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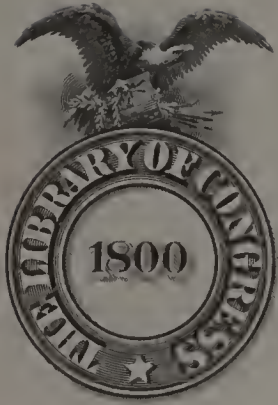
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# ROMERO AND JULIETTA



TUDOR  
JENKS



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ROMERO AND JULIETTA









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ALTEMUS' MAGIC WAND SERIES

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# ROMERO AND JULIETTA

BY

TUDOR JENKS

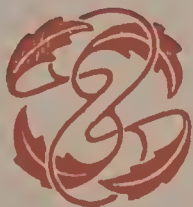
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With Illustrations by JOHN R. NEILL

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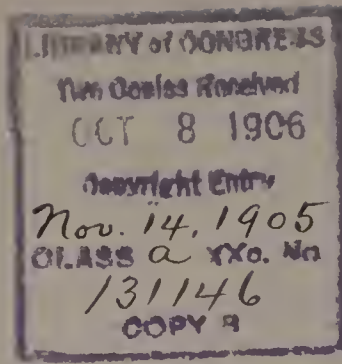
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P H I L A D E L P H I A  
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

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Altemus' Illustrated  
MAGIC WAND SERIES  
By TUDOR JENKS

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The Magic Wand  
Romero and Julietta  
A Magician for One Day  
The Prince and the Dragons  
Timothy's Magical Afternoon  
The Rescue Syndicate

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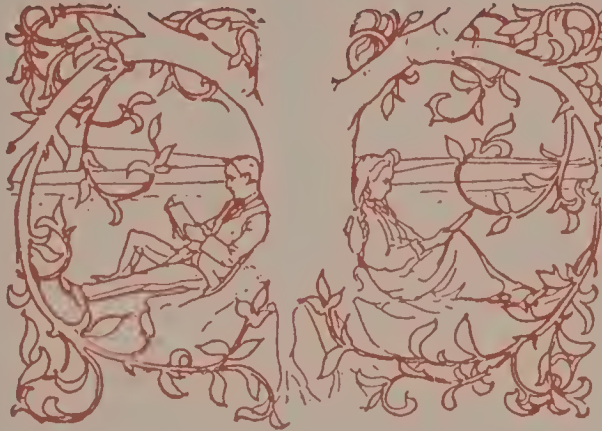
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*Romero and Julietta*

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THE WISHING RING





CHAPTER I

THE WISHING-RING

*Not to  
Blame*



HERE was no carelessness on the part of the Princess's companion. She was at her post of duty, and she was *not* asleep. She was in no way to blame for the disappearance of the royal maiden, and no one was more puzzled by it.

Of course it was difficult to account for the facts that at one moment the Princess and her companion were together, upon the balcony on the western side of the palace, and that in the ticking of a clock, the Princess

*The  
Princess*

*Dis-  
appears!*

was nowhere to be found. The Princess's companion was very much distressed. She wept real tears, answered all questions freely, offered to resign her place, and advised the King to order her to be imprisoned in the deepest, darkest, dullest, dreariest, dampest, and most depressing dungeon of the castle with orders to keep her there till the Princess should be found. Nothing could have been fairer than *that*.

So the King, though at first very angry indeed, was compelled to believe the companion had nothing to do with his daughter's disappearance, and had to look elsewhere for aid in solving the mystery. The whole thing was very annoy-

ing; not only was he sorry to lose his eldest and most beautiful daughter—he had only three

*A Loss  
and*



in all—but her absence was most embarrassing. He had issued a proclamation not long

*A Grand Contest*

before, inviting all the most prominent and promising young Princes to come to a "Grand Fair and International Contest for the Hand of the Heiress to the Kingdom," and had received many acceptances. Nearly all the Princes had said they would be "perfectly delighted," and now, unless the Princess could be found in time for the Fair—it would be very embarrassing. The King did not like to think about what would happen if the Princes thought that he was imposing upon them. He decided that the Princess must be found, at any cost of treasure, time, or trouble.

But, although soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, and journeymen printers scoured the

*She Must  
be Found*







face of the land, climbing lofty towers and descending into deep cellars, for many weary leagues from the palace-grounds, no trace or sign of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Julietta, appeared.

It is not strange the searchers did not find her, for they were not looking in the right place. The Princess was not miles from her home. She was really at home all the while; for she never, during all her absence, went far outside of the palace-grounds. The reason they did not find her was because they overlooked her, the reason they overlooked her was because she was so small, and the reason she was so small was because she had *wished without thinking*.

*Where  
is She?*

*A Foolish  
Wish*

*Her  
Birthday*

This story begins on the Princess's eighteenth birthday, and among her presents was a plain gold ring from her Fairy Godmother. It was a Wishing-Ring—not a *very* strong one, for the Godmother did not like to trust the young Princess with too much power, but a Once-a-Day Wishing-Ring. The Princess had been carefully warned to be cautious in her wishing, but as she was sitting there on the balcony-railing with her companion, looking at the morning-glories, wondering at their beauty, and watching the bees visiting their cups, she had been led to think of the fairy tales she had read, and—without remembering her Wishing-Ring—she *wished*.

