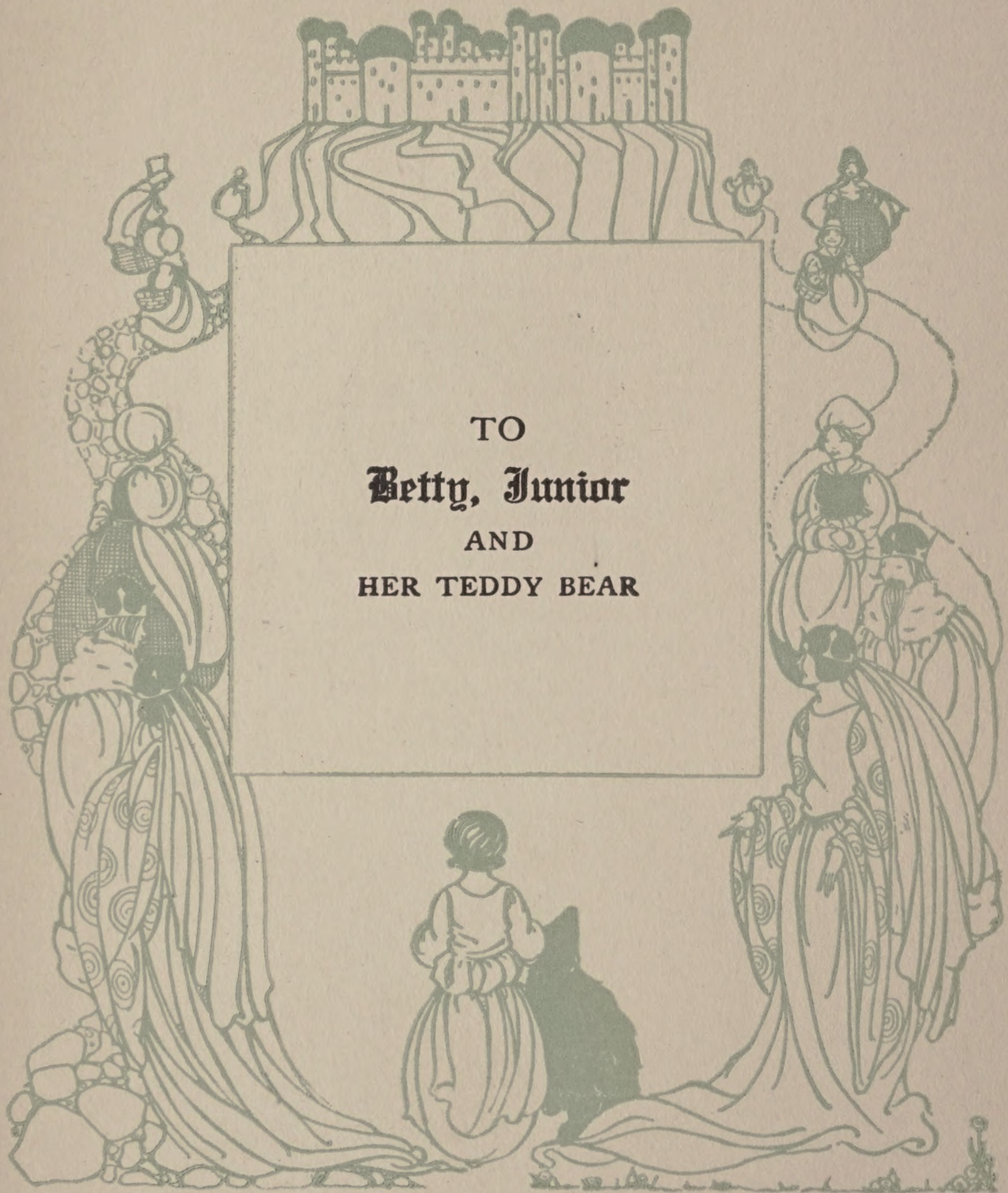
First Impression, September, 1922

PRINTED BY C. H. SIMONDS COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.


© 1A686439

no 2

TO
Betty, Junior
AND
HER TEDDY BEAR







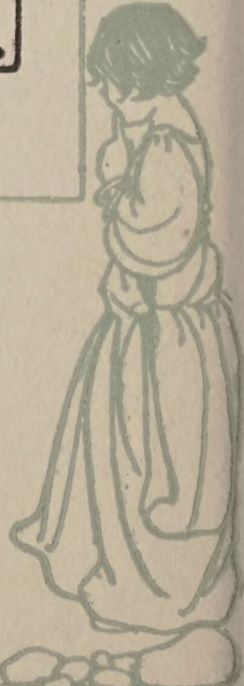
EXTRACT FROM LETTER
OF
Lloyd Sherman Moore
("THE LITTLE COLONEL")
TO
Elizabeth Lewis Ware




EXTRACT FROM LETTER



RB





OF THE LITTLE COLONEL


Lloydsboro Valley, Ky.
Dearest Betty,

Do you remember the Houseparty we had at Locust when we were children? When we all caught the measles and thought you were going blind?


You told us the story of the Road of the Loving Heart, and Eugenia gave us the Tusitala rings to help us remember.

II






TO BETTY LEWIS

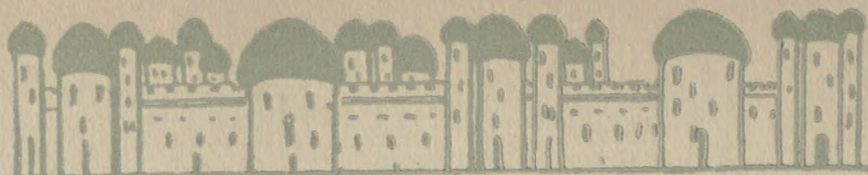


Well, I have tried to tell it to my little Rob, but he is only six, and I find it hard to explain just what that road is. Couldn't you put it into a fairy tale that will help him to understand?

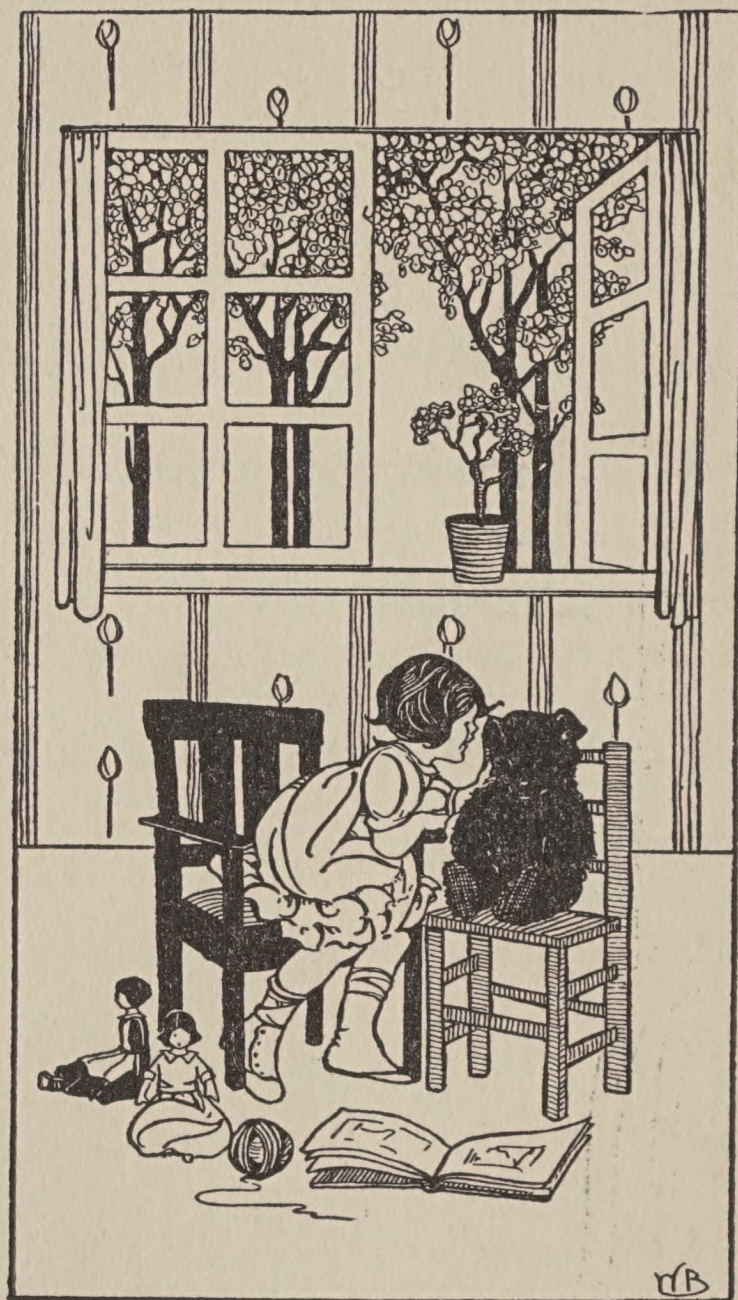
Devotedly,
Lloyd.




EXTRACT FROM ANSWER
BY
Elizabeth Lewis Ware
TO
Lloyd Sherman Moore



EXTRACT FROM ANSWER






BY BETTY LEWIS

Lone Rock, Arizona


Dearest Lloyd,

. . . and so here it is, just as I tell it to my own little Betty. It is a hodgepodge of fairy tale and human happening, and I don't know what Robert Louis Stevenson would say to my putting him into it, along with a brown bear. But I don't believe that our beloved "Tusitala" would mind, if






TO THE LITTLE COLONEL



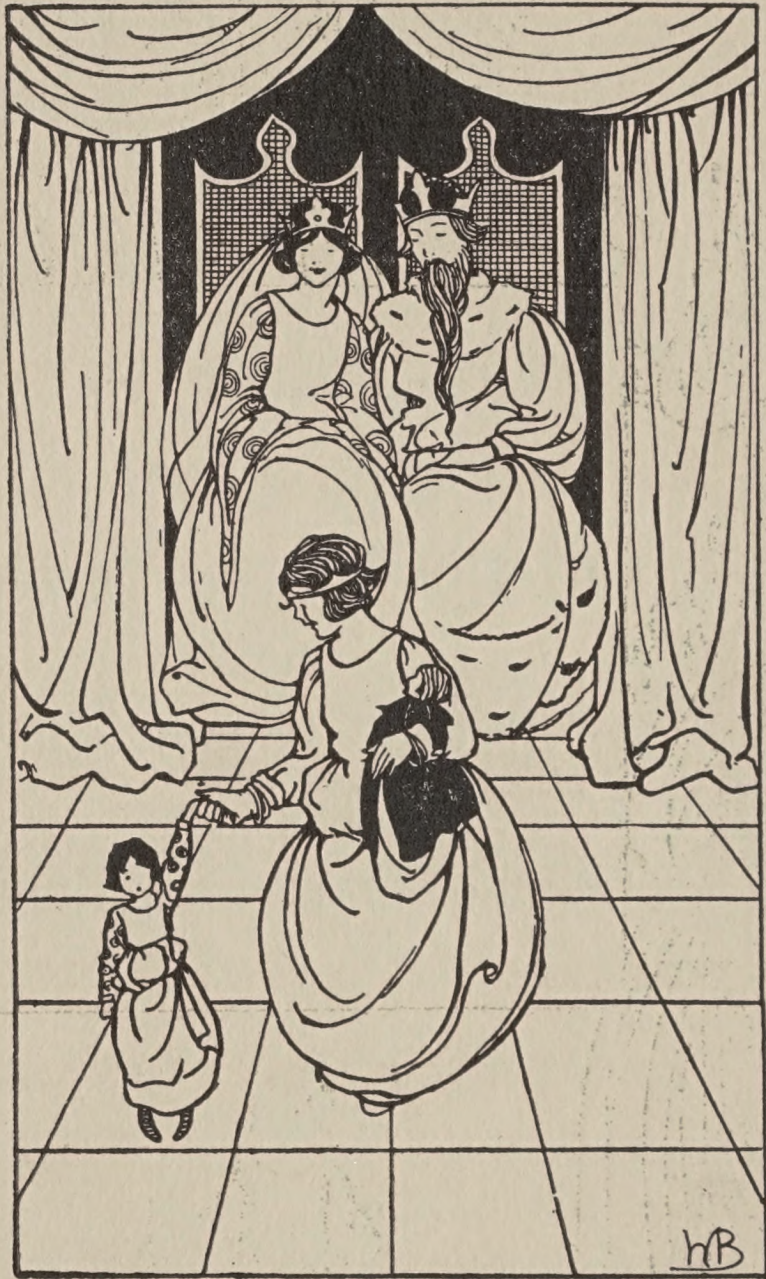
he could see my baby's face
while she listens. It is all
so real to her.


I put the brown bear into
the story because she is so
devoted to her Teddy that
she doesn't want him to be
left out of anything. En-
closed is a snap shot of her
whispering secrets to him.

Lovingly,
Betty.



