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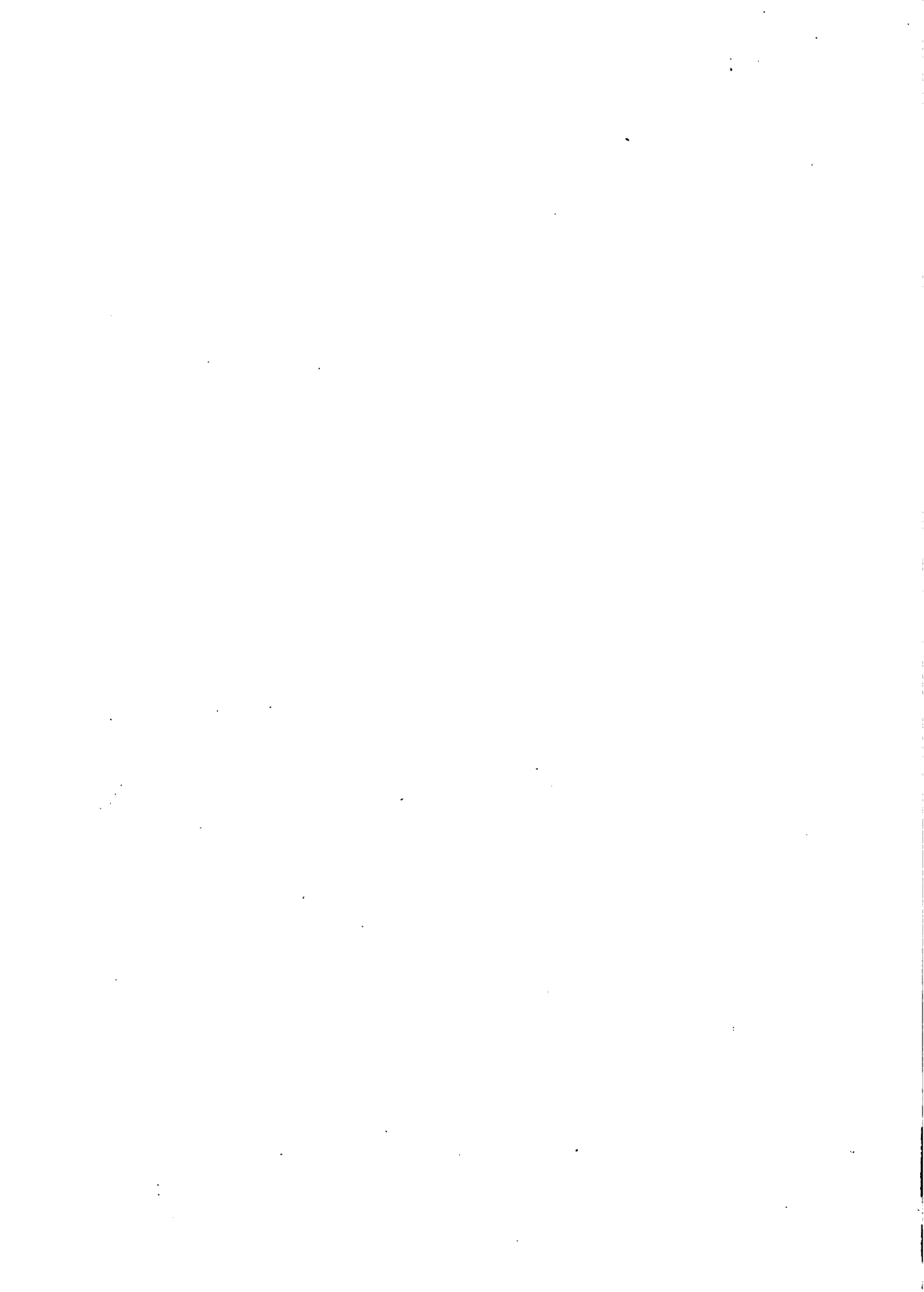
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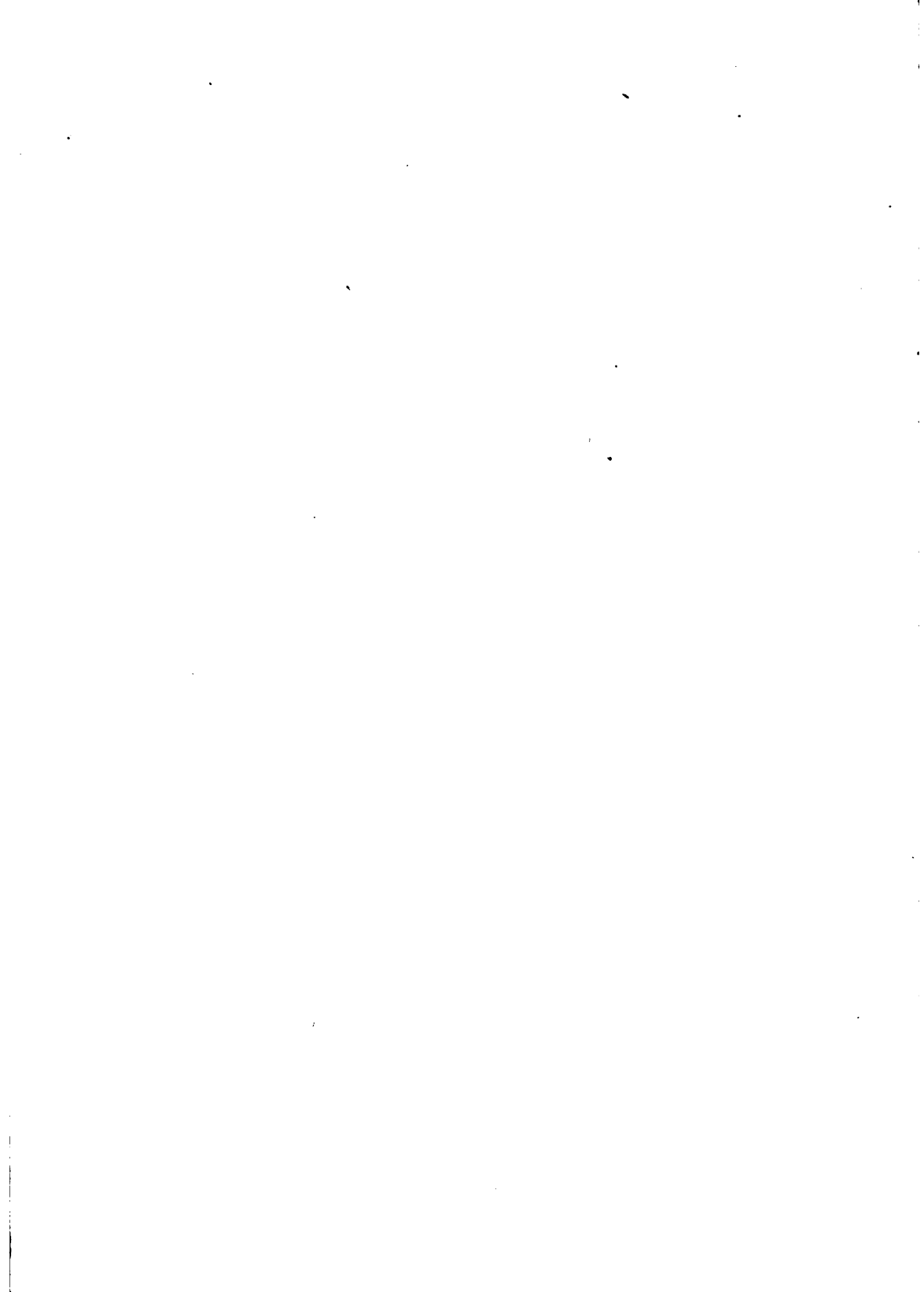
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TALES

