

### The Three Wishes.

Polly put down her book of fairy tales with a sigh, and Claude turned his head to look at her. It was a rainy day, and the two children were rather dreamy and languid through missing their regular exercise.

"What's the matter?" asked Claude, stretching himself. "What were you thinking about just now?"

Polly's brother never made fun of her, which might have been the reason why she was always ready to answer his questions. "I was thinking," she replied, "what I'd say if a fairy should give me three wishes."

"I wouldn't have to think very long for that," said Claude, settling himself more comfortably in the big arm-chair. "I'd wish first for plenty of money. If you have money you can get most anything you want, you know—horses and dogs and a nice house, and everything good to eat. Yes, that the first thing I'd wish for—all the money I wanted."

"That's one," said Polly, counting on her fingers. "And what would you have for your second wish?"

"Let me see," and Claude thought for a minute. "Well, I guess I'd wish always to feel well. Because if you're sick you can't have fun anyway. That time I went to Eugene's birthday party when my head ached so, I wished I was home every minute."

"Two!" counted Polly.

"Now, I've only got one left. Wait a minute," said Claude, looking as anxious as if the three wishes were something besides play. "Well, I'd wish to travel all over the world. I'd see all the big cities where Uncle Harry went last year, and I'd climb the big mountains and sail up all the rivers. And wherever I went I'd get splendid things to carry back home. Now it's your turn."

Evidently Polly had planned her wishes in advance, for she did not stop to think. "First of all," she began, "I'd wish that nobody should be real poor. Because, you know, it's dreadful to think that some little children never have enough to eat, and are so cold when winter comes. If my wish came true they'd all have pretty houses and nice, warm clothes and plenty to eat—and playthings, too," added Polly, who loved to play with her dolls still, though some of the girls of her age had outgrown them.

"That's one. Now what's the next?" asked Claude, counting on his fingers as Polly had done.

"Then I'd wish that nobody should be sick any more. I've thought about that ever so long," Polly explained, "ever since I went with Aunt Margie to visit that hospital. It makes you feel so bad, Claude, to see lots of sick people together, with their white faces, and fingers just like birds' claws."

"Two!" announced Claude. Now be careful. Only one left."

"Oh, but I've got it all ready," Polly hastened to say. "I'd wish that everybody could have good times, the way we do. You know Mamie Pearson's mamma does washing, and just as soon as school's out Mamie has to hurry home and work till she goes to bed. She never has any real fun. Oh, I just wish there were good times enough to go 'round."

The door-bell rang at this point, and Polly hastened to answer it. Then mamma, who was sewing in the next room, called Claude to her. "I've been listening to your talk, she said, "and I've discovered a strange difference between your wishes and your sister's."

"What is it, mamma?" asked Claude, much interested.

"Your wishes were all for yourself. You wanted to be rich and strong, and to have a great deal of pleasure. Polly's wishes were all for other people."

"Yes'm, but it was only play," Claude hastened to say, looking rather ashamed.

"I know it, dear. But if in his



play a boy thinks first of his own pleasure, he is likely to do the same thing the rest of the time. And a girl who thinks that the very nicest thing in the world is to see other people comfortable and happy, will scatter comfort and happiness about her wherever she goes."

"And Polly does," cried Claude, who loved his sister dearly, and was very proud of her sweet unselfishness. Then he added, "I guess if we were playing this game over again I'd wish first of all that I'd stop thinking of myself all the time, and begin to care about other folks, just as Polly does."

### The Woes of a Grandfather.

When Daphne comes to "grandpa's house"

My world turns upside down;  
I cannot have my meals on time  
To catch the train for town.

My paper's torn, my hat is lost,  
There's jam on every chair;  
And yet, for all the harm that's done,  
To scold—I wouldn't dare!

There are sad times, there are bad times,  
When Daphne comes to stay.  
She's full of pranks, she's full of wiles,  
In mischief all the day.

