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NS · CHRISTIAN

of ELSINORE

by EVA · M · KRISTOFFERSEN



PICTURES BY

- Hedvig Collin -





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W. V. Collins

Hans Christian of Elsinore

by Eva M. Kristoffersen



Pictures by

Hedvig Collin

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HELSINGØR

For one Kit, two Kays
and
three little Seymours

LITHOGRAPHED IN THE U. S. A.

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Hedvig Collin



Hans Christian woke up because he had to sneeze



HANS CHRISTIAN AND HIS FAMILY

HA-PSEE! Ha-psee! Ha-psee!”

Hans Christian woke up because he had to sneeze and because he had to sneeze again. Lusty, tumbling sneezes they were, for they belonged to a lusty, tumbling lad. His name was Hans Christian Clausen. His father and mother were Mr. and Mrs. Clausen. And they lived in the old, old town of Elsinore in the old, old Viking country of Denmark.

“Ha-psee! Ha-psee! Ha-psee!”

Something tickled in Hans Christian’s nose. He sniffed and he yawned and he sniffed again.

“Mother,” he called, “what are you doing? Are you baking by any chance?”

In peeped Mother through the door and with her came a marvelous whiff of fresh baked bread and morning coffee.

“Good morning, dear.” Her voice sounded bright and clear.

“Do you know it’s only six o’clock? Your father is not up yet.”

Hans Christian looked at his mother. “Your face is pink, Mother, and your eyes are dancing. But what I wanted to ask you is—may I have a slice of bread the minute I’m up, please?”

“I will see what I can do about it.” The door closed and Hans Christian heard his mother hum a tune in the adjoining kitchen. No, he could not stay in bed another second. One, two, three—out!

“Splash-sh-sh-sh.” Cold water Hans Christian poured from the blue pitcher into the blue basin.

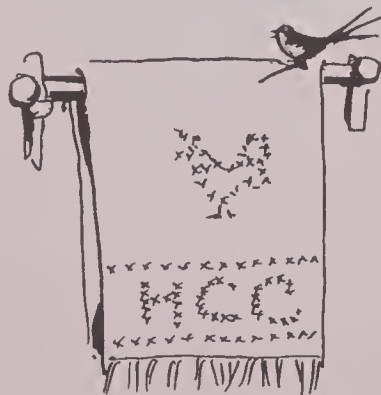
“Dip-p-p-p.” Into the water he dipped his chubby hands.

“Flop-p-p-p.” Into the water he flopped his rosy face. He soaped it and he scrubbed it, especially behind the ears.

Now for the snow-white towel, with Hans Christian’s initials of blue cross stitch.

A little dab-dab here, and a little dab-dab there. What was left, the warm summer air would dry up gladly.

Now into the shirt, and now into the short patched pants. The short patched pants were buttoned to suspenders. And



the suspenders were to be pulled over Hans Christian's shoulders.

"Pop!" A little trouser button popped off and rolled under the blue closet right under the place where a cluster of red roses was painted on the door.

"Ugh!" sighed Hans Christian and crawled after the little trouser button. He could not find it. So he fastened two straps of the suspenders with one remaining trouser button.

Then he put on his sandals and stepped into the kitchen.

"A slice of brown rye bread for you, and a crispy-crunchy roll for you," said Mrs. Clausen, "and a glass of milk."

Hans Christian sat down on the scoured bench beside the scoured table.

"And a slice of brown rye bread for me, and a crispy-crunchy roll for me," said Mrs. Clausen, "and a cup of coffee."

"Is this jam or is it jelly?" asked Hans Christian.

"It's jam and it's jelly." Mrs. Clausen laughed, "it's both."

"Hm-m-m," munched Hans Christian.

"Is this butter or is it something else?" he asked.

"It's Danish butter." Mrs. Clausen laughed again. "The best butter in the world it is, and you know it!"

"Hm-m-m," munched Hans Christian, "may I—mm-m—have another—mm—roll, please?"

"Not now. Wait until your father comes for breakfast. This was a special treat for you and me."



A treat for himself and his mother! Hans Christian straightened up. He felt as proud as a peacock. A special treat!

“Anything I can do for you, Mother?”

“Oh!” said Mrs. Clausen. Her eyes wandered about the kitchen. And then they did not wander any more.

“What are you looking at?” asked Hans Christian.

“I see a row of boots—big boots, little boots, tiny boots and—I will shine them,” finished Hans Christian and he took the biggest he could see.

“Oh, what enormous feet has Father!” he exclaimed. His left hand and half of his right arm disappeared into the long black cave.

“Swish-swash,” and soon the polishing brush was whirring through the air.

“Swish-swash-wishy-washy,” it landed on the leather.

Hans Christian began to sing “A B C D E F G — H I J K L M N O P — Q Q R R S S T — U V W X Y Z. Now I know my A B C!”

“So you know your A B C,” a deep voice called and in marched Mr. Clausen.

“Good morning, Father,” said Hans Christian, “your feet are enormous, I think.”

“Ha, ha, ha,” chuckled Mr. Clausen, “haven’t you known of it before today?”

“Rice porridge with sugar and cinnamon is on the table,” announced Mrs. Clausen.

“I’m hungry again,” cried Hans Christian.

“Me too,” his mother’s high voice rippled.



“And me too,” his father’s low voice rumbled.

When breakfast was over, Hans Christian said, “Thanks for the meal.”

“Thanks for the meal,” said his mother.

“Thanks for the meal,” said his father.

“May you enjoy it,” they all answered at once.

Mr. Clausen went into the parlor. He sank into the easy chair by the window. Then he unfolded the Copenhagen morning paper and began to read.

“Which pipe may I bring you?” asked Hans Christian. “The porcelain one?”

“Well-l-l.” It was a ticklish thing for Mr. Clausen to decide. “Of course it isn’t Sunday and I must be off in another hour. Still—bring me my holiday pipe!”

In a minute Hans Christian returned with the silver-mounted meerschaum pipe. Mr. Clausen drew his tobacco pouch from his trousers pocket. He stuffed the bowl of the silver-mounted meerschaum pipe full of tobacco. The bowl was much bigger than Hans Christian’s chubby fist. It was almost as big as his father’s fist. The stem of the silver-mounted meerschaum pipe was very, very long.

“Puff—puff—puff,” the smoke rose from the ancient pipe.

“Puff—puff—puff,” it filled the air with blue and grey tobacco clouds.

Hans Christian sat on the low, round hassock. He cupped his face in his hands. He watched the curly clouds of smoke.



“Father,” he asked, “when I am big enough may I smoke a meerschaum pipe like this one, or, maybe a porcelain pipe like your other one?”

“Meerschaum or porcelain, my boy, it’s all the same,” replied his father, “smoke either one—or both—when you are as old as I am.”

“It is a long time to wait,” pondered Hans Christian.

“There! Who’s coming?” Mr. Clausen called suddenly. “Your friend Nils Andersen.”

“Oh-h,” cried Hans Christian. He climbed on his father’s knee and looked into the two mirrors that were fastened outside the window. The mirrors were set at an angle so that the

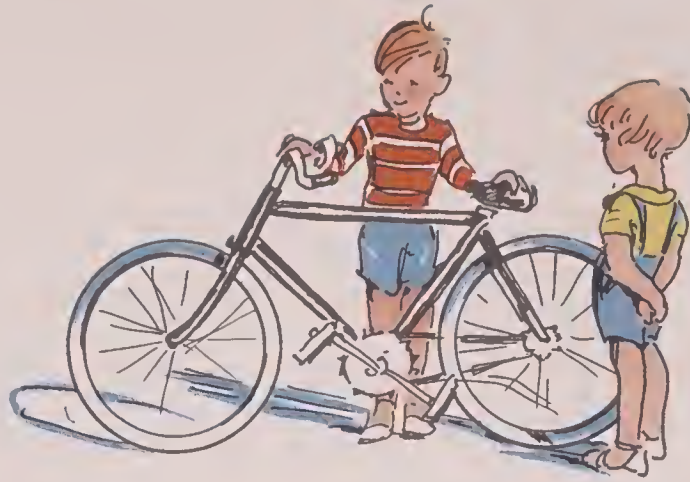
Clausens could watch who was coming almost a block away.

“He’s bicycling.” Hans Christian was in a hurry now. He jumped down from his father’s knee. “Farewell, Father.”

“Farewell, Hans Christian.”

The great-great-great-grandfather clock in the hall struck half past eight. It was the sign for Mr. Clausen to take his bicycle from the shed. Every morning Mr. Clausen rode on his bicycle to the old, old Kronborg Castle, in the old, old town of Elsinore. For Mr. Clausen was a gardener in the Kronborg Castle Park.





THE LITTLE WHITE GOAT

PING—PING,” rang the shiny new bell on Nils Andersen’s shiny new bicycle. Hans Christian ran out to meet his friend.

“Morning, Nils. Want to put your new bike into the shed?”

“Eh no,” laughed Nils, “I will park it in the back yard.”

“But Mette is out,” cried Hans Christian, “wait until I go ahead and tie her.”

Mette was Hans Christian’s little white goat. She knew how to give milk and Hans Christian knew how to milk her.

“Ba-a-a,” called Mette and ran with lowered head at the boys.

“Hey, hey, hey,” shouted Hans Christian, “take care of your horns, young lady.”

“Ba-a-a,” called Mette as if to say, “it’s only in fun, only in fun.”

Hans Christian tied Mette to a post outside the fence.

“Strup, strup, strup! Munch, munch, munch!” Mette was

very busy. She was pulling and munching juicy green grass.

“Eh, Hans Christian, I have another flute,” called Nils.

“Ohhhh! What kind?” Hans Christian clapped his hands.
“Did you make it yourself?”

“No. Father did. He made two, one of elderberry stem and one of willow. They each have six notches and can play everything, you know.”

Nils was one summer and two winters older than Hans Christian. He lived on a nearby farm with his mother and father and with his two small sisters, Inga and Dagny. Whenever Nils was not busy, he made whistles and flutes from the stems of willows or elderberries. Whenever Nils’ father was not busy, he, too, made whistles and flutes from the stems of willows or elderberries.

Nils put his hand behind his back. “Which one will you have, left or right?”

“Right!” Hans Christian had drawn the willow flute.

“It’s yours for keeps,” said Nils, “I keep the other one.”

“Ohh, thank you, Nils, thank you!” Hans Christian was very excited.

“Too-oot—too-oo-toot,” up the scale he blew his new willow flute. Then, “Too-oot—too-oo-toot,” down the scale he blew his new willow flute.

“It sounds fine,” approved Nils.

“It’s easy,” said Hans Christian. “But I wish that I could make a flute myself.”

“Why don’t you?”



“I can’t, ’cause my knife is dull.”

“Ha-ha-ha,” grinned Nils.

“Too-oot—too-oot,” blew Hans Christian.

“Ba-a-a,” interrupted Mette.

“Oh,” cried Hans Christian, “it’s time for the milking, and I almost forgot.” Quickly he ran into the shed and came back with a shiny white pail and a low stool.

Nils untied the little white goat. “I wonder how Mette will behave if she is being made music to! Let’s play her a piece,” he proposed eagerly. “What shall I play her?”

“Play—play *Silent Night*. Mette does not know it isn’t Christmas. I almost wish it were—”

“Why?” Nils looked surprised.

