

Once Upon a Time Stories

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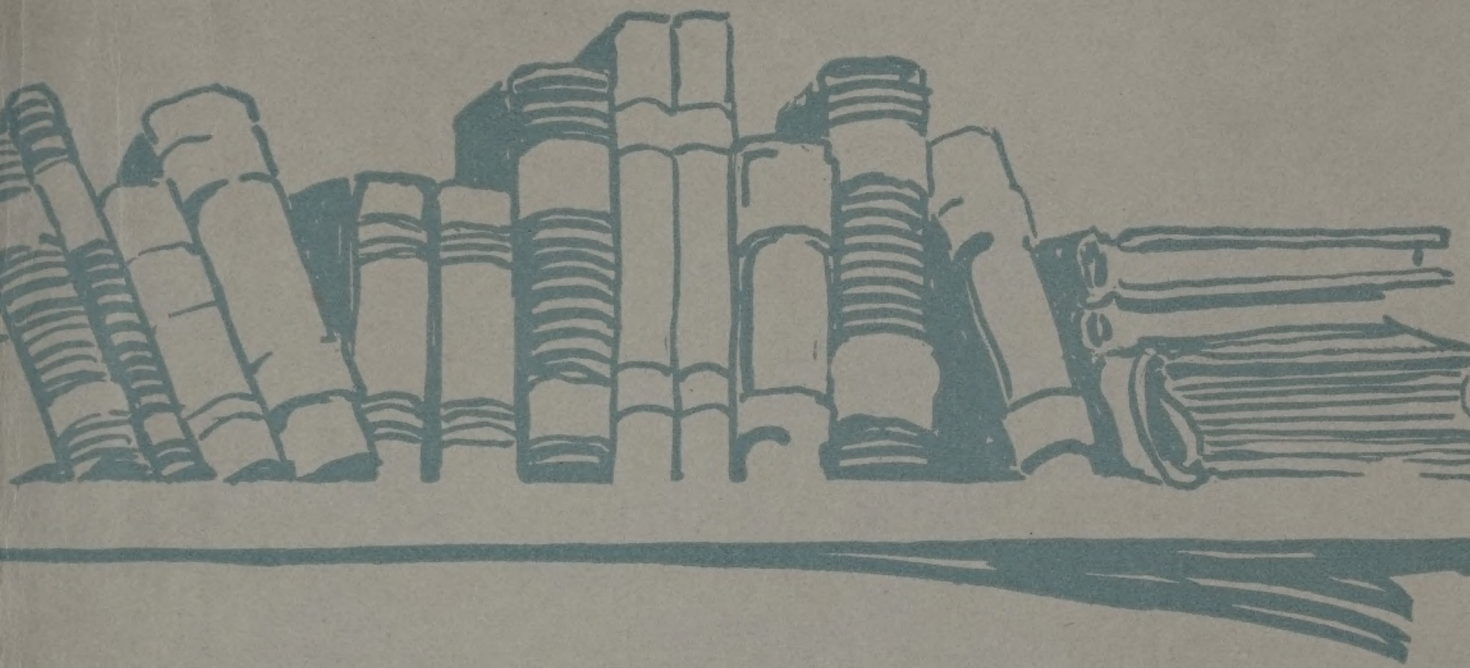
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by
N. MOORE BANTA
and
JULIA DARROW COWLES





DOROTHY DULIN

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N. MOORE BANTA**

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Once Upon a Time Stories

**Published by
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO**



“He grew tired of stitching on the same kind of trousers every day”

ONCE UPON A TIME STORIES

Nathaniel
BY
N. MOORE BANTA
AND
JULIA DARROW COWLES ✓

ILLUSTRATED BY
DOROTHY DULIN ✓

1922

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THE QUEER LITTLE TAILOR

ONCE upon a time there was an odd little tailor shop on a crooked, crooked street in a quaint little town.

Inside the shop three little tailors sat cross-legged on a hard wooden bench. They stitched, stitched, stitched on just one kind of trousers all day long.

Two of the tailors did not mind it in the least. They knew just where to put each stitch and just how many stitches to make.

It was ever so much easier than having to make new kinds of garments. Why, they hardly had to think about their work at all!

But the third tailor was a queer little old man, a very queer little old man indeed! He liked to think about his work. He grew ever so tired of stitching on the same kind of trousers every day and every day.

And so, one day, after he had worked for

thirteen years in the odd little shop on the crooked, crooked street in the quaint little town, he decided to—what do you suppose? Why, he decided to run away!

It was a very venturesome thing for the little old tailor to do, because after a man has stitched for thirteen years on one kind of trousers he grows sort of fitted to those trousers, you know.

During all the thirteen years that the queer little tailor had been stitching and stitching, he had also been thinking and thinking. He began by thinking about the kind of trousers he was stitching. He ended by thinking about the kind of trousers he would like to stitch—and that was what made him run away.

One morning, when people began coming into the odd little tailor shop on the crooked, crooked street in the quaint little town, there were only two tailors sitting cross-legged on the hard wooden bench.

And where was the third little tailor—the



“People began coming into the odd little tailor shop”

queer little tailor who had sat cross-legged on the same wooden bench and stitched for thirteen years?

Out in the cool, leafy woods, close to the edge of a clear, little pond, the queer little tailor was sitting cross-legged on the fresh, green grass. He was stitching away on a pair of trousers—but they weren't the same kind of trousers, *no, indeed*.

What kind of trousers were they?

You never could guess in all your days. They were so little, so *very* little, and so fine, so *extremely* fine, that nobody bigger than a grasshopper could wear them—and they were for a grasshopper!

While the queer little tailor was stitching away on the one kind of trousers that men wear, he had thought about the woods and the fields. He had thought about the birds among the trees, and the odd little hopping creatures among the grass roots.

Finally a strange little notion had formed itself in his mind. He would go and set up a

little shop for himself in the woods. He would not make just one kind of trousers there.

He would make trousers and vests and coats and gowns for every customer that came to him. He was sure he could do it, for was not his cutting of the very best? And his stitches, were they not the very finest and firmest that could be set?

And so one morning, as I told you, there were only two tailors sitting cross-legged on the hard wooden bench in the odd little shop on the crooked, crooked street in the quaint little town.

And one little tailor was sitting cross-legged on the fresh, green grass in a bit of woodland. Beside him, standing upright upon one wooden leg, was a funny little sign which announced the queer little tailor's business.

This funny little sign standing upon one wooden leg set forth the new business of the queer little tailor as follows:

TAILORING AND REPAIRING
for
BIRDS AND INSECTS
and for ALL who are RAGGED
and NEEDY

It was surprising how quickly customers began coming to the shop in the greenwood. The queer little tailor had just set his sign firmly upon its one wooden leg, and crossed his own legs ready for work, when Grasshopper Green hopped up to him and stretched out a leg to its greatest length, as much as to say, "A pair of trousers for me would have to be *just so long*."

"To be sure; to be sure," said the tailor. "I'm so glad you've come to be fitted!" He took out the tiniest tape line and measured Grasshopper Green's legs and the size of his waist.

Then he took out the tiniest pair of shears and cut, snip! snip! into a bit of the finest green cloth, and then he began to sew. Oh! such fine little stitches as he made!



"A pair of trousers for me would have to be just so long"

Never before had he done such a delightful bit of work! And the queer little tailor sat and smiled and smiled as he sewed.

For awhile the two little tailors in the odd little shop on the crooked, crooked street in the quaint little town, stitched and stitched as they used to do. But when noontime came they hopped down off the hard wooden bench and started out to find the third little tailor.

When they found him, sitting cross-legged on the cool, green grass, beside the funny little sign, and stitching away on the trousers for Grasshopper Green, they threw up their hands and rolled up their eyes and didn't know what to think.

At last one of the tailors said to the queer little tailor, "But who will pay you for making trousers like these?"

"Pay me? Pay me?" exclaimed the queer little tailor, "why, that is my affair!"

The two little tailors ran back as fast as ever they could go. They climbed up on the hard wooden bench. They stitched away



“‘Pay me? PAY me? Why that is MY affair’”

faster than ever to make up for the time they had lost in looking for the third little tailor.

The queer little tailor laughed when he saw the two tailors running away. Then he gave a funny little "Q-r-r-r," and immediately Grasshopper Green came hopping after his new pair of trousers. He pulled them on, first over one leg and then over the other leg, and, do you know, they fitted him just exactly!

That evening, when Grasshopper Green was frying sliced wheat-stalks for supper, Miss Phyllis Butterfly came along.

"Oh, dear, dear me!" she was lamenting, and when Grasshopper Green looked up he saw that she was half fluttering, half creeping over the grass.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"I have torn one of my wings on a bramble," she replied, "and I can never fly any more." The poor butterfly looked distressed enough to weep.



“I have torn one of my wings on a bramble”

“Oh, cheer up, cheer up!” exclaimed Grasshopper Green briskly. “That would have been a sad affair, indeed, a few days ago. Now we have a tailor in the greenwood, and he can sew most beautifully. I am sure he can mend your wing so that it will be quite as good as new. See!” he added, straightening himself up and stretching out his legs. “He made me these new trousers.”

“What a perfect fit,” said Miss Phyllis Butterfly admiringly. “Do you think he really can mend my torn wing?”

“Sure of it! Sure of it!” chirped Grasshopper Green, nodding his head emphatically. “I’ll take you to his shop myself in the morning.

“Won’t you have a slice of fried wheat-stalk before you go on?” he added, giving his frying pan a skillful turn.

“Oh, thank you, no,” replied Miss Phyllis Butterfly graciously—she never ate wheat-stalks—“but if you will take me to the tailor shop in the greenwood to-morrow morning,

I'll be very grateful indeed."

Then she started on, half fluttering and half creeping over the grass as before.

The next morning the queer little tailor had hardly time to cross his legs on the cool, green grass, when hop! hop! came Grasshopper Green upon his knee. Fluttering and creeping over the grass behind him came a beautiful butterfly with golden wings all dotted with black.

"My, my!" said the queer little tailor, noticing at once the torn and tattered wing. Before Miss Phyllis Butterfly had time to say a word, he had reached out his hand and placed her upon his other knee.

