

# TITO'S



# HATS

FERRER

CHARLOT



## TITO'S HATS . . .

by MELCHOR G. FERRER

*Illustrated by Jean Charlot*

TITO, with his hats—the old one and then the new—is an engaging story of a small Mexican boy whose simple, real adventures will amuse little boys and girls. These adventures happen first on a windy day; then in the market with its wonderful places to buy presents and eat purple ice-cream; and most exciting of all, in a barber shop where Tito goes for the first time in his life.

There is fun and a surprise in Tito's barber shop adventure, which finally means that the hat his heart is set upon is no longer just the smallest bit too small. So, with Tito and his father when they return from the market, is this brand new hat which now fits perfectly, and presents for the rest of the family.

And when he goes to bed that night, over his toes, so he can feel it there through the covers as he goes to sleep, Tito carefully puts the cherished new hat!

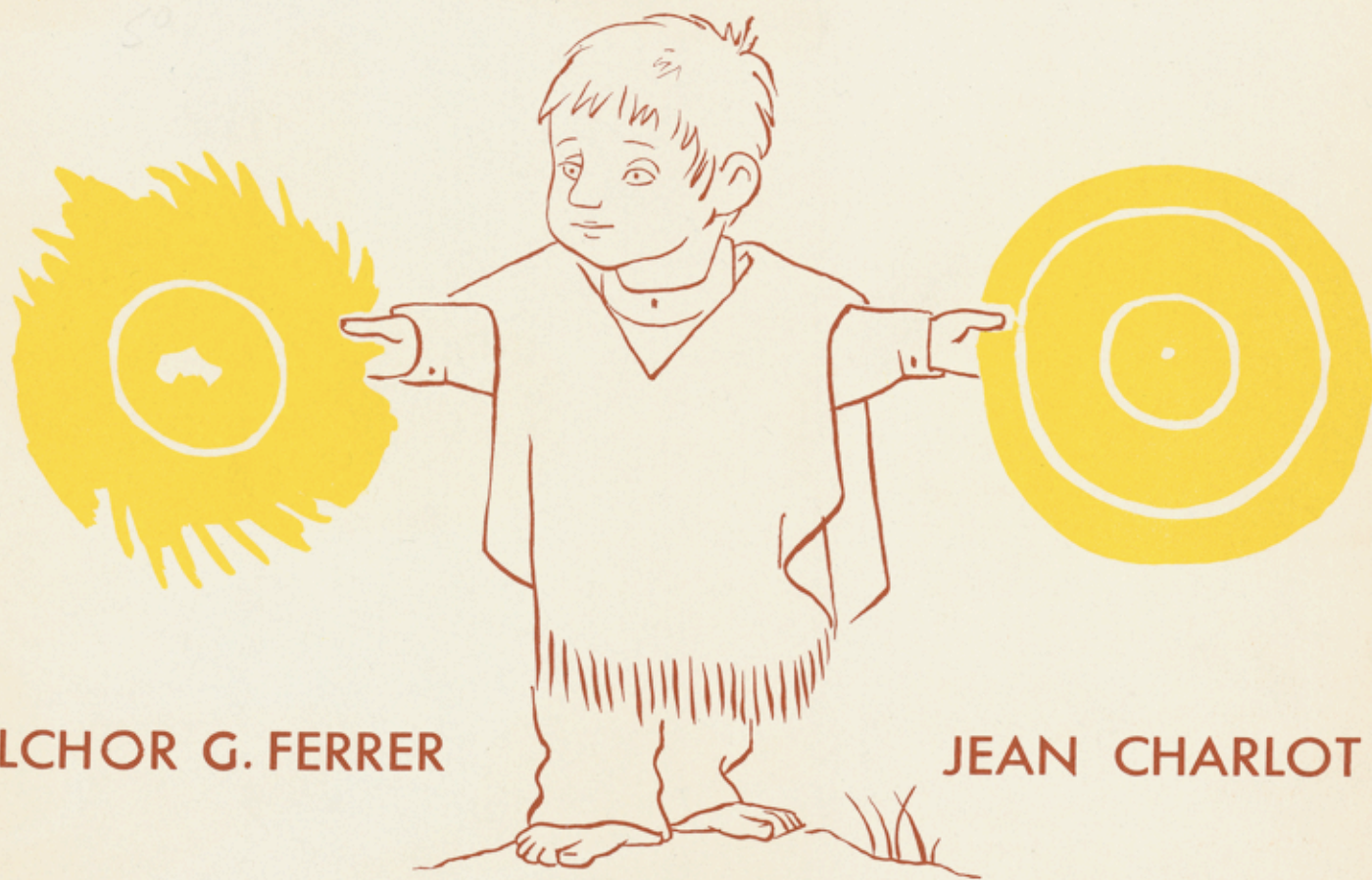
Melchor Ferrer, the author, and the internationally known artist, Jean Charlot, have created a delightful bit of amusement in this story and pictures. The incidents set in Mexico, are filled with the feeling of that land, but they could happen to any child anywhere.



