

The Children's Page

A PANACEA.

Baby broke her doll one day,
Broke off poor Dolly's nose;
Straightaway then she ceased her play,
And filled the house with woes.
Ample tears she likewise shed,
Nor any comfort knew,
Till we patched up Dolly's head
With a drop of liquid glue.

Later on she broke a plate,
"Pate Santa Claus did bring,"
Then, with lamentations great
She made the whole house ring,
Mamma quelled her baby's tears,
And fixed the plate up, too—
It's lasted now for many years—
With a dab of glue.

Worst of all was when she fell,
And bumped her little head—
Wailing words would fall to tell,
But they were something dread,
Baby knew the cure for that,
And told her mamma, too:
"Pink me want on some of dat,"
And pointed to the glue.

If childhood's ways would only last
Throughout life's weary maze,
Then all our troubles might be classed
With those of childhood's days,
For then all our grief and pain
We could, like babe's, subdue,
Sorrows could we but restrain
With a drop of liquid glue.
—C. L. O. Lucken, in Living Church.

THE SHEPHERD.

The sun sinks in the golden West,
The wind is rising on the wold,
The weary sheep now seek their rest
Within the fold.

Beneath the watchful shepherd's eye
All day in pastures sweet they roam;
When twilight comes and night is nigh
He leads them home.

He keeps them safe from every snare,
That none may stray and none may fall;
He tends them with a father's care
And loves them all.

And see a lamb so weak and cold,
Its little feet tired out with play,
He carries gently to the fold
At close of day.

And you're a little lamb my love,
A tender lamb among the sheep,
And you'd a shepherd up above,
Your life to keep.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

AN ABDICATION.

"We'll have a coronation," said
Sister Dorothy.
"We'll have a coronation,
Here in the nursery.

They sat King Richard on the throne—
King Richard, aged three,
They crowned him with a candle shade
Of silver filigree.

A sceptre in his dimpled hand,
And royal robes had he,
And all his courtiers drew near,
A goodly company.

So for a space he sat in state
And ruled right royally,
Until his queenlike mother came
His kingdom for to see.

Then from his throne descended
King Richard, aged three,
And laid his crown and sceptre down
To sit on mother's knee.
—Grace Stone Field in St. Nicholas.

BEWARE OF "BY AND BY."

If you have work to do,
Do it now,
To-day the skies are clear and blue;
To-morrow clouds may come in view;
Yesterday is not for you,
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now,
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as songs of birds in spring;
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now,
To-morrow may not come your way;
Do a kindness while you may;
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A sailor named Taylor was wrecked
on a whaler—the sea was about
to prevail,
When lucky for Taylor the foundering
whaler caught up with a slumbering
whale,
"In order to sail her to harbor," said
Taylor, "myself I'll avail o' this
gale."
So Taylor, the sailor, the sail o' the
whaler did nail o'er the tail o'
the whale.—Life.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—The
intrusion of uric acid into the blood
vessels is a fruitful cause of rheuma-
tic pains. This irregularity is owing
to a deranged and unhealthy condi-
tion of the liver. Anyone subject to
this painful affection will find a reme-
dy in Parmentier's Vegetable Pills.
Their action upon the kidneys is pro-
nounced and most beneficial, and by
restoring healthy action, they correct
impurities in the blood.

Natures with great impulses have
great resources.—Emerson.

THE BOY PRINCES OF EUROPE.

Little princes lead very simple lives.
The American boy, however, is apt
to picture a boy prince as very gor-
geously attired, surrounded by atten-
dants, given all manner of toys and
sweets, and very generally indulged.
But if the truth be known, there are
a great many American boys who live
amid far more luxury than do royal
princes in their youth, for a Spartan
simplicity is usually followed in the
bringing up of royal boys.

In their feelings and ambitions they
are just like any other boys, though
it may seem difficult to some not to
imagine them of quite a different sort.
A great many royal boys are now
brought up in the country and on a
farm, where they enter into all man-
ner of simple sports when they are
not working. It is not all playtime
with princes, for they are made to
do all manner of difficult things.