“It’s because I am hungry again,” sighed Hans Christian. “If it were Christmas, we’d have roast goose with apple and prune stuffing for dinner and doughnuts and gingerbread men—”

“And apple cake and cranberries and nuts and rice pudding with an almond hidden in it,” finished Nils. By this time he, too, was wishing it were Christmas.

“Ba-a-a.” Mette grew impatient. “Are you going to milk me, or are you not?” She brushed her hard tongue over Hans Christian’s hand.

“Too-too-too-too-oo — *Si-lent Night*,” Nils began playing his flute.

“Swish, swish, swish, swish,” Mette’s milk swished into the shiny white pail.

“Too-too-too-too-oo — *Ho-ly Night*,” Nils continued playing his flute.

Mette listened and listened. Swish, swish, swish, swish. More and more and more milk swished into the shiny pail.

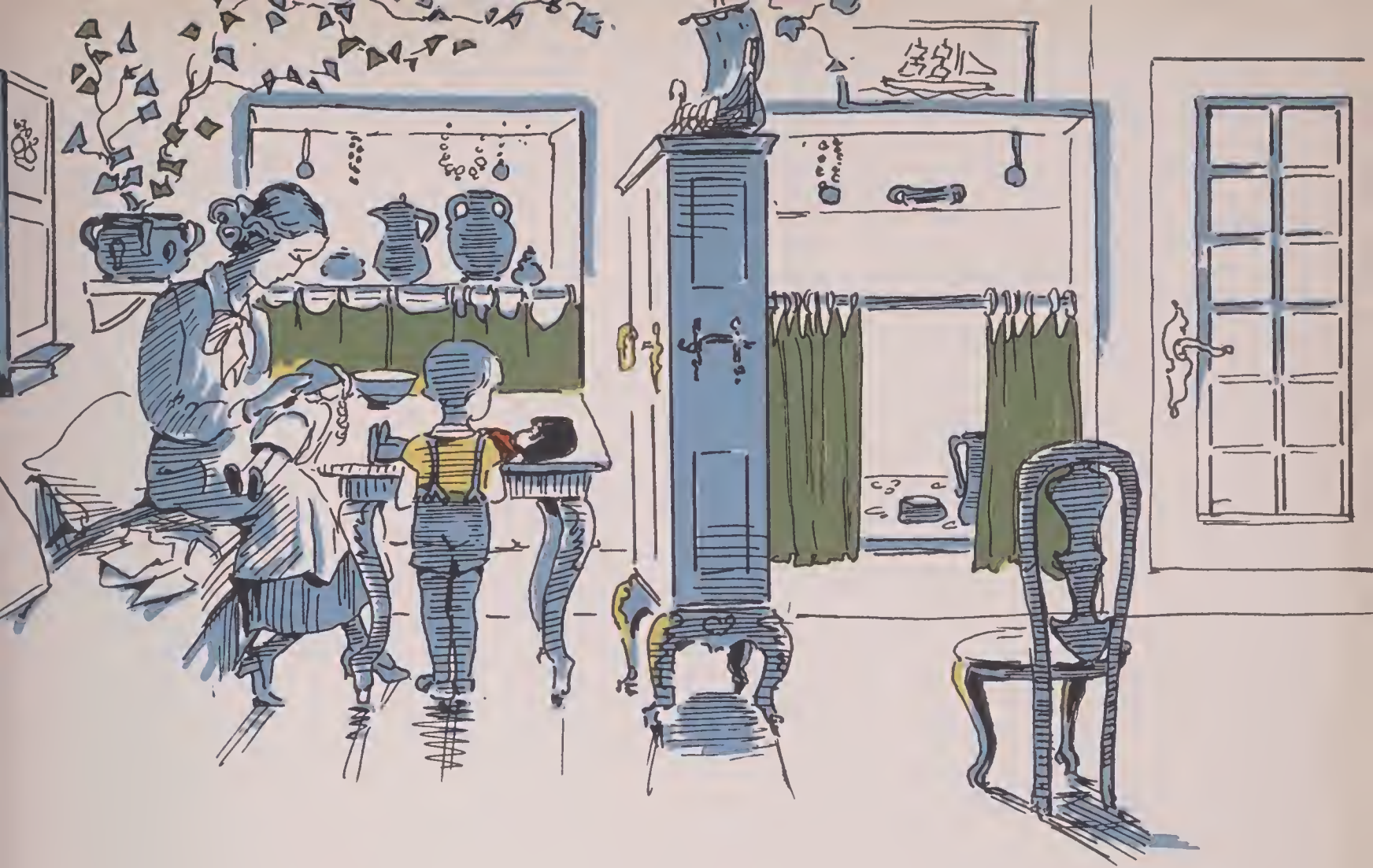
Hans Christian’s eyes grew as large as saucers. Where in the world did all the milk come from?

Swish, swish, swish, swish. More and more and more milk swished into the shiny pail. And then it did not swish any more.

Mette stopped giving her milk. Nils stopped playing his flute, and Hans Christian stopped milking his goat.

Into the house he carried the pail. “So-o much milk we have,” he shouted, “oh, so much milk! Mette is a musical goat. She cannot play, herself, but she just loves to listen.”





HANS CHRISTIAN HAS A SECRET

USUALLY Ella and Henry stood behind a large square window. They stood there day and night. The large square window belonged to a little Art Shop, and the little Art Shop belonged to Hans Christian's mother.

Right now Ella and Henry were not standing behind anything. They both were lying on a long table in the shop. Ella was undressed but Henry was not. The two looked very, very stiff, for they were dolls.

"Hans Chris-ti-an!" called Mrs. Clausen into the living room,
"Hans Chris-ti-an!"

Skippety-skip, and Hans Christian was there. “Yes, Mother?”

“Bring me a wrung-out cloth and a towel, will you, please? We’ll have to wash Ella.”

“May I bring two cloths and wash Henry?” asked Hans Christian.

“All right. He may need it as badly as Ella.”

Skippety-skip, and Hans Christian was there again.

“Mother,” he said, “I do not like Ella half as much as Henry.”

“What’s wrong with Ella now?” Mrs. Clausen put a wide black skirt with a green border on the doll, for she was to be dressed in a Danish national costume.

“Ella is only a peasant girl,” Hans Christian said, “but Henry is a King’s Guard! He has a uniform on, and he wears a fine tall fur hat. He looks wonderful.”

“That’s the way your famous Uncle Henry looked when he became a Guard. He, too, wore a uniform and a fine tall fur hat.”

“Oh-h!” cried Hans Christian, “Henry’s eyes are black, and his nose is too! My cloth is black from washing him!”

“Good gracious,” laughed Mrs. Clausen, “he did need a scrubbing. Perhaps his uniform needs a brushing. But be careful, or you’ll brush the buttons off his coat.”

“Mother, why do you call my Uncle Henry — famous Uncle Henry?”

“He was a very brave man, your famous Uncle Henry.”

“Where is he now?”

“He is not living now, bless his soul,” explained Mrs. Clausen. “He died rescuing a family from a burning house.”

“Is that what he is famous for?”

“Yes, indeed.” Mrs. Clausen knotted a kerchief of gay cotton print above Ella’s yellow braids.

“What else was Uncle Henry famous for, Mother?” Hans Christian polished and polished the silver buttons of Henry’s blue coat.

“He was famous because he was an inch taller than the tallest Guard. And he was famous because he was a wizard at making music. He played the flute in the band of the King’s Guard. And could he blow a trumpet! And could he beat a drum!

Mrs. Clausen’s eyes twinkled. “He was the merriest flutist ever, your famous Uncle Henry!”

Hans Christian’s eyes did not twinkle, for he was thinking hard—“He was the merriest flutist ever, my famous Uncle Henry.” And then he spilled his hard thoughts all at once: “But, Mother, did my famous Uncle Henry look exactly like this Henry here? Did his coat have silver buttons, and did he wear white shoulder belts and an enoorrrr-mous fur hat on his head?”

To Hans Christian’s delight his mother nodded yes. “Your famous Uncle Henry looked exactly like this Henry here. His coat had silver buttons, and he wore white shoulder belts and an enormous fur hat on his head.”



“Oh-h-h!” cried Hans Christian and his eyes were dancing, “oh-h-h! I know a secret, but I won’t tell!”

“So you know a secret,” laughed Mrs. Clausen. Lightly she tied a scarf around Ella’s shoulders. “And now the little peasant girl looks spic and span—”

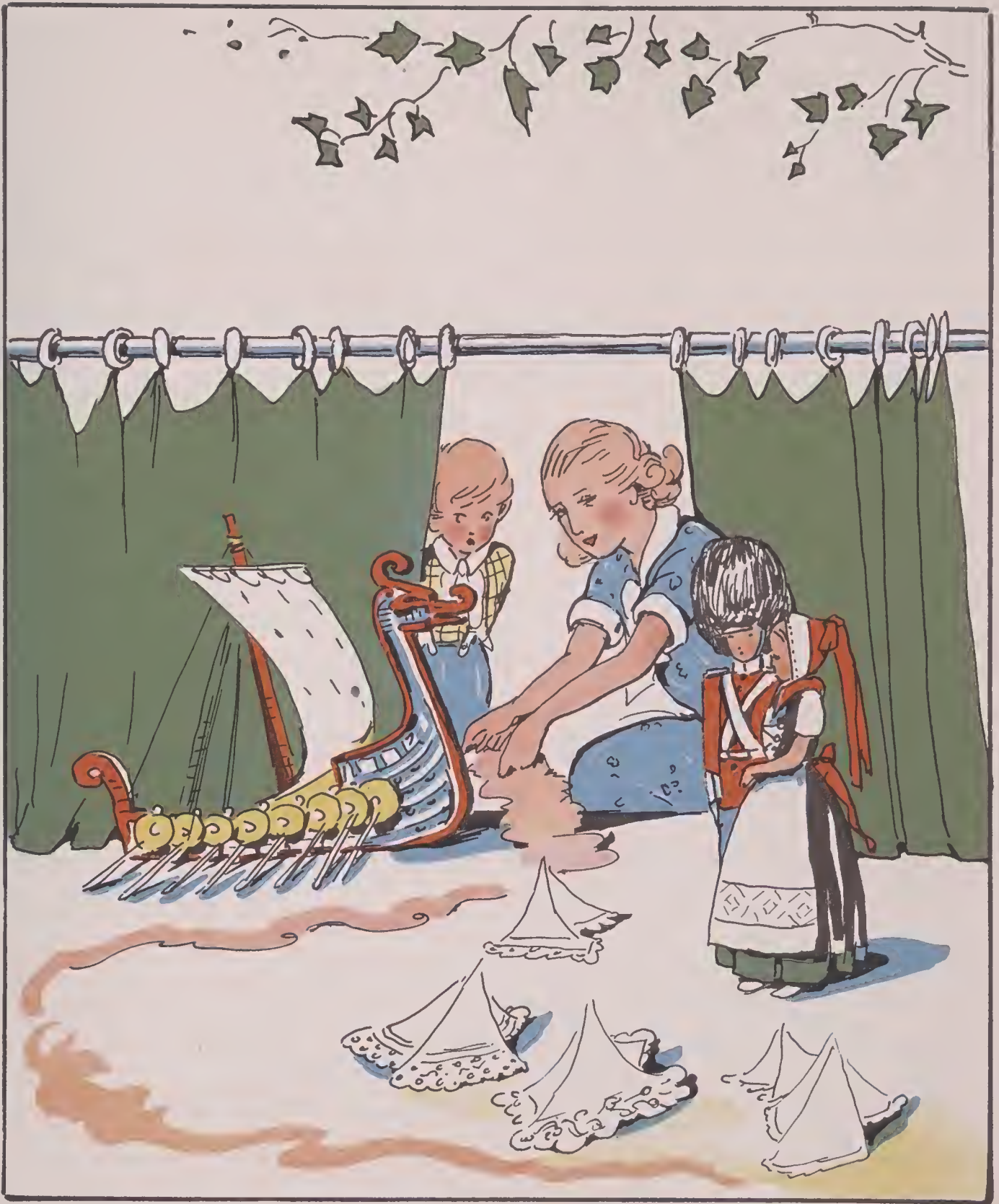
“And now she may go back into the window,” added Hans Christian.