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# TITO'S HATS

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MELCHOR G. FERRER

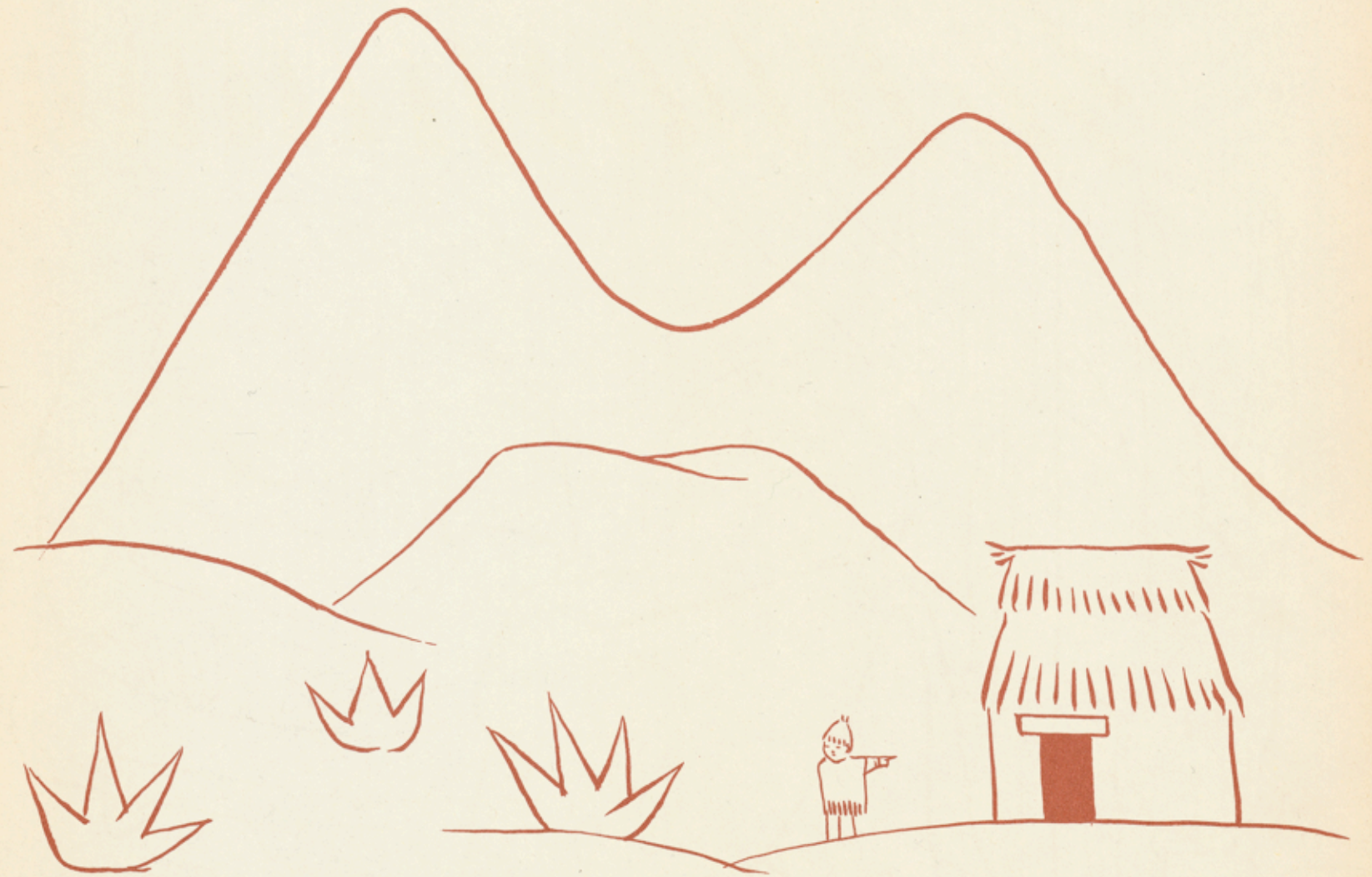
JEAN CHARLOT