He took a tiny spool of the finest, golden thread from his vest pocket. He began to weave the thread back and forth with the finest, tiniest stitches. Lo! in a moment the broken wing was just as perfect as the other.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said the beautiful butterfly. Then she spread her golden wings and flew up into the air. And the

queer little tailor smiled and smiled, as he watched her float away.

Grasshopper Green gave two jerks of his funny little head—they were meant for “Thank you”—and hopped away again.

Presently Spider Lightfoot came running over the grass. He stopped directly in front of the queer little tailor. He began spinning a web on the grass blades.

“Ah,” said the little tailor, “now I can take a lesson in spinning while I rest.” He watched Spider Lightfoot as he spun his fairy-like threads and wove them



“Lo! in a moment the broken wing was just as perfect as the other”

into a beautiful web.

But the web was only just finished, when along came awkward Johnny Turtle, on his way to the pond. He stuck one of his claws right through the web.

“I declare!” exclaimed Spider Lightfoot, flying into a temper. “Did you ever see anything so awkward in your life? It isn’t an easy matter to spin a web like that. Now I must go to work at once and repair it. It is really too provoking.”

Just then Spider Lightfoot caught sight of Sally Snail, following slowly after Johnny Turtle. He ran up to Sally Snail and told her what he thought of Johnny Turtle’s awkward ways, and sent him a very saucy message.

“He may see fit to challenge me to a duel for that,” said Spider Lightfoot to himself, “but I am much quicker than he, if I am small, so I shall not be afraid.” He started back to mend his torn web, and what do you suppose?

Well, when he got there, the queer little

tailor was just taking the last stitch. The web was mended as neatly as Spider Lightfoot himself could have done it.

“Why!” exclaimed Spider Lightfoot, almost too astonished to speak. He bowed profoundly to the queer little tailor, and said, “I never met anybody before who could do that!

“Do you wear a nightcap?” he asked suddenly. And when the queer little tailor said that he did, he fairly danced with joy. “I’ll make you a lace one this very day. Will you wear it?” he asked, anxiously. “There are so few things I can make for a man to wear.”

“Why, to be sure I’ll wear it!” said the queer little tailor gleefully. Then Spider Lightfoot ran away to begin his task. The tailor turned suddenly, for he thought he heard a child crying.

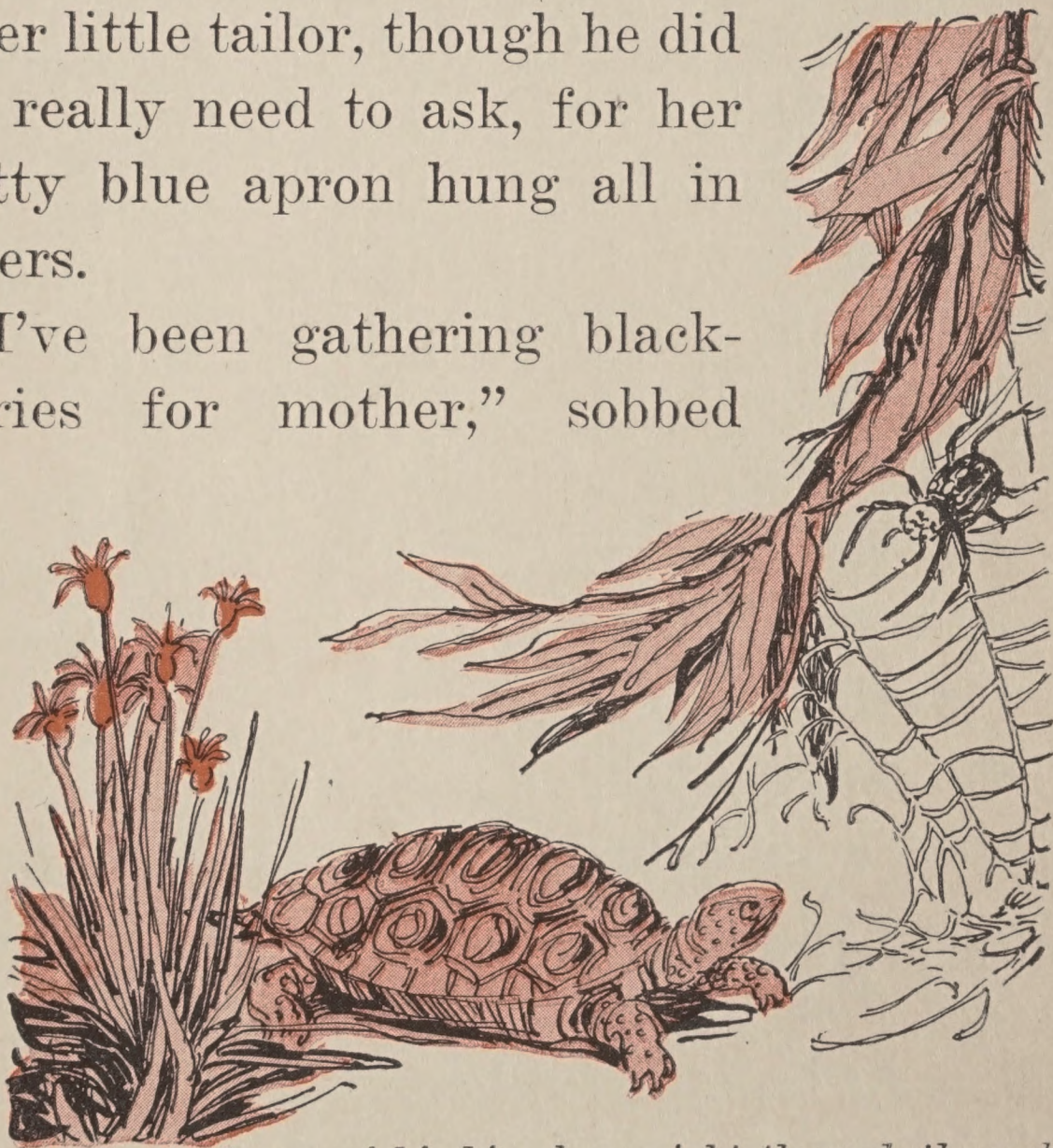
And sure enough he had.

Coming through the bushes at the edge of the wood was little Dorothea Doyourbestest, who lived in a cabin on the farther side of the

pond. Dorothea had her two fat fists dug so deeply into her two eyes that it made her cheeks look fatter than ever. Over one arm hung a pail, and in the pail were big, juicy blackberries.

“What’s the matter, little girl?” asked the queer little tailor, though he did not really need to ask, for her pretty blue apron hung all in tatters.

“I’ve been gathering blackberries for mother,” sobbed



“He stuck one of his big claws right through the web”

Dorothea, still with her fists at her eyes, "and the blackberry thorns tore my apron all to pieces."

"Will mother scold?" asked the queer little tailor--and all the time he was working away faster than he ever had worked in the odd little shop in the crooked, crooked street.

"No," sobbed Dorothea. "Mother won't scold; but Aunt Maria will."

"But there's nothing the matter with your apron," said the queer little tailor. "Look and see."

Dorothea Doyourbestest took her two fists down from her eyes, and her apron was as good as new! Why, she could hardly believe her eyesight!

She hugged the queer little tailor and popped a luscious blackberry right into his mouth, and ran away toward home, laughing.

And the queer little tailor smiled and smiled as he watched her.

"I'm sure my wife will scold, for she just sewed them on this very morning."



"The thorns tore my apron"

The queer little tailor looked up into the tree branch that hung just over his head, and there sat Cock Robin with his little red vest all open and every button off!

“Goodness me!” said the queer little tailor. “Do come here.”

Instantly Cock Robin flew to his knee.

“I’ll tell you how it happened,” said Robin. “Jimmie and Jackie Bluejay each found a nice fat worm at the same time. But instead of swallowing them instantly, as sensible birds would do, Jackie wanted the worm that Jimmie had, and Jimmie wanted the worm that Jackie had, and in their greed each dropped his own.

“Just then a hen came along and swallowed both worms, and Jimmie and Jackie looked so cut up that I laughed until all the buttons flew off my vest.

“I am always doing this,” added Cock Robin sorrowfully, “and it quite troubles my wife; but I really can’t help laughing.”

“Dear me, dear me!” said the queer little



*“‘I am always doing this,’ added
Cock Robin sorrowfully”*

tailor; “just laugh away whenever you choose, and come to me when the buttons burst.”

Cock Robin thanked him and buttoned up his vest—for the queer little tailor had sewed all the buttons on again—and went away home to Mrs. Robin.

And that was the way it happened, day after day at the queer little tailor shop in the greenwood. The queer little tailor wore his

lace nightcap o' nights and sat cross-legged on the cool, green grass and sewed and sewed o' daytimes.

And as he sewed and sewed, he thought and thought. He thought about a far-away country where there were never cold, cold nights, and where everything was beautiful all the days.

One day—such a quiet day it was in the greenwood, for the birds had flown away to the warm southland, and Grasshopper Green and Johnny Turtle and Sally Snail and Phyllis Butterfly had all hidden away in their winter homes—the queer little tailor went away. And nobody ever saw him again!

But when summer returned Dorothea Doyourbestest and Phyllis Butterfly and Johnny Turtle and Sally Snail and Grasshopper Green and Cock Robin came back to the greenwood, and had such good times! For Dorothea always remembered to put on her oldest apron when she went blackberry-

DOROTHY DULIN

TAILORING
AND
REPAIRING
FOR
BIRDS AND INSECTS
AND FOR ALL WHO
ARE RAGGED AND NEEDY.



“They looked at a queer little sign”

ing, Phyllis Butterfly didn't complain when things went wrong, and Spider Lightfoot had learned to keep his temper.

Sally Snail never repeated any angry messages, and Johnny Turtle was much less awkward and looked where he put his foot, while Grasshopper Green spent all his time in cheering up and helping everybody. Even Cock Robin held his sides when he laughed, so that the buttons should not fly off his vest.

But if any of them ever did feel cross or spiteful or mean, they knew how to cure themselves right away.