*A Wishing-  
Ring*

Do you know what her wish was? She wished she was no bigger than a Fairy!

*A Small  
Wish*

Now, it seems that Fairies are



of different sorts and sizes, but the Princess must have been thinking of some of the smallest kinds, for when her wish acted

*Presto,  
Change*

she suddenly found herself reduced to less than an inch in height; or, rather, it seemed to her as if everything but herself suddenly became gigantic and enormous. The morning-glory at which she happened to be gazing seemed in an instant expanded to an astonishing size, with a stem thicker than the Princess's waist.

The railing of the balcony, really only about three feet high, now seemed to her, as she sat upon its edge looking downward, a great precipice. She was made dizzy by the height, and carefully drew her legs back from the edge. Just as Julietta was withdrawing herself from the side of the railing, the companion discovered that

the Princess was no longer by her side, and started up in alarm, calling.

Julietta answered, but of course her tiny voice was not heard, and she had to watch the companion bustling about and becoming more and more excited, without being able to make her hear. Soon the companion ran indoors, and the Princess was alone in her tinniness.

For a moment or two this seemed amusing. She laughed and clapped her hands. It was like a new kind of hide-and-seek. But when five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and no one came to the balcony, the Princess was tired of her new game. She rose to her feet,

*The  
Disap-  
pearance*

*Not so  
Amusing*

*In  
Trouble*

and walked along the balcony-railing, meaning to go indoors. Well, no doubt you have guessed what the fairy-sized Princess now discovered. She could not get down from the top of the railing. Everywhere she came to an edge of the rail, and she had to be careful not to approach too near, for fear she might slip over. She was as helpless as a mariner on a desert island. She sat down to think over her situation, for the first time becoming a little alarmed about it.

While thus reflecting she heard a queer scraping sound behind her. She jumped to her feet, and, as she turned about, saw one of those little black and white spiders that we

*A Big  
Spider*

all have noticed making sudden dartings. Probably the spider was trying to find out what sort of insect the Princess was ; but

*Curiosity*



as the spider looked as large as a bulldog and quite as fierce with its three rows of eyes, the Princess took to her royal heels,

*Julietta  
Scared*

*A Way  
of Escape*

without any idea where she was going.

She had not seen any way of escape from the railing so long as she had been merely puzzled; but now that she was really scared it hardly took her a minute to find a beautiful ladder that led down to the ground—the morning-glory vine!

Luckily the Princess was a good gymnast, and found no great difficulty in climbing down the twisted stem. The only trouble about the feat was the dizziness coming from winding round the spiral twists, and before long Julietta was seated on the ground at the foot of the vine, breathing hard, but very glad that she was out of sight of the black and white spider.

*Saved,  
for a Time*



But, after all, was the Princess better off than before?

She soon saw that she was less likely to be found, and, in-

*What  
Next?*



deed, she hoped that none of the awkward searchers would come trampling about on the grass-plot—it would be most

*New  
Dangers*

*In the  
Grass*

unfortunate to be stepped on by her rescuer. And if there was a spider on the railing, there were also various creatures in the grass. None had yet come very near, but the Princess could hear them now and then rustling through the great grass-blades four or five times as tall as herself.

After resting to recover her breath, Julietta rose, and began to push her way through the matted grass. It seemed to her as it would seem to us if we were struggling through an uncleared forest, with fallen trunks of trees, mixed underbrush, and very rough ground.

“Oh, dear!” said the Princess to herself, “I wish that I was on one of the paths!”—and

*Difficult  
Country*

just then, oddly enough, she found herself on the edge of one. But she didn't try to *walk* on it, you may be sure, for since she had become so small the gravel path seemed a vast tract of boulders, most of which were as high as she was tall. It was far easier to push her way through the grass jungle.

“My goodness me!—Why! what was that?” Julietta exclaimed. A great green creature, as big to her as a pony seems to us, had suddenly dropped from the sky, almost crushing her; and then, before she could see it clearly, the creature had shot away into the air again. It was several minutes before Julietta reflected that this fearful bouncing

*On the  
Path*

*A Great  
Creature*

*A  
Grass-  
hopper*

monster was nothing more terrible than a grasshopper hopping about over the lawn.

“I suppose,” she said to her-



self, “that a mouse would make me think him an elephant! I’m very glad there are no horses in the palace-yard; I don’t

*Other  
Dangers*

know what I should think of an animal that had feet three times as tall as I am!”

*A Giant  
Indeed*

As the Princess thought of



this, the ground suddenly rose under her feet, throwing her over. Her first idea was that there was an earthquake, for

*What  
It Was*

she saw that the soil was cracked and broken ; but when she scrambled to her feet and looked about her, she saw, that the disturbed and upturned earth was all in a single strip. She was quick-witted enough to guess that the passing of a mole had caused the raising of the ridge.

“There seems no lack of adventures,” remarked the Princess, “if one is only small enough. I wonder if life is dull to giants, because there is nothing that can disturb them.”