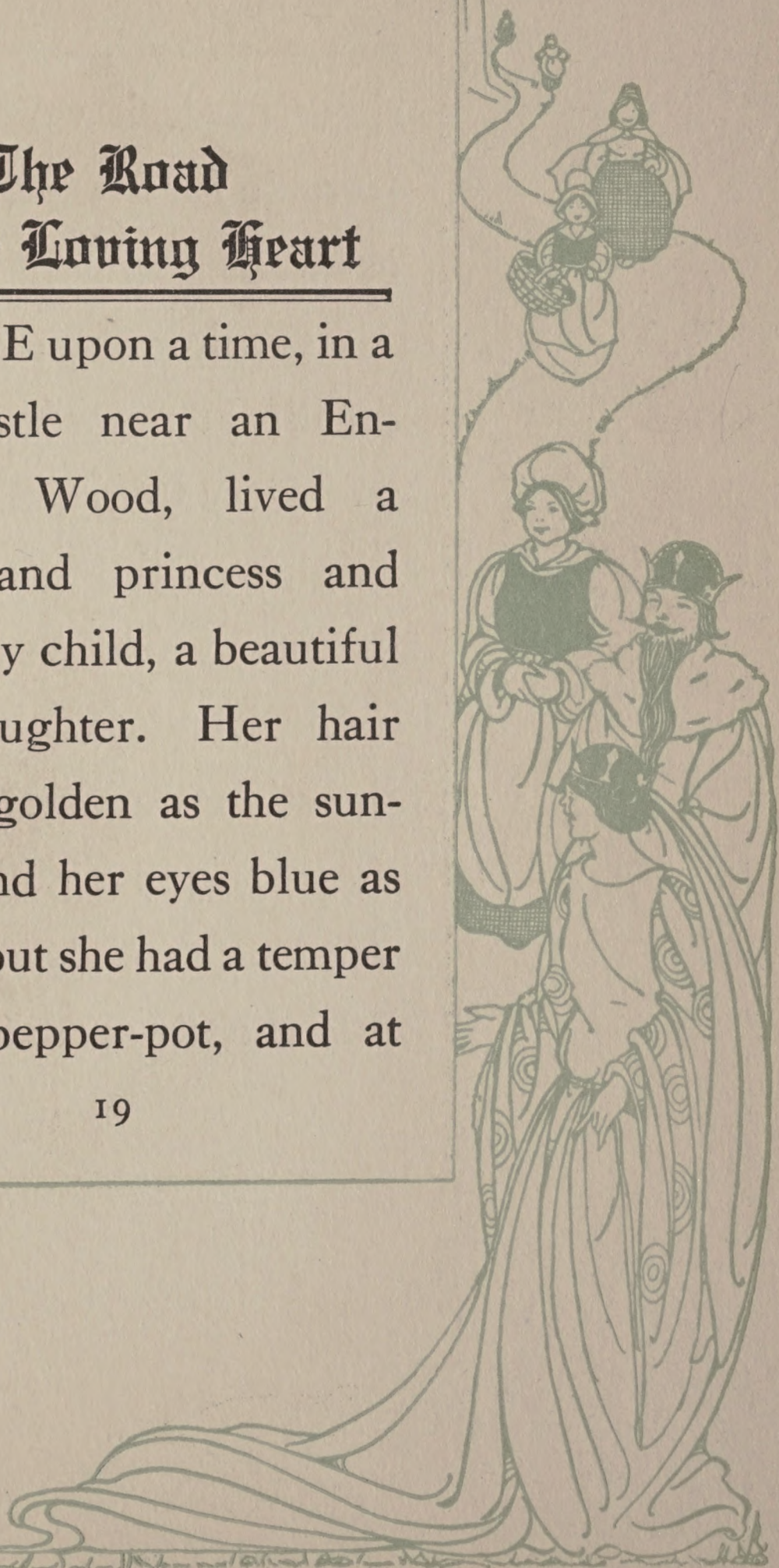
THE STORY OF
The Road
of the Loving Heart
THAT
Elizabeth Lewis Ware
SENT TO
Lloyd Sherman Moore





The Road of the Loving Heart

ONCE upon a time, in a castle near an Enchanted Wood, lived a prince and princess and their only child, a beautiful little daughter. Her hair was as golden as the sunshine, and her eyes blue as the sea, but she had a temper like a pepper-pot, and at



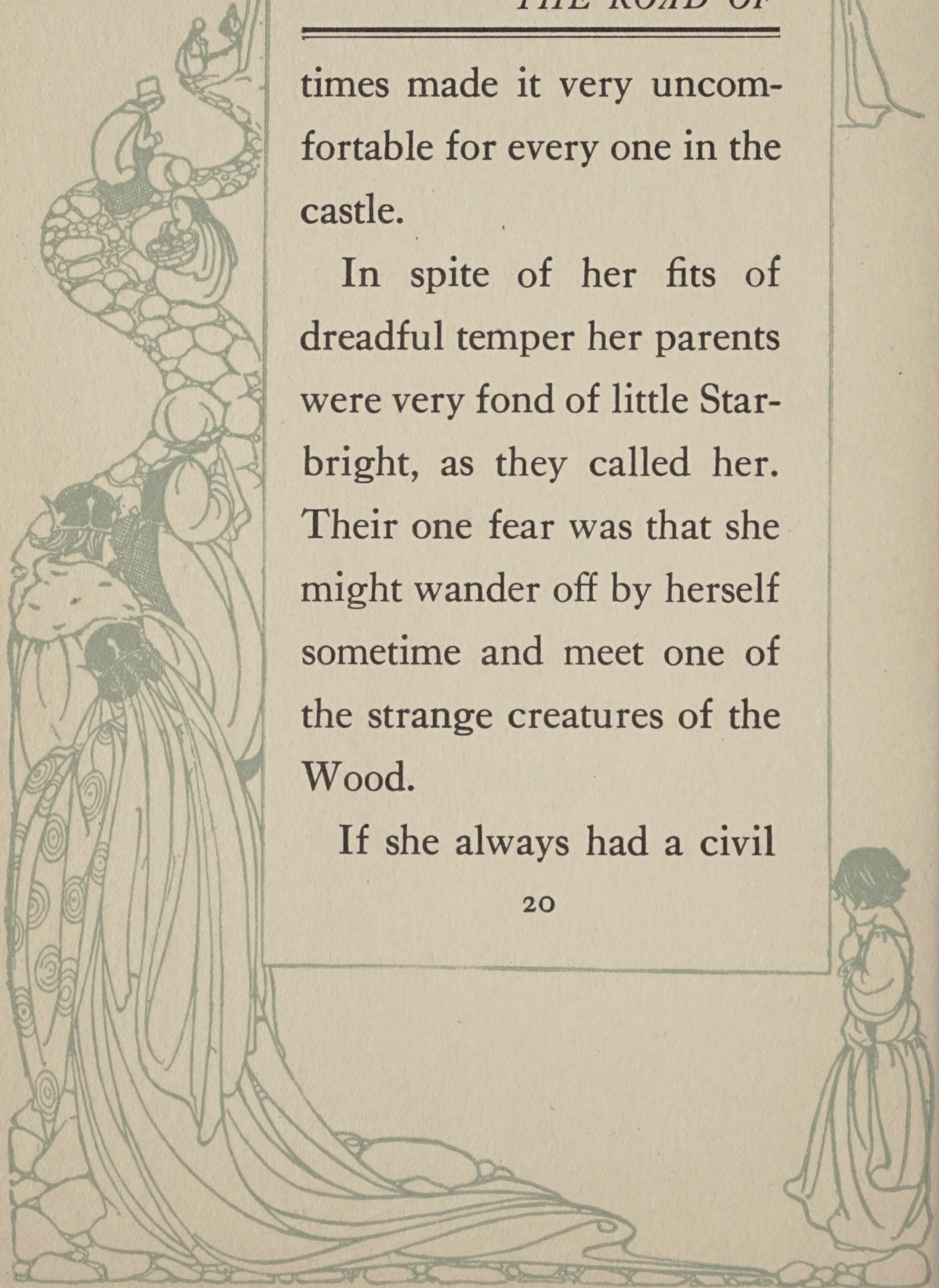


THE ROAD OF

times made it very uncomfortable for every one in the castle.

In spite of her fits of dreadful temper her parents were very fond of little Starbright, as they called her. Their one fear was that she might wander off by herself sometime and meet one of the strange creatures of the Wood.

If she always had a civil

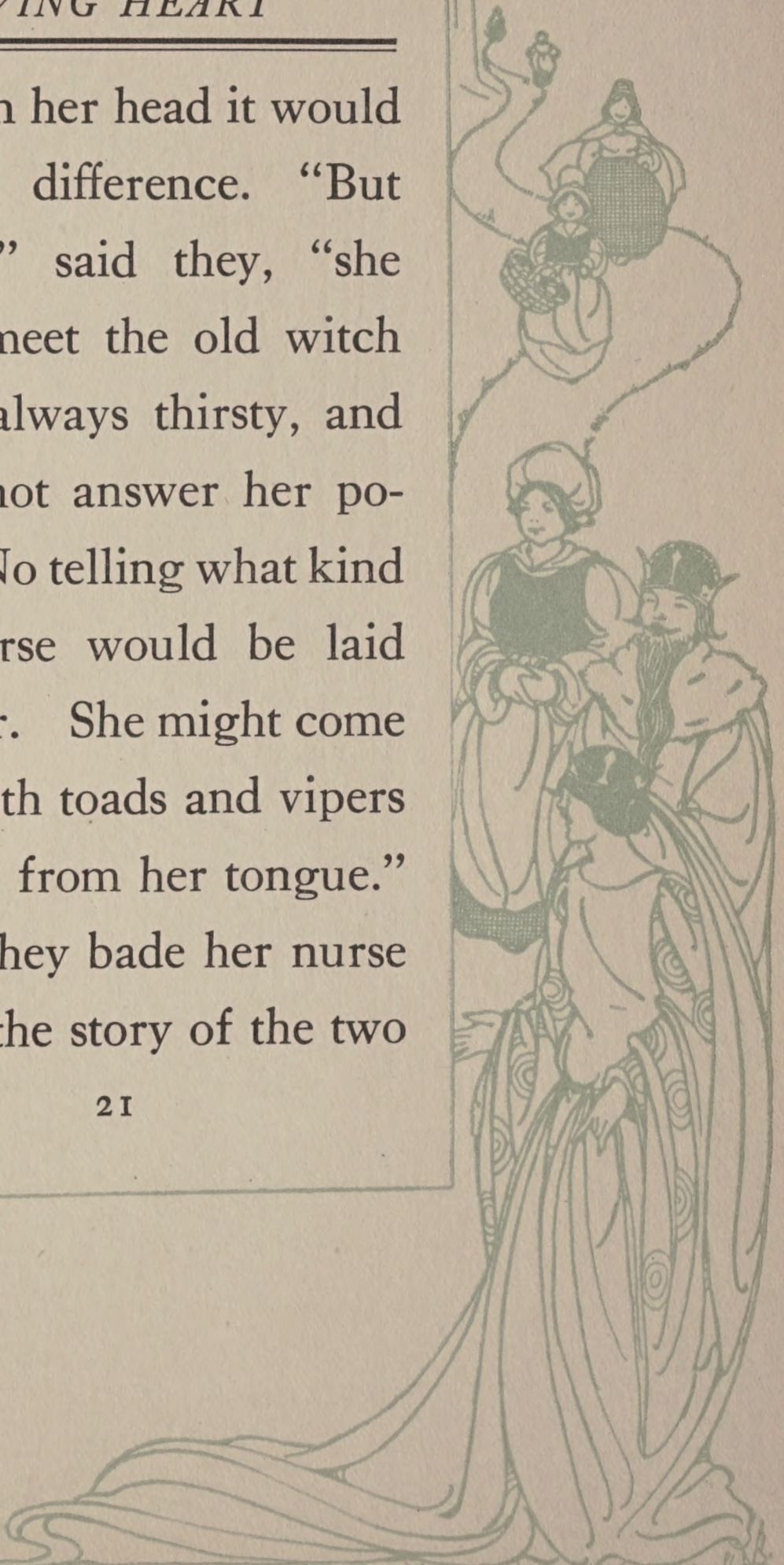




THE LOVING HEART

tongue in her head it would make a difference. "But suppose," said they, "she should meet the old witch who is always thirsty, and should not answer her politely. No telling what kind of a curse would be laid upon her. She might come home with toads and vipers hopping from her tongue."


And they bade her nurse tell her the story of the two





THE ROAD OF

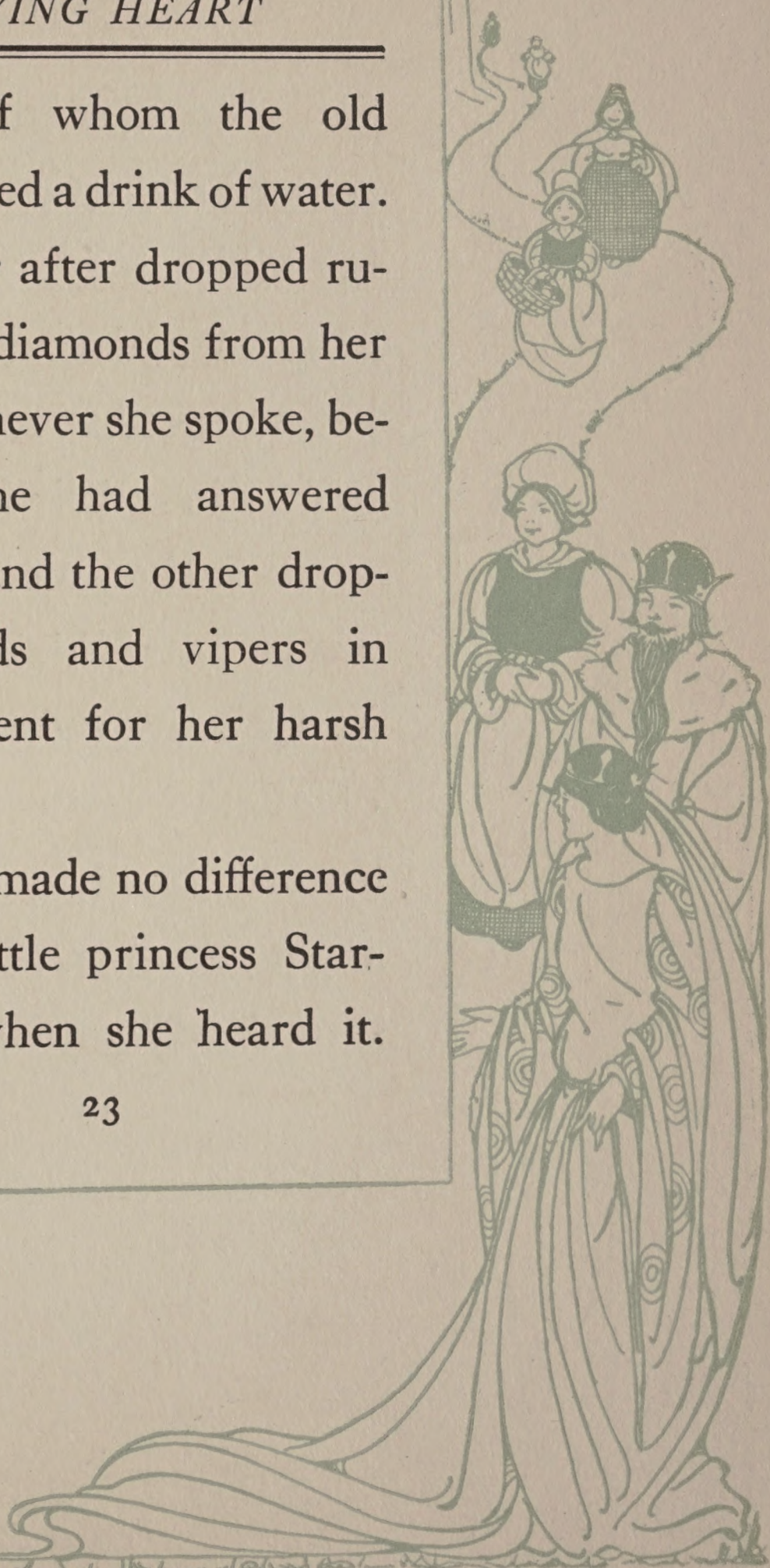




THE LOVING HEART

sisters of whom the old witch asked a drink of water. One ever after dropped rubies and diamonds from her lips whenever she spoke, because she had answered kindly; and the other dropped toads and vipers in punishment for her harsh speech.

