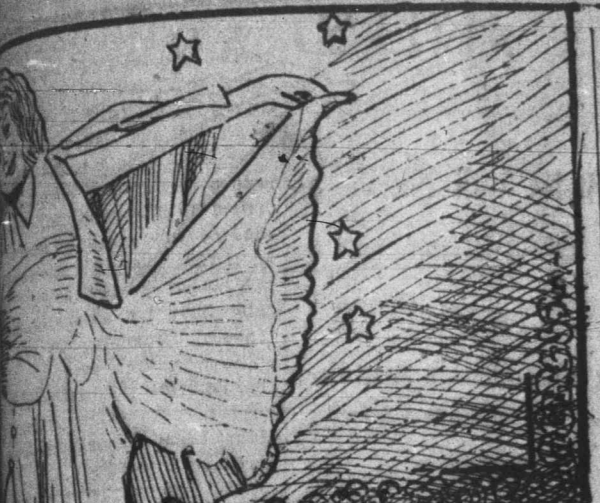


TWO LITTLE GIRLS BECAME FAIRIES



stage when it was brilliantly illuminated, and the playhouse filled with gayly dressed people. They were beginning to think as Dinah had said, that being a real fairy wasn't such great fun after all, when one day grandmama got a message from the ballet mistress telling them to come that night to the playhouse.

The dressing room was crowded with children dressing and undressing, and it seemed that a bevy of nannies had been let loose so great was the babble. Maids were making up their little faces with paints and powders, and pinning wigs over their real hair. The mistress of the wardrobe couldn't find tights small enough for Gypsy's dainty limbs, and she had to be sewed up in a pair that grandmama might have worn, which made all the other fairies and elfs laugh merrily. When it came to the wings, the pins had given out, so guess what the maid did. She fastened them to Gypsy's bodice with tacks. "There's a tacked fairy for you," she laughed.

But Gypsy, with her own crown of golden curls — the "make-up" man said they were too pretty to cover with a wig — was a picture upon which the dressing-room feasted with admiration, as she stepped into an empty space, and to the music that swept down from the flies, took a step or two to show how graceful she could be in fairy attire.

"Beautiful as Elsie Brown," whispered the girl who had Elsie's place. As for Hazel, she was hidden in a great white pair of wooly pajamas, and over her dark curls was slipped a huge owl's head, through which her mischievous eyes peeped, seeing more than did any owl by night or day.

"Next time," said Madame Trolley, "you'll be a cupid, my dear, if you promise to keep your arrows in the sling."

All the girls laughed and Hazel and Gypsy wondered why. It was great fun to join the long procession that went scrambling down the spiral staircase from the dressing room into the wings. How their blood danced to the music as they waited for the cue!

"Ready!" cried the stage manager. Up went the curtain, and before the children knew it, they were tripping like real fairies in elfland. Everywhere was a sea of strange faces, all intent upon the stage, while the lights played all sorts of

long green tails, while they carried bunches of poppies. As they tripped onto the stage the music played, and everything was as magical as fairy-land.

"It's dress rehearsal," said Tot, who had been once behind the scenes with Elsie Brown.

"Madame Trolley," said the doorkeeper, "here are two little girls that want to be real fairies," and he laughed as did the Madame.

"We want to take Elsie Brown's place," said Hazel. "Take turn about, you know. Gypsy one night and I the next."

"Well, you are ambitious, my dears. Elsie's the best fairy in the pantomime. Poor child!"

"That's why we want to take her place," said Gypsy, "because she is so poor."

"God bless you," said the ballet mistress. "Ever been on the stage before?"

The children shook their heads.

"I thought not," smiled the madame, and her red curls danced.

"Do let us come," pleaded Hazel.

"We want so much to be real fairies. It won't take us long to learn. We have lived with fairies all our lives, haven't we, Gypsy?"

