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The Magic Pitcher



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W H A T IS THIS?

Solve this puzzle by placing the point of your pencil or crayon on dot number 1 and drawing a line to dot number 2. Then you draw another line to dot number 3 and so on, until you have connected all the dots. After you have done this, you may use your crayons to color the surprise picture.



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The Magic Pitcher



IN TIMES LONG AGO, THE PEOPLE BELIEVED THERE WERE MANY GODS. THESE GODS LIVED ON TOP OF A HIGH MOUNTAIN CALLED MOUNT OLYMPUS. BUT THEY DIDN'T ALWAYS STAY ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN. SOMETIMES THEY CAME DOWN AND WALKED THE EARTH.

WHEN THEY DID, NO ONE KNEW THEM. THEY CAME AS PEOPLE, NOT GODS.

IN THOSE FARAWAY DAYS, THERE WAS A VILLAGE WHERE THE PEOPLE WERE WELL KNOWN FOR THE CRUEL WAY THEY TREATED STRANGERS.

I AM WEARY AND HUNGRY FROM MY TRAVELS. CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I MIGHT FIND A CRUST OF BREAD?

NOT HERE, STRANGER WE HAVE NO BREAD FOR BEGGARS



THEN DOGS WOULD CHASE THE STRANGER

AFTER HIM, HECTOR!



AND CHILDREN WOULD FOLLOW, SHOUTING AND THROWING STONES

AM WELL, MY SON.



ON A HILLSIDE OVERLOOKING THIS TERRIBLE VILLAGE, THERE LIVED A POOR BUT KINDLY OLD MAN NAMED PHILEMON, WITH HIS WIFE, SAUCIS. ONE EVENING, AFTER THEY HAD EATEN THEIR SUPPER, THEY SAT AT THEIR COTTAGE DOOR.



AH, WIFE! JUST LISTEN HOW FIERCELY THE DOGS ARE BARKING BELOW.



I FEAR SOME POOR TRAVELLER IS SEEKING SHELTER FROM OUR NEIGHBORS, AND INSTEAD OF GIVING HIM FOOD AND LODGING, THEY HAVE SET THEIR DOGS UPON HIM.



I DO WISH OUR NEIGHBORS FELT A LITTLE MORE KINDNESS FOR THEIR FELLOW CREATURES.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, WIFE, I SHOULD NOT WONDER IF SOME TERRIBLE THING WERE TO HAPPEN TO ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE UNLESS THEY MEND THEIR MANNERS.

I NEVER HEARD
THE DOGS SO
LOUD

NOR THE
CHILDREN SO
RUDE. I WONDER
WHO THE
STRANGER
CAN BE



SOON, AT THE FOOT OF THE HILLSIDE,
TWO TRAVELLERS CAME INTO VIEW. ONE
WAS AN OLDER MAN OF GREAT DIGNITY,
THE OTHER WAS YOUNG AND LIVELY.

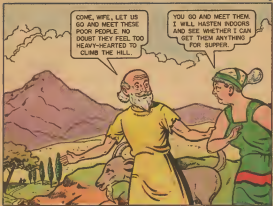


BE OFF WITH
YOU! LET US
PASS IN PEACE



COME, WIFE, LET US GO AND MEET THESE POOR PEOPLE. NO DOUBT THEY FEEL TOO HEAVY-HEARTED TO CLIMB THE HILL.

YOU GO AND MEET THEM. I WILL HASTEN INDOORS AND SEE WHETHER I CAN GET THEM ANYTHING FOR SUPPER.



SO PHILEMON WENT DOWN THE HILL AND PUT OUT HIS HAND.

WELCOME, STRANGERS! WELCOME!

THANK YOU THIS IS QUITE ANOTHER GREETING FROM THE ONE WE RECEIVED FROM YOUR NEIGHBORS. TELL ME, WHY DO YOU LIVE AMONG SUCH BAD PEOPLE?



PERHAPS THE GODS PUT ME HERE TO MAKE UP FOR THEIR CRUELTY.



PHELEMON LED THE STRANGERS UP THE HILL TO HIS HUMBLE COTTAGE.

HOW GOD! THIS FELLOW DOES NOT SEEM WEARY AT ALL FROM HIS TRAVELS. HIS FEET ALMOST FLY WHEN HE WALKS!

