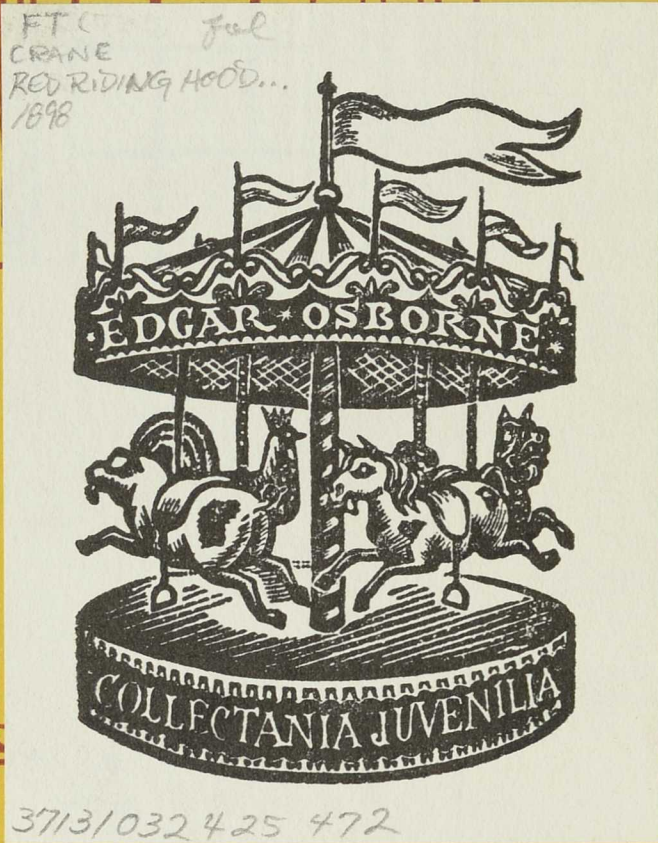
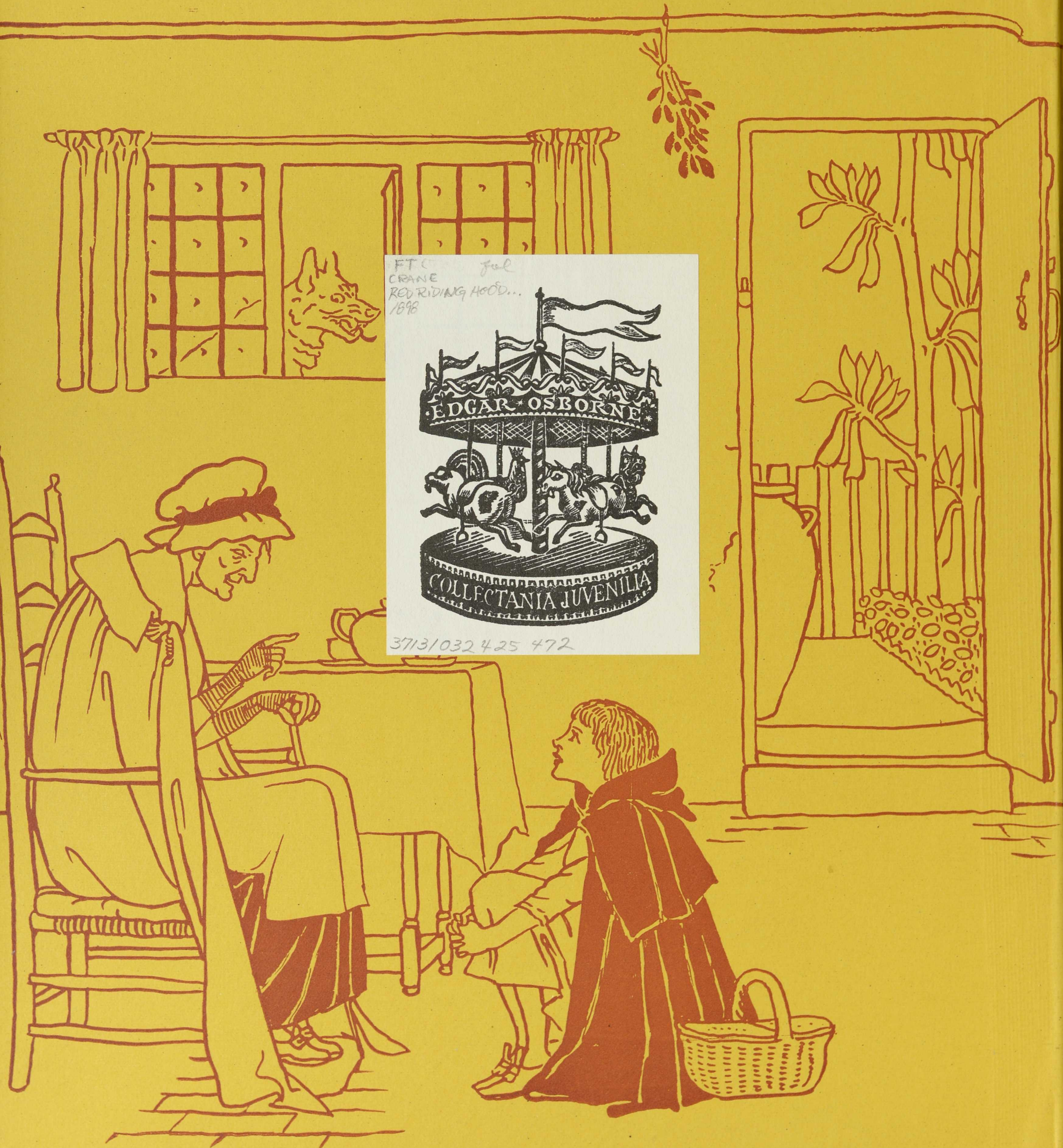


