

LIBERTY THE GIANT KILLER

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Liberty the Giant Killer by Rebecca Salsbury & William H. Allen

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REBECCA SALSURY & WILLIAM H. ALLEN

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THE GIANT KILLER

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Author of "At the World Peace Table"

AND

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Americans in the World War"*

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FOREWORD

Where is the little boy or girl in the whole wide world, who has not wanted to live in the "once upon a time" days of the fairy stories? Too many little girls, I fear, think that now there are no beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-haired Princesses to be rescued from high towers, and too many little boys think there are no Princes who set out on fiery steeds to rescue the blue-eyed Princesses, or to overcome Greedy-Greedy Giants, Dread-Dread Dragons, Wicked-Wicked Witches and Evil-Evil Elves.

But this is not true. There are just as many Princesses to love, honor and protect in the world right now as there ever were in the "once upon a time" days. They are your Mothers, Sisters, Aunts and Cousins. There are just as many Princes, too. They are the Princes of the Everyday World, called your Daddies and Brothers, Uncles and Cousins. They are the Princes who sailed three thousand miles across the sea to overcome an enemy that was more dangerous than the giants and dragons, witches and elves in the old fairy stories. For this enemy tried to conquer and rule the whole world, and tried to make men and women, boys and girls give up the freedom they love so dearly.

Now that enemy is beaten, and your Daddies, Brothers, Uncles and Cousins have come home. They will tell you stories more wonderful than any fairy story that was ever told or written. And if you read *Liberty the Giant Killer*, you will find other true stories about brave Belgian, French, British, Italian and American soldiers, who fought in the World War for everlasting liberty and everlasting peace.

REBECCA SALSBURY

AFTERWORD

These stories will make it easy for teachers and parents to interest young children who missed the parades, speeches and hero stories of war time, in the great truths about the World War. As new armies of boys and girls come into the third and fourth grades they will be grateful for true hero tales which they themselves can read and tell.

The pictures are such as children love to make. They are not perfect "works of art." But they are what children like and dare to try. Skilled teachers know that children must learn to draw by drawing. It is hoped that readers of *Liberty The Giant Killer* will make many drawings of actions and heroes they admire.

The invitations to the Peace Story club were written by a nine year old boy. Older children might have written better. Printer's type would have been perfect. But Jackie Jones was little, like the readers of *Liberty The Giant Killer*. The invitations are true to nature and are as good as schools expect a child in the fourth grade to write. Can you write better than Jackie?

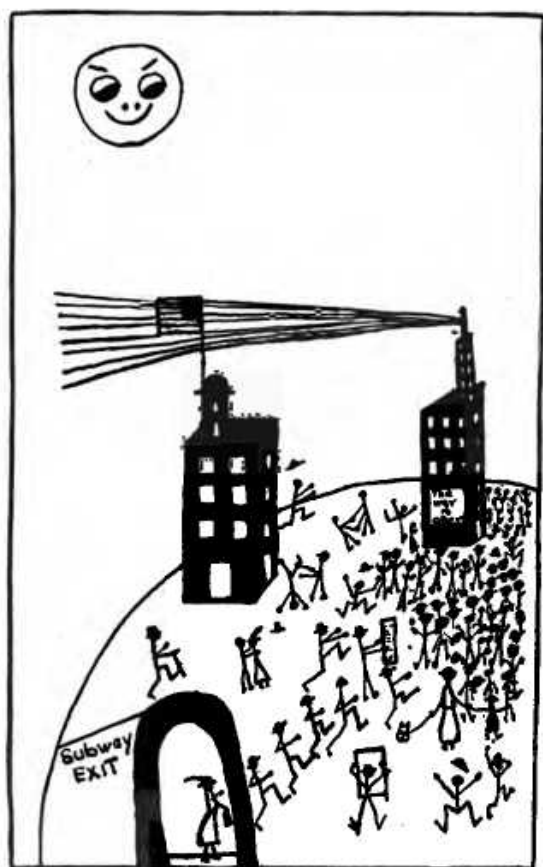
If you like these stories Miss Salsbury will be very glad to have you write to her and she or I will surely answer your letter.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN

Institute for Public Service
New York City.

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What The Moon Saw

ELEVEN ELEVEN ELEVEN EIGHTEEN

The moon has been watching over the earth for many, many years. As you know, it is a very big world, and unless the moon went about her work of inspection in a very exact way she would never get all around the world in twenty-four hours. According to her datebook Our Town, just east of New Jersey, was to be inspected at 2:45 A. M., on Monday, November 11th, 1918—that is, the eleventh day of the eleventh month, 1918.

On this very morning, at this very moment, Our Town looked so different to the moon that she forgot all about New Jersey, and watched what was happening below.

Usually, at this hour, she could see a few lights shining in straight lines up and down the streets, or twinkling like fireflies in the parks. But on this Monday morning she saw long rays of white light which shot up into the sky from the top of a tall tower, and flashed out over the rivers, while many of the big skyscrapers, instead of showing black against the clouds, lighted up like monster Jack-o'-lanterns.

A great many tiny, dark objects were moving from point to point, and putting on her spectacles, the moon could see that they were really people.

They swarmed out of the subways, street-cars, and elevated trains, from stores and hotels. There were milkmen, newspaper boys, workmen, chauffeurs, conductors, soldiers, sailors and many other people who were about their work at this time.

The moon could hear all sorts of loud noises—the ding-dong of church bells, the toooot toooot of factory and engine whistles, the hawnk haaaawnk of automobile horns, and especially the shrill voices of newspaper boys calling, "Extra! uextra! wuxtra!"

Besides this, everybody was shouting and cheering. Suddenly a ray of light from the tall tower rested on an American flag, and from the wild shouts that went up, the moon knew what had happened.

Germany Had Signed the Armistice and the War Would Soon Be Over

The moon could scarcely wait until the sun got up to tell him the wonderful news. The minute she saw him coming across the sky she called out, "Good-morning, Mr. Sun. You must shine your brightest to-day. Germany has signed the armistice and the war will be over at eleven o'clock this morning."

"Isn't that splendid!" cried the sun. "I am so glad I would like to dip a great big brush in my brightest sunset colors, and then paint three big