“With Henry,” finished Mrs. Clausen. “How shall we place them in the window, standing up or sitting down?”

“Standing up.” Hans Christian had no doubt. “The creases go out of Henry’s trousers if he has to sit for weeks and weeks.”

“I never thought of that,” said Mrs. Clausen. “You are right. But what about Ella?”

“Ella must stand too,” decided Hans Christian. And then



“And we could spread yellow cotton for Ella and Henry”

he had a very bright idea. "Please, please put the little Viking ship into the window! Ella and Henry could be ashore and watch the ship come in from the sea!"

"Splendid!" cried Mrs. Clausen. "Let us spread silver tinsel under the ship for water."

"And we could spread yellow cotton for Ella and Henry, so as to make a beach," shouted Hans Christian, and clapped his hands.

So Mrs. Clausen rushed about, and Hans Christian rushed about.

"Here is the silver tinsel," said Mrs. Clausen. She strewed it in the one corner of her shop window.

"Here is the little Viking ship," said Hans Christian. He set it on the silver-tinsel sea.

"And here is the yellow cotton." Mrs. Clausen covered the floor with it in the other corner of her shop window.

"Come, Ella," mumbled Hans Christian and carefully tucked her under his left arm.

"Come, Henry," he whispered and carefully tucked him under his right arm.

"Here are Ella and Henry," he said to his mother.

So Mrs. Clausen took Ella and stood her on the yellow cotton beach. Then she took Henry and stood him on the yellow cotton beach. Lacy doilies and handkerchiefs bordered the beach on one side. They were the sandy dunes, no doubt.

"And now I am going out on the street," shouted Hans

Christian excitedly, “and see how the whole thing looks from there!”

Ella and Henry stood close together on the yellow beach. Their blue eyes in their rosy faces were turned toward the ship out on the silver sea.

Hans Christian pressed his nose against the window. “Henry,” he said, “it is a secret, but I’ll tell you. I want to become famous like my famous Uncle Henry. I want to be a flutist in the King’s Guard!”





MARKET DAY

I AM going to buy a pail of honey," Hans Christian told Nils the following Saturday. "What are you going to buy?"

"Mother wants fish for dinner, herring or flounder or something," answered Nils.

It was market day, and the two boys were on their way to buy honey and fish for their mothers. The market was held at the foot of the town, and the foot of the town was by the water of the Sound.

The boys turned into a cobbled side street. Men were

sweeping the cobbles clean. The street sweepers wore black clothes. Each of them carried a huge broom and an enormous watering can. Some of the street sweepers rested their chins on their broomstick. Out into the air they gazed.

“They tarry,” whispered Nils.

Hans Christian nodded solemnly, and pulled Nils into another cobbled side street.

In the white house with the low red roof lived the baker. A giant golden pretzel hung outside the door.

In the yellow house with the tiled red roof lived the barber. An oval brass basin hung outside the door.



In the red house with the high red roof lived the locksmith.
A huge iron key hung outside the door.

In the house with the steep red roof lived the shoemaker.
A big red boot hung outside the door.

“So here we are!” shouted Hans Christian. He had to shout, because everybody else was shouting. The peasant women on the market square were shouting, and the peasant men on the market square were shouting. Butter! Bacon! Eggs! Cheese! Apples! Geese! Roses! Peas! They all were shouting. What they were saying was: “Buy me, buy me, buy me. Quickly come and buy me!”

Hans Christian looked at Nils, and Nils looked at Hans Christian.

“Where is the honey? Where is the fish?” their eyes spoke.

“Please, sir, where do they sell honey?” asked Nils of the man who sold fat geese.

— Said the man who sold fat geese, “Pass the apple stand to your right and the rose stand to your left. Then walk straight ahead until you see a sign board — HONEY FROM THE HEATHER-BEE.”

“Thank you, sir, most kindly,” said Nils. And “Thank you, sir, most kindly,” said Hans Christian.

So the two boys passed by the apples and they passed by the roses. They went straight ahead until they saw a neat red board with neat white letters across it. “HONEY FROM THE HEATHER-BEE,” Nils read aloud.

Behind the neat red board, under a neat white tent sat the honey man. A beehive of brown crockery stood sentry to his right. Another beehive of brown crockery stood sentry to his left.

“Good day to you,” said Hans Christian, said Nils, said the honey man all at once.

“I’d like to buy some honey, please,” explained Hans Christian.

“Honey in combs, or honey in a glass, or honey in a pail, young man?”

“A five-pound pail, please,” said Hans Christian, “if it’s heather honey.”

“The purest!” exclaimed the honey man. “Collected by the bees in early morning sunshine, from the purple heather.”

Hans Christian paid the price and took his pail by the handle. “Please, sir, where do they sell fish?” he asked of the man who had sold him sweet honey.

Said the man who sold sweet honey, “Walk straight ahead and you cannot miss the fish market.”

“Thank you, sir, most kindly,” said Hans Christian. And “Thank you, sir, most kindly,” said Nils.

So the two boys went straight ahead until they reached the place where the fishwives sold their ware. It was right by the water. Closed wooden boxes stood in the water along the quay. They were filled with live fish. Small holes on the sides and bottom kept the water changing in the boxes.

Many fishwives sat on the quay gossiping. Nils and Hans Christian went up to one of the women. A blue checkered apron protected her front, a white kerchief protected her head.

“What kind of fish do you wish, young man?” inquired the fishwife.

“A dozen herrings, please,” said Nils, “if they are fresh.”

“Fresh!” exclaimed the fishwife. “A fresher fish cannot be found. Ha-ha-ha!”

The fishwife descended a few steps that led from the quay down to the water. She lifted the lid of a box. With a net she caught a dozen herrings. Now these herrings were swimming 'round and 'round no more! The fishwife cleaned and scaled the fish. Nils paid the price, and he received his package.

“Nothing else to buy,” said Nils.

“Nothing else to buy,” said Hans Christian.

“Clop-clop-clop,” the boys picked their way over the cobbles. Home, home, home they went over the cobbles.





HANS CHRISTIAN KEEPS SHOP

WHEN Hans Christian had finished his noonday meal at last, Mrs. Clausen said to him, "I should like to call on Mrs. Hansen who is sick in bed. Will you keep shop for me while I am gone?"

"I'll try my best," replied Hans Christian, "and may I look at Henry?"

"You may look at Henry, but remember, see him with your eyes and not with your fingers!"

"I'll remember." Hans Christian did not dream of seeing Henry with his fingers.

“Goodbye, my boy,” said Mrs. Clausen. “I do not think that anybody will come in during the noon hour. But if it should happen, call Mrs. Olsen from next door. She will help you.”

“Farewell, Mother.” Hans Christian took his stamp album from the shelf and marched into the little Art Shop. Behind the long table stood a high chair. Hans Christian climbed up on it.

“Hello, Henry,” he waved to the corner of the shop window. It is true that Henry stared at the little Viking ship out on the silver sea. But the longer Hans Christian gazed at the King’s Guard, the more kindly Henry seemed to be gazing back at him.

“I am glad you know about my secret,” thought Hans Christian. He opened his album.

Hans Christian had collected many fine sets of stamps. But the finest of them all was the Castle series. There was a different color and a different castle for each stamp. “What fun,” Hans Christian thought, “to have a stamp with Kronborg Castle on it, where Father works!” He turned the pages.

“Trrr-rrr-rr!”

Hans Christian gave such a jump that his album fell to the floor. He almost fell after it. The shop’s bell had rung.

Into the shop stepped a lady in pink and a lady in blue. They were strangers to Hans Christian.

Said the lady in pink: “Good day to you, little boy. We wish

to buy a handkerchief or two, with handmade Danish lace. Where is your father, little boy?"

"It isn't my father's shop, it is my mother's. But my mother is out. I will call Mrs. Olsen from next door, if you will kindly wait a minute."

"Oh, no, dear," said the lady in blue, "we are in a great hurry, because we must catch a train, you know. Perhaps you could show us a few of the kerchiefs that are in the window?"

"You wouldn't mind, would you?" smiled the lady in pink.

Hans Christian liked her very much. He smiled back at her. Then he climbed into the shop window. Ella and Henry really were in the way! Do not see with the fingers, his mother had told him.

Then, "Foo-foong!" And it had happened! Softly Henry sank onto the heap of creamy lace doilies and handkerchiefs. For some reason Ella kept on her feet.

"Henry! Oh, Henry!" cried Hans Christian in distress. But the lady in pink came to the rescue. "Never mind the King's Guard. We'll stand him up again. And here is exactly what we want." She selected two handkerchiefs with wide lace borders and showed them to her friend.

"Excellent," nodded the lady in blue, "what do the price tags say?"

"Ten crowns each. I will buy them. Here, little boy, are twenty crowns. It's for two handkerchiefs at ten crowns each. Give the bill to your mother, when she comes home. And



thank you for your help. Farewell!”

“Farewell—thank you,” Hans Christian cried.

Hans Christian felt all mixed up. He held more money in his hand than he had ever seen together. What to do with it? Hide it? Where? In the drawer behind the long table? Yes.

So Hans Christian went behind the long table to hide his treasure, when—

“Trrr-rr!” He jumped again. That doorbell!

“Good day to you, Hans Christian. A letter for your mother.”

Before Hans Christian could think, the door had closed behind the red coat of the old mail carrier. A letter! Well—what to do with it? Hide it? Where? In the drawer behind the long table? Yes.

So Hans Christian went behind the long table to hide his treasures, when—

“Trrr-r!” He jumped for the third time. Oh-h! That doorbell!

“Hello, I’m back! How did you fare, my boy?”

Hans Christian gave a deep sigh of relief. His mother had returned from her visit.

“Here is a letter for you, Mother, and here are twenty crowns.”

“Wha-a-a-t?” Mrs. Clausen did not trust her own ears, nor own eyes either.

“But Henry did fall over,” Hans Christian explained, “only I could not help it. I did not see him with my fingers, not really—”

“Never mind Henry,” laughed Mrs. Clausen. “You are a magician, Hans Christian! You earn more money in an hour than I am able to earn in a week.”

Hans Christian felt happier every minute. Perhaps it was fun to be left in a shop by himself.