But it made no difference to the little princess Starbright when she heard it.

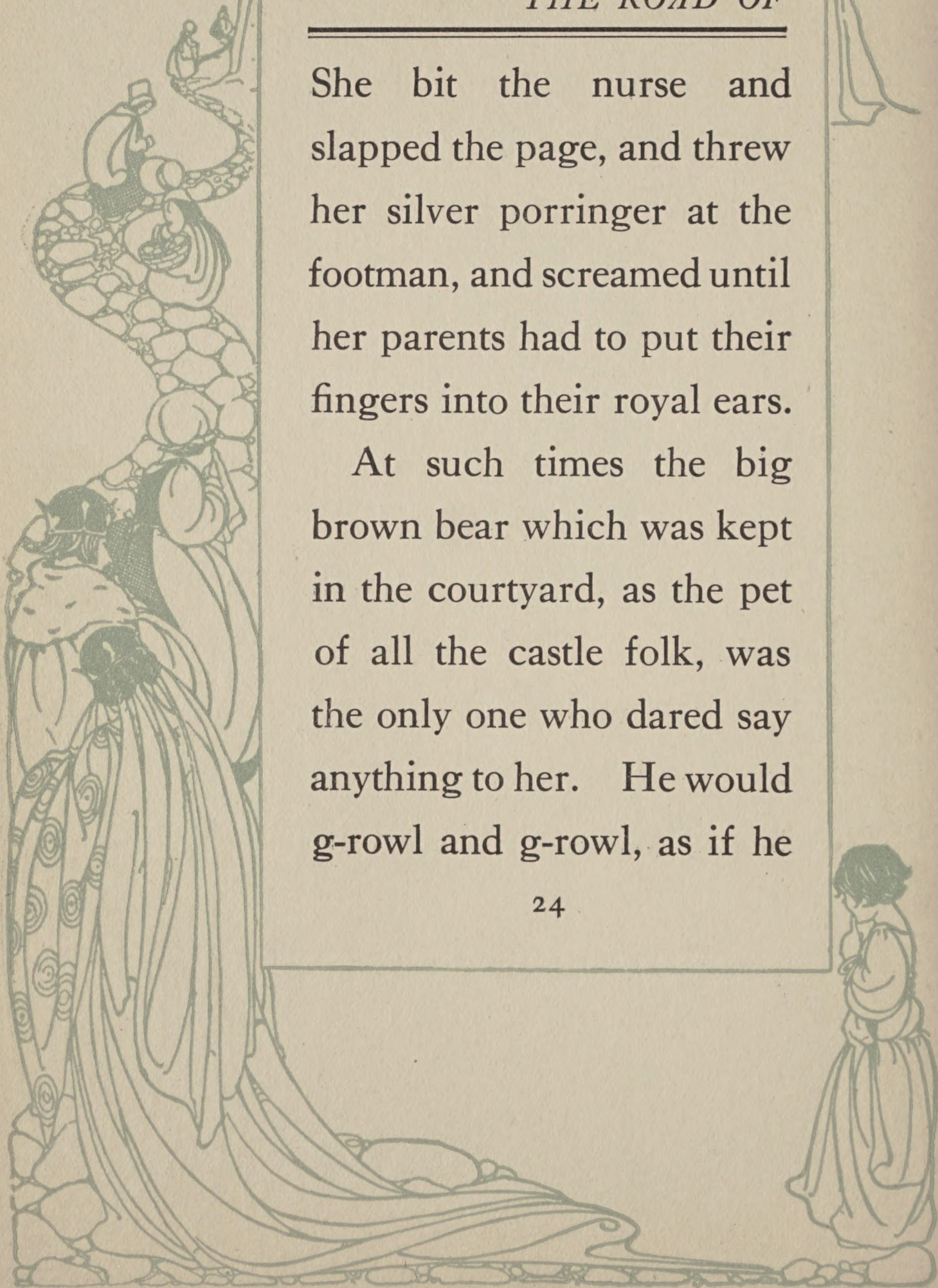





THE ROAD OF

She bit the nurse and slapped the page, and threw her silver porringer at the footman, and screamed until her parents had to put their fingers into their royal ears.

At such times the big brown bear which was kept in the courtyard, as the pet of all the castle folk, was the only one who dared say anything to her. He would g-rowl and g-rowl, as if he





THE LOVING HEART

quite intended to eat her up. But he only meant it as a friendly warning to be good, for he was the kindest and most helpful bear in the world.


Now it was told about in the village that there was a wonderful giant magician in the Wood, by the name of Thunderbludgeon. He had a pair of magic spectacles. It was said that if Starbright





THE ROAD OF





THE LOVING HEART

could only look through them she would be cured forever of her fits of temper.

When the prince heard that, he cried, "Let Thunderbludgeon be found. Half of my kingdom will I give to the one who will bring me his magic spectacles!"

But, alas, no one could find him, and as Starbright grew worse and worse, the prince and princess had to





THE ROAD OF

keep their fingers in their royal ears much of the time.

Now Starbright heard so much talk about the magic spectacles that she was curious to look through them and see what she could see. So one day, when her parents rode away on their white palfreys and the nurse was talking to the gardener, she slipped out of the castle gate and ran away to look





THE LOVING HEART



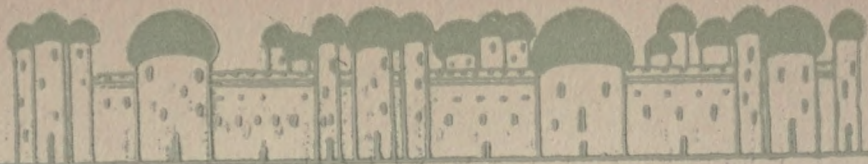


THE ROAD OF

for the magician's house.

For a long time she walked and she walked and she walked, but she couldn't find it. Then she came to the edge of the Enchanted Wood, and she walked and she walked and she walked in that, but she couldn't find it. She asked every bird and beast she met, but no one would tell her the way to the magician's house.





THE LOVING HEART



31



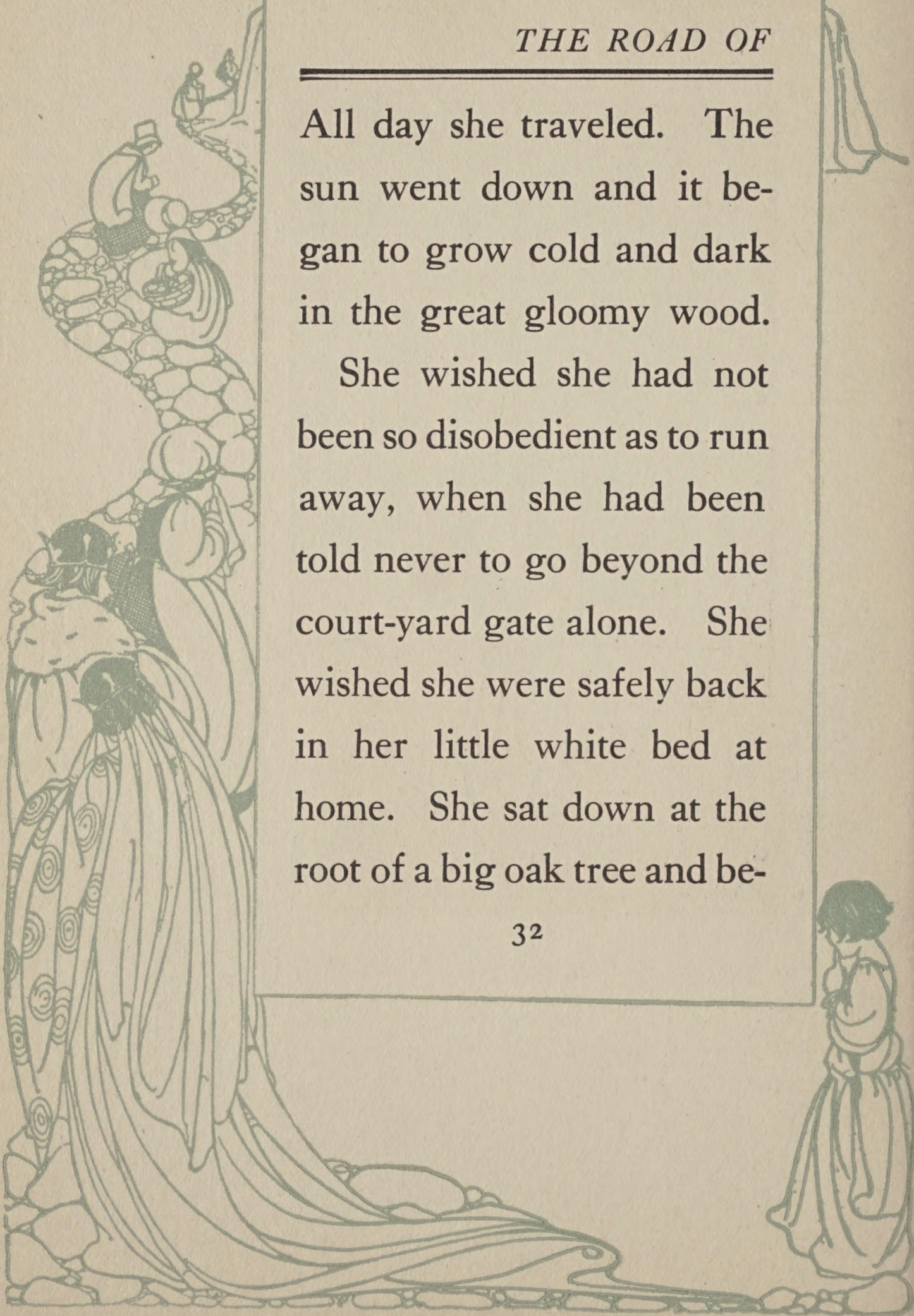
Illustration of a woman in a long dress standing on the left side of the page.



THE ROAD OF

All day she traveled. The sun went down and it began to grow cold and dark in the great gloomy wood.

She wished she had not been so disobedient as to run away, when she had been told never to go beyond the court-yard gate alone. She wished she were safely back in her little white bed at home. She sat down at the root of a big oak tree and be-





THE LOVING HEART



Madame de la Courte... [illegible text]




THE ROAD OF

gan to cry. All sorts of queer animals came out of the Wood and stood there looking at her. She was so frightened and cold and hungry that the big tears rolled down her face.

Then the black night came and she couldn't see the strange animals watching her any more, but she could hear them rustling around in the dark and she







THE LOVING HEART

shivered and shook until her teeth chattered. Just when she was about to die of fright, something came up and laid a big furry paw on her arm. It was her good friend, her own pet bear who, in spite of the way she sometimes treated him, loved her dearly. He had followed her all the way to see that no harm came to her.



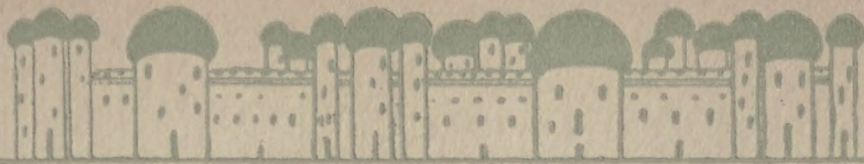


THE ROAD OF



He had a sugar tart in his pocket which he gave her to eat, and then he covered her up with oak leaves as if they had been a warm blanket. All night he sat beside her while she slept, holding her hand in his kind furry paw to keep her from being afraid.

In the morning he showed her the way to the magician's house. They could




THE LOVING HEART


see him up in his high tower,
peering around through his
magic spectacles which
were as big as wagon
wheels. He was a giant
magician and the ugliest
person Starbright had ever
seen. Still, she was not
afraid of him, for his voice
was kind when he called
down to her:

“Riddledy, riddledy, riddle
maree!





THE ROAD OF




What is it here that you wish
to see?"

And Starbright called
back to him, "I want to look
through your magic spec-
tacles."

With that he answered
her,

"First cut the wood and
mend the fire
If you would have your
heart's desire."