"They talk to us sometimes in our sleep," said Gypsy. "And Hazel is writing a fairy story, 'The Adventures of Princess Fuda,' is the bravest story I ever read. Almost as good as 'The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast.'" At this the ballet mistress and the doorkeeper laughed heartily.

"Well, my dears," said the madame, "bring me tomorrow after school a written permission from your mothers, and I will put you in rehearsal. We can use an extra owl or poppy, perhaps a cupid."

The children went home as quickly as if they were already winged fairies.

But their joy soon came to grief. Grandmama was quite shocked and scolded them for going to the playhouse.

The story of little Elsie Brown had no power to move her to write the letter to the ballet mistress saying the children had her consent to become fairies.

"Let's cry," whispered Gypsy.

"Don't you member when we were babies grandmama would give us anything we wanted if we cried hard enough and long enough." With that the little mischiefs set up a crying spell that lasted so long that grandmama began to fear for their eyes and her own nerves. When they had spilled almost every tear they had Dinah went to grandmama.

"Let me take the chillens to the rehearsals, Mrs. Blodgett," pleaded the trusted maid of all work. "I've been a dresser in the playhouse, I knows what it is, and I'll give you my word, des-chillens will tire powerfully soon of being real fairies, for dey's have to work like downright niggers." That's how grandmama came to write the note that finally admitted Hazel and Gypsy to fairy-land. Every day for two long weeks they went after school to the playhouse, where for an hour first one, then another mistress of the ballet put them through poses until they could spin on their toes like tops, and fall into all sorts of positions like little people in pictures they had often seen at the Metropolitan museum.

It was great fun at first, but there came days when they would rather have played at home than go over and over the same thing in their school clothes in the dingy, dratty theatre with a lot of children they had never seen before. They were what are called understudies — always practicing to fill the place of a fairy that might fall sick or be called away suddenly. There were times when it seemed as if nobody would ever get sick and give them a chance to wear the beautiful clothes that hung on the presses in the great dressing room and go upon the big

beautiful pranks, and the music waited everybody and everything away from this world into that of sprites and elfs.

For one enchanting week they tripped in their fairy clothes before the footlights. During the waits between the acts, Hazel finished writing "The Adventures of the Princess Fuda." The dressing room was much interested, and each girl took turns reading it until the paper was worn ragged. Then they called Hazel Genius, a name which you may now read on the program in great red letters. One morning when Dinah brought the children to rehearsal, Madame Trolley gave her two envelopes — the real fairies first real earnings — four dollars apiece for eight performances!

When Grandmama had counted it with glistening eyes, it was Tot that led the trio to Elsie Brown's home.

"I have been trying to be as good a fairy as you," said Gypsy to Elsie, "but Madame Trolley says I need lots more study before I can fill your place."

"And I am still an owl," sighed Hazel. "I'll have to be a poppy, a train spread and a cupid before I can be even as good a fairy as Gypsy is already. I only wanted to be a fairy like you, Elsie," stammered Hazel, "so I might save the place for you."

Then the children slipped their envelopes into Elsie's little work-hardened hand. When the stage fairy drudge grasped the meaning of the children's visit, and their purpose in taking part in the pantomime, she smothered them with tears and kisses.

"Why, Hazel, why, Gypsy, my new-found friends," she laughed and cried, "you are already fairies, real fairies. You don't need tights, gauze skirts or wings, lights, music or dance — you are really real fairies, and with your wands (and she tossed the money in the air) you will make my mama well again, then I can go back to the playhouse, and be once more a make-believe fairy."

Tardy Tom.
Tom Brown, the naughty chap, At school was always late; He couldn't find his cap, His mittens or his slate.

And hurry as he would, When he went out the door The clock hands always stood At half-past nine or more.

A fairy came one day, And said, "Tis very strange, That things go on this way, And we must have a change!"

And then, O, 'twas a shock!

This Persian wears a funny hat
And often sits upon a mat;
His trousers seem inclined to bag;
His well-embroidered coat to sag.