“Let’s see what Sailor-uncle Jens has to say.” Mrs. Clausen

opened the letter that the old mail carrier had delivered during her absence. And then she read:

“I’ll drop anchor in Copenhagen the second weekend of next month. If you will ship your boy on the fast morning train, the two of us will pluck a hen together. His aunt and I would like to see Hans Christian.”

Your brother,
Jens.

“Mother!” Hans Christian’s heart beat pong-pong-pong.

“MOTHER!” he cried again, a whole exclamation mark and half a question mark in his voice.

“To Copenhagen you shall go,” cried Mrs. Clausen, “to Copenhagen you shall go. We will make the trip your birthday present. Think of it, Hans Christian. For an hour you will travel on a train to the capital, all by yourself!”

Hans Christian danced and danced around in the little shop. So glad was he.





THROUGH THE CASTLE PARK

NILS, NILS," shouted Hans Christian excitedly late one afternoon, as he ran down the street to meet his friend.

"Nils, I am going to Copenhagen!"

"Today?"

"No. Next month."

"Oh," said Nils, "how long?"

"For a weekend, to see my Sailor-uncle Jens. He is a sailor, and he has invited me. He has invited me because he wants to pluck a hen with me."

"He wants what?" asked Nils, the farmer's lad.

"He wants to pluck a hen with me." Hans Christian felt very old and very wise. "Mother says he means that we'll have fun together, in Copenhagen."

"Oh!" said Nils. He understood.

“Now I am going to Kronborg Castle to meet Father. Will you walk with me?” said Hans Christian.

“Gladly,” replied Nils, “let’s go.”

The boys ran out into the street. Hans Christian took his willow flute, “Too-oo-too-toot.”

“Is your willow flute traveling to Copenhagen too?” asked Nils.

“Of course it is. I am going to play for my Sailor-uncle Jens. But I wish that I had your name!”

“What name?” Nils was puzzled again.

“Your last name. Then my name would be Hans Christian Andersen. Then part of me would be famous. Then the rest would be easy. Hans Christian Andersen was famous, you know.” The little boy grew more and more excited. He thought of his secret and that he must tell! So he told Nils exactly what he had told Henry in the shop window.

“It is a secret, but I’ll tell you: I want to become famous like my famous Uncle Henry. I want to be a flutist in the King’s Guard.”

“Goodness gracious, what a muddle!” exclaimed Nils.

“You see,” Hans Christian explained, “my Uncle Henry was famous. He was a King’s Guard, and he was the merriest flutist ever. I want to be exactly like my famous Uncle Henry.”

“I see,” said Nils, “good luck to you.”

“Thank you,” said Hans Christian solemnly. He was proud of having a friend who wished him good luck.

The sun came slanting through the treetops. Their shadows were so long that they filled the whole road along the Sound. And over there on the other side of the Sound, lay the country of Sweden.

Gaily the two boys entered the Park of Kronborg Castle.

“If there only were a bridge here across the Sound,” said Nils, “it would not take me more than five minutes to be in Sweden.”

“Then we could play in another country every day,” added Hans Christian. “Hey,” he shouted suddenly, for he had spied his father, “let’s race.”

“Let’s.”

Out of breath the boys soon halted in front of Mr. Clausen.

“Well, well,” cried Mr. Clausen surprised, “two young men to accompany the old father home! But how about my bicycle? Shall I leave it in the parking stand until tomorrow?”

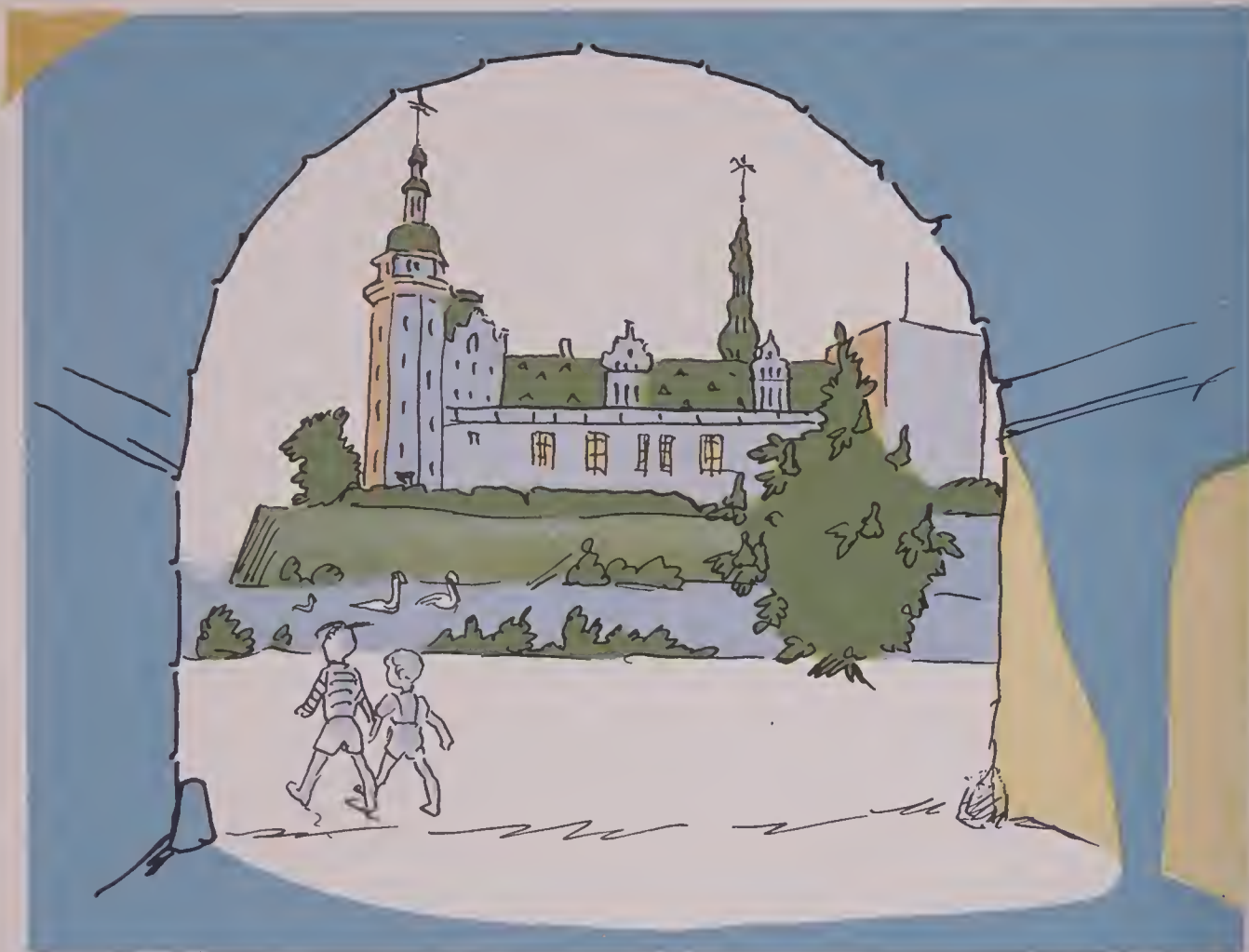
“I will push it for you,” offered Nils.

“I will push it for you,” offered Hans Christian.

“Ha-ha-ha,” laughed Mr. Clausen, “thank you, boys. Now, how about leaving it here after all? We might take a stroll through the Park, the three of us?”

“Oh, yes, please, please!”

Mr. Clausen washed his hands under the pump by the tool shed. For a gardener’s hands are black at times. Then he smoothed his clothes. For a gardener’s clothes are crumpled at times.



“And now for the stroll through the Park before it is dark,” he said. “No more midsummer nights for us this year.”

Old and stony the old Kronborg Castle towered by the Sound.

“When did Kronborg Castle belong to Hamlet, prince of Denmark?” Nils asked at this moment.

“Oh-h!” Hans Christian knew that! “It still belongs to him! His ghost is up and around every, every night. He walks right here where we are walking, and in the Castle, too. Doesn’t he, Father?”

“Well, well,” laughed Mr. Clausen, “you do seem fond of



"He walks right here where we are walking"

ghosts! But it's a legend, boys, a legend. Nobody knows when Hamlet lived. There are many legends told of Kronborg Castle."

"I do not care for legends," said Nils.

"I do, I do!" cried Hans Christian.

"I see a little wagon on wheels," twinkled Mr. Clausen, "and I know what's in it."

"Rumble, rumble, rumble." Nearer and nearer rumbled the little wagon on wheels.

"Ping, ping, ping, ping." Nearer and nearer sounded the tiny bell of the wagon on wheels.

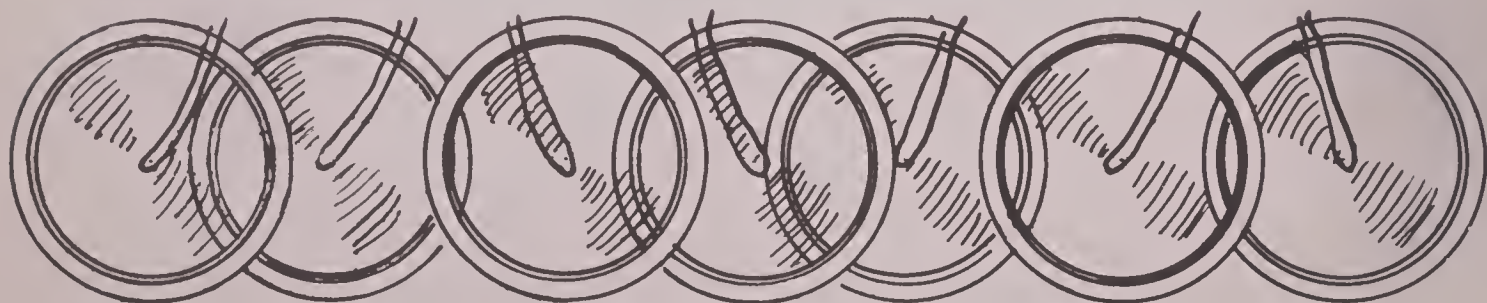
No more rumbling of wheels, no more pingling of bells, for the wagon had stopped.

"One, two, three jumbo size Frostbites, please," said Mr. Clausen.

"Thank you," beamed Nils and took a small bite.

"Thank you," beamed Hans Christian and took a smaller bite.

"Very good ice cream," chuckled Mr. Clausen and took a big bite.





THE PARADE OF THE KING'S GUARD

ON a bright and sunny September morning Hans Christian sat in the third class compartment of the train to Copenhagen.

“In another five minutes we are there,” said the kind old lady in the corner. “I hope you meet your uncle all right, little boy.”

“Thank you. I hope so, too,” replied Hans Christian seriously. He smoothed the creases of his short blue sailor-suit pants. He smoothed the ribbon of his new blue sailor-suit cap. “Viking” read the golden letters across the sailor-ribbon. Bold as a Viking Hans Christian felt indeed. He tightened the grip around his traveling satchel. The satchel was made of tan canvas. Football players and balls were cross-stitched on it.



Hans Christian was ready to meet his Sailor-uncle Jens!

“Copenhagen! Copenhagen!” called the conductor. The train had stopped. Hans Christian climbed out of the train and stood on the platform.

“Bzzz-zzz.” Oh, so many people buzzed around him!

