



Red and Gold Stories





Through the mists he saw a magnificent gleaming castle

From the Story of The Magic Mountain

RED *and* GOLD STORIES



EDITED *and* ILLUSTRATED *by*
FRANCES KERR COOK

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Red and Gold Stories

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Contents

	Page
The Search for a Charm.....	9
By Daphne Alloway McVicker	
In the Magician's Castle.....	15
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	
The Lantern Fairies.....	20
By Mary McDougall	
The Golden Bird.....	25
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	
The Enchanted Castle.....	31
By Gladys Cleone Carpenter	
Magic Mirrors	37
By Gladys Cleone Carpenter	
The Saucy Snow Sprites.....	42
By Frances Ellen Funk	
The Doll Merchant's Visit.....	48
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	
The Magic Mountain.....	55
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	



CONTENTS—Continued

	Page
The Runaway Dog and the Gadabout Hen.....	61
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	
The Castle of Echoes.....	68
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	
The Tournament	75
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	
The First Moss Rose.....	81
By Mary S. Hitchcock	
The Cloud Climbers.....	86
By Frances Ellen Funk	
The Kinder-fairy and the Chalk.....	91
By Frances Ellen Funk	
The Princess with the Tired Shadow.....	97
By Daphne Alloway McVicker	
Always-Late and Way-a-Head.....	103
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	
The Wriggledy School.....	109
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	
At Pickle Palace.....	116
By Gladys Cleone Carpenter	
The Earl of Idleness.....	123
By Dorothy Arno Baldwin	



LIST OF FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
<i>Through the mists he saw a magnificent gleaming castle.....</i>	Frontispiece
<i>All at once, presto! the cloth fell apart into a little coat.....</i>	8
<i>That afternoon she set out with the little cakes and the eggs.....</i>	21
<i>The bird immediately flew down and picked up the acorn.....</i>	27
<i>She saw the baker's daughter at the counter filling a basket with ginger-bread men</i>	49
<i>They soon came to a cross-roads.....</i>	57
<i>At last, far down the road, they spied a cloud of dust.....</i>	63
<i>In the midst of them walked a fat boy.....</i>	65
<i>Until the Enchanted Castle sings.....</i>	69
<i>They loved to slide off the great fluffy clouds and play hide-and-peek around the moon.....</i>	89
<i>"Now," she said, "please begin by wiggling your toes".....</i>	111
<i>The elbows were quite wiggled out of her sleeves.....</i>	113
<i>"I always knight anybody who thinks of a new way to make pickles"....</i>	119



All at once, presto! the cloth fell apart into a little coat

The Search for a Charm

By Daphne Alloway McVicker



LITTLE Prince Hal was very, very sorrowful. His red lips pouted out into a pout, his eyes scowled down into a scowl, his fists clenched up into a clench. Little Prince Hal was looking for a charm. And it seemed as if there wasn't a charm anywhere in all the big palace or the palace grounds.

The reason Prince Hal was looking for a charm was because of his mother, the Queen. The Queen had been very, very ill. She was still white and tired and Prince Hal wanted to do something to cheer her up. He decided to give her a present that he had made all by himself. He tried one thing after another but not one thing could he make. He finally decided there must be some charm about it. When other people made things, it looked so

easy; but when he did the same things it was very hard and nothing turned out right at all.

First he went to Jock, the tailor's son. There sat Jock, his legs crossed, holding the shining scissors that slashed through the piece of cloth, swizz-swizz, singing a crisp little song. All at once, presto! The cloth fell apart into a little coat. Hal asked Jock how he made a little coat come from the cloth. Jock laughed and said, "This way," but when Hal watched, he just saw the scissors swizz-swizz again, a pin go here, some stitches there, and that was all there was to it.

He went straight back to the palace play-room and got himself a piece of cloth and a pair of scissors and some pins and needles and thread, but the scissors didn't say swizz-swizz at all. The pins just pricked him and the thread made a tangled knot. Worst of all, no coat happened at all, only a jagged looking piece of cloth. There must be some charm that tailor boys knew!

Prince Hal sighed, but besides being a prince, he was a very determined little boy. He meant to have that present yet! So down the steps he trudged, and over to the baker

shop. There stood Dan, the baker's son. And Dan had a big mess of dough in his hands, and swing-swong, he beat that dough around, and presto! There was a smooth round loaf of bread. Into the oven Dan popped it; and out again, in a little while, came the little loaf, brown and crackly and good.

When he asked Dan how to do it, Dan smiled, and said, "This way!" Then he took some flour and he took some water and a little yeast and he put them together and mixed it a minute, and there was the dough all ready. Hal said thank you, for he was a polite little Prince and Dan was his good friend.

Then back to the palace kitchen where the cook let him have some flour and water and yeast. But in a minute Hal was in a dreadful fix. Sticky flour and water on his hands, sticky flour and water on his face where he simply had to scratch his nose, sticky flour and water in his hair where he simply had to push a tumbly lock of hair out of his eyes. But no dough to say swing-swong. Just flour and water paste. There must be a charm to say!

After little Hal had washed his hands and face he ran down the steps and over to the gardens. Here he loved to be best of all. The air was sweet with the smell of a thousand flowers, and the paths were green and cool and soft, and the flower beds shone with bright colors. Here, as Hal had hoped, was Dick, the gardner's boy.

Dick had a long green box filled with dark brown earth. Dick was singing a little song, and every minute his hand would drop down, thud, and make a neat little round hole in the dirt and drop a little seed inside, and smooth it over before Hal could wink. Hal sighed.

Dick jumped when he heard that sigh and laughed when he saw Prince Hal. He was a good friend, too, and he asked Hal right away what made him look so sorry. Hal told him. It seemed that all these boys had a charm that Hal didn't have, and whatever he made went wrong and he shouldn't ever have a present for his Mother, he was afraid.

Dick laughed right out loud, then. And when he explained to Hal, he laughed, too.

For there wasn't any charm at all. Every one of these boys could make a thing because their fathers had shown them how long, long ago; and they had been careful, and patient and willing to work. And that's all the charm it took.

Well, couldn't a prince be careful, and patient, and ready to work? Hal thought he could. Dick went around and got some boards and some nails, and a hammer. Slow as anything, pounding his fingers sometimes, but not squealing; splitting the board sometimes, but never minding that, Hal learned to nail a little box together. Then Dick got a packet of seeds, and Hal learned just how to poke a little hole, and drop in a seed and smooth over the dirt. Patient, and careful, and willing to work—pretty soon he was puffing up the stairs to the palace nursery with something very, very secret under his arm.

That secret staid there and he didn't tell anyone at all. But the day that the queen came down, pale, and weak, and white, but getting well again, to sit on her throne the very first time—that day, in came little Hal,

puffing again, but with something very secret under his arm.

Then he walked straight up to the throne and set down—a long green box! A box just brimming over with lovely green leaves and lovely yellow and red flowers. A box full of flowers—and everyone he'd planted himself, and watered, and tended until it had grown and bloomed just like a little garden.

His mother cried out how lovely it was, and when she heard that he had made it every bit himself, she clapped her hands with happiness. And the king sat back, proud as he could be. And in a minute they had Dick, the gardner's son up there, and there was a splendid little supper ready for the two boys, with candles burning and jelly and tarts and little colored cakes. All because two boys had found out that the only charm there is, is patience, and care, and being willing to work.

I wonder if Dan and Jock, who hadn't taken time to tell Hal that, wouldn't have liked some of that supper, too? Hal thought they would. But best of all was the look in his mother's eyes.

In the Magician's Castle



By Dorothy Arno Baldwin

The happiest boy in the Kingdom of Might-Have-Been would be the one who would be chosen as standard bearer to the young prince. Long before the appointed day the highways of the kingdom were thronged with boys going to the Magician's castle, where the choice was to be made. Of course, each one hoped that he would be the chosen one, and each one bore himself erect and straight, as a standard bearer should.

The Magician met them at the door and invited them into a large hall, the walls of which were hung with wonderful tapestries. Here he left them.

Most of the boys wandered about, looking at the tapestry pictures. But Claude, who was almost certain that he would be the chosen one, went off by himself into a far

corner of the hall to compose a speech of thanks to the Magician for the honor to be given him.

He noticed that a passageway seemed to open at this end of the hall between dark curtains, which had been looped back but which made the entrance very shadowy. Thinking that there might be a room beyond where it would be more quiet, he started to enter the passage. Suddenly a crooked little fellow leaped up in the doorway. He seemed to be twisted all out of shape.

The dwarf, or whatever it was, stood threateningly in the doorway, and Claude did not dare to try to pass him. Turning back, he called the other boys quietly together, and told them what he had seen.

“I wonder if he is still there,” said Joachim. “I’d like to see that fellow.”

He walked slowly to the doorway, and the others could tell from his manner that the dwarf was still there. He came back up the hall much faster than he had gone down.

“Did you notice his knees?” he asked Claude excitedly. “They kept wobbling in

and out, and he looked as if he were falling apart."

"I didn't notice that," replied Claude. "But it seemed as if one shoulder was about six inches higher than the other. I never saw such a crooked fellow."

"I don't believe he has any right to be there," spoke up Alfred. "Let's all go together and scare him away."

The others agreed, and at a signal they all rushed down the hall, shouting and waving their arms.

They had almost reached the passageway when a whole army of crooked dwarfs came rushing and leaping out at them. This was so unexpected that the boys turned and



A strange crooked creature leaped into the doorway

fled, nor did they stop until they had run the length of the great room. It seemed to them that the little creatures were close upon their heels, when, really, they had not stepped out of the passage.

When the boys found that they were not followed, they were rather ashamed of their fright. A new boy came in just then, and gathered about him, the others told him about the army of dwarfs.

“I must see them,” said the newcomer.

The others warned him to be careful, but lifting his head high, and carrying himself erect and tall, he marched directly to the curtained doorway.

“No dwarfs are here,” he called back. “I see only my own image in a mirror.”

“We saw no mirror!” exclaimed the others.

As they crowded up behind him to look, the crooked dwarfs pressed forward once more, peering curiously out at them.

“They are our own images, after all!” cried Claude. “But no wonder we did not recognize them! What makes them so crooked?”

“The image I see is not crooked,” said Roland, the new lad.

“Neither are you,” replied the Magician, who had come up behind them. “You are as straight as the shaft of a pine tree, and I choose you to be standard bearer for the prince.”

