

BABY'S EYES.

Tell me, baby sweetheart,
What would a mother do
With those shining eyes,
Like the summer skies,
That are steeped in the morning dew?

Tell me, oh, my baby,
What should a mother do
With a curly head
And lips so red,
Dyed to love's own hue?

Shall she cover them over with kisses;
Shall she kiss the smiling eyes
And the crimson tips
Of the fragrant lips
With love that never dies?

Search ye the whole world over,
There is nothing half so sweet
As the fond alarms
Of baby's arms
And the patter of little feet:

The touch of clinging fingers,
The sound of a lisping voice,
And the going to bed
Of a drowsy head,
To make the heart rejoice.

—Buffalo Evening News.

THE FIVE FAIRIES.

There was once a little girl who had careless fingers. Of course they did not really mean to be careless, but they were always losing her hair ribbons, and forgetting to button her frocks, and leaving the dolls out in the garden all night.

One morning the little girl's fairy godmother came into the playroom. There had been a party in the doll house the day before, and the little girl had not washed the plates and teacups or brushed the crumbs from the floor. The little girl's pet kitten was playing with some tangled hair ribbons, and the girl herself sat by the window in a mussed up frock and her hair was not combed.

"Now, my dear, this will never do," said the fairy godmother. "You must go out and find five fairies to help you keep tidy. Run along, and mind you don't come home without them!"

"But I don't know which way to go," said the child, beginning to cry.

"You must find your way," said the fairy godmother, "and the five fairies will know you if you do not know them."

So the child put on her hat and started out to try to find five little fairies who would help her to keep tidy.

Well, the child went up and down the streets and the highways, peeping through the keyholes and into all the corners, but not a fairy did she see. There were only plain, ordinary, real folks about. So the child went farther still, across the meadows and down a hill, until she came to a path in a deep, dark forest. On and on she went, until she bumped right into a queer little red house under the trees. At the door of the house sat a fat little man in a red cap, spinning. Jane stopped and bowed very politely.

"Please, sir," she said, "can you tell me where I shall find five fairies?"

The little man never said a word. He just went right on sewing so fast that his needle broke and his thread knotted.

"Oh, that isn't the way to sew," said the child. "You should be careful and not pull the thread so hard."

"Well, suppose you had one dozen pinfores and two dozen pairs of knickerbockers and three dozen blouses to finish before sunset," said the little man, crossly.

The child looked, and there were the pinfores and the knickerbockers and the blouses, all cut out and piled in the doorway.

"Why, I'll help you finish them," she said.

So the child and the fat little man just sewed and sewed and sewed. When the last blouse was done, the little man looked up.

"You might go a bit farther on," he said, "to where my brother sits on the turnstile. Perhaps he has seen some fairies."

So the child went a little farther through the forest, and she came to a turnstile. There on the top sat a second little man. He was dressed in green from head to foot, and he had his arms spread out very wide to show which way the roads went.

"Please, sir," said Jane, politely, "can you tell me where I can find five fairies?"

But the little man did not answer. "I've been out here for days and days," he said, pointing to the roads, "and I haven't been able to get down once. Look at my face and hair and my dusty coat."

"Why, you poor little thing!" said the child. "Just wait a moment and I'll tidy you a bit."

So she took her pocket handkerchief and dusted off the little man's coat. She smoothed his hair, and she brought some water from the brook in the palm of her hand and washed his face.

"There, you look much better," she said.

"I feel better," said the little pointing man, "but I haven't seen any fairies. You might ask my tall brother at the fork of the roads if he's seen any. He is just a little way ahead there, looking for his cap."

So the child went down the road, and, just where the little pointing man had told her, she saw a third little man, much taller than the others, but not very big at that. He was down on his hands and knees, looking in the grass and under the bushes.

"Pins and needles! Oh, my pins and needles!" he was saying over and over to himself. "What will Thumbkin say if I don't find my cap?"

