

CHILDREN'S PAGE

CINDER JOE BECOMES KING

A long time ago there was a farmer who had three sons. The two older ones were fine strapping young fellows, but proud and envious, while the youngest one was small and delicate, but kind and gentle. The two older boys laughed at him and teased him, never allowed him to play with them, and never took him anywhere with them; they called him Cinder Joe because he was always sitting at home amongst the cinders.

Now it happened that the King died suddenly, and it was announced throughout the realm that everyone was to gather in the royal park one evening at sunset, when it would be decided who was to be the next King. So the two older brothers put on their best clothes and set off for the royal park. Cinder Joe wanted to go with them, but they would not let him.

'We would be thoroughly ashamed of you,' they said. 'Stay at home amongst the cinders - that's where you belong!'

But he followed unseen some distance behind them. When he arrived at the royal park he was afraid his brothers would notice him and send him home, so he crept into a pigsty where no one could see him.

When it was time for choosing a new King, the crown was laid on the top of a little hillock, and all the bells in the palace began to ring. Suddenly, the crown rose slowly into the air, hovered high over the heads of the people, and finally sank lower and lower until it came to the pigsty, where it vanished from the crowd.

Everyone rushed up to the pigsty to see what had happened, and there they found Cinder Joe with the crown on his head. They carried him outside and everyone hailed him as the new King who had been called to the throne.

Then they carried him in triumph to the palace, but the two proud brothers crept quietly home, too ashamed to show their faces. For it is not important how proud and strong you may be, but rather how good and kind-hearted you are.

FLOWER GIRL



HALF A HEAD

