

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

THE DANCING LAMB

RETOLD FROM THE
HUNGARIAN BY
LOUISE SOUVAN



ONCE upon a time in the land of Hungary there was a poor man who had an only son who was very good and very fond of doing all that he could to help his father. They lived in a little hut in the woods, and there was always plenty of wood to keep them warm, and in the summer there were berries to eat and wild cherries. Often, too, they went fishing and caught plenty for their dinner from the little brook that ran through the woods. But when winter came they had a very hard time indeed for the stream was frozen and they could catch no fish and there were no berries nor wild cherries to be had, either.

So finally one Spring the father said: "My boy, it is pretty hard trying to make enough out of the woods to care for two of us through the long winter. Besides you are now growing up and I do not want to think of your leading the same hard, sad existence that I have. This wood is too far from the great world for happiness, and so I think you should go away from home and begin to look about you with the hopes of getting a better time out of life than ever your father has done."

"Very well, father," said the boy, whose name was Johann and who was very obedient.

Bidding all his old friends of the forest good-by and strapping his knapsack containing a little meal and a flask of water upon his back, he started out upon his journey to look for work.

At last one day he met a man who agreed to give



She stuck hard and fast to its fleece

him a year's employment as a shepherd. So he went home with the man without making any bargain as to what he was to receive for his year's work, and that night he had a very good supper and went happily to bed. At the end of the first day, if he proved to be a promising shepherd, it was decided that he

was to make a bargain as to what wages he was to get for the year.

Early the next day this master gave him a flute and sent him out with the sheep to see whether he was fit for his work. The lad did not lie down all day, very unlike many lark fellows. He drove his sheep from place to place and played his flute all day long. There was among the sheep a lamb with a golden fleece, which whenever he played his flute began to dance. The lad became very fond of this lamb and made up his mind not to ask any wages of his master, but only this little lamb. In the evening he returned home, his master waited at the gate and when he saw the sheep all there and well fed he was very pleased and began to bargain with the lad, who said he wished for nothing but the lamb with the golden fleece. The farmer was very fond of the lamb himself and it was with great unwillingness he promised it. But afterward when he saw what a good servant the lad made he was satisfied with his bargain. The year passed away, the lad received the lamb for his wages and set off home with it. As they journeyed night set in just as he reached a village, so he went to a farmhouse to ask for a night's lodging. There was a daughter in the house, who when she saw the lamb with the golden fleece, determined she would get the lamb for herself.

About midnight she arose and went to get the lamb, but to her surprise the moment she touched it she stuck hard and fast to its fleece. She pulled and tugged and pulled, but she couldn't get away; so that when the lad got up he found her stuck to the lamb. He could not separate them, and so he decided that as he wasn't willing to lose the lamb, the best thing was for him to take them both with him and to get away before any one raised a commotion about this strange occurrence. So he started out, dragging the lamb after him, the lamb, in turn, dragging the girl.

As he passed the third door from the house where he had spent the night he took out his flute and began to play. Then the lamb began to dance, and since she could not free herself from the lamb, the girl had to dance, too.

Just around the corner a woman was putting bread in the oven of her kitchen. The door of the kitchen was open and the woman happened to look up and see the lamb and the girl dancing.

"Oh, what a silly girl!" said the woman, and, running out of her house, she cried: "Go home and behave yourself, you foolish girl. I know you; you are Neighbor Joachim's daughter and I knew well he would not have you dancing in the street with a foolish lamb."

Nevertheless the lamb and girl kept right on dancing, and this so angered the woman that she took the bread dough which she had been about to put in the oven and struck the girl over the shoulders with it.

Then a strange thing happened, for the dough stuck to the girl and the woman to the dough, and the lamb carried them all off.

After they had gone on a little further with this strange procession they came to a church. Here the lad began to play, the lamb began to dance, and on the lamb's fleece the girl, and on the girl's back, the dough, and at the end of the dough the woman.



When the Princess saw this sight she burst out laughing

Then the priest was coming from his house, and, seeing what was going on, began to scold them and bid them go home and not be so foolish. As words were of no avail, he hit the woman a sound whack on her back with his cane, when to his surprise the cane stuck to the woman, and he to the end of his cane. With this nice company the lad went on, and toward dark reached the royal borough and took lodgings at the end of the town for the night with an old woman. "What news is there?" said he. The old woman told him they were in very great sorrow, for the King's daughter was very ill, and that no physician could heal her.

"What can be the matter?" said the lad.

"Well," said the old woman, "if she could be made to laugh she would be better at once, but no one has been able to make her smile."

"Moreover," said the old woman, "the King himself had issued that very day a proclamation stating that whoever made her laugh should have her for his wife and share the royal power."

