



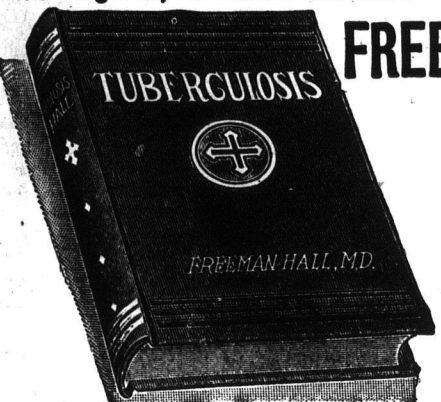
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writer who claims that her parents are too strict. Perhaps it is so. Of late years, more liberal views have come into vogue concerning the attitude of children towards their parents. They now assume the position of companions to their parents, where as formerly young folks held their parents in respect and gave due heed to their advice. The result is, the clashing of wills, the parent's wishes being at times disregarded and their views of life and conduct being held in a light esteem. Some young folks feel themselves competent to decide who their companions shall be; which of them they shall give or accept attention from, and which they shall accept as their future partner in life. So very often young people meet and ultimately marry those whose conduct is of the lowest degree, with the consequence that their lives become ones of untold misery. So, my lady friend, "beware!" Take the advice and gentle persuasions of those who have passed through the war without getting hurt. Am still an interested reader.

Doctor.

How Marjorie Found Fairyland

By Zella Margaret Walters

"I know it's just stories," said Marjorie firmly to herself as she closed her book, "but I wish things like that did happen. I wish a funny fairy god-mother would take me away to a beautiful palace or a mysterious white bird would fly before me to an enchanted forest, or something."

She had been reading in the meadow and leaned back against the oak tree to think about it. Just then the saucy east wind snatched up her hat and sent it careering through the air at a great rate. At first she did not move, but as the hat sailed on and on a sudden hope took possession of her. Suppose the wind was carrying her hat to fairyland? In that case all that was necessary was to follow it.

It really did seem as if the hat was bewitched. It would settle to the ground and lie until she had almost reached it, and then it was up and away again. Across the field, across the road, down the lane, it went, and at last it whisked suddenly over the high fence that shut in the little cottage that she had often seen. With a beating heart she climbed up and looked over. There was no one in sight, but a little lame girl sitting in her chair under the big elm tree.

"Please, may I come and get my hat?"

"Oh, yes!" said the lame girl, smiling brightly. "I would get it for you if I could."

But Marjorie did not see the bright smile nor the wistful look that followed her. She got her hat quickly and went out. She felt cross and disappointed because no adventure had been found by following the runaway hat. She went straight home and told her mother about it.

"Of course, I didn't expect to get to fairyland," she concluded, "but I thought something might happen besides just common everyday things."

"Still, you might have got to fairyland if you had known how, and, better yet, you might have taken some one with you," said her mother.

"What do you mean?" cried Marjorie. "That little lame girl—her name is Laura Randal—has just moved here. She doesn't know anyone; her parents are poor, and she has few books or games. If a girl of her own age would visit her, think how perfectly happy she might be made by a little attention and sharing of treasures."

"I see, mama," said Marjorie, and half an hour later she was ready to start on a visit to Laura. Now Marjorie never did things by halves, and she had her brother's wagon piled full of things out of which to construct her fairyland. She went down the lane to the cottage, looked over the fence again, and said:

"May I come in, please?"

And again the little lame girl smiled, and Marjorie drew her little wagon in through the gate.

"I've come to stay with you this afternoon, if I may. We will read my storybooks and have some fun, and after a while we will have a little pic-

nic. My brother Harold is coming to help us eat. He's good at eating up everything that's left; and besides, he's a jolly boy, he's just as much fun as a girl."

With this introduction Marjorie began unpacking her wares.

"We'll play I'm a peddler," she said, "and you're a lady. Please, madam, may I come in and show my goods?"

"Yes," said Laura, "if you're a nice polite peddler, and take off your hat, and scrape your shoes at the door."

Laura bought all of the books at fabulous prices, and seemed so eager to read them that Marjorie declared she would leave them there until every one had been through. Then they made a comical scrap-book, cutting out all the pictures of people and animals, fitting new heads and bodies together, and what funny effects were produced!

Harold was on hand to take his share in the picnic, and, as the sun was setting he and Marjorie said good-bye, with many promises to come again.

"I had a beautiful time to-day," said Marjorie to her mother.

"Yes," said her mother, "the way to fairyland is very easy; You just enter the little gate of kindness and go straight on."—S.S. Times.

In Memory's Glass

Do you remember, Love—can you forget!

How the sky looked when we had climbed the hill?

Our horses' hoofs with glimmering dew were wet;

We stood a moment still.

There was a bar of crimson in the West

Wherein a great star palpitating hung. So close, so close to earth, it seemed to rest

Our own dear haunts among.

And higher, as if shrinking from that glow

Where yet we knew she must be drawn full soon,

Reluctant in her maiden silver, lo,

The slim and virgin moon.

And underneath those heavenly ones we saw

The lights of home beyond the darkening plain;

Fair, shining beacons, set to softly draw Us to themselves again.

Sweet sounds familiar filled the hour with peace;

Lowling of kine, faint chirp of nested birds,

Voices of children, tender minstrelries That had no need for words.

When mothers hushed their babes upon the knee;

Somewhere a dog barked; then silence fell,

And we could only hear the ancient sea, Murmuring the ancient spell.

There at our feet it lay; and purple Night

Clothed it with her dim broideries, and its breast

Heaved with the thousand secrets none may write

Save who know Sorrow best.

But you and I lightly took hands and turned

From the unmated, sad, complaining strand,

To where the fires of love and home still burned

Across the shadowy land.

We had no thought to bid the moment stay,

Because it seemed that all would follow so;

—But I forget if it were yesterday, Or ages long ago!

Do you remember—O could I forget!

How the sky looked when we had climbed the hill?

The night has long since fall'n; the star has set;

But Time for me stands still.

Praises this Asthma Remedy. A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

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