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GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., INC., NEW YORK



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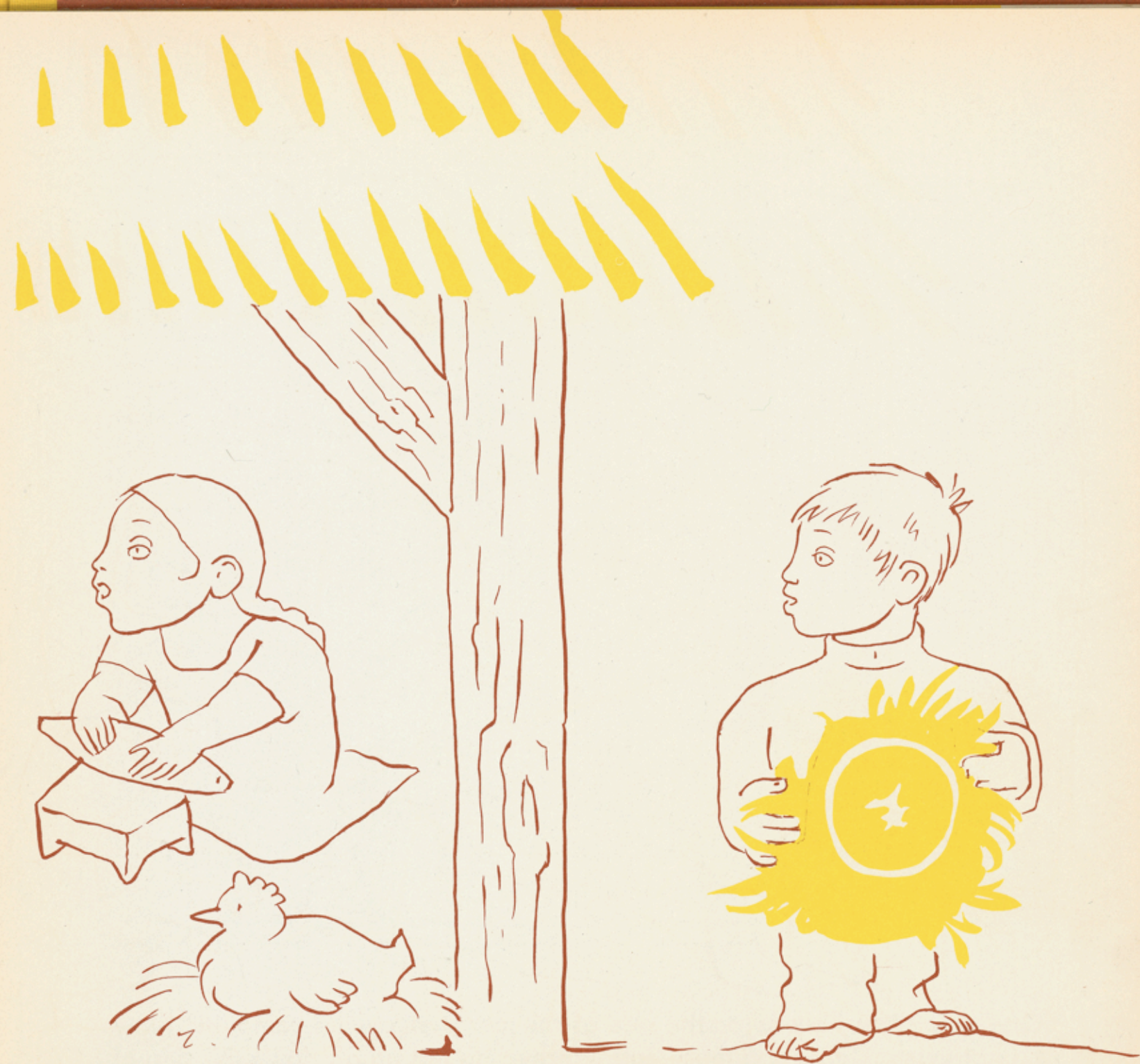


