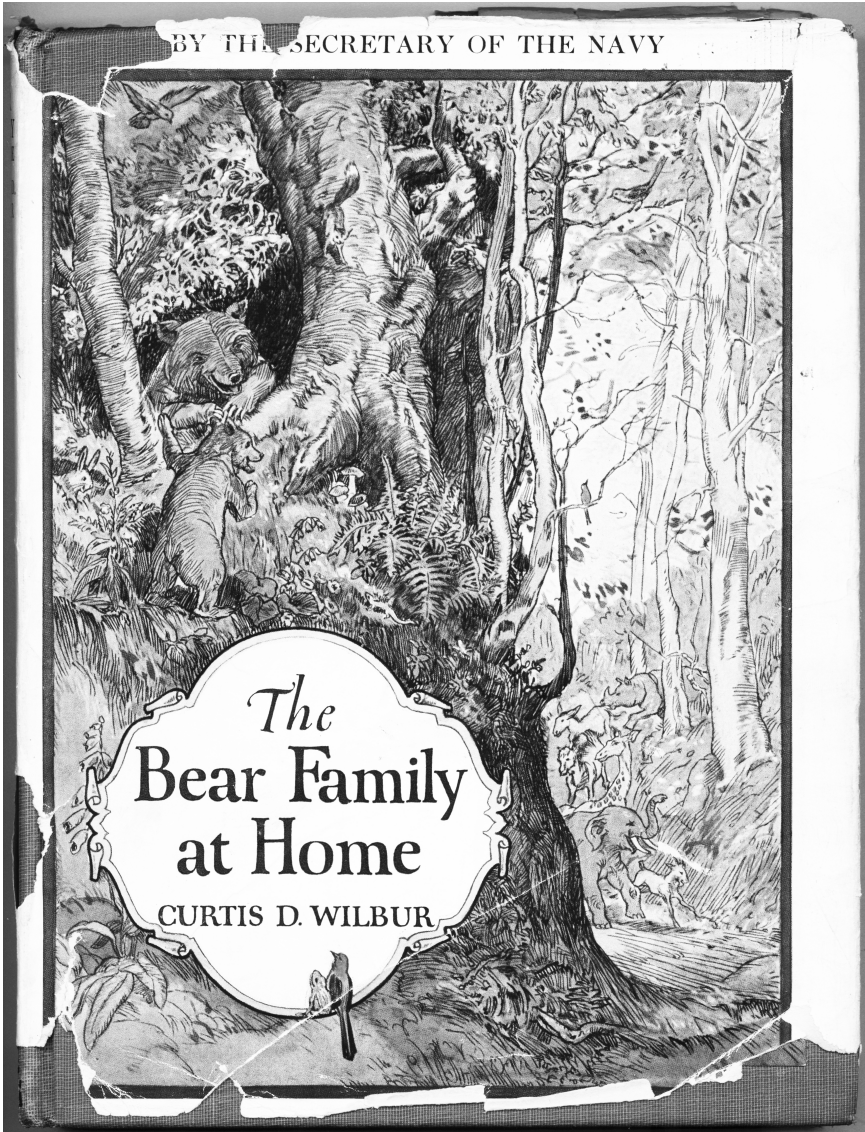


BY THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



FROM THE BAG

It is always a good thing to be afraid of a gun,  
no matter how big you may be.

## Papa Bear

*Curtis D. Wilbur, The Bear Family at Home 63 (1923)*

Pictured: The 1923 edition of "The Bear Family at Home," published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, Indiana, with the 1924 paper dust jacket.





# A GENEROUS JUDICIAL PARABOLIST

CURTIS D. WILBUR

*Ross E. Davies*

**W**E — WE LAWYERS, AT LEAST — should know Curtis Wilbur better than many of us do. He was an able, upstanding, and innovative lawyer and public servant. (He was also an imperfect human being in an imperfect world, and so he had warts. For now, though, we're going to accentuate the positive.)

Curtis Dwight Wilbur enjoyed a long life and an enviable legal career. He was born in Boonesboro, Indiana in 1867, graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1888,<sup>1</sup> and then settled in California, where he read law and was admitted to the bar in 1890. After several years in private practice and then in public service as a district attorney,<sup>2</sup> he was elected to the California bench in 1902.<sup>3</sup> He served on the Superior Court in Los Angeles for 15 years, and then on the Supreme Court of California from 1918 to 1924 (the last two years as Chief Justice).<sup>4</sup> He stepped down from

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*Ross Davies is a professor at the Scalia Law School and a Green Bag editor.*

<sup>1</sup> *Washington Observations*, Christian Science Monitor, June 8, 1926, at 5B.

<sup>2</sup> See, e.g., *Noah Lee Is Free*, L.A. Herald, Jan. 15, 1898, at 10; *A Few Members of the Los Angeles Bar*, L.A. Times, Jan. 1, 1899, at 24, 26.

<sup>3</sup> *Republican Ticket*, L.A. Times, Nov. 2, 1902, Part IV, at 2; *Wilbur on Bench*, L.A. Times, Nov. 13, 1902, Part II, at 2.

<sup>4</sup> *Wilbur Appointed to State Supreme Bench*, S.F. Chronicle, Jan. 6, 1918, at 1; *Wilbur Takes Oath As Chief Justice*, Oakland Tribune, Jan. 13, 1923, at 1.



*Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur (right) with his Coolidge Cabinet colleague Attorney General Harlan Fiske Stone at the White House in 1924.*

the court to accept from President Calvin Coolidge a commission as U.S. Secretary of the Navy,<sup>5</sup> a position he held until March 1929.<sup>6</sup> In May 1929, President Herbert Hoover appointed him to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, and he moved back to California and back on-

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<sup>5</sup> *Justice Wilbur Sworn in as Secretary of the Navy*, L.A. Times, Mar. 20, 1924, at 1.

<sup>6</sup> *New Secretary of Navy Takes Oath*, Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Mar. 6, 1929, at 2.

## A Generous Judicial Parabolist

to the bench.<sup>7</sup> He took senior status on the Ninth Circuit in 1945 and died in office in 1954.<sup>8</sup>

Along the way, Wilbur was involved in a pretty wide range of important developments in the law. An early-career example: During his tenure on the California Superior Court, he initiated in Los Angeles what would now be called diversion programs for juvenile offenders, and he drafted and campaigned for legislation creating a modern juvenile justice system.<sup>9</sup> A late-career example: During the New Deal revolution, a divided Ninth Circuit panel ruled against the National Labor Relations Board in *NLRB v. Mackay Radio & Telegraph Co.* Writing in support of that judgment, but only for himself, Wilbur found that the National Labor Relations Act unconstitutionally infringed the parties' freedom of contract guaranteed by the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment and the right to a jury trial guaranteed by the Seventh Amendment. The Supreme Court ruled for the NLRB, reversed the Ninth Circuit, and resoundingly rejected Wilbur's reading of the NLRA and the Constitution. (*Mackay Radio* nevertheless turned out to be a great disappointment for organized labor because of its treatment of striker replacements.)<sup>10</sup>

Much more could be said about Wilbur, both as an actor in law and government, and as a cultural figure. In the limited space remaining here, however, the focus will be on Wilbur as a storytelling philanthropist.

He was, apparently, an attentive and creative parent who was well-known in Los Angeles for the bedtime parables he made up for his children.

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<sup>7</sup> *California Jurist Back on Bench*, L.A. Times, May 7, 1929, Part I, at 4. A few months later there were rumors of a nomination to a seat on the U.S. Supreme Court, but it went to Owen J. Roberts instead. Peter G. Fish, *Perspectives on the Selection of Federal Judges*, 77 Kentucky L.J. 545, 560-61 & n.75 (1988-89).

