

SPACE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

WHILE MOTHERS LIVE

(By Emily Calvin Blake)

ACK is at such an uninteresting age—thirteen, you know. Jack, sitting on the front doorstep, heard the words plainly, and a dark flush mounted to his brow. The answer of his sister's companion killed a budding romance that had but lately entered his heart.

"It is too bad, isn't it? My brother is just the same as Jack. So uninteresting, and always in the way." He stopped short, a roll of misery enveloped him. Mother wouldn't be there; she was upstairs, lying in bed with a little thing held lovingly in her arms.

"Hello, kid!" the elder's greeting had been; then, to Jack's chagrin, a broad smile had suddenly enveloped his countenance. The proverbial ugly duckling he had volunteered; "why, you're all legs and arms!"

Jack had tried to laugh in return at the joke. But, somehow, he couldn't. The little later, he had asked if he might have his weekly allowance. He did not say that he wanted to buy mother roses—pale ones with curling petals.

"You must hurry up, Jack, and grow to an age where you'll be able to do something for yourself," he said. The words were accompanied by a kind pat, but Jack swallowed a hard lump in his throat.

He wondered just when a boy became uninteresting. He, Jack, wasn't so to himself, so to himself, he had gilded so gradually into that state that he hadn't noticed. But only last week he had thought how very interesting his thoughts were. He had smiled when, looking up into the sky, he saw a floating bit of blue that looked just like mother's eyes.

"It's all right, isn't it, sir?" he asked, for the strange silence surprised him. "I wanted roses for mother—she loves them so, you know."

Jack did so. The wagon started away at a mad pace. Jack with some difficulty maintaining his seat on the rear end. Then, as suddenly as it had started, the wagon gave a mighty lurch and stopped.

He pocketed his fifty cents, and sought the florist shop. It took him some time to select the creamiest sweetest roses. It was very late then, but, of course, they hadn't missed him at home. They had only been relieved because he wasn't there—in the way with muddy boots and ugly hands that he always tried in vain to hide when his big brother called attention to them.

He wanted her. He wanted her! He knew now all suddenly what he would do. He would go into the house quietly, return the money to father, then go upstairs to her room, and—

"I worked today, father," he said, in a low, clear voice, "and I'm able to return the money to you. I'm just as much obliged, though."

Then she put out her arms, and in a second he was within them, sobbing unashamed, returning her tender kisses, forgetting his hands, his uninteresting age, drinking in her sweet words, touching her smooth hair with his cheek.

She looked around dreamily at the door opened; then she half started at the sight of the pathetic little figure that entered. His coat was torn and muddy, and two buttons were missing. The roses were guarded carefully in his tired hands.

"The whole world doesn't matter, does it, not even hurts and mocking, while there are mothers left?"

The Little Cousin from Constantinople was to have been given a party on her seventh birthday; but, just before the invitations were written, Mumps came uninvited, and, of course, there could be no other guests whatever. Mumps stayed.

Once when Rudyard Kipling was a boy he ran out on the yard arm of a ship. "Mr. Kipling," yelled a seared sailor, "your boy is on a yard arm, and if he lets go he'll drown!"

"I am sorry I must be away all the morning," she was very sorry for it, he hoped earnestly that it might escape the ill that he had endured, if he were anywhere around when it was thirteen, he would help—

There was a slight commotion outside. The Little Cousin listened eagerly. What could it mean? Hushed voices, bits of laughter, the sliding of something over the polished floor, scurrying footsteps here and there—the Little Cousin heard it all, and waited breathlessly.

"I'll open this first," said the Little Cousin to herself, untying the block, and laying it aside with its dangling cord. Eagerly she tore off the wrappings—it was, it was a doll, such a darling of a doll!

Then her eyes fell on the block of wood, with its inscription, and she began to pull in the string. A square package appeared in the doorway, and she drew it toward her. Attached to it was a third block. This she untied as before, and removed the paper from her gift. It was a small trunk. She lifted the cover, and there were Dolly's missing garments!

The fourth package was big and rather heavier than the others. The Little Cousin wondered what it could be, and she found out just as soon as she could get it open. Oh, how glad the Little Cousin was that she had passed the stage where she could not eat!

Ready for the make-believe repast, string number five was pulled, and when the box was opened the Little Cousin fairly squealed, for there was a real luncheon for Dolly and herself, all in two!

When the sixth present was pulled upon the bed of the Little Cousin said, "Oh!" to the accompaniment of very bright eyes, for the shape of it told her that must be a carriage—a carriage for Dolly, and it proved to be one of the very prettiest that ever a small doll rode in.

