

**THE BOOK OF FABLES AND
FOLK STORIES**



CINDERELLA AT THE BALL

THE BOOK OF FABLES AND FOLK STORIES

BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER

ILLUSTRATED EDITION



YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS
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PREFACE TO ILLUSTRATED EDITION

IN preparing this illustrated edition of the Fables and Folk Stories the aim has been to make the book more attractive, and so simple that it will appeal to a younger class of readers. Children in their second year of school can read understandingly and enjoy these short stories that have stood the test of centuries. The easier and more familiar of these tales have been placed first; those with the larger and more difficult vocabulary later. It is hoped that by this grading of the material the book can be used successfully one school year earlier than the edition from which this is made. The author's language has been retained in so far as practicable.

CHARLES H. MORES

MEDFORD, MASS., April, 1906.

PREFACE

AS soon as a child has learned to make out simple sentences, the wise teacher looks about for something which it is worth while to read. The primer and the reader are necessarily simple, but the simplicity is, for the most part, below the child's intelligence. Children can understand by hearing long before they can understand by reading; during the period when they are mastering the several combinations in which a boy, a rat, and a cat can be placed, and are acquiring the power of reading at sight, they are listening to books which are by no means so barren in their simplicity, and as soon as they are able to read the little stories which they find in their first readers they leave them behind.

It is interesting to note, however, that there are certain parts of their primer which they never leave behind and never forget. The Mother Goose Melodies and the proverbs which form some of the early sentences taught them, the quaint nursery tales like *The Story of Chicken Licken*, *The Old Woman and Her Pig*, *The Three Bears*,—these they remember and separate from the chaff of the ordinary reading exercises by the winnowing fan of their spiritual judgment. They perceive, even thus early, what is literature and what is not literature; they hold to that, and discard this.

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Literature, for the sake of which the art of reading is acquired, is never left behind, and it becomes of importance to give children, as soon as may be, enduring forms on which they may exercise their newly acquired power, and in which they may take the first draughts of a pleasure as genuine as any to be enjoyed when they come into the full possession of their blossoming faculty of imagination.

There are two forms of literary art which belong rightfully to the early period of childhood: the Fable and the Folk Story. The fable is oriental, and it is antique. It is also exceedingly current and universal as a coin of speech. The man and the boy both use it, and while in its full form it seems most capable of giving pleasure to the child, its conventionalism enables the mature mind to accept it without any sense of condescension to childish things. It is the most perfect literary instrument of association between the young and the old, and becomes therefore by right the first possession of children in literature.

There are good reasons, from its structure, why the fable should be adapted to the use of children. In the first place, it is short; the child has the pleasure of reading an entire story at one sitting. Then it is of animals, and animals are the natural companions of the child. Again, it is interesting and novel; it appeals to his imagination, for it represents the animal as having human properties; and it suggests a plain moral. It is true, the morality of the fable usually is a prudential one, but prudence is a virtue which comes early in the lessons of life. We

PREFACE

may rest with confidence in the worth of stories which have been tested by generations and centuries of use.

The child, therefore, who reads the classic fables has begun his acquaintance with permanent literature. He is reading what the world has chosen to remember. He is applying his new powers to that which is worth while. He is beginning to receive the impressions, which literature has made upon human life, and the early impressions which he thus receives will never become even consciously faint. That is to say, there never will come a time in his life when the fable may not still give him pleasure; but the time already has come when the reading-book which he read last week no longer can excite his interest or hold his attention. Every one will recognize the important step which a child has taken when he has entered the current of the world's lasting literature.

The folk-story is more exclusively the child's, and is shared by older people rather through memory and association than by continued use. Every people of Europe, and the Americans by composite inheritance, have a body of household tales which, whatever their antiquity, have become the peculiar possession of Christendom. Scholars have made comparative studies of these tales, but they have based such studies upon the stories as they have been transmitted, not so much through books as through recital, from mother to child, in the course of generations. While poets were forming the literature which fills our libraries, the unlettered people were repeating to each other these familiar, poetic

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tales. Now and then some romancer would take one of them and set it forth in finer, more fantastic garb, but for the most part the form was a homely one, which did not vary greatly from one age to another.