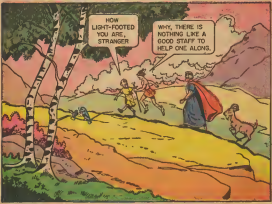


AND WHAT STRANGE SHOES HE HAS ON! I AM CERTAIN I SAW THE WINGS FLUTTER.



HOW LIGHT-FOOTED YOU ARE, STRANGER

WHY, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GOOD STAFF TO HELP ONE ALONG.



THE STAFF, IN FACT, WAS THE ODDEST ONE THAT PHILEMON HAD EVER SEEN

A CURIOUS PIECE OF
WORK, SURE ENOUGH!
A STAFF WITH WINGS!



AND THE SNAKES—
THE SNAKES ON IT
SEEM ALMOST
TO BE ALIVE!



THERE IS SOMETHING
VERY STRANGE ABOUT
THESE TRAVELLERS.
I WONDER WHO
THEY ARE



SOON THEY CAME TO THE COTTAGE.

SIT DOWN, GOOD FRIENDS,
AND REST YOURSELVES
ON THIS BENCH.



WE ARE POOR FOLKS,
MY WIFE AND I, BUT
YOU SHALL BE
WELCOME TO
WHATEVER WE
HAVE IN OUR
CUPBOARD.

THANK YOU.
YOU SEEM TO
BE AS GOOD
AS YOUR
NEIGHBORS
ARE BAD.



AS THE YOUNG STRANGER SAT DOWN,
HIS STAFF FELL TO THE GROUND. BUT
A MOMENT LATER

HOW CAN THIS BE?
THE STAFF IS GETTING
UP BY ITSELF!



SPREADING ITS LITTLE WINGS, IT HALF
HOPPED AND HALF FLEW TOWARDS THE
COTTAGE, WHERE IT LEANED ITSELF
AGAINST THE WALL.



BUT BEFORE PHILEMON COULD ASK ANY QUESTIONS

TELL ME, MY GOOD FELLOW, WAS THERE NOT A LAKE, LONG AGO, WHICH COVERED THE PLACE WHERE THAT VILLAGE NOW LIES?



NOT IN MY DAY, FRIEND, NOR IN MY FATHER'S TIME BEFORE ME.



BUT I HAVE HEARD IT SAID THAT THERE ONCE WAS A LAKE THERE, MANY YEARS AGO.

I WOULD RATHER SEE A LAKE THERE AGAIN, THAN A VILLAGE FULL OF PEOPLE AS DREADFUL AS YOUR NEIGHBORS.



AT THESE WORDS, THE SKY GREW DARK AND THUNDER FILLED THE AIR.





HOW GOD! A MOMENT AGO, THE SKY WAS CLEAR BUT NOW I THINK IT IS GOING TO STORM.



NO, FRIEND, I THINK YOU ARE MISTAKEN.

AS THE STRANGER SMILED, THE SUN SHONE AGAIN AND THE THUNDER CEASED.



TRULY, THIS IS NO ORDINARY PERSON.

PHILEMON WAS CURIOUS, NOW, ABOUT HIS STRANGE GUESTS.

TELL ME, MY YOUNG FRIEND, BY WHAT NAME SHALL I CALL YOU?



WELL, I AM VERY HUMBLE, AS YOU SEE. SO YOU MAY CALL ME QUICKSILVER.

QUICKSILVER? THAT IS AN ODD NAME



AND YOUR COMPANION? HAS HE A STRANGE NAME, TOO?

YOU MUST ASK THE THUNDER TO TELL YOU HIS NAME. NO OTHER VOICE IS LOUD ENOUGH.



AT THESE WORDS, THE SKY GREW DARK AGAIN, AND THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH THUNDER

WHAT CAN THIS MEAN? WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS?



JUST THEN, BAUCIS CAME TO CALL THEM IN TO SUPPER

THERE IS NOT MUCH THAT I CAN OFFER HAD WE KNOWN YOU WERE COMING, WE WOULD HAVE GONE WITHOUT A MORSEL SO THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE EATEN BETTER.

DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF, MY GOOD GONE.



A LITTLE KINDNESS AND A HEARTY WELCOME CAN MAKE THE PLAINEST FOOD SEEM LIKE A FEAST.



AS THE STRANGERS WENT INTO THE COTTAGE, QUICKSILVER'S STAFF WENT HOPPING AFTER.

LOOK AT THAT!



THE STAFF MOVED BY ITSELF, HUSBAND!