But when the bear had



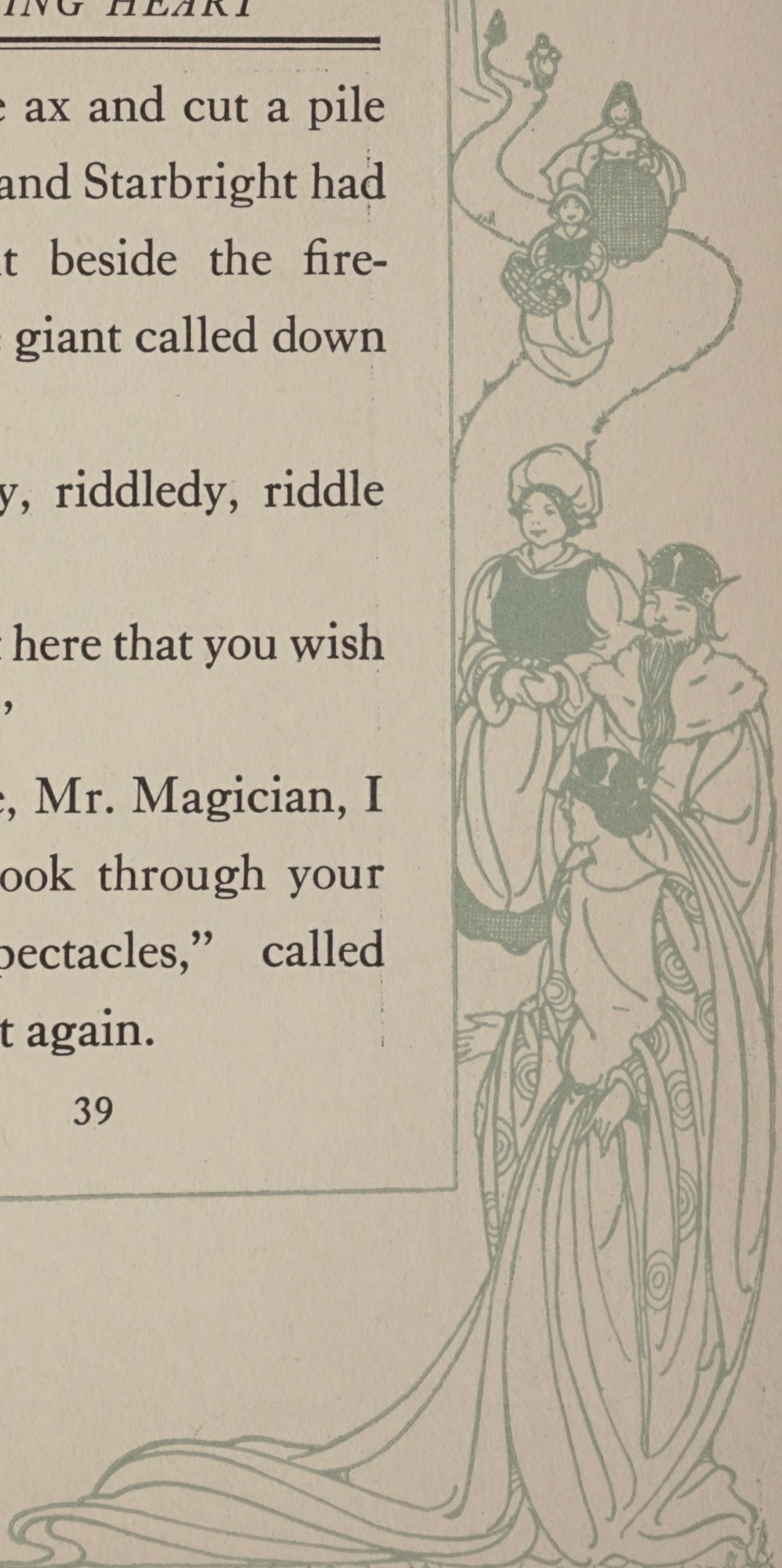
THE LOVING HEART

found the ax and cut a pile of wood, and Starbright had stacked it beside the fireplace, the giant called down again,

“Riddledy, riddledy, riddle maree!

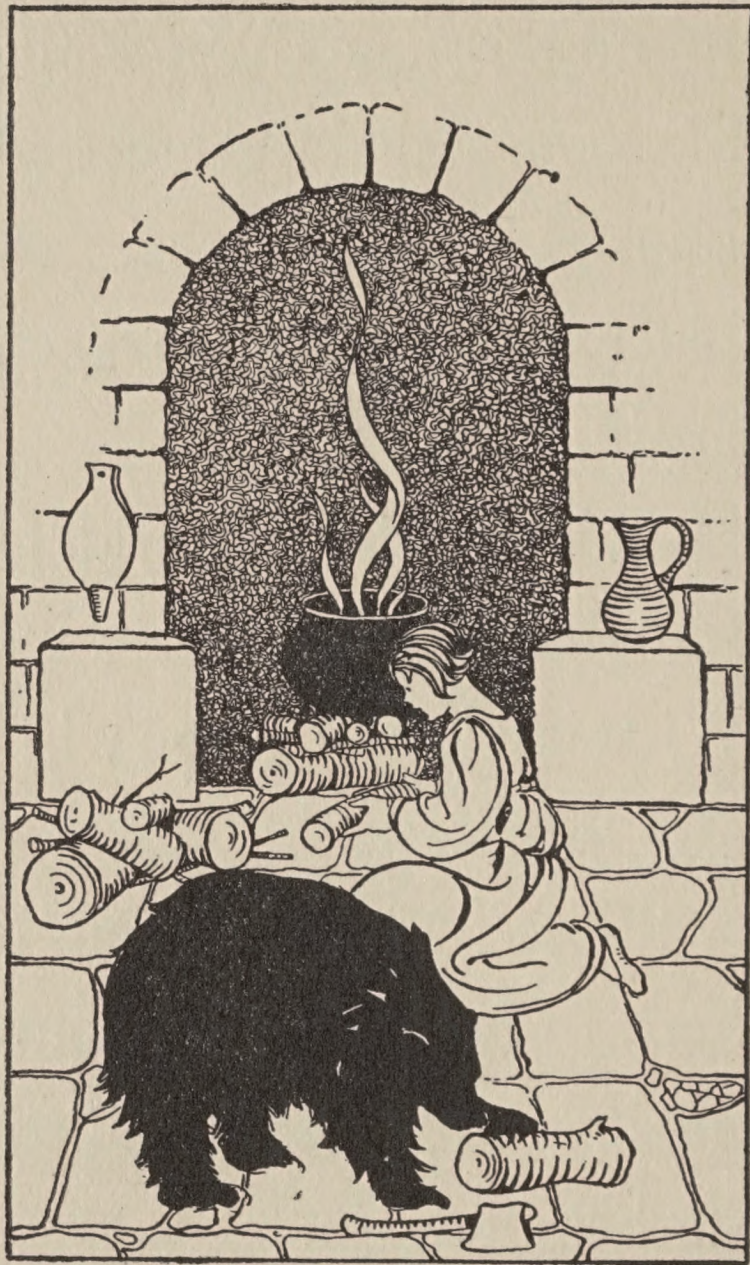
What is it here that you wish to see?”


“Please, Mr. Magician, I want to look through your magic spectacles,” called Starbright again.





THE ROAD OF





THE LOVING HEART

“Then stir the fire and boil
the pot,
And serve my dinner piping
hot,”
was the answer.

Starbright would not have known the first thing to do if she had been by herself, but the brown bear knew exactly what to do. He stirred the fire, put some more water in the soup, and presently poured it out into






THE ROAD OF

a dish as big as a wash tub,
for the giant magician to
eat.

While he was eating,
Starbright and the bear hid
behind the kitchen door
watching him. They hoped
there would be a few spoon-
fuls left, for they were very
hungry; but there wasn't a
drop.

When the giant had swal-
lowed the last spoonful he





THE LOVING HEART

went back into the tower,
and they thought he had for-
gotten them. But presently
he called down:

“Riddledy, riddledy, riddle
maree!

Come up in the tower and
see what you’ll see.”

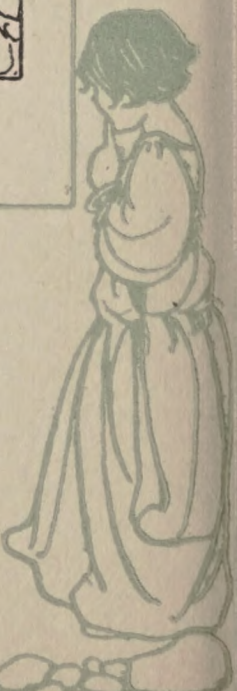
So they climbed and they
climbed and they climbed,
up the high stairs till they
reached the tower.


Now Starbright had ex-





THE ROAD OF





THE LOVING HEART

pected to see all sorts of pretty and wonderful things through the magic spectacles—rainbows and jewels and velvet as soft and fine as a butterfly's wing, but she was disappointed. All she saw was a road.

The magician rubbed the spectacles until they shone so clearly that she could look over mountains and across seas, to a far off island in the






THE ROAD OF

Pacific, thousands of miles away. But all she could see on this island was a road. It was a smooth and shining one, stretched out in the sun, with flowers growing along the sides. It was cut through a jungle, and above was a sign with the words:

**THE ROAD OF THE
LOVING HEART**

“Now I’ll tell you the






THE LOVING HEART


story about it” said the magician.

“Once there was a white man who came to this island, because he was ill and expected to die. He bought himself a home and settled down to spend the rest of his days in this wonderful climate. The native people had many chiefs who were always making war on each other, but this man became





THE ROAD OF



the friend of each one, and
tried to smooth over their
quarrels.

“He was so good to them
that they used to say, ‘The
day is not longer than his
kindness.’ He could tell
wonderful stories, so they
gave him the name of Tusi-
tala, which means tale-teller,
and they loved and trusted
him above any other man
on all the island.



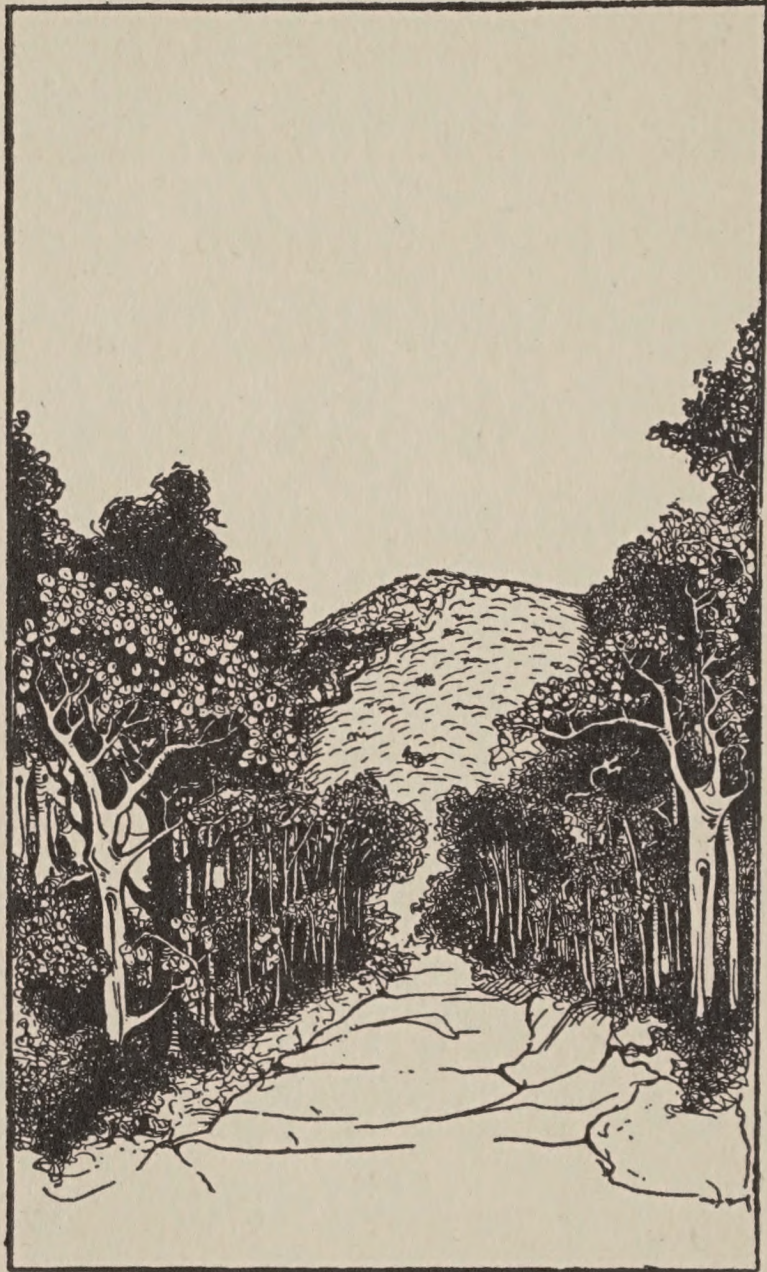
THE LOVING HEART

“When the wars stopped at last, ten of these chiefs were in prison. Tuisitala visited them, comforted them, and finally had them set free. They were so grateful to him that they went directly to his home, and, though some of them were old and crippled and feeble, they worked for weeks in the terrible heat, digging a road which he

