

Abou Hassan in the Mad House

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY W. DONAHEY

SYNOPSIS.
Abou Hassan finds himself at his father's death with a large fortune. As his father has taught him strict economy, he decides to spend some of his money foolishly. He divides it, investing half in real estate and spending the rest in gorgeous entertainments. When that half of his money is gone his friends refuse to know him. Furious at their ingratitude, Abou Hassan decides to make no more, but to find his company among strangers, whom he will entertain on condition that they never see him a second time. To one such guest he tells his story, saying he would like to be king for a day to punish his faithless friends. Soon after this guest drops a powder in Abou Hassan's wine, and when he is insensible orders his slave to carry Abou away. This stranger proves to be the king in disguise. He has Abou Hassan carried to the palace, put in his bed, and tells his court to pretend Abou is king when he wakes. The courtiers play their part so well Abou really believes he is king and sits on the throne with much dignity. He enjoys himself, has his false friends punished, and towards evening is given another sleeping powder by the king.

(Continued from last Sunday.)

AS Abou Hassan began to snore loudly, the king came out of his hiding place and ordered that the sleeper should be again dressed in his own clothes and taken back to his home. "Disrobe him and put him in his bed," commanded the king, "so that when he wakes he will think all that happened to him was a dream."

The slaves hurried from the palace and carried Abou Hassan to his house, where they undressed him and put him in bed as the king had commanded.

Abou Hassan slept till late the next morning, and when he awoke in his own home he was filled with the greatest surprise.

"Moon Face, Coral Lips," he called, remembering the names of the lovely ladies of the palace, "come here."

He called so loudly that his mother, who lived in the apartment above him, came running to his bedside.

"What ails you, my son?" she cried.

"Good woman," said Abou Hassan, looking haughtily at her, "who is it that you call your son?"

"Why, you, of course," said his astonished mother. "Are not you Abou Hassan, my son?"

"You have made a grave mistake, my good woman," answered the young man. "I am not your son, but the king of the city of Bagdad."

In spite of everything his poor mother could say he could not be convinced that he was Abou Hassan, but still insisted that he was the king. His mother, thinking surely her son was suffering from some disorder of the mind, tried to change the conversation by telling him how his ungrateful friends had been punished the day before.

"I know it," answered Abou Hassan. "It was by my own order that they were punished. I tell you I am the king, and I wish you would call my slaves so that I may be robbed for morning prayers."

"O, my dear son," sobbed the poor woman, "it is wicked of you to call yourself the king, especially after the generous gift our beloved monarch made us yesterday."

"It was I who sent the thousand pieces of gold to you, woman," cried Abou Hassan in an angry voice, "and I will have no more of your words." Jumping from the bed, Abou Hassan caught his mother by the arms and began beating the poor woman, so that she called for help. At the sound of her cries the neighbors came running in, and, finding Abou Hassan in the act of striking his mother, they used him rather roughly.

"Unhand me, wretches!" cried the indignant Abou Hassan, shaking off his captors. "How dare you touch the sacred person of the king of Bagdad?"

"He's mad," cried one of the neighbors. And, seizing him, they carried him off to a

lunatic asylum, where he was put into a strong stone cell and left to recover his senses.

Each day the keeper came to his cell and gave the prisoner fifty strokes upon the back in order to remind him that he was not the king of Bagdad. Slowly the strong ideas that Abou had had about being the king began to wear away, and finally he made up his mind that the whole thing must have been a dream. Soon his mother came to visit him, and, finding her son himself again, she quickly made arrangements for his release.

Several days after his return home Abou Hassan resumed his practice of inviting a stranger every night for supper. Going to the city gates, he sat down to await the arrival of the first stranger, and to his great surprise the first man who came through the gate was the same merchant he had entertained the night before his vivid dream.

Abou Hassan turned his head and pretended not to see him, but the merchant would not be put off, and, walking up to him, said, "Well, well, if it isn't my good friend Abou Hassan."

"Sir," cried Abou Hassan, "the conditions on which I entertained you at my home some time ago were that you would not recognize me if ever our paths should chance to cross again, and now you have broken that promise."