All the German princes are brought
up on farms in typical old-fashioned
farm houses such as the peasants use,
furnished in the simplest fashion. The
sons of the Emperor of Germany were
not allowed any servants in attend-
ance, did their own cooking and
cleaning in the old farm house kit-
chen, and had a gay time over it.
These young royal boys raised the
vegetables used on the table at the
royal palace at Berlin, and the Em-
peror examined each barrel of vegeta-
bles as it arrived to see how his
boys were doing their work. These
boys planted, weeded and harvested
the vegetables themselves, without
assistance of any sort.

The royal princes of Sweden are
given a thorough course in carpentry
and masonry, and when he is 17 or
18 years of age each royal boy is ca-
pable of building a house all by
himself.

Besides this, the Swedish princes
are taught to cook and scrub and
mend and make their clothes, in addi-
tion to all their studies, which are
far more numerous than those of other
boys, for they are obliged to learn
many languages.

The two princes of Portugal have
always spent six months of the year
on a farm where they are allowed to
run about freely with the farm hands,
and are not pampered in the least.
In winter they are taught engineer-
ing and navigation. The older of the
two was obliged to earn all of his
spending money, and he did this by
making small wooden packing boxes,
which were sold to a dealer without
the latter knowing they were made
by a royal prince.

The King of Spain, who is now a
man, was a real boy. He always had
a great love for outdoor sports like
gunning and fishing. Every year he
spent a month camping out and
roughing it like any boy, helping to
cook coarse meals, and sleeping un-
der a lean-to, or rough tent. He had
many narrow escapes from accidents,
as he was a very daring boy, always
wanting to do perilous things.

The two little Italian princes of
Aosta and the little royal prince him-
self, son of the King, are all as yet
too young to start out upon the ex-
periences of boy life, but even as
babies they are not at all pampered,
their toys being of the simplest kind
and very few in number. American
boys are allowed to have a great
many more play-things than these
little royal boys, who indeed are not
allowed to eat candy even till they
are 10 years old.

There is probably more curiosity
felt about the little Egyptian prince
than any other, for his mother is never
seen without a veil covering her
face and never attends any public
place, for that is against the custom
of her country.

Little Prince Mohammed Adul
Nonem is a very happy contented
little boy. He walks every day with
his father, and has a great many
playmates among the sons of the
English officers who live at Cairo,
which is his home. He is a very
bright little fellow, and his father,
the Khedive has subscribed to an
American boy's magazine, so that his
little son may become familiar with
the ways of American boys. He
speaks English perfectly, as well as
German, French and Italian.

He is shown in his pictures in his
dress-up suit of velvet, but when he
plays he wears overalls of blue jeans,
which his father had sent from an
American city, because Mohammed
Adul saw that so many American
boys wear them.

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MARY'S LETTER.

Sometimes when things seem dark-
est to us, and we have the feeling
that not a soul in the world cares,
and even think that God Himself has
forgotten us, He takes His time to
send one of His sweetest surprises to
us, and then we wonder how we could
have had so little faith. What a
grand thing faith is! Why cannot we
have more of it? We ought to when
we remember that God never forgets
His children, though they often forget
Him.

"I cannot tell you the feeling I ex-
perienced when I opened this letter
last night and read it," exclaimed a
modest-looking girl to a pleasant fac-
ed woman who was seated opposite
her in the tiny room.
"Tell me about it," urged the visit-
or.

"I have been working in the city
for nearly two months now, and I
have known what it was to cry my-
self asleep more nights than one from
sheer loneliness of spirit. I took my
letter of recommendation to the
church in the next block and tried

to get acquainted there. But I must
have approached the wrong people.

"Last night as I walked home from
work I could not help feeling what
a dreadful thing it was for me to be
alone in this city, without a friend
to call my own, and I was heart
nervous for somebody to take an inter-
est in me and call me by my name.
And then, when I came into my room
and saw my letter and read it I
could scarcely believe that what I
had been wanting so long had really
come at last. It seemed too wonder-
ful a thing to believe that when I
had almost given up hope, somebody
after all was planning to "take me
in."