In preparing this book for use in schools, I have drawn upon two volumes I had already published; "The Book of Fables" and "The Book of Folk-Stories," and have added others not there given. In writing out the fables, so far as they were from Æsop, I have endeavored to preserve the exact lines of the original story, and to use phrases which present no extraordinary difficulties to a child. It has not been my purpose to turn these fables into words of one syllable, for such words and the construction which they compel often produce an artificial effect, of greater difficulty to the young reader than the more natural arrangement of words which may happen to have two syllables or even three.

In the case of the folk stories, I have not departed knowingly from the generally accepted structure. I have tried simply to use words and constructions which present the fewest difficulties. I should like to believe that I have succeeded to some extent in thinking out these stories as a child would think them, and so have used that order and choice of words which would be the natural expression of a child's mind. By a mingling of the two forms, greater variety has been secured, and the arrangement has regard to the order of ease in reading.

H. E. SCUDDER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., August 13, 1890.

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LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD



ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain village a little girl. Her mother was very fond of her, and her grandmother loved her even more. This good old woman made for her a red cloak, which suited the child so well that ever after she was called Little Red-

Riding-Hood. One day her mother made some cakes, and said to Little Red-Riding-Hood:—

“Go, my dear, and see how grandmother does, for I hear that she has been very ill. Carry her a cake and a little pot of butter.”

Little Red-Riding-Hood set out at once to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village. As she was going through the wood she met a large Wolf. He had a very great mind to eat her up; but he

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dared not, for there were some wood-choppers near by. So he asked her:—

“Where are you going, little girl?” The poor child did not know that it was dangerous to stop and talk with the Wolf, and she said:—

“I am going to see my grandmother, and carry her a cake and a little pot of butter from my mother.”

“Does she live far off?” asked the Wolf.

“Oh, yes. It is beyond that mill, at the first house in the village.”

“Well,” said the Wolf, “I will go and see her, too. I will go this way; do you go that, and we will see who will be there soonest.”

At this the Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way, and Little Red-Riding-Hood went by the farthest. She stopped often to chase a butterfly, or pluck a flower, and so she was a good while on the way. The Wolf was soon at the old woman’s house, and knocked at the door—tap, tap!

“Who is there?”

“Your grandchild, Little Red-Riding-Hood,” replied the Wolf, changing his voice. “I have brought you a cake and a pot of butter from mother.” The good grandmother, who was ill in bed, called out:—

“Pull the string, and the latch will go up.”

The Wolf pulled the string, and the latch went up. The door opened, and he jumped in, and fell

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD

upon the old woman, and ate her up in less than no time, for he had not tasted food for three days. He then shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed. By and by, Little Red-Riding-Hood came and knocked at the door—tap, tap!

“Who is there?”

Little Red-Riding-Hood heard the big voice of the Wolf, and at first she was afraid. Then she thought her grandmother must have a bad cold, so she answered:—

“Little Red-Riding-Hood. I have brought you a cake and a pot of butter from mother.” The Wolf softened his voice as much as he could, and called out:—

“Pull the string, and the latch will go up.”

Little Red-Riding-Hood pulled the string, and the latch went up, and the door opened. The Wolf was hiding under the bedclothes and called out in a muffled voice:—

“Put the cake and the pot of butter on the shelf, and come to bed.”

Little Red-Riding-Hood made ready for bed. Then she looked with wonder at her grandmother, who had changed so much, and she said:—

“Grandmother, what great arms you have!”

“The better to hug you, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what great ears you have!”

“The better to hear you, my dear.”

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“Grandmother, what great eyes you have!”

“The better to see you, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what great teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you.”

And at this the wicked Wolf sprang up and fell upon poor Little Red-Riding-Hood and ate her all up.

THE GOOSE THAT LAID GOLDEN EGGS

THERE was a man who had a Goose that always laid golden eggs, one every day in the year.