The former paint a purple blue,
The latter give a yellow hue,
And, lastly, paint an orange red
The circle just behind his head.

MRS. HEN.
Good Mrs. Hen, O, where away,
On such a very cloudy day?
That big umbrella 'neath your wing
Seems just about the proper thing.

One of Shoridan's tales was of an Irishman who met a Briton, of the true John Bull pattern, standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island.

"Allow me to differ with ye!" exclaimed the Celt.

"But I have said nothing, sir," replied John Bull.

"And a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian.

"Perhaps you are looking for fight?" queried the Briton.

"Allow me to compliment ye on the quickness of yer perception," said Patrick, throwing down his coat, and then they pitched in.—Ex

Released From Jail.
New York, March 10. — James B. Carr was released from jail yesterday by Judge Newberger. The young man was accused of embezzling \$6,000. His parents, who had come from Belfast, Ireland, settled his pecuniations and made a personal plea to the court for their son's liberation.

A Lar o Contract.
Pittsburg, March 10.—The wholesale Lumber Dealers' association of Pittsburg has placed an order with Northwestern lumber dealers for 100,000,000 feet of Oregon fir, being the largest order given in the history of the organization, the contract price aggregating \$4,000,000.

Duel Without Result.
New York, March 11.—A duel with pistols took place Monday morning on the Italian frontier between Prince Ludolph Pignatelli d'Aragon and the Marquis de Savilla, according to a dispatch from the Nice correspondent of the Herald. Four shots were exchanged without result.

ACynic on Marriage.
Sardines are a delicacy fit for any epicure, but the other fish was thus summed up by an epigrammatic Cornishman: "Pilchards," he said, "are like wives. When they're bad, they're awful, and when they're good they're only middling."—Ex.

Oldest Inhabitant—We don't have any such winters now as we had when we were boys.

Next Oldest—No, but we have a whole lot more rheumatism, which makes 'em worse — Indianapolis News.

Impatient Husband (on the outside)—"What are the Revolutionary Daughters doing now—electing delegates or quarreling?" Doorkeeper—"Both."

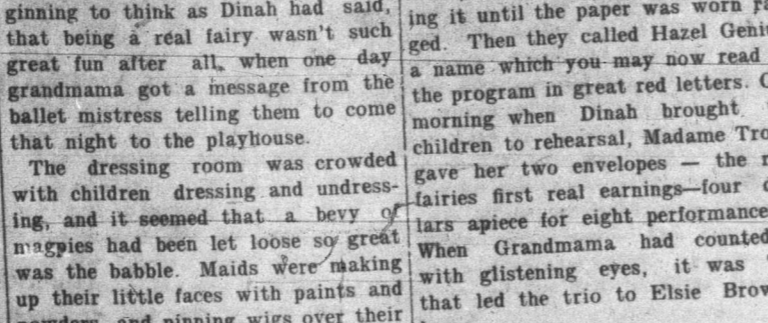
"Mr. Linger spends a great deal of time with you, Molly," said Mr. Kittish to Miss Frock's.
"Yes, but that's all he does spend."

Put Tom's face on the clock,
And the clock's face on him!

