

# The Pussycat Princess



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By EDWARD ANTHONY  
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THE  
PUSSYCAT PRINCESS







The Pussycat Princess



# THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

A FAIRY TALE FOR BOYS, GIRLS, PARENTS  
AND OTHER CHILDREN

BY  
EDWARD ANTHONY  
Author of "MERRY-GO-ROUNDELAYS"

WITH A SERIES OF  
PHOTOGRAPHIC ANIMAL STUDIES BY  
HARRY WHITTIER FREES



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TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER  
—AND A RARE SENSE OF HUMOR



## SONG OF THE COMING OF CATS AND DOGS

(In which a little girl wonders how they came to be.)

“Oh, how came dogs and cats to be?”  
I said to dad; “it puzzles me.”  
And daddy smiled and said, “Miss Dimple,  
The thing you ask is very simple.  
I’ll tell it to you for a kiss,”  
And, when I’d kissed him, told me this:

*“A-many years ago, my dear,  
Upon an evening wild  
'T was raining cats and dogs, I hear,  
And that explains it, child.”*

That sounded very strange to me,  
It seemed a fairy tale, you see,  
And so I thought, “I’ll ask my mother;  
She’ll tell me—or perhaps big brother.”  
And when I asked her, mother said,  
Of course, I’ll tell you, Curlyhead:

*“Now, this is how they came to be—  
Upon a distant hill, C!  
The dog grows on the dogwood-tree  
And the cat on the pussywillow!”*

And brother’s tale is different too,  
And so is that of Sister Sue.  
How queer that they should differ so!  
I do not think I’ll ever know.



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THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS



# THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

## CHAPTER I

*If some one tried to drown me, I  
Should be disturbed a lot;  
I'm SURE that I'd let out a cry—  
A loud one, like as not.*

*For drowning is a nuisance. Those  
Who try it seldom budge;  
They cannot go to picture shows  
Or munch on cake and fudge.*

*No wonder that a pussycat  
Old Grumbel tried to drown  
Set up a noisy howling that  
Was heard all over town.*

“**M**EE-OW!”

“MEE-OW!”

Little Violet Valery, who was sitting in her room making a party dress for her youngest doll, started in alarm as she heard the cries.

“Where does that mee-owing come from?” she asked herself. “I do believe some cat is in distress.”

“MEE-OW!”

“Goodness me! It sounds as if the poor pussycat is right in this house,” continued Violet to herself. “I must go to

see," she said, addressing her doll. "I'll be right back, Belinda; and don't get into any mischief while I am gone."

"MEE-OW!"

Violet dashed into the living-room, but she found no pussy there.

"MEE-OW!"

The unhappy pussycat, wherever she was, seemed in greater misery than ever. The cry could not have been more pitiful if it had come from a cat that had tried to swallow a large, fat mouse that had got stuck in her throat and refused to go down. But this is nonsense. How could a pussy howl if she had a mouse stuck in her throat?

"MEE-OW!"

By this time Violet had searched through every room but the kitchen without finding a trace of the miserable pussy. Entering the kitchen she asked her mother, who was preparing dinner: "Mother dear, is there a stray cat in here? I have heard one mee-owing all morning."

"There is no pussy here, dear. Those cries sound as if they come from the apartment below where cross old Mr. Grumbel lives."

"MEE-OW! MEE-OW!"

"That is so, Mother!" exclaimed Violet. "The sounds do come from there. I am afraid some poor little kitty has strayed into Mr. Grumbel's house and he is hurting her."

"I am afraid so too, child," said Violet's mother. "It seems a pity."

"Oh, Mother, may I go down and ask Mr. Grumbel to give me the kitty?"

"You may, dear, but be very polite. He is the crossdest man I have ever seen."

In an instant Violet was on her way downstairs. Soon she was rapping on Mr. Grumbel's door. A maid opened the door and let her in.

"May I see Mr. Grumbel, please?" asked Violet.

"He is very busy," said the maid.

"MEE-OW! MEE-OW!"

This time the cries were so loud that Violet knew the kitten was in Mr. Grumbel's home.

"Oh, please, ask him to see me!" begged Violet.

"He can't see any one," said the maid. "He told me so before."

As the maid said this, Violet heard the loudest and most pitiful mee-owing that she had ever heard. "The pussy must be dying," she thought.

Paying no attention to the maid, she rushed across the floor and did not stop until she reached the kitchen.

There she saw a most interesting sight. Mr. Grumbel was standing over a brimming basin, in the act of forcing a pretty gray kitten under the water.

"He is giving her a bath," thought Violet, "and she is afraid of the water."

"Who's there?" growled Mr. Grumbel, hearing Violet's footsteps.

"Violet Valery," said the little girl. "I live upstairs."

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly, momentarily lifting the kitten out of the water as he turned to address her.

"I heard the pussy howling, sir," said Violet, "and I thought something had happened to her. I didn't know you were bathing her."

"Bathing her, am I?" growled Mr. Grumbel. "I'm

drowning the little scamp, that's what I am! And what's it to you?" With this the old villain—for he was indeed a villain—forced the kitten under the water again.

"Mee-ow!" cried pussy again, this time in a weaker tone, for her struggles had tired her.

"Please don't do that, Mr. Grumbel!" exclaimed Violet.

"Run along, little girl! This is no affair of yours!"

"It is wrong to drown that kitten, Mr. Grumbel. Please don't!"

"It's wrong, eh? Well, it was wrong of her to howl on the fence last night." With this, the old devil—for he was indeed a devil—gave the unlucky kitten another ducking.

"Oh, how can you be so cruel!" exclaimed Violet.

"Cruel, eh? I suppose pussy was n't cruel with her howling and keeping folks awake at night. A plague on the rascally little nuisance!" He was on the point of giving the little pussycat another dousing when Violet seized his arm and exclaimed: "Have mercy on her, Mr. Grumbel! Please do!"

"Run along, missy!"

"Oh, give her another chance, Mr. Grumbel!"

"Another chance to keep me awake all night, I suppose? No, she's not going to get away this time. I may not be lucky enough to catch her again."

"How in the world did you ever catch her?" asked Violet. She wondered how an old man like Mr. Grumbel could have overtaken a fleet little pussycat.

"That was easy," cackled Mr. Grumbel. "I threw a shoe at her and sent her flying off the fence. Ha! ha! You should have seen that shoe hit Miss Mee-ow! She did n't do any meowing again for a while. She just lay there and groaned un-

til I went out and picked her up. I brought her in and left her here overnight. I was too tired to drown her last night." Mr. Grumbel cackled again. He was delighted with his capture of the poor little pussycat. "Here," he added with an unpleasant grin as he pointed to a worn-out shoe, "is the blessed thing that brought her down."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Violet, "I never thought you would hit a poor little pussycat."

"Neither did I, missy," he replied, with another disagreeable grin; "I usually miss. My aim is n't what it used to be." Mr. Grumbel thought this a tremendous joke. He laughed again. No, he cackled. He cackled like a pleased old hen. No, that is not mean enough. It is pleasant to hear a hen cackling. I know! He cackled like an old fiend—and rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Oh, please, give me the kitty!" exclaimed Violet. "I am afraid you have hurt her. See how limp her front paws are! It must be very painful."

"Drowning will cure that, missy," said Mr. Grumbel continuing to cackle like an old fiend; "she will not feel a thing after I duck her a few times more."

"Oh, please, PLEASE, don't, Mr. Grumbel!" cried Violet, getting down on her knees. No, this is a mistake. Her mother had taught her never to do this unless there happened to be a carpet on the floor. This was a kitchen floor, covered with oilcloth, so I am sure she did n't get down on her knees, for Violet was an obedient child. But I do know—for I could hear it plainly—that she exclaimed in a very pathetic way, "Please, Mr. Grumbel, do not drown the kitty!"

Mr. Grumbel, though he disliked to admit it, was beginning to weaken. Even an old fiend that cackles gleefully

can be moved at times. All men, even the meanest, have hearts. My doctor told me this.

"I am afraid the kitty will have to pay for her sins," he said. With this he turned his back on Violet and made out he was ducking the pussy again. In reality he had turned to let a large tear, two inches around, roll down his cheek and drop into the basin. It hit the water with a splash, and for a moment Violet thought that the pussy was receiving another soaking. She was relieved to find that this was not so.

"Let me keep her, Mr. Grumbel," pleaded Violet again. "I will teach her not to howl."

"You might as well try to teach a dog not to wag his tail," said Mr. Grumbel, snuffling. He knew he was beaten but he would not give in—yet. "A cat with strong lungs, missy, simply *will* have her nightly howl."

"Let me keep her a day, sir, and I will teach her to be quiet. Oh, please, give your consent! *Please* do, Mr. Grumbel!"

"Very well, child," said Mr. Grumbel, wiping his eyes. They were very red and watery. He must have had a cold. "But remember, if she lets out a single mee-ow"—he was making an effort to be stern—"into the basin she goes!"

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Violet as she joyously kissed the old fiend. "I will teach her to be as quiet as my dolly. Little dolly used to howl at nights, too, but I begged her to stop and she did; and now she's the nicest, quietest dolly in the world. She never says a word—just looks at me and smiles. Kitty will be like that too, Mr. Grumbel."

"I hope so." said the old fiend as he handed the shivering kitten to Violet.

As Violet left with the kitty, another tear, this one three



inches around, trickled down Mr. Grumbel's cheek and, landing in the basin, splashed water in all directions, and ruined the wall-paper. But Mr. Grumbel did not care, for he had done a kind deed.

Even a fiend has his moments.

## CHAPTER II

*Kingfisher birds I've known for years  
And queen bees by the score;  
They play around upon the ground  
Outside my cottage door.*

*And I have found these royal friends  
Such good companions that  
I'd like to meet upon the street  
A princess pussycat!*

**T**HE moment that Violet reached her room a startling thing happened. The shivering pussycat began to talk!

"How can I thank you, dear Violet," she began, "for all you have done for me?"

Violet stared at the kitten in astonishment. "I didn't know that pussycats talked," she said; "this is wonderful!"

"Where I come from—the kingdom of Tabbyland—all pussycats, and even the dogs, talk."

"How remarkable!" cried Violet. "How did that come to pass?"

"Louis Katorze, the court magician at Tabbyland Palace and one of the smartest cats in the world, discovered a medicine that will make any animal talk. I was the first pussy to benefit by Louis's discovery."

"What an honor!" exclaimed Violet. "Then you know the court magician very well?"

"Indeed I do!" replied the remarkable kitty. "I am the

Princess Pauline, daughter of Thomas VI, King of Tabbyland. If there is anything my noble father or I can do to reward you for saving my life, do not hesitate to name it."

"This is like a dream!" exclaimed Violet clapping her hands. "All my life I have wanted to meet a princess and now my wish has come true! I am so happy to know you, your Majesty!"

"Do not bother calling me 'your Majesty.' It is the proper way to address me and I am glad you know it. But I like you too well to have you call me 'your Majesty.' It sounds too formal. Call me Princess—or Prinny, for short."

"Very well, Prinny," replied Violet joyfully.

"You may also slap me on the back," continued the Princess. "I am very democratic. Besides it kills the fleas. We have none in the palace but your back yard is full of them and some of them are playing hide-and-go-seek in my fur."

"I am only too glad to do anything you wish," replied Violet, slapping the Princess on the back. "And now that I have done that, Prinny, won't you please tell me what in the world brought you here from Tabbyland? Surely there is more fun to be had in your father's palace than there is here."

"It is a long story," said the Princess. "As soon as my chill leaves me and I have had a little rest I will tell you the story, Violet."

"How thoughtless of me!" said Violet. "You shall have some milk too," and she fetched some at once. When the milk was all lapped up, she wrapped her little visitor in a warm blanket and placed her on the bed.

"Now, dear Prinny, tell me the story," said Violet.

"Very well, dear Violet," said the Princess, "this is how it happened—"

### CHAPTER III

*A pussy finds her earthly joy  
In howling on a fence;  
She does not do it to annoy,  
It is not impudence.*

*Her aim is to be friendly; I  
Am sure that I am right.  
Hark closely and you'll hear her cry,  
"Mee—'ow are YOU tonight?"*

“**A**S you now know,” the royal pussycat began, “I am the Princess Pauline, daughter of Thomas VI, King of the Cats. I live in a beautiful palace—thirty-six rooms, five baths, steam heat, hot and cold running water, elevator service all night, and all other improvements. It is the most magnificent palace in the world. There is nothing in it cheaper than gold. There used to be a few silver rooms but my father had them removed and given to the poor.

“My father is a very generous man. Nothing that I ask for does he deny me. When I tire of cow’s milk, he sees that I am supplied with goat’s or giraffe’s milk or any other kind I desire. Once when I was ill and cranky I refused to eat the nice, tender gray mouse that was served me in bed and insisted that I would not taste anything but a green mouse with lavender stripes. My father, ever intent upon pleasing me, sent out a thousand knights to hunt for such a mouse. After they

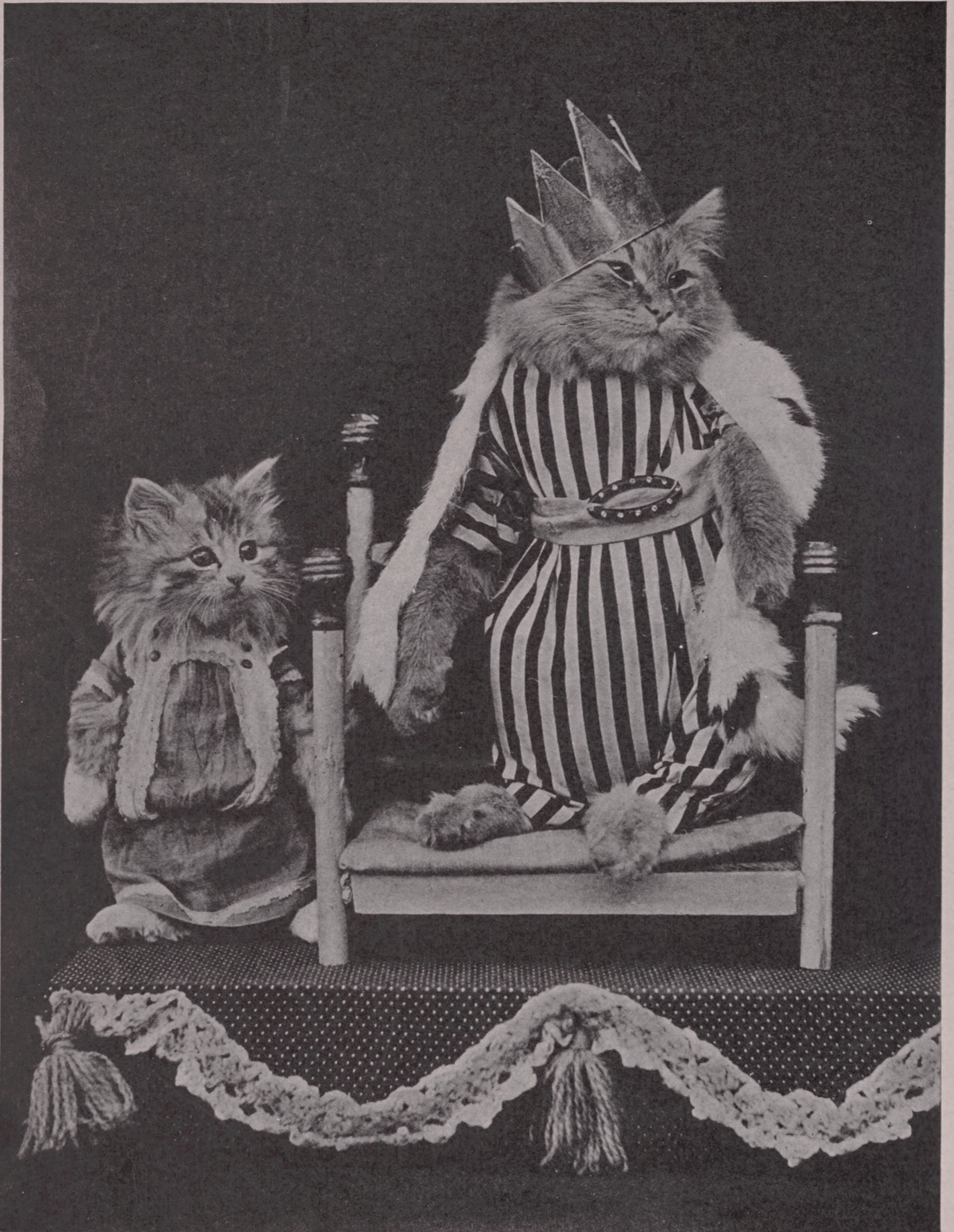
had searched all day and failed to find one my father commanded that one drop out of the sky and it was served in my room an hour later with a delicious sauce.

“Every request I have ever made has been granted me. One day I asked for the moon. Needless to say, it was brought to me. After playing with it for a few weeks I ordered it put back. One must not be selfish. The palace grounds are well lighted and I can get along without a moon in the sky, but I must think of my father’s subjects.

“I mention these things to give you an idea of the life of a pussycat princess. It is a life of splendor and ease. One can have anything at all. And that, dear Violet, is what caused all the trouble. I grew tired of the magnificence of my father’s court. I longed for a chance to lead the life of an ordinary cat. Above all, I pined for a chance to go out into the world and howl for a night on a back fence. Time and again word had come to me of the fun that ordinary cats have in this way. If my father would only give his consent! I often thought. To howl for a night on a back fence! How happy it would make me! For weeks I was aflame with the idea! I could think of nothing else. O glorious boon!—to howl for a night on a back fence! Hasten the day when this heavenly pleasure should be mine!

“One day I decided to ask my father’s consent without further delay. I could keep my secret no longer. I would wait until I found him in good humor and tell him of my plan. I knew he would object at first but that I should win out if I kissed him sufficiently. Father loves kisses.

“Well, one day I found him rolling all over the throne-room floor with a ball of catnip. I was shocked at first, for his Majesty is usually very dignified. But when I saw him play-



The Princess Seeks the King's Permission to Leave the Palace

fully smiling up at me, I knew the time had come to ask his consent in the matter so close to my heart.

“ ‘Father,’ I began, ‘may I have a few words with you?’

“ ‘Yes, my darling Pauline,’ he replied, ‘but please be quick about it, child. This is an excellent catnip ball and I’d like to roll around some more. It is the only way I can keep fit to rule the kingdom.’

“ ‘Dear King and Father,’ I began, ‘I—I—I wish to leave home!’

“ ‘What!’ cried his Majesty scowling (a thing he seldom does). ‘After all I have done for you! This is too much—too much!’ And he began to pace the pure gold floor and wring his paws.

“ ‘Only for a night, Father dear!’ I cried. ‘You have been good to me. I have not forgotten. Did n’t you give me the moon when I asked for it? And a green mouse with lavender stripes to eat when I was ill? Only for a night do I wish to leave, dear King and Father—only for a night!’

“ ‘And then I kissed him 118 times—no, I think it was 121. I kissed him on the left cheek, on the right cheek, on the forehead, on the lips, on the whiskers, on the nose. I kissed him so hard I knocked his crown off.

“ ‘When I had done kissing him I made a final appeal: ‘O Father, if you do not give your consent I shall be the unhappiest kitten in Tabbyland!’

“ ‘Give me a chance to get my breath,’ he replied, picking up his crown and adjusting it; ‘you have pretty nearly knocked the wind out of your poor old father.’

“ ‘Boy, hand me the throne,’ he said, addressing a page who stood near-by. ‘I am tired and wish to sit down.’ The boy handed him the throne and he continued as he seated himself:

'Pauline, you have n't told me yet why you desire to leave the palace for a night. What is the reason?'

" 'Dear King and Father,' I replied, 'I wish to howl for a night on a back fence! Oh, let me join the humble cats and sing with them for an evening. All my life I have been denied this pleasure. Please, PLEASE let me go!'

" 'You are mad, child!' said the King. 'How can a little kitten like you go out into the world alone?'

" 'I will take my governess, Doggie Dorothy,' I replied; 'she will protect me, Father. She is a good strong dog and will thrash any one that tries to harm me. Please say that I may go!'

" 'You may go on this condition, that you will never again make a like request. The Princess Pauline, daughter of Thomas VI, King of Tabbyland, does not belong on a back fence. I hope you understand that, child.'

" 'I do, dear King and Father, I do! Let me go this time and I'll never ask again.'

" 'You may go!' he said in his best regal manner. 'But mind—only for a night!'

"I kissed him again, but this time I was careful not to knock his crown off. A crown that has too many dents in it is not becoming."



## CHAPTER IV

*A pussy on a fence at night  
Howls.  
A man who thinks it is n't right  
Scowls.*

*The pussy is destroying his  
Sleep,  
Which makes him (this no fable is)  
Weep.*

*For he is resting from his hard  
Labor,  
While she mee-ows, this noisy yard  
Neighbor.*

*"Get off that fence!" he's shouting to  
Her.  
Says she, "The same I will not do,  
Sir!"*

*Comes flying through the air a great  
Boot.  
See pussy—but, alas, too late—  
Scoot!*

**H**OW glad I was to have my father's consent!" continued the Princess. "It was the happiest moment of my life."

“Did n’t you have to have your mother’s consent too?” Violet asked.

“My mother was away at the time. She was off on a royal visit to Kittonia, one of the provinces of Tabbyland.”

“Oh, I see,” said Violet.

“I at once made preparations to leave the palace,” the Princess went on. “I summoned my governess, Doggie Dorothy, and told her of my plan.

“‘How happy I shall be, your Majesty, to help you carry out your plan!’ exclaimed Doggie Dorothy. ‘I will help you pick out a nice comfortable fence, with no barbed wire on it, and you shall howl to your heart’s content.’

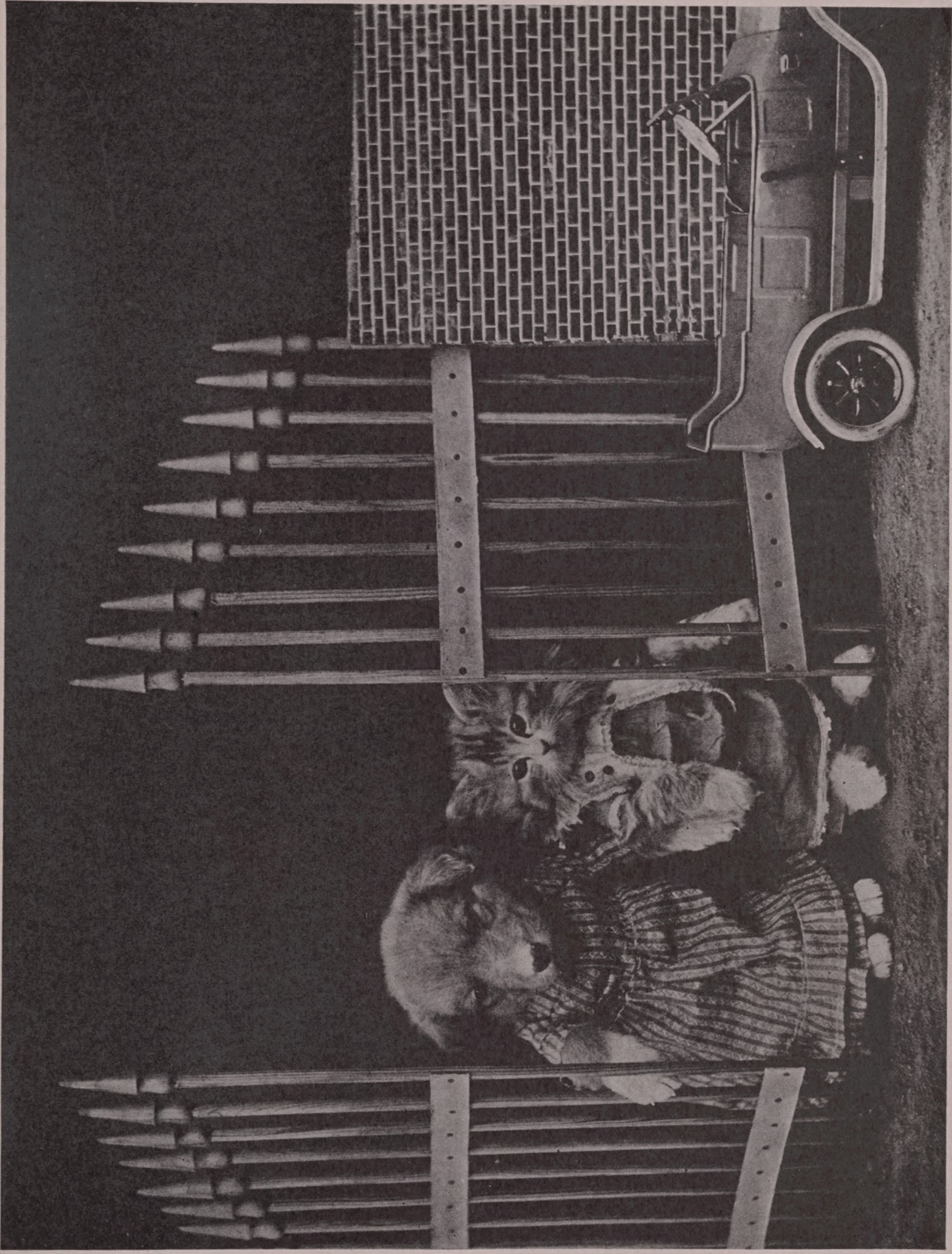
“‘You will stand near-by and see that no harm comes to me,’ I said.