There was a boy named Tito.  
He lived in a house in the mountains of Mexico.





He lived with his father, his grandmother and his little sister.

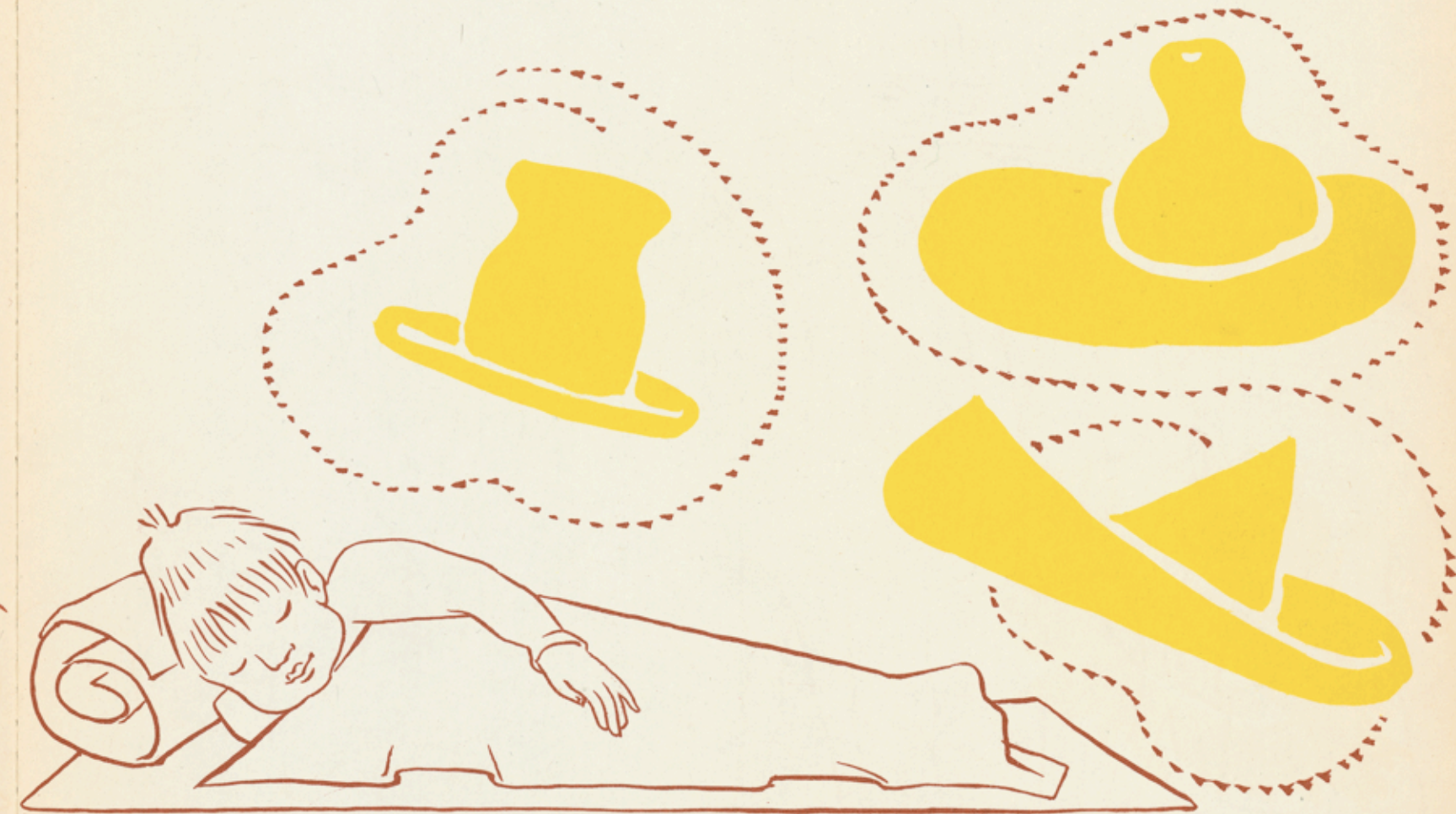


Tito had a hat that was old and ragged.





