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THE REAL PRINCESS

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN



Illustrations By

HEDVIG COLLIN



Class PZ8

Book .A54

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THE REAL PRINCESS

A Fairy Tale By
Hans Christian Andersen

Illustrations By
Hedvig Collin



ALBERT WHITMAN & COMPANY

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This edition is dedicated to that staunch
friend of the best in books for children—
BERTHA E. MAHONY

Hedvig Collin has illustrated quite an imposing number of children's books, several of which have been published in Germany, and also in the United States. Her pictures show fine draughtsmanship, fine, soft, bright colors. There is a Dulac touch about her illustrations of "The Real Princess" which she may have acquired during her years of study in Paris. For after doing some work at the Academy in Copenhagen she went on to study in France. Among her earlier illustrations are some fine ones for Danish children's songs. Her "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" is well known in America. She has illustrated three Bibi books by Karin Michaelis, the well known children's author. Another fairy tale book is published by Pestalozzi, "Marigold," or as the German title reads, "Goldtoechterchen". There is also the charming edition de luxe of Andersen, published by Librairie Hachette, Paris.

—*"Contemporary Illustrators of Children's Books"*
by Bertha E. Mahony and Elinor Whitney.

There was once a Prince who wanted a Princess. But it was only a *real* Princess that he wanted for his wife.

He went all over the world to find a *real* one. But, though there were many princesses, he could never learn whether they were *real* princesses. There was always something that did not seem quite right about them.



At last he had to come home again. But he was very sad, because he wanted a *real* princess so badly.

One night there was a terrible wind, and the rain poured down. Indeed it was a bad night. In the middle of the night there came a knocking, knocking, knocking at the town gate. The kind old King himself went down to open the gate.



It was a young Princess that stood outside the gate. The wind and the rain had almost blown her to pieces. Water streamed out of her hair and out of her clothes. Water ran in at the points of her shoes and out again at the heels. Yet she said she was a *real* princess.

“Well, we shall soon see if that is true,” thought the Queen.



She said nothing, but went into the bedroom, took off all the bedding, and put a small dried pea on the bottom of the bedstead. Then she put twenty mattresses on top of the pea, and on top of these she put twenty feather beds. This was where the Princess was to sleep that night.

In the morning they asked her how she had slept.



“Oh, very badly!” said the Princess. “I hardly closed my eyes the whole night. Goodness only knows what was in the bed. I seemed to be lying upon some hard thing, and my whole body is black and blue this morning. It was terrible!”

They saw at once that she must be a *real* Princess.



For, through twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds, she had still felt the pea.

No one but a *real* Princess could have had such a fine skin.

So the Prince took her for his wife. He was sure that he had found a *real* Princess.



As for the pea, it was put
in a museum where it may still
be seen if no one has carried
it away.

Now this is a true story!

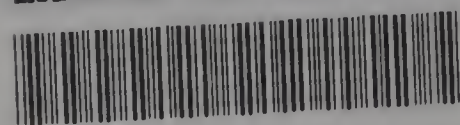




- Hedvig Collin.



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