<sup>8</sup> Federal Judicial Center, *History of the Federal Judiciary: Judges*, [www.fjc.gov/history/judges/wilbur-curtis-dwight](http://www.fjc.gov/history/judges/wilbur-curtis-dwight).

<sup>9</sup> See, e.g., *Juvenile Court in Los Angeles*, Minneapolis Journal, Mar. 31, 1905, at 19; *Judge Wilbur Reviews Boys*, L.A. Times, June 30, 1906, Part II, at 2; *For Parental Court Mercy*, L.A. Times, Jan. 17, 1909, Part II, at 15; *Day of Swift Kick Is Gone*, L.A. Times, June 18, 1909, Part II, at 8.

<sup>10</sup> 87 F.2d 611 (9th Cir. 1937), *rev'd* 304 U.S. 333 (1938); see, e.g., William Feldesman, *Dictum Carried to Extremes: Mackay Radio Revisited*, 12 Labor Lawyer 197 (Summer/Fall, 1996); Michael H. LeRoy, *The Post-Industrial American Labor Movement*, 62 Geo. Wash. L. Rev. 486, 496-97 & n.59 (1994).

According to a December 1905 article in the *Los Angeles Herald* about the first commercial publication of Wilbur's little morality tales,

The stories are decidedly original and interesting for old as well as young. The judge first told the stories to his babies and then at the request of Mrs. L.M. Vance, matron of the Helpful Boarding hall for boys, he had the edition printed for holiday display.<sup>11</sup>

In a handwritten note to Vance (which was included in that "edition printed for holiday display"), Wilbur explained at greater length:

Los Angeles, Cal. October 25 1905

Mrs. L.M. Vance  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Mrs. Vance:

With reference to the proposed publication of my "Bear Stories" in the interest of your "Boarding Home for Boys"; I beg leave to say that you are welcome to publish the stories and to devote the entire proceeds to your boys. I wish that my circumstances justified me in extending more substantial help to your Home for Boys.

The Bear Stories are the result of the request heard so often by every parent "Tell me a bear story papa"; and are the stories most enjoyed by my own children – a girl and three boys.

Wishing you success I am  
Most Sincerely Yours  
Curtis D. Wilbur<sup>12</sup>

By "in the interest of your 'Boarding Home for Boys'" Wilbur meant that he would be donating the proceeds from the sale of that "edition printed for holiday display" – it was a pamphlet of bear stories, really – to Vance's worthy cause.<sup>13</sup>

Two years later, Wilbur was still just as generous. In December 1907, the *Los Angeles Times* reported on a new edition of Wilbur's pamphlet:

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<sup>11</sup>*Bear Stories Published*, L.A. Herald, Dec. 17, 1905, Part II, at 4.

<sup>12</sup>Appendix, page 389 below.

<sup>13</sup>*Bear Stories Published*, L.A. Herald, Dec. 17, 1905, Part II, at 4 ("The proceeds from the sale of the books are to go to the boys' boarding school.").

## A Generous Judicial Parabolist

This is the third edition of Juvenile Court Judge Wilbur's interesting bear stories for little ones, and it is beautifully illustrated. . . . When looking for Christmas presents for the little ones do not omit to include several of these bear story books in your purchase, for you will not only please the recipients but help a good cause. Judge Wilbur has donated the book to the Working Boys' Club [run by Mrs. L.M. Vance] . . . .<sup>14</sup>

Thereafter, Wilbur continued his good works for children, including some that involved bears and story-telling.<sup>15</sup> He also continued to write bear stories, and he began placing them.<sup>16</sup>

Not surprisingly, this accumulation of public praise and well-received material inspired a more ambitious collection of bear stories. So, 1907 became — as best I can tell — the last year for Wilbur's little *Bear Stories* pamphlet, and 1908 saw the publication a full-sized, book-length, 57-story volume, *The Bear Family at Home and How the Circus Came to Visit Them*. The big new hardcover book was a sequel to the little old pamphlet. *Bear Stories* was about a little bear that was taken from the forest to a circus; *The Bear Family at Home* was about his return home, and the arrival of circus animals in the forest.

Wilbur's big new book was, it seems, a success. The 1908 edition, printed by a West Coast publisher (see page 386), was followed by a 1912 edition printed by an East Coast publisher (see page 387), which was in turn followed by a 1923 edition printed by a major national publisher, Bobbs-Merrill, that managed to use a paper dust jacket to capitalize on Wilbur's appointment as Secretary of the Navy in 1924 (see page 379).

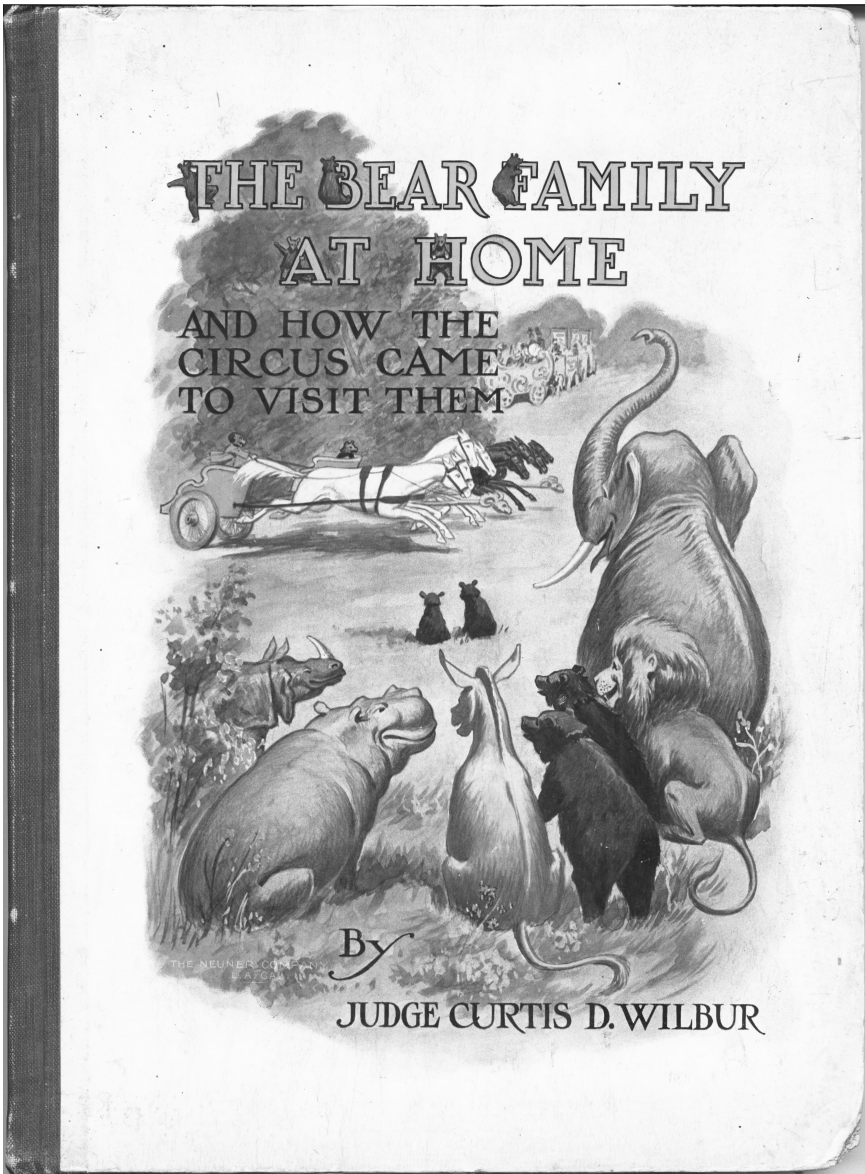
Enough copies of *The Bear Family at Home* found their way into circulation to make for a healthy supply today in used bookshops and on the internet. Alas, the same cannot be said for original *Bear Stories* pamphlet, which is practically impossible to find. That is why the *Green Bag* has reprinted the whole thing here, in an Appendix to this little article.