One day while he was on the side of the mountain a wind came and blew his hat away. Tito stood there and watched his hat go off down the side of the mountain.



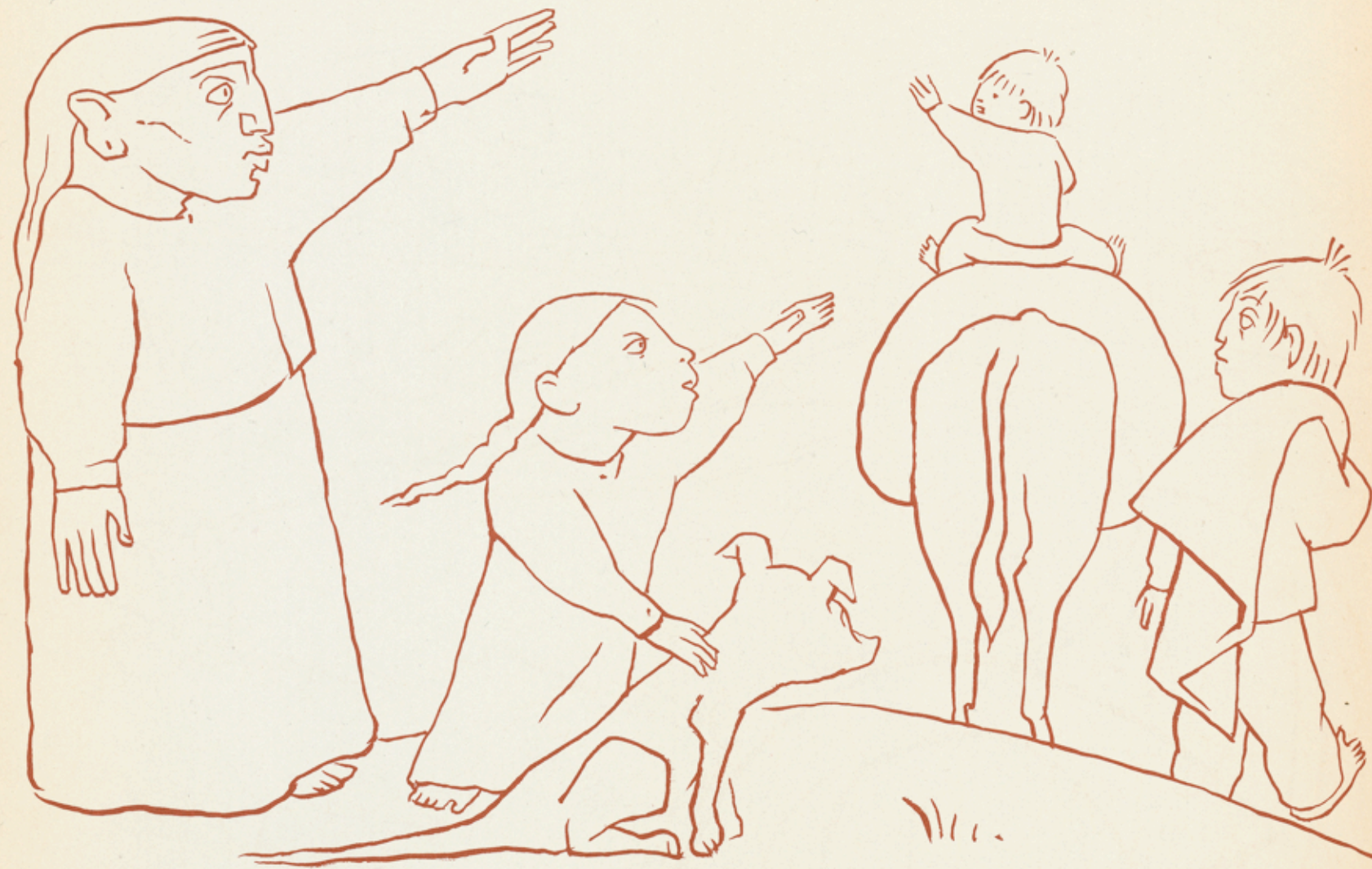
That night, at supper, his father decided that Tito would go with him to the market on Sunday to buy a new hat.