"Is this your cap?" asked Jane, as she picked up a little round silver thing from under a leaf. It looked

like nothing so much as a thimble, but the tall little man clapped it on his head and scampered away through the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. As he ran, he called back:

"No, I haven't seen any fairies, but perhaps my sister has. She is mixing cake on a toadstool over there. You will know her because she wears a gold ring about her neck," and the little man hurried on.

So the child looked about for a toadstool. Presently she spied one standing tall and straight like a real table. Beside it was the daintiest little lady that ever was, in a little pink dress that had short sleeves, and wearing a gold ring about her neck. She had an acorn bowl, and she was stirring very fast with a maple leaf for a spoon.

"Please, have you seen five fairies?" asked the little girl.

"Hand me that sugar," said the little lady. "That's right. Now put a gill of rose water and an ounce of dew and a measure of honey in. Now beat it well until I tell you to stop, and then, if you are a good child—and you look very sweet, if your frock is unbuttoned and your hair is mussed—you may wash all my dishes."

When Jane had stirred the cake until her arms ached, and then washed the dishes in the spring, the little lady said:

"You asked me about fairies. Suppose you ask the baby. I put her to sleep over there in the humming-bird's nest, but she's awake now. Perhaps she has seen a fairy. Babies do sometimes, you know."

The little girl peeped in a wee humming-bird's nest that hung on a tree close by, and there she spied the little lady's baby. Such a dear baby, no longer than Jane's tiniest finger, but as pretty as the prettiest doll! Her dress was spun of gossamer spider webs, and her cap was of frost lace, and her cheeks were as pink as rose petals, and her eyes were as blue as the blue of the sky.

"Oh, you dear little thing," cried the little girl, taking the baby up in her hand. "You look like a fairy yourself!"

The baby laughed, a tinkling little laugh that sounded like bells. Jane looked—and what do you think had happened? There were five fairies right in her hand! There was fat Thumbkin, with Pointer standing very straight just behind him. There stood Tall Man in his thimble cap. There was the little lady in her gold ring. Last of all, there was the dear baby, so pink and sweet.

"Run home, little girl," they all cried. "You helped us, and we are going to help you now."

So the child went home to her fairy godmother with her hand full of fairies; and the five—Thumbkin and Pointer and Tall Man and the little Ring Lady and the Baby—helped the child all the rest of her life.—Carolya S. Bailey, in Kindergarten Review.

SPORTS AND ADVENTURE

KINDNESS OF A CYCLONE.

"L. E. G.—Old Sailor of the Falls," as he signs himself, was running through Western Kansas during a season when constant high winds and cyclones brought danger with every trip. He was pulling an important fruit train of twenty cars with order to land the consignment at the point of delivery on schedule time.

As they pulled out of the terminal there was every evidence of bad weather, and the fireman stopped shoveling coal long enough to remark that he guessed they were in for another batch of trouble before they reached the end of the division. By the time they had got fairly into the flat country there was no mistaking the signs of a storm of more than usual severity. Not only did it begin to get dark, but the clouds began to move in all directions, in sure indication of a real Kansas cyclone. The two men in the cab noticed specially a gyrating mass of many colored clouds which appeared to be approaching at a great rate. Then sheets of rain fell, hitting everything for a minute or two.

By this time they were reeling off the miles at a splendid clip and making full use of a stretch of down grade, at the foot of which was a small town called Salona on the other side of a big trestle. Halfway over this piece of track the full fury of the storm struck them. Without doubt they were wrestling with a genuine Kansas twister of the kind that is capable of sweeping whole villages from its path.

Just ahead was the bridge, or where it should be. But even as the engineer peered eagerly through the blinding sheets of water, he had a momentary vision of a great black mass rising up and feeling into the arms of the whirling wind.

"Was that the bridge?" gasped the fireman, plucking at his sleeve.

"Yes, and it's no use to jump," was the answer.

One moment more and both must be at the bottom of the river, with a dozen or more cars piled on top of them. And then something happened. The engineer's head struck hard. Instinctively he attempted to swim. Then his head cleared, and he sat up, to find himself on dry land. He thought he must be dreaming, and when he saw his fireman coming toward him he was certain of it.