*A Place of  
Adventures*

ADVENTURES  
AMONG GRASSBLADES







## CHAPTER II

ADVENTURES AMONG GRASS-  
BLADES*Good Fun*

THE Princess, though now and then made a little uneasy by the queer happenings about her, really began to enjoy her journey in the palace-yard. Since she could not escape, she very wisely decided to find all the pleasure she could in her strange situation. She was becoming bolder every moment, and felt all the excitement of being an explorer in an unknown land. She had very little idea where she was, not being able to see far amid the thick grass.

*No Outlook  
Ahead*

*Feels the  
Heat*

Walking made her warm, so when she came upon one of the flat saucers in which flower-pots set, and found it contained a little rain-water, she took off her shoes and stockings and enjoyed a cool and comfortable wade. But even this harmless pleasure was not without its dangers, she found; for while she was dabbling her pretty pink and white toes in the cool water, some great bird swooped down to take a drink, and, seeing the little creature, took a sudden peck at her! Fortunately, the great beak missed the Princess, who struck at the bird and splashed the water with her feet until he flew away.

After this brave exploit, the Princess was quite proud of herself. She began to ask

*Goes  
A-Wading*

whether she might not have climbed up on the bird's back, and have taken a journey through the air, as Sindbad the

*Beware of  
the Bird!*



Sailor did with the eagle, in escaping from the Valley of Diamonds. But this pride was soon to have a fall.

*Pride and  
Its Fall*

*Journey  
Resumed*

The Princess put on her shoes again, and resumed her journey. She was learning to make her way through the grass with less trouble, and kept a sharp lookout for the wild creatures of the grass-plot. She even took an interest in the doings of the smaller insects, and once spent a half-hour or so in watching a busy city of black ants, admiring their industry and wondering at their stupidity. While she sat upon a lofty hillock some two or three inches high, overlooking the entrances to the black ants' city, she saw one of the unhappy sides of insect life. A great throng of red-bodied ants came running out from the grass forest and attacked the

blacks. They pinched them with their jaws, tumbled them over, pulled them about, and after driving most of the black

*The  
Fierce  
Ants*



fellows to flight, the red villains carried many off to their own homes as slaves. The little robbers also entered the caves

*Real  
Nature  
Study*

of the blacks, and stole their white and helpless fat babies.

All this the Princess had read about, but it was a very different matter to sit there and see the strife of these queer, shiny little warriors in their polished mail-coats.

When, however, one of the red ants discovered the Princess, and stretched out his feelers to see what she was, Julietta made up her mind that she was not ready to be attacked by an army of these little highwaymen, and again she pushed her way in among the thicker grass-stalks.

By this time it was becoming dark, for the Princess's change of size had taken place at about four o'clock. She began to be

*Evening  
Coming*

hungry, and wondered how she was to find any dinner. On thinking it over, she remembered throwing out some crumbs to the birds the day before, and being disappointed because they were not eaten. There might be a few of these left, if she could only find her way toward the palace again.

Keeping a sharp lookout, she soon found a group of weed-stems—thistles. To her the thorns were not at all dangerous, and they even served as steps to help her in climbing up to take an observation. When she had reached a height above the grass, she was able to see the palace, with its balcony, and, on descending to the ground, was able to reach the

*Meal  
Time*

*Finding  
the Palace*

*She Finds  
Food*

roots of the morning-glory vines. Then, by keeping along the flower-bed, she before long discovered a few of the crumbs she had thrown to the birds the day before. Two tiny ones made her an ample dinner, and then, as it was growing quite dark, she had to select some safe place in which to sleep.

She had a happy idea. The small watering-pot lay near her upon the flower-bed, where she had left it herself. As Julietta looked upon its great curving green walls, she decided that the watering-pot would make a splendid place to spend the night. If it had been standing up, she could not have climbed into it; but, luckily for her, she had thrown it down



carelessly, and so could walk comfortably in, without the least difficulty.

*Nightfall*



But there was no front door to lock, to keep out spiders and

*Her  
Lodging*

*A Little  
Fortress*

other creatures that might come poking about ; so she crept into the spout, and made her way along until she had entered the broader end. This was nicely ventilated by the small holes in the sprinkler, and the Princess brought some dried leaves, made herself a comfortable bed—and went to sleep.

Toward morning she was awakened by finding herself dumped out of her bed of leaves. Her “house” had been picked up, and instantly Julietta guessed what had happened. She remembered that the gardener’s boy had been told to water the nasturtiums early in the morning before the sun was on them, and it was he who had taken up the watering-pot. Soon it was held under the

faucet, and the water poured into it. The Princess was scared. She did not dare stay in the spout, and so slipped

*Another  
Fright*



down into the rising flood, hoping that she could keep afloat by swimming until the water reached the edge.

*A New  
Danger*

*She  
Escapes*

The gardener's boy was careless, let the water rise until it ran over, and the Princess was carried over and out upon the ground, where she luckily fell upon soft ground, and was not injured—but wasn't she muddy, when she got up!

Now, this would never do at all. The Princess had been taught to be very neat, and so she made up her mind that she would wash her clothes. She knew her way about the garden pretty well now, and she kept along the edge of one of the gravel paths until she came to the fountain. Here she slipped off her gown, and gave it a good scrubbing in the basin, afterward hanging it up to dry over a stiff stalk of flowering grass.

