

Tales from China, Japan & India

IMAGINATIVE SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Tales from China, Japan & India

Selected Authors

Libraries of Hope

Tales from China, Japan & India
Imaginative Series

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Tales from China, Japan & India

Jataka Tales

Retold by Ellen C. Babbitt

Publisher's Note

The Jatakas, or Birth-stories, form one of the sacred books of the Buddhists and relate to the adventures of the Buddha in his former existences, the best character in any story being identified with the Master.

These legends were continually introduced into the religious discourses of the Buddhist teachers to illustrate the doctrines of their faith or to magnify the glory and sanctity of the Buddha, somewhat as medieval preachers in Europe used to enliven their sermons by introducing fables and popular tales to rouse the flagging interest of their hearers.

Sculptured scenes from the Jatakas, found upon the carved railings around the relic shrines of Sanchi and Amaravati and of Bharhut, indicate that the "Birth-stories" were widely known in the third century B.C., and were then considered as part of the sacred history of the religion. At first the tales were probably handed down orally, and it is uncertain when they were put together in systematic form.

While some of the stories are Buddhistic and depend for their point on some custom or idea peculiar to Buddhism, many are age-old fables, the flotsam and jetsam of folk-lore, which have appeared under various guises throughout the centuries, as when they were used by Boccaccio or Poggio, merely as merry tales, or by Chaucer, who unwittingly puts a Jataka story into the mouth of his pardoners when he tells the tale of "the Ryotoures three."

Quaint humor and gentle earnestness distinguish these legends and they teach many wholesome lessons, among them the duty of kindness to animals.

Dr. Felix Adler in his "Moral Instruction of Children,"

says:

> The Jataka Tales contain deep truths, and are calculated to impress lessons of great moral beauty. The tale of the Merchant of Seri, who gave up all that he had in exchange for a golden dish, embodies much the same idea as the parable of the priceless Pearl, in the New Testament. The tale of the Measures of Rice illustrates the importance of a true estimate of values. The tale of the Banyan Deer, which offered its life to save a doe and her young, illustrates self-sacrifice of the noblest sort. The tale of the Sandy Road is one of the finest in the collection.

And he adds that these tales "are, as everyone must admit, nobly conceived, lofty in meaning, and many a helpful sermon might be preached from them as texts."

The Monkey and the Crocodile

Part I

A monkey lived in a great tree on a river bank. In the river there were many Crocodiles. A Crocodile watched the Monkeys for a long time, and one day she said to her son: "My son, get one of those Monkeys for me. I want the heart of a Monkey to eat."

"How am I to catch a Monkey?" asked the little Crocodile. "I do not travel on land, and the Monkey does not go into the water."

"Put your wits to work, and you'll find a way," said the mother.

And the little Crocodile thought and thought.

At last he said to himself: "I know what I'll do. I'll get that Monkey that lives in a big tree on the river bank. He wishes to go across the river to the island where the fruit is so ripe."

So the Crocodile swam to the tree where the Monkey lived. But he was a stupid Crocodile.

"Oh, Monkey," he called, "come with me over to the island where the fruit is so ripe."

"How can I go with you?" asked the Monkey. "I do not swim."

"No—but I do. I will take you over on my back," said the Crocodile.

The Monkey was greedy, and wanted the ripe fruit, so he jumped down on the Crocodile's back.

"Off we go!" said the Crocodile.

"This is a fine ride you are giving me!" said the Monkey.

"Do you think so? Well, how do you like this?" asked the

Crocodile, diving.

"Oh, don't!" cried the Monkey, as he went under the water. He was afraid to let go, and he did not know what to do under the water.

When the Crocodile came up, the Monkey sputtered and choked. "Why did you take me under water, Crocodile?" he asked.

"I am going to kill you by keeping you under water," answered the Crocodile. "My mother wants Monkey-heart to eat, and I'm going to take yours to her."

"I wish you had told me you wanted my heart," said the Monkey, "then I might have brought it with me."

"How queer!" said the stupid Crocodile. "Do you mean to say that you left your heart back there in the tree?"

"That is what I mean," said the Monkey. "If you want my heart, we must go back to the tree and get it. But we are so near the island where the ripe fruit is, please take me there first."

"No, Monkey," said the Crocodile, "I'll take you straight back to your tree. Never mind the ripe fruit. Get your heart and bring it to me at once. Then we'll see about going to the island."

"Very well," said the Monkey.

But no sooner had he jumped onto the bank of the river than—*whisk!* up he ran into the tree.

From the topmost branches he called down to the Crocodile in the water below:

"My heart is way up here! If you want it, come for it, come for it!"

Part II

The Monkey soon moved away from that tree. He wanted to get away from the Crocodile, so that he might live in peace. But the Crocodile found him, far down the river, living in another tree.

In the middle of the river was an island covered with fruit-trees.

Half-way between the bank of the river and the island, a large rock rose out of the water. The Monkey could jump to the rock, and then to the island. The Crocodile watched the Monkey crossing from the bank of the river to the rock, and then to the island.

He thought to himself, "The Monkey will stay on the island all day, and I'll catch him on his way home at night."

The Monkey had a fine feast, while the Crocodile swam about, watching him all day.

Toward night the Crocodile crawled out of the water and lay on the rock, perfectly still.

When it grew dark among the trees, the Monkey started for home. He ran down to the river bank, and there he stopped.

"What is the matter with the rock?" the Monkey thought to himself. "I never saw it so high before. The Crocodile is lying on it!"

But he went to the edge of the water and called: "Hello, Rock!"

No answer.

Then he called again: "Hello, Rock!"

Three times the Monkey called, and then he said: "Why is it, Friend Rock, that you do not answer me to-night?"

"Oh," said the stupid Crocodile to himself, "the rock answers the Monkey at night. I'll have to answer for the rock this time."

So he answered: "Yes, Monkey! What is it?"

The Monkey laughed, and said: "Oh, it's you, Crocodile, is it?"

"Yes," said the Crocodile. "I am waiting here for you. I am going to eat you."

"You have caught me in a trap this time," said the Monkey. "There is no other way for me to go home. Open

your mouth wide so I can jump right into it."

Now the Monkey well knew that when Crocodiles open their mouths wide, they shut their eyes.

While the Crocodile lay on the rock with his mouth wide open and his eyes shut, the Monkey jumped.

But not into his mouth! Oh, no! He landed on the top of the Crocodile's head, and then sprang quickly to the bank. Up he whisked into his tree.

When the Crocodile saw the trick the Monkey had played on him, he said: "Monkey, you have great cunning. You know no fear. I'll let you alone after this."

"Thank you, Crocodile, but I shall be on the watch for you just the same," said the Monkey.

How the Turtle Saved His Own Life

A King once had a lake made in the courtyard for the young princes to play in. They swam about in it, and sailed their boats and rafts on it. One day the king told them he had asked the men to put some fishes into the lake.

Off the boys ran to see the fishes. Now, along with the fishes, there was a Turtle. The boys were delighted with the fishes, but they had never seen a Turtle, and they were afraid of it, thinking it was a demon. They ran back to their father, crying, "There is a demon on the bank of the lake."

The king ordered his men to catch the demon, and to bring it to the palace. When the Turtle was brought in, the boys cried and ran away.

The king was very fond of his sons, so he ordered the men who had brought the Turtle to kill it.

"How shall we kill it?" they asked.

"Pound it to powder," said some one. "Bake it in hot coals," said another.

So one plan after another was spoken of. Then an old man who had always been afraid of the water said: "Throw the thing into the lake where it flows out over the rocks into the river. Then it will surely be killed."

When the Turtle heard what the old man said, he thrust out his head and asked: "Friend, what have I done that you should do such a dreadful thing as that to me? The other plans were bad enough, but to throw me into the lake! Don't speak of such a cruel thing!"

When the king heard what the Turtle said, he told his men to take the Turtle at once and throw it into the lake.

The Turtle laughed to himself as he slid away down the

river to his old home. "Good!" he said, "those people do not know how safe I am in the water!"

The Merchant of Seri

There was once a merchant of Seri who sold brass and tinware. He went from town to town, in company with another man, who also sold brass and tinware. This second man was greedy, getting all he could for nothing, and giving as little as he could for what he bought.

When they went into a town, they divided the streets between them. Each man went up and down the streets he had chosen, calling, "Tinware for sale. Brass for sale." People came out to their door-steps, and bought, or traded, with them.

In one house there lived a poor old woman and her granddaughter. The family had once been rich, but now the only thing they had left of all their riches was a golden bowl. The grandmother did not know it was a golden bowl, but she had kept this because her husband used to eat out of it in the old days. It stood on a shelf among the other pots and pans, and was not often used.

The greedy merchant passed this house, calling, "Buy my water-jars! Buy my pans!" The granddaughter said: "Oh, Grandmother, do buy something for me!"

"My dear," said the old woman, "we are too poor to buy anything. I have not anything to trade, even."

"Grandmother, see what the merchant will give for the old bowl. We do not use that, and perhaps he will take it and give us something we want for it."

The old woman called the merchant and showed him the bowl, saying, "Will you take this, sir, and give the little girl here something for it?"

The greedy man took the bowl and scratched its side with a needle. Thus he found that it was a golden bowl. He hoped

he could get it for nothing, so he said: "What is this worth? Not even a halfpenny." He threw the bowl on the ground, and went away.

By and by the other merchant passed the house. For it was agreed that either merchant might go through any street which the other had left. He called: "Buy my water-jars! Buy my tinware! Buy my brass!"

The little girl heard him, and begged her grandmother to see what he would give for the bowl.

"My child," said the grandmother, "the merchant who was just here threw the bowl on the ground and went away. I have nothing else to offer in trade."

"But, Grandmother," said the girl, "that was a cross man. This one looks pleasant. Ask him. Perhaps he'll give some little tin dish."

"Call him, then, and show it to him," said the old woman.

As soon as the merchant took the bowl in his hands, he knew it was of gold. He said: "All that I have here is not worth so much as this bowl. It is a golden bowl. I am not rich enough to buy it."

"But, sir, a merchant who passed here a few moments ago, threw it on the ground, saying it was not worth a halfpenny, and he went away," said the grandmother. "It was worth nothing to him. If you value it, take it, giving the little girl some dish she likes for it."

But the merchant would not have it so. He gave the woman all the money he had, and all his wares. "Give me but eight pennies," he said.

So he took the pennies, and left. Going quickly to the river, he paid the boatman the eight pennies to take him across the river.

Soon the greedy merchant went back to the house where he had seen the golden bowl, and said: "Bring that bowl to me, and I will give you something for it."

"No," said the grandmother. "You said the bowl was

worthless, but another merchant has paid a great price for it, and taken it away."

Then the greedy merchant was angry, crying out, "Through this other man I have lost a small fortune. That bowl was of gold."

He ran down to the riverside, and, seeing the other merchant in the boat out in the river, he called: "Hallo, Boatman! Stop your boat!"

But the man in the boat said: "Don't stop!" So he reached the city on the other side of the river, and lived well for a time on the money the bowl brought him.

The Turtle Who Couldn't Stop Talking

A turtle lived in a pond at the foot of a hill. Two young wild Geese, looking for food, saw the Turtle, and talked with him. The next day the Geese came again to visit the Turtle and they became very well acquainted. Soon they were great friends.

"Friend Turtle," the Geese said one day, "we have a beautiful home far away. We are going to fly back to it to-morrow. It will be a long but pleasant journey. Will you go with us?"

"How could I? I have no wings," said the Turtle. "Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to anybody," they said.

"I can do that," said the Turtle. "Do take me with you. I will do exactly as you wish."

So the next day the Geese brought a stick and they held the ends of it. "Now take the middle of this in your mouth, and don't say a word until we reach home," they said.

The Geese then sprang into the air, with the Turtle between them, holding fast to the stick.

The village children saw the two Geese flying along with the Turtle and cried out: "Oh, see the Turtle up in the air! Look at the Geese carrying a Turtle by a stick! Did you ever see anything more ridiculous in your life!"

The Turtle looked down and began to say, "Well, and if my friends carry me, what business is that of yours?" when he let go, and fell dead at the feet of the children.

As the two Geese flew on, they heard the people say, when they came to see the poor Turtle, "That fellow could not keep his mouth shut. He had to talk, and so lost his life."

The Ox Who Won the Forfeit

Long ago a man owned a very strong Ox. The owner was so proud of his Ox, that he boasted to every man he met about how strong his Ox was.

One day the owner went into a village, and said to the men there: "I will pay a forfeit of a thousand pieces of silver if my strong Ox cannot draw a line of one hundred wagons."

The men laughed, and said: "Very well; bring your Ox, and we will tie a hundred wagons in a line and see your Ox draw them along."

So the man brought his Ox into the village. A crowd gathered to see the sight. The hundred carts were in line, and the strong Ox was yoked to the first wagon.

Then the owner whipped his Ox, and said: "Get up, you wretch! Get along, you rascal!"

But the Ox had never been talked to in that way, and he stood still. Neither the blows nor the hard names could make him move.

At last the poor man paid his forfeit, and went sadly home. There he threw himself on his bed and cried: "Why did that strong Ox act so? Many a time he has moved heavier loads easily. Why did he shame me before all those people?"

At last he got up and went about his work. When he went to feed the Ox that night, the Ox turned to him and said: "Why did you whip me to-day? You never whipped me before. Why did you call me 'wretch' and 'rascal'? You never called me hard names before."

Then the man said: "I will never treat you badly again. I am sorry I whipped you and called you names. I will never do so any more. Forgive me."

"Very well," said the Ox. "To-morrow I will go into the village and draw the one hundred carts for you. You have always been a kind master until today. To-morrow you shall gain what you lost."

The next morning the owner fed the Ox well, and hung a garland of flowers about his neck. When they went into the village the men laughed at the man again.

They said: "Did you come back to lose more money?"

"To-day I will pay a forfeit of two thousand pieces of silver if my Ox is not strong enough to pull the one hundred carts," said the owner.

So again the carts were placed in a line, and the Ox was yoked to the first. A crowd came to watch again. The owner said: "Good Ox, show how strong you are! You fine, fine creature!" And he patted his neck and stroked his sides.

At once the Ox pulled with all his strength. The carts moved on until the last cart stood where the first had been.

Then the crowd shouted, and they paid back the forfeit the man had lost, saying: "Your Ox is the strongest Ox we ever saw."

And the Ox and the man went home, happy.

The Sandy Road

Once upon a time a merchant, with his goods packed in many carts, came to a desert. He was on his way to the country on the other side of the desert.

The sun shone on the fine sand, making it as hot as the top of a stove. No man could walk on it in the sunlight. But at night, after the sun went down, the sand cooled, and then men could travel upon it.

So the merchant waited until after dark, and then set out. Besides the goods that he was going to sell, he took jars of water and of rice, and firewood, so that the rice could be cooked.

All night long he and his men rode on and on. One man was the pilot. He rode first, for he knew the stars, and by them he guided the drivers.

At daybreak they stopped and camped. They unyoked the oxen, and fed them. They built fires and cooked the rice. Then they spread a great awning over all the carts and the oxen, and the men lay down under it to rest until sunset.

In the early evening, they again built fires and cooked rice. After supper, they folded the awning and put it away. They yoked the oxen, and, as soon as the sand was cool, they started again on their journey across the desert.

Night after night they traveled in this way, resting during the heat of the day. At last one morning the pilot said: "In one more night we shall get out of the sand." The men were glad to hear this, for they were tired.

After supper that night the merchant said: "You may as well throw away nearly all the water and the firewood. By tomorrow we shall be in the city. Yoke the oxen and start on."

Then the pilot took his place at the head of the line. But, instead of sitting up and guiding the drivers, he lay down in the wagon on the cushions. Soon he was fast asleep, because he had not slept for many nights, and the light had been so strong in the daytime that he had not slept well then.

All night long the oxen went on. Near daybreak, the pilot awoke and looked at the last stars fading in the light. "Halt!" he called to the drivers. "We are in the same place where we were yesterday. The oxen must have turned about while I slept."

They unyoked the oxen, but there was no water for them to drink. They had thrown away the water that was left the night before. So the men spread the awning over the carts, and the oxen lay down, tired and thirsty. The men, too, lay down saying, "The wood and water are gone—we are lost."

But the merchant said to himself, "This is no time for me to sleep. I must find water. The oxen cannot go on if they do not have water to drink. The men must have water. They cannot cook the rice unless they have water. If I give up, we shall all be lost!"

On and on he walked, keeping close watch of the ground. At last he saw a tuft of grass. "There must be water somewhere below, or that grass would not be there," he said.

He ran back, shouting to the men, "Bring the spade and the hammer!"

They jumped up, and ran with him to the spot where the grass grew. They began to dig, and by and by they struck a rock and could dig no further. Then the merchant jumped down into the hole they had dug, and put his ear to the rock. "I hear water running under this rock," he called to them. "We must not give up!" Then the merchant came up out of the hole and said to a serving-lad: "My boy, if you give up we are lost! You go down and try!"

The boy stood up straight and raised the hammer high above his head and hit the rock as hard as ever he could. He

would not give in. They must be saved. Down came the hammer. This time the rock broke. And the boy had hardly time to get out of the well before it was full of cool water. The men drank as if they never could get enough, and then they watered the oxen, and bathed.

Then they split up their extra yokes and axles, and built a fire, and cooked their rice. Feeling better, they rested through the day. They set up a flag on the well for travelers to see.

At sundown, they started on again, and the next morning reached the city, where they sold the goods, and then returned home.

The Quarrel of the Quails

Once upon a time many quails lived together in a forest. The wisest of them all was their leader.

A man lived near the forest and earned his living by catching quails and selling them. Day after day he listened to the note of the leader calling the quails. By and by this man, the fowler, was able to call the quails together. Hearing the note the quails thought it was their leader who called.

When they were crowded together, the fowler threw his net over them and off he went into the town, where he soon sold all the quails that he had caught. The wise leader saw the plan of the fowler for catching the quails. He called the birds to him and said, "This fowler is carrying away so many of us, we must put a stop to it. I have thought of a plan; it is this: The next time the fowler throws a net over you, each of you must put your head through one of the little holes in the net. Then all of you together must fly away to the nearest thorn-bush. You can leave the net on the thorn-bush and be free yourselves."

The quails said that was a very good plan and they would try it the next time the fowler threw the net over them.

The very next day the fowler came and called them together. Then he threw the net over them. The quails lifted the net and flew away with it to the nearest thorn-bush where they left it. They flew back to their leader to tell him how well his plan had worked.

The fowler was busy until evening getting his net off the thorns and he went home empty-handed. The next day the same thing happened, and the next. His wife was angry because he did not bring home any money, but the fowler said,

"The fact is those quails are working together now. The moment my net is over them, off they fly with it, leaving it on a thorn-bush. As soon as the quails begin to quarrel I shall be able to catch them."

Not long after this, one of the quails in alighting on their feeding ground, trod by accident on another's head. "Who trod on my head?" angrily cried the second. "I did; but I didn't mean to. Don't be angry," said the first quail, but the second quail was angry and said mean things.

Soon all the quails had taken sides in this quarrel. When the fowler came that day he flung his net over them, and this time instead of flying off with it, one side said, "Now, you lift the net," and the other side said, "Lift it yourself."

"You try to make us lift it all," said the quails on one side. "No, we don't!" said the others, "you begin and we will help," but neither side began.

So the quails quarreled, and while they were quarreling the fowler caught them all in his net. He took them to town and sold them for a good price.

The Measure of Rice

At one time a dishonest king had a man called the Valuer in his court. The Valuer set the price which ought to be paid for horses and elephants and the other animals. He also set the price on jewelry and gold, and things of that kind.

This man was honest and just, and set the proper price to be paid to the owners of the goods.

The king was not pleased with this Valuer, because he was honest. "If I had another sort of a man as Valuer, I might gain more riches," he thought.

One day the king saw a stupid, miserly peasant come into the palace yard. The king sent for the fellow and asked him if he would like to be the Valuer. The peasant said he would like the position. So the king had him made Valuer. He sent the honest Valuer away from the palace.

Then the peasant began to set the prices on horses and elephants, upon gold and jewels. He did not know their value, so he would say anything he chose. As the king had made him Valuer, the people had to sell their goods for the price he set.

By and by a horse-dealer brought five hundred horses to the court of this king. The Valuer came and said they were worth a mere measure of rice. So the king ordered the horse-dealer to be given the measure of rice, and the horses to be put in the palace stables.

The horse-dealer went then to see the honest man who had been the Valuer, and told him what had happened.

"What shall I do?" asked the horse-dealer.

"I think you can give a present to the Valuer which will make him do and say what you want him to do and say," said the man. "Go to him and give him a fine present, then say to

him: 'You said the horses are worth a measure of rice, but now tell what a measure of rice is worth! Can you value that standing in your place by the king?' If he says he can, go with him to the king, and I will be there, too."

The horse-dealer thought this was a good idea. So he took a fine present to the Valuer, and said what the other man had told him to say.

The Valuer took the present, and said: "Yes, I can go before the king with you and tell what a measure of rice is worth. I can value that now."

"Well, let us go at once," said the horse-dealer. So they went before the king and his ministers in the palace.

The horse-dealer bowed down before the king, and said: "O King, I have learned that a measure of rice is the value of my five hundred horses. But will the king be pleased to ask the Valuer what is the value of the measure of rice?"

The king, not knowing what had happened, asked: "How now, Valuer, what are five hundred horses worth?"

"A measure of rice, O King!" said he.

"Very good, then! If five hundred horses are worth a measure of rice, what is the measure of rice worth?"

"The measure of rice is worth your whole city," replied the foolish fellow.

The ministers clapped their hands, laughing, and saying, "What a foolish Valuer! How can such a man hold that office? We used to think this great city was beyond price, but this man says it is worth only a measure of rice."

Then the king was ashamed, and drove out the foolish fellow.

"I tried to please the king by setting a low price on the horses, and now see what has happened to me!" said the Valuer, as he ran away from the laughing crowd.

The Foolish, Timid Rabbit

Once upon a time, a Rabbit was asleep under a palm-tree.

All at once he woke up, and thought: "What if the world should break up! What then would become of me?"

At that moment, some Monkeys dropped a cocoanut. It fell down on the ground just back of the Rabbit.

Hearing the noise, the Rabbit said to himself: "The earth is all breaking up!"

And he jumped up and ran just as fast as he could, without even looking back to see what made the noise.

Another Rabbit saw him running, and called after him, "What are you running so fast for?"

"Don't ask me!" he cried.

But the other Rabbit ran after him, begging to know what was the matter.

Then the first Rabbit said: "Don't you know? The earth is all breaking up!"

And on he ran, and the second Rabbit ran with him.

The next Rabbit they met ran with them when he heard that the earth was all breaking up.

One Rabbit after another joined them, until there were hundreds of Rabbits running as fast as they could go.

They passed a Deer, calling out to him that the earth was all breaking up. The Deer then ran with them.

The Deer called to a Fox to come along because the earth was all breaking up.

On and on they ran, and an Elephant joined them.

At last the Lion saw the animals running, and heard their cry that the earth was all breaking up.

He thought there must be some mistake, so he ran to the

foot of a hill in front of them and roared three times.

This stopped them, for they knew the voice of the King of Beasts, and they feared him.

"Why are you running so fast?" asked the Lion.

"Oh, King Lion," they answered him, "the earth is all breaking up!"

"Who saw it breaking up?" asked the Lion.

"I didn't," said the Elephant. "Ask the Fox—he told me about it."

"I didn't," said the Fox.

"The Rabbits told me about it," said the Deer.

One after another of the Rabbits said: "I did not see it, but another Rabbit told me about it."

At last the Lion came to the Rabbit who had first said the earth was all breaking up.

"Is it true that the earth is all breaking up?" the Lion asked.

"Yes, O Lion, it is," said the Rabbit. "I was asleep under a palm-tree. I woke up and thought, 'What would become of me if the earth should all break up?' At that very moment, I heard the sound of the earth breaking up, and I ran away."

"Then," said the Lion, "you and I will go back to the place where the earth began to break up, and see what is the matter."

So the Lion put the little Rabbit on his back, and away they went like the wind. The other animals waited for them at the foot of the hill.

The Rabbit told the Lion when they were near the place where he slept, and the Lion saw just where the Rabbit had been sleeping.

He saw, too, the cocoanut that had fallen to the ground near by. Then the Lion said to the Rabbit, "It must have been the sound of the cocoanut falling to the ground that you heard. You foolish Rabbit!"

And the Lion ran back to the other animals, and told

them all about it.

If it had not been for the wise King of Beasts, they might be running still.

The Wise and the Foolish Merchant

Once upon a time in a certain country a thrifty merchant visited a great city and bought a great supply of goods. He loaded wagons with the goods, which he was going to sell as he traveled through the country.

A stupid young merchant was buying goods in the same city. He, too, was going to sell what he bought as he traveled through the country.

They were both ready to start at the same time. The thrifty merchant thought, "We cannot travel together, for the men will find it hard to get wood and water, and there will not be enough grass for so many oxen. Either he or I ought to go first."

So he went to the young man and told him this, saying, "Will you go before or come on after me?"

The other one thought, "It will be better for me to go first. I shall then travel on a road that is not cut up. The oxen will eat grass that has not been touched. The water will be clean. Also, I shall sell my goods at what price I like." So he said, "Friend, I will go on first."

This answer pleased the thrifty merchant. He said to himself, "Those who go before will make the rough places smooth. The old rank grass will have been eaten by the oxen that have gone before, while my oxen will eat the freshly grown tender shoots. Those who go before will dig wells from which we shall drink. Then, too, I will not have to bother about setting prices, but I can sell my goods at the prices set by the other man." So he said aloud, "Very well, friend, you may go on first."

At once the foolish merchant started on his journey. Soon

he had left the city and was in the country. By and by he came to a desert which he had to cross. So he filled great water-jars with water, loaded them into a large wagon and started across the desert.

Now on the sands of this desert there lived a wicked demon. This demon saw the foolish young merchant coming and thought to himself, "If I can make him empty those water-jars, soon I shall be able to overcome him and have him in my power."

So the demon went further along the road and changed himself into the likeness of a noble gentleman. He called up a beautiful carriage, drawn by milk-white oxen. Then he called ten other demons, dressed them like men and armed them with bows and arrows, swords and shields. Seated in his carriage, followed by the ten demons, he rode back to meet the merchant. He put mud on the carriage wheels, hung water-lilies and wet grasses upon the oxen and the carriage. Then he made the clothes the demons wore and their hair all wet. Drops of water trickled down over their faces just as if they had all come through a stream.

As the demons neared the foolish merchant they turned their carriage to one side of the way, saying pleasantly, "Where are you going?"

The merchant replied, "We have come from the great city back there and are going across the desert to the villages beyond. You come dripping with mud and carrying water-lilies and grasses. Does it rain on the road you have come by? Did you come through a stream?"

The demon answered, "The dark streak across the sky is a forest. In it there are ponds full of water-lilies. The rains come often. What have you in all those carts?"

"Goods to be sold," replied the merchant.

"But in that last big heavy wagon what do you carry?" the demon asked.

"Jars full of water for the journey," answered the mer-

chant.

The demon said, "You have done well to bring water as far as this, but there is no need of it beyond. Empty out all that water and go on easily." Then he added, "But we have delayed too long. Drive on!" And he drove on until he was out of sight of the merchant. Then he returned to his home with his followers to wait for the night to come.

The foolish merchant did as the demon bade him and emptied every jar, saving not even a cupful. On and on they traveled and the streak on the sky faded with the sunset. There was no forest, the dark line being only clouds. No water was to be found. The men had no water to drink and no food to eat, for they had no water in which to cook their rice, so they went thirsty and supperless to bed. The oxen, too, were hungry and thirsty and dropped down to sleep here and there. Late at night the demons fell upon them and easily carried off every man. They drove the oxen on ahead of them, but the loaded carts they did not care to take away.

A month and a half after this the wise merchant followed over the same road. He, too, was met on the desert by the demon just as the other had been. But the wise man knew the man was a demon because he cast no shadow. When the demon told him of the ponds in the forest ahead and advised him to throw away the water-jars the wise merchant replied, "We don't throw away the water we have until we get to a place where we see there is more."

Then the demon drove on. But the men who were with the merchant said, "Sir! those men told us that yonder was the beginning of a great forest, and from there onwards it was always raining. Their clothes and hair were dripping with water. Let us throw away the water-jars and go on faster with lighter carts!"

Stopping all the carts the wise merchant asked the men, "Have you ever heard any one say that there was a lake or pond in this desert? You have lived near here always."

"We never heard of a pond or lake," they said.

"Does any man feel a wind laden with dampness blowing against him?" he asked.

"No, sir," they answered.

"Can you see a rain cloud, any of you?" said he.

"No, sir, not one," they said.

"Those fellows were not men, they were demons!" said the wise merchant. "They must have come out to make us throw away the water. Then when we were faint and weak they might have put an end to us. Go on at once and don't throw away a single half-pint of water."

So they drove on and before nightfall they came upon the loaded wagons belonging to the foolish merchant.

Then the thrifty merchant had his wagons drawn up in a circle. In the middle of the circle he had the oxen lie down, and also some of the men. He himself with the head men stood on guard, swords in hand and waited for the demons. But the demons did not bother them. Early the next day the thrifty merchant took the best of the wagons left by the foolish merchant and went on safely to the city across the desert.

There he sold all the goods at a profit and returned with his company to his own city.

The Elephant Girly-Face

Once upon a time a king had an Elephant named Girly-face. The Elephant was called Girly-face because he was so gentle and good and looked so kind. "Girly-face never hurts anybody," the keeper of the Elephants often said.

Now one night some robbers came into the courtyard and sat on the ground just outside the stall where Girly-face slept. The talk of the robbers awoke Girly-face.

"This is the way to break into a house," they said. "Once inside the house kill any one who wakens. A robber must not be afraid to kill. A robber must be cruel and have no pity. He must never be good, even for a moment."

Girly-face said to himself, "Those men are teaching me how I should act. I will be cruel. I will show no pity. I will not be good—not even for a moment."

So the next morning when the keeper came to feed Girly-face he picked him up in his trunk and threw the poor keeper to the ground, killing him.

Another keeper ran to see what the trouble was, and Girly-face killed him, too.

For days and days Girly-face was so ugly that no one dared go near. The food was left for him, but no man would go near him.

By and by the king heard of this and sent one of his wise men to find out what ailed Girly-face.

The wise man had known Girly-face a long time. He looked the Elephant over carefully and could find nothing that seemed to be the matter.

He thought at last, "Girly-face must have heard some bad men talking. Have there been any bad men talking about

here?" asked the wise man.

"Yes," one of the keepers said, "a band of robbers were caught here a few weeks ago. They had met in the yard to talk over their plans. They were talking together near the stall where Girly-face sleeps."

So the wise man went back to the king. Said he, "I think Girly-face has been listening to bad talk. If you will send some good men to talk where Girly-face can hear them I think he will be a good Elephant once more."

So that night the king sent a company of the best men to be found to sit and talk near the stall where Girly-face lived. They said to one another, "It is wrong to hurt any one. It is wrong to kill. Every one should be gentle and good."

"Now those men are teaching me," thought Girly-face. "I must be gentle and good. I must hurt no one. I must not kill any one." And from that time on Girly-face was tame and as good as ever an Elephant could be.

The Banyan Deer

There was once a Deer the color of gold. His eyes were like round jewels, his horns were white as silver, his mouth was red like a flower, his hoofs were bright and hard. He had a large body and a fine tail.

He lived in a forest and was king of a herd of five hundred Banyan Deer. Near by lived another herd of Deer, called the Monkey Deer. They, too, had a king.

The king of that country was fond of hunting the Deer and eating deer meat. He did not like to go alone so he called the people of his town to go with him, day after day.

The townspeople did not like this for while they were gone no one did their work. So they decided to make a park and drive the Deer into it. Then the king could go into the park and hunt and they could go on with their daily work.

They made a park, planted grass in it and provided water for the Deer, built a fence all around it and drove the Deer into it.

Then they shut the gate and went to the king to tell him that in the park near by he could find all the Deer he wanted.

The king went at once to look at the Deer. First he saw there the two Deer kings, and granted them their lives. Then he looked at their great herds.

Some days the king would go to hunt the Deer, sometimes his cook would go. As soon as any of the Deer saw them they would shake with fear and run. But when they had been hit once or twice they would drop down dead.

The King of the Banyan Deer sent for the King of the Monkey Deer and said, "Friend, many of the Deer are being killed. Many are wounded besides those who are killed. After

this suppose one from my herd goes up to be killed one day, and the next day let one from your herd go up. Fewer Deer will be lost this way."

The Monkey Deer agreed. Each day the Deer whose turn it was would go and lie down, placing its head on the block. The cook would come and carry off the one he found lying there.

One day the lot fell to a mother Deer who had a young baby. She went to her king and said, "O King of the Monkey Deer, let the turn pass me by until my baby is old enough to get along without me. Then I will go and put my head on the block."

But the king did not help her. He told her that if the lot had fallen to her she must die.

Then she went to the King of the Banyan Deer and asked him to save her.

"Go back to your herd. I will go in your place," said he.

The next day the cook found the King of the Banyan Deer lying with his head on the block. The cook went to the king, who came himself to find out about this.

"King of the Banyan Deer! Did I not grant you your life? Why are you lying here?"

"O great King!" said the King of the Banyan Deer, "a mother came with her young baby and told me that the lot had fallen to her. I could not ask any one else to take her place, so I came myself."

"King of the Banyan Deer! I never saw such kindness and mercy. Rise up. I grant your life and hers. Nor will I hunt any more the Deer in either park or forest."

The Princes and the Water-Sprite

Once upon a time a king had three sons. The first was called Prince of the Stars. The next was called the Moon Prince and the third was called the Sun Prince. The king was so very happy when the third son was born that he promised to give the queen any boon she might ask.

The queen kept the promise in mind, waiting until the third son was grown before asking the king to give her the boon.

On the twenty-first birthday of the Sun Prince she said to the king, "Great King, when our youngest child was born you said you would give me a boon. Now I ask you to give the kingdom to Sun Prince."

But the king refused, saying that the kingdom must go to the oldest son, for it belonged by right to him. Next it would belong by right to the second son, and not until they were both dead could the kingdom go to the third son.

The queen went away, but the king saw that she was not pleased with his answer. He feared that she would do harm to the older princes to get them out of the way of the Sun Prince.

So he called his elder sons and told them that they must go and live in the forest until his death. "Then come back and reign in the city that is yours by right," he said. And with tears he kissed them on the foreheads and sent them away.

As they were going down out of the palace, after saying good-by to their father, the Sun Prince called to them, "Where are you going?"

And when he heard where they were going and why, he said, "I will go with you, my brothers."

So off they started. They went on and on and by and by

they reached the forest. There they sat down to rest in the shade of a pond. Then the eldest brother said to Sun Prince, "Go down to the pond and bathe and drink. Then bring us a drink while we rest here."

Now the King of the Fairies had given this pond to a water-sprite. The Fairy King had said to the water-sprite, "You are to have in your power all who go down into the water except those who give the right answer to one question. Those who give the right answer will not be in your power. The question is, 'What are the Good Fairies like?'"

When the Sun Prince went into the pond the water-sprite saw him and asked him the question, "What are the Good Fairies like?"

"They are like the Sun and the Moon," said the Sun Prince.

"You don't know what the Good Fairies are like," cried the water-sprite, and he carried the poor boy down into his cave.

By and by the eldest brother said, "Moon Prince, go down and see why our brother stays so long in the pond!"

As soon as the Moon Prince reached the water's edge the water-sprite called to him and said, "Tell me what the Good Fairies are like!"

"Like the sky above us," replied the Moon Prince.

"You don't know, either," said the water-sprite, and dragged the Moon Prince down into the cave where the Sun Prince sat.

"Something must have happened to those two brothers of mine," thought the eldest. So he went to the pond and saw the marks of the footsteps where his brothers had gone down into the water. Then he knew that a water-sprite must live in that pond. He girded on his sword, and stood with his bow in his hand.

The water-sprite soon came along in the form of a woodsman.

"You seem tired, Friend," he said to the prince. "Why don't you bathe in the lake and then lie on the bank and rest?"

But the prince knew that it was a water-sprite and he said, "You have carried off my brothers!"

"Yes," said the water-sprite.

"Why did you carry them off?"

"Because they did not answer my question," said the water-sprite, "and I have power over all who go down into the water except those who do give the right answer."

"I will answer your question," said the eldest brother. And he did. "The Good Fairies are like

> The pure in heart who fear to sin,
> The good, kindly in word and deed."

"O Wise Prince, I will bring back to you one of your brothers. Which shall I bring?" said the water-sprite.

"Bring me the younger one," said the prince. "It was on his account that our father sent us away. I could never go away with Moon Prince and leave poor Sun Prince here."

"O Wise Prince, you know what the good should do and you are kind. I will bring back both your brothers," said the water-sprite.

After that the three princes lived together in the forest until the king died. Then they went back to the palace. The eldest brother was made king and he had his brothers rule with him. He also built a home for the water-sprite in the palace grounds.

The King's White Elephant

Once upon a time a number of carpenters lived on a river bank near a large forest. Everyday the carpenters went in boats to the forest to cut down the trees and make them into lumber.

One day while they were at work an Elephant came limping on three feet to them. He held up one foot and the carpenters saw that it was swollen and sore. Then the Elephant lay down and the men saw that there was a great splinter in the sore foot. They pulled it out and washed the sore carefully so that in a short time it would be well again.

Thankful for the cure, the Elephant thought: "These carpenters have done so much for me, I must be useful to them."

So after that the Elephant used to pull up trees for the carpenters. Sometimes when the trees were chopped down he would roll the logs down to the river. Other times he brought their tools for them. And the carpenters used to feed him well morning, noon and night.

Now this Elephant had a son who was white all over—a beautiful, strong young one. Said the old Elephant to himself, "I will take my son to the place in the forest where I go to work each day so that he may learn to help the carpenters, for I am no longer young and strong."

So the old Elephant told his son how the carpenters had taken good care of him when he was badly hurt and took him to them. The white Elephant did as his father told him to do and helped the carpenters and they fed him well.

When the work was done at night the young Elephant went to play in the river. The carpenters' children played with him, in the water and on the bank. He liked to pick them up

in his trunk and set them on the high branches of the trees and then let them climb down on his back.

One day the king came down the river and saw this beautiful white Elephant working for the carpenters. The king at once wanted the Elephant for his own and paid the carpenters a great price for him. Then with a last look at his playmates, the children, the beautiful white Elephant went on with the king.

The king was proud of his new Elephant and took the best care of him as long as he lived.

The Ox Who Envied the Pig

Once upon a time there was an Ox named Big Red. He had a younger brother named Little Red. These two brothers did all the carting on a large farm.

Now the farmer had an only daughter and she was soon to be married. Her mother gave orders that the Pig should be fattened for the wedding feast.

Little Red noticed that the Pig was fed on choice food. He said to his brother, "How is it, Big Red, that you and I are given only straw and grass to eat, while we do all the hard work on the farm? That lazy Pig does nothing but eat the choice food the farmer gives him."

Said his brother, "My dear Little Red, envy him not. That little Pig is eating the food of death! He is being fattened for the wedding feast. Eat your straw and grass and be content and live long."

Not long afterwards the fattened Pig was killed and cooked for the wedding feast.

Then Big Red said, "Did you see, Little Red, what became of the Pig after all his fine feeding?"

"Yes," said the little brother, "we can go on eating plain food for years, but the poor little Pig ate the food of death and now he is dead. His feed was good while it lasted, but it did not last long."

Granny's Blackie

Once upon a time a rich man gave a baby Elephant to a woman. She took the best of care of this great baby and soon became very fond of him.

The children in the village called her Granny, and they called the Elephant "Granny's Blackie."

The Elephant carried the children on his back all over the village. They shared their goodies with him and he played with them.

"Please, Blackie, give us a swing," they said to him almost every day.

"Come on! Who is first?" Blackie answered and picked them up with his trunk, swung them high in the air, and then put them down again, carefully.

But Blackie never did any work.

He ate and slept, played with the children, and visited with Granny.

One day Blackie wanted Granny to go off to the woods with him.

"I can't go, Blackie, dear. I have too much work to do."

Then Blackie looked at her and saw that she was growing old and feeble.

"I am young and strong," he thought. "I'll see if I cannot find some work to do. If I could bring some money home to her, she would not have to work so hard."

So next morning, bright and early, he started down to the river bank.

There he found a man who was in great trouble. There was a long line of wagons so heavily loaded that the oxen could not draw them through the shallow water.

When the man saw Blackie standing on the bank he asked, "Who owns this Elephant? I want to hire him to help my Oxen pull these wagons across the river."

A child standing near by said, "That is Granny's Blackie."

"Very well," said the man, "I'll pay two pieces of silver for each wagon this Elephant draws across the river."

Blackie was glad to hear this promise. He went into the river, and drew one wagon after another across to the other side.

Then he went up to the man for the money.

The man counted out one piece of silver for each wagon.

When Blackie saw that the man had counted out but one piece of silver for each wagon, instead of two, he would not touch the money at all. He stood in the road and would not let the wagons pass him.

The man tried to get Blackie out of the way, but not one step would he move.

Then the man went back and counted out another piece of silver for each of the wagons and put the silver in a bag tied around Blackie's neck.

Then Blackie started for home, proud to think that he had a present for Granny.

The children had missed Blackie and had asked Granny where he was, but she said she did not know where he had gone.

They all looked for him but it was nearly night before they heard him coming.

"Where have you been, Blackie? And what is that around your neck?" the children cried, running to meet their playmate.

But Blackie would not stop to talk with his playmates. He ran straight home to Granny.

"Oh, Blackie!" she said, "Where have you been? What is in that bag?" And she took the bag off his neck.

Blackie told her that he had earned some money for her.

"Oh, Blackie, Blackie," said Granny, "how hard you must have worked to earn these pieces of silver! What a good Blackie you are!"

And after that Blackie did all the hard work and Granny rested, and they were both very happy.

The Crab and the Crane

In the Long Ago there was a summer when very little rain fell. All the Animals suffered for want of water, but the Fishes suffered most of all.

In one pond full of Fishes, the water was very low indeed.

A Crane sat on the bank watching the Fishes.

"What are you doing?" asked a little Fish.

"I am thinking about you Fishes there in the pond. It is so nearly dry," answered the Crane.

"Yes," the Crane went on, "I was wishing I might do something for you. I know of a pond in the deep woods where there is plenty of water."

"I declare," said the little Fish, "you are the first Crane that ever offered to help a Fish."

"That may be," said the Crane, "but the water is so low in your pond. I could easily carry you one by one on my back to that other pond where there is plenty of water and food and cool shade."

"I don't believe there is any such pond," said the little Fish. "What you wish to do is to eat us, one by one."

"If you don't believe me," said the Crane, "send with me one of the Fishes whom you can believe. I'll show him the pond and bring him back to tell you all about it."

A big Fish heard the Crane and said, "I will go with you to see the pond—I may as well be eaten by the Crane as to die here."

So the Crane put the big Fish on his back and started for the deep woods.

Soon the Crane showed the big Fish the pool of water. "See how cool and shady it is here," he said, "and how much

larger the pond is, and how full it is!"

"Yes!" said the big Fish, "take me back to the little pond and I'll tell the other Fishes all about it." So back they went.

The Fishes all wanted to go when they heard the big Fish talk about the fine pond which he had seen.

Then the Crane picked up another Fish and carried it away. Not to the pool, but into the woods where the other Fishes could not see them.

Then the Crane put the Fish down and ate it. The Crane went back for another Fish. He carried it to the same place in the woods and ate it, too.

This he did until he had eaten all the Fishes in the pond.

The next day the Crane went to the pond to see if he had left a Fish. There was not one left, but there was a Crab on the sand.

"Little Crab," said the Crane, "would you let me take you to the fine pond in the deep woods where I took the Fishes?"

"But how could you carry me?" asked the Crab.

"Oh, easily," answered the Crane. "I'll take you on my back as I did the Fishes."

"No, I thank you," said the Crab, "I can't go that way. I am afraid you might drop me. If I could take hold of your neck with my claws, I would go. You know we Crabs have a tight grip."

The Crane knew about the tight grip of the Crabs, and he did not like to have the Crab hold on with his claws. But he was hungry, so he said:

"Very well, hold tight."

And off went the Crane with the Crab.

When they reached the place where the Crane had eaten the Fishes, the Crane said:

"I think you can walk the rest of the way. Let go of my neck."

"I see no pond," said the Crab. "All I can see is a pile of Fish bones. Is that all that is left of the Fishes?"

"Yes," said the Crane, "and if you will let go of my neck, your shell will be all that will be left of you."

And the Crane put his head down near the ground so that the Crab could get off easily.

But the Crab pinched the Crane's neck so that his head fell off.

"Not my shell, but your bones are left to dry with the bones of the Fishes," said the Crab.

Why the Owl is Not King of the Birds

Why is it that Crows torment the Owls as they sleep in the daytime? For the same reason that the Owls try to kill the Crows while they sleep at night.

Listen to a tale of long ago and then you will see why.

Once upon a time, the people who lived together when the world was young took a certain man for their king. The four-footed animals also took one of their number for their king. The fish in the ocean chose a king to rule over them. Then the birds gathered together on a great flat rock, crying:

"Among men there is a king, and among the beasts, and the fish have one, too; but we birds have none. We ought to have a king. Let us choose one now."

And so the birds talked the matter over and at last they all said, "Let us have the Owl for our king."

No, not all, for one old Crow rose up and said, "For my part, I don't want the Owl to be our king. Look at him now while you are all crying that you want him for your king. See how sour he looks right now. If that's the cross look he wears when he is happy, how will he look when he is angry? I, for one, want no such sour-looking king!"

Then the Crow flew up into the air crying, "I don't like it! I don't like it!" The Owl rose and followed him. From that time on the Crows and the Owls have been enemies. The birds chose a Turtle Dove to be their king, and then flew to their homes.

Hindu Tales

Retold by Teresa Peirce Williston

A Foreword

After the day's work in the fields, with no light save that of the moon and the stars, the men, women, and children of the little Hindu villages gather for their only recreation listening to the tales of the village story-teller. Where did this man learn his stories? From some earlier story-teller to whom, as a child, he had listened. Thus from generation to generation, wholly by word of mouth have these stories been passed down, the unwritten literature of a simple, story-loving people.

The tales contained in this volume were selected from a large number collected from various sources, and were chosen because they were the favorites of the four little listeners, my self-appointed critics, with whom I shared them.

THE AUTHOR

Let no man think lightly of good
Hindu Proverb

The Wonderful Garden of Dreams

In a city in India lived a little girl who had no name. Her mother died when she was just a baby, before there was time for her to be named, and her father—well, when he wanted to speak to her he just shouted, "You, there," and she always obeyed him, so that seemed to be name enough.

As she grew older he found plenty for her to do. Early in the morning she had to get up to milk the cow, clean and polish everything in the house, and prepare breakfast for her father. If there were more than he wished to eat, little You There could have what was left. After that she had to take the cows of the village out to pasture and watch to keep them from wandering away. When the sun was straight above her she returned to her home and prepared dinner for her father, then went again to the fields to care for the cows. At sunset the tired girl returned with the cows to finish her work at home. Finally she became so worn out with all this work that she asked her father to bring home a wife to do the work of the house. The father brought home a new wife, just as she asked, but, dear me! what a poor sort of a wife she was! She was big and fat and lazy. She ate enough for three people, and wouldn't even drive the flies off her own food, much less prepare the meals for other people. So poor little You There had twice as much work to do as before.

It was very hot out in the fields, too, for there were no trees near this village, not even a bush, nothing but the long grass. In fact, the people of that village hardly knew what a tree looked like, for only the men who had traveled far away to other towns had ever seen one. The poor little girl had to stay out in the hot sun all day, watching the cows, with

nothing at all to shade her. No wonder that she grew very tired and sometimes fell fast asleep.

One day she fell asleep and dreamed such a pleasant dream. She was sitting in a beautiful garden full of tall, feathery palms and spreading mango trees, and with a lovely fountain splashing its cool waters in the center. But something writhing and squirming in her lap awakened her. It was a huge spotted snake. Ugh! How it wriggled and slipped!

She was just about to scream and run away, when she saw that the snake was in trouble, and she was sorry for even a snake who needed help. So she asked gently, "What do you want, poor snake? Can I help you?"

"Yes," said the snake, "the hunters are after me and will kill me. Will you let me coil myself about your feet so that your skirt will hide me until they have gone away?"

Now this little girl didn't like cold, crawling, slimy things coiling about her feet any better than you or I would, but she was very kindhearted and did not want to see even a horrid spotted snake killed, so she said, "Well, coil around quickly, and please, oh, please lie very still and don't squirm one bit, and I'll promise to hide you until they are gone."

The snake had no sooner hidden than the hunters came. "Have you seen a big spotted snake going this way?" they asked.

"I was asleep," said the little girl. "The sun was hot, and I was tired. I just woke up, but I don't see any snake here now." So the hunters went on, thinking the snake was ahead of them.

After they were gone the snake came out and said, "Little girl, I want to make you a gift as a reward for saving my life. Ask the finest thing you can think of, for I can give you anything."

"There are just two things I should like to have," said the girl. "One is a name, something besides You There, which I don't like at all; the other is a beautiful garden, full of tall

palm and mango trees, with a lovely fountain splashing its cool waters in the center. I really think I'd rather have the garden, for this sun is so very hot."

"All right," said the snake. "A garden you shall have, a wonderful Garden of Dreams, the most beautiful one possible. You shall have the name, too, but that will come later. Just close your eyes one moment."

She closed her eyes, and what the snake did then I'll never tell you, but when he said, "Open," she opened her eyes to see the garden of her dreams.

How cool and pleasant it was in the shade of the tall palm tree, with a fountain, tinkling like a silver bell, in the center of the garden!

Just then she noticed the cows were straying away, so she hopped up and ran after them. Then what do you think became of the garden? Why, it hopped up and ran along, too. Really, it did—that beautiful garden full of tall palm and mango trees, with the lovely fountain splashing its cool waters in the center. The tallest palm tree ran right along beside the little girl. Its cool shade covered her every movement, and when she was ready to sit down, there was her beautiful garden with her, and she could rest in its shade.

When the sun had set and she drove the cows home to the village her garden went with her, and waited all night just outside her door, and the fountain tinkled her a song while she slept.

One day, as she was sleeping under her palm tree, the great King from a distant city chanced to be riding that way. He was tired, and he was hot, and he was thirsty, and when he saw the cool shade of the trees and heard the tinkle of falling water he cried to his men, "See, here is a garden, as lovely as one in a dream, and the only one in all this treeless land. Dismount, tie your elephants and camels, and rest while I sleep in the shade of this mango tree."

The King slept, and he awoke to find his mango tree

running away and pushing him along as it ran. The palm tree ran, the mango tree ran, the fountain ran; the elephants bellowed and the camels grunted, but they ran also, all after one stray cow. When the little girl, under the tallest palm tree, had driven the cow back to the other cows, she sat down and the beautiful garden settled into quiet again.

Then the great King spoke to the little girl, and will you believe it, he called her by a beautiful new name—Aramacobha, which means "Wonderful Garden of Dreams"—so at last she had a name, just as the snake had said. The King asked her about her wonderful garden, and she told him all about the snake and how he came to give the garden to her.

The more the King saw of the garden the better and better he liked it, and he wanted it and the little girl for his own. So he asked her to come to his palace with him and be his Queen, and share her wonderful Garden of Dreams with him always.

When they reached the palace of the great King the garden sat down outside the door of the palace, just under the windows of the new Queen Aramacobha, and the little fountain tinkled her a song all through the day and all through the night.

