

McDOUGALL'S GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Eddie Blake and the Fairy Patella, Whom He Rescued From the Hands of the Cruel Wizard McCartney

EDDIE was passing along the hall, when the telephone bell rang softly, as if it meant merely to attract his attention alone, instead of banging out and arousing the whole house, and he instantly realized that fact. Taking down the receiver, he held it to his ear, and in a moment heard a faint voice, far more faint than he had ever before heard, a silvery, musical voice, which seemed to come from an immense distance, that asked: "Is this Eddie Blake?"

"Yes," responded the little boy, tickled to death to receive a telephone message all for himself, and he asked: "Who are you?"

"This is the fairy Patella, and I need your help!" Eddie laughed, and was about to ask why a fairy wished for help, for he thought, of course, that it was merely some boy's joke, when the voice added: "I knew you'd think it was funny, but it is very serious, indeed. I am in great trouble and distress. For many years I have been a prisoner in the house of a wizard, held captive by his magic spells, and unless I am rescued by some kind and generous lad this very month, I fear that he will keep me many years longer."

"But what can I do?" asked the astonished boy. "How can I help you?"

"You can save me if you have courage and skill. I am confined in a cedar box most of the time, but at present I am kept in a silver cage, and a spider having kindly woven me a strand of cobweb, to the telephone wire this morning, I am able to talk with you; yet the wizard may arrive at any moment and stop me, so listen carefully. The wizard's name is McCartney, and he lives in a little red house near the mill pond."

"Oh, I know him!" exclaimed Eddie. "I've snowballed him more than once!"

"You don't say so! Then you must have courage! But beware of him, for he is a mighty sorcerer! He can take any shape he wishes and change you into any kind of animal or thing. Whatever you do, observe every precaution not to let him catch you without a spray of peppermint in your hat."

The door opened slowly, revealing a room filled with all sorts of queer things. There were stuffed snakes, alligators, cranes, lizards, monkeys, toads and bats on the floor, the walls and even the ceiling, bottles containing mysterious objects, creatures that looked like worms, tadpoles, spiders and unknown, shapeless things, stood on the tables and strangely-shaped utensils of glass, bent, twisted and complicated, littered every corner, while musty old books in leather covers, bound with brass greened with age, lay about everywhere in the dust. Far in the rear crouched a black cat with emerald eyes that glared at him savagely as he entered the room.

But Eddie had long ago lost all fear of a cat, and the animal saw in his eyes that he was a boy who despised such creatures; so when he approached it humped its back, spat at him and then darted out into the garden in a hurry.

"Now that pesky badger will go and get the wizard at once!" thought Eddie, "so I must be quick about this business."

He closed the door and went to the silver cage that hung on the wall. There he saw, not the fairy, but a small cedar box about the size of a cigar box. It took but an instant to open the cage and take out the box. He heard the fairy's silvery voice from within it, saying: "Hasten! Hasten! Let us get away from here at once!"

Eddie wasted no time in escaping, but as he passed the wizard's table he could not resist the temptation to snatch up one of the ancient brass-bound books that lay there and which seemed to be hundreds of years old. Of course, he knew well that he had no right to take it, but he said to himself, "I'll only borrow it for awhile and see what's in it, and then I'll leave it at the old fellow's door some morning."

He never dreamed that he was taking the wizard's most prized possession, for this book McCartney always carried in his pocket, and that was the very first time he had ever forgotten it.

In a few minutes Eddie was at home and sorting over his carpenter's tools to select the one to use in prying off the lid of the cedar box.

Meanwhile, Pud stole to the wizard's door, for he had been dozing awhile and had not seen Eddie either coming or going. He thought that his comrade's courage had oozed out and he had given up the undertaking, which filled Pud with disgust and a stern resolve to free the fairy himself, and, very likely, get some splendid reward. Although Eddie had warned him to keep away, and had said that he never could remember the magic word that opened the door, Pud was quite sure that he could do the trick as well as anybody. Arriving at the door, he thought for a moment, for the word had slipped his mind already, and then in a loud voice he cried:



EDDIE HAD TO TELL SOMEBODY

Go wandering on the face of the earth and eat thistles!" Then he ran into the house, while poor Pud, changed instantly into a donkey, with tears streaming down his face, galloped in fright toward his home. On the way he met his mother, but when he ran to her to tell her his trouble the amazed woman whacked the jackass with her umbrella and shouted for help, for she feared that the animal was about to eat her.

All the people who were abroad in the main street gathered about Pud and stood paralyzed at

is he. But to make sure, call to him, and if it is Pud he will come to you at once."

Eddie opened the door and called out: "Pud! Pud!"