So Tito went to sleep thinking of new hats and the kind he would like to get.





On Sunday very early in the morning before the sun was up,



Tito and his father started for the market.





There were many people on the road to town. They were all going to the market. When the sun came up Tito and his father could see the town ahead of them.



When they arrived the market was already filled with people. They tied their burro and went walking through the market.



Whenever they came to a hat store, they went in and Tito tried on the hats.



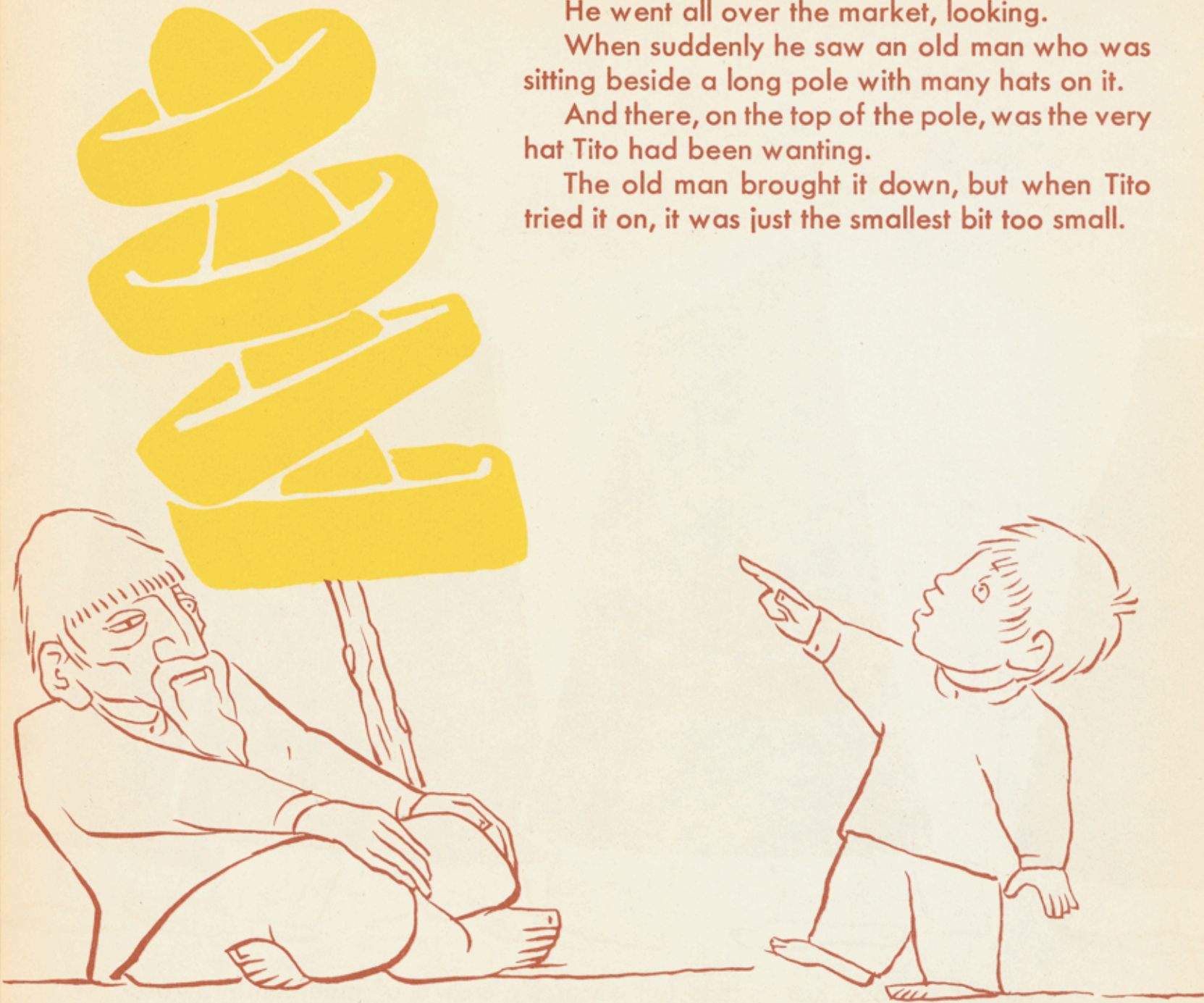
But they were all either small or too big.