The Magic Fiddle

In India there once lived a sister and seven brothers. The brothers were all married, and their wives were older and stronger than the sister, but nevertheless this one poor little girl had all the cooking, cleaning, and serving to do for all seven brothers and all their seven wives as well.

Even this would not have been so hard to endure if they had been kind to her. But her brothers cared nothing for her, for she was only a girl; and her brothers' wives hated her—all the more, because she worked so hard for them and yet never complained.

"Why cannot the stupid thing say something, at least, when I slap her?" cried the oldest wife.

"Isn't it vexing," sighed the second wife, "to have to endure such patience? I am fairly sick from it."

Then the third wife, the big, fat one, burst into tears, and sobbed, "You don't know what I suffer at her hands! Why, just this morning, when I pinched her for letting my rice get cold, all she could do was to smile and say, 'I am so sorry.' Why, you have no idea how nervous I am getting from such things."

So one and all decided that they really could not stand her any more, and would have to find some way to get rid of her before they all became ill because of her and her ways.

"Couldn't we push her into the well?" asked wife number four.

"Better put a cobra into her bed, to bite her," said the fifth wife.

"No, that wouldn't do, for it might bite us," said number six.

Then little number seven, with the big, big eyes, squealed, "Oh, I know! I know what to do! We must set the Bonga on her."

"Oh, yes, the Bonga!" they all cried.

Then some one said, "Ssh! Ssh!" and all else was spoken in whispers.

That noon when the little sister went to the well to draw water it dried up before her eyes. "Oh, what evil thing have I done, that the water should dry up before my eyes?" she cried.

No sooner had she said this than the water slowly began to rise again. When it had risen to her ankles she tried to fill her pitcher, but it would not go under the water.

Then she cried to her brothers, "Oh, my brothers, the water rises to my ankles; still, my brothers, the pitcher will not fill!"

The water continued to rise until it was even with her knees, when she began to wail again, "Oh, my brothers, the water rises to my knees; still, my brothers, the pitcher will not fill!"

The water continued to rise, and when it reached her neck she cried, "Oh, my brothers, the water rises to my neck; still, my brothers, the pitcher will not fill!"

The water kept on rising and rising and rising, until it was over her head, and then she called again, "Oh, my brothers, the water measures a man's height; now, my brothers, the pitcher begins to fill."

The pitcher filled with water and sank, and with it sank the little sister, and was drowned. Then the Bonga changed her into a Bonga like himself, and carried her off.

A tall bamboo growing near a spring now became her home. The bamboo grew and grew, until it was much larger than any of the others around the spring. A Yogi saw it, and said to himself, "I'll cut down that huge bamboo and make a fine fiddle of it."

So he started to cut it with his ax, close to the root, but

the bamboo called out, "Don't cut me at the root! Cut higher up!"

He started to cut the bamboo near the top, but the top cried out, "Don't cut me near the top! Cut lower down!"

Again he tried to cut near the root, but the root cried out, "Don't cut me near the root! Cut higher!"

At that the Yogi became angry and cut the tree down near the root and made a fine fiddle out of it. It was a wonderful fiddle, and when any one played on it all who heard the music said, "That sounds just like a girl singing!" and all who heard it longed to hear it again.

The Yogi went from village to village playing, and everywhere people came in crowds to hear the wonderful fiddle that sounded just like a girl singing. They came to hear it once, and they came to hear it twice, gladly paying any price the fiddler asked, for the music was sweet to their ears.

At last the Yogi became very rich, and very vain, for he thought the people gave so much money to hear his playing instead of the singing voice. In fact, it made him angry to see how much the people loved the wonderful fiddle, and he became most unkind to it, though it, alone, had made his fortune.

One evening he was playing before the palace of a Prince. The music became sadder and more beautiful than usual, and the singing voice in the fiddle seemed to say, "O Prince, save me from this unkind Yogi!"

Of course no one but the Prince heard and understood the words, but he at once knew that the fiddle must be a magic one, so he called the Yogi into the palace.

"What makes this wonderful music, friend Yogi?" asked the Prince. "Is it the cunning of your hand, or is there some magic in the fiddle?"

The Yogi bowed very low, and answered, "I hate to admit it, dear Prince, but I must say that the wonderful music is all in my hand. This fiddle is really a very poor affair, and it takes

great skill to make any music sound sweet upon it."

"You are very sure of that?" asked the Prince.

"Most noble Prince, take from me all that I own if I am not telling you the truth. Really, the fiddle is scarcely worth carrying about at all, but I've nothing better."

"Then, my most wonderful Yogi, let me present you with my finest fiddle. What music we shall now hear! But just leave the old fiddle here with me, since it is so poor a one."

"O best of Princes, how kind you are! But I really couldn't part with that old fiddle, even if it is so worthless, I have carried it so long and am so used to it. I'll take both."

Just then the Prince heard, very plainly, a soft, sweet song coming from the fiddle. No one was touching the strings, but the song was sweetness itself, and seemed to say, "Oh, save me, save me, kind Prince!"

So he said to the Yogi, "If the music is really in your hand, as you say it is, then you are better off with the fine new fiddle I have given you. If, as I believe, you are lying to me, and the music is really in this magic fiddle which you so despise, then I have the right to take anything of yours that I wish, for you just said that I might if you lied to me. Whatever you do, and wherever you go, this old fiddle will stay here with me."

The Yogi turned and ran away as fast as he could, taking, of course, the new fiddle, but he never again earned any money by playing, for now no one cared to hear him.

The Prince took the magic fiddle to his own chamber and stood it in a safe place. In the morning, when he awakened, he found a bowl of steaming rice beside his bed. It was really the best rice he ever had tasted, but he wondered how it came there. That evening, when he returned, there sat another bowl of rice, and also a large dish of sweetmeats. "Some one certainly is my friend," he thought, "but who can it be?"

In the morning, when he found his breakfast all ready for him and steaming hot, he determined to watch and see who was so kind to him. He watched and listened all day, but

nothing happened until the sun was beginning to sink. Then he heard a soft rustling near him. The top of the fiddle lifted, and out slipped a beautiful girl. She quickly cooked rice and prepared sweetmeats, set them under the head of his bed, and was just slipping back into the fiddle again when he sprang out and caught her.

"Now you won't have to live in that fiddle any longer and be a Bonga. You shall be my Princess," he said.

Then how glad she was! 'Twas worth being drowned and then living in a bamboo and finally in a fiddle, to have, at last, so kind a husband and so beautiful a home.

Little Toe Bone

"Good morning, Mr. Tiger," said the little, wee boy very politely. Then he went on playing a pretty little song on his reed pipe.

"Good morning," growled the big Tiger, much surprised, for really he was just about to swallow the little, wee boy. "You are a very polite little boy, I see, so I'll give you a choice. Would you rather I'd eat you or all your sheep?"

"Would you mind if I ask my auntie? She takes care of me, and these are her sheep. I watch them every day, and I think I ought to do just as she wishes me to, don't you?" asked the little, wee boy very politely. Then he went on playing the pretty little song on his reed pipe.

"You are a very polite little boy, I see, so I'll wait till you ask your auntie. Does she live far away?" growled the Tiger, looking rather hungry.

"Oh, yes, she lives far away in the village, and I must not drive the sheep home until sunset; but I'll tell you the very first thing in the morning, Mr. Tiger," said the little, wee boy very politely. Then he went on playing the pretty little song on his reed pipe.

When he reached home that evening he called, "Oh, Auntie, may I please ask you a question?"

"Well, and what is it?" snapped his auntie.

"If a big, big Tiger should come out of the jungle and ask, 'Shall I eat you or the sheep?' which should I tell him to eat?"

"Why, you, *of course*," snapped his auntie.

So next morning, when the big, big Tiger came out of the jungle and said, "Well, little boy, shall I eat you or all of your sheep?" the little, wee boy answered, very politely, "Me, *of*

course, Mr. Tiger." But the little, wee boy did not play any pretty little song on his reed pipe.

Then the big, big Tiger looked at the little, wee boy, and he coughed, and he switched his tail; then he looked away up to the tiptop of the tree, then he looked away off into the jungle, but he did not seem in a very great hurry to eat the little, wee boy.

"If you please, Mr. Tiger, if you must eat me I wish you'd do it right away, for it isn't any fun to wait," said the little, wee boy very politely.

"You're a very polite little boy," said the Tiger, "and I don't like to eat you at all, but I must live. Is there anything I can do for you after I eat you?"

"Yes," said the little, wee boy. "After you've eaten me and picked all my bones very clean, will you lay them in a nice, tidy pile at the foot of this tree, and will you take my little toe bone and tie it up in the very tiptop of the tree?"

"Certainly I will," said the Tiger, and he did, just so.

When the winds blew, the little toe bone rocked and swung on the topmost branch, and the little white bones lay in a nice, tidy pile at the foot of the tree.

One night five robbers stopped there to divide the money they had stolen. They sat under the tree, and began to count out the gold and silver into five piles. Then the little toe bone in the tiptop of the tree began to rock and swing harder than ever. The tree flung its branches about, and the wind whistled by. Black clouds covered the stars, and the rain came down in torrents. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and right in the worst of the storm the little toe bone dropped from the tree right on top of the chief robber's head.

"Oh, help!" he cried. "The sky is falling on us to punish us! Let us run! Let us run!"

Away they ran through the jungle, leaving all their silver and gold in piles under the trees.

Then the storm stopped, and the stars shone again on a

wonderful sight. The little toe bone had rolled from off the robber's head right upon the tidy pile of little white bones, and they had turned into the little boy once more, and there he sat, playing a pretty song on his reed pipe.

When day came he found clean stones, white and red, blue and green, and he dug a hole in the ground like a great cup, and lined it with the stones. The white stones were at the bottom, and the blue and red and green stones were about the top, like a border. Then he played on his reed pipe, very sweetly, and all the mother animals from the jungle came to him to feed him, just as they would their own little ones.

There were mother tigers and mother leopards, mother lions, and even mother deer. When he had had enough he put the rest of their milk in the little pool he had made of the stones. Every morning they came out of the jungle to feed him. He drank all he wished, and the rest of the warm, white milk he put in his pretty pool. Then all day long he sat under the tree and played on his pipe. All the sick and hungry animals came to him and he let them drink from his pool, and they always went away well and happy.

Devapala

Devapala was the servant of a rich merchant in India. No one ever heard of a better servant than he, so kind was Devapala, and so faithful. His work was to take his master's cows to graze by day, and to milk, feed, and care for them evening and morning.

Most of the year this part of India was hot and dry; there were few trees to shade one from the burning sun. But when the rainy season came all this was changed. There were drops of rain in the sky, and the lightnings filled the heaven; the troops of long-tailed peacocks danced with joy; streams flowed where dust had been before, and the rumbling clouds, like great water jars, poured down the rain.

Devapala had taken his cows to graze and was returning home. On his way he came to a river swollen by the flood of rushing water and very hard to ford. On the other side of the river he saw floating an image of Jina. Now no good Hindu would let an image of Jina be tossed about in the rushing river, so Devapala waded over, pulled the image to land, and set it up under a pipal tree. Then as he went back he made a vow that he would not eat again until after he had worshiped the image. But it went right on raining, oh, ever so hard, so hard Devapala could not ford the river to worship the Jina. It never had rained so hard before. The great water jars in the sky were certainly turned upside down, and for seven days it did not stop. Seven days is a long time to wait for one's breakfast, but Devapala did not forget his vow. He would not eat one crumb until he had worshiped the image of Jina.

On the seventh day the rain stopped at last. The sun shone out, and the water from the wet earth ran off down to

the swollen river.

At last Devapala could ford the river and go to the pipal tree, where the image was yet standing. He worshiped the good Jina as he had promised, and to his surprise the image spoke to him.

"O Devapala," it seemed to say, "I am much pleased with such faithfulness. Go to sleep, and see what I shall do to repay you."

So Devapala lay down and slept by the side of the image of Jina.

Now on this very day and hour the King of the city died from cholera. As he had no son to be king in his place, the ministers said, "We do not know who will be King. What can we do? Shall we let his elephant choose the next king?"

They all thought that would be the easiest way, so they brought out the King's favorite elephant, put on his finest crimson and gold trappings, and fastened the gold and silver headpiece on his head. Then they took a pitcher filled with water, tied it to the head of the elephant, and let him go. All the ministers ran along to see where he would go, and all the people ran along, too, to see on whom the King's elephant would spill the water. You may be sure there were many who tried to get in his way, and all tried to be very near him so that if the water spilled it might fall on them. What a pushing and jamming there was, with people swarming before and beside! But the grand old elephant held his gold-trimmed head high, and not one drop of water did he spill.

When the pushing crowd became too thick, up went his trunk, and oh, such a trumpeting! The people scattered then, and kept out of his way, for they saw he wanted no one of them. He walked on and on until he came to the pipal tree by the river. There, by the image of the good Jina, lay Devapala, fast asleep. The elephant bent his head, and poured all the water from the pitcher over the sleeping servant.

The ministers were glad, and the people all shouted,

"Hurrah! Here is our King! Hurrah!"

The ministers took the splendid garments they had brought and dressed Devapala in them, put him on the King's own elephant, and brought him to the palace—a King!

Now the merchant was very cross indeed to lose such a good servant, and as he walked by that same river he came upon the old clothes Devapala had been wearing before the elephant found him. They were very different indeed from the clothes the King was now wearing. Really, they were dreadfully dirty and worn, for the merchant had given Devapala only rags to wear.

"Why should he become King?" said the merchant. "He was a very good cowherd, and I wanted him for that. I think I'll just show the people whom they have on their throne."

So he took the dirty, ragged clothing and at night he nailed it up on the gate of the palace and wrote above it, in large letters, "Here are the real clothes of your King."

In the morning as the people came flocking past the palace gate they saw the filthy rags there and read the writing above them.

"Is it possible," they said to one another, "that our King wore such dirty things as those?"

"How disgusting! I wonder if the elephant didn't make some mistake."

"Are elephants really so wonderful after all, do you think?"

When the King heard what the people were saying, and saw how they felt, he was very sad. But when he went to worship the Jina (as he did each morning before breakfast), it said to him, "Go home, and make an elephant of clay. Set it up before the gate of the palace where all can see it. Then mount it, just as though it were alive. Feed it whole grain as you would a real elephant. Do as I tell you, and you need not fear."

So Devapala the King went home and did just as the Jina told him to do. He made a mighty elephant of clay, and placed it before the palace gate. Then he mounted it and fed it whole

grain, as though it were alive. All the people crowded around to see what Devapala the King would do with his clay elephant.

"Oh, look," they cried, "he is feeding his clay elephant whole grain!"

"Why, it's eating it!"

"See! It is walking!"

"It surely is alive!"

Then the elephant raised his trunk, and trumpeted as no elephant ever had trumpeted before.

The people all fell on their knees and cried, "He *is* our King, our wonderful King! We will love him and serve him always."

Right by the pipal tree, close by the swollen river, Devapala the King built a beautiful temple, and in it set up the very image of the Jina which he had found. And every morning and every evening he went to it, bearing sweet-smelling things —camphor, sandalwood, and fragrant flowers.

Little Buzz-Man

Once upon a time a soldier died, leaving his wife and one boy. They were dreadfully poor; in fact, they had nothing whatever in the house to eat. So the boy said to his mother, "Give me four shillings, and I'll go out in the world to seek my fortune."

"My boy," said his mother, "how can I give you four shillings when I haven't even a penny?"

"Let's look in the pockets of father's old coat," said the boy. "Perhaps we'll find something there."

They did look, and sure enough, there were six shillings, really more than the boy needed to take with him while seeking his fortune.

"Here, mother, you take two shillings. You can live on that until I return. The others will help me win my fortune."

Off he went, gayly jingling the four shillings in his pocket and looking sharply about on all sides to see where he could find his fortune.

Soon he came upon a huge tigress lying under a tree, licking her great paw and groaning so fearfully that even the leaves on the trees shook.

"Well, I know that she is no fortune," he said, "but I suppose I ought to help her, anyway. Mistress Tiger, can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, if you would only pull this thorn out of my paw," moaned the tigress, and the very tree shook with her voice.

"Please put your other paws a little farther away, for your claws are very sharp, and I'll try to draw it out."

So she moved her other paws as far away as she could, and he pulled and tugged, and finally drew out the thorn.

As a reward for his kindness she gave him a small box, but told him not to open it until he had gone nine miles.

He took the little box in his hand, and gayly started off to seek his fortune. At the end of the first few miles he found the box growing heavier and larger, in fact, by the time he reached the seventh mile it was so heavy he could scarcely carry it. At the eighth mile he cried, "That box is too heavy to carry another mile, or another foot even! I don't care what is in it!" And he threw it on the ground so hard that it was broken.

Just then out of the crack in the small box there crawled a little old man only a foot high, with a beard a foot and a half long trailing on the ground under his feet and behind him. He began to stamp and scold, but the Soldier's Son only laughed.

"Well, you are the heaviest man for your size on this side of the sea! What is your name?"

"Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man," cried the little old man, still stamping and scolding. "And why did you throw me down that way? Don't you know I am going to be your gentle, patient, faithful servant as long as you need me?"

"Well, gentle, patient, faithful Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, can you get me something to eat? For truly I am starving. Here are four shillings to pay for it."

The little man, still stamping and scolding, snatched the money, and, *whiz! boom! buzz!* off he flew, like a big dragon fly. He flew to a candy store in the village. There he stood, this little foot-high man with his foot-and-a-half beard trailing under his feet and behind him, and he roared in a mighty voice, "Ho! ho! ho! Mr. Candy Maker, give me some of your very finest candy."

Now he happened to stand right behind a pile of boxes, so the Candy Maker could not see him at all. All around the room, and out the window, and down the street looked the Candy Maker.

"Dear me, I thought I heard some one speak," said he.

At that, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man was in a great rage. He

flew at the Candy Maker, pinching and biting his legs, and screaming, "Of course you heard some one speak! It's I, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, the gentle, patient, faithful servant of the Soldier's Son. I want one hundred pounds of candy, wrapped up in a neat package, and I've money to pay for it here in my pocket." As he stamped and scolded, he loudly rattled the four shillings in his pocket.

The Candy Maker very obligingly wrapped up the hundred pounds of candy in a neat package and handed it to the little man, when, *whiz! boom! buzz!* away he flew, like a dragon fly, with the four shillings still in his pocket.

Straight he flew to a Baker's. There he stood, this foot-high man, with his foot-and-a-half beard trailing under his feet and behind him, and roared in a mighty voice, "Ho! ho! ho! Mr. Baker, give me some of your finest cakes."

Now he happened to stand right behind a barrel of flour, so the Baker could not see him at all. All around the room, and out the window, and down the street looked the Baker.

"Dear me, I thought I heard some one speak," said he.

At that, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man was in a grand rage. He flew at the Baker, pinching and biting his legs, and screaming, "Of course you heard some one speak. It's I, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, the gentle, patient, faithful servant of the Soldier's Son. I want one hundred cakes wrapped up in a neat package, and I've money to pay for them here in my pocket." As he stamped and scolded, he loudly rattled the four shillings in his pocket.

The Baker very obligingly wrapped up the one hundred cakes in a neat package and handed it to the little man, when, *whiz! boom! buzz!* away he flew like a dragon fly, with the four shillings still in his pocket.

The Soldier's Son was just wondering what had become of his foot-tall, gentle, patient, faithful servant, when, *whiz! boom! buzz!* the little fellow landed plump at his feet, with his two huge packages, and still stamping and scolding.

"Now I do hope I've brought you enough! You men have such terrible appetites!"

"Oh, thank you, I think it will be enough, and more too," laughed the Soldier's Son, taking a handful of candy and two cakes. The little man snatched all the rest, and *gobble! gobble! gobble!* they were all gone in a jiffy.

Now the Soldier's Son and Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, his gentle, patient, faithful servant, still stamping and scolding, a foot-high man with his foot-and-a-half beard trailing under his feet and behind him, traveled far until they came to the city of the King.

This King had a daughter, the Princess Blossom, who was very beautiful, and so small that she weighed only as much as five rosebuds, no more. The Soldier's Son caught a glimpse of her walking in her garden of roses, and at once hurried to his foot-high servant, crying, "O Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, my gentle, patient, faithful servant, carry me at once to the Princess Blossom. I must have her to share my fortune with me."

"Your fortune? And what is it?" scolded the little man, stamping his feet and jingling the four shillings that were still safe in his pocket.

But just the same he took him to the Princess, where she sat in her garden of roses. So pleased were they with each other that they talked and talked. They talked until it was night, and then they talked until it was day again. Then they decided that they could never get through talking with each other, so they just set off together to see the world.

"Now, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, my gentle, patient, faithful servant," said the Soldier's Son, "since my fortune is made already, I won't need you any more, so you may go back to the tigress."

"Pooh!" said the little man, stamping. "You *think* you won't want me. But here's your four shillings; I saved them for you, and that's more than you could ever do. You'd better take this hair from my beard and tie it around your ankle, and

when you want me just burn it in the fire and I'll come at once."

Then, *whiz! boom! buzz!* off he went like a big dragon fly, and the two young people wandered on, talking and talking and talking.

Now when they had gone, oh, ever so far, they lost their way in a wood, where a Brahman found them, and said, "You two poor children, come with me to my home and I'll feed and care for you." So, very happily, they went to the Brahman's house with him.

When they reached the house the Brahman gave them a bunch of keys, saying, "Now just go in and cook anything you want. Open all the cupboards except the one with the golden key. While you are doing this I'll go and find some wood for a fire."

They went in and opened all the cupboards (they were all full of gold and jewels) and *also* the one with the golden key, but that was full of skulls and dead men's bones.

"Oh, horrors!" cried the Soldier's Son. "We are lost! This must be the house of a Vampire, and not a Brahman at all."

Just at that moment they heard him at the door, gnashing his teeth and ready to eat them alive. Quick as a flash the Princess snatched the magic hair from the ankle of the Soldier's Son and held it in the fire.

Whiz! boom! buzz! some one came flying through the air like a great dragon fly. The Vampire knew well enough who it was, and had just time enough to turn into a driving rain, hoping to drown Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, but he changed into a fierce wind, which drove away the rain. Then the Vampire became a dove, and dashed away, but that same second the little man became a hawk and was after the dove.

The dove changed into a rose, and fell into the King's lap. At once the hawk, as an old musician, was playing to the King so sweetly that the King said, "What reward will you take for such beautiful music? I will give you anything I possess."

"O King, pray give me the rose that lies in your lap," said the old musician.

As the King handed him the rose the petals fell in a shower. Quick as thought, he snatched them from the ground, all but one, which changed into a mouse and scampered away. Then the musician changed into a cat, dashed after, and caught and gobbled up the mouse in a twinkling.

Then, *whiz! boom! buzz!* back he was beside the Princess Blossom and the Soldier's Son, who were trembling with fear as they awaited the end of this terrible battle. Stamping and scolding, he stood before them, this foot-high man, with his foot-and-a-half beard trailing under his feet and behind him, and said, "Now you go home, you two silly children. You need a mother to take care of you, for you do not know enough to take care of yourselves."

So he filled their arms and pockets full of gold and jewels, and whizzed them home to where the mother of the Soldier's Son had been waiting for him, and her two shillings were almost spent.

She was glad enough to see them, and loved the beautiful, delicate Princess Blossom as though she were her own daughter. So they all lived happily after that, and always had plenty of shillings jingling in their pockets.

The Plowman

This poor Plowman used to work in the fields near a temple. He had no family or friends, yet he never seemed unhappy. He was constantly listening, as though he heard music that was unknown to others. The wind in the trees, the rain on the leaves, the droning of the insects, and the rustling of the grass formed his choir and orchestra. He knew and loved all the sounds about him, so he was never lonely or sad. He was poor; so poor, indeed, that he never had anything but a handful of boiled rice for his dinner, but so generous was he that he always laid a part of his scanty food on the temple steps, that no wanderer need leave there hungry.

One day he almost forgot to divide his poor little handful of rice, and he had a bit all but in his mouth before he remembered. He sprang up and started to the temple steps, but when he came near he was terrified to see a huge lion standing there. He hesitated for a second, then said to himself, "Well, if I must die in a lion's mouth, so I die. But at least I will not forget my vow to share my dinner with those who are poorer than I." So he walked boldly toward the temple steps, and as he came near, the lion backed away and disappeared.

He put half of his ball of rice on the temple step and had the other half to his lips when a hermit stood before him, holding out a beseeching hand. The Plowman hastily divided what he had with the hermit, who suddenly disappeared, just as had the lion.

He had raised the little remaining rice to his lips when an old man appeared. The rice he had left was not enough to divide, so the Plowman handed it all to him. In a moment the old man was gone, but in his place stood a Jina. Now the

Plowman was distressed that he had no more rice to offer to the Jina, but he explained that he had given it all away and promised that he would bring some the next day.

"Oh, Plowman," the Jina replied, "I did not come to share your rice, but to grant you a wish. Think well, then ask for whatever you most desire, for anything that you wish is yours."

The Plowman thought for a while, and then said, "What I really wish for most is to be able to play upon a harp some of the music I hear every day around me in the fields and the forest."

"That is a wise and noble choice," said the Jina, "and you shall have your wish. Come with me."

The Plowman swung his plow over his shoulder and walked along with the Jina. After a time they came to a splendid palace, the palace of a great King.

The poor Plowman was abashed, and said, "I cannot go to the palace of a great King. I am but a poor Plowman. My place is in the fields."

"You must go where I bid you," said the Jina, and he led him into the palace, and up to a seat on a high platform.

'What is all this magnificence, and why are all these Kings and Princes seated here?" asked the Plowman.

"This is a Svayamvara," answered the Jina. "Each one of these Kings and Princes is here to try for the hand of the beautiful Princess. She will show which one she chooses by throwing a wreath of flowers about his neck. These foolish Kings are dressed in all their gorgeous robes because they think she will choose their gold and their jewels."

"But I don't belong here. Let me go away," urged the Plowman.

"Better stay, and here is your plow—just keep that handy," said the Jina.

Presently the Princess came in, and she was more beautiful than music. The Plowman felt sure that she would understand the voices he heard in the fields, and love them, too.

Her father handed a harp to each King and Prince. He paused before the Plowman, and looked curiously at him, but the Princess stepped up quickly and said, "Yes, give him a harp, too, for I feel sure that he can play."

The King then made this announcement: "Hear, all Princes and Kings! The Princess has made a vow that if any man can excel her in playing the harp, that man shall be her husband."

The first Prince stepped forward, smiling and conceited. He played so soothingly that a wild elephant was quieted, and became tame from that moment.

Then the second one tried. He played a joyous song. The sky became more blue, the sun shone more brightly, and a barren tree by the palace bore new leaves.

The music of the third was so sweet that even the timid deer from the forest came near.

"Stupid creatures!" cried the Princess. "Can't you play better than that?" Then she took a harp and played a soothing melody, when lo! the wild elephant knelt down to allow the driver to mount his head. Then she played a joyous song, and the sky became like sapphire, the sun dazzled them with its brightness, and the barren tree by the palace burst into bloom. Next she played so sweetly that the timid deer from the fount came up and lay down by the palace gate.

Then all the Kings and Princes were cast down, for they saw that she could play far more wonderfully than they. Presently, she came to the Plowman, and asked him to play. He was about to refuse, but the Jina whispered to him, "Share with her the music you hear in the fields and the forest. It would be selfish to refuse."

So the Plowman took up the harp, and seemed to be listening to the distant music he so loved. His fingers stole over the strings, drawing out music such as no one had ever heard before. One by one the Princes bowed their heads, and slept. Then down from their proud heads slipped the golden,

jeweled crowns. Ropes of rubies and emeralds loosed themselves from royal necks. All this glittering mass came to the feet of the Plowman, drawn by the power of his music.

The Princess was delighted, and threw over his neck the garland of flowers, showing her choice.

Then the Kings and Princes woke up. "What! Has she chosen that man!" they exclaimed. "He is not a King, or even a Prince. He is only a Plowman! See his plow! We will take her anyway!"

They dashed toward her, and were going to take her and carry her off. But she clung to the Plowman, and cried, "Save me from those horrid, stupid men! Their music makes me ill. I should die if I had to listen to it always."

So the Plowman stood up and seized his plow. One King drove his elephant at him, to trample down, but he swung the good plow about him, and *crash!* it went through the elephant's head. A second King drove at him with a chariot and six horses. The good plow swung quickly around, cut open the heads of the horses, and smashed the chariot. By that time there was no one near him save the Princess. The Kings and Princes, from afar, too far for the plow to touch, knelt down and worshiped him.

"O Most Mighty One! to thee belongs the beautiful Princess. Thou art the only King, and we are the dust beneath thy feet," they said, then hastened away, not even waiting for their crowns and necklaces.

The Princess and the Plowman were married, and he taught her to hear the wonderful music of the fields and the forest, and each day he put a part of his food on the temple steps, that no wanderer need leave there hungry.

The Magic Top

All that I tell you of Mahendra, the Prince of India, happened many years ago, and far, far away, but, believe me, it as surely happened as though it were but yesterday, and on this very spot.

The rains were over, and the fields were again green and lovely, when Mahendra saw a picture of a girl so beautiful that he wished to make her his wife.

He went boldly to the kingdom of her father and asked him for his beautiful daughter. The King sighed and said, "My daughter, the Princess Jani, will not marry any man unless he can bring the fairy Moonbeam to dance at her wedding."

Mahendra replied, "Then I go to find the fairy Moonbeam, and ask her to come to dance at our wedding, for I am determined to marry the Princess Jani."

Off he started on the long journey to the home of the Gnome King, where he knew that the fairy Moonbeam lived. After many days of traveling he came, at last, to the great, white marble gates of the palace. He called and rapped, and tried to open the gates, but received no answer.

At last a little old man called to him, "O Prince, do not try to enter those gates. No mortal ever has. Come here to my cottage, and rest."

The old man had a pleasant, honest face, so Prince Mahendra went into the cottage with him. As they were talking, the Prince noticed a beautiful silver top set with pearls lying on a table. He picked it up and looked at it. "Where have I seen that top before?" he asked.

"That top was given to me by a little boy, many years ago," answered the old man. "He saw me lying by the roadside, sick

and alone, and asked those with him to stop and care for me, but they refused to do so, and rode on. The little boy turned and tossed me this top, and called, 'Here, take this. It will make you well.' And do you know, the moment the top touched me I became well, and have never been sick since."

"And do you know," said Mahendra, "I was that little boy. I remember it all now. And this is a magic top. All you have to do is to give it to some one as you ask him to do what you wish, and what you ask for comes at once. It is the magic of the top, and no one can refuse. See, I give it to you and say, 'Please bring me the fairy Moonbeam,' and you will do it."

"Oh, I really can't get—" began the old man, but before the sentence was finished he was there, holding the fairy by the hand. Such a dainty, beautiful fairy! No wonder her name was Moonbeam, and all the world had heard of her.

"Make haste and tell me what you wish me to do," she said, "for if the Gnome King finds that I am gone he may come and turn us all to stones, just as he has so many others."

Just then there was a roar like a tempest. The marble gates swung open, and the Gnome King himself came bouncing out. His clothes were made of woven gold, and strings of pearls and precious stones were tangled all over him. On his misshapen head he had a gorgeous crown that only made still more hideous the ugly face beneath it.

"Be a stone, and lie where you stand! Be a stone, and lie where you stand!" he cried to the old man and to Mahendra, and they were cold blocks of stone before his words were gone.

Then he turned to the fairy and said, "Come with me, my lovely Moonbeam; I cannot live one hour without you. Come back into the palace with me at once."

The poor fairy Moonbeam was frightened to see what had happened. Just then she noticed the silver top lying where the old man had dropped it when he turned to stone. Of course she knew how to use it, for hadn't she been brought there by its magic? She picked it up and gave it to the Gnome King,

saying, as she did so, "Here is a gift for you, and by its power be you and yours turned to smoke and ashes forever, and your victims be made to live again."

It was the magic of the top, and no one could withstand it. As the stones sprang into life again the Gnome King crumbled and fell before the old man and Mahendra like dry ashes. The marble gates slipped down and disappeared as they fell. Then, like a dream carved in marble and gold, the whole dazzling palace stood revealed. Slowly it drifted away, like a cloud of white smoke, touched with gold, and was lost among the sunset clouds. Where it had stood a short time before lay the level plain, white with dust and ashes.

When Mahendra looked around for the fairy Moonbeam he saw in her place a most beautiful girl—the girl of the picture.

"Are you the beautiful Jani?" he asked.

"Yes, I am; but for years I have been a slave to that ugly Gnome King, and had to obey him. I had begun to think no one would ever save me from him. Even you could not have saved me if it had not been for this magic top. Now let us go home to my father's kingdom, where we will be married, and let us take with us, as our most precious possession always, this magic top."

Chinese Fables and Folk Stories

By Mary Hayes Davis & Chow-Leung

Preface

It requires much study of the Oriental mind to catch even brief glimpses of the secret of its mysterious charm. An open mind and the wisdom of great sympathy are conditions essential to making it at all possible.

Contemplative, gentle, and metaphysical in their habit of thought, the Chinese have reflected profoundly and worked out many riddles of the universe in ways peculiarly their own. Realization of the value and need to us of a more definite knowledge of the mental processes of our Oriental brothers, increases wonderfully as one begins to comprehend the richness, depth, and beauty of their thought, ripened as it is by the hidden processes of evolution throughout the ages.

To obtain literal translations from the mental storehouse of the Chinese has not been found easy of accomplishment; but it is a more difficult, and a most elusive task to attempt to translate their fancies, to see life itself as it appears from the Chinese point of view, and to retell these impressions without losing quite all of their color and charm.

The "impressions," the "airy shapes" formed by the Oriental imagination, the life touches and secret graces of its fancy are at once the joy and despair of the one who attempts to record them.

In retelling these Chinese stories of home and school life, the writer has been greatly aided by the Rev. Chow Leung, whose evident desire to serve his native land and have the lives of his people reflected truly, has made him an invaluable collaborator. With the patient courtesy characteristic of the Chinese, he has given much time to explaining obscure points and answering questions innumerable.

It has been an accepted belief of the world's best scholars that Chinese literature did not possess the fable, and chapters in interesting books have been written on this subject affirming its absence. Nevertheless, while studying the people, language, and literature of China it was the great pleasure of the writer to discover that the Chinese have many fables, a few of which are published in this book.

As these stories, familiar in the home and school life of the children of China, show different phases of the character of a people in the very processes of formation, it is earnestly hoped that this English presentation of them will help a little toward a better understanding and appreciation of Chinese character as a whole.

MARY HAYES DAVIS.

Introduction

To begin with, let me say that this is the first book of Chinese stories ever printed in English that will bring the Western people to the knowledge of some of our fables, which have never been heretofore known to the world. In this introduction, however, I shall only mention a few facts as to why the Chinese fables, before this book was produced, were never found in any of the European languages.

First of all, our fables were written here and there in the advanced literature, in the historical books, and in the poems, which are not all read by every literary man except the widely and deeply educated literati.

Secondly, all the Chinese books, except those which were provided by missionaries for religious purposes, are in our *book* language, which is by no means alike to our spoken language. For this reason, I shall be excused to say that it is impossible for any foreigner in China to find the Chinese fables. In fact, there has never been a foreigner in our country who was able to write or to read our advanced books with a thorough understanding. A few of our foreign friends can read some of our easy literature, such as newspapers, but even that sort of literature they are unable to write without the assistance of their native teachers. These are facts which have not, as yet, become known to the Western people who know not the peculiarity of our language—its difficulty.

This book of fables is not of course intended to give a full idea of the Chinese literature, but it shows the thinking reader a bird's-eye view of the Chinese thought in this form of literature. Furthermore, so far as I know, this book being the first

of its kind, will tell the world of the new discovery of the Chinese fables.

YIN-CHWANG WANG TSEN-ZAN.

How the Moon Became Beautiful

The Moon is very beautiful with his round, bright face which shines with soft and gentle light on all the world of man. But once there was a time when he was not so beautiful as he is now. Six thousand years ago the face of the Moon became changed in a single night. Before that time his face had been so dark and gloomy that no one liked to look at him, and for this reason he was always very sad.

One day he complained to the flowers and to the stars—for they were the only things that would ever look in his face.

He said, "I do not like to be the Moon. I wish I were a star or a flower. If I were a star, even the smallest one, some great general would care for me; but alas! I am only the Moon and no one likes me. If I could only be a flower and grow in a garden where the beautiful earth women come, they would place me in their hair and praise my fragrance and beauty. Or, if I could even grow in the wilderness where no one could see, the birds would surely come and sing sweet songs for me. But I am only the Moon and no one honors me."

The stars answered and said, "We can not help you. We were born here and we can not leave our places. We never had any one to help us. We do our duty, we work all the day and twinkle in the dark night to make the skies more beautiful.—But that is all we can do," they added, as they smiled coldly at the sorrowful Moon.

Then the flowers smiled sweetly and said, "We do not know how we can help you. We live always in one place—in a garden near the most beautiful maiden in all the world. As she is kind to every one in trouble we will tell her about you. We love her very much and she loves us. Her name is Tseh-

N'io."

Still the Moon was sad. So one evening he went to see the beautiful maiden Tseh-N'io. And when he saw her he loved her at once. He said, "Your face is very beautiful. I wish that you would come to me, and that my face would be as your face. Your motions are gentle and full of grace. Come with me and we will be as one—and perfect. I know that even the worst people in all the world would have only to look at you and they would love you. Tell me, how did you come to be so beautiful?"

"I have always lived with those who were gentle and happy, and I believe that is the cause of beauty and goodness," answered Tseh-N'io.

And so the Moon went every night to see the maiden. He knocked on her window, and she came. And when he saw how gentle and beautiful she was, his love grew stronger, and he wished more and more to be with her always.

One day Tseh-N'io said to her mother, "I should like to go to the Moon and live always with him. Will you allow me to go?"

Her mother thought so little of the question that she made no reply, and Tseh-N'io told her friends that she was going to be the Moon's bride.

In a few days she was gone. Her mother searched everywhere but could not find her. And one of Tseh-N'io's friends said—"She has gone with the Moon, for he asked her many times."

A year and a year passed by and Tseh-N'io, the gentle and beautiful earth maiden, did not return. Then the people said, "She has gone forever. She is with the Moon."

The face of the Moon is very beautiful now. It is happy and bright and gives a soft, gentle light to all the world. And there are those who say that the Moon is now like Tseh-N'io, who was once the most beautiful of all earth maidens.

The Animals' Peace Party

The ancient books say that the pig is a very unclean animal and of no great use to the world or man, and one of them contains this story:

Once upon a time the horses and cattle gave a party. Although the pigs were very greedy, the horses said, "Let us invite them, and it may be we can settle our quarrels in this way and become better friends. We will call this a Peace Party.

"Generations and generations of pigs have broken through our fence, taken our food, drunk our water, and rooted up our clean green grass; but it is also true that the cattle children have hurt many young pigs.

"All this trouble and fighting is not right, and we know the Master wishes we should live at peace with one another. Do you not think it a good plan to give a Peace Party and settle this trouble?"

The cattle said, "Who will be the leader of our party and do the inviting? We should have a leader, both gentle and kind, to go to the pigs' home and invite them."

The next day a small and very gentle cow was sent to invite the pigs. As she went across to the pigs' yard, all the young ones jumped up and grunted, "What are you coming here for? Do you want to fight?"

"No, I do not want to fight," said the cow. "I was sent here to invite you to our party. I should like to know if you will come, so that I may tell our leader."

The young pigs and the old ones talked together and the old ones said, "The New Year feast will soon be here. Maybe they will have some good things for us to eat at the party. I think we should go."

Then the old pigs found the best talker in all the family, and sent word by him that they would attend the party.

The day came, and the pigs all went to the party. There were about three hundred all together.

When they arrived they saw that the leader of the cows was the most beautiful of all the herd and very kind and gentle to her guests.

After a while the leader spoke to them in a gentle voice and said to the oldest pig, "We think it would be a good and pleasant thing if there were no more quarrels in this pasture.

"Will you tell your people not to break down the fences and spoil the place and eat our food? We will then agree that the oxen and horses shall not hurt your children and all the old troubles shall be forgotten from this day."

Then one young pig stood up to talk. "All this big pasture belongs to the Master, and not to you," he said. "We can not go to other places for food.

"The Master sends a servant to feed us, and sometimes he sends us to your yard to eat the corn and potatoes.

"The servants clean our pen every day. When summer comes, they fill the ponds with fresh water for us to bathe in.

"Now, friends, can you not see that this place and this food all belongs to the Master? We eat the food and go wherever we like. We take your food only after you have finished. It would spoil on the ground if we did not do this.

"Answer this question—Do our people ever hurt your people? No; even though every year some of our children are killed by bad oxen and cows.

"What is your food? It is nothing; but our lives are worth much to us.

"Our Master never sends our people to work as he does the horses and oxen. He sends us food and allows us to play a year and a year the same, because he likes us best.

"You see the horses and oxen are always at work. Some pull wagons, others plow land for rice; and they must work—

sick or well.

"Our people never work. Every day at happy time we play; and do you see how fat we are?

"You never see our bones. Look at the old horses and the old oxen. Twenty years' work and no rest!

"I tell you the Master does not honor the horses and oxen as he does the pigs.

"Friends, that is all I have to say. Have you any questions to ask? Is what I have said not the truth?"

The old cow said, "Moo, Moo," and shook her head sadly. The tired old horses groaned, "Huh, Huh," and never spoke a word.

The leader said, "My friends, it is best not to worry about things we can not know. We do not seem to understand our Master.

"It will soon be time for the New Year feast day; so, good night. And may the pig people live in the world as long and happily as the horses and the oxen, although our Peace Party did not succeed."

On their way home the little pigs made a big noise, and every one said, "We, we! We win, we win!"

Then the old horses and oxen talked among themselves. "We are stronger, wiser, and more useful than the pigs," they said. "Why does the Master treat us so?"

> *Ee-Sze* (Meaning): Why have some more power than others? Only one knows. Why have some longer life than others? Only one knows. Why do some try and not succeed; while others do not try and yet they do succeed? Only one knows.

The Widow and Her Son

A Story of the Famine in Shang-Tong Province

A Widow had two sons, Yao-Pao, a lad yet in school, and Yao-Moi who tilled the soil.

Yao-Moi, the elder, was a good man; he had worked hard for thirty years, but he had not gained riches. He sent Yao-Pao to school and served his mother well.

One year there were great rains. The grain all died in the ground and the people of that country had nothing to eat. Yao-Moi had debts which he could not pay, and when his harvest failed he became poorer than ever before.

Then there came a great famine and twenty thousand people died in that land. Yao-Moi killed his oxen to keep his mother and brother from starving. Last of all he killed the horses and mules, for it was yet six months before the time of harvest. Each time when he would kill for meat, the neighbors would come and beg food, and because he was sorry for them, he could not refuse.

One widow came many times until she was ashamed to beg longer from the little that he had. Finally she brought a girl child to him and said, "We are again starving. I will give you this girl for some meat. She is strong and can serve your mother," But Yao-Moi said, "No, I will give you the meat. I can not take your girl from you."

So he gave her meat once more, and she took the meat home to her son. But when it was gone and they were weak and fierce again with the death hunger, the widow said, "We shall all die, unless one dies to save the others. My son can not longer walk. I will kill the girl child and save his life. He can then eat." Her son said, "No, do not kill the girl, trade

her to Yao-Moi for meat." And the mother said, "Yao-Moi will soon starve, too, and then he will kill her. It is better that I do it;" and she took the big sharp knife to make it sharper.

She laid the girl child down on a bench and prepared to kill; but Yao-Moi passed by the house just then, and hearing the moans and screams he stopped to ask the reason. And the widow said, "We are starving. We will have a funeral to-day. We will now kill and eat each other that the last one may live until the time of the harvest." But Yao-Moi said, "Oh, no, do not kill the girl, I will take her home with me, and you can have meat in exchange for her;" and he took her to his home and gave the widow many pounds of meat for herself and her dying son.

Four months passed by. Yao-Moi had nothing in his own house to eat, and they were all starving—Yao-Moi, his mother, his little brother, and the girl.

When the death hunger came, and the mother saw that her sons must die, she said, "I will kill the girl." But Yao-Moi said, "No, I think we shall not die. Let us sleep to-night and see. I think something surely will come. Better kill me than the girl child."

So they went to bed that night. It was winter and the house was cold and dark. There was no wood, no light, no food; and they were starving.

Now, as the house grew more cold and dark, there came to them the quiet of a great despair and they all slept.

And Yao-Moi had a dream, and he saw an old man in flowing white garments, with a belt of gold around his waist. His hair was long and white, and his face was gentle and kind. And he called, "Yao-Moi! Yao-Moi! Yao-Moi! Hearken unto my words. Do you know how many people are dead in this land?"

Yao-Moi answered, "No, but I do know they are many, for only three among a hundred of all that were are now left."

And the old man said, "In every house but yours some

have died, but those of your household are all alive: you have also saved the girl child. I know you are a good man. You have plowed the soil for thirty years, and have never complained about the heaven or the earth. The thunder and waters come, the winds blow and the earth quakes, and still you are patient and kind. You are good to your mother. You support your brother, send him to school, and are as a father to him. You have a kind heart for your neighbors' troubles. You live a good life and, because of this, you shall not starve. To-morrow morning you must arise early and go to the East Mountain by the wilderness. There you will find many meats and nuts and seeds. Bring them home to your family. I am a spirit sent from the Greatest One to earth."

After saying these things the man went out and Yao-Moi arose with great joy and told his family. Then he went to the East Mountain by the wilderness, where he found corn and peanuts and the meat of two hundred foxes already prepared to eat.

And he was very glad, and brought home much food and saved many lives.

Ee-Sze (Meaning): If people do good they will have reward.

The Evergreen Tree and the Wilderness Marigold

When the springtime comes in China, the marigold (long-life flower) grows everywhere—on the mountains, in the fields, and by the river side.

The marigold is very proud of its great family which is so numerous that the earth seems hardly large enough for it.

Once there was a marigold family that lived beneath an evergreen tree. They grew together all summer long, side by side, arms interwoven with arms, and leaves mingling with leaves.

Every year the tree grew larger, until at last no more sunshine or rain could come through its thick leaves and branches.

One day the marigold said to the evergreen tree, "Whom does this mountain belong to? You are only one, while our family grow in thousands everywhere. We have beautiful flowers from the summer time until the autumn comes. These flowers bear seeds that live through the winter, and in the spring another generation appears. In the summer time people come many miles to this mountain to see us.

"These people take our flowers home. Some of us they put in baskets and call basket flowers. Some they put in the maidens' hair and they call us maiden flowers. School boys like us on their tables and the pupils say we are their flowers. Old people gather us for their birthdays and we are called long-life flowers, and when maidens are married, our flowers are placed in a dish and they worship the Flower God, and call us the pure flower.

"So you see how pretty the names are that have been given us and how many people need us for their happiness.

"We must bring more and more flowers into the world, for there are not enough even yet.

"But we that live under your shade are not happy. You take away the sun so that he never shines on us, and when the rain comes, not a drop can reach our throats. The breeze comes, but never into our house—no fresh air, no sunshine, no rain, until we fear that we shall die.

"For eighty years our family has lived here. Our children sometimes say, 'We hope that next year we may have sunshine,' or 'We hope that we may soon have rain to drink.' Still no sunshine and no rain can reach us.

"You have destroyed many of our people. When will you allow us to have sun, rain, and air? Do you not know that you are killing us?"

Then the evergreen tree said, "My dear friend, I can not prevent this. Your people are more easily moved than I am. We are three brothers who have lived here hundreds of years and we are here forever. If our great bodies were moved we should die. It is you who should go away from here. Your seeds are light and it would be easy for them to go.

"When summer comes the children need us here. When the sun is hot the boys and girls sit under our shade, and even though we may kill some of your family, yet must we serve mankind. Do you not know that the children hang swings, and that women hang their babies' beds in our arms? The children also play ride-the-horse, and climb up in our arms, and have many games in our shade.

"Although we serve them and make them happy, yet they are not always kind to us, for sometimes they cut our bark. Students write words in my body with a sharp knife, but I can not prevent it. I have cried many years about this one thing and I would like to go away from here—but how can I move?

"I do not wish to hurt you, dear friend, any more than I

wish to be hurt by others; but I am a mountain evergreen and must stand here forever. I hope you will be able to go, for we do not want to quarrel."

The marigold bowed her head and made no reply. And a deep silence came over the evergreen tree as he grew and grew, a year and a hundred years, and many, many more.

> *Ee-Sze* (Meaning): The weak can not live with the strong. The poor can not stay with the rich. Only equals are happy together.

The Snail and the Bees

The Mod and the Fon

One day the king of the bees with his followers passed by the snail's door with a great noise. The mother snail said, "I have sixteen babies asleep on a leaf, and they must sleep fifteen days before they can walk. You will surely wake them. You are the noisiest creatures that pass my door. How can my children sleep? Yesterday your family and a crowd of your silly followers were here and made a great noise, and now to-day you come again. If I lose one baby because of all this, I will go to your house and destroy it. Then you will have no place to live. Do you know that this tree belongs to me? My master planted it twenty years ago, that I and my children might feed on its fruit. Every year your people come here when my tree has flowers upon it and take the honey away from them; and you not only rob me, but while you are doing it, you make loud and foolish noises. If you do not go away, I will call my master and my people."

The king bee answered, "You have no master in the world. You came from the dirt. Your ancestors all died in the wilderness and nobody even cared, because you are of no use to the world. Our name is Fon (Bee). People like us and they grow fat from our honey, which is better than medicine. My people live in all parts of the world. All mankind likes us and feeds us flowers. Do you think you are better than man?

"One day a bad boy tried to spoil our house, but his mother said, 'You spoil many things, but you shall not trouble the bees. They work hard every day and make honey for us. If you kill one bee-mother, her children will all leave us and in winter we shall have no honey for our bread.' And the boy

obeyed. He might catch birds and goldfish, destroy flowers, do anything he wished, but he could not trouble us, because we are so useful. But you, slow creeper, are not good for anything."

Then the snail was angry and went to her house and said to her family, "The bees are our enemies. In fifteen days, five of you must go to their house and destroy it."

So they went. But when they reached the bee's house, they found no one there; and they said, "We are glad, for we can eat their honey." And they ate honey until sunset. Then the bee king and all his people in great numbers came with joyous singing, drumming, and dancing to their home.

When the bee king saw the five snails in his house he said, "Friends, this is not your home nor your food. Why do you come here and eat all our honey? But it is late, and you are welcome to stay overnight with us, if you do not hurt our children."

The big snail only laughed and answered, "This is very good honey. I have moved my family here. We will stay not only one night or two nights, but forever, and we will eat your honey for our food as long as it lasts."

The bee king said, "I will allow you to stay only one night here. You can not live in my house. You do no good thing to help. I am afraid even to let you stay one night. My honey may be all taken and the babies killed while we sleep to-night."

And he said to the wise old bees, "Do not sleep. We can not trust them."

The next morning the wise bees came and told the king, "Thirty-five babies died last night. The snails crept all about our house and poisoned them. And they left much mouth-dirt in the honey so that we fear it will kill even man to eat it. We must drive them away, O king."

"One day more and if they do not go, we will do some other thing," said the bee king.

Then he went to talk to the snails again and said, "Friends,

you are looking fat; I know you are satisfied here and like my honey, but why do you kill my people and why do you spoil our honey? I think I know why. I believe you are an enemy, for I remember now that I met a snail mother some time ago, who scolded me and my people. I believe you are her children.

"Be that as it may, I now tell you that if you snails do not leave my house before to-morrow at midday, you die here."

