

DADDY'S BED TIME
FAIRY STORIES

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MARY GRAHAM BONNER



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FLORENCE CHOUTEAU

"AFTER A LONG TIME THE LOVELY DAWN FAIRIES CAME OUT FROM THEIR SLEEPING PLACES"—Page 3

Daddy's Bedtime Fairy Stories

By
Mary Graham Bonner

*With four illustrations in color by
Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis*

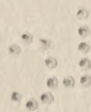


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TO
THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER,
WHO GAVE ME THE HAPPINESS
OF MY CHILDHOOD

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*These stories first appeared in the American Press
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THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE DAWN FAIRIES



The Fairy Queen Pro-
tects Them.

“I WONDER if you know, children, that there are certain lovely little fairies living around us all the time who call themselves the dawn fairies?”

“No,” said Evelyn; “I have never heard of them.

Do tell us about them and why they call themselves by such a funny name.”

“Well,” continued daddy, “it does seem a funny name when you first hear it, but when I tell you why you will understand.

“You see, the chief object of a fairy is never to be seen by a human being. These fairies are around us all the time, but we do not know it, as we cannot see them. The only time they play without any worries or fears is in the early morning before day breaks, and so they

call themselves the dawn fairies. Their dresses are made of dull gray, which looks like the early morning, and then it is that they frisk about and have the most wonderful time. As soon as the sun rises their dresses change color and are very dazzling—just like the sun, which, you know, is so bright that you cannot possibly look at it. You see, when the sun rises and the day begins all the human beings commence to get up and go about, and as the fairies do not wish to be seen the queen of the fairies has given them all these very, very bright frocks so none of us can see them.”

“I know a way of seeing the dawn fairies,” suggested Jack.

“Oh, what?” asked Evelyn excitedly.

“Why, just get up early, you silly thing,” said Jack, “and watch them playing in their own dawn dresses before they put on the very, very bright dresses the fairy queen has given them.”

“Jack,” began daddy, “your idea has already been thought of by the fairy queen, for should any little boy or girl get up before daybreak in order to see the dawn fairies the fairy queen, who is always watching over them, waves her

magic wand and the fairies are instantly turned into mist.

“Once a little boy like you, Jack, had heard of the dawn fairies and was so eager to see them that he got up long before daybreak—in fact, before the fairies themselves were up, for they sleep when it is really dark. This little boy hid in the trunk of a tree. After what seemed a long time to him the lovely gray dawn fairies came out from their sleeping places, and he heard them laugh their low, bell-like laughs. Suddenly one of them realized that some one was around and caught sight of the little boy. ‘Oh, dear,’ shrieked the fairy; ‘there’s a huge person near us!’ at which all the fairies scattered.

“So from that day the fairy queen has been careful that no one else should see the dawn fairies.”

MR. SANDMAN AND THE PLAYFUL FAIRIES



The Sandman on His
Rounds.

IT was seven o'clock, and Jack and Evelyn were in their two little white beds. They were very sleepy, for they had been playing hard all day, but they wouldn't admit that to daddy, because they were afraid he wouldn't tell them his usual bedtime story. Of course they occasionally did fall asleep before the end of the story, but then that was an accident. Daddy saw without being told how sleepy they were, so he decided to tell them the story about old Mr. Sandman, who lives forever and who sees every night that all the little children in the world rub their eyes and then crawl into their snug, comfy beds. So daddy began: "Once upon a time the queen of the fairies was getting ready for a very fine ball. She told all the lit-

tle fairies that they must go to bed as soon as she left them, for even little fairies have to sleep too. But the little fairies were very wide awake and also feeling very naughty, and they thought it would be such fun to play for hours and hours, for the queen would not be home until midnight. So they began to plan the game they would play first. They decided on 'hide and seek,' as it would be such an especially wide awake game.

"They romped and raced about, hiding in this flower and that, stealing under the leaves, dodging behind the trunks of the trees and playing such jolly pranks that old Mr. Owl, who was roosting in the branches of an oak, laughed right out loud. Did you ever hear an owl laugh? Well, it is a very queer sort of laugh, and the fairies had to stop their game and laugh at Mr. Owl's laughter.

"But Mr. Sandman never goes to balls or parties of any kind, for he knows how hard children have been playing all day and how much they need their cozy beds at night. He had just started on his nightly rounds to see that all his little friends were going quickly into the land of sweet dreams when he spied

the little fairies playing on the mossy grass in the moonlight. He said to himself, 'Here is some work for me to do,' and without being seen he waved in the air his magic nightcap. One by one the little fairies yawned and rubbed their sleepy eyes, and the game became quieter and quieter. Finally one very brave fairy—for it's brave to admit you are sleepy—said, 'I must lie down on this bed of moss; I am so sleepy.' Soon all the little fairies followed suit and dropped off into the Land of Nod to dream of the other fairies that live in all the countless stars.

"When Mr. Sandman saw them all sleeping soundly he winked his right eye, which meant he felt very pleased, and said to himself, 'Now I must see that some more of the little tots have pleasant dreams.'" And, sure enough, daddy looked and saw that Jack and Evelyn had fallen fast asleep.

THE INVISIBLE FAIRY AND THE TREE OF PLENTY



There Were All Sorts
of Good Things.

“**D**ID you ever hear,” said daddy, “the story of the fairy and the Tree of Plenty?”

“No,” said Jack and Evelyn. “Do tell us that story.”

“Once upon a time,” commenced daddy, “there were two little children, a little boy and a little girl just like you. They had an uncle who lived in India, and one day a message came that he was expected home the next week. Of course they knew the uncle must be wonderful, as how could any one living in India help but be wonderful. ‘To celebrate my return,’ the uncle told them, ‘we will have a picnic this afternoon,’ and, of course, the children were delighted and could hardly wait until the afternoon came. The uncle was away all the morning and was full

of mystery when he returned for luncheon. In the afternoon the two children, with a lot of their little friends, followed the uncle to a place in the woods where the picnic was to be held. To their great surprise and sorrow they could not see a single sign of any party. Their uncle saw their surprised faces and their disappointed manners and said: 'I am not really giving this party. It is to be given by a very kind and good fairy. That is her home over there in that tree, which is called the Tree of Plenty. She is very shy, so you won't be able to see her, because as she hears voices she disappears within the tree, and no one can find her. When I came here this morning I had to talk down into the trunk of the tree, but she promised to have all kinds of sugar plums and goodies ready for you this afternoon, and, as she always keeps her word, I am sure you will find them there between those low branches.' Sure enough, there were all sorts of good things—ice cream, nuts, candy and bonbons.

"The children gathered eagerly around while the goodies from the tree were handed out to them. Then they sat down on a log to eat them. They wished that the fairy would

join them at their feast, but they did not see anything of her.

“ ‘Perhaps she’s asleep,’ one of the children suggested. ‘You know that the fairies dance by the light of the moon, and they must be tired and ready to go to bed by daylight.’

“As they were eating these dainties numberless little rabbits, squirrels and birds came hovering around, but they were so small and the children seemed so big to them that they were afraid to go too near.

“After the children had finished eating and had made the uncle tell them plenty of fairy stories they started for home, and then the uncle said that the rabbits, squirrels and birds would finish all the goodies, as the good fairy always saw to it that they, too, had a picnic under the Tree of Plenty.”

THE JOLLY SNOW KING'S FIRST PARTY



The Snow King Came
to the Dance.

“ONCE upon a time,” began daddy, “there had been a great snow-storm during the night, and everything in the woods was heavy with snow. The branches of the big pine trees looked as if they would break with the huge packs of snow on them, and all the little bushes looked like fairyland with the snow covering them. To be sure, it was fairyland, for early in the morning all the fairies gathered together in their favorite part of the woods near a running brook, which they used as their playground and which they called Brookwood. But this time the brook had half frozen. Lovely icicles hung from the stones in the brook, and over some parts of it were thin sheets of ice.

“‘Oh, isn't it marvelous!’ cried the fairy queen.

“‘We'll have a dance!’ cried the queen of the fairies; ‘little elves, little brownies, all of you come!’ she shouted.

“‘Soon they all came, being carried by chariots of snow, with the north wind as their steed.

“‘Oh, oh,’ cried they all, ‘how wonderful! Did you do all this beautiful work with your magic wand, lovely queen of the fairies?’

“‘No; I must admit that the old snow king has made a lovelier scene than even my magic wand can make.’

“‘Where does the old snow king live?’ asked one of the brownies.

“‘Why, he lives up in the snow cloud,’ the fairy queen answered.

“‘Let's ask him to the dance,’ suggested one of the brownies.

“‘That's a splendid idea,’ said the fairy queen.

“‘So she waved her magic wand and called in her lovely clear voice, ‘Come to the dance, snow king; come to the dance!’

“‘The snow king needed no urging, for flakes

of snow began to fly about in the air, and soon a jolly old person who looked like a great big snowball on first glance jumped down on the ground.

“ ‘Here I am,’ he said, ‘and I thank you so much, little fairies, elves and brownies, and you, too, beautiful fairy queen, for inviting me to the party, for, though I arrange many a party, I’ve never been asked to one before, and I certainly am pleased.’ And as he said this he made a low bow to the fairy queen. In doing so he fell over, for he was so fat and round. How they all did laugh, and he laughed, too, for, as he said, he loved a merry party.

“ ‘I’ll give you lots more parties,’ said he, ‘if you think they’re so beautiful.’

“ ‘And we’ll ask you to come to all!’ they shouted.

“ ‘That’s fine!’ cried the snow king. ‘We’ll have one again to-morrow, and, oh, ever so many more, and I’ll come to them all! Hurrah, hurrah!’ ”

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S NEW YEAR'S VISIT



A Beautiful Fairy
Appeared.

“ONCE upon a time,” commenced daddy, “a grand ball was given on New Year’s eve by all the elves and brownies. It was held in a beautiful park, which was lighted with Japanese lanterns, and there were a number of little flower booths in the corners of the park where the elves and brownies could drink pink lemonade when they felt hot and thirsty from dancing. The elves were far prettier dancers than the brownies, for they were graceful and dainty, and the way they could twirl on their toes and spin around filled the brownies with envy. The brownies looked very cunning in their little brown suits and quaint brown hats, but they were much too fat to be good dancers. Often they would topple over in dancing, and how

the elves would laugh and how mad it made the brownies feel!

“Toward the latter part of the evening they forgot all envious feelings and joined together in doing square dances and Virginia reels.

“When they were almost ready to drop from dancing so much and playing so hard they decided it was about time to stop. So they all sat down on the grass for the most marvelous supper you can ever possibly imagine. First they had broiled gillybirds' tongues on toast, then some fried ants with mushroom sauce, delicious snail salad and for dessert pink ice cream to match the pink lemonade, for they voted on pink as their favorite color. Of course they had nuts and raisins and bonbons of all colors to pull with each other. In the bonbons were all sorts of little toys, whistles, paper caps and mottoes, wooden soldiers and toy animals.

“Suddenly a most beautiful fairy appeared, dressed all in white, with a silver crown on her head, a silver wand and silver stars glittering on her dress.