Then, all at once, just as they left a store, a crowd of men came toward them. When they had passed Tito could not see his father. All the faces around him were strange, and he could not see his father anywhere.



He went all over the market, looking.  
When suddenly he saw an old man who was  
sitting beside a long pole with many hats on it.  
And there, on the top of the pole, was the very  
hat Tito had been wanting.  
The old man brought it down, but when Tito  
tried it on, it was just the smallest bit too small.



As he stood holding it and looking at it, his  
father came walking out of the crowd.  
Tito showed him the hat. The old man smiled.  
But they all saw that the hat was just the smallest  
bit too small.  
Without saying a word Tito's father took him  
by the hand and led him off through the crowd.







They went across the market place, and up a narrow little street with big cobblestones.

They came up out of the narrow street into a wider one. They went along that until they came to a house with a room which opened on the street.

They went into the room, and there stood a man beside a white chair. Tito's father put him in the chair and went to sit on the doorstep. The man came near. He had long mustaches, and in his hand he held a pair of shears. Tito sat still. The man reached for his head. Then slowly, he brought up the shears . . .





and gave Tito the first haircut he had ever had. After it was over Tito got down from the chair. He scratched his head and moved it in a circle.

Then his father gave the man some money and they went off . . .



down the wide street, back down the narrow, steep street . . . back into the market . . .