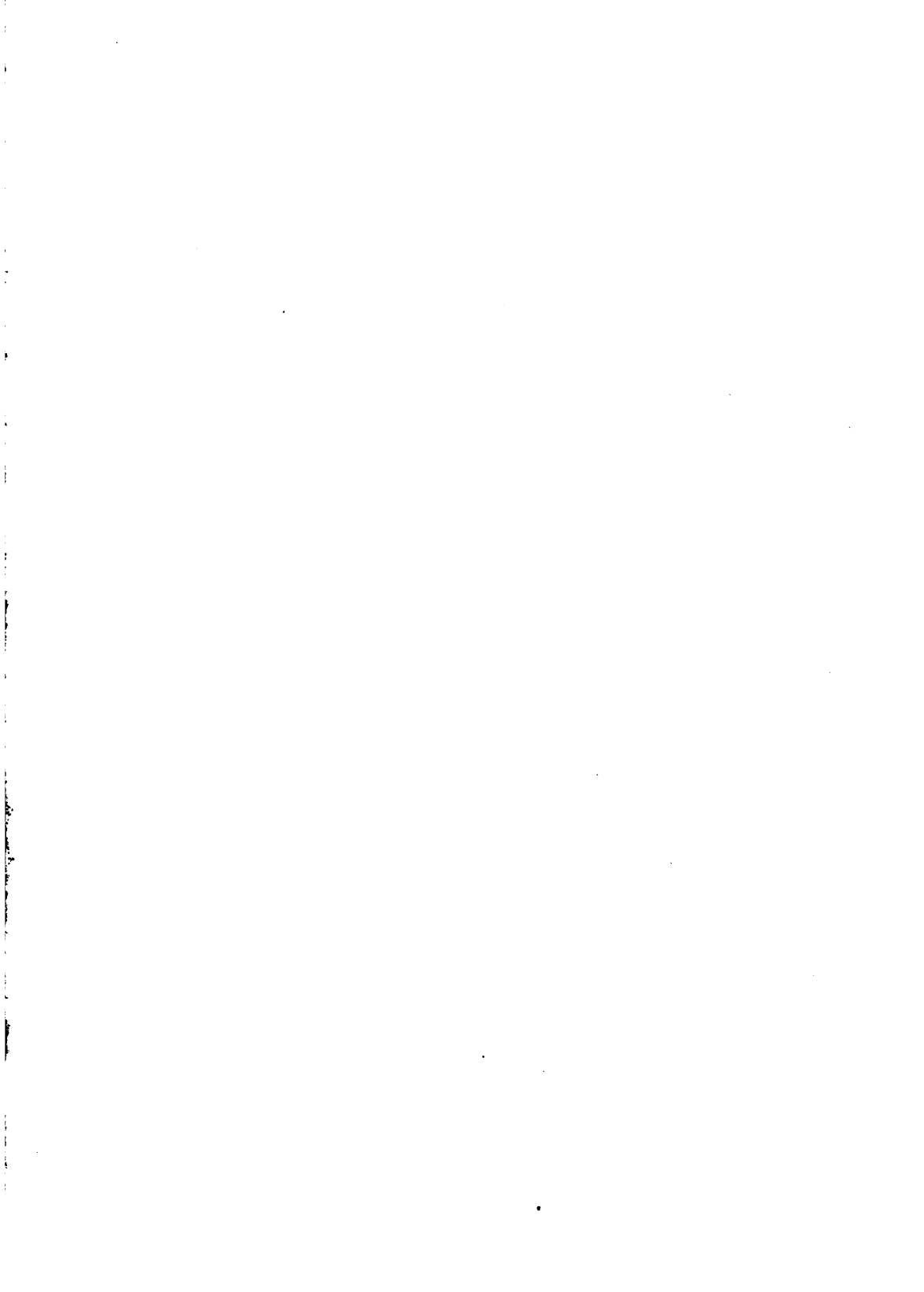
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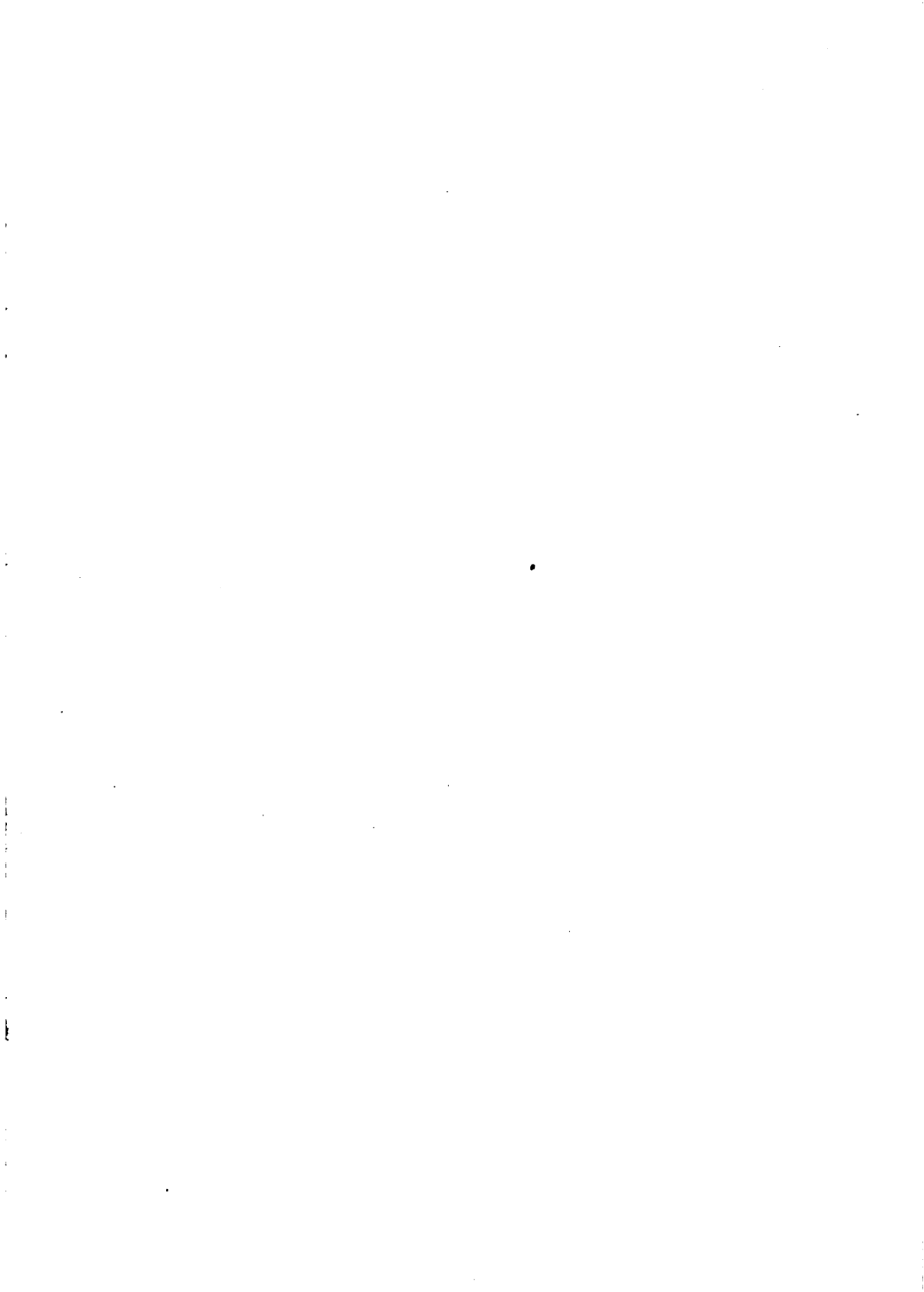








OLD RUSSIAN TALES







The cat scalded him roundly

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE "STORY LADY" SERIES

OLD RUSSIAN TALES

RETOLD FOR CHILDREN BY
GEORGENE FAULKNER
THE STORY LADY

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERIC RICHARDSON

DAUGHADAY AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

KF 30087



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FOREWORD

IN the long-ago time all the "grown-ups," as well as the children, would gather in a group and listen wide-eyed to the tales of wonder as told by the "Story Teller." These old tales, called "folk tales," which have been handed down from generation to generation, are full of rugged strength and beauty. They were told simply and with the sincerity of the early people who felt that they could really see and talk with fairies. Because the world of the unreal was so very real to those who told them, these stories ring true. They are as true today as they were in the long-ago time, for each story contains that which is true to human nature.

The Story Lady has told folk stories many times to groups of children, and upon the children's request the most popular have been retold in the Chicago "Tribune" and the Chicago "Herald."

Now these stories will be told again in a

more attractive form in a series of books called "The Story Lady Series." The first book will be "Old Russian Tales." Later we will tell "Italian Tales," and from time to time we will retell the most popular stories of each country. In offering this series we will try to answer the oft-repeated requests of our children: "Please tell it over"—and "Do tell us some more stories, Story Lady."



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*The illustrations are from
the original paintings by
Frederic Richardson*





THE CAT
THE COCK
AND THE FOX



ONCE upon a time there was a cat and a cock who lived quite happily in their little home. The cock kept the house while the cat went out to search for food.

One day when the cat started out to find food, she said to the cock: “Now, you must let no one in.”

Not long after the cat had gone, there came a knocking at the door, and a soft voice called: “Dear little cock, won’t you let me in?”

Then the little cock peeked out

of the window and saw standing on the door-step a sly old fox; so the cock answered: "Oh, no, little fox, pussy told me not to let any-one in."

Again the fox begged: "Oh, dear, good little cock, please let me in."

"Oh, no, no; pussy told me not to."

But the fox begged once more. "Oh, dear, good, kind little cock, please, please let me in."

The cock felt sorry for the fox and opened the door just a little crack, and the fox sprang right

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into the house, and seizing the cock by the throat, she ran off over the hills toward her den.

The poor cock cried out in fright:

Help! pussy-pussy!
That foxy hussy
Has got me tight
With all her might.
Across her tail
My legs do trail
Along the bridge so stony!
Help! pussy-pussy!

The pussy heard the poor cock's cries and came running very fast and pounced upon the old fox's back, clawing and scratching the fox

until she dropped the poor cock and went running off to her den.

Then the cat took the cock home and scolded him roundly. "Why did you not obey me? I told you to let no one in. If you do not mind, the old fox will catch you and eat you."

Well, for some time after this the cock was very careful, but another day when the cat was away searching for food, there came a knocking at the door, and there stood the old fox a second time, begging to get in.

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“Dear little cock, won’t you please let me in?”

“Oh, no, little fox, pussy said I wasn’t to.”

“Oh, dear, good little cock, please, please let me in!”

“Oh, no, no, little fox, pussy said I wasn’t to.”

Again came the knocking at the door and the pleading voice of the fox: “Oh, dear, good, kind little cock, please, please let me in,” and then that stupid little cock let the old fox in and the fox seized the cock by the throat and ran over the hills toward her den.

Again the cock called out in fright:

Help! pussy-pussy!
That foxy hussy
Has got me tight
With all her might.
Across her tail
My legs do trail
Along the bridge so stony!
Help! pussy-pussy!

Again the pussy came running over the hills. "Maiow! Maiow!" he said, as he pounced on the fox's back and gave her such a drubbing, that she dropped the cock and ran off to her den.

"Will you never learn to mind?" said the cat to the cock. "The

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next time you will surely be killed,” and the cat scolded the cock until she wept sad tears and promised to obey.