They went straight to the part of the greenwood close by the clear, little pond. There they looked at a queer little sign which still read:

TAILORING AND REPAIRING
for
BIRDS AND INSECTS
and for ALL who are RAGGED
and NEEDY

Julia Darrow Cowles.

BLUEST OF BLUE BIRDS

ONCE upon a time, when the world was new, and wishing was having, there lived a youth called Pablo. This youth was a bird-cage maker.

Pablo lived in a little tumble-down house in a little tumble-down village.

He would work at making bird-cages for a few days and then he would take them to the neighboring villages and sell them.

But his trade was a poor one. He judged himself in luck if he sold one cage in a day. As may be supposed, he knew what sorrow and poverty were.

One day as he was proceeding to a village he heard sounds of merry-making. He heard the buzz of many people, and the strains of a band of music.

This merry-making was a procession of children dressed in white. They were carry-



“This merry-making was a procession of children dressed in white”

ing in their midst a beautiful little girl crowned with roses. She was seated in a chariot covered with white satin and decorated with beautiful flowers and evergreens.

This procession of children was a May Party. The little girl crowned with roses

was the May Queen. They were celebrating May Day.

In front of the little chariot a number of children danced. They held in their hands tin platters for gifts of money. As may be imagined, all, or nearly all, the spectators dropped their coins into the platters.

Pablo moved away from them in a sad frame of mind, saying to himself as he walked on: "Is this the justice of the world? There they are flinging their money into these platters just because these children come in procession to announce to them that it is the month of May.

"They act as though they could not find out that it is May by looking in the almanac. They barter and grind me down to the lowest price for my cages, even when I chance to sell one."

Full of these bitter thoughts he walked on sadly. The voice of a very great enemy, hunger, was making itself heard within him.

He had nothing in his wallet but his clasp-



“He had noting in his wallet but his clasp-knife”

his hat off politely, approached the man and said: “Excuse me, sir, but could you give me a trifle? I promise I will return it as soon as I earn some money.”

“Don’t you think it is a shameful thing for a man like you, young and strong, to be begging of people? Does it not strike you that you have a duty to earn your living by working at your trade?”

“Yes, sir, certainly, but my trade does not

knife. He had had nought for his breakfast but hopes, and these made him sharp and active.

As he walked along with these bitter thoughts he saw a well-dressed man coming towards him. Pressed by hunger, Pablo, taking

fulfil its own duty. Most people like to see the birds flying about free rather than in cages. Therefore, day by day, I find myself poorer than before.”

At first the stranger doubted what he heard. The bird-cage maker, however, gave him a careful account of his work, and of the small profits he made. The stranger soon became interested and sympathized with his ill-fortune. Pablo was a man who always knew how to get other people interested in himself.

“Come, come,” said the stranger, smiling, “I will do something for you. I cannot find buyers for your bird-cages, but I can help you in another way. I cannot give you money, but I will give you something that is more valuable. If you use this help I give you rightly you shall never more be in want.”

The stranger then took out a fife and played a few notes clear and sweet, that sounded like the song of a bird.

Pablo saw flying before him a bird, blue as

the sky, which came and perched on one of his cages.

“See here,” added the stranger, “is a gift that will make up for all your past misery. From this day forth you have only to wish for what you want. Then say slowly and clearly: ‘Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!’ and your wish will be granted to you. Take care, however, you do not wish for money. Anything else except money will be granted.”

“By my faith!” cried Pablo, “but I will try it at once. For the last twenty years I have wished to have all I can eat. ‘Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!’”

At once there was spread before him on the grass a breakfast fit for a prince. This delicious meal was served in beautiful dishes of silver and glass, all placed upon the whitest of cloths. Pablo was so surprised that he flung himself upon his knees before the stranger to thank him.

The stranger raised him up, saying: “I am the good helper of the honest working people



“He flung himself upon his knees to thank him”

of this country. Sit down and eat without fear. Make good use of your Lucky Star. Please remember, do not wish for money. If you want money you must work for it." Then the stranger disappeared as if he had sunk into the ground.

Pablo could not find words to express his thanks but he knelt down and kissed the place where the stranger had stood.

He then sat down and ate his breakfast. After his fine meal, he began to take note of his old suit of clothes. Said he, "I wish to have a better suit than these old well-worn working clothes. I wish also for a fine horse to ride." Lifting his staff up, he cried, "Bluest of blue birds, do your duty."

In an instant his old suit changed into one of richest velvet, trimmed in gold and silver. His rough staff changed into a splendid horse, saddled and bridled, and having round its neck a collar of silver bells.

Pablo was so surprised at what had happened that he could scarcely get his breath

for a few moments. Finally he fastened the cage with the blue bird to the saddle. He leaped on the horse and rode away. As he rode along he took time to look himself over. He was as proud of his new clothes as a donkey is of its ears.

He said to himself, "Now I will go forth in search of adventure. I don't think I shall need to work any more. True, I haven't any money. According to this gift I can get money only by working for it. Why should I have money? The bird will give me whatever I want. So I don't need any money."

But he could not get the matter of money out of his mind. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted money. He said to himself, "I am too high up in the world now to think about working. So I must manage to get money in some other way. I must hear the sound of coins jingling in my pockets."

His new horse was a fine one and traveled very fast. He soon reached the gates of a splendid castle. A feast was taking place

within. The guests were all seated under a shady bower.

They had been disappointed in the musicians who were to have played. The lord of the castle was very sorry that the musicians had disappointed them. Said he, "Music is the only thing lacking to make a perfect day."

Now this lord of the castle was an old miser. He paid the musicians so poorly that they did not wish to play for his parties. That is the reason they had not come.

"It is really too bad to be disappointed in this manner," said the lord of the castle. "Those musicians do not appreciate the large fees I have been giving them."

Pablo, on hearing this, advanced to the bower. He very politely bowed to the lord and lady of the castle.

Then in a most polite manner he said:

"If it be right for a simple knight to offer to assist such a noted company of rank and beauty, I think I can promise to provide



“Desired him to open the ball with his eldest daughter”

delightful and appropriate music for you.”

“Oh, do at once, please!” cried all the ladies who were longing to dance.

“Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!” said Pablo.

Suddenly in the distance was heard the noise of many feet. A troop of musicians with their instruments soon appeared, to the great delight of the company.

The lord of the castle thanked the stranger warmly, and desired him to open the ball with his eldest daughter, a maiden fair and lovely, like a snow bird.

When the ball was at its height, Pablo ordered an elegant banquet to be served. During the banquet the bluest of blue birds sang beautiful songs, which were much admired by the company.

Games of chance followed, and Pablo, taking advantage of his good fortune, distributed among the ladies pearls, bracelets, and rings of precious stones. All those present were surprised beyond measure, be-

cause the lord of the castle was known to be very miserly.

But the lord of the castle knew that all this had been done by the bluest of blue birds. This lord, being very stingy and greedy, thought he might do a fine stroke of business were he to purchase the bird.

Hence, calling Pablo away to his study, he proposed to him to purchase the bird for what price he should quote.

“You would never give me my price,” replied Pablo.

“For it I will give you one hundred thousand dollars,” said the lord of the castle.

“It is not enough.”

“Very well, I will add two hundred thousand more.”

“That is still not enough,” cried Pablo.

“I will make it one million dollars then!”

“I want something else!”

“What, still more? Why, man, you must want paradise itself!”

“Not so; I want what you can give me this

very moment. I want your daughter with whom I danced just now! Let her be my bride in addition to the million dollars. The million will keep us nicely.”

“What! my daughter!” cried the old miser with very great joy. “By my faith, we shall soon conclude the bargain. Why did you not say so before? We shall celebrate the wedding tomorrow.”

He soon found his daughter, and told her of the engagement he had made for her. But she was greatly surprised and cried out: “But what if he is a wicked elf, and all he does be witchcraft?”

“You have a chain of coral hanging from your neck. It is a sure proof against all witchery.”

“And what if he be the prince of evil himself?”

“I will hang another chain of coral about your neck, and he will have no power over you,” replied the old miser.

He bade her get ready for the wedding

which he had planned for the next day. He then called his treasurer and told him to count out a million dollars, and have it ready to deliver to Pablo.

It took the treasurer and his assistants quite a little time to count out so much money. They were fortunate to have many large bills and large gold pieces. The money was finally piled in a heap on a large table. Pablo was



*“I will hang another
chain of coral about
your neck”*

shown the heap of money. This was about a million times as much money as he had ever seen at one time in his whole life.

But he did not show his great surprise at seeing so much money. He acted as if he were used to being rich.

Arrangements were made for him to deliver the bluest of blue birds to the lord of the castle the next day just before the wed-

ding. At that time, also, he should receive in exchange his million dollars.

Pablo had announced his name to the lord of the castle as being Sir Don Pablo, Knight of the Lucky Star. This name sounded very fine on the wedding invitations that were sent out that evening to a number of distinguished friends of the lord and lady of the castle.

The magic horse of Sir Don was carefully taken care of by the lord's groom. Sir Don himself was lodged in the most beautiful room of the castle. He took personal charge of his bluest of blue birds. He hung the cage on the bed-post. He was very careful not to let this great prize get out of his sight.

He was so happy he could not sleep that night. Said he to himself, "Did anyone ever have such luck? I can hardly believe all this is real. A million dollars tomorrow, and the most beautiful bride in the world! With a million dollars I am sure we shall never want for anything. As often as I put my hands in

my pockets there will be money at the bottom."

Morning finally came, and with it a most perfect day. All were up bright and early to get ready for the wedding which was to happen at two o'clock.

Sir Don called on the bluest of blue birds for a fine wedding suit. When he was decked out in the suit furnished, he certainly looked the part of Sir Don Pablo, Knight of the Lucky Star.

He ordered the bluest of blue birds to furnish a wedding outfit for the bride that should be the most beautiful that ever graced a bride in all the world before. The outfit furnished was of such dazzling beauty of silk and jewels, that when one beheld it he was obliged to go outside and look at the sun to rest his eyes.

It was near two o'clock. All the noted guests were assembled. A real bishop, who was to perform the ceremony, had arrived.