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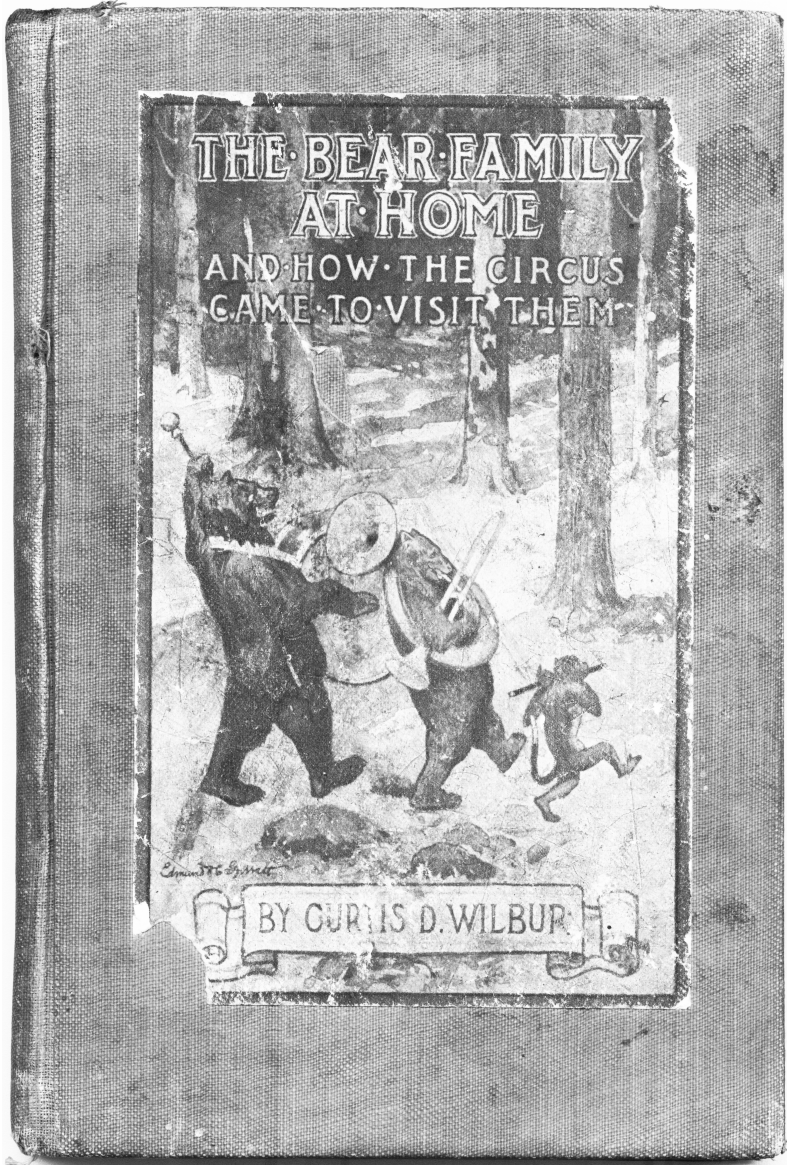
<sup>14</sup> *Fresh Literature*, L.A. Sunday Times, Dec. 15, 1907, Part VI, at 16.

<sup>15</sup> See, e.g., *Crowded Night of Enjoyment*, L.A. Times, Mar. 8, 1908, Part II, at 12 ("telling of bear stories by Judge Curtis D. Wilbur" at fundraising event for the Working Boys' Home); *Judge Tells Bear Story*, L.A. Times, June 14, 1908, Part V, at 13; *Kind Hearts*, L.A. Times, Feb. 15, 1909, Part V, at 4.

<sup>16</sup> See, e.g., Curtis D. Wilbur, *The Bear Family at Home*, St. Nicholas: An Illustrated Magazine For Young Folks, 453 (Mar. 1908) & 550 (Apr. 1908).

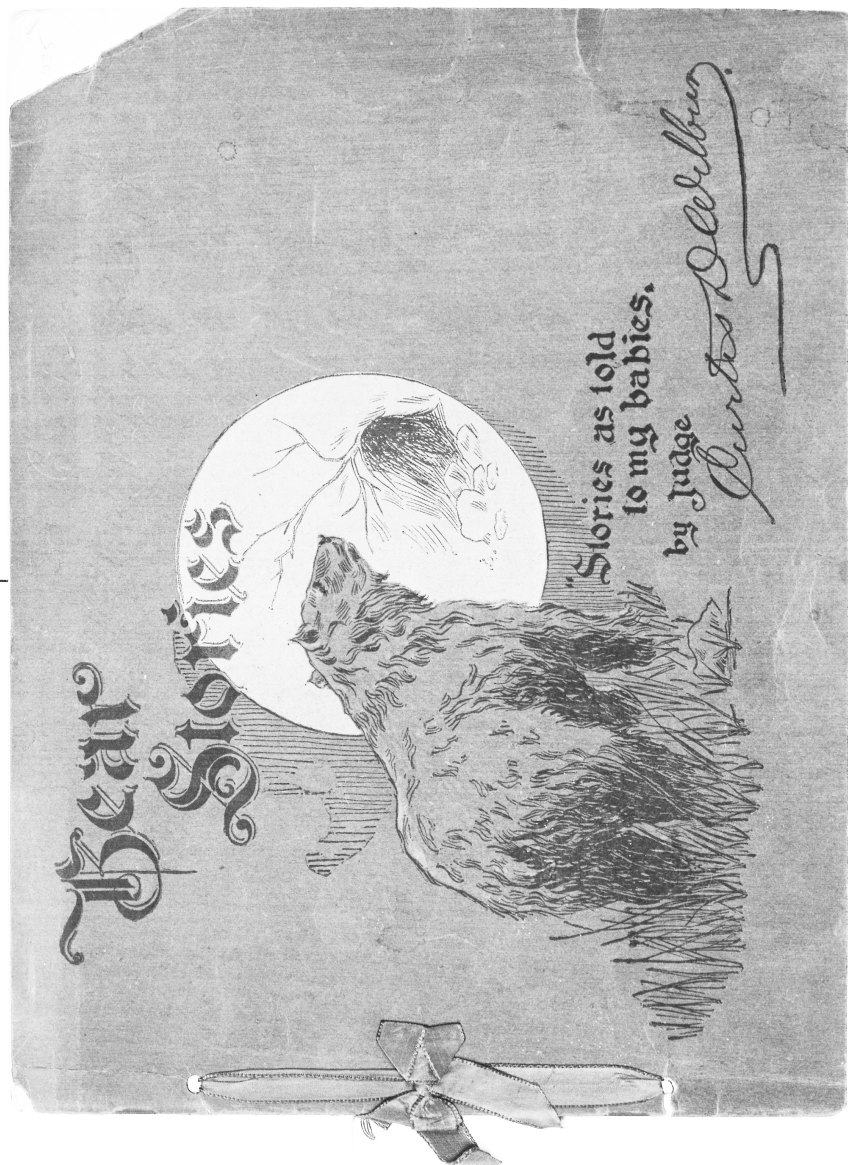


The cover of the 1908 edition of "The Bear Family at Home," published by The Neuner Company of Los Angeles, California.



*The cover of the 1912 edition of “The Bear Family at Home,” published by Le Roy Phillips of Boston, Massachusetts.*

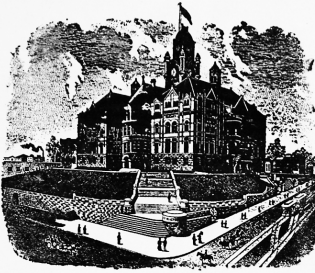
## APPENDIX: BEAR STORIES



From the Cotsen Children's Library, Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Princeton University Library.