For some time after that the cock was very careful, and then one day when the cat was away searching for food, came the same, sly old fox to the door.

“Oh, dear little cock, won’t you please let me in?”

“Oh, no, little fox, pussy said I wasn’t to.”

“Oh, dear, good little cock, please, please let me in:”

“Oh, no, no, little fox, pussy said I wasn’t to.”

Again came the knocking at the door and the pleading voice of the fox: “Oh, dear, good, kind little cock, please, please, please let me in, and that stupid little cock opened the door and the fox jumped into the room and, seizing the cock by the throat, she ran off over the hills toward the den, saying, “This time I shall surely eat you.”

The poor cock called out loudly in his fright:

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Help! pussy-pussy!
That foxy hussy
Has got me tight
With all her might.
Across her tail
My legs do trail
Along the bridge so stony!
Help! pussy-pussy!

The cat heard the cries of the cock and ran as fast as he could, but, this time, he could not catch the old fox. So he went home and he was so very lonely that he sat down and cried and cried. "Crying can't help matters any," he said to himself, "but I'll save that stupid cock yet, if I can." So the

cat dried his tears and, taking with him a big sack, his fiddle and bow, he went away over the hills to the fox's home.

Now, the fox had plucked all the feathers from the cock and had put the cock on a platter all ready to cook while she was making some soup and porridge for supper for all of her little foxes to eat.

Suddenly they heard some sweet music;

“Fiddle-de-dee!
The foxy so wee
Had daughters twice two,
And a little son too,

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Called Phil-Fiddle-deel
Come, foxy, and see
My sweet minstrelsy!”

“Oh, mammy, dear mammy, what is that sweet music?” said one of the little foxes. “I will run out to see who is playing so nicely.”

As soon as the little fox came out of the door, the big cat seized her and squeezed her and popped her into the sack. Then the cat went right on with his song:

“Fiddle-de-deel
The foxy so wee
Had daughters twice two,
And a little son, too,

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Called Phil-Fiddle-deel
Come, foxy, and see
My sweet minstrelsy!"

Another little fox came up out of the den and was seized and squeezed by the big cat and popped into his sack.

Then the cat sang his song again and again until one by one he had seized and squeezed all those little foxes and popped them into his sack.

When the mother fox had supper all ready, and her children did not return, she called loudly; "Come children, come children; the soup is simmering, the porridge is ready

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and soon I will roast the cock," but no one answered her. So the fox came up out of her den and the big cat pounced upon her, seized her and squeezed her and popped her into the sack also.

The cat went down into the den and drank up all the soup and ate up all the porridge.

"Come, cock, shake yourself," he called to the cock, and the poor stupid cock opened his eyes, and, as he stood upon his feet, he looked funny enough without any feathers. The cat laughed at him long and loud. "Well, you are certainly a fine

looking cock, with all your feathers lost; but for me you would have lost your life, also. Well, come along, we will go back home again." So the cat took the fiddle, the bow and the big sack over his back, and the poor, plucked cock followed after him.

When they reached their home, the cat skinned all the dead foxes and made some soft beds for himself and the cock to sleep upon, out of the small foxes skins and he put the big fox's skin upon the floor for a rug.

Now the cat and the cock lived

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in peace and plenty all their lives,
and they laughed at this joke for
a good joke, and so we may laugh
at it, too.

(This old Russian story is retold from the "Cossack Fairy
Tales", translated by R. Nisbet Bain.)



THE
STRAW OX

*“Ugh!” growled the bear. “So you are
stuffed with straw and trimmed with
tar, are you?”*

"Licht" gewacht ist dann "Licht" zu sein
dies bedeutet das ganze die Welt
"Sich zu sein"





HERE was once upon a time an old man and an old woman. The old man worked in the fields, burning pitch, while the old woman took care of the house and spun flax. They were so poor that they could save nothing at all and were lucky indeed when they had enough to eat.

One day the old woman said: "Daddy, do make me a straw ox and smear it all over with tar."

"Why, you foolish woman," said

her husband, "what's the good of a straw ox?"

"Never mind," she answered, "please make it for me, for I know what I want to do with it."

What was the poor man to do? Well, he set to work and soon he had made an ox of straw and smeared it all over with tar.

The next morning, at early dawn, the old woman took her distaff and drove the straw ox out into the field to graze. She sat down on the ground and began spinning her flax, calling out: "Graze away, little ox, while I

spin my flax; graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax." She spun and spun her flax until, by and by, her head dropped and she began to doze.

While she was dozing, out from behind the dark, huge pine trees, rushed a big bear. He ran growling up to the ox and said; "Who are you? Speak and tell me!"

The ox answered; "I am an ox, I am; I am stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar."

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" growled the bear. "So you are stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar, are

you? Well, give me some of your straw and tar, that I may patch up my ragged fur again.”

“Take some! take some!” answered the ox, and then the bear fell upon him and tried to tear away the tar. He buried his teeth in it and he clawed and clawed and tugged and tugged, but it stuck fast and he found that he could not let go of it, so the ox dragged the bear home.

“When the old woman awoke and could not see her ox, she was very much worried. “Oh, how foolish I am, to be sure,” she

said, "perhaps my ox has gone home." Then she got up, and, picking up her distaff, she ran home as fast as she could, and there by the fence stood the ox with the bear hanging on its side.

"Daddy! daddy!" she cried. "Look! look! the ox has brought us a bear! Come, quickly!"

Then the old man came in haste, tore off the bear, tied him up and threw him into the cellar.

The next morning, early, between the dark and the dawn, the old woman took her distaff and drove the ox out into the field to graze.

She sat down upon a mound and began to spin, and said: "Graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax. Graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax." And she spun and spun until by and by her head drooped and she began to doze.

Suddenly, from behind the dark, huge pine trees, a gray wolf came rushing out upon the ox, and said: "Who are you? Come, tell me!"

"I am an ox, I am; I am stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar."

"Burr-r! burr-r-r!" howled the wolf. "So you are stuffed with

straw and trimmed with tar, are you? Then give me some of your tar, that I may put it on my sides so the dogs cannot tear me."

"Take some! take some!" answered the ox, and with a howl the wolf sprang upon the ox and tried to tear away some tar. He buried his teeth in it and tugged and tugged, but he stuck fast, and so the ox dragged the wolf home.

When the old woman awoke and could not see her ox, she sprang to her feet and picked up her distaff. "My ox must have gone home," she cried. I will go

home and see, and when she got home, there by the fence stood the ox with the wolf still tugging on his side.

“Daddy! daddy!” she called, “come quickly and see; the ox has brought home a wolf today!” Then the old man came and threw the wolf also into the cellar.

The next morning, early, when the old woman drove the ox out to graze, she sat down on a mound and spun and spun, until, by and by, she went sound asleep.

Then a fox came running out from behind the dark, huge pine trees, and

rushed up to the ox and said: "Who are you? Speak and tell me."

"I am an ox, I am; I am stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar."

"Uhr-r-r! uhr-r-r! uhr-r-r!" barked the fox joyfully. Then, if you are trimmed with tar, give me some tar to smear on my sides, so that the dogs will not tear my hide."

"Take some! take some!" answered the ox.

Then the fox fastened his teeth into the ox and he tugged and tugged, but stuck fast. So the ox dragged the fox home.

When the old woman awoke, she sprang to her feet, picked up her distaff, and said; "I will hurry home and see what the ox has brought this time." So she ran home as fast as she could go, and there by the fence stood the straw ox with the fox hanging on his back.

"Daddy! daddy!" she cried; "come quickly; the ox has brought home a fox this time." And the old man came and threw the fox also into the cellar.

And the next day they caught the hare, called "Pussy Swift-Foot," in the same way.

Now, when the old man had all these animals safe in the cellar, he sat down on a bench and began to sharpen his big knife.

“Tell me, daddy,” growled the bear, “why do you sharpen your big knife?”

“To flay off your skin, so that I may have a warm jacket for winter, and my old woman wants a warm coat, too.

“Oh, daddy, dear, please don’t flay me. Only save me my skin and let me go and I will bring you some honey.”

“Very well, be off with you, and see that you do it!” answered the old man, and he unbound the bear and let him go.

Then he sat down on the bench and began again to sharpen his knife, and the wolf growled: “Daddy, why do you sharpen your big knife?”

“To flay off your skin, so that I may make me a warm cap for the winter,” answered the old man.

“Oh, daddy, dear, please don’t flay me. Only save me my skin and let me go, and I will bring you a whole flock of sheep.”

“Very well, be off with you, and just see that you do it!” answered the old man, as he unbound the wolf and set him free.

Then the old man sat down on a bench and again began to sharpen his knife, and this time the fox put out his little snout, and asked anxiously:

“Dear daddy, do tell me why you sharpen your big knife?”

“Little foxes have such nice, soft skins,” laughed the old man, “that do well for collars and trimmings, and so I shall skin you.”

“Oh, dear daddy, don't take my skin away,” begged the little fox. Be so kind as to set me free and I will bring you many hens and geese.”

“Very well, be off with you and see that you do it,” warned the old man, as he unbound the fox and set him free.

Now the little hare was left all alone and when the old man began to sharpen his knife again, the poor little hare said: “Daddy, why do you sharpen your big knife?”

“Little hares have such soft, warm skins which will make nice gloves and mittens for my little old woman

and me to keep our hands warm in the cold wintry weather.”

“Oh, daddy, dear, don’t skin me and I will bring you good cauliflower and kale and turnips, if you will only let me go.”

“Very well, be off with you, and see that you do it!” warned the old man, as he unbound the hare and let it go.

The next morning, early, when it was neither dusk nor dawn, there was a noise at the door.