“‘Indeed I will, your Majesty!’ replied Doggie Dorothy.

“I then ordered the royal motor-coach to be at the door in a few minutes.

“Well, before I knew it, Doggie Dorothy and I were riding out of Tabbyland. When it became known that the Princess Pauline was passing in the royal motor thousands of pussycats gathered at the roadside to cheer me. It brought tears to my eyes to see my father’s subjects wave the Tabbyland national flag—a milk-white affair, with mouse-colored stripes—wherever we passed. They cheered until their throats were hoarse.

“I acknowledged each cheer with a bow. They thought this was good of me. ‘See how cheerfully she bows!’ I heard one old cat remark. ‘I remember princesses that would not bow if you cheered until you burst your lungs. There was the Princess Felina, for instance, daughter of Percy IX, who ruled back in the eighties. She would n’t look at us plain cats, much



The Princess Leaving the Palace with Her Governess, Doggie Dorothy

less bow to us. No wonder nobody mourned when she choked to death on a fish head back in '84. May Pauline the Great-hearted have a kinder fate! Three more cheers for the Princess Pauline!' And the mob let loose a cheer that shook the top off a near-by mountain and sent it crashing into the sea.

"After riding steadily for two hours, we reached the royal air-ship grounds. There we boarded the *Thomas VI*, my father's private balloon, and waited a few minutes while the royal windjammer, a stout old cat with powerful lungs, blew it full of air. After this was done the pilot got aboard and in less than an hour we had traveled 10,000 miles and were out of Tabbyland and in this part of the world.

"I dismissed the air-ship pilot and told him to call for me the following morning—*to-day*, in other words. I told him he would find me on the most comfortable back fence in the land.

" 'Very well, your Majesty,' he said, and departed.

"Doggie Dorothy and I then began our search for the most comfortable back fence. After searching for three hours we discovered your yard and were delighted to find that your fence was just the kind I wanted—smooth boards with not a single splinter in them, no barbed wire, and a roomy perch.

" 'Oh, this is wonderful!' I cried, joyfully clapping my paws. 'What a splendid time I shall have on this fence!'

"Without a second's delay I scrambled up, and perching myself on one of the most comfortable boards, let loose a trial 'mee-ow!'—not a very loud one, just loud enough to see how it felt. Oh, it was wonderful! I don't know how to describe it, Violet, so that you will understand.

"I was about to mee-ow again when I was interrupted by Doggie Dorothy, who cried, in a horrified tone: 'It is too early,

Princess! Cats do not howl on back fences in broad daylight. It is not being done this year.'

" 'Oh, how can I wait until evening comes!' I cried. 'I simply can't bear any more delay. My soul is crying out for a chance to howl itself hoarse.'

" 'Whoever heard of a cat howling with her soul, your Majesty?' said Dorothy, who was becoming crankier every minute. 'Your language is frightful to-day, a sign that you are excited. Come with me for a stroll and in the evening when you are calm we shall return and you shall howl to your lungs' content.'

"I consented, although I must confess that I was not altogether pleased with Dorothy. In the first place, she should not have corrected my language. It is not proper for a governess to correct a member of the royal family.

"I once heard my noble father say so to Dorothy when she was silly enough to object to his use of 'ain't' in a speech that he delivered from the palace balcony. The King of course knew that 'ain't' is wrong. He simply used it, as any sensible king would, to make his subjects feel at home. The cat that ruled before my father was disliked because his grammar was perfect and no one could understand him. The people thought that a cat that used such fine language must be stuck up, and I don't blame them.

"But I am rambling. What did I say last? Oh, yes! Doggie Dorothy and I went for a stroll. We had three hours to spend before it would be dark enough for me to howl on that delightful back fence of yours, Violet. We went to a restaurant where I had some catsup and Dorothy some dog-biscuit; and then we visited a motion-picture theater. There



Pussies at the Roadside Cheering the Passing Princess

I was thrilled beyond measure to find that among the news pictures was a scene from Tabbyland. It read:

KING OF CATS INSPECTING  
FREE MILK STATION  
IN TABBYLAND

. . . . .  
Thomas VI Wins Place  
in Hearts of Pus-  
sies by Helping  
Poor

. . . . .  
Milk of Feline Kind-  
ness Flows and  
Many Cats are  
Happy  
. . . . .

“How proud I was of my father! And how glad to know that the world was aware of his many virtues.

“When the motion-picture was over it was dark outside and I was happy, for the moment was near at hand when at last I should have my chance to scramble up a fence and howl for a whole wonderful night.

“In no time Doggie Dorothy and I returned to your back yard. Five or six shabby-looking stray cats were already there. A few of them were beginning to tune up. I was glad of their company. It is best to sing in chorus until one’s nervousness wears off.

“The cats gave me a royal reception even though they did

not know that I was a princess. They were dirty but kind. One of them, alas! looked as though she had not bathed for months but she had so gentle a look that I did not mind. Another—dear me!—had forty-one fleas on one ear alone, but she was so courteous, in her crude way, that I paid no attention to this failing.

“ ‘Lookit the new arrival, fellers!’ exclaimed a dumpy gray pussy in a noisy but kindly way. ‘Let’s make her feel at home.’

“ ‘Welcome to our kitty!’ cried another with a laugh. Others took up the cry and I was happy.

“ ‘I am delighted to be with you, kind friends,’ I replied.

“ ‘Cattaboy!’ cried a jolly little cinnamon-colored tabby. This made all the other pussies chuckle and I was puzzled. I had never heard the expression before. Could they be making fun of me?

“ ‘Don’t let anything worry you, old girl!’ cried a frowsy gray cat, noticing my worried look.

“ ‘Your speech puzzles me,’ I replied; ‘I am a pussy, not a girl, and I am not old. But I do not mind these mistakes. You are all very good and that is all that matters. When does the howling begin?’

“ ‘As soon as Belinda, Rufus, and Jennie arrive,’ replied the jolly cinnamon tabby that had greeted me before. ‘They are late to-night. Belinda works at Mrs. Coogan’s on Pell Street. There are many mice there and she may be working overtime. But I do not understand why Jennie and Rufus are late. Jennie has an easy position with Mrs. Simpson; all she does is play with the children for a few hours a day. I wonder where Rufus can be. He is not working and should have been here long ago. It would never do to start without



Rufus. He is the only pussycat in the neighborhood with a bass voice and our choir is not complete without him.'

" 'Very well, then,' I replied, 'let us wait.'

" 'It is the wisest thing to do,' observed a quiet little black cat with large green eyes. 'The other night an angry lady in the next yard, in leaning out of her window to scold us for mee-owing, accidentally pushed a whole roast chicken off the ledge. It provided a most excellent feast. This would never have happened if not for Rufus. His deep bass voice was in excellent trim and he made as much noise as all the sopranos put together. By all means let us wait until Rufus comes.'

" 'Here he comes now!' cried another cat, clapping her paws. 'Belinda and Jenny are coming too! Hooray!'

"Sure enough, three cats were approaching. Rufus proved to be a large chocolate-colored fellow with purplish eyes, bushy eyebrows, and one of the loveliest mustaches I have ever seen. He looked almost as handsome as my father the king. Belinda was a fat gray cat that waddled like a duck. She looked as though she had made a practice of eating too many mice. Jennie was a skinny little thing whose ribs stuck out like hoops on a barrel.

"In a second Rufus, Jennie, and Belinda were perched on the fence with the other cats. 'Let's go!' shouted Rufus and in a twinkling we were all howling away. When the first number was over, a most surprising thing happened. Every cat on the fence came over to pat me on the back and shake my paw.

" 'Nobly done!' cried one.

" 'What a wonderful pair of lungs!' exclaimed another.

" 'You have out-howled us all—even Rufus!' shouted a third, adding as she turned to the other cats, 'Let's give three



The Princess Mee-owing on Violet's Back-Fence

mee-ows for our new friend!' And they did. I joined them, forgetting that it is not customary to cheer for oneself. The result was perhaps the loudest mee-owing ever done by pussycats in the history of the race. What a stir it caused! I don't know how you ever slept through it, Violet. Every window in the neighborhood went up with a bang. A thousand heads peered out into the darkness. There was a buzz of excited voices. Every one seemed to be saying, 'Did you ever hear anything like it?' How proud I was of myself! For I was largely responsible for the racket. To think that my little lungs had caused all that stir! I swelled up with pride. This was my undoing—and let it be a lesson to all who hear my story. If my success had not gone to my head and I had not swelled to thrice my normal size the shoe that was flung at me—for this is what happened—might not have hit me.

"In my swollen state I was an excellent target and was struck a severe blow that sent me flying off the fence. All the cats ran off in terror. Instead of coming to my rescue, Doggie Dorothy proved a coward and fled with them. There I lay on the cold ground unable to move. The blow had stunned me. After I had lain there all a-tremble for about ten minutes my terror was increased by the appearance of a man in pajamas, who proved to be Mr. Grumbel. 'Ah! there you are, my pretty one!' he snarled as he roughly picked me up and carried me into the house. 'I'll teach you to keep me awake all night!'

"Mr. Grumbel has told you the rest, Violet."

## CHAPTER V

*Gaze skyward and I'm sure you'll see  
A great amount of space.  
Wherever you may chance to be  
This is the case.*

*There's nothing in the space but air,  
And here and there a bird,  
A circumstance that I declare  
Is most absurd.*

*We crowd the earth and let the sky  
Stay empty as can be.  
I often sit and wonder why  
Such things should be.*

*To folks the birds do not object,  
For there is room for all.  
They rather welcome, I suspect,  
A friendly call.*

“**I** AM so sorry that you have had such trouble, Prinny,” said Violet. “The idea of a princess having a shoe thrown at her!”

“It *is* a bit unusual,” replied the royal kitty. “But I am beginning to feel well again and do not mind. After all, it has been an interesting experience and I shall have something to put in my diary when I return home.”

“And I shall have something to tell Mr. Grumbel one of these days. The idea of striking a princess!”

“He did n't know, dear. It was dark, remember. And even

in daylight (this rather annoys me at times) it is hard to tell a royal cat from the ordinary kind. I think royal pussies should be made so that they can be told at a glance from street cats. I will speak to Louis Katorze, the court magician, about this when I return."

"That is a good idea, Prinny. But even if Mr. Grumbel did not know you were a princess he should have treated you more kindly."

"Let us forget the old rascal. After all, as my royal father says, all 's well that ends well."

"My mother often says that too. Oh, Prinny, I should so love to have you meet my mother. I will call her in."

"That will be lovely, Violet."

Violet left the room and soon returned with Mrs. Valery.

"Mother dear!" exclaimed Violet. "This dear little pussy is a princess! And she talks! Just think!"

"Really?" said Mrs. Valery greatly surprised.

"Yes, Mother, a real Princess! Is n't it wonderful?"

"It is indeed, child," replied Mrs. Valery smiling.

"Tell mother your full title, Princess," said Violet.

"I am the Princess Pauline," said the pussycat, "daughter of Thomas VI, King of Tabbyland, Pussyville, Purru, and Catlanta."

"Well, this is indeed a pleasure!" said Mrs. Valery. "I am very glad to know you, your Highness."

"Your daughter saved my life. Is there anything I can do to show my gratitude?"

"Could you—but no, that would be hard to arrange."

"What is it you wish, Mrs. Valery?"

"I'd like new paper on these walls. I can't do a thing with the landlord. Could you make him do it?"

"My royal father shall command it."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Valery happily. "The rooms are so shabby—hardly the place to receive a Princess."

"Do not mind that, Mrs. Valery," said the Princess. "I overlook a great deal. It is the right way."

"Oh, Prinny," began Violet, when her mother interrupted her.

"It is not proper to call her 'Prinny,' child," said Mrs. Valery. "Call her 'your Highness.'"

"Oh, that is nothing," said the Princess pleasantly. "I have given her permission to call me 'Prinny.' You may also call me 'Prinny,' if you wish. I permit my friends to do so, and you are now my friend."

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Mrs. Valery. "You are so kind, Prinny."

"It is one of the duties of a princess to be kind," said the royal kitty modestly.

"Oh, Prinny," said Violet again, "can't you stay with us for the week-end?"

"Dear, no!" exclaimed the Princess. "The Baron of Milk-bowl is giving a ball at the palace the day after to-morrow and I must attend. But if your mother will consent, you may come to Tabbyland with me for a few days."

"Oh, that would be wonderful, Prinny!" cried Violet happily. "Mother dear, may I go?"

"You may, my darling," said Mrs. Valery, "if Prinny will see that you are brought back in safety."

"You may depend upon that, Mrs. Valery," said the Princess, "I will see that she makes the return trip in my father's private balloon. Goodness! there is the balloon now! I told

the pilot to look for me near the most comfortable back fence in the land, and of course he has stopped at your yard. There is no back fence like it in the world; I just knew he would find it!"

With this the Princess ran to the window to signal the pilot of the handsome royal air-ship. "I will be down directly, Rudolph!" she cried. "Yes, your Highness," replied the pilot, gracefully bowing. This is a difficult thing to do in a balloon but he managed it nicely. Little things like this show that one can do anything if one only tries. (This is a moral, Children.)

"Then I may go to Tabbyland, Mother?" asked Violet.

"Yes, since Prinny promises to have you safely returned," said Mrs. Valery.

"Oh, how kind you are, mother!" exclaimed Violet kissing her.

"May we leave at once, Mrs. Valery?" asked the Princess. "Or shall we have to wait until Mr. Valery returns from work?"

"You may go now, if you wish," said Violet's mother. "It is safer to travel in daylight. I will explain to Mr. Valery."

"That is splendid!" cried the Princess. Then, "Let us be going, Violet."

Violet put her hat and coat on and kissed her mother.

"Come in and pay us a visit once in a while, Prinny," said Mrs. Valery as they were leaving. "And whenever the King is in the neighborhood we should like to have him drop in too."

"Thank you!" exclaimed the Princess departing.

"Good-by, Mother dear!" cried Violet throwing Mrs. Valery a kiss. "I will write you and father a long letter as soon as I arrive in Tabbyland."

## CHAPTER VI

### A

*A crown's a lovely thing,  
Upon a lovely head.  
For tea or motoring  
A crown's a lovely thing.  
The royal ladies sing  
The praises of the said.  
A crown's a lovely thing  
Upon a lovely head!*

### B

*She wore her crowning glory  
And everybody clapped.  
Upon her upper story  
She wore her crowning glory,  
And people, young and hoary,  
Gazed at the maiden, rapt.  
She wore her crowning glory  
And everybody clapped!*

“**W**HAT a wonderful balloon!” exclaimed Violet gazing at the royal air-ships! “I have never seen anything like it.”

“It *is* a rather handsome affair,” replied the Princess.

“What is that design away up there, Prinny?” asked Violet pointing to a decoration near the top of the balloon.

“That is the royal coat of arms—a silver bowl of sweet cream guarded on either side by a pussycat hussar, or soldier.



This design also appears on the royal battle-ships, coaches, trains, and so forth. It is the King's trade-mark."

"Oh, I see," said Violet.

"Well, let us enter," said the Princess. "Rudolph, get the step-ladder!"

Producing the royal step-ladder (also bearing the coat of arms), Rudolph placed it alongside the balloon. "You may now enter, your Highness," he said touching his cap.

The Princess and Violet ascended the ladder. Soon they were in the reception-room of the balloon. A maid took their hats and coats and brought them some tea.

"Oh, Prinny!" exclaimed Violet drinking her tea, "how splendid it is to have a balloon like this! I shall ask father to buy me one for my birthday."

"I am afraid they cost too much, Violet," said the Princess. "Whenever you wish a balloon ride, let me know and Rudolph will call for you. Of course, if your father could pick one up second-hand, it would not cost so much. A new one costs 4,367,000 pussetas, if I remember rightly."

"What is a pusseta, Prinny?" asked Violet.

"A pusseta," said the Princess, "is a Tabbyland coin worth about a dollar."

"How interesting," said Violet, adding, "When will the balloon start, Prinny?"

"At once. Rudolph is getting up steam now and we'll be ready to leave in a few seconds."

"Oh, that is fine!" cried Violet clapping her hands. (No, that is wrong. As she had a cup of tea in her right hand, clapping was out of the question. At any rate she was very happy, and that is the same thing.)

"BLOONK! BLOONK!"

"BLOONK! BLOONK!"

"What is that, Prinny?" asked Violet anxiously.

"That," said the Princess, "is the bloonker bloonking."

"And what is a bloonker, Prinny?"

"A bloonker, Violet, is a kind of horn. Rudolph is bloonking to warn folks that we are about to start."

"BLOONK! BLOONK!"

"BLOONK! BLOONK!"

"See!" cried the Princess, "we are leaving!"

"Look!" exclaimed Violet, "mother is waving to us from the kitchen window. Let us wave back!" And they did, until Mrs. Valery's house faded from sight and they were traveling over the city. (I think it was a city.)

"Oh, this is wonderful!" cried Violet. "It is even better than a swing."

"On the whole, yes," said the Princess. "It travels through the air more rapidly and is more comfortable than a swing."

"It is indeed, Prinny. Oh, how kind you are to take me along! How I love to feel the wind blowing through my hair!"

"So do I, Violet, although it messes up my fur. I think I shall put on my crown."

"Oh, Prinny, have you really got your crown with you?"

"Yes, Violet. Not my dress crown, of course. I have my traveling crown with me. It is a plain one, made of dull gold. The dust would soil my shiny one, so I do not take it with me when I travel."

"Do send for your crown, Prinny, and put it on!"

The Princess rang a bell and the maid entered.

"My traveling crown," commanded the Princess. The maid left and soon appeared with it.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Violet as the Princess put it on. It was a lovely dull gold crown studded with diamonds, cats'-eyes, rubies, and emeralds—not so many as one sees on dress crowns but plenty to go around.

"Do you really think it is becoming?" asked the Princess.

"Indeed I do!" said Violet.

"I am so happy to hear you say that," said the Princess. "It is the very latest, my milliner tells me."

"Then there are fashions in crowns, Prinny?"

"Indeed there are, Violet. I give all my old crowns to the cook. At the end of the season she will have this one too. The worst thing a Princess can do is to be seen wearing last year's crown. It is what my noble father calls 'the crowning insult.' He roars whenever he says this. Some of my father's sayings puzzle me."

"How interesting all this is!" exclaimed Violet. "Soon I shall know enough about these things to take up princessing myself."

"Indeed you will, Violet," said the Princess pleasantly.

"What is that, Violet?" exclaimed the Princess suddenly. She was pointing to a crowd gathered near a huge tent in a field below.

"That is a circus, Prinny. It is a place where people go to look at elephants and lions and to eat peanuts and popcorn."

"It must be a glorious place or so many people would n't be there. Is n't that so, Violet?"

"It is indeed, Prinny. There is a man who swallows swords, a lady as fat as this balloon, a giant whose arms are so long he can reach the top of a mountain and scrape off a snowball, and—"

“Stop, Violet! That is enough. I cannot return to Tabbyland without seeing these things.”

With these words she rang for the maid, who came at once.

“Tell Rudolph to stop the balloon,” she commanded. “We are going to see the circus.”

“BLOONK! BLOONK!” screamed the bloonker, warning the people below that the air-ship was about to make a landing.

The people clapped their hands, thinking that was part of the show.

“Hear them clapping, Prinny!” cried Violet. “They must recognize you.” The Princess, overcome by this reception, tipped her crown politely. She had seen her father do this when his subjects applauded his speeches.

The hand-clapping grew and grew as the balloon drew nearer the ground and as they landed there was a perfect storm of applause.

A red-faced man dressed in a fancy braided uniform ran over to meet them. “Thanks, little girl!” he said to Violet. “This is better than anything in the show.”

“May we leave the balloon here while we see the show?” Violet asked him.

“Sure!” said the circus man. “If you will let your pilot take people up for rides while you are here you may see the performance free and have all the frankfurters, lemonade, popcorn, and candy you wish, for nothing.”

The Princess was overjoyed to hear this. She was tempted to join the conversation but did not wish to attract attention. “Say yes,” she whispered in Violet’s ear.

“All right, mister,” said Violet to the circus man, “but do

not hurt the balloon. It cost 4,367,000 pussetas and belongs to a King."

"I will take good care of it," said the circus man. "Where is your pilot?"

Violet called Rudolph, who was purring peacefully in the driver's basket. "Here is the pilot," she said as Rudolph leaped from the basket to the ground.

"What!" exclaimed the circus man, "does this little pussycat run the balloon?"

"Yes, sir," said Violet.

"Great stuff!" cried the circus man. "This beats the other acts a mile!"

"Rudolph," said Violet, "you will take up passengers in the balloon while the Princess and I see the circus."

The circus man then gave Violet a free pass and she and the Princess left to see the show.

As they were entering the tent they could hear the circus man crying, "LA-DEES AN' GEN-NIL-MIN! Right this way for a ride with Rudolph, the on'y cat that mans a balloon. Step up and let the pee-pul see you, Rudolph! Look him over! The on'y gen-oo-ine cat that runs a air-ship! Direc' from Koo-nee I 'lin' where he run all see-zin! Who's gonna ride with Rudolph? On'y twenny-fi' cents! Step right up! Twenny-fi' cents to ride with Rudolph! No crowdin'! Give 'em all a chance! Twenny-fi' cents for a thou-zin-dolluh thrill! All aboard! Anothuh trip in fifteen minutes!"

• • • • •  
"BLOONK! BLOONK!"

## CHAPTER VII

*The circus is a place where one  
May see a lot of things,  
And each of 'em is heaps of fun:  
The acrobats on swings,  
The clowns that romp in baggy pants,  
The man who swallows swords,  
The tigers and the el-e-phants,  
The leopards—there are hordes  
Of freaks and beasts that tickle me,  
But I am underbred  
And best of all I like to see  
The monkey scratch his head!*

*Some go to circuses to drink  
The pretty lemonade  
That bubbles red and green and pink  
And many another shade.  
Some go to see the bearded dame  
Whose whiskers touch her knees,  
Some to observe the charmer tame  
The ten-foot rattler. These  
Are very interesting things.  
But, as before I said,  
I go to see (what joy it brings!)  
The monkey scratch his head!*

“**W**HAT a big tent!” exclaimed the Princess as they entered the enclosure.

“It is the largest in the world, Prinny. It has to be, for this is ‘the greatest show on earth.’”

"How do you know that, Violet?"

"It says so on the posters, Prinny. There is one over there. 'THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH,' it reads."

"Yes, I see, Violet. They would n't say that if it was n't so."

"Indeed not, Prinny."

"What shall we see first, Violet?"

"The sword-swallower, if you think you would like that," said Violet.

"Oh, that would be charming!" said the Princess. "Let us go at once."

"He must be over there," said Violet pointing to a large purple and yellow sign that read, "SEE ABSORBO SWALLOW SWORDS."

As they approached they heard a man on a platform shouting through a megaphone: "The man with the i-ern stum-mick—Absorbo! Swallers anything at all! Carvin'-knives, hat-pins, ra-zuhs, scis-suhs, pitch-fawks, fish-hooks, bahbed wi-uh, boat anchuhs—anything! Let him swaller your penknife, gents, and see him projuce it outa his hat. Absorbo—the man who en-tuh-tains the crowned heads o' Yur-rup, Af-a-rika, an' othuh noted nations! Who'll be the first to let Absorbo swaller his penknife?"

A boy stepped from the crowd and handed his penknife to the man with the megaphone. He in turn gave it to Absorbo, a skinny little fellow who didn't look as if he could swallow a tack, much less a penknife. But he took the knife calmly, opened the blades, and swallowed it as though it were a tasty caramel or a piece of fudge.

"Now wah-chim projuce it frum his hat!" cried the man on the platform. And Absorbo did that very thing.