"Do what you will," said the snail, "we will stay. We are a free people. We go where we will, we eat what we like, and just now we like honey. We shall eat all the honey you have, if we wish it. At any rate, we will stay now, for we would like to see what you can do that is so great."

Then the bee king looked grave and called all his soldiers together, and told them to prepare for battle. The first order was, "Make ready your wax until midday!" The second order was, "Sharpen your swords and be ready!"

The great army of thousands with sharpened stings was commanded to make the noise of battle and sting to the death if need be.

The snails were frightened at the battle cries and drew into their shells. Then the king ordered the soldiers to bring wax quickly. And while thousands of bees kept the snails frightened by the great noise of battle, other soldiers filled the snails' mouths with the wax; and in two hours they were sealed so that they could not move nor breathe.

The bee king then said to the snails, "At first I thought you were friends, and I offered you shelter for the night and all the honey you could eat. But you thought the Creator made the earth for you alone and nothing for any one else. With such natures as yours, if you were as large and powerful as the birds or the beasts, there would be no room for any other creature in all the world. Truly you spoke, when you said you would stay, for now you die."

Then the king moved all his people away to a new house and left the snails to die.

One day when the master came to get honey and saw the empty house and the five dead snails, he said, "This bee house, with all the honey, is poisoned. It must be cleansed."

And the dead snails and the spoiled honey were sunk into the earth together, but the bees lived on and were happy and useful.

Ee-Sze (Meaning): The proud and selfish want everything, but deserve nothing.

The Proud Chicken

A widow named Hong-Mo lived in a little house near the market place. Every year she raised many hundreds of chickens, which she sold to support herself and her two children.

Each day the chickens went to the fields near by and hunted bugs, rice, and green things to eat.

The largest one was called the king of the chickens, because, of all the hundreds in the flock, he was the strongest. And for this reason he was the leader of them all.

He led the flock to new places for food. He could crow the loudest, and as he was the strongest, none dared oppose him in any way.

One day he said to the flock, "Let us go to the other side of the mountain near the wilderness to-day, and hunt rice, wheat, corn, and wild silkworms. There is not enough food here."

But the other chickens said, "We are afraid to go so far. There are foxes and eagles in the wilderness, and they will catch us."

The king of the chickens said, "It is better that all the old hens and cowards stay at home."

The king's secretary said, "I do not know fear. I will go with you." Then they started away together.

When they had gone a little distance, the secretary found a beetle, and just as he was going to swallow it, the king flew at him in great anger, saying, "Beetles are for kings, not for common chickens. Why did you not give it to me?" So they fought together, and while they were fighting, the beetle ran away and hid under the grass where he could not be found.

And the secretary said, "I will not fight for you, neither

will I go to the wilderness with you." And he went home again.

At sunset the king came home. The other chickens had saved the best roosting place for him; but he was angry because none of them had been willing to go to the wilderness with him, and he fought first with one and then with another.

He was a mighty warrior, and therefore none of them could stand up against him. And he pulled the feathers out of many of the flock.

At last the chickens said, "We will not serve this king any longer. We will leave this place. If Hong-Mo will not give us another home, we will stay in the vegetable garden. We will do that two or three nights, and see if she will not give us another place to live."

So the next day, when Hong-Mo waited at sunset for the chickens to come home, the king was the only one who came.

And she asked the king, "Where are all my chickens?"

But he was proud and angry, and said, "They are of no use in the world. I would not care if they always stayed away."

Hong-Mo answered, "You are not the only chicken in the world. I want the others to come back. If you drive them all away, you will surely see trouble."

But the king laughed and jumped up on the fence and crowed—"Nga-Un-Gan-Yu-Na" (coo-ka-doodle-doo-oo) in a loud voice. "I don't care for you! I don't care for you!"

Hong-Mo went out and called the chickens, and she hunted long through the twilight until the dark night came, but she could not find them. The next morning early she went to the vegetable garden, and there she found her chickens. They were glad to see her, and bowed their heads and flew to her.

Hong-Mo said, "What are you doing? Why do you children stay out here, when I have given you a good house to live in?"

The secretary told her all about the trouble with the king.

Hong-Mo said, "Now you must be friendly to each other. Come with me, and I will bring you and your king together. We must have peace here."

When the chickens came to where the king was, he walked about, and scraped his wings on the ground, and sharpened his spurs. His people had come to make peace, and they bowed their heads and looked happy when they saw their king. But he still walked about alone and would not bow.

He said, "I am a king—always a king. Do you know that? You bow your heads and think that pleases me. But what do I care? I should not care if there was never another chicken in the world but myself. I am king."

And he hopped up on a tree and sang some war songs. But suddenly an eagle who heard him, flew down and caught him in his talons and carried him away. And the chickens never saw their proud, quarrelsome king again.

Ee-Sze (Meaning): No position in life is so high that it gives the right to be proud and quarrelsome.

The Lemon Tree and the Pumelo

Once a Lemon Tree and a Pumelo Tree lived and grew together in an old orchard.

When the springtime came, they opened wide their beautiful blossoms and were very happy.

And all the children came to visit them, and their hearts were glad with the joy of springtime.

When the warm winds blew, they bowed their heads and waved their blossom-covered arms until they looked like gay little flower girls dancing in the sunshine.

Then the birds came together, and sang sweet songs to the fragrant, happy trees, and their joy lasted from spring until summer.

But once in the summer time the Lemon Tree talked all night long, telling the Pumelo Tree of a great sorrow that had come to her. And she said, "I wish I were a Pumelo Tree, for I have learned that the children of men do not like my children so well as they like yours.

"The first born of my family are thrown away or destroyed. The second generation are taken from me and put in the sunshine for twenty days before they are liked. They are never seen in the market places as your children are, for it is said we are too bitter and sour.

"My children are not well thought of. Ah me! I wish I were not a Lemon Tree.

"Why did the Creator make your children so sweet that they have a good name in all the world, while mine are sour and bitter?

"My flowers are the same as your flowers. My trees are liked the same as yours, but my fruit is almost despised.

"When the Moon feast day of the eighth month and fifteenth day comes, then your children have a happy time for they are honored in every family. When the New Year feast day comes, your children are placed on the first table and every one says, 'Oh, how beautiful!'

"Women and girls like to kiss your children's sweet faces. Oh, Mrs. Pumelo, I should like to be as great a blessing to the world as you are."

And the Pumelo said, "My dear friend, do not say these sad words to me. I feel sure that some day you will be loved as much as I am.

"Did you know that the master spoke of your beauty today?"

"What did he say?" asked the Lemon Tree.

"He said, 'How beautiful the Lemon Tree is! I think I shall try to graft the branches of the Lemon Tree on to the Pumelo Tree.'

"Wait until another springtime comes and you will see how much your children will be honored. How happy we shall be together when you come to grow with me and I with you."

So the next year the master and his son brought a sharp knife and cut the Lemon Tree's branches, and fastened them to the Pumelo Tree.

The first fruit came and the children danced for joy.

"How queer to see lemons growing on the Pumelo Tree!" they said.

And the lemons were no longer bitter and sour, but were so pleasant to taste and so fair to look upon that many were saved for the coming feast day.

The Lemon Tree saw that her children were honored, and she was very happy.

Her heart was grateful to the Pumelo Tree who had raised her children to honored places.

And from that time the Lemon Tree and the Pumelo both had the same body and the same mind, the same happiness

and the same friends, through many generations forever.

Ee-Sze (Meaning): When you help another you make two people happy.

Woo Sing and the Mirror

One day Woo Sing's father brought home a mirror from the great city.

Woo Sing had never seen a mirror before. It was hung in the room while he was out at play, so when he came in he did not understand what it was, but thought he saw another boy.

This made him very happy, for he thought the boy had come to play with him.

He spoke to the stranger in a very friendly way, but received no reply.

He laughed and waved his hand at the boy in the glass, who did the same thing, in exactly the same way.

Then Woo Sing thought, "I will go closer. It may be that he does not hear me." But when he began to walk, the other boy imitated him.

Woo Sing stopped to think about these strange actions, and he said to himself, "This boy mocks me, he does everything that I do;" and the more he thought about it, the angrier he became, and soon he noticed that the boy became angry too.

So Woo Sing grew very much enraged and struck the boy in the glass, but he only hurt his hand and he went crying to his father.

The father said, "The boy you saw was your own image. This should teach you an important lesson, my son. You ought never to show your anger before other people. You struck the boy in the glass and hurt only yourself.

"Now remember, that in real life when you strike without cause you will hurt yourself most of all."

Two Mothers and a Child

Woo-Liu-Mai's (sweet smelling flower) husband died when her boy baby was just two days old. She was young—only fifteen—and had loved her husband much; and now she felt very lonely and sad. In her heart she wondered why the gods had taken him away from her and the little baby, who needed him so much; but she was a good woman and patient, and never complained to the heavens or to her friends.

One day she felt that she must talk to somebody about it all. So she went to her mother-in-law and said, "Mother, tomorrow is the New Year Day and we must make merry and buy firecrackers and incense for the temple. We have thirty gods in our house and we worship often, but they do not help us any. They would not keep my husband alive and let us be happy together."

Woo-Liu-Mai's mother-in-law answered, "My child, we can see many people worse off than we are. Look at the poor—and there are many of them. They have no houses to live in. They go around to many market places, begging rice and sweet potatoes. They walk all the time and lose their health trying to get enough food to keep alive. Sometimes they walk from early morning to the dark night and get only one little meal.

"And, daughter, do you not know how many people are frozen and die by the wayside in the cold winter? The New Year brings them two or three days of happiness, then all the rest of the year they are hungry and sad.

"You married my son very young and you are not yet old. You have a good house to live in, plenty of clothes to wear, and a little son, I think you have great blessings from the gods.

To-morrow is the New Year Day, and we will buy some pretty red paper to cut in a thousand pieces and hang on our walls, doors, beds, and vases.

"We will make a happy New Year and worship the gods. We will open our door wide and our friends who are happy will come to us and make the New Year call. We will cook the two sweet potatoes, one for you and one-half for me, and the other half for the child. Now see what a happy New Year we shall have."

But on the morning of the New Year early, Woo-Liu-Mai awoke and found her child dead in the bed by her side, and she ran sobbing her great despair, to her mother-in-law.

"We will not hang up the red paper on the door or any place, mother, for our happiness is all dead now. We will have a funeral in three days."

Woo-Liu-Mai's mother then took a piece of blue cloth and nailed it to the door, so that people would know that some one was dead there and would not come near the house for fear of bad luck. And she laid the child on a cloth and covered him with another cloth until the third day, when he would be buried.

When people passed by and saw the blue cloth on the door, they thought the mother-in-law, who was old, must be dead.

The second day Woo-Liu-Mai went to her own mother's home, which was some distance from there, and said, "Mother, my child is dead. Just as the New Year Day came, in the morning early, before the sunrise—so he died."

Woo-Liu-Mai's sisters, cousins, and neighbors came to comfort her, because they were sorry. She was now both a widow and childless. In China it is bad to be a widow, but to be both widowed and childless makes of a woman almost an outcast.

One favorite cousin, Woo-Lau-Chan, a very good woman who loved Woo-Liu-Mai like a sister, had a baby just the age

of the one who had died, and when she heard the news, she thought much in her heart of her cousin's great sorrow. "How can my cousin find comfort in life any more?" she said in her mind. "She lost her husband when so young and now she has lost her only child. The first happiness lost—the second happiness lost. A widowed woman has nothing more to expect in life. Oh, I want to do something for her. Clothes, money, bracelets, jewelry, can not comfort her without her child."

Woo-Lau-Chan then dressed herself and took up her sleeping child and ran to the house where the dead baby lay. She was brave and went into the dark empty room, and no one saw her. She never thought or cared about the bad luck it might bring, nor of herself in any way. She thought only of the great sorrow of the dead child's mother.

The still body lay on the floor; she took off its clothes and put them on her own baby, and she waited until he had had milk and slept again; then she laid him on the floor and took the body of the dead child and went out into the great forest, where she left it.

She then went back to her cousin with a happy smiling face and said, "Woo-Liu-Mai, I wish you would come with me to your home."

"No," said Woo-Liu-Mai sadly, "I will go to-morrow and bury my child. I will stay here until then."

"But you can not wait until to-morrow. Come with me now. The gods told me in a dream last night that your child would live again. Kwoh-King may now be crying for milk. Come, go now."

But Woo-Liu-Mai said, "No, it can not be. You tell me what is not true. I go to-morrow to bury my dead."

Just then word came from the mother-in-law, "Your child is alive. Come home."

Woo-Liu-Mai went home and saw the child sitting on the grandmother's lap. And the grandmother said, "Three days your child lay on the floor as if dead. His face is changed, his

body is changed. Strange, he seems not like the same baby, but he is alive, alive."

Then they thanked the gods with great joy, and the boy grew and was wise beyond the number of his years.

Woo-Liu-Mai's heart was now filled with great peace, and she no longer complained even in secret against the gods.

Woo-Lau-Chan, the real mother, kept her secret well and no one knew, but in her heart she said, "The time will come, when I must tell my son all. When the years have grown old, Kwoh-King, his children and his children's children will bow in reverence to the ancestors who brought them into life, and it is right that he should know the truth and have his own birthright."

But in his youth she said, "Not now, for the judgment of youth is unstable and he might forsake Woo-Liu-Mai, and leave her again sorrowful."

When Kwoh-King was seven years old, he began school, and he learned fast. But in time the money was nearly gone and Woo-Liu-Mai was too poor to send him longer to the nearest school.

One of her cousins who was a teacher sent word that he would teach the child, so he was sent to the school where he need not pay. When Kwoh-King was sixteen years old, he finished his studies with great honor. He was still wiser than his years and went to work for the government, soon being given a high state position.

Then his mother, Woo-Lau-Chan, who was also a widow, wrote the whole truth to Kwoh-King and to the government —his father's name, his mother's name, his home, his house —all with great care.

And the two mothers, the mother who raised him and the mother who bore him, were called by the government; and when the Emperor heard this story, they were given a beautiful house, and Kwoh-King lived near and took loving care of them both as long as they lived.

The Boy Who Would Not Tell a Lie

Si-Ma-Quong lived in the Province of Sze-Chuen. When he was young (about six years old) he played with a dog and a cat, but they hunted all night long for food in the wilderness, and his mother feared he might get the devil-sickness from them. So one day his father paid much silver for Wa-Na-Juch, a bird with a beautiful song, for his son to play with.

Wa-Na-Juch hopped on Si-Ma-Quong's lap and shoulder and ate from his hand. He was a very handsome bird, and he sang all day long.

One day he flew out to the lake to bathe, and Si-Ma-Quong was very happy watching him. Then he ran and told his mother, "Mü-Tsing, I saw the bird bathe in the lake. I think the water is too cold for him. Give him a good hot bath, as you give me."

His mother said, "In winter you have a warm bath, but not too hot."

When she bathed Si-Ma-Quong, she showed him why the water must not be too hot for the bird, and he seemed to understand. But the next day when his mother went out, Si-Ma-Quong said to his bird, "Wa-Na-Juch, do you want a bath?" And the bird said, "Chi-Chi," which the boy thought meant "Yes, Yes."

He put some clean hot water in a dish, and called the bird, but it would not even go near the water.

This made Si-Ma-Quong angry. "You tell me a lie, and that is very bad," he said to the bird. "You said, 'Yes, Yes,' when I asked if you wanted a bath. Now, I will bathe you as Mü-Tsing bathes me."

He then put the bird in the hot water, but it chirped

loudly and tried to get away. "Do not cry and be a bad bird," said Si-Ma-Quong. "I cry sometimes, too, when Mü-Tsing bathes me," but in two or three minutes, the bird lay still and he put it on the table to dry.

When his mother came, he said, "Mü-Tsing, my bird is cold. He is on the table. I think he wants some clothes. Give him my fur jacket and make him warm, so he will stand up and sing."

His mother did not know about the bath, so she said, "Oh no, the bird needs no jacket. He wears a feather jacket."

She then went into the room and saw the bird lying on the table, and she said, "He is dead. Who did this, Si-Ma-Quong? He is wet. Did he go to the pond? I think you killed him. If you did, your father will surely beat you, and he will never bring you another bird."

And Si-Ma-Quong cried and said, "Yes, I did it. I put him in hot water. I bathed him just as you bathe me. At first he would not go in, but I made him." Then he cried, 'Chi-Chi-Chee.' Will you tell my father? I think he will forgive me, if I tell him the truth. He did the last time I did wrong."

When time came for the evening meal, his mother called him, but he would not eat. He said, "I am sorry about Wa-Na-Juch, and I can not eat food. Wait until my father comes, so that I may tell him all I have done."

Once Si-Ma-Quong and two other boys were trying to peel fruit that grew in a neighbor's garden, but the peach skins were tight and the boys were not skilled. Their task seemed not likely to be finished, when a man passing by said, "I will tell you how to peel the peaches. Get boiling water, drop the peaches in and take them out in a very little time, and then you can pull off their skins easily."

The man whose peaches they were peeling came soon, and saw that the task was finished. He looked at the fruit and said, "I never saw fruit peeled with so little waste. How did you do it?"

They showed him the hot water and he said, "You are very wise to know first this way of peeling fruit. I will give a piece of silver to each of the boys who made the discovery."

He asked the other two, "Did you?" and "Did you?" and they both said, "Yes." He then gave them the silver, but Si-Ma-Quong said, "No, I do not want the silver. We did not ourselves know how to remove the peach skins. A strange man showed us."

Now these two things happened when Si-Ma-Quong was very young; and he lived seventy-two years and served his emperor and his nation wisely. He did many great things, because he was true in the little things. So history says that this man, who never spoke falsely as a child, youth, or man, was one of the greatest men in the Chinese nation.

A Great Repentance and a Great Forgiveness

Liang-Sheng-Yü was one of the great generals of China. He had served his kingdom wisely for many years, when there was a war of four nations. Liang-Sheng-Yü conquered the other nations, and put them under the authority of his king.

He was also called Seung-Foo, or the great Helper of the King. He was given this honorable title because he had served two generations of kings—father and son.

One day Liang-Sheng-Yü reproved the general, Liang-Po, in the presence of the king. Liang-Po was angry because of this and said to himself, "Although Liang-Sheng-Yü is a great general, he should not say these things to me in the king's presence. He has found fault before the king. I will now find fault with him and accuse him before the king. The king forgave me, only because he knew I had done many good things for the kingdom."

He went to his home, but he could not sleep, for his heart burned with anger. In the morning his face was yet cast down with sorrow, for he could not forget his great disgrace before the king. His wife questioned him, "What troubled you last night?" But he only answered, "Do not ask."

A servant brought his morning meal, but it was to him as if it had no taste. And the wine-servant gave him wine, but it tasted as water. Another servant brought him water to bathe, and he said, "It is too cold." But the water was such as it always had been.

Three days passed by and the heart of Liang-Po changed not. Then he went to the house of a friend. On the way, while

still at some distance, he saw Liang-Sheng-Yü coming and he tried to meet him and talk with him. But Liang-Sheng-Yü walked by on the other side and would not see.

Liang-Po said to himself, "This is a strange and terrible thing. I was never his enemy; why is he so long angry? Why will he not face me? With him I served the king many years, I can not see why he should turn away from me. He is wrong, wrong."

He went home and wrote a letter to Liang-Sheng-Yü saying, "I saw you on the Wun-Chung Street to-day and I desired to meet you and tell you many things. I believe you wished not to see me, for you walked on the other side, with your face turned from me. So my heart has another sorrow. I would see you tomorrow, soon after the morning meal, and I invite you to come to my house and eat the noon meal with me."

But when the servant had brought Liang-Sheng-Yü the letter and he had read it, he threw it into the fire and said not a word. The servant saw and went home and told Liang-Po.

Fifty days after this, word came that the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom was about to make war against the Juo Kingdom.

The king, therefore, sent word to the general, Liang-Po, and to the great helper, Liang-Sheng-Yü, saying, "I want you to come at once to me, your king."

When he received the word, Liang-Po said, "I think there will be a great war with the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom." So he waited before going to the king, and gave orders that four thousand soldiers should make ready for battle.

They made ready, and for two days Liang-Po delayed his going. But Liang-Sheng-Yü was already with the king. And in his heart he had fear, for he thought, "Liang-Po will not come. I have made him feel shame before the king. I have done wrong. But if he comes not, our nation is surely lost. We can not go into battle without him."

The king asked him, "Why has not the general, Liang-Po, come into my presence? We can not have war without the

general. Without him we can not even send an answer to the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom."

Liang-Sheng-Yü answered and said, "Before I sleep this night, I will see the general." Then he went to his home and told his servants, "I have not time for food. I must see General Liang-Po." And he bade them cut a bundle of thorn sticks, which he took and carried to Liang-Po's house.

It was the time of Nyi-Kang (Everything Quiet) when Liang-Sheng-Yü came to General Liang-Po's house. He knocked on the door three or four times before the servants opened it and asked, "Who is here?" He answered, "I am Liang-Sheng-Yü. Tell your master I must see him to-night, or I die."

Liang-Po dressed himself and came to the door. There he saw an old man with head so bowed as to conceal his face. He wore old clothes, and he carried a sword on his back and a bundle of thorn sticks in his hands. And he knelt on the floor.

General Liang-Po said, "Who is this?" Then Liang-Sheng-Yü, the great and proud helper of two generations of kings, said, "I wish to see General Liang-Po."

His face was still close to the floor and his voice trembled as he spoke. "General Liang-Po," he said, "I was against you before the king and I have learned that the fault was mine. I found you right, and I am guilty, not you. I have done you great wrong. General Liang-Po, my sword is on my back and a bundle of thorn sticks is in my hand. Take the sticks and beat me. Take the sword and cut off my head. We can not make war to-morrow, if we are not at peace to-night."

Then Liang-Po, the great general, helped Liang-Sheng-Yü upon his feet and said, "No, we have always been friends. We will be friends forever, and together we will serve our king. I wish you to forgive me. I wish the king, too, to forgive me, for I have also made mistakes. We will all forgive and be forgiven—then we will surely be friends."

The two great men bowed down together and worshiped

the Creator, and they both swore that from that time they would have the same mind.

The Man Who Loved Money Better Than Life

In ancient times there was an old woodcutter who went to the mountain almost every day to cut wood. It was said that this old man was a miser who hoarded his silver until it changed to gold, and that he cared more for gold than anything else in all the world.

One day a wilderness tiger sprang at him and though he ran he could not escape, and the tiger carried him off in its mouth.

The woodcutter's son saw his father's danger, and ran to save him if possible. He carried a long knife, and as he could run faster than the tiger, who had a man to carry, he soon overtook them.

His father was not much hurt, for the tiger held him by his clothes. When the old woodcutter saw his son about to stab the tiger he called out in great alarm: "Do not spoil the tiger's skin! Do not spoil the tiger's skin! If you can kill him without cutting holes in his skin we can get many pieces of silver for it. Kill him, but do not cut his body."

While the son was listening to his father's instructions the tiger suddenly dashed off into the forest, carrying the old man where the son could not reach him, and he was soon killed.

And the wise man who told this story said, "Ah, this old man's courage was foolishness. His love for money was stronger than his love for life itself."

The Hen and the Chinese Mountain Turtle

Four hundred and fifty years ago in Sze-Cheung Province, Western China, there lived an old farmer named Ah-Po.

The young farmers all said Ah-Po knew everything. If they wanted to know when it would rain, they asked Ah-Po, and when he said, "It will not rain to-morrow," or "You will need your bamboo-hat this time tomorrow," it was as he said. He knew all about the things of nature and how to make the earth yield best her fruits and seeds, and some said he was a prophet.

One day Ah-Po caught a fine mountain turtle. It was so large that it took both of Ah-Po's sons to carry it home. They tied its legs together and hung it on a strong stick, and each son put an end of the stick on his shoulder.

Ah-Po said, "We will not kill the turtle. He is too old to eat, and I think we will keep him and watch the rings grow around his legs each year." So they gave him a corner in the barnyard and fed him rice and water.

Ah-Po had many chickens, and for three months the turtle and chickens lived in peace with each other. But one day all the young chickens came together and laughed at the turtle. Then they said to him, "Why do you live here so long? Why do you not go back to your own place? This small barnyard corner is not so good as your cave in the wilderness. You have only a little sand and grass to live on here. The servant feeds you, but she never gives you any wilderness fruits. You are very large, and you take up too much room. We need all the room there is here. You foolish old thing, do you think

our fathers and mothers want you? No. There is not one of our people who likes you. Besides, you are not clean. You make too much dirt. The servant girl gave you this water to drink, and your water bowl is even now upside down. You scatter rice on our floor. Too many flies come here to see you, and we do not like flies."

The turtle waited until they had all finished scolding. Then he said, "Do you think I came here myself? Who put me here, do you know? Do you suppose I like to be in jail? You need not be jealous. I never ate any rice that belonged to you or your family. I am not living in your house. What are you complaining about? If our master should take your whole family and sell it, he would only get one piece of silver. Who and what are you to talk so much? Wait and see; some day I may have the honored place."

Some of the chickens went home and told their mother, "We had an argument with the turtle to-day and he had the last word. To-morrow we want you to go with us and show him that a chicken can argue, as well as a turtle."

The next day all the chickens of the barnyard went to see the turtle. And the old hen said, "My children came here to play yesterday, and you scolded them and drove them away. You said all my family were not worth one piece of silver. You think you are worth many pieces of gold, I suppose. No one likes you. Your own master would not eat you. And the market people would never buy a thing so old and tough as you are. But I suppose you will have to stay here in our yard a thousand years or so, until you die. Then they will carry you to the wilderness and throw you into the Nobody-Knows Lake."

Then the turtle answered and said, "I am a mountain turtle. I come from a wise family, and it is not easy for even man to catch me. Educated men, doctors, know that I am useful for sickness, but if all the people knew the many ways they could use me, I think there would soon be no more

turtles in the world. Many Chinese know that my skin is good for skin disease, and my forefeet are good for the devil-sickness in children, as they drive the devil away; and then my shells are good for sore throat, and my stomach is good for stomach-ache, and my bones are good for toothache. Do you remember that not long ago our master brought three turtle eggs to feed your children? I heard him say, 'Those little chickens caught cold in that damp place, and so I must give them some turtle eggs.' I saw your children eat those three eggs, and in two or three days they were well.

"So you see the turtle is a useful creature in the world, even to chickens. Why do you not leave me in peace? As I must stay here against my will, it is not right that your children should trouble me. Sometimes they take all my rice and I go hungry, for our master will not allow me to go outside of this fence to hunt food for myself. I never come to your house and bother you, but your children will not even let me live in peace in the little corner our master gave me. If I had a few of my own people here with me, as you have, I think you would not trouble me. But I have only myself, while you are many.

"Yesterday your children scolded me and disturbed my peace. To-day you come again; and to-morrow and many to-morrows will see generations and still more unhatched generations of chickens coming here to scold me, I fear; for the length of life of a cackling hen is as a day to me—a mountain turtle. I know the heaven is large, I know the earth is large and made for all creatures alike. But you think the heavens and the earth were both made for you and your chickens only. If you could drive me away to-day, you would try tomorrow to drive the dog away, and in time you would think the master himself ought not to have enough of your earth and air to live in. This barnyard is large enough for birds, chickens, ducks, geese, and pigs. It makes our master happy to have us all here."

The chickens went away ashamed. Talking to each other about it, they said, "The turtle is right. It is foolish to want

everything. We barnyard creatures must live at peace with each other until we die. The barnyard is not ours; we use it only a little while."

> *Ee-Sze* (Meaning): The Creator made the world for all to use, and, while using it, the strong should not try to drive out the weak.

The Boy of Perfect Disposition

The Story of Tsen-Tsze, a Pupil of Confucius

About two thousand four hundred and twenty years ago, Tsen-Tsze was a child and lived in San-Szi Province. For twenty-one years he studied many things with the great teacher, Confucius. And the first great moral law of Confucius requiring perfect obedience to parents, he obeyed, not only in his acts, but in his heart, even when beaten for a thing he did not understand. And it is not on record that any other man has ever done this.

In earliest childhood, he always loved and reverenced his father and mother. In the morning when he arose he went to see his parents before he would have the morning meal.

One day Tsen-Tsze's mother went away to visit his grandparents. When she left, she said, "Dear son, I will return in one day. You and your father will be happy for a day without me." And he knelt and bowed his head to worship his mother at parting.

The evening came and she did not return, and Tsen-Tsze could not eat food or sleep that night from anxiety for his mother. And when the maid servant called him for the morning meal, he said, "No; I can not eat food until I see my mother's face." But his father said, "You must eat and go to school."

"I can not eat food or study books until my mother comes," said Tsen-Tsze, and word was sent his teacher who said, "You are not quite wise, Tsen-Tsze. If your mother should die, would you then no longer study? I hope to see you soon at school."

At midday his mother came. Then he had food, and went

to school and studied his lessons.

When he came home from school, he always went to see where his parents were before going to play. At meal time he would not take food until his father and mother began eating. When he met an old person on the street, he uncovered his head and stood aside respectfully to let him pass before he went on.

These and all other customs of courtesy were observed and honored by Tsen-Tsze. At school he studied his lessons faithfully, and never left tasks unfinished. Every day he asked his teacher, "Have I done any wrong to-day?"—so great was his desire to know the right and to do all that he knew.

One day Tsen-Tsze's father beat him with a long Kia-Tsa (stick). When he got up from the floor he came and took his father's hand and asked, "Father, did I do wrong? Tell me what it was." But his father's face was red with anger, and he would not explain.

Tsen-Tsze went out to the schoolroom and took his music box and came again before his father's face, and sat down on the floor and played and sang to him. He sang,

"Every father loves his son,
Of this all men are sure.
Each child will need the stick sometimes,
To keep his nature pure."

And he said, "I read in history about many famous men who were great because they were gentle. I hope I shall be like them. History says their fathers gave them the stick when young." But the anger had not all left his father's face, and he brought him a cup of tea and said, "Father, are you thirsty?"

Then he took his father's hand and went to the garden where the birds were singing. He put a flower on his father's breast and asked, "Father, do you like that? I do."

All this caused Tsen-Tsze's father to think, and in his heart he said, "This boy is not like other children of his age."

And so long as he had life, he never beat his son again.

Tsen-Tsze became a great scholar and finished all his studies when he was only twenty-five years old. And he was a wise and good man.

His own generation and all the generations of man that have come after him have studied about him, and have wished to be as he was.

> In some parts of China this story is told the children to teach them not to resent punishment from parents. They are taught that whatever a parent does is for their good, and they must believe it unquestionably. When told this story they are asked, "Do you think you could feel that way toward your father after a whipping—or would you feel angry or sorry for yourself?"

What the Yen Tzi Taught the Hunter

One day a hunter was looking for a fox in the wilderness, when suddenly he saw thousands of birds coming towards the river, and he lay quite still and waited for them all to come.

The Yen Tzi, or Kind Birds, were talking together, and the hunter listened. One asked, "Is all our company here?"

And the Leader Bird said, "No, little One-Month-Old and Two-Month and Mrs. This-Year are not here yet."

And the Leader Bird said to the Lookout Birds, "You must go after them and help them to the river before five days. Our boats are dried and ready to sail. It is growing cold and we must all go south together."

So the Lookout Birds flew all around the country to hunt the lost birds. They found one with a broken wing, and a little one with not enough wing feathers to fly far, and one with a wound in his leg made by a hunter, and others that were tired or very hungry. They found every missing bird, and this great family of friends were soon all together again.

But while the Lookout Birds were seeking the lost ones from their own family, they heard another bird cry, "Save me! save me, too!" And they stopped and said, "Who is calling? Some one must be in trouble."

They flew to a lemon tree and saw a Tailor Bird with her leg all covered with blood. The Kind Birds said, "Friend, how came you in such trouble? What is your name and where do you live?"

The Tailor Bird said, "I live in the South Province, eight hundred miles away. I came here to see my friends and relatives. Three of my children are with me, and we were on our way home to the south. We had gone sixty miles, when I

asked my children to stop and rest in this lemon tree, and now I do not even know where they are. I fear the hunter got them. I am hurt, too, and I do not think I shall ever see my home again. I shall lose my life here, I fear."

The Yen Tzi heard all the Tailor Bird said. They talked together and were sorry for her who had no one to care for her, for they knew her children had been killed by the hunter. "If we do not save her life, she will surely die," they said.

So they asked, "Would you like to go with us? We know you eat different food. We live on rice and fruit and a few bugs. We do not know that you can live as we do. And we must ride on our boats, many, many hours."

The Tailor Bird answered, "Yes, I will go gladly, and will eat what you have and cause you no trouble."

The Kind Birds helped the Tailor Bird to their company and put her in one of their boats, and two or three birds fed her and cared for her until she was well. The hunter who told this story said, "I have learned many things by watching and studying the habits of the Kind Birds. I will never kill birds again."

Ee-Sze (Meaning): In time of trouble, man should help not only his own, but others.

A Lesson from Confucius

Confucius once heard two of his pupils quarreling. One was of a gentle nature and was called by all the students a peaceful man. The other had a good brain and a kind heart, but was given to great anger. If he wished to do a thing, he did it, and no man could prevent; if any one tried to hinder him, he would show sudden and terrible rage.

One day, after one of these fits of temper, the blood came from his mouth, and, in great fear, he went to Confucius. "What shall I do with my body?" he asked, "I fear I shall not live long. It may be better that I no longer study and work. I am your pupil and you love me as a father. Tell me what to do for my body."

Confucius answered, "Tsze-Lu, you have a wrong idea about your body. It is not the study, not the work in school, but your great anger that causes the trouble.

"I will help you to see this. You remember when you and Nou-Wui quarreled. He was at peace and happy again in a little time, but you were very long in overcoming your anger. You can not expect to live long if you do that way. Every time one of the pupils says a thing you do not like, you are greatly enraged. There are a thousand in this school. If each offends you only once, you will have a fit of temper a thousand times this year. And you will surely die, if you do not use more self-control. I want to ask you some questions:—

"How many teeth have you?"

"I have thirty-two, teacher."

"How many tongues?"

"Just one."

"How many teeth have you lost?"

"I lost one when I was nine years old, and four when I was about twenty-six years old."

"And your tongue—is it still perfect?"

"Oh, yes."

"You know Mun-Gun, who is quite old?"

"Yes, I know him well."

"How many teeth do you think he had at your age?"

"I do not know."

"How many has he now?"

"Two, I think. But his tongue is perfect, though he is very old."

"You see the teeth are lost because they are strong, and determined to have everything they desire. They are hard and hurt the tongue many times, but the tongue never hurts the teeth. Yet, it endures until the end, while the teeth are the first of man to decay. The tongue is peaceful and gentle with the teeth. It never grows angry and fights them, even when they are in the wrong. It always helps them do their work, in preparing man's food for him, although the teeth never help the tongue, and they always resist everything.

"And so it is with man. The strongest to resist, is the first to decay; and you, Tsze-Lu, will be even so if you learn not the great lesson of self-control."

The Wind, the Clouds, and the Snow

Once there was a great quarrel between the winds, the clouds, and the snow.

And suddenly, without any warning, there came the angry roar of the thunder and the sharp cracking of the forked lightning as it separated the heavens.

Then the north winds, the south winds, the east winds, and the west winds came together a thousand and a thousand strong.

And the sun was no longer seen, for the earth was covered with a deep blackness as of the night. The clouds were coming to the east, but the wind drove them all back to the west side of the heavens and finally much hail and snow were thrown down to the earth.

The clouds said to the snow, "Why do you go to earth? You are not wanted there. In the warm south land you are never welcomed. Your people would be killed at once if they went there. Even here you are allowed to stay only for a short time."

"We do not come to this earth for our own pleasure," answered the snow. "It was pleasanter where we were. We came to earth to help its people."

At this the clouds frowned until their faces became black and they said, "We can not believe that."

"It is true," answered the snow. "In the summer time you will see how the people cry for pressed snow. They pay three pennies for one little cup of water that we have made cold.

"You say we are not liked in the south land, but we tell you that the south-land people send many oxen, horses, and men to the north to find the snow.

"They pack us in the storehouses so that we may last until the hot weather, and when the summer fever comes all people need us."

"You have been studying this one great need of man a long time, we think," and the clouds bowed in scornful mock sympathy.

"We do many good things for man," continued the snow. "Thunder and lightning do him much harm and he fears them greatly; but the Creator sends us to comfort him. The lightning disappears from the earth for a time when the season of our appearance comes."

"You should wear a crown," suggested the clouds sneeringly.

"A king who wore one—the old King Dai-Sung—once said of us, 'Oh, snow, snow, how beautiful you are. It is good for flowers, good for grass, and good for trees that you are here.'

"And he said to the rose bushes, shrubs, and trees who were asleep, 'If you wish beauty in the spring time, you must have our friend the snow in the winter.'

"He laid his hand gently on his horses' necks and said, 'True helpers that are both feet and legs to me, it will soon be time for the green grass to appear. You will have plenty this year, for we had a thick cover of snow this winter.

"'It will soon be hot weather, but I do not fear the heat, for I have plenty of hard snow, pressed and packed for the summer time.'

"So you see the snow is useful to man. We could have stayed where we were in the sky and kept clean, and we need not have worked hard flying all the way down to the ground.

"We never hear that the clouds do any good thing," said the snow.

"The time may come when you will have finished talking," said the clouds. "Then we can tell you some things."

"We saw the big Ti-San Mountain to-day," continued the

snow, "and many of the cloud children were playing around its summit, but what good did they do? None.

"A hunter was looking for wild beasts and your children were naughty and covered his eyes so that he could not see. Do you remember how he scolded your children and said, 'I do not like these cloudy, foggy days'?

"Once the General San Chi led his soldiers to fight against his nation's enemy, and one night he went out to learn how many of the enemy could be seen.

"The moon and stars tried to help him, but you came and covered them and it grew so dark that he lost his way. Then the enemy took his horse and gun and he nearly lost his life.

"He hid in a cave and said, 'Those clouds have caused my death, I fear.' He lay in the dark cave until the morning came and he could see to find his way.

"We do not see why the Creator made clouds to hang around in the sky from north to south, and east to west," said the snow, angrily.

Just then the clouds' lawyer, the wind, came to defend them. "Whom are you scolding?" he asked.

"You think the Creator should have made the snow king of a world, I suppose, and that there is no place or use for the clouds.

"You talk so much that we can not find opportunity to tell what we are good for. You are not the only helper of man and of growing things in the hot summer time.

"Do you remember when the great General Dhi-Sing led five thousand soldiers to battle? They traveled over mountains and through wild places until they were worn and weary.

"They found water to drink by the Gold Mine Mountain and stopped there to rest; but there were no trees or growing things on that mountain and they could find no shade.

"The sun sent down great heat and they suffered so that they could not rest. Then they held their faces up to heaven and in anguish they cried, 'Oh, sun, why shine so hot to-day?'

Then they looked to the east and saw our brother, the cloud, beginning to appear.

"'Why do you not come to us, and cover the face of the sun that we may have shade and rest?' they pleaded of the cloud; and so our brother came and stood between the earth and the sun.

"'Oh, this is rest, rest,' said the soldiers in great relief. 'How we wish that the cloud might always shield us from the burning fire of the sun.'

"And not only the soldiers, but all the farmers and wood-cutters ask us to help them in the time when the sun comes close."

"Can you do only this one thing?" asked the snow, coldly.

"Who carries the rain and the snow through the sky?" asked the wind.

"I tell you there would be no rain nor snow but for the help of the wind and the clouds.

"You know well that the rain is made from the ocean water.

"One day the water said to the cloud, 'Friend, I should like to journey around and around the sky, but I have no wings, and can not fly. My body is so heavy that I can not move it, and I never expect to take this trip unless you, my friend, help me.'

"And so we lifted the water and helped it step by step until we floated it through the air. Our first cloud faces were very light, but after we had traveled five or six miles through the sky our faces changed to gray, and when we had gone one thousand miles our faces became black and the farmers said, 'We shall soon have rain.'

"Do you know why the faces of clouds grow black?" asked the wind.

"Anger makes things black," said the snow, "but why should we know, for of ourselves we never change color."

"It was because great strength was being put forth to

travel through the sky," argued the wind, "for soon the drops of water said, 'We are tired and want to go back to earth again.'

"Then we said to the water, 'The earth people need you and all growing things need you. It is good that you go.'

"And on the place where that water fell there had been no rain for three years.

"The king had bowed his head a thousand times before our father and mother and had cried, 'Oh, rain cloud, why are you so long in coming?'

"We heard the earth king's cry, and that night the mother of clouds said to us, 'My children, you must go down to earth and help its people or they will perish.' So we called all our brothers and sisters to go at the same time, and we went to earth and saved a million and a million lives.

"The greatest wrong you have done is to forget who helped you when you were needy," continued the wind.

"Do you remember that you once lived in the ocean, river, or lake? At that time I do believe that you were not well liked. In the sea you were in the lowest class and worked hard every day and night.

"When the wind came and blew you into waves you would always call out in a big rough voice, 'Muh; Muh; Spsh; Sph -s-s.'

"You were restless and unhappy, and tried and tried to escape from that place, and the cloud mother pitied you.

"She said, 'I am very sorry. We will bring them up here with us,' and she asked the sun's help to do it.

"For a day and a day, a night and a night, you were carried up, up to the first section. But you were not satisfied then, and you were taken to very high seats.

"You wanted the best places and would do no work unless the winds pushed and the clouds carried you. So we took you up high where we lived and had a happy time.

"Now you have forgotten all this. Who helped you up?

Who made you pure?" But the snow did not answer.

Finally the snow said, "Yes, our family is from the rivers and seas. We had forgotten. If we had only thought, we should have been more grateful."

The sun was judge, and he said, "We decide this case in favor of the wind and the clouds."

The Fish and the Flowers

Once there was a Chinese merchant who sold flowers and fish. In the winter time the flowers and fish each had a separate house to live in, but one very cold winter the merchant said to his servants, "I think we must put the lily bulbs in the house with the fish. It is warmer there."

And a thousand and a thousand narcissus bulbs which were growing for the great feast of the New Year were moved into the house with the fish.

This made the fish angry and that night they scolded the narcissus.

"Friends," said the fishes, "this is not your place and we will not have you here.

"We do not like your odor. You will spoil our people. When men pass by our door they will see only you.

"They will never see our family. You can not help or do any good here; so you must go.

"Every day a hundred and a hundred merchants and students come to visit us. If you stand by our door they will surely think the fish are all gone and there is nothing but flowers left.

"We do not want our place to smell so strongly of flowers. We do not like it. It is very bad and makes us sick."

The narcissus answered, "Strange, but we were thinking of that same thing.

"Some people say that fishes have a bad odor, but I never heard it said of our flowers. I think I will say no more about it. Let others decide."

Then another flower spoke and said to the one who had been talking, "Hush, sister, this is not our house. We will go

to-morrow. Let the fishes say what they will about us, and do not quarrel with them. All people know we are not bad and that our fragrance is sweet."

When the morning sunshine came, the doors were opened, and a thousand and a thousand flowers had blossomed in the night, and the people said, "Oh, how sweet! Even a fish house can be made pleasant. We wish it could be like this all the time."

And one visitor said, "How sweet this place is! Do fishes or flowers live here?" And when he saw, he said, "It is too bad to put delicate flowers in evil smelling places."

Then three students came to buy flowers. The servants brought three pots from the fish house, and the students said, "We do not want pots from the fish house. Give us others. These have a disagreeable smell, like the fishes."

The fishes heard all and were even more angry at the flowers. But the flowers heard and were happy, and they said, "How foolish to quarrel and try to put evil on others."

Ee-Sze (Meaning): The good need no defense. Their best defense lies within themselves.

The Hen, the Cat, and the Birds

Once a farmer's boy caught three young wood larks. He took them home and gave them his best and largest cage to live in. Soon they were happy and sang almost all day long.

Every one liked the birds very much, excepting the cat and the hen.

One day the sun shone very hot and the birds tried to get out of the cage. They wanted to fly in the trees and bushes.

The farmer's boy knew what they wanted and hung their cage in the tree.

He said to himself, "I think my birds will like this. They can get acquainted with other birds. I know birds should go with birds. That is their happiness."

Then the wood larks sang loud and long, for they were glad to be in the trees.

An old hen was sitting on some eggs near by, and her little ones were just beginning to come out of the shells. The singing of the birds made her angry and she said to them, "Will you stop that noise for a time so that I may hear my little ones call? I can not hear a word my children say. That is not a pretty song, anyway. When other birds sing, their songs are sweet; but your noise hurts my ears. Why do you sing all the time? No one likes to hear you.

"That foolish boy did not know much about birds, or he would not have caught you. There are plenty of other birds in the mountain. The thrush and the kind-birds are good, with fine voices and clean and beautiful feathers.

"Why could not that foolish boy catch them? They are the birds I like. They are kind to chickens and like to live with

us, but you wood larks are our enemies, and our children fear to come near you."

The birds made no reply to the hen's scolding. They sang and were happy and did not seem to notice her.

This only made the hen more angry, and when the cat passed by her door, she said, "Good morning, Mrs. Cat. Do you know we have much trouble since our enemies, the wood larks, came here to live? They are always trying to get out of the cage. I think they want to hurt my children—or yours," she added slyly.

"Do you hear their harsh ugly voices all the day? I can not sleep, I can not find any comfort here since those birds have come."

"Our master's son brought them," said the cat, "and we can not help ourselves. What would you do about it?"

"I told you," said the hen, "that I do not like those birds. They should be killed or driven away."

"I do not like them very well either," replied the cat. "Cats and birds do not go well together. Cats like birds to eat you know, but then men like chickens. If you do not want them here, we can do this. At midday, when the master's son lets the birds out for a bath, they sit a while in the sun to dry their feathers. When you see them come out, call 'Cluck, cluck,' and I will come and catch them or drive them away."

When the time came for the birds to take their bath, the cat was asleep. The hen called loudly. The cat heard her and crept quietly to the place where the birds were bathing.

But one of the birds saw the cat and said to her, "Mrs. Cat, what are you trying to do? We know what the hen said to you about us last night. I heard her advise you to kill us or drive us away. Is this not true?

"The old hen does not wish us to live here; but then the rats and mice do not like you to live here either. I warn you not to put your paws on us. If you kill us, the master's boy will kill you, and he will kill and cook the hen. Do you know how

much he loves us?

"Every morning before the sun shines, he is up; and do you know where he goes? He goes to the river to catch the baby swims (little fish) for us. He goes to the mountain and catches grasshoppers for us, and from the fields he brings us seeds and rice.

"He works hard for us. Sometimes he brings other toys here just to hear our songs. He spent much money for our cage and our gem-stone water dishes.

"Every day the master asks his son, 'How are your birds, my son?'

"One day our brother would not eat food and the boy said to his father, 'What ails my bird, father? All the foods are here, but he will not eat.'

"The father answered, 'I will call a doctor.'

"And the doctor came and said, 'The bird has fever. Give him some Da-Wong-Sai and Tseng-Chu-Mi and he will be well soon.' The boy paid the doctor for this; so you see how well he loves us.

"When we do not like to stay in the house he hangs us out in the trees so that we can talk with other birds.

"Now, Mrs. Cat, do you see how well we are cared for? Go back and tell the old hen not to talk about us. Do not notice what she says against us, for if you kill us, as the hen wishes you to do, you will surely have no life left in the world.

"You see how cunning the hen is. She will not do the thing herself, but wants you to do it. That proves that she is your enemy as well as ours.

"Oh, Mrs. Cat, do not be foolish. You have three little ones to care for. If you lose your life by taking ours, who will care for your children? Will the hen do it? I think not."

When the cat heard such wisdom from a little bird she said, "Well! Well! Well! I think you are right," and went away.

Ee-Sze (Meaning): True friends will not ask you to do things they would not do themselves.

The Boy Who Wanted the Impossible

Tsing-Ching (Pure Gold) was four years old when his parents sent him to a "baby school" for the first time and told him that the teacher could tell him everything he would like to know.

When he saw a queer bird flying around he asked his teacher, "What kind of thing is that in the air?" His teacher told him, "A bird," and that to be a bird meant to fly around and sing in every place and make music for the people.

The boy said, "Can I not do it?" His teacher said, "Yes, you can sing music for the people, but you can not fly unless you get wings."

Tsing-Ching replied, "Yes, I can do that, too. My grandmother told me about a spirit with wings."

His teacher said, "If your grandmother told you that, you can try and see. You may be a man with wings sometime."

Just then the servant girl, that his mother had sent, came to fetch him home from school.

When they reached the park by his home, Tsing-Ching said, "Lau-Mai, I want that long ladder and a long stick." The nurse-girl did not know what he would do with them, but she finally had to give him both to keep him from crying. She was afraid his mother would hear him cry and that she would come out and scold her for not taking better care of the child.

As he took the long ladder he said, "Now I am going to be a bird." His nurse said, "You can not be a bird, Tsing-Ching. Birds fly. You can not fly. Why are you trying to climb up the ladder? That is not the way to be a bird."

Lau-Mai helped him up two or three steps, when his mother called her to come in and she left him there for a little

time.

He climbed up, up, nine steps by himself—and fell down. But he was not hurt, nor did he cry; he had no fear—he thought of but one thing—*he was going to be a bird*.

Suddenly his mother came and saw him again trying to climb up the ladder and asked, "What are you doing, Tsing-Ching?"

He answered, "I want to be a bird; wait, I will try again. I know that birds fly in the air, not on the ground. I can not fly on earth. If I get up high in the air, then I know I can fly."

His mother thought he wanted to climb up and get a bird; she looked all around and said, "There is no bird up there now."

"But, Ah-Ma, I want to be a bird."

The servant Lau-Mai came just then and explained to his mother. His mother said he was a foolish boy, and gave him food and sent him to school again.

In two hours the teacher sent all the boys out to play. They ran to the pond where the gold-fish were, for they liked to watch them swim in the water.

After exercise, they all went into the schoolroom and Tsing-Ching told his teacher, "I saw many goldfish swimming in the pond. Did you know that, teacher? A man fed them rice and they all came out for him. They seemed so happy, they shook their tails and waved their fins and swam up and down and all around in the cool water. Oh, I should like to be a fish."

His teacher said, "Learn lessons now." But Tsing-Ching could not study; he could only think, think about the fish. Soon he asked that he might go out to drink. Then he went to the pond and took off his clothes, but the gardener saw him and asked, "What are you doing, boy? This is school-time."

"I want to be a fish," said Tsing-Ching.

The gardener thought he wanted to catch the fish and said, "The fish are for your eyes and not for your hands. Do

not disturb them."

Tsing-Ching sat down and waited until the gardener went away. Then he stepped into the water and talked to the fish.

"I am going to be one of you now," he said. "Come to me and show me how to swim with you." But they all hurried away.

For half an hour he splashed in the shallow water, trying to swim, until the teacher thought, "Where is Tsing-Ching?" and sent a boy to see. He found him in the pond and asked him to come into the schoolroom, saying the teacher would punish him if he did not.

"No," said Tsing-Ching, "I shall be a fish; I told the teacher I was going to be a fish." And so the boy went back and told the teacher, who hardly knew what to think.

Finally he went out with a stick and asked, "Tsing-Ching, what are you doing here? Do you know this is school-time? Do you know that you were allowed only to go out for a drink and not to stay here and play? You have done wrong."

"Why, teacher, I told you that I wanted to be a fish," said Tsing-Ching. "I do not want books or exercises. I am going to be a fish and I will not go to school. Mother said you teach everything; now teach me to be a fish."

His teacher said, "How foolish you are, Tsing-Ching; you are a boy, a man. You can learn many things better than to be a fish. Come with me now."

That night when Tsing-Ching was walking with his mother and nurse out by the water, he saw the summer moon shining in the lake.