Instantly the donkey turned and ran to him just in time to avoid two men with ropes. He darted into the house and Eddie closed the door at once. Foolish and very comical the poor donkey looked as he stood there by the table with hanging ears and tearful eyes.

"I declare, he looks just like Pud!" cried Eddie. "Did the wizard do things to you?"

Pud nodded his long head and more tears fell. Even the fairy laughed, but she said:

"Never mind. I think we now have the power to compel McCartney, great and powerful as he is, to change you into a boy again; but you must admit that had you not been a donkey in the first place, he never would have had you in his power."

The donkey nodded.

"Now we will look in the wizard's Receipt Book, which he left on the table, and see if we can not discover his secret. But first Eddie must go out and scatter peppermint all around the house to prevent him from approaching us, for he will surely try to steal up and pry into our doings, since he has seen poor Pud come here seeking you."

Eddie at once sprinkled the essence all around the house, loading the air so heavily with peppermint that when the wizard stole up softly, about a half hour later, he was stricken with a terrible chill as soon as he scented it and had scarce strength enough to crawl home, where he lay for hours, faint and trembling.

But it was in vain that they searched through the wizard's book; the spell was not printed there in that would change Pud into a boy again, although many marvelous enchantments were to be learned in that ancient volume. The fairy Patella said, at last:

"Alas! I fear that we can do nothing!"

"It's funny that you can't do anything!" cried Eddie, in great surprise.

"I have been a potent fairy in my time, but things seem to have altered since the wizard captured me. In those days everybody believed in fairies and the like; now nobody gives them a thought. At any rate, my power has vanished! Perhaps it may return in time, but at present I am like an ordinary mortal, or even more helpless, because I am so tiny."

"Well, then," declared Eddie, "I will go and see McCartney himself, and perhaps I can induce him to give Pud his own shape again."

"I fear for you!" cried the fairy.

"Don't worry. I'll soak myself in peppermint, and, anyhow, I don't fear that little old crab!" replied the boy, stoutly. "He's no bigger than a rabbit!"

"Goodness! How brave boys are, nowadays!" sighed the fairy. "In my time there wasn't a man dared approach McCartney! Even giants and ogres feared him!"

"Well, I'll soon show you how much he is to be dreaded!" declared Eddie. "I'll go up at once! And I'll ride Pud up there! That will be a punishment for disobeying my orders!"

"I think he is punished already!" said Patella.

"Well, I'll ride him anyhow!"

Pud protested as much as a donkey can when Eddie tried to mount him, backing away and upsetting the table, and it was lucky for Eddie that his mother was away from home, else he would have been well scolded. At last, after Eddie had threatened to leave him to be a donkey forever, Pud allowed his chum to mount him and off they went.

Arriving at McCartney's, Eddie cried "Eclair!" and the door opening, entered the house.

He found the wizard sitting by a table, plunged in gloom and still sick. He seemed a hundred years older. The cat was under the table with her back arched and her green eyes glaring in rage. The old man cried: "How dare you enter my house in this manner?"

"I've been taking a few lessons out

How "Pud" Stone Was Turned Into a Donkey and How Eddie Managed to Have Him Become a Boy Again

of your own book," replied Eddie, "and therefore I dare do many things. You ought to know what I can do!"

The old wizard trembled as he replied: "What do you wish? I never harmed you! Why did you steal my property?"

"I didn't come here to answer riddles," answered Eddie. "I will give you five minutes to turn my friend into a fat boy again, and if you refuse I'll begin to do a few stunts in wizzing myself. How would you like to be changed into a skunk, or would you prefer to be a bug? I have the recipe right at the tip of my tongue!"

The wizard well knew that the recipe for these transformations was in his ancient book, and he knew how easy it would be to recite the charm to make the changes in the twinkling of an eye, and he cried:

"Spare me! I am old and weak and it was done in anger!"

"Well, undo your work and promise never to meddle with either of us nor the fairy Patella again, and I will not harm you. In fact, I will return your book to you at once."

Up jumped the wizard, and running to the door he waved his hand and shouted:

"CASSIOPUS BELLICUS PROMIXIT!"

Immediately the donkey vanished, and there stood fat Pud Stone rubbing his eyes and feeling his legs as if still in doubt. He began to laugh when he was sure that he had once more become a boy, and without saying a word he turned and ran clumsily away, as if he feared to trust the sorcerer farther.

"Here's your old book," said Eddie, as he handed it over. "And I would advise you to move out of this neighborhood, for Pud will tell what happened to him and his father is a very feverish man, indeed. He might make trouble for you, as he's a druggist, and knows all about peppermint!"

What will that do?" asked Eddie.