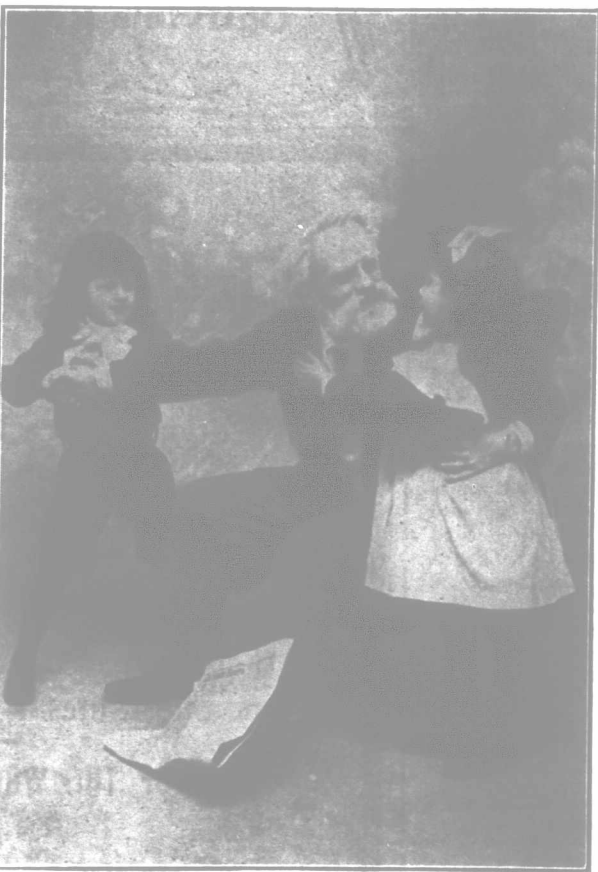
I cannot do the thing I would.  
She spoils my busiest day;  
And yet how lonely is the house  
When Daphne goes away!

My grandpa says that he was once  
A little boy like me.

I s'pose he was; and yet it does  
Seem queer to think that he  
Could ever get my jacket on,  
Or shoes, or like to play  
With games and toys, and race with  
Duke,  
As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see.  
Nurse says I must be good,  
And mind my manners, as a child  
With such a grandpa should.  
For grandpa is straight and tall,  
And very dignified;  
He knows most all there is to know,  
And other things beside.

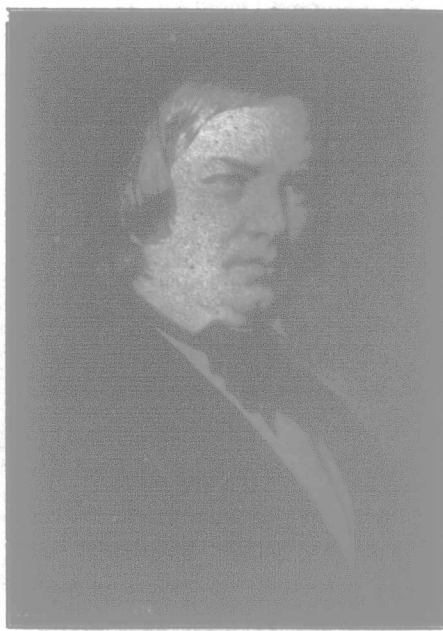
So, though my grandpa knows so much,  
I thought that maybe boys  
Were things he hadn't studied,  
They make such awful noise.



The Woes of a Grandfather.

But when I asked at dinner for  
Another piece of pie,  
I thought I saw a twinkle  
In the corner of his eye.

So yesterday when they went out  
And left us two alone,  
I was not quite so much surprised  
To find how nice he'd grown.  
You should have seen us romp and run!  
My! now I almost see  
That p'r'aps he was, long, long ago,  
A little boy like me.



Robert Alexander Schumann.

Born June 8, 1810; Died July 29, 1856.