“Gurr-r-r! gurr-r-r! gurr-r-r!”

“Daddy,” cried the old woman, “someone is growling at our door. Let us go and see who it is.” They went out and there was the bear carrying a whole hive of honey.

“I have kept my word,” growled the bear.

“I see you have and I thank you,” said the old man, taking the honey from the bear, and when the bear was gone, they went back to bed again.

A little later they heard another noise at the door. “Durr-r-r! durr-r-r!” and this time the wolf came to the

door, and there in the door-yard stood a whole flock of sheep.

“I have kept my word,” growled the wolf.”

“I see you have and I thank you,” said the old man.

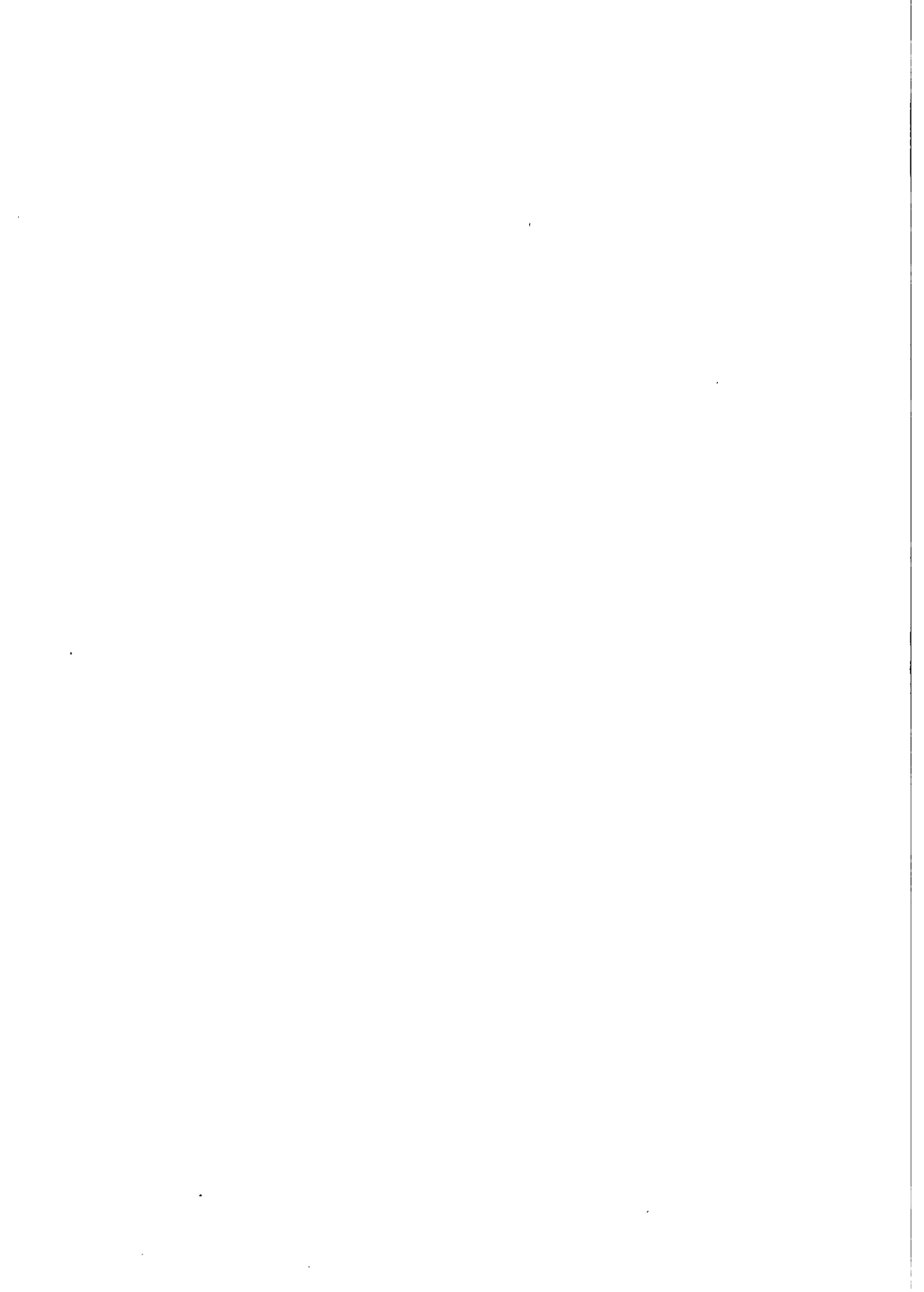
Soon after the fox came, driving a flock of geese and hens and all kinds of fowls, and, last of all came the hare, bringing cabbage, kale, turnips and all kinds of good food.

Then the old man and old woman were very glad and thankful, for now they had all they needed.

As for the straw ox, it stood out

in the sun until, at last, it fell all to pieces, so that was the end of the straw ox.

(This old Russian story is retold from the
"Cossack Fairy Tales," translated
by R. Nisbet Bain.)



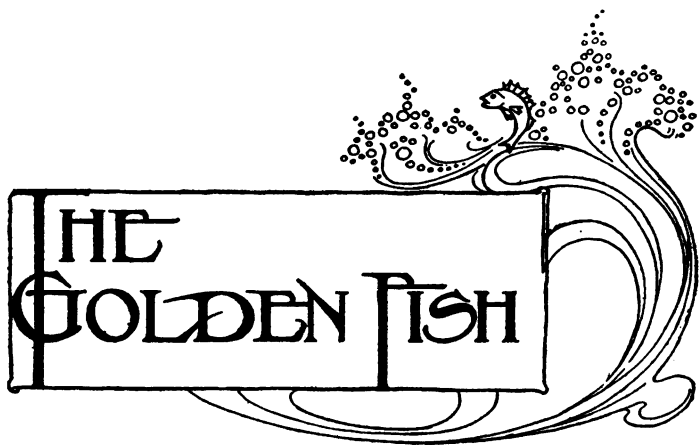




THE
GOLDEN FISH

*“Gold fish, gold fish, in the sea,
Pray grant this wish unto me.”*

"I got your fish and you got
gold fish in the sea."



THE
GOLDEN FISH

The image features a decorative title 'THE GOLDEN FISH' in a black, stylized, serif font. The text is contained within a rectangular frame with a double-line border. Above the frame, a fish is depicted swimming upwards, surrounded by a cluster of small circles representing bubbles. The entire composition is set against a background of flowing, wavy lines that suggest water or movement.



ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived in Russia a poor fisherman who had a very cross wife. Now this fisherman tried in every way to please his wife, but he could never satisfy her whims. They lived in a miserable little hovel down near the sea, and the woman complained bitterly to her husband of her hard life.

One day, as the old woman was washing, she said, "I haven't even a decent tub in which to wash my clothes, but I must break my back

bending over this old trough. We haven't anything to eat in the house, so I trust, husband, you will bring back some fish this time, or else you will have to go hungry, so make haste and go about your fishing."

The poor man was glad to leave his scolding wife, so he took his nets and soon was out in his boat, on the water. He hauled in his nets again and again, but he had no luck.

At last, as he hauled in his net, he saw something glistening in the sunlight, like gold, and when he looked again, he saw that it was a golden fish. He took the golden fish in his hand,

when suddenly, to his great surprise, the fish spoke to him; "Good fisherman, pray be kind and spare my life. I am so tiny that I would not make good eating; why I am hardly big enough for a mouthful for you and your wife. Only spare my life and throw me back into the sea, and I will give you anything in the world that you wish."

"Well," said the fisherman, "you are a very generous fish and I am glad to give you your freedom." So the man put the little fish back in the water and the fish, sparkling like sun-

shine, swam away through the blue sea.

When the man returned, his wife said, "Well, husband, where are your fish? Clean them, at once, so I can make ready and cook them."

"I am sorry, wife," faltered the poor man, "but I caught only one fish, and he, poor little fellow, was so tiny that he was not worth the eating, so I threw him back into the water. Do you know, he was a wonderful little fish, all sparkling gold like the sunshine, and, stranger still, he could talk, and he told me if I would set him free he would grant me any wish."

“Well,” said his wife, “you set him free, didn’t you? What did you ask of him?”

“Why, nothing at all,” answered the man.

“You stupid!” said his wife; “that is just like you. You might at least have asked for a few loaves of bread, when we have nothing to eat in the house; and look at your poor wife working at this old washing trough. You might have asked for a new wash-tub for me. Go back to your fish and tell him I will have some bread to eat, and a new washing set.”

So the poor man went back to

the seaside. It was a beautiful day; white clouds floated lazily across the sky and were reflected in the blue sea below, and the sea was calm and smooth. The fisherman stood on the shore and called,

“Gold fish, gold fish, in the sea.

Pray grant this wish unto me.”

There was a splash and a golden ripple of light, and out of the water sprang the gold fish. He stood up right on his tail. “Well, friend, I am glad to grant you a favor. Speak and you shall have your wish.”

“My good wife would like some

bread to eat and a new washing set," answered the man.

"Go home and you will find her wish is granted," said the fish.

The man went home and there was his wife working at a new wash-tub with a whole new set of washing things about her, and when they went into the kitchen, there on the table were many loaves of wheat-en bread.

"My wife, I am so glad that the golden fish could grant your wish," said the fisherman. "He truly is a remarkable fish."

"Yes," said his wife, "but if he

is so truly remarkable, we were stupid not to ask for more. The idea of our living in such a dirty hovel with a thatched roof of grass, when we might have a nice house built all of wood, with a wooden roof and a stable near by, a cow in the stable, and a nice garden, all enclosed by a fence of wood with a large wooden gate. I want a decent home, I tell you, so go back to your fish and ask him for that.”