"What does it mean?" asked his assistant.

"I don't know; but I guess it means we're still alive," replied the engineer. "So in the circumstances perhaps we had better investigate."

But at that moment the storm came up with redoubled fury, and both were obliged to throw themselves face down on the ground and wait for a lull. At last it was possible for them to make their investigation. The explanation was close at hand in the form of the cab, which had been torn bodily from the engine and carried nearly five hundred feet through the air, where engineer and fireman had been dropped half senseless, but practically unhurt, in a corn field at the side of the track. As soon as possible they made their way to the bridge, which they found had been carried clean away, while in the river bed lay what was left of the engine and eighteen cars of fruit.

The company was two weeks cleaning up one of the worst wrecks in the history of the road, and during that fortnight the settlers on each side of the river had a big fruit feast. They promptly dubbed the scene of the accident Fruit Ravine, and although seventeen years have passed that is its name to this day.—New York Tribune Sunday Magazine.

A CUNNING LUNATIC.

A court officer from Binghamton was taking a lunatic to an asylum at Middletown, N. Y., pursuant to an order from a committing magistrate. The lunatic was informed that he was merely going on a pleasant railroad trip, and he cheerfully accompanied the officer. The breakdown of a freight train occasioned two hours' delay, and when the passenger train arrived at Middletown, it was too late to proceed to the asylum, so they put up for the night at a hotel.

Early next morning the lunatic got up, and searched the officer's clothing, and he found the magistrate's order. With that cunning which lunatics not infrequently display, he made his way to the asylum, saw one of the keepers, and told him that he had a poor mad fellow down at a hotel, whom he should bring up in the course of the day, adding:

"He's a queer chap, and has very odd ways. Don't be surprised if he says I am the madman, and he is bringing me here. You must take care of him, and not believe a word that he says."

The keeper promised compliance, and the lunatic walked back to the hotel, where he found the officer still asleep. He awoke him, and they went to breakfast together.

"You're a lazy fellow," said the lunatic; "I have had a good walk."

"Indeed," said the officer; "I should like a walk myself after

breakfast; perhaps you will go with me."

The lunatic assented. During the walk the officer led the way, intending to deliver his charge; but it never occurred to him to examine whether his order was safe. When they got within sight of the asylum, the lunatic exclaimed:

"What a fine house that is!"

"Yes," said the officer, "I should like to see the inside of it."

"So should I," observed the lunatic.

"Well," said the other, "I dare say they will let us inspect it. Anyway, I'll ask."

They went to the door; the officer rang the bell, and the keeper whom the lunatic had previously seen made his appearance with two assistants. The officer then began to search his pockets for the order, when the lunatic produced it and gave it to the keeper, saying:

"This is the man I spoke to you about. You will take care of him."

Hands were at once laid on the poor officer, who vociferated loudly that the other was the madman, and thus conforming the real madman's story.

The officer's violent struggles ended in a strait waistcoat being put upon him. The lunatic then returned to the hotel, paid the bill, and set out homeward.

The good people were not a little surprised to see him back, and they, fearing for the officer's safety, asked him what he had done with him.

"Done with him?" said the madman; "why I left him at the Middletown asylum as mad as possible."

Which, indeed, was not far from the truth, for the wits of the poor officer were well-nigh overset by his unexpected detention and subsequent treatment.

CHASED BY ELEPHANT.

Cycling in Rhodesia occasionally has the charm of adventure—if there is much charm in the excitement of the chase when the chased is the human rider.

A cyclist who was riding from Broken Hill to Ndala on the edge of a bush clearing almost ran into the headquarters of a baby elephant—half a score hands high.

"Very likely I never got off my bike so quickly before, and I suppose both of us looked rather bamboozled. My new acquaintance gave me a long, doubtful look, and, screaming, ran toward home, or rather an old tusker and three cows browsing on the opposite end of the glade," he said in telling of his adventure.