"Now shut your eyes and go right to sleep!" Dolly was bidden, and she obeyed at once. "For a perfectly lovely birthday!" murmured the Little Cousin, drawing her darling—bed to close to her pillow. Then she shut her own eyes, to keep Dolly company.

When the Merry Mother peeped in, the Little Cousin from Constantinople lay quite still among her treasures—fast asleep.—St. Nicholas.

Most people, remarked the thoughtful thinker, "take life seriously." Well, there's no reason why they should not, rejoined the matter-of-fact news. "Taking life is a serious matter."—Chicago Daily News.

PETER THE GREAT: THE BOY OF THE KREMLIN

The halls of the Kremlin, the Czar's palace in Moscow, were filled with a wild rabble of hangers on a winter afternoon near the end of the seventeenth century. The guards of the late Czar Alexis were storming through the maze of corridors and state apartments, breaking statues, tearing tapestries, and piercing and cutting to pieces invaluable paintings with their spears and swords.

In a small room on one of the higher floors a little group of women and noblemen, all very thoroughly frightened, were gathered about two boys. The noise of the attack on the palace had come to their ears some time before; they had seen from the windows the mutinous soldiers climbing the walls and beating down the few loyal servants who had withstood them.

The smaller of the two boys, a sturdy lad of eleven years, spoke up: "Let me go out on to the red staircase with Ivan, mother. When they see that we are both here they'll be satisfied."

The small boy who had spoken before took these words as conclusive. "Come, Ivan," said he, and took the other's hand in his. Ivan, a tall, delicate boy, whose face was white with fear, gripped Peter's hand hard. He was used to trusting implicitly to his half-

brother, although the latter was two years younger than he. One of the noblemen opened the door, and the two boys went out of the room and crossed the hall to the top of the great red staircase. They looked down on the mob of soldiers who were gradually surging up the stairs, brandishing swords and spears, fighting among themselves for the possession of some treasure, and calling continually: "The Czar! Where are the boys, Ivan and Peter? Where are they?"

A score of voices took up the cry as all eyes were turned on the landing, and many men started up the stairs. "There is Peter, but where is Ivan?"

"Ivan is here with me," said Peter, his voice clear and high. He tried to pull Ivan nearer to him so that the men might see him. "Stand up, where they can see you, Ivan," he begged. "There's nothing to be afraid of. They only want to see their new Czar."

"I am the son of the Czar Alexis also, and I am not afraid of any of you!" The boy's calm eyes fronted the nearest soldiers steadily. "Peter, the son of Alexis, is not afraid of his own father's guards!" the boy continued. "That is why I came out here when you called me."

The nearest soldiers dropped the points of their spears and joined in the shouting. A flush came into the younger boy's face and he smiled, and squeezed

Ivan's hand tighter. He knew that the danger had passed. Slowly the soldiers who had climbed nearest to the boys drew back down the stairs. Swords were returned to scabbards, harsh voices grew quieter, and within a quarter of an hour the red staircase and the great hall were empty of men. Then the door of the room from which the two boys had come opened, and Natalia and her women stepped out. The Czarina, a woman of courage herself, took Peter in her arms. "My brave son," she murmured, "you are worthy of your father. I would have stood beside you, but the people hate me, and it would have been worse for us all."

"I needed no one, little Mother," said Peter. "If I am ever to be a ruler I must not fear to face my own men." Then his face grew more serious. "But if I ever am Czar they will not break into the Kremlin this way, mother, nor will you need to hide yourself from them."

"God grant it be so, Peter!" answered Natalia. "I think they've learned much from this very day." (To Be Continued)

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS Climbing Up the Hill Never look behind, boys; Up and on the way! Time enough for that boys, On some future day. Though the way be long, boys, Fight it with a will; Never stop to look behind When climbing up the hill.

First be sure your right, boys; Then with courage strong, Strap your pack upon your back And tug, tug along; Better let the lag lout Fill the ranks behind And strike the farther stake pole Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys; Made to pull a load, But in the end will give the dust To racers in the road. When you're near the top, boys, Of that ragged way, Do not stop to blow your horn, But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys; Brace yourselves, and go! Let the plodding lad pad Hoe the easy row. Success is at the top, boys, Waiting there until Brains and pluck and self-respect Have mounted up the hill.

Ginger Jinks Or Hollows'n Fudge Sugar and milk together boil Until in water cold They make a soft elastic ball Between the fingers rolled.

Remove at once from off the fire; Let stand until lukewarm Where no ruder juk nor shaking up Can do it any harm.