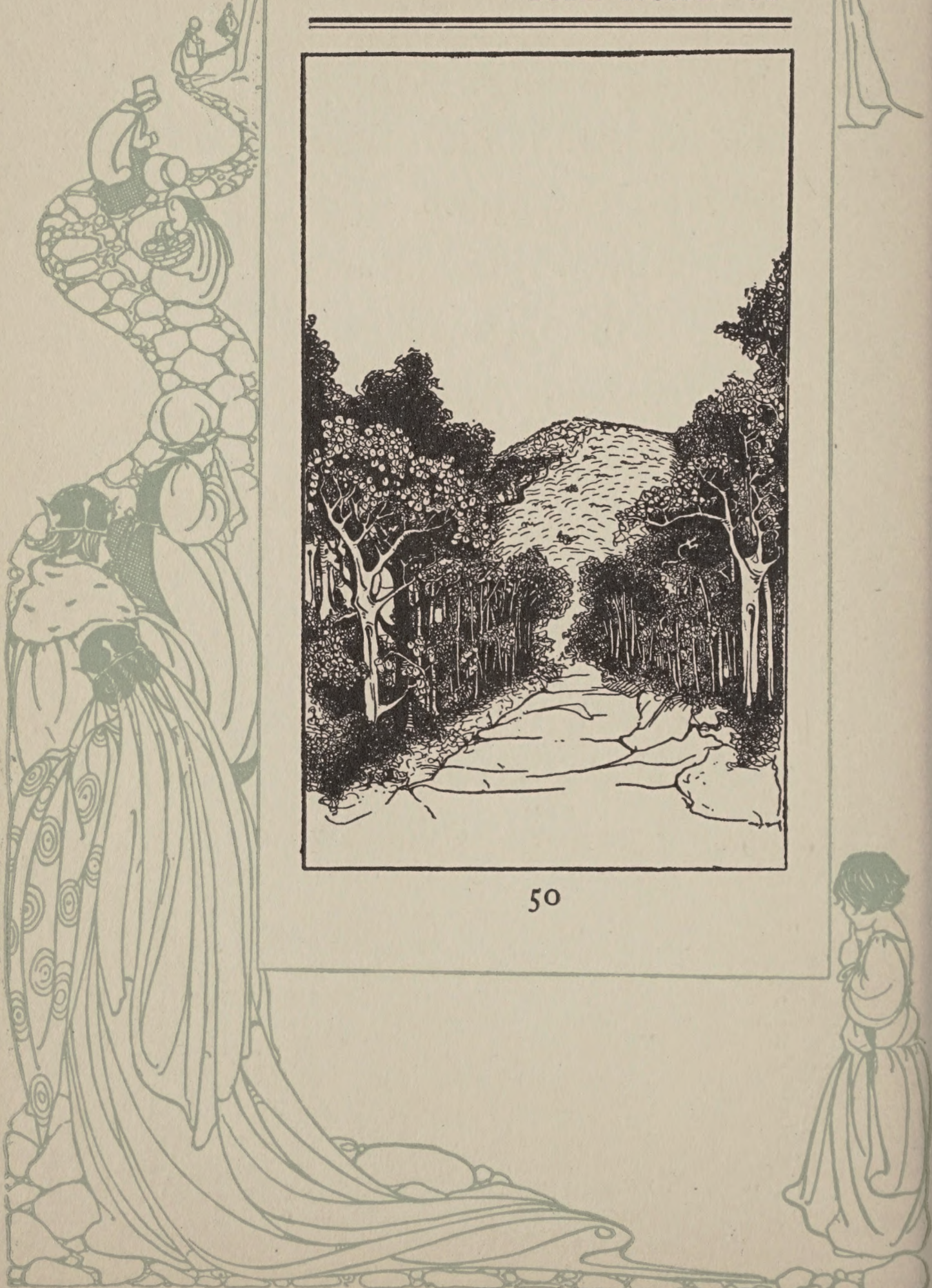





THE ROAD OF



50



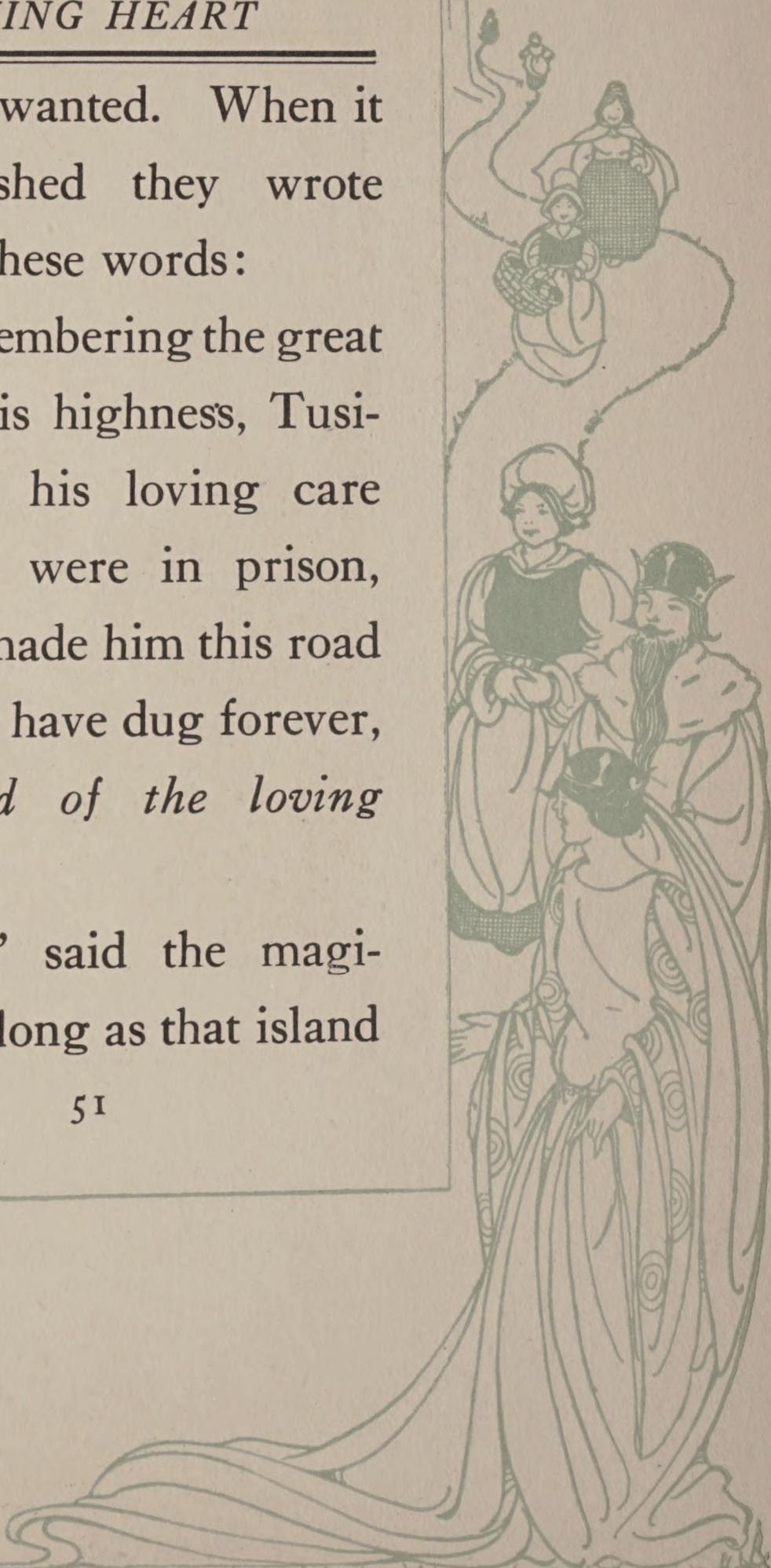


THE LOVING HEART

had long wanted. When it was finished they wrote above it these words:

“Remembering the great love of his highness, Tusi-tala, and his loving care when we were in prison, we have made him this road which we have dug forever,
The road of the loving heart.”

“Now,” said the magician, “as long as that island



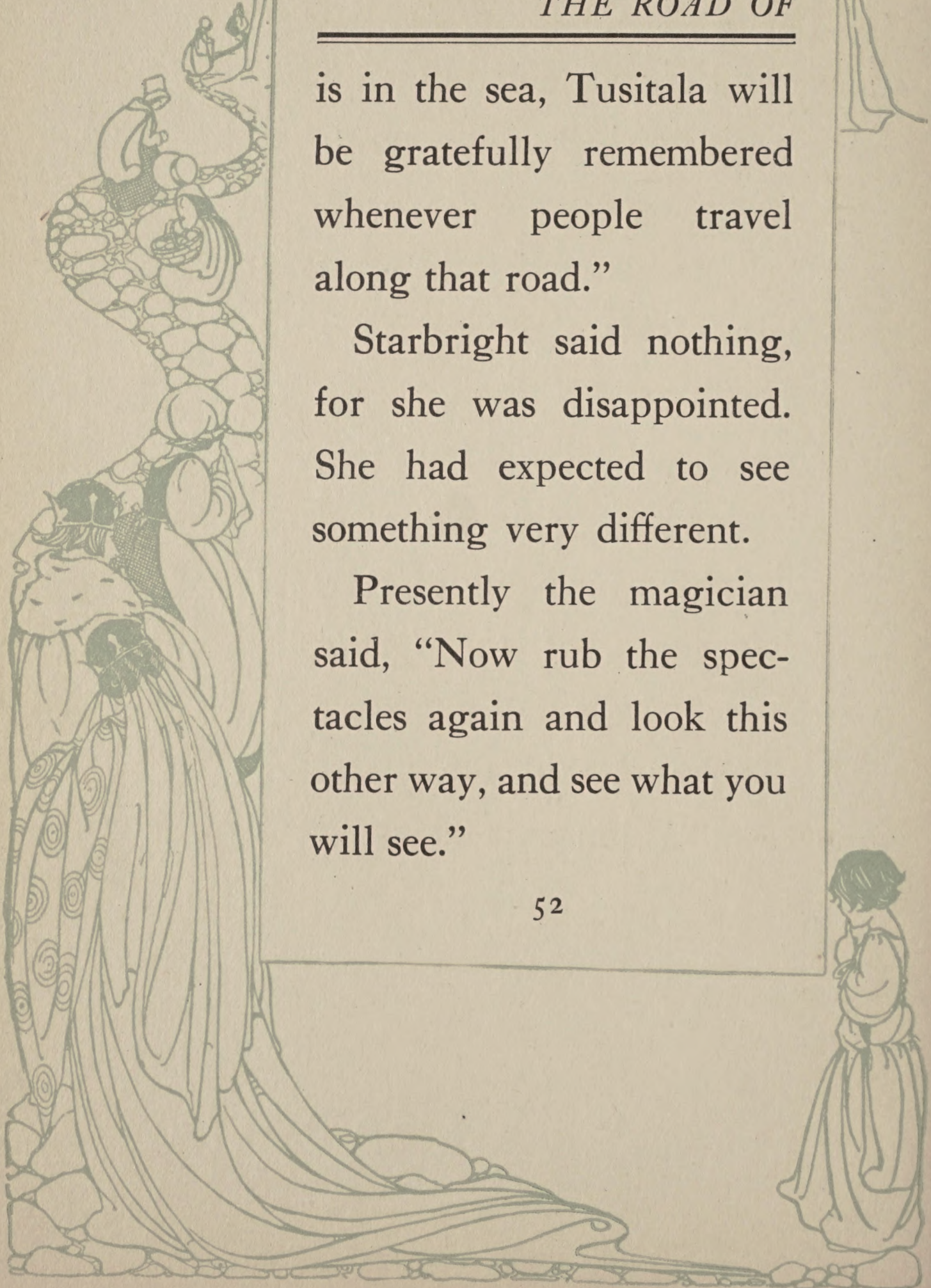


THE ROAD OF

is in the sea, Tusitala will be gratefully remembered whenever people travel along that road.”

Starbright said nothing, for she was disappointed. She had expected to see something very different.

Presently the magician said, “Now rub the spectacles again and look this other way, and see what you will see.”





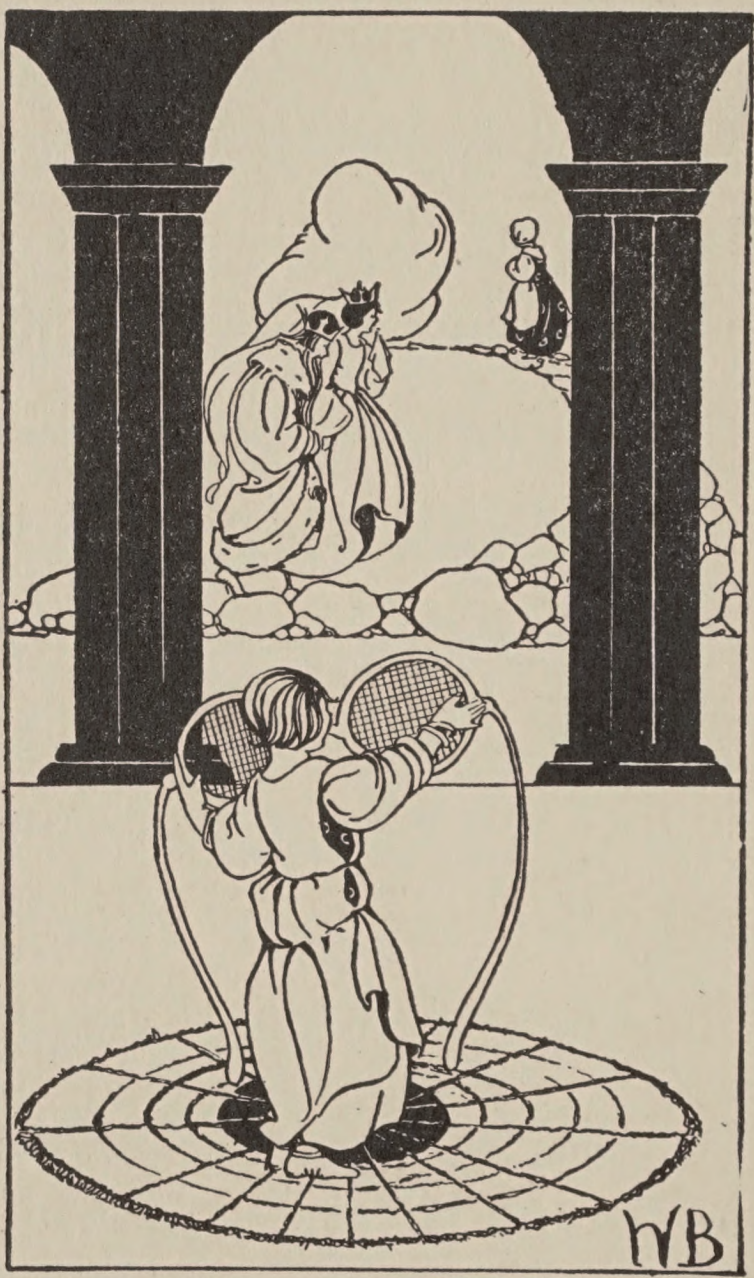
THE LOVING HEART


So Starbright rubbed the spectacles and looked the other way, but all she saw was just another road. This road was a very disagreeable place to walk, for it was full of stones and pitfalls and stumbling places. As she looked closer she was surprised to see many people she knew walking along it. She saw her father and mother and her nurse and all