Then he turned to the other boys, who were greatly ashamed.

“You have looked in my mirror, which reflects you all as others see you,” continued the Magician. “Therefore, you know why I chose Roland. Although you may hold yourselves straight as you stand before my mirror, it will reflect you with stooping back and twisted shoulders if that is the way you usually stand. Whoever would appear straight in this mirror, must acquire the habit of always standing straight.”

When, the following year, it came time to choose the new standard bearer, the Magician’s mirror reflected every lad erect and straight. So the Magician had to find some other test to select the lucky boy.

The Lantern Fairies

By Mary McDougall



GRETCHEN was a little Swiss girl who lived with her older brother, Peter, and their mother in a little house on the edge of a big forest. It was a long walk to the nearest village, and the path lay through the thickest part of the woods. Every day Peter walked to the village with the little cakes his mother made and with fresh eggs. But now Peter had been ill for several days, and there was no way to get the cakes and the eggs to market.

“Let me take them, Mother. I have often gone with Peter, and I’m not afraid of the forest,” begged Gretchen. “But you have never tried it alone,” said her mother, as she



That afternoon she set out with the little cakes and the eggs

shook her head. "I'm afraid you would not know the paths without Peter."

"Oh, I know every path in the forest, truly, Mother," begged the girl, until finally her mother consented.

That afternoon she set out with the little cakes and the eggs. She hurried as fast as she could because she wanted to reach home before dark; but the way was long, and it took quite a while to sell all the cakes and the eggs. When she started back, the sun was already quite low. The forest looked beautiful with the dim light shimmering through the trees, but everything was very still and it seemed very lonesome. Gretchen called greetings to her little animal friends as she hurried along, glad of their company.

As it grew darker and darker, she began to be startled by crackling twigs, and she noticed sounds that she had not heard when it was light. The paths, too, looked different, and she found herself wondering which one to take. Then the forest grew quite black, and as she could no longer see the little rabbits and squirrels, she felt dreadfully lonely. She ran and ran as fast as she

could, but the way seemed to grow less and less familiar. Finally she came to a place where two paths met, but she could not remember ever having seen this place before.

“I am lost, and I may have to stay out here all night alone!” she said, and she sat down beside the path and began to cry. “If only I had some one here with me,” she sobbed, “I am sure I could find the way. I wish I had brought Bunny Big Ears along.”

She had not cried very long when she thought to herself, “How foolish I am. I will be brave



As she looked up she saw little lanterns flashing all around her

and try to find the way." Then, as she looked up, she saw little lanterns flashing all around her, and she heard little voices saying:

"Never mind, little girl; jump up, and we will light your way home."

Gretchen was so delighted to think that these little fairies had been sent to help her in her trouble that she forgot to feel afraid; and now that they were all about her flashing their little lanterns this way and that, she no longer felt lonely. She ventured a little way down one of the paths, and as far ahead as she could see, the little lanterns were leading the way and beckoning her on.

She hurried along after them, and it seemed only a few minutes until she saw the candlelight gleaming from the window of her own little home. As she pushed open the door, she called back, "Oh, thank you so much, little lantern fairies; goodnight!"

Her mother, hearing her voice, came to the door and looking out into the night, exclaimed, "I'm so glad my little girl is safely home again. And what a lot of fireflies there are out this evening!"



The Golden Bird

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin

Of all the birthday gifts that Roland received none pleased him more than a golden bird which had been given to him by the Wise Man of the kingdom.

“So long as you care for him with love and kindness, the bird will stay with you,” the Wise Man had said. “But if for a single time you forget to feed him or give him water, he will fly away.”

“He will never fly away,” replied Roland confidently, “for I shall never forget him.”

The boy hung a perch for the bird in a sunny window and fed him daily with seeds and fine grains, keeping a dish of fresh water

always near him. But one day Roland played too long out in the snow and forgot to give the bird his supper. It was not until after sundown that he remembered.

“Surely he will not fly away because I forgot him for only a little time,” he thought, as he rushed into the house. But the bird was gone.

The next day Roland went sorrowfully to the Wise Man and after telling of his forgetfulness, asked what he could do to find the golden bird.

“You have far to go,” replied the man. “The bird has returned to the wood whence he came. In the heart of the forest, beside a spreading oak tree, you will find a hut in which lives an old lady. Before knocking on her door, you must walk three times around the tree, dig out an acorn from under the snow, and lay it on the nearest stump. A jay will come and carry away the acorn, after which the lady will tell you where to find your bird.”

Roland thanked him and started cheerfully on his way. It was hard tramping through the snowy forest, but at last he



Frances
Kerr
Cook

The bird immediately flew down and picked up the acorn

reached the hut. He walked three times around the oak tree, picked up an acorn that was lying in the snow, and laid it on the nearest stump. A jay immediately flew down and picked up the acorn, but instead of carrying it away, he dropped it and flew off without it.

Roland then knocked on the door of the hut, but no one appeared, and no one answered, although he waited ever so long. At last he was obliged to return to the Wise Man.

“Did you dig the acorn from under the snow?” asked the Wise Man.

“I forgot that you said under the snow,” answered the boy. “I picked one up that I saw above it.”

“You forgot the most important thing of all,” replied the Wise Man. “The acorn lying on top of the snow was one that had been thrown away because it was not good; so the jay would not take it. The old lady is very fond of the jay, and because you offered him a wormy nut, she was displeased and would not speak to you.

“You must go now to the Tower of Birds,

far to the south. When you enter it, mount to the top, close all the windows except one to the east, and scatter grain on the floor. The golden bird will fly in to eat the grain, and you can capture him.”

After a long journey, Roland reached the tower and entered, climbing to the top.

“I’ve forgotten whether the Wise Man told me to scatter the grain before or after I closed the windows,” he thought. “I’ll leave them open until I have scattered it, for there is no knowing from which direction my bird may come.”

The minute the grain was scattered, a cloud of blackbirds blew in through the open windows and ate up every kernel. The golden bird did not appear, and Roland had no more grain to scatter.

Once more he sadly returned to the Wise Man.

“I have learned,” said he, “that the smallest thing may make the greatest difference. Will you not tell me once more how I may find my bird? This time I will forget nothing.”

“It is your last chance,” warned the Wise Man. “You must go to the magic stables far to the north. Enter the door on the west, go to the farthest stall, and after giving some hay to the horse, drop some grain on his left shoulder. The golden bird will come to eat it.”

Roland repeated the directions until he was sure that he knew them.

Often on the difficult journey, Roland recited over and over again what he must do. When he reached the Magic Stables, he remembered everything exactly as he had been told. When he dropped the grain on the left shoulder of the horse, the golden bird at once flew down through a hole in the loft, through which he had been able to see that spot and no other on the horse’s back.

Joyfully Roland carried home his bird, and so well had he learned how to remember that never again did he forget the bird.



The Enchanted Castle



By Gladys Cleone Carpenter

Once upon a time there was a little princess and a little prince who lived in a royal castle on the top of a high hill.

One day the princess said to the prince, "I wish this were not just a common place. I wish it were an enchanted castle."

"Why do you wish that?" asked Godmother, who happened to hear what the princess said.

"When people are enchanted," answered the princess, "they are very nice, for they must just say certain things. If they say other things the spell is broken. Oh, it would be wonderful."

"Indeed," smiled the godmother. "Well, I shouldn't be surprised if, at almost any time, this castle became enchanted."

One morning when the princess awoke, she heard some one singing. "Oh," she exclaimed, "maybe the castle is enchanted now." She went to the mirror and looked into the glass. Her eyes were very bright. "I am enchanted, too," she sang happily.

The girl opened the door and looked out. Her brother's room was just across the hall, and he stood in his doorway listening, too.

"Good morning," called the princess.

"Huh!" said her brother, and shut the door.

It seemed true all right that the castle was enchanted, for when the boy tried his bedroom door to go downstairs, it wouldn't open.

But the princess' door opened, because the magic word that let the door open was a very nice "Good-morning." And the enchanted word that kept the boy's door locked was a very ill-natured grunt, from a prince who had gotten up cross.

It is not known how the prince got down stairs. Some people think he must have found the secret stairs that led down the back way. At any rate, he was the first one

at the breakfast table. But when the princess came into the room, she found him lying on the marble floor.

“Why, brother, what is the matter?” she asked.

“Oh, this is an enchanted castle, and it is all quite terrible,” groaned the boy.

“Yes, it is enchanted,” replied the princess, “but I think it all quite wonderful.”

“H u h !” grunted the prince. “You wouldn’t think it was so wonderful if the



*“Good morning,” called
the princess*

chairs fell over when you were about to sit on them.”

“But there are always magic words. Magic is both good and bad. Perhaps you have the wrong words,” explained his sister.

The prince picked himself and the chair up. “Hurry,” he said to the princess, “I’m hungry.” But as he was about to be seated, the chair fell over again.

“You have the wrong word,” said the princess. “‘Hurry’ is a bad magic word to

use at the breakfast table. You should say 'Wait' because we should wait for the queen."

The prince again picked himself up, but this time he waited for the king and queen. When the queen was seated, and the boy again tried to sit down, the chair did not fall over.

Every one was quite happy at breakfast, for there seemed to be many good magic words spoken. The prince ate very rapidly, though, and was the first one to finish his breakfast. Then he started to rise. But each time he would be nearly ready to leave the table, some one would look at him queerly, just as magic eyes watch people, and he would sink back on the chair. He tried again and again to leave, but he could not.

"My son, what is it you wish?" asked the king.

"I was going to leave the table, but since the castle has become enchanted, I can't leave my chair," answered the boy.

"My son," said the king, "perhaps the magic word when one wishes to leave the table is, 'Excuse me'."



“Why, brother, what is the matter?” she asked

The prince tried saying, “Excuse me.” It worked like magic.

All day long the prince and princess found that kind words and polite words made things happen like good magic, and cross words and impolite words made things happen like bad magic.

That night Godmother said to them, “The reason the prince got locked in his room was

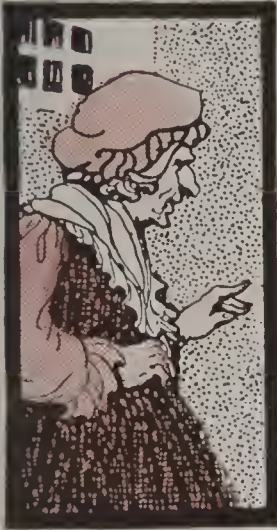
because he was so cross that he slammed the door too hard, and the lock caught. He was in such a hurry he did not sit down in his chair straight, and because he knew he should not leave the table without being excused, he imagined the rest were looking at him queerly. This castle is not truly enchanted; only as you speak good or bad words does it seem enchanted.”