"How strange, Ah-Ma, the moon is under the lake! See, it raises the lake and shakes it all the time. I want it. What kind of a white ball is it?"

Then his mother told him that the moon was in the sky, not in the lake, and she explained and showed him. And when he saw the moon in the sky, he said, "I know that it is not the moon in the lake, for it shakes. It is not quiet like that

one in the sky. It is a silver ball, I know."

He asked so many questions that his mother grew tired of answering and let him ask unnoticed. Then he wandered away a little distance and threw stones in the water. And the waters waved and the white ball danced so prettily that he wanted it very much. He waded into the lake, deeper, deeper, until he fell down. He screamed and swallowed the water, and it took a long time to make him alive again, after his mother took him out of the lake.

When the neighbors heard about it, they said, "Foolish boy; not satisfied to do the things he can—he is always wanting things he can not have."

Many people in this world are like Tsing-Ching.

The Boy Who Became a Hsao-Tsze

This is the true story of a boy who obeyed perfectly all his life the law of Confucius concerning honor to parents.

Few have been able to do this. Among a people of many millions who have kept record over four thousand years, only twenty-four men have been found worthy of the great honor of being called Hsao-Tsze.

Twelve hundred years ago, in Chê-Kiong Province, there lived a poor widow and her son, Wong Ziang. The father had died when Wong-Ziang was a baby, and the time came when they had only their little home left and not even one piece of silver to buy food with.

So the mother went to many places daily and asked food for herself and child. For seven long years, every day in the cold rain or in the sunshine, this poor widow begged food and kept herself and child from starving.

She was a good woman and never complained even to the heavens, and in her heart she said many times, "No mother should be sorrowful when she has a good son. My boy is true without being taught. Many mothers have sons, but they are not as this one."

When Wong-Ziang was fourteen years old, he said to his mother, "Ah Ma, I will seek work and we will have food. You must rest now."

In the morning early he went to the market place and asked work of many people. At midday, when the laborers left the market place, they said, "You are too young to work here."

As he was hungry, he went to a merchant's house and asked food; and because he was a gentle boy and pleaded so earnestly, the merchant told his cook to give him food. Wong-

Ziang would not eat the food, but took it home to his mother.

Ninety times Wong-Ziang left home at sunrise. He sought work all day, and every night he took food home to his mother and comforted her with, "I soon will find work, Ah Ma. One man says he will want me soon; or, a man told me of yet another place to seek work," and in many other ways he comforted his mother.

When he gave her the food he brought, she would say, "You eat, too." But he would always answer, "I have had mine; you eat first." And when she had finished eating, he would eat of what was left.

One time Wong-Ziang's mother fell sick. He said, "I will go for the doctor." But his mother said, "I have no silver. Wait and you will soon have work. I think I shall be well then."

But Wong-Ziang ran to the city of Nim-Chu and asked the doctor to come to his mother. He said to him as they went to his mother's house: "My mother did not get up at sunrise. She is weak and sick and can not eat food. She does not want a doctor, as we have no silver, but I believe you will wait and, when I get work, I will pay you." The doctor said, "I always help the poor when I can, and will not charge you this time."

When they reached the widow's home, the doctor made the examination of the tongue, the eyes, and the pulse. He then said, "She is very weak. I will leave medicine, but it is better that she eat good food that she likes. Twice in five days, she should have a carp fish boiled in rice wine. But it is winter and the river is frozen. I know not how you will get that fish," and then he went away.

Wong-Ziang gave his mother the medicine, and she asked, "What did the doctor say about me?"

"He said you needed a carp fish cooked in rice wine so that you may be strong," answered Wong-Ziang. "It is very easy for me to find one. I am going now to the river."

But the mother said, "Not now, my son. Wait until spring. The river is covered with ice."

"I will see," said Wong-Ziang; and he put on his fishing clothes.

His mother said, "I fear you will die, if you go into the water."

"I will see first if there are any fish," said he.

When Wong-Ziang reached the river, he saw it was covered with ice. He made a great hole in the ice and went in, and after swimming and diving for some time, he caught a fish for his mother.

But his breath almost left him in the cold water, and when he came out, he could not stand on the ice.

He fell down, and his clothes froze to the ice with the net and the fish he had caught.

"He is gone a long time," thought his mother. She called a servant girl who was passing, and said, "Ah Moi, will you go down to the River Ching-Ki, and see if my boy is there?"

Ah Moi went and saw the boy and the fish in the net lying frozen on the ice together.

She called, "Wong-Ziang," but when no answer came back to her, she thought, "He is dead," and ran in fear. But she met a farmer who was riding a cow and she told him, "Wong-Ziang is dead on the ice." The farmer left his cow and went with her to see.

The farmer took off his own coat and wrapped it around the boy. He carried him in his arms and said to the servant. "I think he is not dead. Take the fish and net at once to Wong-Ziang's mother."

In an hour Wong-Ziang came to life again. He arose and cooked the fish for his mother. And in fifteen days she was well.

Soon after this, Wong-Ziang was given work in the next village as cook for a rich professor who had many pupils.

One day he went to the wilderness to cut wood. His mother knew that her boy worked hard, and so she went with him to help and they worked until sunset.

Suddenly a small tiger came out of the forest towards the mother, and from fear she became as one dead. Wong-Ziang screamed and made a great noise. He threw his clothes at the beast and it ran away. Then he carried his mother home, and the neighbors who had watched him all his life said, "Wong-Ziang will become a Hsao-Tsze if he is always like this."

Wong-Ziang had seen twenty-one years when his mother died, and he had never left her for one day in all his life. He was liked by his teachers, schoolmates, and neighbors, for they said, "We can learn a great lesson from Wong-Ziang who has loved and honored his mother perfectly."

While his mother was living, Wong-Ziang worked for her and spent little time or money in study; but after she died, he studied hard. When his work in the professor's kitchen was done each day, he always sat outside the schoolroom door where he heard the teacher giving lessons to his pupils.

For seven years he studied in this way before the teacher, Liao-Tsai, knew; but one day he found out what Wong-Ziang had been doing. In time he came to love him as his own son and he asked him, "Would you like to be my Chi-tsze (son by adoption)?"

And Wong-Ziang said, "I would, but I am poor and unlearned, and you are rich and honored. It could not be."

But his teacher said, "I want you in my school. I have had many pupils, but none that have worked and learned as you have. I have known many sons, but none of them served and honored his parents so faithfully. Think about this two or three days and then give me your answer."

After three days Wong-Ziang decided: and he came to Liao-Tsai, his teacher, and, kneeling down before him, he bowed his head low. And after this time he was as the professor's own son.

In sixteen years, Wong-Ziang graduated from the great University with highest honors. He had studied all the books of the Chinese schools and was now a Han-Ling (Ph.D.).

He served his nation and emperor wisely and had a high state position for more than twenty years. The people called him Zien-Zan before the emperor. But when he came home to his native province where people had known his deeds all his life, they bowed their heads low in affection, and called him, "Hsao-Tsze."

The Hunter, the Snipe, and the Bivalve

Yung-Moi was one of the very wise men of China. He had lived in the mountains and studied the books of Confucius for twenty years, and afterwards he taught others.

He taught school for ten years, and because of his wisdom had many pupils—over two thousand in all. He was now sixty years old and greatly respected by many people.

One day he thought he would give a party for his scholars. So he sent them all word and asked that each one repeat a story at the party.

After he had invited his guests, he thought, "I, too, must have a story ready for to-morrow night. What shall it be?" And he walked down to the river, thinking.

There he saw two creatures in the edge of the river fighting. One was the great bivalve; the other was a snipe that had been hunting for fish in the river.

They fought long and hard, until a hunter with a gun and net passed by and saw them. He made no noise and came close, close, but they were so busy trying to kill each other that they could not see him. So he caught them both and took them home in his net.

Yung-Moi, the wise teacher, thought deeply and said to himself, "There is meaning in all this," and he walked slowly back to his schoolroom.

He sat down at his desk and thought, and he stirred the ink in his ink-dish, not knowing what he did.

Then he wrote this story and said: "In my mind this is a strange thing. The snipe is a fine creature in the air. He has two wings and has great power to do for himself.

"Small fishes swim in the water and the snipe can take any

one he wants, but he can not live in the home of the bivalve, or try to take life away from him without perishing himself.

"If he had power to go under the water and live, there would be no small fishes in the river, and if he were big, like the eagle or bear, there would soon be no fishes in the world. I am glad the Creator made him a small creature and not too powerful.

"The bivalve—he has great power to live under the water. Small swimming things can not escape if they pass by his door, but if he could move about like other fishes with his great power and his appetite for many fish, I think the mother of all fishes could not make enough for his greedy mouth, for now he opens his doors all day long and takes in the creatures that swim by.

"I had fish from the river last night for my evening meal, but I think they never passed the bivalve's house or he would have had them for his supper.

"When the bivalve and snipe fought together, each one thought, 'I have great power; I want what you have, and I will kill you and get it for myself.'

"The snipe saw the bivalve's door open and he thought, 'What nice white meat; I will have it,' and he picked at it. The bivalve shut his doors tight and held the snipe so that he could not get away.

"And they fought; each one trying to kill the other, until the hunter came and caught them both. Then the hunter took the snipe and the bivalve home and said to his wife, 'We will have a good supper to-night.' And his wife looked and was very glad to have two such savory things at one time. The hunter said, 'Cook the bivalve well done, and we will put some Tung-Ku and Cho-Chen-Cho with it. Save the shells and put them away carefully to dry, and I will sell them to the man who makes furniture, for inlaying his tables.

"'The pearls that were in this bivalve will bring me much silver from the jeweler. I will ask my mother to come here for

supper. The bivalve is enough for us all, and my mother will be glad. She has never before eaten of a bivalve.

"'The snipe, I will not kill. I will keep him to show to my son and nephew. Give him rice to eat and some water to drink, and keep him in the cage. To-morrow I will give him some fish and in a few days I will take him to the school teacher. Then, when I train him to sing, I will take him to the market place and sell him for much silver.'"

At the party on the evening of the next day, all the pupils told stories. At last the teacher repeated the story of the fight between the swimming and flying creatures.

"Now, I will ask you a question," he said to the pupils. "If the snipe flies in the air, can man catch him? And if the bivalve stays under the cave in the river, can man injure him?"

And the pupils all said, "No, teacher."

"Well, it was sad that the snipe and the bivalve were caught yesterday. Can you tell me why?"

"We do not know," said the scholars.

And the teacher said, "They are happy and powerful creatures when they do no harm to each other. The snipe flies in the air, the bivalve swims in his home, the sea, and each has happiness according to his kind.

"Now you see these two creatures fought together, the snipe and the bivalve, and they did not succeed by fighting. The hunter is the only one that succeeded.

"It is so with the three nations now at war. They are like the hunter, the snipe, and the bivalve. They ought to live in peace. They are lost when they fight among themselves."

Then Yung-Moi drew a picture of the warring countries for his pupils.

(YOT) ONE (YEE) TWO (SARM) THREE

"One and Three represent two nations at war with each other. One asks Two's permission to pass an army through his country that he may fight Three. While the army of One is

away from home, the people get in a fight among themselves and civil war follows. Number Two takes advantage of the situation and in the absence of Number One's army (who is trying to overpower Three), conquers Number One easily. Number Two then owns the nations One and Two, and with this added strength goes to the land of Number Three and conquers him, so that all three countries now belong to Number Two."

The Mule and the Lion
(Lii-Tsze and Sii-Tsze)

One night the lion was very hungry, but as the creatures of the wilderness knew and feared him even from afar, he could not find food. So he went to visit the young mule that lived near the farmer's house, and when he saw her he smiled blandly and asked, "What do you eat, fair Lii, to make you so sleek and fat? What makes your hair so smooth and beautiful? I think your master gives you tender fresh grass and fat young pig to eat."

The mule answered, "No, I am fat because I am gentle. My hair is beautiful because I do not fight with other creatures. But why do you come here, Sii? Are you hungry? I believe you are seeking for food."

The lion said, "Oh, no, I am not hungry. I only walk around to get the cool, fresh air. And then the night is very beautiful. The moon hangs up in the clear sky with the stars and makes a soft light, and so I came to visit you. Would you not like to take a walk with me? I will take you to visit my friend, the pig. I never go to his house alone; I always take a friend with me."

The mule asked, "Shall we go to any other place?"

"Yes," answered the lion, "I think we will go to visit another friend of mine who lives not far away."

Then the mule asked his mother, "Will you allow me to go with Sii to see his friend?"

"Who is his friend?" asked the mother.

"The farmer's pig," said the mule.

"I think it is no harm if you go only there," said the mother mule. "But you must not go anywhere else with Sii. The

hunter is looking for him, I hear, and you must be careful. Do not trust him fully, for I fear he will tempt you to go to some other place or into some wrong thing. If I allow you to go, you must come home before midnight. The moon will not be gone then and you can see to find your way."

So the lion and the mule went to visit the pig who lived in a house in the farmer's yard. But as soon as the pig saw the lion, he called out in a loud voice to his mother.

The lion said, "He is afraid of me. I will hide and you may go in first."

When the pig saw that the mule was alone, he thought the lion had gone. He opened his door wide and was very friendly to the mule, saying, "Come in."

But the lion jumped from his hiding place and caught the pig as he came to the door. The pig called to his mother in great fear. And the mule begged the lion, saying, "Let the poor little creature go free."

But the lion said, "No, indeed, I have many pigs at my house. It is better for him to go with me."

Then the lion carried the pig, while the mule followed. Soon they came to where a fine looking dog lay on some hay behind a net. The lion did not seem to see the net, for he dropped the pig and tried to catch the dog who cried loudly for mercy.

But the lion said to the foolish mule, "See how rude the dog is to us. We came to visit him and he makes a loud noise and tries to call the hunter so that he will drive us away. I have never been so insulted. Come here, Lii-Tsze, at once and help me!"

The mule went to the lion and the net fell and caught them both. At sunrise the hunter came and found the mule and the lion in his net. The mule begged earnestly and said, "Hunter, you know me and you know my mother. We are your friends and we do no wrong. Set me free, oh hunter, set me free!"

The hunter said, "No, I will not set you free. You may be good, but you are in bad company and must take what it brings. I will take you and the lion both to the market place and sell you for silver. That is my right. I am a hunter. If you get in my net, that is your business. If I catch you, that is my business."

Ee-Sze (Meaning): Bad company is a dangerous thing for man or beast.

The Fa-Nien-Ts'ing and the Mön-Tien-Sing

Confucius had labored teaching the people righteousness for many forgotten moons. One day he said to himself:

"I have taught many years and I will now rest a while." He thought for a few days and said, "Where shall I go to find rest?" Then he spoke to Tsze-Lu, Yen-Yuen, and Tsze-Kong, his faithful pupils, saying, "I have been thinking that I would now rest for three moons and visit the Tai-San Mountain, but I do not wish to go alone. I should like you to go with me. Where on the mountain is the best place, do you think?"

"On the southwest side where the sun shines warm and the wind does not blow cold," answered Tsze-Kong. And Tsze-Lu, Tsze-Kong, and Yen-Yuen went to their own rooms and planned the journey.

After ten days Confucius and his pupils went to the Tai-San Mountain to rest for the three moons; but even there his pupils studied, for they took their books with them.

As Confucius walked on the Tai-San Mountain he said, "How great and beautiful are the things made by the Creator; even the trees, bushes, and flowers are beyond man's understanding." Then he went to the temple and saw the images of honored men, and when he looked at the face of Dai-Yee, the Just, he said, "You are very great. We remember and honor you, and other generations yet to come will remember and honor you."

When he had walked another half-mile, he grew tired and sat down under the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing tree, and soon he slept.

Suddenly he heard a noise. He awoke thinking his pupils

had come, but seeing no man he lay down again to sleep. Once more he heard the same noise, and looking upward he saw the Mön-Tien-Sing and the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing trees looking into each other's faces; but they were not happy. The Mön-Tien-Sing's face was distorted with anger, and in great wrath she said to the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing, "If I were the Creator, I would not allow you to live. A year and a year passes by and you do not grow. You eat much food and you have more earth than I, and still you do not grow. I never heard that you did any good thing since you were born, and it is said you have lived here five hundred years. Your branches are crooked and your bark is rough.

"You are not even good to look upon. Do you think the children of men care for you? No, for you have neither flowers nor fruit. If people sit under your shade when the wind blows hard, I should think your sharp, ugly leaves would fall on them and stick them.

"It is a strange thing that the woodcutter does not chop you down—useless thing. If I were the Creator, I would not allow the sun to shine on you, nor would I give you rain to drink. I would cause the wind to blow hard until you fell down dead.

"You see I have the sweetest of flowers and the people all like me. One day two women passed by here and one of them said, 'Mön-Tien-Sing, how I wish that I might take you with me. You are so beautiful, but I fear you do not like me. Three times I have gathered your flowers for my hair, but I was careless and passed by a bush and it did but touch them when their lovely petals all fell to the earth. I wish that I might take you to my garden, and that you would grow there and open your beautiful flowers every third moon forever.'

"My name is Mön-Tien-Sing which means Flowers-every-three-moons. If you do not know another meaning it has, I will tell you.

"When you look in the sky on a summer night do you

know how many stars are there? Even man can not count a clear sky filled with shining stars. I am Mön-Tien-Sing. Mön means full; Tien means heaven; and Sing means stars:—'sky filled with stars'—that is my name. I grow very fast. Every three moons I bear a thousand and a thousand flowers. I do not need servants to care for me, for I grow everywhere. Even the chickens and birds like me. They come to me and eat my seeds and grow fat.

"If I were the Creator, the Mön-Tien-Sing would grow everywhere in all the world, and fill the earth with its sweetness, but oh, I wish I could go away from you. I do not like even to see you, and here I must stand always by your side. Your branches are too strong; for when the wind blows, they come close and hurt me and spoil my beautiful flowers. I will pray the Creator to bring a woodcutter and cut you down to-day—useless, evil thing."

The Fa-Nien-Ts'ing did not answer, though he bowed his head in shame. He knew well that he was ugly and that his leaves were sharp and his bark rough, but he said to himself, "I know in my heart that some day, some one will like me, too. For the Creator made me and he surely made me for good. I will keep patient and wait."

In about three moons the cold days came and all things were frozen. The rivers stood still, the flowers were no longer seen, the trees and shrubs threw all their leaves to the ground. But the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing held his head up and smiled bravely, and he kept his leaves and they grew green and green. Then he said to himself, "The cool wind is good for me. The frost does me no harm. I feel better. This is my happy time, for the people like to have green in their houses now. To-day they came to the mountain and they found no other thing that was yet green but my leaves.

"A young man was about to be married. He could find no flowers. So he took some of my leaves and branches to put in his house. The birds come to me for shelter from the cold

wind and snow. They say the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing is a good home for them.

"The winter is cold, cold every day, but I grow greener and greener. The woodcutter comes and stands by my side and says that I keep the cold wind away from him. I know the Creator made me for good."

Then Confucius awoke. He looked up, and he looked down, and he looked all about him. There was no living thing near except the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing and the Mön-Tien-Sing, and he said:

"It was a dream, but surely I heard the Mön-Tien-Sing trying to quarrel with the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing. I know that the things of the world have deep meaning, and this is my lesson: I would not be as the Mön-Tien-Sing, but I wish to be like the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing."

He arose and laid his hand gently on the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing and said, "The time is long that you stand here, patient one. The cold heart of winter does not change your nature more than it does that of birds, beasts, men, or even your enemy, the Mön-Tien-Sing.

"The cold weather makes you better, for you grow green as the springtime, and there is no other tree, bush, or flower which can do this. When the frost of winter comes, where are the flowers, where are the leaves, where are all the growing things of beauty? Where is the grass, where is the green of the field? They are gone. The first cold wintry wind of adversity takes them one by one, but you alone can withstand sorrow and grow even more beautiful.

"Your life is a lesson to me. I am serving the king and serving the people, but there are few who like me now. Three kings have tried to kill me, though my doctrine is to serve the world and help every one.

"But kings will not listen to my teaching, and my brothers try to drive me away, as the Mön-Tien-Sing wished to drive away the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing. For four days I went without food,

and many were the enemies around and against me at that time when the king banished me. But I know that it is my duty to live and teach in the world, although it is winter for me and the cold winds of adversity blow and the hearts of my people seem hard and cold like rocks of ice. I hope I will be as the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing, and stand firmly on the mountain of righteousness forever, that I, Confucius, may do good to a wintry world.

"I would not be as the Mön-Tien-Sing. It is covered in the morning with the flowers of beauty which it drops before the evening. It is beautiful, for an hour, but is frail beyond all of its kind. It bears no fruit and its flowers last but a day, while the Fa-Nien-Ts'ing is strong of heart and mind, though a world is against him."

The Body that Deserted the Stomach

Man's body is a perfect and wonderful thing. His hands are strong to do; his feet are strong to walk; his nose judges whether things are good to eat; his ears hear clearly; his eyes help him to see all the things of the world and to study books; his brain can think great thoughts. And so we call the body of man a perfect thing.

But one day the different parts of man's body quarreled among themselves about the work. Many complaints were brought against the stomach. The hands and feet said, "We work all day and yet we are nothing. Do you know whom we work for?"

The eyes said, "We find many chickens, fish, eggs, and much rice and tea for the stomach. He takes all and does no work for it. He does not even think. And though he never does anything for us, we are always working for him."

Then they all agreed to refuse to work longer for the stomach. They said, "To-morrow we will tell the heart and have him judge who is to be blamed."

So the next day the tongue told the brain about it, and the brain said, "I will see the judge to-night."

When the heart heard the story he said, "Yes, you are right. If all of you lie down and refuse to help the stomach; if you do not give him any rice or meat for food, or any tea for drink, he will learn then that he can not live without you."

In a little time the stomach wanted food and said to the hands, "Give me a piece of fish, some rice, and a cup of tea." The hands were quiet and said nothing.

Then the stomach said to the feet, "Will you go out and have Men-Yen bring me a bowl of chop-suey-meen? I am

hungry."

The feet answered, "No, sir, we will not work for you any more." And they lay down.

The stomach cried for food, but all said, "We do not care; we will not work for him."

After a while the eyes found they could not see well; and in the theater hall next door the drums drummed hard, but the ears could not hear. The heart-judge said, "How is it now with the stomach?" The brain answered, "We are not working for him, nor helping him any more, and I believe he is going to die. I fear that I, too, will die and that all the others will die. I do not believe we have done right in deserting the stomach. Do you not think it best to tell the feet to go out and bring the stomach some chop-suey-meen? If he had that, he might help us again. We shall all surely die unless we have his aid."

But the unwise judge said, "Let him get his own food; let him do his work for himself."

"He can not do that," said the brain. "He lives in a place with great walls around him, so he can not get out. The hands and the feet have always brought his food to him."

The judge said, "Has he spoken about it to-day?"

And the brain answered, "No."

So they agreed to leave the stomach to himself one day longer.

But that night they were all found dead together, for they could not live without each other.

This fable was told by the Chinese general, Tsii, to the Chinese emperor, about twelve hundred years ago. The emperor had been angry at a province of his own people and wished to send this general, with soldiers, to kill them. But the general would not go, and in his argument with the emperor he used this fable to illustrate his reasons for objection and to show the necessity of each part

to all. This fable was translated into Japanese in 1891 and the Japanese have added the following *Ee-sze* (meaning):

The stomach means the emperor. The hands, eyes, feet, all parts of the body, represent the people. Again, the stomach is like a mother, the other parts being the children.

So each one of the people must do something for his nation and Emperor. Each child must do something for the family and the mother. These things must be, if the nation is to be powerful, or if the family is to be strong and united.

The Proud Fox and the Crab

One day a fox said to a crab, "Crawling thing, did you ever run in all your life?"

"Yes," said the crab, "I run very often from the mud to the grass and back to the river."

"Oh, shame," said the fox, "that is no distance to run. How many feet and legs have you? I have only four. Why, if I had as many feet as you have, I would run at least six times as fast as you do. Did you know that you are really a very slow, stupid creature? Though I have only four feet I run ten times as far as you do. I never heard of any one with so many feet as you have, running so slowly."

The crab said, "Would you like to run a race with a stupid creature like me? I will try to run as fast as you. I know I am small, so suppose we go to the scales and see how much heavier you are. As you are ten times larger than I, of course you will have to run ten times faster.

"Another reason why you can run so fast is because you have such a fine tail and hold it so high. If you would allow me to put it down, I do not think you could run any faster than I."

"Oh, very well," said the fox, contemptuously, "do as you like, and still the race will be so easy for me that I will not even need to try. Your many legs and your stupid head do not go very well together. Now, if I had my sense and all of your legs, no creature in the forest could outrun me. As it is, there are none that can outwit me. I am known as the sharp-witted. Even man says, 'Qui-kwat-wui-lai' (sly as a fox). So do what you will, stupid one."

"If you will let me tie your beautiful tail down so it will

stay," said the crab, "I am sure I can win the race."

"Oh, no, you can not," said the fox. "But I will prove to even your stupid, slow brain that it will make no difference. Now, how do you wish that I should hold my tail?"

Said the crab, "If you will allow me to hang something on your tail to hold it down, I am sure you can not run faster than I."

"Do as you like," said the fox.

"Allow me to come nearer," said the crab, "and when I have it fastened to your tail, I will say 'Ready!' Then you are to start."

So the crab crawled behind and caught the fox's tail with his pincers and said, "Ready!" The fox ran and ran until he was tired. And when he stopped, there was the crab beside him.

"Where are you now?" said the crab. "I thought you were to run ten times faster than I. You are not even ahead of me with all your boasting."

The fox, panting for breath, hung his head in shame and went away where he might never see the crab again.

Ee-Sze (Meaning): A big, proud, boastful mouth is a worse thing for a man than it is for a fox.

A Little Chinese Rose

One day Mai-Qwai (Little Rose) ran home angry to her mother saying, "Mü-Tsing, I do not want my name to be Rose any longer. I was in Dun-Qure's garden just now, and she asked me, 'Which flower do you like best of all in our garden?' and I said I liked my name-flower best.

"Then they all laughed and said, 'We do not. Do you not see the thorns on the roses? When we pass near we tear our dresses. When we touch them the blood flows from our hands. No, we do not like the roses. The baby cow does not like them either. They stick her nose when she tries to eat, and even mother can not pick them without scissors. Once when she had a large bunch of roses, little sister tried to get one and it stuck her hands and face so that she cried many hours. Other flowers do not make trouble like that, and we do not see why any one likes the rose best. We think it very foolish to like a trouble flower and be named for it.'

"I do not like my name-flower any more, Mü-Tsing, and I do not want to bear its name."

"Do not cry, dear child," said her mother, "and I will tell you some things about the rose. Do you like rose sugar?"

"Yes, very much," Rose answered, her face growing bright.

"And rose oil?"

"Oh, yes, Mü-Tsing."

"I thought you did not like the rose. So you ought not to like the good things it makes."

"But, Mü-Tsing, tell me why did the rose god make the rose grow with so many thorns? Other flowers are not like that."

"Listen, dear child. If the rose tree were like other trees

and still had its beautiful flowers, I think we should never have any for ourselves. They would be too easily gathered. The rose god was very wise and put thorns all around his beautiful flower. When he made it, he gave it an odor so sweet that all the gods stopped working on the day it was finished. The thorns mean, Honor the rose which grows forever. The cows can not touch it, and the pigs never go near it, and careless children or wasteful people can not destroy it. Do you see, dear, why the rose must have thorns?"

The next morning Rose found in her room a beautiful new rose pillow made of the sweet-smelling petals. When she laid her head on this fragrant pillow she said, "Mü-Tsing, I do not wish to change my name."

The Eagle and the Rice Birds

Once a mother eagle had a nest with three eggs in it and she was very happy while waiting for her three children to come from the eggs. But one day, two schoolboys, named Jeung-Po and Hui-Yin, who knew of her nest, talked together and one of them said, "Did you know that the eagle likes the rice birds?" And the other boy replied, "No, she does not, for I have seen her drive them away."

But the one named Jeung-Po said, "Not only can I make an eagle like a rice bird, but I can make them change natures and live with each other."

"You can not do that," answered Hui-Yin.

"Will you give me a piece of silver if I can make the eagle like the rice birds and take them as friends?"

And Hui-Yin said, "Yes, I will give you a piece of silver if you do that, but I know you can not." And so they clapped hands.

So Jeung-Po went his way hunting, hunting many birds, until finally he found a rice bird's nest with five eggs in it. He took three of the eggs and put them in the mother eagle's nest and then he took the three eggs from the eagle's nest to the nest of the rice bird.

In twenty-five days the eagle's nest had three baby birds in it and Jeung-Po was glad. One day he heard the mother eagle saying to her three babies:

"I do not know why your feathers are not as mine, and your voices are so different and you are such very little things. I will go and ask my oldest son to come here to-morrow, and see if he can tell me why you are so."

On the next day the eagle's son came to visit his mother,

and he said, "Ah-Ma, I am glad to see my three little brothers, but their faces are not like yours or mine."

"I know that what you say is true," said the eagle mother. "I wished you to come, so that we might talk of this strange thing. You are my child, and they are mine, but they are not like you and me."

"I will see what they eat," said the eagle son. Then he gave them a piece of meat, but they could not eat it.

"They want rice all the time," the eagle mother told him. "They will not eat meat." The mystery was so great that the eagles could not understand.

Soon the strange nestlings were flying with the eagle mother. One day she took them to a pleasant place to play, and on their way home they passed a rice bird who called to them. The mother eagle said, "Do not go with him. Come with me." But the little ones would not listen. And when the rice bird said, "Chi-Chi," and flew down to a rice field, the three little ones left the eagle mother and went with the rice bird.

The eagle mother called many times, but her strange children would not come to her. Then she said to the rice bird, "Why did my children follow your call and not mine? How did you teach them in one breath what I have not been able to teach them in all their lives?"

And the rice-bird father said, "They are not your children. They belong to the rice-bird mother. She is coming now; see for yourself."

Soon sixteen rice birds flew near and the eagle mother saw that they were all like her children. The rice bird said, "You see, it is as I told you."

"But they must be my children," said the eagle mother. "I can not understand this, for I never had children like them before. My other children were like me and they never behaved in this way. But I will take them home again and feed them, and when they grow older they may become like me

and the others of my family."

"It will never be so," said the rice bird. "I am sure of that. You need not hope that these children will ever be eagles. You see they do not eat meat, they eat rice. They know the rice bird's call without being taught. They do not speak the same dialect that you speak, nor sing the same songs. They are surely rice birds and you can not keep them longer in your home."

The eagle mother tried again and again to call her children and they only said, "Chic, chic," which meant that they would not come. She waited long, but they refused to go with her. Then she chided the rice birds and said, "You are a bad company, and you have tempted my children to join you. Why do you not tell them to come home with me, their mother? If you do not cease your evil actions, I shall eat you or drive you away."

The eagle mother flew away alone to the mountain, and she sat on a great rock and waited long for her children to come home.

The night came, but her little ones did not return. In her heart the eagle mother knew they were lost to her. All the dark night she cried aloud in her grief. In the morning she hunted long, but she could not find them. She said to herself:

"This is a strange and dreadful thing that has come to me. I remember that I once heard a quarrel-bird say that some of her children had left her in this same way, and she believed some bad boy had changed her eggs. For she had six yellow children in her nest, and when they could fly they went away with the yellow song birds. She found her own children one day in a camphor tree. I wish that I might find my own children."

Just then she met the quarrel-bird mother, and she asked her, "How did you find your own children?"

And the quarrel-bird mother said, "I was passing by the camphor tree when I saw the little ones alone, and I asked,

'What are you doing here?' And they said, 'Eating nuts!'

"'Do you like nuts?' I asked.

"'Oh yes, very well.'

"'Where did you come from?' I said.

"'We came from the yellow-bird family.'

"'But you do not look like the yellow birds.'

"'No, and we did not talk nor eat as they did.'

"'Where is your home now?'

"'We have no home.'

"'Why do you not live with the yellow-bird mother?'

"'We were not happy there. The others do not eat nor drink, nor sing as we do. We are not fond of them, nor they of us.'

"'You are like me and mine,' I told them. And we looked at each other and saw the same feathers and the same color. Then they asked me where my home was and I told them under a rock of the Wu-Toa Mountain. So they went with me, and my house and my food were pleasant to them. In some way—though we could not tell how—we knew in our hearts that we belonged to each other. And we were happy, happy."

The eagle mother thought long about the story of the quarrel-bird, and the next morning she left her nest early and went to the wilderness to seek her lost children. On the way, she met a cousin eagle who asked her, "Why are you crying and crying?"

The eagle mother answered and said, "I have lost three children. Have you seen any—lost in the wilderness? I could not sleep all last night, for a great trouble has come to me."

The eagle cousin said, "I saw three eagle children pass here. They went to the Fah-Nim tree and ate of its fruit. They were playing there, and seemed to be happy."

The eagle mother went to the Fah-Nim tree and saw three little eagles; and she said, "Children, how did you come here?"

The little eagles answered her, "We are not your children.

Why do you call us? We have had no mother since we were born. The rice bird left us when we were small. She said we were not her children. Then an eagle came along and gave us food until we could fly."

The eagle mother said, "You look like my older children, and I believe you are mine. Would you like to go with me and see our home?"

Then the little eagles talked together and said, "She is very kind to us. Of course we do not know her, but we might go and see her home."

So they went, and in that eagle mother's house, they soon knew her for their mother and she knew her own children.

And Jeung-Po lost the money, for it was proved that he could not change nature. Each bird went back to its own kind. The eagle is always an eagle, and the rice bird is always a rice bird.

> *Ee-Sze* (Meaning): The good can not stay with the evil; light can not be changed into darkness, nor darkness into light. White is always white and black is always black. The rice bird is always a rice bird and the eagle is always an eagle. Each is according to his own nature and kind. Man need not try to change those things which the Creator made changeless.

The Children and the Dog

Woo-Hsing lived near the market place and all the children thought him a very wonderful man. He trained fine dogs to do almost everything but talk. If one wanted a dog educated, Woo-Hsing was the man to take him to. Whether for hunting, for performing tricks in public places or from door to door—anything, all things, Woo-Hsing could teach his dogs. This is why the children thought him a wonderful man.

It came time for Woo-Hsing's little boy to learn how to teach dogs. So one day he brought his son a very young one from the market place. Then he told him how the dog should be taught. It would take three years to teach him all: to play soldier with a gun, to dance, to bow his head, to kneel, to play churn the rice, to swim in water with a boy on his back, or to take a basket and go from door to door and beg rice and money for his master. Even then his training was not complete until he could hunt the fox, the gibbon, the mouse-deer, and other animals.

Woo-Hsing's little boy had been named Yiong-Yueng, which in Chinese means "Forever." The reason for the name was this: Woo-Hsing had been given many sons, but they had all died young, so when the last one came he named him Forever, for he said, "He will then live a long time and I shall not be childless."

Yiong-Yueng called his dog Hsi-Long, which means "for fun." He was a very wise dog and learned so many tricks in a short time, that he was known and admired by all the boys in the country around.

One day a crowd of children coming home from school met Hsi-Long in the road. They all shouted, "Here is Yiong-

Yueng's dog. Now we will have some fun and make him do all his tricks for us."

So one boy said, "Here, Hsi-Long! Come here," but the dog would not even notice him. Then another boy pulled his tail because he would not obey; and Hsi-Long bit the boy's finger and growled, and the boy ran home crying.

Another boy said, "Now see me. I will make him take me on his back for a swim in the water as he takes Yiong-Yueng;" and he caught Hsi-Long roughly and tried to pull him in the water. But the dog pulled his clothes and growled so fiercely that the boys scattered and ran home.

One of the boys, Ah-Gum, told his mother what had happened, and how angry they all were at the dog, who needed a beating, as they thought. "When Yiong-Yueng has visitors, Hsi-Long kneels and bows and does all his tricks for him; why would he not do them for us, Ah-Ma? How can we make him do the tricks for us?"

"Well, my son," said his mother, "you wanted the dog to do many things for you. Have you ever done anything for the dog? You are a stranger to him. Did you ever give him anything to eat or drink?

"Try this," continued the mother. "To-morrow, take a bowl of rice, put a little meat and gravy with it, and give it to the dog. Speak kindly to him and pet him. Do this two or three times and he will surely like and trust you. Then he will do for you all he knows how to do.

"You will find people in the world are just the same, my son. Do not expect people to do things for you when you do nothing for them, for that is not right. You must give, if you expect to receive, and it is better to give first."

The Two Mountains

The Kwung-Lun Mountain is very high—ten thousand feet or more. Most of the time his head is covered with the clouds and, since he was born, no man has ever found the way to climb where he might look in the face of the great Kwung-Lun. And the eagles and the San-Chi birds live always with him.

One day Kwung-Lun spoke to the Tai-San Mountain who lived near, and said, "I am the highest mountain in the world. I am the steepest and most honorable of all the mountains here. The farmers come to me; from the morning until the evening sun they come and cut the great rocks from my base. And from the earliest light, until the darkness gathers about my head, the birds sing for me. I have the San-Chi birds. They wear the most beautiful feather in the world. It shines in the sun and has a different glory for the moon. Man gives more gold for this than for any other feather that is on the earth. The San-Chi is mine. I feed him and he lives always with me.

"Yesterday, a teacher and his scholars came here and I heard him tell them this story about Confucius:—

"One day, Confucius was talking to the young King Loa-Bai, and he asked the king, 'Have you ever been to the Kwung-Lun Mountain?' And the king answered, 'No.' Then Confucius showed him a beautiful fan made of feathers from the San-Chi birds. 'Did you ever see feathers like these?' he asked.

"'I am a king and I have seen many things,' said the young king, 'but never have I beheld colors of such wondrous beauty. I will give you one thousand pieces of silver if you will bring me a fan like this one.'

"And Confucius answered, 'If I can persuade you to do one thing that I desire greatly I will give you the fan, for I should not like to sell it. I could not well take silver in exchange for it, as it was given to my honored ancestor, my great-great-grandfather. But as I have said, if you will take my advice concerning a certain matter, you shall have the fan.'

"'I will be advised by you,' said the young king. 'What do you wish me to do?'

"'You are a king of great strength,' said Confucius. 'You have more soldiers than any other king. But if you were a lion, you would not kill all the other animals in the wilderness to show your great strength. Or, if you were the greatest fish in the waters, you would not swallow all the weaker fish.'

"'The young king answered, 'No, I would not! If I were a lion, I would let all the weaker creatures dance before me in happiness and safety.'

"'You are a strong, great king,' said Confucius. 'Other kingdoms are weaker than your own. Their kings do not wish to fight, unless they must. If you will take my advice and will not force them to war for six years, you shall have many gifts from these kingdoms. You shall have this wonderful fan made of the feathers from one hundred and twenty San-Chi birds, and gold and ivory, with beautiful carving; and you shall have gems of many colors and battle-horses and bears' feet. If you will be advised by me, the other nations will give you these things.'

"'How soon shall I have these things?' the young king asked.

"'In one year,' Confucius replied, 'you shall have them. I must have time to go again to the rulers of these kingdoms.'

"So the king agreed to do as Confucius desired; and Confucius said, 'I now give you my fan, and if in one year it is as I say, the fan is yours. But if you begin warring with any other nation in that time, you must return the gift to me.'

"Then Confucius went to see the rulers of the weaker

kingdoms, and four gave promises of peace and sent gifts to the young king. But one of the kings would not give tribute, neither would he say when he would begin war.

"When a year had almost passed, the young king reported to Confucius, 'Four kings only have sent me gifts. Does the other nation wish war, or will its king send me a gift as the others have done?'

"'Will you not take my fan as a gift from me, and let the small weak nation go?' said Confucius.

"Then the king became very angry. He tore his long robe and said, 'I will swallow up the nation that is my enemy. We will have war now.'

"'The year of your promise is not yet gone,' said Confucius. 'If you do that, you must return the priceless fan.' And the young king gave Confucius his fan and went away.

"The king gave his general the order to make ready for war. But in a few hours he repented of what he had done, for he prized the fan of Confucius above all gold or jewels, and he ordered his general to cease preparing for battle. And he further ordered that a Jeh-Shung—good talker—be sent with this message to Confucius.

"'I, the king, am sick at heart. I wish you to come to me and bring with you the fan which I prize above all gems. I will not battle with the weaker kingdom.'

"'I have important work and can not come today,' answered Confucius, 'but in one more day I will see the king.'

"Then the king was very happy again, for his heart was set on possessing the fan.

"When the next day came, the king sent the most honorable chair (carried by eight men), and went himself to meet Confucius, who held in his hand the priceless fan, for well he knew the heart of the young king.

"And when he drew near, the king could not see Confucius. He saw only the sparkling colors of the fan he so desired. And Confucius said, 'I thought you were going to

destroy the weaker nation. Why do you wish me to come here?'

"Then the king bowed to Confucius and said, 'I am in the wrong. I have thought deeply about this, and I will take your advice and keep peace. Now, will you give me the fan?'

"'No, you are not to have the fan on the agreement which you broke, for when you sent me away you prepared to make war on the weaker nation,' said Confucius.

"And the young King fell with his face to the ground and his attendants came to care for him.

"'If you will make a new agreement,' said Confucius, 'and promise that you will never be the first to go to war, I will give you this fan that you so desire.'

"The young king made the agreement. And the fan was given him by Confucius. And the king said to himself, "This fan is more than many kingdoms to me. In all the world of man, there is nothing else so beautiful. My heart has desired above all things this wonderful fan of the San-Chi feathers and the rare carving."

When the Kwung-Lun Mountain had told this story to the Tai-San Mountain, he said, "Although I have the San-Chi birds, the most beautiful of all creation, yet it is to me a strange thing that a thousand and a thousand people bow their heads and worship you, while I stand here and am hardly noticed.

"You give no great thing to the people. You have no beauty. You are not tall and grand. Your head is not higher than the clouds. You can not see the dark and secret caves of the thunder, and the hidden places of the beginning of the storm. You never gave feathers, more beautiful even than flowers, to a king. Why do the people worship you instead of me? The hunter comes to me and the farmer takes my stones, but they forget me, the giver. Now, tell me truly, why do people love and worship you instead of me?"

And the Tai-San Mountain answered, "I will tell you why.

You are very haughty. You are stiff and stony and proud, from your base to your summit. Your nature is not kind. The children can not play in your lap. In the summer time when the people come for the fruit and grain harvest, you give them nothing; and they can not come to you to choose the San-Da. It hurts their feet to walk among your rocks and stones. No one can visit you. You do not welcome them. How can they worship you?

"I am lower and of a gentler nature. The birds come to me to make their nests, and people always gather about me in the summer time. My heart is open and every one knows me well and loves me."

Ee-Sze (Meaning): The proud and the gentle live in the world together. But the gentle and loving have happiness that the proud can not understand.

A Chinese Prodigal Son

I

Kong-Hwa's father and mother were farmers. They had a pleasant home and would have been very happy together, but after Kong-Hwa was four years old, he was a bad, disobedient boy.

He would not listen to his mother's teachings. She was a good woman and tried by different ways to make him do right. In school he was considered a very bright boy and learned fast, but he would not obey his teacher.

Kong-Hwa was only seven years old when he came home one day with his books. He had run away from school.

As he came into the room where his mother was working, he cried out, "Mü-Ts'ing, why do you do that?"

She was cutting into little bits a fine large piece of cloth that she had woven to make the family clothes of. "Why do you spoil the cloth, mother?"

"Yes, my son, it is true I spoil the cloth. It is now good for nothing. It will not make clothes for your father, clothes for yourself, nor clothes for me. It is wasted, and will not be of use even for dust cloths. It is not good for anything. Do you know why I did that, my boy?"

"No, Mü-Ts'ing, why did you do it?"

"For this reason, my son: I am anxious that you shall be good and study your lessons in school every day, and I hope and hope that after a while you will be a good and wise man and do something for your father, your mother, and your nation. And I also hoped to make your clothes out of this cloth.

"But your teacher says you run away, go to the seesaw,

play in the water, climb trees, throw stones at the little birds all day and will not study.

"You are using your time as I have used the nice new cloth —cutting it up in useless little pieces. I once thought you were a wise child, but you are not. You are very foolish."

Kong-Hwa cried and felt sad, while his mother talked, and then he said, "I will go back to school to-morrow. Now can you mend the cloth or make another piece, Mü-Ts'ing?"

"I will wait and see if you really mean to be a good boy," said his mother.

The next morning he arose early, took his books, and went directly to school; but in a few days he was as bad as before.

The school children and the neighbors complained about the boy who did so much mischief. His mother had only the one little son, and as they came to her with complaints, she felt that she could almost die with grief.

She lay awake all night thinking, "What can I do to teach my boy the good? Who can give a boy lessons if not his own mother? Oh, I must think of some way."

Next morning Kong-Hwa was up at the usual time and went into the kitchen for food. But the kitchen was dark; there was no fire, no food.

He said to himself, "It is queer; so late and no breakfast." He went to his mother's room and called, "Mü-Ts'ing;" but there was no answer. He then went close to her bed and touched her, but she did not move.

He then ran to his aunt and told her to go and see—that his mother was surely dead.

She answered, "It may be that the gods have taken her away because you have been such a bad boy. Now will you be a better boy?" And he promised. Then she ran to her sister's home to see if she was dead.

Kong-Hwa stayed outside trembling with fear, while his aunt went in. She soon saw that her sister was not dead and

told of the promise of Kong-Hwa.

"Did my boy think I was dead?" asked his mother. "Well, keep him at your house for two or three days and send him to school. Let him think, and think, and he may be a better boy."

Kong-Hwa's aunt told him that if he learned his lessons and obeyed his teacher, it might be the gods would allow his mother to stay with him after all.

While his aunt prepared breakfast for him, he asked many questions. "What did you do with my mother? Will there be a funeral?"

"Never mind," said the aunt, "go to school and do not be so bad any more, and we shall see what happens. It may be your mother will live again."

II

For two days Kong-Hwa was good—no schoolmate complained, no neighbor complained. He studied his lessons and obeyed his teacher. Then he went again to his mother's house. He saw that she was alive, and in a few days he was again as bad as ever.

"I can not teach him, he must learn things for himself," said his mother; "I do not know what else I can do."

And it was so until he was twelve years old. His mother tried to help him to do right, but it seemed of no use.

Shortly after he was twelve years old, he came home from school one day and said, "Mü-Ts'ing, I want to go to Siang-Sze. I will leave school. No one likes me; no one plays with me. I do not like school and I will not go anymore. I shall be a merchant and make money."

His mother thought he was too young to know what he wanted, and so paid little attention to him. But he insisted, and finally she said, "Go to your father."

His father was surprised and asked, "You wish to make money? How can you make money without money? Siang-Sze is a long way off and it will cost you much to go there. Then

you will need more to be a merchant."

Kong-Hwa said, "Give me enough to reach Siang-Sze and I will go." He insisted until his father beat him and said, "Now go back to school. I will hear no more of this."

Kong-Hwa was keen and determined. He borrowed money, quietly, a little here and a little there, and then he ran away to Siang-Sze.

For many days his mother tried to find him. She did not think he would go far by himself. Finally she learned that he had gone to Siang-Sze and gave up searching for him.

Nine years had gone by when a man from Siang-Sze told of seeing Kong-Hwa there. His parents wrote to him, but no answer came. Thirteen years passed by and they thought, "We shall never see his face again."

One day Kong-Hwa, who still lived in Siang-Sze, said to a friend, "I must go home now, if I can get money enough. I have learned some life lessons and now I am going."

His friend said, "We have good times in Siang-Sze. Why do you leave?"

"It is not the place where I ought to be," answered Kong-Hwa. "I have tried many things here and in all the thirteen years have not had success. No one will have me for a book-keeper. I tried to be a merchandise agent, and in two months I was discharged. I then worked in a bank for forty days, when they paid my salary and told me to go. To-morrow I need money to pay my rent, three months due; but I have no money. I order clothes, and they say, 'No money, no clothes.' I ask friends to lend me some, and they do not even answer me.

"I see now I have been very foolish. I have been here thirteen years and I try to have a good time. I drink, I smoke, I dance, I go to theaters and halls every night—every night. I spend all of my money when I have work. Now I have no work; all my friends have left me; they will not trust me for a piece of silver. I have been very bad. I was a bad boy at home.

My mother was good and gave me many lessons which I would not learn.

"Because my mother was so good, I have no excuse for my miserable condition now. I must go home and show her I am sorry at last. I know now that in all the world there is no friend like a mother.

"I will write to her to-morrow and say in my letter, 'Mü-Ts'ing, I am going to leave the opium, theater, and dance—all bad things.' I will ask her to send me money to come home, and I will then take my father's place on the farm.

"I will take the oxen and plow the rice fields, plant the corn, and tell my father to rest. I will help my mother so she need not cook nor do any other work. There is no one like father and mother, and no place but my home for me now."

Kong-Hwa wrote the letter and sent it by a friend, telling him to say "good words" for him; for he felt that he deserved nothing after causing his parents so much sorrow.

"Thirteen long years and at last a letter from our dear son," cried Kong-Hwa's mother.

His parents were filled with joy and asked the bearer of the good news all about him. How long would it take for the letter and money that they would send to reach him? Would he come at once?

His mother wrote: "My son, Kong-Hwa, come to our home. We feel that you will do what you say in your letter. The house, the land, and all we have is yours and we will rejoice to have you come and care for them. The time will seem long until you are here."

Kong-Hwa went to his parents as soon as the letter and money came to him. And he was a good man from that time and served his parents and made their old age glad. He did everything as he had said he would. He took the oxen and plowed the rice fields. He planted the corn, and he helped his mother in the house, and all were happy.

The Lion and the Mosquitoes

One day Ah-Fou's father said to him, "Come here, my boy, and I will tell you a story. Do you remember the great lion we saw one day, which Ah-Kay caught? You know a strong rope held him, and he roared and tried to free himself until he died. Then when Ah-Kay took him from the net, he looked at the rope and the bamboo carefully, and found five of the great ropes broken.

"How strong is the lion? Twenty children like you could not break one strand of that great rope. But the lion broke five complete ropes. He is the strongest of all animals. He catches many creatures for his food, but once he lost a battle with one of the least of the wilderness creatures. Do you know what it was?"

"A bird could fight and then fly away. Was it a bird?"

"No, my son."

"A man is stronger than a lion."

"No, do you not remember the woodcutter who could put down five strong men? One night a wilderness lion caught and killed him."

"Then what was the smallest of all creatures of the wilderness that battled with a lion?"

The father said, "I will tell you the story: Once in the summer time the lion was very thirsty. But the sun had taken all the water near the lion's home and he went to many places seeking for it. In time he found an old well, but the water was not fresh. As the lion was very thirsty he said, 'I must drink, even though the water is stale.'

"But when he reached down into the old well, he found that it was the home of all the mosquitoes of the wilderness.

"The mosquitoes said to the lion, 'Go away, we do not want you. This is our home and we are happy. We do not wish the lion, the fox, or the bear to come here. You are not our friend. Why do you come?'

"The lion roared and said, 'Weak and foolish things! I am the lion. It is you that should go away, for I have come to drink. This is my wilderness, and I am king. Do you know, weak things, that when I come out from my place and send forth my voice, all the creatures of the wilderness shake like leaves and bow their heads to me? What are you that you should have a place you call your home and tell me that I may or I may not?'

"Then the mosquitoes answered, 'You are only one. You speak as if you were many. Our people had this old well for a home before your roar was heard in the wilderness. And many generations of us have been born here. This home is ours, and we are they that say who shall come or go. And yet you come and tell us to go out of our own door. If you do not leave us, we will call our people, and you shall know trouble.'