THE ROAD OF

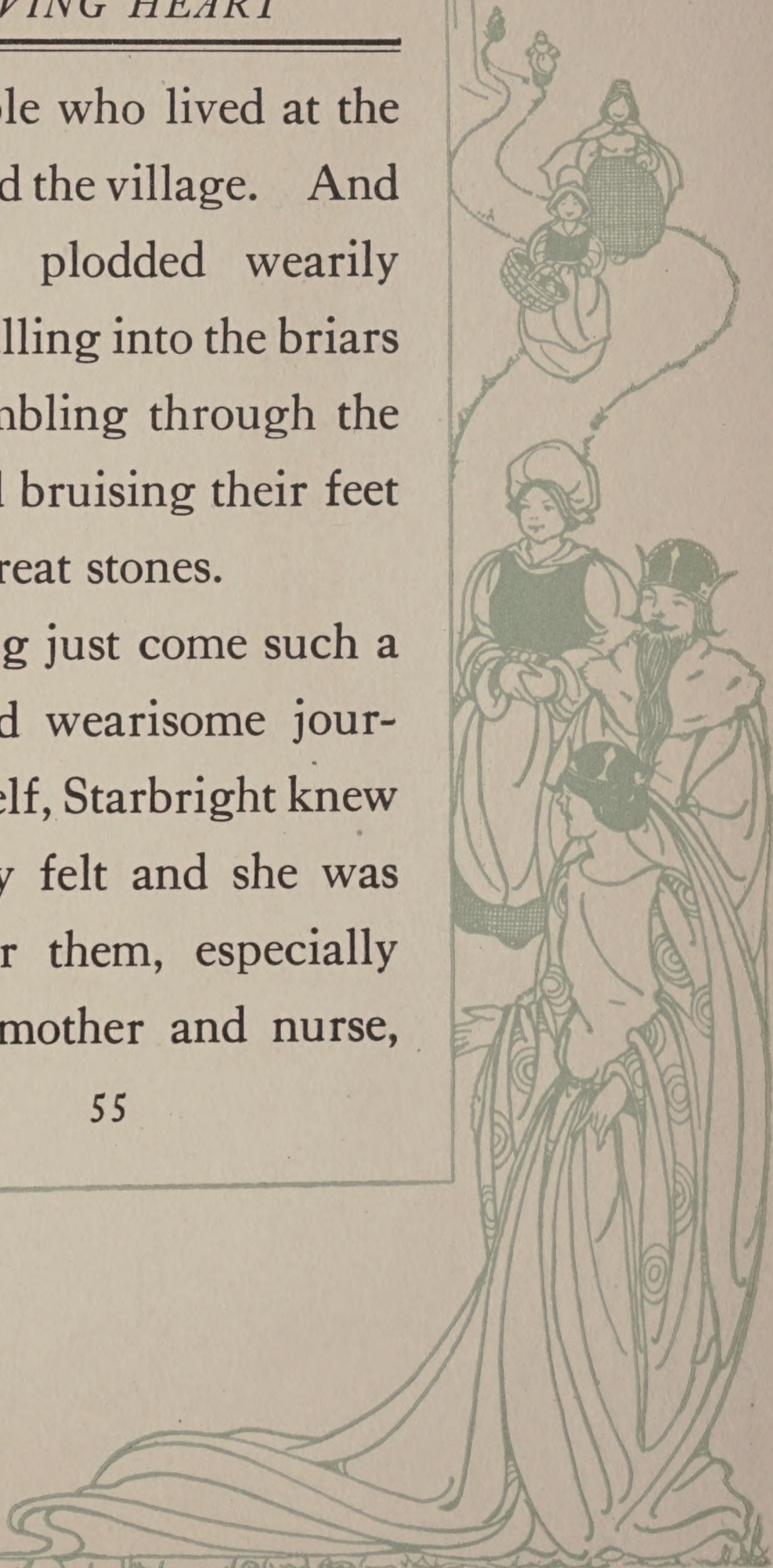





THE LOVING HEART


the people who lived at the castle and the village. And they all plodded wearily along, falling into the briars and stumbling through the ruts, and bruising their feet on the great stones.

Having just come such a long and wearisome journey herself, Starbright knew how they felt and she was sorry for them, especially for her mother and nurse,






THE ROAD OF



who were weeping as they walked along.

“Why do they travel on such a road?” asked Starbright. “Why don’t they choose a nice smooth path?”

The magician answered, “This is the road that *you* made for them. It is the memory you left behind you, and every time they think of you they are forced to trav-



THE LOVING HEART

el this road. Look closer.”

So Starbright looked closer through the magic spectacles, and saw that the stones were made out of her disobedience, and the thorns were her disagreeable crying spells, and that every time any one thought of her, instead of remembering happy things she had done, their memories tripped up on all the unpleasant, selfish

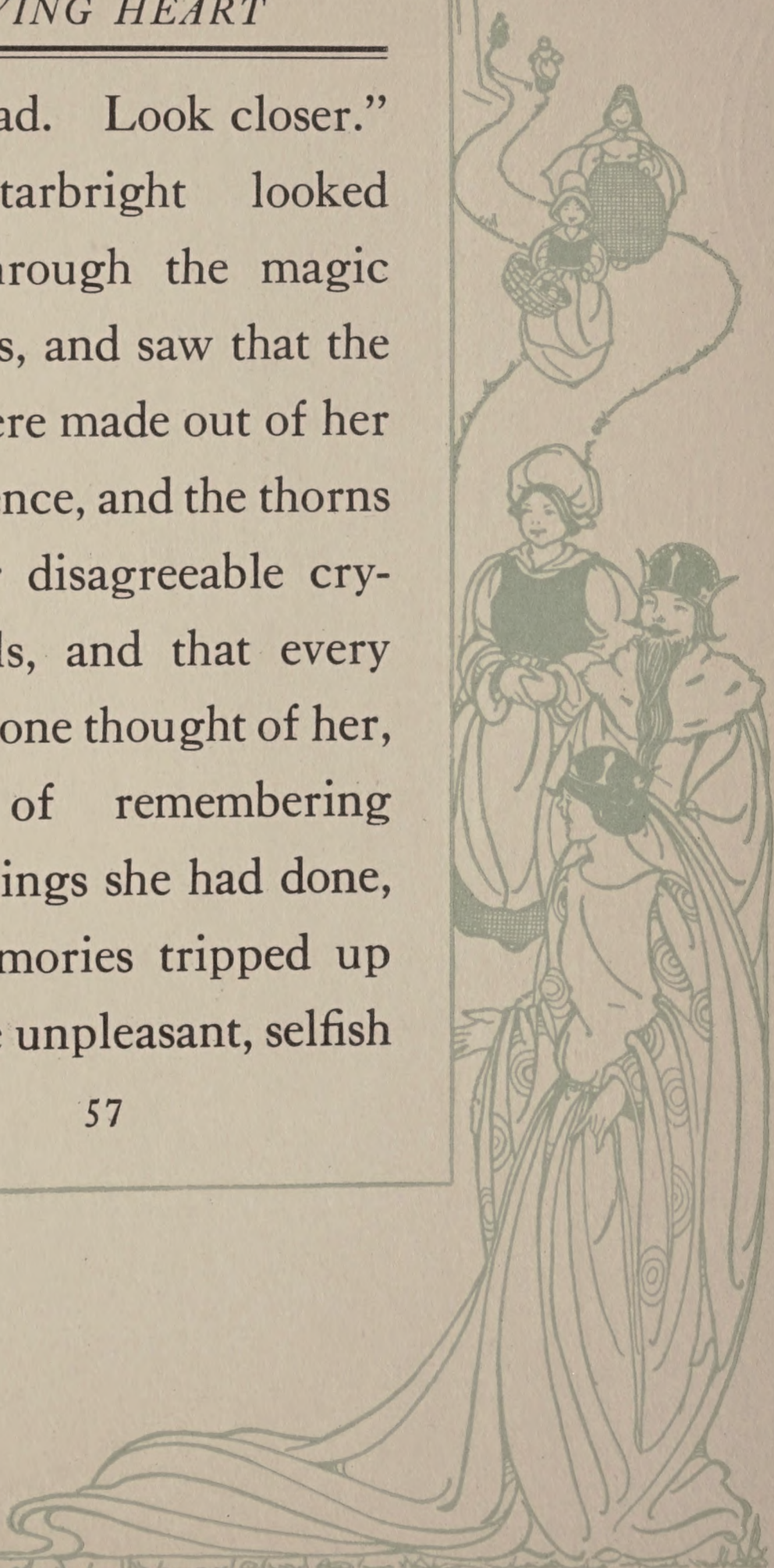


Illustration by [unreadable]

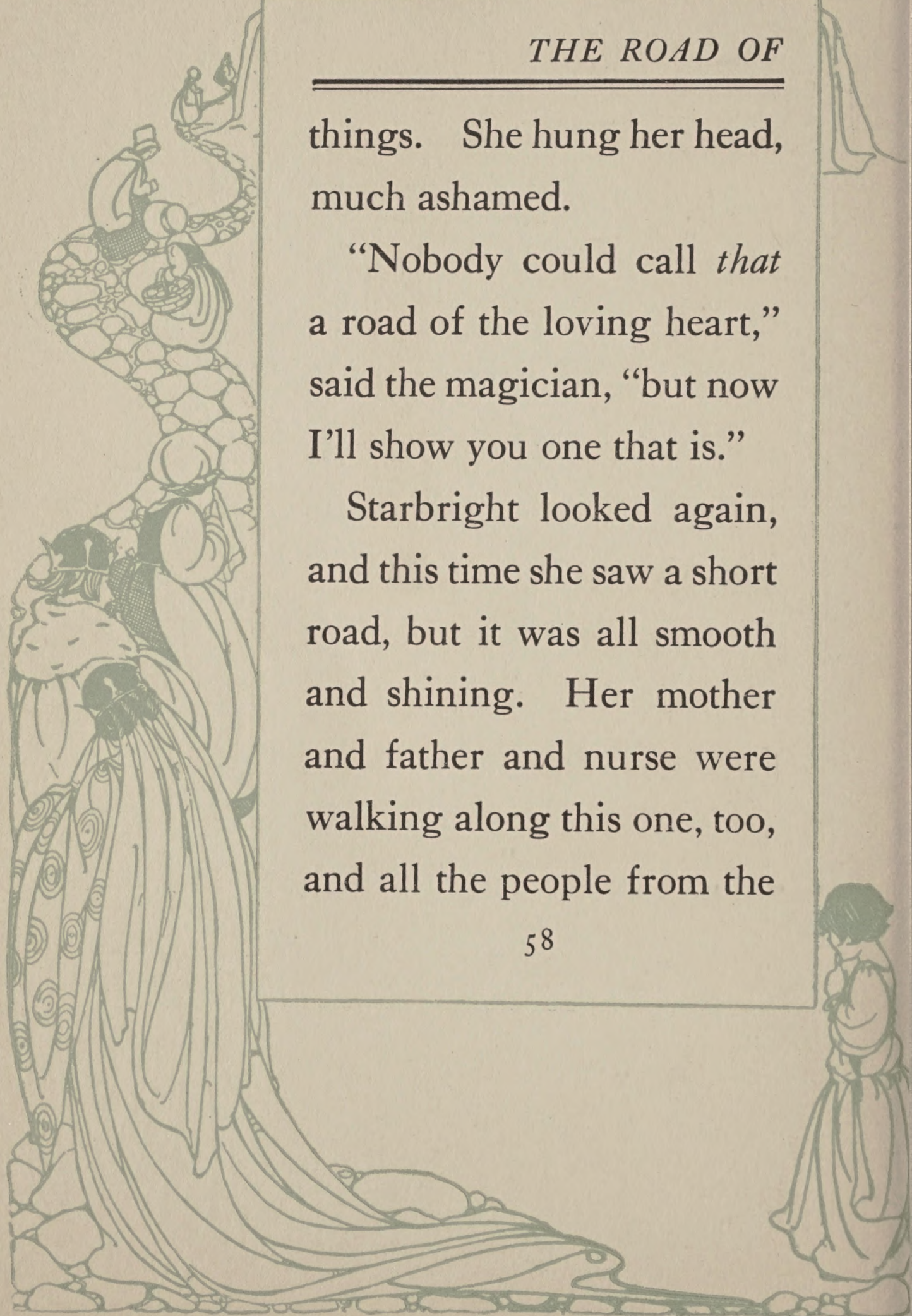


THE ROAD OF

things. She hung her head, much ashamed.

“Nobody could call *that* a road of the loving heart,” said the magician, “but now I’ll show you one that is.”

Starbright looked again, and this time she saw a short road, but it was all smooth and shining. Her mother and father and nurse were walking along this one, too, and all the people from the





THE LOVING HEART



59



Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, likely a signature or publisher's mark.



THE ROAD OF

castle, and they were all smiling. To her surprise she could see her own self on this road, and she was smiling also.