“Bzz-zz,” and a sailor-suit man shook hands with a sailor-suit boy.

“Well, well! and here we have Hans Christian in person!”

“What would have happened if you hadn’t found me, Uncle Jens?”

“They would have shipped you straight back to Elsinore,” teased Sailor-uncle Jens.



“Oh, no!” replied Hans Christian, and he meant it.

“Are you hungry?” It was a very welcome question.

“Ye-e-e-e-s,” answered Hans Christian, “I know, because there’s a sort of rumbling in my stomach.”

“Rumbling in your stomach!” exclaimed the Sailor-uncle

Jens. "By land and sea, I know what that stands for! Let's hurry home."

So Hans Christian and his Sailor-uncle Jens walked a few blocks, until they came to Crocodile Street. They picked their way over the cobbles.

"This is the one," said Sailor-uncle Jens. He pointed to a little yellow sailor-house. The roof was red, and the shutters were green. He knocked at the door of the little yellow sailor-house. A rosy-cheeked lady opened the door. It was the Sailor-uncle's wife. And her name was Anna-Marie.

"Come in, come in," cried Anna-Marie joyfully.

"Hello, hello," said Sailor-uncle Jens.

"How do you do, dear aunt," said Hans Christian.

"Welcome home, my boys," cried Anna-Marie, "you must be hungry, I should think! Come in, if you please."

Hans Christian ate and ate. First he ate ryebread soup with cream and sugar. Then he ate fried herrings without cream and sugar. And then he ate red currant pudding with cream and sugar.

The Sailor-uncle and his wife were pleased indeed to watch Hans Christian's fine appetite. "And here are cookies for the boy," they chuckled.

So Hans Christian had round and square and long and short cookies. He ate a star and a crescent and a heart and a tiny pretzel.

"And now we must be off," said Sailor-Uncle Jens, "that I

may show the town to our visitor! Farewell, Anna-Marie.”

“Farewell, dear aunt,” cried Hans Christian, as he took his Sailor-uncle’s hand. The two walked to the King’s Palace.

“Bim—bam—bim—bam
Bim—bam—bim—bam
Bim—bam—bim—bam”

Twelve o’clock—the bell struck from the Town Hall.
Twelve o’clock—the bells struck from the church towers.

Hans Christian stood rooted to a spot in the large Palace Square. He held his uncle’s hand. And what he saw was—oh, it was not the Parade of the Tin Soldiers,—and it was not the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers. But it was the Parade of the King’s own Guard!

“Henry!” thought Hans Christian, “oh, Henry! The Guardsmen look exactly like you. Their coats have silver buttons. They wear white shoulder belts. They wear enorrr-mous fur hats on their heads. My famous Uncle Henry—”

“One-two, one-two,” a Guard was marching. He carried a flag that reached into the sky—almost!

“One-two, one-two,” another Guard was marching. He carried no flag, but he himself reached into the sky—almost! So tall was he!

“One-two, one-two,” another Guard was marching, and another, and another. All the King’s Guard was marching, and the Guard’s band was playing.

“Ta-ta-ta-taaaa!”



Hans Christian held his uncle's hand. He was thinking of his secret, and he thought that he must tell. So he squeezed his Sailor-uncle's hand. It gave him courage.

“Uncle Jens,” he said, “Uncle Jens, you know what? It is a secret, but I’ll tell you. I want to become like my famous Uncle Henry. I want to be a flutist in the King’s Guard.”

“You don’t mean to say!” cried Sailor-uncle Jens. Was he surprised! “Who in the world has talked to you of famous Uncle Henry?”

“My mother,” replied Hans Christian.

“You don’t mean to say! Yes, yes, he was the merriest flutist ever, your famous Uncle Henry.” The Sailor-uncle kept nodding and nodding his head. “Hm-hm. A fine plan, a great plan. Good luck to you, young man.”

“Thank you,” said Hans Christian solemnly. He was proud of having a Sailor-uncle who wished him good luck.

“But now we must go on and see something else.” Sailor-uncle Jens hailed a taxi. He spoke to the driver, “Royal Porcelain, please.”

“Bang,” the door of the taxi shut. On through the streets of Copenhagen the taxi sped.

After what had seemed to be a long while to the Sailor-uncle, and after what had seemed to be a short while to Hans Christian, the taxi stopped.

Hans Christian and his uncle entered a large building. The building was the Royal Porcelain Manufactory.

A man with brass buttons rushed forward.

“We wish to see something that we have never seen before,” stated Sailor-uncle Jens.

“A little moment, sir.” The man with brass buttons went away, and a man without brass buttons appeared. His head was very bald, and his face was very pale.

“He looks like a porcelain man,” thought Hans Christian. The three stepped into an elevator. “Buzzz—stop!”

Hans Christian took a deep breath. It did not feel so very good to stop in an elevator!

“To your right, if you please,” motioned the porcelain man.

“Here the molds and patterns are kept,” he explained. “All patterns are made by hand. Some pieces of porcelain have over a thousand different molds. Each set must be kept in a different place. And the very difficult — most difficult — molds are those for teacup-handles—”

“Oh! please excuse me, sir,” interrupted Hans Christian, “if I may talk right now, may I?”

“Indeed you may ask a question,” smiled the porcelain man.

“It isn’t exactly a question,” Hans Christian burst out, “but I would like to buy a teacup with a difficult handle for my mother. I have an extra crown to spend.”

The porcelain man looked sad. “I fear—”

“Never fear,” fell in the Sailor-uncle hurriedly, “we’ll buy a teacup with a very difficult handle for Mother.”

The porcelain man bowed and said nothing. He opened the door into a bright and airy room.

“Ah-h-h,” cried Hans Christian, “so many flowers and palms! Is it a greenhouse?”

“Humph—no, not really. It is the artists’ work room.”

The porcelain man lowered his voice to a whisper. "Pictures and works of art are put on the tables. No one can paint beautiful things in an ugly place, and our artists may come and go as they choose—"

Hans Christian suddenly yawned. "Ouch," he mumbled and yawned again. "Excuse me," he said and yawned again.

"Time for us to go," said Sailor-uncle Jens, "and thank you for your kindness."

The porcelain man disappeared. He returned with a small package. "A teacup for you," he smiled to Hans Christian.

"But has it—has it a difficult handle?"

"A very difficult handle," nodded the porcelain man.

Hans Christian paid his extra crown to Sailor-uncle Jens, and Sailor-uncle Jens paid it to somebody else.

Down they rode in the elevator. "Buzz — stop — jerk — STOP!"

Hans Christian took a deep breath. No, it did not feel so very good to stop in an elevator!

Then Hans Christian took another deep, deep breath. It did feel good to be out-of-doors, in the sunshine again.





THE ROUND TOWER

THIS is the question now," said Sailor-uncle Jens, "shall we climb the Round Tower, or shall we go home?" He looked at Hans Christian. "What about it? Perhaps you would fall asleep before we reach the top?"

"Oh, no," Hans Christian hastened to reply, "I am as wide awake as can be. Please, I would like to climb the Round Tower! How many steps has it?"

"It has no steps at all," answered Sailor-uncle Jens. "That's the remarkable part of this tower. It's more like climbing a mountain. A mountain hasn't any steps either, you know. Yet you must walk up and up, if you want to reach the top."

Hans Christian was quite excited by this time. "Please," he begged, "let's climb the Round Tower!"

So Sailor-uncle Jens and Hans Christian boarded a street car. It was a long ride back into the city.

"Here we are," said Sailor-uncle Jens at last. The street car stopped. Hans Christian was glad to stretch his legs again. After a walk of a few minutes he saw the Round Tower. Hans Christian glanced curiously at the plump old stone building.

"Strange it looks," was his conclusion.



*After a walk of a few minutes he saw
the Round Tower*



“Wait, until you are inside of it,” said Sailor-uncle Jens.

Up, up, up, climbed Hans Christian.

Up, up, up, climbed Sailor-uncle Jens.

Inside of the Round Tower they climbed — ’round and ’round and ’round, up and up and up!

“This is the funniest tower I ever climbed up in,” panted Hans Christian. “Who has made this tower without steps for a stairway?”

“A Danish King built the Round Tower hundreds of years ago,” Sailor-uncle Jens told the boy. “He built it for a famous man who studied the stars. A Russian tsar once drove up this spiral ramp, away to the top—horses, buggy and all. But how the horses turned about and got down again, I am sure I don’t know!”

“I don’t either,” panted Hans Christian. ’Round and ’round and ’round he climbed, up and up and up. “But maybe, one could turn about and get down again with a bicycle?”

“Oh, yes, one could ride up and down on a bicycle. The boys may do it at times. It gives them exercise a-plenty. But I don’t envy them their tired legs afterwards!”

“I don’t either,” panted Hans Christian. ’Round and ’round and ’round he climbed, up and up and up. And suddenly climbing up could be done no further. For the top of the Round Tower had been reached.

“A hefty breeze up here,” cried Sailor-uncle Jens, “reminds me of the sea.”

“It’s a hundred times more windy up here than in town,” cried Hans Christian.

“Look at the roofs and towers of Copenhagen!” pointed Sailor-uncle Jens. “There is the palace with the three golden crowns on the tower. And there is the church with the spiral staircase around the outside of the tower. See the green and gold dome of the Marble Church over there? And near the Town Hall towers are the Tivoli Gardens, where we will go tomorrow.”

“Oh! There is the Palace Square where the King’s Guard paraded this morning!” shouted Hans Christian excitedly.

“Right you are,” praised Sailor-uncle Jens. “Look, over there is the Sound. And far, far away you see the coast of Sweden.”

“Can I see Elsinore too?” Hans Christian ventured.

“No. It is a bit too far away for that. But how about it? Are you hungry? It’s almost supper time!”

“Ye-e-e-s,” answered Hans Christian. “I am hungry. Very.”

“Goodness! Let’s hurry home.”

Down, down, down they walked, inside of the Round Tower —’round and ’round and ’round and down and down and down. And suddenly they were not inside of the Round Tower any more at all. For they had walked so long, that they had arrived outside of the Round Tower.