As time went on, and the prince and princess learned to speak only good enchanting words, the people of the castle became very happy. And it was a nicer place to live in than the most truly enchanted castle anyone ever heard of.



Magic Mirrors

By Gladys Cleone Carpenter



Little Princess Marie wandered about the rooms of the great castle looking for something to do. There were no princes nor princesses to play with, for she was visiting her uncle, the great King Bruce, in the kingdom next to her father's realm.

After a while she came to a little door. She tried the door, and it flew open. There was a long stairway, so long and dark that the princess could hardly see to the top of it. She took a candle and started to climb but had to stop and rest many times. Finally she reached the top. There was another door. She opened this and found that she was in the castle tower.

“What do you want up here?” asked a little old woman who sat spinning.

“Why, please,” replied the princess, “I was looking for something to do.”

“You might go into the Tower of Mirrors,” said the old woman.

“Oh, I would like to do that!” exclaimed Princess Marie.

The old woman led the way across a small room and unlocked and opened a door. There was a very long room filled with mirrors.

“Look into one,” said the woman.

Princess Marie chose a gold framed mirror with a large clear glass. But when she looked into it, she saw reflected there a very ugly appearing girl. Of course, the girl wore a satin dress and had long golden curls, but oh! what a terrible face.

“Why,” screamed the princess, “I don’t look like that.”

“Mirrors never lie,” said the old woman.

“They do,” the princess contradicted. Hurrying across the room, she looked into another mirror.

“Oh,” she cried, “the hateful thing. I don’t look like it. People say I am very beautiful.”

The reflection in the mirror grew blacker

and more ugly every moment. "Look at me," commanded the woman.

The princess looked. The old woman was shabbily dressed, her hair was gray, and her face was wrinkled. "Now," said the old woman, "come and stand by me, and we will look into the mirror together."

When they looked, the princess seemed ugly and black, and the old woman was beautiful, and her face was bright like sunshine.

"The mirrors do not show just your rosy cheeks and blue eyes," said the little woman, "these are magic mirrors; they show what you think reflected in your face."

Princess Marie looked carefully into the old woman's face. She saw how sweet



She took a candle and started to climb

the smile was. She saw that it did not matter altogether what people wore; it was their thoughts that made them look nice or ugly. When she thought more kindly of the old woman, she looked into the mirror and saw that her own reflection was less ugly.

So Princess Marie tried to look for things to think kindly about. She picked up a ball of wool for the old woman. She helped her with her spinning.

“Look into the next mirror,” said the old woman.

The princess looked, and her reflection was much nicer.

“You must look better in each mirror,” said the old woman, “and by following them, you will come to a door through which you can pass to the rooms below.”

Princess Marie thought it was good of the old woman to guide her. She thought how beautiful the sunshine was on the walls of the room; and how kindly the old woman spoke to her. She was sorry for having thought the old woman was mean. And with each mirror she found that her reflection looked better.

“Glance into the last mirror,” said the old woman.

“Why,” said Princess Marie, “I appear beautiful.”

So the princess found her way to the door, and when she arrived there, she thanked the old woman for telling her how to leave the tower. When the princess went down the stairs, she found herself in the throne room.

“Ah,” said the king, “I know where you have been, for that door comes from the Tower of Mirrors. No one ever comes through it unless like you they are beautiful because their thoughts are kind.”



With each mirror she found that her reflection looked better

The Saucy Snow Sprites

By Frances Ellen Funk



Away up in the sky, over the tree-tops and higher than the clouds, are the glistening white snow-fields. Up there it is always cold, and that is where King Jack Frost and the hundreds of little snow sprites work all the year around, gathering the snow and getting it ready to be scattered down over the world when winter comes.

Of course, it is always winter somewhere in the world, and so these little people are kept very busy. They love their work, and have a great deal of fun as they roll and toss the fluffy balls of soft, white snow.

Some days the snow people do not feel like working, and then they are liable to get into some mischief! On days when Jack

Frost is a long way off, in a far country where the people need snow, the sprites sometimes stop work and play.

One day, when the air was crisp and tingling, the little snow people could not settle down to work. They gathered in a great circle around Silver-top, who was a very bright and active little fellow and who could always think of something new to play.

“What shall we do?” grumbled the restless sprites. “We’ve played everything we know, and all of the snow bags are so full that we can’t get any more into them!”

Just then Silver-top had a wonderful idea! “Listen!” he called eagerly. “I know something we have never done which will be great fun. Let’s take some bags of snow and make a big storm all by ourselves without Jack Frost knowing anything about it! We’ll have lots of fun!”

For a moment the little people hesitated.

“But you know we might not go to the right place or get the snow on evenly without Jack Frost to show us how. He’ll be angry if he ever finds out!” said one.

“Well, he won’t find out. Anyway, a snow



*Grasping the great bags, they whirled recklessly
out into the sky*

storm can't hurt anything, can it? Come on, let's have some fun!" called the mischievous Silver-top.

He was always the leader, and so with shouts of laughter they followed him. Grasping the great bags, they whirled out into the sky and down through the clouds until they were near enough to the earth to scatter the snow. It was only September in that part of the country, and of course snow should not come until the winter time.

Right down over the cities and towns the snow sprites went, and as soon as Silver-top gave the word, bing! went the great bags, and the air was filled with soft clouds of falling snow.

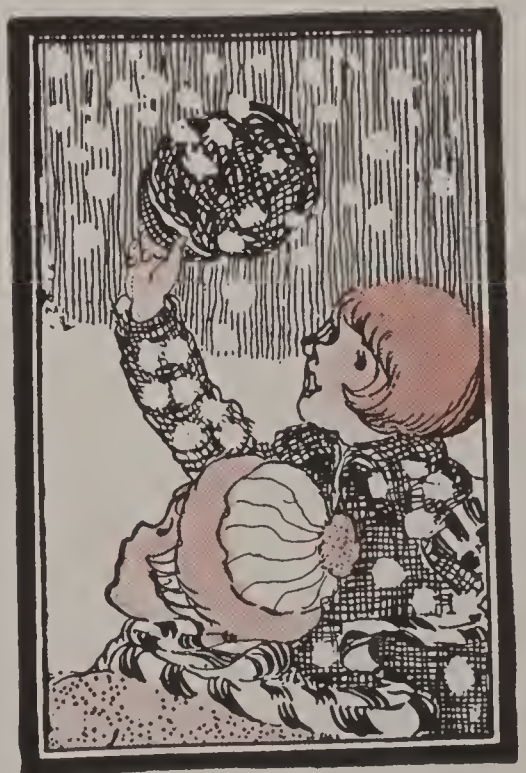
What a surprise it was to all the people! A hard snow storm in September! It had been a very warm day, too, and it made everything all mixed up to have snow come tumbling out of a clear sky!

In the big city men who were working on the new buildings which were to be finished by the winter time, looked up in surprise when they felt the first flakes.

“Snow!” they cried, and they hurried down off the wet boards, slipping and falling as they tried to reach the ground before the snow was too thick on the ladders.

In the country it was even worse. Farmers, working hard in the fields, looked up and could not believe their eyes. Then they had to hurry around, trying to get things under cover!

The only ones who were happy to see the storm were the boys and girls, for, of course, they loved the snow and did not care whether it came when it should or not!



They hurried into their coats and sweaters and ran out into the midst of it. They tumbled in the soft drifts and enjoyed every bit of it!

Silver-top and the other sprites romped and played until darkness fell, and then they hurried back to the snow-fields. They had had a wonderful time, and they chuckled as they told each other that Jack Frost would never know that the world had a snow storm in the summer.

But he did know all about it, for he watched over all the world and knew everything that went on. He was very, very angry, too, for he knew what a lot of trouble the naughty little people had made.

Calling all of the sprites together that night, when the golden moon was casting a mellow light over the cold, white snow-fields, he said, "I know well just what was done today, and I feel very sad to think that good and helpful people would do such a selfish and thoughtless act.

"You have made the people of the world a great deal of trouble, and I shall have to punish you so that you will remember not to be



What a surprise it was to all the people! A hard snow storm in September

so careless again. To keep you busy, so that your idle hands will not be naughty, you must keep snow spread on all the highest mountain tops all the year 'round. And on very cold nights, you must go down to the world and draw pictures on the windowpanes for the boys and girls to see."

That is why, all over the world, on the high mountain tops you will find snow in any kind of weather. And that is why, when boys and girls get up on a cold morning and find the windows covered with beautiful tracery of frost, they may be sure that the snow sprites have been there in the night.

Doll Merchants' Visit

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



ONCE upon a time, there lived a girl who was so busy thinking about what her friends were doing that she had little time for anything else. If one of them took the largest apple in the dish, she was sure to see it—and tell of it, too!—and if another made a face behind someone's back, she told about that, as well. She probably had a real, sure-enough name, but no one could remember what it was because everybody called her Tattletale.

One morning she was passing the bake-shop when she saw the Baker's daughter behind the counter filling a basket with gingerbread men. The girl was wearing her best blue dress, which she only wore on special occasions. That did not surprise Tattletale,



She saw the baker's daughter at the counter filling a basket with gingerbread men

for this was the day for the yearly visit of the Doll Merchant, the most special occasion of all, but she was surprised to see that the Baker's daughter was wearing her away-from town hat. Why was she going away when the Doll Merchant was coming?

Tattletale saw the girl go out the back door of the shop carrying her basket, bring her donkey from the stable, and ride away on his back.

As quickly as might be, Tattletale hunted up the other girls and told them what she had seen.

"The Baker's daughter is going to meet the Doll Merchant, sure as can be!" declared the Tattletale. "You know how much he liked the gingerbread men she baked for him last year. She thinks that by meeting him and giving him some before he gets here, she can persuade him to let her have the best doll."

"Which way did she go?" asked the Grocer's daughter.

"Let's follow her!" cried one after another of the group. "We can reach him before she does if we hurry," said Tattletale. "She

took the Roundabout Road. The Straightaway Road runs into it not far from town, and it is so much shorter than if we go that way, we should reach the crossroads ahead of her, even if she is riding."