The poor man went back and stood by the seashore. The water was a dark blue and the clouds

were gray with the evening shadows.
He called out:

“Gold fish, gold fish, in the sea,
Pray grant this wish unto me.”

Instantly there was a splash and a ripple of light, and the gold fish came out of the water and stood on his tail, and said, “What is your wish, friend fisherman?”

“My wife is not satisfied with our little hovel. She would like to have a nice house built of wood with a wooden roof and a stable near by, a cow and a garden, and she would like a wooden fence about the house, with a large wooden gate.”

“Well, go home,” said the gold fish, “your wife has her wish.”

The fisherman went home and was delighted to find his wife in a nice wooden house with a wooden roof. There was a garden and there by the stable stood a cow, and all was neatly enclosed by a tall wooden fence with a large gate.

“This is indeed wonderful, is it not, wife?” asked the man in delight, “and now I trust you will be satisfied.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” answered the ungrateful wife, “this does very

well for now, but I may think of something else some day.”

Not very long after that the wife said, “Husband, I think it is stupid to be always poor peasant people, to mind a cow and weed the garden and keep the house. If that fish is so wonderful I should like to have power to rule the land. Tell the gold fish I would be the Tsaritsa and live in a palace and rule all the people.”

“But wife,” remonstrated the old man, “we could be so happy in our humble home, if you could only be

content. I have no desire to be a Tsar and rule the land.”

“Who said you could be a Tsar, you simpleton? I shall be Tsaritsa and sit upon my throne, and I alone shall rule the people. I need no Tsar. Go back to the fish and tell him my desire.”

The poor man again went to the seashore. The sky had grown dark and the sea was a dull green. As he watched the sea and the sky, the poor man was almost afraid to make known his request, but he said:

“Gold fish, gold fish, in the sea,
Pray grant this wish unto me.”

Instantly there was a splash and a ripple of light, and the gold fish came out of the water and stood on his tail, and said, "What is your wish, friend fisherman?"

"My wife would like to be the Tsaritsa and live in a palace and sit on a throne and rule all the kingdom."

"Go home," answered the gold fish, "your wife has her wish."

The man went home and there on a high hill stood a wonderful palace. The towers went up and up and seemed almost to touch the sky. Footmen, all in velvet livery, con-

ducted him up the marble steps and through the wonderful palace, and at last he was presented to his wife, the Tsaritsa. She sat upon a throne and on her head was a crown set with precious gems, and around her neck were necklaces of priceless pearls, and her velvet robes were embroidered in gold and studded with glistening gems. She was surrounded by ladies in waiting and many courtiers and noblemen, while at each side of her throne stood guards holding huge battle-axes in their hands, ready to enforce her every command.

The poor fisherman was dazzled by this magnificence, and even though he was her husband, he was forced to crawl upon his hands and knees before his wife, and he gasped out, "Now, wife, I hope you are at last satisfied."

"Oh, I don't know," answered his haughty wife; "this will do for awhile, but I may need something more some time, so go out and live in the stable until I summon you again to my royal presence."

The poor man was sent to the stable and lived there among the horses and grooms, where, even if he did not

share his wife's grandeur, he at least had peace.

After some time, the Tsaritsa again sent for her husband. He crawled in on his knees before her. "Husband," said the haughty woman, "go tell the gold fish I am tired of this game, and I would be ruler over all the Universe. I would rule the land and the sea, and all the fishes in the sea."

"Wife, wife," moaned the poor man in horror, "that is a wicked wish and I cannot ask it."

"You will do as I command," answered the Tsaritsa, "for if you do not

obey me, you shall this instant be be-headed.”

What was the poor man to do? He found he must obey, so he crawled out of her presence and went down to the seashore.

The earth trembled under him. The thunder rumbled and the lightning flashed. The sea was black and angry. Great waves rolled up on the rocky cliffs and broke upon the shore. The poor man was so frightened that he did not know what to do. He knelt down by the sea and he was so ashamed that he covered his face with his hands and gasped out:

“Gold fish, gold fish in the sea,
Pray grant this wish unto me.”

Instantly there was a splash and a ripple of light, and the gold fish came out of the water and stood on his tail, and said, “What is your wish?”

“My wife would like to rule the Universe,” gasped out the poor man. “She would rule the earth, the sky, the sea, and all the fish in the sea.”

Then the gold fish spoke in a deep tone of anger, “Your wife is a wicked woman to have made such a wish, and she shall be punished. She is not fit to rule others, when she can-

not rule herself. Go home; you will find your wife in her old hovel."

The fisherman went home and there was his wife in their old hovel home down by the sea, but she was a changed woman from that hour. She was humble and sad, and ever after that she was contented with her lot, and she was so much easier to live with than she had been before, that her husband had occasion to be always grateful to the golden fish.

This story is retold from "Folk Tales from Many Lands" by Lilian Gask. You will find it is very similar to the story of "The Fisherman's Wife," as told in "Grimm's Fairy Tales."



THE
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“Who are you?” Ivan gasped in surprise

“If you are young, I can help you in surprise”



THE
SNOWMAIDEN



ONCE upon a time there lived in Russia two poor peasants named Ivan and Marja. Now, they had no little children of their own and they were very lonely indeed.

One bright day in winter, when the snow covered the ground like a soft, white blanket, and the frost sparkled like diamonds on the dark green fir trees, and the rivers and lakes were thick with ice, Ivan and Marja looked out of their cottage window and watched a group of children in their

play. The joyous throng made a fort of the snow, and with snow-balls they waged a mock battle.

After a while, tired of that sport, they said, "Come, we will make a snow-man," and soon they were busily engaged building a man of snow. Their happy shouts of laughter ringing out on the frosty air seemed to make Ivan and Marja even more lonely.

"Fate has been unkind to us," said poor Ivan, sadly. "Oh, how happy we would be with a little child," said poor Marja, trying to keep back the tears.

“See those merry children out there playing in the snow,” said Ivan. “Come, little wife, let us follow their example. We will go into the garden and build a snow-woman.” After Marja had put on her high boots and warm jacket and bound her head tightly in her shawl, they went out into the garden.

“We are children again,” laughed Marja, “and we will play as children in the snow. Oh, husband, let us make a little snow-child!”

“That is a good idea; we will make a little child of snow,” agreed Ivan, as he began to shovel the snow in a

pile, and soon he shaped a little body with dainty arms and feet. All this time Marja modeled the head. She made the eyes, the nose, the smiling mouth and the tiny ears.

She next rolled some pieces of snow into little white ringlets which she fastened on to the snowy brow of the child, who, when the head was fitted upon the body, looked so like a real child that Ivan and Marja both stepped back to admire their snow-maiden.

“Is she not lovely?” cried Ivan, and Marja answered, “She is wonderful,” and she gave such a sigh of longing

that the little snowy curls seemed to stir on the child's white brow.

Just then an old traveler came down the road. "Why are you simple people playing like children in the snow?" he asked.

"Oh, good sir," said Marja, "we have no little one in our home and so now we have made a snow-child."

The traveler tramped away down the snowy road and Ivan and Marja, left alone, turned again to admire their snow-child, when suddenly the snow-maiden opened her eyes, blue as the summer skies, and looked dreamily at them. Her tiny ringlets became golden as the sunbeams; a

soft pink came into her cheeks; a deep sigh stirred her little body; her lips became rosy red and parted in a smile, while her fingers opened as she stretched out her arms to them.

“Who are you?” Ivan gasped in surprise.

His poor wife was so astonished that she trembled as she leaned against him, and whispered, “Is it a vision? Will she vanish?”

“I am Snowwhite, your little daughter,” replied the little maiden, as she threw her arms about Ivan. Marja, weeping with joy, then held little Snowwhite in her arms and

together they took her into their cottage.

Ivan and Marja were no longer lonely, for little Snowwhite prattled to them and they were never weary watching her as she ran to and fro about the house. She loved to play out in the snow, and the colder it grew the happier she seemed to be. She liked to play with the glistening icicles, and, breaking them from the frosty trees, she would eat them, as you children would eat candy. She was always so kind and thoughtful of others, that all the children in the village loved her and were happy

indeed when they could romp with her in the sparkling snow.

Then the winter passed, the snow melted and the icy chain which bound the rivers and lakes was broken by the warm rays of the sun and the water came rushing down from the mountain side. The spring sunshine called the flowers to awaken and a bright green dress seemed to carpet all the land, while the birds returned to sing a song of joy.

Some way, little Snowwhite did not seem to rejoice with all the world about her. She grew taller

and older and sadder every day, and she did not romp and play as she had in the wintry weather.

“What is the matter, my child, are you ill?” asked the anxious Mother.

“No, I am not, dear Mother, but I do not want to go out and play,” she answered, and she stayed in doors, gazing with dreamy eyes far away to the white clouds.

“Snowwhite, oh, Snowwhite, what are you doing? Come out and play with us,” called a group of her friends. “We are going to the forest for flowers and we will dance in a

fairy ring. Come with us, dear Snowwhite."

"Yes, go with the children, my child," said her Mother. "It will do you good to play out of doors; you stay in the house quite enough."

"I should far rather stay at home," said Snowwhite, as she looked out with dread at the bright sunshine, "but since you wish it, Mother dear, I will go with them." She followed the children rather slowly down the road, and was the only listless one in all that merry throng.

It was cool in the forest and the trees shaded the children from the

warm rays of the sun, and Snowwhite was happier there. She picked flowers and helped the children as they made garlands to wear, for that night was to be festival night.