“‘The queen of the fairies!’ said they all breathlessly. And at this moment at a far dis-

tance were heard the sounds of bells ringing in a new year.

“‘Happy New Year to all the elves and brownies!’ said the queen.

“‘Happy New Year, beautiful fairy!’ said all in reply.

“The fairy queen waved her wand and in the loveliest, most musical voice said, ‘I wish you all good luck!’ at which she vanished, and in the lap of each little elf and brownie lay a glittering round gold piece with ‘Good luck from the fairy queen’ engraved on it.

“Never had the elves and brownies had such a marvelous surprise, and a visit from the fairy queen, to have actually seen her—oh, it was wonderful! And they knew how lucky they were, for if the fairy queen wished them luck it would be sure to follow them all their lives. And you may be sure all the little elves and brownies were the happiest creatures in existence as they crawled into their flowery beds very, very early that New Year’s morning.”

PETER'S COASTING PARTY WITH THE GOBLINS



“Hello, Mr. Goblin,” said Peter.

“THERE was once,” said daddy, “a little boy named Peter who had always had an awful horror of goblins. His mother and daddy would tell him that goblins were very much like brownies and that they always played among themselves. They told him that the goblins were jolly and good natured and would never dream of frightening any little boy or girl. But still, for some strange reason, Peter was very much afraid of even the name of goblin. His daddy told him a story every night at bedtime, but after the lights were out he would begin to think of the goblins and would imagine every creak in the room must mean something.

“One night after Peter’s daddy had told him a story and the lights were out Peter lay

for a few moments wide awake. But he'd been playing hard all day, so it was not long before he fell sound asleep. In his sleep a funny looking goblin came to him and tapped him on the shoulder. It was the first time Peter had seen a goblin; but, strangely enough, he was not scared.

“‘Hello, Peter!’ said the goblin. ‘I’m glad to see you’re not afraid of me. I knew you wouldn’t be after you’d really seen me. Often people imagine we’re dreadful creatures, and, you see, we’re not at all. We like to have plenty of fun, and we would never hurt any one for anything in the world. That doesn’t sound very awful, does it?’

“‘No,’ said Peter; ‘I think you’re just as nice as you can be. I can’t imagine how I ever could have been frightened.’

“‘Well, Peter, as long as you’re not frightened at me any more, how would you like to go on a coasting party we goblins are giving to-night.’

“So Peter got up and put on his warmest coasting clothes and pulled a wooly red cap way down over his ears, and off he started with the goblin. When they got outside they

walked to a nearby hill, where there were quantities of goblins with their sleds. They were tossing the light falling snow into each other's face and laughing and having such a good time.

“‘I've brought Peter along,’ said Peter's goblin, ‘and he says he's not afraid of us any more.’

“‘Hurrah for Peter!’ cried all the goblins.

“Peter did have the best time coasting, and he thought the goblins were perfectly wonderful. They were all delighted that he was no longer afraid of them and that he enjoyed the snowstorm just as much as they did.

“But, oh, even the snowstorm party with the goblins had to end, for Peter heard his mother saying, ‘Time to get up, Peter, and you can take your sled to school with you, for it has been snowing all night.’

“And Peter realized it was all a dream, but he never again was afraid of goblins.”

HOW THE FAIRIES RESCUED THE GRAY SQUIRREL



The Squirrel Was Rescued by the Fairies.

“IT was half snowing and half raining, and the fairies were hoping it would get just a little colder,” said daddy. “Then it would freeze, and the snowy rain would stick to the trees and make most beautiful crystals and icicles, and they could play the castle game.”

“What was that?” asked Evelyn.

“Whenever there were icicles,” continued daddy, “or pretty ice shapes the queen of the fairies would call the other fairies and say, ‘Let’s play the castle game.’ Then the fairies would come from all around and get in their places for the castle game. The queen of the fairies would pretend that she was to have the castle taken for her. They made believe that the icicles were turrets and towers, back of

which was a huge wandering castle in which were prisoners held captive. The queen of the fairies would pretend that she was the new queen of a land whose subjects had been badly treated. And she would begin her reign with no prisoners. So all the fairies who were her followers helped her to destroy all the turrets and towers of icicles. So then the castle could come down and the prisoners get away without being seen.

“Well, they got plenty of snowballs ready first and hit at the icicles with the snowballs. The biggest and strongest icicles which wouldn't come down with just the snowballs they would pull down.

“And, oh, such fun and laughing as they always do have over this game!

“The day I'm telling you about it did freeze, and they did commence their game of pulling down the castle. The playground they chose was in a quarry where there were plenty of icicles attached to the rocks.

“But behind an icicle what do you suppose they found? A little gray squirrel had jumped to a rocky cliff where he had seen some nuts stowed away. After eating some of the

nuts he had evidently felt so tired and sleepy that he had fallen asleep; for he was a very young squirrel. And as he slept it had grown suddenly very much colder, and the icicle by the rock on which he was had grown so thick that he couldn't pass it. So when the icicle was hit by a snowball and still did not fall down one of the fairies went up and pulled it down. You know fairies have a great deal of strength, even though they are so dainty and light.

“You can imagine the joy of the fairies when they found their imaginary game had really become true and that they had rescued a little squirrel. The squirrel was very cold, but he'd kept somewhat warm sleeping, and he soon revived by jumping around. He was so grateful to the fairies for saving his life that he invited them to the squirrels' next nut party.”

HOW THE JOLLY BROWNIES ENJOYED THE SLUSH



The Round Brownies
Waited on Them.

“**M**OST people don't think a day when it is half raining and snowing is nice, but I can tell you the Brownies did,” said daddy to Jack and Evelyn. “It was evening, and all day they had been snuggled in different little hiding places, bobbing up and down with excitement as they watched the hot sun melt the snow. They ran behind trees as they traveled to the village near by their woods just so they could see the people looking annoyed at the slush, and when they heard any one say, ‘What horrid weather we're having now; I do dislike March so!’ the Brownies almost chuckled aloud, and they certainly grinned from ear to ear. The Brownies thought people were very ridiculous when they grumbled about the weather.

“So they waited with glee until the evening came. Then they had a party. The Brownies divided themselves into two sides for the evening. Each side was given a separate part of the woods in which to get up something original. Six judges were chosen apart. The Brownies which had the best exhibit were to sit still during supper and be waited on by the others. They were to get all the goodies first. So each side worked hard to make its exhibit win. One side was called the fat Brownies and the other side the round Brownies.

“The exhibit of the round Brownies was a snow house, which, of course, was beautifully made because the snow was wet and stuck together well.

“But the fat Brownies had made a fine park. They had made paths and smoothed off the snow to edge the paths with flower beds. In the flower beds they had stuck twigs and little branches. On these they had put snowballs, which, too, had stuck because of the wet snow.

“Really their park looked very funny, but the Brownies all thought it was perfect, and the round Brownies agreed with the judges

when they said that the fat Brownies had the most original and interesting exhibit.

“So they all sat down on little snowy stumps of trees while the round Brownies waited on them. They had Brownie soup, which is perfectly delicious, and, of course, it was piping hot. They call it Brownie soup because it is brown. Then they had croquettes with brown gravy and brown potatoes, and for dessert they had brown Betty pudding.

“The judges' wives had cooked the supper, and they received a great deal of praise for it. The fat Brownies thought it was wonderful to be waited on, and the round Brownies enjoyed popping up and getting everything, for then they thought they appreciated the good things to eat still more.

“And they all hoped the snow would melt some more so that they could have another party the next night and wear their new rubber boots.”

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S LOVELY VALENTINE PARTY



Down Dropped Heart
Shaped Boxes.

“IT was Valentine’s eve in Fairyland, and all the fairies were dancing around, dressed in lovely, flimsy red frocks. They carried little red wands from which dangled red hearts, and on their heads they wore red crowns with bright spangles.

“On all the trees were big strings of red hearts, which went from tree to tree. Over the grass they had spread a big red rug, upon which already some of the fairies were dancing. Every fairy had made a valentine for the fairy queen, and they were all scattered about the queen’s throne, which was also decorated with red hearts. The fairy queen had not yet arrived, as she was going to give them a surprise.

“Before long they heard a tinkling of bells,

and, riding in a bright red coach drawn by 100 red lizards, appeared the fairy queen. She was dressed in an exquisite red trailing gown, and in her hair she had a wreath of geranium blossoms. Two red birds acted as her coachman and footman and helped her alight from the coach.

“‘Come and see your valentines, fairy queen!’ they shouted after they’d recovered from the excitement of the queen’s new coach. Her coachman and footman and the 100 lizards stood by the coach watching everything.

“So the fairy queen opened countless little red envelopes in which were the lovely valentines the fairies had made. The fairy queen was delighted and thanked the little fairies again and again for them, and then she said:

“‘When I wave my wand from all the trees around will fall valentines, so that each little fairy will have one.’”

“So with a flourish of her wand all the trees began to tremble and then wave around as if a storm were coming, but in a second down dropped little red heart shaped boxes. Each fairy scampered about wildly to get a valentine.

"None of them could open the valentines until the fairy queen said so, as they all had magic locks.

"At last every fairy had one, and the fairy queen waved her wand, saying, 'Open lids, open valentines!' at which every little red heart shaped box popped open and out sprang from each a little red coral necklace. From each necklace hung a glittering heart shaped charm on which was written, 'To My Valentine, From the Fairy Queen, Feb. 14.'"

"How wonderful!" shouted Evelyn. "The fairies must have been delighted."

"Then they all had the most marvelous supper on a long table decorated with red bonbons and lighted with little red lanterns, and the fairies said it was the loveliest valentine party they had ever had."

PETER'S TRIP WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON



Peter Saw the Man in
the Moon.

“THERE was once,” said daddy, “a little boy named Peter who had always longed to see the man in the moon. Every night when there was a full moon he would sit at his window and look at the funny, jolly face of the old man until he became so sleepy he would have to go to bed.

“One night he sat watching so long that he fell sound asleep by the window. It was not long before he saw the strangest thing. The moon seemed to be growing larger and larger, and soon it was back of a tree near his window. He could see quite plainly the jolly old face of his beloved man in the moon looking jollier and fatter than ever. The old man grinned from ear to ear at Peter, and in a moment or two he spoke.

“‘Well, Peter, here I am. Now how do you like me?’ And as he spoke he chuckled and laughed.

“‘Oh, I think you’re wonderful!’ said Peter, with wild enthusiasm and joy.

“‘So you think I’m wonderful, do you? Ha, ha! Well, that is a joke! But there certainly isn’t any one else just like me, that’s true enough. So maybe I’m wonderful because I’m so queer. What about that?’

“‘Oh, no,’ said Peter; ‘you’re wonderful because you’re so fat and jolly and because you’re always laughing and seeming to have a good time.’

“At that the old man in the moon laughed some more and said: ‘Well, you’re a funny little chap too. All folks don’t think it’s such a compliment to be fat, but I do. It’s the way I am, you see, and it’s best to be satisfied with the way you are, isn’t it? If you really like me then I’ll take you off in my chariot of mist to visit the stars, and you’ll call on all the bright queens of the stars, who sparkle so you can see them from down on the earth.’