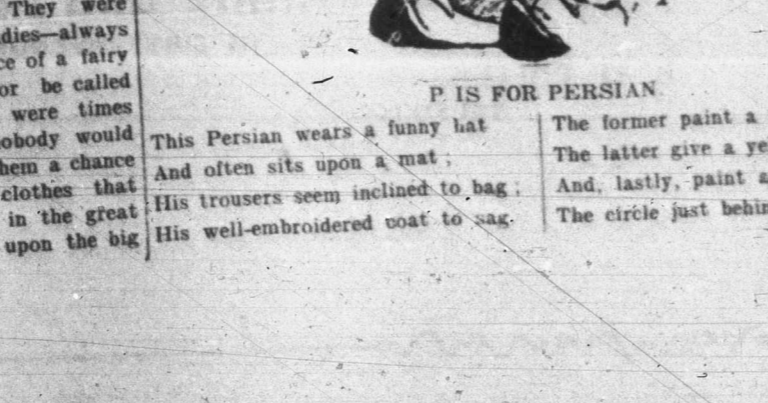
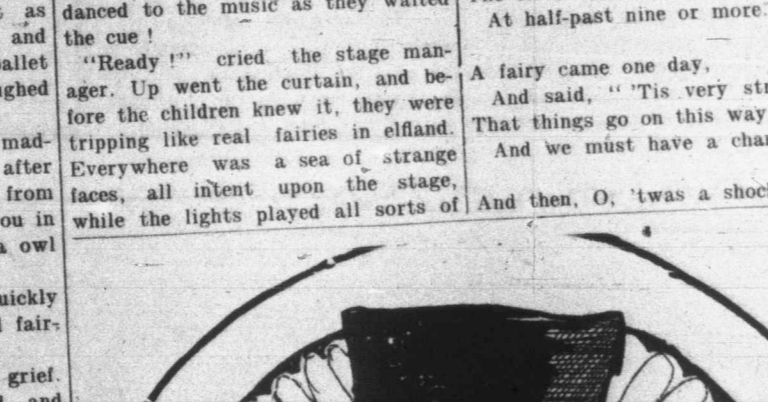
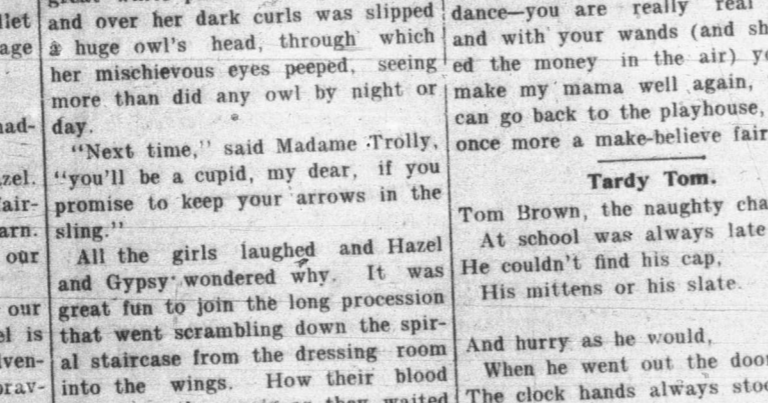
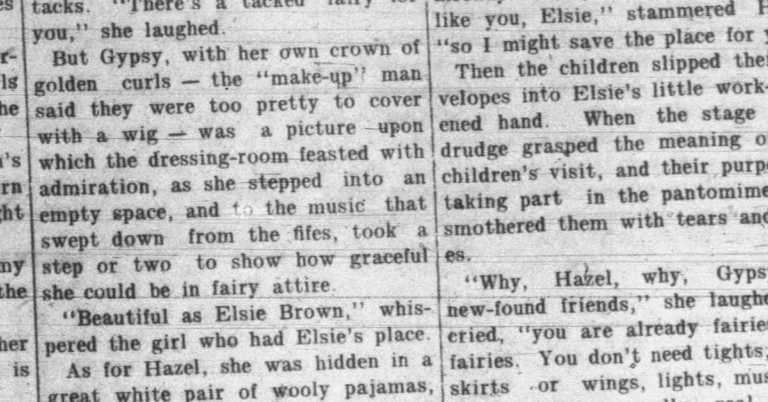
HE SAT UPON HIS STOOL
HIS HANDS BEFORE HIS FACE

"And now," the fairy said,
"You'll never more be late.
The alarm in your head
Goes off at half-past eight."