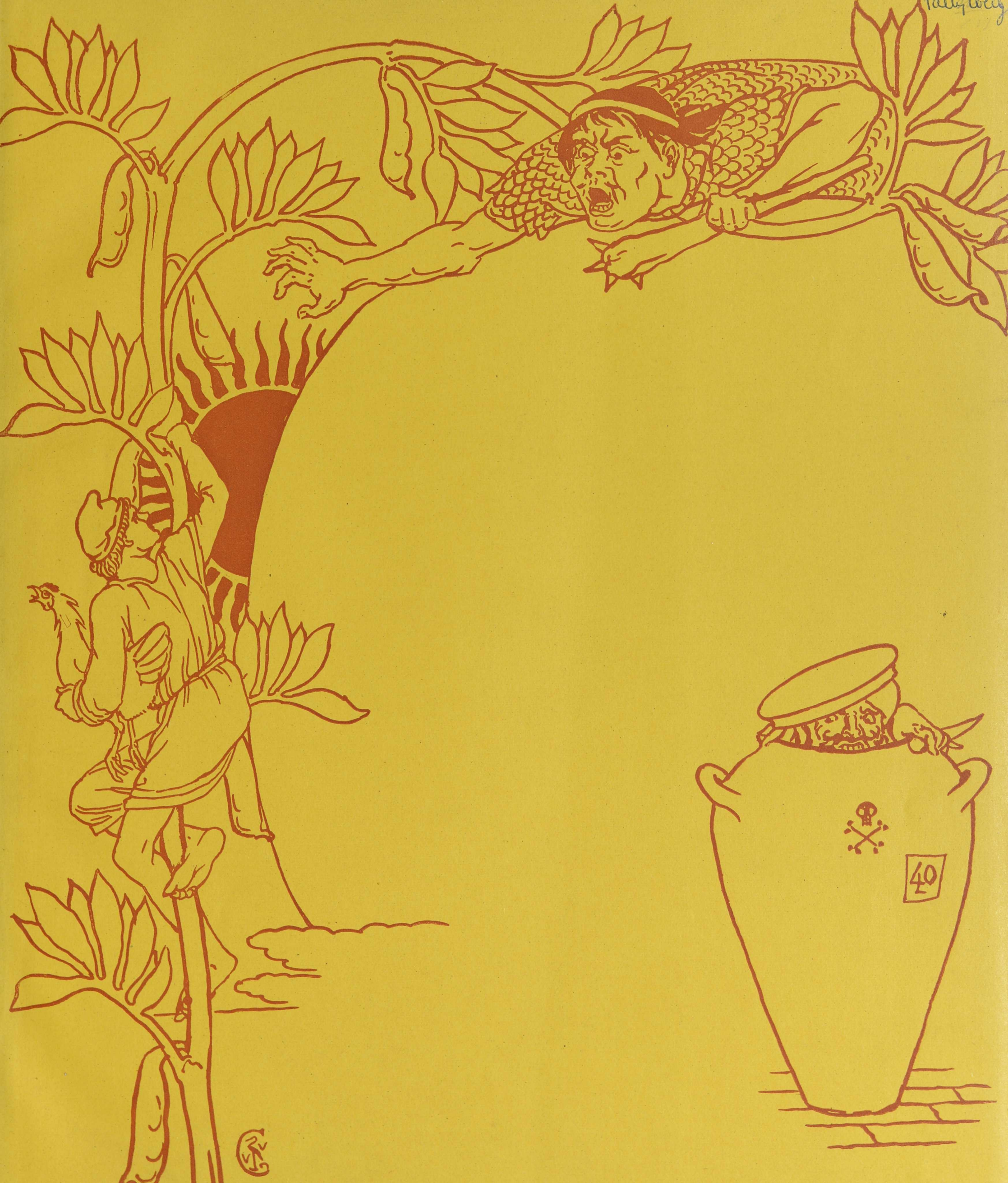
RED RIDING HOOD'S PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING:
LITTLE RED
RIDING HOOD
JACK AND
THE BEAN-
STALK
THE FORTY
THIEVES



WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE BOOKS
VOLUME IV.





july
192

RED RIDING HOOD'S PICT URE BOOK:

CONTAINING:

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
JACK & THE BEANSTALK
THE FORTY THIEVES: ❖

WITH THE ORIGINAL COL
OURED PICTURES & SOME
NEW ADDITIONS BY

WALTER CRANE ❖

ENGRAVED & PRINTED IN COL
OURS BY EDMUND EVANS ❖

LONDON & NEW-YORK ❖

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD





LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD when she paid her visits to her Grandmother, no doubt found attractions there before the Wolf came to the door.

So dutiful a grand-child must have been there before the notable occasion mentioned in the story, and no doubt she had heard from the old lady herself the thrilling tales of '**JACK & THE BEANSTALK**' and '**THE FORTY THIEVES**', so that she would be, in a measure, prepared for wonders.

It is quite possible, indeed, that the aforesaid **JACK** was a connection of the family - probably a daring ancestor who drew the long bow in early times. Certainly **BEANSTALKS** grew in the Grandmother's garden to a preposterous height (as shown on the cover).

There was also, among the Grandmother's belongings, a certain large jar, which might have been a pre-historic jam or honey-pot, but which Red-Riding Hood was persuaded was the original oil jar in which one of the famous **FORTY** concealed himself, and was promptly pickled by that careful housekeeper Morgiana. It must have been a

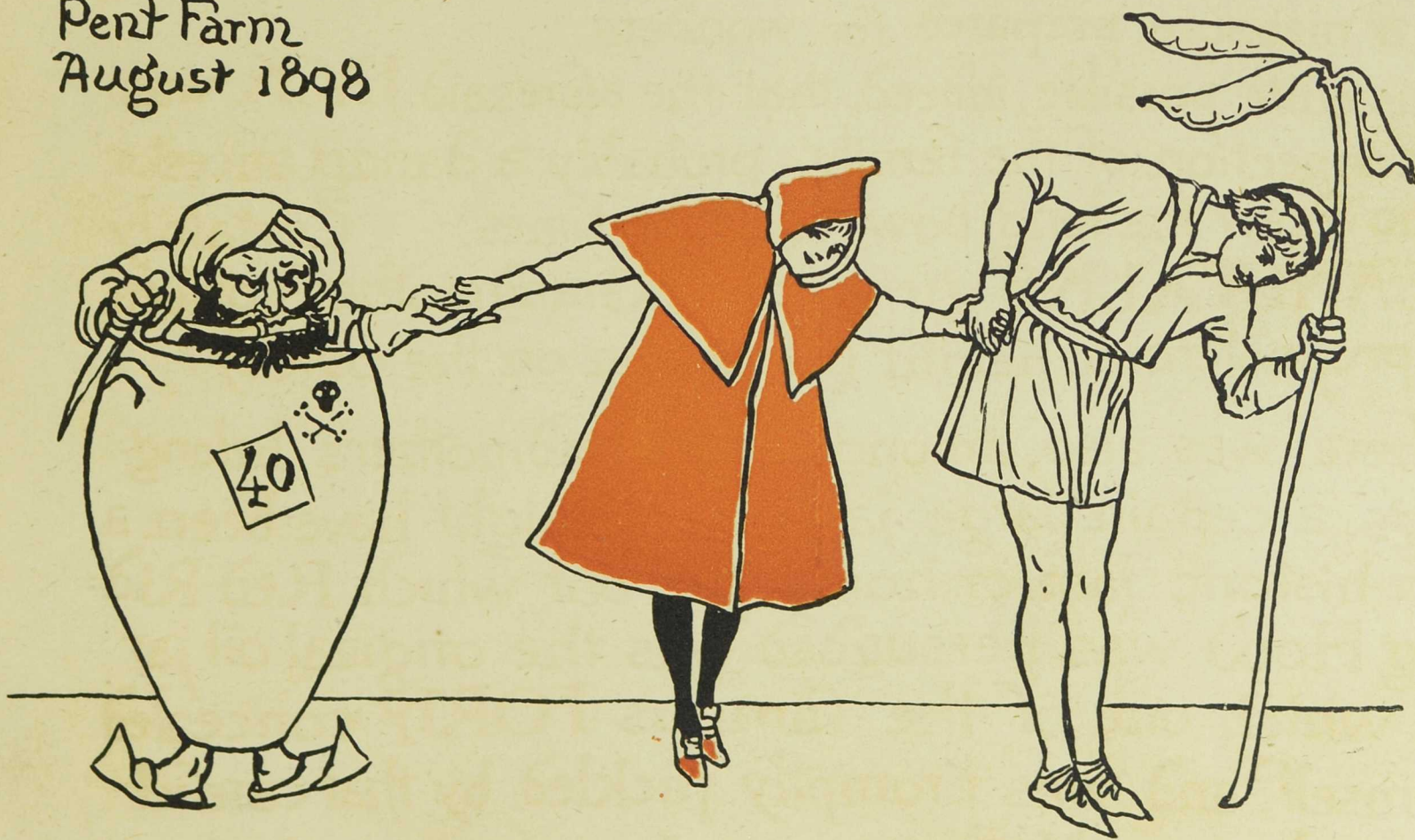
big pot, therefore.