The lad with the lamb could scarcely wait until daylight, so anxious was he to try his fortune, for he

was perfectly sure that his golden lamb would help the melancholy little Princess back to happiness, even if everything else had failed her.

In the morning he presented himself to the King and was graciously received. The unhappy Princess sat in her robes of state, but looking so melancholy that even high-hearted Johann could hardly keep from crying.

However, nothing daunted, the lad then began to play the flute, the lamb to dance, on the lamb's fleece the girl, on the girl's back the dough, at the end of the dough the woman, on the woman's back the cane, and at the end of the cane the priest. When the Princess saw this sight she burst out laughing, which made the lamb so glad that it shook everything off its back, and the lamb, the girl, the woman and the priest all danced for joy.

The King married his daughter to the shepherd, the priest was made court chaplain, the woman court bakeress and the girl lady-in-waiting to the Princess. The wedding lasted from one month to the other, and if the strings of the fiddle hadn't broken they would be dancing yet.

Bre'er Rabbit, the Tar Wolf and the Terrapin; An Indian Story

AMONG the Cherokee Indians the following story of the rabbit and the tar wolf used often to be told.

Once there was such a long season of dry weather that no more water remained in the creeks and springs and the animals held a council to see what could be done. They decided to dig a well, and all agreed to do so but one, a rabbit, who said:

"I don't need to dig for water. The dew on the grass is enough for me."

The other animals were not pleased with the rabbit's remark, but they set to work to dig the well. They noticed that the rabbit kept sleek and lively, although it was still dry weather and the water was becoming low in the well.

The other animals suspected that the tricky rabbit was stealing the water at night, and they made a wolf of pine gum and tar and placed it by the well to frighten the thief. That night the rabbit came, as he had been coming every night, to drink enough to last him all the next day. When he saw the queer black thing by the well, he inquired:

"Who's there?"

But there was no reply. The rabbit came nearer, but the wolf didn't move, so he grew braver and said:

"Get out of my way or I'll kick you."

Still there was no reply. Then the rabbit kicked with his hind foot so hard that it was caught in the gum and he could not move, and there he stuck until the animals came for water in the morning. When they discovered the thief they had great sport over him for a while and then prepared to kill him. But as soon as the rabbit was released from the tar wolf he managed to escape.

The Cherokee also tell this story about the rabbit and the terrapin:

Bre'er rabbit was a great runner and everybody knew it. The terrapin was a slow traveler, as everybody also knew, but he was a great warrior and unblushingly boasted of it. The terrapin also had a gift of cunning in no small measure, and as the rabbit was always playing tricks on the other animals Mr. Terrapin conceived a practical joke with which he proceeded to victimize the old joker.

The terrapin challenged the rabbit to a footrace. The day was fixed, the starting place agreed upon. They were to run across four mountain ridges, and the one that came out first at the end was to be the winner of the race.

Bre'er rabbit said to himself that it would be a shame to take anything so easy, so he said to the terrapin: "You can't run and everybody knows it, I'll give you the first ridge and then you'll have only three to cross while I'll cross over four."

To this the terrapin assented and went home to arrange for the race. The rabbit took his station at the starting point, and the terrapin went ahead, as they had arranged, and they could hardly see him on account of the tall grass. When the word was given the rabbit started out with long jumps up the mountain, expecting to win the race before the terrapin could get down the other side of it. Before he got up the mountain he saw the terrapin go over the ridge ahead of him.

He ran on, and when he reached the top he looked all around, but could not see the terrapin on account of the tall grass. Bre'er Rabbit kept on down the mountain and began to climb the second ridge, but when he looked up again there was the terrapin just going over the top. This was surprising and Bre'er Rabbit began to take longer jumps to catch up, but when he got to the top there was the terrapin away in the front over the third ridge.

The rabbit was now getting tired and nearly out of breath, but he kept on down the mountain and up the other ridge until he got to the top just in time to see Mr. Terrapin cross the fourth ridge, and thus win the race.

Bre'er Rabbit could not make another jump but fell

over on the ground, crying, "Mi, mi, mi, mi," as the rabbit has done ever since when he is too tired to run any more. The race was given to the terrapin, though all the animals wondered how he managed it. But he kept still and never told.

It was easy enough, however, because all the terrapin's friends looked just alike, and he had simply posted one near the top of each ridge to wait until the rabbit came in sight, and then climb over and hide in the tall grass. When the rabbit came on he could not find the terrapin, and so thought the terrapin was ahead, and if he had met one of the other terrapins he would have thought it was the same one because they looked so much alike.

Story of a Button

I WAS born in one of the little button factories in one of the New England States. I am made of brass and was very pretty. I have an anchor stamped on my face and the letters U. S. A. stamped on my back.

When I was a month old I was shipped to the South with the rest of my family and sold to a dealer in buttons, who put me in a showcase outside his store.