# Bear Stories



OFFICE OF

## JUVENILE COURT

OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

*Curtis D. Wilbur, Judge*  
Department 2  
County Court House  
*A. C. Hodges,*  
Chief Probation Officer  
Detention Home, New High St.

COMMITTEE  
H. H. Klamroth, Chairman  
Pasadena, Cal.  
Mrs. W. J. Washburn, Secretary  
4000 Pasadena Ave.  
Leonard Merrill, Treasurer  
110 Douglas Bldg.  
Mrs. Nora McCartney,  
847 Orange St.  
Mrs. J. R. Sartori,  
725 E. 28th St.  
Miss Evelyn Stoddart,  
1052 Beacon St.

Los Angeles, Cal. *Oct 25 1905*

Mrs. L. M. Vance.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Mrs. Vance:

With reference to the proposed publication of my "Bear Stories" in the interest of your "Boarding Home for Boys", I beg leave to say that you are welcome to publish the stories and to devote the entire proceeds to your boys. I wish that my circumstances justified me in extending more substantial help to your Home for Boys.

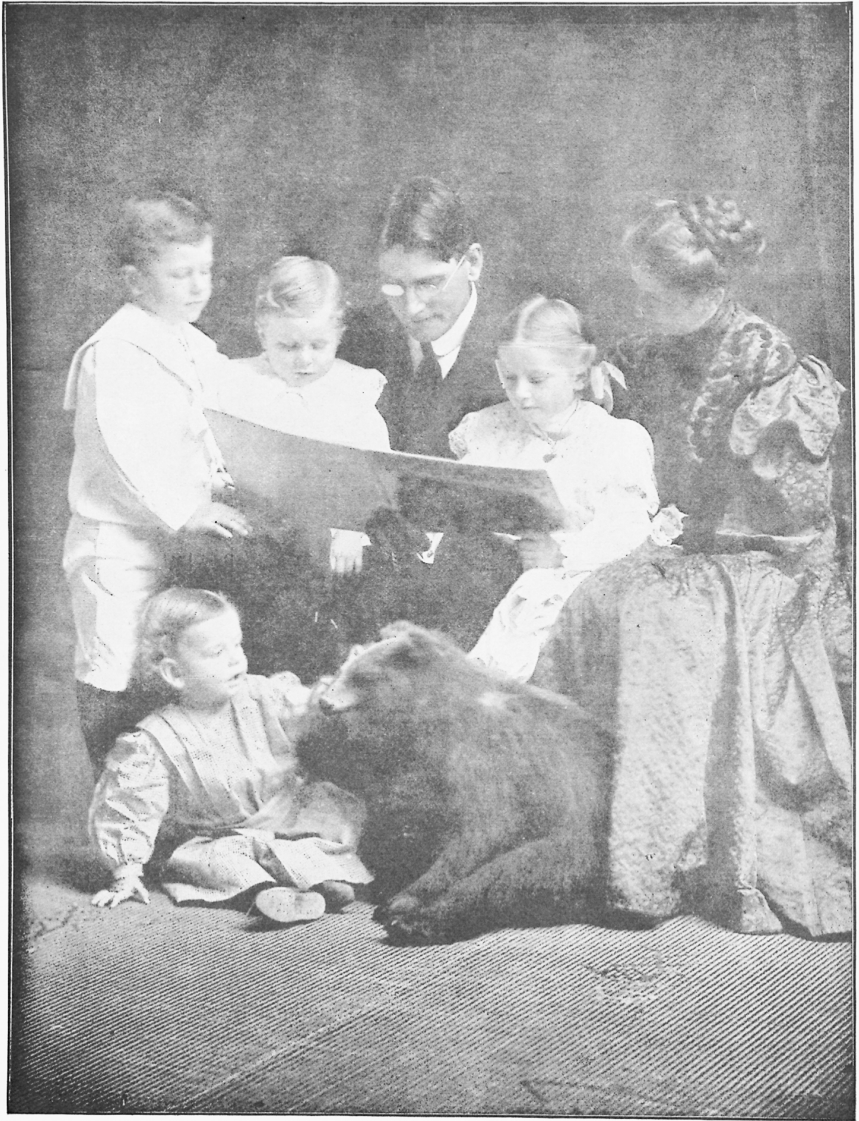
The Bear Stories are the result of the request heard so often by every parent "Tell me a bear story Papa"; and are the stories most enjoyed by my own children; - a girl and three boys -

wishing you success I am  
Most Sincerely Yours  
*Arthur O. Leach*



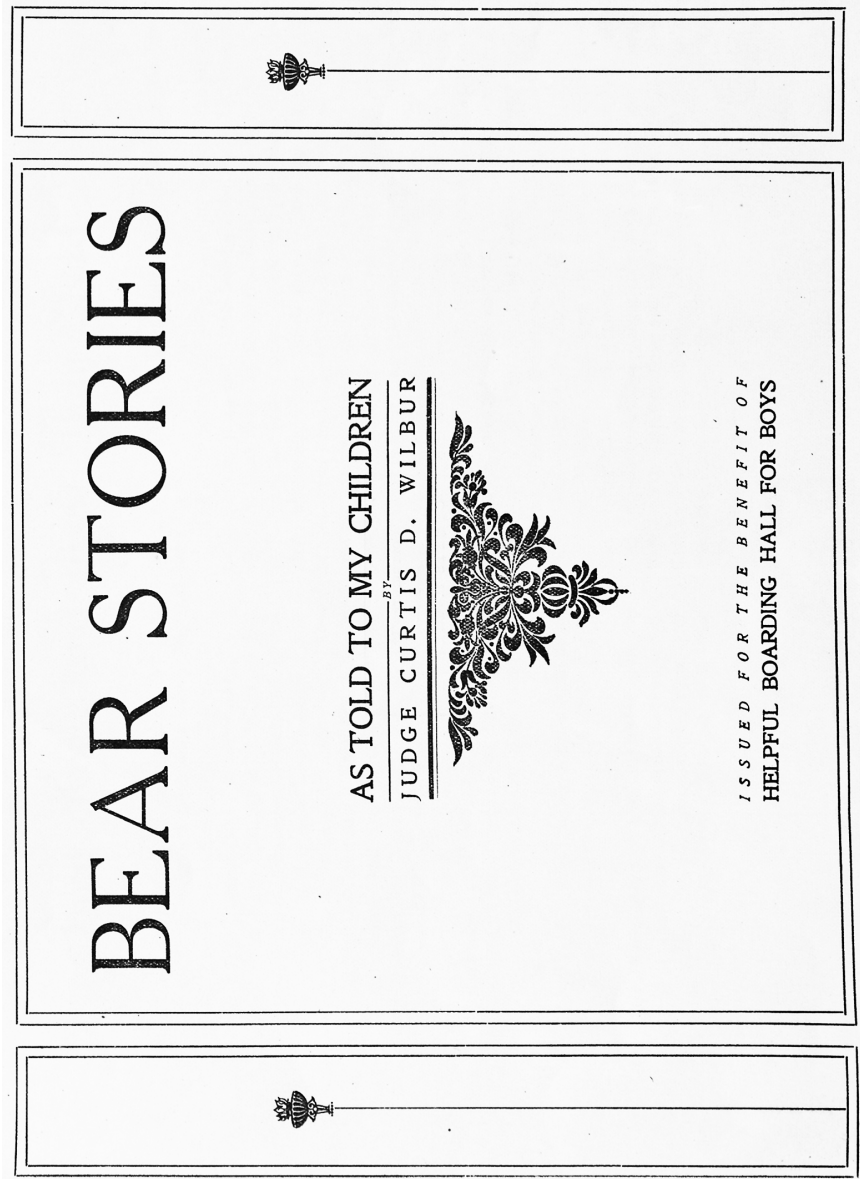
THE LITTLE CUB BEARS

## *Bear Stories*



JUDGE WILBUR AND HIS OWN BEARS

"Once there was a family of Bears—Papa Bear, Mama Bear, Susie Bear, Johnnie Bear, Jimmie Bear and a Little Cub Bear."