“So off went Peter with the man in the moon for the most gorgeous trip. They visited all

the stars, saw the bright fairy queens who live in them and all the little elves and brownies. And then the man in the moon showed Peter where in the sky he stayed and how he moved every week so that all the little boys and girls in the world could see a full moon every month. And Peter could see down below all the wee little houses (they looked so small from where Peter was) and the earth, which looked very funny and small, too, from up in the moon. Peter felt a little afraid at first that he'd fall, but as he'd never heard of the man in the moon having a tumble to earth he felt comforted. Alas, all too soon the journey had to end, for Peter heard the distant sound of a breakfast bell.

“As he yawned he realized he'd been sleeping all night by the window. But, oh, such a gorgeous sleep as it had been!”



"PETER FELT A LITTLE AFRAID AT FIRST THAT HE'D FALL"—Page 30

THE WITCH AND THE CEDAR CHEST



Out Stepped a Funny
Old Woman.

“I AM going to tell you to-night,” said daddy, “a story about a little girl named Gretchen. She lived way off in Germany. She was very pretty, with yellow hair and big blue eyes. She was quite fat, too, and had a very jolly nature and laughed a great deal.

“Gretchen’s mother and daddy had both died when she was very young, so Gretchen lived with her grandmother and granddaddy. She was very happy and had lots of little friends to play with all the time. In the evenings before she went to bed her granddaddy always told her lovely fairy stories, and when she went to bed she’d dream she was with the fairies, playing games with them and dancing about as fairies do.

"In the attic of her home were a great many strange and quaint old things, but the thing which seemed to hold more mystery than anything else was an old cedar chest covered with horsehair. Gretchen never dared look in the chest for some reason she couldn't understand herself, though she often wondered what really was inside.

"One night after her granddaddy had been telling her one of his wonderful stories and her grandmother had tucked her in her soft white bed Gretchen still felt very wide awake. But before long she fell asleep, and a strange dream came to her.

"She dreamed she was up in the attic looking at everything in turn, but more than anything else she was gazing at the old cedar chest and wondering what could be within it. And as she was looking the lid opened, and out stepped a funny old woman with a wrinkled face. She wore a black shawl over her shoulders and a great big pointed black hat on her head.

"Gretchen was sure she was a witch. Soon she spoke in a very soft, clear voice, not at all gruffly, as Gretchen imagined she would speak.

“ ‘Little Gretchen, I have known you were always very curious to learn what was in the cedar chest. I live in it and have for years and years, for I am very, very old, as you can see. But my voice does not sound old because I am very happy, and so it does not get the chance to grow old. When you’re asleep I come out of my chest and go to the parties the fairies give. To-night I’ve come to tell you you must never be afraid of the old cedar chest, but you must never look inside it. If you did my voice would change into the voice of an old woman, too, and that would make me very sad.’

“So Gretchen promised, and the next day when she looked at the chest it did not frighten her, but she kept her promise and did not try to open the top, for she knew that would spoil the witch’s greatest happiness—her voice, which was not old like her wrinkled face.”

THE GAPOOZIC AND THE FAIRY QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY



"Many happy returns,"
the fairies cried.

"IT was the day before the fairy queen's birthday," said daddy. "Of course the fairy queen is always young and is beautiful. She has a birthday, as all the little fairies insist upon having some day, in which they can pay her special compliments. They love to plan for a birthday party. Somehow, though, this time they had thought and thought and had not been able to think up anything.

"Well, at last, when nothing had been settled and the fairies were becoming rather discouraged, it was decided that a committee of six fairies was to be chosen and that they must decide what was to be done.

"So the six fairies who were chosen went off into the woods. Through an opening in the

woods one of the fairies saw a very unusual thing and called the other fairies, saying, 'I see such a strange looking creature in that valley over there.'

" 'Let's go over to him and see if he can suggest anything,' said another fairy.

"So the six fairies lifted their silver wings and alighted in the valley very near where the strange looking creature was standing. He proved to be a funny little old man with a very solemn face.

" 'Who are you?' asked the fairies.

" 'I'm the Gapoozic,' the old man answered.

" 'We never heard of you. Where do you live—with the real people or by yourself in the woods?'

" 'In the daytime I live in this valley—always by myself—where it is nice and sunny, and at night I sleep in the woods. My only friends are the crows, for they tell me funny stories and I give them presents.'

" 'What do you mean, Gapoozic?'

" 'Why, if any one can tell me a funny enough joke to make me laugh I shake all over, and when I shake I drop presents all around.'

“ ‘Oh, how wonderful!’ they shouted. ‘Will you come to the fairy queen’s birthday party to-morrow? We’ll tell you all the jokes you like if you’ll shake and drop beautiful presents for her.’

“ ‘Promise!’ he cried.

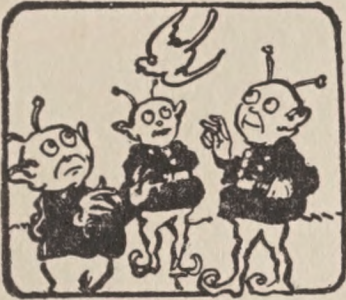
“The next day the fairy queen was requested to sit upon her throne while the fairies gathered around, and in the center stood the Gapoozic.

“ ‘Many happy returns, fairy queen!’ they all cried.

“Then the fairies began to tell jokes, and the Gapoozic shook and shook with laughter, and presents dropped from him.

“How delighted they all were, and the fairy queen had the most wonderful birthday she had ever had.”

THE GNOMES AND THE TIPSTER BIRD



The Bird Tipped
Away Over.

“THE gnomes,” said daddy, “are almost the best natured little creatures there are. They are very happy always, and they always have good luck. In fact, they have a good luck bird—a special bird that just belongs to them. He flies over them and sings very much like a canary, which the gnomes enjoy. They feed him all the crumbs and worms he wants to eat, and they call him the tipster bird.”

“What a funny name,” said Jack. “How did he ever happen to be called the tipster bird? Has he always been called that?”

“No, not always,” said daddy, “but now he is never known as anything else but the tipster bird. I’ll tell you how it happened.

“One time there was one little gnome who

caused all the other gnomes a great deal of trouble. He was often very sulky and very cross. In fact, his bad disposition was a great worry to the gnomes.

“One day the gnomes were all frolicking about having a splendid time when one of them suggested they should play tag.

“At last the little gnome with the cross disposition was tagged.

“‘You’re it!’ they called.

“But the cross little gnome was so mad that he’d been caught that he hit the little gnome who had tagged him and said, ‘I won’t be it, and I won’t play any more!’

“At that the lucky bird, as the gnomes then called him, was so surprised to see a gnome angry and do such a dreadful thing as to hit a little playmate that he tipped way over on one side.

“‘Look at the queer way our lucky bird is tipping!’ shouted a gnome. And before they knew it he’d fallen to the ground, for he’d completely lost his balance. His right wing was quite hurt, and for a few days he was a very miserable little bird, but with the good care of the gnomes he soon got well and could

fly around and sing. But after that he was always known as the tipster bird, for when he had seen a little gnome cross and behave badly he had fallen to the ground in astonishment. And the cross little gnome was so ashamed of what he had done that he turned out to have the same lovely disposition that all the other gnomes have, and, of course, no gnome could be cross again when he realized that he'd caused a little bird to fall to the ground in surprise and horror.

“The name of the tipster bird has always clung to the gnomes' pet bird ever since, and it's a good thing, too, for now if any little gnome should feel angry he stops and thinks, 'If I'm cross the tipster bird will lose control of his wings and will tip to one side until he falls to the ground.' And as the tipster bird is such a pet every gnome sees to it that such a thing will never happen again.”

THE FAIRIES' BEAUTIFUL BIG MASQUERADE BALL



The Scotch Lassie Was
Much Admired.

“YOU haven’t told us a story about the fairies for ever so long, daddy,” said Evelyn.

“Yes; that’s true,” agreed Jack. “Won’t you please tell us one this evening?”

“Let me think,” said daddy. “Did I ever tell you about the masquerade ball they gave?”

“No,” said Evelyn. “Do tell us about it.”

“You know,” continued daddy, “a masquerade ball is a very special kind of ball, for at it every one dresses up in fancy costume so that no one will know who it is.

“The fairies thought it would be such fun to have a masquerade ball. They spoke to the fairy queen about it, and she was just as enthusiastic.

“‘I think it would be splendid,’ she said. ‘Let’s have it to-morrow evening at eight sharp.’

“The next night promptly at eight all the fairies gathered together. And such costumes as there were! There were witches, wise-acres, dunces, dominoes, Japs, jesters, milkmaids, mermaids, clowns, cowboys, princes, kings, queens, soldiers, etc. They were to wear masks till supper time.

“But one fairy seemed to be the center of admiration. She was a little Scotch lassie. She wore a velvet jacket and a plaited plaid skirt. Her little legs were bare, and on her feet were black velvet slippers with shiny buckles on them.

“The fairies talked to one another in queer disguised voices, so no one would be able to recognize them by their voices. The little Scotch lassie didn’t speak at all, but she danced the highland fling, and it completely fascinated all the fairies.

“At last supper time came, and they all eagerly watched to see who every one was, and especially the little Scotch lassie. And who do you suppose it was?”

"Could it have been the queen?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes, indeed; that is just who it was. They all at once said, 'Fairy queen, you've taken the prize.'

"'But I can't accept my own prize,' said she.

"'You must,' said all the fairies, 'for you are perfectly marvelous.'

"'Well, that's a funny thing to offer a prize and then to keep it. But, anyway, I can divide it, as it is a box of sugar plums.'

"'Goodie!' they all cried."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN FAIRYLAND



They Presented the
Gift to the Queen.

“THE fairy queen had said that on St. Patrick’s day she was going to give a dinner party to which she invited every fairy. You can imagine how pleased the fairies were, for the fairy queen always had such perfect parties. They were always different and better than those of any one else. They felt themselves to be very lucky little fairies indeed to have such a marvelous fairy queen,” said daddy.

“The fairy queen would not let any of the fairies help her. She said that she wanted it to be her party, and she was to get it all up herself. Now, weren’t they indeed pretty lucky to have their fairy queen take all that trouble for them? The only thing she told them was that they must all be sure to wear green frocks.

“When St. Patrick’s day came the fairies were all right on time at the place the fairy queen had told them to be. She had chosen a lovely spot, of course.

“The fairies all wore green fluffy dresses and silver crowns trimmed with moss on their heads. They all took their places at a long mossy table.

“Two green toads were butlers and passed all the delicious things to eat to each fairy. They had such good things too. First, they had green turtle soup; then they had green peppers and olives. Next came spinach, green peas and meat balls with a bit of parsley on each. Lettuce salad came next, and for dessert they had green pistachio ice cream and little green candies.

“The fairy queen presented each little fairy with a pot of shamrocks. But the fairies had a surprise for her! With a great deal of ceremony they gave a small green box to the two toads, who carried it on a silver tray, and, with low bows and hops, presented it to the fairy queen.