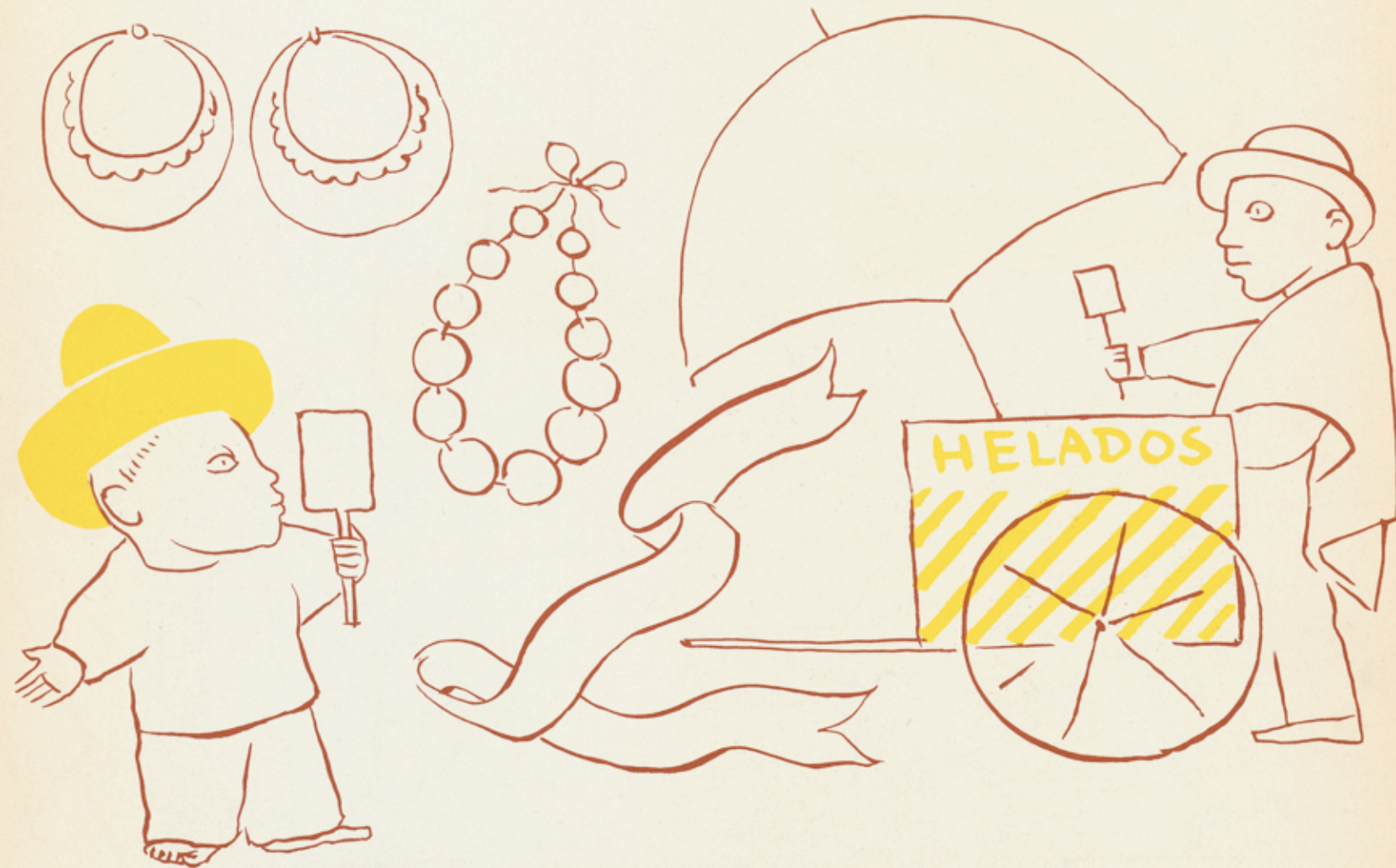




and straight to the old man with the hats.

The old man took down the hat and gave it to Tito. It fit him perfectly.

They all laughed when Tito saw that his hair had been cut to make room for the hat. Then his father paid the old man and Tito and his father went and had some lunch.



After they had eaten they looked for presents to take home.

They bought earrings for Tito's grandmother, some colored ribbons and bright beads for his little sister.

Then Tito's father bought him a purple ice from the man with the striped cart.





The bells of the church were ringing when they left the town.



And when they had gone back up the side of the mountain and come home it was dark . . .





and supper was ready.



After they had eaten Tito and his father gave the presents, and Tito showed his new hat.



They all admired it, but Tito's little sister held it longest.  
Never had she seen such a hat.



It had been a long day, so Tito said good night and thanked his father  
for his new hat.

Then as he started for bed he took his hat with him.

And when he was in bed and ready to go to sleep, he carefully put his  
new hat over his toes, and as he went to sleep he could feel it there, through  
the covers.