These things being so, what further explanation need there be for putting these three old favourites in one volume?

They are at least quite as likely to agree as the Grandmother with that wicked wolf—and indeed, as a book, desire no better fate than to be devoured.

Walter Crane.

Pent Farm
August 1898



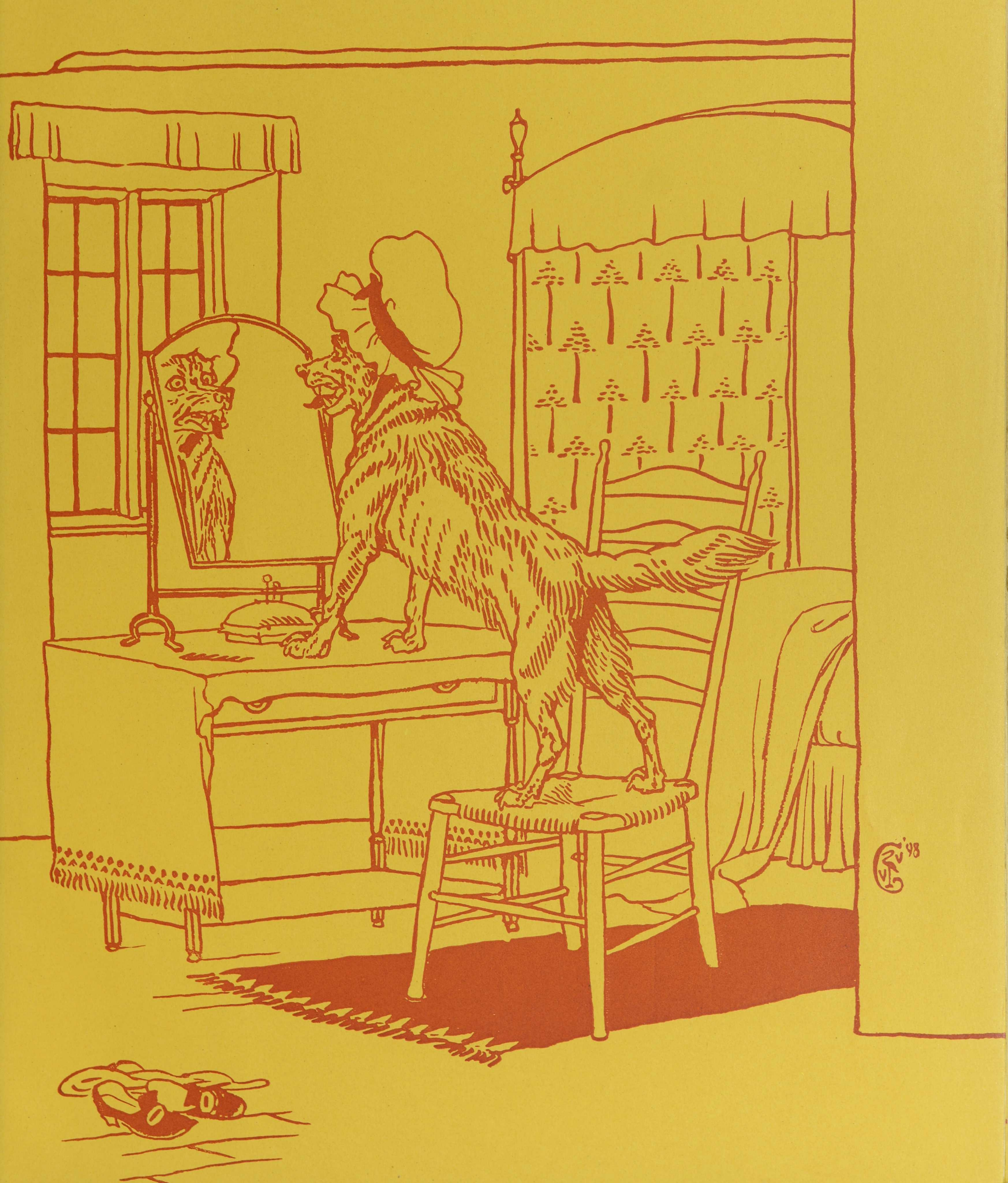
WALTER CRANES PICTURE BOOKS: RE-ISSUE.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

LONDON & NEW YORK: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD







RED RIDING HOOD.

A LONG time ago, in a house near a wood,
As most pretty histories go,
A nice little girl lived, called Red Riding Hood,
As some of us already know.

One day said her mother, "Get ready, my dear,
"And take to your Granny some cakes,
"And a pot of fresh butter to soothe her and
"Ask after her pains and her aches." [cheer;



Out set Riding Hood, so obliging and
sweet,
And she met a great Wolf in the wood,
Who began most politely the maiden to greet,
as tender a voice as he could.

He asked to what house she was going,
and why;
Red Riding Hood answered him all:
He said, "Give my love to your Gran; I
will try
"At my earliest leisure to call."



Off he ran, and Red Riding Hood went on her way,
But often she lingered and played,
And made as she went quite a pretty nosegay
With the wild flowers that grew in the glade.





But in the meanwhile the Wolf went, with a grin,
At the Grandmother's cottage to call;
He knocked at the door, and was told to come in,
Then he eat her up—sad cannibal!
Then the Wolf shut the door, and got into bed,
And waited for Red Riding Hood;
When he heard her soft tap at the front door, he said,
Speaking softly as ever he could:



"Who is there?" "It is I, your dear grand-
child; I've brought
"Some butter and nice little cakes."
"Pull the bobbin, my child, and come in,
as you ought;
"I'm in bed very bad with my aches."

When she entered the room, the old Wolf
hid himself
Very carefully (such was his plan):
"Put your basket and things little dear,
on the shelf,
"And come into bed to your Gran."



The obedient child laid her down by the side
Of her Grandmother dear (as she thought);
But all at once, "Granny!" Red Riding Hood
cried,

"What very long arms you have got!"
He answered, "The better to hug you, my child."
"But, Granny, what very large ears!"

"The better to hear you;" the voice was still
But the poor little girl had her fears. [milk,
"Grandmother, you seem to have very large
"The better to see you, I trow." [eyes!"
"What great teeth you have got!" and the
wicked Wolf cries,
"The better to eat you up now!"