"Wonderful!" cried Violet.

"Indeed it is!" exclaimed the Princess.

"'Tain't so wonderful neither," said the little boy as Absorbo returned his knife. "I onct seen a trout swaller a pin"—here he stopped to lick his lollypop—"fish."

I think the little boy was joking, don't you, children?

"Let us now have some lemonade and candy, Prinny," said Violet as they walked away from the sword-swallower's booth, "and then we'll see the animals."

"That is a good plan, Violet," said the Princess.

They were soon drinking lemonade and eating candy and ice-cream.

"I am having a fine time, Prinny," said Violet. "I hope you are too."

"Indeed I am!" said the Princess, licking an ice-cream cone. "When we return to Tabbyland I shall ask father to start a circus there. The cats would enjoy it, I'm sure, and what a relief father would find it after a hard day's kinging."

"That is so, Prinny," said Violet, munching on a ball of popcorn; "a king should not work all the time."

Soon they were on their way to the zoo. Their first stop was at the monkey cage. "Is n't he like a man!" cried Prinny pointing to a large ape.

"Yes, there is a resemblance," said Violet.

"But men cannot climb so well, can they, Violet?" asked the Princess. "If they could climb that way they would be just like monkeys. But they are as smart as monkeys in other ways, are n't they, Violet?"

"Yes, indeed," said Violet.

"Are n't elephants large!" cried the Princess, gazing at one.



"Yes, they are very large," said Violet. "They are larger than lions, tigers, foxes, cows, grizzly bears, reindeers, snakes, and ostriches."

"I had never thought of that," said the Princess. "They are larger than horses and alligators too. And larger than porcupines, peacocks, and panthers. I do believe, Violet, they are the largest animals in the world! Just think! We are looking at the largest animals in the whole world!"

"That is so, Prinny. How wonderful it is to be here!"

"How father would love to see an elephant! Oh, Violet, do you think the circus man would give me an elephant for the balloon?"

"I am sure he would, Prinny, but how would you bring the elephant home without the balloon?"

"Could n't we ride home on him, Violet?"

"I am afraid not, Prinny. It is too far, I fear. But let us ask the circus man later. He will tell us."

"Yes, let us ask him, Violet."

As they were taking a last look at the elephants, the Princess seized Violet's arm and whispered in her ear, "Follow me!"

"What is wrong, Prinny?" asked Violet.

"Follow me!" whispered the Princess again.

After they had walked for about a minute the Princess pointed to the figure of a dog carrying a pail of water.

"Do you see that dog, Violet?"

Violet nodded.

"Well, that is my governess, Doggie Dorothy. What on earth can she be doing here?"

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Violet.

"Dorothy!" the Princess called, "come over at once!" Dog-

gie Dorothy was so startled by the Princess's voice that she dropped the bucket of water. Looking around, she saw the Princess and Violet and was about to run away when the Princess called again, "Come over at once, Dorothy!"

Dorothy, her tail between her legs, slunk over to where they were.

"What do you mean by this, Dorothy?" the Princess asked sternly. "What are you doing here?"

"I—I—you see—well—the other night when you were chased off the fence." stammered the worried dog, "I—I—oh, you would n't understand!"

"I understand very well!" exclaimed the Princess, plainly vexed. "You lost courage and ran away—you, who came along to protect me! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Perhaps I should," replied Dorothy insolently, "but I am not, little kitty."

"How dare you call me 'little kitty'!" cried the Princess. "You will call me 'your Highness,' if your please! The King will make you suffer for this when you return to Tabbyland!"

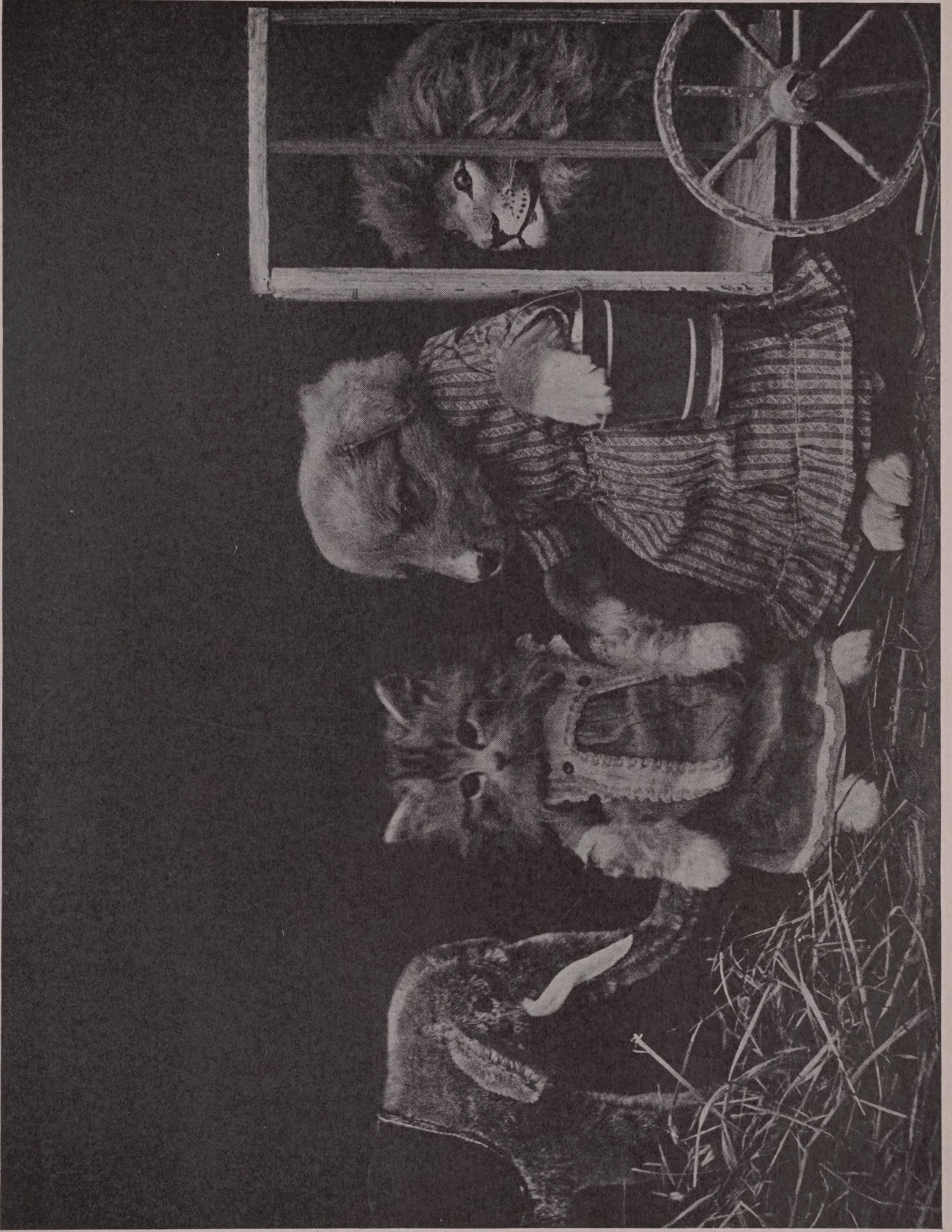
"But I'm not going back to Tabbyland, kitty. I've got a good job here carrying water to the elephants. I like it better than working in a palace and I am going to stay."

"You are coming back with me!" commanded the Princess stamping her paw.

"I am not, kitty!" replied Dorothy. "I am tired of working for royalty."

"How dare you talk that way, Dorothy, after the way I have treated you?" cried the Princess. "Did I ever refuse you a dog-biscuit? Or the best soup bone in the palace? For shame!"

"Well, you did treat me all right, kitty," said Dorothy, using



The Princess Meets the Naughty Doggie Dorothy at the Circus

anything but the polite language for which she was noted at court, "but I will not return. Kings are n't in style any more and if your father loses his job I lose mine. Nothing doing. So long." With this, the impertinent Dorothy turned to go.

"I command you to stop!" cried the vexed Princess. "If you do not I will have the circus man catch you. He will do anything I ask."

"He won't get a chance to catch me!" replied Doggie Dorothy. "I am going to run away from this circus at once and join another! Good-by, kitty!" And before the Princess could say another word the naughty dog was gone.

## CHAPTER VIII

*And now we're off for Tabbyland  
Where Thomas in a palace grand  
And with a scepter in his hand  
    (Of course I mean his paw)  
Sits on a brightly polished throne  
That you or I'd be glad to own,  
A-signing bills (for he's no drone)  
    And laying down the law;  
Where Mrs. Thomas—I should say  
The Queen (how rude I am to-day!)—  
Helps Thomas in a social way  
    To rule the tabby state;  
Where lovely pussy-willows grow  
And bright the catnip blossoms blow,  
Where tabby farmers rake and hoe  
    Until the hour is late;  
Where cats of every size and make,  
Of every name from Jane to Jake,  
Eat, study, slumber, cook, and bake  
    And seek their belles and beaus;  
Where tabbies—but I think it's time  
To close my poem, for if I'm  
A-going to tell it all in rhyme  
    You will not read my prose!*

“**I** SN'T this provoking!” exclaimed the Princess as Doggie Dorothy disappeared.  
“It is indeed, Prinny,” said Violet. “How sorry I am!”

"Let us return to the circus man and get the balloon back, Violet. I wish to return to Tabbyland at once!"

"Don't you want to see the rest of the show, Prinny?"

"I'd love to, Violet, but father must know of Doggie Dorothy's impudence without delay."

"That is so," said Violet. "Let us return at once."

With that, Violet and the Princess left the tent and went back to the open field where the circus man was selling rides in the royal Tabbyland balloon.

"A trip to the clouds with Rudolph, the on'y cat that mans a air-ship!" the circus man was crying. "Las' day with this soi-kus! Now 's your chance, la-dees and gen-nil-min! Who will have the next ride?"

"I will, sir," said Violet approaching. "I am sorry to take the balloon away so soon but I must leave at once." (The Princess had asked her to do the talking.)

"I am sorry to hear that, little girl," said the circus man.

"I am sorry too," said Violet. "I would like to see the rest of the show and eat some more popcorn, but I must return."

"Anything you say, little girl!" said the circus man smiling. "I hope you had a good time."

"I had a wonderful time, sir," said Violet. With this she and the Princess moved toward the balloon and were assisted up by the polite Rudolph.

"To Tabbyland at once!" the Princess commanded. Rudolph touched his hat and took his place at the pilot's wheel. In a second the balloon was in motion and Violet was waving a last good-by to the circus man, who could be heard shouting to the crowd: "The management asks me to announce that there will be no more balloon rides to-day, la-dees and gen-nil-min! The air-ship's gotta go to the garage for repairs! One

of the axles is busted! Step inside the tent and see the animals! And the greatest of all sword-swallowers, Absorbo!"

"He never seems to tire of shouting, does he, Prinny?" said Violet.

"No," said the Princess laughing, "but it is his pleasure, Violet, so I do not mind. A circus man has as much fun that way as a kitty has howling on a fence."

"I do not mind his shouting either," said Violet, "even though his grammar *is* very bad."

"One forgets grammar in a moment of excitement, Violet. I, for instance, have mee-owed ungrammatically a number of times."

"Yes, those things happen, Prinny," said Violet, adding, "Is n't the scenery wonderful?"

"It is not at all displeasing, dear," said the Princess.

Violet and the Princess were quite right. The scenery was charming. And there was so much of it! As fast as they passed over one set of trees, hills, flowers, and brooks, another set of scenery appeared. And it was all laid out so that one did not tire of looking at it. For example, after one had passed a set of trees, hills, flowers, and brooks, there would be a set of bushes, hillocks, meadow grass, and rivulets. Along the banks of the rivulets, in some instances, rivulettuce grew. In other cases nothing grew. It all depended on the quality of the soil.

After they had skimmed through the air for three hours, at the rate of thousands of miles an hour, they reached the Tabbyland border. This is a tall mountain owned by the King and bearing the royal coat of arms. It—the coat of arms—is marked in the snow that caps the peak. The sun is not per-

mitted to shine here as this would melt the coat of arms and no one would know whose mountain this was. It is known as the Royal Highness Range, on account of its height and ownership. It is one of the most beautiful mountains in Tabbyland. One of its finest sights is the Kittonia Waterfall, or Cataract, as it is sometimes called.

As they passed over the waterfall, a royal aëroplane rose out of a pine-tree to greet them. It bloonked its bloonker forty-six times (the official salute) and landed gracefully on a nearby cloud bank. The balloon also put its brakes on, but did not land on a cloud bank since there was n't another one handy. It just stopped in midair.

Rudolph and the aëroplane pilot exchanged greetings.

"What kind of a trip did you have?" asked the aëroplane pilot.

"Fine!" said Rudolph. "No tire or engine trouble all the way."

"Good for you," said the aëroplane pilot. "Are you going to take the Princess direct to the palace or do you wish me to do that?"

"I will take her to the royal coach house, where she will board the royal motor-coach and drive to the palace."

"Very good," said the aëroplane pilot flying off.

Rudolph started the balloon and soon they were flying through space again. They were traveling faster than ever—perhaps because the balloon had had a chance to rest up and catch its breath—and in no time they were at the gates of the King's coach house in Tabbyland.

Violet rubbed her eyes as she looked around her, for on all sides she could see nothing but cats. The streets were full of them—a hundred different makes and sizes. "Is n't this



wonderful?" she cried. "I did n't know there were so many cats in all the world!"

This is only a few of them," said the Princess. "Wait until you see the really busy streets of Tabbyland. This is just a side street."

"How interesting this all is!" cried Violet.

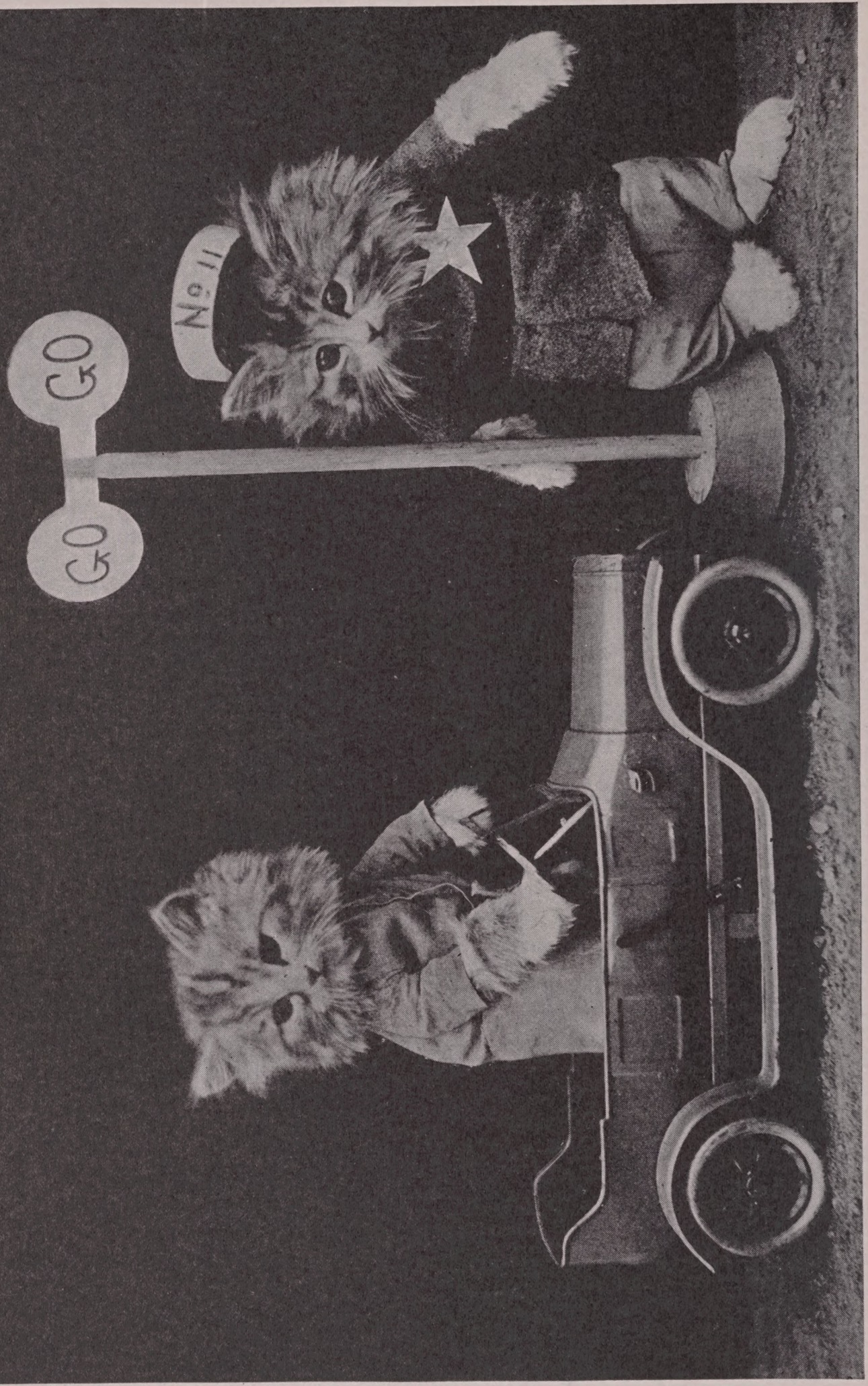
"I knew you would like it, Violet," said the Princess. Then, turning to Rudolph she commanded, "The royal coach at once!" In less time than it takes to say "Tra! la! la!" or "Siss! boom! ah!" or in fact almost any phrase at all, the coach was ready.

Violet and the Princess—I mean the Princess and Violet, for a princess should always be mentioned first—entered. The coachman—I mean the coachcat, of course—cried, "*Giddap!*" which in the cat language means "Be on your way!" and in a second the Princess Pauline, daughter of Thomas VI, King of Tabbyland, Kittonia, Pussyville, Purru, and Catlanta, and her friend Violet Valery were driving in state through the streets of the pussycat kingdom. Violet pinched herself to see if she was n't dreaming. This is customary. She found to her delight that she was not. "Oh, Prinny!" she cried, "this is wonderful!"

"I'm glad you like it, Violet," said the Princess greatly pleased.

. . . . .

As the royal motor-coach sped down Main Street Violet saw many things that delighted her. At the corner of State and Main Streets stood a traffic policeman—an alert little tom-cat with a bushy head. His duty was to direct the long line of automobiles that streamed past this busy corner day and night.



The Lady Driver Scolding the Traffic Policeman

The traffic policeman wore a gray uniform. Around his coat there was a black band signifying that he had seen five years of active service in the Tabbyland police force. At the end of the next five-year period he would receive another band. When he had so many bands that they covered his uniform completely he would be retired with a pension of a thousand pussetas a year (on which a family can live in comfort in Tabbyland). On his breast (how brilliantly it flashed in the sunlight!) there was a badge, a five-pointed silver star.

As the royal motor-coach approached, Violet saw that the traffic policeman was scolding a lady driver—a nervous little pussycat with a worried look—who had almost run into his signal-post. “You will have to drive more carefully, madam,” said the traffic policeman, “or you will be arrested. The King has instructed the police force to be very strict with reckless drivers.”

“It was n’t my fault,” said the lady driver. “Your post was in the way.”

“How ridiculous!” said the policeman. “This post belongs here. How can I direct traffic without it?”

“You should pick it up and place it elsewhere when you see an automobile come toward it,” said the lady plainly vexed.

“Nothing of the kind, madam,” said the policeman firmly.

“You are too fussy,” said the lady.

“I am not,” said the policeman. “You lady drivers make me tired. You are always breaking the law and expecting to go unpunished. A woman thinks she can do anything because she’s a woman. The next time you try to run into my signal-post I will arrest you.”

“You fresh thing!” said the lady driver angrily. “So the women of this country don’t suit you, eh? The Princess will

hear of this!" Saying which she took out a note-book and a pencil and made a note of the policeman's number.

"The Princess has already heard of it, madam," said the Princess Pauline as the royal coach drew up. "The officer is right. Learn to obey the laws or you will pay the penalty. You may go!"

"The Princess herself!" exclaimed the lady driver in surprise. She was off in a second, fearing to trifle with the Princess, who was known to be very strict in matters of the law.

"You are a good policeman," said the Princess, "and you will be rewarded for this. You may name your own reward."

"I'd like to be transferred to the corner of Elm and Spruce. Not many lady drivers (no offense, your Highness) pass there," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

"It shall be done," said the Princess, who was very broad-minded. "I do not blame you. Some women are very trying."

With this the Princess ordered the royal chauffeur to proceed.

## CHAPTER IX

*Look! here we are in Tabbyland!  
If you will take dear Prinny's hand  
(By now you know I mean her paw)  
She'll lead you (while you gaze in awe)  
To wondrous places where you'll see  
So many cats that if a flea  
Tried to annoy them all he'd tire  
Long ere he'd reach his heart's desire:  
In fact before the hundredth cat  
He'd reached he'd be so weary that  
He'd topple off his feet and lie  
There till some pussy passing by  
Would trample on his sleeping head  
And leave him lying rather dead.*

**A**S they drove through the streets of Tabbyland a thousand and one interesting sights greeted Violet's gaze.

"This is the most wonderful, *wonderful*, **WONDERFUL** place I have ever seen!" she cried.

"If you wish," said the Princess, "I will ask the chauffeur to stop at the market-place so that you may have a better chance to see things."

"Oh, will you, Prinny?" exclaimed Violet. "That will be lovely."

When they reached the market-place the royal motor-coach stopped. Violet was delighted. "What a nice market-

place!" she said. "Why, they sell everything here just as the markets do at home!"

"Yes," said the Princess, "everything is sold here. And the prices are fair. Father sees to that. Any merchant that overcharges is not allowed to sell any more. Under Michael III, who ruled some years ago, there was great suffering among the poor on account of high prices. Many a cat, unable to buy food for her children, killed herself in despair with an overdose of catnip. It was frightful. But it will never happen again. Even the poorest cat can afford to pay the present prices. Potatoes, for instance, sell for seven pussetas a peck. Is n't that cheap?"

"Yes," said Violet, who did n't remember how much money seven pussetas was but who was sure that if the Princess said that was cheap it was cheap.

The market-place was thronged with cats. They were there to buy groceries, vegetables, or whatever they happened to need. There were dogs too—many of them. These dogs were in the service of cat families. In Tabbyland the dogs worked for the cats; they were servant-girls, nurses, porters, etc., according to the kind of dog. One of the most interesting-looking dogs Violet saw was Rosie Rover, nurse-maid for a wealthy Tabbyland family. She came to market every day with her master's three children—Pussies Julia, Alice, and Louise. She wheeled them in a little pussy go-cart. The children loved the market-place for here mice-cream was to be had, that delicious frozen sweet that all pussycats relish. It is not unlike our own ice-cream. The only difference is in the flavoring.

"Nurthie, I want thome mithe-cream!" lisped little Julia.



The Tabbyland Market-Place



Nursie Rose Rover and Pussies Julia, Alice, and Louise





“Mice Cream! Nice fresh Mice Cream!”

"I want some too!" cried little Alice.

"Me too!" echoed little Louise.

Nursie Rosie Rover signaled the mice-cream man, who stopped a few feet away. In a jiffy he was on the spot with his little wooden cart that held a can of the precious sweet. He was a very neat-looking mice-cream man. He wore a white cap and apron and his paws were very clean.

"How many?" he asked.

"Three," said Rosie.

He dug into his can and came up with three bricks of delicious mice-cream. He handed them to Rosie, who gave him a pusseta in payment.

"Thank you," he said politely and in a second he was off again shouting, "Mice-cream! Nice fresh mice-cream!"

When they had seen everything in the market-place, Violet and the Princess proceeded on their way to the palace. They passed, among other things, the Tabbyland playground. Here Violet saw hundreds of little pussycats having a wonderful time. Some of them were on swings, some were playing baseball, others were running races. Their laughter rang out merrily.

In one corner of the playground a rope-skipping contest was in progress. Scores of cats had gathered to watch. "That pussy with the long lace-trimmed dress," said the Princess, "is the champion rope-skipper of Tabbyland. Her name is Sally Smith. She has won the cup—that is, the milk bowl—two years straight. If she wins it again to-day the bowl is hers."

"Eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one,—" counted Sally Smith as she blithely skipped and skipped to the wonderment

of her audience. Noticing the Princess, Sally bowed her head but continued to jump the rope.

“Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three—”

“Splendid, Sally!” exclaimed the Princess. “I believe you will win again.”

“Thirty-nine—thank you, your Highness—forty, forty-one,—” continued the delighted champion.