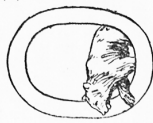


*Bear Stories*



COPYRIGHTED 1905  
—BY—  
CURTIS D. WILBUR

## Their Home and How They Lived



NCE there was a family of bears which lived way, way up on a mountain peak in a cave; Papa Bear, Mama Bear, Susie Bear, Little Jimmy Bear, Little Johnnie Bear and Little Baby Bear, called "The Little Cub Bear." What do you suppose you would have seen if you had looked in that cave? It was a dark, dark cave. You would have seen twelve balls of fire, two for each bear. You know the bears' eyes in the dark look like balls of fire.

Papa Bear and Mama Bear had lived in this cave a long while. The little girl bear, called "Susie Bear" and the three boy bears, Jimmy, Johnny and "The Little Cub Bear," were all born in that cave.

What do you suppose the bears ate? They ate all kinds of berries; strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, huckleberries, gooseberries and all the kinds of berries that they could find. And they ate honey too.

Once in a while the bear would bring home a little meat, and what kind of meat do you suppose it was? A little pig or a little bit of a sheep, or a lamb.

There were only a few people who lived anywhere near the bears and the bears kept away from them as much as they could. Once in a long, long while, on a very dark night, Papa Bear would go down and see if he couldn't get a little pig or a little

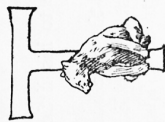
lamb, or something of that kind to bring home to his little baby bears.

The little bears used to play around home in the cave but never went very far away from home. They almost always did what the Papa Bear and the Mama Bear told them to do. The little bears learned a great many things about the woods, about the trees, about the bushes. They learned where the berries grew, learned how to wash their faces and their hands—their hands are called paws, you know—and they learned to walk and stand up on their hind feet; but they never learned to read or repeat poetry, and they never saw an engine or an electric car or an automobile or a bicycle or a motorcycle or a balloon or an airship, or any other kind of a ship, but they saw little foxes, little chipmonks, and all kinds of birds. They saw red squirrels and gray squirrels, and quails and woodcocks, and one time they saw a great big grizzly bear. They were terribly frightened, because a grizzly bear is much larger than a brown bear, and these bears were little brown bears.

I would like to tell you some stories about these bears, I will tell you how little Jimmie Bear lost a foot, and how little Johnny Bear took a long, long ride on a locomotive, and what happened to the Papa Bear and the Mama Bear, and how little Cub Bear went to the circus. The first story I will tell you is about the Papa Bear and the Monster.



# How Papa Bear Fought The Monster



**T**HIS story is about the Papa Bear, and about his fight with a terrible monster that made the most awful noises, and breathed out smoke and fire. No it was not a dragon.

One day little Cub Bear looked out of the mouth of the cave, where the bears lived, and was just going out to look for some huckleberries, when he saw a man standing quite a long way off. The man was standing still and holding a funny-looking stick with white and red stripes around it.

The Little Cub Bear had never seen a man, so he said to himself: "What a funny animal that is." Then the Little Cub Bear called to his Papa:

"Oh! Papa, come and see this funny animal. It looks like a bear. It has no fur on except on top of its head, and under its nose. It is standing on its hind feet and holding onto a red and white pole with its fore feet."

The Papa Bear ran quickly to the mouth of the cave and looked out. Then he grabbed the Little Cub Bear by the neck and pulled him back quickly and said with a growl:

"That's a man, Little Cub Bear. You must not let him catch you or he will take your skin to wrap his own little boy in."

Papa went to the mouth of the cave and he looked out again and saw another man and he

was stooping over and pecking through a long, brass tube mounted on three legs (transit) and making motions with his hands to the other man. Now these men were getting ready for that awful monster to come, but the bears didn't know it.

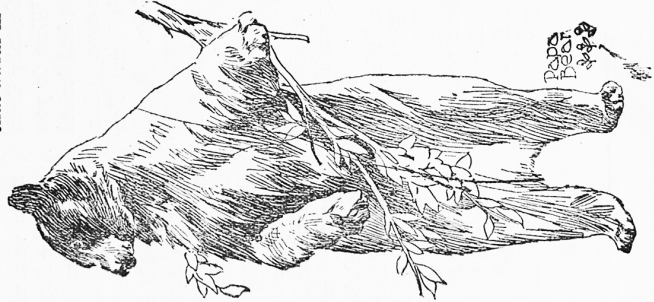
The Papa Bear came back and told what he had seen and the Mama Bear said: "I wonder what they are doing," and Jimmy Bear said, "I wonder what they are doing," and Johnnie Bear said, "I wonder what they are doing," and Susie Bear said, "I wonder what they are doing," and the Little Cub Bear said, "I am afraid."

Can you guess what they were doing? Surveying.

A long time after the Little Cub Bear was looking out of the cave and saw a lot of men. They had axes and they chopped, and chopped until they cut down all the trees along the great path as wide as a street and as far as the Little Cub Bear could see and just where the other men had gone with the red and white stick. My, what a noise those great trees made when they fell. Smash! Crack!

That night the Bears all went down, smelled the men's tracks and they wondered why it was.

You see, the men were getting ready for the monster to come, but the little bears didn't know that and so Mama Bear said, "I wonder what they are doing," and Jimmy Bear said, "I wonder what they are doing," and Johnnie Bear said, "I wonder what they are doing," and Susie Bear:



said, "I wonder what they are doing," and what do you suppose Little Cub Bear said? He said, "I'm afraid."

One day soon after the bears looked out and saw a great many men with horses and plows, and scrapers and wagons, and the men and horses worked, and plowed, and scraped the dirt. And every once in a while the bears would hear a great bang! and see a great stump jump up into the air and come down—smash!

My, how frightened the bears were; they had never heard dynamite before. At night the men made music and whistled and sang, but finally they got through and went away.

The very night the men and horses left, the bears all went down to see what the men had been doing. All except the Little Cub Bear, who said he was afraid to go. And what do you suppose those bears saw? A long dirt road, very smooth and as level as your floor. They couldn't see the end of the road, and they walked and walked, but they didn't get to the end.

You see the bears didn't know the men were making a road for the terrible monster to come on. Then the bears went home and the Papa Bear scratched his head and said:

"I wonder why the men made that road," and the Mama Bear scratched her head and said: "I wonder why the men made that road," and little Jimmy Bear scratched his head and said: "I wonder why the men made that road," and little Johnnie Bear scratched his head and said: "I wonder why the men made that road," and little Susie Bear scratched her head and said: "I wonder why the men made that road." The Little Cub Bear was sound asleep and seemed to be dreaming, but he said something in his sleep, and what do you suppose he said.

"I'm afraid, I'm afraid!" and he commenced to cry, so the Papa Bear had to wake him up and tell him not to be afraid; that his papa would not let the men hurt him.

One day the Little Cub Bear looked out of the cave and saw a column of smoke, and called to the Papa Bear: "Papa, the woods are on fire."

The bears all rushed to the mouth of the cave and looked out and saw the smoke, and they heard an awful coughing sound, Cough! Cough! Cough! Cough! Cough! Cough! and then a terrible scream, t-o-o-t! t-o-o-t! toot-toot!

What do you suppose it was?

Yes, it was the terrible monster.

The bears were terribly frightened and they ran back in the cave, and the Papa Bear said:

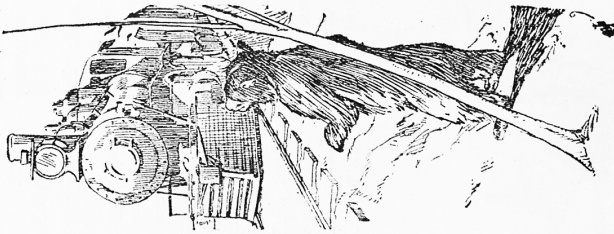
"I wonder what that was," and the Mama Bear said: "I wonder what that was," and little Susie Bear said: "I wonder what that was," and Jimmy Bear and Johnnie Bear said together: "I wonder what that was," and what do you suppose the Little Cub Bear said?