"But the lion held his head high with pride and anger and said, 'What are you, oh small of the small? I will kill every one of your useless people. When I drink, I will open my mouth only a little wider, and you shall be swallowed like the water. And to-morrow, I shall forget that I drank to-day.'

"'Boastful one,' said the mosquitoes, 'we do not believe that you have the power to destroy all our people. If you wish battle, we shall see. We know your name is great and that all animals bow their heads before you; but our people can kill you.'

"The lion jumped high in his rage and said, 'No other creature in the wilderness has dared to say these things to me —the king. Have I come to the vile well of the silly mosquitoes for wisdom?' And he held his head high, and gave the mighty roar of battle, and made ready to kill all the mosquitoes.

"Then the mosquitoes, big and little, flew around him. Many went into his ears, and the smallest ones went into his nose, and the big old ones went into his mouth to sting. A thousand and a thousand hung in the air, just over his head and made a great noise, and the lion soon knew that he could not conquer.

"He roared and jumped, and two of his front feet went down into the well. The well was narrow and deep and he could not get out, for his two hind feet were in the air and his head hung downward. And as he died, he said to himself:

"'My pride and anger have brought me this fate. Had I used gentle words, the mosquitoes might have given me water for my thirst. I was wise and strong in the wilderness, and even the greatest of the animals feared my power. But I fought with the mosquitoes and I die—not because I have not strength to overcome, but because of the foolishness of anger.'"

Ee-Sze (Meaning): The wise can conquer the foolish. Power is nothing, strength is nothing. The wise, gentle, and careful can always win.

The Thief and the Elephant

Six hundred years ago the people of Southern China trained elephants and taught them to do many useful things. They worked for farmers and woodcutters, and helped make the roads twice a year; for an elephant could do many times more work than any other animal. So wise were the elephants that the people grew superstitious about them, believing they could see even into the heart of man.

A judge named Ko-Kia-Yong had an elephant that was trained to do this wonderful thing, so it was said. Three cases which were brought before him, were decided by a wise old elephant which he owned. And this is the way one of the decisions was made:

A man came before the judge and said that some robbers had been in his house during the night and had taken his gold and jewels—all that he had; and he asked the judge to find and punish the thieves.

In three months, five robbers had been found. When they were brought to the judge, they bowed before him and each one said, "I have never stolen anything."

The man and woman who had been robbed were called. And the woman said, "That man with the long gray hair is the one who robbed us."

The judge asked, "Are you sure it is he, and how do you know?"

She answered, "Yes, I remember. He took the bracelet from my arm and I looked into his face."

"Did the other four rob you also?" asked the judge.

The woman answered, "I do not know."

But the judge said, "The man who you say is a robber,

seems not like one to me. His face is kind and gentle. I can not decide according to your testimony. I know of but one way to find out, and we shall soon know the truth in this matter. My elephant shall be brought in to examine the men. He can read the mind and heart of man; and those who are not guilty need have no fear, for he will surely know the one who has done this deed."

Four of the men looked glad.

They were stripped and stood naked—all but the cloth—before the judge and the law of the nation, and the elephant was brought in.

Then the judge said to the elephant, "Examine these men and tell us which is the robber." The elephant touched with his trunk each of the five accused men, from his head to his feet.

And the white-haired man and the three others stood still and laughed at the elephant with happy faces; for they knew in their hearts they were not guilty and they thought the elephant knew. But the fifth man shivered with fear and his face changed to many colors. While the elephant was examining him, the judge said, "Do your duty," and rapped loudly. The elephant took the guilty man and threw him down on the floor, dead.

Then the judge said to the four guiltless men, "You may go." And to the woman he said, "Be careful whom you accuse." Then he said to the elephant, "Food and water are waiting for you. I hope you may live a long time, and help me to judge wisely."

After this many wise men who were not superstitious went to the judge and said:

"We know that your elephant can not read the heart and mind of man. What kind of food do you give him and what do you teach him? Man himself lives only from sixty to one hundred years and he knows little. How could an elephant read the heart of man, a thing which man, himself, can not

do? Did the spirit of a dead man grow wise and enter that elephant? We pray that you explain."

And Ko-Kio-Yong, the wise judge, laughed and said, "My elephant eats and drinks as other elephants do. I think he surely does not know a robber from an honest man, but this is a belief among our people. The honest man believes it and has no fear, because he has done no wrong. The thief believes it, and is filled with terror. Trial before the elephant is only confession through fear."

The General, the Bird, and the Ant

The people of the north nation were causing the king, Ting Ming Wong, much trouble, and one day he ordered his general, Gui Süt Yun, to declare war on them.

The brave general prepared to march north at once. He led an army of twenty-five thousand cavalry, followed by one thousand infantry.

By the time they reached Mau Tin Lang the soldiers were very tired, for they had then marched ten days. Orders were given that they rest for three days before proceeding.

The weather was very warm, and on the second day there was no more water, not even to drink. The soldiers dug wells in many places, hoping to find water; but each time they were disappointed.

A report was then made to the general, Gui Süt Yun, which said, "The men and horses are near death for the lack of water."

Then the general ordered many men to go in different directions within a radius of ten miles to search for water.

The following morning two hundred men were dead, and still no water could be found.

Then the general, Gui Süt Yun, said, "We must all die here if we do not find water. If it is within one hundred miles, I will find it." He then mounted his favorite war horse, and rode until both he and the horse were ready to die with the terrible thirst. He tried to feed his horse with green leaves; but he was weak and suffering, and the general lay down for rest and sleep. He cried in bitterness of spirit. Then he looked up to heaven and said:

"Has our king done a great wrong or have our soldiers

done evil? Why should we perish here in a strange land? In the hour that I rest and sleep here, may a spirit show me the path that leads out of this great trouble.

"It may be that if the north kingdom is right, we shall die here and not even go to battle. But if we are right, this thing should not be. When we first came here, there was plenty of water. Why did the earth drink up this water and leave us to die? As I sleep, may a spirit show me the meaning of all this."

Then he slept. And he saw one of the great wilderness ants; and a bird flew down to eat the ant. But the ant spoke and said, "I know that you birds try to eat our family all the time. But it is not right that one creature should eat another. You have power to overcome any ant and eat it if you wish, but man has charge of this world. When the hunter comes you can not escape his arrow or his net.

"It is not right that one creature should be against another creature. Go your way, and I will go my way, so that I may find food for my children.

"I have one hundred and fifty eggs in my nest now and I hope every one will soon hatch. Then my children will depend on me to help them. They will all die if you eat me, their parent. The earth has much grain, wheat, and rice. These are enough for your food."

Then the bird answered, "Tell me what makes you so wise. I am a bird. I am much handsomer than you and I have a beautiful song. The children of men all like me. It is true, as you say, the hunter does catch my people sometimes. But there are many men who raise birds in their own houses and teach them to sing. Then they take us to the music hall or theater where they get money for our songs.

"One member of the bird family carries letters for man; and our feathers are used to make feather balls for the children to play with. So you see, birds are very useful. But as for the ant I can not see how he is useful to man or beast."

"Oh, you are mistaken," said the ant earnestly. "Do you

see this general here? He needs me to help him now. Do you know why he is lying here? He and his war horse are near death for the lack of water. Soon more than a thousand soldiers will be dead. Then the north nation will take this general's nation, and his people will no longer have a country. But I will save them.

"Long ago our people saved a nation. Once there was a war between the east and the west nations, and the general, Hai Hau, nearly perished for water, even as this general here is doing. But my people always build their homes near water, and he followed their road and they showed him the way to water and saved many lives."

Then the bird opened his mouth and laughed scornfully, "Chic, Chic, I do not believe that story. You are speaking falsely. I know of one very evil thing your people have done, which I will tell you about.

"Men built a great tower on the North Mountain once, and soon it fell to earth again. After a time they discovered the cause of this trouble. It was not the wind, nor the storm, nor the rain, nor even the earthquake that shook the tower down. It was found that ants had eaten the wood and this caused it to break and fall.

"Birds do not make trouble in the world. Ants do. But I will give you fair warning, that if you do not do this good thing you boast of, I will eat you at once."

The ant answered, "You shall yet see that I am able to save this general, his soldiers, and his horses."

The ant then went straight to the general's ear and said to him, "Do you remember General Hai Hau who was lost in this wilderness? If you will go to the forest, you will see a black street full of my people. They will lead you to their nests near the great cave spring in the wilderness, which was named Hai Hau for the general who discovered it. It is only a half mile from here."

Then the general, Gui Süt Yun, awoke and said, "Strange,

but I surely heard an ant and a bird talking together while I slept. Where is my map? I did not know of the cave of Hai Hau."

He found the great cave spring, and he and his horse drank. Then he hurried back to the soldiers, and their lives were saved.

Three Girls Who Went to a Boys' School

There were thirty-five scholars in the school at Qui-Chu, and three were girls. The boys played by themselves and the three girls played together.

One day the teacher said to his mother, "I think I shall have the girls dress in boys' clothes next year, if they come to school."

"Why will you do this?" asked his mother.

"Because the boys do not like girls in the school. They will not play, read, or write with them. They tease them and laugh at them. I fear the girls must leave the school next year, and they are only nine years old. But we shall see."

When the next year came, the mother was willing to do as her son said. She took some cloth and made boys' clothes for the three girls, which she put on them to see how they would look dressed as boys.

When the girls were dressed, they looked at each other and laughed. "What will you do with the earholes, grandmother?" they asked. "Surely the boys will know we are girls."

The mother called her son and asked him, "What shall we do with the ear-holes? They look like boys now, save for that one thing. I fear the girls can not go to school."

"I will see," replied her son. He thought much for two days. Then he went to find an old doctor in the next village, far enough away so that no one would know. He asked the doctor, "Can you close the ear-holes so that girls' ears will be as boys'?"

"Oh, yes," answered the doctor, "I can if you will pay me." Then the doctor came and put something in the ear-holes and colored it so that it looked like skin, and the grandmother was

satisfied to send the girls to school.

But the teacher forgot and called them girls' names. The others laughed at the three boys with funny names, but they did not seem to remember them.

Five or six months went by, and the boys had not yet learned that the three scholars with the pretty names were the girls of last year. Then one boy came to the teacher and asked, "Why do those boys have girls' names? I wish to know."

The teacher thought a moment and said, "Lily—Beauty—Moon. That boy was called Lily, I think, because he was so red when he was a little baby. The mother thought he ought to be called 'Red,' but that is not a pretty name for a baby, and so they called him Lily.

"And do you not think that Beauty's name suits him? He is the handsomest boy in the school. I think his mother called him Beauty because he was such a pretty baby. He is as pretty as a girl. I think it is right that he should be called Beauty. Moon's name is suitable for him, too. You know he is gentle and fair. Did you ever see a more gentle boy in school? I think he was always very gentle and fair, and so his mother gave him that name. All his friends like him as they do the moon."

The boy ran away and told the other pupils what his teacher had said about the three boys with the pretty names.

New Year came, and each boy had to write his name on a piece of paper and hand it to the teacher, so that he could give them their school names. Eight gave their names as Beauty, and seventeen as Moon, while all the others wanted to be called Lily. They expected the teacher would allow them to have those as their school names.

In the summer time the scholars had a vacation and the teacher went away for a time.

One day they were all on the playground playing "Theater." They took nine of the prettiest boys and put red and white on their faces and dressed them like ladies and bound their feet to make them small. Six boys put on false beards.

Then they piled up chairs and tables high to make a mountain, and the boys with bound feet were to cross over to the other side. The boys who had to climb over the mountain from the opposite side were careless, and when all met at the top, they tumbled and fell down in a heap. One boy broke his arm, one broke his finger, and one hurt his eye. The other boys did not stay to help or see what they could do for those who were hurt. All but the three girls, who were dressed like boys, ran away in fear, and left the wounded children lying on the ground.

One girl ran for the doctor. The other two stayed and gave the hurt ones water to drink, fanned their faces, kept the flies away, and cared for them like little mothers.

In a few minutes the doctor came. He asked, "What were you doing, boys?" The boys were so hurt and scared that they could not talk, but the girls told how it had all happened.

The doctor bound up the broken arm and finger, and dressed the bruised eye. He was a good doctor and said, "These boys must lie still several days. They can not get up without my orders; now who is willing to take care of them?"

"We will help," said the three girls.

The teacher came back and school began again. When he called for the names of the pupils, they gave those which they liked best—Lily, Beauty, and Moon—as before, but the teacher said, "No, these names are all wrong.

"There is only one Lily, one Beauty, and one Moon in this school now. You boys can not use the names I gave you. You had beautiful names, but your acts were not beautiful.

"You ran away when your schoolmates were hurt. You had no pity for them. Had it not been for Lily, Beauty, and Moon, they would have died. These names mean something. Beauty makes the world a pleasant place for us to live in. The Moon shines and gives us soft light. The Lily gives us beauty and sweet-smelling odors.

"Your acts were not like the names. After this, when boys

want such names they must do something to be worthy of them."

The Rattan Vine and the Rose Tree

In the San-Wui district, in the garden of a rich merchant, lived the Lon-da-Tang (rattan vine) and the Mui-Kwi (rose tree).

One day the rose tree said to the rattan vine, "Lon-da-Tang, please tell me how you grow so fast. What do you eat that you are able to go any where you wish? Nothing seems to hurt you. Nothing seems to stop you, not even the stone fences or the clay roofs. You have no fear, and there seems to be no danger for you. You care not for the heat of the sun when he is close in the summer time. The rain comes down with a rushing noise from dark places in the heavens, and you are not afraid. The wind blows hard and bends our heads to the earth, but you seem not even to heed it."

Then the Lon-da-Tang with a proud and happy summer face answered the rose tree, "Mui-Kwi-Si (Mrs. Rose Tree), you should be made to leave this garden. I would not allow you to grow here if I were master.

"I have known you five or six years. The master put you in the earth and gave you much dirt to feed upon. He gives you water every morning. In the winter time he gives you a cover and a bed of straw. He trims your branches and serves you in many ways. And yet you do not grow.

"You are nine years old now, and only five or six feet tall, while I am only four years old and my branches measure many thousands of feet. You bear a few flowers in the summer, and that is all you can do. You have no fruit and not many leaves. You stand still in the garden and do nothing useful. You ought to be ashamed. Do you see my branches? Although I have been here but four years, I now reach over this house and am

climbing the fence on the other side. Next year, I shall go and cover up another house.

"The master likes me in summer, because I keep the hot sun from the roof and make his house cool. The children like me, too. Sometimes they climb in my arms and swing. And the fence likes me, because I cover it so thickly that I protect it from the children and the pigs. The birds build their nests high in my arms and they like me also. The bugs like me, because I give them a home and they feed upon my leaves. So the master knows that I am good for many things.

"The birds would not go to you, because you are so small; they can not build a nest upon you. The master's wife does not care much for you, because you have so many thorns that she finds it hard to gather your flowers. You are pretty, but who cares about that? The fence is high and no one sees you. And so you stand there and do nothing."

Then the rose tree replied, "Lon-da-Tang, with all your boasting, you can not even stand alone. I can at least do that. I know I am not large, and the birds do not build their nests with me. I can not grow so fast as you, but my children are known to the whole great world of mankind, and are called the sweetest of all flowers.

"And besides, I am independent. I do not lean upon other things. If your house or your fence falls down, where then will be your vain boastful head?

"I care not what you say of me, whether you think a rose is good or bad, strong or weak. I do not wish to lean on the fence or roof as you do. Some day, when the house and fence grow old, they will fall down, and what will you do then?"

Soon after this, there came a great storm. In San-Wiu many houses were partly destroyed and the fences fell to the ground. The roof of the merchant's house was blown off. The proud rattan vine, Lon-da-Tang, was broken in many places, and his head lay low on the earth.

But the rose tree stood firm. And she laughed and said to

the rattan, "I told you that it was dangerous to lean upon other things and never to learn to stand by yourself. I would not trust any house or fence to do my standing for me. I would rather be independent. I grow all the leaves, stems, and flowers I want, and so I stand here forever. The north wind comes and I bow my head to the south. Then the south wind comes and opens my beautiful flowers. I am the rose tree, and in my own strength I stand."

> The following new *Ee-Sze* has been added to this old story: *Ee-Sze* (Meaning): China and her people should be as the rose tree. We must rely upon ourselves. We are better students than warriors; once, when we found ourselves in trouble, we leaned on Japan. Then, when we had trouble with her, Russia told us she would help. But she was much worse and wished to take our land and to make us a people without a country.

The Melon and the Professor

Wu-Kiao was a professor in a large Chinese university, and a very proud and learned man. Hundreds of students were under his teaching, and many thousands honored him. When he went out of his house, five people followed, singing and playing the drum all the way down the street, and eight men carried his chair. At home he had six servants about him. During each meal, thirty dishes were served at his table.

The professor was a great man. Through his wisdom and out of his deep knowledge, he explained all questions to the people.

One day Wu-Kiao sat in the shade of a tree in his garden. He turned his head and saw a watermelon lying on the ground, nearly covered with its green leaves. Then, seeing the fig tree with many figs on it, he said, "I think the Creator should have made the melon grow on this tree."

He touched the tree and said, "How strong you are; you could bear larger fruit like the watermelon." And he said to the vine, "You, so thin and small, should bear small fruit like the fig. Things are not well ordered. Mistakes are made in creation." Just then a fig dropped from the tree on his nose, and he was a little bruised.

Then he said, "I was wrong. If the fig tree bore fruit as large as the watermelon and dropped it on my nose, I think I should be killed. It would be a dangerous tree to all people. I must study more carefully. I know many things and many people; and if I study and think more deeply, it may be I shall come to know that the Creator's works are perfect."

Japanese Fairy Tales

Retold by Teresa Peirce Williston

The Preface

To retell any of the stories of the Orient to the children of the Occident and preserve all the original flavor and charm, would be impossible. Still there is much in the story, just as a story, to delight little readers of America, as well as to broaden their sympathies and stimulate new ideas. And our practical little Jonathans and Columbias need a touch of the imagination and poetry embodied in these tales, which have been treasured through hundreds of years by the little ones of Japan.

The Wonderful Teakettle

The old priest, was very happy. He had found a new treasure. As he climbed the hill to the temple where he lived, he often stopped to pat his beautiful brass teakettle. When he reached the temple he called the three boys who were his pupils.

"See here!" he cried to them. "Just see the beautiful kettle I found in a little shop I passed. I got it very cheap, too."

The boys admired it, but smiled a little to themselves, for they could not see what he wanted of an old brass kettle.

"Now you go on with your studies," said the priest. "I will hear you recite after a while." So the boys went into the next room, and the old priest sat down to admire his prize. He sat and looked at it so long that he grew sleepy, and *nod*, *bob*, went his head until in a moment he was fast asleep.

The boys in the next room studied very hard for a few minutes, but they were boys, and no one was there to see to them, so you can imagine what they were doing by the time the priest was well asleep.

Suddenly they heard a noise in the next room.

"There, the priest is awake," whispered one.

"Oh, dear! Now we'll have to behave," said the second.

The third one was more daring. He crept up and peeped through the screen, to see if it really was the priest. He was just in time to see the new teakettle give a spring into the air, turn a somersault, and come down a furry little badger with a sharp nose, bushy tail, and four little feet.

How that badger did caper and dance! It danced on the floor. It danced on the table. It danced up the side of a screen. "Oh, my! oh, my!" cried the boy, tumbling back. "It will dance

on me next! Oh, my!"

"What are you talking about?" said the other two. "What will dance on you?"

"That goblin will dance on me. I know it will! It danced on the floor and it danced on the table and it danced on the screen, and now I know it is coming to dance on me!" said the boy.

"What do you mean?" said the others. "There is no goblin here." Then they, too, looked through the screen. There sat the kettle just as it had been before.

"You little silly!" cried one of the other boys. "Do you call that a goblin? That looks very much like a teakettle to my eyes."

"Hush!" said the third boy. "The priest is waking up. We had better get to work again."

The priest waked up and heard the busy lips of his pupils. "What good boys I have!" he thought, "Now while they are working I will just brew myself a cup of tea."

He lighted his little charcoal fire, filled his kettle with fresh water, and put it over the fire to heat.

Suddenly the kettle gave a leap up into the air, spilling the hot water all over the floor. "Hot, hot! I am burning," it cried, and like a flash it was no longer a kettle, but a little furry badger with a sharp nose, bushy tail, and four little feet.

"Oh, help! Oh, help! Here is a goblin!" shrieked the priest. In rushed the three boys to see what was the matter. They saw no kettle at all, but in its place was a very angry badger prancing and sputtering about the room.

They all took sticks and began to beat the badger, but it was again only a brass kettle that answered "Clang, clang!" to every blow.

When the priest saw that he could gain nothing by beating the kettle he began to plan how he might get rid of it. Just then the tinker came by.

"That is my chance," thought the priest, so he called,

"Tinker, tinker, come and see what I have for you. Here is an old kettle I found. It is no use to me, but you could mend it up and sell it."

The tinker saw that it was a good kettle, so he bought it and took it home. He pressed it carefully into shape again, and mended all the broken places. Once more it was a fine-looking kettle.

That night the tinker awoke and found a badger looking at him with his small bright eyes.

"Now see here, Mr. Tinker," said the badger; "I think that you are a kind man, so I have something to tell you. I am really a wonderful teakettle, and can turn into a badger whenever I wish, as you see. I can do other things, too, more wonderful than that."

The kind-hearted tinker said: "Well, if you are a badger you must want something to eat. What can I get for you?"

"Oh, I like a little sugar now and then," replied the badger, "and I don't like to be set on the fire or beaten with sticks. But I am sure that you will never treat me that way. If you wish to take me around to the different villages, I can sing and dance on the tight rope for you."

The tinker did this, and crowds came to see the wonderful kettle. Those who had seen it once came again, and those who had not seen it came to see why the people liked it so well.

At last the tinker became rich. Then he put his beloved teakettle in a little temple on the top of a hill, where it might always rest and have all the sugar-plums it wanted.

The Wood-Cutter's Saké

The sun was just rising behind the hills. The great pine trees showed each black needle against the rosy clouds of sunrise. The stones along the path way looked orange in the sunshine and purple in the shadow. The dew-wet breeze blew sweet and fresh over the rice fields.

A poor wood-cutter was toiling up the mountain side. Every morning, almost before the sun was up, he might be seen climbing to the wooded top of the mountain. No one worked so hard as this poor woodcutter, yet no matter how hard he worked, there was never enough wood in his pile at night to please him.

This morning, as he walked along, he talked to himself. "It seems to make no difference how early I start or how late I work at night, I never have enough money to buy the things I wish for my old father and mother. Now at their age they need tea and sometimes a cup of saké."

So he set to work harder than before. It was very warm and he was very tired as well as hungry. Suddenly close by where he was chopping he saw a fat young badger fast asleep.

"Well!" thought the wood-cutter, "here is something I might take home to my father and mother. He would make a fine stew."

The more he looked at the sleeping badger the less he wanted to kill him. If he were awake it would be different, but to kill him asleep! The wood-cutter could not do it.

He said to himself, "No, I cannot kill him. I will just work harder, and see if I cannot earn money enough to buy them something extra for to-morrow."

Just then the badger stood up. He did not run away as you

might expect. He stood looking at the man. It almost seemed as though he smiled.

The wood-cutter stared at him with his mouth open. You do not expect the badger you are just going to kill to stand and smile at you. But this badger spoke, and this is what he said:

"Now, Mr. Wood-cutter, you did well not to kill me. In the first place you could not do it. More than that, since you were good to me, I will be good to you. You cannot guess all the things I can do for you. But first, will you just go beyond that pine tree and bring me a smooth flat stone you find there."

The wood-cutter hurried to get the stone. When he reached the place there lay a rich feast all spread out on dainty dishes.

The wood-cutter thought of his father and mother. He wished he might take them just a bite of some of these dainties. He would not touch anything that was not his own, however, so he began to look for a smooth flat stone.

"He-he!" chuckled some one behind him. He looked around. It was the badger, laughing until his bushy tail shook.

"Does it not look good? Why don't you eat some?"

"Oh, I did not wish any for myself. I only wished that my poor old father and mother might have such a feast as that for once in their lives."

"Never mind, they are eating just such a one this minute."

The wood-cutter stared. "Why, we have only rice and water in the house," he said.

"They are eating just what you see here," said the badger.

"Where could they get it?"

"I sent it to them, and this is for you and me. So sit down quickly, for I am very hungry."

They sat down and ate and ate, now *dango*, or dumpling, now *gozen*, or boiled rice. Then eggplant, saké, cakes, and fruits until the wood-cutter could eat no more.

The badger looked like a round fat dumpling himself, he was so full.

Rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap, rap.
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rap.

It sounded like the music of the drum beating for the soldiers.

"Fan-ta-ra-ra-ra, fan-ta-ra-ra."

This was like the music for the dances.

"Ru-lo, re-lo, ru-le-o, re-lo."

It was the wailing of the sad sweet *samisen*.

Where did it all come from? The woodcutter was looking everywhere but the right place. "Where does all this sweet music come from?" he asked the badger. Then he saw.

It was the badger drumming and strumming on his skin that was stretched until he looked like a dumpling.

With a chuckle the badger disappeared. The wood-cutter looked for him, but saw only a beautiful waterfall. It tumbled in foam over the rocks. What a sweet song it sang!

The wood-cutter knew that he had never seen it before. He went up to look at it. Sniff! something smelled very good. He stooped down to drink of the cold sparkling water.

He drank and stared, then drank again. It was saké, as sure as could be. He filled his gourd with it and hastened home. "Father, here is some saké for you!" he cried.

He told his father all about the badger and the feast. Then his father told him about *his* feast, too.

The next morning when he started to work, you may be sure he did not forget his gourd. He was surprised to see a great crowd of people going up the mountain. Before this he was the only one who would take that long, hard climb. They all had gourds in their hands, as many as they could carry.

Some one had listened at the wood-cutter's door the evening before, and heard him tell about the saké waterfall.

When they reached the place one of the men said: "Now,

young man, since we happen to know about this place, you need not mind if we help ourselves first. We have to go back down the mountain to our work, so we are in a hurry. First let us all have a drink together."

They all filled their gourds and took a long, deep drink. How they stared! The wood-cutter saw that something was wrong, so he slipped away and hid behind a big pine tree.

They took one more taste. "Water! That is only water!" all shouted at once. "Just wait until we get that scamp!" But they could not find him anywhere.

Down the hill they went again. They were angry to think of that long walk for nothing.

When they were gone the wood-cutter slipped out and tasted the water again. It was saké, just as before.

After that, whenever the poor wood-cutter went there for a drink, or to fill the gourd for his father, the water tasted like the richest saké, but for others it was only water.

The Mirror of Matsuyama

In Matsuyama there lived a man, his wife, and their daughter. They loved each other very much, and were very happy together. One day the man came home very sad. He had received a message from the Emperor, which said that he must take a journey to far-off Tokio.

They had no horses and in those days there were no railroads in Japan. The man knew that he must walk the whole distance. It was not the long walk that he minded, however. It was because it would take him many days from home.

Still he must obey his Emperor, so he made ready to start. His wife was very sorry that he must go, and yet a little proud, too, for no one else in the village had ever taken so long a journey.

She and the baby walked with him down to the turn in the road. There they stood and watched him through their tears, as he followed the path up through the pines on the mountain side. At last, no larger than a speck, he disappeared behind the hills. Then they went home to await his return.

For three long weeks they waited. Each day they spoke of him, and counted the days until they should see his dear face again. At last the time came. They walked down to the turn in the road to wait for his coming. Up on the mountain side some one was walking toward them. As he came nearer they could see that it was the one for whom they waited.

The good wife could scarcely believe that her husband was indeed safe home again. The baby girl laughed and clapped her hands to see the toys he brought her.

There was a tiny image of Uzume, the laughter-loving goddess. Next came a little red monkey of cotton, with a blue

head. When she pressed the spring he ran to the top of the rod. Oh, how wonderful was the third gift! It was a *tombo*, or dragon fly. When she first looked at it she saw only a piece of wood shaped like T. The cross piece was painted with different bright colors. But the queer thing, when her father twirled it between his fingers, would rise in the air, dipping and hovering like a real dragon fly.

Last, of course, there was a *ninghio*, or doll, with a sweet face, slanting eyes, and such wonderful hair. Her name was O-Hina-San.

He told of the Feast of the Dead which he had seen in Tokio. He told of the beautiful lanterns, the Lanterns of the Dead; and the pine torches burning before each house. He told of the tiny boats made of barley straw and filled with food that are set floating away on the river, bearing two tiny lanterns to guide them to the Land of the Dead.

At last her husband handed the wife a small white box. "Tell me what you see inside," he said. She opened it and took out something round and bright.

On one side were buds and flowers of frosted silver. The other side at first looked as clear and bright as a pool of water. When she moved it a little she saw in it a most beautiful woman.

"Oh, what a beautiful picture!" she cried. "It is of a woman and she seems to be smiling and talking just as I am. She has on a blue dress just like mine, too! How strange!"

Then her husband laughed and said:

"That is a mirror. It is yourself you see reflected in it. All the women in Tokio have them."

The wife was delighted with her present, and looked at it very often. She liked to see the smiling red lips, the laughing eyes, and beautiful dark hair.

After a while she said to herself: "How foolish this is of me to sit and gaze at myself in this mirror! I am not more beautiful than other women. How much better for me to enjoy others'

beauty, and forget my own face. I shall only remember that it must always be happy and smiling or it will make no one else happy. I do not wish any cross or angry look of mine to make anyone sad."

She put the mirror carefully away in its box. Only twice in a year she looked at it. Then it was to see if her face was still such as would make others happy.

The years passed by in their sweet and simple life until the baby had grown to be a big girl. Her *ninghio*, her *tombo*, the image of Uzume, even the cotton monkey, were put carefully away for her own children.

This girl was the very image of her mother. She was just as sweet and loving, just as kind and helpful.

One day her mother became very ill. Although the girl and her father did all they could for her, she grew worse and worse.

At last she knew that she must die, so she called her daughter to her and said: "My child, I know that I must soon leave you, but I wish to leave something with you in my place. Open this box and see what you find in it."

The girl opened the box and looked for the first time in a mirror. "Oh, mother dear!" she cried. "I see you here. Not thin and pale as you are now, but happy and smiling, as you have always been."

Then her mother said: "When I am gone, will you look in this every morning and every night? If anything troubles you, tell me about it. Always try to do right, so that you will see only happiness here."

Every morning when the sun rose and the birds began to twitter and sing, the girl rose and looked in her mirror. There she saw the bright, happy face that she remembered as her mother's.

Every evening when the shadows fell and the birds were asleep, she looked again. She told it all that had happened during the day. When it had been a happy day the face smiled

back at her. When she was sad the face looked sad, too. She was very careful not to do anything unkind, for she knew how sad the face would be then.

So each day she grew more kind and loving, and more like the mother whose face she saw each day and loved.

The Eight-Headed Serpent

The great god Susano walked by the river Hi. He walked for four days and saw no living thing. At evening on the fifth day he lay down to sleep in the bamboo thicket, close by the river's edge.

He dreamed that he saw a beautiful maiden floating down the river. A great monster rose from the water and was about to swallow her, but the god swam out and saved her.

Susano wondered about his dream, and in the morning he said to himself: "In this beautiful land it seems strange that I find no living thing. I will go on up the river to-day, but if by night I find no one, I will return to heaven once more."

As he spoke something floated down the blue face of the river. It was a chop-stick. Then the god Susano knew that some one lived by the river, so he started on to search until he found them.

Toward evening he thought he heard the sound of voices. He hurried on, and as he turned a bend in the river he saw an old woman sitting by the edge of the water and weeping. Her husband and little daughter sat near her.

Susano looked at the girl in surprise, for she seemed to be the same one whom he had seen in his dream. "What is your trouble?" he asked of the woman. "Perhaps I can help you."

The old woman answered: "No one can help us. Our beautiful daughter must go as her seven beautiful sisters have gone."

"But tell me all about it," said Susano, for he remembered how he had saved the maiden in his dream.

"There is a great monster who owns all this land," said the man. "He is a serpent eight miles long, and he has eight heads

and eight tails. Each year, for seven years, he has come and carried off one of our daughters. Now there is only this one, the youngest, remaining. We know that he will soon come and carry her away, too. Nothing can save her."

Now Susano thought that so beautiful a maiden was too good for an eight-headed serpent, so he sat down and thought how he might save her. He sat by the river bank, under the feathery bamboo, and thought.

The blue face of the river turned to red and gold. Then Susano knew that the sun had set, but he did not look up. The light faded and all was dark. He knew the stars were shining, for he could see their tiny points of light reflected on the smooth surface of the water. Still he could think of no plan.

At last he said: "Morning thoughts are best. I will sleep now, and perhaps in the morning I can think of some plan."

In the morning he was up with the first light of the sun. The old woman brought him food, but he ate nothing. He sat by the water's edge, under the feathery bamboo, and thought and thought.

Just as the sun was sinking again he went to the old man and woman.

"Weep no more," he said. "I have thought of a plan to save your daughter. We will get up early in the morning and go to work, but to-night we will sleep, for we need rest."

The next morning they were at work long before light. The old woman prepared a rich soup in eight huge kettles. Susano and the old man made a great wall, having eight gates in it. Before each gate they set a kettle of the soup. Then Susano bruised some leaves which he found by the riverside and put them in the soup. A delicious odor arose from each kettle of soup and floated over the mountains.

Very soon they heard a great roar. "Be quick! Hide yourself!" cried the old man. "It is the eight-headed serpent. He has smelled the soup and is coming to get some."

With a noise like thunder the great serpent dragged himself over eight hills. His eight tails writhed along the ground or whipped through the air. Eight red tongues darted from his eight great mouths.

His eight heads poked through the eight gates in the wall, and in a moment the soup was disappearing.

Susano stole up, and with one blow of his sword cut off the first head of the serpent. In a moment another head was gone, then another and another.

The serpent was angry, but he would rather lose a few heads than forego the soup. Perhaps Susano had put something in the soup to make him think so. *Whiz!* and the tails lashed about. *Whiz!* and Susano's sharp sword cut off the fifth head. The snake was furious with pain, but still trying to get the last few drops of soup that were left.

Susano's sharp sword flashed through the air and cut off the sixth head. Another moment and the seventh head fell.

Just then the serpent turned on Susano. His great mouth was open to swallow him, but the brave man sprang upon the monster's neck and from above cut off the last head.

The great body quivered and shook until the trembling leaves fell down from the trees. At last it lay quite still, and they knew that the serpent would never trouble them again.

Then Susano took the maiden up to the Land of the Smiling Heaven. There they lived, always looking down upon the earth to see who were in trouble and helping them.

The Stolen Charm

A little boy sat on the sand at the foot of an old pine tree.

"Pish, pish," whispered the pine tree as the spring wind swept through its needles.

"Swish, swish," said the waves as they chased each other up to the yellow sand. "Swish, swish," said each wave as it threw its armful of white foam at the foot of the boy.

The boy heard the whisper of the pine tree and the splash of the waves, but he looked far out over the water. He was looking for the white Foam Fairy who came each day to play with him.

At last she came, riding on the top of the highest wave. In her hand she held something which shone in the sun like a drop of dew.

She sat down on the sand with the boy. For a long time she sat watching the waves and the sea birds and the soft white clouds.

At last she said: "Little boy, we have played here together for many weeks. Now I must go away to another land, so I have come to say good-by. Do you see this tiny silver ship I have brought you? It is a charm and will always keep you well and happy."

The boy looked up to say good-by, but could see only the rainbow that gleamed in the spray of the waves.

She was gone, but close by his hand lay a tiny silver ship that shone in the sun like a drop of dew. The boy picked it up and walked slowly to his home.

"See, mother," he said, "here is a tiny silver ship which the Foam Fairy gave to me."

"That is a charm, my boy," said his mother. "You must

always keep it, for it is very precious."

Then he showed the charm to his two pets, the furry little Fox-cub and the fuzzy little Puppy. They sniffed and blinked at it very wisely, as though they knew all about it.

Weeks passed and spring warmed into summer. One evening the boy became very ill. His mother went to fetch the silver charm, for that would make him well again. It was gone! Who could have taken it?

The furry little Fox-cub and the fuzzy Puppy were very sad.

They sat in the dusk and blinked at the fire-flies flashing among the trees. They blinked at the stars in the faraway sky. Their sharp little noses twitched as they smelled the sweet dew on the flowers.

They thought of their poor sick master and wondered how they could help him.

At last the Fox-cub said: "I believe the Ogre must have stolen the charm. Let's go and see."

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid of ogres," said the Puppy, with her tail between her legs. "How would we ever get it if he did have it?"

"Come along. We'll find a way," said the Fox-cub.

They crept softly along the path which led up the hill to the house of the Ogre. On the way they met the Rat.

"Where are you going?" squealed the Rat.

"We are going to the house of the Ogre, to see if he has stolen our master's charm," said the Fox-cub.

"And I don't know how we'll ever get it if he has it," whined the Puppy, with her tail between her legs.

"I'll go, too," said the Rat. "I know how you can get it. Just you wait here by this tree until I creep up to the house. When I am by the window you make a dreadful noise and then run for your lives. I'll meet you at the foot of the hill."

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid," sniffed the Puppy.

"Never mind, he won't hurt you," said the Fox-cub.

They waited by the pine tree until the Rat was close to the house. Then they made a noise like all sorts of monsters, and turned and ran for their lives.

By and by the Rat came, too.

"I know where it is!" he cried. "He has the charm and he keeps it in the pocket of his sleeve. I know it is there, for when you screamed he felt in his pocket the first thing to see that it was safe. Now we'll wait till he gets over being frightened, and then we'll go back and get it."

Soon they were by the pine tree again. Then the Rat said: "Now, you Fox-cub, change yourself into a little boy, and Puppy, into a little girl. Then both go in and dance for the Ogre. Dance for your lives, and keep on dancing until I am down the hill again."

"Oh, dear! I'm so afraid of ogres," said the Puppy.

"Never mind. Dance for your life and he won't hurt you," said the Fox-cub.

Then the Rat hid himself in the folds of the girl's long dress.

The boy and the girl walked up to the door of the house.

"Please, Mr. Ogre, may we dance for you?" they asked.

Now the Ogre was very tired and very cross, so a dance was just what he wanted to see. He said: "Yes, but if you don't dance well, I'll eat you."

They danced their very best and the Ogre was so interested that he did not see the little Rat slip from the girl's dress and crawl under his sleeve.

He did not hear the Rat gnaw through the cloth, nor see him as he slipped away with the tiny silver ship in his mouth.

When the Rat was safely down the hill, the girl and boy suddenly disappeared. The Ogre never knew what became of them. Like a flash they were only a Fox-cub and a Puppy, running and tumbling down the hill as fast as they could.

They thanked the Rat for his help, and then ran to their master with the silver ship.

"Dear master!" they cried, "here is your charm. Now you will be well once more."

Sure enough the boy did get well and lived long after the furry little Fox-cub was a grown-up Fox and the fuzzy little Puppy was a grandmother Dog. But the Dog still puts her tail between her legs whenever you talk about ogres.

Urashima

Many years ago a boy lived down by the sea, where the great green waves came riding in to break on the shore in clouds of salty spray. This boy, Urashima, loved the water as a brother, and was often out in his boat from purple dawn to russet evening. One day as he was fishing, something tugged at his line, and he pulled in. It was not a fish, as he expected, but a wrinkled old turtle.

"Well," said Urashima, "if I cannot get a fish for my dinner, at least I will not keep this old fellow from all the dinners he has yet to come." For in Japan they say that all the turtles live to be a thousand years old.

So the kind-hearted Urashima tumbled him back into the water, and what a splash he made! But from the spray there seemed to rise a beautiful girl who stepped into the boat with Urashima. She said to him: "I am the daughter of the sea-god. I was that turtle you just threw back into the water. My father sent me to see if you were as kind as you seemed, and I see that you are. We who live under the water say that those who love the sea can never be unkind. Will you come with us to the dragon palace far below the green waves?"

Urashima was very glad to go, so each took an oar and away they sped.

Long before the sun had sunk behind the purple bars of evening, Urashima and the Dragon Princess had reached the twilight depths of the under sea. The fishes scudded about them through branches of coral and trailing ropes of seaweed. The roar of the waves above came to them only as a trembling murmur, to make the silence sweeter.

Here was the dragon palace of seashell and pearl, of coral

and emerald. It gleamed with all the thousand lights and tints that lurk in the depths of the water. Fishes with silver fins were ready to come at their wish. The daintiest foods that the ocean holds for her children were served to them. Their waiters were seven dragons, each with a golden tail.

Urashima lived in a dream of happiness with the Dragon Princess for four short years. Then he remembered his home, and longed to see his father and his kindred once again. He wished to see the village streets and the wave-lapped stretch of sand where he used to play.

He did not need to tell the princess of his wish, for she knew it all, and said: "I see that you long for your home once more; I will not keep you, but I fear to have you go. Still I know you will wish to come back, so take this box and let nothing happen to it, for if it is opened you can never return."

She then placed him in his boat and the lapping waves bore him up and away until his prow crunched on the sand where he used to play.

Around that bend in the bay stood his father's cottage, close by the great pine tree. But as he came nearer he saw neither tree nor house. He looked around. The other houses, too, looked strange. Strange children were peering at him. Strange people walked the streets. He wondered at the change in four short years.

An old man came along the shore. To him Urashima spoke.

"Can you tell me, sir, where the cottage of Urashima has gone?"

"Urashima?" said the old man. "Urashima! Why, don't you know that he was drowned four hundred years ago, while out fishing? His brothers, their children, and their children's children have all lived and died since then. Four hundred years ago it was, on a summer day like this, they say."

Gone! His father and mother, his brothers and playmates, and the cottage he loved so well. How he longed to see them;

but he must hurry back to the dragon palace, for now that was his only home. But how should he go? He walked along the shore, but could not remember the way to take. Forgetting the promise he had made to the princess, he took out the little pearl box and opened it. From it a white cloud seemed to rise, and as it floated away he thought he saw the face of the Dragon Princess. He called to her, reached for her, but the cloud was already floating far out over the waves.

As it floated away he suddenly seemed to grow old. His hands shook and his hair turned white. He seemed to be melting away to join the past in which he had lived.

When the new moon hung her horn of light in the branches of the pine tree, there was only a small pearl box on the sandy rim of shore, and the great green waves were lifting white arms of foam as they had done four hundred years before.

The Tongue-Cut Sparrow

In a little old house in a little old village in Japan lived a little old man and his little old wife.

One morning when the old woman slid open the screens which form the sides of all Japanese houses, she saw, on the doorstep, a poor little sparrow. She took him up gently and fed him. Then she held him in the bright morning sunshine until the cold dew was dried from his wings. Afterward she let him go, so that he might fly home to his nest, but he stayed to thank her with his songs.

Each morning, when the pink on the mountain tops told that the sun was near, the sparrow perched on the roof of the house and sang out his joy.

The old man and woman thanked the sparrow for this, for they liked to be up early and at work. But near them there lived a cross old woman who did not like to be awakened so early. At last she became so angry that she caught the sparrow and cut his tongue. Then the poor little sparrow flew away to his home, but he could never sing again.

When the kind woman knew what had happened to her pet she was very sad. She said to her husband: "Let us go and find our poor little sparrow." So they started together, and asked of each bird by the wayside: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow lives? Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

In this way they followed until they came to a bridge. They did not know which way to turn, and at first could see no one to ask.

At last they saw a Bat hanging head downward, taking his daytime nap. "Oh, friend Bat, do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?" they asked.

"Yes. Over the bridge and up the mountain," said the Bat. Then he blinked his sleepy eyes and was fast asleep again.

They went over the bridge and up the mountain, but again they found two roads and did not know which one to take. A little Field Mouse peeped through the leaves and grass, so they asked him: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

"Yes. Down the mountain and through the woods," said the Field Mouse.

Down the mountain and through the woods they went, and at last came to the home of their little friend.

When he saw them coming the poor little Sparrow was very happy indeed. He and his wife and children all came and bowed their heads down to the ground to show their respect. Then the Sparrow rose and led the old man and the old woman into his house, while his wife and children hastened to bring them boiled rice, fish, cress, and saké.

After they had feasted, the Sparrow wished to please them still more, so he danced for them what is called the "sparrow dance."

When the sun began to sink, the old man and woman started for home. The Sparrow brought out two baskets. "I would like to give you one of these," he said. "Which will you take?" One basket was large and looked very full, while the other one seemed very small and light. The old people thought they would not take the large basket, for that might have all the Sparrow's treasure in it, so they said: "The way is long and we are very old, so please let us take the smaller one."

They took it and walked home over the mountain and across the bridge, happy and contented.

When they reached their own home they decided to open the basket and see what the Sparrow had given them. Within the basket they found many rolls of silk and piles of gold, enough to make them rich, so they were more grateful than ever to the Sparrow.

The cross old woman who had cut the Sparrow's tongue was peering in through the screen when they opened their basket. She saw the rolls of silk and the piles of gold, and planned how she might get some for herself.

The next morning she went to the kind woman and said: "I am so sorry that I cut the tongue of your Sparrow. Please tell me the way to his home so that I may go to him and tell him I am sorry."

The kind woman told her the way and she set out. She went across the bridge, over the mountain, and through the woods. At last she came to the home of the little Sparrow.

He was not so glad to see this old woman, yet he was very kind to her and did everything to make her feel welcome. They made a feast for her, and when she started home the Sparrow brought out two baskets as before. Of course the woman chose the large basket, for she thought that would have even more wealth than the other one.

It was very heavy, and caught on the trees as she was going through the wood. She could hardly pull it up the mountain with her, and she was all out of breath when she reached the top. She did not get to the bridge until it was dark. Then she was so afraid of dropping the basket into the river that she scarcely dared to step.

When at last she reached home she was so tired that she was half dead, but she pulled the screens close shut, so that no one could look in, and opened her treasure.

Treasure indeed! A whole swarm of horrible creatures burst from the basket the moment she opened it. They stung her and bit her, they pushed her and pulled her, they scratched her and laughed at her screams.

At last she crawled to the edge of the room and slid aside the screen to get away from the pests. The moment the door was opened they swooped down upon her, picked her up, and flew away with her. Since then nothing has ever been heard of the old woman.

Shippeitaro

Brave Soldier was the name of a very brave man in Japan. One time he was going on a long journey. He had to go through woods and over mountains. He crossed rivers and plains. Near the end of his journey he came to a great forest. The trees were so thick and tall that the sun could never enter there.

All day Brave Soldier hurried along the mossy path that led among the great tree trunks. He said to himself, "I must reach the next village before dark or else I can find no place to sleep to-night." So he hastened on along the narrow path.

After a time he seemed to be going up a mountain side. As he hurried on it seemed to grow darker and darker. Brave Soldier knew that it was not late enough for night to be coming on. "There must be a storm coming," said Brave Soldier to himself, "for I hear the trees sighing and rustling. Now I must hurry, for I do not care to be out in a storm."

So Brave Soldier walked as fast as he could, and hoped that he would soon come to a village. The wind rushed through the tree tops, and the rain hammered on the leaves far above him.

It was so dark that Brave Soldier could hardly follow the path. "If I do not soon find some house or village, I shall lie down here under the trees for the night. They are my friends and will not allow any harm to come to me."

He had no more than said this when he came to a clearing in the trees. It was not quite so dark here, and Brave Soldier saw some kind of a house standing in the middle of the open space. He went to it and found that it was an old ruined temple. It looked as though only bats had been there for a

hundred years.

No palace ever seemed more welcome to anyone than this old ruined temple did to the tired traveler. He found the corner where the roof leaked the least, curled up in his cloak, and was soon fast asleep.

In the middle of the night a terrible noise awakened him. Such shrieking and yowling! It sounded like an army of cats, each trying to see who could make the most noise. When at last they stopped for a moment, perhaps to catch breath, Brave Soldier heard a voice say, "Remember, don't tell this to Shippeitaro. All is lost if Shippeitaro knows about it."

"I wonder what they are up to," thought Brave Soldier. "I will just remember that name Shippeitaro, for he seems to be quite an important person around here. It is possible that I may meet him some day." Then he turned over and went to sleep.

In the morning when he awakened, the storm was past and the sun was shining. Now he had no trouble in finding his way, and soon came to a village.

On all sides he heard a sound of weeping and crying. All were dressed in white, a sign that some one is dead or dying.

"What is the matter? Who is dead?" he asked of an old man who sat by the roadside. Instead of answering, the old man pointed to a little cottage at the end of the street.

Some little children were sitting in the doorway of a house. Brave Soldier said to them: "Can you tell me, little ones, why all the people in this village are weeping?"

The children, too, only pointed to the same house at the end of the street.

When the soldier came to this house he saw an old man and an old woman weeping as though their hearts were broken. A little girl was trying to comfort them.

"Do not weep so, dear grandmother," she said. "I am not afraid to go. I am sorry to leave you, but some one must go, and the other women in the village will take care of you when

I am gone."

"What is the matter?" asked Brave Soldier, coming up just then. "Where are you going and why are all weeping so?"

"I am going up to the temple to-night," answered the girl. "Every year some one must go or else the monster will destroy the village. There is no one else to go this year, so I will go. They will put me in that basket you see by the door, and carry me up to an old temple in the woods and leave me there. I don't know what happens then, for those who have gone have never come back."

"Where is the temple?" asked Brave Soldier.

"It is up that hill in the woods," said the girl, pointing to the very temple where he had spent the night.

Brave Soldier remembered what he had heard there the night before, and he also remembered the name he had heard.

"Is there anyone around here by the name of Shippeitaro?" he asked.

"Shippeitaro? Why, that's our dog, and he is the nicest dog you ever saw, too." Just then a long, lean black dog came up and began to lick the hand of his mistress.

"This is Shippeitaro," said the girl; "is he not a fine fellow? Everyone loves him."

"Yes, indeed, he is a brave-looking dog," answered the man. "I want to borrow just such a dog as that for one night. Would you let me have him for so long?"

"If you will bring him back, for he must stay here to take care of grandmother and grandfather," said the girl.

Then Brave Soldier told her what he had heard in that same temple the night before.

"I mean to put that brave dog into the basket instead of you, and see what will happen. I will go along to see that no harm shall come to him."

The dog seemed to understand what was wanted, and acted as though he was glad to go.

They put him into the basket which had taken so many

beautiful maidens to their death. Just before dark they carried him up through the listening woods to the temple. All but the soldier were afraid to stay, but he took out his good sword and lay calmly down.

At midnight he heard the same frightful noises. He looked out and saw a troop of cats led by a large fierce-looking tomcat. They gathered about the basket and tore open the cover. Out sprang the good Shippeitaro, with every hair bristling. He seized the tomcat, who was really the monster, and made short work of him.

When the other cats saw their leader killed they turned and fled like leaves before the wind.

Then the soldier took the brave dog back to his mistress, and told the people how he had done what no man could have done, and saved the village from the monster.

Do you wonder that all the people love Shippeitaro, and love to have his picture over their doors? They think that it will frighten away all evil.

Just So Stories

By Rudyard Kipling

How the Whale Got His Throat

In the sea, once upon a time, O my Best Beloved, there was a Whale, and he ate fishes. He ate the starfish and the garfish, and the crab and the dab, and the plaice and the dace, and the skate and his mate, and the mackereel and the pickereel, and the really truly twirly-whirly eel. All the fishes he could find in all the sea he ate with his mouth—so! Till at last there was only one small fish left in all the sea, and he was a small 'Stute Fish, and he swam a little behind the Whale's right ear, so as to be out of harm's way. Then the Whale stood up on his tail and said, 'I'm hungry.' And the small 'Stute Fish said in a small 'stute voice, 'Noble and generous Cetacean, have you ever tasted Man?'

'No,' said the Whale. 'What is it like?'