"My friend," said the merchant, who really remembered the promise and had carefully planned this meeting, "I was so royally entertained at your home that I wish once more to have the honor of your hospitality. This is my last visit to your city, and, if you wish it, I will never bother you again."



"And here, look at this finger," exclaimed Abou Hassan, as he held his finger out for his guest to examine. "I remember that as I dreamed I thought it must be dream, and I asked a small slave boy to bite my finger so I would know whether I was awake or not. He bit me so hard that I tumbled out of bed—and here are the marks of his teeth!"

"I think you must have bitten it yourself during your dream," said the merchant, after he had examined his host's finger.

"That is the only way I can figure it out," said Hassan.

After they had spent some time in talking and drinking the merchant said: "Why are you not married, my friend?"

"I prefer to remain free," answered Abou Hassan.

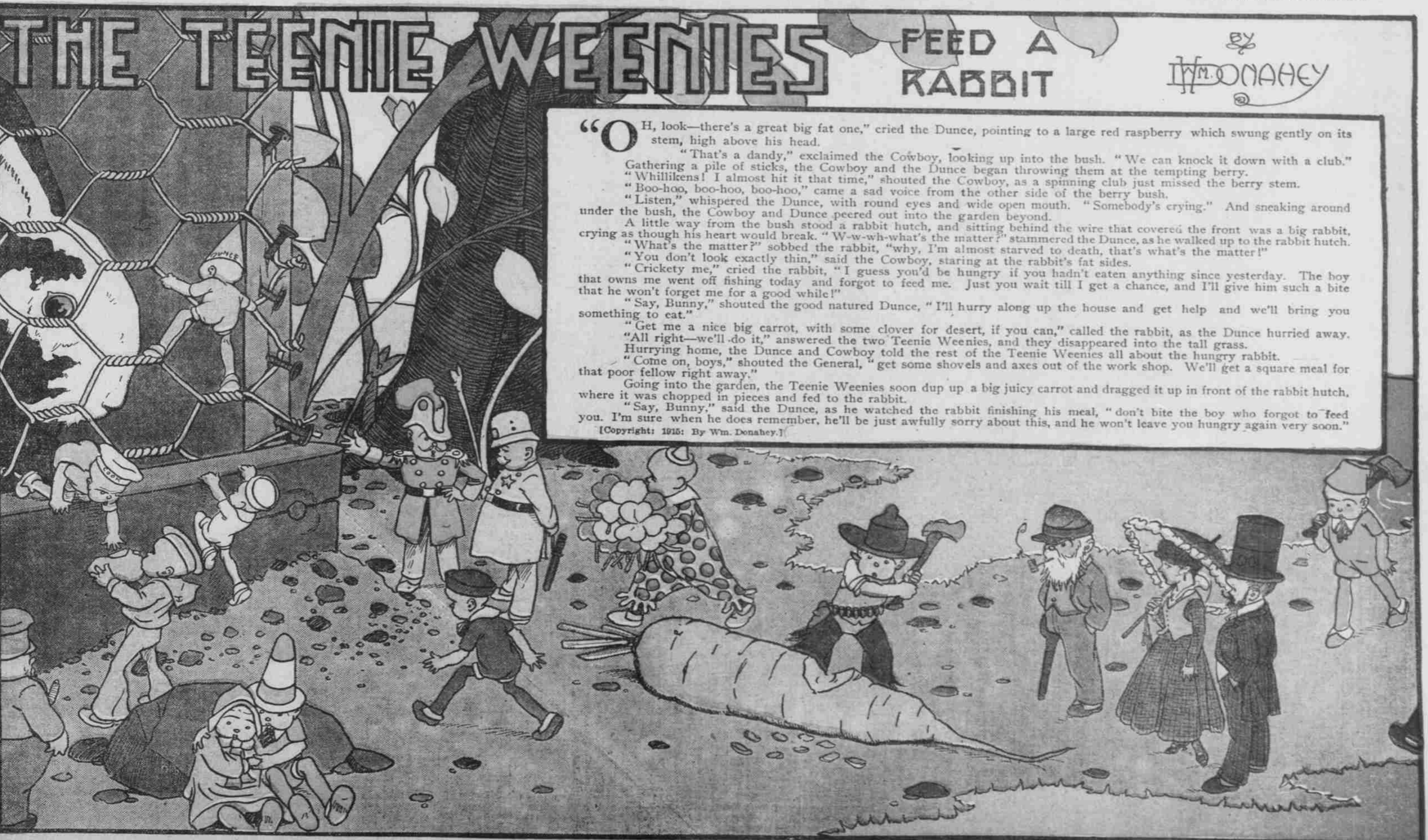
"That is not right," said the merchant. "You should have a wife. I will find a lovely girl for you, who will be worthy of your love."

