



"BEAR" in Mind  
OUR  
TRADE MARK.

PETTIBOHN'S BREAKFAST FOOD.

An illustration of several wheat stalks with grain, positioned behind the main text.

**PETTJOHN'S**

**CALIFORNIA  
BREAKFAST FOOD**

AGREES WITH ALL.  
DELICIOUS and HEALTHFUL.



## Freddie and Helen and the Fairy-Bear.

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ONCE ON A TIME there lived a little girl.

Her name was Helen, but her mamma and papa called her Sweetheart, because she was such a good little girl. She had a little brother whose name was Freddie. Freddie and Sweetheart loved each other very much, and always played together and were kind to each other.

But after a time Freddie began to tease Sweetheart. He would hide her dollies and break her pretty little dishes, and once was very, very naughty, and pulled her hair and made her cry.

And Sweetheart became a real cross little girl, and her mamma and papa did not call her Sweetheart any more.



One day when Freddie had been teasing her she struck him in the face.

To punish them, they were both sent to bed, although it was yet broad daylight. There they lay and sobbed, for they felt cross and unhappy.

After quite a long time, they both fell asleep.

At last Freddie awoke and saw a great big bear standing beside his bed.

You may be sure Freddie was badly frightened. He was just going to call his mamma and papa, but the old bear whispered to him to lie still and see what he had brought him. Freddie was too surprised to say a single word when he saw the old bear blow into a pot of water to make





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it boil, and then stir in a little salt. The funny old bear then took a package and stirred some of the contents into the boiling water, and watched it boil until Freddie began to grow impatient.

He asked the old bear what he was doing; but Mr. Bear only smiled and blew into it again to cool it, until what he had cooked would not burn a little boy's mouth. Then he sniffed it, and seemed satisfied.

He put some of it into a beautiful gold-lined saucer, then he took a bottle of milk and poured it over the nice warm porridge and handed the saucer to Freddie.

But Freddie wanted to know what it was.



"Something very nice," said the bear.

"What is it made of?" asked Freddie.

"Nice, white, sweet wheat," said the bear.

Freddie took a big spoonful.

"It's 'licious!" he cried, as he looked up into the good old bear's face. "What, weally, is it, Mr. Bear?"

"PETTIJOHN'S CALIFORNIA BREAKFAST FOOD," answered the bear.

"What a dwefful long name to 'member!" said Freddie. "Is it dood fo' little boys, Mr. Bear? It's mos' allus naughty fo' little boys to eat fings what tas'e so dood."

"It's good for little boys and girls," said the bear; "that's



why I brought it to you. I was asleep in a red rose in your papa's garden yesterday, and was awakened by your quarrel with your little sister."

"How could you sleep in a wed wose in my papa's garden?" asked Freddie, interrupting the bear. "You are bidder'n a t'ousand wed woses!"

"I am not always so big," answered the bear, smiling. "I am not a real bear,—the kind which bites little boys,—but a Fairy-Bear!"

Freddie stopped eating long enough to peek over the edge of the bed, and look at the bear all the way up from his funny big feet to his funny little ears.



"I made up my mind to help you," resumed the bear. "I found out that you and your little sister never ate PETTIJOHN'S CALIFORNIA BREAKFAST FOOD, — which makes little boys and girls rosy-cheeked and good-natured, — so I brought you some to let you know how good it is."

"But this isn't beffust," said Freddie.

"Yes, it is," said the bear. "It is morning, and you have been asleep all night."

"Can't you div sis'er some?" asked Freddie.

"Have you eaten all I gave you?" asked the bear.

Freddie looked sheepish. "It's mos' all don," he said sadly,



as he looked into his gold-lined saucer. "I wish I'd div'd some of it to sis'er; it's so dood. She can have all o' what's lef', anyhow!"

He slipped out of bed and ran across to where Helen lay sound asleep. He did not pull her hair now, but kissed her and whispered, —

"Sis'er! sis'er! See what the dood ol' bear has bringed us!"

"Who? What you say?" asked Helen, as she sat up in bed, and rubbed her sleepy eyes.

"The bear," said Freddie. "The Fairy-Bear. He's bringed us some Petty—Pet—Petty—Johnny's Cal—Cal—Cal—fo'ny Beffust! It's jus' 'licious! Tas'e it!"



Helen stopped rubbing her eyes, and began eating.

"It's awful dood," she said, as she swallowed the very last spoonful. "What is it?"

"W'y, it's Petty Johnny's Cal—fo'ny Beffust Food, don't you know? The Fairy-Bear bringed it to us."

"What Fairy-Bear?" asked Helen.

"W'y, dis dwate bid nice, dood bear," answered Freddie, running across the room, and patting the funny old bear's soft fur. "He's bringed it to us 'cause you know we's kwoss yes'erday, an' he didn't want us to be kwoss any mo'."

Helen had not heard all that Freddie said, for when she



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saw the great big bear standing by the window, she was so afraid she just covered her head in the bed-clothes, and kept perfectly still.

"Don't be 'faid," said Freddie. He went over to her and whispered in her ear.

"Please, Mr. Fairy-Bear, won't you change back to jus' a eve'y-day fairy, 'cause sis'er's 'faid?" asked Freddie, turning to the bear. But there was no bear to be seen. He had gone.

"He's don!" cried Freddie.

Helen uncovered her head, but she could see no bear, and so she was not afraid any more. She got up, and they took hold of hands and looked all around, under the beds,



and behind the chairs, and everywhere; but they could not find the funny old bear. But they found a yellow-colored package almost full of beautiful white flakes.

"It's what he took it out of!" cried Freddie. He said we wouldn't be kwoss wif each oser if we had it eve'y mo'ning fo' beffust. I don't feel one bit kwoss, do you?"

"Not so very kwoss," said Helen. "But I didn't have but jus' a weenty little tas'e."

"That's so," said Freddie. "I dess the mo' we eats of it, the dooder we gwos."

Their mamma and papa came in while they were still looking everywhere for the Fairy-Bear.

"The ol' bear was here!





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An' he lef' dis, too!" cried Freddie, handing the open package to his papa, and looking at the picture of the big bear on it.

Papa read, while mamma looked over his shoulder, —

"'PETTIJOHN'S CALIFORNIA BREAKFAST FOOD. MANUFACTURED FROM THE BEST SELECTED AND THOROUGHLY CLEANED PACIFIC WHITE WHEAT. A delicious breakfast dish containing the whole of the wheat.'"

"It's 'licious," said Helen. "An' I only had a weenty tas'e."

"It's dood fo' little folks, 'cause the Fairy-Bear said so," said Freddie.

"And no doubt good for big, grown-up folks, too," said papa.



"We will try it for breakfast," said mamma.

"Oh, doody, doody!" cried Freddie and Helen.

"An' we won't be kwoss any mo' if we has it fo' beffust eve'y mo'ning, 'cause the Fairy-Bear said so," said Freddie.

"That's the Fairy-Bear's picture!" he suddenly exclaimed, pointing to the picture on the package.

They all had PETTIJOHN'S CALIFORNIA BREAKFAST FOOD that morning, and a great many mornings after, for they all liked it, and it made Freddie and Helen grow strong and well, and so they were never cross to each other after the visit of the Fairy-Bear.

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*This was the picture of the Fairy Bear  
which Freddie saw on the package*



It is on every package of  
**PETTIJOHN'S CALIFORNIA BREAKFAST FOOD**



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