I lay there several days, and presently a man, seeing me, took quite a fancy to me and bought me.

Soon after this my purchaser and I started for the war. It was a good thing for him that he took me along, for I saved his life at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863 when two bullets struck my face.

After the war I was taken home and put in a safe, where I am today, but, alas, my shape and brilliancy are gone.

ROSE LAUEMANN

ALPHABET ANIMALS IN PATCHWORK PICTURE PUZZLES



THE WANDERER.

And yet there is a pessimist that's never seen to smile;
The melancholy WANDERER you simply can't beguile.
However irresistible and jovial the din,
He only sits and shakes his head and meditates of sin.



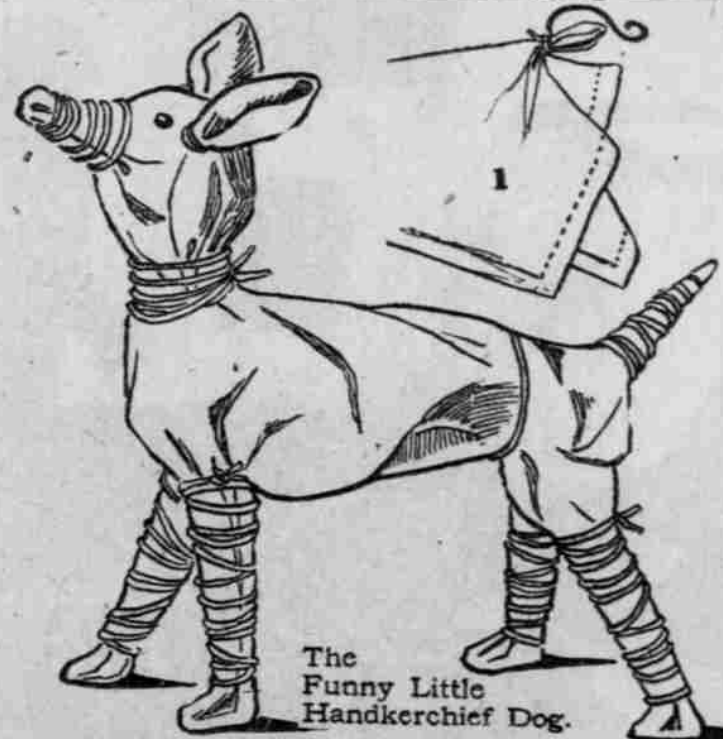
The HANDKERCHIEF DOG

BY LINA BEARD

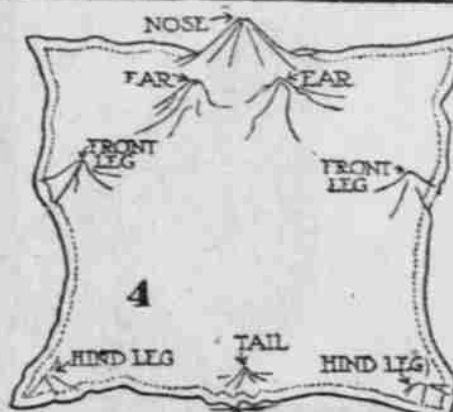


JUST to look at the comical little fellow will make you laugh, for he is spirited and independent in all of his poses, and can stand and sit up alone without props of any kind, as shown in the pictures. Make the dog of a twelve and one-half inch square lady's handkerchief. Begin with his nose. At the center of one side of the handkerchief, one and one-half inches from the edge, pinch up a point of the cloth and wind with string to the depth of about three-quarters of an inch. Figure 1 gives beginning of nose. Make the ears, one on each side and two inches back of the extreme tip of the nose; let the tips of the ears be two inches apart; tie a string securely around the base of each ear (figure 2) and bind a string around the handkerchief to form the dog's neck. Make one fore leg five inches from the front edge of the handkerchief; at this place pinch up a point three-quarters of an inch from the side edge, insert a wooden toothpick and wind with a string. Make the other fore leg in the same way (figure 3). Form the two hind legs by turning up three-quarters of an inch of the two last extreme corners, insert a toothpick in each and wind with a string. Make the tail by pinching up and winding a point three-quarters of an inch from the edge, midway between the two legs. Figure 4 shows the different points of the handkerchief which form the various portions of the dog. Tie a string around the body of the dog just in front of the hind legs and he will stand alone.

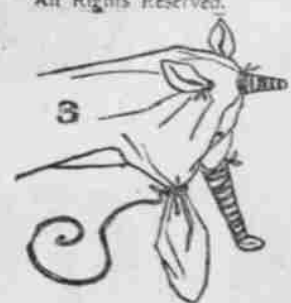
A soft handkerchief needs an extra toothpick in the back of the dog, anchored in the binding of the neck, but in other respects a soft handkerchief makes the best formed animal.



Listening to His Master's Voice.



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