"He is powerless against any one who carries peppermint. He can't bear the least smell of it, and flees at once. Had I known this a hundred years ago he never would have made me a captive."

"Gee!" cried Eddie. "Are you that old?"

"Pooh! I am five hundred years old! He's had me here nearly a hundred years now, and I'm getting tired of it."

"I should think so," replied the boy. "Say, suppose I sprinkle essence of peppermint all over my clothes; won't that do as well?"

"Why, I suppose so," the fairy answered. "I've never heard of that! What is it?"

Eddie told her that it was the concentrated juice of peppermint, and she said that she thought it would be perfectly splendid if it smelled as strong as Eddie said it did.

"Strong enough to knock a cat over!" responded Eddie. "Nothing like it. We have a whole bottle of it! But how shall I rescue you?"

"The wizard goes out every morning at nine and remains until eleven, leaving his house in charge of his cat, Demonus, who is very fierce and watchful. Go to the back door and say 'Eclair,' and the door will open slowly, but if you forget this word and say something else, it will fly open and knock you down."

"I won't forget!" said Eddie.

"You will either see me in the silver cage or else I will be locked up in the box within the cage, the key of which he always carries."

He took the book



HE TOOK THE BOOK

"I'll snatch the box and bring it home, and you bet I'll soon open it!" cried Eddie. "I'll come right up there now!"

"No! It's too late now, for he will soon return. Wait until to-morrow, and then it will be easy enough. Good-bye. I hear him outside now!"

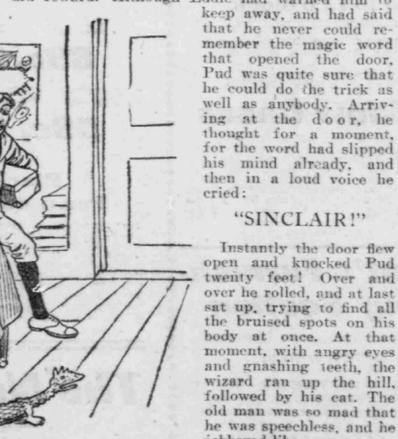
To say that Eddie was greatly excited would be to put it very mildly, and as the day wore on he felt that his secret was far too great to carry alone, so he was compelled to share it with his chum, Paul Stone, a very fat, simple boy, who was usually called "Pudding Stone" by all the other boys. Pud was almost stupid at times, but he woke up when he heard about the fairy prisoner, and declared that he would gladly help in her rescue; but that, Eddie said, was quite impossible, for he knew that Pud would surely spoil everything that needed stealth and quickness. Together they planned the rescue, but Paul was to remain at a distance until Eddie appeared with the fairy or the box.

To make things certain Eddie took the bottle of peppermint to bed with him that night, and in the morning he waited impatiently at some little distance from the wizard's house until the little old man was seen to come out, carefully shut the back door and hurry away. Now Pud was also hiding in another clump of bushes, having arrived earlier than Eddie, for, although he had been warned to keep away, his curiosity was far too great to allow him to remain quiet.

Eddie waited until Wizard McCartney had disappeared, and then ran to the door, where he uttered, in a loud voice, the magic word:

"ECLAIRE!"

Mrs. Blake spoke crossly to the fairy



MRS. BLAKE SPOKE CROSSLY TO THE FAIRY

"SINCLAIR!"

Instantly the door flew open and knocked Pud twenty feet! Over and over he rolled, and at last sat up, trying to find all the bruised spots on his body at once. At that moment, with angry eyes and gnashing teeth, the wizard ran up the hill, followed by his cat. The old man was so mad that he was speechless, and he jabbered like a cross monkey. Seizing upon the fat boy as he sat there on the ground, McCartney tried to shake him in his rage, but he might as well have tried to shake a mountain.

"What have you been doing in my house?" he cried. "Who are you? How dare you enter my garden?"

"I didn't do nothin'," replied Pud. "I just went to your door, and the blessed thing was pushed open and banged me on the nose!"

"Who told you to speak to my door? Some one has been trifling with you and with me, and I will know who it is!"

Pud had sense enough to remain silent, and the cat whispered to the wizard, telling him that it was another and a far different kind of lad that had invaded the house of the sorcerer, which caused McCartney to rush, frantic with fear, into the house. In a minute he came out, trembling with rage and fright, and saying:

"He has taken her away! And my book is missing!"