Without another moment's delay, Tattletale hurried away and the others followed. They walked very fast until they came in sight of the crossroads; then they ran.

"How queer!" exclaimed Tattletale, as she reached the crossing and looked up and down the Roundabout Road. "She isn't in sight. She must have passed ahead of us after all, but she can't be far from here. Come! We must hurry if we mean to catch her."

Tattletale seized two of the girls by the arm and scurried away on the Roundabout Road.

"But how do you know she didn't turn down the Straightaway Road?" someone called after her.

"Because she'd have taken that road in the first place if she had expected to meet him here," Tattletale threw back over her shoulder.



“That’s so!” agreed the others, and they scurried after the three leaders.

It was a hot day, and they hadn’t scurried far before they were too warm and too tired to scurry another step, but Tattletale wouldn’t stop to rest because she felt sure that the Doll Merchant and the Baker’s daughter were just around the next bend; and the others kept on, too, because each wanted to be among the first to catch sight of them.

The Doll Merchant was not around the next bend, nor the next, nor the next, nor the next; and neither was the Baker’s daughter. The sun grew hotter and hotter, and the little party walked slower and slower, and finally, all but Tattletale sat down and declared that they wouldn’t go an inch farther, even for a dozen doll merchants. The worst of it was that it was already past noon, and no one had brought any lunch.

“The Baker’s daughter couldn’t have

come this way," remarked the Grocer's daughter.

"No, and neither did the Doll Merchant," added the Shoemaker's daughter.

"Who told you that she was going to meet him?" demanded the Tailor's daughter of Tattletale.

"Nobody did," replied Tattletale. "I could see for myself that that was what she was planning."

"Then you didn't know?"

"No-o," admitted Tattletale, "But—"

At that everyone began to grumble, and to blame Tattletale and each other and the Doll Merchant and the Baker's daughter and everyone else they could think of because they had been foolish enough to listen to what Tattletale had said.

At about sundown, they all trailed into town, the hungriest, tiredest, dustiest girls anybody could imagine. And worst of all, the Doll Merchant had been there and gone, and the only one of all the girls in town to be at home to welcome him had been the Baker's daughter. She hadn't gone to meet him at all, but had hurried off on her donkey

to carry some gingerbread men to a lady on the Roundabout Road, who had ordered some, and then she had hurried home just in time to see the Doll Merchant come tramping into town on the Straightaway Road. He had left her a lovely doll, but not another girl had a new doll that year.

“I’ll never, never, never listen to Tattletale again!” declared each one.

“I’m not going to be Tattletale any longer,” promised that young lady, and she kept her word.



The Magic Mountain

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



ONE day, long ago, two brothers, Jean and Jacques, set out to seek their fortunes. Most of all they hoped to find the Castle of Heart's Desire, for it was said that whoever entered its gates would obtain that which he most wished for.

They soon came to a crossroads, and Jean decided to take one fork, while Jacques followed the other.

Jacques had not traveled far when he saw in the distance a great mountain, which seemed to lift its head higher and higher into the clouds the nearer he came to it.

"I have come the wrong way. I ought to have taken the other road," he decided.

So Jacques trudged back to the crossroads

and turned down the road that his brother had taken. When he had gone a little way down this second road, he saw another huge mountain towering in front of him. He kept on, however, hoping that he would find that this road ran around the base of it. But alas, no! It ran right into the cliff.

“What can be the meaning of this?” wondered Jacques. “Does a mountain block every road to good fortune?”

“It does, young master,” said a voice near him, for, without realizing it, Jacques had spoken aloud. “That is the Magic Mountain. It rises across every road in the kingdom. You must either climb it or go back.”

“But I couldn’t climb it!” protested the boy. “No one could; it is too steep.”

“Have you tried it?” asked the man.

“Tried it! Of course not! What would be the use of trying?”

“Then you will have to return without your fortune,” said the man.

“No, I have thought of a way,” answered Jacques. “I will go around the mountain.”

He started at once on a path that led through the woods in the valley, but never



They soon came to a cross-roads

before had he seen such a crooked path.

In the meantime, Jean had come to the great rock wall, and he was a little discouraged, too.

“It is very steep,” he said to himself, as he looked at the path, “and the mountain is very high. But it will just waste time to go back and take another road. I will try to climb, instead.”

Going to the base of the cliff, which looked so straight up and down, Jean found that there were crevices in the side of it into which he could put his feet and his fingers. Placing his foot in the first one, the boy pulled himself up and found to his surprise that it was not so hard after all.

The next step was easier than the first, and the third was easier than the second. Soon he discovered that the mountain was becoming less steep as he climbed.

In a short time he had reached the rim of clouds that surrounded the peak. He pushed hurriedly on, and presently through the mists he saw a gleaming castle. From the stone gateway a herald appeared and came down the pathway to meet him.



*He found that its rocky sides rose like a wall straight
across his road*

“Welcome to the Castle of Heart’s Desire!” cried the herald. “Look behind you.”

Jean looked back, expecting to see the valley far below, but instead it seemed almost at his feet.

“Why, this isn’t a mountain at all!” he exclaimed in amazement. “It is only a hill. What I thought were clouds about the sum-

mit were only mists that had risen from the valley.”

The mists had cleared away now, and at the foot of the Magic Mountain stood Jacques, looking hopelessly around. The path he had followed had led him all the way around the mountain, and now he was back where he had started.

“Come, Jacques!” cried his brother. “The castle is here!”

Jacques shook his head in a discouraged way. Seeing that he meant to turn back, Jean ran down the hill.

“Did you drop from the clouds?” exclaimed Jacques, astonished by his sudden appearance.

“Those are not clouds. They are only valley mists,” replied his brother. “Climb up with me, and you shall see.”

With Jean’s help, Jacques began the ascent, and soon was climbing along almost as easily as his brother had done. In a little while they had reached the summit. The gates of the castle stood open, and together the brothers happily entered to claim their hearts’ desire.

The Runaway Dog and the Gadabout Hen

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



LITTLE DOG NIP was lost! Reuben had called and whistled for him all around the house and the stables, but he would not come, and no one had seen him since early morning. Reuben felt guilty about his pet, because he had forgotten to give him his breakfast. At last he started down the road.

He had not walked far when he met Mary Jane. Her eyes were red with crying, and before Reuben could speak, she cried, "Have you seen my Little Brown

Hen? I forgot to feed her this morning, and she has run away with all her chickens.”

“I haven’t seen so much as a feather of them,” answered Reuben. “Have you seen my Little Dog Nip? I forgot to feed him, too.”

Mary Jane had not. “But I will help you look for Nip,” said she, “if you will help me find my Little Brown Hen and her chickens.”

Reuben agreed, and together they hunted all around Mary Jane’s yard and under the barn and through the orchard, but neither hen nor chickens could they see. So away they went down the road, hoping to find some one who could tell them about the runaway dog and the gadabout hen.

They had not gone far when they saw Johan hurrying towards them, looking very much worried, and before either of them could say a word, he called out, “Have you seen my Fat Little Pig? I forgot to feed him this morning, and because he was so hungry, he ran away.”

“We have not seen so much as the curl of his tail,” answered Reuben. “Have you seen my Little Dog Nip and Mary Jane’s



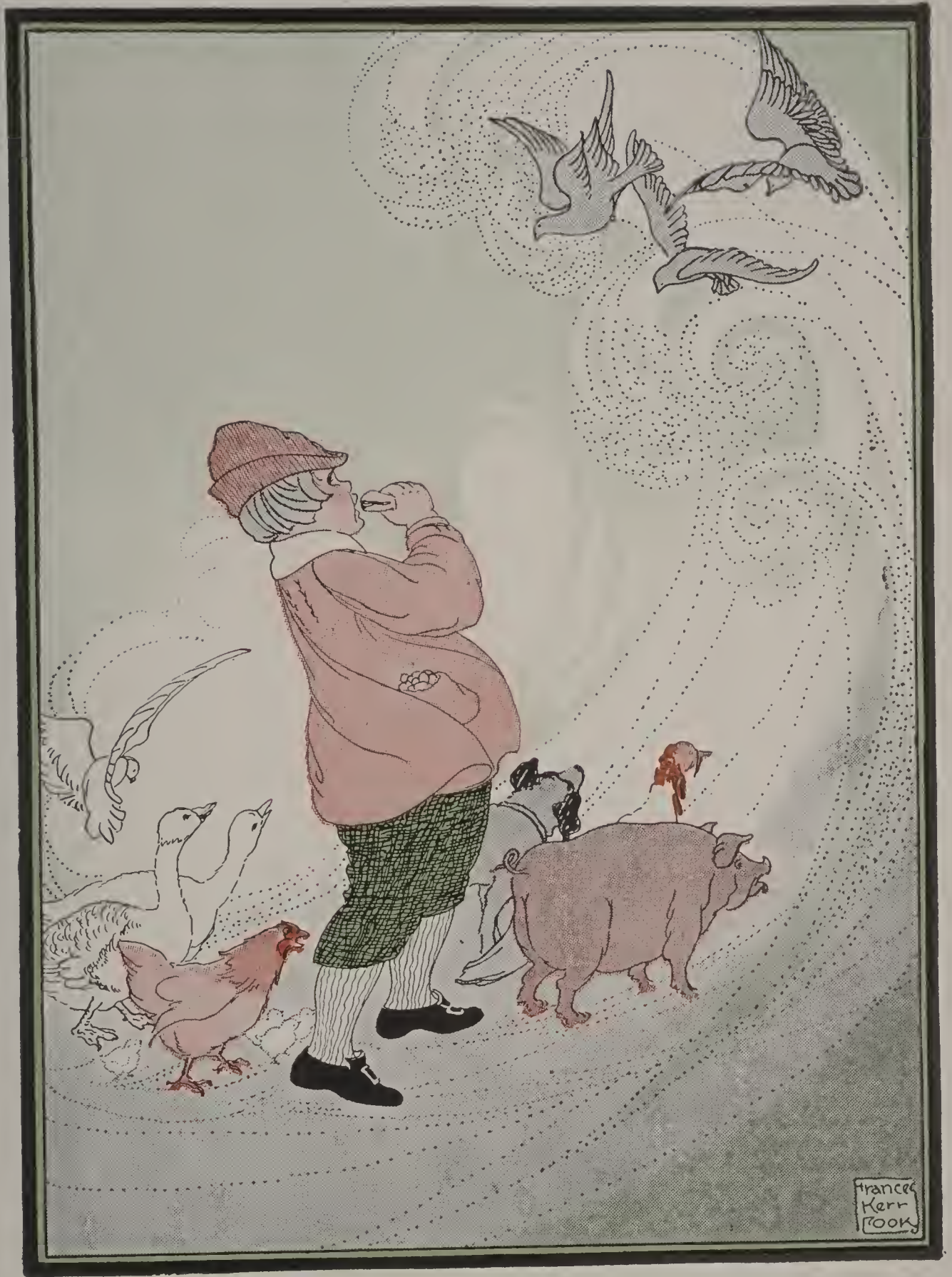
At last, far down the road, they spied a cloud of dust

Little Brown Hen? We forgot to feed them, too, and they have run away.”