Now, he thought there must be gold inside of her. So he wrung her neck and laid her open. He found that she was exactly like all other geese. He thought to find riches, and lost the little he had.

This fable teaches that one should be content with what one has, and not be greedy.

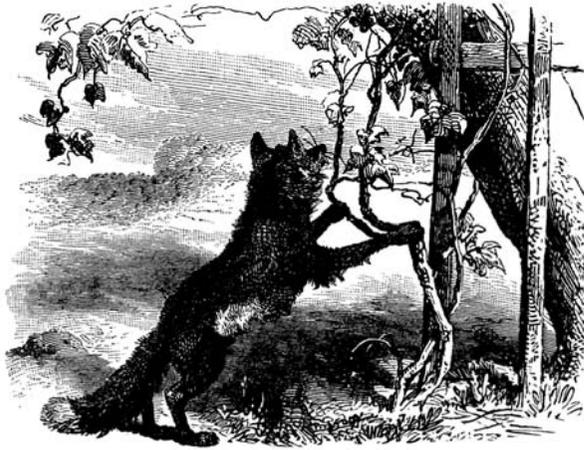


THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A DOG once made his bed in a manger. He could not eat the grain there, and he would not let the Ox eat it, who could.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A HUNGRY Fox found some bunches of grapes upon a vine high up a tree. He tried to get at them, but could not. So he left them hanging there and went off, saying to himself:—



“They are sour grapes.”

That is what people sometimes do when they cannot get what they want—they make believe that what they want is good for nothing.

LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES

I

THE GOAT

THERE was once a woman who had three daughters. The eldest was called Little One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead. The second was called Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people. The youngest was called Little Three Eyes, because she had three eyes; the third eye was in the middle of her forehead.

Because Little Two Eyes looked like other people, her sisters and her mother could not bear her. They said:—

“You have two eyes and are no better than anybody else. You do not belong to us.” They knocked her about, and gave her shabby clothes, and fed her with food left over from their meals.

One day Little Two Eyes was sent into the fields to look after the goat. She was hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat, and she sat

LITTLE ONE EYE

down and began to cry. She cried so hard that a little stream of tears ran out of each eye. All at once a wise woman stood near her, and asked:—

“Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?” Little Two Eyes said:—

“Have I not need to cry? Because I have two eyes, like other people, my sisters and my mother cannot bear me. They knock me about and they give me shabby clothes. They feed me only with the food left over from their table. To-day they have given me so little that I am very hungry.”

The wise woman said:—

“Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell you what to do. Only say to your goat: ‘Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,’ and a table will stand before you, covered with food. Eat as much as you like. When you have had all you want, only say: ‘Little goat, bleat; little table, away,’ and it will be gone.” Then the wise woman disappeared. Little Two Eyes thought:

“I must try at once, for I am too hungry to wait.” So she said:—

“Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,” and there stood before her a little table covered with a white cloth. On it were laid a plate, knife and fork, and silver spoon. The nicest food was on the plate, smoking hot. Then Little Two Eyes began to eat, and found the food very good. When she had had enough, she said:—

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“Little goat, bleat; little table, away.” In an instant, the table was gone.

“That is a fine way to keep house,” thought Little Two Eyes.

At the end of the day Little Two Eyes drove her goat home. She found a dish with some food in it. Her sisters had put it aside for her, but she did not taste it. She did not need it.

The next day she went out again with her goat, and did not take the few crusts which her sisters put aside for her. This went on for several days. At last her sisters said to each other:—

“All is not right with Little Two Eyes. She always leaves her food. She used to eat all that was given her. She must have found some other way to be fed.”