"In wonderment I stood rooted to the spot. The wind was blowing toward me, and the bull, a magnificent monster, swung his trunk to and fro through the air to smell me out. It appears that elephants cannot see very far; besides, the sun was right against them. As soon as the now whimpering youngster arrived by his protectors they fumbled with their trunks all over him to find out what was wrong, uttering the while a curious rumbling noise through the long nostrils.

"By this time I thought it was time to return. In swinging my cycle around some dry twigs broke under me with sharp cracks. The puzzled bull stood for a moment motionless, with his huge ears extended like some topgallant sails; then, as he heard the clink of the metal through my mounting the bike, the huge animal lurched forward with a grunt that rumbled as distant thunder down his big trunk.

"I waited no longer, but pedaled for dear life, and wonder even now how I dodged the many obstacles on the path.

"Behind me came a crashing of trees, I did not look back, but put on, as it were, more steam, until, after a retreat of some four miles, hearing nothing more, I nearly came a neat cropper over an ancient tree stump.

"Still a trifle flurried, I dismounted, but except the sighing of the forest and the buzzing of tsetse flies there was no other sound. A few miles behind my carriers came bellying along with their peculiar swinging gait. As I believed the yarn of those elephants might frighten them further, 'mum' was the word.

"However, I halted them on pretense of desiring a rest, and after an hour's delay we all started once more. My cycle enabled me to scout cautiously in advance, but, as I expected, the elephants had gone to some more sequestered sylvan retreat, and nothing more was seen of them."—Rhodesia Herald.

TOTES WOUNDED BROTHER ALL NIGHT.

John Thomas, a woodchopper, occupying a shanty on Washington Mountain, near Pittsfield, Mass., with his brother Frank, went to the woodpile to split wood. Thomas could not see well and one swing of the axe missed a block of wood and the keen edge plowed through Thomas' rubber boot and split the foot nearly in halves.

His brother bound up the foot and through two feet of snow and five-foot drifts Frank Thomas started for civilization carrying his brother on his back.

From 9 o'clock Sunday night until 4 o'clock Monday morning Thomas carried the wounded brother four miles. He finally reached a rural telephone and telephoned to a surgeon. The Pittsfield surgeon feared to make the attempt to climb the mountain.

Thomas got horses, attached them to a stoneboat and hauled the wounded woodchopper into Pittsfield, where his foot was sewed up. Only the superb physical condition and the grit of his brother saved John Thomas' life.

Dreams That Are Meant for Warnings

By H. Addington Eruce.



OME years ago, early in the summer, I dreamed that, while out taking a walk, I was suddenly attacked by a huge cat, which clawed ferociously at my throat. That was all there was to the dream, or at any rate that was all I remembered on awakening in the morning, and naturally enough I dismissed it from my mind as "nothing but a dream." But when I found myself dreaming the same dream again and again, I began to wonder what significance it could possibly have.

Usually it varied greatly in minor detail. Sometimes the scene would be laid indoors, sometimes in a garden or on the street. One night I would be stealthily approaching the hateful cat in the hope of catching it unawares and making an end of it; another night I would be madly fleeing from it. Always, however, the climax was the same—the cat had me by the throat and was biting and scratching viciously. Altogether, I dreamed this dream not less than a score of times in six months.

Shortly before Christmas, I took a cold which settled in my throat, affecting it so badly as to require the attention of a specialist. Much to my astonishment it was then discovered that a growth had been developing for some time, and that an immediate operation was necessary. Several weeks later, the operation having been performed successfully, it suddenly occurred to me that I was no longer being troubled by the phantom cat. For the first time the meaning of that singular dream dawned upon me.

It had been a genuine "premonitory" dream, of a type that is bound to occupy a prominent place in the new dream book. Consciously I had been in utter ignorance of the dangerous growth in my throat. It had not progressed far enough to give me any pain, or even to cause discomfort. At the same time the organic changes it involved had produced sensations plainly felt by what psychologists call the "subconscious," and manifesting through the subconscious to the conscious in the form of a symbolic dream.

..The.. Squabble for the Pole

By C. K. Chesterton.