*She Does  
Her Washing*





While waiting for the gown to dry, Julietta walked around the border of the fountain, forgetting how nearly she had been snapped up by a bird the day before. All at once this was brought to her mind, for a bustling, fussing hop-about of a sparrow came sailing by, alighted on the fountain-brim, and suddenly made a peck at the Princess.

She screamed like the tiniest of penny whistles, and, losing her footing, toppled over—not into the water, but right into the middle of a rusty, dusty, sticky spider’s-web.

The fall did not hurt her at all, and she was thinking it only a good joke when, with a wicked rush, out came Mrs.

*Another  
Bird-Foe*

*A Grave  
Peril*

Spider. Of course, the spider did not know that the web had caught a live Princess, nor did she care. The Princess looked good enough to eat, and the spider thought so. Whenever Julietta struggled the spider would jump toward her, and throw cords about her till she could hardly move a muscle.

And I am afraid this story would have ended right here except for Prince Romero.

He was a real fairy prince, and it was only by the merest chance that he happened to be near enough to hear the cries for help that Julietta raised, hoping, perhaps, that the stupid gardener's boy might hear her tiny little voice and rescue her from her danger.

*A Prince  
Appears*



Prince Romero was riding by on his favorite dragon-fly when the voice of one in distress reached his ears. It was

*Out  
Riding*



enough. No one in trouble ever appealed to this gallant Prince in vain. He touched his steed upon the right, and

*A Gallant  
Hero*

*Mrs.  
Spider  
Retreats*

dashed fearlessly to the rescue. Hardly had the dragon-fly alighted when Prince Romero had drawn his sword, clambered over the edge of the web, and was slashing right and left at the threads. Mrs. Spider was not very brave. She could attack the unarmed Princess, but she dared not fix even one of her eight eyes on the flashing blade of the gallant fairy champion, and so she retreated into the furthest end of her dark tunnel and grumbled that she did wish people would leave her nets alone, and let a poor widow make a decent living!

Meanwhile, Romero had cut the last thread that bound Julietta, and, taking her in his arms, lifted her to the back of

*Julietta  
Saved*

his faithful dragon-fly, and, rising into the air, bore her away to his own land—that part of Fairyland near the Princess's palace.

*Away to  
Fairyland*





AMONG THE FAIRIES



1911



*In  
Fairyland*

CHAPTER III  
AMONG THE FAIRIES



WHEN the Princess Julietta fully recovered herself, she found herself attended by three of the most beautiful little ladies in waiting that ever dressed the hair of a fairy queen. They were removing all traces of the web from her skirt and waist, and when the Princess Julietta explained that she had left her gown to dry, they brought her a lovely fresh gown made from the feathers of a humming-bird. Even Julietta's finest and daintiest costumes could not be so beauti-

*A New  
Gown*

*The  
Prince*

ful as the shining brightness of the little fairy gown they now brought for her delight.

When she was made perfectly comfortable and was arrayed in the beautiful humming-bird costume, Prince Romero begged that he might come to inquire about her condition after her escape from the spider's web. He soon saw that she was not seriously injured, but he complained that she seemed very pale. He inquired how she had been so unlucky as to fall into the web, and thereupon the Princess told her story, for though the fairies had seen at once she was not one of themselves, they were too polite to ask who or what she was.

*Polite  
Fairies*



The fairies were much amused by the helpless little mortal's adventures, for they,

*A  
Helpless  
Mortal*



having been small all their lives, were used to the state of affairs that had bothered her so

*Always  
Small*

*Wings a  
Help*

much. Besides, as Julietta pointed out to them, their wings made a great difference. Fairies could fly up in the air whenever they wished to see where they were, and they could make long journeys without having to force their way through the tangled grass or piles of dead leaves.

“But there is one thing we have forgotten,” said Prince Romero, “and that is Princess Julietta’s breakfast. She has had nothing to eat since early last evening. It is no wonder the poor young lady looks pale!”

Thereupon the little ladies in waiting were much distressed. They scurried away and busied themselves in preparing the

*Breakfast  
Time*

cutest, daintiest, most appetizing of fairy breakfasts. I don't know all the good things they had, but I do know that Julietta

*What  
They  
Had*



always said afterward that nothing ever tasted quite so delicious as that fairy food, served on rose-petals, in flower-

*Perfectly  
Delicious*

*After  
Breakfast*

cups, and handed about on the round, brown, acorn-top trays. When breakfast was over, Prince Romero said that Julietta, instead of being pale, was now the very loveliest shade of pink he had ever seen, and then she became even pinker than before.

At last the Princess said she thought it was time for her to go home, if she only knew how to regain her own size.

“Oh, as for that,” the Prince replied, “nothing can be easier. Your ring is, as you know, a Wishing-Ring, and you have simply to wish yourself as you were.”

“But I have been trying that,” Julietta confessed; “and it has no effect at all. I don’t

*A Useless  
Ring*

see what is the matter with the ring.”

“There is no trouble with the ring,” the Prince answered,

*The  
Trouble*



“except that it takes a whole day—twenty-four hours—to collect enough power to carry out a wish. As soon as a wish

*To be Big Again*

is made, the power is used up, and it takes a whole day before the magical ring can act again.”