The time had now come for Sir Don to de-

liver the bluest of blue birds over to the lord of the castle, and receive his million dollars in return.

It had been arranged to make this exchange just before the wedding ceremony. The money was to be packed upon the back of the magic horse. Then after the ceremony Sir Don and his bride were to mount the horse and ride away.

The lord of the castle called the guests together to witness the exchange. The million dollars was carefully packed in great saddle-bags and placed on Sir Don's magic horse.

Then Sir Don took the cage containing the bluest of blue birds, and, with great politeness, delivered it into the hands of the lord of the castle.

What do you think happened?

The wedding guests were all gathered in little groups discussing the wonderful powers of the bird and all the events which had taken place.



“He was nearly struck dumb to find that it was not blue at all”

“Peace! peace!” cried the lord of the castle.
“I now possess the bluest of blue birds, and
I will perform more wonderful things than
ever did Sir Don. Approach and see the
wonders I will work with it.”

This old miserly lord had made the arrangement to have this bird delivered to him just before the wedding ceremony so he could command it to furnish the wedding dinner.

He now took the cage and lifting it up to look at the bird, was nearly struck dumb to find that it was not blue at all, but was a large gray owl. It turned and stared at the lord in a frightful manner, and gave a fierce peck at the door of the cage with its beak, and flung it open. Then it flew out of the window with a terrible screech.

The lord of the castle stood with open mouth, not knowing what to do or say. His guests broke out in peals of laughter at his confusion and well-deserved punishment for his exchanging a million dollars and his beautiful daughter for a worthless bird.

In a moment the old miser recovered enough to bethink himself of Sir Don, the magic horse, and the million dollars. The magic horse with the million dollars loaded on his back had disappeared as if it had



“Sir Don was more than a mile from the castle grounds in five minutes”

sunk into the ground or become thin air.

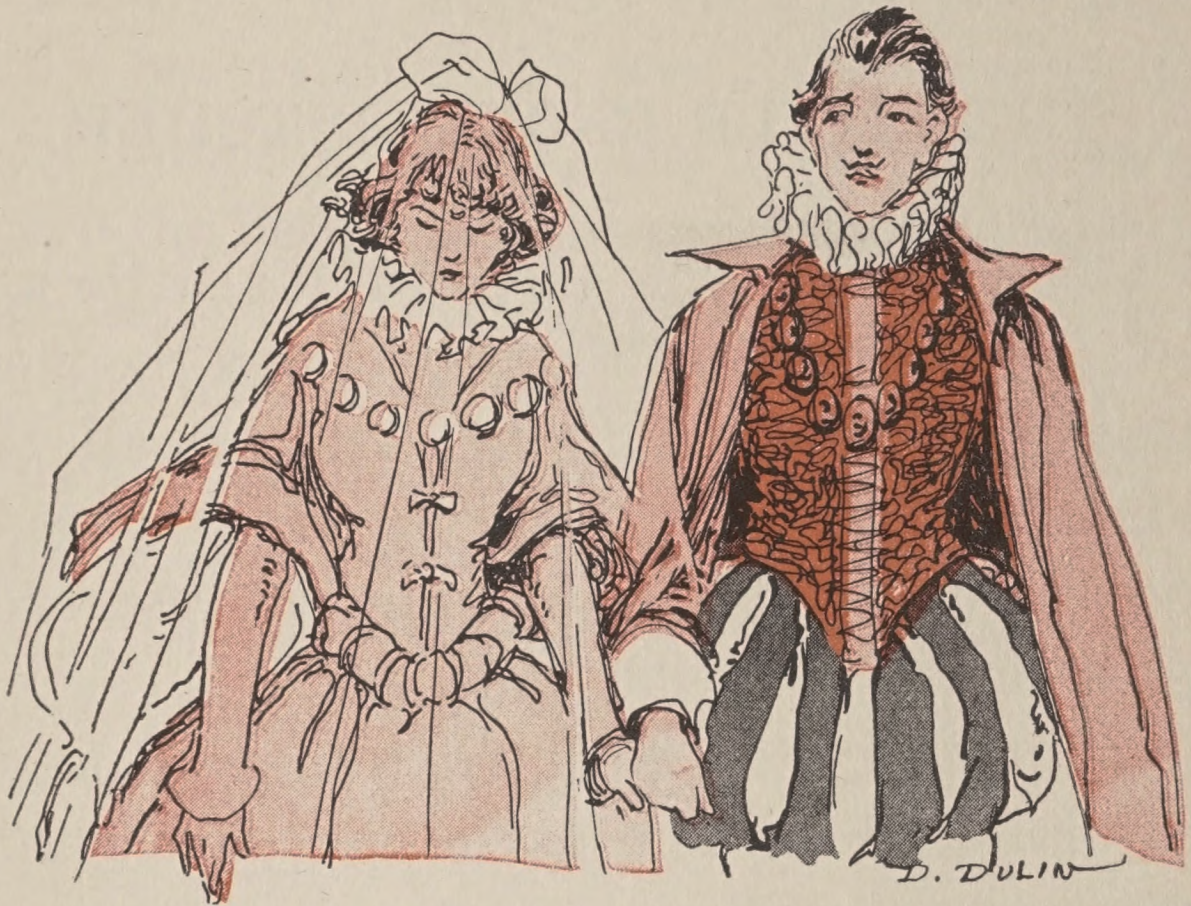
There stood Sir Don Pablo, Knight of the Lucky Star, dressed in the very same old clothes he wore before he saw the Lucky Star. He also held the same old staff in his hand. He was again Pablo, the bird-cage maker. He had not used his gift rightly and his good luck completely vanished.

The lord of the castle cried out in great anger at Pablo, calling him the prince of evil. He bade him leave his presence quickly and forever. In order to hasten him away, the lord commanded his butler and treasurer to take hazel switches and use them lively upon Sir Don.

This they did with such good effect that Sir Don was more than a mile from the castle grounds in less than five minutes.

He went back to his little tumble-down house in the little tumble-down village. He worked at the same trade in the same way, and was as poor and hungry as ever.

And was the fair and lovely daughter sorry



“She married an honest, handsome youth whom she dearly loved”
that she missed wedding Sir Don? Not at all. Her beautiful fairy wedding outfit remained with her, and she had use for it in a short time. She married an honest, handsome youth whom she dearly loved, and they lived happily forever afterwards.

THE LITTLE BROWN PITCHER

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl by the name of Patty who was the most charming little girl in her village: all the neighbors said so. Patty loved everybody and everything. In return she was rewarded by the love of all who knew her.

The pigeons flew down from their house to coo around her. The fowls were not afraid of her and fed from her hand. Even the steady, old dog, Bluff, performed the strangest antics just to amuse her. They all knew how kind and good she was, although they could not say so.

Patty was very industrious, too. When she was very small she would hurry around and do little things in the handiest way. She could sew so well that her teacher at school praised her work, and made it an example to the other children.

Always, when Patty went to the spring with her pitcher she would fill it with the cool bubbling water, and sing. Her songs were the happiest songs in the world because her heart was full of joy.

One day, Patty had filled her pitcher at the spring and was carrying it home. She was almost home when she saw a poor, old woman sitting upon the fallen trunk of a tree. The old woman was covered with dust. She had been travelling a long way and she was so tired she could hardly hold her eyes open.



"Pigeons flew down from their house"

The old woman looked longingly at the fresh water in Patty's pitcher. She saw the happy smile on Patty's face, and so finally had courage to ask for a drink.

"Dear little child," said she in a feeble

voice, "let me cool my parched tongue with a drink from your pitcher. I am very old, and faint, and weary."

"To be sure, mother, and welcome," said Patty. She lifted the pitcher up so the old woman might drink all she wanted.

Long and eagerly did the poor creature drink: so long, indeed, that Patty was quite surprised.

"Thank you, my darling. Heaven will reward you for your kindness to the poor and aged," said the old woman.

"Oh! you're quite welcome, mother," replied Patty. Again she went on her way, but she had not gone far before she met a large dog. The day was warm, and the dog looked very tired. His eyes were red and his tongue was hanging out of his mouth.

"Poor fellow," said Patty, and she stooped down to pat him. The dog knew there was water in the pitcher, and he tried to tell Patty in his own language, how very thirsty he was. She knew what the dog wanted.



DOROTHY DULIN

'She lifted the pitcher up so the old woman might drink'

She looked about and found an old pan beside the road into which she poured water for him.

He lapped and lapped until she began to think he would never stop. At last he had had enough, and looked up into Patty's eyes. He was very grateful, but could only tell her with his eyes and his joyful bark.

Soon after Patty met a group of children. They had been gathering flowers and playing about the fields. They were tired and thirsty, so Patty told them to hold their hands together for cups. She filled each little cup and made them drink.

"Will you please take this nosegay?" they said, and offered her the prettiest flowers they had.

"Let me fasten it on," said the smallest one of the group. So Patty stooped down while the little one pinned the flowers on her dress. Each grateful child gave Patty a kiss, and then ran off to play again.

Patty looked into her pitcher, and found

that it was more than half empty. She must have all her journey to the spring over again. There would be no use in going home with only half a pitcher.

There were drooping flowers beside the road so she gave them the benefit of all that remained in the pitcher. Their little faces looked up again to the sun, and they seemed to thank her with their nodding heads.

Back to the spring she went, without a thought about her trouble. She was just about to stoop and dip her pitcher into the water, when she thought she saw something glistening there.

She watched, and watched, until she saw a sweet little face looking up at her. And there floated out of the water and stood before her, one of the most beautiful of fairies. The fairy stood upon the water as easily as Patty stood on the ground, and she was not really higher than the pitcher.

“So, Patty, you have come back again, my dear.” You see, she knew Patty.

“Yes, madam,” replied Patty, rather alarmed; “yes, madam, because I—”

“I know all about it,” said the fairy, stopping her; “and I am here because I know. I am a friend only to the good and kind. I have come to make you a very useful present.”

“A present!” said Patty, surprised and pleased.

“Yes! It is a reward for your goodness of heart toward others and your little thought for yourself. I see you have forgotten all the kind things you have done. It is right to forget the good we do to others and to remember only what they do for us.