"A wonder-loving and a wonder-seeking man," so said Thomas Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus," and these words were, indeed, most applicable to Schumann. He was born at Zwickau, Saxony, where his father was a bookseller, with ambitions to distinguish himself as an author. From him Robert inherited his love of books and thirst for learning.

The child loved music, and received his first instruction from Kuntzsch, the rather indifferent organist of the little town. Robert Schumann was intensely emotional and highly-strung, and his imagination was startlingly vivid. His mind was of the sensitive and acute type, that, when evenly balanced, could give delight by its originality, but when overstrained must lose its clearness and become deranged. This, alas! was the sad case with Schumann, and was the cause of the tragedy at the close of his brilliant life.

Robert was almost as poetical as he was musical. He read insatiably, having great advantage in the really good collection in his father's bookshop. He wrote both prose and poetry, sometimes setting his own verses to music, which was a keen delight to him. Byron was one of his favorite poets, and he set a great many of his verses to music.

Many wonderful hours did this dreamy-eyed boy spend among his father's books. It is easy to picture him in those days, sitting among the old volumes that spoke to him with their silent voices. They always say kindly things to those who love them truly, and many were the secrets they whispered to Robert. Best of all writers did he love Jean Paul Richter, whose writings had a very stirring and exhilarating, but also a very disturbing effect upon his mind. Sometimes his imagination and nerves were so upset by this mental food that the boy felt as though he should go mad!

Poor Schumann! When he was sixteen his father died, and his mother, objecting to his musical ambitions, wished him to study law, so his beloved music was interrupted for a time while he attended the University at Leipzig, and, later, that at Heidelberg. His legal studies were a failure, and his mother finally gave her consent for him to follow an artistic career.

At this time Schumann merely wished to become a pianist, not yet daring to hope that he might be a composer, but diligently applying himself to his practicing, under the guidance of his friend and teacher, Wieck. In order to overcome the stiffness of his too-long unused fingers, Schumann invented a contrivance by which his third finger was held back tightly when he practiced. Suddenly a dreadful thing happened. The finger that had been so painfully restricted became useless, and the muscles of the right hand became so strained that Schumann could play no more. This finger never regained its strength, and the young musician had to relinquish all hope of becoming a pianist, and so turned his attention to composition, so the strained finger became a blessing in disguise.

Schumann married Clara, the daughter of his friend Wieck, and the marriage was a peculiarly happy one. She was a brilliant pianist, and as good as she was beautiful. During the first year of their marriage he composed one hundred and thirty-eight songs—most of them dedicated to his wife. The next year he composed the famous symphony in B flat. When he was thirty-three he wrote "Paradise and the Peri"; then "Faust," and his only opera, "Genoveva." At thirty-nine he set Byron's "Manfred" to music.

Schumann now became very gloomy, and sought solitude. He had strange visions and delusions, and fancied that he heard spirit-voices whispering to him. One chilly February night, following the command of these voices, he hastened out through the darkness to the Rhine, where the water-spirits seemed to beckon him to enchanted lands, and sprang into the dark water. He was rescued by some passing boatmen, but from that time until his death he lived in a world of visions and shadows, his beloved Clara consoling him to the end.

Time was, not very long ago,  
When Mabel's walking skirt  
Trilled half-a-yard behind to show  
How well she swept the dirt.  
But "short and sweet" are in again;  
No more she grievance rankles,  
For Mabel's now curtailed her train,  
And shows her dainty ankles.

But Mabel has a thrifty mind;  
To supplement her charms,  
The frills that once she wore behind  
She fastens on her arms.  
Her sleeves are made in open bags,  
Like trousers in the Navy;  
No more she sweeps the streets, but drags  
Her sleeve across the gravy.

Having finished his meal, the absent-minded professor got up, put on his hat and was starting away when he found himself confronted by the bowing waiter. "Ah," said the professor, grasping and heartily shaking the outstretched hand, "Very glad to have the pleasure of meeting you again, sir—very glad, indeed. I remember your face distinctly, but—ah—I must confess that your name has escaped me."

### Women's Ways.