“We will come back again for you tonight, Snowwhite,” they said, as they left her at her home. She shook her head in protest, but in the evening they returned.

“It’s a festival night, Snowwhite, and a great bonfire has been built in the marketplace. Come, Snowwhite, you must come with us and we will dance about it together.”

“Yes, go with the children and

make merry," said her Father and Mother. She looked sadly back at them, as she turned and left the little house. The children shouted with glee, as they watched the flames from the bonfire. "How beautiful it is!" they cried. "See the flames dance high! Come, let us dance high, too! Maybe we can jump over the flames!" Each in turn, one after another, the children jumped high in the air over the shower of sparks.

"Try it, Snowwhite," they urged; "watch us and do as we do. It is your turn to jump now."

Snowwhite sprang into the air and suddenly she vanished from their sight. "Where are you? Come back to us, dear Snowwhite," they cried, but there was no reply. Snowwhite had melted in the heat of the warm fire, and had floated away in vapor to her home in the white clouds, for she had first come from Cloudland in soft, white flakes of snow. Her little friends and playmates looked for her in vain, and never again did she sit with her parents in their humble home.

(Retold from the "Folk Tales from Many Lands", by Lillian Gask. This story resembles the "Snow Image", by Nathaniel Hawthorne.)



THE
MIND

*Looking up, he saw above him a wonderful
flying ship*





ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain kingdom a Tsar who was very rich and powerful. He lived in a beautiful castle with his good wife, the Tsaritsa, and his lovely daughter, the Tsarevna, and although he had everything to make him glad, still he was most unhappy.

“If I could only fly like the birds I would be happy,” he said.

At last he sent word over all the land: “The man who brings me a flying ship shall have my daughter,

the Tsarevna, for a wife, and half of my kingdom.”

Many men came from near and far, but no one could find a flying ship for the Tsar.

Not very far away from the castle, there lived an old man and an old woman who had three sons. The two older brothers always felt that whatever they did was right, and they made fun of the younger brother, calling him a “simpleton.”

When these brothers heard of the message from the Tsar, the eldest said, “I will go and find a flying ship for the Tsar, then I can marry the

Tsarevna, and have half the kingdom.” So the eldest son started out. His mother gave him a good luncheon wrapped in a napkin, and also her blessing, but, although he traveled far away, he never found the flying ship.

Then the second son said, “I will find the flying ship,” so he was blessed and sent on his way, but no flying ship could he find.

Finally Ivan, the youngest son, said, “I will find the flying ship for the Tsar.”

“No, my son,” answered his mother, “you would be lost in the forest and the wolves would devour you.”

“No,” said Ivan, “I would not be lost; I will go! I will go! and I will try to find the flying ship for the Tsar.”

When his mother saw that she could do nothing with him, she was so angry that she gave him only a dry crust of bread and sent him on his way without her blessing.

Ivan went on and on, a long, long way, until at last he met an old man. “Where are you going, my lad?” said the old man.

“I am going to find a flying ship for the Tsar,” answered Ivan.

“And where, then, will you find

your flying ship?" asked the old man.

"Oh, somewhere, anywhere, no one knows where," replied Ivan, laughing in glee.

"Well, then," said the old man, "in that case let us first sit down and have some of your lunch."

"Oh," said Ivan, "Little Father, I am ashamed to open my lunch, for I have only a crust of bread."

"Nonsense! take it out, never be ashamed of the food God has given you; open your napkin." Ivan opened his napkin, and behold,

there was a fine feast of wheaten bread and savory meats.

After they had finished the luncheon, the old man said, "My friend, because you are willing to share your luncheon with an old man I will tell you how to find a flying ship. Listen well to my words and obey them, and all will go well with you."

"What would you have me do, Little Father?" asked Ivan.

"Go through the forest until you come to a large tree standing alone at the side of the path. Strike it three times with your ax

and fall, with your face to the earth, until you hear a whirring noise. When you look up you will see your flying ship. Get into it and fly to the palace of the Tsar. Be kind to all the travelers you meet on the road and take them with you in your ship. So fare thee well, my son."

Ivan thanked the old man and went on his way.

When he reached the forest, he did just as the old man had told him. He went to the large tree at the right hand side of the path, and struck the tree. "Chop! chop!

chop!" three times with his ax, and then he fell, with his face to the earth.

Presently he heard a whirr-r-r, whirr-r-r, whirring sound, and looking up, he saw above him a wonderful flying ship.

Ivan climbed into the ship, and the ship flew fast through the air. He flew, and he flew, and he flew, when look! there on the road beneath him, he saw a man lying with his ear to the earth. "Good-day, Uncle," called Ivan, "what are you doing?"

"I am listening to what is going

on in the world,” answered the man. “My name is ‘Sharp-Ear,’ and I can hear a sound for many miles.”

“Well, come up, Uncle, and ride with me,” said Ivan.

“Thank you, that I will, gladly,” answered Sharp-Ear, and he climbed into the ship. Then they flew, and they flew, and they flew, and look! there on the road was a man hopping along on one foot, while the other foot was tied to his ear. “Good-day to you, Uncle,” called Ivan, “why do you hop on one foot?”

“Oh,” said the man, “if I untie

my foot, I take such long strides that I reach half way around the earth; my name is 'Swift-Foot'."

"Come up, Uncle, and ride with us," said Ivan.

"Thank you, that I will gladly," said the man, as he climbed into the ship. Away they flew, and they flew and they flew and look! suddenly, they saw far beneath them a man shooting a gun, but they could see no mark nor bird.

"Good-day, Uncle," called Ivan, "at what are you aiming? There is not a bird to be seen."

"Oh," said the man, "I can fire a

shot at a great distance, and always hit my mark, so I am called 'Sure-Shot'."

"Come up, Uncle, and ride with us," said Ivan.

"Thank you, that I will gladly," answered Sure-Shot. Away they flew, and they flew and they flew, and look! suddenly, they saw on the road a man with a large basket of bread on his back. "Good-day, Uncle," "called Ivan, "where are you going?"

"I am going to get some bread for my dinner," answered the man.

“But you have a basketful on your back now.”

“Oh, I can eat that at a single mouthful; that is little enough for me. I am called ‘Gobbler’.”

“Come up, Uncle, and ride with us,” said Ivan.

“Thank you, that I will gladly,” answered Gobbler, and he climbed into the ship and away they flew and they flew and they flew, and look! suddenly, far beneath them, they saw a man walking about a lake, looking out over the water. “Good day, Uncle, what are you looking for?” called Ivan.

“I am thirsty and want a drink of water,” answered the man.

“But there is a whole lake of water before you; why don’t you drink that?” asked Ivan.

“Oh, that! that water would not be more than a mouthful for me; I am called ‘Drinker’.”

“Come up, Uncle, and ride with us,” said Ivan.

“Thank you, that I will gladly,” answered Drinker. He climbed into the ship, and away they flew and they flew and they flew, and look! suddenly they saw a man with a big bundle of straw on his back.

“Good-day to you, Uncle,” called Ivan, “and where are you going with your bundle of straw?”

“I am going to the village,” answered the man.

“Is there no straw to be found in the village?” asked Ivan.

“No, not like this, for this is magic straw. When I put it in a warm place, everything will be cold, and when I put it in a cold place, everything will turn warm.”

“Come up, Uncle, and ride with us,” said Ivan.

“Thank you, that I will gladly,” answered the man and he climbed

into the ship and they flew and they flew and they flew, and look! there on the road they saw a man with a bundle of wood on his back. "Good-day, Uncle," called Ivan, "why are you carrying wood on your back? Is there no wood in the forest?"

"Yes, but this is magic wood," answered the man. "When I scatter it on the ground, a whole army will spring up."

"Come up, Uncle, and ride with us," said Ivan.

"Thank you, that I will gladly," answered the man, and he climbed into the ship and they flew and they

flew and they flew, and look! suddenly they saw the castle of the Tsar.

The Tsar was sitting at the table feasting, and when he looked out in the courtyard and saw the flying ship, he was happy indeed.

Then the Tsar sent out a servant to see who was flying the ship, but when the servant came back and said, "There is only a poor peasant in command of the ship," the Tsar was very angry.

"My daughter shall not marry a peasant," he said. "I will give him many hard tasks to do and get rid of him some way. Then I will have

the ship for myself." So he said to his servant, "Go out to this peasant and tell him that he must bring the living and singing water from the ends of the earth before my imperial meal is ended."

Now, Sharp-Ear heard the command of the Tsar and he told Ivan. "What can I do?" said Ivan. "If I should search for a year I could not go to the end of the earth and find this water."

"Don't be afraid," said Swift-Foot. "Untie my foot and I will step to the end of the earth and get the living and singing water for you."

When the servant came out and repeated the command of the Tsar to the peasant, Ivan answered, "The Tsar shall be obeyed."

Swift-Foot set off at a run and found the living and singing water. "I have so much time," he said to himself, "I will rest by this old mill." So he sat down by the mill and soon fell fast asleep.

The imperial meal was drawing to a close and Swift-Foot had not returned, meantime those waiting in the ship began to grow uneasy.

So Sharp-Ear put his ear to the ground and listened. "Swift-Foot

is fast asleep," he said; "I can hear him snoring by the old mill." "Then, I can awaken him," said Sure-Shot, and firing his gun at the mill, the shot awoke Swift-Foot.

Swift-Foot went over mountains and valleys, and just as the Tsar was finishing his meal, he brought the living and singing water.

The Tsar was very angry. How could he get rid of the peasant and yet own the flyingship.

Then the Tsar thought of a plan. "Tell that lad," he said to his servant, "that he and his comrades must eat twenty roast oxen and

twenty loaves of bread at one meal.”