“This is the road the brown bear is leaving behind him,” said the magician. “Nobody can think of him without smiling, because he is such a comfortable, friendly sort of bear. He never says anything





THE LOVING HEART

cross nor does anything unpleasant for your thoughts to trip over when you remember him. Even when he g-rowled at you it was in kindness. He was warning you that you were naughty, and trying to help you to be good. Do you see that specially smooth spot in the road where the wild-flowers are growing? That is the place he dug in

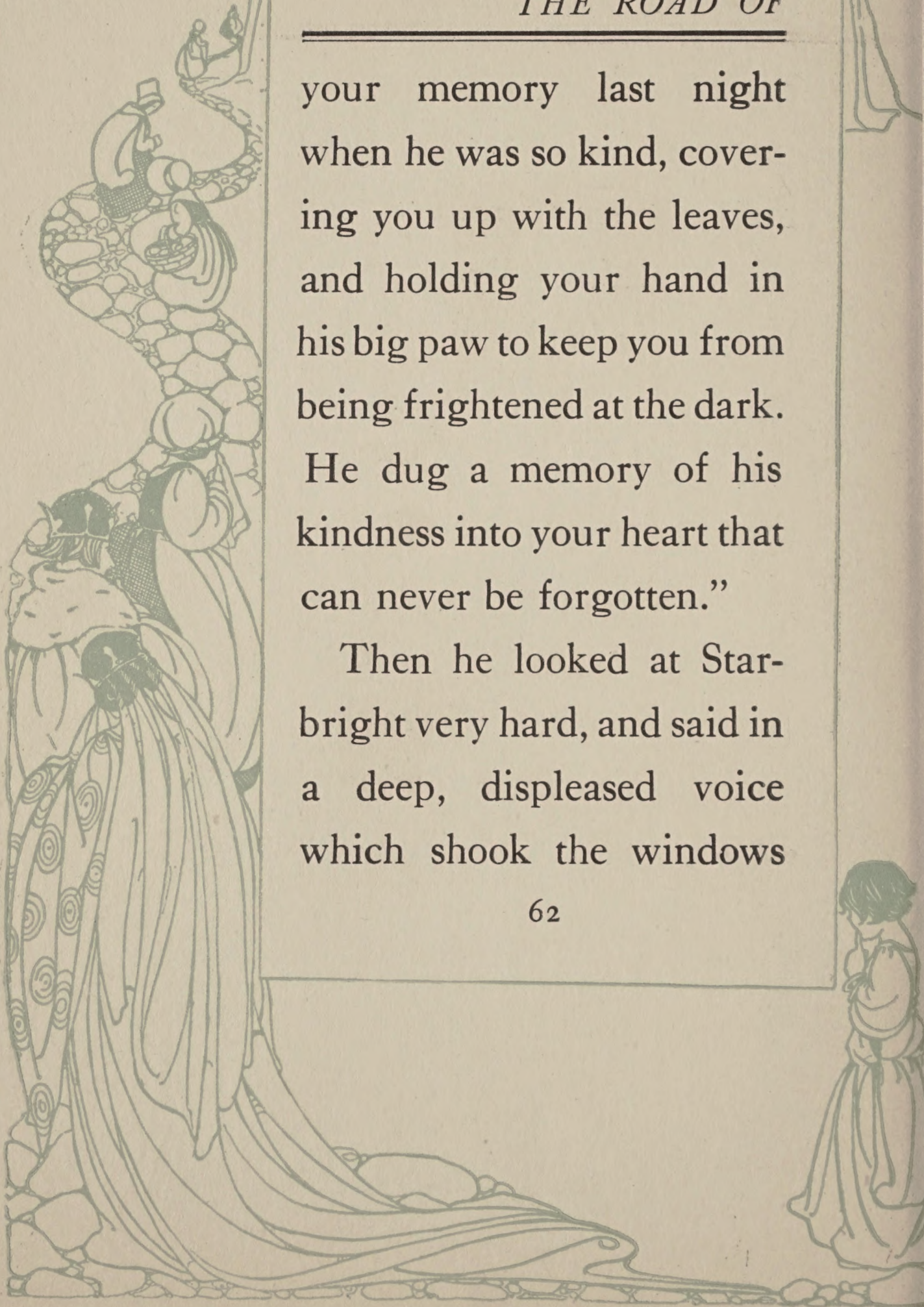




THE ROAD OF

your memory last night when he was so kind, covering you up with the leaves, and holding your hand in his big paw to keep you from being frightened at the dark. He dug a memory of his kindness into your heart that can never be forgotten.”

Then he looked at Starbright very hard, and said in a deep, displeased voice which shook the windows



THE LOVING HEART



63






THE ROAD OF

till they rattled, "To think that a bear should be kinder than a princess!"

That made Starbright feel so ashamed that she didn't want to stay and look at anything more; but when you once put on the magic spectacles you cannot take them off until the magician is ready. So she had to look at more roads, whether she wanted to or not. It seemed



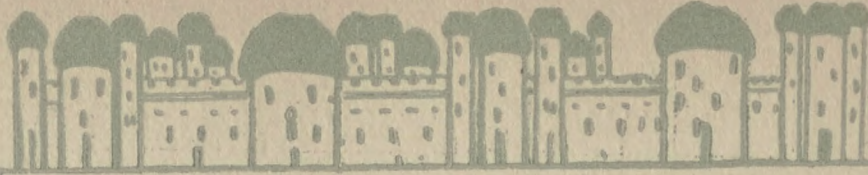


THE LOVING HEART

to her that there were millions, for each person in the world has to leave such a road behind him in the hearts of all who know him.

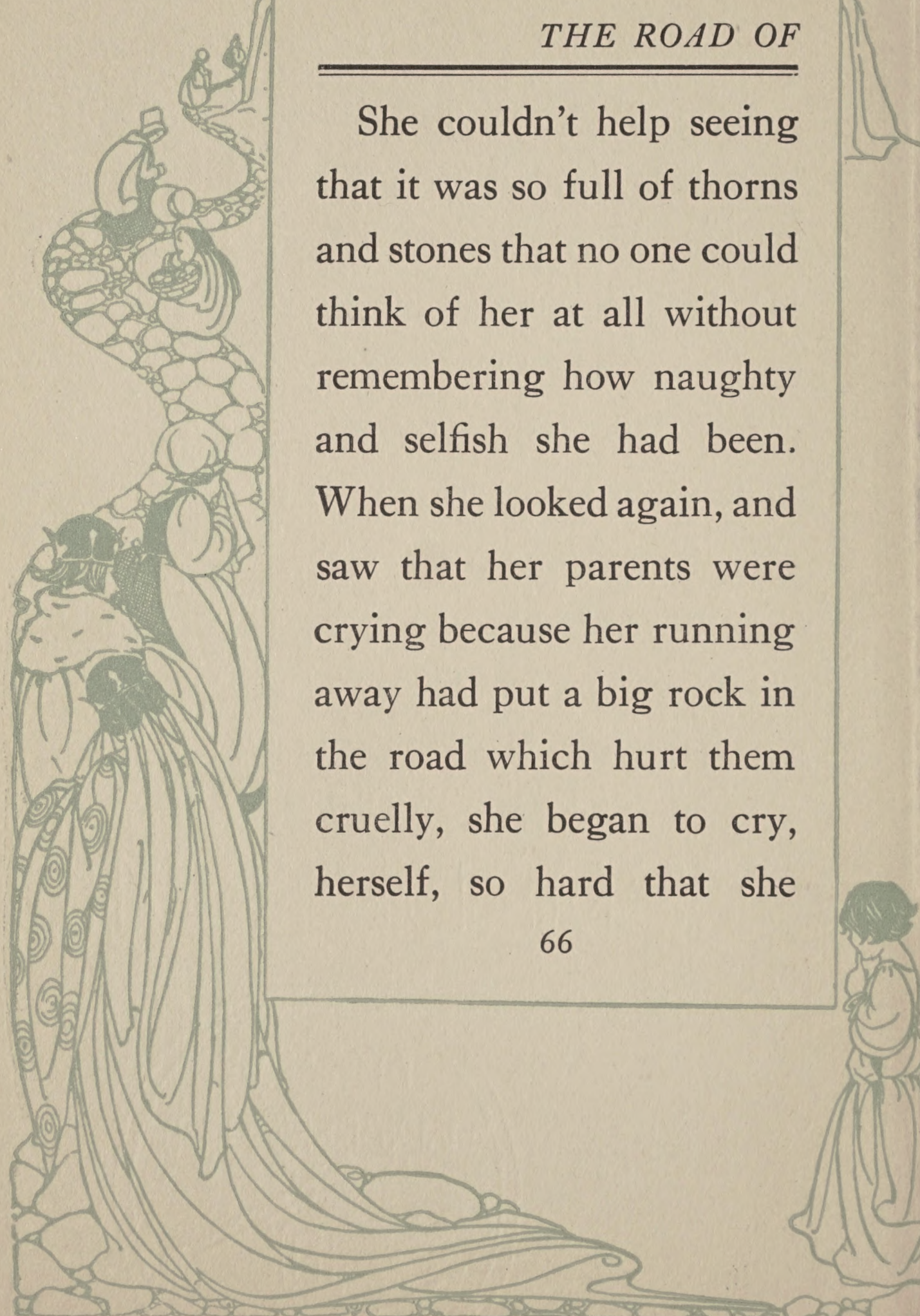
Over her father's road, and her mother's, and her nurse's was written the same legend that was written over Tusitala's. But over Starbright's was written, "*The Road of the Selfish Heart.*"





THE ROAD OF

She couldn't help seeing that it was so full of thorns and stones that no one could think of her at all without remembering how naughty and selfish she had been. When she looked again, and saw that her parents were crying because her running away had put a big rock in the road which hurt them cruelly, she began to cry, herself, so hard that she





THE LOVING HEART

could no longer see through the spectacles. Then the magician took them off of her.

“Please, Mr. Thunderbludgeon,” said the brown bear, “I think she has been punished enough. Be so kind as to let us go home.”

“Oh, I have! I have!” sobbed Starbright. “I didn’t know that my naughty ways were digging memo-






THE ROAD OF

ries in the hearts of my friends that would last forever. I'll be so careful after this, for I want people to remember only pleasant things about me."

When the magician heard this he opened the door and let her and the brown bear go down the tower stairs.

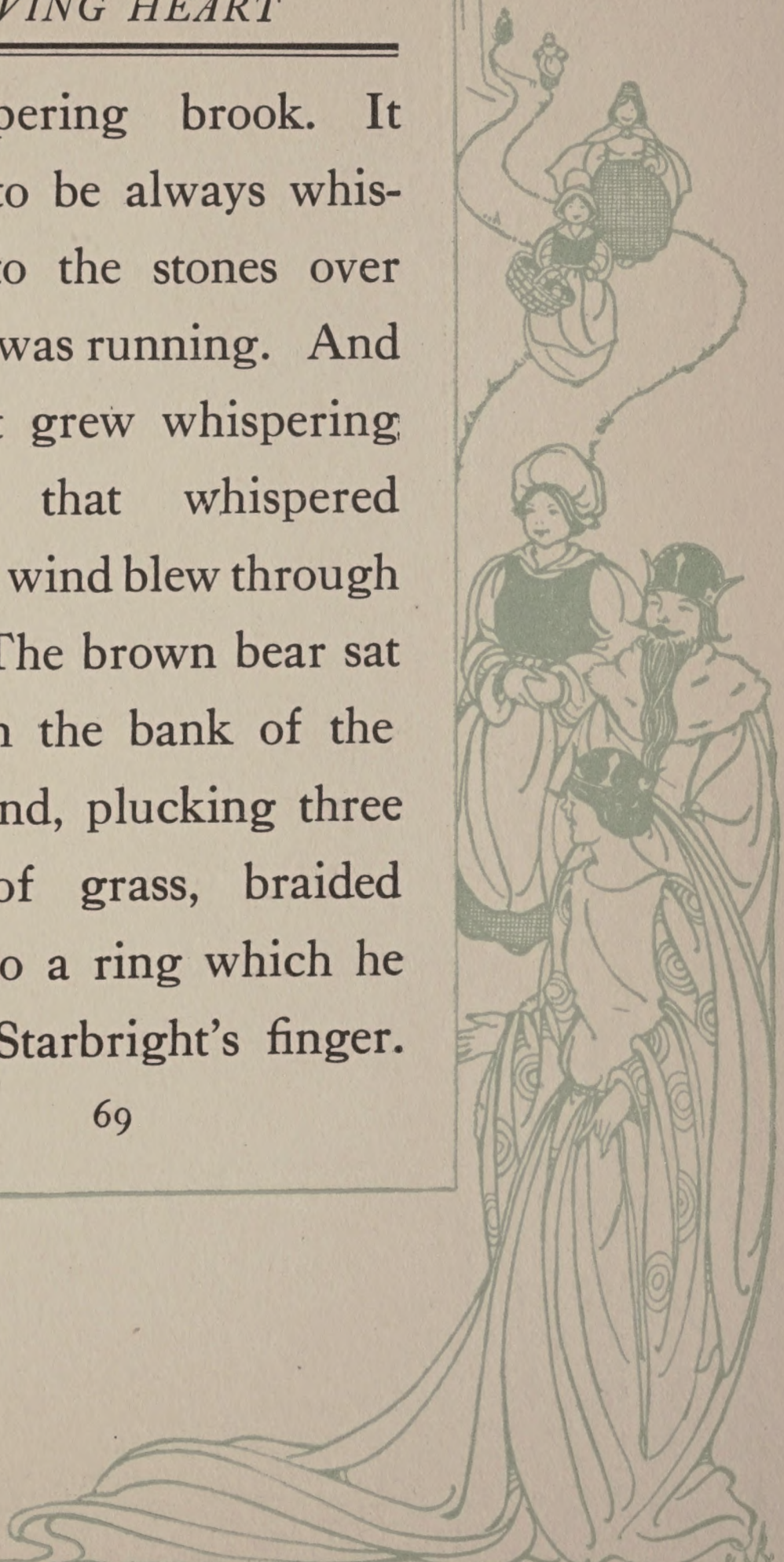
They walked and they walked and they walked, and soon they came to





THE LOVING HEART

a whispering brook. It seemed to be always whispering to the stones over which it was running. And beside it grew whispering grasses, that whispered when the wind blew through them. The brown bear sat down on the bank of the brook, and, plucking three blades of grass, braided them into a ring which he put on Starbright's finger.