Shaking his fist in poor Pud's face, he shouted:

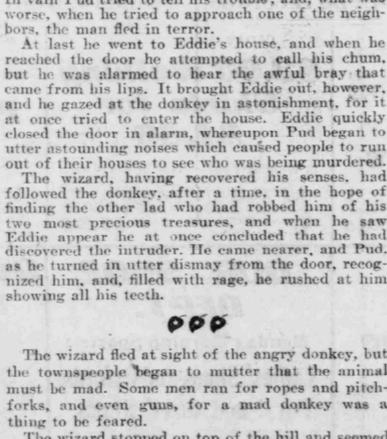
"Villain! Wretch! Caitiff! Scoundrel! You at least shall suffer!"

"ANIMBOS PERAMBIBOS SESQUATILIT!"

As these awful-sounding words came from the wizard's lips Pud shook, for he knew that it was a spell.

"Change into a donkey!" continued the wizard, as he pranced about. "Away with you, beast and idiot!"

Mrs. Stone attacks her son



MRS. STONE ATTACKS HER SON

The sight of a crying donkey acting so strangely. In vain Pud tried to tell his trouble; and, what was worse, when he tried to approach one of the neighbors, the man fled in terror.

At last he went to Eddie's house, and when he reached the door he attempted to call his chum, but he was alarmed to hear the awful bray that came from his lips. It brought Eddie out, however, and he gazed at the donkey in astonishment, for it at once tried to enter the house. Eddie quickly closed the door in alarm, whereupon Pud began to utter astounding noises which caused people to run out of their houses to see who was being murdered.

The wizard, having recovered his senses, had followed the donkey, after a time, in the hope of finding the other lad who had robbed him of his two most precious treasures, and when he saw Eddie appear he at once concluded that he had discovered the intruder. He came nearer, and Pud, as he turned in utter dismay from the door, recognized him, and, filled with rage, he rushed at him showing all his teeth.

The wizard fled at sight of the angry donkey, but the townspeople began to mutter that the animal must be mad. Some men ran for ropes and pitchforks, and even guns, for a mad donkey was a thing to be feared.

The wizard stopped on top of the hill and seemed to be thinking of returning to the scene, but when the donkey began to come toward him he again fled and was seen no more for some time.

When Eddie shut the door he had not the least notion what had happened to his chum, but the fairy Patella was looking out of the window and had seen the poor weeping donkey. She felt almost certain that he was a human being in this disguise, but when he attacked the wizard so savagely she became very positive about it.

"Make no mistake!" said she. "That is doubtless some victim of McCartney's, some poor creature that has suffered his displeasure and who has been punished by being turned into a donkey. If you inquire, you will surely find that somebody is missing here in the village, I think."

"But I know that nobody is missing," declared Eddie, who knew everybody in the town.

"Then it's been done this very day!" she said. "Somebody has been bothering the wizard."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Eddie. "I wonder if Pud Stone has been fool enough to go snooping 'round there! I'll bet that's just what's happened!"

"From what you have told me about your friend, I imagine that it is he. But to make sure, call to him, and if it is Pud he will come to you at once."

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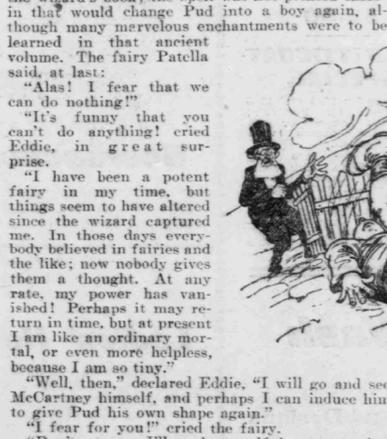
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Florence Nightingale

FOR the last three months England has been celebrating the 50th anniversary of the various victories of the Crimean War. At banquets and reunions the name of no military hero, not even the survivors of the famous "Six Hundred" who charged at Balaklava, has aroused such enthusiasm as has the name of Florence Nightingale, the first trained nurse to attend the wounded on field and in camp. The celebrated and devoted woman, 84 years of age, is now ending a life of philanthropy in her country home, honored by her country, revered by the people and made the subject of art and song. Out of her work in 1854 has grown the world-wide Red Cross work of to-day. The sonnet below is one of many poems that have been written in honor of this celebrated and dearly loved English woman.

How must the soldier's tearful heart expand,
Who from a long and obscure dream of pain—
His foe's man's frown imprinted in his brain—
Wakes to thy healing face and dewy hand!
When this great noise has rolled from off the land,
When all those fallen Englishmen of ours
Have bloomed and faded in Crimean flowers,
Thy perfect charity unsoiled still stand.
Some pitying student of a nobler age,
Lingerin' o'er this year's half-forgotten page,
Shall see its beauty smiling ever there!
Surprised to tears his beating heart he stills,
Like one who finds among Athenian hills
A temple like a lily white and fair.

—Sydney Dobell.