“The fairy queen was so surprised she could

hardly speak, for the box contained an emerald pendant in the shape of a shamrock.

“‘Oh, thank you, fairies!’ she cried. ‘I am so happy over my beautiful present, and I shall enjoy wearing such a lovely pendant, I can tell you. But I’ve arranged a fairy dance and have imported some special dancers. The party is not yet over.’

“‘Hurrah!’ shouted the fairies, for they hated to have the end of a party come.

“The fairy queen waved her magic wand, and out hopped countless green grasshoppers. They went through the most weird dances. They danced in pairs and all together, and the fairies clapped their hands in glee.

“Then each grasshopper hopped on the shoulder of a fairy, while the fairies joined hands and sang all the lovely Irish songs they knew.”

THE FAIRIES' PARTY FOR THE ROBINS



Each Robin Was Given
a Basket.

“DADDY,” said Evelyn as daddy came up the stairs ready to tell the children the usual bedtime story, “I saw several robins yesterday and forgot to tell you about them.”

“Yes,” chimed in Jack; “they were trying to sing and be cheerful, but they looked as if they felt rather cold.”

“Well, you know,” said daddy, “I think the early comers feel pretty chilly and cheerless, but I must tell you something that happened to-day that made them feel happier.

“This was what it was: The queen of the fairies sent me a little wireless message to tell you, for she said she had seen you two children looking at the robins and feeling so sorry for them. So a splendid idea struck her.

“The fairies invited the early robins to a

party. They had discovered that some of the robins had already moved near their favorite home. Of course, you know, the fairies have a great many homes."

"It was this afternoon that they had the party, you said, daddy?" repeated Evelyn.

"Yes," said daddy; "I think if you see them to-morrow you'll find them really singing with much more joy."

"What happened at the party?" asked Jack.

"I'll tell you," said daddy. "The robins were invited to be at the party at 3 o'clock. They spent the whole morning getting ready. They smoothed their feathers before a little brook where the sun was shining. It made a fine mirror, and they fussed until they really did look very fine. When they arrived at the place where the fairies had told them to be they saw not a sign of a fairy.

"The place was very beautiful. All around were lovely little white statues. They looked so pretty on the new, soft, green moss. But the robins thought how very funny it was to have everything ready and no fairies in sight, for they were sure the statues were put there by the fairies to make the party especially at-

tractive. They asked each other if they could have mistaken the hour for which they were invited.

“In another moment, though, the little statues were dancing and singing. And there was such excitement among the robins, for the fairies had fixed themselves up as statues and given the robins a real surprise. The fairies did entertain the robins delightfully.

“Then the robins cheered up, and they sang too. After the party was over the fairies gave the robins little straw baskets to carry home in their beaks. These were full of the finest new, fat spring worms.”

THE FAIRIES' TRIP IN THE GLASS BOTTOM BOAT



The Loveliest White
Boat Appeared.

“THE lake had the loveliest pink, purple and other pale shades in it, and it looked as if it really very much enjoyed feeling warmer again. It was not a very large lake, but it was plenty large enough for the fairies. It was most beautifully situated. It was just off the woods, and the trees skirted the shore,” said daddy.

“The fairy queen had suggested that, as it had grown so much warmer and as the lake looked so absolutely lovely, there could be nothing nicer than to take a sail on it. All of the fairies thought that it would be delightful too. The fairy queen said that they would start on their trip at 3 o'clock, for it would be so much nicer to go when it was sunny.

Then they could see the beautiful reflections in the water and the shadows.

“At three all the fairies were ready. They saw the fairy queen waiting for them by the shore.

“‘Where’s the boat?’ they asked her. ‘We don’t see any boat. Aren’t we going? Oh, what’s happened? We were looking forward so much to a boat trip.’

“The fairy queen smiled and said, ‘Don’t be impatient, little fairies.’

“Then she waved her magic wand and said, ‘Come, boat!’

“Whereupon the loveliest white boat appeared. It came right up to the edge of the shore.

“It certainly was a beautiful boat. It was very, very long with two big white sails. On either end of the boat stood a big green frog. They acted as steerers. They looked very fine indeed in their bright green suits. They almost looked as if they’d bought their suits new for the occasion.

“But when the fairies got in the boat the biggest surprise was waiting for them, for it was far from being an ordinary boat. The

bottom of the boat was all glass. The fairies cried out with delight when they saw it, and the fairy queen was so happy that they liked it.

“Then they started on a lovely trip around the lake, then up and down the lake. Not only could they see the pretty shore, but through the glass they could see all the fishes and green grasses and weeds that grew down under that water. Never had the fairies been able to see such interesting things. They watched some of the fishes playing and swimming around. Other fishes they watched were sleeping quite peacefully.

“You can well believe how interesting it was and how much they enjoyed it. Of course the fairy queen is always perfectly happy as long as the little fairies are happy.

“The fairies said after it was all over that it was the most wonderful and interesting boat trip they had ever had.”

THE MOONLIGHT PARTY OF THE MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES



They Had a Good
Time.

EVELYN asked daddy as soon as he got in the house if it was yet time for butterflies or any of the moth family.

“That question reminds me,” said daddy, “of a party the gray night flying moths gave the other night.

“Some of the moths and small butterflies were there—in fact, as many of the moth and butterfly family who were up and ready for the summer. The tortrices, the tineids, the black streaked brown butterflies, the blue butterflies and the elfins were all there. So, you see, they really did have quite a large party.

“But it was given by the gray night flying moths, and it was given on a bright moonlight night. They chose a very lovely old fashioned garden for their party.

"The moon was shining brightly and made the nicest light. The stars twinkled and blinked way up in the sky, just as if they were in the party too. At least they did seem to be trying to help along the gaiety of the party by being just as bright as they possibly could be, and they looked down over the party just as if they wanted to look very, very merry.

"The man in the moon was winking and grinning and saying:

" 'Ha, ha; it does my heart good to see a fine party and more especially to see all the little butterflies and moths once more having a good time!'

"They certainly did have a good time. They danced such fairy-like dances, and they watched their shadows under the moonlight. They all felt so glad to be alive and dancing, and playing once more did make them happy.

"After they'd danced for some time they had a supper of apple worms and delicious fruit buds. They had danced so long that it seemed nice to have a supper party all together. They all sat on the bushes and ate their supper. But after it was all over they still wanted the party

to continue. So the gray night flying moths said:

“‘No one must go to bed yet. The party isn't quarter over. We'll feel you are not having a good time if you go home so soon.’

“All the other butterflies and moths chimed in at once:

“‘Oh, gray night flying moths, you are most wonderful moths, and you give the most marvelous parties! None of us has ever had such a fine party before, and we certainly do not want to go home. We'll stay ever and ever so much longer—until very, very late.’ At that the moon again winked and grinned and said:

“‘I'm going to stay up all night, so why shouldn't all you moths and butterflies? I like company, and I like to be amused, and you can't make me sleepy or tired.’

“So the party continued for a good long time.”

THE BROWNIES' BONFIRE PARTY FOR THE FAIRIES



The Brownies Sent
Out Invitations.

THE fairies had really been very busy, but Jack and Evelyn had not heard about them for a long time.

“Can’t you tell us a story about the fairies to-night?” asked Evelyn.

“Please do!” chimed in Jack.

“Yes, indeed!” answered daddy. “I could really tell you lots of stories about them, for they have been having all sorts of good times these nice spring days. But the other evening they had a nice party that was given just for them.

“The brownies, you know, love lots of excitement and lots going on all the time. They’re never happy unless they can be jumping about enjoying life. So they sent out an invitation to the fairies which read:

“The brownies of Brownieland request the pleasure of the company of every one of the fairies of Fairyland to a bonfire party on Thursday evening. The brownies expect no replies, as they expect every fairy will just come.’

“The fairies were much excited when they received this invitation. The brownies’ parties were always such fun, and a bonfire party—well, that was wonderful! The fairies hadn’t thought of bonfires somehow for a long time.

“Now, the fairy queen said that they’d have to arrive at the brownies’ party in some unusual manner, as that would please the brownies. She suggested that they should engage some hopping toads to pull their chariots to the party.

“The fairies thought that was a splendid idea, and they engaged the hopping toads. The hopping toads were much honored at being chosen to take the fairies to the brownies’ party.

“When the great big bonfire was lighted the brownies entertained the fairies by doing a lot of fancy dances around the bonfire. The hop-

ping toads were allowed to stay and watch the bonfire too. It was the most beautiful blaze, and how the fairies did love seeing it! But of course they were very careful not to go too near the fire.

“After it had died down and only the red embers remained the brownies sang jingles, and the fairies joined in the chorus. And then, to the huge amusement of all, what should the hopping toads do but get up and do a special dance of their own! They wanted to feel that they were a part of the party too.

“It was all the fairies could do to say ‘Good night’ when it came time to leave, for they had had the most glorious time at the brownies’ bonfire party, and they thought the brownies were the most wonderful party givers that ever lived. The brownies were delighted that the fairies had had such a good time and were so pleased, for they thought that it was all a brownie could ask for to please a fairy.”

THE ELVES DISCOVER THE GAME OF MARBLES



“Have you marbles?” they asked.

JACK and Evelyn had been getting out their marbles for the season. When daddy came in he saw them all in a big box on the table.

“Have you commenced your games yet?” he asked.

“No; we haven’t,” replied the children, “but we’re going to to-morrow. We’ve got them out, all ready for many, many games. We will play our first game to-morrow afternoon.”

“That’s fine!” said daddy. “But the elves have beaten you out, for they had their first game several days ago.”

“The elves?” said Evelyn. “Do they play marbles? How did they happen to think of playing marbles?”

“You see, it was this way,” daddy continued — “the elves, as you know, have just quantities

of games that little boys and girls never even dream of playing. But sometimes the elves think it would be fun to play a game that is a special favorite with little boys and girls.

“One day two little elves were flitting about near the village, off the woods where they lived most of the time. They suddenly spied a lot of little boys playing a game with little round things made of glass.

“‘What are they, I wonder?’ said the first elf.

“‘I haven’t the remotest idea,’ said the second elf.

“At that moment a little boy exclaimed to another, ‘You’ve won, and you’ll get most of the marbles.’

“‘Marbles, marbles!’ said the first elf. ‘Those funny round things must be called marbles!’

“‘That’s certainly what they must be,’ said the second elf. ‘Let’s get some and take them home to the other elves, and we can have a brand new game. I watched them playing, and I am sure I understand the game perfectly, so I can explain it to the other elves. You understand it, too, don’t you?’

“‘Oh, yes!’ said the second elf.

“So together they went to a little shop. It was the only shop the elves ever went to, and that was because it was kept by a funny, mysterious old man, and it was near the woods.

“‘Have you marbles?’ they asked the old man.

“‘Dear me, so you think you would like to play the beloved spring game of little boys and very often little girls? Well, here’s a fine collection for you of all colors and for all the elves,’ he replied.

“The little elves thanked the old man and went home to the Silver Stream, where they lived. Then they told all the other elves of the new game, and the elves thought it was a wonderful discovery.”