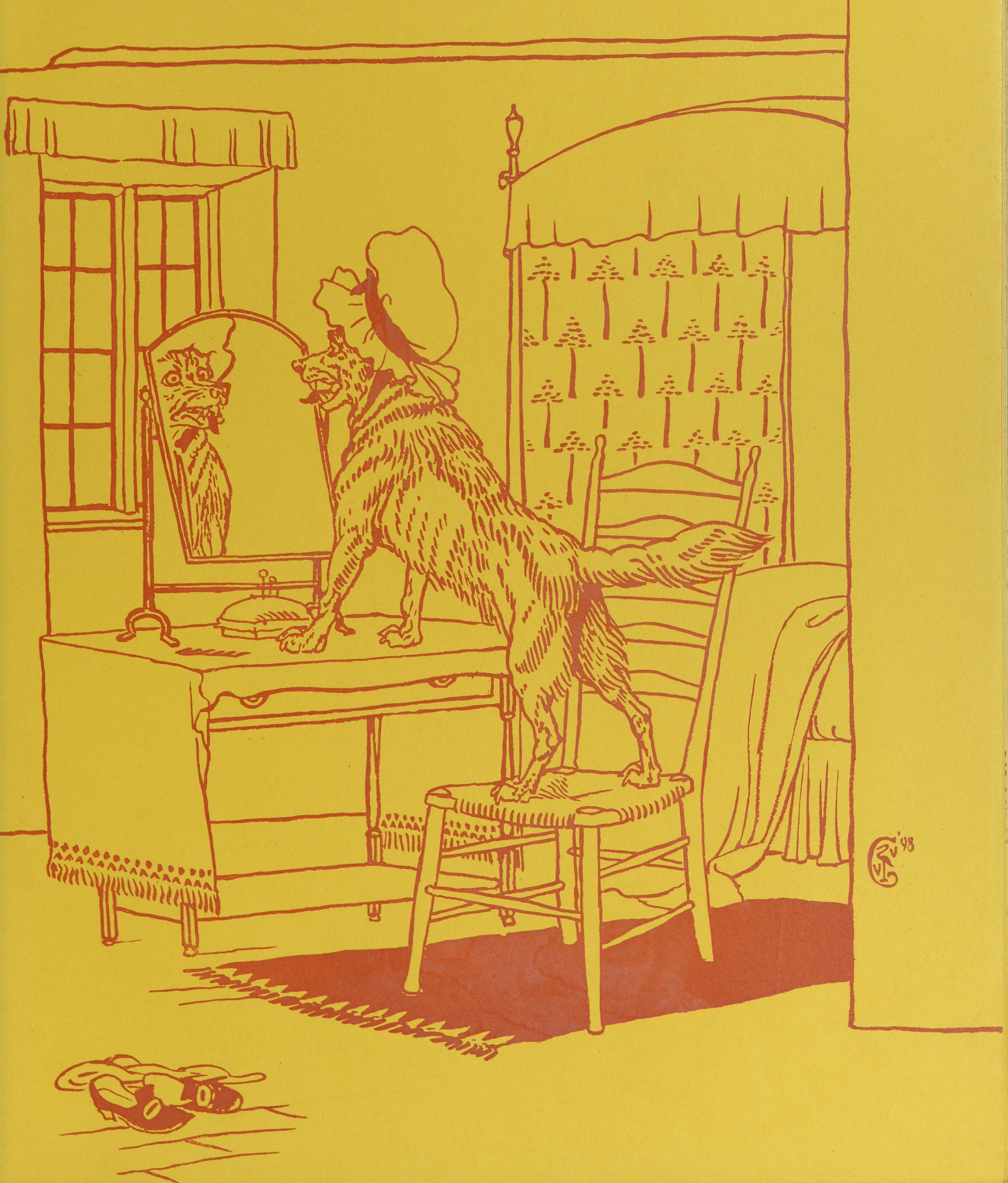


Red Riding Hood shrieked, and—bang!
 off went a gun,
And shot the old Wolf through the
 head;
One howl and one moan, one kick and
 one groan,
And the wicked old rascal was dead.

Some sportsman (he certainly was a dead
shot)
Had aimed at the Wolf when she
cried;
So Red Riding Hood got safe home—
did she not?
And lived happily there till she died.







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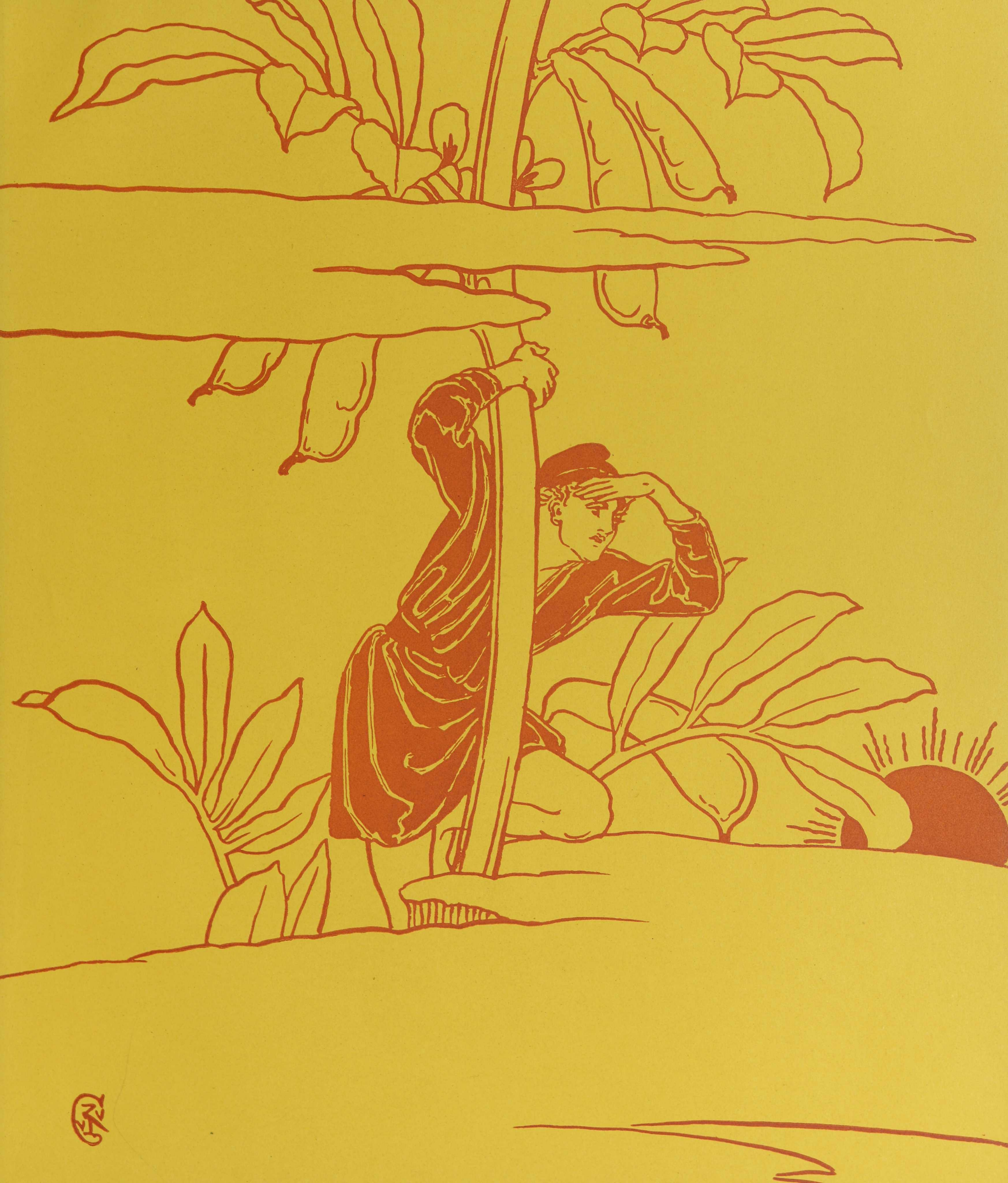
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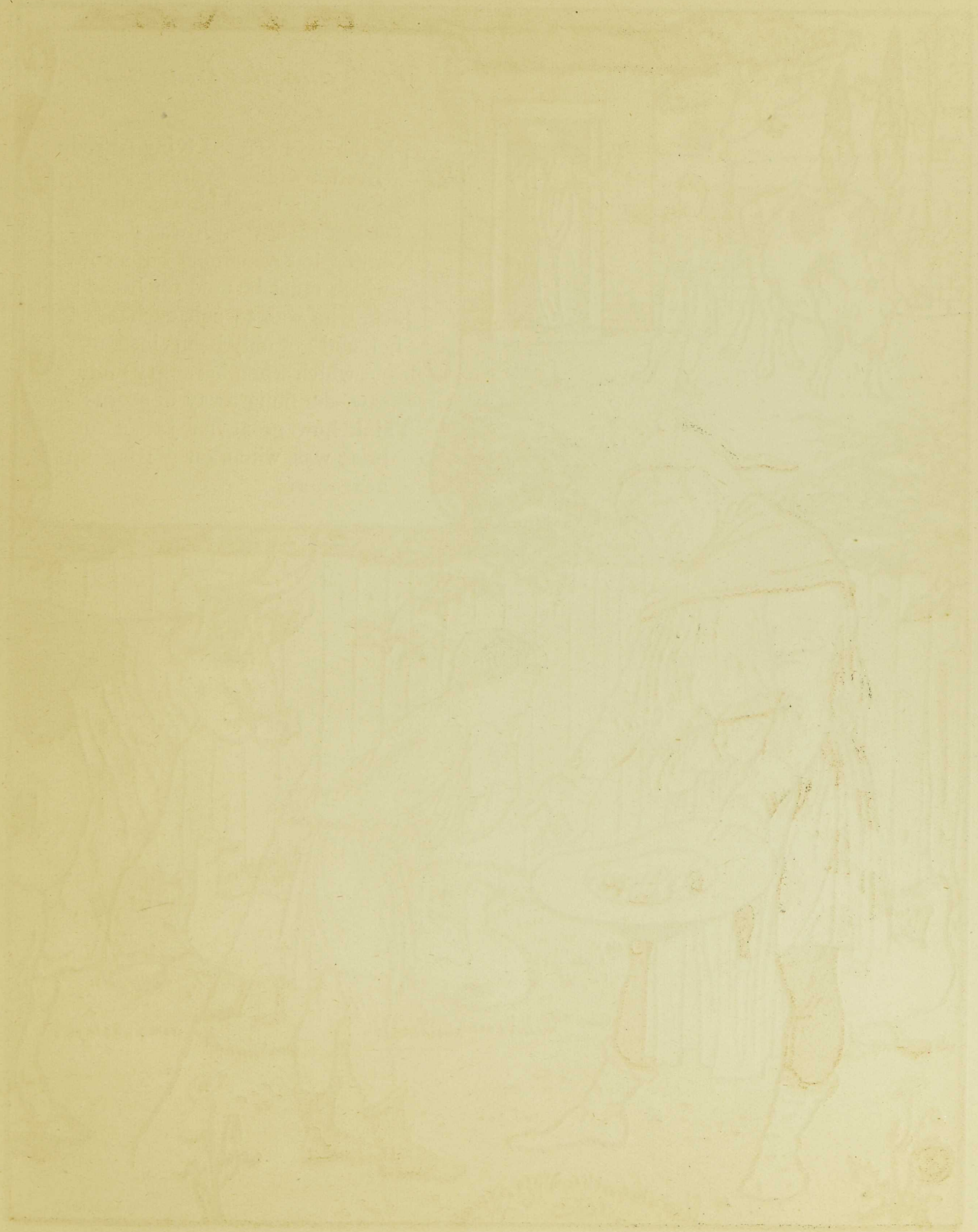
WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE BOOKS RE-ISSUE