"But it is quite true, Mary," the
visitor said, kindly, smiling as she
uttered the girl's name. "Miss Mar-
cher, our secretary, saw you at
Mass in church, and she told me af-
terward that she immediately thought
to herself: "There is a stranger. I
must invite her to our working girls'
club tea. So that is how a letter
came to be sent you. I don't believe
you will find any difficulty in finding
the parish hall, my dear, and I hope
that you will have a good time."
The "Mary" and "my dear" went
straight to Mary Davies' lonely heart.
And when the visitor had taken her
departure, the girl looked around her
small, bare room with shining eyes.
It seemed as though the letter and
the presence that followed it, had
glorified the little domain and for
the time being made it seem almost
home-like.

"It will never appear quite so lone-
ly and desolate to me again," Mary
said as she began making the simple
preparations for her evening meal.
And it never did. Is there a stran-
ger in your midst? Perhaps God
wishes to make you His instrument
for carrying one of His sweet sur-
prises to her.

HIS FATHER'S OLD FRIEND.

"Can you not stay with us to-
night, Howard?" asked a middle-aged
father of his eighteen-year-old son,
as the young man was putting on an
overcoat preparatory to going out
for the evening.

"Well, if you make a point of in-
sisting, I suppose I might," and
Howard paused, with one arm out of
his coat-sleeve. "But I have an ap-
pointment at the Kosmain, our literary
social, you know."

"I do not insist, my boy. On
second thought, I will walk a block
or two with you, if you do not mind.
However, perhaps you prefer to be
alone."

Howard could not help detecting a
tinge of sadness in the tone as his
father concluded the last remark with
a sigh.

"Why, no. How could you think
it, sir?"

Howard felt a degree of confusion
at the imputation that made him
feel later on as if his father's infer-
ence was not altogether unwarranted
by facts.

"We hardly see anything of you at
home nowadays, Howard." The two
were trudging along towards the cor-
ner where the boy was to take a
street car. "Of course, during busi-
ness hours you have to be at the
office where you are employed, but of
evening—well, your mother was say-
ing to me only yesterday, 'When did
Howard last spend an entire evening
at home?'"

Howard felt that his face was flush-
ing. He was not sorry that it was
night.

"You see, father, a fellow has so
many things to do, somehow. I have
to be on the way to the office about
the time mother and the girls are
settling down to breakfast. Then I
take luncheon down town, of course.
As for the evening—well, there are
the Philharmonics. I have a fair
sort of voice, and you would not
want me to neglect my music, I am
sure."

"N-no, I suppose not."

"There is Louis Kendal, he gets
two hundred a week, I think," said
the father, mildly.

"Then comes the Y.M.I. and the
Gym. Surely you don't expect me
to give up either of those. After
that comes these literaries. Now
and then there is some young peo-
ple's social gathering. I can hardly
afford to neglect such affairs. You
see, father, they sort of prepare a
young man for society later on."

The father made no immediate re-
sponse to this, and presently they ar-
rived at the corner where Howard
was to take his car.

"Have you any engagement for to-
morrow night?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir. Charley Palmer and I
are to take his sisters to a concert
over in Brooklyn."

"How about the night after?"

"The Philharmonics have a rehar-
sal. A lot of us are obliged to be
there, or it will fall through."
"Well, then, the next night still."

"That is my regular Y.M.I. night.
You know, I am on one of the main
committees."

Once more the patient father sigh-
ed. Howard was quick to catch the
sound, and he hastened to add:
"If you insist, father, I dare say I
can shake the Phils for one night. I
guess they can get on without me
in the chorus."

"I shall take it as a favor, my
son. I want you to go with me to
see some very old friends of mine.
Suppose you meet me in the reading
room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel—say,
at half-past seven o'clock."