THE FAIRIES' MUDPIE PARTY FOR THE MUD TURTLES



The Mud Palaces
Were Beautiful.

MUD pie making had certainly been very popular of late. Daddy had noticed it, and so he spoke in the evening to Jack and Evelyn about it.

“Have you been making mud pies lately?” he asked.

“Yes, indeed, we have!” said Evelyn. “My dolls say that there is nothing they enjoy so much in the spring as a good mud pie. Do fairies ever make mud pies?”

“Oh, yes,” said daddy; “they certainly do! The fairies never miss any games or parties or good times, you know. And they enjoy everything. They had a real mud pie party the other day.”

“Did they have any other guests or just themselves?” asked Jack.

“It was a very big party, really,” said daddy.

"They gave it in the first place for the mud turtles. But they invited the frogs, the toads and some of the lizard family as well."

"My, it must have been a big party!" said Evelyn.

"Yes," continued daddy; "it was a very big party. The fairies hadn't had a very big party for some time, and they thought it would be lots of fun to have this one."

"They also thought it would be nice to give it for the mud turtles. They thought the mud turtles were very quaint and interesting. Besides that, they had never heard of a party being given in honor of the mud turtles, and they were sure it would please them."

"Everything was in readiness for the party before the guests arrived. The party was given near a swamp, so there was just loads of mud."

"They had delicious looking mud pies made up in the center of the swamp, one for each guest, and with a little present attached."

"But what pleased the guests more than anything else were the wonderful decorations the fairies had made."

"There were palaces, castles, gardens with

terraces and parks. There were forts with soldiers and ships with sailors on board. And all these things were made out of mud. Really they were very marvelous, and all the turtles and toads and lizards thought the fairies certainly could make the most wonderful fairy-land, no matter whether they made it with green moss and flowers or with plain, ordinary mud, for really the mud palaces were the most gorgeous you can imagine.

“And the fairies felt their party had been a success because the mud turtles were satisfied with the party given in their honor and were really, if the truth were told, just as proud as peacocks that the fairies had done so much for them.”

THE JOLLY FAIRIES GIVE THEIR YEARLY SPRING FROLIC



The Fairy Queen Is
Queen of the May.

JACK and Evelyn loved to hear about the fairies. It suddenly dawned on daddy that he hadn't told the children a story about the elves for ever and ever so long. So he said:

“How about a story of the fairies to-night, children?”

“Oh, splendid!” shouted both the children.

“You know I haven't told you yet about their spring frolic. Once every year at just about this time the fairies have what they call a spring frolic. This year they had it the night before last.

“For days before this frolic the fairies had gone flower hunting, and, of course, they found quantities of them. So of every kind there was some specimen, and they knew just how to arrange these flowers. They put them

all over the fresh green grass, and here and there they scattered young green ferns. It made the grass look like a soft carpet of all the prettiest colors in the world. Then all was ready for the party.

“And now the fun began. First of all, they had the May pole dance.”

“It must be perfectly wonderful!” said Evelyn thoughtfully. “I can just think of all those lovely wild flowers which they gathered with the moon shining down over them and then all the exquisite fairies dancing around the May pole!”

“Yes; it is very beautiful, I fancy,” daddy agreed. “But, to continue, the May pole dance is simply one of the many delightful things about their spring frolic. After the dance is over, when, of course, the fairy queen is proclaimed queen of the May, the sports begin.

“You see, every one feels just like exercise after such fine weather, and they have all kinds of races and games. Last of all comes the frolic.”

“Is that a special game?” asked Jack. “I thought that you just meant the whole party

was a frolic and because it was given in the spring it was called a spring frolic."

"Well, of course," said daddy, "the whole party is a real spring frolic. But they do have a special frolic before the party is over, and that consists of races and hurdle jumping.

"They have small hurdles placed every little distance on the race track. The race track is covered with flowers, and the hurdles are always covered with flowers also, and then all the fairies run and jump over this course, while the fairies who are racing at the time sing jolly songs to help them hurry.

"The fairy who wins this race has the honor of leading the May pole dance for the following spring frolic, and after the whole party is over the fairy queen presents each little fairy with a lovely crown of flowers."

THE FAIRIES' TRIP THROUGH THE CLOUDS



They Sailed Away,
Feeling Like Birds.

IT had been some time since the last fairy story had been heard, and daddy knew that that would never do, for Evelyn was always so radiantly happy when one was to be told.

“Well, how about a fairy story to-night, children?” asked daddy.

“Splendid!” Evelyn cried almost before daddy had finished speaking.

“The fairies had the most perfect trip the other day,” said daddy. “They had been playing so much that they could not think of a game they wanted to play, and that very rarely happens in Fairyland.

“Now, the queen of the fairies said: ‘I have a scheme. We will visit the clouds. We haven’t been on a trip for ever and ever so

long, and I will admit that I would like a little change myself.'

" 'Marvelous!' cried all the fairies. 'We would love to do that better than anything in the world. When shall we go?'

" 'Why, this afternoon; right now!'

" 'Well, we must be off,' said the fairy queen. 'Come, fairy airships; fly down to this mossy ground, and then we can go up to the clouds.'

"At that the loveliest airships appeared. They looked almost like clouds themselves, so filmy and white were they.

"The fairies clapped their hands with wildest glee, for they had never visited the clouds in the airships before.

"So off they sailed, feeling just like birds with the delightful flying motion of the ships. And up to the silvery clouds they went. When they got in the clouds the cloud fairies—you know there are fairies who live in the clouds all the time—took them all around and showed them their homes. And such homes as they have! They have the most marvelous palaces, with courtyards and exquisite scenery all about. They have tall mountains where they



"SO OFF THEY SAILED, FEELING JUST LIKE BIRDS WITH THE DELIGHTFUL FLYING MOTION OF THE SHIPS"—Page 68

always go for their parties. Everything is such a beautiful color too, for the cloud fairies are very fond of pale grays and blues and silver.

“Then the fairies from the woods suggested to the cloud fairies that they should return their visit and come to earth.

“‘We would love to do that,’ said the cloud fairies. So off they began to fly from the clouds. They needed no airships, but do you know what happened?

“As they began to drop great big drops of rain fell to the earth, and then the heaviest kind of a rainstorm began for the earth people, for of course when the cloud fairies move the rain is not held any more and it falls to the earth.

“But the fairies from the woods didn't mind, as the big trees always protect them, and the cloud fairies only let the rain fall where there were no trees. So the afternoon was one of greatest pleasure for both the wood fairies and the cloud fairies.”

THE FAIRIES' SPRING FLOWER HUNTING TRIP



She Was Given the
Hyacinth.

WHEN daddy came home that evening he thought he'd surely have to tell Jack and Evelyn about the fairies' spring flower hunting expedition.

"Would you like to hear about the afternoon when the fairies had a contest as to who should find the greatest number of spring flowers?" he asked.

"Oh, we'd love to hear about it!" said both the children delightedly.

"It was the most beautiful spring afternoon," commenced daddy, "when the fairies started off on their flower hunt. The air was soft and warm. They knew they were going to find lots of flowers, but to the fairy who found the greatest number of different kinds

of flowers the fairy queen was going to award a prize of a purple hyacinth.

"All the fairies had their little flower baskets ready."

"What kind of flower baskets did they have?" asked Evelyn.

"They had baskets which they'd made themselves," replied daddy, "especially for this occasion. Each basket was made of moss, and the outside was covered with twigs twined together to make the basket strong. The handle of each basket was made of still stronger twigs.

"Of course the fairies expected they would find just quantities of flowers to put in their baskets.

"They wandered through the woods, into the fields and beside the brooks, each going to what he or she thought to be the best spot.

"They gathered many flowers. They found, oh, so many white and purple violets, anemones, stars of Bethlehem, bluetts, ladyslippers, wild columbines, trilliums, wild honeysuckles and quantities of others.

"At 5 o'clock they all went back where the fairy queen was waiting for them.

"Then it was discovered that little Fairy

Silver Heels had found one more flower than any of the others. It was a little yellow violet.

“So she was given the choicest of the fairy queen’s hyacinths, and such a fragrant, sweet one as it was! And such a gorgeous shade of purple too!

“Then Fairy Silver Heels was invited to stand in the center while all the other fairies twined their flowers into garlands and danced around her, singing their song about the woods in the spring.

“It certainly was a lovely, happy afternoon, and, of course, once more—oh, for the thousandth time at least—they had to thank the fairy queen for suggesting it, and for the millionth time they felt how lucky they were to have such a fairy queen.”

THE FAIRIES PLAY IN THE SAND



Beautiful Castles Can
Be Built of Sand.

DADDY knew that he could not let much more time go by without a fairy story, so he thought he would tell one to Jack and Evelyn at once.

“I am going to tell you this evening the story of the fairies’ latest party, for they had one the other day,” said he.

“Goody!” cried Evelyn. “It is ages since you have told us about the fairies.”

“Well, I thought so, too,” laughed daddy. And then they all laughed, and daddy commenced his story.

“The fairies found just the nicest sort of a place where it was very, very sandy. They hadn’t had a party in the sand for so long that they were very much excited about it. The fairies adore being together and never, never

grow tired of playing with one another. That would be quite impossible.

“They all marched in file to the sandy place. They thought that would be a very amusing way to go, and they had a little band to head the procession.

“The crickets were taken along to furnish the music, and they were very proud of being called the band. Also they were very proud of being invited to go to the fairies’ party.

“And the fairies, marching behind the crickets, sang—

“ ‘Here we go to play in the sand,
Headed by a little band.’

“And, of course, the crickets sang and beat their wings together with greater vim than ever when they heard the fairies singing about their band.

“When they got to the sandy place they all commenced to play without a moment’s waiting.

“While they were playing the crickets kept up their music, for they had heard that big, real people liked music at all sorts of funny

times, such as when they ate and when they were at afternoon teas, so the crickets wanted to keep up with the times and do their best.

“But the game that they really had the most fun over was ‘Here we go round the mulberry bush.’

“They played that a great deal. They put a funny stick up on the top of a sand pile which they made, and then they would march around it in a ring. They fell down so often in the soft sand that it much amused the others. They laughed so hard over the funny way they fell that the crickets said :

“ ‘This is enough to keep us cheerful for the rest of our lives.’ ”

THE FAIRIES' TRIP TO THE SKIES



The Fairies Went
From Star to Star.

DADDY was in quite a hurry to begin his story, for he wanted to tell the children about the trip the fairies had taken the evening before.

“They did have such a fine trip, for the fairy queen arranged it all,” said daddy, “and she certainly knows just how to make everything a success.

“Early last evening she said to the fairies:

“‘We have an invitation to visit the stars tonight, and an airship is all ready for us.’

“You can imagine how delighted all the fairies were, but they had no time to talk it over beforehand, for they started at once.

“The airship was made of the loveliest silver cloud, and it was so soft and so comfortable.

“The invitation had come from one very bright little star that always came out just a

little ahead of all the others every night. The star had seen the fairies playing in the moonlight and starlight and wanted to tell them how nice it was to watch them play. And so the invitation came.

“When they reached the star the cloud disappeared, and they were right on the bright little creature looking down upon their playground.