'Nice,' said the small 'Stute Fish. 'Nice but nubbly.'

'Then fetch me some,' said the Whale, and he made the sea froth up with his tail.

'One at a time is enough,' said the 'Stute Fish. 'If you swim to latitude Fifty North, longitude Forty West (that is magic), you will find, sitting *on* a raft, *in* the middle of the sea, *with* nothing on but a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must *not* forget the suspenders, Best Beloved), and a jack-knife, one ship-wrecked Mariner, who, it is only fair to tell you, is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.'

So the Whale swam and swam to latitude Fifty North, longitude Forty West, as fast as he could swim, and *on* a raft, *in* the middle of the sea, *with* nothing to wear except a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must particularly remember the suspenders, Best Beloved), *and* a jack-

knife, he found one single, solitary shipwrecked Mariner, trailing his toes in the water. (He had his mummy's leave to paddle, or else he would never have done it. because he was a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.)

Then the Whale opened his mouth back and back and back till it nearly touched his tail, and he swallowed the shipwrecked Mariner, and the raft he was sitting on, and his blue canvas breeches, and the suspenders (which you *must* not forget), *and* the jack-knife—He swallowed them all down into his warm, dark, inside cup-boards, and then he smacked his lips so, and turned round three times on his tail.

But as soon as the Mariner, who was a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, found himself truly inside the Whale's warm, dark, inside cup-boards, he stumped and he jumped and he thumped and he bumped, and he pranced and he danced, and he banged and he clanged, and he hit and he bit, and he leaped and he creeped, and he prowled and he howled, and he hopped and he dropped, and he cried and he sighed, and he crawled and he bawled, and he stepped and he lepped, and he danced hornpipes where he shouldn't, and the Whale felt most unhappy indeed. (*Have* you forgotten the suspenders?)

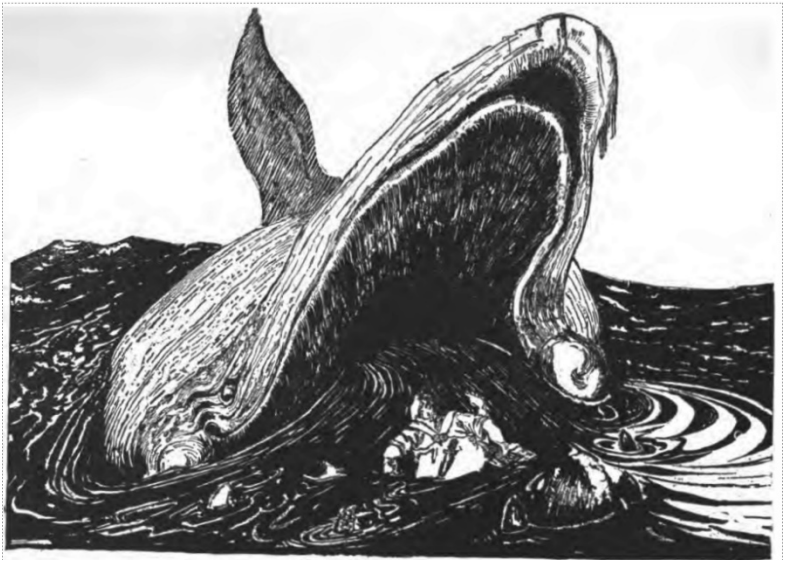
So he said to the 'Stute Fish, 'This man is very nubbly, and besides he is making me hiccough. What shall I do?'

'Tell him to come out,' said the 'Stute Fish.

So the Whale called down his own throat to the shipwrecked Mariner, 'Come out and behave yourself. I've got the hiccoughs.'

'Nay, nay!' said the Mariner. 'Not so, but far otherwise. Take me to my natal-shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and I'll think about it.' And he began to dance more than ever.

'You had better take him home,' said the 'Stute Fish to the Whale. 'I ought to have warned you that he is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.'



THIS is the picture of the Whale swallowing the Mariner with his infinite-resource-and-sagacity, and the raft and the jack-knife *and* his suspenders, which you must *not* forget. The buttony-things are the Mariner's suspenders, and you can see the knife close by them. He is sitting on the raft, but it has tilted up sideways, so you don't see much of it. The whity thing by the Mariner's left hand is a piece of wood that he was trying to row the raft with when the Whale came along. The piece of wood is called the jaws-of-a-gaff. The Mariner left it outside when he went in. The Whale's name was Smiler, and the Mariner was called Mr. Henry Albert Bivvens, A.B. The little 'Stute Fish is hiding under the Whale's tummy, or else I would have drawn him. The reason that the sea looks so ooshy-skooshy is because the Whale is sucking it all into his mouth so as to suck in Mr. Henry Albert Bivvens and the raft and the jack-knife and the suspenders. You must never forget the suspenders.

So the Whale swam and swam and swam, with both flippers and his tail, as hard as he could for the hiccoughs; and at last he saw the Mariner's natal-shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and he rushed half-way up the beach, and opened his mouth wide and wide and wide, and said, 'Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene, and stations on the *Fitch*burg Road;' and just as he said 'Fitch' the Mariner walked out of his mouth. But while the Whale had been swimming, the Mariner, who was indeed a person of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, had taken his jack-knife and cut up the raft into a little square grating all running criss-cross, and he had tied it firm with his suspenders (*now* you know why you were not to forget the suspenders!), and he dragged that grating good and tight into the Whale's throat, and there it stuck! Then he recited the following *Sloka*, which, as you have not heard it, I will now proceed to relate—

> By means of a grating
> I have stopped your sting.

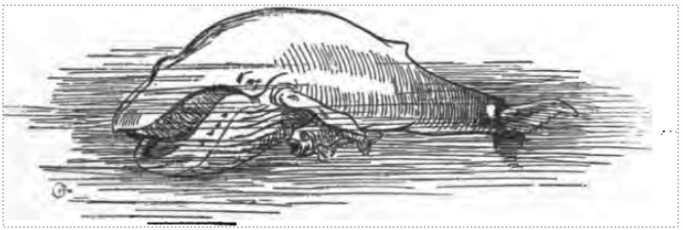
For the Mariner he was also an Hi-ber-ni-an. And he stepped out on the shingle, and went home to his mother, who had given him leave to trail his toes in the water; and he married and lived happily ever afterward. So did the Whale. But from that day on, the grating in his throat, which he could neither cough up nor swallow down, prevented him eating anything; except very, very small fish; and that is the reason why whales nowadays never eat men or boys or little girls.

The small 'Stute Fish went and hid himself in the mud under the Door-sills of the Equator. He was afraid that the Whale might be angry with him.

The Sailor took the jack-knife home. He was wearing the blue canvas breeches when he walked out on the shingle. The suspenders were left behind, you see, to tie the grating with; and that is the end of that tale.



HERE is the Whale looking for the little 'Stute Fish, who is hiding under the Door-sills of the Equator. The little 'Stute Fish's name was Pingle. He is hiding among the roots of the big seaweed that grows in front of the Doors of the Equator. I have drawn the Doors of the Equator. They are shut. They are always kept shut, because a door ought always to be kept shut. The ropy-thing right across is the Equator itself; and the things that look like rocks are the two giants Moar and Koar, that keep the Equator in order. The drew the shadow-pictures on the doors of the Equator, and they carved all those twisty fishes under the Doors. The beaky-fish are called beaked Dolphins, and the other fish with the queer heads are called Hammer-headed Sharks. The Whale never found the little 'Stute Fish till he got over his temper, and then they became good friends again.



WHEN the cabin port-holes are dark and green
Because of the seas outside;
When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,
And the trunks begin to slide;
When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,
And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,
Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)
You're 'Fifty North and Forty West!'

How the Camel Got His Hump

Now, this is the next tale, and it tells how the Camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new and all, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work; and besides, he was a Howler himself. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles, most 'scruciating idle; and when anybody spoke to him he said, 'Humph!' Just 'Humph!' and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him on Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, 'Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us.'

'Humph!' said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, 'Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us.'

'Humph!' said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him, with the yoke on his neck and said, 'Camel, O Camel, come and plough like the rest of us.'

'Humph!' said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, 'Three, O Three, I'm very sorry for you (with the world so new-and-all); but that

Humph-thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him alone, and you must work double-time to make up for it.'

That made the Three very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and they held a palaver, and an *indaba*, and a *punchayet*, and a pow-wow on the edge of the Desert; and the Camel came chewing milkweed *most* 'scruciating idle, and laughed at them. Then he said, 'Humph!' and went away again.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust (Djinns always travel that way because it is Magic), and he stopped to palaver and pow-pow with the Three.

'Djinn of All Deserts,' said the Horse, 'is it right for any one to be idle, with the world so new-and-all?'

'Certainly not,' said the Djinn.

'Well,' said the Horse, 'there's a thing in the middle of your Howling Desert (and he's a Howler himself) with a long neck and long legs, and he hasn't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot.'

'Whew!' said the Djinn, whistling, 'that's my Camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he say about it?'

'He says "Humph!"' said the Dog; 'and he won't fetch and carry.'

'Does he say anything else?'

'Only "Humph!"; and he won't plough,' said the Ox.

'Very good,' said the Djinn. 'I'll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute.'

The Djinn rolled himself up in his dust-cloak, and took a bearing across the desert, and found the Camel most 'scruciatingly idle, looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

'My long and bubbling friend,' said the Djinn, 'what's this I hear of your doing no work, with the world so new-and-all?'

'Humph!' said the Camel.

The Djinn sat down, with his chin in his hand, and began



THIS is the picture of the Djinn making the beginnings of the Magic that brough the Humph to the Camel. First he drew a line in the air with his finger, and it became solid; and then he made a cloud, and the he made an egg—you can see them both at the bottom of the picture—and then there was a magic pumpkin that turned into a big white flame. Then the Djinn took his magic fan and fanned that flame till the flame turned into a magic by itself. It was a good Magic and a very kind Magic really, though it had to give the Camel a Humph because the Camel was lazy. The Djinn in charge of All Deserts was one of the nicest of the Djinns, so he would never do anything really unkind.

to think a Great Magic, while the Camel looked at his own reflection in the pool of water.

'You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your 'scruciating idleness,' said the Djinn; and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand.

'Humph!' said the Camel.

'I shouldn't say that again if I were you,' said the Djinn; 'you might say it once too often. Bubbles, I want you to work.'

And the Camel said 'Humph!' again; but no sooner had he said it than he saw his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big lolloping humph.

'Do you see that?' said the Djinn. 'That's your very own humph that you've brought upon your very own self by not working. To-day is Thursday, and you've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work.'

'How can I,' said the Camel, 'with this humph on my back?'

'That's made a-purpose,' said the Djinn, 'all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your humph; and don't you ever say I never did anything for you. Come out of the Desert and go to the Three, and behave. Humph yourself!'

And the Camel humphed himself, humph and all, and went away to join the Three. And from that day to this the Camel always wears a humph (we call it 'hump' now, not to hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned how to behave.



HERE is the picture of the Djinn in charge of All Deserts guiding the Magic with his magic fan. The camel is eating a twig of acacia, and he has just finished saying "humph" once too often (the Djinn told him he would), and so the Humph is coming. The long towelly-thing growing out of the thing like an onion is the Magic, and you can see the Humph on its shoulder. The Humph fits on the flat part of the Camel's back. The Camel is too busy looking at his own beautiful self in the pool of water to know what is going to happen to him.

Underneath the truly picture is a picture of the World-so-new-and-all. There are two smoky volcanoes in it, some other mountains and some stones and a lake and a black island and a twisty river and a lot of other things, as well as a Noah's Ark. I couldn't draw all the deserts that the Djinn was in charge of, so I only drew one, but it is a most deserty desert.

THE Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
We get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head
And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath and out boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
When we get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
Have lifted the hump—
The horrible hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo—
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo—
We all get hump—
Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin

Once upon a time, on an uninhabited island on the shores of the Red Sea, there lived a Parsee from whose hat the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendour. And the Parsee lived by the Red Sea with nothing but his hat and his knife and a cooking-stove of the kind that you much particularly never touch. And one day he took flour and water and currants and plums and sugar and things, and made himself one cake which was two feet across and three feet thick. It was indeed a Superior Comestible (*that's* magic), and *he* put it on the stove because he was allowed to cook on that stove, and he baked it and he baked it till it was all done brown and smelt most sentimental. But just as he was going to eat it there came down to the beach from the Altogether Uninhabited Interior one Rhinoceros with a horn on his nose, two piggy eyes, and few manners. In those days the Rhinoceros's skin fitted him quite tight. There were no wrinkles in it anywhere. He looked exactly like a Noah's Ark Rhinoceros, but of course much bigger. All the same, he had no manners then, and he has no manners now, and he never will have any manners. He said, 'How!' and the Parsee left that cake and climbed to the top of a palm tree with nothing on but his hat, from which the rays of the sun were always reflected in more-than-oriental splendour. And the Rhinoceros upset the oil-stove with his nose, and the cake rolled on the sand, and he spiked that cake on the horn of his nose, and he ate it, and he went away, waving his tail, to the desolate and Exclusively Uninhabited Interior which abuts on the islands of Mazanderan, Socotra, and the Promontories of the Larger Equinox. Then

the Parsee came down from his palm-tree and put the stove on its legs and recited the following *Sloka*, which, as you have not heard, I will now proceed to relate:—

> Them that takes cakes
> Which the Parsee-man bakes
> Makes dreadful mistakes.

And there was a great deal more in that than you would think.

Because, five weeks later, there was a heat-wave in the Red Sea, and everybody took off all the clothes they had. The Parsee took off his hat; but the Rhinoceros took off his skin and carried it over his shoulder as he came down to the beach to bathe. In those days it buttoned underneath with three buttons and looked like a waterproof. He said nothing whatever about the Parsee's cake, because he had eaten it all; and he never had any manners, then, since, or henceforward. He waddled straight into the water and blew bubbles through his nose, leaving his skin on the beach.

Presently the Parsee came by and found the skin, and he smiled one smile that ran all round his face two times. Then he danced three times round the skin and rubbed his hands. Then he went to his camp and filled his hat with cake-crumbs, for the Parsee never ate anything but cake, and never swept out his camp. He took that skin, and he shook that skin, and he scrubbed that skin, and he rubbed that skin just as full of old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs and some burned currants as ever it could *possibly* hold. Then he climbed to the top of his palm-tree and waited for the Rhinoceros to come out of the water and put it on.

And the Rhinoceros did. He buttoned it up with the three buttons, and it tickled like cake crumbs in bed. Then he wanted to scratch, but that made it worse; and then he lay down on the sands and rolled and rolled and rolled, and every time he rolled the cake crumbs tickled him worse and worse and worse. Then he ran to the palm-tree and rubbed and



THIS is the picture of the Parsee beginning to eat his cake on the Uninhabited Island in the Red Sea on a very hot day; and of the Rhinoceros coming down from the Altogether Uninhabited Interior, which, as you can truthfully see, is all rocky. The Rhinoceros's skin is quite smooth, and the three buttons that button it up are underneath, so you can't see them. The squiggly things on the Parsee's hat are the rays of the sun reflected in more-than-oriental splendour, because if I had drawn real rays they would have filled up all the picture. The cake has currants in it; and the wheel-thing lying on the sand in front belonged to one of Pharaoh's chariots when he tried to cross the Red Sea. The Parsee found it, and kept it to play with. The Parsee's name was Pestonjee Bomonjee, and the Rhinoceros was called Strorks, because he breathed through his mouth instead of his nose. I wouldn't ask anything about the cooking-stove if *I* were you.

rubbed and rubbed himself against it. He rubbed so much and so hard that he rubbed his skin into a great fold over his shoulders, and another fold underneath, where the buttons used to be (but he rubbed the buttons off), and he rubbed some more folds over his legs. And it spoiled his temper, but it didn't make the least difference to the cake-crumbs. They were inside his skin and they tickled. So he went home, very angry indeed and horribly scratchy; and from that day to this every rhinoceros has great folds in his skin and a very bad temper, all on account of the cake-crumbs inside.

But the Parsee came down from his palm-tree, wearing his hat, from which the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendour, packed up his cooking-stove, and went away in the direction of Orotavo, Amygdala, the Upland Meadows of Anantarivo, and the Marshes of Sonaput.





THIS is the Parsee Pestonjee Bomonjee sitting in his palm-tree and watching the Rhinoceros Strorks bathing near the beach of the Altogether Uninhabited Island after Strorks had taken off his skin. The Parsee has put the cake-crumbs into the skin, and he is smiling to think how they will tickle Strorks when Strorks puts it on again. The skin is just under the rocks below the palm-tree in a cool place; that is why you can't see it. The Parsee is wearing a new more-than-oriental-splendour hat of the sort that Parsees wear; and he has a knife in his hand to cut his name on palm-trees. The black things on the islands out at sea are bits of ships that got wrecked going down the Red Sea; but all the passengers were saved and went home.

The black thing in the water close to the shore is not a wreck at all. It is Strorks the Rhinoceros bathing without his skin. He was just as black underneath his skin as he was outside. I wouldn't ask anything about the cooking-stove if *I* were you.

THIS Uninhabited Island
Is off Cape Gardafui,
By the Beaches of Socotra
And the Pink Arabian Sea:
But it's hot—too hot from Suez
For the likes of you and me
Ever to go
In a P. and O.
And call on the Cake-Parsee!

How the Leopard Got His Spots

In the days when everybody started fair, Best Beloved, the Leopard lived in a place called the High Veldt. 'Member it wasn't the Low Veldt, or the Bush Veldt, or the Sour Veldt, but the 'sclusively bare, hot, shiny High Veldt, where there was sand and sandy-coloured rock and 'sclusively tufts of sandy-yellowish grass. The Giraffe and the Zebra and the Eland and the Koodoo and the Hartebeest lived there; and they were 'sclusively sandy-yellow-brownish all over; but the Leopard, he was the 'sclusivest sandiest-yellowish-brownest of them all—a greyish-yellowish catty-shaped kind of beast, and he matched the 'sclusively yellowish-greyish-brownish colour of the High Veldt to one hair. This was very bad for the Giraffe and the Zebra and the rest of them; for he would lie down by a 'sclusively yellowish-greyish-brownish stone or clump of grass, and when the Giraffe or the Zebra or the Eland or the Koodoo or the Bush-Buck or the Bonte-Buck came by he would surprise them out of their jumpsome lives. He would indeed! And, also, there was an Ethiopian with bows and arrows (a 'sclusively greyish-brownish-yellowish man he was then), who lived on the High Veldt with the Leopard; and the two used to hunt together—the Ethiopian with his bows and arrows, and the Leopard 'sclusively with his teeth and claws—till the Giraffe and the Eland and the Koodoo and the Quagga and all the rest of them didn't know which way to jump, Best Beloved. They didn't indeed!

After a long time—things lived for ever so long in those days—they learned to avoid anything that looked like a Leopard or an Ethiopian; and bit by bit—the Giraffe began it,

because his legs were the longest—they went away from the High Veldt. They scuttled for days and days and days till they came to a great forest, 'sclusively full of trees and bushes and stripy, speckly, patchy-blatchy shadows, and there they hid: and after another long time, what with standing half in the shade and half out of it, and what with the slippery-slidy shadows of the trees falling on them, the Giraffe grew blotchy, and the Zebra grew stripy, and the Eland and the Koodoo grew darker, with little wavy grey lines on their backs like bark on a tree trunk; and so, though you could hear them and smell them, you could very seldom see them, and then only when you knew precisely where to look. They had a beautiful time in the 'sclusively speckly-spickly shadows of the forest, while the Leopard and the Ethiopian ran about over the 'sclusively greyish-yellowish-reddish High Veldt outside, wondering where all their breakfasts and their dinners and their teas had gone. At last they were so hungry that they ate rats and beetles and rock-rabbits, the Leopard and the Ethiopian, and then they had the Big Tummy-ache, both together; and then they met Baviaan—the dog-headed, barking Baboon, who is Quite the Wisest Animal in All South Africa.

Said Leopard to Baviaan (and it was a very hot day), 'Where has all the game gone?'

And Baviaan winked. *He* knew.

Said the Ethiopian to Baviaan, 'Can you tell me the present habitat of the aboriginal Fauna?' (That meant just the same thing, but the Ethiopian always used long words. He was a grown-up.)

And Baviaan winked. *He* knew.

Then said Baviaan, 'The game has gone into other spots; and my advice to you, Leopard, is to go into other spots as soon as you can.'

And the Ethiopian said, 'That is all very fine, but I wish to know whither the aboriginal Fauna has migrated.'

Then said Baviaan, 'The aboriginal Fauna has joined the



THIS is Wise Baviaan, the dog-headed Baboon, Who is Quite the Wisest Animal in All South Africa. I have drawn him from a statue that I made up out of my own head, and I have written his name on his belt and on his shoulder and on the thing he is sitting on. I have written it in what is not called Coptic and Hieroglyphic and Cuneiformic and Bengalic and Burmic and Hebric, all because he is so wise. He is not beautiful, but he is very wise; and I should like to paint him with paint-box colours, but I am not allowed. The umbrella-ish thing about his head is his Conventional Mane.

aboriginal Flora because it was high time for a change; and my advice to you, Ethiopian, is to change as soon as you can.'

That puzzled the Leopard and the Ethiopian, but they set off to look for the aboriginal Flora, and presently, after ever so many days, they saw a great, high, tall forest full of tree trunks all 'sclusively speckled and sprottled and spottled, dotted and splashed and slashed and hatched and cross-hatched with shadows. (Say that quickly aloud, and you will see how very shadowy the forest must have been.)

'What is this,' said the Leopard, 'that is so 'sclusively dark, and yet so full of little pieces of light?'

'I don't know,' said the Ethiopian, 'but it ought to be the aboriginal Flora. I can smell Giraffe, and I can hear Giraffe, but I can't see Giraffe.'

'That's curious,' said the Leopard. 'I suppose it is because we have just come in out of the sunshine. I can smell Zebra, and I can hear Zebra, but I can't see Zebra.'

'Wait a bit,' said the Ethiopian. 'It's a long time since we've hunted 'em. Perhaps we've forgotten what they were like.'

'Fiddle!' said the Leopard. 'I remember them perfectly on the High Veldt, especially their marrow-bones. Giraffe is about seventeen feet high, of a 'sclusively fulvous golden-yellow from head to heel; and Zebra is about four and a half feet high, of a 'sclusively grey-fawn colour from head to heel.'

'Umm,' said the Ethiopian, looking into the speckly-spickly shadows of the aboriginal Flora-forest. 'Then they ought to show up in this dark place like ripe bananas in a smoke-house.'

But they didn't. The Leopard and the Ethiopian hunted all day; and though they could smell them and hear them, they never saw one of them.

'For goodness' sake,' said the Leopard at tea-time, 'let us wait till it gets dark. This daylight hunting is a perfect scandal.'

So they waited till dark, and then the Leopard heard something breathing sniffily in the starlight that fell all stripy through the branches, and he jumped at the noise; and it smelt like Zebra, and it felt like Zebra, and when he knocked it down it kicked like Zebra, but he couldn't see it. So he said, 'Be quiet, O you person without any form. I am going to sit on your head till morning, because there is something about you that I don't understand.'

Presently he heard a grunt and a crash and a scramble, and the Ethiopian called out, 'I've caught a thing that I can't see. It smells like Giraffe, and it kicks like Giraffe, but it hasn't any form.'

'Don't you trust it,' said the Leopard. 'Sit on its head till the morning—same as me. They haven't any form—any of 'em.'

So they sat down on them hard till bright morning-time, and then Leopard said, 'What have you at your end of the table, Brother?'

The Ethiopian scratched his head and said, 'It ought to be 'sclusively a rich fulvous orange-tawny from head to heel, and it ought to be Giraffe; but it is covered all over with chestnut blotches. What have you at your end of the table, Brother?'

And the Leopard scratched his head and said, 'It ought to be 'sclusively a delicate greyish-fawn, and it ought to be Zebra; but it is covered all over with black and purple stripes. What in the world have you been doing to yourself, Zebra? Don't you know that if you were on the High Veldt I could see you ten miles off? You haven't any form.'

'Yes,' said the Zebra, 'but this isn't the High Veldt. Can't you see?'

'I can now,' said the Leopard. 'But I couldn't all yesterday. How is it done?'

'Let us up,' said the Zebra, 'and we will show you.'

They let the Zebra and the Giraffe get up; and Zebra moved away to some little thorn-bushes where the sunlight

fell all stripy, and Giraffe moved off to some tallish trees where the shadows fell all blotchy.

'Now watch,' said the Zebra and the Giraffe. 'This is the way it's done. One-two-three! And where's your breakfast?'

Leopard stared, and Ethiopian stared, but all they could see were stripy shadows and blotched shadows in the forest, but never a sign of Zebra and Giraffe. They had just walked off and hidden themselves in the shadowy forest.

'Hi! Hi!' said the Ethiopian. 'That's a trick worth learning. Take a lesson by it, Leopard. You show up in this dark place like a bar of soap in a coal-scuttle.'

'Ho! Ho!' said the Leopard. 'Would it surprise you very much to know that you show up in this dark place like a mustard-plaster on a sack of coals?'

'Well, calling names won't catch dinner,' said the Ethiopian. 'The long and the little of it is that we don't match our backgrounds. I'm going to take Baviaan's advice. He told me I ought to change; and as I've nothing to change except my skin I'm going to change that.'

'What to?' said the Leopard, tremendously excited.

'To a nice working blackish-brownish colour, with a little purple in it, and touches of slaty-blue. It will be the very thing for hiding in hollows and behind trees.'

So he changed his skin then and there, and the Leopard was more excited than ever; he had never seen a man change his skin before.

'But what about me?' he said, when the Ethiopian had worked his last little finger into his fine new black skin.

'You take Baviaan's advice too. He told you to go into spots.'

'So I did,' said the Leopard. 'I went into other spots as fast as I could. I went into this spot with you, and a lot of good it has done me.'

'Oh,' said the Ethiopian, 'Baviaan didn't mean spots in South Africa. He meant spots on your skin.'

'What's the use of that?' said the Leopard.

'Think of Giraffe,' said the Ethiopian. 'Or if you prefer stripes, think of Zebra. They find their spots and stripes give them perfect satisfaction.'

'Umm,' said the Leopard. 'I wouldn't look like Zebra—not for ever so.'

'Well, make up your mind,' said the Ethiopian, 'because I'd hate to go hunting without you, but I must if you insist on looking like a sun-flower against a tarred fence.'

'I'll take spots, then,' said the Leopard; 'but don't make 'em too vulgar-big. I wouldn't look like Giraffe—not for ever so.'

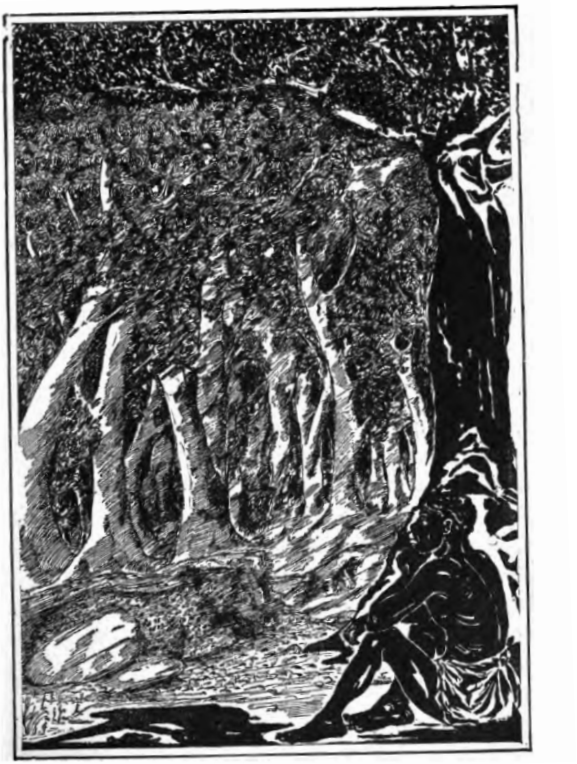
'I'll make 'em with the tips of my fingers,' said the Ethiopian. 'There's plenty of black left on my skin still. Stand over!'

Then the Ethiopian put his five fingers close together (there was plenty of black left on his new skin still) and pressed them all over the Leopard, and wherever the five fingers touched they left five little black marks, all close together. You can see them on any Leopard's skin you like, Best Beloved. Sometimes the fingers slipped and the marks got a little blurred; but if you look closely at any Leopard now you will see that there are always five spots—off five fat black finger-tips.

'Now you *are* a beauty!' said the Ethiopian. 'You can lie out on the bare ground and look like a heap of pebbles. You can lie out on the naked rocks and look like a piece of pudding-stone. You can lie out on a leafy branch and look like sunshine sifting through the leaves; and you can lie right across the centre of a path and look like nothing in particular. Think of that and purr!'

'But if I'm all this,' said the Leopard, 'why didn't you go spotty too?'

'Oh, plain black's best for a negro,' said the Ethiopian. 'Now come along and we'll see if we can't get even with Mr. One-Two-Three-Where's-your-Breakfast!'



THIS is the picture of the Leopard and the Ethiopian after they had taken Wise Baviaan's advice and the Leopard had gone into other spots and the Ethiopian had changed his skin. The Ethiopian was really a negro, and so his name was Sambo. The Leopard was called Spots, and he has been called Spots ever since. They are out hunting in the spickly-speckly forest, and they are looking for Mr. One-Two-Three-Where's-Your-Breakfast. If you look a little you will see Mr. One-Two-Three not far away. The Ethiopian has hidden behind a splotchy-blotchy tree because it matches his skin, and the Leopard is lying beside a spickly-speckly bank of stones because it matches his spots. Mr. One-Two-Three-Where's-Your-Breakfast is standing up eating leaves from a tall tree. This is really a puzzle-picture like 'Find the Cat.'

So they went away and lived happily ever afterward, Best Beloved. That is all.

Oh, now and then you will hear grown-ups say, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the Leopard his spots?' I don't think even grown-ups would keep on saying such a silly thing if the Leopard and the Ethiopian hadn't done it once—do you? But they will never do it again, Best Beloved. They are quite contented as they are.

I AM the Most Wise Baviaan, saying in most wise tones,
'Let us melt into the landscape—just us two by our lones.'
People have come—in a carriage—calling. But Mummy is there…
Yes, I can go if you take me—Nurse says *she* don't care.
Let's go up to the pig-sties and sit on the farmyard rails!
Let's say things to the bunnies, and watch 'em skitter their tails!
Let's—oh, *anything*, daddy, so long as it's you and me,
And going truly exploring, and not being in till tea!
Here's your boots (I've brought 'em), and here's your cap and stick,
And here's your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come along out of it —quick!

The Elephant's Child

In the High and Far-Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant—a new Elephant—an Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiable curiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions. *And* he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiable curtiosities. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt the Ostrich spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes this 'satiable Elephant's Child asked a new fine question that he had never asked before. He asked, 'What does the Crocodile have for dinner?' Then everybody said, 'Hush!' in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thorn-bush, and he said, 'My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity; and *still* I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!'

The Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, 'Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out.'

That very next morning, when there was nothing left of the Equinoxes, because the Precession had preceded according to precedent, this 'satiable Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas (the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane (the long purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, 'Good-bye. I am going to the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner.' And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop. Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up. He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satiable Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiable curtiosity.

The first thing that he found was a Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake curled round a rock.

''Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these promis-

cuous parts?'

'*Have* I seen a Crocodile?' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dretful scorn. 'What will you ask me next?'

''Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child, 'but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his scalesome, flailsome tail.

'That is odd,' said the Elephant's Child, 'because my father and my mother, and my uncle and my aunt, not to mention my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity—and I suppose this is the same thing.'

So he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and helped to coil him up on the rock again, and went on, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up, till he trod on what he thought was a log of wood at the very edge of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye—like this!

''Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?'

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile. 'Why do you ask such things?'

''Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt,

the Hippopotamus, and my hair uncle, the Baboon, *and* including the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spanks harder than any of them; and *so*, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more.'

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile, 'for I am the Crocodile,' and he wept crocodile-tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, 'You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?'

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile, 'and I'll whisper.'

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

'I think,' said the Crocodile—and he said it between his teeth, like this—'I think to-day I will begin with Elephant's Child!'

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, 'Led go! You are hurtig be!'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down from the bank and said, 'My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster' (and by this he meant the Crocodile) 'will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson.'

This is the way Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches,

and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer—and it hurt him hijjus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, 'This is too butch for be!'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, 'Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little high tension, because if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war with the armour-plated upper deck' (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile), 'will permanently vitiate your future career.'

That is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say, 'Thank you' to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake; and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

'What are you doing that for?' said the Bi-Coloured-



THIS is the Elephant's Child having his nose pulled by the Crocodile. He is much surprised and astonished and hurt, and he is talking through his nose and saying, 'Led go! You are hurtig be!' He is pulling very hard, and so is the Crocodile; but the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake is hurrying through the water to help the Elephant's Child. All that black stuff is the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River (but I am not allowed to paint these pictures), and the bottly-tree with the twisty roots and the eight leaves is one of the fever trees that grow there.

Underneath the truly picture are shadows of African animals walking into an African ark. There are two lions, two ostriches, two oxen, two camels, two sheep, and two other things that look like rats, but I think they are rock-rabbits. They don't mean anything. I put them in because I thought they looked pretty. They would look very fine if I were allowed to paint them.

Python-Rock-Snake.

''Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child, 'but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink.'

'Then you will have to wait a long time,' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'Some people do not know what is good for them.'

The Elephant's Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter, and, besides, it made him squint. For, O Best Beloved, you will see and understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk same as all Elephants have to-day.

At the end of the third day a fly came and stung him on the shoulder, and before he knew what he was doing he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly dead with the end of it.

''Vantage number one!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now.'

Before he thought what he was doing the Elephant's Child put out his trunk and plucked a large bundle of grass, dusted it clean against his fore-legs, and stuffed it into his own mouth.

''Vantage number two!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mear-smear nose. Don't you think the sun is very hot here?'

'It is,' said the Elephant's Child, and before he thought what he was doing he schlooped up a schloop of mud from the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo, and slapped it on his head, where it made a cool schloopy-sloshy mud-cap all trickly behind his ears.

''Vantage number three!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Now how do you feel about being spanked again?'

''Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child, 'but I should not like it at all.'

'How would you like to spank somebody?' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

'I should like it very much indeed,' said the Elephant's Child.

'Well,' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, 'you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with.'

'Thank you,' said the Elephant's Child, 'I'll remember that; and now I think I'll go home to all my dear families and try.'

So the Elephant's Child went home across Africa frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit to eat he pulled fruit down from a tree, instead of waiting for it to fall as he used to do. When he wanted grass he plucked grass up from the ground, instead of going on his knees as he used to do. When the flies bit him he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as a fly-whisk; and he made himself a new, cool, slushy-squshy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely walking through Africa he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands. He went especially out of his way to find a broad Hippopotamus (she was no relation of his), and he spanked her very hard, to make sure that the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. The rest of the time he picked up the melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo—for he was a Tidy Pachyderm.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear families, and he coiled up his trunk and said, 'How do you do?' They were very glad to see him, and immediately said, 'Come here and be spanked for your 'satiable curtiosity.'

'Pooh,' said the Elephant's Child. 'I don't think you peoples know anything about spanking; but *I* do, and I'll show you.'

Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his dear brothers head over heels.

'O Bananas!' said they, 'where did you learn that trick, and what have you done to your nose?'



THIS is just a picture of the Elephant's Child going to pull bananas off a banana-tree after he had got his fine new long trunk. I don't think it is a very nice picture; but I couldn't make it any better, because elephants and bananas are hard to draw. The streaky things behind the Elephant's Child mean squoggy marshy country somewhere in Africa. The Elephant's Child made most of his mud-cakes out of the mud that he found there. I think it would look better if you painted the banana-tree green and the Elephant's Child red.

'I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River,' said the Elephant's Child. 'I asked him what he had for dinner, and he gave me this to keep.'

'It looks very ugly,' said his hairy uncle, the Baboon.

'It does,' said the Elephant's Child. 'But it's very useful,' and he picked up his hairy uncle, the Baboon, by one hairy leg, and hove him into a hornet's nest.

Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his dear families for a long time, till they were very warm and greatly astonished. He pulled out his tall Ostrich aunt's tail-feathers; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by the hind-leg, and dragged him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping in the water after meals; but he never let any one touch Kolokolo Bird.

At last things grew so exciting that his dear families went off one by one in a hurry to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to borrow new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back nobody spanked anybody any more; and ever since that day, O Best Beloved, all the Elephants you will ever see, besides all those that you won't, have trunks precisely like the trunk of the 'satiable Elephant's Child.

I KEEP six honest serving-men;
(They taught me all I knew)
Their names are What and Where and When
And How and Where and Who.
I send them over land and sea,
I send them east and west;
But after they have worked for me,
I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five,
For I am busy then,
As well as breakfast, lunch and tea,
For they are hungry men:
But different folk have different views;
I know a person small—
She keeps ten million serving-men,
Who get no rest at all!
She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs,
From the second she opens her eyes—
One million Hows, two million Wheres,
And seven million Whys!

The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo

Not always was the Kangaroo as now we do behold him, but a Different Animal with four short legs. He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on an outcrop in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Little God Nqa.

He went to Nqa at six before breakfast, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nqa from his seat on the sand-flat and shouted, 'Go away!'

He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on a rock ledge in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Middle God Nquing.

He went to Nquing at eight after breakfast, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals; make me, also, wonderfully popular by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nquing from his burrow in the spinifex and shouted, 'Go away!'

He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on a sandbank in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Big God Nqong.

He went to Nqong at ten before dinner-time, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals; make me popular and wonderfully run after by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nqong from his bath in the salt-pan and shouted, 'Yes, I will!'

Nqong called Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—always hungry, dusty in the sunshine, and showed him Kangaroo. Nqong said, 'Dingo! Wake up, Dingo! Do you see that gentleman

dancing on an ashpit? He wants to be popular and very truly run after. Dingo, make him so!'

Up jumped Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—and said, 'What, *that* cat-rabbit?'

Off ran Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—always hungry, grinning like a coal-scuttle—ran after Kangaroo.

Off went the proud Kangaroo on his four little legs like a bunny.

This, O Beloved of mine, ends the first part of the tale!

He ran through the desert; he ran through the mountains; he ran through the salt-pans; he ran through the reed-beds; he ran through the blue gums; he ran through the spinifex; he ran till his front legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—always hungry, grinning like a rat-trap, never getting nearer, never getting farther—ran after Kangaroo.

He had to!

Still ran Kangaroo—Old Man Kangaroo. He ran through the ti-trees; he ran through the mulga; he ran through the long grass; he ran through the short grass; he ran through the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer; he ran till his hind legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—hungrier and hungrier, grinning like a horse-collar, never getting nearer, never getting farther; and they came to the Wollgong River. Now, there wasn't any bridge, and there wasn't any ferry-boat, and Kangaroo didn't know how to get over; so he stood on his legs and hopped.

He had to!

He hopped through the Flinders; he hopped through the Cinders; he hopped through the deserts in the middle of Australia. He hopped like a Kangaroo.

First he hopped one yard; then he hopped three yards;



THIS is a picture of Old Man Kangaroo when he was the Different Animal with four short legs. I have drawn him grey and woolly, and you can see that he is very proud because he has a wreath of flowers in his hair. He is dancing on an outcrop (that means a ledge of rock) in the middle of Australia at six o'clock before breakfast. You can see that it is six o'clock, because the sun is just getting up. The thing with the ears and the open mouth is Little God Nqa. Nqa is very much surprised, because he has never seen a Kangaroo dance like that before. Little God Nqa is just saying, 'Go away,' but the Kangaroo is so busy dancing that he has not heard him yet.

The Kangaroo hasn't any real name except Boomer. He lost it because he was so proud.

then he hopped five yards; his legs growing stronger; his legs growing longer. He hadn't any time for rest or refreshment, and he wanted them very much.

Still ran Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—very much bewildered, very much hungry, and wondering what in the world or out of it made Old Man Kangaroo hop.

For he hopped like a cricket; like a pea in a saucepan; or a new rubber ball on a nursery floor.

He had to!

He tucked up his front legs; he hopped on his hind legs; he stuck out his tail for a balance-weight behind him; and he hopped through the Darling Downs.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo—Tired-Dog Dingo—hungrier and hungrier, very much bewildered, and wondering when in the world or out of it would Old Man Kangaroo stop.

Then came Ngong from his bath in the salt-pans, and said, 'It's five o'clock.'

Down sat Dingo—Poor Dog Dingo—always hungry, dusky in the sunshine; hung out his tongue and howled.

Down sat Kangaroo—Old Man Kangaroo—stuck out his tail like a milking-stool behind him, and said, 'Thank goodness that's finished!'

Then said Nqong, who is always a gentleman, 'Why aren't you grateful to Yellow-Dog Dingo? Why don't you thank him for all he has done for you?'

Then said Kangaroo—Tired Old Kangaroo—'He's chased me out of the homes of my childhood; he's chased me out of my regular meal-times; he's altered my shape so I'll never get it back; and he's played Old Scratch with my legs.'

Then said Nqong, 'Perhaps I'm mistaken, but didn't you ask me to make you different from all other animals, as well as to make you very truly sought after? And now it is five o'clock.'

'Yes,' said Kangaroo. 'I wish that I hadn't. I thought you



THIS is the picture of Old Man Kangaroo at five in the afternoon, when he had got his beautiful hind legs just as Big God Nqong had promised. You can see that it is five o'clock, because Big God Nqong's pet tame clock says so. That is Nqong, in his bath, sticking his feet out. Old Man Kangaroo is being rude to Yellow-Dog Dingo. Yellow-Dog Dingo has been trying to catch Kangaroo all across Australia. You can see the marks of Kangaroo's big new feet running ever so far back over the bare hills. Yellow-Dog Dingo is drawn black, because I am not allowed to pain these pictures with real colours out of the paint-box; and besides, Yellow-Dog Dingo got dreadfully black and dusty after running through the Flinders and the Cinders.

I don't know the names of the flowers growing round Nqong's bath. The two little squatty things out in the desert are the other two gods that Old Man Kangaroo spoke to early in the morning. That thing with the letters on it is Old Man Kangaroo's pouch. He had to have a pouch just as he had to have legs.

would do it by charms and incantations, but this is a practical joke.'

'Joke!' said Nqong from his bath in the blue gums. 'Say that again and I'll whistle up Dingo and run your hind legs off.'

'No,' said the Kangaroo. 'I must apologise. Legs are legs, and you needn't alter 'em so far as I am concerned. I only meant to explain to Your Lordliness that I've had nothing to eat since morning, and I'm very empty indeed.'

'Yes,' said Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—'I am just in the same situation. I've made him different from all other animals; but what may I have for my tea?'

Then said Nqong from his bath in the salt-pan, 'Come and ask me about it to-morrow, because I'm going to wash.'

So they were left in the middle of Australia, Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow-Dog Dingo, and each said, 'That's *your* fault.'

THIS is the mouth-filling song
Of the race that was run by a Boomer,
Run in a single burst—only event of its kind—
Started by big God Nqong from Warrigaborrigarooma,
Old Man Kangaroo first: Yellow-Dog Dingo behind.

Kangaroo bounded away,
His black-legs working like pistons—
Bounded from morning till dark,
Twenty-five feet to a bound.
Yellow-Dog Dingo lay
Like a yellow cloud in the distance—
Much too busy to bark.
My! but they covered the ground!

Nobody knows where they went,
Or followed the track that they flew in,
For that Continent
Hadn't been given a name.
They ran thirty degrees,
From Torres Straits to the Leeuwin
(Look at the Atlas, please),
And they ran back as they came.

S'posing you could trot
From Adelaide to the Pacific,
For an afternoon's run—
Half what these gentlemen did—
You would feel rather hot,
But your legs would develop terrific—
Yes, my importunate son,
You'd be a Marvellous Kid!

The Beginning of the Armadillos

This, O Best Beloved, is another story of the High and Far-Off Times. In the very middle of those times was a Stickly-Prickly Hedgehog, and he lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon, eating shelly snails and things. And he had a friend, a Slow-Solid Tortoise, who lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon, eating green lettuces and things. And so *that* was all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

But also, and at the same time, in those High and Far-Off Times, there was a Painted Jaguar, and he lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon too; and he ate everything that he could catch. When he could not catch deer or monkeys he would eat frogs and beetles; and when he could not catch frogs and beetles he went to his Mother Jaguar, and she told him how to eat hedgehogs and tortoises.

She said to him ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, 'My son, when you find a Hedgehog you must drop him into the water and then he will uncoil, and when you catch a Tortoise you must scoop him out of his shell with your paw.' And so *that* was all right, Best Beloved.

One beautiful night on the banks of the turbid Amazon, Painted Jaguar found Stickly-Prickly Hedgehog and Slow-Solid Tortoise sitting under the trunk of a fallen tree. They could not run away, and so Stickly-Prickly curled himself up into a ball, because he was a Hedgehog, and Slow-Solid Tortoise drew in his head and feet into his shell as far as they would go, because he was a Tortoise; and so *that* was all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

'Now attend to me,' said Painted Jaguar, 'because this is

very important. My mother said that when I meet a Hedgehog I am to drop him into the water and then he will uncoil, and when I meet a Tortoise I am to scoop him out of his shell with my paw. Now which of you is Hedgehog and which is Tortoise? because, to save my spots, I can't tell.'

'Are you sure of what your Mummy told you?' said Stickly-Prickly Hedgehog. 'Are you quite sure? Perhaps she said that when you uncoil a Tortoise you must shell him out of the water with a scoop, and when you paw a Hedgehog you must drop him on the shell.'

'Are you sure of what your Mummy told you?' said Slow-and-Solid Tortoise. 'Are you quite sure? Perhaps she said that when you water a Hedgehog you must drop him into your paw, and when you meet a Tortoise you must shell him till he uncoils.'

'I don't think it was at all like that,' said Painted Jaguar, but he felt a little puzzled; 'but, please, say it again more distinctly.'

'When you scoop water with your paw you uncoil it with a Hedgehog,' said Stickly-Prickly. 'Remember that, because it's important.'

'*But*,' said the Tortoise, 'when you paw your meat you drop it into a Tortoise with a scoop. Why can't you understand?'

'You are making my spots ache,' said Painted Jaguar; 'and besides, I didn't want your advice at all. I only wanted to know which of you is Hedgehog and which is Tortoise.'

'I shan't tell you,' said Stickly-Prickly, 'but you can scoop me out of my shell if you like.'

'Aha!' said Painted Jaguar. 'Now I know you're Tortoise. You thought I wouldn't! Now I will.' Painted Jaguar darted out his paddy-paw just as Stickly-Prickly curled himself up, and of course Jaguar's paddy-paw was just filled with prickles. Worse than that, he knocked Stickly-Prickly away and away into the woods and the bushes, where it was too dark to find

him. Then he put his paddy-paw into his mouth, and of course the prickles hurt him worse than ever. As soon as he could speak he said, 'Now I know he isn't Tortoise at all. But'—and then he scratched his head with his un-prickly paw—'how do I know that this other is Tortoise?'

'But I *am* Tortoise,' said Slow-and-Solid. 'Your mother was quite right. She said that you were to scoop me out of my shell with your paw. Begin.'

'You didn't say she said that a minute ago,' said Painted Jaguar, sucking the prickles out of his paddy-paw. 'You said she said something quite different.'

'Well, suppose you say that I said that she said something quite different, I don't see that it makes any difference; because if she said what you said I said she said, it's just the same as if I said what she said she said. On the other hand, if you think she said that you were to uncoil me with a scoop, instead of pawing me into drops with a shell, I can't help that, can I?'

'But you said you wanted to be scooped out of your shell with my paw,' said Painted Jaguar.

'If you'll think again you'll find that I didn't say anything of the kind. I said that your mother said that you were to scoop me out of my shell,' said Slow-and-Solid.

'What will happen if I do?' said the Jaguar most sniffily and most cautious.

'I don't know, because I've never been scooped out of my shell before; but I tell you truly, if you want to see me swim away you've only got to drop me into the water.'

'I don't believe it,' said Painted Jaguar. 'You've mixed up all the things my mother told me to do with the things that you asked me whether I was sure that she didn't say, till I don't know whether I'm on my head or my painted tail; and now you come and tell me something I *can* understand, and it makes me more mixy than before. My mother told me that I was to drop one of you two into the water, and as you seem

so anxious to be dropped I think you don't want to be dropped. So jump into the turbid Amazon and be quick about it.'

'I warn you that your Mummy won't be pleased. Don't tell her I didn't tell you,' said Slow-Solid.

'If you say another word about what my mother said—' the Jaguar answered, but he had not finished the sentence before Slow-and-Solid quietly dived into the turbid Amazon, swam under water for a long way, and came out on the bank where Stickly-Prickly was waiting for him.

'That was a very narrow escape,' said Stickly-Prickly. 'I don't like Painted Jaguar. What did you tell him that you were?'

'I told him truthfully that I was a truthful Tortoise, but he wouldn't believe it, and he made me jump into the river to see if I was, and I was, and he is surprised. Now he's gone to tell his Mummy. Listen to him!'

They could hear Painted Jaguar roaring up and down among the trees and the bushes by the side of the turbid Amazon, till his Mummy came.

'Son, son!' said his mother ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, 'what have you been doing that you shouldn't have done?'

'I tried to scoop something that said it wanted to be scooped out of its shell with my paw, and my paw is full of perickles,' said Painted Jaguar.

'Son, son!' said his mother ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, 'by the prickles in your paddy-paw I see that that must have been a Hedgehog. You should have dropped him into the water.'

'I did that to the other thing; and he said he was a Tortoise, and I didn't believe him, and it was quite true, and he has dived under the turbid Amazon, and he won't come up again, and I haven't anything at all to eat, and I think we had better find lodgings somewhere else. They are too clever on the turbid Amazon for poor me!'

'Son, son!' said his mother ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, 'now attend to me and remember what I say. A Hedgehog curls himself up into a ball and his prickles stick out every which way at once. By this you may know the Hedgehog.'

'I don't like this old lady one little bit,' said Stickly-Prickly, under the shadow of a large leaf. 'I wonder what else she knows?'

'A Tortoise can't curl himself up,' Mother Jaguar went on, ever so many times, graciously waving her tail. 'He only draws his head and legs into his shell. By this you may know the Tortoise.'

'I don't like this old lady at all—at all,' said Slow-and-Solid Tortoise. 'Even Painted Jaguar can't forget those directions. It's a great pity that you can't swim, Stickly-Prickly.'

'Don't talk to me,' said Stickly-Prickly. 'Just think how much better it would be if you could curl up. This is a mess! Listen to Painted Jaguar.'

Painted Jaguar was sitting on the banks of the turbid Amazon sucking prickles out of his paws and saying to himself—

> 'Can't curl, but can swim—
> Slow-Solid, that's him!
> Curls up, but can't swim—
> Stickly-Prickly, that's him!'

'He'll never forget that this month of Sundays,' said Stickly-Prickly. 'Hold up my chin, Slow-and-Solid. I'm going to try to learn to swim. It may be useful.'

'Excellent!' said Slow-and-Solid; and he held up Stickly-Prickly's chin, while Stickly-Prickly kicked in the waters of the turbid Amazon.

'You'll make a fine swimmer yet,' said Slow-and-Solid. 'Now, if you can unlace my back-plates a little, I'll see what I can do towards curling up. It may be useful.'

Stickly-Prickly helped to unlace Tortoise's back-plates, so that by twisting and straining Slow-and-Solid actually managed to curl up a tiddy wee bit.