LONDON & NEW YORK: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD







Jack and the Bean-stalk.

IN the days of good King Alfred
lived a widow with her son ;
She was kind, and he was idle, so
at last their wealth was done,
Nothing left remaining but a cow,
which must be sold for bread ;
Jack, who was to sell, exchanged
her, and got only beans instead,—
Beans, which when his angry mother
saw, she flung away in scorn :
Think how great her Jack's sur-
prise was, when, on getting up
next morn,





He perceived the beans had sprouted,—grown so very tall and high,
That the topmost of their branches
seemed to lose itself in sky.

"I must climb," cried Jack, delighted,
"it seems strong enough to bear;"
When his mother would prevent him,
no remonstrance would he hear.
Up he goes among the branches,
easy as a winding stair;
Climbing on for hours, he reaches
desert lands and bleaker air.
Was no sight or sound to cheer him,
and he very hungry grew;
As he wandered, sick and weary, an
old woman came in view:
She was old, her garments tattered,
and half blind she seemed, and
lame.

But she asked of Jack his business,
and how he in that land came.
Jack then told her all his hist'ry,
though it presently appeared
She knew rather more than he did,
and some mysteries she cleared,
As to who his father was, and how
he lost his life and wealth,
Through the baseness of a giant,
who disposed of him by stealth,
Making off with all his riches; "In
this very land," said she,
"Lives he,—all is yours, and you
must claim your property.
I will help you,—I'm a Fairy;
turn directly to the right;
If with speed you journey on,
you'll reach his house before
the night."





On he went, and reached the giant's
not at home ;
Wife permitted Jack to enter, as
Meat and drink she gave him all
house,
And at last she hid him, lest he'd
spouse,
Who, on entering, loudly stated
meat,
But was by his wife persuaded of
(Grieved I am that it consisted of
And when he his supper ended,
hen,
Who a golden egg produced with
"Lay!"
When the giant fell asleep, Jack stole

's house, and found him
call so far he'd come;
showed him over all the
tempt the hunger of her
at he plainly smelt fresh
etly his meal to eat,
ely of the flesh of men);
was brought a splendid
ne'er the giant shouted
ed the hen and ran away.



Down the bean-stalk home he hastened, and
upon the magic pelf
Long he lived, his mother also, till at last he
found himself
Quite inclined for greater riches, as he knew
an easy road ;
Up he climbed the bean-stalk ladder, and
returned with *such* a load !
But the giant nearly wakened with the bark-
ing of a dog,—
(Very lucky 'twas for Jack, that way of sleep-
ing like a log).





Bags of gold and silver Jack took
home, but still his mind did lean
Towards another prize, and journey
up the lucky stalk of bean.

Hidden in his usual corner in the
giant's house, he spied,
Bought for that great man's amuse-
ment, playing sweetly by his side
While he slept, a golden harp, which
Jack at once caught up, and ran,
But the harp with human voice cried,
"Master, master, stop this man!"
But so tipsy was the giant, though
he tried to run and bawl,
That, with all his pains, he could not
stop the flight of Jack at all.



