

Where Innocence is Bliss

She was one of those dear, innocent, little maidens, with the cherubic face framed in golden curls, so oft-immortalized by poets and painters.

For nine short years she had flowered in the seclusion of home, with scarcely a companion to share her simple pleasures. Mother and father thought it better so—their baby's opening mind must not be brought into rude contact with the wicked world outside. Occasionally Cousin Phil came to spend a week, and Maisie loved Phil. They were great pals.

One summer morning Maisie walked with her father in the garden, and he told her a wonderful story. Yesterday he had found the fairies dancing in the twilight, and they had told him to look under the rose-bushes and take whatever, he found there. He looked, and underneath a lovely crimson Rambler found a dear little baby girl; so he took her in to Mummy and they were going to keep her as a new baby sister for Maisie.

Maisie's face was weathed in delighted smiles, as she looked up into her daddy's face and said softly, "Daddy, may I write and tell Phil about this lovely present the fairies have given us?"

That night Maisie's father found on the table a letter addressed to Phil, in her quaint, crooked handwriting, all ready for posting.

"Dear little innocent," he murmured. "Wonder now, what she has told him. Shall I? Yes, I must open it and see." He broke the seal and scanned the page. A baffled expression spread over his face and his hand shook slightly as he read:—

"Dear Phil:

You owe me a bob; it's a girl.

With much love,

From

Maisie."

The Rub.

Of atrocities in Belgium we all
have heard a lot;

Of Kultur, Hymns of Hate, and strafing
good and hot;

Of poison gas and tear shells massed
attacks, gun-fire barrage—

But give to me the whole darned bunch,
before another month's massage.

PRETIUM.