“The star told them how much the moon and all the other stars enjoyed giving the brightness to the fairies’ evening parties and that they always felt as if they were having a party themselves just watching the good time the fairies were having.

“Then the little star said that they must visit all the other stars, for they all wanted to have the fairies come and see them.

“The fairies went from star to star along the Milky way and thought the way of traveling up in the sky was glorious.

“They loved all the beauty of it, too, and the stars were very proud that the fairies thought they were beautiful, for they in turn thought the fairies were the most exquisite of creatures.

“The fairies spent all the night going from star to star and seeing the life up in the sky.

“In fact, they stayed so long that it was time for the stars to go to sleep and the sun to come out.

“So the fairies said good-by to the sleepy little stars, and then a gorgeous red chariot came along and took them down to the earth again.

“And just as they reached the earth the red chariot slowly vanished back of a mountain, and in its place a great huge red sun came up.

“‘Well,’ said the queen of the fairies, ‘this has been a trip which we will never forget.’ And all the little fairies agreed with her.”

THE ROSE FESTIVAL OF THE FAIRIES



They Gathered the
Roses.

EVELYN had a great big bowl of roses in her room.

“Those roses are so fragrant and so beautiful,” said daddy. “It reminds me of the rose festival the fairies had the other day.

“The queen of the fairies told all the other fairies that they must gather all the roses they could and have them ready for a certain afternoon.

“So they did their best to gather all the roses they could. They got a lot of wild roses as well as quantities of garden ones.

“Every fairy had her roses in a basket made of straw and moss and held by pink ribbon.

“When the fairy queen saw so many lovely roses she cried out with delight:

“‘Oh, little fairies, you always do my heart

good. You have found some of the most beautiful roses I have ever seen, and I can't tell you how happy I am. And now we will begin our rose festival.'

"All the little fairies at this joined hands. The fairies took all the roses which they had twined into garlands and put them around their necks. Then they danced around and around, singing songs.

"After they had finished each fairy stood upon a little bed made of roses, each one a wee bit higher than the other, so that it made the fairies look like a lot of lovely rose fairies going up a rose stairway.

"At the very top of all the fairy queen stood, and then began the real part of the festival.

"She took all the roses that she had gathered and threw them down, making it look like a rose storm, and the fairies laughed as the roses fell on their necks and on top of their heads.

"Then they tried to throw some of their roses up to the fairy queen; but, of course, they would not go up in the air as easily as they had come down.

"After the rose storm was over the fairy queen said:

“ ‘I hear some children going home from a picnic, and one of them is saying that her mother is ill, and that is why she must hurry back. Let's drop all our roses and run, for now we have had our festival, and these roses will be such a treat to any one who is ill.’

“So the fairies hurried away. The children came by, and, oh, how they exclaimed when they saw so many wonderful roses!

“ ‘They will be lovely for your mother,’ said the children to the little girl whose mother was ill, and they gathered the roses up in their arms.

“ ‘I am sure the fairies must have been here,’ said the little girl.”

THE FAIRIES' SUNSET PARTY FOR THE BUTTERFLIES



The Butterflies Flew to
the Mossy Ground.

JACK and Evelyn reminded daddy that it had been just ever and ever so long since they had had a fairy story.

“They must have been doing lots of things that we haven’t heard about and having any number of parties on these lovely, warm summer nights, haven’t they, daddy?” asked Evelyn.

“Yes,” said daddy, “they had an especially nice party just the other night or, perhaps I should say, at sunset. Would you like to hear about it?”

“Now, daddy,” laughed Jack, “you know just how much we want to hear that story.”

Daddy began at once.

“The party was to be given just at sunset, as I have already told you, but its chief feature

was that it was given entirely for the butterflies.

“The fairies, as you know, love beautiful things and beautiful creatures. So they are the greatest admirers of the butterflies.

“They sent their invitations in a very unusual way. Hidden in the honeysuckles were little heart shaped buds which said:

“‘The fairies invite the butterflies to come to a sunset party just at sunset to-morrow.’

“The butterflies were pleased to receive their invitations. Of course they all got them very promptly, for the butterflies hurry to the honeysuckles just as many people hurry to the postoffice to get mail. You see, they were not disappointed, for an invitation to a party of the fairies is a great honor.

“The butterflies talked about the party all day long and bathed in the sun so their colors would look bright. They naturally wanted to look their best, for, after all, every child, every fairy, wants to look as well as possible for a party. The fairies also bathed in the crystal spring and basked in the sun.

“Just at sunset the butterflies flew to the mossy ground that had been arranged for the

party. They flew in order. First came a group of the yellow ones, which were supposed to look like the sun. Next came the bright colored ones, which represented the different colors of the sunset. Then came the ones which looked like the early evening, the pale blue ones, and lastly came the black ones to look like dark night.

“The fairies clapped their hands when they saw the butterflies arriving, for they thought it was just the loveliest idea of the butterflies to come in order and to make such a beautiful butterfly picture of the different hours of the day. It was a compliment to the fairies, who love the different hours of the day and had arranged a party because they wanted to show their appreciation of the beauty of the evening sunset.”

THE PRIZE FOR THE FAIRY QUEEN



Giving the Prize to
the Fairy Queen.

IT dawned on daddy that it was high time for him to tell the children a fairy story, but before he had had time to suggest it Evelyn said:

“Oh, daddy, do tell us a story about the fairies!

You haven't for just ever and ever so long.”

“No,” said daddy; “that is quite true. I was thinking that myself this evening and had planned to tell you one. Besides, I haven't told you about the swimming party they gave the other day.

“The chief feature of this party was the diving competition. For this competition the fairy queen offered a prize of a great big bunch of pond lilies.

“All the fairies entered the competition, of course, and they all were such excellent divers and able to make such wonderful leaps into

the water that the fairy queen could not make up her mind. Finally, though, she decided that perhaps little Lightfoot fairy had made almost the most wonderful dives. But then, just at that moment, Silver Wing made one of the most perfect dives the fairy queen had ever seen. And once more the fairy queen could not for the life of her decide who should win the prize.

“So she decided she would make a little speech. She called all the fairies over to the bank and began:

“‘Little fairies,’ said she, ‘I cannot begin to tell you how I have admired the diving of every one of you.’

“At this all the fairies looked so happy and so proud.

“‘But what has been puzzling me,’ continued the fairy queen, ‘has been to decide on the winner of the prize. So I have decided that every one of you will be given a pond lily instead of giving the whole bunch to one prize winner, for it would be quite impossible to do that.’

“Whereupon the fairy queen presented to each little fairy a beautiful big pond lily.

And, oh, how happy and proud they all were!

"Then they suggested that the fairy queen should show them some of the wonderful dives she could make.

"She was perfectly willing, for she loved to dive, and she always liked to help along the parties all she could. So she made all the different dives she knew, and the fairies clapped their hands and were absolutely delighted.

"But one little fairy seemed to be missing.

"'Where has little Golden Hair gone?' some one suddenly shouted.

"The fairy queen stopped diving, and the fairies were just arranging to look for her in various coves of the little lake when she came in view, swimming for all she was worth and carrying with her an enormous pond lily and breathlessly shouting:

"'Here is a prize for you, beautiful fairy queen.'"

THE FAIRIES GIVE A BIG SUMMER PICNIC



They Dropped a Star
Over Every Guest.

THE fairies had had the most marvelous picnic ever given in fairyland only a few days ago, and, you may be sure, daddy did not waste much time telling Jack and Evelyn about it.

“They had the best time that they ever had had in their lives, they afterward said,” began daddy, “and you know well how much that means, for they are in the habit of always enjoying themselves a great deal.

“In the first place, the picnic was a very large one. It was given in the big pine woods, and, oh, it was so deliciously cool there! It really was so cool that the fairies would run around and play games for all they were worth, so they could appreciate the cool breeze better.

“There were ever and ever so many guests at the picnic. The humming birds were invited with the butterflies, for the fairies wanted all the beautiful creatures they could have. The orioles were there and the blue-jays and the robins; also the little red lizards, for, you know, the fairies are very fond of the little lizards and think they are very cunning. Then the elves were asked and, of course, the brownies.

“It was one of the prettiest picnics you can imagine, for with so many lovely creatures playing and dancing under the big, dark pine trees, with just gleams of Mr. Sun peeping through to see the fun—well, it was one of the prettiest sights in the world.

“The fairies began their picnic by swinging, playing tag and hide and go seek before they sat down to their supper, so as to make them very, very hungry, you see.

“Every little creature was given just what was most appealing for his special appetite.

“The fairies, elves and brownies had moss ice cream, which is their favorite kind, with evergreen patties. The birds had little dishes of cool spring water to drink and, of course,

little worms to eat. The lizards were allowed to crawl around and pick up anything they chose. The butterflies and humming birds were given honey from the flowers, for the flowers were only too glad to help along.

“Everybody did have such a good time because everybody was thought of and nobody was forgotten about.

“But the most wonderful part of all was when the fairies entertained all their guests with a special dance which they had for the occasion. They dropped a star of silver over every guest, while they danced around in graceful and lovely manner.

“And all the guests picked up the little stars and applauded the fairies.”

WHY MR. SUN DROVE AWAY THE MUD

“**M**OST people cannot see anything very attractive about mud—although I do know a little boy, and a little girl, for that matter, who are pretty fond of mud puddles!” began daddy.

Jack and Evelyn laughed very heartily, for they knew perfectly well that daddy meant them!

“There had been so much mud,” continued daddy, from all the storms and all the rain that the big people were grumbling about it. They said it was horrid for driving, horrid for walking, horrid for riding in big automobiles, and very, very bad for beautiful shoes.

“The fairies heard all this when the big people didn’t know the fairies were listening. The fairies could not help laughing about the mud hurting the beautiful shoes of the big people. You see, the fairies can alight with

their wands and fly just over the mud if they like.

“‘We’ll have a mud palace,’ said one little fairy. ‘A real castle with court-yards, and secret passages, and a haunted room, and there will be beautiful court ladies and court gentlemen.’

“All of the fairies at once began to work. There was plenty of mud, and it molded into the castle so quickly and so easily. The court ladies and court gentlemen were made of mud too. Now, maybe you don’t think that sounds very like court ladies and court gentlemen—to be made of mud, but when the fairies do any work it is sure to be fine.

“These court ladies and court gentlemen were very grand and impressive looking. They wore crowns of pebbles which fitted around their mud heads so perfectly.

“Soon they looked as if they were made of something far lighter and gayer than mud. But that was Mr. Sun’s work. He came out to see what the fairies were up to, and he said to them:

“‘Dear me, little fairies, you’ll never give an old fellow like me a holiday. Here I was

going off to visit some of my friends. I didn't mind at all what the big people were saying about the rain and the mud. I knew the rain needed a trip to the earth. But what was more, I was looking forward to a good change. Now you come along and enjoy the mud just as much as you do the dry earth when I've been shining hard. It has just made me mad, so I've come out to stay for awhile. Besides, I've always got to be seeing what you are doing. Of all the ideas in the world, though, this is the funniest one! A mud palace! Ha! ha!