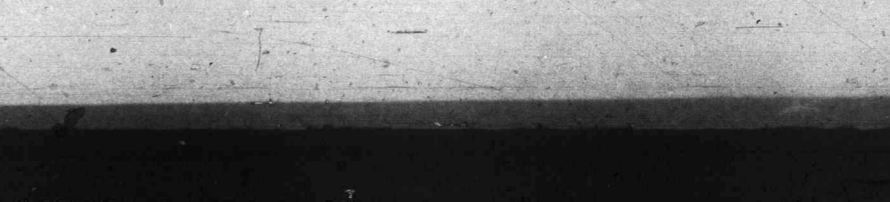
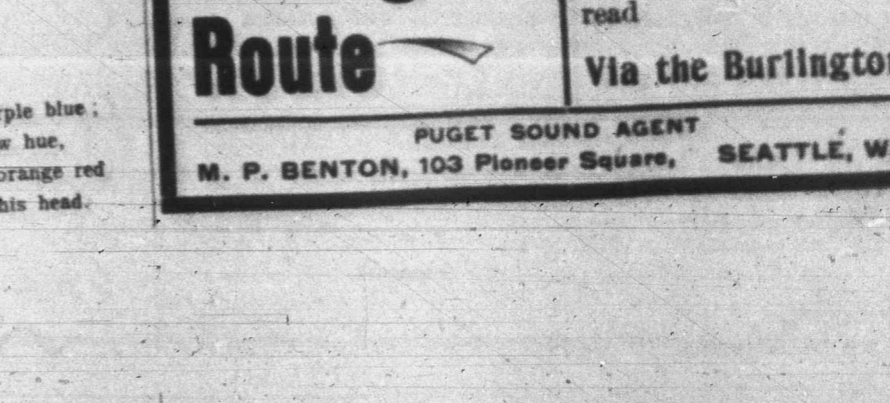
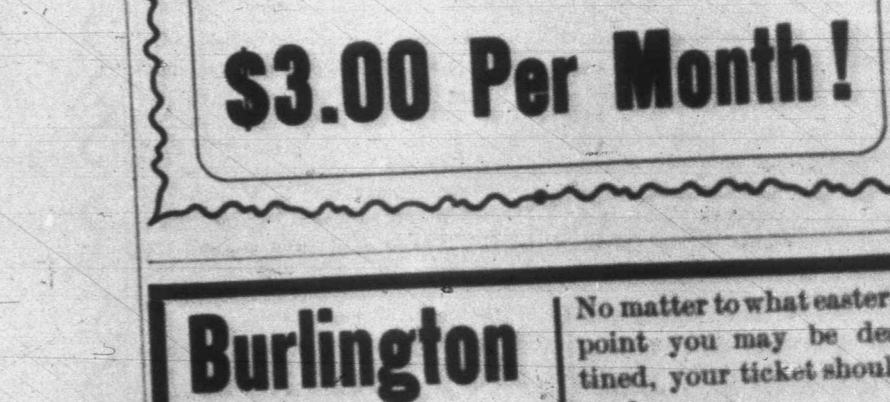
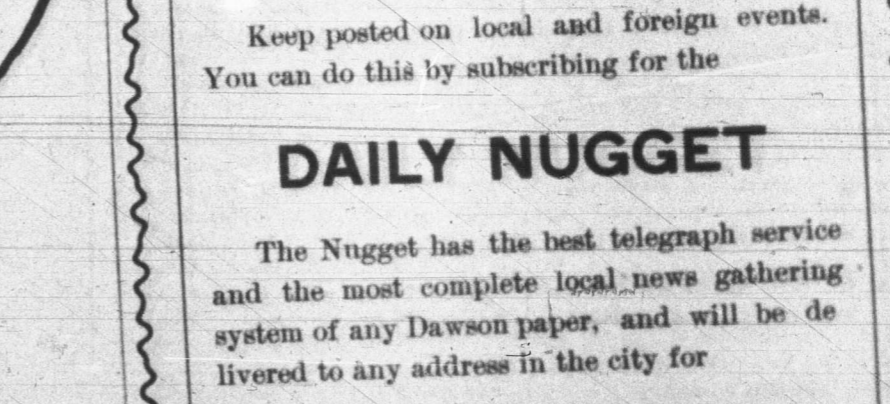
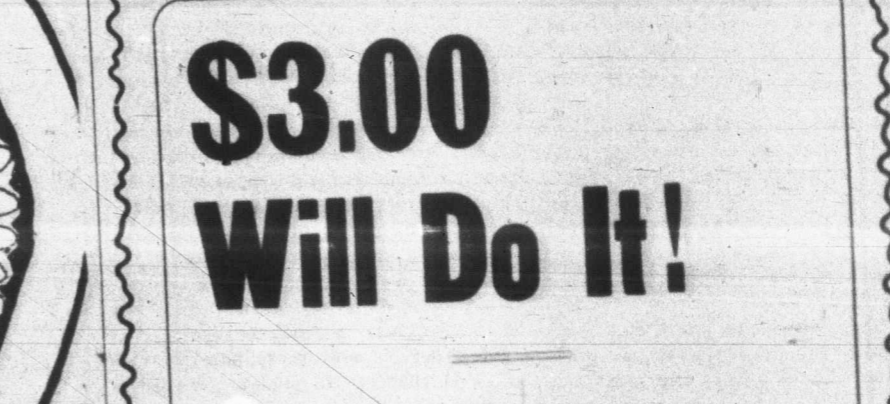
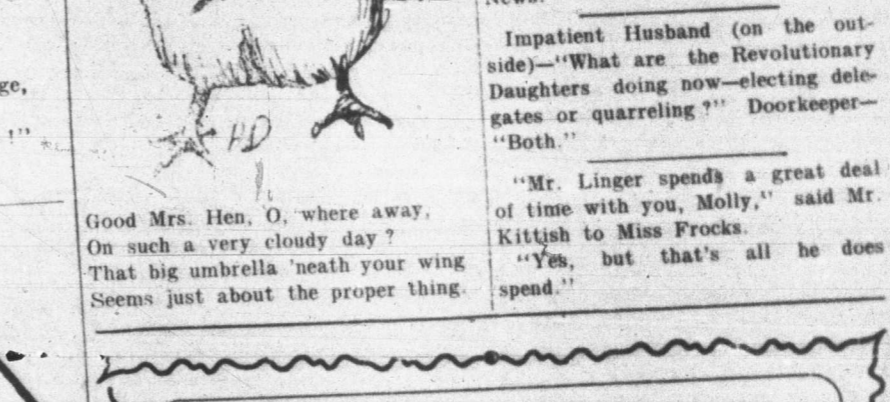
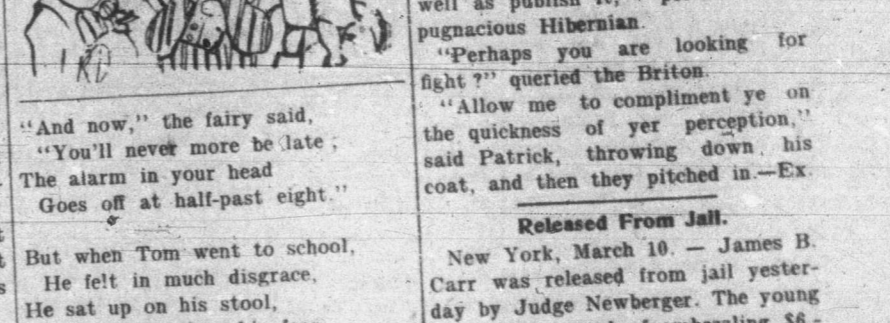
But when Tom went to school,
He felt in much disgrace,
He sat up on his stool,
His hands before his face.



HE SAT UPON HIS STOOL
HIS HANDS BEFORE HIS FACE



HE SAT UPON HIS STOOL
HIS HANDS BEFORE HIS FACE



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