'Excellent!' said Stickly-Prickly; 'but I shouldn't do any more just now. It's making you black in the face. Kindly lead me into the water once again and I'll practise that side-stroke which you say is so easy.' And so Stickly-Prickly practised, and Slow-Solid swam alongside. 'Excellent!' said Slow-and-Solid. 'A little more practice will make you a regular whale. Now, if I may trouble you to unlace my back and front plates two holes more, I'll try that fascinating bend that you say is so easy. Won't Painted Jaguar be surprised!'

'Excellent!' said Stickly-Prickly, all wet from the turbid Amazon. 'I declare, I shouldn't know you from one of my own family. Two holes, I think, you said? A little more expression, please, and don't grunt quite so much, or Painted Jaguar may hear us. When you've finished, I want to try that long dive which you say is so easy. Won't Painted Jaguar be surprised!'

And so Stickly-Prickly dived, and Slow-and-Solid dived alongside.

'Excellent!' said Slow-and-Solid. 'A leetle more attention to holding your breath and you will be able to keep house at the bottom of the turbid Amazon. Now I'll try that exercise of wrapping my hind legs round my ears which you say is so peculiarly comfortable. Won't Painted Jaguar be surprised!'

'Excellent!' said Stickly-Prickly. 'But it's straining your back-plates a little. They are all overlapping now, instead of lying side by side.'

'Oh, that's the result of exercise,' said Slow-and-Solid. 'I've noticed that your prickles seem to be melting into one another, and that you're growing to look rather more like a pinecone, and less like a chestnut-burr, than you used to.'

'Am I?' said Stickly-Prickly. 'That comes from my soaking in the water. Oh, won't Painted Jaguar be surprised!'

They went on with their exercises, each helping the other, till morning came; and when the sun was high they rested and dried themselves. Then they saw that they were both of them quite different from what they had been.

'Stickly-Prickly,' said Tortoise after breakfast, 'I am not what I was yesterday; but I think that I may yet amuse Painted Jaguar.'

'That was the very thing I was thinking just now,' said Stickly-Prickly. 'I think scales are a tremendous improvement on prickles—to say nothing of being able to swim. Oh, *won't* Painted Jaguar be surprised! Let's go and find him.'

By and by they found Painted Jaguar, still nursing his paddy-paw that had been hurt the night before. He was so astonished that he fell three times backward over his own painted tail without stopping.

'Good morning!' said Stickly-Prickly.

'And how is your dear gracious Mummy this morning?'

'She is quite well, thank you,' said Painted Jaguar; 'but you must forgive me if I do not at this precise moment recall your name.'

'That's unkind of you,' said Stickly-Prickly, 'seeing that this time yesterday you tried to scoop me out of my shell with your paw.'

'But you hadn't any shell. It was all prickles,' said Painted Jaguar. 'I know it was. Just look at my paw!'

'You told me to drop into the turbid Amazon and be drowned,' said Slow-Solid. 'Why are you so rude and forgetful to-day?'

'Don't you remember what your mother told you?' said Stickly-Prickly—

> 'Can't curl, but can swim—
> Stickly-Prickly, that's him!
> Curls up, but can't swim—
> Slow-Solid, that's him!'



THIS is a picture of the whole story of the Jaguar and the Hedgehog and the Tortoise *and* the Armadillo all in a heap. It looks rather the same any way you turn it. The Tortoise is in the middle, learning how to bend, and that is why the shelly plates on his back are so spread apart. He is standing on the Hedgehog, who is waiting to learn how to swim. The Hedgehog is a Japanesy Hedgehog, because I couldn't find our own Hedgehogs in the garden when I wanted to draw them. (It was daytime, and they had gone to bed under the dahlias.) Speckly Jaguar is looking over the edge, with his paddy-paw carefully tied up by his mother, because he pricked himself scooping the Hedgehog. He is much surprised to see what the Tortoise is doing, and his paw is hurting him. The snouty thing with the little eye that Speckly Jaguar is trying to climb over is the Armadillo that the Tortoise and the Hedgehog are going to turn into when they have finished bending and swimming. It is all a magic picture, and that is one of the reasons why I haven't drawn the Jaguar's whiskers. The other reason was that he was so young that his whiskers had not grown. The Jaguars' pet name with his Mummy was Doffles.

Then they both curled themselves up and rolled round and round Painted Jaguar till his eyes turned truly cart-wheels in his head.

Then he went to fetch his mother.

'Mother,' he said, 'there are two new animals in the woods to-day, and the one that you said couldn't swim, swims, and the one that you said couldn't curl up, curls; and they've gone shares in their prickles, I think, because both of them are scaly all over, instead of one being smooth and the other very prickly; and, besides that, they are rolling round and round in circles, and I don't feel comfy.'

'Son, son!' said Mother Jaguar ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, 'a Hedgehog is a Hedgehog, and can't be anything but a Hedgehog; and a Tortoise is a Tortoise, and can never be anything else.'

'But it isn't a Hedgehog, and it isn't a Tortoise. It's a little bit of both, and I don't know its proper name.'

'Nonsense!' said Mother Jaguar. 'Everything has its proper name. I should call it "Armadillo" till I found out the real one. And I should leave it alone.'

So Painted Jaguar did as he was told, especially about leaving them alone; but the curious thing is that from that day to this, O Best Beloved, no one on the banks of the turbid Amazon has ever called Stickly-Prickly and Slow-Solid anything except Armadillo. There are Hedgehogs and Tortoises in other places, of course (there are some in my garden); but the real old and clever kind, with their scales lying lippety-lappety one over the other, like pinecone scales, that lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon in the High and Far-Off Days, are always called Armadillos, because they were so clever.

So *that's* all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

I've never sailed the Amazon,
    I've never reached Brazil;
But the *Den* and *Magdalena*
    They can go there when they will!

Yes, weekly from Southampton,
Great steamers, white and gold,
Go rolling down to Rio
(Roll down—roll down to Rio!)
And I'd like to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old!

I've never seen a Jaguar,
    Nor yet an Armadill—
O dilloing in his armour,
    And I s'pose I never will,

Unless I go to Rio
These wonders to behold—
Roll down—roll down to Rio—
Roll really down to Rio!
Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old!

How the First Letter Was Written

Once upon a most early time was a Neolithic man. He was not a Jute or an Angle, or even a Dravidian, which he might well have been, Best Beloved, but never mind why. He was a Primitive, and he lived cavily in a Cave, and he wore very few clothes, and he couldn't read and he couldn't write and he didn't want to, and except when he was hungry he was quite happy. His name was Tegumai Bopsulai, and that means, 'Man-who-does-not-put-his-foot-forward-in-a-hurry'; but we, O Best Beloved, will call him Tegumai, for short. And his wife's name was Teshumai Tewindrow, and that means, 'Lady-who-asks-a-very-many-questions; but we, O Best Beloved, will call her Teshumai, for short. And his little girl-daughter's name was Taffimai Metallumai, and that means, 'Small-person-without-any-manners-who-ought-to-be-spanked'; but I'm going to call her Taffy. And she was Tegumai Bopsulai's Best Beloved and her own Mummy's Best Beloved, and she was not spanked half as much as was good for her; and they were all three very happy. As soon as Taffy could run about she went everywhere with her Daddy Tegumai, and sometimes they would not come home to the Cave till they were hungry, and then Teshumai Tewindrow would say, 'Where in the world have you two been to, to get so shocking dirty? Really, my Tegumai, you're no better than my Taffy.'

Now attend and listen!

One day Tegumai Bopsulai went down through the beaver swamp to the Wagai river to spear carp-fish for dinner, and Taffy went too. Tegumai's spear was made of wood with shark's teeth at the end, and before he had caught any fish at

all he accidentally broke it clean across by jabbing it down too hard on the bottom of the river. They were miles and miles from home (of course they had their lunch with them in a little bag), and Tegumai had forgotten to bring any extra spears.

'Here's a pretty kettle of fish!' said Tegumai. 'It will take me half the day to mend this.'

'There's your big black spear at home,' said Taffy. 'Let me run back to the Cave and ask Mummy to give it me.'

'It's too far for your little fat legs,' said Tegumai. 'Besides, you might fall into the beaver-swamp and be drowned. We must make the best of a bad job.' He sat down and took out a little leather mendy-bag, full of reindeer-sinews and strips of leather, and lumps of bee's-wax and resin, and began to mend the spear. Taffy sat down too, with her toes in the water and her chin in her hand, and thought very hard. Then she said—

'I say, Daddy, it's an awful nuisance that you and I don't know how to write, isn't it? If we did we could send a message for the new spear.'

'Taffy,' said Tegumai, 'how often have I told you not to use slang? "Awful" isn't a pretty word—but it *would* be a convenience, now you mention it, if we could write home.'

Just then a Stranger-man came along the river, but he belonged to a far tribe, the Tewaras, and he did not understand one word of Tegumai's language. He stood on the bank and smiled at Taffy, because he had a little girl-daughter of his own at home. Tegumai drew a hank of deer-sinews from his mendy-bag and began to mend his spear.

'Come here,' said Taffy. 'Do you know where my Mummy lives?' And the Stranger-man said 'Um!'—being, as you know, a Tewara.

'Silly!' said Taffy, and she stamped her foot, because she saw a shoal of very big carp going up the river just when her Daddy couldn't use his spear.

'Don't bother grown-ups,' said Tegumai, so busy with his

spear-mending that he did not turn round.

'I aren't,' said Taffy. 'I only want him to do what I want him to do, and he won't understand.'

'Then don't bother me,' said Tegumai, and he went on pulling and straining at the deer-sinews with his mouth full of loose ends. The Stranger-man—a genuine Tewara he was—sat down on the grass, and Taffy showed him what her Daddy was doing. The Stranger-man thought, 'This is a very wonderful child. She stamps her foot at me and she makes faces. She must be the daughter of that noble Chief who is so great that he won't take any notice of me.' So he smiled more politely than ever.

'Now,' said Taffy, 'I want you to go to my Mummy, because your legs are longer than mine, and you won't fall into the beaver-swamp, and ask for Daddy's other spear—the one with the black handle that hangs over our fireplace.'

The Stranger-man (*and* he was a Tewara) thought, 'This is a very, very wonderful child. She waves her arms and she shouts at me, but I don't understand a word of what she says. But if I don't do what she wants, I greatly fear that that haughty Chief, Man-who-turns-his-back-on-callers, will be angry.' He got up and twisted a big flat piece of bark off a birch-tree and gave it to Taffy. He did this, Best Beloved, to show that his heart was as white as the birch-bark and that he meant no harm; but Taffy didn't quite understand.

'Oh!' said she. 'Now I see! You want my Mummy's living address? Of course I can't write, but I can draw pictures if I've anything sharp to scratch with. Please lend me the shark's tooth off your necklace.'

The Stranger-man (and *he* was a Tewara) didn't say anything, so Taffy put up her little hand and pulled at the beautiful bead and seed and shark-tooth necklace round his neck.

The Stranger-man (and he *was* a Tewara) thought, 'This is a very, very, very wonderful child. The shark's tooth on my necklace is a magic shark's tooth, and I was always told that

if anybody touched it without my leave they would immediately swell up or burst, but this child doesn't swell up or burst, and that important Chief, Man-who-attends-strictly-to-his-business, who has not yet taken any notice of me at all, doesn't seem to be afraid that she will swell up or burst. I had better be more polite.'

So he gave Taffy the shark's tooth, and she lay down flat on her tummy with her legs in the air, like some people on the drawing-room floor when they want to draw pictures, and she said, 'Now I'll draw you some beautiful pictures! You can look over my shoulder, but you mustn't joggle. First I'll draw Daddy fishing. It isn't very like him; but Mummy will know, because I've drawn his spear all broken. Well, now I'll draw the other spear that he wants, the black-handled spear. It looks as if it was sticking in Daddy's back, but that's because the shark's tooth slipped and this piece of bark isn't big enough. That's the spear I want you to fetch; so I'll draw a picture of me myself 'splaining to you. My hair doesn't stand up like I've drawn, but it's easier to draw that way. Now I'll draw you. *I* think you're very nice really, but I can't make you pretty in the picture, so you mustn't be 'fended. Are you 'fended?'

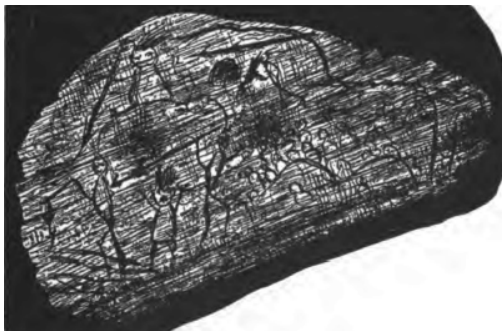
The Stranger-man (and he was *a* Tewara) smiled. He thought, 'There must be a big battle going to be fought somewhere, and this extraordinary child, who takes my magic shark's tooth but who does not swell up or burst, is telling me to call all the great Chief's tribe to help him. He *is* a great Chief, or he would have noticed me.'

'Look,' said Taffy, drawing very hard and rather scratchily, 'now I've drawn you, and I've put the spear that Daddy wants into your hand, just to remind you that you're to bring it. Now I'll show you how to find my Mummy's living-address. You go along till you come to two trees (those are trees), and then you go over a hill (that's a hill), and then you come into a beaver-swamp all full of beavers. I haven't put in all the beavers, because I can't draw beavers, but I've drawn their

heads, and that's all you'll see of them when you cross the swamp. Mind you don't fall in! Then our Cave is just beyond the beaver-swamp. It isn't as high as the hills really, but I can't draw things very small. That's my Mummy outside. She is beautiful. She is the most beautifullest Mummy there ever was, but she won't be 'fended when she sees I've drawn her so plain. She'll be pleased of me because I can draw. Now, in case you forget, I've drawn the spear that Daddy wants *outside* our Cave. It's *inside* really, but you show the picture to my Mummy and she'll give it you. I've made her holding up her hands, because I know she'll be so pleased to see you. Isn't it a beautiful picture? And do you quite understand, or shall I 'splain again?'

The Stranger-man (and he was a *Tewara*) looked at the picture and nodded very hard. He said to himself, 'If I do not fetch this great Chief's tribe to help him, he will be slain by his enemies who are coming up on all sides with spears. Now I see why the great Chief pretended not to notice me! He feared that his enemies were hiding in the bushes and would see him deliver a message to me. Therefore he turned his back, and let the wise and wonderful child draw the terrible picture showing me his difficulties. I will away and get help for him from his tribe.' He did not even ask Taffy the road, but raced off into the bushes like the wind, with the birch-bark in his hand, and Taffy sat down most pleased.

Now this is the picture that Taffy had drawn for him!



'What have you been doing, Taffy?' said Tegumai. He had mended his spear and was carefully waving it to and fro.

'It's a little berangement of my own, Daddy dear,' said Taffy. 'If you won't ask me questions, you'll know all about it in a little time, and you'll be surprised. You don't know how surprised you'll be, Daddy! Promise you'll be surprised.'

'Very well,' said Tegumai, and went on fishing.

The Stranger-man—did you know he was a Tewara?—hurried away with the picture and ran for some miles, till quite by accident he found Teshumai Tewindrow at the door of her Cave, talking to some other Neolithic ladies who had come in to a Primitive lunch. Taffy was very like Teshumai, especially about the upper part of the face and the eyes, so the Stranger-man—always a pure Tewara—smiled politely and handed Teshumai the birch-bark. He had run hard, so that he panted, and his legs were scratched with brambles, but he still tried to be polite.

As soon as Teshumai saw the picture she screamed like anything and flew at the Stranger-man. The other Neolithic ladies at once knocked him down and sat on him in a long line of six, while Teshumai pulled his hair. 'It's as plain as the nose on this Stranger-man's face,' she said. 'He has stuck my Tegumai all full of spears, and frightened poor Taffy so that her hair stands all on end; and not content with that, he brings me a horrid picture of how it was done. Look!' She showed the picture to all the Neolithic ladies sitting patiently on the Stranger-man. 'Here is my Tegumai with his arm broken; here is a spear sticking into his back; here is a man with a spear ready to throw; here is another man throwing a spear from a Cave, and here are a whole pack of people' (they were Taffy's beavers really, but they did look rather like people) 'coming up behind Tegumai. Isn't it shocking!'

'Most shocking!' said the Neolithic ladies, and they filled the Stranger-man's hair with mud (at which he was surprised), and they beat upon the Reverberating Tribal Drums,

and called together all the chiefs of the Tribe of Tegumai, with their Hetmans and Dolmans, all Neguses, Woons, and Akhoonds of the organisation, in addition to the Warlocks, Angekoks, Juju-men, Bonzes, and the rest, who decided that before they chopped the Stranger-man's head off he should instantly lead them down to the river and show them where he had hidden poor Taffy.

By this time the Stranger-man (in spite of being a Tewara) was really annoyed. They had filled his hair quite solid with mud; they had rolled him up and down on knobby pebbles; they had sat upon him in a long line of six; they had thumped him and bumped him till he could hardly breathe; and though he did not understand their language, he was almost sure that the names the Neolithic ladies called him were not ladylike. However, he said nothing till all the Tribe of Tegumai were assembled, and then he led them back to the bank of the Wagai river, and there they found Taffy making daisy-chains, and Tegumai carefully spearing small carp with his mended spear.

'Well, you *have* been quick!' said Taffy. 'But why did you bring so many people? Daddy dear, this is my surprise. *Are* you surprised, Daddy?'

'Very,' said Tegumai; 'but it has ruined all my fishing for the day. Why, the whole dear, kind, nice, clean, quiet Tribe is here, Taffy.'

And so they were. First of all walked Teshumai Tewindrow and the Neolithic ladies, tightly holding on to the Stranger-man, whose hair was full of mud (although he was a Tewara). Behind them came the Head Chief, the Vice-Chief, the Deputy and Assistant Chiefs (all armed to the upper teeth), the Hetmans and Heads of Hundreds, Platoffs with their Platoons, and Dolmans with their Detachments; Woons, Neguses, and Akhoonds ranking in the rear (still armed to the teeth). Behind them was the Tribe in hierarchical order, from owners of four caves (one for each season), a private

reindeer-run, and two salmon-leaps, to feudal and prognathous Villeins, semi-entitled to half a bearskin of winter nights, seven yards from the fire, and adscript serfs, holding the reversion of a scraped marrow-bone under heriot (Aren't those beautiful words, Best Beloved?). They were all there, prancing and shouting, and they frightened every fish for twenty miles, and Tegumai thanked them in a fluid Neolithic oration.

Then Teshumai Tewindrow ran down and kissed and hugged Taffy very much indeed; but the Head Chief of the Tribe of Tegumai took Tegumai by the top-knot feathers and shook him severely.

'Explain! Explain! Explain!' cried all the Tribe of Tegumai.

'Goodness' sakes alive!' said Tegumai. 'Let go of my top-knot. Can't a man break his carp-spear without the whole countryside descending on him? You're a very interfering people.'

'I don't believe you've brought my Daddy's black-handled spear after all,' said Taffy. 'And what are you doing to my nice Stranger-man?'

They were thumping him by twos and threes and tens till his eyes turned round and round. He could only gasp and point at Taffy.

'Where are the bad people who speared you, my darling?' said Teshumai Tewindrow.

'There weren't any,' said Tegumai. 'My only visitor this morning was the poor fellow that you are trying to choke. Aren't you well, or are you ill, O Tribe of Tegumai?'

'He came with a horrible picture,' said the Head Chief—'a picture that showed you were full of spears.'

'Er—um—Pr'aps I'd better 'splain that I gave him that picture,' said Taffy, but she did not feel quite comfy.

'You!' said the Tribe of Tegumai all together. 'Small-person-with-no-manners-who-ought-to-be-spanked! You?'

'Taffy dear, I'm afraid we're in for a little trouble,' said her Daddy, and put his arm round her, so she didn't care.

'Explain! Explain! Explain!' said the Head Chief of the Tribe of Tegumai, and he hopped on one foot.

'I wanted the Stranger-man to fetch Daddy's spear, so I drawded it,' said Taffy. 'There wasn't lots of spears. There was only one spear. I drawded it three times to make sure. I couldn't help it looking as if it stuck into Daddy's head—there wasn't room on the birch-bark; and those things that Mummy called bad people are my beavers. I drawded them to show him the way through the swamp; and I drawded Mummy at the mouth of the Cave looking pleased because he is a nice Stranger-man, and *I* think you are just the stupidest people in the world,' said Taffy. 'He is a very nice man. Why have you filled his hair with mud? Wash him!'

Nobody said anything at all for a long time, till the Head Chief laughed; then the Stranger-man (who was at least a Tewara) laughed; then Tegumai laughed till he fell down flat on the bank; then all the Tribe laughed more and worse and louder. The only people who did not laugh were Teshumai Tewindrow and all the Neolithic ladies. They were very polite to all their husbands, and said 'idiot!' ever so often.

Then the Head Chief of the Tribe of Tegumai cried and said and sang, 'O Small-person-with-out-any-manners-who-ought-to-be-spanked, you've hit upon a great invention!'

'I didn't intend to; I only wanted Daddy's black-handled spear,' said Taffy.

'Never mind. It *is* a great invention, and some day men will call it writing. At present it is only pictures, and, as we have seen to-day, pictures are not always properly understood. But a time will come, O Babe of Tegumai, when we shall make letters—all twenty-six of 'em—and when we shall be able to read as well as to write, and then we shall always say exactly what we mean without any mistakes. Let the Neolithic ladies wash the mud out of the stranger's hair.

'I shall be glad of that,' said Taffy, 'because, after all, though you've brought every single other spear in the Tribe of Tegumai, you've forgotten my Daddy's black-handled spear.'

Then the Head Chief cried and said and sang, 'Taffy dear, the next time you write a picture-letter, you'd better send a man who can talk our language with it, to explain what it means. I don't mind it myself, because I am a Head Chief, but it's very bad for the rest of the Tribe of Tegumai, and, as you can see, it surprises the stranger.'

Then they adopted the Stranger-man (a genuine Tewara of Tewar) into the Tribe of Tegumai, because he was a gentleman and did not make a fuss about the mud that the Neolithic ladies had put into his hair. But from that day to this (and I suppose it is all Taffy's fault), very few little girls have ever liked learning to read or write. Most of them prefer to draw pictures and play about with their Daddies—just like Taffy.



THIS is the story of Taffimai Metallumai carved on an old tusk a very long time ago by the Ancient Peoples. If you read my story, or have it read to you, you can see how it is all told out on the tusk. The tusk was part of an old tribal trumpet that belonged to the Tribe of Tegumai. The pictures were scratched on it with a nail or something, and then the scratches were filled up with black wax, but all the dividing lines and the five little rounds at the bottom were filled with red wax. When it was new there was a sort of network of beads and shells and precious stones at one end of it; but now that has been broken and lost—all except the little bit that you see. The letters round the tusk are magic—Runic magic—and if you can read them you will find out something rather new. The tusk is of ivory—very yellow and scratched. It is two feet long and two feet round, and weighs eleven pounds nine ounces.

THERE runs a road by Merrow Down—
A grassy track to-day it is—
An hour out of Guildford town,
Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,
The ancient Britons dressed and rode
To watch the dark Phœnicians bring
Their goods along the Western Road.

And here, or hereabouts, they meet
To hold their racial talks and such—
To barter beads for Whitby jet,
And tin for gay shell torques and such.

But long and long before that time
(When bison used to roam on it)
Did Taffy and her Daddy climb
That down, and had their home on it.

Then beavers built in Broadstonebrook
And made a swamp where Bramley stands;
And bears from Shere would come and look
For Taffimai where Shamley stands.

The Wey, that Taffy called Wagai,
Was more than six times bigger then;
And all the Tribe of Tegumai
They cut a noble figure then!

How the Alphabet Was Made

The week after Taffimai Metallumai (we will still call her Taffy, Best Beloved) made that little mistake about her Daddy's spear and the Stranger-man and the picture-letter and all, she went carp-fishing again with her Daddy. Her Mummy wanted her to stay at home and help hang up hides to dry on the big drying-poles outside their Neolithic Cave, but Taffy slipped away down to her Daddy quite early, and they fished. Presently she began to giggle, and her Daddy said, 'Don't be silly, child.'

'But wasn't it inciting!' said Taffy. 'Don't you remember how the Head Chief puffed out his cheeks, and how funny the nice Stranger-man looked with the mud in his hair?'

'Well do I,' said Tegumai. 'I had to pay two deerskins—soft ones with fringes—to the Stranger-man for the things we did to him.'

'*We* didn't do anything,' said Taffy. 'It was Mummy and the other Neolithic ladies—and the mud.'

'We won't talk about that,' said her Daddy. 'Let's have lunch.'

Taffy took a marrow-bone and sat mousy-quiet for ten whole minutes, while her Daddy scratched on pieces of birch-bark with a shark's tooth. Then she said, 'Daddy, I've thinked of a secret surprise. You make a noise—any sort of noise.'

'Ah!' said Tegumai. 'Will that do to begin with?'

'Yes,' said Taffy. 'You look just like a carp-fish with its mouth open. Say it again, please.'

'Ah! ah! ah!' said her Daddy. 'Don't be rude, my daughter.'

'I'm not meaning rude, really and truly,' said Taffy. 'It's part of my secret-surprise—think. *Do* say *ah*, Daddy, and keep your mouth open at the end, and lend me that tooth. I'm going to draw a carp-fish's mouth wide-open.'

'What for?' said her Daddy.

'Don't you see?' said Taffy, scratching away on the bark. 'That will be our little secret s'prise. When I draw a carp-fish with his mouth open in the smoke at the back of our Cave—if Mummy doesn't mind—it will remind you of that ah-noise. Then we can play that it was me jumped out of the dark and s'prised you with that noise—same as I did in the beaver-swamp last winter.'

'Really?' said her Daddy, in the voice that grown-ups use when they are truly attending. 'Go on, Taffy.'

'Oh bother!' she said. 'I can't draw all of a carp-fish, but I can draw something that means a carp-fish's mouth. Don't you know how they stand on their heads rooting in the mud? Well, here's a pretence carp-fish (we can play that the rest of him is drawn). Here's just his mouth, and that means *ah*.' And she drew this. (1.)



'That's not bad,' said Tegumai, and scratched on his own piece of bark for himself; 'but you've forgotten the feeler that hangs across his mouth.'

'But I can't draw, Daddy.'



'You needn't draw anything of him except just the opening of his mouth and the feeler across. Then we'll know he's a carp-fish, 'cause the perches and trouts haven't got feelers. Look here, Taffy.' And he drew this. (2.)

'Now I'll copy it,' said Taffy. 'Will you understand *this* when you see it?' And she drew this. (3.)



'Perfectly,' said her Daddy. 'And I'll be quite as s'prised when I see it anywhere, as if you had jumped out from behind a tree and said, "Ah!"'

'Now, make another noise,' said Taffy, very proud.

'Yah!' said her Daddy, very loud.

'H'm,' said Taffy. 'That's a mixy noise. The end part is *ah*-carp-fish-mouth; but what can we do about the front part? *Yer-yer-yer* and *ah*! *Ya*!'

'It's very like the carp-fish-mouth noise. Let's draw another bit of the carp-fish and join 'em,' said her Daddy. *He* was quite incited too.

'No. If they're joined, I'll forget. Draw it separate. Draw his tail. If he's standing on his head the tail will come first. 'Sides, I think I can draw tails easiest,' said Taffy.


4

'A good notion,' said Tegumai. 'Here's a carp-fish tail for the *yer*-noise.' And he drew this. (4.)

'I'll try now,' said Taffy. ''Member I can't draw like you, Daddy. Will it do if I just draw the split part of the tail, and the sticky-down line for where it joins?' And she drew this. (5).


5

Her Daddy nodded, and his eyes were shiny bright with 'citement.

'That's beautiful,' she said. 'Now make another noise, Daddy.'

'Oh!' said her Daddy, very loud.

'That's quite easy,' said Taffy. 'You make your mouth all around like an egg or a stone. So an egg or a stone will do for that.'

'You can't always find eggs or stones. We'll have to scratch a round something like one.' And he drew this. (6.)


6

'My gracious!' said Taffy, 'what a lot of noise-pictures we've made—carp-mouth, carp-tail, and egg! Now, make another noise, Daddy.'

'Ssh!' said her Daddy, and frowned to himself, but Taffy was too incited to notice.

'That's quite easy,' she said, scratching on the bark.

'Eh, what?' said her Daddy. 'I meant I was thinking, and

didn't want to be disturbed.'



'It's a noise just the same. It's the noise a snake makes, Daddy, when it is thinking and doesn't want to be disturbed. Let's make the *ssh*-noise a snake. Will this do?' And she drew this. (7.)

'There,' she said. 'That's another s'prise-secret. When you draw a hissy-snake by the door of your little back-cave where you mend the spears, I'll know you're thinking hard; and I'll come in most mousy-quiet. And if you draw it on a tree by the river when you're fishing, I'll know you want me to walk most *most* mousy-quiet, so as not to shake the banks.'

'Perfectly true,' said Tegumai. 'And there's more in this game than you think. Taffy, dear, I've a notion that your Daddy's daughter has hit upon the finest thing that there ever was since the Tribe of Tegumai took to using shark's teeth instead of flints for their spear-heads. I believe we've found out *the* big secret of the world.'

'Why?' said Taffy, and her eyes shone too with incitement.

'I'll show,' said her Daddy. 'What's water in the Tegumai language?'

'*Ya*, of course, and it means river too—like Wagai-*ya*—the Wagai river.'

'What is bad water that gives you fever if you drink it—black water—swamp-water?'

'*Yo*, of course.'

'Now look,' said her Daddy. 'S'pose you saw this scratched by the side of a pool in the beaver-swamp?' And he drew this. (8.)



'Carp-tail and round egg. Two noises mixed! *Yo*, bad water,' said Taffy. ''Course I wouldn't drink that water because I'd know you said it was bad.'

'But I needn't be near the water at all. I might be miles away, hunting, and still—'

'And *still* it would be just the same as if you stood there

and said, "G'way, Taffy, or you'll get fever." All that in a carp-fish-tail and a round egg! O Daddy, we must tell Mummy, quick!' and Taffy danced all around him.

'Not yet, said Tegumai; 'not till we've gone a little further. Let's see. *Yo* is bad water, but *so* is food cooked on the fire, isn't it?' And he drew this. (9.)



'Yes. Snake and egg,' said Taffy. 'So that means dinner's ready. If you saw that scratched on a tree you'd know it was time to come to the Cave. So'd I.'

'My Winkie!' said Tegumai. 'That's true too. But wait a minute. I see a difficulty. *So* means "come and have dinner," but *sho* means the drying-poles where we hang our hides.'

'Horrid old drying-poles!' said Taffy. 'I hate helping to hang heavy, hot, hairy hides on them. If you drew the snake and egg, and I thought it meant dinner, and I came in from the wood and found that it meant I was to help Mummy hang the two hides on the drying-poles, what *would* I do?'

'You'd be cross. So'd Mummy. We must make a new picture for *sho*. We must draw a spotty snake that hisses *sh-sh*. And we'll play that the plain snake only hisses *ssss*.'

'I couldn't be sure how to put in the spots,' said Taffy. 'And p'raps if *you* were in a hurry you might leave them out, and I'd think it was *so* when it was *sho*, and then Mummy would catch me just the same. *No!* I think we'd better draw a picture of the horrid high drying-poles their very selves, and make *quite* sure. I'll put them in just after the hissy-snake. Look!' And she drew this. (10.)



'P'raps that's safest. It's very like our drying-poles, anyhow,' said her Daddy, laughing. 'Now I'll make a new noise with a snake and drying-pole sound in it. I'll say *shi*. That's Tegumai for spear, Taffy.' And he laughed.

'Don't make fun of me,' said Taffy, as she thought of her picture-letter and the mud in the Stranger-man's hair. '*You* draw it, Daddy.'



'We won't have beavers or hills this time, eh?' said her Daddy. 'I'll just draw a straight line for my spear,' and he drew this. (**11.**)

'Even Mummy couldn't mistake that for me being killed.'

'*Please* don't, Daddy. It makes me uncomfy. Do some more noises. We're getting on beautifully.'

'Er-hm!' said Tegumai, looking up. 'We'll say *shu*. That means sky.'

Taffy drew the snake and the drying-pole. Then she stopped. 'We must make a new picture for that end sound, mustn't we?'

'*Shu-shu-u-u-u*!' said her Daddy. 'Why it's just like the round-egg-sound made thin.'

'Then s'pose we draw a thin round egg, and pretend it's a frog that hasn't eaten anything for years.'

'N-no,' said her Daddy. 'If we drew that in a hurry we might mistake it for the round egg itself. *Shu-shu-shu*! I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll open a little hole at the end of the round egg to show how the O-noise runs out all thin, *ooo-oo-oo*. Like this.' And he drew this. (**12.**)



'Oh, that's lovely! Much better than a thin frog. Go on,' said Taffy, using her shark's tooth.

Her daddy went on drawing, and his hand shook with excitement. He went on till he had drawn this. (**13.**)



'Don't look up, Taffy,' he said. 'Try if you can make out what that means in the Tegumai language. If you can, we've found the Secret.'

'Snake—pole—broken-egg—carp-tail and carp-mouth,' said Taffy. '*Shu-ya*. Sky-water (rain).' Just then a drop fell on her hand, for the day had clouded over. 'Why, Daddy, it's raining. Was *that* what you meant to tell me?'

'Of course,' said her Daddy. 'And I told it you without saying a word, didn't I?'

"Well, I *think* I would have known it in a minute, but that raindrop made me quite sure. I'll always remember now. *Shu-ya* means rain or "it is going to rain." Why, Daddy!' She got up and danced round him. 'S'pose you went out before I was awake, and drawed *shu-ya* in the smoke on the wall, I'd know it was going to rain and I'd take my beaver-skin hood. Wouldn't Mummy be surprised!'

Tegumai got up and danced. (Daddies didn't mind doing those things in those days.) 'More than that! More than that!' he said. 'S'pose I wanted to tell you it wasn't going to rain much and you must come down to the river, what would we draw? Say the words in Tegumai-talk first.'

'*Shu-ya-las*, *ya maru*. (Sky-water ending. River come to.) *What* a lot of new sounds! *I* don't see how we can draw them.'

'But I do—but I do!' said Tegumai. 'Just attend a minute, Taffy, and we won't do any more to-day. We've got *shu-ya* all right, haven't we? but this *las* is a teaser. *La-la-la*!' and he waved his shark-tooth.

'There's the hissy-snake at the end and the carp-mouth before the snake—as-as-as. We only want *la-la*,' said Taffy.

'I know it, but we have to make *la-la*. And we're the first people in all the world who've ever tried to do it, Taffimai!'

'Well,' said Taffy, yawning, for she was rather tired. '*Las* means breaking or finishing as well as ending, doesn't it?'

'So it does,' said Tegumai. '*Yo-las* means that there's no water in the tank for Mummy to cook with—just when I'm going hunting, too.'

'And *shi-las* means that your spear is broken. If I'd only thought of *that* instead of drawing silly beaver pictures for the Stranger!'

'*La! La! La!*' said Tegumai, waiving his stick and frowning. 'Oh bother!'

'I could have drawn *shi* quite easily,' Taffy went on. 'Then I'd have drawn your spear all broken—this way!' And she drew. (**I4.**)

'The very thing,' said Tegumai. 'That's *la* all over. It isn't like any of the other marks, either.' And he drew this. (**15**.)


14


15


16

'Now for *ya*. Oh, we've done that before. Now for *maru*. *Mum-mum-mum*. *Mum* shuts one's mouth up, doesn't it? We'll draw a shut mouth like this.' And he drew. (**16**.)

'Then the carp-mouth open. That makes *Ma-ma-ma*! But what about this *rrrrr*-thing, Taffy?'

'It sounds all rough and edgy, like your shark-tooth saw when you're cutting out a plank for the canoe,' said Taffy.


17

'You mean all sharp at the edges, like this?' said Tegumai. And he drew. (**17**.)

''Xactly,' said Taffy. 'But we don't want all those teeth: only put two.'

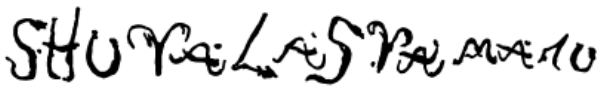
'I'll only put in one,' said Tegumai. 'If this game of ours is going to be what I think it will, the easier we make our sound-pictures the better for everybody.' And he drew. (**18**.)


18

'Now we've got it,' said Tegumai, standing on one leg. 'I'll draw 'em all in a string like fish.'

'Hadn't we better put a little bit of stick or something between each word, so's they won't rub up against each other and jostle, same as if they were carps?'

'Oh, I'll leave a space for that,' said her Daddy. And very incitedly he drew them all without stopping, on a big new bit of birch-bark. (**19**.)



'*Shu-ya-las ya-maru*,' said Taffy, reading it out sound by sound.

'That's enough for to-day,' said Tegumai. 'Besides, you're getting tired, Taffy. Never mind, dear. We'll finish it all to-morrow, and then we'll be remembered for years and years after the biggest trees you can see are all chopped up for fire-wood.'

So they went home, and all that evening Tegumai sat on one side of the fire and Taffy on the other, drawing *ya*'s and *yo*'s and *shu*'s and *shi*'s in the smoke on the wall and giggling together till her Mummy said, 'Really, Tegumai, you're worse than my Taffy.'

'Please don't mind,' said Taffy. 'It's only our secret-s'prise, Mummy dear, and we'll tell you all about it the very minute it's done; but *please* don't ask me what it is now, or else I'll have to tell.'

So her Mummy most carefully didn't; and bright and early next morning Tegumai went down to the river to think about new sound pictures, and when Taffy got up she saw *Ya-las* (water is ending or running out) chalked on the side of the big stone water-tank, outside the Cave.

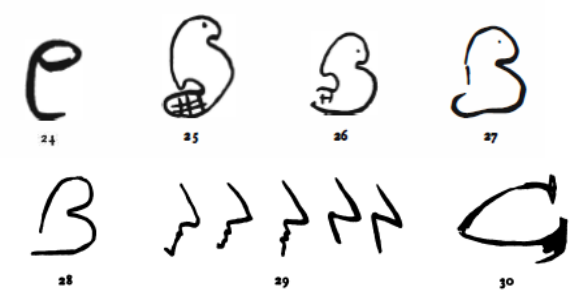
'Um,' said Taffy. 'These picture-sounds are rather a bother! Daddy's just as good as come here himself and told me to get more water for Mummy to cook with.' She went to the spring at the back of the house and filled the tank from a bark bucket, and then she ran down to the river and pulled her Daddy's left ear—the one that belonged to her to pull when she was good.

'Now come along and we'll draw all the left-over sound-pictures,' said her Daddy, and they had a most inciting day of it, and a beautiful lunch in the middle, and two games of romps. When they came to T, Taffy said that as her name, and her Daddy's, and her Mummy's all began with that sound, they should draw a sort of family group of themselves holding hands. That was all very well to draw once or twice; but when it came to drawing it six or seven times, Taffy and Tegumai drew it scratchier and scratchier, till at last the T-sound was

only a thin long Tegumai with his arms out to hold Taffy and Teshumai. You can see from these three pictures partly how it happened. (20, 21, 22.)



Many of the other pictures were much too beautiful to begin with, especially before lunch, but as they were drawn over and over again on birch-bark, they became plainer and easier, till at last even Tegumai said he could find no fault with them. They turned the hissy-snake the other way round for the Z-sound, to show it was hissing backwards in a soft and gentle way (23); and they just made a twiddle for E, because it came into the pictures so often (24); and they drew pictures of the sacred Beaver of the Tegumais for the B-sound (25, 26, 27, 28); and because it was a nasty, nosy noise, they just drew noses for the N-sound, till they were tired (29); and they drew a picture of the big lake-pike's mouth for the greedy Ga-sound



(30); and they drew the pike's mouth again with a spear behind it for the scratchy, hurty Ka-sound (31); and they drew pictures of a little bit of the winding Wagai river for the nice windy-windy Wa-sound (32, 33); and so on and so forth and so following till they had done and drawn all the sound-pictures that they wanted, and there was the Alphabet, all complete.



And after thousands and thousands and thousands of years, and after Hieroglyphics and Demotics, and Nilotics, and Cryptics, and Cufics, and Runics, and Dorics, and Ionics, and all sorts of other ricks and tricks (because the Woons, and the Neguses, and the Akhoonds, and the Repositories of Tradition would never leave a good thing alone when they saw it), the fine old easy, understandable Alphabet—A, B, C, D, E, and the rest of 'em—got back into its proper shape again for all Best Beloveds to learn when they are old enough.

But *I* remember Tegumai Bopsulai, and Taffimai Metallumai and Teshumai Tewindrow, her dear Mummy, and all the days gone by. And it was so—just so—a little time ago—on the banks of the big Wagai!



ONE of the first things that Tegumai Bopsulai did after Taffy and he had made the Alphabet was to make a magic Alphabet-necklace of all the letters, so that it could be put in the Temple of Tegumai and kept for ever and ever. All the Tribe of Tegumai brought their most precious beads and beautiful things, and Taffy and Tegumai spent five whole years getting the necklace in order. This is a picture of the magic Alphabet-necklace. The string was made of the finest and strongest reindeer-sinew, bound round with thin copper wire.

Beginning at the top, the first bead is an old silver one that belonged to the Head Priest of the Tribe of Tegumai; then come three black mussel-pearls; next is a clay bead (blue and gray); next a nubbly gold bead sent as a present by a tribe who got it from Africa (but it must have been Indian really); the next is a long flat-sided glass bead from Africa (the Tribe of Tegumai took it in a fight); then come two clay beads (white and green), with dots on one, and dots and bands on the other; next are three rather chipped amber beads; then three clay beads (red and white), two with dots, and the big one in the middle with a toothed pattern. Then the letters begin, and between each letter is a little whitish clay bead with the letter repeated small. Here are the letters—

A is scratched on a tooth—an elk-tusk I think.
B is the Sacred Beaver of Tegumai on a bit of old glory.
C is a pearly oyster-shell-inside front.
D must be a sort of mussel-shell—outside front.
E is a twist of silver wire.
F is broken, but what remains of it is a bit of stag's horn.
G is painted black on a piece of wood. (The bead after G is a small shell, and not a clay bead. I don't know why they did that.)
H is a kind of a big brown cowie-shell.
I is the inside part of a long shell ground down by hand. (It took Tegumai three months to grind it down.)
J is a fish-hook in mother-of-pearl.
L is the broken spear in silver. (K ought to follow J of course, but the necklace was broken once and they mended it wrong.)
K is a thin slice of bone scratched and rubbed in black.
M is on a pale gray shell.
N is a piece of what is called porphyry with a nose scratched on it. (Tegumai spent five months polishing this stone.)
O is a piece of oyster-shell with a hole in the middle.
P and Q are missing. They were lost, a long time ago, in a great war, and the tribe mended the necklace with the dried rattles of a rattlesnake, but no one ever found P and Q. That is how the saying began, 'You must mind your P's. and Q's.'
R is, of course, just a shark's tooth.
S is a little silver snake.
T is the end of a small bone, polished brown and shiny.
U is another piece of oyster-shell.
W is a twisty piece of mother-of-pearl that they found inside a big mother-of-pearl shell, and sawed off with a wire dipped in sand and water. It took Taffy a month and a half to polish it and drill the holes.
X is silver wire joined in the middle with a raw garnet. (Taffy found the garnet.)
Y is the carp-tail in ivory.
Z is a bell-shaped piece of agate marked with Z-shaped stripes. They made the Z-snake out of one of the stripes by picking out the soft stone and rubbing in red sand and bee's-wax. Just in the mouth of the bell you see the clay bead repeating the Z-letter.
These are all the letters.
The next bead is a small round greeny lump of copper ore; the

next is a lump of rough turquoise; the next is a rough gold nugget (what they call water-gold); the next is a melon-shaped clay bead (white with green spots). Then come four flat ivory pieces, with dots on them rather like dominoes; then come three stone beads, very badly worn; then two soft iron beads with rust-holes at the edges (they must have been magic, because they look very common); and last is a very very old African bead, like glass-blue, red, white, black, and yellow. Then comes the loop to slip over the big silver button at the other end, and that is all.

I have copied the necklace very carefully. It weighs one pound seven and a half ounces. The black squiggle behind is only put in to make the beads and things look better.

OF all the Tribe of Tegumai
Who cut that figure, none remain,—
On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry—
The Silence and the sun remain.

But as the faithful years return
And hearts unwounded sing again,
Comes Taffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds,
And golden elf-locks fly above;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
And bluer than the skies above.

In mocassins and deer-skin cloak,
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,
And lights her little damp-wood smoke
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far—oh, very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him.

The Crab that Played With the Sea

Before the High and Far-Off Times, O my Best Beloved, came the Time of the Very Beginnings, and that was in the days when the Eldest Magician was getting Things ready. First he got the Earth ready; then he got the Sea ready; and then he told all the Animals that they could come out and play. And the Animals said, 'O Eldest Magician, what shall we play at?' and he said, 'I will show you.' He took the Elephant—All-the-Elephant-there-was—and said, 'Play at being an Elephant,' and All-the-Elephant-there-was played. He took the Beaver—All-the-Beaver-there-was—and said, 'Play at being a Beaver,' and All-the-Beaver-there-was played. He took the Cow—All-the-Cow-there-was—and said, 'Play at being a Cow,' and All-the-Cow-there-was played. He took the Turtle—All-the-Turtle-there-was—and said, 'Play at being a Turtle,' and All-the-Turtle-there-was played. One by one he took all the beasts and birds and fishes and told them what to play at.

But towards evening, when people and things grow restless and tired, there came up the Man (with his own little girl-daughter?)—Yes, with his own best beloved little girl-daughter sitting upon his shoulder, and he said, 'What is this play, Eldest Magician?' And the Eldest Magician said, 'Ho, Son of Adam, this is the play of the Very Beginning; but you are too wise for this play.' And the Man saluted and said, 'Yes, I am too wise for this play; but see that you make all the Animals obedient to me.'

Now, while the two were talking together, Pau Amma the Crab, who was next in the game, scuttled off sideways and

stepped into the sea, saying to himself, 'I will play my play alone in the deep waters, and I will never be obedient to this son of Adam.' Nobody saw him go away except the little girl-daughter where she leaned on the Man's shoulder. And the play went on till there were no more Animals left without orders; and the Eldest Magician wiped the fine dust off his hands and walked about the world to see how the Animals were playing.

He went North, Best Beloved, and he found All-the-Elephant-there-was digging with his tusks and stamping with his feet in the nice new clean earth that had been made ready for him.

'*Kun*?' said All-the-Elephant-there-was, meaning, 'Is this right?'

'*Payah kun*,' said the Eldest Magician, meaning, 'That is quite right'; and he breathed upon the great rocks and lumps of earth that All-the-Elephant-there-was had thrown up, and they became the great Himalayan Mountains, and you can look them out on the map.

He went East, and he found All-the-Cow-there-was feeding in the field that had been made ready for her, and she licked her tongue round a whole forest at a time, and swallowed it and sat down to chew her cud.

'*Kun*?' said All-the-Cow-there-was.

'*Payah kun*,' said the Eldest Magician; and he breathed upon the bare patch where she had eaten, and upon the place where she had sat down, and one became the great Indian Desert, and the other became the Desert of Sahara, and you can look them out on the map.

He went West, and he found All-the-Beaver-there-was making a beaver-dam across the mouths of broad rivers that had been got ready for him.

'*Kun*?' said All-the-Beaver-there-was.

'*Payah kun*,' said the Eldest Magician; and he breathed upon the fallen trees and the still water, and they became the



THIS is a picture of Pau Amma the Crab running away while the Eldest Magician was talking to the Man and his Little Girl Daughter. The Eldest Magician is sitting on his magic throne, wrapped up in his Magic Cloud. The three flowers in front of him are the three Magic Flowers. On the top of the hill you can see All-the-Elephant-there-was, and All-the-Cow-there-was, and All-the-Turtle-there-was going off to play as the Eldest Magician told them. The cow has a hump, because she was All-the-Cow-there-was; so she had to have all there was for all the cows that were made afterwards. Under the hill there are Animals who have been taught the game they were to play. You can see All-the-Tiger-there-was smiling at All-the-Bones-there-were, and you can see All-the-Elk-there-was, and All-the-Parrot-there-was, and All-the-Bunnies-there-were on the hill. The other Animals are on the other side of the hill, so I haven't drawn them. The little house up the hill is All-the-House-there-was. The Eldest Magician made it to show the Man how to make houses when he wanted to. The Snake round that spiky hill is the All-the-Snake-there-was, and he is talking to All-the-Monkey-there-was, and the Monkey is being rude to the Snake, and the Snake is being rude to the Monkey. The Man is very busy talking to the Eldest Magician. The Little Girl Daughter is looking at Pau Amma as he runs away. That humpy thing in the water in front is Pau Amma. He wasn't a common Crab in those days. He was a King Crab. That is why he looks different. The thing that looks like bricks that the Man is standing in, is the Big Miz-Maze. When the Man has done talking with the Eldest Magician he will walk in the Big Miz-Maze, because he has to. The mark on the stone under the Man's foot is a magic mark; and down underneath I have drawn the three Magic Flowers all mixed up with the Magic Cloud. All this picture is Big Medicine and Strong Magic.

Everglades in Florida, and you may look them out on the map.

Then he went South and found All-the-Turtle-there-was scratching with his flippers in the sand that had been got ready for him, and the sand and the rocks whirled through the air and fell far off into the sea.

'*Kun*?' said All-the-Turtle-there-was.

'*Payah kun*,' said the Eldest Magician; and he breathed upon the sand and the rocks, where they had fallen in the sea, and they became the most beautiful islands of Borneo, Celebes, Sumatra, Java, and the rest of the Malay Archipelago, and you can look them out on the map!

By and by the Eldest Magician met the Man on the banks of the Perak river, and said, 'Ho! Son of Adam, are all the Animals obedient to you?'

'Yes,' said the Man.

'Is all the Earth obedient to you?'

'Yes,' said the Man.

'Is all the Sea obedient to you?'

'No,' said the Man. 'Once a day and once a night the Sea runs up the Perak river and drives the sweet-water back into the forest, so that my house is made wet; once a day and once a night it runs down the river and draws all the water after it, so that there is nothing left but mud, and my canoe is upset. Is that the play you told it to play?'

'No,' said the Eldest Magician. 'That is a new and a bad play.'

'Look!' said the Man, and as he spoke the great Sea came up the mouth of the Perak river, driving the river backwards till it overflowed all the dark forests for miles and miles, and flooded the Man's house.

'This is wrong. Launch your canoe and we will find out who is playing with the Sea,' said the Eldest Magician. They stepped into the canoe; the little girl-daughter came with them; and the Man took his *kris*—a curving, wavy dagger with a blade like a flame—and they pushed out on the Perak river.

Then the sea began to run back and back, and the canoe was sucked out of the mouth of the Perak river, past Selangor, past Malacca, past Singapore, out and out to the Island of Bingtang, as though it had been pulled by a string.

Then the Eldest Magician stood up and shouted, 'Ho! beasts, birds, and fishes, that I took between my hands at the Very Beginning and taught the play that you should play, which one of you is playing with the Sea?'

Then all the beasts, birds, and fishes said together, 'Eldest Magician, we play the plays that you taught us to play—we and our children's children. But not one of us plays with the Sea.'

Then the Moon rose big and full over the water, and the Eldest Magician said to the hunchbacked old man who sits in the Moon spinning a fishing-line with which he hopes one day to catch the world, 'Ho! Fisher of the Moon, are you playing with the Sea?'

'No,' said the Fisherman, 'I am spinning a line with which I shall some day catch the world; but I do not play with the Sea.' And he went on spinning his line.