“ ‘Dear Mr. Sun, you mustn't be hurt because we love the rain and the mud that makes such a lovely castle for us. We love you too, but we love everything, you know, and are always happy.’

“Later in the day, the mud began to go away, and the sun heard people saying how nice it did seem to see the horrid old mud disappearing. Quietly to himself he said,

“ ‘Well, if it hadn't been for the fairies who are happy all the time I wouldn't have come out. So, again, big people, it's the little fairies you should really thank! ’ ”

THE LITTLE BUMBLE-BEE MAKES A MISTAKE

“**T**HE fairies had a fancy dress ball last night,” commenced daddy. “It was one of the most successful balls ever given in fairyland, so you can imagine what it must have been like, for they always have wonderful parties in fairyland at any time.

“They all went in most exquisite costumes—oh, quite the most beautiful costumes you ever saw or heard of. They all went as different flowers. One little fairy was dressed so she looked like a bright red nasturtium, another was dressed as a pink rambler rose, another as a yellow golden-glow, another as a pansy, another as a little forget-me-not, and all of them, in short, in lovely costumes like flowers.

“What did the fairy queen wear?” asked Evelyn.

“Yes, I must tell you about her costume, for

she was really gorgeous, and, oh, how proud all the little fairies were of her. She wore the costume of the American Beauty Rose, and her wand was one tall, tall rose, very full and big and splendid.

"They had dancing and games and all the elves, the brownies and many of the wood creatures had been invited. But one of the funniest things happened you can imagine. Some of the fairies had dressed themselves as honey-suckles. They kept together and danced together so they would look like a vine. Others had dressed as a vine of morning glories.

"Pretty soon a buzzing was heard. It was louder than the band of crickets they had engaged for the music; it was louder than the sounds that came from the laughter of the fairies."

"What could it have been?" asked Evelyn.

"Well, you see, nobody had thought of such a thing happening. The bumble-bees and the humming birds, who had all gone to sleep, had in their dreams imagined they saw lovely morning glories still awake and lovely honey-suckles all over the vines.

“One little bumble-bee went to his smaller brother and nudged him, saying,

“ ‘Oh, look over there, morning glories!’

“The other little bumble-bee was about to turn over and go to sleep, for he had scarcely so much as peeped to see, when he too suddenly noticed all the morning glories. They awoke all the bumble-bees far and near and made so much fuss and noise that they woke up the humming birds, who always notice what the bumble-bees are up to.

“Of course the humming-birds immediately spied the honeysuckles, and you should have seen them scamper.

“When the fairies realized what had happened they almost lost their balances in the dances, for they shook all over with laughter.

“As the bumble-bees and the humming birds got nearer they, too, saw that they had made a mistake, but the fairies at once called out,

“ ‘Come to the party and dance, too, and we will give you honey, for we are having it for supper. We couldn't give a ball and dress like flowers without having flower-honey for supper.’

“And this delighted them all.”



“AS THE BUMBLE-BEES GOT NEARER THEY, TOO, SAW THEY HAD MADE A MISTAKE”—Page 06

THE ORCHESTRA OF THE FAIRIES

“**T**HE fairies love music, don't they, daddy?” asked Evelyn one evening.

“Yes,” said daddy, “and that reminds me of the story I want to tell you about the fairies' orchestra.

“One lovely summer evening, many years ago, the queen of the fairies said to the little fairies,

“‘I just feel like hearing music.’

“‘We will give you music,’ said the little fairies. ‘Sit in your summer throne of golden-rods and ferns and wear your crown of mid-summer flowers. Then waft your fairy wand of gold and you shall hear us!’

“The face of the queen of the fairies beamed with pleasure at the thoughtfulness and sweetness of the little fairies, and she sighed with happiness that her wish was to be made real.

“‘We are coming, fairy queen,’ came from hundreds and hundreds of little voices.

“Then more wonderful still sounded the

melody that came from all the little fairy fiddlers. They played on their fiddles made of the sweet-smelling ferns and their bows were made from delicate twigs of bushes. Back of the fairy fiddlers were the drums."

"Who played the drums?" asked Jack, for they sounded very boy-like.

"You never could in a hundred years imagine who played the drums. The fairies invited the raindrops to play them! They fell down on the wood grounds very softly, very evenly, with great big drops, and just kept time with the fairy who was leading the orchestra with her little wand.

"But there were the flutes, too—they were played by the whip-poor-wills. The fairies love all the shy wood birds you see, and they love everything in nature like the little raindrops that make the earth so fresh and green and give the little birds cool drinks of water. And all these little birds of the woods helped in the chorus.

"It was the most beautiful concert and the fairy queen was radiant with happiness and delight. The little fairy who led the orchestra was named Fairy Ybab. It's a fairy,

wood-name, you see. She had long black hair and wore a crown of silver leaves. As she beat time with her silver wand she moved her little head from side to side and sang, too, with the rest of the chorus.

“The fairies played long and late into the night. They played dance music, songs of childhood and fairyland, and slumber songs for all the little boys and girls who were sleeping soundly.

“‘Ah,’ said the fairy queen, ‘how happy you’ve made me, little fairies. We shall have this lovely music often. You must all play and sing many, many times now; you little fairy fiddlers with your lovely melodies, you little raindrops that beat the drums when you fall to earth, and you whip-poor-wills with your flute-like voices.’

“‘But, fairy queen,’ said Ybab, ‘*you* suggested the orchestra and the concert, you wonderful fairy queen!’ ”

THE DREAMLAND TREE OF FAIRYLAND

EVELYN had been having so many interesting dreams lately. She would tell them to Jack from start to finish every morning, but she told them very hurriedly to daddy, as she didn't want to take away any of the time for daddy to tell his bedtime story. One evening, though, daddy said,

“I think the best story to tell, now that Evelyn is having so many lovely and interesting dreams, is the story of the dreamland tree.

“Years and years and years ago—oh, so many years back we'd get all mixed up if we tried to count them—there lived a lovely princess who was a fairy. Her name was Princess Dreamland, for she always had the most beautiful dreams, and stranger than that, all of the fairies would see and hear the same things that Princess Dreamland was hearing or seeing in her dreams.

“It was all magic, you see. Every evening

when the fairies were ready for a little nap, Princess Dreamland would say,

“ ‘Come, all of the fairies, under the dreamland tree.’

“They would all flock to a long piece of mossy ground under a low, spreading spruce tree, and there they would wait for the wonderful dreamland nap they were to have.

“Princess Dreamland would wave her magic wand, and then, suddenly, the tree would become a mass of silver. The tree was silver, the branches were of silver, and the roots were of silver. But at the same time all the delicious smell of the spruce would remain which the fairies call the wood people's perfume.

“And as they all sat under the silver tree, suddenly they would feel their wings droop and their heads go over ever so slightly and then they would know at the same time that they had fallen fast asleep and that they were soon to have a trip with the dreamland tree.

“Soon the tree's branches bent down so far that every twig of silver caught hold of the wings of a little fairy, and the Princess Dreamland they put on the very top of the tree.

“Then they would sail with the silver tree over the ocean, the woods, the fields; they would stop and call on the little stars; they would look at their own reflections in some brook over which Mr. Moon was shining brightly, and just before they got home the most wonderful thing of all always happened.

“Each fairy whispered to the dreamland tree the wish that was most wanted to come true. The little silver twigs heard the wishes and as they were leaving the fairies again under their branches—soon to turn back into the spruce tree—they saw that the wish of every fairy came true whenever the fairy wished it to.

“Usually Princess Dreamland wished that the very next night they could all have their dreamland tree with them again, and one of the other little fairies always wished that they would be sure to call on the stars—for one little bright star was one of her very best friends—and the star never dared come down to earth.

“So, you see, in fairyland too they know about the land of dreams.”

THE FAITHFUL LITTLE FAIRIES OF THE WELLS

EVELYN and Jack were going to spend the next day visiting some children who lived on a lovely, big farm. They were looking forward to it, and were talking of all the things they were going to see and do.

“You’ll get all the water you drink from pumps; oh, such good, cool water, too,” said daddy. “How well I remember as a boy I thought water was ever so much better that had to be pumped up.”

“Will there be a deep well we can look down into?” asked Evelyn.

“And with moss around the sides?” suggested Jack.

“And more than that, too,” said daddy, “the well fairies will be there. You may not see them, but sometimes, if you listen, you will be able to hear them chattering away down deep in the bottom of the well. It’s really and

truly, too, the fairies that fill the buckets that go down to the bottom of wells when any one wants water.

“Years and years ago, some of the fairies had been hearing about a long dry time the people had been having. It worried them very much, for they longed to help the people without letting them know they were helping.

“So the queen of the fairies sent for her special little band of workers and said to them,

“‘Some of the fairies would look after the water in the wells if only the people would dig their wells deeper in the first place, so the fairies could do their work without being seen. You all scatter the news in different parts of the country, by whispering it in the ears of the people who own the wells, or who are going to dig wells. Whisper it when it is quite dark, when they can't see you possibly, and when they will simply think they hear the wind blowing. They will scarcely realize at first that you have suggested such a thing, but watch, and see. They will take the hint later on, for they are wise, these real people.’

“The queen's special band of fairy workers set out on their mission, and soon, very soon,

the fairies noticed that all the wells were being made way, way, way down into the ground.

“‘Now, it's up to us,’ said the fairies, ‘to do our parts.’

“Quite a lot of the fairies said they would love to live down at the bottom of wells, where it was always cool, where the moss grew, and where they could give people delicious, cool water to drink. Off they went down to the bottom of the wells to live—whole families of them went.

“They saw that the buckets were always sent from the bottom of the well filled with delicious, cool water. And the people were so thankful that they had made new wells.

“But when you are getting your water from the pump to-morrow, you will know that the fairies at the bottom of the well are filling it with the water which they never let disappear, for they know how to make the rocks and earth give it forth to the people.”

THE DEW-DROPS HAVE A BREAKFAST PARTY

“**W**E got up very fine and early this morning,” said Jack.

“Too sleepy for a story to-night?” suggested daddy with a smile.

“No, indeed, daddy, you know we’re not too tired or sleepy. You are laughing yourself!” said Evelyn.

“Maybe then it would be a good time to tell you about some other little creatures who get up early. Very early, too, just as the sun has risen and the dew-drops are over the flowers, the shrubs, the bushes, the grass.”

“The fairies!” shouted Evelyn.

“Yes, the fairies, and they were given a breakfast by the dew-drops. When the invitation came the fairies were so joyful and happy.

“‘Ah, it’s an honor,’ said the fairy queen, ‘to be invited to breakfast by the dew-drops. They know we love the dawn and the early

morning when everything is so fresh and lovely looking. We are lucky to have such an invitation.'

"The invitation was for the next day and just at dawn all the fairies arrived. They wanted to be ahead of all the dew-drops, for they had a surprise for them, too! When the dew-drops arrived, soon after old Mr. Sun had made his appearance, all of the fairies jumped up from their hiding places and began a lovely fairy dance in and out of the dew-drops' little thrones on the grasses. The dew-drops were delighted and sparkled with glee. They almost looked like diamonds, so bright and sparkling were they.