"Wonder what father is up to?" he
asked himself, as he entered the hotel
reading room, just as the clock was
turning thirty-five minutes past sev-
en. "There he is! I suppose I must
square myself for a proxy time, and
come the dutiful with the best grace
I can muster."

"You are five minutes late. How-
ard," said the father. "I think we
had better take a cab."

While the son entered the vehicle,
the father conferred apart with the
cabby. When the cab stopped How-
ard was surprised to see that they
were in front of his own home.

Both father and son were in trim
evening dress and well gloved, as if
bent on paying a ceremonious call
on fashionable acquaintances.

"Our friends are here at present,"
was all the explanation vouchsafed
by Mr. Aldrich.

Howard thought the hotel rendez-
vous rather superfluous, but he said
nothing as he followed his father up
the steps. They were ushered into
the parlor, and he was presented to
his mother and sisters, who received
him with flattering cordiality. No
one else was present but the family.

Howard started to laugh, but the
effect was seemingly unnoticed. Then
his face flushed, as he began to com-
prehend the full import of the situa-
tion. The others paid as little heed
to his transient confusion as they
had to his attempted merriment.

When his mother shook hands with
him, she complimented him on the
manner in which he had grown lately.

"As a lad, we saw so much more
of you," she laughingly remarked. "It
seems to me as if you are greatly
changed since then."

They made him seat himself in the
easiest chair and treated him in every
respect as a welcome guest, whose
hardly hoped for presence gave them
all sincere pleasure.

One of his sisters played, and How-
ard was urged to sing. Then they
had more general conversation, about
books, the new magazines, church
matters, together with a dash of po-
litics thrown in by the father. After
that they played a game or two of
dominoes, during which Howard and
the girls drifted into an animated dis-
cussion over some proposed tableaux
shortly to be given in aid of some
neighborhood charity.

When his mother finally announced
that eleven o'clock had arrived, and
with it bed-time, Howard was sur-
prised to realize how swiftly and
agreeably the evening had passed.

"You must come to us again, as
you used to in your more boyish
days," said his mother, giving him
her hand when he rose to retire. "We
must become better acquainted."

The others also cordially invited
him to repeat his visit soon, and
Howard went upstairs to his own
room, feeling that he had been just-
ly, though ever so delicately reprim-
anded.

"After all," he reflected, "who has
a better right to my society than the
folks at home?"

Something kept echoing through his
brain as he drifted into slumber, that
sounded like "Nobody, nobody, no-
body!"

He came to realize after this that
there is no place like home.

His visits there regularly now—
William Perry Brown, in The New
World.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders,
guaranteed. Price, 50c.

A TIMELY FABLE.

There is an exquisite fable in an
old musty volume, and it is well
worth recalling:

Here stands an old oak, with its
great, brawny arms, and which
storms and tempests have only root-
ed more firmly in the earth; just be-
neath on a turfy knoll grew a little
violet.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?"
said the oak one day, "when you look
at me, you little thing down there,
when you see how large I am and
how small you are; how wide my
branches spread, and how little space
you occupy? You will very soon be
dead and gone, but I will live for
centuries and then my wood will make
a mighty ship, that will float over
the great deep."

But the violet was happy and con-
tented. It had no lofty, ambitious
thoughts, but was quite satisfied with
its lot.

"We are both," replied the violet,
"where God placed us, and He has
given you strength and me sweetness,
and I offer Him back my fragrance
and am thankful. True, I may soon
die and be forgotten; but I am well
content. I have lived fragrant, and
I hope to die fragrant, and this is all
I desire."

The good times Billy had that
month 'way "up York State" on
grandpa's farm, would fill a big
book; for, beside grandpa and grand-
ma, there were horses to drive and
cows to milk, sheep and hens to feed,
and all sorts of the nicest things to
do every day and all day. Best of
all, there was Buster Brown, the fun-
ny, shaggy, overgrown puppy. And
there was the river.

When grandpa had first said, "There
is the river, Billy had looked up and
down on all sides. "Where's the
river, grandpa?" he had said. To
Billy straight from his home on the
big Hudson, the stream of water
flowing quietly along its way through
the woods was just a make-believe
river just big enough to carry chip
boats on delightful and dangerous
voyages.