Now there is also a Rat up in the Moon who always bites the old Fisherman's line as fast as it is made, and the Eldest Magician said to him, 'Ho! Rat of the Moon, are *you* playing with the Sea?'

And the Rat said, 'I am too busy biting through the line that this old Fisherman is spinning. I do not play with the Sea.' And he went on biting the line.

Then the little girl-daughter put up her little soft brown arms with the beautiful white shell bracelets and said, 'O Eldest Magician! when my father here talked to you at the Very Beginning, and I leaned upon his shoulder while the beasts were being taught their plays, one beast went away naughtily into the Sea before you had taught him his play.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'How wise are little children who see and are silent! What was the beast like?'

And the little girl-daughter said, 'He was round and he was flat; and his eyes grew upon stalks; and he walked sideways like this; and he was covered with strong armour upon his back.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'How wise are little children who speak truth! Now I know where Pau Amma went. Give me the paddle!'

So he took the paddle; but there was no need to paddle, for the water flowed steadily past all the islands till they came to the place called Pusat Tasek—the Heart of the Sea—where the great hollow is that leads down to the heart of the world, and in that hollow grows the Wonderful Tree, Pauh Janggi, that bears the magic twin nuts. Then the Eldest Magician slid his arm up to the shoulder through the deep warm water, and under the roots of the Wonderful Tree he touched the broad back of Pau Amma the Crab. And Pau Amma settled down at the touch, and all the Sea rose up as water rises in a basin when you put your hand into it.

'Ah!' said the Eldest Magician. 'Now I know who has been playing with the Sea;' and he called out, 'What are you doing, Pau Amma?'

And Pau Amma, deep down below, answered, 'Once a day and once a night I go out to look for my food. Once a day and once a night I return. Leave me alone.'

Then the Eldest Magician said, 'Listen, Pau Amma. When you go out from your cave the waters of the Sea pour down into Pusat Tasek, and all the beaches of all the islands are left bare, and the little fish die, and Raja Moyang Kahan, the King of the Elephants, his legs are made muddy. When you come back and sit in Pusat Tasek, the waters of the Sea rise, and half the little islands are drowned, and the Man's house is flooded, and Raja Abdullah, the King of the Crocodiles, his mouth is filled with the salt water.

Then Pau Amma, deep down below, laughed and said, 'I did not know I was so important. Henceforward I will go out

seven times a day, and the waters shall never be still.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'I cannot make you play the play you were meant to play, Pau Amma, because you escaped me at the Very Beginning; but if you are not afraid, come up and we will talk about it.'

'I am not afraid,' said Pau Amma, and he rose to the top of the sea in the moonlight. There was nobody in the world so big as Pau Amma—for he was the King Crab of all Crabs. Not a common Crab, but a King Crab. One side of his great shell touched the beach at Sarawak; the other touched the beach at Pahang; and he was taller than the smoke of three volcanoes! As he rose up through the branches of the Wonderful Tree he tore off one of the great twin-fruits—the magic double-kernelled nuts that make people young—and the little girl-daughter saw it bobbing along-side the canoe, and pulled it in and began to pick out the soft eyes of it with her little golden scissors.

'Now,' said the Magician, 'make a Magic, Pau Amma, to show that you are really important.'

Pau Amma rolled his eyes and waved his legs, but he could only stir up the Sea, because, though he was a King Crab, he was nothing more than a Crab, and the Eldest Magician laughed.

'You are not so important after all, Pau Amma,' he said. 'Now, let *me* try,' and he made a Magic with his left hand—with just the little finger of his left hand—and—lo and behold, Best Beloved, Pau Amma's hard, blue-green-black shell fell off him as a husk falls off a cocoa-nut, and Pau Amma was left all soft—soft as the little crabs that you sometimes find on the beach, Best Beloved.

'Indeed, you are very important,' said the Eldest Magician. 'Shall I ask the Man here to cut you with *kris*? Shall I send for Raja Moyang Kahan, the King of the Elephants, to pierce you with his tusks, or shall I call Raja Abdullah, the King of the Crocodiles, to bite you?'



THIS is the picture of Pau Amma the Crab rising out of the sea as tall as the smoke of three volcanoes. I haven't drawn the three volcanoes, because Pau Amma was so big. Pau Amma is trying to make a Magic, but he is only a silly old King Crab, and so he can't do anything. You can see he is all legs and claws and empty hollow shell. The canoe is the canoe that the Man and the Girl Daughter and the Eldest Magician sailed from the Perak river in. The sea is all black and bobbly, because Pau Amma has just risen up out of Pusat Tasek. Pusat Tasek is underneath, so I haven't drawn it. The Man is waving his curvy *kris*-knife at Pau Amma. The Little Girl Daughter is sitting quietly in the middle of the canoe. She knows she is quite safe with her Daddy. The Eldest Magician is standing up at the other end of the canoe beginning to make a Magic. He has left his magic throne on the beach, and he has taken off his clothes so as not to get wet, and he has left the Magic Cloud behind too, so as not to tip the boat over. The thing that looks like another little canoe outside the real canoe is called an outrigger. It is a piece of wood tied to sticks, and it prevents the canoe from being tipped over. The canoe is made out of one piece of wood, and there is a paddle at one end of it.

And Pau Amma said, 'I am ashamed! Give me back my hard shell and let me go back to Pusat Tasek, and I will only stir out once a day and once a night to get my food.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'No, Pau Amma, I will *not* give you back your shell, for you will grow bigger and prouder and stronger, and perhaps you will forget your promise, and you will play with the Sea once more.'

Then Pau Amma said, 'What shall I do? I am so big that I can only hide in Pusat Tasek, and if I go anywhere else, all soft as I am now, the sharks and the dogfish will eat me. And if I go to Pusat Tasek, all soft as I am now, though I may be safe, I can never stir out to get my food, and so I shall die.' Then he waved his legs and lamented.

'Listen, Pau Amma,' said the Eldest Magician. 'I cannot make you play the play you were meant to play, because you escaped me at the Very Beginning; but if you choose, I can make every stone and every hole and every bunch of weed in all the seas a safe Pusat Tasek for you and your children for always.'

Then Pau Amma said, 'That is good, but I do not choose yet. Look! there is that Man who talked to you at the Very Beginning. If he had not taken up your attention I should not have grown tired of waiting and run away, and all this would never have happened. What will *he* do for me?'

And the Man said, 'If you choose, I will make a Magic, so that both the deep water and the dry ground will be a home for you and your children—so that you shall be able to hide both on the land and in the sea.'

And Pau Amma said, 'I do not choose yet. Look! there is that girl who saw me running away at the Very Beginning. If she had spoken then, the Eldest Magician would have called me back, and all this would never have happened. What will *she* do for me?'

And the little girl-daughter said, 'This is a good nut that I am eating. If you choose, I will make a Magic and I will give

you this pair of scissors, very sharp and strong, so that you and your children can eat cocoa-nuts like this all day long when you come up from the Sea to the land; or you can dig a Pusat Tasek for yourself with the scissors that belong to you when there is no stone or hole near by; and when the earth is too hard, by the help of these same scissors you can run up a tree.'

And Pau Amma said, 'I do not choose yet, for, all soft as I am, these gifts would not help me. Give me back my shell, O Eldest Magician, and then I will play your play.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'I will give it back, Pau Amma, for eleven months of the year; but on the twelfth month of every year it shall grow soft again, to remind you and all your children that I can make magics, and to keep you humble, Pau Amma; for I see that if you can run both under the water and on land, you will grow too bold; and if you can climb trees and crack nuts and dig holes with your scissors; you will grow too greedy, Pau Amma.'

Then Pau Amma thought a little and said, 'I have made my choice. I will take all the gifts.'

Then the Eldest Magician made a Magic with the right hand, with all five fingers of his right hand, and lo and behold, Best Beloved, Pau Amma grew smaller and smaller and smaller, till at last there was only a little green crab swimming in the water alongside the canoe, crying in a very small voice, 'Give me the scissors!'

And the girl-daughter picked him up on the palm of her little brown hand, and sat him in the bottom of the canoe and gave him her scissors, and he waved them in his little arms, and opened them and shut them and snapped them, and said, 'I can eat nuts. I can crack shells. I can dig holes. I can climb trees. I can breathe in the dry air, and I can find a safe Pusat Tasek under every stone. I did not know I was so important. *Kun*?' (Is this right?)

'*Payah-kun*,' said the Eldest Magician, and he laughed and gave him his blessing; and little Pau Amma scuttled over the

side of the canoe into the water; and he was so tiny that he could have hidden under the shadow of a dry leaf on land or of a dead shell at the bottom of the sea.

'Was that well done?' said the Eldest Magician.

'Yes,' said the Man. 'But now we must go back to Perak, and that is a weary way to paddle. If we had waited till Pau Amma had gone out of Pusat Tasek and come home, the water would have carried us there by itself.'

'You are lazy,' said the Eldest Magician. 'So your children shall be lazy. They shall be the laziest people in the world. They shall be called the Malazy—the lazy people;' and he held up his finger to the Moon and said, 'O Fisherman, here is the Man too lazy to row home. Pull his canoe home with your line, Fisherman.'

'No,' said the Man. 'If I am to be lazy all my days, let the Sea work for me twice a day for ever. That will save paddling.'

And the Eldest Magician laughed and said, '*Payah kun*' (That is right).

And the Rat of the Moon stopped biting the line; and the Fisherman let his line down till it touched the Sea, and he pulled the whole deep Sea along, past the Island of Bintang, past Singapore, past Malacca, past Selangor, till the canoe whirled into the mouth of the Perak River again.

'*Kun*?' said the Fisherman of the Moon.

'*Payah kun*,' said the Eldest Magician. 'See now that you pull the Sea twice a day and twice a night for ever, so that the Malazy fishermen may be saved paddling. But be careful not to do it too hard, or I shall make a magic on you as I did to Pau Amma.'

Then they all went up the Perak River and went to bed, Best Beloved.

Now listen and attend!

From that day to this the Moon has always pulled the sea up and down and made what we call the tides. Sometimes the Fisher of the Sea pulls a little too hard, and then we get

spring-tides; and sometimes he pulls a little too softly, and then we get what are called neap-tides; but nearly always he is careful, because of the Eldest Magician.

And Pau Amma? You can see when you go to the beach, how all Pau Amma's babies make little Pusat Taseks for themselves under every stone and bunch of weed on the sands; you can see them waving their little scissors; and in some parts of the world they truly live on the dry land and run up the palm trees and eat cocoa-nuts, exactly as the girl-daughter promised. But once a year all Pau Ammas must shake off their hard armour and be soft—to remind them of what the Eldest Magician could do. And so it isn't fair to kill or hunt Pau Amma's babies just because old Pau Amma was stupidly rude a very long time ago.

Oh yes! And Pau Amma's babies hate being taken out of their little Pusat Taseks and brought home in pickle-bottles. That is why they nip you with their scissors, and it serves you right!

CHINA-GOING P. and O.'s
Pass Pau Amma's playground close,
And his Pusat Tasek lies
Near the track of most B.I.'s.
U.Y.K. and N.D.L.
Know Pau Amma's home as well
As the fisher of the Sea knows
'Bens,' M.M.'s, and Rubattinos.
But (and this is rather queer)
A.T.L.'s can *not* come here;
O. and O. and D.O.A.
Must go round another way.
Orient, Anchor, Bibby, Hall,
Never go that way at all.
U.C.S. would have a fit
If it found itself on it.
And if 'Beavers' took their cargoes
To Penang instead of Lagos,
Or a fat Shaw-Savill bore
Passengers to Singapore,
Or a White Star were to try a
Little trip to Sourabaya,
Or a B.S.A. went on
Past Natal to Cheribon,
Then great Mr. Lloyds would come
With a wire and drag them home!

You'll know what my riddle means
When you've eaten mangosteens.

Or if you can't wait till then, ask them to let you have the outside page of the *Times*; turn over to page 2, where it is marked 'Shipping' on the top left hand; then take the Atlas (and that is the finest picture-book in the world) and see how the names of the places that the steamers go to fit into the names of the places on the map. Any steamer-kiddy ought to be able to do that; but if you can't read, ask some one to show it to you.

The Cat that Walked by Himself

Hear and attend and listen; for this befell and behappened and became and was, O my Best Beloved, when the Tame animals were wild. The Dog was wild, and the Horse was wild, and the Cow was wild, and the Sheep was wild, and the Pig was wild—as wild as wild could be—and they walked in the Wet Wild Woods by their wild lones. But the wildest of all the wild animals was the Cat. He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him.

Of course the Man was wild too. He was dreadfully wild. He didn't even begin to be tame till he met the Woman, and she told him that she did not like living in his wild ways. She picked out a nice dry Cave, instead of a heap of wet leaves, to lie down in; and she strewed clean sand on the floor; and she lit a nice fire of wood at the back of the Cave; and she hung a dried wild-horse skin, tail-down, across the opening of the Cave; and she said, 'Wipe your feet, dear, when you come in, and now we'll keep house.'

That night, Best Beloved, they ate wild sheep roasted on the hot stones, and flavoured with wild garlic and wild pepper; and wild duck stuffed with wild rice and wild fenugreek and wild coriander; and marrow-bones of wild oxen; and wild cherries, and wild grenadillas. Then the Man went to sleep in front of the fire ever so happy; but the Woman sat up, combing her hair. She took the bone of the shoulder of mutton—the big fat blade-bone—and she looked at the wonderful marks on it, and she threw more wood on the fire, and she made a Magic. She made the First Singing Magic in the world.

Out in the Wet Wild Woods all the wild animals gathered

together where they could see the light of the fire a long way off, and they wondered what it meant.

Then Wild Horse stamped with his wild foot and said, 'O my Friends and O my Enemies, why have the Man and the Woman made that great light in that great Cave, and what harm will it do us?'

Wild Dog lifted up his wild nose and smelled the smell of roast mutton, and said, 'I will go up and see and look, and stay; for I think it is good. Cat, come with me.'

'Nenni!' said the Cat. 'I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. I will not come.'

'Then we can never be friends again,' said Wild Dog, and he trotted off to the Cave. But when he had gone a little way the Cat said to himself, 'All places are alike to me. Why should I not go too and see and look and come away at my own liking.' So he slipped after Wild Dog softly, very softly, and hid himself where he could hear everything.

When Wild Dog reached the mouth of the Cave he lifted up the dried horse-skin with his nose and sniffed the beautiful smell of the roast mutton, and the Woman, looking at the blade-bone, heard him, and laughed, and said, 'Here comes the first Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, what do you want?'

Wild Dog said, 'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, what is this that smells so good in the Wild Woods?'

Then the Woman picked up a roasted mutton-bone and threw it to Wild Dog, and said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, taste and try.' Wild Dog gnawed the bone, and it was more delicious than anything he had ever tasted, and he said, 'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, give me another.'

The Woman said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, help my Man to hunt through the day and guard this Cave at night, and I will give you as many roast bones as you need.'

'Ah!' said the Cat, listening. This is a very wise Woman, but she is not so wise as I am.'



THIS is the picture of the Cave where the Man and the Woman lived first of all. It was really a very nice Cave, and much warmer than it looks. The Man had a canoe. It is on the edge of the river, being soaked in the water to make it swell up. The tattery-looking thing across the river is the Man's salmon-net to catch salmon with. There are nice clean stones leading up from the river to the mouth of the Cave, so that the Man and the Woman could go down for water without getting sand between their toes. The things like black-beetles far down the beach are really trunks of dead trees that floated down the river from the Wet Wild Woods on the other bank. The Man and the Woman used to drag them out and dry them and cut them up for firewood. I haven't drawn the horse-hide curtain at the mouth of the Cave, because the Woman has just taken it down to be cleaned. All those little smudges on the sand between the Cave and the river are the marks of the Woman's feet and the Man's feet.

The Man and the Woman are both inside the Cave eating their dinner. They went to another cosier Cave when the Baby came, because the Baby used to crawl down to the river and fall in, and the Dog had to pull him out.

Wild Dog crawled into the Cave and laid his head on the Woman's lap, and said, 'O my Friend and Wife of my Friend, I will help your Man to hunt through the day, and at night I will guard your Cave.'

'Ah!' said the Cat, listening. 'That is a very foolish Dog.' And he went back through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail, and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

When the Man waked up he said, 'What is Wild Dog doing here?' And the Woman said, 'His name is not Wild Dog any more, but the First Friend, because he will be our friend for always and always and always. Take him with you when you go hunting.'

Next night the Woman cut great green armfuls of fresh grass from the water-meadows, and dried it before the fire, so that it smelt like new-mown hay, and she sat at the mouth of the Cave and plaited a halter out of horse-hide, and she looked at the shoulder of mutton-bone—at the big broad blade-bone—and she made a Magic. She made the Second Singing Magic in the world.

Out in the Wild Woods all the wild animals wondered what had happened to Wild Dog, and at last Wild Horse stamped with his foot and said, 'I will go and see and say why Wild Dog has not returned. Cat, come with me.'

'Nenni!' said the Cat. 'I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. I will not come.' But all the same he followed Wild Horse softly, very softly, and hid himself where he could hear everything.

When the Woman heard Wild Horse tripping and stumbling on his long mane, she laughed and said, 'Here comes the second Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods what do you want?'

Wild Horse said, 'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, where is Wild Dog?'

The Woman laughed, and picked up the blade-bone and looked at it, and said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods,

you did not come here for Wild Dog, but for the sake of this good grass.'

And Wild Horse, tripping and stumbling on his long mane, said, 'That is true; give it me to eat.'

The Woman said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, bend your wild head and wear what I give you, and you shall eat the wonderful grass three times a day.'

'Ah,' said the Cat, listening, 'this is a clever Woman, but she is not so clever as I am.'

Wild Horse bent his wild head, and the Woman slipped the plaited hide halter over it, and Wild Horse breathed on the Woman's feet and said, 'O my Mistress, and Wife of my Master, I will be your servant for the sake of the wonderful grass.'

'Ah,' said the Cat, listening, 'that is a very foolish Horse.' And he went back through the Wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

When the Man and the Dog came back from hunting, the Man said, 'What is Wild Horse doing here?' And the Woman said, 'His name is not Wild Horse any more, but the First Servant, because he will carry us from place to place for always and always and always. Ride on his back when you go hunting.'

Next day, holding her wild head high that her wild horns should not catch in the wild trees, Wild Cow came up to the Cave, and the Cat followed, and hid himself just the same as before; and everything happened just the same as before; and the Cat said the same things as before, and when Wild Cow had promised to give her milk to the Woman every day in exchange for the wonderful grass, the Cat went back through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone, just the same as before. But he never told anybody. And when the Man and the Horse and the Dog came home from hunting and asked the same questions same as before,



THIS is the picture of the Cat that Walked by Himself, walking by his wild lone through the Wet Wild Woods and waving his wild tail, There is nothing else in the picture except some toadstools. They had to grow there because the woods were so wet. The lumpy thing on the low branch isn't a bird. It is moss that grew there because the Wild Woods were so wet.

Underneath the truly picture is a picture of the cozy Cave that the Man and the Woman went to after the Baby came. It was their summer Cave, and they planted wheat in front of it. The Man is riding on the Horse to find the Cow and bring her back to the Cave to be milked. He is holding up his hand to call the Dog, who has swum across to the other side of the river, looking for rabbits.

the Woman said, 'Her name is not Wild Cow any more, but the Giver of Good Food. She will give us the warm white milk for always and always and always, and I will take care of her while you and the First Friend and the First Servant go hunting.'

Next day the Cat waited to see if any other Wild thing would go up to the Cave, but no one moved in the Wet Wild Woods, so the Cat walked there by himself; and he saw the Woman milking the Cow, and he saw the light of the fire in the Cave, and he smelt the smell of the warm white milk.

Cat said, 'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, where did Wild Cow go?'

The Woman laughed and said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, go back to the Woods again, for I have braided up my hair, and I have put away the magic blade-bone, and we have no more need of either friends or servants in our Cave.'

Cat said, 'I am not a friend, and I am not a servant. I am the Cat who walks by himself, and I wish to come into your cave.'

Woman said, 'Then why did you not come with First Friend on the first night?'

Cat grew very angry and said, 'Has Wild Dog told tales of me?'

Then the Woman laughed and said, 'You are the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to you. You are neither a friend nor a servant. You have said it yourself. Go away and walk by yourself in all places alike.'

Then Cat pretended to be sorry and said, 'Must I never come into the Cave? Must I never sit by the warm fire? Must I never drink the warm white milk? You are very wise and very beautiful. You should not be cruel even to a Cat.'

Woman said, 'I knew I was wise, but I did not know I was beautiful. So I will make a bargain with you. If ever I say one word in your praise you may come into the Cave.'

'And if you say two words in my praise?' said the Cat.

'I never shall,' said the Woman, 'but if I say two words in your praise, you may sit by the fire in the Cave.'

'And if you say three words?' said the Cat. 'I never shall,' said the Woman, 'but if I say three words in your praise, you may drink the warm white milk three times a day for always and always and always.'

Then the Cat arched his back and said, 'Now let the Curtain at the mouth of the Cave, and the Fire at the back of the Cave, and the Milk-pots that stand beside the Fire, remember what my Enemy and the Wife of my Enemy has said.' And he went away through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

That night when the Man and the Horse and the Dog came home from hunting, the Woman did not tell them of the bargain that she had made with the Cat, because she was afraid that they might not like it.

Cat went far and far away and hid himself in the Wet Wild Woods by his wild lone for a long time till the Woman forgot all about him. Only the Bat—the little upside-down Bat—that hung inside the Cave, knew where Cat hid; and every evening Bat would fly to Cat with news of what was happening.

One evening Bat said, 'There is a Baby in the Cave. He is new and pink and fat and small, and the Woman is very fond of him.'

'Ah,' said the Cat, listening, 'but what is the Baby fond of?'

'He is fond of things that are soft and tickle,' said the Bat. 'He is fond of warm things to hold in his arms when he goes to sleep. He is fond of being played with. He is fond of all those things.'

'Ah,' said the Cat, listening, 'then my time has come.'

Next night Cat walked through the Wet Wild Woods and hid very near the Cave till morning-time, and Man and Dog

and Horse went hunting. The Woman was busy cooking that morning, and the Baby cried and interrupted. So she carried him outside the Cave and gave him a handful of pebbles to play with. But still the Baby cried.

Then the Cat put out his paddy paw and patted the Baby on the cheek, and it cooed; and the Cat rubbed against its fat knees and tickled it under its fat chin with his tail. And the Baby laughed; and the Woman heard him and smiled.

Then the Bat—that little upside-down Bat—that hung in the mouth of the Cave said, 'O my Hostess and Wife of my Host and Mother of my Host's Son, a Wild Thing from the Wild Woods is most beautifully playing with your Baby.'

'A blessing on that Wild Thing whoever he may be,' said the Woman, straightening her back, 'for I was a busy woman this morning and he has done me a service.'

The very minute and second, Best Beloved, the dried horse-skin Curtain that was stretched tail-down at the mouth of the Cave fell down—*woosh!*—because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when the Woman went to pick it up—lo and behold!—the Cat was sitting quite comfy inside the Cave.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy,' said the Cat, 'it is I; for you have spoken a word in my praise, and now I can sit within the Cave for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

The Woman was very angry, and shut her lips tight and took up her spinning-wheel and began to spin.

But the Baby cried because the Cat had gone away, and the Woman could not hush it, for it struggled and kicked and grew black in the face.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy,' said the Cat, 'take a strand of the wire that you are spinning and tie it to your spinning-whorl and drag it along the floor, and I will show you a magic that shall make your

Baby laugh as loudly as he is now crying.'

'I will do so,' said the Woman, 'because I am at my wits' end; but I will not thank you for it.'

She tied the thread to the little clay spindle-whorl and drew it across the floor, and the Cat ran after it and patted it with his paws and rolled head over heels, and tossed it backward over his shoulder and chased it between his hind-legs and pretended to lose it, and pounced down upon it again, till the Baby laughed as loudly as it had been crying, and scrambled after the Cat and frolicked all over the Cave till it grew tired and settled down to sleep with the Cat in its arms.

'Now,' said the Cat, 'I will sing the Baby a song that shall keep him asleep for an hour.' And he began to purr, loud and low, low and loud, till the Baby fell fast asleep. The Woman smiled as she looked down upon the two of them and said, 'That was wonderfully done. No question but you are very clever, O Cat.'

That very minute and second, Best Beloved, the smoke of the fire at the back of the Cave came down in clouds from the roof—*puff!*—because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when it had cleared away—lo and behold!—the Cat was sitting quite comfy close to the fire.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of My Enemy,' said the Cat, 'it is I; for you have spoken a second word in my praise, and now I can sit by the warm fire at the back of the Cave for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

Then the Woman was very very angry, and let down her hair and put more wood on the fire and brought out the broad blade-bone of the shoulder of mutton and began to make a Magic that should prevent her from saying a third word in praise of the Cat. It was not a Singing Magic, Best Beloved, it was a Still Magic; and by and by the Cave grew so still that a little wee-wee mouse crept out of a corner and ran across the

floor.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy,' said the Cat, 'is that little mouse part of your magic?'

'Ouh! Chee! No indeed!' said the Woman, and she dropped the blade-bone and jumped upon the footstool in front of the fire and braided up her hair very quick for fear that the mouse should run up it.

'Ah,' said the Cat, watching, 'then the mouse will do me no harm if I eat it?'

'No,' said the Woman, braiding up her hair, 'eat it quickly and I will ever be grateful to you.'

Cat made one jump and caught the little mouse, and the Woman said, 'A hundred thanks. Even the First Friend is not quick enough to catch little mice as you have done. You must be very wise.'

That very moment and second, O Best Beloved, the Milk-pot that stood by the fire cracked in two pieces—*ffft*—because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when the Woman jumped down from the footstool—lo and behold!—the Cat was lapping up the warm white milk that lay in one of the broken pieces.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy,' said the Cat, 'it is I; for you have spoken three words in my praise, and now I can drink the warm white milk three times a day for always and always and always. But *still* I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

Then the Woman laughed and set the Cat a bowl of the warm white milk and said, 'O Cat, you are as clever as a man, but remember that your bargain was not made with the Man or the Dog, and I do not know what they will do when they come home.'

'What is that to me?' said the Cat. 'If I have my place in the Cave by the fire and my warm white milk three times a day I do not care what the Man or the Dog can do.'

That evening when the Man and the Dog came into the

Cave, the Woman told them all the story of the bargain while the Cat sat by the fire and smiled. Then the Man said, 'Yes, but he has not made a bargain with *me* or with all proper Men after me.' Then he took off his two leather boots and he took up his little stone axe (that makes three) and he fetched a piece of wood and a hatchet (that is five altogether), and he set them out in a row and he said, 'Now we will make *our* bargain. If you do not catch mice when you are in the Cave for always and always and always, I will throw these five things at you whenever I see you, and so shall all proper Men do after me.'

'Ah,' said the Woman, listening, 'this is a very clever Cat, but he is not so clever as my Man.'

The Cat counted the five things (and they looked very knobby) and he said, 'I will catch mice when I am in the Cave for always and always and always; but *still* I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

'Not when I am near,' said the Man. 'If you had not said that last I would have put all these things away for always and always and always; but I am now going to throw my two boots and my little stone axe (that makes three) at you whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Men do after me!'

Then the Dog said, 'Wait a minute. He has not made a bargain with *me* or with all proper Dogs after me.' And he showed his teeth and said, 'If you are not kind to the Baby while I am in the Cave for always and always and always, I will hunt you till I catch you, and when I catch you I will bite you. And so shall all proper Dogs do after me.'

'Ah,' said the Woman, listening, 'this is a very clever Cat, but he is not so clever as the Dog.'

Cat counted the Dog's teeth (and they looked very pointed) and he said, 'I will be kind to the Baby while I am in the Cave, as long as he does not pull my tail too hard, for always and always and always. But *still* I am the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

'Not when I am near,' said the Dog. 'If you had not said that last I would have shut my mouth for always and always and always; but *now* I am going to hunt you up a tree whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Dogs do after me.'

Then the Man threw his two boots and his little stone axe (that makes three) at the Cat, and the Cat ran out of the Cave and the Dog chased him up a tree; and from that day to this, Best Beloved, three proper Men out of five will always throw things at a Cat whenever they meet him, and all proper Dogs will chase him up a tree. But the Cat keeps his side of the bargain too. He will kill mice and he will be kind to Babies when he is in the house, just as long as they do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, and when the moon gets up and night comes, he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes out to the Wet Wild Woods or up the Wet Wild Trees or on the Wet Wild Roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

PUSSY can sit by the fire and sing,
Pussy can climb a tree,
Or play with a silly old cork and string
To 'muse herself, not me.
But I like *Binkie* my dog, because
He knows how to behave;
So, *Binkie*'s the same as the First Friend was
And I am the Man in the Cave.

Pussy will play man-Friday till
It's time to wet her paw
And make her walk on the window-sill
(For the footprint Crusoe saw);
Then she fluffles her tail and mews,
And scratches and won't attend.
But *Binkie* will play whatever I choose,
And he is my true First Friend.

Pussy will rub my knees with her head
Pretending she loves me hard;
But the very minute I go to my bed
Pussy runs out in the yard,
And there she stays till the morning-light;
So I know it is only pretend;
But *Binkie*, he snores at my feet all night,
And he is my Firstest Friend!

The Butterfly that Stamped

This, O my Best Beloved, is a story—a new and a wonderful story—a story quite different from the other stories—a story about The Most Wise Sovereign Suleiman-bin-Daoud—Solomon the Son of David.

There are three hundred and fifty-five stories about Suleiman-bin-Daoud; but this is not one of them. It is not the story of the Lapwing who found the Water; or the Hoopoe who shaded Suleiman-bin-Daoud from the heat. It is not the story of the Glass Pavement, or the Ruby with the Crooked Hole, or the Gold Bars of Balkis. It is the story of the Butterfly that Stamped.

Now attend all over again and listen!

Suleiman-bin-Daoud was wise. He understood what the beasts said, what the birds said, what the fishes said, and what the insects said. He understood what the rocks said deep under the earth when they bowed in towards each other and groaned; and he understood what the trees said when they rustled in the middle of the morning. He understood everything, from the bishop on the bench to the hyssop on the wall, and Balkis, his Head Queen, the Most Beautiful Queen Balkis, was nearly as wise as he was.

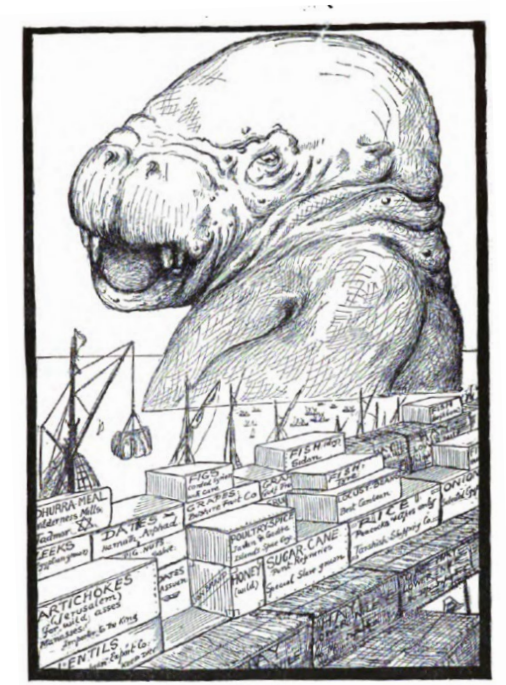
Suleiman-bin-Daoud was strong. Upon the third finger of the right hand he wore a ring. When he turned it once, Afrits and Djinns came out of the earth to do whatever he told them. When he turned it twice, Fairies came down from the sky to do whatever he told them; and when he turned it three times, the very great angel Azrael of the Sword came dressed as a water-carrier, and told him the news of the three worlds

—Above—Below—and Here.

And yet Suleiman-bin-Daoud was not proud. He very seldom showed off, and when he did he was sorry for it. Once he tried to feed all the animals in all the world in one day, but when the food was ready an Animal came out of the deep sea and ate it up in three mouthfuls. Suleiman-bin-Daoud was very surprised and said, 'O Animal, who are you?' And the Animal said, 'O King, live for ever! I am the smallest of thirty thousand brothers, and our home is at the bottom of the sea. We heard that you were going to feed all the animals in all the world, and my brothers sent me to ask when dinner would be ready.' Suleiman-bin-Daoud was more surprised than ever and said, 'O Animal, you have eaten all the dinner that I made ready for all the animals in the world.' And the Animal said, 'O King, live for ever, but do you really call that a dinner? Where I come from we each eat twice as much as that between meals.' Then Suleiman-bin-Daoud fell flat on his face and said, 'O Animal! I gave that dinner to show what a great and rich king I was, and not because I really wanted to be kind to the animals. Now I am ashamed, and it serves me right.' Suleiman-bin-Daoud was a really truly wise man, Best Beloved. After that he never forgot that it was silly to show off; and now the real story part of my story begins.

He married ever so many wifes. He married nine hundred and ninety-nine wives, besides the Most Beautiful Balkis; and they all lived in a great golden palace in the middle of a lovely garden with fountains. He didn't really want nine-hundred and ninety-nine wives, but in those days everybody married ever so many wives, and of course the King had to marry ever so many more just to show that he was the King.

Some of the wives were nice, but some were simply horrid, and the horrid ones quarrelled with the nice ones and made them horrid too, and then they would all quarrel with Suleiman-bin-Daoud, and that was horrid for him. But Balkis the Most Beautiful never quarrelled with Suleiman-bin-Daoud.



THIS is the picture of the Animal that came out of the sea and ate up all the food that Suleiman-bin-Daoud had made ready for all the animals in all the world. He was really quite a nice Animal, and his Mummy was very fond of him and of his twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other brothers that lived at the bottom of the sea. You know that he was the smallest of them all. And so his name was Small Porgies. He ate up all those boxes and packets and bales and things that had been got ready for all the animals, without ever once taking off the lids or untying the strings, and it did not hurt him at all. The sticky-up masts behind the boxes of food belong to Suleiman-bin-Daoud's ships. They were busy bringing more food when Small Porgies came ashore. He did not eat the ships. They stopped unloading the foods and instantly sailed away to sea till Small Porgies had quite finished eating. You can see some of the ships beginning to sail away by Small Porgies' shoulder. I have not drawn Suleiman-bin-Daoud, but he is just outside the picture, very much astonished. The bundle hanging from the mast of the ship in the corner is really a package of wet dates for parrots to eat. I don't know the names of the ships. That is all there is in that picture.

She loved him too much. She sat in her rooms in the Golden Palace, or walked in the Palace garden, and was truly sorry for him.

Of course if he had chosen to turn his ring on his finger and call up the Djinns and the Afrits they would have magicked all those nine hundred and ninety-nine quarrelsome wives into white mules of the desert or greyhounds or pomegranate seeds; but Suleiman-bin-Daoud thought that that would be showing off. So, when they quarrelled too much, he only walked by himself in one part of the beautiful Palace gardens and wished he had never been born.

One day, when they had quarrelled for three weeks—all nine hundred and ninety-nine wives together—Suleiman-bin-Daoud went out for peace and quiet as usual; and among the orange trees he met Balkis the Most Beautiful, very sorrowful because Suleiman-bin-Daoud was so worried. And she said to him, 'O my Lord and Light of my Eyes, turn the ring upon your finger and show these Queens of Egypt and Mesopotamia and Persia and China that you are the great and terrible King.' But Suleiman-bin-Daoud shook his head and said, 'O my Lady and Delight of my Life, remember the Animal that came out of the sea and made me ashamed before all the animals in all the world because I showed off. Now, if I showed off before these Queens of Persia and Egypt and Abyssinia and China, merely because they worry me, I might be made even more ashamed than I have been.'

And Balkis the Most Beautiful said, 'O my Lord and Treasure of my Soul, what will you do?'

And Suleiman-bin-Daoud said, 'O my Lady and Content of my Heart, I shall continue to endure my fate at the hands of these nine hundred and ninety-nine Queens who vex me with their continual quarrelling.'

So he went on between the lilies and the loquats and the roses and the cannas and the heavy-scented ginger-plants that grew in the garden, till he came to the great camphor-

tree that was called the Camphor Tree of Suleiman-bin-Daoud. But Balkis hid among the tall irises and the spotted bamboos and the red lilies behind the camphor-tree, so as to be near her own true love, Suleiman-bin-Daoud.

Presently two Butterflies flew under the tree, quarrelling.

Suleiman-bin-Daoud heard one say to the other, 'I wonder at your presumption in talking like this to me. Don't you know that if I stamped with my foot all Suleiman-bin-Daoud's Palace and this garden here would immediately vanish in a clap of thunder.'

Then Suleiman-bin-Daoud forgot his nine hundred and ninety-nine bothersome wives, and laughed, till the camphor-tree shook, at the Butterfly's boast. And he held out his finger and said, 'Little man, come here.'

The Butterfly was dreadfully frightened, but he managed to fly up to the hand of Suleiman-bin-Daoud, and clung there, fanning himself. Suleiman-bin-Daoud bent his head and whispered very softly, 'Little man, you know that all your stamping wouldn't bend one blade of grass. What made you tell that awful fib to your wife?—for doubtless she is your wife.'

The Butterfly looked at Suleiman-bin-Daoud and saw the most wise King's eye twinkle like stars on a frosty night, and he picked up his courage with both wings, and he put his head on one side and said, 'O King, live for ever. She *is* my wife; and you know what wives are like.'

Suleiman-bin-Daoud smiled in his beard and said, 'Yes, *I* know, little brother.'

'One must keep them in order somehow,' said the Butterfly, 'and she has been quarrelling with me all the morning. I said that to quiet her.'

And Suleiman-bin-Daoud said, 'May it quiet her. Go back to your wife, little brother, and let me hear what you say.'

Back flew the Butterfly to his wife, who was all of a twitter behind a leaf, and she said, 'He heard you! Suleiman-bin-Daoud himself heard you!'

'Heard me!' said the Butterfly. 'Of course he did. I meant him to hear me.'

'And what did he say? Oh, what did he say?'

'Well,' said the Butterfly, fanning himself most importantly, 'between you and me, my dear—of course I don't blame him, because his Palace must have cost a great deal and the oranges are just ripening—he asked me not to stamp, and I promised I wouldn't.'

'Gracious!' said his wife, and sat quite quiet; but Suleiman-bin-Daoud laughed till the tears ran down his face at the impudence of the bad little Butterfly.

Balkis the Most Beautiful stood up behind the tree among the red lilies and smiled to herself, for she had heard all this talk. She thought, 'If I am wise I can yet save my Lord from the persecutions of these quarrelsome Queens,' and she held out her finger and whispered softly to the Butterfly's Wife, 'Little woman, come here.' Up flew the Butterfly's Wife, very frightened, and clung to Balkis's white hand.

Balkis bent her beautiful head down and whispered, 'Little woman, do you believe what your husband has just said?'

The Butterfly's Wife looked at Balkis, and saw the most beautiful Queen's eyes shining like deep pools with starlight on them, and she picked up her courage with both wings and said, 'O Queen, be lovely for ever. *You* know what men-folk are like.'

And the Queen Balkis, the Wise Balkis of Sheba, put her hand to her lips to hide a smile and said, 'Little sister, *I* know.'

'They get angry,' said the Butterfly's Wife, fanning herself quickly, 'over nothing at all, but we must humour them, O Queen. They never mean half they say. If it pleases my husband to believe that I believe he can make Suleiman-bin-Daoud's Palace disappear by stamping his foot, I'm sure *I* don't care. He'll forget all about it to-morrow.'

'Little sister,' said Balkis, 'you are quite right; but next time he begins to boast, take him at his word. Ask him to

stamp, and see what will happen. *We* know what men-folk are like, don't we? He'll be very much ashamed.'

Away flew the Butterfly's Wife to her husband, and in five minutes they were quarrelling worse than ever.

'Remember!' said the Butterfly. 'Remember what I can do if I stamp my foot.'

'I don't believe you one little bit,' said the Butterfly's Wife. 'I should very much like to see it done. Suppose you stamp now.'

'I promised Suleiman-bin-Daoud that I wouldn't,' said the Butterfly, 'and I don't want to break my promise.'

'It wouldn't matter if you did,' said his wife. 'You couldn't bend a blade of grass with your stamping. I dare you to do it,' she said. 'Stamp! Stamp! Stamp!'

Suleiman-bin-Daoud, sitting under the camphor-tree, heard every word of this, and he laughed as he had never laughed in his life before. He forgot all about his Queens; he forgot all about the Animal that came out of the sea; he forgot about showing off. He just laughed with joy, and Balkis, on the other side of the tree, smiled because her own true love was so joyful.

Presently the Butterfly, very hot and puffy, came whirling back under the shadow of the camphor-tree and said to Suleiman, 'She wants me to stamp! She wants to see what will happen, O Suleiman-bin-Daoud! You know I can't do it, and now she'll never believe a word I say. She'll laugh at me to the end of my days!'

'No, little brother,' said Suleiman-bin-Daoud, 'she will never laugh at you again,' and he turned the ring on his finger—just for the little Butterfly's sake, not for the sake of showing off—and, lo and behold, four huge Djinns came out of the earth!

'Slaves,' said Suleiman-bin-Daoud, 'when this gentleman on my finger' (that was where the impudent Butterfly was sitting) 'stamps his left front forefoot you will make my Palace

and these gardens disappear in a clap of thunder. When he stamps again you will bring them back carefully.'

'Now, little brother,' he said, 'go back to your wife and stamp all you've a mind to.'

Away flew the Butterfly to his wife, who was crying, 'I dare you to do it! I dare you to do it! Stamp! Stamp now! Stamp!' Balkis saw the four vast Djinns stoop down to the four corners of the gardens with the Palace in the middle, and she clapped her hands softly and said, 'At last Suleiman-bin-Daoud will do for the sake of a Butterfly what he ought to have done long ago for his own sake, and the quarrelsome Queens will be frightened!'

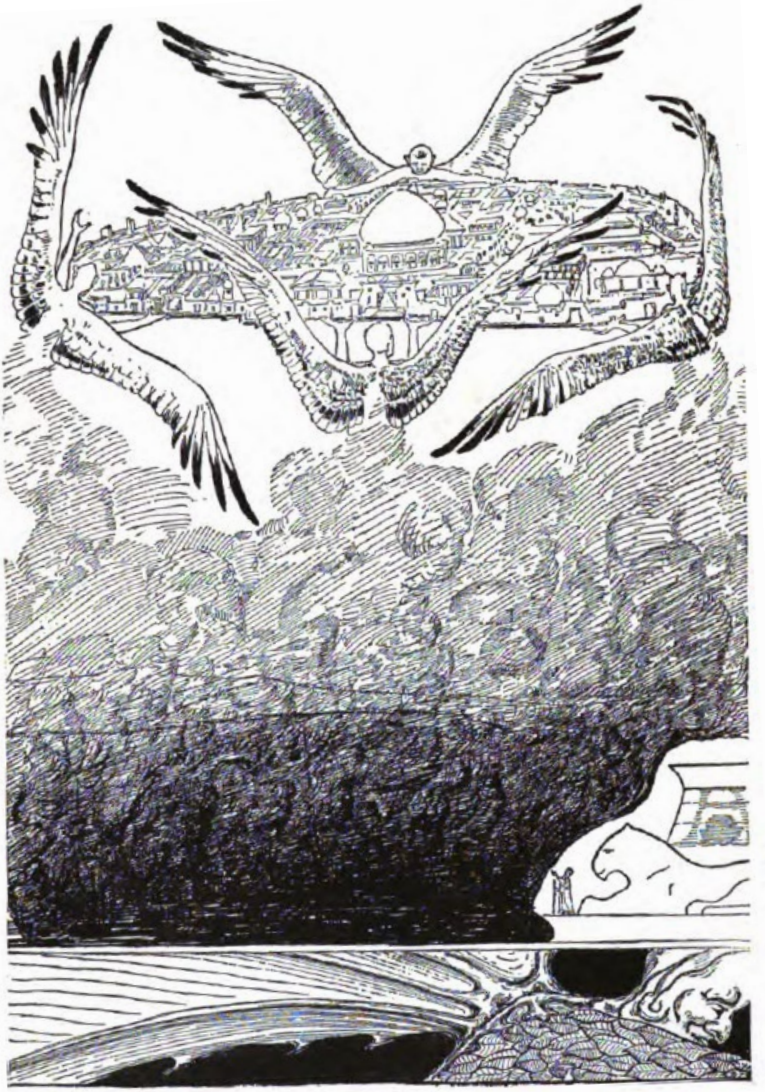
Then the Butterfly stamped. The Djinns jerked the Palace and the gardens a thousand miles into the air: there was a most awful thunder-clap, and everything grew inky-black. The Butterfly's Wife fluttered about in the dark, crying, 'Oh, I'll be good! I'm so sorry I spoke. Only bring the gardens back, my dear darling husband, and I'll never contradict again.'

The Butterfly was nearly as frightened as his wife, and Suleiman-bin-Daoud laughed so much that it was several minutes before he found breath enough to whisper to the Butterfly, 'Stamp again, little brother. Give me back my Palace, most great magician.'

'Yes, give him back his Palace,' said the Butterfly's Wife, still flying about in the dark like a moth. 'Give him back his Palace, and don't let's have any more horrid magic.'

'Well, my dear,' said the Butterfly as bravely as he could, 'you see what your nagging has led to. Of course it doesn't make any difference to *me*—I'm used to this kind of thing—but as a favour to you and to Suleiman-bin-Daoud I don't mind putting things right.'

So he stamped once more, and that instant the Djinns let down the Palace and the gardens, without even a bump. The sun shone on the dark-green orange leaves; the fountains played among the pink Egyptian lilies; the birds went on



THIS is the picture of the four gull-winged Djinns lifting up Suleiman-bin-Daoud's Palace the very minute after the Butterfly had stamped. The Palace and the gardens and everything came up in one piece like a board, and they left a big hole in the ground all full of dust and smoke. If you look in the corner, close to the thing that looks like a lion, you will see Sulieman-bin-Daoud with his magic stick and the two Butterflies behind him. The thing that looks like a lion is really a lion carved in stone, and the thing that looks like a milk-can is really a piece of a temple or a house or something. Suleiman-bin-Daoud stood there so as to be out of the way of the dust and the smoke when the Djinns lifted up the Palace. I don't know the Djinn's names. They were servants of Suleiman-bin-Daoud's magic ring, and they changed about every day. They were just common gull-winged Djinns.

The thing at the bottom is a picture of a very friendly Djinn called Akraig. He used to feed the little fishes in the sea three times a day, and his wings were made of pure copper. I put him in to show you what a nice Djinn is like. He did not help to lift the Palace. He was busy feeding little fishes in the Arabian Sea when it happened.

singing, and the Butterfly's Wife lay on her side under the camphor-tree waggling her wings and panting, 'Oh, I'll be good! I'll be good!'

Suleiman-bin-Daoud could hardly speak for laughing. He leaned back all weak and hiccoughy, and shook his finger at the Butterfly and said, 'O great wizard, what is the sense of returning to me my Palace if at the same time you slay me with mirth!'

Then came a terrible noise, for all the nine hundred and ninety-nine Queens ran out of the Palace shrieking and shouting and calling for their babies. They hurried down the great marble steps below the fountain, one hundred abreast, and the Most Wise Balkis went statelily forward to meet them and said, 'What is your trouble, O Queens?'

They stood on the marble steps one hundred abreast and shouted, '*What* is our trouble? We were living peacefully in our golden palace, as is our custom, when upon a sudden the Palace disappeared, and we were left sitting in a thick and noisome darkness; and it thundered, and Djinns and Afrits moved about in the darkness! *That* is our trouble, O Head Queen, and we are most extremely troubled on account of that trouble, for it was a troublesome trouble, unlike any trouble we have known.'

Then Balkis the Most Beautiful Queen—Suleiman-bin-Daoud's Very Best Beloved—Queen that was of Sheba and Sabie and the Rivers of the Gold of the South—from the Desert of Zinn to the Towers of Zimbabwe—Balkis, almost as wise as the Most Wise Suleiman-bin-Daoud himself, said, 'It is nothing, O Queens! A Butterfly has made complaint against his wife because she quarrelled with him, and it has pleased our Lord Suleiman-bin-Daoud to teach her a lesson in low-speaking and humbleness, for that is counted a virtue among the wives of the butterflies.'

Then up and spoke an Egyptian Queen—the daughter of a Pharoah—and she said, 'Our Palace cannot be plucked up

by the roots like a leek for the sake of a little insect. No! Suleiman-bin-Daoud must be dead, and what we heard and saw was the earth thundering and darkening at the news.'

Then Balkis beckoned that bold Queen without looking at her, and said to her and to the others, 'Come and see.'

They came down the marble steps, one hundred abreast, and beneath his camphor-tree, still weak with laughing, they saw the Most Wise King Suleiman-bin-Daoud rocking back and forth with a Butterfly on either hand, and they heard him say, 'O wife of my brother in the air, remember after this, to please your husband in all things, lest he be provoked to stamp his foot yet again; for he has said that he is used to this magic, and he is most eminently a great magician—one who steals away the very Palace of Suleiman-bin-Daoud himself. Go in peace, little folk!' And he kissed them on the wings, and they flew away.

Then all the Queens except Balkis—the Most Beautiful and Splendid Balkis, who stood apart smiling—fell flat on their faces, for they said, 'If these things are done when a Butterfly is displeased with his wife, what shall be done to us who have vexed our King with our loud-speaking and open quarrelling through many days?'

Then they put their veils over their heads, and they put their hands over their mouths, and they tiptoed back to the Palace most mousy-quiet.

Then Balkis—The Most Beautiful and Excellent Balkis—went forward through the red lilies into the shade of the camphor-tree and laid her hand upon Suleiman-bin-Daoud's shoulder and said, 'O my Lord and Treasure of my Soul, rejoice, for we have taught the Queens of Egypt and Ethiopia and Abyssinia and Persia and India and China with a great and a memorable teaching.'

And Suleiman-bin-Daoud, still looking after the Butterflies where they played in the sunlight, said, 'O my Lady and Jewel of my Felicity, when did this happen? For I have been

jesting with a Butterfly ever since I came into the garden.' And he told Balkis what he had done.

Balkis—the tender and Most Lovely Balkis—said, 'O my Lord and Regent of my Existence, I hid behind the camphor-tree and saw it all. It was I who told the Butterfly's Wife to ask the Butterfly to stamp, because I hoped that for the sake of the jest my Lord would make some great magic and that the Queens would see it and be frightened.' And she told him what the Queens had said and seen and thought.

Then Suleiman-bin-Daoud rose up from his seat under the camphor-tree, and stretched his arms and rejoiced and said, 'O my Lady and Sweetener of my Days, know that if I had made a Magic against my Queens for the sake of pride or anger, as I made that feast for all the animals, I should certainly have been put to shame. But by means of your wisdom I made the Magic for the sake of a jest and for the sake of a little Butterfly, and—behold—it has also delivered me from the vexations of my vexatious wives! Tell me, therefore, O my Lady and Heart of my Heart, how did you come to be so wise?'

And Balkis the Queen, beautiful and tall, looked up into Suleiman-bin-Daoud's eyes and put her head a little on one side, just like the Butterfly, and said, 'First, O my Lord, because I loved you; and secondly, O my Lord, because I know what women-folk are.'

Then they went up to the Palace and lived happily ever afterwards.

But wasn't it clever of Balkis?

THERE was never a Queen like Balkis,
From here to the wide world's end,
But Balkis talked to a butterfly
As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon,
Not since the world began,
But Solomon talked to a butterfly
As a man would talk to a man.

She was Queen of Sabæa—
And *he* was Asia's Lord—
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies
When they took their walks abroad.

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