Now Sharp-Ear heard the Tsar’s command and told Ivan. “What shall I do?” said the poor lad, “why I can’t eat one loaf at one meal.”

“Don’t be afraid,” said Gobbler, “that will be little enough for me.”

When the servant came out and gave Ivan the Tsar’s orders, Ivan answered, The “Tsar shall be obeyed.”

The twenty roast oxen and the twenty loaves of bread were brought to the ship, and Gobbler, alone, ate it all. “Ugh!” he said, “I am still hungry, they might have given me more.”

Now the Tsar was very angry to be outdone by a peasant, so he commanded Ivan to drink forty barrels of water, each containing forty buckets.

Again Sharp-Ear heard the Tsar's command and told Ivan. "What shall I do?" asked Ivan; "I could not drink even one bucketful of water."

"Have you forgotten me?" asked Drinker. "Do not be afraid. I can drink the forty barrels at once; it will be little enough for me."

So they poured out the forty barrels of water and Drinker drank it

all and said, "That was little enough for me. I am still thirsty."

Now the Tsar was very angry to have his plans fail again, so he said, "We must trick this lad, someway. We will tell him to make ready for the royal wedding. Then we will heat the iron bath-room until it is red-hot, and thus we can get rid of this peasant."

Sharp-Ear heard the Tsar's command and told Ivan. "Now, I am undone," said Ivan. "No one can save me now."

"Have you forgotten me?" asked the man with the straw. "Do not

be afraid, only take me with you in the bath-room and I will help you." So when Ivan went into the bath-room, the man with the straw went with him. "I must strew the floor with straw for my master," he said.

Then they locked them both into the bath-room, and heated the room red-hot, but the straw made the room so cold that Ivan crept up on the stove and went to sleep. There they found him in the morning lying on the stove, laughing and singing songs.

The Tsar was so angry when he heard this that he said, "My daughter shall not marry this peasant." There

must be some way out of it, but I will have that flying ship."

At last he thought of a plan. "Tell the peasant that he must have an army about this castle before morning, or he is not fit to wed my daughter."

Again Sharp-Ear heard the command of the Tsar and told Ivan. "Now I am quite lost," said the poor lad. "My good friends, you have helped me many times, and I thank you for your kindness, but you cannot help me this time. At last I am undone."

"Oh," said the man with the wood,

“have you forgotten me? I will place my magic wood about the castle, and at daybreak you will see a mighty army surrounding the castle wall.”

The servant came and told Ivan the Tsar’s command. “The Tsar shall be obeyed,” answered Ivan, but I must have his daughter for a wife and half the kingdom, as he promised, or I will order my army to batter down the castle wall and carry away the Tsarevna by force.”

When the Tsar heard this, he laughed. “What! that peasant daring to threaten me. He has no army. We shall see in the morning.”

“In the night the man with the magic wood placed it all about the castle, and when he touched it, each piece of wood suddenly became a soldier.

At daybreak the Tsar looked out on a countless army which surrounded his castle walls, and word was sent to the Tsar that Ivan would command the army to attack the castle unless the Tsar fulfilled his promise.

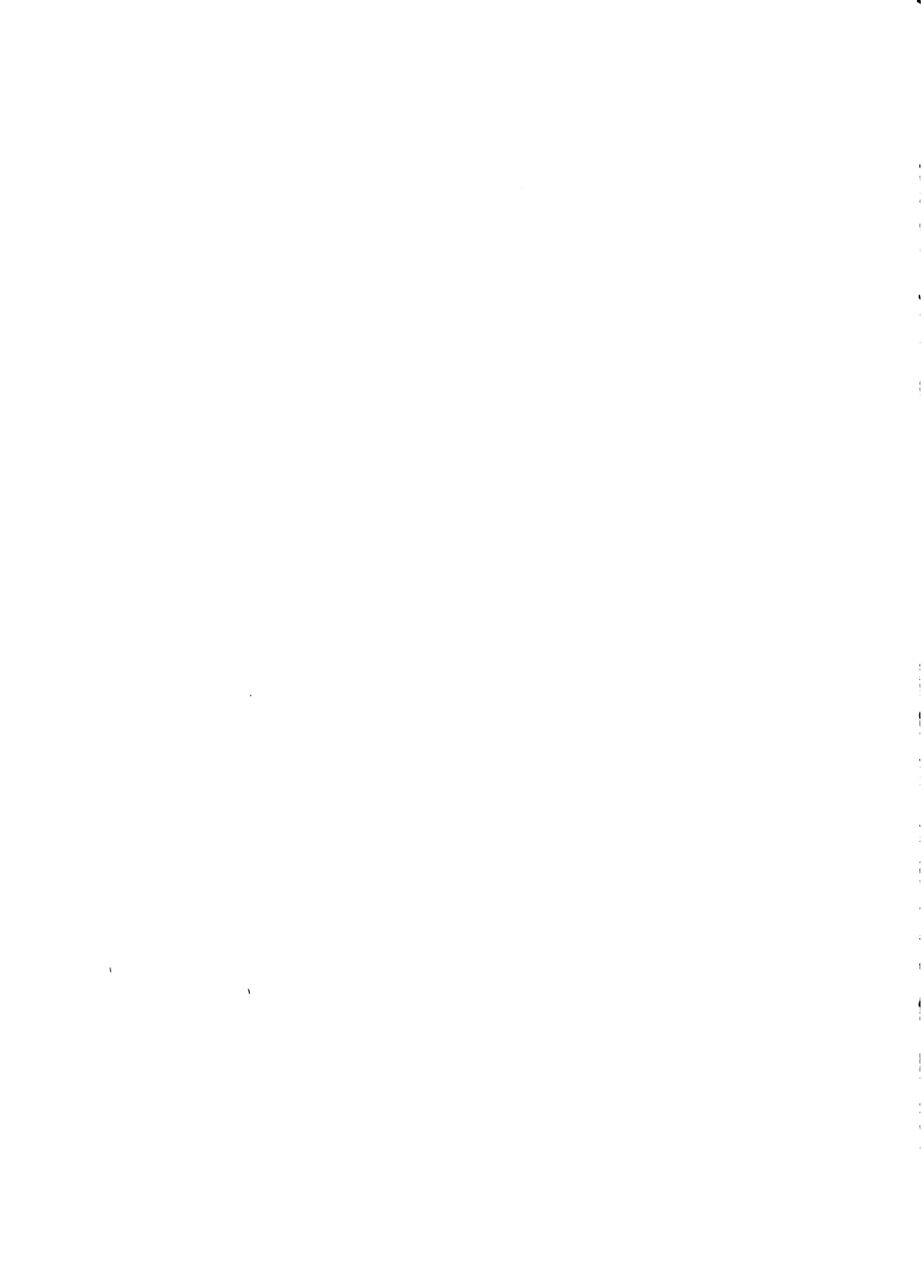
The Tsar was terrified as he saw at last he must obey Ivan, so he sent Ivan royal robes and jewels, and invited him into the castle, and when Ivan was dressed in his royal robes,

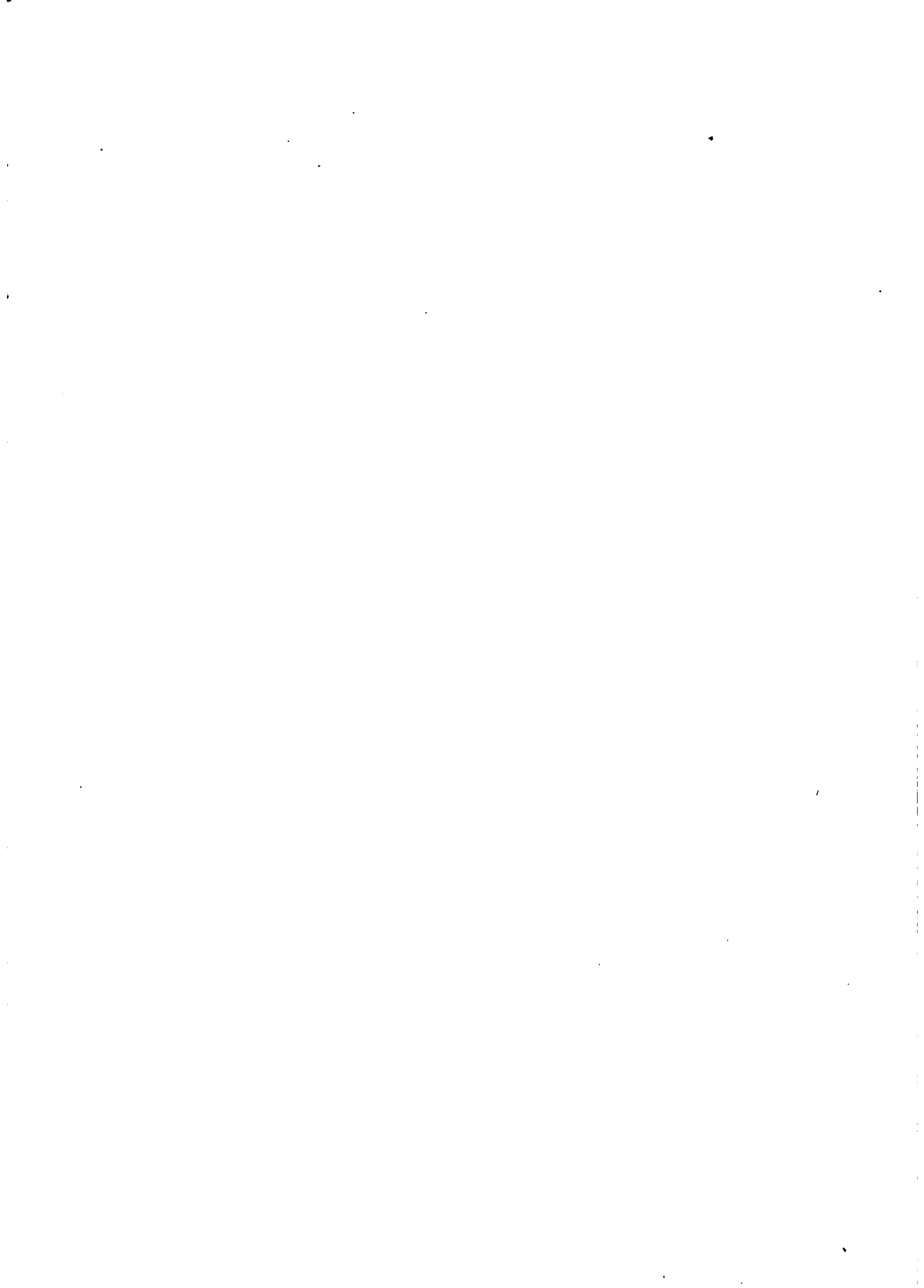
he looked as handsome as a prince.