“Ah, I see,” said Julietta gratefully. “And then I suppose that sometime this afternoon I shall be able to be big again.”

The Prince nodded. But it may be that he was not pleased to have the Princess become of mortal size again, for he looked very blue. Julietta noticed it, and she added: “I suppose I could wish myself small again the next day, if I liked? Then I could come some day and visit you all as cosily as possible, couldn't I?”

“Why, of course,” the Prince exclaimed, brightening up. “And meanwhile, how should







you like to take a flight with us? We can give you a very gentle butterfly, and make up a little party to go for a short fly out over the fields.”

“I should be delighted,” Julietta said, rising to her feet. “Let us go to the stables and see the ——”

But all the fairies began to laugh. Then Prince Romero explained that the butterflies they rode in the daytime and the moths they rode after night-fall were never kept shut up. When the fairies wished to ride they went out and whistled to their pets, who came so eagerly that sometimes there would be a dozen fluttering about a single fairy.

When they were ready to

*A Gentle Steed*

*Calling a Butterfly*

*The  
Fairies'  
House*

start on their ride, and went out of the pleasant room where Julietta had been resting, the Princess discovered that these fairies lived in a little hollow at the foot of an old tree, but so cosily and comfortably was it furnished that she had taken it for a room in a fairy palace. Prince Romero whistled, the butterflies came in a cloud of color, and, having selected their steeds, the whole party rose into the air, and darted away out of sight, Princess Julietta feeling perfectly safe under the guardianship of the brave little fairy prince.

During their sail, for it was like sailing, Princess Julietta explained that she would not be in so great a hurry to leave

*A Brave  
Guardian*

her fairy friends except on her father's account. She explained about the great contest for her hand, and told Prince Romero that it was open to any prince who cared to enter. She also told him that she wished he would enter the contest, for she liked him better than any of the princes she knew about, and had rather see him win.

"But," asked Romero, "would you marry a fairy prince?"

"If he were my own size," said Julietta, "and my Wish-ing-Ring would easily bring that about."

I hope you won't think all this was very forward on the part of the Princess; but the truth is that since she was

*The Great  
Contest*

*A Bold  
Princess*

*Inviting  
Nice  
Princes*

bound to take any of the princes who should win in the competition for her hand, she thought she was right to ask the very nicest princes to enter the contest. I believe any of you would have done the same.

At all events, that is what Julietta did, even making Prince Romero promise to enter the contest and do his best to win her hand. After this was once settled they gave their minds to enjoying the beauties of nature; but I think if you had been there you would have said that the Prince's idea of enjoying the "beauties of nature" was to look at the Princess, and her idea of the same thing was to look back at him. Still, they both had a most

*Beauties  
of Nature*

delightful time, and so why should we complain?

Upon their return the ladies of honor all dismounted at the door of their tree palace, leaving their butterflies to fly wherever they chose; and then Prince Romero and Princess Julietta flew straight to the very balcony from which she had escaped the day before. Alighting on the edge of the railing, they stood for quite a while trying to make up their minds to say good-bye. They had already spent about half an hour, and were not more than half through when the Princess's companion—the very same who had been with her at the time she disappeared—opened the door that led from

*The  
Return*

*Bidding  
Good-bye*

*Farewell!* the palace to the balcony. Instantly the Prince seized Julietta's hand, and, kissing it most respectfully, leaped to the back



of his waiting butterfly and was gone.

As the Princess's companion, the Lady Dinora, came from

*Lady  
Dinora*

---

the doorway, Julietta was touched to see how sad she looked.

*Her Grief*

“I would give most any-



thing,” exclaimed Dinora, “if I could see my dear Princess again!” And she sank into a

*Return  
of the  
Princess*

chair, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

Julietta seized this moment to wish herself once more in her usual size. Then she said softly, "Well, dear Dinora, all you need do is to take down your handker—" but she could get no further. The voice was enough. Dinora sprang to her feet and in a moment the restored Princess was in her friend's embrace.



*Home  
Again*



# THE GRAND COMPETITION

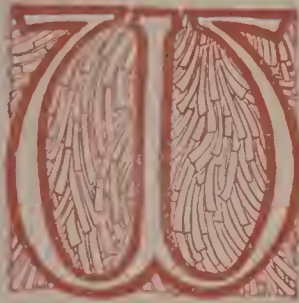




*Found,  
Found!*

## CHAPTER IV

### THE GRAND COMPETITION



WITHOUT wait-  
ing even to  
ask any ques-  
tions, the  
Lady Dinora  
dashed away  
to spread the  
good news, crying, “She’s  
found, she’s found—the Prin-  
cess is found!” And every-  
body told everybody else the  
same thing.

Thereupon about a thousand  
searchers were sent out to re-  
call about a thousand other  
searchers, and meanwhile the  
Lady Dinora had returned.  
And the first thing she said  
to the Princess Julietta was:

*What  
Dinora Said*

*The Fairy  
Gown*

“My dear, where *did* you get that most beautiful gown?” for she could not help noticing the wonderful shiny, glittery, gorgeous, humming-bird costume Julietta had brought from Fairyland. Dinora had never seen anything like it, for she had never noticed how beautiful were the marvelous little humming-birds.