They waited at a street corner. They boarded a street car and rode to Crocodile Street. They picked their way over the

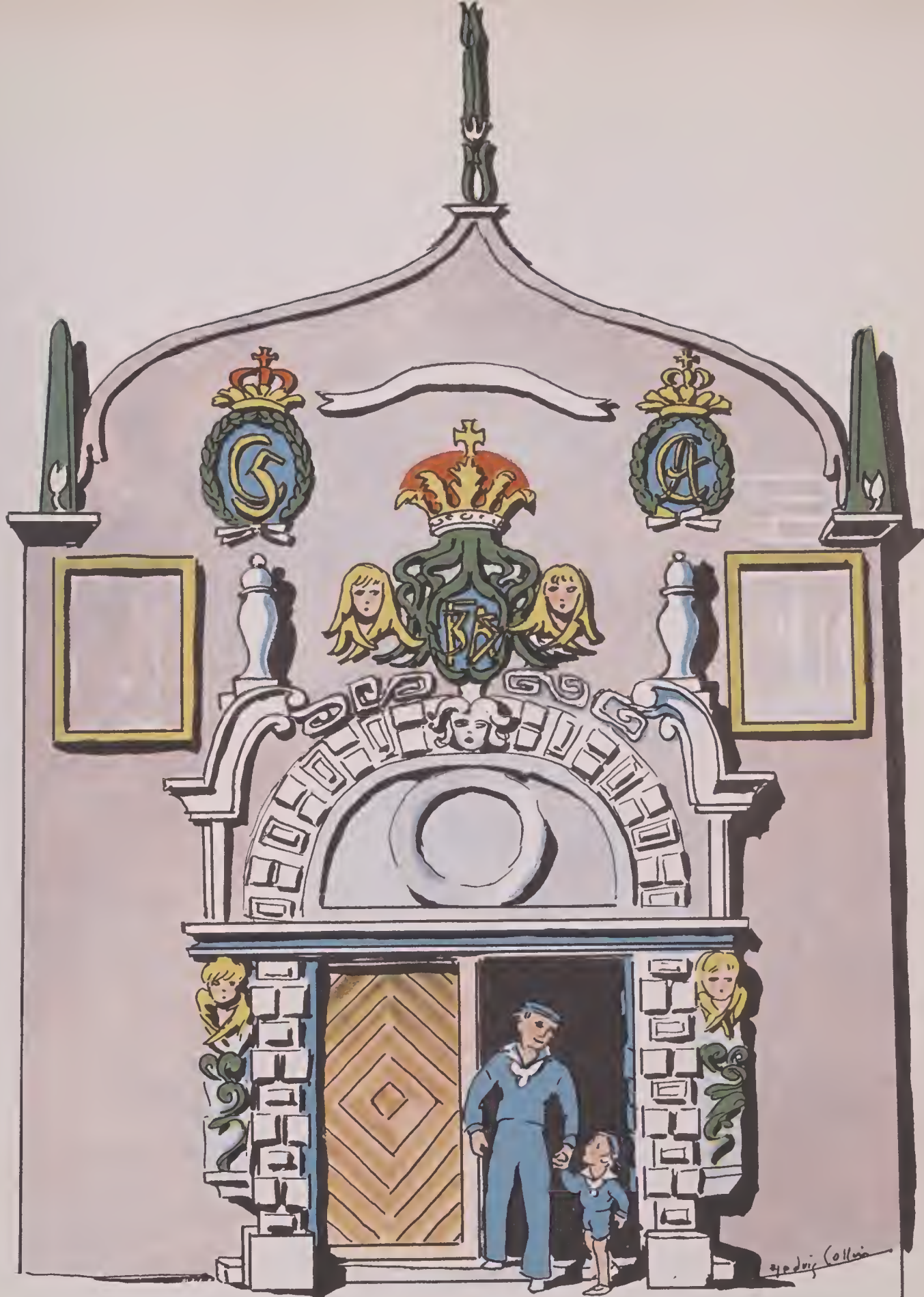


cobbles of Crocodile Street. Hans Christian knocked at the door of the little yellow sailor-house.

“Pit-a-pat-pit-a-pat,” he heard his aunt’s quick little steps in the house, as she rushed to open the door.

“And now my sailor-boys have come home from their outing!” she cried. “Did you enjoy yourself, Hans Christian?”

“My, yes!” Hans Christian burst out. “We have seen everything, haven’t we, Uncle Jens?”



They had arrived outside of the Round Tower

“Well, well,” laughed Sailor-uncle Jens, “not quite everything, but enough for a day, I should say.”

“Hm, how good it smells here,” sniffed Hans Christian.

“I have roasted a chicken for us,” smiled Anna-Marie. “Please seat yourselves at the dinner table, and we will eat in a minute.”

So the family sat down to a delicious supper.

Soon after the meal, his aunt thought it best that Hans Christian should go to bed early.

“Dear me, dear me, dear me,” she chuckled, “the boy has had a busy day. He must be very tired. And I am sure you won’t be staying home tomorrow!”

“Oh, no,” cried Hans Christian, “tomorrow we are going to the Tivoli Gardens, aren’t we, Uncle Jens?”

“Indeed we are, my boy.”

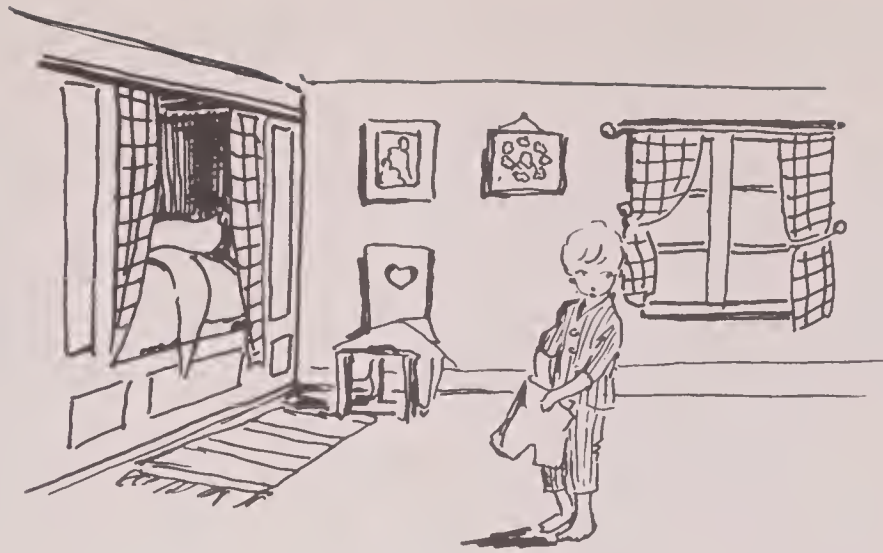
“But now good night to you,” said Anna-Marie. “Your Uncle Jens will put you into the cupboard bed, while I wash the dishes.”

“Good night, dear aunt.”

So Sailor-uncle Jens tucked Hans Christian into the cupboard bed. A huge, red, checkered feather bed lay under him. A huge, green, checkered feather bed covered him.

“Good night, my boy. Sweet dreams.”

But Hans Christian was sound asleep by this time. He could not even say “Thanks, the same to you.”



AN ADVENTURE

EARLY the next morning Hans Christian awoke in his cupboard bed. He had been dreaming of his goat Mette and of his willow flute. “What if I get up and dress and blow a piece?” he said to himself.

“Pat-pat-pat-pat,” out of the cupboard bed he climbed. He washed himself and he dressed himself. Then he stuck his left hand into his left trousers pocket, and he stuck his right hand into his right trousers pocket. “Where is my willow flute?” Hans Christian was thinking, “where is my flute? It isn’t in my left pocket. It isn’t in my right pocket. It is ’way down in my satchel, of course.

“But where is my satchel with the football players and footballs on it?” Hans Christian was thinking now. “It isn’t in the cupboard bed. It isn’t on the wash stand. It is—it’s by the hearth in the kitchen, of course.”

So Hans Christian marched into the kitchen.

“Cling-bang-bung!” the coal shovel fell out of Anna-Marie’s hand.

“Upon my soul!” she cried, “You up with the chickens, and I haven’t laid my fire yet.”

“Good morning, dear aunt,” Hans Christian said, “I did not mean to frighten you. It is my satchel I am after.”

“All right, my boy, all right. Here is your satchel.”

Hans Christian found his willow flute. Away down in his satchel he found it. “May I please blow you a piece right now? I can blow, and you can lay the fire!”

“Blow me a piece? What’s this you say, my boy?” Anna-Marie thought she had not heard right.

“Oh!” cried Hans Christian. “Don’t you know, dear aunt, that I want to become famous like my famous Uncle Henry? But I suppose you don’t know, because it is a secret. I want to be a flutist in the King’s Guard.”

Anna-Marie shook and shook her head. She smoothed and smoothed her apron. “So high up,” she murmured, “so high up! But here is wishing you good luck, my boy.”

“Thank you,” said Hans Christian. He was pleased that his Aunt Anna-Marie was wishing him good luck. “May I now blow you a piece, please?”

“Indeed, my boy, indeed.”

“Too-oo-toot-too-oo-toot —” Hans Christian played on his willow flute. By the end of the first verse of his song, the door opened softly. Sailor-uncle Jens tiptoed into the kitchen. He



"Too-oo-toot-too-oo-toot—" Hans Christian
played on his willow flute

carried his big black boots in his hands, and he stood very still—pressed against the wall. His eyes were round and wide open, and so was his mouth!

Hans Christian looked at him and burst out laughing.

“I’ll teach you with my boots to laugh at me,” cried Sailor-uncle Jens. He swung his boots this way and that and laughed aloud.

“Upon my word,” sighed Anna-Marie, “’twas a fine old song.”

“And fine he played it, too,” added Sailor-uncle Jens.

“But now I am making coffee,” said Anna-Marie.

“Where are the rolls?” asked Sailor-uncle Jens.

“Where are they?” said Anna-Marie and looked blank.

“Haven’t we bought any?” asked Sailor-uncle Jens.

“We haven’t bought any!” cried Anna-Marie and looked very, very blank. “Please, Hans Christian, will you run around the corner and buy us rolls for our morning coffee?”

“With pleasure,” replied Hans Christian, “where lives the baker?”

“Half a dozen rolls, and here is the money. Pass two houses to the right, turn around the corner, walk seven houses further, and you are there.”

Hans Christian frowned. “Two houses to the right—around the corner—seven houses further, and you are there. I have it!” he shouted, grabbed his willow flute and was off.

Two houses to the right. He played a tune, “Toot-toot!”

Around the corner, “Too-ooo!” Seven houses further, “Too-too-too-too-too-too-ooo-oo!”

And there a giant pretzel hung outside the door. It was the baker’s shop. “Tooo-hooo, tooo-hooo!” High and low Hans Christian’s notes were bouncing, high and low.

But what was that? A rider on horseback! The rider wore a military cloak. He looked at Hans Christian and he smiled. Hans Christian smiled back at him. The rider stooped to talk. He had to stoop very low, for he was very tall.

“I have been listening to you, little boy. You are quite a musician.” His voice sounded low and friendly.

“N-no,” Hans Christian explained, “but maybe, when I am grown-up.”

The rider nodded and Hans Christian continued, “It is a secret, but I want to become famous like my famous Uncle Henry. I want to be a flutist in the King’s Guard.”

The stranger’s eyes twinkled. “What is your name, little boy?”

“My name is Hans Christian Clausen. But I do not live in Copenhagen, I live in Elsinore. I am here on my birthday trip.”