“How do you do it, Sally?” asked the Princess. “You are wonderful!”

“Fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two—never break training like some foolish athletes—fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five—use catnip only in moderation—fifty-six, fifty-seven—never drink or smoke—fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one! I win! But I’m going to try for a new record. Sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four,—”

A group of Sally’s schoolmates began to cheer:

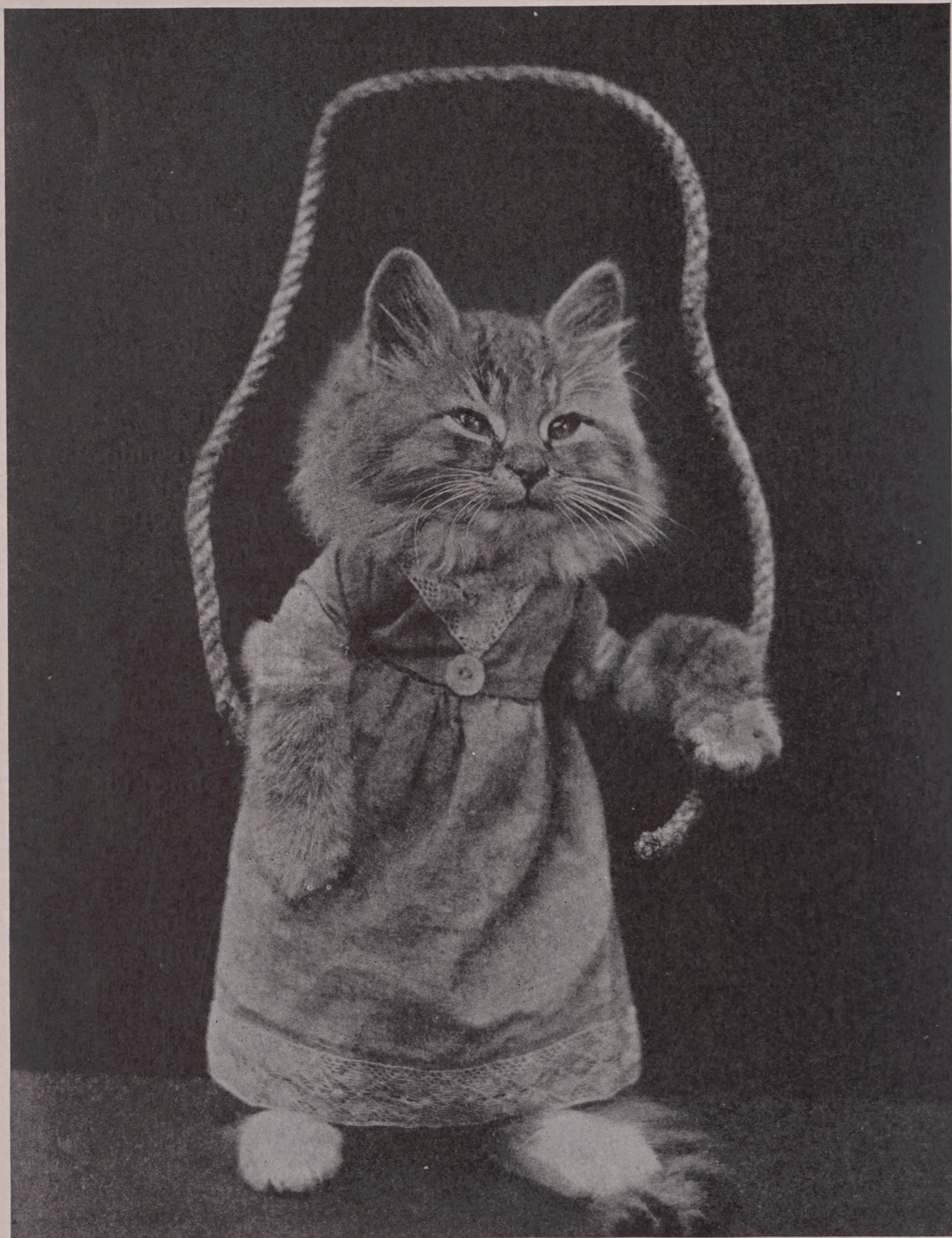
“She’s the champ again! Ha! ha!  
Sally! Sally! Rah! rah! rah!”

“Congratulations, Sally!” said the Princess as she turned to go.

“Seventy-one, seventy-two—thank you, your Highness—seventy-three,—” continued the champion.

“It is getting late,” said the Princess to Violet. “Father and mother will worry if I do not return soon. We will see the other sights some other time.”

In a moment they were again on their way. Fifteen minutes later the royal motor-coach came to a halt. They were at the gates of the palace.



Sally Smith, the Champion Rope-Skipper of Tabbyland

## CHAPTER X

*The Princess is at home again.  
If I were she I'd cry, "Amen!"*

**A**S the royal motor-coach drew up at the gates of the palace beautiful chimes began to ring in the tower. They were chimes of rejoicing. They announced the safe return to Tabbyland of the beloved Princess Pauline. Soon all the church-bells were ringing, too, and Violet, thrilled beyond measure, declared that she had never before heard such a happy chorus of ding-donging. It seemed as if all the merry bells in the world, all the bells that could make sweet music, were ringing here in Tabbyland. The jubilant music swelled and swelled until even the Princess, who took her honors calmly, said that this was the jolliest bell-ringing she had ever heard. "It is even louder," she said, "than the ding-donging that took place the day I was born. And that, as I remember it, was a wild reception."

As Violet and the Princess stepped out of the royal motor-coach they were met by two little pussycat heralds that blew sweet-sounding trumpets of welcome and then knelt in thankful prayer for the safe return of her Highness.

As the Princess and Violet reached the golden gates of the palace, which needless to say glittered in the sunlight, the royal choir, from a balcony above, began to sing:

"Oh, welcome back to Tabbyland,  
Your royal Majestee!  
We're yours, as ever, to command,  
Whate'er your wishes be!

## THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

“We purr a purr of purrfect bliss  
 To see you home so soon,  
 And greet you joyously with this  
 Invigorating tune:

## CHORUS

*“Three cheers for our good Princess!  
 Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!  
 We love her well and so we yell  
 Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!”*

*“Salute our noble Princess!  
 Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!  
 She is a dear and so we cheer  
 Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!”*

“Oh, Princess, ask us anything,  
 We’ll do it on the spot!  
 We love you as we love the King,  
 And him we love a lot!

“We love you as we love our milk,  
 And that is love devout;  
 We think that you are fine as silk,  
 And so we gayly shout:

## CHORUS

*“Three cheers for our good Princess!  
 Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!  
 She’s very kind and most refined!  
 Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!”*

*“Here’s to her Royal Highness!  
 Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!  
 The court’s delight! She treats us right!  
 Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!”*

The Princess acknowledged this rousing welcome with her best royal smile and an approving gesture of the paw. This made the choir very happy. So should you be happy if a Princess smiled to you. So should I, for that matter.

They were now in the courtyard of the palace. (Every court has a courtyard.) This one was paved with silver. Little tom-cats, the sons of Tabbyland lords and dukes, were playing marbles here. The marbles and "immies," which were rounded pearls, opals, or emeralds, according to the taste of the player, made a pretty sight as they flashed over the silver walk in the sunlight. The royal tom-cats stopped playing for a moment as the Princess passed, and clapped their paws. Her Majesty again smiled her most golden smile.

They were now at the grand majestic portal or main entrance of the palace. This was the most magnificent doorway Violet had ever seen. It was even more beautiful than anything she had ever seen in the movies. Every one knows—at least, *I* do, for I know a man who makes movies and he told me—that some of the gorgeous things one sees in motion-pictures are n't real. These things were real. Any one could tell by touching these massive shiny doors that they were solid gold. And if one could not tell that way, one could tell by reading the "14 carat" marks that were plainly stamped on them. There was no doubt about it. These were solid gold doors.

"Have you got your key, Prinny?" asked Violet as she stared in wonder at the solid gold doors.

"It is unnecessary, Violet," said the Princess.

"How foolish of me!" said Violet. "I had n't thought of the door-bell. Shall I ring it, Prinny?"

"I am afraid you won't find one, dear," said the Princess

smiling; "there are no door-bells in palaces. I stamp my paw and the doors fly open. Watch!" With this the Princess stamped her paw—I did n't notice which one—and the golden doors flew open. This was one of the most unusual things Violet had ever seen. She lost no time in saying so.

Violet fairly gasped as she entered the palace. It was an amazing sight. In the center of the room—hanging from the ceiling of course—was an enormous chandelier brilliantly lit. It was the largest piece of cut-glass Violet had ever seen. It shone like the sun on a summer's day. One could not look at it without blinking. It was a most dazzling sight. It made it impossible to see anything else in the room (so I sha'n't describe anything else in the room).

"We will now go to see the King and Queen," said the Princess.

"Oh, that will be delightful!" said Violet, who by now was dazed from looking at the glittering chandelier.

As they walked toward the royal elevator the royal orchestra, which was hidden among some ferns, began to play. Fountains—I almost forgot them—played also. Violet was having a wonderful time.

They were now in the elevator. Beyond the fact that it was made of gold, which you 'd know even if I did n't tell you, and that the "NO SMOKING" sign was carved in ivory, there was nothing unusual about the royal elevator.

In no time they were out of the elevator and at the door of the throne-room. The Princess stamped her paw and the door flew open. As they entered the throne-room a thousand canaries burst into song. Birds of paradise could be seen walking on the ceiling (which was a beautiful painting of heaven in six colors). Peacocks were strutting around grandly. A



stray humming-bird was humming a popular tune. A royal hussar, clad in Valenciennes lace and bearing a golden gun, was walking up and down. And there on his aluminum—no, platinum—throne (I always get those metals mixed) sat the King himself. To his right but not on the throne—for only the King is allowed to sit there—sat the Queen.

“Daughter!” exclaimed the Queen as she and the Princess embraced.

“Mommer dear!” cried the happy Princess.

“Daughter!” exclaimed the King as he and the Princess embraced.

“Popper dear!” cried the happy Princess.

And so on down the line. (There were many relatives present, but we need n’t bother about them.)

“How glad I am to see you back, Pauline!” said the King twirling his mustache.

“And how glad *I* am to be in Tabbyland again!” said the Princess.

“We were beginning to worry,” said the Queen. “You are several hours late, dear.”

“I will explain that later, mommer dear,” said the Princess.

“Tire trouble?” asked the King.

“No,” said the Princess, “the balloon gave us no trouble.”

“Have a good time?” asked the King.

“Splendid!” said the Princess.

“Good. Who is your friend, daughter?”

“Oh, I almost forgot to introduce her, popper.”

“You really should n’t ‘popper’ me so much before strangers, dear,” said the King.

“That is so, your Majesty,” said the Princess.

“Introduce your friend, dear,” said the King.

The Princess called over Violet who was watching a tom-catfish turn somersaults in a bowl that stood between some rows of golden flower-pots in which were purple daisies, the royal Tabbyland flower.

"Violet," said the Princess, "meet my father the King."

"Charmed," said Violet kneeling. She had often heard her mother use this word.

"Pleased to meet you," said the King, "even though"—and he was very pleasant as he said this—"you are not kneeling correctly."

"Is this better, your Highness?" said Violet changing the position.

"Yes, that will do nicely," said the King.

"I am so grateful for this chance to see Tabbyland and the court!" exclaimed Violet.

"Oh, that's a trifle," said the King lighting a cigar. "The Princess's friends are welcome here."

"Yes," said the Queen, "and it has always been so. We love her dearly."

"What do you think of my place?" said the King looking around the room contentedly.

"Wonderful!" cried Violet. "I have never seen anything like it."

"Yes," said the King, "it is not at all bad. Every once in a while the missis—pardon, I mean the Queen—gets an idea that she wants to move into something a little nicer, but I've grown so accustomed to the old home that I would n't be comfortable anywhere else. Since I had the elevator put in, the little woman—pardon, I mean her Majesty—seems satisfied, too, so I guess we'll stay here."



The King and Queen of Tabbyland Greeting the Princess on Her Return to the Palace

"I should think you would, your Highness!" exclaimed Violet. "It is enchanting here."

"You may rise now, Violet," said the King; "that is a very uncomfortable position."

"Thank you," said Violet rising.

"Do not mention it," said the King. "It is a trifle. And now let us get some supper."

The Queen elevated her eyebrows.

"I mean dinner," said the King.

## CHAPTER XI

*The palace is so lovely that  
I wish I were a royal cat.  
The only nicer place is heaven  
And I should like to live eleven  
Or twelve years longer—maybe more—  
And have my fill of pie before  
I take a ride to heaven's gate.  
It's jolly there but I can wait.  
The palace is so lovely that  
I wish I were a royal cat!*

**T**HOMAS VI stamped his paw and the door of the royal festival chamber flew open. As the King's party stepped inside they were met by the famous butterfly chariot. This was a little golden carriage drawn by a thousand lovely butterflies. For seats there were beautiful white lilies with commodious openings at the top. As soon as the King, the Queen, the Princess, and Violet were comfortably seated (this was the vernal season and the lilies made springy seats) the driver said, "Giddap!" and they were whisked to the royal banquet table. As the chariot pulled up, the butterflies unharnessed themselves and rose in brilliant spirals above the glittering table until they reached the flashing prisms of diamond-like glass that hung from the ceiling. Each butterfly landed on a prism and in an instant the room was a riot of sparkling color.

"Oh, this is wonderful!" cried Violet for the eleventh time that day. And one could hardly blame her.

"Yes, we rather like it," said the King, "although the stage-manager of the palace told me this morning that we could improve the effect by flashing a few spot lights on the whole business. But that is neither here nor there. Let us sit down."

They were seated.

"While we are waiting for the royal taster to sample the food and see that it is fit to eat, let us hear about your trip, Princess," said the King.

The Princess began her story. As she told how Mr. Grummel threw a shoe at her and sent her flying off the fence the King frowned and exclaimed, "The wretch!"

Overhearing the conversation the court jester, a pussycat dressed like a clown, began to sing:

"With a 'shoo!' he tried to chase her Majestee,  
With still another shoe he viciouslee—"

"Be still, fool!" cried the King.

The Princess resumed. She told how Mr. Grummel tried to drown her and of her rescue by Violet.

"You shall be rewarded for this, Violet," said the King.

"Oh, thank you, your Majesty!" exclaimed Violet.

"Where was your governess, Dorothy, while all this happened?" asked the King. "Why did n't she chase Mr. Grummel?"

"She fled in terror when I was struck," said the Princess.

"What!" exclaimed the King.

"Yes," said the Princess again, "she ran away. And later when I met her at a circus she refused to come back to Tabbyland."

"This is too much!" cried the King.

"Indeed it is!" said the Queen.

"That dog will pay for this!" roared the King. "Boy"—he was addressing a page who stood near-by—"tell the prime minister to send out a thousand knights in quest of Doggie Dorothy, the Princess's governess! She has run away from Tabbyland! Quick!"

The page left at once to deliver the message.

"I'll teach that dog!" said the King. "I'll show her!"

"Do!" said the Queen.

"I'm beginning to wonder whether you can trust a dog," continued his Majesty. "They're always up to mischief. Some of my best friends are dogs but as a race they're no good."

At this point the King's official taster, Mrs. Fanny Furr, a pretty gray cat with bright green eyes, entered to announce that she had tasted the dinner and found it satisfactory.

"It's time you came, taster," said the King. "I thought for a moment you had forgotten we were here."

"We had some trouble in the kitchen, your Highness," said the taster. "The cook found an impudent little mouse nibbling away at one of the layer-cakes. But while this has delayed us it has improved your dinner. For the cook, after catching the mouse, put it in your soup-plate, saying, 'The King will enjoy this.'"

"Have it served at once!" commanded the King. "I'm hungry."

"Yes, your Highness!" said the taster with a charming curtsey.

Turning to the jester the King said: "Sing, fool! Don't you know enough to sing when dinner is on the way?"

"There are better voices than mine in the kitchen," said the



King Thomas' Food Taster





The Cook Catches a Mouse in the Layer Cake

jester merrily. "I will open the kitchen door, your Majesty, and you will hear the kettles sing."

"That is a bad joke," said the King. "Another one like it and you 'll be looking around for your head. Remember that! And now, knave, sing!"

The jester began:

"The King he is a cultured cat,  
He's mannerly and neat,  
He never stains the table-cloth.  
I love to watch him eat!

"The King he is a polished cat,  
He always has a shine—"

"Enough of that, fool!" cried the King. "Seek not to win my favor with flattery!"

So the fool tried another song:

"The King is fond of fish;  
He eats it frequentlee  
And drowns it with a dish  
Of Oolong Majestea.

"The King is fond of stew.  
Here stew his appetite!  
And to the steward who  
Prepares the stew each night!

"The King is fond of hash.  
We serve it to him in  
A golden hash-can (with a dash  
Of grated terrapin).

"The King—"

"Plague take you, knave!" roared the King. "Is that the best you can do?"

“What kind of song do you wish, your Highness?”

“A song, fool, that is not too mirthful and yet not too sad. One would think from your tomfoolery that there is no sorrow in the world.”

“Very well, your Highness, my tomcatfoolery shall grow less. I have gone without a meal in my day and know what it is to suffer.”

“Less of talk, fool, and more of song!”

So the fool sang:

“When I survey my splendid home  
And think of all the cats that roam  
In poverty from here to Nome  
And back again to Dover,  
I am the most unhappy cat  
That ever at a spaniel spat,  
Or feasted on a juicy rat,  
Or knocked a fish-bowl over.  
At times like this I wring my paws  
And wish that there were better laws.  
I do these little things because  
I'm kind; it makes me shiver  
To think of all the cats that go  
For weeks without a dinner. Oh,  
If I could spare it I would throw  
Them each a piece of liver!”

“A little better,” said the monarch, “but you may leave out the lines,

“At times like this I wring my paws  
And wish that there were better laws.’

“I make the laws and there's nothing the matter with them.”

“Yes, your Highness.”

"And now, fool, out of my sight!" The jester vanished.

Dinner was then served. The first course was liver (served by liveried attendants). Then there was catnip on toast. And boiled fish heads, with mushroom sauce. And a dozen other dainties, all served in golden dishes. When the dinner was over and the paw-bowls were brought in and every one had washed, the King said: "Much to my regret I shall have to leave you. The escape of Doggie Dorothy worries me, as you have probably noticed, and I wish to talk with the prime minister."

"Go right ahead, your Highness," said the Queen; "business before pleasure."

"I never have an evening to myself," said the King, "but I do not mind. The people come first."

"That is a noble sentiment!" cried Violet.

"Not at all," said the King rising. "I simply try to do my duty."

"Mother and I will show Violet around the place while you are gone, father," said the Princess. "Now don't work too hard, dear. It is n't good for you."

The King then kissed the Princess and the Queen, and, signaling the butterflies to come down from their places on the ceiling, departed in the butterfly chariot.



The Court Jester of Tabbyland

## CHAPTER XII

### I

*I like the country very much,  
The fields, the trees, the flowers, and such.*

### II

*Hear the little sparrows crying,  
Cheep, cheep! cheep, cheep! cheep, cheep!  
Hear the little chickens sighing,  
Peep, peep! peep, peep! peep, peep!  
Hear the cuckoo's song o'erflowing,  
Koo, koo! koo, koo! koo, koo!  
Hear the gentle cattle lowing,  
Moo, moo! moo, moo! moo, moo!  
Cheep, cheep! koo, koo! peep, peep! moo, moo!  
Sweeter sounds are very few.  
Each one is a pretty call  
And I love them one and all.*

### III

*See the pretty butterfly  
Fly from limb to limb.  
We'd be happy, you and I,  
If we could fly like him.*

### IV

*Hark to the hum of the bee,  
And the crick-crick-crick of the cricket.  
These sounds are so pleasing to me  
I think I shall move to the thicket.*

**T**HE next morning, after Violet had written a long letter to her father and mother telling of the wonders of Tabbyland, the Princess announced that they would take a ride into the country. "I want to show you some of the beautiful places near-by—the garden-spots, as my dear father calls them."

"That will be lovely, Prinny," said Violet placing a stamp on her letter. "O Prinny, I have written mother and father how lovely it is here! They will be so happy to know I am having a good time!"

"I hope you mentioned to your mother that the King some day this week will ordain that new wall-paper—of the latest design—replace the old paper that is now on the walls of your home. She requested it, you will recall. I told the King of this last night and he said, 'It shall be done. It is really a very modest request.'"

"Yes, I have mentioned it in my letter, Prinny. Mother will be so happy!"

"Fine!" said the Princess. "And now let us start for the country."

As they drove out of the courtyard in the royal motor-coach little newscats could be heard crying: "Wuxtree! Wuxtree! Get the big wuxtree!"

"Stop!" the Princess commanded the chauffeur. When the motor-coach came to a halt she signaled to one of the newscats. In a jiffy he was on the running-board of the coach. "How many, lady?" he asked.

"One will do, thank you," said the Princess, not overpleased with this familiarity. As the newscat gave her a copy of "The Daily Cat-o'-Nine-Tales" the Princess handed him a golden five-pusseta piece.

"I have n't the change, lady," he said, longingly turning it over in his paw.

"You may keep the change, boy. But the next time do not 'lady' me, please. As my father the King has often pointed out in speeches from the palace steps, which you had the privilege of hearing for nothing, a member of the royal family should be addressed as 'your Highness,' 'your Majesty,' 'your Grace,' or 'your Worship.' Any one of them will do. I am not particular."

"My mistake, your Highness," said the newscat touching his cap and bowing. "Thanks for the fiver."

"Oh, you are welcome, my lad. Buy your mother a new hat for it. You will never be sorry you did. There is nothing quite like a mother. Remember that."

"Uh-huh."

"There go your manners again."

"Sorry, your Highness."

"You *must* be more careful."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"It is not asking much."

"Yes, your Grace."

"And now run along."

"Yes, your Worship."

"That is better; you are learning. Good-by."

"Good-by, your"—here he used what he thought was still another royal salutation—"Honor."

"Gosh, fellers!" the newscat could be heard exclaiming as he joined his comrades. "That's the Princess. Lookit the fiver she gimme."

"Holy smokes!"

"Geewhillikens!"



“Nice gal, the Princess. Strict but kind.”

“I’ll say she’s kind. Last week she bought a box for the Newscats’ Annual Christmas Benefit for a thousand pussetas.”

“Give her respect and she’ll give you the palace.”

“Yeah, she’s a good scout.”

“Yop, strict but kind, as Larry says.”

The Princess smiled as she heard these comments of the little newscats. “They are coarse little fellows in some ways but as loyal as they can be,” she said pleasantly.

“Yes,” said Violet, “they are very nice in their way.”

Picking up “The Cat-o’Nine-Tales” she had placed on the seat the Princess said: “I hope it is n’t another one of those fake extras. I heard my father say the other day that if there are any more of them he will pass a law making it a crime. ‘The Tabbyland Purr’ and ‘The Morning Catalogue’ have been the worst offenders. ‘The Cat-o’-Nine-Tales’ is usually reliable.”

As she glanced at the paper this striking head-line met the Princess’s eye:

DOGGIE DOROTHY, PRIN-  
CESS’S GOVERNESS,  
A RUNAWAY

---

King Sends 1,000 Knights in  
Quest of Fugitive

---

Will be Severely Punished if  
Caught, Says Prime  
Minister

---

Great Excitement In Palace

---

“Well, it’s no fake this time,” said the Princess. “The reporters saw my father last night. Listen:

“The King, when interviewed by a reporter for ‘The Daily Cat-o’ Nine-Tales’, said:

“ ‘After all there is little to be said. Doggie Dorothy deserted my daughter, the Princess Pauline, in a moment of need and refused to return to the palace. This of course is a serious matter. I have sent out one thousand knights to scour the world for the unfaithful dog. She will be brought back and punished. This sort of thing cannot be permitted to go on in my kingdom. We must show the dogs their places. Some of my best friends are dogs but as a race they bear watching.

“ ‘Will she be sentenced to death? No, although it would teach her a good lesson if I did. The prime minister and I have decided to lock her in the tower for five years.

“ ‘I have nothing further to say.’ ”

“Do you think they will catch her, Prinny?” asked Violet excitedly.

“When the King sends out a thousand knights they usually bring back what he is after. I have known occasions when he sent out a hundred knights or two hundred knights and failed to get the desired results but whenever he has sent them out in lots of a thousand there has been no difficulty. Dorothy’s one chance is to cross the border to Dogland, the dog kingdom ruled by Fido IV, but as she has to pass through one of the Tabbyland provinces to do that I don’t think there is much hope for her.”