As the merchant talked he slyly dropped a sleeping powder into his host's glass.

"Come, my good friend," he then cried, raising his own glass, "let us drink to the health of the lady I shall provide for you."

Abou Hassan drained his glass and in a few minutes he fell into a sound sleep. As before, the merchant ordered his slave to take up Abou Hassan on his back and carry him to the palace. When they arrived at the palace the king threw off his disguise as a merchant and commanded his grand vizier to dress Abou Hassan in the same clothes he had worn before. He ordered also that the sleeper should be placed in the same room, with the same people standing about, so that he would find everything just as it had been when he had fallen asleep several weeks before. When everything had been made ready the king retired to a closet where he could see everything without being seen, and ordered that Abou Hassan be awakened. A sponge soaked in vinegar was held under the sleeper's nose and soon he began to stir uneasily in his bed.

(To be continued next Sunday.)



THE TEENIE WEENIES

FEED A RABBIT

BY W. DONAHEY

"OH, look—there's a great big fat one," cried the Dunce, pointing to a large red raspberry which swung gently on its stem, high above his head.

"That's a dandy," exclaimed the Cowboy, looking up into the bush. "We can knock it down with a club." Gathering a pile of sticks, the Cowboy and the Dunce began throwing them at the tempting berry.

"Whillikens! I almost hit it that time," shouted the Cowboy, as a spinning club just missed the berry stem.

"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo," came a sad voice from the other side of the berry bush.

"Listen," whispered the Dunce, with round eyes and wide open mouth. "Somebody's crying." And sneaking around under the bush, the Cowboy and Dunce peered out into the garden beyond.

A little way from the bush stood a rabbit hutch, and sitting behind the wire that covered the front was a big rabbit, crying as though his heart would break. "W-w-wh-what's the matter?" stammered the Dunce, as he walked up to the rabbit hutch.

"What's the matter?" sobbed the rabbit, "why, I'm almost starved to death, that's what's the matter!"

"You don't look exactly thin," said the Cowboy, staring at the rabbit's fat sides.

"Crickety me," cried the rabbit, "I guess you'd be hungry if you hadn't eaten anything since yesterday. The boy that owns me went off fishing today and forgot to feed me. Just you wait till I get a chance, and I'll give him such a bite something to eat."

"Say, Bunny," shouted the good natured Dunce, "I'll hurry along up the house and get help and we'll bring you something to eat."

"Get me a nice big carrot, with some clover for desert, if you can," called the rabbit, as the Dunce hurried away.

"All right—we'll do it," answered the two Teenie Weenies, and they disappeared into the tall grass.

Hurrying home, the Dunce and Cowboy told the rest of the Teenie Weenies all about the hungry rabbit.

"Come on, boys," shouted the General, "get some shovels and axes out of the work shop. We'll get a square meal for that poor fellow right away."

Going into the garden, the Teenie Weenies soon dug up a big juicy carrot and dragged it up in front of the rabbit hutch, where it was chopped in pieces and fed to the rabbit.

"Say, Bunny," said the Dunce, as he watched the rabbit finishing his meal, "don't bite the boy who forgot to feed you. I'm sure when he does remember, he'll be just awfully sorry about this, and he won't leave you hungry again very soon."

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