I KNOW AND THAT IS NOT ALL THAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING.



QUICKSILVER SAT DOWN AT THE TABLE. HIS STAFF CAME HOPPING ALONG BEHIND HIM AND LEANED AGAINST HIS CHAIR.

THERE IS SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THESE STRANGERS.



THE YOUNGER ONE HAS WINGS ON HIS HEELS AND HIS HAT AND HIS STAFF, AND THE OLDER ONE IS SO SOLEMN, HE HARDLY SAYS A WORD.



AS BAUCIS HAD SAID, THERE WAS BUT A SCANTY SUPPER FOR THE TWO HUNGRY TRAVELLERS.

WE WOULD STARVE FOR A WEEK TO COME IF BY DOING SO WE COULD GIVE YOU A MORSEL MORE.

HAH, GOOD MOTHER, WORRY NOT. THIS IS A FEAST! AN ABSOLUTE FEAST!



BAUDIS POURED A BOWL OF MILK FOR EACH GUEST.

OH, DEAR! THIS IS NOT MUCH MILK FOR TWO THIRSTY TRAVELLERS.



THE TWO GUESTS DRANK THEIR MILK AT ONCE.

A LITTLE MORE MILK, KIND MOTHER BAUDIS, IF YOU PLEASE



I AM SO SORRY AND ASHAMED, BUT THE TRUTH IS, THERE IS HARDLY ANOTHER DROP IN THE PITCHER



QUICKSILVER TOOK THE FITCHER BY THE HANDLE.

WHY, IT APPEARS TO ME THAT THERE IS CERTAINLY MORE MILK IN HERE.



HE PROCEEDED TO FILL NOT ONLY HIS OWN BOWL, BUT HIS COMPANION'S BOWL AS WELL.

IT MUST BE MAGIC! I'M CERTAIN THE PITCHER WAS EMPTY WHEN I PUT IT DOWN.



IN ANY CASE, THE PITCHER IS CERTAINLY EMPTY NOW, AFTER FILLING THE BOWLS TWICE OVER.



WHAT EXCELLENT MILK! I REALLY MUST ASK YOU FOR A LITTLE MORE.



I WOULD GLADLY GIVE YOU MORE, IF THERE WERE MORE TO GIVE. BUT THIS TIME THE PITCHER IS EMPTY FOR SURE.

BAUCIS TURNED THE PITCHER UPSIDE DOWN, TO SHOW THAT IT WAS EMPTY BUT . . .



THE MILK FLOWED FROM THE BOWL ONTO THE TABLE. THE TWO SNAKES STRETCHED THEIR HEADS AND LAPPED UP THE SPILT MILK.



THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON HERE I KNOW THE PITCHER WAS EMPTY

YOU MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE BUT IT IS CERTAINLY EMPTY NOW



EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR A SLICE OF YOUR DELICIOUS BROWN BREAD?

CERTAINLY.



BAUCIS SLICED THE BREAD

HOW ODD! THE LOAF SEEMS BIGGER NOW THAN WHEN I FIRST BROUGHT IT TO THE TABLE.



SHE TOOK A CRUMB FOR HERSELF.

CAN THIS BE THE BREAD I BAKED? IT IS THE BEST I HAVE EVER EATEN.



THEN DAUGS SPREAD SOME HONEY
ON THE BREAD.

CAN THIS BE THE SAME HONEY
THAT WE ATE THIS MORNING?
I HAVE NEVER TASTED BETTER!

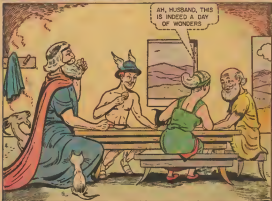


AND SHE CUT OFF A LITTLE SLICE
OF CHEESE

CAN THIS BE THE SAME
CHEESE THAT WE ATE
THIS MORNING? I HAVE
NEVER TASTED BETTER!



AH, HUSBAND, THIS
IS INDEED A DAY
OF WONDERS



BAUCIS NOW HANDED EACH GUEST A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

THEY ARE SMALL AND NOT TOO SWEET, I FEAR, BUT WHATEVER WE HAVE IS YOURS.



QUICKSILVER ATE ONE GRAPE AFTER ANOTHER

NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, MOTHER BAUCIS. THE GRAPES ARE DELICIOUS!