They meant to find out what Little Two Eyes did. So the next time that Little Two Eyes set out, Little One Eye came to her and said:—

“I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is well taken care of, and feeds in the best pasture.” But Little Two Eyes saw what Little One Eye had in her mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass, and said:—

“Come, Little One Eye, we will sit down and I will sing to you.” Little One Eye sat down. She was tired after her long walk in the hot sun, and Little Two Eyes began to sing:—

“Are you awake, Little One Eye? Are you asleep, Little One Eye? Are you awake, Little One

LITTLE ONE EYE

Eye? Are you asleep, Little One Eye? Are you awake? Are you asleep? Awake? Asleep?" By this time Little One Eye had shut her one eye and was fast asleep. When Little Two Eyes saw this, she said softly:—

"Little goat, bleat; little table, rise;" and she sat at the table and ate and drank till she had had enough. Then she said as before:—

"Little goat, bleat; little table, away," and in a twinkling all was gone.

Little Two Eyes now awoke Little One Eye, and said:—

"Little One Eye, why do you not watch? You have been asleep, and the goat could have run all over the world. Come! let us go home."

So home they went, and Little Two Eyes again did not touch the dish. The others asked Little One Eye what Little Two Eyes did in the field. But she could only say:—

"Oh, I fell asleep out there."

II

THE TREE

THE next day, the mother said to Little Three Eyes:—

"This time *you* must go with Little Two Eyes, and see if any one brings her food and drink." Then

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Little Three Eyes said to Little Two Eyes:

“I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is well taken care of, and feeds in the best pasture.” But Little Two Eyes saw what Little Three Eyes had in her mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass, and said:—

“Come, Little Three Eyes, we will sit down, and I will sing to you.” Little Three Eyes sat down. She was tired after her long walk in the hot sun, and Little Two Eyes began to sing, as before:—

“Are you awake, Little Three Eyes?” but instead of going on,—

“Are you asleep, Little Three Eyes?” she did not think, and sang:—

“Are you asleep, Little Two Eyes?” and went on:—

“Are you awake, Little Three Eyes? Are you asleep, Little Two Eyes? Are you awake? Are you asleep? Awake? Asleep?” By this time the two eyes of Little Three Eyes fell asleep. But the third eye did not go to sleep, for it was not spoken to by the verse. Little Three Eyes, to be sure, shut it, and made believe that it went to sleep. Then she opened it a little way and watched Little Two Eyes.

When Little Two Eyes thought Little Three Eyes was fast asleep, she said softly:—

“Little goat, bleat; little table, rise;” and she sat at the table and ate and drank till she had had enough. Then she said as before:—

LITTLE ONE EYE

“Little goat, bleat; little table, away.” But Little Three Eyes had seen everything. Little Two Eyes now awoke Little Three Eyes, and said:—

“Little Three Eyes, why do you not watch? You have been asleep, and the goat could have run all over the world. Come! let us go home.”

So home they went, and Little Two Eyes again did not touch the dish. Then Little Three Eyes said to the mother:—

“I know why the proud thing does not eat. She says to the goat: ‘Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,’ and there stands a table before her. It is covered with the very best of things to eat, much better than anything we have. When she has had enough to eat, she says: ‘Little goat, bleat; little table, away,’ and all is gone. I have seen it just as it is. She put two of my eyes to sleep, but the one in my forehead stayed awake.” Then the mother cried out:—

“Shall she be better off than we are?” With that she took a knife and killed the goat. Poor Little Two Eyes went to the field, and sat down and began to cry. All at once the wise woman stood near her, and asked:—

“Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?” Little Two Eyes said:—

“Have I not need to cry? My mother has killed the goat. Now I must suffer hunger and thirst again.” The wise woman said:—

“Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell you what to do. Beg your sisters to give you the

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heart of the goat. Then bury it in the ground before the door of your house. All will go well with you." Then the wise woman was gone, and Little Two Eyes went home and said to her sisters:—

"Sisters, give me some part of my goat. I do not ask for anything but the heart." They laughed and said:—

"You can have that, if you do not want anything else."

Little Two Eyes took the heart and buried it in the ground before the door of the house.