Johan had not, and the three went on together.

They walked and walked, and at last, far down the road, they spied a cloud of dust. Above and around it fluttered a flock of pigeons. The dust was so thick that they could not tell what was behind it, and it was traveling away from them at such a rate that they had to run to catch up.

Before they had quite reached the dust cloud, Mary Jane almost tripped over her Little Brown Hen and all the chickens, who had settled down for a rest at the roadside. They looked as if they had had a good meal, but where they had found it was a mystery, until a gust of wind whisked away the dust cloud. There was the queerest procession that ever was seen! There were Little Dog Nip and the Fat Little Pig. There were the pigeons and some geese and a turkey. In the midst of them walked a fat boy. In one hand was half a doughnut, and in the other a sandwich.



In the midst of them walked a fat boy

“Go away! Shoo S-s-st!” the boy was exclaiming.

Every time he spoke, he waved his arms, and whenever he waved his arms, bits of his sandwich broke off. Then all those hungry creatures, not one of whom had any breakfast that morning, rushed for the crumbs.

“Do you know whom this dog and pig and all the others belong to?” cried the doughnut-and-sandwich boy, when he saw Reuben and Johan.

Of course they did know about the dog and the pig, and were glad enough to find them, and just then the boys and girls who owned the pigeons and the geese and the turkey came running up to claim their pets.

The fat boy was very angry. “That pig tripped me up and ate the acorns that rolled out of my pocket,” he scolded. “The birds gobbled up my salted peanuts and the fine big blueberries I had in my cap, and now that dog is trying to get the rest of my doughnut and sandwich. Please call them off!”

“Didn’t you have any breakfast, either?” asked Mary Jane.

The fat boy looked surprised. "Why of course!" he answered. "But I always carry something in my pocket in case I get hungry. This time that troop of birds and animals got it first."

"We'll remember to feed them after this so they won't be hungry and eat your lunch," promised the boys and girls.

"I wish you would," smiled the fat boy, "but perhaps it would be safer for me to eat all I want at meal times and leave my pockets empty."



The Castle of Echoes

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



There was not a sound in the king's council chamber as the royal tutor bowed low before the king. Mariette, holding her breath, leaned forward to hear what he would say.

"Your Majesty," began the tutor, "we have at last decided what must be done with Mariette."

"What is your plan?" asked the king.

"This little maid," went on the tutor, motioning towards Mariette, "is suffering from a serious illness. She must be sent to live in the Castle of Echoes. When the castle sings, she will be cured."

"But father," protested Mariette, "I don't



Until the enchanted castle sings

want to go to the Castle of Echoes. I'm not sick."

"Did not your parents say that you cry because you must go to bed at night, that you do not like to eat what is set before you, and that you fly into a temper when asked to do anything?" replied the tutor.

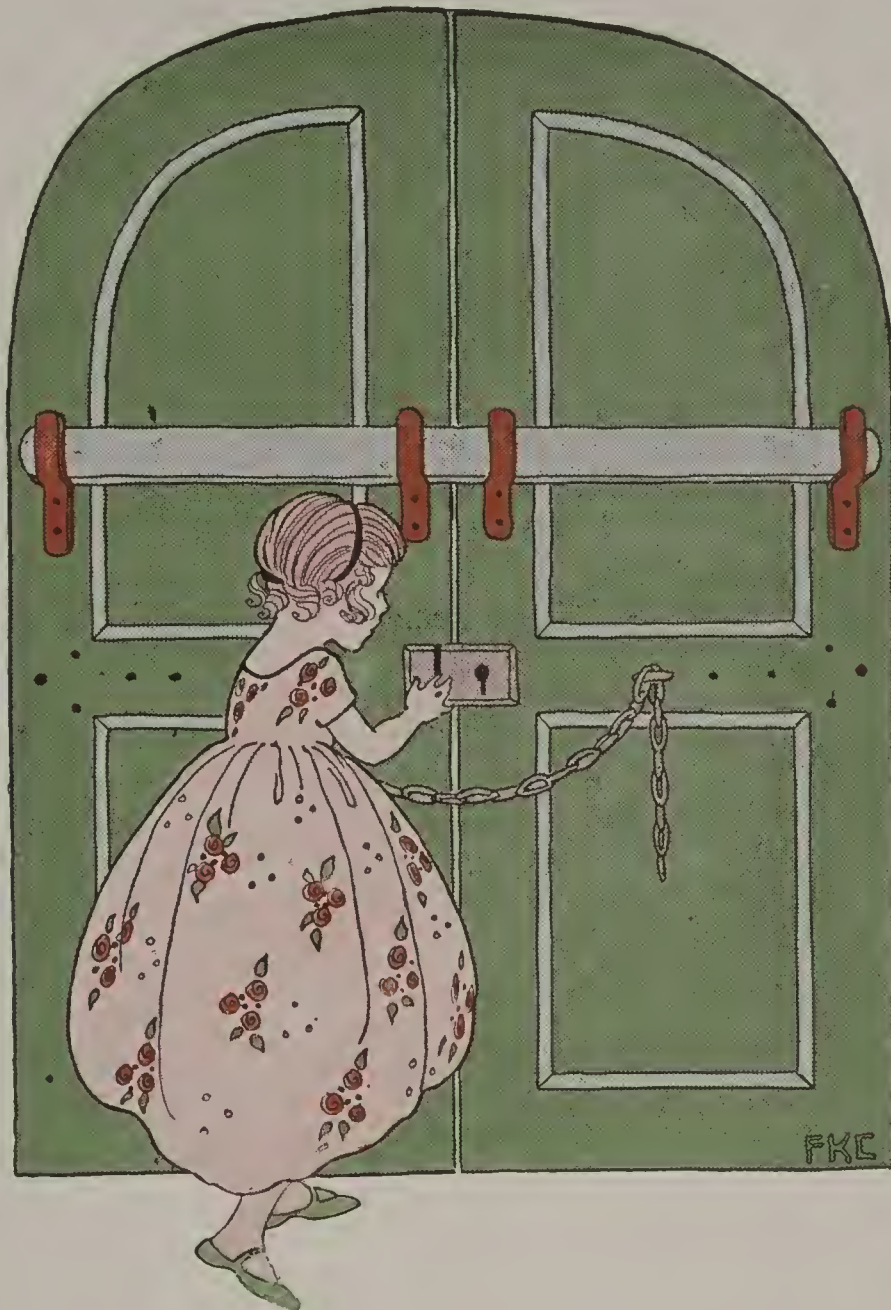
"They ask me to do things that I do not want to do," pouted Mariette, "and to eat things that I don't like to eat."

The tutor shook his head. "It is as I feared. You are not well, and until the Enchanted Castle sings, you will not be cured."

Without more ado, the king ordered the royal carriage, and Mariette was taken at once to the Castle of Echoes. She had decided to cry when the big doors swung to behind her, but she didn't because the castle was so lovely. She went from room to room, looking at the cunning little faces carved in the furniture, at the rich velvet carpets and curtains heavy with gold, and at the beautiful pictures on the walls.

By and by she felt hungry.

"I want my dinner!" she whined, wondering who was here to get it for her.



All this time the great door had remained tightly closed

“Dinner!” repeated a voice just as she spoke.

It was not a pleasant voice, and Mariette was not sure where it came from, but she soon found the dining room, with dinner waiting on the table. Mariette sat down and looked at her plate, upon which was a serv-

ing of chicken, mashed potato, and green peas.

“I don’t want that!” complained the girl, pushing back the plate.

“Don’t want that!” exclaimed several voices together.

Mariette looked up in surprise, but she could not see anyone.

“No, whoever you are, I don’t want that!” she cried, springing up and knocking over her chair.

She could hear the voices shouting at her through the noise made by the falling chair. Clapping her hands to her ears, she ran from the room.

Mariette ran upstairs and flinging herself on a big bed, kicked about until the fine white counterpane was in a heap. She lay there for some time, thinking how miserable she was. When she got up, she saw on the dresser a sign upon which was painted:

“Smooth out the bed!”

“I don’t want to smooth out the bed!” declared the girl.

“Smooth out the bed!” came the voice, but no one was in sight.



Suddenly the whole castle seemed to burst into song

“I won’t! I won’t! I won’t!” cried Mariette.

“Won’t! Won’t! Won’t!” repeated the voice.

Day after day passed, and although Mariette saw no one, she often heard voices, sometimes unpleasant ones. At first she was angry, but she soon forgot everything but the wish to be at home again. Would the castle never sing?

Every day Mariette listened, but she heard no music, although the voices did not

The Tournament

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



The day for the great tournament at the castle was very near, and all the boys in the kingdom were greatly excited. Such a tournament as this was to be, had never been held before, for the boys who would enter the contests must contend against Prince Waldemar, who was well skilled in sports.

There were two boys, Hildred and Garth, who, more than any others, longed for success. Hildred, who was known for his skill in games, felt sure of winning, while Garth, who seldom had time to share in any sports, had little hope.

A week before the tournament was to take place, boys from every part of the kingdom began to arrive at the castle, and a large camp was formed outside the walls. As each arrived, he took up his share of the work about the camp.

“Where is Hildred?” asked one of the boys the morning after Hildred’s arrival. “He should be helping.”

“He’s hiding behind that tree,” said another, “Here, Hildred! We want you to help us get some firewood.”

Hildred gathered a few sticks, but he soon made an excuse to slip away. It was so all through the week. Whenever there was work to be done, Hildred was missing, leaving others to do his share.

Garth was busy most of the time.