“You have always done so, my dear little Patty. For your reward I will place a spell on your pitcher. In the future it shall always be full of water or milk, as you may wish it. It shall also be able to walk and to speak whenever you may require it, and shall always be your friend in trouble.

“Never fear, always trust your pitcher.

If by any mishap it should be parted from you, it will be able to find you again. It will always be by your side to advise and protect you when you need it.

“Do not be afraid to accept the gift, Patty dear. I am one of the fairies who oppose all that is evil. It is because of your goodness that you have been able to see me and to hear me speaking.

“So put your pitcher down by your side, Patty.” Patty did as she was desired. “Now look into it.”

Patty did so, and, to her astonishment, beheld the bright water gradually rising until the pitcher was full to the brim. When she saw it was full she was going to lift it up, but she found it too heavy for her strength.

“You need not trouble yourself to carry it,” said the fairy smiling; “it will save you all further trouble of that kind.”

With these words the fairy touched the pitcher with her wand. In an instant the pitcher was standing on two little brown legs,



DOROTHY DULIN

“In an instant the pitcher was standing on two little brown legs”

made of the same stone as the rest, and made a polite little bow to Patty.

“Now, Patty,” said the fairy, “follow your pitcher and you cannot do wrong.”

As she finished she broke into thousands of sparkling drops of water, and the bubbling stream bore her away.

Patty rubbed her eyes. She thought it must have been a dream. She coughed and pinched herself, and ran up and down the lane. At last she was convinced that she was awake. And there stood the little brown pitcher on his neat little legs, waiting for orders.

“Quite ready to start, mistress,” said a voice from the pitcher. Patty screwed up her courage and said, “Come on, then, pitcher,” and set the example by starting off with a run.

And did the pitcher follow her? Indeed it did. It ran so fast that it soon overtook her, and ran before her all the way home. And the most wonderful thing was that al-

though the pitcher ran along with long strides and jumps, over the roughest places in the lane, it did not spill one single drop of the water.

This puzzled Patty. She had never been able to keep from spilling the water and wetting her frock, when she tried to run with the pitcher even half-full.

“I wonder what people will think when we get to the village,” thought Patty, as she looked at her strange companion. “I’m sure they will be frightened. What will my mother and father say when they see what I have brought home!”

The pitcher seemed to hear her thoughts. He said, “Do not trouble yourself about that. They will soon be accustomed to me, and will be pleased when they see all the good things I can do.”

As he was speaking they came to a very high and difficult stile.

“Shall I help you over?” said Patty, thinking of his short legs.



“He was overcome with wonder”

“Oh, dear, no!” said the pitcher; “see how easily I can get over the stile by myself.”

So saying, he skipped right over the stile without a single stumble. As he did so, a dog that was passing, put his tail between

his legs and ran away in great fright.

At the same time, the squire of the village was passing, walking very slowly and with great dignity. When he saw the wonderful pitcher climbing over the stile with legs of its own, and come running toward him he was overcome with wonder. And pretty soon he forgot his dignity and began to run in the opposite direction. His hat flew one way, his cane another, and his cloak flew up into the air like wings as he ran. He had not gone far before his legs failed him. He fell down and lay kicking in the grass and roaring for help.

Patty could not help laughing, but the pitcher ran on as though nothing had happened. They soon reached the cottage, and the pitcher ran into the house and sat right down in the corner where he was always kept. Patty's mother and father were astonished, but the pitcher was very quiet in his corner. They soon forgot him.

Next morning, so early that nobody was



“Mopping the red tile of the floor”

awake, Patty heard noises in the kitchen below. She heard the swishing of water, and the clink of a pail-handle, and the moving about of furniture. She slipped on some of her clothes and tip-toed down the stairs.

There she saw the pitcher, and what do you suppose he was doing? Why he was

mopping the red tile of the floor as though he knew just how to do it. All the furniture was dusted clean, and a fire burned cheerfully in the grate.

Can you imagine a pitcher of water doing anything to a fire but putting it out?

He had hung the kettle over the blaze, too. The kettle was singing a happy song about breakfast being nearly ready.

“Good-morning, my good mistress,” said the pitcher. “You see you need not trouble yourself any more to do anything but grow and be happy. I shall always be your humble servant.”

Patty was certainly pleased. She liked to read, but she had given so much of her time to household duties she had never had very much time for her books. Now she could read and study whenever she pleased.

When Patty was alone in the evening, with the pitcher in the corner, she told him how thankful to him she was. She told him how much she wished to learn and to read, but

she did not know how to get the books she needed. She had read those she had many times over.

“Oh! that’s very soon remedied,” said the pitcher. “You have only to wish and I will give you as much milk as you please.

“Then you can make butter and cheese and go sell them at the market. With the money you make you can buy as many books as you like, and have plenty of money to spare.”

No sooner said than done. Patty set out all the pans she had and could borrow from her kind neighbors. The pitcher ran about and filled them with rich milk, and soon she had plenty of cream for her butter and cheese. A good old neighbor lent her a churn and the little pitcher turned it just right.

The butter they made was the best ever seen in the village. Patty was very happy and her parents greatly pleased.

The same good neighbor lent her a horse and small market wagon. The next morning, bright and early, Patty and the pitcher

started out for the next town. The good little pitcher walked along beside the horse for a little way and pointed out the right direction Patty should take. Then he went back to the cottage to look after the cheese.

The pitcher knew the people of the village would think him strange. They were not accustomed to seeing brown pitchers running about on brown legs.

Patty's face was shining with happiness when she reached the market. Everybody thought her the prettiest farmer's daughter there. She sold every pound of butter she had. She had plenty of money to buy the books she wanted and hurried back home to give her mother the remainder.

And so the years hurried by and Patty grew into a beautiful young woman whom everybody loved. She had been very successful in the selling of her butter and cheese.

Her parents were now very old, and they lived in comfort in the neatest cottage in the village. You may guess she was very happy.

One evening she was standing in the garden, feeding her pigeons. The roses were in bloom. There were hundreds of them in the garden of all sizes and colors, and they seemed to nod to Patty as she stood there. Even the flowers loved her. She made a pretty picture for the stranger who was passing.



“Patty’s face was shining with happiness”

The handsome stranger came to the gate and asked Patty the way to the next town. When she spoke, the music of her voice and the beauty of her face were the sweetest the stranger had ever seen.

He came often to ask her the way, although he knew well the road to and from the neighboring city.

At last, she found it was the way to her heart he was seeking. He told her parents that he was rich. He wished a wife of whom everybody spoke well, since his own fortune was a great plenty for two.

The parents smiled upon the stranger. With all his wealth they did not think him one bit too good for their Patty. And so, in the course of a short time, they were married.

Great joy was in the village on the day of the wedding. If the queen had visited the village there could not have been more gladness of heart. The day was made a holiday. All the shops were closed, and everybody dressed their best in honor of the bride.



“The handsome stranger asked Patty the way to the next town”

The people stood about telling each other the good things Patty had done for them. The poor women spoke of the clothes she had made for them.

Some had received nice little dishes of good things to eat when they were ill. Many of the young girls had been taught to sew, and the children had been taught to read.

The church was filled with Patty's friends who loved her. She was very happy, as you may well imagine. She might have had the most gorgeous wedding garments in the world. But she decided to wear a simple little white frock, made in the fashion she had always worn here among her friends.

It was in the spring-time and the trees were covered with blossoms. Patty made a wreath of the apple blossoms and carried a bridal bouquet of the pinkest of the cherry blossoms. How beautiful she was!

The stranger who had married Patty took her home to his palace. The humble little Patty found that her dear husband had made

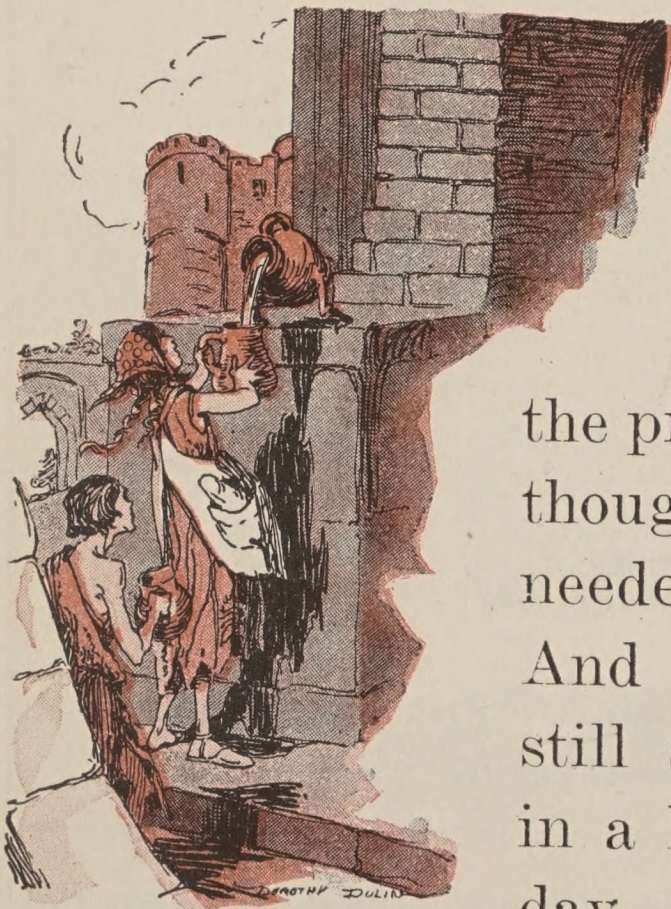


“The people stood about telling each other the good things Patty had done for them”

her a princess. He gave her all the jewels and beautiful things that the princesses before her had worn.

Did Patty forget her humble home and her old friend, the pitcher, do you suppose? No indeed, she did not. The pitcher was with her in her new home. But her parents wished to remain in their peaceful home.

The pitcher was still her obedient servant. When the poor came to the palace gates he poured nourishing soup into their pitchers.



"He poured soup"

The people did not forget to bless the princess for her kindly thoughts of those who needed her protection. And so the pitcher was still serving his mistress in a hundred ways every day.