Down the road and down the bean-
stalk swiftly ran and clambered
Jack,

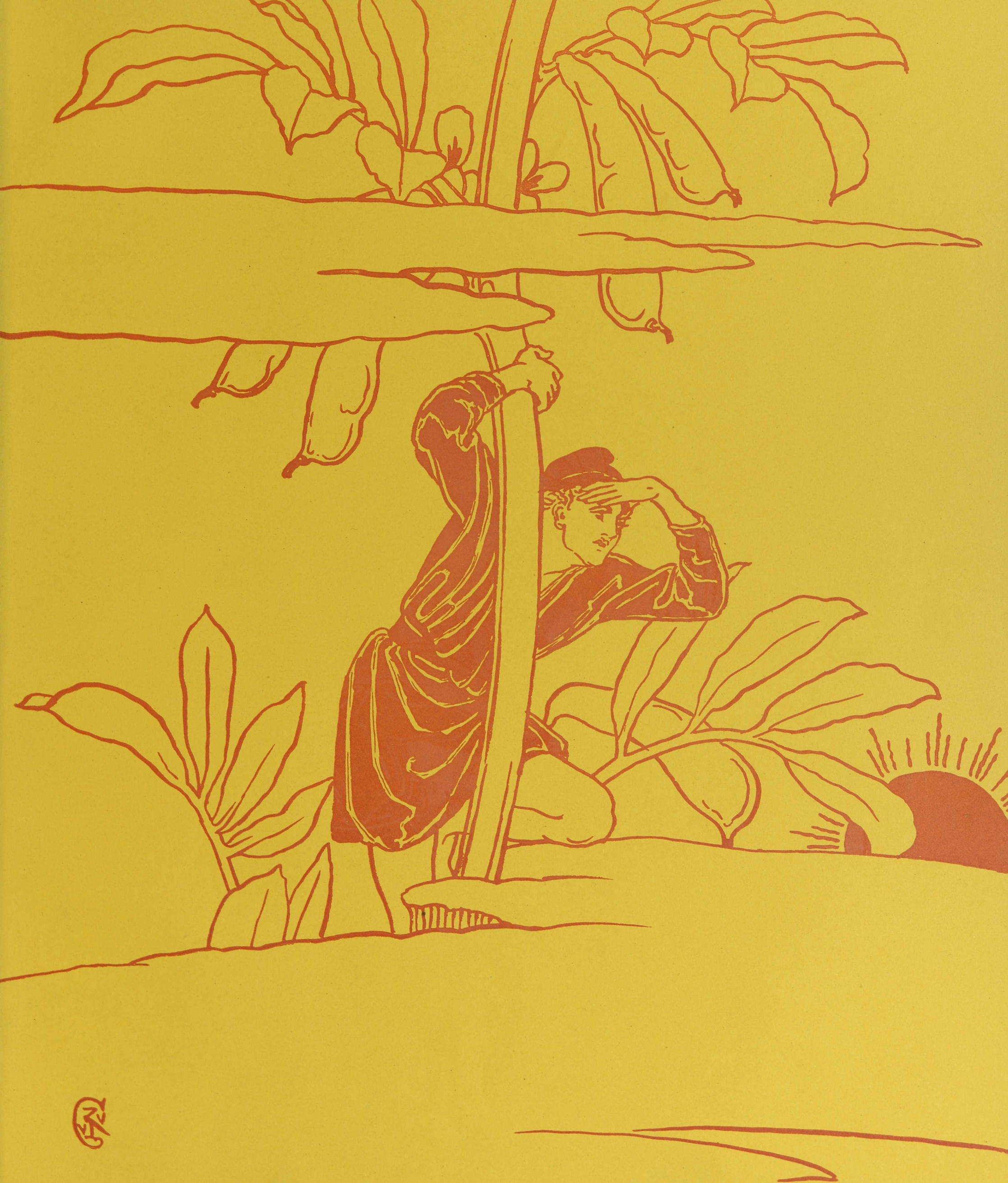
Joy was in his manly bosom, and
the harp upon his back.

Down the giant scrambles after
Jack, but little does *he* reck,—
With an axe he cuts the bean-
stalk, and the giant breaks his
neck.

After this, I need not tell you,
Jack resolved to settle down,
Stay at home, climb no more bean-
stalks, be respected in the town.