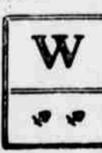
HE North Pole in my youth used to be a serious subject; it was associated with great sea heroes and the heroic age of science, with Tennyson's tribute to Franklin in Westminster Abbey. At this moment the North Pole is as grotesque as the Greasy Pole. It is being fought for with frantic gesticulations by comic Americans. The quarrel itself and the slinging, self-advertising style in which it is conducted fall so far below the old Polar idealism that the actual discovery of the pole seems not so much a climax as an anti-climax. As to which of them has really done it I have no opinion, nor even any preference.

Cook did it in the presence of two Eskimoes, Peary in the presence of one Eskimoo; but if they had done it in the presence of a million Eskimoes such people could give no evidence as to whether it was the North Pole. It is as if Babbage had proved his calculating machine to the satisfaction of a tribe of Hottentots, or Newton had demonstrated the Calculi without any refutation from the infant school.

In fact, the noise of the discussion seems a singular contrast to the stillness and secrecy of the discovery. Both these distinguished Americans seem to have gone on tiptoe, as it were—more as if they wanted to hide the North Pole than to find it. If ever there was a man who on all artistic principles ought to have found the North Pole it was Nansen. He was tall enough to be the North Pole—to be left there as a gigantic trophy and a beacon to ships. But it seems as if something rules human affairs which prefers (as the children do) to have a harlequinade after the most exquisite fairy play—something that likes King Arthur to turn into a Pantaloon and Sir Lancelot into a policeman. I think it is wholesome; it keeps us from seriousness, which is idolatry.

Modern Man Is Greater than Hercules

By Eugene Wood.



E will now pass to the main tent, if you have looked at the animals long enough. I don't mean to go out of the building, but behind the open hearth, in which some steel has been boiled and boiled and boiled, until it is now done and ready to serve. I'm sorry this isn't one of the furnaces that they tip up to pour the steel, but we'll have to make out the best we can. The steel gushes out of the tapping-hole with the rich flow of cream, and just about the color of it, if cream could only shine with such an unifying impact of its light

that the eyes would shrink and cower before it. And as the dazzling liquid pours up from the ladle leaps, as it were, a grove of tall umbrella-palms of scintillating rare, that flourish and die down, flourish and die down, each stalk and its outspreading top, in an eye-twinkle. No sight I ever saw can equal it for sheer magnificence. I stood awestruck, afraid. And presently an exultation mounted in me, and thrilled my blood like wine. It had in it something of the ecstasy of faith. It was faith. Faith in Man, the New Creator. So short a time ago, fifty years—a hundred at the outside—and he commanded nothing but what his puny muscles could move and mold! And now, what Thor, what Jupiter, what Hercules is his match in might? So short a time! Yet this is only the beginning. It has all come about within the memory of men yet living, this almost-unbelievable access of power. There are centuries before us, long, long processions of them, endless processions of them, each one accelerating Man's control of Nature's forces, accelerating, not by addition only, but also multiplying.

Man, the New Creator!

My Brook

By A. M. Bowman.



KNOW a little brook that winds, now through a sleepy meadow, now through a quiet grove, and spends its last five hundred yards of life in a little dark ravine whose sides in spring are red and blue with flowers.

And yet, sometimes I think I do not know this brook, for often as I stroll along its grassy banks I hear new music in its rushing falls and see new joys reflected in its depths. . . . Sometimes I take my book, and lying 'neath some tree that shades this brook—this friend of mine—I spend the last few hours of a summer day, then wander home; but always I have found the book remains unread.

For books, nor other man-made things can break the spell that this brook casts on me—I dream and dream and watch its purling ripples play.

Once as I stood and watched its winding course three men with baited hooks drew near, and casting far into its deepest pools, soon filled their creels with trout—and called it sport.

In early summer I am wont to take my light bamboo, and tying on a Coachman or a dun, match my best skill with all the fight and cunning of the trout.

But often, when I turn my face toward home no fish are in my creel; but I am satisfied, because—well, brother, if you know this brook you will not ask me why.—From Recreation.