“You’ll tire yourself out so that you won’t have any chance against the prince,” Hildred warned him. “Why don’t you get in some practice for the tournament?”

“I’m practicing every day,” laughed Garth.

“I’d like to know when!” exclaimed Hildred. “Every time I see you you’re either



“When I run an errand, I’m racing with the Prince”

tramping back from market with a load of supplies, or running on some errand. You don’t have to do it.”

“No, but the work needs to be done, and I may as well do it as anybody. All the time I imagine that I’m really taking part in the tournament,” explained Garth. “When I run on an errand, I’m racing with the prince; when I carry a heavy load, it’s a test of strength; and every stone I throw out of the garden, teaches me to throw hard and straight.”

The great day finally came. Each boy wore a mask and some trophy by which he could be told from the others. One who attracted much attention was dressed in green velvet, with a scarf of crimson across his breast. He wore proudly a helmet of gleaming silver in which was thrust an eagle's feather.

First, at a blast from a trumpet, came the race. The prince quickly outdistanced all save a boy who wore a plain gray suit, a black mask across his eyes, and a crow's wing in his cap. At the end of the race this runner was almost on the heels of the prince, while he of the eagle's feather lagged far behind.

"It is seldom that crow outflies the eagle," said Prince Waldemar, with a glance at the laggard.

In one after another of the contests the result was the same. The crow, as he was called, could lift twice the weight that the eagle could. He could throw farther, and in the tug-of-war he even pulled Prince Waldemar a few steps forward, while the Prince pulled the eagle across the field.



“When I carry a heavy load it’s a test of strength”

“Who is this weakling?” demanded Prince Waldemar at last. “Let him sit among the crowd. He is in the way on the field.”

The eagle crept away, and when at the close of the tournament the prince called upon contestants to unmask, the eagle was not to be seen.

“Garth! Garth! Three cheers for Garth!” cried the crowd, as the crowd pulled off his mask and was recognized.

Prince Waldemar took him by the hand and announced that Garth was chosen, because he was most nearly his own equal in skill, to live at the castle for a year and to share in all his sports and pleasures. At the

end of that time another tournament would be held, and another boy would be chosen for the same honor.

The eagle now stepped forward, and taking off his helmet, bowed low before the prince. It was Hildred.

“You have chosen well, Prince!” said he. “But next year I may be chosen as your play-fellow, for Garth has shown me the way to win.”

So it came to be. The next year Hildred won the tournament, for he had learned that hard work never hurts anyone.





By Mary S. Hitchcock

Once upon a time, a long, long while ago, there lived a little princess upon a beautiful isle. On her birthday her father gave her a wonderful alabaster vase.

She was very much pleased with it and asked if it might be placed on the marble terrace in the king's garden.

“Certainly, little daughter, and you shall have the fairest flower in the kingdom to plant therein.” And the king gave orders for the flower-gatherers to go and bring the loveliest blossoms.

That day, on blossom hill, where the most beautiful flowers grew near a gray rock wall, there was great excitement.

There were white flowers, and blue and pink and yellow ones. Each one had its own peculiar beauty, and each thought she had a chance of being chosen until she looked up

and saw the scarlet lily that grew near the sunny edge of the wall. The lily surely was a splendid flower, and she was very well aware of it.

“I think the princess will choose me. I have long been regarded as the queen of flowers here.”

None of the flowers gave a thought to a little moss plant which grew down deep in a crevice of the wall, for it had no flower at all! Least of all did the little moss plant think of itself, although it was very beautiful with its dainty fairylike leaves. It grew down so deep in the crevice that all it could see was the gray rock and the blue sky overhead.

It wanted so much to see the rest of the world that it spent all its time trying to creep up the wall to the top of the rock. But as it climbed higher, the hot sun beat down upon it and dried and scorched it until it hung its head.

“I shall die here in the sun,” it cried.

A big rose bush with great creamy-pink flowers heard it and reached out a branch and laid a thick cluster of green leaves and a fragrant blossom over the crevice, making a delicious shade.

The little plant revived at once, and told the rose how grateful it was, and how beautiful the rose seemed.

“Just wait until you see the scarlet lily,” replied the rose.

“But I cannot reach up far enough,” moaned the moss.

Then the rose asked the lily to bend over so the little moss could see her.

“Indeed, no,” replied the lily. “I might get a crook in my neck and spoil my graceful shape. Then the princess wouldn’t want me.”

“Never mind,” murmured the moss. “It seems to me that the rose is beautiful enough to be the choice of the princess.”

She hasn’t a chance against me,” cried the lily, “for her leaves droop so quickly after she is gathered, while mine stay fresh a long time.”

“That is true,” sighed the rose. “I fear I have no chance at all to be planted in the alabaster vase on the marble terrace in the king’s garden.”

“Oh,” cried the little moss plant, reaching up its tiny feathery fronds of green. “If I could only wrap myself around you, I could

keep you fresh and sweet all of the way to the palace.”

“But,” asked a flower fairy, who appeared before the moss plant just at that minute, “what would become of you?”

“Oh, that doesn’t matter,” answered the moss. “Besides, I would have been quite dead before now if the rose had not shaded me.”

“Very well,” agreed the flower fairy. “Here come the flower-gatherers; have your wish.”

She reached out her wand, and in an instant the moss was growing all over the buds of the rose.

The flower fairy looked down at them and smiled. “Love beautifies everything,” she said, for the rose was ten times more beautiful than ever before.

The first flower-gatherer who came saw the flaming lily and cried out, “See, this is the most splendid flower of all.” And he picked it quickly and put it in his basket.

But the second flower-gatherer was bending over the lovely rose. He took it up tenderly, and shaded it from the sun and carried it carefully all the way to the palace.

“Oh,” exclaimed the princess, when she



"Very well," agreed the Queen Fairy, "have your wish"

saw it, "that is the sweetest of all. It is a moss rose!"

That is how the moss rose came to have its name.



The Cloud Climbers

By Frances Ellen Funk



The Cloud-climbers were small sprites who worked for Queen Golden Glow. They had to dust the clouds, keep the cobwebs out of the sky, and polish and smooth the surfaces of the sun and the moon.

For the sun spins around so very fast and is so terribly hot that it gets rough on the edges and has to be trimmed and smoothed constantly.

The Queen had provided special mittens for the Cloud-climbers to keep their hands from getting burned or badly scratched as they rubbed the sun. She gave them little hammers, also, with which to trim and break off the rough bits. This work had to be done

always at night so that the sun would be ready each day.

The Cloud-climbers had some great larks as they worked together. They loved to slide off the great, fluffy clouds and play hide-



It gets rough on the edges and has to be trimmed and smoothed constantly

and-peek around the moon. When the cool twilight came, they wanted more than ever to play pranks and frolic about. Again and again the Queen warned them that their work must be done before they could play. But they liked to play better than to work.

One evening, after a very warm and trying day, when all of the sprites had been working as hard as possible at their tasks, the Cloud-climbers started out to polish the sun. As they went they flew gaily about, chasing each other around the clouds and playing leap-frog over the evening star. They pulled on their little mittens and without thinking to be careful, they started to hack and chip roughly at the sun with their hammers. How surprised they were when

a spray of sparks flew from beneath their hammers! So, instead of gently tapping and smoothing the surface as they usually did, they struck off showers of these pieces of the sun into the air.

When they tired of the game, they polished off the broken edges of the sun with their little mittens as well as they could, and crept into the clouds to bed.

That night, when the Queen had drawn the velvet curtain of night over the sleeping world, all at once, in every direction thousands of sparkling points of light went darting through the air. Never had anything like been seen in Cloudland. Of course the Queen knew what had happened, and she felt very sad. She watched the falling points of light all night, and it was only when the sun rose that she saw the lights fade away. Later in the morning the Queen gathered all of the fairies together and told what the careless Cloud-climbers had done.

“I feel very sorry about what happened last night,” she said gravely. “I did not think that even the little Cloud-climbers would be so thoughtless. Of course, the people of the great world beneath us saw the lights fall-



*They loved to slide off the great fluffy clouds and play
hide-and-seeK around the moon.*

ing through the sky, and they called them shooting stars. But we all know just what the trouble was and how rough and uneven the sun's edges are as a result. It was a wasteful thing to do, and I must declare a punishment for the Cloud-climbers.

“Since these little people are so fond of fireworks, from now on they must make their own. Every night they must light up the gardens and the forests and guard the flowers and opening buds for the morning.”

That is why on every summer night may be seen the tiny, shining, darting creatures that we call Fireflies. While they still fly gaily about, playing tag and hop-scotch among the flowers, they try not to be careless or wasteful.



The Kinder-fairy and the Chalk

By Frances Ellen Funk



IT WAS the night before the opening of the school term after the long vacation. The new pens, pencils, rulers, and ink bottles were all dusted and in their places in the little school store, which stood next door to the school. Although it was in the very middle of the night, the store was in a hubbub! All the articles which boys and girls use in school were greatly excited. Early the next morning they would go out into the busy world.

“Oh,” cried a slim pad of paper, very dressy in a bright red cover, “I can hardly wait for tomorrow! I do hope a nice, clean girl will choose me.” And she rustled her crisp sheets with joy.

“How I wish that it were morning!” sighed a soft, green blotter. “I cannot sleep a wink, and I do hope a child will choose me who knows how to use ink.”

“I will be sure to be taken!” called a long, pink pencil with a rubber cap. “Every child must have a pencil!”

“Indeed!” interrupted a shiny bottle of black ink. “I know one thing; ink is something that is always needed.”

For a moment the little shop was quiet. Then a gold-trimmed fountain pen spoke slowly. “I never thought of that! I suppose we can’t possibly all be chosen; some of us are sure to be left behind!”

Again there was a silence, while each thing looked at his neighbor and wondered who would be needed most. They had all been kind and friendly to one another until now, but at once they began to get cross when they thought of being left in the stuffy, dull shop.

“I’ll go first, for the little folks all love colors, you know very well!” loudly spoke a box of crayons.

“Don’t be so sure!” and the bottle of red ink bubbled with rage. “If there’s one thing



What was it the high little voice was saying to the shopkeeper?

that a child dearly loves to use, it's red ink!"

"Listen!" shouted a fat, brown pencil, as he pushed himself to the front; "here's the point! Do you suppose any teacher will allow a pupil to use messy ink when there are nice, clean pencils to be had?"

"Who are you calling messy?" shrieked the bottle of red ink, almost rolling off of the shelf.