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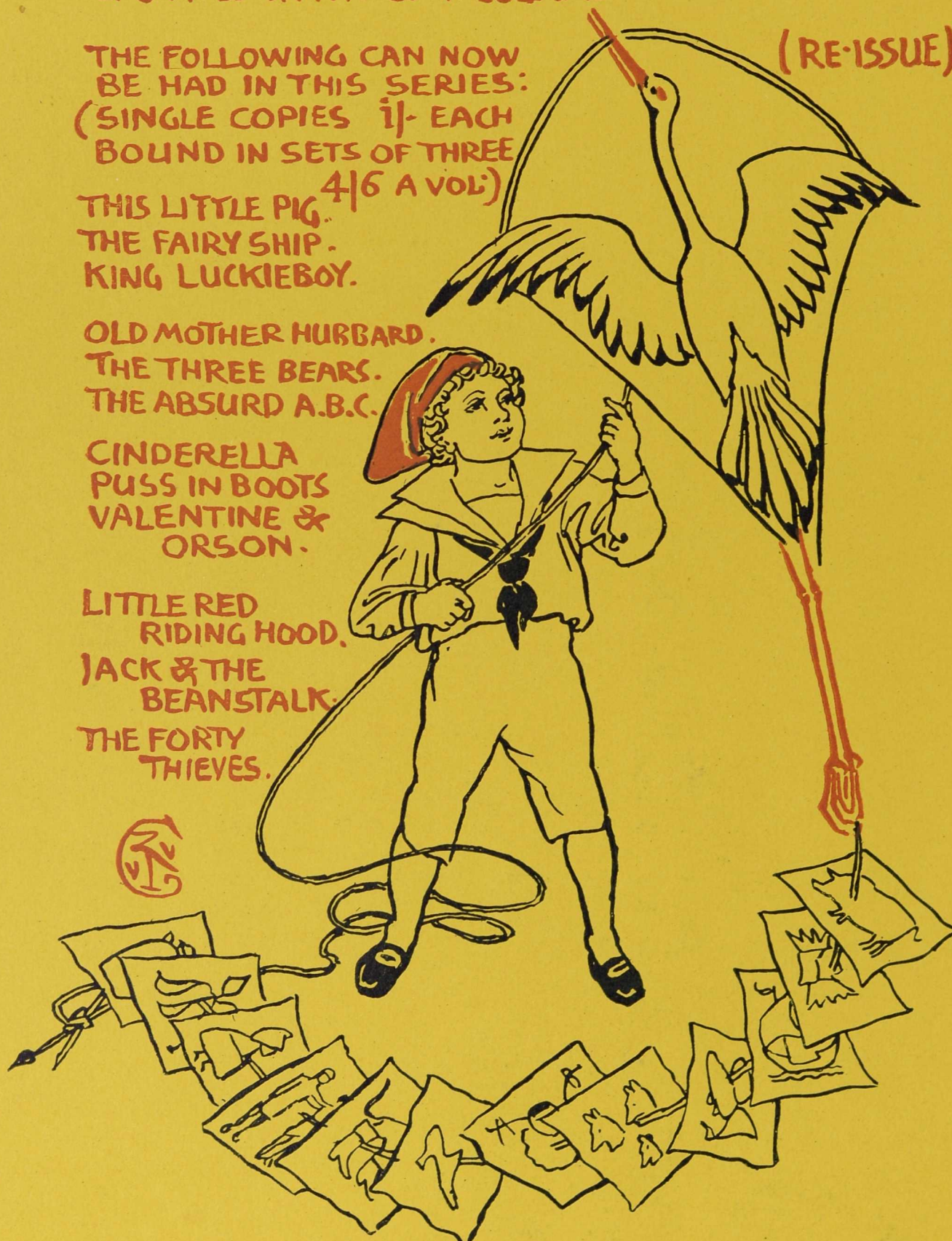
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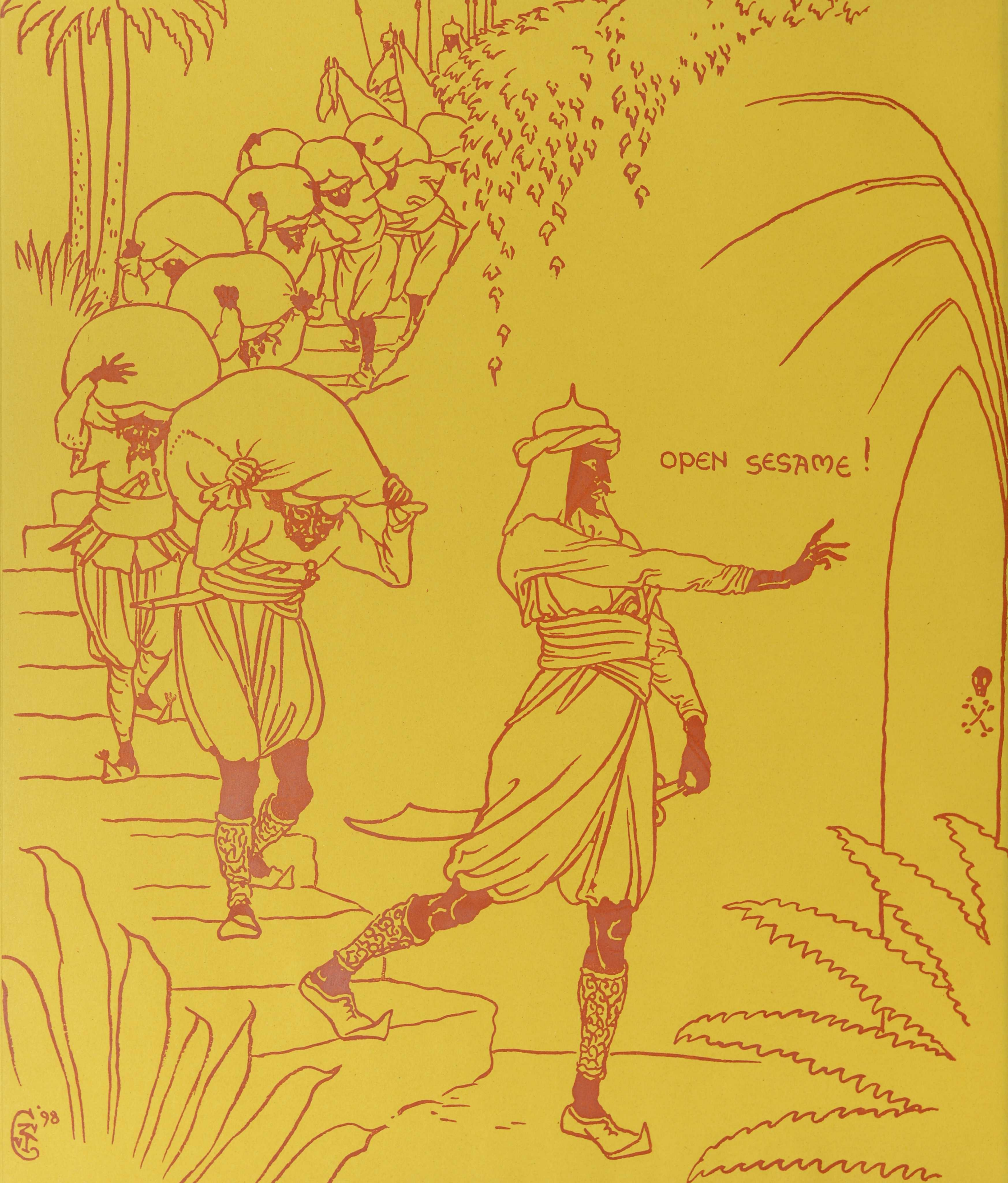
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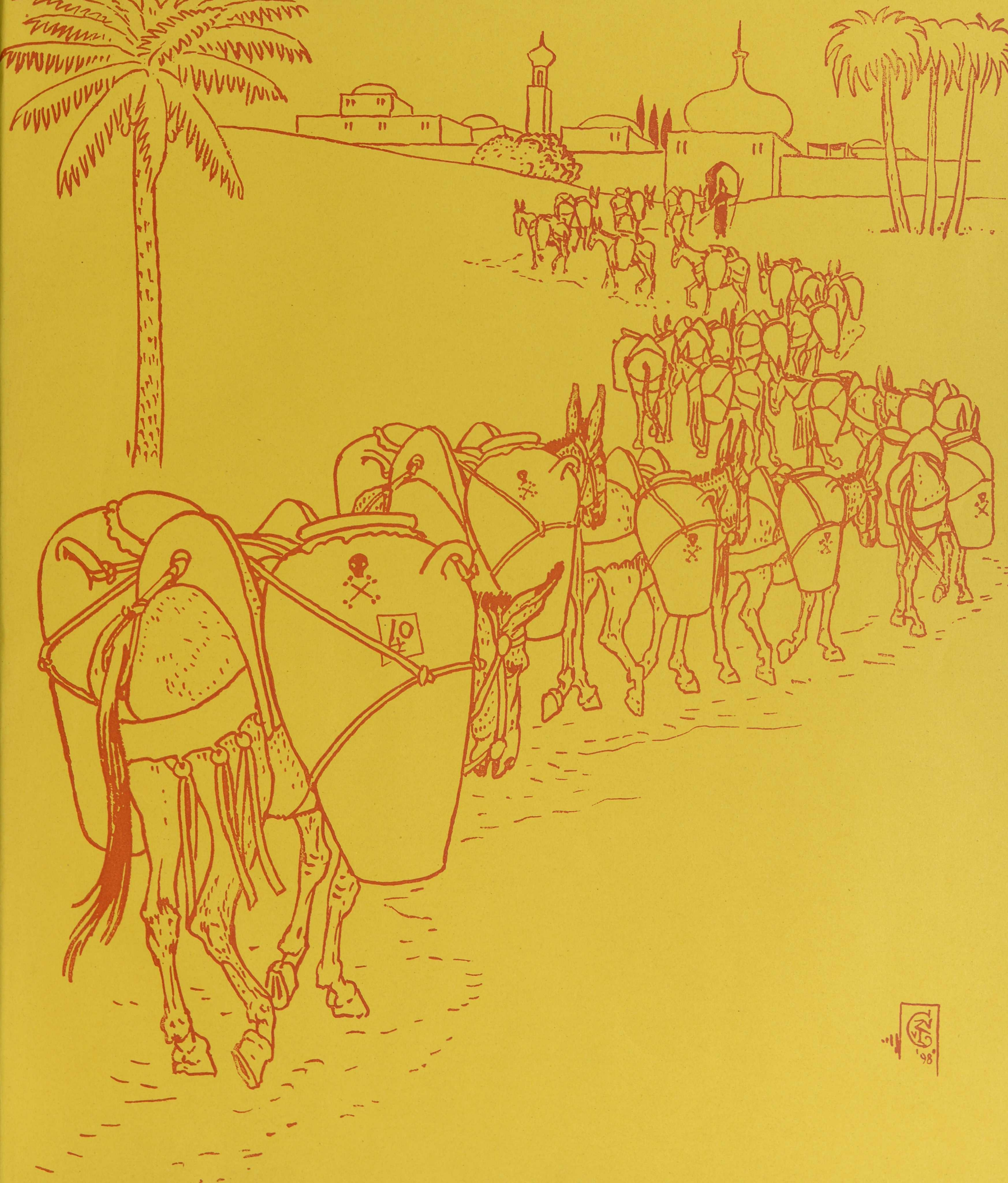
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OPEN SESAME!





ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

IN a town in Persia lived two brothers—Cassim and Ali Baba. Cassim was rich, but Ali Baba was poor, and gained his living by cutting wood, and bringing it upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day he saw some robbers in a forest; he watched them from a hiding-place, and counted forty of them; they carried bags of treasure, and hid it in a cave,

which opened for them in the solid rock on saying the words, "Open, Sesame." When they came out again, the captain said, "Shut, Sesame," and the door shut behind them, and they rode off. Then Ali Baba came down from his hiding-place, and went to the rock, and said "Open, Sesame," and a door opened, and he entered and found all manner of treasure; he carried off a quantity of gold coin, and lading his asses with it, went home. When he showed it to his wife, she wanted to measure it, to see how much they possessed, and she went to Cassim's wife to borrow a measure, and Cassim's wife lent it to her, putting some suet at the bottom of the measure.



Ali Baba and his wife then measured the gold, and buried it in the ground; and when Cassim's wife received back the measure, she found a piece of gold sticking to the suet. She told Cassim, who persuaded his brother to tell him the secret of the cave, and went next day to get treasure for himself. He entered the cave by saying, "Open, Sesame;" but when he was ready to depart, having gathered many bags together, he could not think of the magic words, and so was obliged to remain in the cave till the robbers returned, who, enraged at having had their secret discovered, killed him, and cut his body into four quarters, hanging them inside the cave. Cassim's



wife, finding that her husband did not return, went to tell Ali Baba, who at once set off to go to the cave, and on entering it discovered his brother's remains, which he carried home on one of his asses, loading the other two with bags of gold. Ali Baba then buried the body, and contrived, with the assistance of an intelligent slave named Morgiana, to make every one believe that Cassim had died a natural death. Ali Baba then married the widow, and became very rich and prosperous.

Meanwhile the forty robbers visited their cave, and finding that Cassim's body had been removed, determined not to rest until they had discovered their enemy; and



one of them undertaking the search, in which he was assisted by the Cobbler who had sewn Cassim's body together, at last found Ali Baba's house, which he marked with a piece of chalk, and returned to his fellows. When Morgiana saw the mark, she chalked several other doors in the same manner. The thieves then coming to attack the house, and not being able to distinguish it from the others, had to return to their cave; and the robber, who they thought had misled them, was put to death. Another robber then undertook the enterprise, and, being guided by the Cobbler, marked the door with red chalk, but Morgiana marked the neighbours' doors in the same



manner, and so defeated them a second time; and the second robber was put to death. The Captain then went into the town himself, and having found and carefully observed Ali Baba's house, returned to his men, and ordered them to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight leathern jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. This they did, and the Captain placing one of his men in each of the empty jars, loaded the asses with them, and drove them into the town to Ali Baba's house. Ali Baba received him hospitably; and the Captain ordered his men, who remained in their jars in the yard, to come out in the middle of the night at a signal from him. He





then went to bed; and Morgiana happening to need oil, went to help herself out of the jars of the guest; she found, instead of oil, a man in every jar but one. Determined that they should not escape, and heating a quantity of oil, she poured some into each jar, killing the robber within. So when the captain gave the signal to his men, none of them appeared, and going to the jars he found them all dead; so he went his way full of rage and despair, and returned to the cave, and there formed a project of revenge. Next day he went into the town, and hiring a warehouse, which he furnished with rich goods, became acquainted with

Ali Baba's son, who one day invited him to his father's house. On hearing that the new guest would eat no salt with his meat, Morgiana's suspicions were aroused, and she recognised him as the captain of the robbers. After dinner she undertook to perform a dance before the company, and at the end of it pointed a dagger at the captain, and then plunged it into his heart. Ali Baba was very much shocked, until Morgiana explained the reasons for her conduct; he then gave her to his son in marriage, and they lived in great prosperity and happiness ever after.





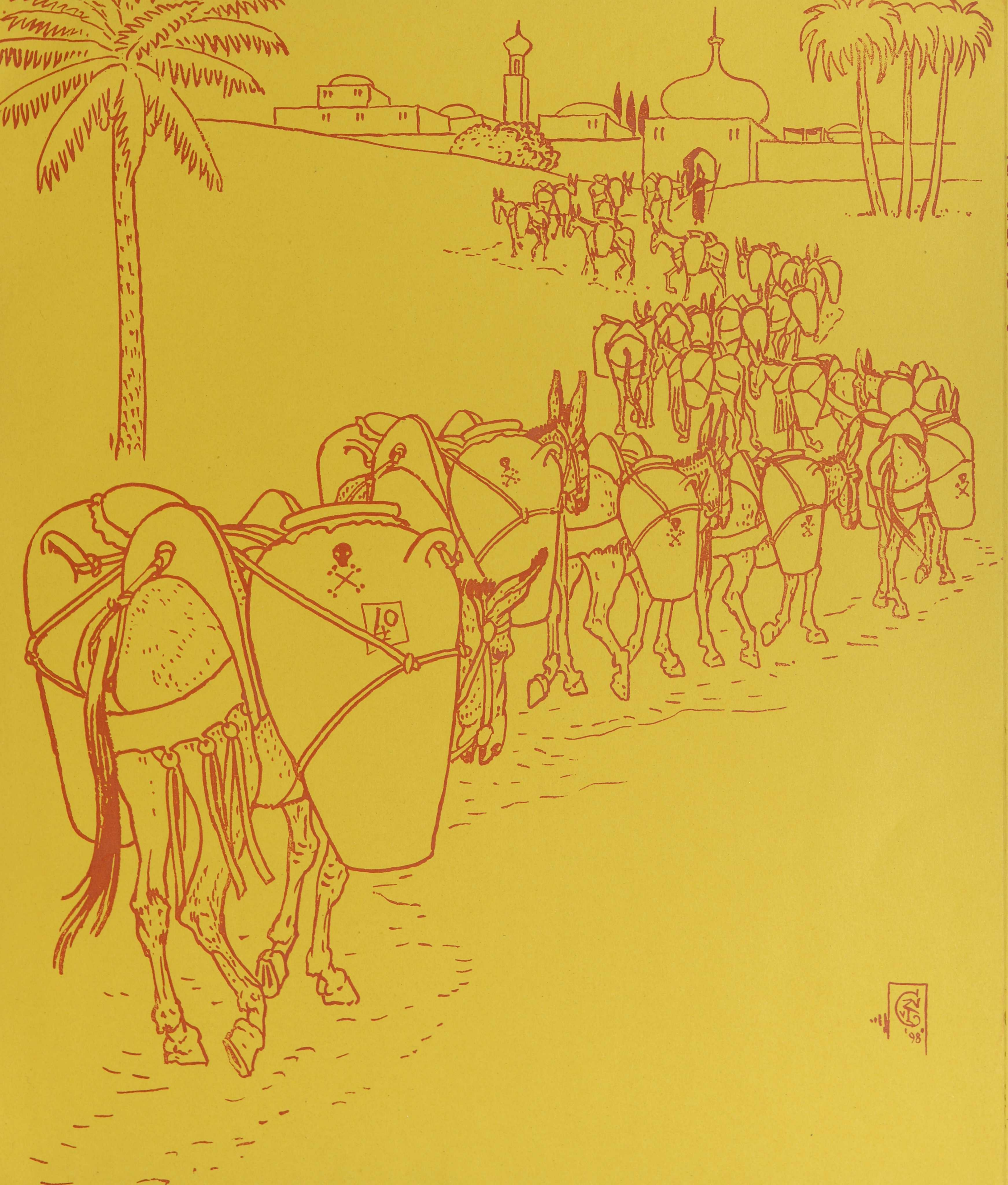
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