

# The Story of Prince Camaralzaman

BY  
JIM DONAHEY

IN ancient times there was a king named Shahzaman, who ruled over a country near Persia called the island of Khaledan.

He was a powerful king, but he was not happy, because he had no son to reign in his place when the time came for him to die. But at last, when the king was an old man, a son was born to him who was the most beautiful child ever seen. In honor of his great beauty he was named Camaralzaman, which means Moon of the Age. The king loved this handsome son very dearly. He had him brought up by the best teachers, and was delighted to find that the boy was as clever as he was handsome. His father loved him so that he could hardly bear to be parted from him for even an hour.

When Camaralzaman was 15 years old his father wished him to marry, for he was an old man, and wished his son settled in life before he died. But when he spoke to the prince about it, Camaralzaman surprised everybody very much by refusing. He said that he knew few women, but that he had read a great deal about them, and he thought they were cruel and treacherous, and he would not marry at all. This grieved the king very much. But his grand vizier counseled him to say no more to the prince on the subject for one year, and that then the young man might think very differently of the matter.

So a year went by, and the king spoke to Camaralzaman again, and again the prince refused, and once more at the suggestion of the grand vizier, his father was patient with him, and waited. But the third year the king gathered together all his viziers and nobles and the great men of the court, and before them all demanded of his son that he marry. He had thought that before all these men his son would not dare refuse again. But Camaralzaman refused, even more firmly than before.

His father was so surprised and angry that he could not forgive him as he had forgiven him before.

"Wretch!" he cried, "how dare you refuse me before all my court? You have never been punished before, but you shall be now." And he ordered his slaves to take his son and bind him, and throw him into a lonely, dark prison, and give him only the coarsest of food.

It was a most unhappy night for both father and son. The father could not sleep thinking of the punishment he had given his boy, and the prince blamed himself, and wished he had not refused, because even marrying might not be so awful as was this prison. But he at last fell asleep upon a bench.

Now, the tower in which the prince lay was very old, and at the foot of it was a well, very deep, in which lived a fairy named Maimouna. Every night the fairy came out of the well to see what was going on in the world, and on this night she was much surprised when she saw a light in the old tower, which had so long been empty. Filled with curiosity, she entered, saw the slave on guard before the door of an inner room, and, passing him, came upon Prince Camaralzaman lying fast asleep. The fairy rested on her wings and gazed down on him in astonishment. Never had she seen so beautiful a young man. She remained for a long time admiring the prince. Then at last she rose and continued her flight up into the sky until she heard a great flapping of wings near by.

She followed the sound until she came upon another fairy, a strange creature named Danhash, who was flying as rapidly as she, but who seemed quite willing to stop and talk when he recognized Maimouna, whom he had known well for thousands of years.

"Tell me," demanded Maimouna, as the two flew along together, "from whence have you come tonight and what interesting things have you found upon the earth? Nothing so wonderful as the sight I have just seen, I am certain."

"I do not think you can, at least, have found a more beautiful thing than I have seen this night," answered Danhash. "I have come from the interior islands, near China. They are reigned over by King Giaïour, and he has a daughter who, I am sure, is the most beautiful being in all the world. There could be none more lovely. But this beautiful and clever princess—for she is as brilliant as she is lovely, and as good as brilliant—is now in great trouble. Her father has always loved her very dearly and given her wonderful palaces and many jewels and slaves, but he is now angry at her. For when it came time for her to marry, and the king sent for her and told her she was to be married soon to a man of his choice, she fell down before him and begged him for her freedom. She said she never wished to marry. That she hated and distrusted all men but him, and wished never to see any others. But when her father laughed at her, she flew into a rage, and from begging his kindness, defied him, and said she



"Never had she seen so beautiful a young man."

ful being in all the world. There could be none more lovely. But this beautiful and clever princess—for she is as brilliant as she is lovely, and as good as brilliant—is now in great trouble. Her father has always loved her very dearly and given her wonderful palaces and many jewels and slaves, but he is now angry at her. For when it came time for her to marry, and the king sent for her and told her she was to be married soon to a man of his choice, she fell down before him and begged him for her freedom. She said she never wished to marry. That she hated and distrusted all men but him, and wished never to see any others. But when her father laughed at her, she flew into a rage, and from begging his kindness, defied him, and said she

would never marry. So now she is shut up, by the command of her father, in a great lonely tower, with only a dozen old women slaves to look after her and none of her beautiful gowns or jewels about her. And unless she will promise to change her mind and do as her father wishes, there she must stay, shut up for a year. It is a shame, for she is the most beautiful being in the whole world."