For the first time Julietta then remembered that she had left her own gown down by the border of the fountain. But before she could answer Dinora’s question, there came the King and the Queen, and the dukes and princes and princesses and pages, chamberlains, and lots of people of all ranks to express their joy and their

*Everybody  
Comes*

gratitude over the wanderer's return.

And their joy was genuine, for Julietta, besides being a very beautiful and kindly princess, was a thoroughly nice girl whom every one liked. All came crowding about her, anxious to know her story; and questions and answers became so mixed up that no one could hear anything plainly. Then the King interfered. He invited the whole company to adjourn to the great audience-hall, where there was room for all, and then made the Princess tell her adventures over from the very beginning. The court was greatly interested, and some of the hasty courtiers wished to rush out at once and kill the

*A Nice  
Girl*

*Revenge  
on the  
Spider*

spider by the fountain; but this the Princess would not allow.

“The spider was not to blame,” she said; “she no doubt thought I was a new kind of insect. But I will go down soon and see what the little creature looks like.”

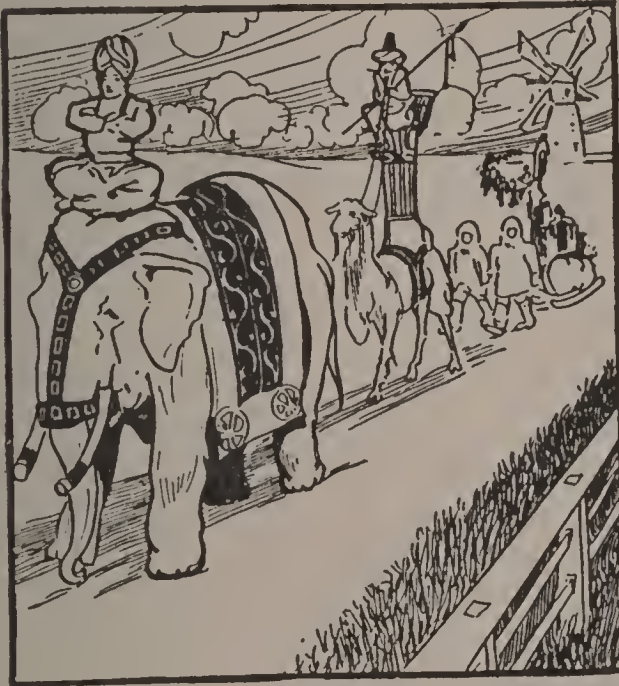
The audience were dismissed and the Princess at last felt free to resume her quiet home life; and you may feel certain that she found her own comfortable bed more to her taste, if less romantic, than sleeping in the spout of a watering-pot on a bed of dry leaves! So that was the end of the Princess’s first outing, but it was not the last she saw of Prince Romero.

She did not make another visit to Fairyland, for she was

*As to the  
Prince*

very busy about the preparations for the "Grand Fair and International Contest for the Hand of the Heiress to the

*Preparations*



Kingdom." The time for that great event was rapidly approaching. Princes were arriving every day from all four

*Princes Arrive*

*How They  
Came*

quarters of the globe, and it was very interesting to see the strange cavalcades they brought with them. Some came with camels and caravans; some with sledges and sealskin coats; some with elephants and Ethiopians. To all were assigned quarters either in the Palace or upon the Royal grounds.

Julietta could not but be proud that so many noble young men were eager to secure her hand, but her heart was faithful to Prince Romero, and she looked every day for his arrival.

But day after day went by without anything to prove that he had not forgotten her. Whenever a blare of trumpets

*Where is  
Romero?*



announced the coming of a new prince the Princess Julietta would hurry to the window hoping to see Romero and his followers. She was, however, always disappointed, and began to believe he would not present himself.

At last came the day for the Grand Contest. A broad field had been made ready, with long rows of seats for the people, and a magnificent pavilion at one end was decorated with flags and banners. Here the King and Queen sat upon a throne, with the Princess Julietta upon a smaller throne at one side, while all the loyal subjects thronged the seats, eager to witness the contest for the hand of the Princess. Pages

*Will He  
Come ?*

*The Contest  
Begins*

*A Great  
Circus*

in blue silk went about to distribute programmes, and young girls in yellow satin sold flowers, bonbons, and fruits. Altogether it was much like a superb circus.

Just as the sports were about to begin, the heralds having already puffed out their cheeks to sound their long trumpets, a flight of most brilliant butterflies came in a long train toward the pavilion. At once all eyes were attracted, the heralds forgot to blow their trumpets, and the Princess knew that her Fairy Prince had arrived!

Accompanied by the whole Fairy Court, Romero presented himself before the King, and announced that he came, like the other princes, to compete

*Enter  
Romero*

for the hand of Her Royal Highness, Julietta. The King would not have been able to hear a word except that Prince Ro-

*A Com-  
petitor*



mero had been thoughtful enough to alight upon the armrest of the throne. So graceful was the Fairy Prince and so

*A Thoughtful  
Prince*

*His Size*

charming were his manners, that the King was much impressed in his favor; but he could not refrain from speaking of the great difference in size between the Princess and this new suitor.