By this time almost every article in the shop was quarreling with his neighbor, each trying to impress the others with his importance. Just then a cool little voice came from a box on the shelf. It was a long, white piece of chalk which spoke.

“Now, really,” said the gentle little voice, “I should think it would be much better if we all just waited to see what the boys and girls can use before we quarrel and fuss!”

“Oh, indeed!” laughed a fancy pen-wiper. “You’re plain and simple enough. I suppose you think you will be the first thing out!”

“Ha! Ha!” called a big, soft eraser, who spent his time in rubbing out other people’s mistakes. “Maybe the pupils will think you are a stick of candy, and they will eat you!”

The shop rang with sharp laughter and mean remarks which all of the articles shouted at the chalk. But the poor little chalk only answered:

“I think that there will be some use for all of us, or we would not have been put here!”

Some one else had heard unkind treatment given to the chalk, and the good queen of the Kinder-fairies decided to give all of

the articles in the shop a lesson. She was always on hand to see that everything was running smoothly in the school and kindergartens when the boys and girls started back to work.

The next morning the shop was opened, and everyone waited eagerly for the school children to come tumbling in to get their things for the first day of school. At last the time came, and in trouped the crowds of rosy, happy boys and girls. But where were they all going? The papers fluttered in excitement, and the pens pricked each other in surprise as the little folks all hurried past them. What was it the high little voices were saying to the shopkeeper?

“Oh, Mr. Brown, our teacher told us not to buy ink or paper or brushes or pencils, not for a long while yet, but just to bring white chalk. We have big, shiny blackboards, and we are to learn to write with the clean, white chalk first.”

The sticks of chalk thrilled with pride and delight as the eager boys and girls gathered them carefully into their soft little hands and went happily out into the world of play and work. But inside of the shop

you could have heard murmurs from the long shelves.

“I will never be so hard and sure of myself again!” sobbed a pretty red pencil. “It just serves us all right for being so mean to the chalk!”

And the ink answered sorrowfully, “Yes, it goes to show that the ones who are proud of themselves and talk the most are not really the ones who are wanted!”



The Princess with the Tired Shadow.

By Daphne Alloway McVicker



THE princess woke up and climbed sorrowfully out of bed. She could hardly bear to look for her shadow, but finally she turned about to find it. It was nowhere to be seen. She lit a candle in the dim castle room. She looked again. Yes, there it was on the wall, but oh, such a tired, droopy shadow. The Princess sat down on the bed and began to cry. If that shadow didn't cheer up soon, she just didn't know what she would do.

There had been a time, when she was a very small Princess, when her shadow had laughed and jumped about as gaily as could

be. But the Princess had grown ill, and when she was better her shadow did not seem to get better too, for it drooped upon the wall and would not dance however much she asked it to.

The Princess sat wearily in a chair all the time now, and was never seen to play about, and the King and Queen worried terribly because they were afraid if she did not grow happy soon she would slip away.

Word was sent about the kingdom that a happy shadow must be found. A barrel of gold coins was offered to anyone who would loan a happy shadow to the Princess. Many people came hurrying to the Palace, but none could find a way to cut their shadows off and give them to the Princess.

In the kingdom lived a shepherd with his happy family of twelve sons and daughters. Never were happier shadows than those that danced about the walls of their little hut.

One day a page from the court, passing by, spied all these shadows dancing about and hastily knocked at the door. Mary, the oldest little girl, came running to the door and curtsied when she saw the well dressed page.



Yes, there it was on the wall, but, oh, such a tired droopy shadow

She was ragged and barefoot but she danced as she talked and her shadow bobbed after her, merry as could be.

When she heard his news, she laughed until her shadow shook. The Princess wanted her shadow! Why of course she could have it, and need give no barrel of coins either. The Princess was welcome, for they had twelve merry shadows in the little hut and would not miss one or two.

So she packed a little lunch and went skipping off through the woods to give her shadow to the Princess. At first they were not going to let her into the Palace, for she was but a barefoot shepherdess, but the page told them that she was bringing a shadow for the Princess and they hurried her in.

There sat the tired little Princess, and in skipped Mary, laughing and gay. The Princess smiled, wearily, and said she would like Mary's shadow very much indeed. But then came the trouble. That shadow would not come off. They got scissors and clipped at it, but it danced away. They tried to chop it with an axe. Then Mary had a thought.

"Let the Princess come with me to my father's hut, and among all the merry shadows there, surely she will find one that she can slip away."

The Princess's eyes shone at the thought. Go away from the Palace to a merry shepherd's hut among a throng of laughing children? She clapped her hands.

With a great to do, it was done. The Princess was put into a carriage drawn by a

milk white horse, and Mary climbed in beside her. Off through the woods they jangled. The Princess was astonished to see the trees and flowers for she had not been out of the Palace for a long time, and her eyes shone as she talked. All unknown to them, the Princess's tired shadow began to skip about a little, too, as it followed them.

When they reached the hut, all the eleven brothers and sisters crowded around, for they had never seen a Princess before. The first thing the Princess knew, she was playing their games and taking care of the baby, and helping make the stew in the great pot. And she never once thought about her shadow.

When sundown came and the carriage called for the Princess a wondrous sight was seen. For the Princess's tired shadow was well again. It was dancing about on the wall of the hut as excitedly as any shadow in the group.

The shepherd and his wife smiled, for they knew the secret. They knew that a merry heart and thought of others make a merry shadow—and that one who mopes and

thinks about himself and his shadow, will fade away and grow tired.

But the King and Queen thought it was magic and the Princess was sent every day to play with the children in the hut. Soon there were better things to eat and wear in the little cottage. In the Princess's heart grew thoughts of others and merry forgetfulness of herself and the Princess's shadow forgot to be tired anymore.



“Always Late” and “Way-a-head”

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



In the land of Somewhere there lived a boy who was always late. Always-Late had a twin sister who was ahead of time as often as he was late. She was so afraid she might miss something that she usually started at least an hour ahead of the time when she was expected to start.

The twins' birthday came late in the year, and they were delighted when, a day or two before, enough snow fell to make fine sleighing.

“Hurrah for the snow!” cried Always-

Late. "Let's invite all our boy and girl friends on a sleigh ride to celebrate our birthday."

His sister was as pleased with the idea as he was. They planned to hire several big sleighs and to drive to their uncle's farm for some rosy-cheeked apples.

The birthday morning was clear and bright. Long before the proper hour Way-Ahead hurried out of the house. In order to save time, they had agreed to have the sleighs wait for them in the town square, where they were all to meet.

"It isn't time to start yet," called Always-Late after his sister. "Wait and go when I do."

"You're sure to be late, and I mean to be on time," replied the girl, and off she hurried to the town square.

When she arrived there, a sleigh was already waiting.

"Just what I thought," she said to herself, "Now I can choose a comfortable seat and not have to climb into the last crowded place, as Always-Late will."

She got into the front seat with the

driver, who seemed pleased to see her. But to her surprise, he clucked to his horses and started off at once.

“We must wait for the others!” cried Way-Ahead.

The driver smiled at her and nodded.

“We’ll have a nice little ride all by ourselves,” he said.

“And then come back for the others! That will be fun!” exclaimed the girl.

The driver took a road that led towards the country, but instead of turning onto one of the side streets that would take them back to the square he kept on and on.

“We had better go back, now,” suggested Way-Ahead. “The others will be at the square soon.”

The driver did not answer, and Way-Ahead said again that they ought to go back.

“Yes; it’s a long, long ride,” replied the



“Way-Ahead” started an hour ahead of time

man. "I'm afraid you'll be tired before we get there."

"Get where?" cried Way-Ahead.

"Aren't we going back for the rest of the sleigh party?"

"We'll get there by supper time," answered the driver.

Way-Ahead tried to tell him that she wanted to go back for the sleigh party and that she didn't want to go wherever he was taking her. But the man either did not speak, or else said something that was not an answer at all.

Just before supper time, they reached a cottage miles and miles away from home. A sweet-faced lady opened the door.

"I don't belong here." cried Way-Ahead.

When the lady had unwrapped the scarf that had hidden all but the girl's eyes and the tip of her nose, she exclaimed, "Why, so you don't!"

"Well! Well!" exclaimed the driver. "I thought you were Anabel, who was to come to spend a week with us. I couldn't see your face because of your scarf and I couldn't hear



"I don't belong here!" cried "Way-Ahead"

you because I'm deaf. That's how we made our mistake."

They telephoned to town and found that Anabel was safe at home.

"You will have to spend the night here. Tomorrow, when I go for Anabel, I will carry you home," said the man.

"Did you have a nice sleigh party?" asked Way-Ahead, when she got home and had told her adventure.

"I didn't go," replied Always-Late. "I was a little late in starting, and when I got to the square, the sleighs had all gone. Each

sleighful thought I was in one of the other sleighs; so they all went off without me. They said they had a lovely time at Uncle's."

"I'd like to have been with them," sighed his sister. Then she laughed in spite of herself. "It was a funny party when those who had the birthday didn't go! Next time I won't start quite so long beforehand."

"You can be sure that I'll get there on time," declared her brother.



Wriggledy School

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



ON Whirligig street, in Corkscrew Town, stood the Wriggledy School, and a very queer school it was.

“I hope that they really will let us wriggle once in a while,” said Winnie, as she stood waiting for the doors to open on the first day. “It is so very hard to sit still.”

“Not nearly so hard as to learn to wriggle properly,” answered a gloomy-looking boy who was standing beside her.

Winnie had no time to speak again before the doors flew open and the boys and girls marched in. The teacher was standing by the entrance to greet them.

“I am so glad you have come,” she said to Winnie. “I have heard of you. I feel sure that you are going to be one of my best pupils.”

“What do you teach?” asked Winnie.

“Wriggling,” answered the teacher briskly. “All kinds of wriggling.”

This was even better than Winnie had hoped. Not only would she be allowed to wriggle, but she was to be taught new ways of wriggling.

As soon as the pupils were in their seats, the teacher stepped up on the platform.

“First class in wriggling!” she called, nodding to Winnie to step forward.

“Now,” she said, when the class was lined up before her, “begin, please, by wriggling your toes. Seven minutes and a half will be long enough at first. You are to wriggle them in time to music, and you are not to stop on any account while the music is playing.”