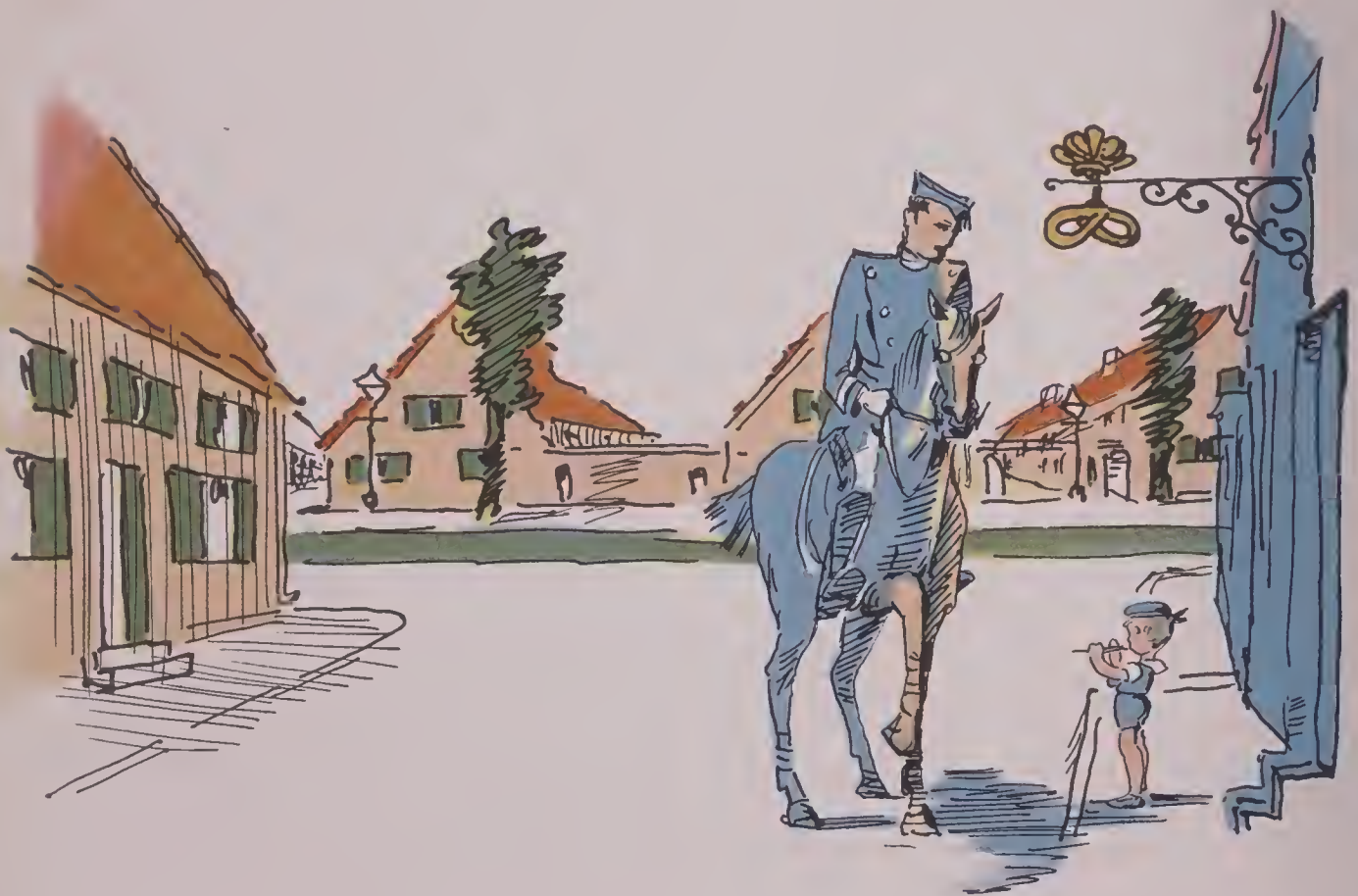
“So it is your birthday today?” asked the rider.

“No, it isn’t. It is the Sunday after next Sunday.”

“Think of it!” said the stranger. “So is mine. Here are two shining crowns for your birthday, little boy, one to keep and one to spend. And remember: I want you for my Guard. Farewell—”

A minute later, the rider on horseback was just a tiny dot far down the street. Hans Christian gazed after him. And then he shouted: "It was the King! Of course, of course, it was the King!" He ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

Out of breath Hans Christian reached the little yellow sailor-house. And he never caught his breath again until he had told his adventure, until he had safely hidden his two crowns, until he remembered—that he had forgotten to buy the rolls!





THE TIVOLI GARDENS

O-O-O-CH,” cried Hans Christian, “o-o-o-ch! Hold my hand tight, Uncle Jens, please hold it very tight.”

Hans Christian and Sailor-uncle Jens sat together in a roller coaster. Whee-e! Through the air they sailed. Down into a pitchblack cave they dived. Up into the sunny sky they soared. Humpety-bumpety up the mountain, down the mountain. Up and down and down and up the coaster rolled as fast as fast can be.

Hans Christian hardly knew how he came off the roller coaster. He blinked his eyes in the strong sunshine.

“’Twas rather rough sailing in there, wasn’t it?” said Sailor-uncle Jens.

“I liked it fine,” said Hans Christian, “because you held my hand very tight. But I like it better out of it!”

“Ha-ha-ha,” roared Sailor-uncle Jens. “But what next? For a King’s crown to spend, you can do much more. I will take good care of it for you, believe me! How about some aniseed candy, for a change?”

“Hm-m-m,” grinned Hans Christian.

Under a huge red and white tent shaped like a mushroom sat a tiny lady. And she sold nothing but aniseed candy on sticks.

“How much are they?” asked Sailor-uncle Jens.

“A penny the stick,” peeped the tiny lady.

“With or without the candy?” rumbled Sailor-uncle Jens in a very low voice.

“With,” peeped the tiny lady in a very high voice.

“Five sticks, please, with,” rumbled Sailor-uncle Jens in a still lower voice.

“A pleasure,” peeped the tiny lady in a still higher voice.

“Two for you, my boy,” explained the Sailor-uncle, “one for your mother, one for your father and one for Anna-Marie.”

Right here and then Hans Christian decided to eat only one of his aniseed candy-sticks. He decided to take the other one home to his friend Nils.

“But what next?” murmured Sailor-uncle Jens. “How about a ride on the merry-go-round for a change?”



“Oh, yes, please,” grinned Hans Christian.

So Sailor-uncle Jens and Hans Christian walked over to the place where the merry-go-round was. They climbed up into one of the boats.

“Dong—dong,” sounded a bell. Slowly the merry-go-round started to move. Faster and faster it went.

“O-o-o-ch,” cried Hans Christian, “it goes faster than the wind, o-o-o-ch!”

But just at the moment when he thought that he was flying through the air, the merry-go-round slowed down, and then it stopped altogether. Hans Christian and Sailor-uncle Jens climbed out.

Hans Christian looked at the trees, and they seemed to be dancing. He looked at the houses, and they began to dance. He looked back at the boats for two, and they began to dance.

“’Twas rather rough sailing in there, wasn’t it?” said Sailor-uncle Jens.

“I liked it fine,” said Hans Christian, “but I like it better out of it!”

“Ha-ha-ha,” roared Sailor-uncle Jens. “But what next? How about a cookie heart with almonds in it and rose-sugar on it?”

“Hm-m-m,” grinned Hans Christian.

In a giant heart-house, behind a giant heart-window sat a boy and a girl. These two did nothing but sell cookie hearts with almonds in them and rose-sugar on them. They sold very large and very small and medium-sized hearts.

“One, two, three, four, five medium-sized cookie hearts with almonds in them and rose-sugar on them, if you please,” said Sailor-uncle Jens.

“One for you, my boy,” explained the Sailor-uncle, “one for your mother, one for your father, one for Anna-Marie and one for myself.”

Right here and then Hans Christian decided to eat only half of his heart. He decided to take the other half home to his friend Nils.

“But what next?” murmured Sailor-uncle Jens. “How about a peep at ourselves in the Hall of Mirrors, for a change?”

“Oh, please, please,” grinned Hans Christian.

It was so noisy in the Hall of Mirrors, that Hans Christian thought at first, he had entered the Zoological Gardens by mistake.

“Hahahahahaha! Hahahahahaha!” Men laughed and women laughed and children laughed.

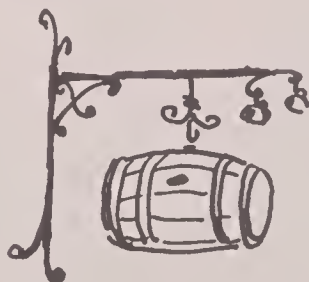
“My goodness,” laughed Hans Christian, “look at yourself, Uncle Jens, you are as thin and as long as a beanstalk, hahaha!”

“Mercy on us,” laughed Sailor-uncle Jens, “look at yourself, Hans Christian, you are as round and as fluffy as a woolly ball of yarn. Hahahaha!”

A tear of merriment trickled down Hans Christian’s cheek. Another tear of merriment trickled down the Sailor-uncle’s cheek. “Oh, this is funny,” he panted, “this is funny! But now we must go, hahahaha!”

Hans Christian hung back. He would have liked to stay until tomorrow morning! Inwardly he squirmed with all his might. But outwardly he let his Sailor-uncle drag — drag — drag him from the Hall of Mirrors.

And this was the end of Hans Christian’s Sunday at the Tivoli Gardens of Copenhagen.





A FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL

ON Monday Hans Christian returned to Elsinore, for Elsinore was, after all, his home.

On Tuesday his every other sentence began with “When I was in Copenhagen—”

On Wednesday his mother sewed and sewed. She sewed on Thursday, and she sewed on Friday, and she sewed on Saturday. But when Sunday came her work was finished.

“Here is your pretty white blouse!” she called and held it up for Hans Christian. “Here is your pretty velvet vest, and here are your velvet pants.”

“Oh! Ohh!” cried Hans Christian and clapped his hands. “My blouse is stitched with red and green and blue and gold—and my vest has silver buttons! I can hardly wait until the dance begins.”



*Children sang tralalala, and children played tralalala,
and children danced tralalala*

“It won’t be long,” laughed Mrs. Clausen, “a few short hours, and then—”

“A few short hours is very, very long,” Hans Christian sighed.

But at last the time arrived for Hans Christian to dress in his pretty white blouse, in his pretty velvet vest and in his velvet pants, and red stockings.

Hans Christian looked down on himself. He wore his costume gladly, for he was going to a dance!

He was going to the Folk Dance Festival at Kronborg Castle Park. Half the town went where Hans Christian went. Half the town of Elsinore gathered on the lawn in Kronborg Castle Park.

Children sang tralalala, and children played tralalala, and children danced tralalala. They danced the *Dance of Greeting*, and they danced the *Crested Hen*. They danced the *Little Man in a Fix*, and they danced the *Four Corners*.
Little boys danced *Seven Jumps*.

“Oh, I can do that!” Hans Christian jumped for joy.

And there was Nils. “Oh, I can do it too,” he cried.

Hans Christian and Nils swung each other around, and when they were quite dizzy, they stopped and stamped their feet. They swung and swung each other around.

Sometimes their left knee touched the ground, sometimes their right knee touched the ground.

Sometimes their left elbow touched the ground, sometimes their right elbow touched the ground.

Sometimes they stamped their right foot, and sometimes they stamped their left foot.

And at last Nils tried to turn a somersault right over the back of Hans Christian.

“Don’t kick me,” laughed Hans Christian.

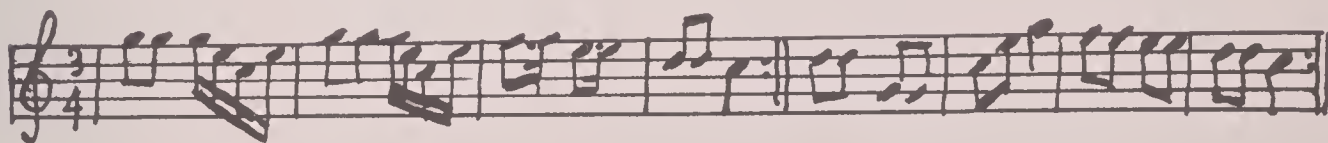
“I will,” laughed Nils, but he didn’t do it!