“As to that, Your Majesty,” was Romero’s reply, “I have the word of Princess Julietta that it will not be an obstacle to our union provided I am fortunate enough to win her. She has consented, by the use of her Wishing-Ring, either to reduce herself to my size or to increase me to her own. If there be no other objection, may I beg your Majesty to see that my friends are provided for and that I have leave to enter the contest?”

*No  
Objection*

The King had no other objection, and place was made for the fairy courtiers along the railing of the balcony. There

*Special  
Seats*



were no seats for their accommodation, but a thoughtful court-officer laid his long staff on the railing, and it proved to

*A Kind  
Officer*

*The  
Sports  
Begin*

be just the right height for the fairies to sit upon. Then the heralds blew their trumpets, and the sports began, Prince Romero hurrying away to take part in them with the rest.

The object of the sports and contests was to exhibit the manliness of the competitors in athletic exercises, and to show their cleverness in other ways. The first event was a procession, in which the princes, all mounted, marched past the royal pavilion, saluting. All performed this duty gracefully, Romero upon his butterfly making the most skilful gyrations in the air, and winning much applause. The fairy prince would have preferred his favorite dragon-fly, but that

*Romero  
Applauded*

was his war-charger, and was not trained to perform fancy evolutions.

*His  
Charger*

The next event was a race; but it was hardly to be called a race at all. Prince Romero, upon the butterfly, flew around the course in half the time it took the swiftest of the horses. A sulky competitor objected that Romero didn't ride a *horse*; but when the rules of the contest were brought they said only, "Each competitor may choose whatever mount he prefers," and so the objection was overruled, and Prince Romero was declared the winner of the first of the contests, and preparations for the second were made.

But you may imagine the dis-

*Romero  
Wins*

*Disgust!*

gust of the other princes when they saw by their programmes that the next contest was one in high jumping! It was not difficult to see who would win *that* — for Prince Romero's butterfly could easily "jump" over the tallest tree. Again there were objections, so Prince Romero, who was the most generous of men, consented to ride a horse instead of a butterfly.

This, however, did the other princes no good; for as he weighed about an ounce, his horse easily jumped many inches higher than any of the others could do, and Romero was declared the winner of the second contest. The third was in fencing, and here the others

*Romero  
Wins*



hoped they would be able easily to overcome the little champion.

They changed their minds

*The  
Swords-  
men*



when they came out to draw swords against him. Prince Romero flew about their heads like a great mosquito, only he

*Romero  
Again*

*They are  
Overcome*

was a dozen times quicker, and not nearly so stupid. The other princes were almost defenceless against him. While they were slashing wildly about in the air, Romero's little sword was poking them in every unguarded spot. Of course, the swords were protected at the point, for these were fencing matches, not duels. The judges once more were compelled to pronounce Prince Romero the victor.

The dissatisfaction of the other princes had become greater every moment ; and now they entered a protest. They sent word to the King that they did not consider the contest a fair one. They were quite ready, they said, to compete

*A Protest*

against any of their own size, but that it was not reasonable to have to meet a fairy prince no bigger than a bolt for a bow-gun. They thought their dignity required them to make this protest, and they respectfully wished to know what the King meant to do about it. So spoke the herald they sent.

Now the Princess Julietta had been delighted to see her little champion get the better of all the rest, and so she was not at all pleased by their complaints. Before the King could reply she turned very coolly to the herald and inquired: "What do the princes mean to do about it if the King should refuse to interfere?"

The herald replied: "I am

*Romero's  
Size*

*What Can  
Be Done?*

*Will They  
With-  
draw?*

not quite certain, Your Royal Highness, but I think that they will withdraw from the contest and march away.”

“And who would care if they did?” said the Princess, turning away.

But the King was wiser than this. He knew that it would make bad feeling if the princes should go home with a story that they had not been fairly treated. So he sent for Prince Romero, and asked if there could not be some way of making the contests seem fairer.

Romero was anxious to oblige, and so he thought the matter over. At length it occurred to him that it was time for the Princess's Wishing-

*Obliging  
Romero*

Ring to regain its power, and he resolved to ask Julietta's help.

*The Magic  
Ring*

“If your daughter,” said Romero, addressing the King, “is willing to exert the power of her magic ring, she can wish me the right size for a mortal prince, and then I would have no advantage over the rest. Surely that would remove any further objection to me.”

“That seems an excellent suggestion,” the King replied, “and I hope Julietta will have no objection to it. What do you say, dear?”

“I should like to exchange a few words with Prince Romero,” said Julietta, beckoning to the Fairy Prince. He at once flew over to her and hovered

*She is  
Cautious*

like a humming-bird close to her face.

Then she said to him, in a whisper, "If I make you the same size as the rest, do you think you can beat them?"

And Romero replied, close to her little pink ear, "My dearest Julietta, to win your hand I could be stronger than the striped tiger, swifter than the light-footed antelope, braver than the bravest Knight of King Arthurs Round Table! Have no fear. I have been to consult your Fairy Godmother and she assures me that you will marry the prince of your choice, and that, I am sure, can be no other than your ever faithful Romero!"