"She is not," said the fairy Maimouna. "You cannot know what you are talking about. I myself have seen tonight the most beautiful being in the world. And it is a young man, as lovely as the full moon, and he, too, has been imprisoned by a heartless father because he will not marry."

Of course, Danhash did not believe Mai-

mouna any more than she believed him, and they got to quarreling about it, until, suddenly, Danhash said, "To settle this dispute, I will now fly to the interior of China and bring back with me the sleeping Princess Badoura. Then we can lay them side by side, and you shall judge whether I am right or not."

"Very well," said Maimouna, and Danhash flew away, to return almost immediately with Badoura, whom he had thrown into a deep sleep.

The two fairies descended with the young woman and placed her by the side of Camaralzaman. Then they drew back the veil from her face and the sheet from his and stood gazing down upon the two beautiful young people. But still they could not decide which was the more lovely. So they decided to wake each in turn, and the one of the two who admired the other most should be decided to be the least beautiful.

Prince Camaralzaman was to be roused first, so Maimouna turned herself into a mosquito and, flying down, bit him so sharply upon the neck that the young man woke with a great start and saw, to his surprise, that a beautiful young woman had been laid upon the couch beside him during the night. For a long time he looked upon her, admiring her hair, her long, black lashes, her mouth, her round, white neck, and the beautiful hands. He tried to wake her, but the fairies had thrown her into such a deep sleep that she never stirred nor heard Prince Camaralzaman when he called to her.

"If this," said the prince, "is the woman whom my father wished me to marry, why could he not have shown her to me before? Then I should not have refused and much trouble would have been avoided. I admire this girl more than I can say, and I know that I should love her if I knew her. I cannot wake her, but I know a way to show both her and my father that I am willing to marry her." And, drawing a rich ring from his finger, he put it upon the girl's hand. Then he lay down and went sound asleep again.

"It is your turn," said Maimouna to the other fairy. "Wake your princess."

(To be continued next Sunday.)

## The TEENIE WEEENIES

CAN A TOMATO

BY  
JIM DONAHEY

"SAY, Turk," said the Cook as he shook out a dish towel and hung it on the edge of the Teenie Weenie sink to dry. "I wish you would go over to the garden next door with me, I want to see if the tomatoes are ripe, for it's about time I was getting them put up, if we expect to have any next winter."

"Sure I'll go with you," cried the Turk, and putting his arm over the Cook's shoulder the two Teenie Weenies hurried away to the place where the tomatoes grew.

"That's a fine one up there," cried the Cook, pointing to a big red tomato hanging high above his head.

"It's going to be a pretty hard job to get it over to the house," said the Turk. "I'll bet that tomato weighs at least eight tons." (One ounce is a Teenie Weenie ton.)

"I've got an idea," said the Cook, "you remember the mouse we rescued from a trap some time ago? Well, he said that if he could ever be of service to us we were to let him know and he would gladly help us. Now if we had a good strong wagon we could get Mr. Mouse to pull the tomato over for us."

"That's easy," shouted the Turk. "I know where there's four small spools, and by using a couple of lead pencils for axles I can make a wagon strong enough to carry half a dozen tomatoes."

(Copyright: 1915: By Wm. Donahey.)

"Fine; I'll go right over to the mouse's house and ask him if he will help us," cried the Cook as he disappeared into the tall grass.

Half an hour later the Cook came running up to the Teenie Weenie house and announced that the mouse would be glad to help his little friends. The Turk, with the help of the rest of the Teenie Weenies, soon built the wagon, and early next morning, when the mouse had arrived, he was hitched up to it.

"Get on everybody," yelled the Cowboy, "and have a rid out to the garden."

The Teenie Weenies, big and little, tumbled onto the wagon and rode out to the tomato plant. The big tomato was cut down, loaded onto the wagon, and very quickly hauled up near the Teenie Weenie kitchen.

"I want to thank you for your kindness, Mr. Mouse," said the General after the mouse had refreshed himself with twenty-one teenie weenie wash tubs filled with bread and cheese.

"O, that's all right, that's all right," cried the mouse. "Glad to do it. Glad to help you," and bidding the Teenie Weenies good-by, the mouse hurried away down the garden walk.

It took several day of hard work to can the tomato and the teenie weenie cellar was almost filled with the shining little cans.