“That is good,” said Violet. “She has been a naughty dog and deserves to be punished.”

By this time the royal motor-coach was well in the country.

“How lovely it is here!” cried Violet.

"Yes, it is quite pleasant," said the Princess.

"The air is so pure and sweet!" exclaimed Violet.

"Yes, it is dusted off every morning," said the Princess. "The air-dusters come around every morning in 'planes that trail huge brushes. It is the only way we can keep the air fresh with all the factories that are springing up in every direction."

"How well everything is run in Tabbyland!" cried Violet.

"Well, my father promised these things to the people when he ran for King on the Cats' Rights ticket, and he has simply kept his promises."

"What a wonderful father you have!" cried Violet.

"Yes, I like him very much," said the Princess.

"What beautiful scenery!" exclaimed Violet. "It is the loveliest I have ever seen. See that darling grove of meadow orchids."

"I have looked at it often, dear," said the Princess, "and as you say it is not without its appeal."

"And those sweet little catbirds. Oh, how I love them!"

"You are not the only one that does," said the Princess pointing to the figure of a kitty helping another kitty to climb a tree in one of whose limbs reposed a catbird nest. A number of eggs that had evidently been taken from another nest bulged out of the climbing cat's trousers.

The Princess took out her golden cop's whistle and began to blow it. The frightened pussycats, hearing the dreaded signal, started to run. "Stay where you are!" commanded the Princess. The poachers, trembling with fright, stopped running.

"It's the Princess!" cried one of them who proved to be a pretty pussycat maiden.



Charlie and Katie Katorze Stealing Catbird Eggs

"Heavens above!" cried the other who was a young tomcat. Ordering the chauffeur to stop the motor-coach the Princess cried, "Come here at once, both of you!"

The terrified pussies approached.

"A little faster, please!" commanded the Princess. As they reached the royal coach the Princess asked, "What do you mean by stealing birds' eggs? Don't you know it is n't allowed?"

"We were hungry, your Highness!" cried the young man.

"Yes, very hungry!" exclaimed the maiden.

"That is no excuse for stealing!" said the Princess sternly.

"We are so sorry, your Worship!" pleaded the young man.

"What is your name?" asked the Princess.

"Charlie Katorze. This is my sister, Katie Katorze."

"Related to Louis Katorze, the court magician?"

"His—his children," stammered Charlie.

"What!" exclaimed the Princess.

"Y-yes," said Charlie nervously.

"Well, of all things!" said the Princess. "You the children of Louis Katorze, the court magician, and you stand there and tell me you stole eggs because you were hungry! What nonsense! Louis Katorze, your noble father (Oh, this disgrace will kill him!), is one of the highest paid cats in all Tabbyland, and he gives you all the food you need. You are in the habit of stealing eggs because you are naughty children. Take those eggs out of your pocket, Charles, and put them back where you got them. And don't let me ever see either of you doing this again!"

"R-really, your Highness, I do not steal eggs because I am naughty," pleaded Charles restoring them to the looted nest. "It is a bad habit, that is all. I can't look at an egg without wanting to snatch it. My father took me to the doctor's about

it. The doctor said it would take a long time to cure me. What is the name of the disease, Katie?"

"I have forgotten, Charles. It is a very long word, though, and hard to say."

"I remember! Eggalomania! Yes, that's it, though I'm sure I don't know what it means."

"If you are suffering from eggalomania I am sorry for you," said the Princess, "but the law is the law and you can't be permitted to steal eggs. Run along."

"May n't we stay in the country a while longer, your Highness?" begged Katie. "We should love to go fishing."

"You may go fishing, Charles and Katie, but don't forget that one-half of what you catch goes to the King," said the Princess. "So many cats—cats that my noble father has befriended—forget this rule! I hope you will have the goodness to observe it."

"He shall have half, your Highness," said Charles. "I know how busy the King is with the Doggie Dorothy matter and that he has n't time to catch his own fish. He shall have half!"

"Very well, then," said the Princess, "go ahead and fish."

"Oh, thank you, your Highness!" cried Charles.

"You are so kind!" exclaimed Katie.

"Good-by, children," said the Princess. "And remember—don't cheat the King."

"He shall have one-half!" chorused Charles and Katie.

The Princess once more commanded the royal chauffeur to proceed.

As they sped down the road Violet noticed a number of huge advertising sign-boards.



Charlie and Katie Katorze Fishing

"We have those at home too, Prinny!" said Violet.

"Yes, dear," said the Princess, "I noticed when I was there that you folks were copying our custom."

Most of the signs advertised homes in the country. One read:

BE A SENSIBLE CAT  
AND  
OWN YOUR OWN HOME  
COME TO PUSSYVILLE!  
UP-TO-DATE SCHOOLS  
LOW TAXES  
FIVE MINUTES FROM TROLLEY

Others advertised beverages. One of them read:

TRY CATNIPOLA  
IT'S MILD AND YET  
IT SATISFIES

A tobacco sign announced:

TABBYLAND PERFECTOS  
SMOKE 'EM AND SMILE  
THE KING'S CHOICE

In the right-hand corner of the sign was a picture of Thomas VI smilingly smoking a Tabbyland Perfecto. Underneath the picture in the King's own handwriting appeared this testimonial:

Give me a Tabbyland Perfecto every time. Nothing else will do.

THOMAS VI

Tabbyland Palace.



In another hour they were in the little town of Tabbonia where many of the wealthiest Tabbyland families dwelt. This was what was known as "the restricted neighborhood." Only the best families lived here. If you could n't prove that your ancestors were among the earliest settlers in Tabbyland it was useless to try to buy a home here. You might just as well try to buy the famous Kittonia Cataract—or the king's balloon.

Tabbonia was a beautiful town. The houses, many of which were modeled after the palace, were magnificent. There was n't as much gold in them, it is true, as there was in the palace but there was enough to go round, and when the sun was on duty in this part of Tabbyland these mansions glittered brilliantly enough to suit even the most particular person.

Even the Princess, who took everything calmly, was prompted to say that she rather enjoyed passing through Tabbonia. "It is an altogether pleasing experience," she observed.

"Indeed it is, Prinny! It is wonderful, *wonderful*, WONDERFUL!"

The walks in front of the houses were made of polished marble. Each section of marble bore the coat of arms of the particular family that lived there. Many of the most famous Tabbyland families were represented on these marble walks. There were the Mewlenheimers, descended from old General Mewlenheimer, that stanch old pussy patriot who led the Tabbylanders to many a glorious victory over the rebellious Kittonians in the cruel civil war of 1792. There were the O'Phelines, who could trace their ancestry back to Felix O'Feeline of Purru (the spelling is slightly different but that has nothing to do with it) who, in the dark days of 1252, when there were few mariners that dared to brave the briny deep,

crossed the Catlantic in a frail one horse-power catboat and settled the west coast of Tabbyland. There were the Angoras, descended from the original Anne Gora, a member of the O'Feeline expedition and the same cat that warned her brethren on the now historic night of June 31, 1252, of the approach of the hostile Indian tribes that attacked them at midnight and wiped out hundreds of the earliest Tabbyland settlers before they were repulsed. (See Greywhiskers's "Tabbyland History," p. 157, section 116.) There are statues of Anne Gora in dozens of Tabbyland cities. If she had not warned of the Indian advance (she had a strong sense of smell and scented them five miles off) every one of those brave Pilgrim Fathers would have been slaughtered in bed and there would be no descendants to-day to live in splendor and glory in Tabbonia. And then there were the Sinnermins, the Purrsians, the Paw-Paws, and many others—all noble pussycat families, all 100% Tabbylanders.

So that you will not be surprised when I tell you that as the royal motor-coach swung down Ancestor Alley, the main thoroughfare, there was a wild chorus of acclaim from those stanch old patriots. In a jiffy the national colors were flying from every roof, every bloonker was bloonking, every bell ringing, every pussycat cheering.

And how appropriate that at the very moment when the cheering was loudest the King's thousand knights that had been sent in quest of Doggie Dorothy should come swinging up the street, colors flying and band playing, with the captured runaway, mournfully marching between two armed guards, bringing up the rear!

"Doggie Dorothy's captured!" was on every one's lips. What a scene of rejoicing! How the mob shrieked its delight!

And when the crowd had done cheering the knights, the general of that brave command stood bolt upright on his beautiful white steed and cried, "And now all ye Tabbonians and all my valiant knights, a last long cheer for the dear Princess whose noble spirit hovered over us like a guardian angel and spurred us on in the darkest moment of our trying quest!"

And for an hour you could hear nothing but the deafening roar of five thousand Tabbonians and a thousand knights shouting:

*"Three cheers for our good Princess!*

*Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!*

*We love her well and so we yell*

*Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!*

*"Salute our noble Princess!*

*Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!*

*She is a dear and so we cheer*

*Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!"*

## CHAPTER XIII

*The cats are happy as can be  
That they have captured Dorothy.  
I'm glad myself. I hope that you  
Are very, very happy too.*

**T**HE capture of Doggie Dorothy caused great rejoicing in the King's court and throughout Tabbyland. Coming, as it did, the day before the ball of the great Baron of Milkbowl it can readily be seen what merriment there was in the palace. Dukes, earls, and lords patted each other affectionately on the back and said, "Great news, is n't it?"

What glee there was! In fact the royal glee-club sang the national anthem:

By fair Kittonia's catnip flowers,  
    Catlanta's rocks and hills,  
By Tabbyland's historic towers  
    And Pussburgh's shops and mills,  
By old Purru's now crumbling walls,  
    In ancient days begun,  
And dear Furrionia's fabled halls,  
    We pussies every one,  
Do pledge allegiance to the King  
    Who rules our glorious land!  
Rise, cats! (*When anthems pussies sing  
    It's customary to stand.*)

[*They rise and sing.*]

## CHORUS

It's wrong to be conceited,  
It is n't right to brag,  
But anyway we'd like to say  
That here's a noble flag!  
Who honors it is honored,  
Who does n't pay the price!  
Salute it, cats! (*They doff their hats.*)  
Now cheer it, pussies, thrice!  
Set up a loud mee-owing  
That every one will hear!  
We must not let the world forget  
We love our nation dear!  
  
O ye that travel and should know  
The wonders of the earth,  
Is there, wherever one may go,  
A place of equal worth?  
Oh, tell us, is there anywhere  
A land as fair as this?  
As full of flowers and country air  
And liberty and bliss?  
There is n't, any one will grant,  
That has a pair of eyes.  
Up, cats! (*When pussies anthems chant  
It's customary to rise.*)

## CHORUS

It's wrong to be conceited, etc.

During the singing of the national anthem the windows of the palace were thrown open so that every one in Tabbyland could hear, and by the time the chorus was reached every one for miles and miles around had joined in. Needless to say, it thrilled Violet beyond words to hear thousands of pussycats singing this stirring patriotic song.

"Oh, Prinny, this is so exciting!" she cried.

"Yes, dear, it is not without its thrill," said the Princess as calmly as ever.

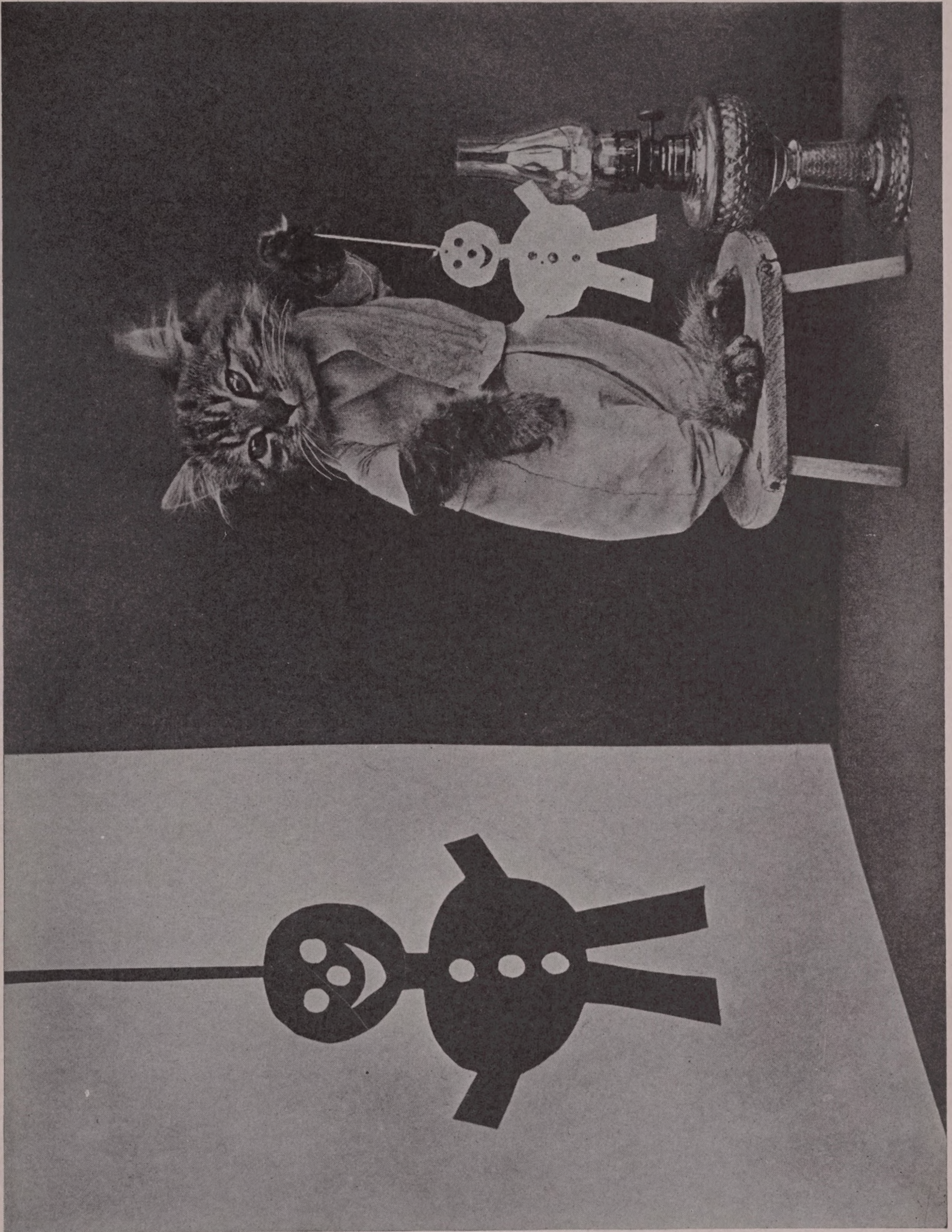
The ball of the Baron of Milk Bowl the following evening was a great success. All pussycat royalty came. The Duchess of Pussburgh was there in a sealskin pelisse lined with five-pusseta notes that crackled luxuriously as she walked. She wore a sky-blue dress trimmed with orange-blossoms and geranium buds. Her hat was of purple velvet from which silver tassels hung. She looked beautiful enough to be the queen of a May party. The duke was dressed in simple evening clothes of yellow georgette. His only decoration was a band of crimson ribbon that was stretched, slantwise, across his chest. The duke was known as a plain man.

The Baron of Milk Bowl, who was giving the ball, wore overalls of lovely green silk with purple polka-dots. The shoulder-straps were of golden braid and were fastened by diamond buckles. This was the official court dress for barons, dukes, and earls in the Province of Milk Bowl. Mrs. Milk Bowl—that is, the Baroness of Milk Bowl—wore an evening gown of salmon charmeuse trimmed with Christmas-tree ornaments. The effect was stunning, especially when the electric lights inside the ornaments were switched on.

The King and Queen of course wore ermine robes and dress crowns.

The Princess wore a stylish white satin dress with a long train on which the royal coat of arms was painted in seven colors. The train was carried by two little pages.

It is not necessary to describe the other pussycat nobles that attended. They were all charmingly dressed and made a beau-



Louis Katorze, the Court Magician, Performing a Miracle

tiful picture as they danced the four-step, which was then the most popular dance in Tabbyland.

It was a delightful evening. The King made a speech, there were charades, the court elocutionist recited "The Face on the Barroom Floor" (a poem that was then very popular in Tabbyland), cake and mice-cream were served, and the jester sang a new song:

I often sit and gaze at the throne!  
 A lesser cat may look at a King!  
 As the King dislikes to be alone  
 I often sit and gaze at the throne  
 And think how nice it must be to own  
 A scepter, a crown, and everything!  
 I often sit and gaze at the throne!  
 A lesser cat may look at a King!

Then, as this was a great occasion, Louis Katorze, the court magician, announced that he would perform a miracle. What excitement there was! What a babble of voices!

Louis bowed and announced that he would perform the "miracle of the laughing shadow," a brand-new trick. "To my right," said Louis, "is a plain white sheet as you will notice. Although you may not think it possible in a few seconds you will see on the sheet a laughing shadow."

Louis then recited the magic words that he finds it necessary to say before he can perform a miracle:

Skidgy widgy lemon pie  
 Rudgy wudgy purple tie  
 Hacky wacky spinning tops  
 Kippy dippy lollypops!





Naughty Doggie Dorothy in Prison

Hardly had he uttered the last word when lo! and behold! there on the sheet was the laughing shadow. Every one applauded. It was wonderful.

“Oh, that is marvelous!” cried Violet.

“Yes,” replied the Princess, “it has its appeal.”

Louis performed a number of other tricks, and then the King read dozens of telegrams of congratulation he had received from the mayors of Tabbyland cities on the capture of Doggie Dorothy.

There was some more dancing and then every one went home happy, especially as the King stood at the door and said, “Call again,” to each guest as he or she departed. Thomas VI was famous for his courtesy.



Doggie Danny Leaving for Dogland with Doggie Dorothy's Message to King Fido

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## CHAPTER XIV

*Bold Dorothy is going to pay  
For being a naughty dog. Some day,  
Dear children, every one that's bad  
Wishes that he'd obeyed his dad  
And mother when they wisely said,  
"Behave, you little feather-head!"  
(This is, in case you do not know,  
A moral. You don't like 'em? So!)*

**W**HEN Doggie Dorothy was brought to the palace by the army of knights she was at once dressed in prison stripes and placed in a cell in the tower. Day and night a pussycat sentry paced up and down in front of her cell to see that she did not escape.

In the morning the keeper of the prison brought her a dog-biscuit, in the evening she was thrown a soup-bone. This was all the food she was allowed.

Doggie Dorothy did not like the idea of being in jail. One could hardly blame her. It is annoying to be in jail. It interferes with one's plans and it is very lonesome.

All day long Doggie Dorothy paced up and down her cell singing in a very sad tone:

"How can a doggie have affection  
For life inside a jail?  
I used to have a nice complexion  
And now I'm growing pale.

"Why did I scorn my ma's caresses  
And go with gutter-snipes?  
I used to wear the nicest dresses  
And now I'm wearing stripes.

“Why did I ever start a-messin’  
With evil anyhow?  
I hope that you will learn a lesson  
From what I’m suffering now!”

The only one that ever visited poor Doggie Dorothy was Doggie Danny who was a porter in the palace. Danny and Dorothy had been good friends for years. On one of Danny’s visits Dorothy handed him a note when the sentry was n’t looking.

“Hide it!” whispered Dorothy. “Read it later!”

In his room an hour afterward Danny read the note—that is, the notes, for there were two of them. One read:

Dear Danny:

It is so lonely in jail! I cannot stand it much longer!

Please take this note to Fido IV, King of Dogland. He will order King Thomas to set me free at once.

I know I am asking a great deal, but you are so good a friend I am sure you will be glad to help me.

Please, Danny, do not fail me!

Love.

DOROTHY.

The other note read:

Fido IV,

King of the Dogs, Bowwow Palace, Dogland,

Dear King:

I suppose you have forgotten me by now, so I will begin by reminding you that I am the dog you sent to Tabbyland Palace when King Thomas VI asked you to send him a good governess for his daughter, the Princess Pauline.

From the day you sent me here I always did my best to please the King, the Princess, and the other members of the royal family. One

day, tired of life in Tabbyland, I ran away. When I took the job you told me I could leave whenever I wanted to. King Thomas sent a thousand knights after me and they captured me. I was put in jail where I now am.

I dislike the jail life very much. My cell is so small that I cannot wag my tail without striking the wall. Oh, please, dear King, order King Thomas to set me free!

Your loving subject,  
DOGGIE DOROTHY

When no one was looking Doggie Danny left the palace by the back door and set out for Dogland with Dorothy's message. He had to be very careful. If he had been caught leaving the palace without permission he would have been put in prison, too.

In three days Doggie Danny reached Bowwow Palace, Dogland, the home of the great Fido IV, King of the dogs. The King was out playing golf, Doggie Danny was informed by the door-dog of the palace, but he was expected to return soon. "I will wait," said Danny sitting down. "Please put this note on his desk."

For fifteen minutes Danny sat and read "The Morning Bark," which he found on the waiting-room table, and then he was told that the King had arrived and would see him at once.

In no time Danny found himself in the beautiful throne-room of Dogland Palace. Kneeling before the great King Fido he said very humbly, "I thank you, your Noble Highness, for letting me in to see you."

"And why should n't I let you see me, pray?" asked the King, a handsome big dog, very kindly. "Am I not here to serve my people? I have read the message from Doggie Dorothy. Her imprisonment is an outrage. I will send a

messenger to Tabbyland with a note to King Thomas demanding that he set her free at once."

"Oh, how kind you are, your Highness!" exclaimed Danny. "Doggie Dorothy has suffered much."

"I am sorry to hear that," said King Fido. "And surprised at King Thomas. I did n't know he was that kind of cat. Some of my best friends are cats but you can't trust most of them. Yes, as a race they're no good."

"That is what I always say, your Worship," said Doggie Danny.

King Fido picked up a telephone that rested on the right arm of the throne. "Hello, Central!" he said, "give me Aire-dale 8900—no, not Poodle 8500—Airedale 8900!—yes, that's right—the prime minister. Hello! Is this the prime minister? Yes? This is the King. Send a messenger at once to Thomas VI, King of Tabbyland, demanding that he set free Doggie Dorothy, one of my subjects, who used to be his daughter's governess. She is in prison there. Tell King Thomas I will not stand for this nonsense! Yes, I want her set free at once! Good-by."

"Oh, how grateful Doggie Dorothy will be!" cried Danny.

"I am glad to be able to help her," said Fido IV. "And now I will leave you. I have another golf engagement this afternoon. You had better remain in Dogland. It would not do for you to return to Tabbyland. You would be put in prison for bringing Doggie Dorothy's message to me. Find something to do around the palace."

"Yes, your Highness," said Doggie Danny.

With this the King left the throne-room to keep his appointment.

## CHAPTER XV

*Soon comes the cannon's roar  
And whistling rifle-song!  
For, hark! the dogs of war  
Are barking loud and long!*

**W**HEN King Fido's messenger arrived at Tabbyland Palace he was permitted to see King Thomas at once. The King of Tabbyland read the message and frowned. Small wonder, for it said—

King Thomas:

Doggie Danny has told me you have put Doggie Dorothy in prison. How dare you! Set her free at once!

KING FIDO.

"Hm," mused King Thomas with a scowl. "So Doggie Danny has turned tattle-tale. Well, that won't do Dorothy any good. She deserted my daughter in a moment of need and deserves her punishment."

Turning to King Fido's messenger he said: "You may go. I wish to have a talk with the prime minister. I will send my answer to-morrow."

The messenger departed.

King Thomas talked the matter over with the prime minister and decided to send a knight on a swift horse to Dogland with this message:

King Fido:

Cannot set Doggie Dorothy free. She has behaved badly and must be punished. Sorry.

KING THOMAS.





War Declared on Tabbyland

As the knight left the King said, "Wait for an answer."

When King Thomas's knight reached Dogland Palace with his noble master's message King Fido was furious. "So he won't set her free, eh?" he cried. "I'll teach him a lesson! Boy," he said to one of his attendants, "tell the prime minister to come here at once!"

When a moment later the prime minister, a smart-looking black dog with large spectacles, entered the throne-room, King Fido said to him: "The King of Tabbyland has refused to free Doggie Dorothy. There is nothing to do but to declare war. Do so at once! Give the declaration to this pussycat knight, who will take it to his master."

"It shall be done," said the prime minister taking out of his coat a book of declaration-of-war blanks that he always carried with him. Filling one out he handed it to the knight.

The knight took it, jumped on his horse, and set out for Tabbyland at full speed.

"And now," said the prime minister putting his declaration-of-war blanks back in his pocket, "is there anything else you wish, your Majesty?"

"No, that is all I can think of right now."

"Very well, your Worship," said the prime minister leaving.