THE ROAD OF

“Dip it into the brook,”
said the brown bear.

Starbright did so, and the
next instant the ring of whis-
pering grass changed into
a ring of shining gold; but
it was still a whispering
ring, as she found out later.

After that they walked
and they walked and they
walked, until it was nearly
night and they were very
hungry. Then they came





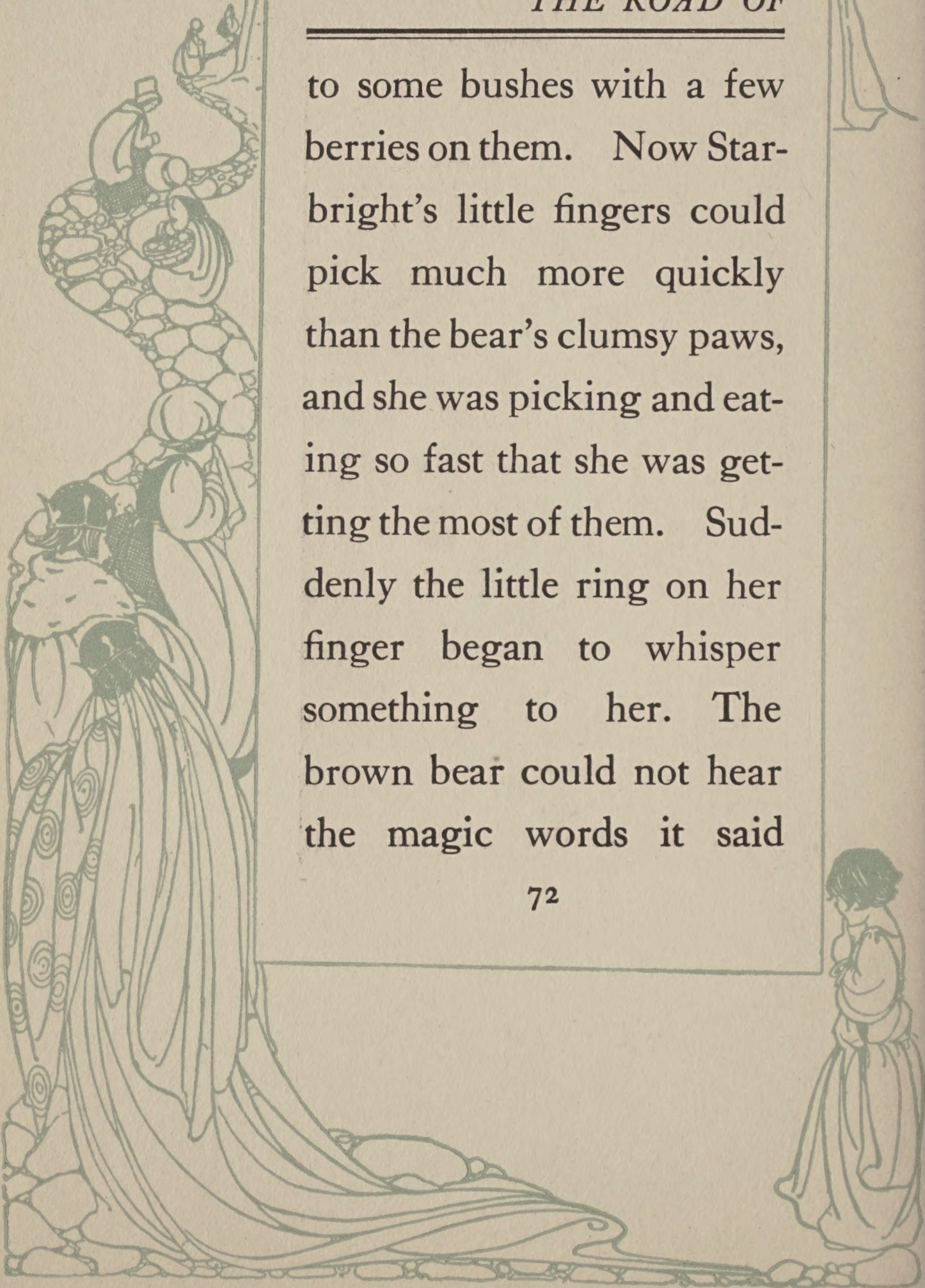
THE LOVING HEART





THE ROAD OF

to some bushes with a few berries on them. Now Starbright's little fingers could pick much more quickly than the bear's clumsy paws, and she was picking and eating so fast that she was getting the most of them. Suddenly the little ring on her finger began to whisper something to her. The brown bear could not hear the magic words it said

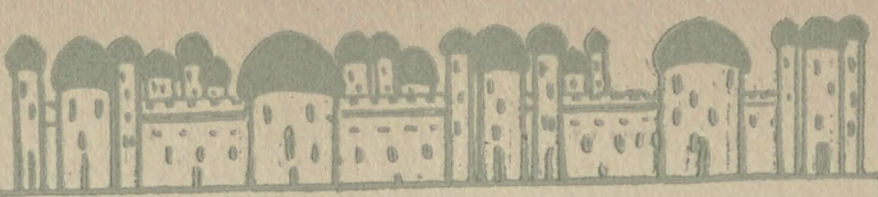




THE LOVING HEART



Modern illustration of the story of the loving heart

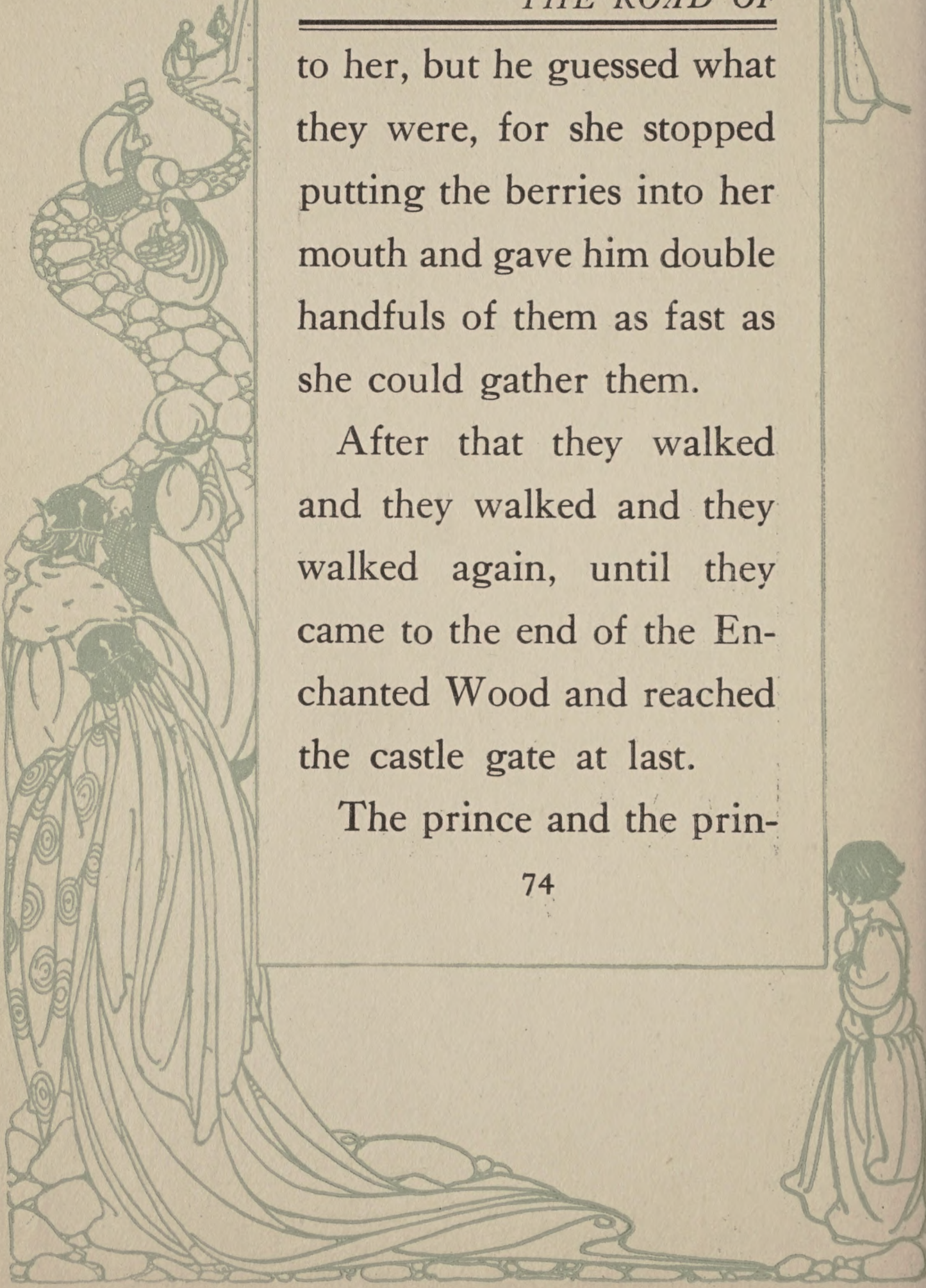



THE ROAD OF

to her, but he guessed what they were, for she stopped putting the berries into her mouth and gave him double handfuls of them as fast as she could gather them.

After that they walked and they walked and they walked again, until they came to the end of the Enchanted Wood and reached the castle gate at last.

The prince and the prin-





THE LOVING HEART

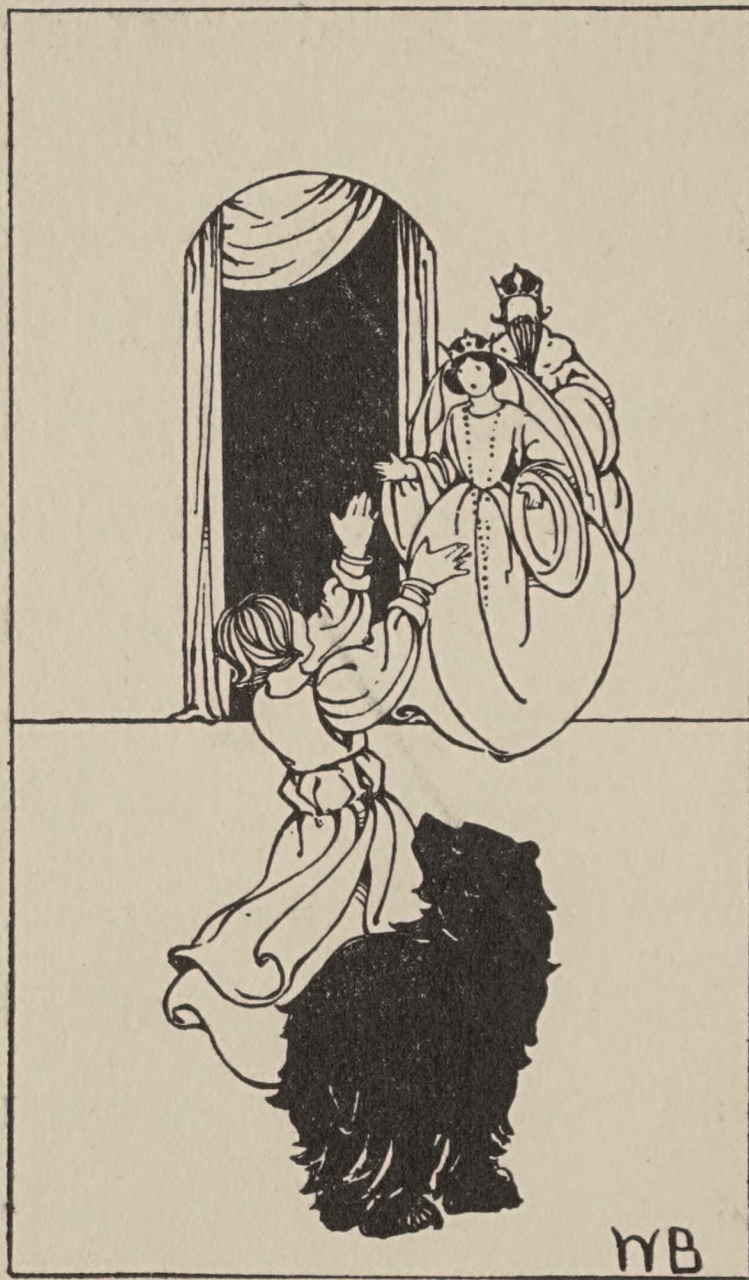
cess were so glad to see their only child that they almost swooned for joy, and Starbright was so glad to be at home again that she was as good as heart could wish.

Never again did her fits of temper leave any stones and thorns behind her for any one to stumble over. For when she was tempted to bite the nurse or slap the page or throw her silver por-





THE ROAD OF





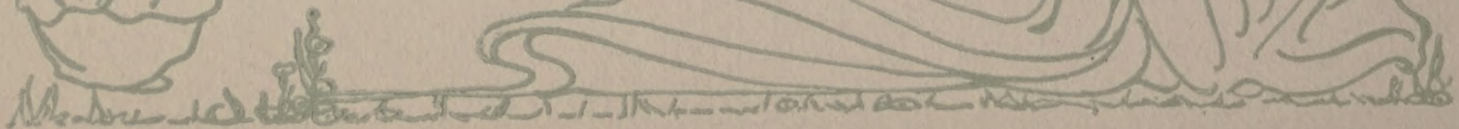
THE LOVING HEART

ringer at the footman, the whispering ring always whispered in her ear in time to stop her.

Even the brown bear did not know what magic words it spoke, but he guessed them aright. It always said:

“Remember the Road of the Loving Heart.”

THE END

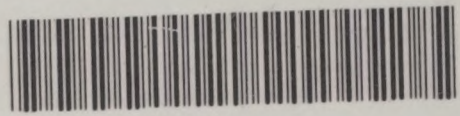






NOV 1 1922

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00024549173

