



ABOU HASSAN'S WISH COMES TRUE

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY
Wm. DONAHEY

Abou Hassan finds himself at his father's death with a large fortune. As his father has taught him strict economy, Abou decides to spend some of his money recklessly, so decides it, investing half in real estate for his support, and spending the rest in gorgeous entertainments. When this money is gone his friends refuse to know him. Furious at their ingratitude, Abou Hassan decides to make no more, but to find companionship with strangers, whom he entertains on condition he will never see them again. To one such guest he tells his story, saying he would like to be king for one day to punish his faithless friends. Soon after this guest drops a powder into Abou Hassan's wine and, when he is insensible, orders his slave to carry Abou Hassan away upon his back.

(Continued from last Sunday.)

THE merchant hurried down the dark street, closely followed by the slave, who carried on his broad back the sleeping Abou Hassan. After walking some distance, they turned into a narrow street, and stopped before a small iron gate, which was set in a great stone wall. The merchant gave a peculiar signal, and the door was immediately opened by a soldier, who bowed low as the party passed in. Inside the wall was a beautiful garden, in the center of which stood a great stone building, and entering the nearest doorway, the merchant led the way to a magnificently furnished bedroom.

"Disrobe this man and put him into my bed," ordered the merchant, and a gorgeously dressed man to whom he spoke bowed low before him and answered, "Yes, your majesty."

At his signal, several servants entered, and Abou Hassan was quickly undressed and tucked into the rich bed.

The guest whom Abou Hassan had entertained was not a merchant, as he had supposed, but the powerful king of the city of Bagdad. The king was fond of disguising himself and walking about the streets, in order to mingle among his subjects and find out for

himself whether they were satisfied with the way in which he ruled them.

"I ran across this man today," said the king to his grand vizier, "and was entertained at his house. During our conversation he told me how badly he had been treated by some ungrateful friends, saying that if he could be king for just a day he would punish them for their ingratitude. It occurred to me that it would be interesting to let him have his wish and make him king for a day. So I managed to give him a drug, which will keep him soundly asleep for some time, and brought him here. Now, I want you to instruct all the people of my court to treat this man just exactly as though he were the king."

"Your plan shall be carried out," said the grand vizier, and bowing himself from the room, he hurried away to give the necessary orders.

In the morning the king hid in a closet where he could see and hear everything without being seen, and when all the servants whose duty it was to dress their royal master had gathered, the order was given to awaken Abou Hassan. A sponge soaked in vinegar was held to the sleeper's nose, and he awoke with a start. With very round eyes, he sat straight up in bed and stared about the room. He looked in amazement at the richly furnished place, at the silk curtains, the wonderful bedspread, embroidered with gold and jewels, and when he noticed the robe and the priceless crown of the king lying on a table near the bed, his eyes almost popped out of his head.

"Ah, what a delightful dream," he muttered to himself, and, lying down, he closed his eyes, to sleep again.

"Your majesty," said the grand vizier, "it is time your royal person should be robed for morning prayers."

At the sound of the grand vizier's voice

Abou Hassan sat up and stared at the people standing about the room. "This surely can't be a dream," he thought.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Ah, your majesty, I see you ask this question of me to try me. I am your trusted grand vizier, who has served you faithfully for many years. I hope, your majesty, that I have done nothing to displease you?"

"Here," cried Abou Hassan to a small slave boy who stood near the bed, "come and bite my finger. I want to see if I am really awake."

The lad approached the bed, and taking the dreamer's finger between his teeth, he gave it such a bite that Abou Hassan, with a yell, tumbled out of bed in a most unkingly way.

The servants began at once to dress him, answering his many questions with such solemn faces that Abou Hassan at last really believed that he was the king.

Soon he was led into the great council chamber, with much pomp and ceremony, and placed upon the throne.

Meanwhile the real king found a place where he could see all that was going on in the throne room without being seen himself, and was greatly amused at the kingly way in which Abou Hassan strutted about.

"Is there any special order your majesty wishes to make known?" asked the grand vizier, after certain countless ceremonies had been gone through.

"Yes," said Abou Hassan, "there are several men whom I wish to have punished for their ungrateful behavior to one of their friends. I want each man to be given one hundred blows upon the back, and then to have each mounted upon a mule and driven through the city, as an example to other men who might be tempted to show ingratitude."

Abou Hassan then made out a list of the names of his former friends, which was placed in the hands of the sheriff, who at once left to carry out the order. He ordered also that a thousand pieces of gold should be taken to his mother's home and given into



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Alabaster Neck, Coral Lips, Moon Face, Sunshine, Eye's Delight, Heart's Desire, and the one that fanned him was named Sugar Cane.

Abou Hassan made many pleasant comments on their names and amused them for some time with his witty remarks. After he had eaten a hearty dinner, and as night was drawing near, he was led into a brilliantly lighted room, which was wonderfully furnished with all sorts of beautiful things. Among the objects in this room was a table filled with golden vases, all containing the richest and rarest wines. At Abou Hassan's command, he was served from the vases, and drank many glasses of the delicious fluid.

Soon he became drowsy, and at a sign from the grand vizier a bit of powder was dropped into a glass of wine and handed to him. Abou Hassan emptied the glass and in a few minutes fell again into a deep sleep.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

The TEENIE WEEENIES

GO CANOEING

BY
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"Come have a ride in my little canoe
And we'll sail away on the water blue.
My boat is the pod of a garden pea

And there's plenty of room for you and me.
So come along and I'll sing to you,
As we paddle away in my little canoe."

THAT is the little song that the Sailor sang, at the top of his voice, as he swung along the garden walk, carrying a pea pod on his shoulder.

"What are you going to do with that pea pod?" asked the Turk, as he fell into step with the Sailor.

"Gonna make a canoe," answered the Sailor shortly.

"Make a canoe? I don't see how you're ever going to make a boat out of that," exclaimed the Turk.

"Well, you just hang around, and I'll show you how it's done," cried the Sailor, as he dropped the pea pod on the back porch of the teenie weenie house.

Bringing tools from the teenie weenie work shop, the Sailor first carefully split the pod open and removed the peas. Next he cut from a match two boards, about two teenie weenie feet in length. Putting a board across each end of the pea pod, he nailed them tightly to the sides.

"What are those boards for?" asked the Dunce, who, of course, was there too, watching the work.

"Seats," answered the Sailor, as he opened a little pot of paint. "Now then, I'll give it a coat of water proof paint, and you'll see the snuggest little craft that ever you laid your eyes on."

This canoe was such a success that the Sailor was kept busy for days by the demand for boats. The Doctor named his "The Lady" in honor of the Lady of Fashion, and asked that popular little person to have the first ride in it. The boat was carried to a big pond under a water spout, beside a house, and put into the water.

No one ever knew exactly what caused the trouble, but the canoe suddenly tipped over, and the Doctor and the Lady of Fashion were thrown out, in the middle of the deepest hole in the pond!

The Sailor, who happened to be near, promptly dived from his boat and brought both the unlucky ones safely to shore, amidst the cheers of the Teenie Weenies.

"Serves 'em right," muttered the General, as he watched the dripping couple hurry away to get into dry clothes. "Anybody that's foolish enough to go boating in a peapod canoe ought to get ducked."

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