Next morning the sisters woke and saw a splendid tree in front of the house. It had leaves of silver and fruit of gold. It was wonderful to behold; and they could not think how the tree had come there in the night. Only Little Two Eyes knew that the tree had grown out of the heart of the goat. Then the mother said to Little One Eye:—

"Climb up, my child, and pluck some fruit from the tree." Little One Eye climbed the tree. She put out her hand to take a golden apple, but the branch sprang back. This took place every single time. Try as hard as she could, she could not get a single apple. Then the mother said:—

"Little Three Eyes, you climb up. You can see better with your three eyes than Little One Eye can." Down came Little One Eye, and Little Three Eyes climbed the tree. She put out her hand, and the branch sprang back as it had from Little One Eye. At last the mother tried, but it was the same with

LITTLE ONE EYE

her. She could not get a single apple. Then Little Two Eyes said:—

“Let me try.”

“You!” they all cried. “You, with your two eyes like other people! What can you do?” But Little Two Eyes climbed the tree, and the branch did not spring back. The golden apples dropped into her hands, and she brought down her apron full of them. Her mother took them away from her, and her two sisters were angry because they had failed, and they were more cruel than ever to Little Two Eyes.

III

THE PRINCE

WHILE they stood by the tree, the Prince came riding near on a fine horse.

“Quick, Little Two Eyes,” said her sisters, “creep under this cask; we are ashamed of you.” And they threw an empty cask over her, and pushed the golden apples under it.

The Prince rode up and gazed at the splendid tree. “Is this splendid tree yours?” he asked of the sisters. “If you will give me a branch from it, I will give you anything you wish.”

Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes said the tree was theirs, and they would break off a branch for him. They put out their hands, but again the branches sprang back. Then the Prince said:—

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“This is very strange. The tree is yours, and yet you cannot pluck the fruit.”

They kept saying that the tree was theirs, but while they were saying this, Little Two Eyes rolled a few of the apples out from under the cask. The Prince saw them and asked:—

“Why! where did these golden apples come from? Who is under the cask?” Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes told the Prince that they had a sister.

“But she does not show herself,” they said. “She is just like other people. She has two eyes.” Then the Prince called:—

“Little Two Eyes! come out!” So Little Two Eyes was very glad and crept out from under the cask.

“Can you get me a branch from the tree?”

“Yes,” said Little Two Eyes, “I can, for the tree is mine.” Then she climbed the tree and broke off a branch. It had silver leaves and golden fruit, and she gave it to the Prince. Then the Prince said:—

“Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for it?”

“Oh,” said Little Two Eyes, “I suffer hunger and thirst all day long. If you would take me with you, I should be happy.”

So the Prince lifted Little Two Eyes upon his horse, and they rode away. He took her to his

LITTLE ONE EYE

father's house and made her Princess, and she had plenty to eat and drink and good clothes to wear. Best of all, the Prince loved her, and she had no more hard knocks and cross words.

Now, when Little Two Eyes rode away with the Prince, the sisters said:—

“Well, we shall have the tree. We may not pluck the fruit, but every one will stop to see it and come to us and praise it.” But the next morning when they went to look at the tree, it was gone.

Little Two Eyes lived long and happily. One day, two poor women came to her, and asked for something to eat. Little Two Eyes looked at their faces and knew them. They were Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes. They were so poor that they were begging bread from door to door. Little Two Eyes brought them into the house and was very good to them. Then they both were sorry for the evil they had once done their sister.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

THE Wind and the Sun had a dispute as to which of the two was the stronger. They agreed that the one should be called stronger who should first make a man in the road take off his cloak.

The Wind began to blow great gusts, but the man only drew his cloak closer about him to keep out the cold. At last the gust was over.

Then the Sun took his turn. He shone and it was warm and bright. The man opened his cloak, threw it back, and at last took it off, and lay down in the shade where it was cool.

So the Sun carried his point against the Wind.

This fable teaches that gentleness often succeeds better than force.



THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A CROW who was very thirsty found a Pitcher with a little water in it. But the water lay so low that she could not come at it.

She tried first to break the Pitcher, and then to overturn it, but it was too strong and too heavy for her. At last she thought of a way. She dropped a great many little pebbles into the Pitcher, until she had raised the water so that she could reach it.