Well, he didn't say anything, so they looked around and couldn't find the Little Cub Bear. They all commenced to look for him and finally the Papa Bear reached into a very small hole way back in the back part of the cave, and what do you suppose he found? The little Cub Bear.

Papa Bear pulled him out and he commenced to whimper and put his hands over his ears and said, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

No wonder the poor little bear was afraid, because he had never seen a locomotive before.

Well the smoke came nearer and nearer day by day, until one day the bears looked down and saw the Terrible Monster, breathing out smoke and fire, and saw a lot of men working and





hammering, and shoveling and making a great noise, such as the bears had never heard before. After a while the Terrible Monster went away with all the men and the woods were very still.

That night the bears all went down to the dirt road and what do you suppose they found? Rails and ties as far as they could see. A railroad.

The Little Cub Bear, as soon as he saw the rails, said: "I'm afraid, I'm afraid," and scampered home as fast as he could go.

What do you suppose happened?

Well, while the bears were all standing on the track they heard again the coughing and screaming of the Terrible Monster. Cough! Cough! Toot! Toot! and the Mama Bear and the little bears scampered home as fast as they could, but Papa Bear said: "I'm not afraid, I'll fight this monster."

So he stayed on the track.

Soon the monster came in sight and the bear saw he had only one eye and it was very bright, and as big as the moon. The monster screamed and coughed, and roared.

The poor Papa Bear's heart beat very fast, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, but he stayed on the track and as the monster came nearer and nearer, the Papa Bear rose on his hind feet and prepared to strike a terrible blow.

He didn't know that the monster was made of iron and steel.

Well, just as the monster was almost on the bear, the engineer and the firemen saw him.

Each pulled a rope and the whistle blew toot! toot! and the bell rang ding! dang!! such a terrible noise the poor Papa Bear lost his courage and gave a great leap off the track, just as the monster went thundering by.

What do you suppose would have happened if the bear had not jumped when he did? There would have been nothing left of him but little bits of bear meat.

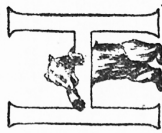
I think it was a good thing the bear was not too brave, don't you?

One day the little Johnnie bear took a long ride on the locomotive and never came back, but that's another story and I'll tell you about it another time.



Cub Bear - "I'm Afraid."

# Johnnie Bear's Ride on the Locomotive



HOW WOULD you like to hear about Johnnie Bear's ride on a locomotive? Well, one night the little Johnnie Bear went down to the railway track and found a locomotive standing on the track. Little Johnnie Bear walked all around the locomotive and found nobody there, then little Johnnie Bear thought he would see what was inside the engine, and he climbed up into the coal car and, after looking around a while, the place was so still and so dark that little Johnnie Bear lay down and went to sleep.

After he had been asleep a long time the fireman came and got on the locomotive and started to build a fire under the boiler. Little Johnnie Bear waked up at once, but he was afraid to jump out, and so Johnnie Bear stayed there and watched to see what the man would do.

Soon the fire commenced to burn with a roar that frightened the little bear, but he was afraid to jump out, and so he waited and waited. The fireman reached up and touched the boiler. Hiss-s-s! S-s-s-s! S-s-s-s! (Steam gauge.)

My, how little Johnnie Bear jumped! wouldn't you jump too?

Soon the engineer came and he reached up and gave a yank, and the engine gave a great cough: Cough!!! Cough!!! Cough-cough!!! and the engine started to move.

Poor little Bear. How frightened he was! And then the firemen reached up and pulled a rope and Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!! Ding! Dong!! went the bell.

Poor little Johnnie Bear. He was

so frightened he went back as far as he could and covered his ears and his eyes with his paws and trembled all over.

After a while the locomotive came to a road crossing. "Toot!! Toot!! Toot!! Toot!!" an awful scream, and the little bear jumped clear around and put his head in the corner, and didn't move until the engine stopped and the fireman and engineer left. Then the little bear peeked out—and saw a man. He jerked back his head quickly and waited a while, and then he looked out again and saw a dog. Back again he jerked his head quickly and waited a long while. Finally he looked out again, and where do you suppose the engine was? In the round house—where engines stay when they are resting.

The little Johnnie Bear saw a little door and he gave a jump and ran as fast as he could to that door. He went out like a shot! and ran as fast as he could, and how frightened he was!

Where do you suppose he was? In a great city, and lots of men and dogs on every side. My, how the bear ran, and the faster he ran the more dogs ran after him. Bow-Bow-Bow. One big dog bit the bear, but the little Johnnie Bear turned as quick as a flash and boxed that dog's ears. The dog howled and howled and



Is a Great City and Lot of Dogs on every side.

rolled over and over, the Johnnie Bear hit him so hard, and the dog got up and ran away as fast as he could, for he thought he didn't like bear meat after all. But the other dogs soon ran after the bear. And he ran, and ran, and ran.

Suddenly, right in front of the bear was an electric car crossing the street, and what do you suppose that little Johnnie Bear did? Why, he was so tired and so frightened that he jumped on board the car! The car was full of passengers; when they saw the bear the passengers ran to the back end of the car as fast as they could and there they stayed, because they were afraid the little bear would bite them.

And the bear was so afraid that the passengers would hurt him that he ran to the front end of the car as fast as he could and ran right into the motorneer.

My! How frightened the motorneer was! He yelled and jumped clear off the car. The car ran faster, and faster, and faster and the dogs ran after it barking as loud as they could, but the car went faster and faster, and the dogs couldn't keep

up any longer, and everybody was so frightened that they didn't know what to do. After the car had run a long, long way, suddenly, Bump! Bump! Bump!! The car had run clear off the end of the track and up a little hill, where it stopped.

The little bear jumped off as quickly as he could and where do you suppose he was? Way out in the woods, and he scampered away as fast as he could, but he never found his home again, for he had come such a long way on the locomotive.

But he found a cave of his own and there he lived, and when he had little baby bears of his own he used to tell them about his ride on a locomotive and on an electric street car, and about Papa Bear and Mama Bear and Susie Bear, and the little three-legged Jimmy Bear, and how he never saw them again, and about how good they were to him.

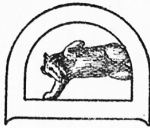
Don't you think it was lucky for little Johnny Bear that the street car came along just as it did? I am afraid if it hadn't little Johnny Bear would have been eaten up by the dogs.



Swie Bear

# The Three-Legged Bear

O YOU want to know how little Jimmie Bear lost his leg? Well, one day, when Jimmie Bear was a little boy Bear, Papa Bear had to go a long, long way from their home in a cave on the mountain side to see if he could find anything to eat for Mama Bear and the little Cub Bear.



Susie Bear, Johnnie Bear and the little Cub Bear were going with Papa Bear, and little Jimmie Bear was to remain at home and help his mama. Just before the Bears started away, Papa Bear called little Jimmie Bear to him and said, "Jimmie, you must be a good little Bear while papa is gone, and you must not go down the path today while papa is away." But Papa Bear did not have time to tell little Jimmie Bear why he didn't want his little boy Bear to go down the path.

Little Jimmie Bear stayed home all the morning. And it seemed such a long day with his little sister Bear and the little brother Bears gone. But in the afternoon, as little Jimmie Bear was turning somersaults under a tree, he happened to look down the path and he saw something white way, way down the path. He stopped and looked and looked, and he said to himself, "That looks like honey."

