

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

I had a dream the other night
When I was all alone in bed
I thought a fairy came to me
With wings about her head.

AN EXCLUSIVE STORY.

To this story was awarded the \$1,000 prize by
Collier's in the Quarterly Contest ending June
1st, 1908.

Kent walked listlessly into the city room,
haunted over his desk at the farther end,
tossed his hat upon it, lighted a cigarette,
glanced at the clock, and sat down.

his mind was on Haskins. If Haskins was
reading the story himself, it was a sign
that he regarded it as "big."
"God help the man who invented
crusades," McCann was saying, sourly.

where the things of fifty years ago seemed
to be still going round and round slowly,
unable to escape into the swift stream of
time, floated restlessly by.

of the leading men in the city. He had a
great many friends, but of course I could
not keep that up, just alone. The house
does seem big, just for one person, but you
can understand how I cannot leave it.

not think—I did not understand. I just
wanted to talk. It relieved me so to talk.
He sat there stolidly. The noise and
restlessness of the last hour, the hurried
coming and goings of those about him,

Kent went back to his desk, and the
typewriter out of sight, and lighted a cigarette.
He sat there stolidly. The noise and
restlessness of the last hour, the hurried
coming and goings of those about him,