"Oh—I almost forgot!" said the King. "Tell the secretary of war I wish to see him. He ought to know."

"Yes, your Highness," said the prime minister, bowing his way out.

In a few minutes the secretary of war, whistling a military march, entered the throne-room. He was a good-natured gray dog (battle-ship gray, to be sure) who did not look as though the business of making war worried him very much.

"I've just declared war on Tabbyland," said the King.

“So!” exclaimed the secretary quite surprised.

“Yes,” said the King, “and let’s do the thing right. I want a regular war this time, like the ones in the movies—with aëroplanes, submarines, and everything.”

“Yes, your Majesty,” said the secretary.

“I’m sick and tired of dull wars,” continued the King. “Take the one we had with the rabbits four years ago. We won of course but it was too tame. There was n’t any air fighting and not a single naval battle.”

“You forget that the rabbits have no navy, your Highness.”

“Well, you could have lent them a few ships. I’m very fond of naval battles.”

“Yes, that is so, your Highness. Well, there will be sea fighting this time, plenty of it. The cats have an excellent navy.”

“That is fine,” said King Fido. “There is nothing like a good naval battle to take one’s mind off business. It is even better than golf.”

“Yes, indeed,” said the secretary of war.

“Of course, I want some good land battles, too,” said the King. “They are interesting too when done right.”

“How many of each do you wish, your Highness?” asked the secretary of war taking out an order pad.

“Four naval and three land fights,” said the King. “That will do nicely for a start.”

“Very well,” said the secretary of war, making a note of it on his pad. “And how many air fights?”

“Five or six will do,” said the King, “and don’t forget to put Airedales in charge of the ’planes. They make the best aviators.”

“Yes, your Highness.”

“And see that everything is polished bright,” continued King Fido. “Some of the guns used in the war with the rabbits were disgracefully tarnished. What will the people think if this sort of thing continues?”

“I will see that everything is polished, your Highness,” said the minister of war. “We are using a new gun-polish now. It is the best we have ever had. It is excellent for polishing battle-ships and aëroplanes, too. The other day we polished the flag-ship with it and it shone so brightly that the crew had to put on sun-glasses.”

“Good!” said the King. “I want this to be a nice war.”

“Yes, your Highness,” said the secretary.

“You may now go,” said the King.

The secretary of war departed.

. . . . .  
A few hours later hundreds of dogs were busy posting signs like this throughout Dogland:

WAR DECLARED  
ON TABBYPOND!  
DOGS, DEFEND  
YOUR COUNTRY!

(Signed) KING FIDO IV

What excitement there was! Everywhere dogs gathered to discuss the startling news. Veterans of the war with the rabbits donned their uniforms and drilled in the public squares. Volunteers thronged the recruiting-offices. Every dog in the country was thrilled. All day and all night cannons were rushed through the streets, army horses galloped by, and battle-planes whirred overhead. It was a great day for Dogland.

## CHAPTER XVI

### I

A pussycat knight on a fiery steed  
(A steed is a charger. I now will proceed.)  
Comes tearing along at a runaway speed  
    With a terrible war declaration—  
A message from Fido announcing that he  
Is bringing an army of soldiers to see  
If that will not make 'em set Dorothy free  
    And forever respect the dog nation!  
"Oh, horsie, go faster!" the rider implores;  
"Like heroes let 's fly to the palace's doors  
And tell the good King of this latest of wars  
    That the people, like Paul, may Revere us!"  
The rider is now at his Highness's gate  
Where thousands of cats his arrival await,  
And as they start cheering, the rider, elate,  
    Says, "Horsie, I *knew* they would cheer us!"

### II

"What is the news?" asks the King.  
    "War," answers the knight.  
"Their cannons will soon go *bing!*"  
    Says the King, "All right."

For Thomas was not the kind  
    To worry and fret.  
All he said was, "They will find  
    Us ready, you bet."

## THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

## III

My! what excitement when the pussies heard  
 That Fido was to march on Tabbyland.  
 War! What a deal of magic in the word!  
 War! Every pussy thought it simply grand.  
 For when there is a war the streets are filled  
 With soldier pussycats in lovely suits  
 And shiny guns (*you* also would be thrilled)  
 And flashing silver swords and polished boots.

And pussycats on every corner stand  
 A-singing their delightful national air.  
 They 're starting now while plays the royal band!  
 There is no singing like it anywhere!

## IV

By fair Kittonia's catnip flowers,  
 Catlanta's rocks and hills,  
 By Tabbyland's historic towers  
 And Pussburgh's shops and mills,  
 By old Purru's now crumbling walls,  
 In ancient days begun,  
 And dear Furronia's fabled halls,  
 We pussies, every one,  
 Do pledge allegiance to the King  
 Who rules our glorious land!  
 Rise, cats! (*When anthems pussies sing  
 It's customary to stand.*)

## CHORUS

It 's wrong to be conceited,  
It is n't right to brag,  
But anyway we 'd like to say  
That here 's a noble flag!  
Who honors it is honored,  
Who does n't pays the price!  
Salute it, cats! (*They doff their hats.*)  
Now cheer it, pussies, thrice!  
Set up a loud mee-owing  
That every one will hear!  
We must not let the world forget  
We love our nation dear!

## v

Da! *ra!* da! *boom!* da! *ra!* da! *boom!*  
Here come the soldier cats! Let 's all make room!

Da! *ra!* da! *zing!* da! *ra!* da! *zing!*  
Let 's cheer the soldier cats like anything!

Da! *ra!* da, *ree!* da! *ra!* da! *ree!*  
The soldiers answer with a loud "Whoopee!"

## VI

Said Violet as the soldiers passed,  
"They 're very beautiful."  
Said the Princess, "Also strong and fast,  
Refined and dutiful."

## THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

Said Violet next, "Oh, Prinny dear!  
What nice commanders!"  
Said the Princess, "That is hardly queer,  
They're Tabbylanders!"

## VII

Said the jester, "Should I break my sword,  
Dear King, I'll still combat 'em  
(And this is rather good, my lord)  
By looking daggers at 'em!"

Said the jolly jester once again,  
"Their army will be lacking  
A couple of thousand bowwows when  
We pussies start cattacking!"

## VIII

The King unto the general said,  
"Have we sufficient guns?"  
The general, nodding of his head,  
Replied, "We've tons and tons—  
Guns for retreats, my noble Lord,  
And others for attacks.  
Some are in camp and some are stored  
Away in gunny-sacks."

The King then asked the naval chief  
If he had ships a-plenty.  
It was the naval man's belief  
Another score (that's twenty)  
Would make the navy hard to beat.  
He'd ordered them, he gloated,  
And by that night, if things went right,  
They'd be unpacked and floated!



The King then asked, "Have we enough  
Of ammunition, friends?"  
"Yes, we have many a powder-puff  
With which to gain our ends.  
We've jammed the cannon-ball room till  
The very ceiling swells.  
And when the dogs with these we fill  
We'll shoot some peanut shells!"

## IX

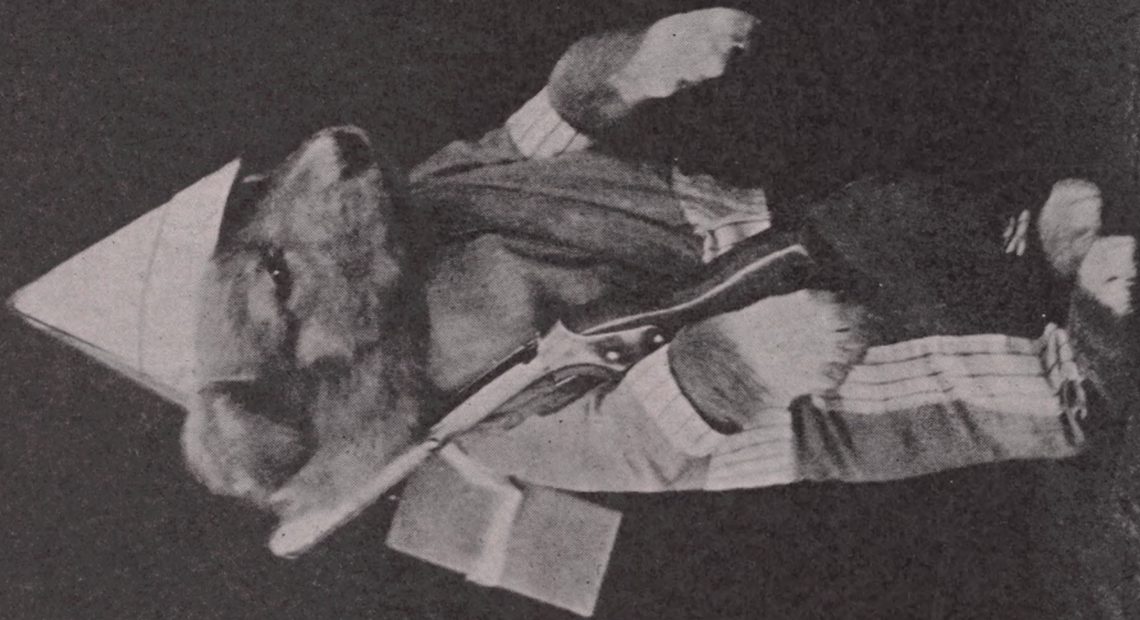
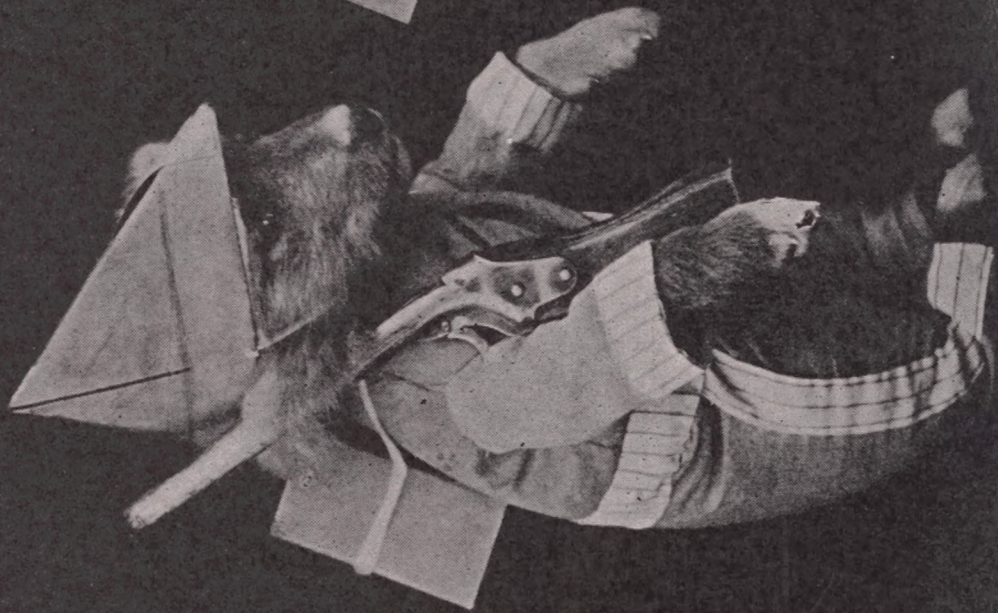
Ascending then the palace stairs  
The King upraised his paw,  
While all the cats took off their hats  
And gazed at him in awe.

When he upraised his paw like that  
It was a sign that he  
Had things to say to them and they  
Would hush up instantlee.

A pin if dropped from seven feet,  
Which is n't very high,  
Would have been heard (upon my word!)  
That morning in July.

(If you have no objection to  
July I'll let it stay.  
It helps my rhyme a lot and I'm  
Particular that way.)

The place was full of silence as  
I said before, I think;  
You could n't hear a pussy clear  
Her throat, or cough, or blink.



The Puppy Pop-Gunners

## THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

115

They were as still as cattle that  
One sees in butcher-shops,  
*Stock*-still, I mean; you've doubtless seen  
'Em (made up into chops).

And as they stood stock-still the King  
Declared: "I thank you for  
Your kind attention; I would mention  
A word about the war.

"It's only this: As you depart  
To fight remember that  
Where'er you roam your King back home  
Is thinking of every cat.

"You'll beat King Fido, I am sure,  
But should you find it hard  
To trounce the fool I hope that you'll  
Send me a postal-card.

"And I will join you on my horse  
And bring my kin and kith  
And show 'em that I'm not a cat  
That they can trifle with.

"Meanwhile within the palace gates  
Or on the royal farm  
I think I'll stay and night and day  
Protect the Queen from harm!"

"Bravo!" the pussycats replied,  
"For our most noble King!"  
They cheered him for an hour or more,  
A very natural thing.

## CHAPTER XVII

*My spine was a-tingle and my heart beat fast  
When the bowwow army went a-swinging past!  
I was so excited that I bit my nails  
(Though that is a thing that hardly ever fails  
To earn me a spanking from my stern old dad).  
But when there's excitement I am pretty bad  
And off came my finger-nails one at a time,  
And to keep from being spanked I lent a dime  
For to buy ten others in a hardware-store  
(They sold for a penny each before the war).  
My spine was a-tingle and my heart beat fast  
When the bowwow army went a-swinging past!*

**M**EANWHILE King Fido's army of dogs advanced on Tabbyland. Banners flying and bands playing, they swung down Poodle Place which connects with Nellie Highway, the road to distant Tabbyland. As they passed Mastiff Terrace, one of the busiest streets in Dogland, they were cheered by thousands of patriotic dogs.

What a sight it was! From every window in sight dogs leaned to see the passing army. Those that were n't lucky enough to live along the line of march and have windows to look out of (or roofs to look off) crowded the sidewalk. And those that could n't find room on the sidewalk scrambled up lamp-posts and telegraph-poles. Dogs usually cannot climb but in the excitement of the moment, it seems, they acquired the knack.

What excitement there was! Puppy-dogs returning from school dropped their books and gave their school cries. A group from the Spaniel Academy burst forth with:

“You can do it!  
Show 'em how!  
Dogland! Dogland!  
Bow! wow! wow!”

The Pointer Prep School broke in with:

“We will teach 'em  
Ere we 're through  
What we fighting  
Dogs can do!”

But the loudest cheering of all was done by the Collie College Boys, who gave the yell that had been used for years at the annual Dogland-Tabbyland foot-ball game:

“We will show those  
Silly cats!  
Watch us go and  
Give 'em rats!”

“Don't give 'em rats!” cried King Fido's jester—a merry foxy-terrier—that happened to be standing near-by. “They like 'em!”

The crowd roared with laughter.

“What shall we shout then?” asked the jolly cheer-leader of the Collie College Boys.

“This!” replied the jester:

“Cats, beware!  
There soon will be  
A very sad  
*Catastrophe!*”

The crowd again enjoyed a hearty laugh. Every one was in high spirits (especially the dogs on the roofs, telegraph-poles, and lamp-posts).

King Fido led the line of march. How they cheered him! He was mounted on a beautiful white horse with a pink tail. His uniform was of cloth of gold, with narrow stripes of silver braid along the sides of the trousers. On his left sleeve a dog-biscuit was embroidered in violet silk. He wore a three pointed hat of snow-white duck, in the right side of which a feather was stuck. Perhaps it was a duck-feather, too. At any rate the King had a feather in his cap.

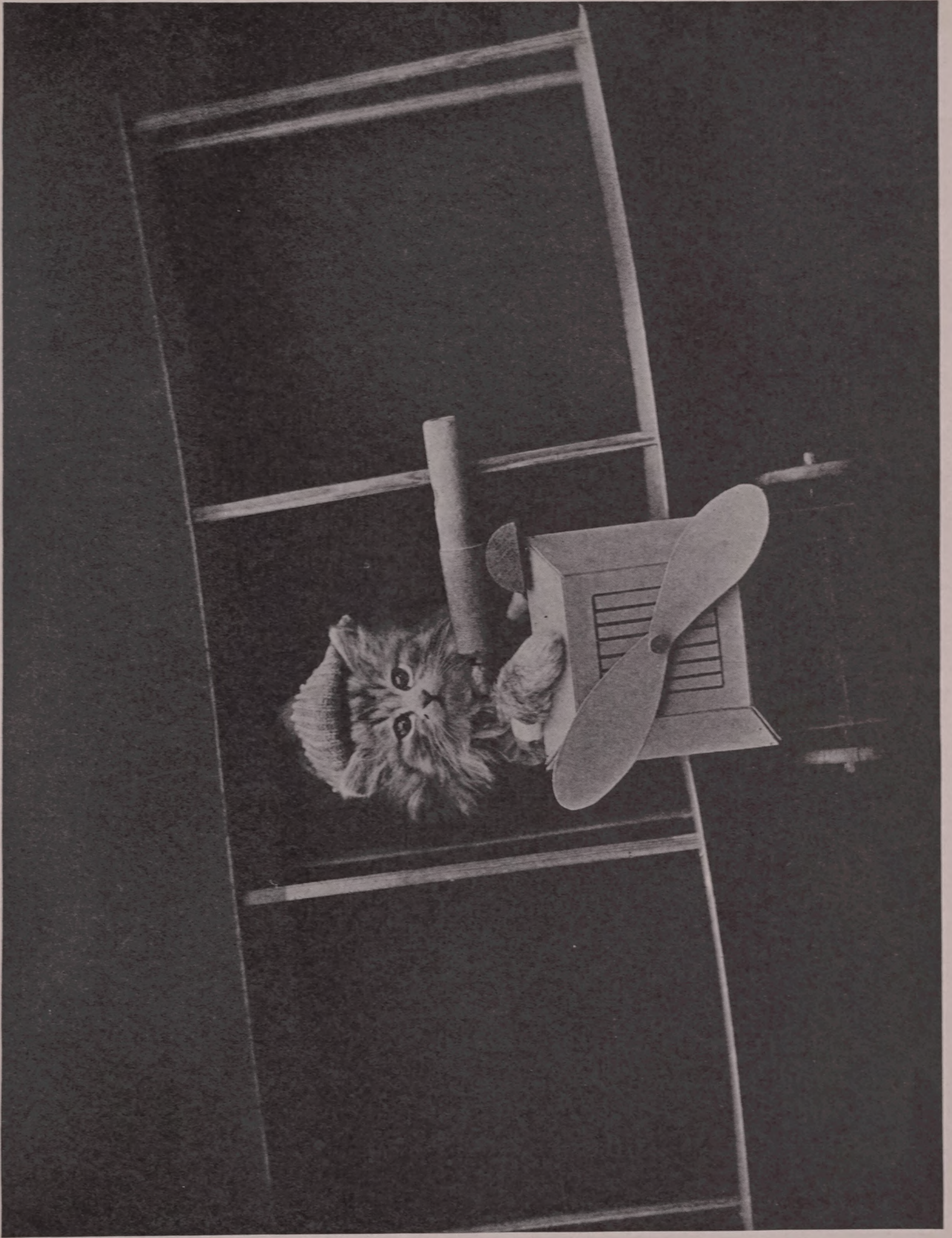
(King Fido was the only one that was permitted to wear a feather in his cap. It was a sign of his rank, that of general-general—which was much higher than the rank of corporal-general, private-general, sergeant-general, major-general, lieutenant-general, general-manager, brigadier-general, and the other kinds of generals in the army.)

Next in the line of march were the Dachshund Doughboys. The dachshund, as you probably know, is a dog with a long plump body that sometimes scrapes the ground. Dachshunds that can afford the expense wear protectors to keep from wearing their stomachs off.

The dachshund is a valuable dog in war-time. His body is so long that he can have his head in enemy territory and the rest of him in his own, meanwhile signaling his findings to his comrades with his tail.

The Dachshund Doughboys were clad in simple military tweeds. They were armed with folding swords. The dachshund is built so close to the ground that he cannot carry the usual full-length sword; it would scrape the ground.

Next came the ocean soldiers or Water Spaniels. As most



Brave Rudolph Flying over the Dogland Lines

of their work is done in water they wore bathing-suits and carried rubber guns. Their principal task was to swim under battle-ships and sink 'em by shooting the bottoms full of holes. This was dangerous work. There was always the possibility of a battle-ship that you had plugged full of holes falling on you. But the brave ocean soldiers did not mind this. They were fighting for home and country.

Next came the Pomeranian Rangers. They were clad in uniforms of lavender lace covered with orange spangles. On their white silk taffeta caps there were yellow pom-poms, the trade-mark of their native Pomerania.

Then followed the Firemen's Firing-Squad, a regiment of black-and-white spotted fire-house dogs. They wore red flannel uniforms, rubber boots and hose, and firemen's hats. They were armed with water-buckets and axes.

Next in line were the Mexican Hairless Harriers. They wore bushy red wigs to keep them warm. This was only one of the reasons why they belonged to the wigwag, or signal-squad (the same regiment the Dachshund Doughboys belonged to). The other reason was that they were expert wagggers—tail wagggers, of course. This was very important in sending signals. What with wiggling and wagging these dogs made ideal wigwaggers. They rode in wigwagons which were full of signal-books and extra wigs.

And then there were the brass bands, seventeen of them, the musicians gaily clad and all carrying instruments that shone beautifully. And dozens of other regiments—the Fighting Irish Terriers, the Great Dane Grenadiers, the Yankee Poodle Dandies, the Collie Cannoneers, the Woofy Wolfhounds, the Airedale Airboys, the Puppy Popgunners (or infantry), the Peekin'-knees Kilties, and other famous Dogland warriors.



After marching for three days and three nights, King Fido's forces were within ten miles of the Tabbyland border. In a few hours they would be in the outskirts of Kittonia where thousands of King Thomas's pussycat soldiers were waiting to engage them in battle. As they neared Kittonia a Tabbyland battle-plane, commanded by the wonderful Rudolph, who in times of peace was the pilot of King Thomas's balloon, flew over them.

"Fire!" cried the commander of the Collie Cannoneers and the Puppy Popgunners as they spied Rudolph overhead.

"Bing!" spoke the guns of the Cannoneers and the Popgunners. Their shots went wild.

"Bang!" replied the gun of the battle-plane. Rudolph's shot knocked the pom-pom off the cap of one of the Pomeranian Rangers.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Rudolph.

"I'll 'ha! ha!' you!" cried the angry Ranger. With this he leveled his gun at the 'plane but Rudolph, seeing him aim, flew higher and the shot fell short.

Rudolph then descended several hundred feet to take another shot. Ambitious cat that he was, this time he aimed at King Fido. His aim was true but the wind carried the shot wide and all he managed to do was to hit the feather in the King's cap and shoot a few inches off it.

"A plague on the cat!" howled the King. "Fire away, everybody!"

What a roar there was as every gun in the Dogland forces blazed away at the flying Rudolph! Expecting their fire he started to fly higher again, but this time he was not quick enough and one of the shots crashed through the wings of the

'plane. The 'plane began to drop, but just as the dogs thought it was falling to earth and began to rejoice, the quick-witted Rudolph mixed some cement in a hurry and patched the holes in the wings. This done, he flew higher and higher until he was lost from sight in the clouds, and then putting on all speed flew in the direction of Kittonia to notify the Tabbyland forces of the approach of King Fido.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### I

Within a mile of old Kittonia Town  
King Fido told his troops to halt  
And putting on his favorite battle-crown  
Cried, "Dogs, prepare for an assault!"

They gathered round him as he made his speech  
Bolt upright on his milk-white steed.  
"We 're here, O dogs!" he shouted, "for to teach  
Those cats they 've done a cruel deed!

"We 're here to march on Tabbyland and save  
Poor Dorothy from prison walls;  
To send King Thomas to a villain's grave  
By shooting till the palace falls.

"Here stand we now near old Kittonia Camp  
Where tabby regiments are massed,  
And others (I can hear the *tramp! tramp! tramp!*)  
March up to join their army vast.

"We must have courage if we hope to win.  
Those cats can fight, make no mistake.  
Shout 'Ready!' when you 're ready to begin  
And shout it till the heavens shake!"

"Ready!" a hundred thousand bowwows roared.  
(That was my count and I 'm no dunce.)  
"Then load each rifle and unsheathe each sword  
And on to Tabbyland at once!"

## THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

## II

De-room! de-room! de-room! boom! boom!  
 De-room! de-room! de-room! boom! boom!  
 Their drums *de-roomed* like that until  
 The Dogland soldiers reached Kittonia Hill.  
 De-room! de-room! de-room! boom! boom!  
 De-room! de-room! de-room! boom! boom!  
 On top there stood a fortress large.  
 "Stop that *de-rooming!*" Fido ordered. "Charge!"