But even the best of us cannot escape an evil tongue. Many of the wicked courtiers envied Princess Patty because the people loved her. They whispered into the ears of the prince, her husband, and at last he listened to them.

They told him Princess Patty was kind to the people so that they would rebel against the prince when she told them to. They told him she wished to be on the throne alone; that evil spirits helped her, and the pitcher was one of them.

Finally the prince believed them and commanded Patty to be thrown into a dungeon. The dungeon was in the very depths of the palace, and she was frightened and began to weep.

She did not mourn long. When night came on the pitcher opened her prison doors and helped her to run away.

“Come,” said he, “return to your old home. Your husband will know then that it is not his riches you care for. He will be sorry he

has lost you, and he will repent.”

She followed the pitcher. But they had not gone far when Patty saw that a regiment of soldiers was pursuing them. She screamed with fright.

“Be not alarmed, dearest mistress,” said the pitcher. “I will stop the soldiers.”

So saying, he bent over and poured a great cataract of water into the valley where the soldiers were running. The water rolled in high waves, until it became a great lake. The soldiers swam to the nearest land, glad to save their lives.

So Patty came back home. She slept that night in her little bed under the humble roof of her parents.

Early next morning she came into the same little old garden of her youth. She fed the pigeons, and gathered the flowers. She tried to be happy and to forget all that had happened. But her thoughts would wander to the home of her husband. She hoped he had learned the truth about her by this time. She

hoped something might happen that she should see him again.

And so the days went by, and the weeks went by, and her grief seemed greater instead of less. The pitcher was always by her side and gave her comfort in her silent sorrow.

The neighbors who had loved Patty for so many years were glad to see her again. She did not tell them of the cruel thing that had happened, and they thought she had come to visit them.

“Our friend Patty,” they said, “has come to visit her parents. We must make her a present.”

At last they decided what the present should be. All the girls helped to make a beautiful piece of worsted work in many beautiful colors, spread on a handsome frame. These words were what she read—

“Kind Actions to Others Bring
Happiness to Ourselves.”

They did not dream that Patty's heart was

full of grief. But the motto was true, as we shall see before we finish the story.

Time flew by, and still Patty received no news from her husband. She asked herself many questions. Perhaps he thought she had been drowned in the torrent that had overwhelmed his soldiers.

Well, one fine morning, Patty rose very, very early, for she could not sleep. She wanted to be with her flowers, and came into the garden. There she found her friend, the pitcher, trimming the flowers like an old gardener who knew his business.

“Good-morning, fair mistress mine,” said he. “You are up early. The sun has hardly climbed over the distant mountain, but I am glad to see you up so early. I am taking special care with the garden this morning for we are expecting a visitor today.”

“A visitor,” said Patty.

“Yes,” replied the pitcher. “I can hear distinctly a footstep in the distance. It comes this way. Listen! it is now near enough for

mortal ears to hear. Listen closely.”

Sure enough! Nearer and nearer it came. It was indeed Patty’s husband, the prince!

He entered the garden, but when he saw his long lost Patty, he stopped and stood quite still, like a statue of surprise.

“This is the visitor I expected,” said the pitcher; “he believed you dead and has wandered from place to place in his great grief. At last he decided to come to this humble cottage. He wanted to see again the spot where he first met



“Knelt at Patty’s feet”

you. He knows now that you did not want his riches or his kingdom. He finds you here wishing for nothing but his return.”

The prince rushed forward with a cry of delight, and knelt at Patty’s feet, trying to

tell her in words that would not come, how sorry he was.

The parents rejoiced in Patty's happiness, even though it meant they would lose her again. The prince soon planned the return to his palace, which was to be a great entry in triumph.

He wished to send a messenger to his kingdom with word that a wonderful celebration should be planned. But the pitcher here came forward and said, "Prince, I am here to give my last service to my mistress. I have rewarded her for her self-denial and unselfishness and now I am recalled to the palace of the water fairy. Behold!"

As the words were said, jets of sparkling water rose in the air from the pitcher. A broad lake spread over the valley. And there on the lake was a wonderful golden boat, rowed by boatmen dressed in velvet.

The boat glided to their feet, and they stepped in. The fountain played from the pitcher's mouth until the lake was a stream,



"They came in sight of their own castle"

and the stream was a mighty river.

They floated on and on until they came in sight of their own castle, standing high up on the rocks. Flags were floating from the turrets and a booming cannon saluted them.

Crowds of people stood to receive their much-loved princess. She could not speak for her eyes were filled with tears of joy. Her happy face spoke for her, and the people shouted their welcome.

The prince and princess lived happily many years, and their people were contented. The kindness of the princess and her courtesy and gentleness, gave her the name of "The Gentle Princess." She was never ashamed of her humble girlhood, and her children loved to listen to her story of the wonderful, brown pitcher, the history of which teaches all who read it that

KINDNESS TO OTHERS BRINGS
HAPPINESS TO OURSELVES.



“They considered themselves very wise”

THE LITTLE BROWN MAN

ONCE upon a time, a man had three sons, the youngest of whom had rather a hard time of it. His brothers nicknamed him Dumbling.

These older brothers considered themselves very wise. As Dumbling was much younger than they, his opinions were never considered of any value. Everybody used to mock Dumbling and make fun of him on account of his nickname.

The eldest son, who was a wood-cutter, was often sent by his father to cut wood in the forest. Before he left home his mother would prepare a delicious lunch of sandwiches, cake, a bottle of cream, and other toothsome joys, to take with him to eat while he was at work.

One day just as he entered the forest he met a Little Brown Man, who bade him good-morning. Then the Little Brown Man said: "Please give me a little piece of cake out of your basket and a drink out of your bottle, for I am very hungry and thirsty."

But the youth, who was considered very clever, replied: "What! give you my cake and my cream? Why, if I did I should have none for myself. No, indeed; so take yourself off!"

The Little Brown Man went away, and the young man began cutting down a tree. Presently he made a false stroke. The ax slipped and bruised his leg so badly that he was obliged to go home and have it bound up. Now this false stroke was caused by the Little Brown Man.

The next day the second son went into the forest to cut wood. His mother gave him also a delicious lunch to take with him. As he entered the wood the same Little Brown Man met him, and begged for something to eat and drink. But the second son answered rudely: "Not a morsel; so be off!"

Then he left the Little Brown Man standing in the road and walked on. His punishment soon came. He had scarcely given two strokes on a tree with his ax when he hit his foot a terrible blow. He was obliged to limp home at once in great pain.

Then Dumbling, whom nobody cared for, went to his father and said, "Let me go for once and cut wood in the forest."

But his father said, "No, your brothers have been hurt badly. It would be worse for you who don't understand wood-cutting."

The boy, however, begged so hard to be allowed to go that his father said, "There, get along with you. You will buy your experience very dearly, I expect."

His mother gave him a poor lunch to take with him. She gave him a cake, which had been made with water and baked in the ashes, and a bottle of sour milk.

When he reached the wood the very same Little Brown Man met him, and after greeting him kindly said, "Please give me a little of your cake and a drop of milk from your bottle, for I am very hungry and thirsty."

"Oh," replied Dumbling, "I have only a cake which has been baked in the ashes, and some sour milk. However, you are welcome to a share of it. Let us sit down and eat and drink together."

So they seated themselves, and lo and behold! when the youth opened his basket the cake had been turned into a beautiful pound-cake. The sour milk had been turned into fine rich cream. The basket was filled with many delicious things to eat.

After they had eaten and drunk enough the little old man said, "Because you have been kind-hearted, and shared your dinner



"I am very hungry and thirsty"

with me, I will make you in the future lucky in all you undertake. There stands an old tree. Cut it down and you will find something good at the root." Then the Little Brown Man said farewell, and left him.

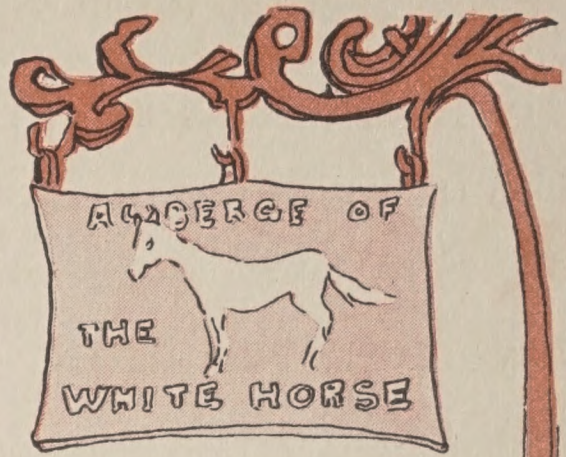
Dumbling set to work, and very soon succeeded in felling the tree. What was his surprise to find sitting at the root a goose whose feathers were of pure gold!

He picked the goose up, and held it closely under his arm. Instead of going home with it, he carried it to an inn at a little distance, where he intended to pass the night.

The landlord had three daughters who looked at the goose with envious eyes. They had never seen such a wonderful bird. They longed to have at least one of the feathers.

“Ah!” thought the eldest, “I shall soon have an opportunity to pluck one of them.” An opportunity to pluck a feather soon happened, for Dumbling quickly left the room.

“Now is the time!” said the eldest daughter to herself. She instantly went up to the bird and took hold of its wing. What a strange thing happened! She could not take her hand away. Her thumb and finger stuck fast. However much she tried she could not take them away.



"He carried it to an inn"

In a short time after, the second sister came in. She came in to get a golden feather, too. She took hold of her sister to pull her away from the bird. Then another strange thing happened!

The second sister stuck fast to the first sister's dress. They neither of them could free themselves.

At last in came the third sister with the intention of getting a golden feather. "Keep away! keep away!" screamed the other two. "Do not touch us! Keep away!"

But she could not imagine why she should keep away. If they were near the golden bird, why should she not be there? So she made a spring forward and touched her second sister.

Ah! what a mistake she made. She should have obeyed, and kept away. Immediately she also was made a prisoner. In this position all three of the sisters were obliged to remain by the goose all night.

In the morning the young man came in,

took the goose under his arm, and went away. The three girls were obliged to follow close behind him. He pretended he did not notice them.