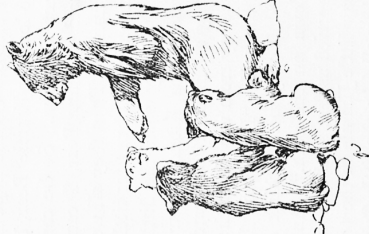


Little Jimmie was Turning Somersaults Under the Tree

Now, little Jimmie Bear was very fond of honey. You know, little Bears don't have any candy, and nothing sweet but honey; so little Jimmie Bear said to himself, "Now, papa didn't know there was honey down that path. If papa knew there was honey there I am sure he would let me go and get it. I am so very hungry, and I want some honey so very, very much."

Little Jimmie Bear waited until Mama Bear was out of sight in the cave, then he ran down the path as fast as he could go. You see, he really knew that he ought to obey his papa, even if there was some nice honey in the path, but he went anyway. What do you think he found? Some very, very nice sweet honey. How good it smelled. And when the little Jimmie Bear smelled the honey he was glad he had come down the path, where his papa told him not to go. How do you think the honey came to be right there in the middle of the path? Now, if little Jimmie Bear had been older he might have stopped and thought about it. Bees, you know, don't make honey out in the path, but in holes and trees.

Little Jimmie Bear took a bite of honey. My! It was sweet and good. Snap. O! how the poor little bear howled and growled. His foot was in a terrible big, strong steel trap with great teeth, which sunk into his poor little leg. O! how the trap hurt the poor little bear. You see, a man



When Jimmie Bear Became a Papa, He Told the Little Bears How He Lost His Foot

had placed the honey there as a bait to catch the little bear. Well, little Jimmie Bear howled, and pulled and tugged and struggled, but he couldn't get away. And the more he pulled the deeper the steel sunk into his poor little leg. The poor little Bear stayed there all the rest of the day. Late that night the Papa Bear and the little Bears came home, and brought some large, red, sweet strawberries for Mama Bear and Jimmie Bear. But Papa Bear looked around and when he missed little Jimmie Bear he went out to look for him. He soon came back and said: "Mama, where is little Jimmie?"

Mama Bear said: "Why, I think he is just outside under the big tree. I saw him there in the afternoon, turning somersaults. Perhaps he has gone to sleep." So the Papa Bear went out to look for Jimmie Bear, but he could not find him. So he came back and said, "Mama Bear, I can't find little Jimmie." Then they all went out in the moonlight to hunt for little Jimmie.

Pretty soon the little Cub Bear said, "Papa, listen! I hear a cry." And they all listened and heard such a sad, sad cry from way down the path. Papa Bear said, "I'm afraid little Jimmie didn't obey me. I think he has gone down on the path." And so they all hurried as fast as they could until they saw little Jimmie in the trap. O! how they all felt; the little Cub Bear felt so bad that he commenced to cry. And the great tears rolled down Mama

Bear's cheeks. They all looked at little Jimmie's foot and it was all bloody—it was all cut and torn by the great teeth of the strong steel trap. The Papa Bear and the Mama Bear worked all night to get little Jimmie Bear out of the trap, but they could not get him out. When it was growing light in the morning Papa Bear and Mama Bear

knew that the man who set the trap would soon come and kill little Jimmie and take his skin, and his little body home to eat. So Papa Bear said, "Poor little Jimmie, we must chew clear through your little leg and leave your poor little foot in the trap, or if we don't the man will come and find you in the trap and kill you."

Little Jimmie was a brave little fellow, and he said, "Papa, you may chew my leg off you must. I am nearly dead now, it hurts me so terribly, but I don't want the man to get me and kill me." So the Papa Bear and the Mama Bear chewed little Jimmie Bear's leg off and left his poor little foot in the trap. They carried little Jimmie home and laid him on a grass bed and took good care of him until he got well again. But little Jimmie Bear always had to walk on three legs after that.

What do you suppose the little Cub Bear said to little Jimmie Bear when they were carrying him home? He said, "Jimmie, you didn't mind Papa, and now you only have three legs." But Papa and Mama Bear felt so bad that they didn't say a thing.



The Big Trap Snapped on Jimmie's Foot and Cut into the Flesh. So That Jimmie Could Not Get Away

When little Jimmie Bear grew up and had little boy bears of his own, they would say: "Papa, where is your other foot?" Then he would tell them the story. And he always said when he finished the story, "You see, my papa, your grandpa, knew there was a trap there, but he didn't have time to tell me. And

I thought I knew best, and so all my life I've had to limp on three legs, because I didn't mind my papa. Dear little Bears, I hope you will always mind your papa, even if you think you know best." And they always said, "We will, papa."

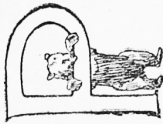
I think that's the best way, don't you?



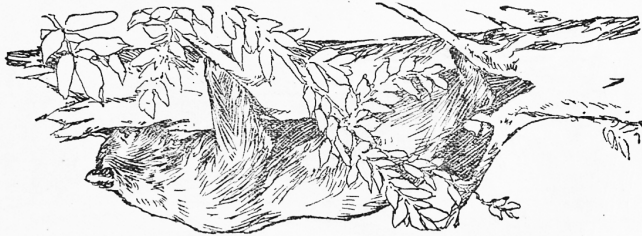
Mama Bear

# Papa Bear and the Honey

PAPA BEAR had gone a long, long way one day to get something to eat for Mama Bear and the four little bears, Jimmie, Johnnie, Susie and Cub Bear. But Papa Bear could not find any berries or any little pigs, or anything that bears like to eat. Papa Bear was very, very tired, and lay down in the shade of a tree and went to sleep. Soon Papa Bear was waked by a buzz-z-z, buzz-z-z, and opening his eyes saw a bee gathering honey from a flower right near his nose.



Now, Papa Bear knew that as soon as the bee had a full load of honey, he would fly straight home to put the honey in the honeycomb. Papa Bear waited until the bee started home. The bee flew up and up until it was above the trees and then started away in a straight line. Papa Bear started to go in the same direction as the bee, and he went a long, long way, but he found no bees, and no honey, so finally he stopped and watched to see if he could not find another bee ready to go home with his load of honey. Soon Papa Bear saw a bee just ready to start with his honey, and watched the bee. With a buzz-z-z the bee started for home with its honey and the bear saw the way it went and followed for a long way. The bear did not find the bee's home for a long time, but finally the bear looked up and saw an old dead tree, and away at the very top was a hole, and in and out of that hole the bees were flying.



Papa Bear Climbed the Tree, Looked in a Knot Hole, but a Bee Stung Him on the Nose.

The Bear said, "I can get some honey now for Mama Bear and the baby bears." He knew that this was the bees' nest, and that it would be filled with honey. He went up to the tree and climbed up and up, until he came to the knot hole. He tried to look into this hole, but his long nose squeezed a bee against the tree, and the bee stung him. "Ouch! Ouch!!" said the bear in bear language, but it sounded like a growl. Can you growl like a bear?

Papa Bear then climbed down the tree and when he got to the bottom he shook the tree as hard as he could, but he couldn't shake the tree down. He tried over and over to shake it down, and Papa Bear thought that maybe he would have to go home without any honey.

Then Papa Bear commenced to dig around the roots of the tree and he scratched and dug and dug with his fore paws and shook the tree, and dug again, and finally—smash!—down came the tree so hard that the tree was broken open and in it there was lots and lots of honey, and ever so many bees.

And what do you suppose the bees did? Well, lots of them flew right at the bear and tried to sting him, but the bear placed his claws over his eyes and nose and lay down and some of the bees got tangled up in the bear's long hair and couldn't get out, and couldn't sting him either. As soon as the bees began to grow tired of trying to sting him, the bear took his paws away from his nose and eyes and dipped into the honey.

and ate, and ate as fast as he could, for he was so hungry, until he could hold no more, and O, it was so good! Don't you wish you had some?