THE MORE HE ATE, THE MORE HE SEEMED TO HAVE

THE GRAPES WERE SMALL AND SOUR A MOMENT AGO, BUT NOW THEY ARE LARGE AND JUICY.



BAUCIS TASTED ONE

CAN THESE BE THE SAME GRAPES THAT WE PICKED FROM OUR OLD VINE? I HAVE NEVER TASTED BETTER!



AND NOW, DEAR PEOPLE,
ONE MORE CUP OF YOUR
DELICIOUS MILK, AND I
SHALL HAVE SUPPED
BETTER THAN
A PRINCE.



THIS TIME, PHELEMON PICKED UP
THE PITCHER.

I AM SORRY, GOOD FRIENDS,
BUT THERE CANNOT POSSIBLY
BE A DROP OF MILK LEFT



HE LOOKED INSIDE IT, JUST
TO BE SURE.

WHAT'S THIS?
A FOUNTAIN OF
MILK IS
BUBBLING UP
FROM THE
BOTTOM!



THE PITCHER FILLED ITSELF TO THE
BRIM BEFORE HIS VERY EYES.





BY NOW, IT WAS TIME TO SLEEP. THE OLD COUPLE GAVE THEIR SLEEPING ROOM TO THEIR GUESTS, AND SLEPT ON THE FLOOR. BUT DURING THE NIGHT . . .



THE NEXT MORNING, THEY WERE UP EARLY,
AND SO WERE THEIR GUESTS.

WILL YOU EAT
BREAKFAST
WITH US?

NO, GOOD FRIENDS,
WE MUST LEAVE AT
ONCE. WE HAVE A
LONG WAY TO TRAVEL.



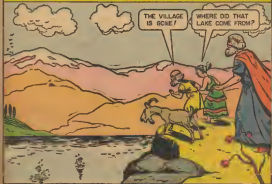
COME, THEN.
WE WILL SHOW
YOU THE ROAD
TO THE
VILLAGE.



BUT WHEN THEY CAME OUT AND LOOKED TOWARDS THE VALLEY

THE VILLAGE
IS GONE!

WHERE DID THAT
LAKE COME FROM?



LAST NIGHT, WHILE YOU SLEPT, THE LAKE FILLED THE VALLEY FROM BRIM TO BRIM.

AH, SO THAT WAS WHY WE HEARD THE SOUND OF WATER!



ALAS! WHAT HAS BECOME OF OUR POOR NEIGHBORS?

POOR NEIGHBORS, INDEED! THEY WERE AS HEARTLESS AND COLD-BLOODED AS FISH, SO THEY HAVE ALL BEEN CHANGED TO FISH.



PHILEMON AND SAUCIS TURNED TOWARDS THE ELDER TRAVELLER. THEY GAZED INTO HIS FACE AS IF THEY HAD BEEN GAZING AT THE SKY.

WHERE MEN DO NOT FEEL TOWARDS THE HUMBLEST STRANGER AS IF HE WERE A BROTHER, THEY ARE UNWORTHY TO LIVE ON OUR EARTH.



BUT NOW, THE LAKE IS NOT THE ONLY CHANGE THAT WAS MADE. TURN AND LOOK AT YOUR COTTAGE.

OUR COTTAGE?



WHEN THEY TURNED TO LOOK, THEIR COTTAGE HAD BECOME A FINE MARBLE PALACE.

THIS IS YOUR HOME. BE AS GOOD IN YONDER PALACE AS YOU WERE BEFORE.



LAST NIGHT, YOU THOUGHT WE WERE TWO HOMELESS STRANGERS, BUT YOU TREATED US AS IF WE WERE GODS.

AND, GOOD FRIENDS, THAT IS WHAT WE ARE. I AM MERCURY, THE MESSENGER OF THE GODS. THIS IS JUPITER, THE FATHER OF US ALL.



BECAUSE YOU WERE SO KIND, YOUR MILK WAS TURNED INTO NECTAR, AND THE BREAD, CHEESE, HONEY AND GRAPES BECAME AMBROSIA. THE GODS HAVE FEASTED AT YOUR TABLE AS THEY FEAST ON MOUNT OLYMPUS. YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS.



PHILEMON AND BAUCIS FELL ON THEIR KNEES BEFORE THEIR GUESTS. BUT . . .

THEY HAVE DISAPPEARED.



FROM THEN ON, PHELEON AND BAUCIS LIVED IN THE PALACE. WHENEVER A TRAVELLER PASSED, HE WAS SURE TO RECEIVE A HEARTY WELCOME.