And as he walked quickly they were obliged to run, one behind the other. They had to run left or right of him just as he happened to change the goose from one arm to the other.

In the middle of a field they were met by the parson of their church, who looked with wonder at the procession as it came near him.

“Young ladies,” cried he, “what are you about, running after a young man in that way through the fields? Go home, all of you!”

He placed his hand on the youngest to pull her back. The moment he touched her he



“Young ladies,
what are you
about?”

also became fixed, and was obliged to follow and run like the rest.

In a few minutes the church clerk met them. When he saw the parson running along in this manner he was much surprised. He cried out, "Halloo, Master Parson, where are you running in such haste? Have you forgotten that there is a christening to-day?" And as the procession did not stop he ran after it and seized the parson's gown.

In a moment he found that his hand was fixed, and he also had to run like the rest. Now there were five trotting along—one behind the other. Presently two laborers came by with their sickles, from the field. The parson called out to them, and begged them to come and release him and the clerk.

The men hastened over and made the attempt, but with the same result. They were stuck fast to the others. Dumbling with his golden goose under his arm traveled on faster. He appeared quite unconcerned

about the seven who were obliged to trot along after him.

He would turn quickly and change the goose from one arm to the other, and trot faster just for the fun of seeing the seven run as if they were playing "crack-the-whip."

After awhile they came to a city in which reigned a King who had a daughter of such a sad disposition that no one could ever make her laugh. Therefore, the King issued a decree that whoever would make the Princess laugh should have her for his bride.

Now when Dumbling heard this he was determined to try what effect the appearance of himself and his train would have on the Princess. So he ran before her and the whole seven trotted after him. He changed the goose from one arm to the other, and turned around quickly. The seven ran around rapidly as if they were playing "crack the whip."

The sight was so funny that the moment the Princess saw it she burst into a great fit



“The princess burst into a great fit of laughter”

of laughter. She kept on laughing till they thought she would never leave off.

After this Dumbling went to the King and demanded his daughter in marriage, according to the King's decree. The King did not quite like to have this common young man for a son-in-law, so he said to Dumbling, "Look out of the window towards the river. Do you see those very large stones along the river bank? Some of them are as big as a house. They are in my way when I go out walking. I want them all thrown into the deep river. Bring me a man that is strong enough to do this, and you shall have my daughter for your bride."

So Dumbling released his prisoners from the golden goose, locked it away carefully, and went into the forest. He thought to himself, "If any one can help me, it is the Little Brown Man." When he arrived at the forest where he had cut down the tree, he was surprised to find many big trees torn up by the roots.

“There must have been a great storm here,” said he. “It was a lucky thing that I left when I did. I should not enjoy having one of those trees fall on me.”

He walked on till he came to the very spot where he had cut down the tree. There sat a very Large Man on a big log. He sat there as if he were resting.

“Good morning, sir,” said Dumbling.

“Good morning, my little fellow,” said the Large Man.

“There must have been a severe storm here from the way these trees are torn up by the roots,” said Dumbling.

“Oh no, I did that myself,” replied the Large Man. “I am getting in wood for the winter.”

Dumbling was overjoyed at meeting the Strong Man. He spoke up quickly, saying, “You are just the man for whom I am looking. The King wants a strong man. Come with me and your fortune is made.”

The Strong Man agreed to go, but said,



“One after another he removed these boulders”

“First, I must carry in this load of wood.” He then piled up ten large trees. Then he took another tree and tied the ten together. He threw the whole package over his shoulder, as if it weighed only a few pounds, and walked rapidly to his home.

Dumbling and the Strong Man proceeded then to the King’s palace. Dumbling informed the King that he had brought a man to remove the large stones. The King came out to watch the work.

The Strong Man walked up to a big boulder about as big as a house, picked it up, balanced it in one hand, and pitched it sheer over into the middle of the deep river. One after another he removed these boulders about as fast as a boy might pick up potatoes.

In order to make a complete job he pulled up a number of large trees that were in the way, shook the dirt off the roots, and threw them into the river also.

The King was so astonished at the great power of this Strong Man that he could not

utter a word for full half an hour. Then he exclaimed, "Wonderful! Wonderful! Most wonderful!" Then he said to the Strong Man, "Your fortune is made. You shall never want for anything. Your home is now with the King."

"Thank you, your Majesty. I shall ever be at your service. Should you like to have your palace over where the boulders were, just a little nearer the river?" said the Strong Man.

"Nothing would please me better," replied the King.

The Strong Man immediately picked the palace up, and placed it just where the King wanted it. This was all done so easily and quietly that nobody in the palace knew that anything had happened.

Again Dumbling asked the King for his bride, but the King was annoyed at the thought of giving his daughter to such a common fellow. In order to get rid of him he made another condition. He said that no

man should have his daughter who could not find some one able personally to rout a whole regiment of soldiers.

Away went Dumbling to the forest as before. There in the same place sat a soldier who wore an old battered hat. "Ah," said Dumbling, "I am glad to see you. How are you this fine morning?"

"I am very unhappy," replied the soldier. "I am a Soldier of Fortune, and I cannot find any more fighting to do. Wars seem to be about ended."

"How many men can you put to flight at one time," asked Dumbling.

"I can defeat a whole army," replied the soldier.

Dumbling could hardly contain himself for joy when he heard this. "You are just the man for whom I am looking," said he, "but pray tell me how you will manage to defeat a whole army."

"That is very easy," replied the soldier. "Do you see this old hat? It has wonderful

powers. In fact, it is a magic hat. I received it from a real witch who purchased it from the God of War."

Dumbling looked the hat over with very great interest, and said, "Mr. Soldier, I don't see anything wonderful about this hat, except that it is so old and worn that it is about ready to fall to pieces. How do you make use of it to aid you in battle?"

"That is very easy," replied the soldier. "All I have to do is to put it straight on my head. Then place both hands



on top of the hat, and press down. Every time I press down ten cannons will fire. Just step a little to one side, and I will show you how it works."

Dumbling quickly stepped behind the soldier, for he did not want to be in front of

the cannons. The soldier pressed both hands down upon the hat. Ten cannons boomed! Down he pressed again, and boom went ten more.

The noise was so terrific that Dumbling was much frightened. His teeth chattered and his knees smote together. Although he was frightened yet he was happy. He was more happy to be frightened than he was to be happy without being frightened.

“Ah, you are the man for me,” said he to the soldier. “Don’t shoot any more. Just save your ammunition. Come and go with me and your fortune is made. I’ll warrant I will give you enough fighting to do.”

Dumbling and our Soldier of Fortune soon journeyed to the King’s palace. Dumbling informed the King that he had brought a man who could put to rout a whole regiment of soldiers.

The King ordered out his best regiment. They lined up for battle a mile from our Soldier of Fortune. The King gave the

signal for the battle to begin. Our soldier pressed down on his hat so fast that a thousand cannons were fired in a minute. This made such a terrible noise that the whole regiment of soldiers fell down from fright.

Then our soldier charged on the regiment at full speed, all the time pressing down on his hat as he advanced, making the booming of the cannons almost deafening. This kind of charge was more than the king's choice regiment could stand. They threw their guns away and fled. Not a one stayed to meet our soldier.

The King admitted at once that his regiment was defeated. He said to our soldier, "Your fortune is this day made. I shall discharge all my soldiers. You shall henceforth defend my kingdom alone."

The Soldier of Fortune saluted the King, and said, "Thank you, your Majesty. I am at your service."

Then Dumbling went a third time to the King and asked for his bride, but the King

made several excuses. At last he said if Dumbling could bring him a ship that would travel as well by land as by water, then he should, without any further conditions, marry his daughter.

Dumbling went at once straight to the forest and saw again the same Little Brown Man.

“Ah,” said the Little Brown Man as Dumbling approached, “it was I who sent the Strong Man to pitch the big boulders into the river; it was I who sent the Soldier of Fortune.

“I will also give you a ship that will not only travel by land or by sea, but will travel through the air as well. I will do this because when you thought I was poor you were kind-hearted and gave me food and drink.”

Thereupon the Little Brown Man stamped on the ground and blew a little silver whistle. Dumbling heard the booming of cannons, the ground opened and out came the Soldier of Fortune followed by the Strong Man. And

what do you think the Strong Man was carrying? He carried on his back a large, beautiful ship.



“Blew a little silver whistle”

Said the Little Brown Man, “Here is the ship that will not only travel over land or water, but will sail through the air.”

Then he said to the Strong Man, “Break down that big oak tree. You will find it hollow at the root.”

Immediately the Strong Man broke down the big oak tree as if it were a weed. And what do you think they found in the hollow at the root?

There were fifty-seven suits of the most beautiful clothes any prince ever wore. They were all just the right size for Dumbling. They were all made of velvet and trimmed with gold lace. There were red suits, green suits, blue suits, brown suits, and white suits. There were fifty-seven beautiful hats with

golden plumes; fifty-seven pairs of shoes of the finest leather, colored to match the suits; fifty-seven neck-ties of the choicest silk.

There were fifty-seven of each article of clothing that a handsome young man would most like to wear. There was a beautiful and costly watch that would strike the hours. There were gold and diamond stick-pins, and gold and diamond rings.

“You are soon to wed the Princess,” said the Little Brown Man to Dumbling. “You will then be a Prince, and you must have beautiful clothes. These clothes and jewels are all yours.”

Dumbling was so surprised he could hardly speak at first. Finally he took the Little Brown Man in his arms and wept for joy, and thanked him a million times. Then Dumbling dressed in one of his most beautiful suits. How fine and handsome he did look! All the other clothes were immediately put into the ship.

“Now we shall go to see the King,” said



“Then Dumbling dressed in one of his beautiful suits”

the Little Brown Man. "I will show you how to run this ship. All aboard, and we shall be off at once."

The Little Brown Man, the Strong Man, the Soldier of Fortune, and Dumbling all boarded the ship in a twinkling.

"Now," said the Little Brown Man, "here are three buttons—one red, one white, and one blue. When you want to sail on the ground, press the red button; when through the air, press the white one; when on the water, press the blue one."