*Julietta's  
Choice*

# A HONEYMOON CHAPTER

L. O. F. G.







*Romero  
Made Big*

CHAPTER V

A HONEYMOON CHAPTER



ALL this was so entirely satisfactory that the Princess made the desired wish, and at once Prince Romero stood before them as large as any mortal of them all. Immediately a murmur of admiration was heard from all the spectators, for the Fairy Prince was by far the most manly and the handsomest of all the royal youths who had come to compete for the hand of the beautiful Julietta. The people all hoped that he would win, and were glad to have him

*Handsomest  
of All*

*An Annoyance*

big enough to be seen. It had been annoying to have all the contests won by a tiny mite who was entirely invisible to all the spectators of the show. Now they believed that they would enjoy the spectacle, and they eagerly consulted their programmes to see what would be the next event.

And this brought out a very amusing fact. For the next task proposed to test the princes was that of hurling a heavy lance. Unless Romero had attained full human size, he could not have made even an attempt to lift the weapon; but now that he was as large as any of them, he was able to do as well as the human princes. In fact, he did better, for he once more won the contest.

*Victory  
Once More*

I know it is rather monotonous to have Romero win every time, but I don't see how it is to be helped, for it is only the

*Monotonous*



simple truth that in all the contests Prince Romero came out ahead, and at the end of the day it had to be announced

*But  
Necessary*

*Romero  
Wins*

that he was the successful contestant, the winner of the hand of the Princess Julietta, and therefore the heir to the Kingdom.

So in order to carry out the programme as it had been arranged, Prince Romero crowned Julietta the Queen of Love and Beauty, and then rode by her side in the great procession that marched from the Fair-grounds to the Palace, surrounded on all sides by cheering boys and beautiful maidens strewing the streets with flowers.

That night a grand banquet was held in the Palace, and the winning Fairy Prince was so very charming even to the defeated princes that before the

*He Charms  
All*

evening was over they all joined in a grand chorus, singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!" and wound up by giving Romero and Julietta nine rousing cheers, ending in a "tiger!" that made the Palace walls ring again.

Of course this put every one in the very best of humor, and then it was agreed that the wedding should be celebrated the very next day, for all the princes wished to see it, and many of them had to go home the day after. So the wedding ceremony was appointed for the next day, at just about noon; and by that time the princes had made themselves so charming to the maids of

*A Jolly  
Chorus*

*The  
Wedding*

*A General  
Wedding*

honor, and the younger princesses, and the other young ladies about the court that they all were engaged to be married, and it was resolved to have all the weddings take place at the same time.

You can imagine what a grand occasion that was. And all the fairies who had come with Prince Romero were just wishing that they were the same size as the rest of the people so they could dance and feast and talk and promenade, when the Fairy Godmother of Julietta arrived, changed them into just the size they wished to be, and thus added immensely to the pleasure of the occasion.

When the twenty-four young couples came down the aisle

*A Kind  
Godmother*

together (I think there were just two dozen), people said that there had never been a prettier sight than all those

*What  
People  
Said*



proud bridegrooms and those blushing brides. And such a surprise awaited them at the door of the church. Instead

*A Surprise*

*A Grand  
Change*

of the carriages they had expected to take for their wedding-journeys, they saw only Julietta's Fairy Godmother, who waved her wand over the heads of each couple as they appeared. At once the couples were all reduced to fairy size, and then came a great procession of small butterflies, and, mounting upon these, the brides and grooms were whisked away to Fairyland to spend their honeymoons.

This was Prince Romero's idea, and it proved to be a delightful one. In Fairyland all was new to most of them, and everything was done to make their stay there happy. There were dances by moonlight, there were banquets every day.

*A Fairyland  
Honeymoon*



There were skating-parties one day, and picnic-parties the next, for the fairies could arrange the weather to suit themselves, so that they enjoyed snowballing and flower-picking whenever they chose.

But even more important than the pleasures of the visit were the lessons in government learned by the princes. They saw how wisely the King of the Fairies ruled his kingdom, and each one secretly resolved to rule so wisely that he would be distinguished in history by having "the Good" put after his name.

Before long, however, the Princess Julietta longed to return to her own land, and her gallant husband, Prince Ro-

*Their  
Amuse-  
ments*

*Julietta's  
Wish*

*Packing  
Up*

mero, saw that she would be glad to see her people once more. So he went one day to their apartments and ordered all their baggage to be packed and sent back to the palace. (It seemed quite large to him, but two match-boxes would have held it all.) Then he told Julietta what he had done, and it was arranged that the visiting bridal couples should depart the next day.

On their return to the Big People's World both resumed once more the usual size, and except for their lovely dispositions and unusual beauty, it would have been difficult to believe that either had ever known what it was to dwell among the fairies.

As to the Wishing-Ring, Julietta hid it carefully away, for

*Nothing  
More*



she said she was perfectly happy and had nothing more to wish for.



*To Wish  
For*

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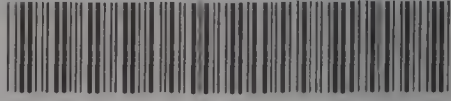








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