Well as soon as Papa Bear had eaten all he could he hurried home and said, "Quick! Mama, Susie, Jimmie, Johnnie and Cub, come and get all the honey you can eat," so they ran as fast as they could until they came to the honey. They all commenced to eat very fast as they were so hungry. The poor little three-legged Jimmie Bear was so glad to get the honey without getting his foot in a trap. You remember he lost his leg in a trap while trying to get some honey to eat. But he ate so fast that he didn't look out carefully for bees and he stepped on a piece of honey that was just covered with bees, and they all stung him at

once on his foot. My, how he howled! And how do you suppose the three-legged bear got home? You see he only had two legs left to walk on for one foot was stung so bad. Well, he walked on his two hind legs and if you had seen him you might have thought he was a man.

And what do you suppose the poor bees did? They found another hollow tree and they worked day and night, carrying all the honey and the honeycomb to the new hollow tree, until there was none left in the old place, and the bears never found the new tree, and never bothered the bees again.

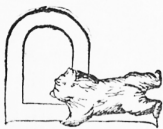
When the bears were going home, little Cub Bear said to Jimmie Bear, "If I was a three-legged bear, I'd be very careful where I stepped."



Papa Bear Lay Down and Covered His Nose and Eyes So That the Bees Could Not Sting Him. They Swarmed About Him, But They Could Not Get Into His Thick Coat.



# The Cub Bear and the Circus



PERHAPS you would like to hear a story about the little Cub Bear and the strange things he saw and heard? Would you?

Once little Cub Bear went out for a walk, and he walked a long, long, long way from home to a place he never had been before, to a funny kind of a log house, and he looked inside of that house, and what do you suppose he saw? He saw a piece of meat and some berries and a lot of things that bears like to eat. Little Cub Bear was

afraid to go in. He stopped quite a while and looked in; everything looked so nice, and the berries smelled so nice, and the little bear was so hungry that he thought he would go in and get some to eat and to take some home to his papa and mama. So he crept in very, very carefully.

As soon as he got inside and touched the meat, something happened. What do you suppose it was? A great door dropped down and shut the opening so that the bear couldn't get out. It didn't hurt the bear any, but he looked all around, and there were no windows nor doors nor any other place to get out. And the little bear felt so frightened that he didn't want anything to eat at all, and he didn't try to eat anything. He just tried to get out, and he looked everywhere, and he smelled all around and he looked up and he looked down, but there was no way for that little Cub Bear to get out of that bear trap, for

it was a trap made on purpose to catch little bears.

After a while the little bear got so tired and sleepy he thought he would eat some of the meat, and he ate some of the meat and some berries and went to sleep. He slept a long, long while. While he was asleep, what do you suppose happened? Well, the men that made the trap came to see if there was any little bear in the trap. They opened a little slit and they looked in and there they saw little Cub Bear fast asleep. They opened the door quietly and slipped in and put a rope around little

Cub Bear's neck as quickly as they could. Little Cub Bear waked up and he growled and growled and looked as fierce as he could, and showed his teeth. But these men were hunters, and they knew that little brown bears couldn't hurt men very much, so they were not afraid of him. They led the little bear away and took him to a town and put him in a box.



Soon a train came along and the little bear was placed in the express car and the train started off with the little bear aboard. The little bear had seen trains before from the cave way up on the mountain, but he had never ridden on a train before in his whole life and he was terribly frightened. When the engine went "Toot-toot!" the little bear tried to jump out of the box, but he couldn't. And when the bell rang, "Ding-dong," the little bear covered his ears with his paws, and after a while the train stopped at a station very early in the

morning, and the bear heard a very, very strange sound "cock-a-doodle-do" a rooster crowing.

The bell rang "Ding-Dong, Ding-Dong" and the train started and went a long, long way, and came to another station, and there the bear heard a sound that he had never heard before in his life. "Bow-wow, Bow-wow, Bow-wow," a dog barking, and the little bear wondered what the noise was, and he was very much frightened, but he couldn't do anything because he was nailed up tight in a box. "Ding-dong, Ding-dong," the train started and the little bear went further on his journey, and after a while they came to another station, and there the (on-well an-well an-well!). What do you suppose it was? An old hog and her six little pigs, and they were getting their morning breakfast, and the little bear looked at them and wondered what in the world they were, and he thought he would like to have played with these little pigs, they were so cute, but just then the bell rang, "Ding-dong, Ding-dong," and the train started.

After a while it came to another station, and the bear heard another noise he had never heard before in his whole life, ("me-ow! me-ow!") and he wondered what in the world it was. What do you suppose it was? A cat. The bear had never seen a cat before in his whole life. It was a very nice cat. A Maltese cat, with long, gray hair and beautiful eyes. Little Cub Bear thought he would like to go out and get acquainted with the cat, but he was nailed up tight in the box and couldn't get out.

And then the bell rang "ding, dong," and the conductor said, "All aboard!" and the train started, and went to another station, a long, long ways ahead. There the little bear heard another sound ("moo, moo") What do you suppose it was? A cow. The little bear had never seen a cow before in his life, and there was a man sitting right up against the cow holding a pail between his legs and working with his hands as fast as he could, and the little bear wondered what in the world that man was doing. What do you think he was doing? He was getting

some milk for his little baby and to sell to his neighbors for their little babies, and to make butter and for cream for strawberries. The little bear liked strawberries but he never had eaten any strawberries with cream on them. He never had tasted any sugar, such as you put on your strawberries. I think the little bear would like sugar, because he liked honey very much. Don't you think so too?

"Ding-dong, Ding-dong." The train had started again and went a long, long ways, to another station. There the little bear heard another sound. What do you suppose it was? ("Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!") a hen and her little chicks. And the little bear thought they were prettier than anything he had ever seen. They looked nicer than quail, and nicer than woodcock, and he thought he would like to get acquainted with that hen, though I don't think the hen would have liked to get acquainted with him for fear that the bear might have made a mistake sometime and eaten her. But just then the bell rang, "Ding-dong, Ding-dong," and the train started again and the little bear didn't see the hen and chicks any more.

Pretty soon they came to another station, and the little bear heard the most awful sound he had ever heard in his whole life. ("Haw-eh!! Haw-eh!! Haw-eh!!!"), sounded worse than the engine's whistle and scream. The little bear was terribly frightened, because he had never heard anything like it. But what do you suppose it was? A donkey, with great, long ears and a long tail; such a big, big mouth. The bear thought it must be a terrible beast. But really, you know, he wasn't, because he would let little children ride on his back. The little bear didn't want to look at him any more, because he looked so terrible. Just then the engine went "Ding-dong, Ding-dong," and the train started. After a long, long while they came to another station and the little bear looked out, and what do you suppose he saw? Great houses made of canvas. They were circus tents. The man took the box with the little bear in it and took it way over to one of those tents, and what do you

night the little bear was dreadfully frightened again because all the animals began to make noises. The Lion roared, the Elephants trumpeted, the Tiger growled, the Wolves and the Hyenas howled, the Foxes and the Coyotes barked, the Zebras brayed, the Rhinoceros snorted and the poor little Cub Bear hid in the corner of his cage and cried for his home and his Mama. But his adopted Mama Bear was very, very good to him. and after a while the Cub Bear got over his fright.

Did you see the little Cub Bear when you went to the circus?

suppose the little bear saw when he got there? Elephants, Rhinoceroses, Hippopotamuses and Tigers and Lions and Leopards and Bears, Hyenas, Zebras, Monkeys, Baboons and Camels, and almost as many animals as Noah had in the ark.

The men at the circus took the little Cub Bear out of the box and put him in a cage with a big brown mama bear. The little Cub Bear was very much frightened, for the big bear smelled him all over, but after awhile the big bear began to lick the little Cub Bear with her tongue, which meant in bear language, "you shall be my little son, Cub Bear." But that



GOOD BYE, CHILDREN.

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