The gloomy-looking boy struck up a lively march on the piano, and the fun began. At least, it was fun at first, but Winnie had never imagined how tiring wriggling could be. Up and down, and round and about, she wriggled her toes as the others were doing, and round and about, and up and down, and round and about—



"Now," she said, "please begin by wiggling your toes"

“Oh, dear! Will that boy never stop playing?” wondered Winnie.

He did stop, at last, but the teacher was not at all pleased with the way her pupils had done. They must try again, she declared. So they did, and all the while, the teacher was beating time with a stick and crying out “Faster! Faster!” and the music grew more and more lively, until it was quite impossible to keep up with them any longer.

Winnie didn't try to. She stopped wriggling her toes, but they felt so queer that she looked down to see what was the matter. Why they were sticking right out through the ends of her shoes!

The teacher saw her looking at them. “You will find another pair in the dressing room,” she said, excusing Winnie to go and get them.

There were rows upon rows of shoes on the dressing room shelves. Winnie found some marked with her name, and putting them on, hurried back to the schoolroom.

“Class in elbows!” the teacher was calling.

Winnie was in this class, also, and by the



The elbows were quite wriggled out of her sleeves

time she had finished wriggling her elbows into her desk and into all the other positions the teacher directed, the elbows were quite wriggled out of her sleeves. The teacher excused her to go for another dress.

By this time, Winnie was feeling the least bit tired, and the classes had just begun. The twisting of shoulders came next, then the wiggling of fingers, and the wagging of heads. When all the kinds of wriggling had been practiced, the teacher asked the whole school to rise and try to do them all at once.

It was very difficult, but Winnie did her best, and at last the teacher said they might stop.

“You have done very well,” she told them, “especially Winnie. She is to have the prize.”

“It will have to be a pretty big prize,” thought Winnie, “to make up for all my spoiled clothes.”

She counted them up and found that she had worn out:

- 11 dresses
- 10 pairs of shoes
- 19 pairs of stockings
- 17 hair ribbons.

The teacher called her to the desk to get the prize package. In it was a needleful of thread!

“Thank you,” said Winnie politely, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry. “I really do need it.”

“So do we!” called some one behind her, and Winnie turned to see a roomful of the most ragged boys and girls that ever were seen.

She closed her eyes to shut out the sight, and when she opened them, it was to see her new gingham dress and the pretty tan shoes and stockings that she was to wear that day to school, laid neatly on a chair beside her bed.

Winnie sprang up. “Oh, I am so glad there isn’t any Wriggledy School! I can sit still as a mouse all day. I shall never wish to wriggle again.”



At Pickle Palace

Gladys Cleone Carpenter



IF there was any one thing of which Toby, the groceryman's son, was fond, it was pickles. It made no difference whether they were big dill pickles or small sweet pickles, long, short, fat, thin, smooth or wrinkled pickles; he liked them all.

"If you don't stop eating so many pickles, you'll turn into one some day," his father told him one afternoon, as he was sitting on a pickle barrel with a dill pickle in one hand and a sweet pickle in the other.

But the boy just laughed. "I can't help eating them," he said. "They taste so fine."

"But so many aren't good for you," answered his father, as he walked away to wait on a customer.

“Just one more can’t hurt me,” thought Toby, as he started to eat the sweet pickle he had been holding. “Why, what’s the matter?” he exclaimed suddenly. “I believe this barrel must be moving!”



*It carried Toby with it and it rolled
and rolled*

Sure enough, the barrel was rolling out through the door! Toby hung on tight, and on they went until they came to a great, high wall. Four guards were standing by the gates, and when they saw the boy and the barrel, they rushed up.

“Welcome, welcome!” they cried. Then two of them picked up the barrel, and the other two took Toby to the king.

“Ah, your majesty,” said one of the guards, “we find this lad at the gates with a strange pickle barrel.”

“Welcome, welcome!” shouted the cross-looking king; then he turned to a little page, “Take this lad to a room and give him a

grand suit," he said.

This all seemed very strange to Toby; so, when he was alone with the page, he asked, "Where am I?"

"Why," explained the page, "you are in Pickle Palace."



"Why do the king and all his people look so very cross and sour?" asked the boy.

"Oh! that is because they have made so many faces eating sour pickles," answered the page.

By this time Toby was dressed in a gorgeous court suit with green satin breeches just the color of dill



"I always knight anybody who thinks of a new way to make pickles"

pickles; so he was led back to the king.

“Ha, my lad,” said the king, “I cannot tell you how happy I am because you have brought me a barrel of pickles from a strange land. We will have a great celebration. I always Knight anybody who thinks of a new way to make pickles. What did you like to do best of all back in the land where you came from?”

“Your majesty,” replied the boy, “I liked best of all things to go to my father’s store and sit on a barrel, eating pickles.”

“Great!” exclaimed the king. “I command that you become the royal taster. Kings always have somebody to taste a little of their food before they eat it. Now, the queen likes mixed pickles, and the prince likes sour pickles, and the princess likes sweet pickles, but I like dill pickles. So every day you will have to taste these; and after this, you will be known as the Royal Pickle Taster of Pickle Palace. And now we will have a grand celebration in your honor.”

Then the celebration commenced. The city was hung with gay banners, and all the people in the kingdom were invited to come

to the palace for a great feast.

“Now,” said the king, when they were all gathered in the stately court-room after the feast, “bring the mysterious barrel on which the Royal Pickle Taster came to court. We shall open it, and I will have the first queer pickles.”

There was a great shouting in the court-room; then all grew still, as two strong knights brought the barrel and started to open it. Crack, the top was torn off; then a knight reached into the barrel.

“What do you find?” asked the king excitedly.

“Your majesty,” he answered, “I find nothing. The barrel is empty.”

“Empty!” shouted the king, rising from his velvet cushions and pushing his jewelled crown far back onto his head. “Empty! How could it be empty?”

“I do not know, sir, but it is,” answered the knight.

“Why is this barrel empty?” asked the king, turning to Toby and looking as sour as though he had been eaten all the pickles in the world.

“Your majesty, I do not know,” answered the boy in a frightened voice. “I don’t remember very well, but I believe that before I came here, I was in my father’s grocery store and that the barrel had dill pickles in it. I think I ate some, and if the barrel is empty, it may be that I ate them all.”

“Faker!” screamed the king. Then he turned to the guards. “Seize him and put him in the empty pickle barrel and roll him home,” he commanded.

The guards did as they were told, and the barrel rolled from the palace, out of the gates, and along the road. Suddenly there was a crash, and Toby woke up. He had fallen asleep with a half a pickle in his hand and had rolled off of the barrel.

“Well,” he cried, jumping up, “I didn’t turn into a pickle, but I did turn into a Royal Pickle Taster, which is almost as bad! I don’t believe I want any more pickles for a long time!”

The Earl of Idleness

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin



O, HUM!" sighed Eric as he leaned on his spade, "How I wish I had nothing to do!"

To tell the truth, Eric didn't have much to do; just to take care of his own little garden and to feed the chickens each night and morning, but he was tired of doing even that.

Now this being so, it was the most fortunate thing in the world that he sighed and leaned on his spade, just when he did, for at that moment one of the king's pages was riding by and saw and heard him.

"You're the very boy I'm looking for!" cried the page, drawing rein. "On the other side of the kingdom is the Castle of Idleness which stands empty for want of a master. The young lord who lived there has left, never to return, and the king has sent his messengers far and wide to find someone to

take his place. If you will come there to live, you will have nothing to do for the rest of your life.”

“How soon may I go?” cried Eric, throwing down his spade.

“The sooner the better,” replied the page. “Climb up behind me and I will take you there now.”

Eric stopped only long enough for a hasty farewell to his parents, then sprang to his place on the page’s horse, and away they galloped.

He was soon made lord of the castle, and a hundred servants were sent to wait upon him. You can imagine how delighted he was, for from morning till night he had nothing to do but be idle, and he found this no trouble at for at least two weeks.

There were many boys and girls in the neighborhood of the castle, and as soon as he arrived there, Eric had invited them to play with him. They had begun with a game of ball. The very first time it was thrown to Eric, he missed it and it rolled away. He started to run after it, but one of the boys caught him and pulled him back.

“Don’t pick it up,” said the boy. “That would be work. You are the Earl of Idleness, you know.”

Eric was only too glad not to have the bother of chasing the ball, but no one else went for it, either.

“Won’t somebody please get it?” begged Eric, but nobody would.

“We don’t need to work in the Castle of Idleness,” they said, so as no one was willing to pick it up, there the ball had to lie on the ground.

The next day their marbles rolled away, and as no one would pick them up, they could not play marbles again; and the next day they lost their kites. By the end of the two weeks they had played all the games they remembered, and as it would have been work for their brains to think up any more, they had to give up playing altogether, and the boys and girls went home.

It was about that time that Eric noticed something strange. He wasn’t the least bit happy! He would have liked to read, but there wasn’t a book to be found, not even a picture to look at.

“Ho, hum!” sighed Eric. “How I wish I had something to do! I wonder if the servants can think of anything.”

He started in search of them. In the great hall he found a footman, but he was fast asleep. In the dining hall sat a butler, also fast asleep. The steward was asleep, and the cook was asleep, and so were the maids, and the coachman, and the gardener, and all the rest. It was oh, so dull and so quiet in the Castle of Idleness!

“The cook will have to wake up soon to get me some dinner,” thought Eric. He went outdoors and sat down under a tree to wait, and in another minute he might have been asleep himself if he had not seen a boy working in a field beyond the road. He was whistling merrily.

“No wonder he is cheerful,” thought Eric, quite forgetting how he had leaned on his spade and sighed a few weeks before. “He has something to do.”

Suddenly an idea popped into his head. He would go and help dig! “Why, I thought you were the Earl of Idleness!” exclaimed the boy when Eric had asked for a spade.



He whistled as if he were the happiest boy in the world

“I am,” sighed Eric, “but oh, how I wish I were not!”

“Then why don’t you go home and to work?” suggested the boy.

“Won’t the king mind?” asked Eric.

“Not a bit,” said the boy. “There’ll be

plenty of others to take your place for a little while."

Away ran Eric as fast as his feet could carry him. The very next morning, as he was digging in his own little garden, the king's page went riding by. "Will you come with me to the Castle of Idleness?" he called.

"No, thank you!" cried Eric. "I have too much to do," and as he went back to his digging, he whistled gaily and felt sure he was the happiest boy in the world.





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