"'Now, it is time for breakfast,' said the dew-drops, 'and we know you must be ready.'

"At that moment lots and lots of little elves and brownies came along, marching very straight, and carrying big trays with delicious goodies on them. The trays were made of moss and around the edges were wild roses.

"They had wild raspberries on saucers of little hollow-shaped stones. Then they had oatmeal porridge which was made of sweet grass, and then they had little red, wild ber-

ries which take the place in fairyland of the eggs you children have each morning. The dew-drops gave them some of their much-prized dew-water to drink, and the fairies were highly honored at that.

“The brownies and elves sat down with the fairies and ate some fairy breakfast, too, for they had worked very hard helping the dew-drops. The dew-drops, you see, can't stay up very long and they wanted to be around when all the fun was happening, so the brownies and elves said they would do all the work. You know they are fine little workers, too.

“Pretty soon the dew-drops began to grow fainter and fainter until the fairies could scarcely see them. But they just heard them whisper as they were going away from their places on the blades of grass, the bushes and the flowers,

“‘Come again, fairies, and make us a party call! The sun is too hot for us now, but tomorrow morning—bright and early!’

“‘We'll be there, little dew-drops,’ shouted the fairies.”

HOW THE SUN WON THE SNOW BATTLE

IT had been a glorious winter day with snow on the ground and good, clear, cold air. Of course Evelyn and Jack had been having a wonderful time, but as soon as daddy came in Evelyn asked suddenly,

“Don’t the fairies ever mind the cold, daddy?”

“No, indeed,” answered daddy. “They don’t mind it one scrap more than you and Jack did this afternoon.”

“Then they love it,” said Jack.

“Of course they do! They had a snow-ball battle this very afternoon.

“It was one of the most wonderful battles, too, for you know every fairy wanted to be on the same side. Of course, the fairy queen said that it wouldn’t be a battle if they didn’t take sides. The fairies for one very short moment were just a little sad. But then the fairy queen explained it all to them. That was just

part of the game. They would call it a snow-game instead of a snow-battle and she would choose the sides.

“They were all quite happy again and the game commenced. Each side had a beautiful snow fort and the fairy queen sat at one side, between the forts, on a snow throne with a high snow crown for her head.

“The snow was light and the snow-balls were like fluff. They fell as they struck. Sometimes they struck the fairy they were aimed for, or they fell to the ground. For the fairies were laughing so they couldn't bother to see about aiming.

“They had been throwing the snow-balls for some time, when suddenly the fairy queen called out,

“ ‘Oh, fairies, look!’

“There was the winter sun where they looked. The winter sun all red and glowing. He felt the warmth of feeling fine and strong, and he was beautiful because he was so warm and red and strong looking.

“ ‘Who won the snow-battle?’ he called. ‘Tell me quickly, for it's high time to go to bed. You see, I get sleepy these winter days.

I shine so hard all day trying to keep all the fairies and all the little boys and girls warm at their play that I am ready for bed long before I am in the summer. *Then*, you see, no one cares so much about my warm rays and I don't get tired at all. In the winter I have real, real work to do. That's why I am so red and bright. I just have to be the brightest color there is, as I am so happy that I can keep all the fairies and the little boys and girls warm when they play. A day like this makes me sleepy, though. I have worked so hard.'

"And Mr. Sun almost sank down in weariness behind his hill-bed.

" 'Tell me who won?' he called out.

" 'You won, Mr. Sun,' they called to him as he was getting farther and farther behind the hill towards his long, nightly rest. 'You won, for you made both sides so warm and strong that neither side could win.'

"Some after-glow of red colors over the snow told the fairies that Mr. Sun had heard, and as he went to sleep he said softly to himself,

" 'I'll be there to-morrow. I love fairies and little boys and girls.' "

LITTLE PRINCESS TWILIGHT- BELL'S PARTY

“IT was the loveliest evening you can imagine,” commenced daddy, as he saw Jack and Evelyn were waiting for their story; “it was not quite dark and there were the twilight shadows—so much more beautiful than any others—everywhere.

“Little Princess Twilight-Bell was singing softly to herself as she danced among the shadows. Little Princess Twilight-Bell was named just after the hour when she was singing to herself. It was her favorite hour of the day, and her voice was clear and lovely as a bell, so it was the very best name in the world for her.

“‘Ah,’ she sang, ‘beautiful shadows, come, with me play, you make me happy, you make me gay.’

“‘Dear me,’ said Fairy Frolic, ‘there is Princess Twilight-Bell making up rimes; something must be going to happen! What is

it going to be, Twilight-Bell, a dance or races with the shadows?’

“‘Oh, Fairy Frolic, you are just the one. You get lots of the other fairies together and we will all have races with the shadows. You always know when I make up rimes that I am ready for fun, fun, wonderful fun.’

“At that Twilight-Bell danced and jumped with the shadows some more, while Fairy Frolic went off to call the other fairies for the races. She went to the big trees and to the little trees, to the beds of moss where many of them were resting and sleeping and dreaming. She went to the brooks and to the streams, all the time calling,

“‘Hurry, hurry, the twilight shadows are waiting for us.’

“Oh, so many of the fairies flew to the place where Fairy Frolic led them, where they saw little Princess Twilight-Bell dancing with the shadows which were between the great pines of the Old Woods.

“They danced first of all while little Princess Twilight-Bell sang for them. Nearby, I am told, the people who live in houses were heard to have said,

“‘Oh, how lovely are the wood sounds to-night. The trees are singing and whispering.’

“But we know about the fairies’ voices, you see.

“After they had danced a little while, the races began. Such glorious races as they were. The shadows scampered about and tried to win, the fairies raced and jumped and tried, too, to win.

“As you’ll never guess who won, I’ll tell you. The laughing old man in the moon, who came up over the tall pine trees. He laughed and he chuckled and he said,

“‘Another evening; little fairies, now I will give you bright light for the moss ice-cream the fairy queen always has for you to see—and to eat,’ he added with a great, broad grin.

“So the shadows left. The twilight had gone and night had come on. But little Princess Twilight-Bell had had her wished-for party and was very, very happy.”

HOW THE FAIRIES MADE IT COOLER

“**H**ARRY had been playing so hard all day,” commenced daddy, “that he was actually and really ready for bedtime to come.

“Every one that day had felt the heat and probably all the other little boys had felt just as Harry had. But not until the time to leave the playground did the game end.

“So, in the smallest little minute you ever knew, he went sound, sound asleep. But in his sleep he was just as hot as ever, and he could still not stop playing from pride. The game was never-ending, it seemed to him, until suddenly one of his playmates saw a beautiful fairy, dressed in cool silver and green, carrying a wand of green with silver stars, and on her head was a crown made of green with silver stars too.

“‘Little boys,’ said the fairy, ‘you are all so hot and so tired, and not one of you will dare admit it, but I will see that you all get fine and

cool. We are planning to take a trip to-day and we want all you little boys to come too.'

"They all just scampered along after the beautiful fairy, and she led them down to the little creek behind the playground.

"There they found lots and lots of other beautiful fairies, all wearing their coolest gowns of green and silver.

"All the little fairies cried out to the small boys and said, 'Welcome,' in chorus.

"And the little boys cried back, 'Welcome many times, lovely fairies, we are beginning to get cool now, and we were so hot.'

"'Our trip must start,' said the little fairy who had gone for the small boys in the first place, and at once they all saw lovely sail-boats appearing. They were quite different, though, from any other sail-boats any of the boys had ever seen.

"They all climbed in the boats, and suddenly they went down under the water, and way out beyond the creek into the river, and from there into the sea. They went in these sail boats way under the water until they reached the bottom of the sea.

"The strange thing about it was that it

seemed so natural to be under the sea, and it was just as easy to breathe as up on land. Finally, after they had been going along for a very long way, the fairy who was leading the party said,

“ ‘Here we stop.’ ”

“The small boys saw spread before them on the bottom of the sea, long tables of soft, green sea weed with delicious and strange looking dishes of food. The dishes were very beautiful shells of all sorts and the food—well, it was the most marvelous any of the boys had ever had.

“The crabs and the turtles waited on the table and all the other little fishes who lived in that part of the bottom of the sea joined in the merry making.

“Harry was just about to get up to make a speech of thanks, when at that moment his mother called him, and as Harry sleepily awoke he knew it was all a dream—but for one thing—it was cooler, and it must have been the fairies who saw to that.”

THE LITTLE GLOVES THE FAIRIES WEAR

EVELYN had suggested that foxgloves would look extremely pretty in her garden. Jack had somewhat objected, for, said he,

“They look best in the woods, but we will let you decide for us, daddy.”

“Foxgloves would be beautiful anywhere,” began daddy. “In that I agree with Evelyn, but I do agree with Jack, that they are lovelier in the woods. You know that foxgloves are the fairies’ flowers—or rather they are the fairies’ gloves.”

Evelyn smiled with real pleasure, for whether they were to have foxgloves or not in the garden mattered not at all, now that daddy was going to tell a fairy story.

“Years and years ago,” said daddy, “there was a most wonderful big reception given in fairyland. You know a reception is like a big tea-party such as mother and all the

grown-up ladies go to so often. Well, they have these in fairyland, too.

“The day of the reception, which, by the way, was being given by King Toadstool the Red, and Queen Toadstool the Yellow, at last arrived. The red toadstools you see in the woods belong to the royal family of toadstools, and very fine they are, too. The yellow ones are the Queen’s favorite color, so all her ladies in waiting are the smaller yellow toadstools you see—the bright, bright yellow ones.

“Well, on this fine day, when they were all getting ready for the reception, one of the fairies said,

“ ‘Oh, where are our gloves?’

“The queen of the fairies never has a moment to think for the answer. As quickly as you can jump up when you find your foot has gone to sleep, she replied,

“ ‘The folks’ gloves of course are always for us to use. And you are quite right, little fairy, at this reception we must all wear gloves.’

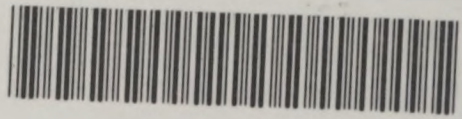
“These folks’ gloves are what you know now as foxgloves. They were called the gloves of the ‘little folks’ or ‘fairies.’

“The fairies wore the lovely wood gloves to the reception and looked very fine indeed. They liked them so much that they wore them afterwards for lots of their parties, and there were just ever and ever so many of them which had to grow as quickly as possible for the fairies—for there must always be plenty of everything for fairies.

“One day some little boys and girls picked the foxgloves or fairies’ gloves and planted them in their gardens. The foxgloves grew very strong and fine in the gardens of sunshine and good care, but they lost their lovely graceful looks, their fairy looks, for they said they would be loyal to the fairies and in the gardens they would just look strong, but not nearly so pretty, as their right homes were in the woods! And it is there that they are happiest, for their greatest delight is being used by the lovely fairies.”

“Oh,” said Evelyn, “daddy has explained now. We’ll have other flowers in the garden, for the fairies might not have enough gloves at the next party to go around if we picked a lot!”

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