## III

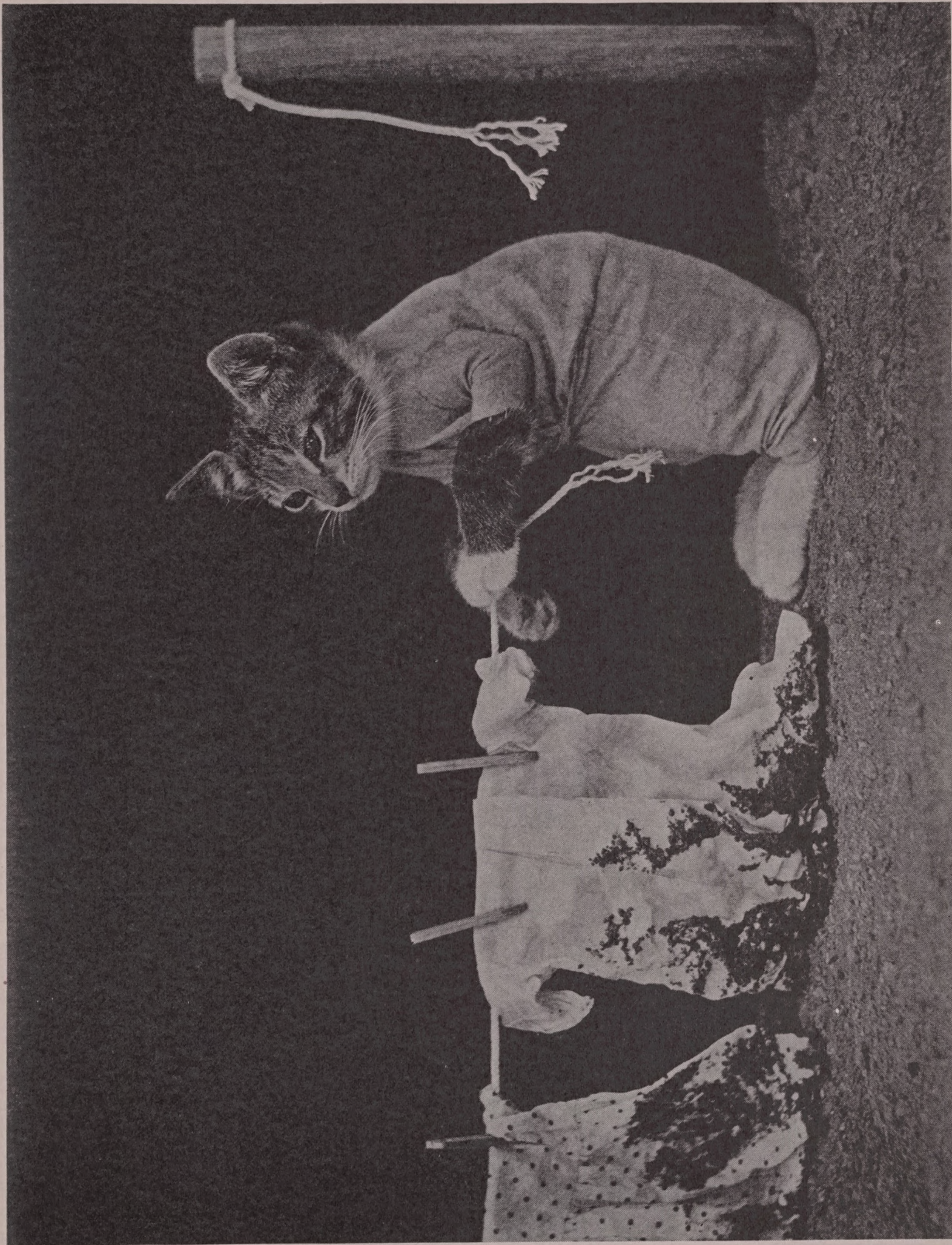
And up the hill they ran  
 A hundred thousand strong,  
 While tabby guns began  
 To sing their cruel song!

Bing! *bang!* bing! *bang!* bing! *bang!*  
 Boom! *boom!* boom! *boom!* boom! *boom!*  
 A thousand cannons sang  
 A thousand doggies' doom!

(But since good doggies go  
 To heaven, a lovely place,  
 I hope no tears will flow  
 Down anybody's face.

(Besides as there were tons  
 Of bowwow soldiers left  
 They hardly missed the ones  
 Of whom they were bereft.)

Up stormed King Fido's force  
 As quickly as they could  
 While Fido on his horse  
 Cried, "That is very good!"



Damage Done by the Dogs in Their Advance on Tabbyland

## THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

Up, up they stormed until  
They neared the tabby fort  
Atop Kittonia Hill  
Where nobles of the court

Of Tabbyland implored  
The cats to hurl 'em back  
With cannon and with sword  
And poison gas attack!

“Fight, cats!” the nobles cried,  
“The dogs are gaining ground.  
Put twenty shots inside  
Each foolish-looking hound!”

The cats kept firing but  
The dogs kept coming still.  
There seemed no way to shut  
Them from Kittonia Hill.

“Cats!” begged their leaders, “fight!  
For if the battle 's lost  
Dear Tabbyland to-night  
By bowwows will be bossed!”

The pussies did their best  
But still the dogs advanced,  
And soon upon the crest  
King Fido's charger pranced!

“Phew! that was hard work, men,”  
Said Fido as he stood  
Atop Kittonia. Then  
He added, “Very good!”

(And "Very good!" as now  
You know, was Fido's way  
Of saying "Great!" or "Wow!"  
Or "Splendid!" or "Hooray!")

"I'll 'very good' you!" cried  
The leader of the cats  
And let a bullet ride  
That mussed the ruler's spats.

"Ha! ha!" King Fido roared,  
"When I am in a spat  
My spats I can afford  
To soil, you silly cat!"

Then to his soldiers, "Take  
That fortress straight ahead!"  
"Where to?" his jester spake.  
"Wherever you please!" he said.

And Fido's army dashed  
To where the fortress stood,  
And as the walls they smashed  
The King said, "Very good!"

And as the fortress fell  
The cats in terror fled,  
That is, as you know well,  
The ones that were n't dead.

(But since good pussies go  
To heaven, a lovely place,  
I hope no tears will flow  
Down anybody's face.)

## THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

The king selected men  
    (Or doggies, if you like)  
To hold the fort and then  
    Said, "Soldiers, let us hike!"

"Let's hike to Main Street where  
    We'll smash the palace gate  
And pull the royal chair  
    From under Tom the Great!"

Through old Kittonia Street  
    They marched, and on the way  
Robbed butchers and then beat  
    Them if they asked for pay.

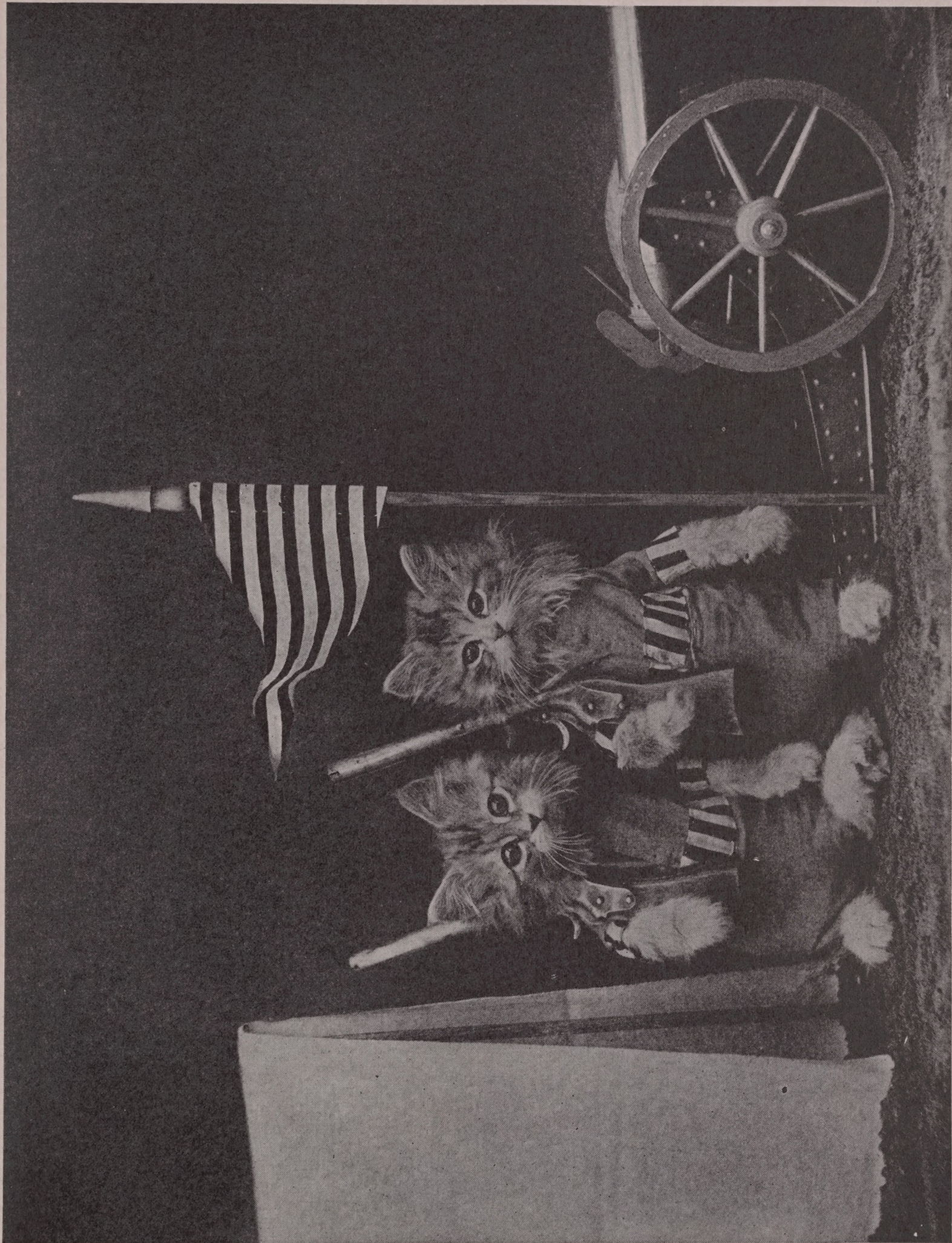
There was n't a butcher-shop  
    In town that was n't robbed;  
When scolded by a cop  
    They spanked him till he sobbed.

They burned the city hall  
    (The only one in town),  
Stole a poor pussy's shawl,  
    And cut all clothes-lines down.

The King said, "When they see  
    How things we burn and break  
They'll set poor Dotty free  
    And that is no mistake."

And as, mile after mile,  
    They smashed whate'er they could,  
King Fido with a smile  
    Said, "Soldiers, very good!"





Before the Tabbyland Camp. Waiting for the Dogland Advance

## CHAPTER XIX

*Hark to the trumpet and the drum!  
On, on the Dogland soldiers come!*

*Or, if that's faulty grammar, lo!  
On, on the Dogland soldiers go!*

*"Go," "come"—it's all the same to me  
If that the poem's point you see,*

*Which is to say the bowwows moved  
With speed (of which their King approved).*

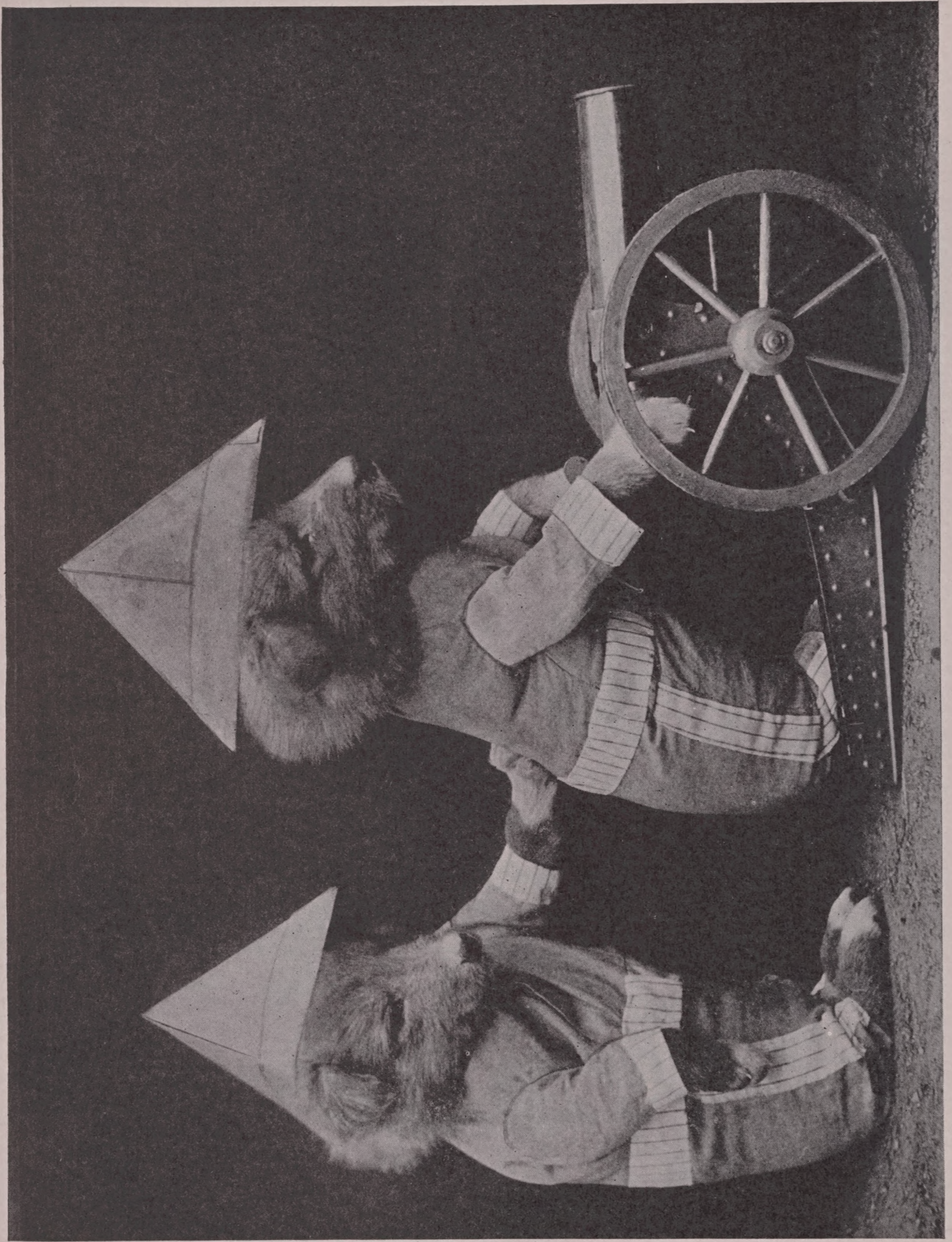
**T**HE army of King Fido swept through Tabbyland. They burned houses, destroyed catnip fields, cut down clothes-lines, broke shop windows, wrecked trolley-cars, captured mice-cream men and dumped their mice-cream into the streets, blew up bridges, cut telephone wires, took lollypops away from pussycat children, ripped up railroad tracks, tore down the statue of Thomas VI that had stood for years in the market-place, and did whatever other damage they happened to think of.

As his soldiers marched along and wrecked everything in sight, King Fido, as was his habit, smiled and simply said, "Very good."

*De-room! de-room! de-room! boom! boom!  
De-room! de-room! de-room! boom! boom!  
The drums de-roomed like that again,  
While fearless Fido led his fighting men.*



The S.S. Princess Pauline, Flagship of the Tabbyland Navy



The Fuzzy-Wuzzy Cannon-Ballers Aiming at King Thomas

They were now within a mile of Tabbyland Palace. Not a single pussycat soldier could be seen anywhere.

"This is funny," said King Fido to one of his generals. "Do you think they have given up so soon?"

"I don't think so," said the general.

"Then where are King Thomas's soldiers?" asked King Fido. "I feel like another battle. There is no sense in having a war unless you spend the time fighting."

"I believe," said the general, "that King Thomas, seeing that he could not stop us at Kittonia, has massed his soldiers before the palace. In a little while we will reach the palace grounds and I think we will meet the Tabbyland army there."

"Good," said King Fido, "I want to try out my new sword."

*De-room! de-room! de-room! boom! boom!*

*De-room! de-room! de-room! boom! boom!*

The drummers pounded more and more,

*De-rooming* is a part of every war.

*De-room! de-room!—*

"Shush!" suddenly shushed King Fido who was looking through his field-glasses. "I see the Tabbyland army before the King's palace. I can see their swords and rifles flashing."

Then standing bolt upright on his milk-white steed, as was his custom in moments of excitement, he said to his soldiers: "We have a fight on our paws. Every cat in Tabbyland that can carry a gun is waiting for us less than a mile ahead. There is little I can say. We are fighting for home and country. We are here to teach King Thomas that he cannot treat our people as he is treating Doggie Dorothy. He must set her free. Are you ready, soldiers?"

"Ready!" they cried.

"Very good!" declared King Fido. Then to his milk-white steed, "Giddap!"

In a few minutes they were within a quarter of a mile of Tabbyland Palace. "Charge!" cried King Fido. As they charged, the pussycat soldiers of Thomas VI ran to meet them.

"Teach them a good lesson!" cried the Princess Pauline who was standing at the gates of the palace with Violet.

"Yes, do defeat them!" exclaimed Violet. "They are very naughty dogs."

Soon the brave forces of Thomas VI and Fido IV were at each other's throats. They fought like cats and dogs, one might say. Cannons roared and swords clashed. Soldiers fell. Some picked themselves up. Some did n't.

The Dogland soldiers were having a much harder time of it than they had had at Kittonia Hill. There they outnumbered the cats. Here they were outnumbered.

In addition the pussycat battle-ships, led by the S. S. *Princess Pauline*, flag-ship of the Tabbyland navy, stood in Tabbyland Harbor a half-mile away and fired hundreds of cannonballs into the Dogland forces.

The Dogland battle-ships were not present to prevent this. They were at the bottom of Tabbyland Harbor. The pussycat battle-ships had sent them there only an hour before.

(But since good doggies go  
To heaven, a lovely place,  
I hope no tears will flow  
Down anybody's face.)

The dogs fought bravely but could not gain an inch. But they did a great deal of damage to the palace and near-by houses. And not only houses were damaged. The Fuzzy-

wuzzy Cannon-ballers, a famous Dogland regiment, seeing King Thomas on the roof of the palace shouting encouragement to his soldiers through a megaphone, aimed at him and shot the megaphone to pieces. It was a beautiful megaphone, made of solid gold (except the opening, which was hollow) and easily worth 1650 pussetas, if not 1725.

"Ha! ha!" laughed King Fido when this happened.

"I'll 'ha! ha!' you!" cried King Thomas angrily.

"You're a fine king!" sneered the Dogland ruler. "Why don't you lead your soldiers instead of staying in the palace where it's safe?"

"I'm minding the Queen, that's why, Mr. Smarty!" retorted King Thomas. "It is my duty."

"Ho! ho!" roared King Fido, "that's a good one. Why don't you let some soldiers mind her and come on down here and fight."

"I will be down presently," said King Thomas. "My uniform is being pressed. I can't very well fight in these Sunday clothes." (King Thomas always went to battle in the uniform of the Royal Kafoozalums—a plain suit of black and white striped China silk.)

"Well, when your suit is pressed and you're ready to fight you'll find me on the porch of the palace waiting for you!" cried King Fido.

"You'll never get that far!" replied King Thomas. "You'll have your head shot off first."

"I will, eh?" said King Fido. "Maybe you'll lose *yours* first. Take a shot at it, soldiers!"

With this the Fuzzy-wuzzy Cannon-ballers sent a hundred shots at King Thomas. If the King had n't ducked behind a chimney he would not have had a head to put his crown on.

King Thomas decided that the roof of the palace was no lace for him and went downstairs to see if his suit was pressed.

For hours the pussycat and bowwow armies fought. The dogs, no matter how hard they tried, could not gain. They would have had a better chance if they had taken more bullets than them. As a cat has nine lives it took nine bullets to kill Tabbyland soldier.

(But since good pussies go  
To heaven, a lovely place,  
I hope no tears will flow  
Down anybody's face.)

As the afternoon wore on, the dogs saw they could not win unless they captured some of the pussycats' bullets. King Fido sent a dozen brave dogs and ordered them to sneak up behind the Tabbyland lines in a supply-wagon and bring back a load of bullets. "We can't hold out much longer," he told them, "unless we get some more bullets. Go!" The faithful soldiers bowed and left to carry out the King's wishes.

The supply-wagon, bearing the dozen dogs, managed to get inside the Tabbyland lines and were within a few steps of the pussycat bullet heap when the Princess Pauline, who was standing near-by with Violet, noticed them and let out a loud "Mee-ow!"

"Seize her, soldiers!" cried the leader of the faithful dozen. "And keep her quiet!"

"Mee-ow!" howled the Princess as the Dogland soldiers seized her. "Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!"

These "mee-ows," even louder than the famous ones the Princess delivered on Violet's back fence, saved Tabbyland.



For pussycat soldiers came running from all directions and the twelve Doglanders, who had started to load the supply-wagon, had to stop their work and run for their lives. If the Princess had not noticed them and given the Tabbyland soldiers warning the dogs might have loaded the wagon with enough bullets to shoot all Tabbyland to pieces.

Angry at the Princess because she had ruined their plans the Dogland soldiers seized her and threw her into the wagon. In a second the twelve soldiers were in the wagon too, and whipping up the horses they were soon driving like mad for the Dogland lines while hundreds of angry pussycats ran after them and shook their paws at them. The pussycats did not dare fire because they knew the Princess was in the wagon and they were afraid of hitting her.

The supply-wagon, with the captured Princess, returned in safety to the Dogland lines.



The Princess Pauline a Prisoner

## CHAPTER XX

*Having to do with trousers creases,  
A duel, and a war that ceases.*

**K**ING Fido met the returning supply-wagon as it reached the Dogland lines.

"Well," he asked the leader of the dozen dogs, "how many bullets did you bring back?"

"N-none, your Majesty," faltered the unhappy bowwow, "but—"

"Very bad!" growled the King. "Very bad!"

"But we brought back King Thomas's daughter, the Princess Pauline. She gave the alarm just as we were about to make off with a heap of bullets. This made us so angry that we captured her. Here she is in the wagon."

"Very good!" exclaimed the King. "Very good! Tie her to a tree and have a soldier guard her day and night. We will hold her until King Thomas sets Doggie Dorothy free."

"My father will punish you for this!" cried the Princess Pauline.

"Will he, though?" said the King of the dogs with a laugh. "Why does n't he come out and fight like a man? A few hours ago I saw him on the roof of the palace. He said he would be down soon. Where is he? I think, my pretty one, he is afraid."

"My father is not afraid!" exclaimed the Princess. "He is having his uniform pressed."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the King. "I heard that before. How long does it take to press a uniform in Tabbyland?"

"My father likes to have the creases in his trousers just so," replied the Princess. "If I were you I would n't be so quick to laugh at others. The least a King can do is to look neat on the battle-field. I don't see any creases in *your* trousers."

"I've been riding on a horse all day, if you please," replied King Fido. "That, as you know, takes the creases out."

"I knew you'd have an excuse," said the Princess.

"Wait till I get hold of your old man—beg pardon, I mean your father. The creases in *his* trousers won't last very long. With the first stroke of my sword he'll be on his knees praying. That will remove the creases."

"Are n't you bold when no one is around, King Fido!"

"Take her away, soldiers!" cried King Fido. "Tie her to a tree at once! Let her brave father come and rescue her!"

Three Dogland soldiers escorted the Princess Pauline to a near-by tree. They soon fastened her to it, running the rope around her six times.

"You are ruining my dress!" cried the Princess. "I want to wear it at a tea in the Palace to-morrow."