So saying, he pressed the white button, and the ship arose and sailed through the air like a great bird. They flew in the direction of the King's palace. The Soldier of Fortune pressed on his hat every now and then, and made the ten cannons boom, just to let the King know they were coming.

The King was greatly astonished to see the ship come sailing through the air. As soon as they alighted the King came forward at once to examine the ship. Dumbling was

so handsomely dressed that the King did not at first know him.

“Your Majesty,” said Dumbling, “I desire to introduce to you my dearest friend, the Little Brown Man. He furnished me this ship, which not only sails on land as well as on water, but also sails through the air. He helped me find the Strong Man and the Soldier of Fortune.”

The King was so pleased he put his arms around Dumbling and called him his son. The King said, “The wedding shall take place tomorrow.”

And such a grand wedding as that was! It would be difficult to describe how beautiful the bride looked, and how handsome the groom was. He looked the part of a Real Prince.

The King gave him the name of Prince John to take the place of Dumbling.

The wedding was celebrated in grand style on the palace grounds. The Little Brown Man blew his magic whistle and a great flock

of fifty-seven golden geese appeared and circled around in the sunlight to the great delight of the royal household.

The whole flock came down and each goose gave the Princess a golden feather. Prince John turned his lucky goose loose and it flew away with the rest of the golden flock.

The Little Brown Man blew his magic whistle again. There appeared fifty-seven handsome messenger boys, each carrying a large basket. Each basket was filled with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and other precious jewels. All these were presented to the Princess as a wedding present.

Then the Little Brown Man took the King, Queen, Prince and Princess for a ride in the magic ship. They sailed on land; they sailed on water; they sailed through the air.

The Strong Man pitched stones as big as an elephant five to ten miles up into the air and caught them as they came down. The Soldier of Fortune pressed down on his hat a thousand times and made ten thousand

cannons boom in honor of the wedding.

The King was so pleased with the Little Brown Man that he offered to make him his Secretary of State.

The Little Brown Man replied, "I thank you, your Majesty, for the honor you offer me. I am one of the guardians of the mines of precious metals and stones. It is my duty to guard these jewels. I cannot leave my place." With these words he said farewell and disappeared.

After the King's death, Prince John succeeded to the throne, and ruled over the whole country. He was a good and wise king, and being king did not make him forget to help the needy the same as he did when he was just Dumbling, and shared his lunch with the Little Brown Man.

DRAKESTAIL

ONCE upon a time Drakestail lived in a country village near the sea. Drakestail was very little. That is why he was called Drakestail. Tiny as he was, he had brains, and he knew what he was about. Having begun with nothing he became very rich. He had a million dollars.

Now, the King of the country was very extravagant. He never kept any money. When he heard Drakestail had a million dollars he went in his own person to borrow his hoard. And my word, in those days Drakestail was not a little proud of having lent money to the King.

But after the first and second year went by Drakestail received no interest. In fact, the King never even dreamed of paying any interest. At last Drakestail became uneasy,



“ ‘Quock, quack, quack, I want my money back’ ”

so much so that he resolved to go and see the King himself and get repaid.

So one fine morning Drakestail, very spruce and fresh, took the road, singing:

*“Quack, quack, quack,
I want my money back!”*

He had not gone far when he met friend Fox, on his rounds that way.



“Make yourself quite small”

“Good-morning, neighbor,” said the friend; “where are you off to so early?”

“I am going to the King for what he owes me.”

“Oh! take me with thee!”

Drakestail said to himself: “One can’t have too many friends.” Aloud he said, “I will, but going on all fours you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard and I will carry you.”

“Happy thought!” said friend Fox.

He took bag and baggage, and, presto! was gone like a letter into the mail-box.

And Drakestail was off again, all spruce and fresh still singing:

“Quack, quack, quack,
I want my money back.”

He had not gone far when he met his lady friend Ladder, leaning on her wall.

“Good-morning, my duckling,” said the lady friend, “whither away so bold?”

“I am going to the King for what he owes me.”

“Oh! take me with thee!”

Drakestail said to himself: “One can’t have too many friends.” Aloud he said: “I will, but then with your wooden legs you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard and I will carry you.”

“Happy thought!” said friend Ladder, and nimble, bag and baggage, went to keep company with friend Fox.

And “Quack, quack, quack.” Drakestail was off again, singing and spruce as before. A little further he met his sweetheart, my friend River, wandering quietly in the sunshine.

“Thou, my cherub,” said she, “whither so lonesome, with arching tail, on this muddy road?”

“I am going to the King, you know, for what he owes me.”

“Oh! take me with thee!”

Drakestail said to himself: “We can’t have too many friends.” Aloud said he: “I will, but you who sleep while you walk will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard and I will carry you.”

“Ah! happy thought!” said my friend River.

She took bag and baggage, and glou, glou, glou she took her place with friend Fox and friend Ladder.

And “Quack, quack, quack.” Drakestail was off again singing.

A little further on he met comrade Wasp’s-nest, maneuvering his wasps.

“Well, good-morning, friend Drakestail,” said comrade Wasp’s-nest, “where are we

bound for so spruce and fresh?"

"I am going to the King for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail said to himself, "One can't have too many friends." Aloud said he: "I will, but then with your battalion to drag along, you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, go into my throat—get into my gizzard and I will carry you."

"By Jove! that's a good idea!" said comrade Wasp's-nest.

And he took the same road to join the others with all his party. There was not much more room, but by crowding close they managed. And Drakestail was off again singing.

He arrived thus at the capital, and made his way straight to the King's palace, singing:

"Quack, quack, quack,
I want my money back,"

to the astonishment of all the people.

He knocked upon the door of the King's

palace with the great knocker: "Toc! toc!"

"Who is there?" asked the porter, putting his head out of the door.

"'Tis I, Drakestail. I wish to speak to the King."

"Speak to the King! That's easily said. The King is dining, and will not be disturbed."

"Tell the King that it is I,

And I have come he well knows why."

The porter shut the door and went to tell the King, who was just sitting down to dinner. He had a great napkin round his neck.

"Good, good!" said the King, laughing. "I know who it is. Make him come in, and put him with the turkeys and chickens."

The porter came again to the door.

"Have the goodness to enter."

"Good!" said Drakestail to himself. "I shall now see how they eat at court."

"This way, this way," said the porter. "One step further. There, there you are."

"How? what? in the poultry-yard?"

Imagine how vexed Drakestail was!

“Ah, so that’s it,” said he. “Wait! I will compel you to receive me.

“Quack, quack, quack,
I want my money back.”

But turkeys and chickens do not like people who are not just as they are. When they saw the new-comer and saw that he was different, they all rushed at him together to overwhelm him with pecks.

“I am lost!” said Drakestail to himself. And then he remembered his friend Fox, and cried:

“Reynard, Reynard, come out of your earth,
Or Drakestail’s life is of little worth.”

Then friend Fox, who was only waiting for these words, hastened out. He threw himself upon the wicked fowls. At the end of five minutes there was not one left alive.

And Drakestail, quite content, began to sing again:

“Quack, quack, quack,
I want my money back.”

The King, who was still eating dinner, heard the song of Drakestail. And when the porter came and told him what had happened, he was very angry.

He ordered the porter to throw this tail of a drake into the well.

And it was done as he commanded. Drakestail did not see how he could ever get out of such a deep hole, when he remembered his friend Ladder.

“Ladder, ladder, come out of thy hold,
Or Drakestail’s days will soon be told,”

Friend Ladder, who was only waiting for these words, hastened out. She leaned her two arms on the edge of the well, and Drakestail climbed nimbly on her back. Hop! he was in the yard again and began to sing louder than ever.

When the King, who was still eating dinner and laughing at his funny trick, heard the song again, his face became red with rage.

He commanded that the furnace be heated, and Drakestail thrown into it.



“His face became red with rage”

The furnace was soon hot, but this time Drakestail was not afraid; he knew his dear friend River would help him out.

“River, River, outward flow,
Or to death Drakestail must go.”

My friend River hastened out, and errouf! she threw herself into the furnace. She flooded the furnace and all the people who had lighted it. Then she flowed, growling, into the hall of the palace to the height of four feet.

But Drakestail, of course, could swim, and

began swimming about singing again at the top of his voice:

“Quack, quack, quack,
I want my money back.”

The King was still eating his dinner. He liked plenty of nice things to eat, and took many hours for his dinners. But when he heard Drakestail's song again he jumped from the table, very furious.

“Bring him here, and I'll cut his throat! Bring him here quick!” cried he.

And quickly two footmen ran to bring Drakestail.

“At last,” said poor Drakestail “they have decided to receive me.”

Imagine his terror when he saw the King and his angry face, with all his ministers, each with a sword in his hand. Unless Drakestail's one remaining friend could help him, he knew he had not much longer to live.

“Wasp's-nest, Wasp's-nest, make a sally,
Or Drakestail nevermore may rally.”



"They all jumped pell-mell from the window"

And then everything changed!"

"Bs, bs, bayonet them!" The brave Wasp's-nest rushed out with all his wasps. They threw themselves on the angry King and his ministers and stung them so fiercely, that they did not know where to go or what to do. They all jumped pell-mell from the window and broke their necks.

And there stood Drakestail in the King's dining room, all alone.

Pretty soon he remembered what he had come for and began to hunt for his dear million dollars. He looked everywhere, but could find nothing. All the money had been spent.

In searching from room to room he finally came to the throne room. He felt very tired so he sat down upon the throne to think over his adventure.

It was not long until the people found their King and his ministers with broken necks, on the ground below the window of the castle. They hastened inside to find out the



“He became king”

trouble. There in the throne room they found Drakestail sitting in the seat of the King. And they all cried out in surprise and joy:

“The King is dead, long live the King!
Heaven has sent us down this thing.”

Drakestail had had so many surprises, that he was not even excited when the people called him their King. And they thought him very dignified and wonderful. They thought a wise Drakestail would make a better King than the spendthrift who was dead.

And so Drakestail became King. A jewelled crown was placed on his head and everybody waited for his word.

“Now,” said he, after the ceremony, “ladies and gentlemen, let’s have some supper. I’m hungry.”







W.C.P.K.

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