And that was the end of the *Seven Jumps Dance*.

There was a pause. Hans Christian drew his willow flute from his pocket.

“Too-too-too-toot,” he ventured.

So happy was he that he forgot to stop! Hans Christian played and played this tune:



Little girls turned, and they began dancing after the willow flute. Little boys turned, and they began dancing too. All the little girls and all the little boys were dancing because of Hans Christian’s tune. And the tune was the *Shoemakers’ Dance*.

They clenched their fists and moved them inward and outward and upward. Yes, they were winding the thread!

They clenched their fists and moved them outward, upward and inward. They jerked their elbows and they jerked them again. For they were pulling the thread!

And when the left fist struck the right fist three times, all the boys and all the girls were driving the pegs!



And when they had driven the pegs, they danced and danced around—tralalala—tralalala!

And that was the end of the *Shoemakers' Dance*.

“Too-too-too-toot!” Hans Christian stopped playing. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. Hans Christian looked up into a kindly, bearded face. And the kindly, bearded face belonged to the great old Music-Master of the folk dancers.

“My boy,” said he, “so well you did, so well, that I will train you. I will train you to become the greatest flutist ever!”

“Oh,” whispered Hans Christian, “ohh!” So happy was he that he forgot to shout with joy.

“But tell me, lad, have you been playing often on your willow flute?”

Hans Christian regained his courage. “Nils gave this flute to me in the early summer. First I played on it for my goat Mette. And when I was in Copenhagen, I played on it for the King.”

“You don’t mean to say,” exclaimed the Music-Master, “for Mette you played and for His Majesty the King you played!”

Hans Christian’s courage grew. “The King has given me a crown. And—it really is a secret, but I will tell you. I want to become famous like my famous Uncle Henry. I want to be a flutist in the King’s Guard.”

The great old Music-Master’s eyes twinkled. “A crown you say! A flutist you say! Well, well. Come now with me and meet my friends.”

“May I present to you Hans Christian Clausen—my youngest pupil.”

“Three cheers for the budding musician. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for him!” the Music-Master’s friends were shouting.

Hans Christian felt very proud and very bashful of a sudden. He grinned from ear to ear. “Oh,” he thought, “maybe—maybe this is how it feels to be famous?”



VISITORS

ON the following day at three o'clock the doorbell rang "Pr-rr." And who should march into Hans Christian's house but the Mayor of Elsinore!

"A-hem," said the Mayor of Elsinore to Mrs. Clausen. "Good day to you, good day, dear lady. A-hem, I beg your pardon if I am intruding—"

"Oh, not whatever, not whatever, but come into the parlor, please," invited Mrs. Clausen.

"My most respectful thanks," bowed the Mayor of Elsinore.

Mrs. Clausen hurried to dust a very clean chair with her newly starched and ironed apron. The Mayor took the seat.

"I had the news!" he said. "And I am anxious, my dear lady, to congratulate your little boy."

"Oh," rejoiced Mrs. Clausen and smoothed her apron.

"Hans Christian is in the yard, playing his flute. I shall call him in, and in the meantime I'll prepare a cup of coffee."

"Much obliged," bowed the Mayor of Elsinore.

In rushed Hans Christian, and up stood the Mayor. "Happy I am to meet my friend the Music-Master's youngest pupil! Shake hands with an old man."

Hans Christian shook hands with the Mayor of Elsinore. The two shook hands until it hurt.

"It is a secret," announced Hans Christian, "but I want to become famous like my famous Uncle Henry. I want to be a flutist in the King's Guard."

“Magnificent!” exclaimed the Mayor, “a worthy aim.”

“Want to see my money?” asked Hans Christian. “Here it is. I keep it tied in my handkerchief, or I’ll lose it, you know. The King has given it to me, I mean the crown.”

“I dare say you are a fortunate fellow.” The Mayor stared at the crown as if he had never seen a crown before.

“Coffee is served, if you please,” called Mrs. Clausen.

The Mayor sipped steaming hot coffee.

At four o’clock the doorbell rang “Prr-rr-r,” and who should stride in but Parson Jensen.

“Bless your heart,” said the parson to Mrs. Clausen. “I had the news! And I hope the boy keeps humble under the burden of his honor?”

“Oh,” rejoiced Mrs. Clausen, “never you fear for Hans Christian, never you fear! But here he comes himself.”

Hans Christian shook hands with the parson. The two shook hands until it almost hurt.

“It is a secret,” Hans Christian announced, “but I want to become famous like my famous Uncle Henry. I want to be a flutist—”

“Responsibility is a difficult thing, my child,” cried the parson.

“But I want only to become famous,” ventured Hans Christian uneasily, “I did not mean res—”

“You cannot be famous without having responsibility, my child.” The kindly parson shook his head in dismay.

Then the boy said in his brightest voice, "Please may I show you my crown? The King has given it to me."

"My sincere wishes for your future." The parson stared at the coin as if he had never seen a crown before.

"Coffee is served, if you please," interrupted Mrs. Clausen. Parson Jensen sipped steaming hot coffee.

At five o'clock the doorbell rang, "Prrrrrrrrrrrrr," and who should enter but three little boys and four little girls.

Hans Christian's friend Nils came and brought two of his boy friends. Nils' sister Inga came and brought one of her girl friends. Nils' sister Dagny came and brought one of her girl friends.

"Want to see my crown?" Hans Christian beamed, "My crown is in the parlor. Please come in. I know how you may get a crown like mine," Hans Christian continued excitedly, "just travel to Copenhagen and meet the King!"

"Come in, the seven of you," called Mrs. Clausen, "Hans Christian is treating you to apple fritters and coffee-milk."

And as the children stepped into the dining room, their eyes beheld two most important persons: the Mayor of Elsinore sipping steaming hot coffee, and Parson Jensen sipping steaming hot coffee.

So the little boys made a bow, "How do you do, Mr. Mayor. How do you do, Parson Jensen."

And the little girls made a curtsy, "How do you do, Mr. Mayor. "How do you do, Parson Jensen."



HANS CHRISTIAN'S BIRTHDAY

FLAGS were swaying in the autumn breeze, from every house, from every tower. Today was the King's birthday!

Hans Christian's mother took out of his closet a new sailor-suit with long pants. Today was Hans Christian's birthday!

"Please, Mother, please, may I try it on this minute?" Hans Christian's cheeks were glowing from excitement.

"Surely you may try your new suit on," replied Mrs. Clausen. "Show me how it fits you."

And so Hans Christian dressed in the first pair of long pants that he had ever owned.

Mrs. Clausen stuck a big flag out from the garret window at the front of the house. And she stuck a tiny flag out from Mette's stable at the back of the house.

For it was the King's birthday!

After a while Nils came on his bicycle. "Guess what I'm having for you," he cried.

"Oh, what?" asked Hans Christian excitedly.

"Here is a drum for you! I made it myself, for you! Here's the drumstick. What shall I drum?"

"*Seven Jumps*," prompted Hans Christian.

Nils began beating the rhythm of the *Seven Jumps*.

And because Hans Christian knew how to dance the *Seven Jumps*, he danced it now.

"Ba-a-a," baaed Mette and ran at her master. The next minute, Hans Christian's two legs became tangled in Mette's four legs, and Mette's four legs became tangled in Hans Christian's two legs. And when Nils saw the scramble of the six legs, he laughed so, that he could beat the drum no more. "Take it," he cried. "It's yours."

Hans Christian took his new drum. "Thank you. Just think, now I have a willow flute *and* a drum!"

"Hello, Nils," called Mrs. Clausen from the window, "share our luncheon, please. There is birthday chocolate and *Peasant Girl with Veil*."

"Hm-m," beamed Hans Christian, "let's hurry."

"Hm-m," grinned Nils, "*Peasant Girl with Veil!*"

When luncheon was over, there was a little bit left of the crumbed cookies-and-applesauce, which was the *Peasant Girl*, and there was not even a little bit left of the whipped-cream *Veil!*

"Wish I could drink another cup of chocolate," sighed Nils.

“Wish I could eat another piece of *Peasant Girl*,” sighed Hans Christian.

“Have a midday rest, out in the yard,” advised Mrs. Clausen.

Out in the yard, Hans Christian took his willow flute to blow a song. Nils took the drum and tried to beat it. But the boys had eaten so much of the *Peasant Girl* that they could play only a very slow song.

“But now I must go home,” said Nils and turned a somersault. That stirred him up.

“Farewell,” Hans Christian cried and turned two somersaults. That stirred him up.

And while Hans Christian turned somersaults, the doorbell rang “Trrr-rrrrr.” Mrs. Clausen came running into the yard, pit-a-pat-a-pit-a-pat.

“Hans Christian! Hans Christian!” she shouted at the top of her lungs. Like a bundle of excitement she looked. “A messenger! And you must write your name! Come—quick!”

“Goodness,” mumbled Hans Christian and ran.

“Hans Christian Clausen?” the messenger asked sternly.

“Yes, sir, I am Hans Christian Clausen.”

“A package for you. Sign your name here, if you please. Here.”

It took a long time before Hans Christian had finished signing his long name. Far beyond the given space his letters tumbled.

“Mother! you open it,” Hans Christian cried.

“It’s yours, and you must open it,” said Mother.

So it ended up that the two unwrapped the package together. First they untied a string. Then they unfolded heavy brown paper, then heavy grey paper, then pink tissue paper, then yellow tissue paper.

A long white cardboard box they opened. In the long white cardboard box was a long red leather case. A large white card fell into Hans Christian's hand.

“To Hans Christian Clausen, the future flutist in the King's Guard.”

BY ORDER OF THE KING

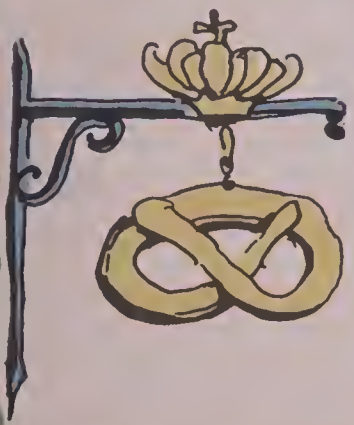
“Mother!” Hans Christian pressed the tiny button on the red leather case. And then he gave a shout of joy!

On a bed of velvet lay a sparkling silver flute!

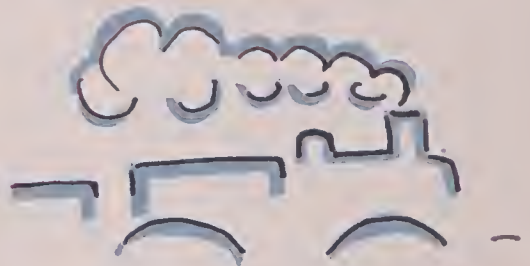
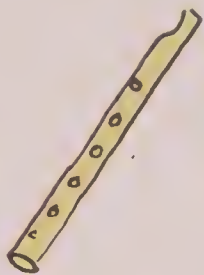
It was Hans Christian's birthday. It was the King's birthday.

Hans Christian was the happiest boy on earth. He owned a pair of long pants, a crown, a drum and a silver flute.





Madvig Collins



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