THE MAGIC PITCHER NEVER RAN DRY IF THE GUEST WAS HONEST AND KIND-HEARTED.



BUT IF A VISITOR HAPPENED TO BE MEAN OR CROSS.



THUS PHELEON AND BAUCIS LIVED A GREAT, GREAT WHILE, SPREADING JOY AND KINDNESS AMONG ALL WHO PASSED THEIR WAY.



AESOP'S FABLES

THE ARAB AND HIS CAMEL

ONE COLD NIGHT, AN ARAB WAS SITTING IN HIS TENT



IT IS VERY COLD OUT HERE. WILL YOU ALLOW ME TO PUT MY HEAD INSIDE YOUR TENT?

CERTAINLY. YOU MAY PUT YOUR HEAD INSIDE THE TENT.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER

MASTER?

WHAT IS IT NOW, CAMEL?



IT IS COLDER OUT
HERE THAN YOU
CAN IMAGINE. MAY
I ALSO WARM MY
NECK A LITTLE?

CERTAINLY
PUT YOUR
NECK INSIDE
THE TENT,
ALSO.



SO THE CAMEL PUSHED HIS NECK
INSIDE THE TENT. THEN

MASTER?

WHAT IS IT
THIS TIME,
CAMEL?



IT IS VERY AWKWARD STANDING
THIS WAY WOULD YOU MIND VERY
MUCH IF I MOVED MY FORELEGS
INSIDE THE TENT?

NO, I DO NOT MIND
BUT WAIT UNTIL I
MOVE OVER TO
MAKE ROOM.



SO THE ARAB MADE ROOM FOR THE CAMEL'S FORELEGS.
THEN, A FEW MOMENTS LATER . . .

MASTER?

WHAT IS IT, CAMEL?



I SEE THAT BY STANDING
THIS WAY, I AM LETTING
IN A LOT OF COLD AIR.
AREN'T YOU BEGINNING
TO FEEL CHILLY?

AS A
MATTER
OF FACT,
I AM.



THIS WAY IT
IS COLD FOR
US BOTH. MAY
I COME
ENTIRELY
INSIDE?

YES, COME IN IF
YOU WISH. I WILL
SQUEEZE MYSELF
INTO A CORNER.



SO THE ARAB SQUEEZED HIMSELF INTO A CORNER, AND THE CAMEL CAME INSIDE



I THINK, AFTER ALL, THERE WILL NOT BE ROOM FOR US BOTH. YOU ARE SMALLER, SO YOU SHOULD STAND OUTSIDE



AND THE CAMEL PUSHED THE ARAB OUT

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD END LIKE THIS. A GREEDY PERSON IS NEVER SATISFIED.



THE END

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WHO SAID, "HUSH!"

By EDWARD LEAR

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!"

"I see a young bird in this bush!"

When they said, "Is it small?" he replied, "Not at all,

It is four times as big as the bush!"



THE ANIMAL WORLD

THE ALBATROSS

THE ALBATROSS IS A BIRD THAT PREFERS TO LIVE IN THE TROPIC SEA REGIONS, BUT SOME WANDER AS FAR NORTH AS ALASKA.



THE ALBATROSS HAS A GREATER WING SPREAD THAN ANY OTHER BIRD. HIS WINGS OFTEN MEASURE MORE THAN 11 FEET FROM TIP TO TIP.



SINCE EARLY HISTORY, THE ALBATROSS HAS HELD A STRANGE SPELL OVER SAILORS. HE WILL FOLLOW A SHIP FOR DAYS, BUT MOST SAILORS WON'T HARM HIM FOR FEAR OF BAD LUCK.



DURING THE NESTING SEASON, THESE BIRDS GO TO THE BARREN ANTARCTIC ISLANDS, WHERE THE MOTHER LAYS A SINGLE EGG AT A TIME.



COLOR THIS PICTURE WITH CRAYONS



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FAIRY TALES



ONLY 15¢ EACH

- 411 GULLIVER'S TRIP AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN
- 501 THE UGLY DUCKLING
- 503 THE WIZARD
- 504 THE WINDMILL
- 505 THE WISE MAN AND HIS DONKEY
- 506 THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING
- 507 JACK AND THE BEANSTALK
- 508 GOLDEN HAIR AND THE SHAGGY DOG
- 509 BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
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