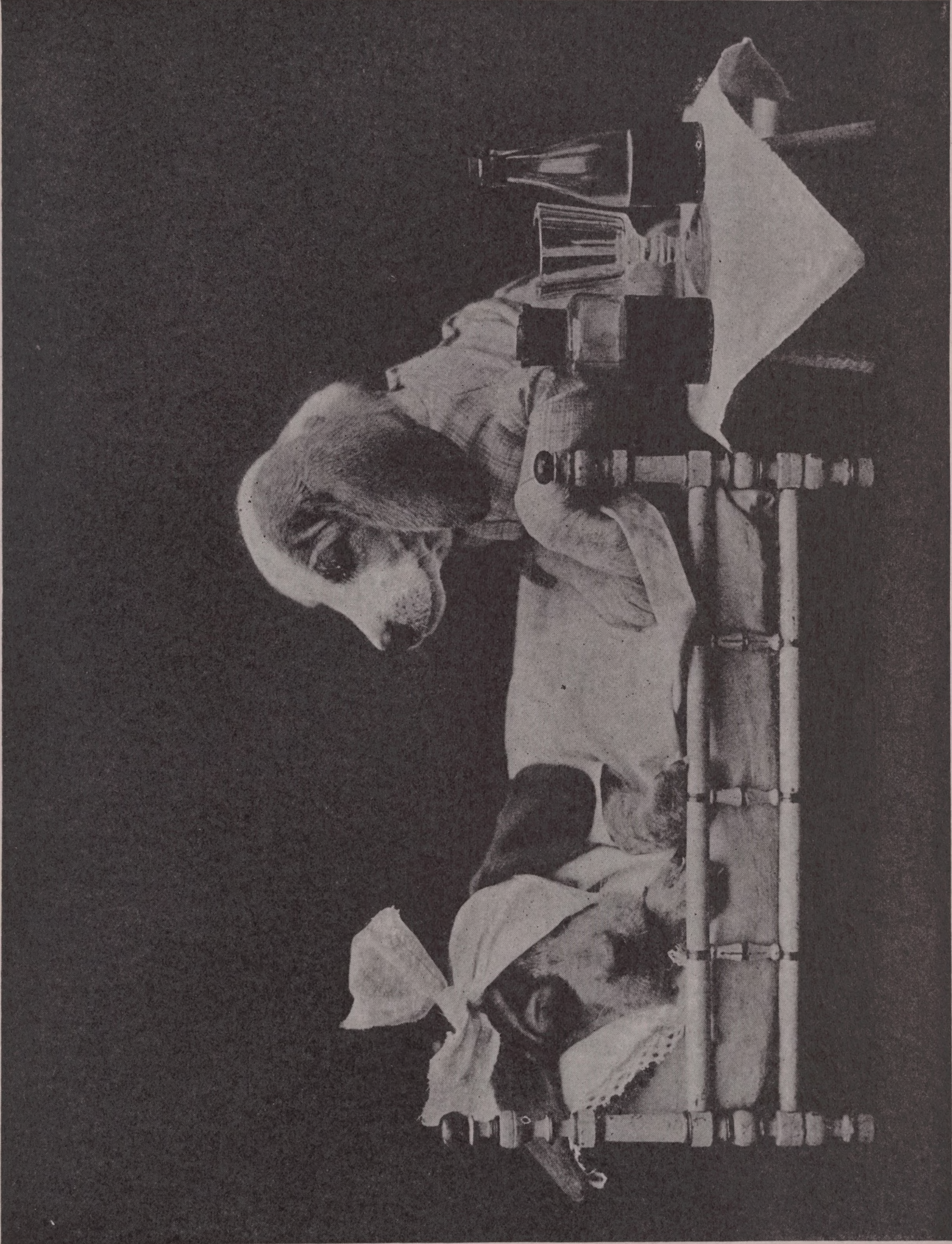
"You are n't going to any teas for a long time," said one of the soldiers.

"So you think you're going to keep me here, do you?" snapped the Princess. "Well, you're greatly mistaken."

"That may be but in the meantime you are our guest."

When the soldiers had fastened the Princess securely, a guard—a stern little Puppy Popgunner—was ordered to stand near-by and watch her day and night.

Meanwhile the Dogland and Tabbyland armies continued to fight like cats and dogs.



Field Hospital in the Dogland Camp

King Thomas, to show that he was not afraid, came out of the palace toward evening to lead his forces. He was dressed in his newly-pressed uniform, a battle crown of dull gold (not unlike the Princess's traveling crown), and an ermine cape to keep the draft off his back. "Bravo!" his soldiers cried when they noticed him. "Bravo!"

The King took his crown off in acknowledgment of the cheers and proceeded to march to the head of his army. As he passed through the lines he spoke to wounded soldiers that lay in cots in a kind of field-hospital that had been rigged up in a hurry by the Tabbyland generals.

Stopping to pat on the back a poor suffering cat that had lost three of his nine lives the King said, "You are a brave boy. You have lost  $33\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. of your lives in the service of your country. With all my heart I hope the  $66\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. of you that remains will live to a ripe old age. You will receive a pension, a pair of crutches, and a medal. There, there, my boy, rest easy and don't worry. Everything will come out right in the end. Have you a mother?"

"Y-yes," stammered the wounded soldier, overcome by the King's kindness. Then he added: "How—how g-good of you to talk to me, your highness. To me—a mere soldier in the ranks. Oh, how very, *very* good!"

"Not at all," said the King, "that is what I am here for. You have a mother, you say. Good. I will send her a basket of groceries to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you, your Highness."

"Don't mention it, my boy. How are the meals?"

"Fine, your Majesty!"

"I'm glad of that, my boy. Well, I must be going. Good-by. And don't worry, my boy!"

“Good-by, your Noble Highness!”

The King on his way to the front ranks comforted many another wounded soldier. He was indeed a noble King.

Soon the King reached the front-line trenches. Here General Katzenheimer, one of the leading generals of Tabbyland, greeted him with a bow and a salute.

“How goes the battle, general?” asked the King.

“Very well, your Highness. The dogs have run short of bullets and will have to give up soon.”

“That is good news,” said the King. “Have they as many wounded as we have?”

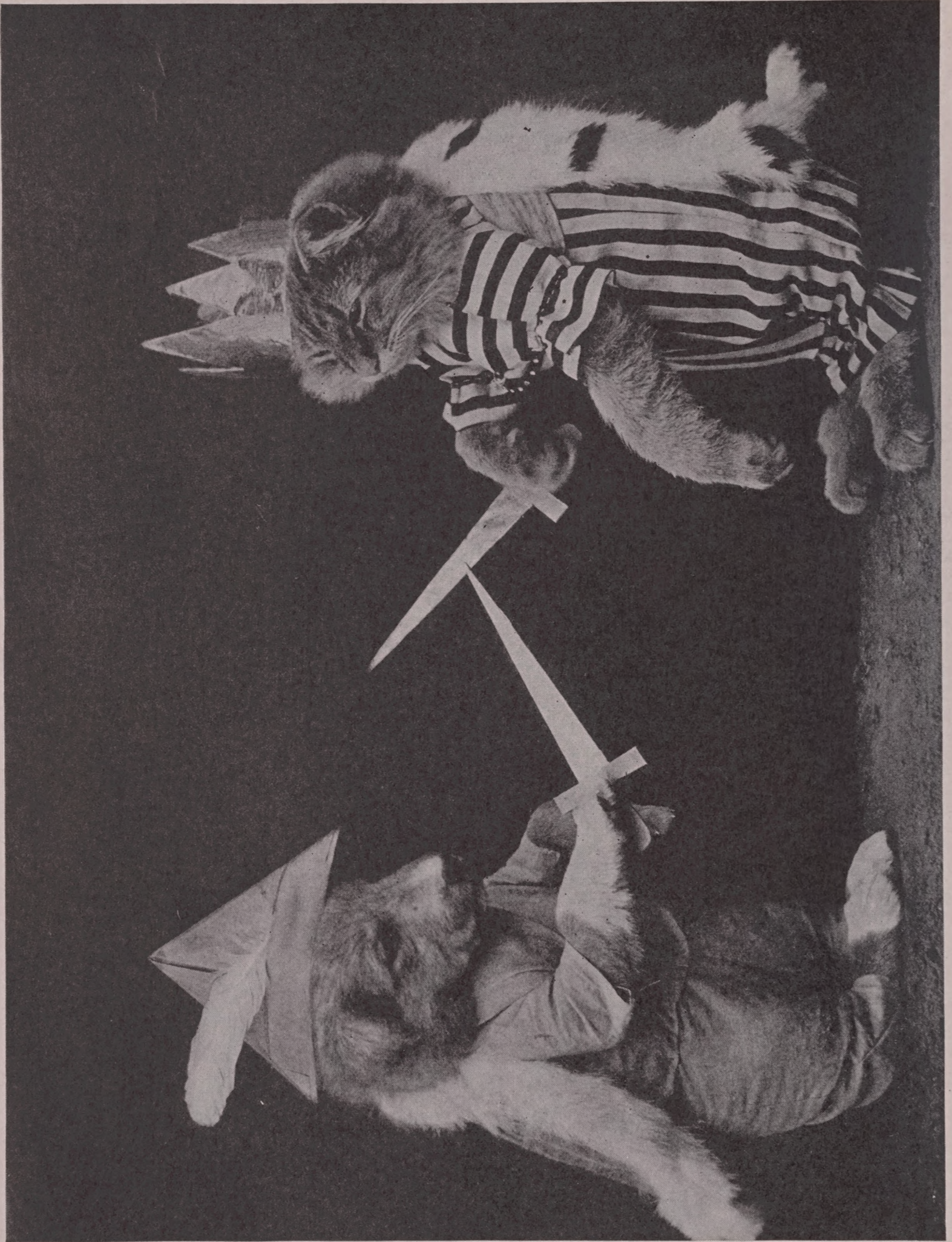
“Have they?” exclaimed the general. “You bet they have! Three times as many! They have had to rig up more than ten field-hospitals. Here, your Majesty, are my field-glasses. If you will look straight ahead you will see the largest of them. More than a thousand wounded bowwows lie there.”

“Sure enough!” said the King looking through the glasses. “I can see hundreds of beds in the meadow back of their lines. At one of them a bowwow doctor is attending a dog with a bandage over his eye. That’s one dog that won’t do any damage for a while.”

“He’s not the only one, your Majesty,” said the general smiling.

“That’s fine, General, fine!” exclaimed the King shaking the general’s paw. Then with a laugh, “You seem to be getting along very nicely without me.”

“Oh, don’t say that, your Worship,” said the general. “Your presence on the fighting front means a good deal to all of us. One look at you, your Noble Highness, and we cheerfully rush out to face the fiercest fire. I might put that a little better.



King Fido and King Thomas Fighting Their Duel



Your presence cheers us, I should say. You comfort us by just being here, you—”

“I know what you mean,” said the King with an understanding nod; “I inspire you.”

“That ’s it exactly,” said the general.

“Well, then, I ’ll stay,” said the King smiling broadly.

“Do, your Highness, do! Would you like a seat in the front-line benches or will you stand?”

“I think I ’ll stand,” said the King. “This is a pretty good view. Would you mind ordering a little more shell-fire, general? It ’s getting rather tame.”

“Certainly, your Highness,” said the general, “certainly!” The general carried out King Thomas’s wishes and a deafening roar resulted. “That is much better, General,” said the King, “much better. You must have bumped off quite a few that time.”

While the King stood watching the battle a pussycat messenger rushed up and, trembling with excitement, cried: “They ’ve captured the Princess! They ’ve captured the Princess! Oh, what ’s to be done?”

“What!” exclaimed the King. “They captured the Princess?”

“Yes, your Worship, an hour ago. And King Fido says we can’t have her back until we return Doggie Dorothy.”

“He does, does he? Boy, get me my sword.”

“There it is by your side, your Majesty.”

“Don’t I know that, fool? Take it out of the sheath and hand it to me!”

The messenger did as the King requested.

Waving his sword fiercely King Thomas turned toward the Dogland lines and cried at the top of his lungs: “Hi, there,

King Fido! You that captured my daughter! You wanted to fight before! Come on out and fight!"

No answer. King Thomas's voice was drowned in the roar of his own guns.

"General," ordered the King, "stop the gun-fire for a moment."

The order was carried out.

"Hi, there, King Fido!" shouted King Thomas again. "I challenge you to a duel. Come on out and fight!"

This time King Fido heard. "Are your pants pressed?" he cried.

"Never mind that," snapped King Thomas. "Come on out and fight!"

"Where do you want to fight?"

"There's an empty lot next to the battle-field. Meet me there in five minutes."

"Very well."

. . . . .

Five minutes later King Thomas and King Fido met in the empty lot next to the battle-field.

"So you're King Thomas?" said King Fido.

"Yes," said King Thomas. "And you're King Fido, I believe?"

"Yes. I don't like you, King Thomas."

"And I don't like you, King Fido."

"Let's fight it out."

"Let's."

. . . . .

In a second they were lunging at each other with their swords. Whether the reason was that their aim was poor or that they

both knew how to run away in time, I don't know, but the fact of the matter is that after poking their swords at each other for three hours neither of the kings succeeded in sticking a hole in the other.

"My paw is getting tired," said King Thomas after a while.

"So is mine," said King Fido.

"Let's rest our right paws and fight with the left for a while," said King Thomas.

"That's a good idea," said King Fido.

So they changed their swords from the right to the left paw.

After they had fought this way for three hours more without denting each other, King Thomas said, "Phew! This is hard work."

"It is that, Tom."

"You called me Tom, Fido."

"And you called me Fido, Tom."

"I'm beginning to like you, Fido. Honest."

"I don't think you're a bad fellow either, Tom."

"I'll tell you what, Fido. Let's end this darned war. I've got an appointment to play cards to-morrow night with some old friends and if the war is n't over by then I won't be able to attend."

"And I've a bowling-match to play to-morrow afternoon in the royal alleys. I'll tell you what, Tom. If you'll let Doggie Dorothy out, I'll free the Princess."

"That's a go, Fido, if you'll repair the damage your soldiers have done." King Fido smiled and said, "Of course!"

They dropped their swords and shook paws.

"Let's go back and tell 'em to stop fighting, Tom."

"Yes, let's do that at once, Fido."

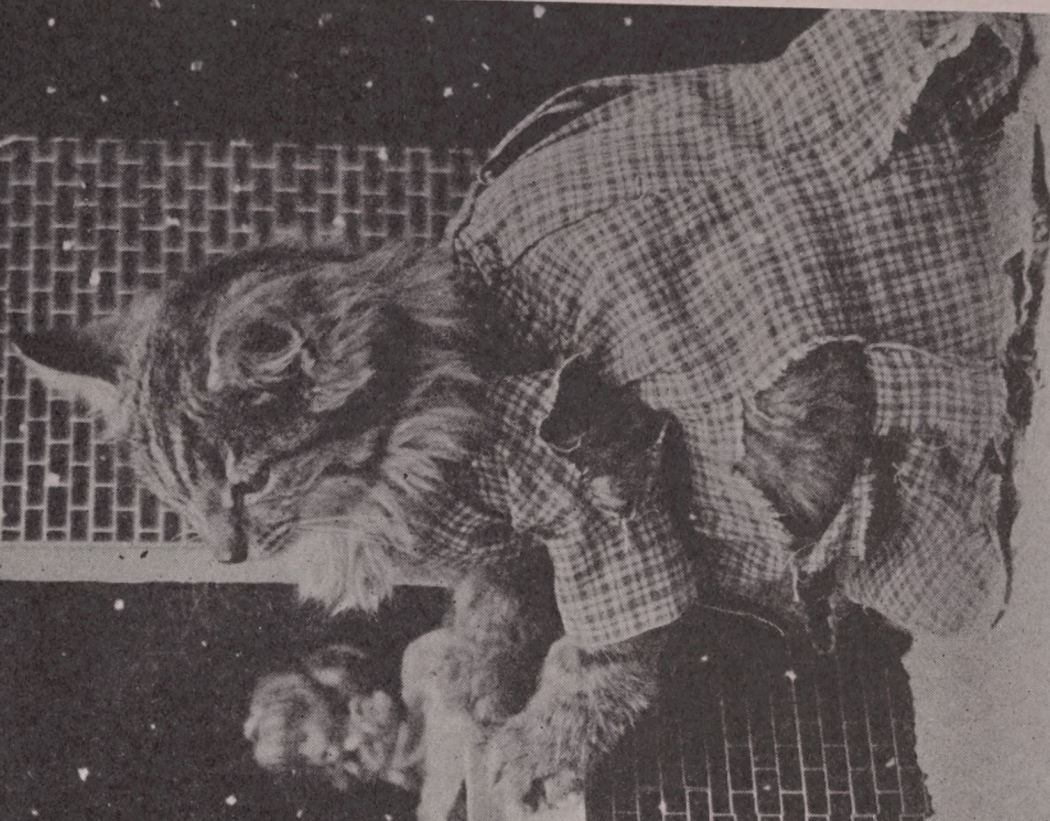
At the battle-field they separated. As King Fido disap-

peared into the Dogland lines he shouted to King Thomas, "Good luck to you at cards to-morrow, Tom."

"Thanks, Fido, but I'm so tired from swinging that old sword I won't be able to lift a card."

"Then what chance have I to lift a bowling ball?" King Fido said with a laugh as he faded from sight.

In a few minutes the firing ceased.



Poor Lucy Softfurr Whom the Princess Befriends

## CHAPTER XXI

*Tells how the Princess, free once more,  
Forgets the horrors of the war,  
And calls on needy cats to see  
What they would like their gifts to be  
On Christmas Day, now near at hand.  
(I wish I lived in Tabbyland  
And yearly could present a list  
Of things my presents should consist  
Of, when on Christmas I go through  
My roomy stocking. It is true  
Last Christmas I received a pen—  
A very handsome one—but when  
I finish with this lengthy tale  
I'm certain that its health will fail.  
Worn down to nothing it will be  
Of hardly any use to me  
And if I am to write again  
I'll have to have another pen.  
I cannot always ask my brother  
For his, I've got to have another!  
And blotters—I prefer them pink—  
A red eraser, and some ink.)  
Were I in Tabbyland—ah, me!—  
The Princess would bestow them free!*

**S** OON after the firing ceased Doggie Dorothy was let out of the prison tower by King Thomas and the Princess Pauline was set free by King Fido.

“Oh, this is wonderful!” cried Doggie Dorothy. “It feels fine to be out again.”

She met the Princess who was returning from the Dogland camp.

"I am so sorry, your Majesty," said Doggie Dorothy, "that I was so naughty. Will you forgive me and let me work for you again?"

"I really ought n't to," said the Princess, "but Christmas is coming and I don't like to see any one out of work at such a time. I will give you your position back as a Christmas present."

"Oh, you are so kind, your Majesty!" asserted Doggie Dorothy kneeling before the Princess. "I'll never do a naughty thing again."

"An excellent idea," said the Princess, "you may go."

"Oh, Prinny! I am so glad to see you again!" exclaimed Violet joyously when she and the Princess met in the palace an hour later. "Oh, how I cried and cried when they captured you! How happy you must be to be back again!"

"Yes, dear," said the Princess as calmly as ever. "It is not at all unpleasant to be in the palace again. They had me tied to a tree with rope and it was rather annoying."

"It must have been!" said Violet. "But you saved the day, Prinny! I heard the King say that if you had n't meowed so loudly when the Dogland soldiers sneaked into our lines with the supply-wagon they would have stolen a load of bullets and might have won the war! Every one in Tabbyland is cheering you to-night!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Princess mildly surprised. "I can hardly blame them; though, of course, I did n't win the war single-handed. They should cheer some of the others, too."

"They are, Prinny, but you most of all."

"I am glad they are remembering the others, too, Violet. But let us forget the war, dear. Christmas will be here in a few days. Let us make our plans for the holidays."

"I think I'd better write mother and father and ask if I may stay for Christmas."

"I'm sure they will not mind, Violet. I will send Rudolph to tell them you are well and to say that we have asked you to spend Christmas with us. They will understand, I am sure."

"That will be lovely, Prinny!"

"And I will send them some Christmas presents, Violet—something from each member of the royal family."

"Oh, Prinny, dear! How good you are!"

"Not at all," said the Princess.

Two days before Christmas the Princess and Violet visited the homes of hundreds of poor pussycats in Tabbyland. The Princess made a list of the things they needed. She did this every year and then gave the list to the Tabbyland Santa who lived in a little house atop a snow-covered mountain.

As they drove through the streets of Tabbyland in the royal sled (it had snowed that day) they noticed many raggedy little cats wistfully gazing at the toys in shop windows. The Princess would order the sled stopped and take the names and addresses of the poor cats to give to Santa Claus.

At one of these shop windows the Princess noticed the most raggedy little pussy she had even seen.

"Poor little pussy!" said Violet as the royal sled stopped near this shop, "her dress is all torn and she seems so unhappy!"

"Little pussy!" called the Princess from the sled. "Will you come over, please."

The poor little pussycat hobbled over. She was so hungry that she could hardly walk.





The Tabbyland Santa Claus

"Will you let me have your name and address?" asked the Princess. "I wish to send you a Christmas present."

"The Princess!" exclaimed the raggedy cat in astonishment.

"Don't give a thought to my rank, dear pussy," said the Princess kindly. "Give me your name and address, please."

"Lucy Softfurr," said the pussy. "I live at 17 Padded-paw Place near the Milky Highway."

"Very well, Lucy," said the Princess. "You will receive a lovely present—a basket of groceries."

"The second in a week!" cried the now happy little pussy. "How good the royal family is."

"I don't understand," said the Princess.

"My brother, who was in the war, lost three of his lives and was taken to a field-hospital. There he was visited one day by the King. The King cheered him up and sent my mother a basket of groceries. And we needed them so badly! How good you and the King are, your Highness!"

"So your family is in want? I will send three baskets of groceries—no, seven baskets."

"Oh, how very, *very* kind you are!" exclaimed the raggedy pussy clapping her paws.

"Yes," said Violet, "she is very kind."

"Not at all," said the Princess modestly; "this is a very deserving case."

. . . . .  
Before the day was over they had the names of all the poor pussycats in Tabbyland. These they gave to the Tabbyland Santa Claus when they called on him that evening at his warehouse on the snow-covered mountain.

"Send them the best you have, Santa," said the Princess. "I wish to make them all happy."

"It shall be done, your Highness," said Santa.

"Do you think you will have time to reach them all?" asked the Princess.

"Since you gave me that air-ship last Christmas, your Highness," said Santa, "I have no trouble visiting all the homes in one evening."

"That is fine, Santa," said the Princess. "You do your work very well."

"That is what I am here for," said Santa smiling.

"And what do *you* want for Christmas, Santa?" asked the Princess.

"A few more stars in the sky, your Highness, to light the way. Sometimes it is so dark it is rather hard to find places. A few more stars would help."

"I will tell Louis Katorze, the court magician, to make them and put them in place by Christmas Eve."

"Thank you, your Highness."

"Oh, that is a trifle, Santa. Good-by! And a merry Christmas!"

"The same to you, your Highness. Good-by!"

"Is n't he the old dear!" exclaimed Violet as they departed.

"Yes, he is very nice," said the Princess.

Every one was happy on Christmas Day—Violet especially, for the King told her he had secretly sent a letter to her mother and father inviting them to come to Tabbyland to live forever in the palace and they had accepted. "Then I don't have to return!" exclaimed Violet joyfully.

"No," said the King. "Your mother and father will arrive on New Year's Day. Rudolph will call for them in the royal balloon."

“Oh, goody! goody!” cried Violet. “Is n’t it wonderful, Prinny!”

“Yes, Violet,” said the Princess, “It is a good idea.”

Christmas dinner was a scene of great rejoicing. All the nobles and generals and members of the royal family were present. The King proposed a toast: “To the Princess Pauline who won the war! May she never leave the palace again to howl on back fences!”

“But, dear Father,” said the Princess before the toast was drunk, “it was on a back fence that I learned to mee-ow so loudly. And was n’t it my loud mee-owing that frightened away the Dogland soldiers who wanted to steal the bullets? The back fence, dear Father, won the war as much as I did—Violet’s back fence.”

“Very well,” said the King smiling. “Let us drink to the Princess and to Violet’s back fence that won the war!”

“Bravo!” cried the diners again and emptied their glasses of catnip wine.

Then the royal choir, from a balcony above, began to sing. And soon every one at the table clasped hands and, dancing merrily around the happy Princess and her dear friend Violet, joined the choir in their song:

Princess that saved dear Tabbyland  
 By howling mightilee,  
 We’re yours, as ever, to command  
 Whate’er your wishes be!

We purr a purr of purrfect bliss  
 To see you free so soon  
 And greet you joyously with this  
 Invigorating tune:

# THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

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## CHORUS

*Three cheers for our good Princess!*

*Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!*

*We love her well and so we yell*

*Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!*

*Salute our noble Princess!*

*Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!*

*She is a dear and so we cheer*

*Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!*

Oh, Princess, ask us anything;

We'll do it on the spot!

We love you as we love the King,

And him we love a lot!

We love you as we love our milk!

And that is love-devout;

We think that you are fine as silk,

And so we gaily shout:

## CHORUS

*Three cheers for our good Princess!*

*Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!*

*She's very kind and most refined!*

*Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!*

*Here's to her Royal Highness!*

*Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!*

*She won the war and so we roar*

*MEE-OW! MEE-OW! MEE-OW-W-W-W!*



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