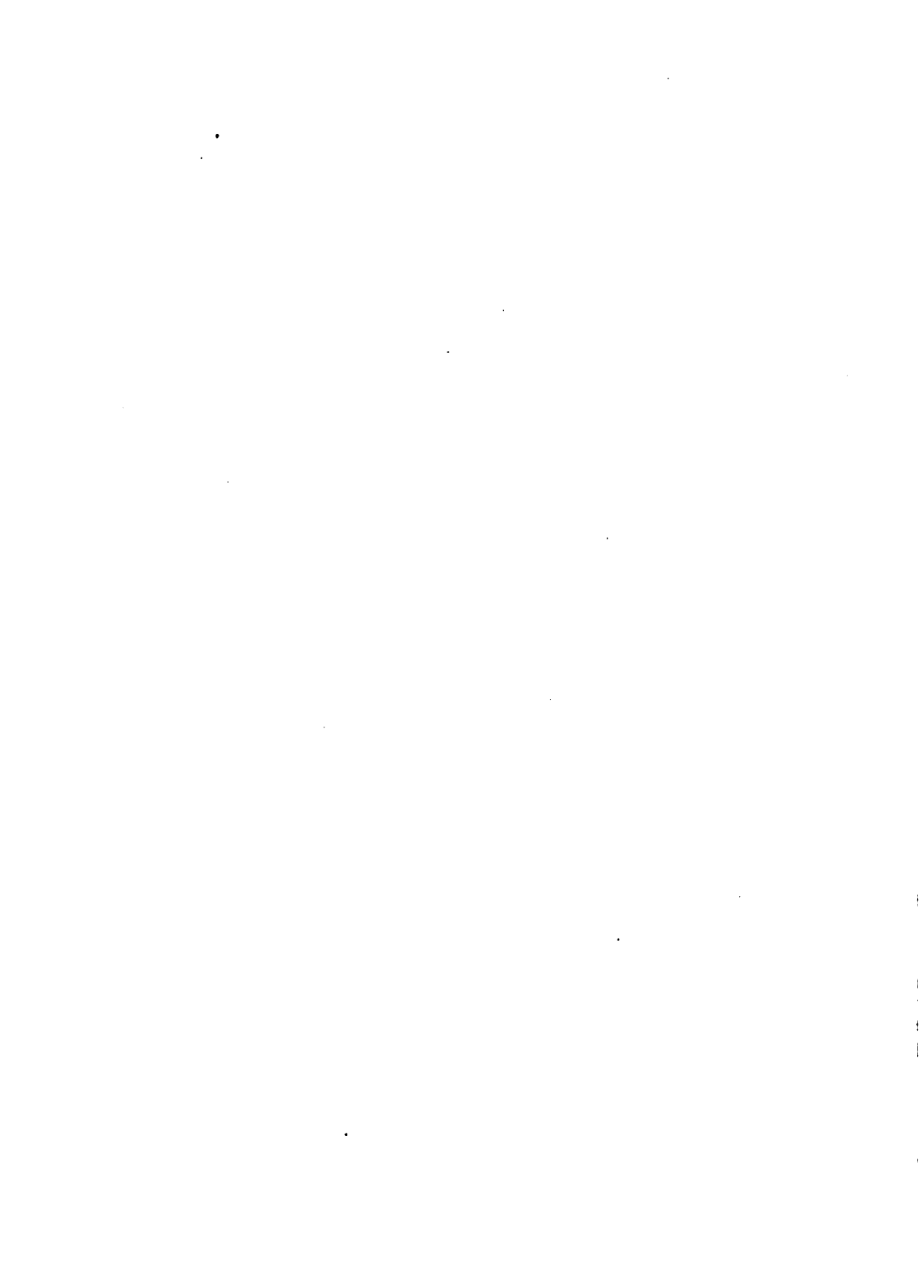
Ivan then gave the flying ship to the Tsar and the Tsar gave him his daughter, the Tsarevna, for a wife. Then there was a wonderful wedding, and such a magnificent banquet was served that even Gobbler and Drinker were at last satisfied.

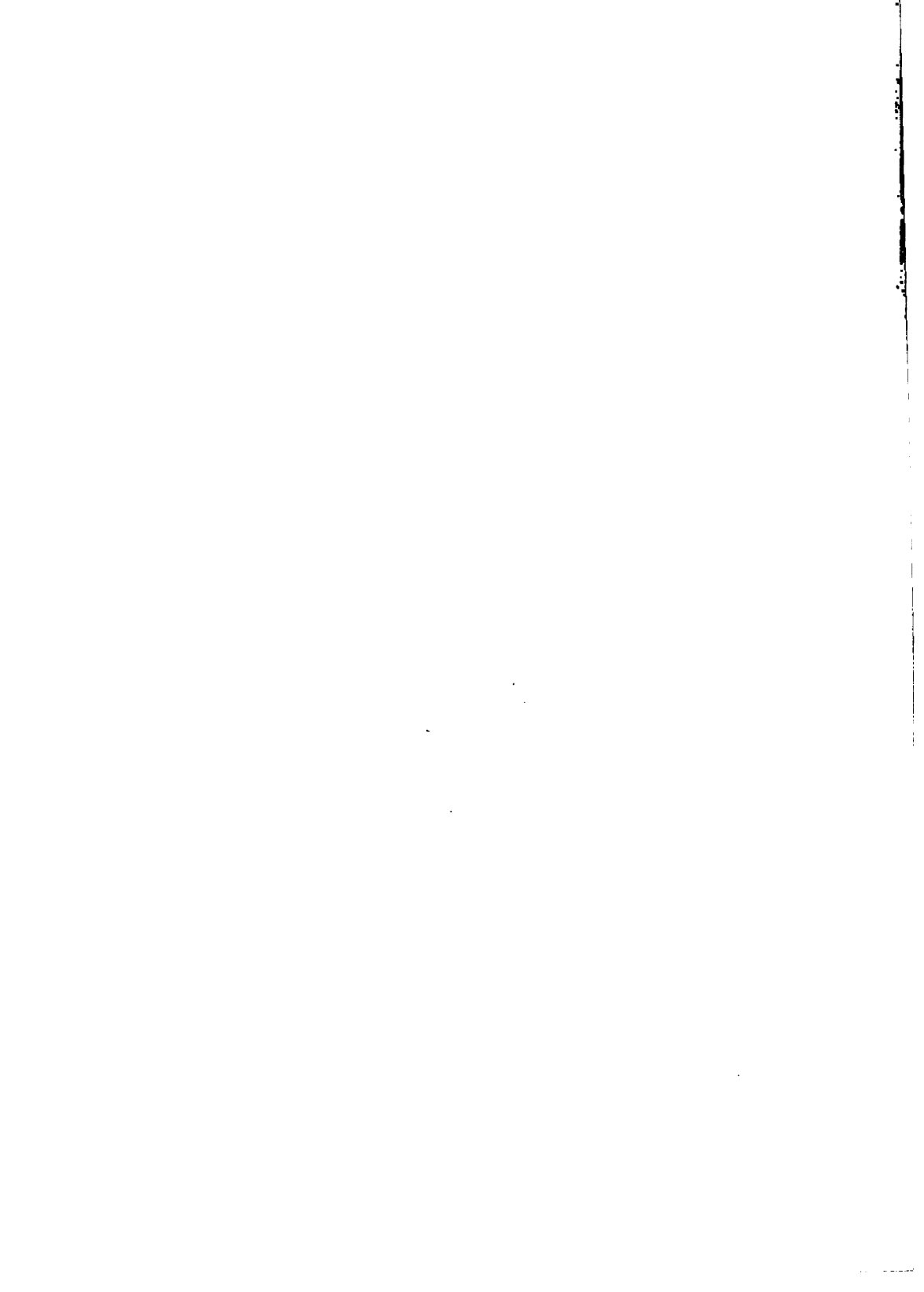
The Tsar gave Ivan half the kingdom, so he became Ivan Tsarevich, and the Tsar and the Tsaritsa grew very fond of him while the Tsarevna loved him as the apple of her eye, and so they all lived happily ever after.

(Retold from the "Russian Fairy Tales," by R. Nisbet Bain.
Resembles the Norse story, "Boots and His Crew", in
"Tales from the Fjelds", by Sir George Dasent.)





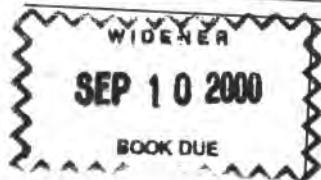




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