Then Billy's birthday book came all
together. It was really the most
beautiful book outside and inside.
It told all about a wonderful man
named Christopher Columbus, and his
three boats, and the loveliest land
somewhere away off across the big
ocean where there were pearls and
spices and gold, and real, live In-
dians. Billy's birthday was on Oc-
tober 12th. And mother thought it
would be just the best time for her
little son to read the most wonderful
things that happened on that same
day in 1492.

All the morning of Billy's birthday
the rain fell steadily. From the
wood lot came the loud roar of the
river. It mingled with and became
part of the strange things Billy read
curled up before the big fireplace.
And, when dinner time and the sun
came all at once, he could scarcely
wait to get out of doors and try the
brand new game his book suggested
to him.

Grandpa and grandma were going
to town. Billy didn't want to go.
"Well, well," said grandma, "bless
the boy, let him stay home if he
wants to. Caroline's in the kitchen,
and we'll be home early. There's a
plate of seed cakes in the pantry,
Billy, and the big blue pitcher's full
of milk."

Buster Brown wanted to go, but
Billy needed him at home, and shut
him up in the wood house. When
Flackberry and grandpa and grand-
ma were well on their way to town,
Buster was let out. He found Billy
wearing his old clothes and rubber
boots. In his hand was a broken
compass grandpa had given him. Un-
der his arm was a toy axe.

"I'm Christopher Columbus," Billy
explained to Buster as they went out
of doors, "and you're the crew. We're
going to make discoveries. That first
of all we've got to find a boat."

They splashed along the wood path
to the river. There, for all the world
as if some kind Queen Isabella had
sent it on purpose for him, this lit-
tle Christopher Columbus found his
boat waiting. It was an old, leaky,
battered row boat. Somehow it had
broken loose from up the river, and
floated down. The current had driven
it in shore. Billy accepted this
stroke of good luck as a matter of
course. "This is the Pinta, Buster,"
he said. "Wait, you can't go aboard
yet. It must have a flag."

Back to the house hurried Billy and
Buster. Through all of his posses-
sions Billy hunted. Not a sign of red
and yellow could he find. Finally, on
one of grandma's parlor chairs, he
found a red and yellow tidy. "I do
not know that grandma would say
yes this time," said Billy, "but she
always has so far, so I guess she
would."

At the barn Billy was tempted by
some red paint to make a second flag
for his boat. With much care and
more paint he painted P-I-N-T-A in
straggly letters on his handkerchief.
In the bow of his boat he fastened a
long, straight stick. And on this he
proudly hoisted his two banners.

These preparations took some time.
The short afternoon was well started
before Christopher Columbus and his
eager crew went aboard their gallant
ship. They said a tearful good-by-
to the shores of Spain, and sailed
away across the waters. They touch-
ed at the Canaries—they really could-
n't help it, for their boat ran into
them on its own accord, and for a
time refused to leave them. But at
last, resolutely turning their faces
toward the west, they sailed out upon
the great unknown ocean.

Now and then Christopher shut his
eyes. In this way it was much eas-
ier to see nothing on all sides but
sky and water, water and sky. Buster
entered into his part fully. He be-
came so mutinous in his narrow
quarters that Billy had to tie him to
the flagstaff.

For some time all went well. Christo-
pher paddled along close to the
shore out of reach of the current. Of-
ten he took out his compass and stud-
ied it anxiously. "This needle acts
queer," he said to his crew. "I think
we are nearing land. Is not that a
light far off?"

Just at this critical moment the
crew took the matter into its own
hands. It sighted a water rat. There
was a leap, a quick snap of rope, a
loud splash, and the crew disappear-
ed into the briny deep.

The Pinta, so suddenly lightened of
its load, shot into midstream. Christo-
pher Columbus scrambled wildly to
his feet, fell forward on his face, tried
hard to get up, clutched at some-
thing which wasn't there, splashed
and spluttered and choked; and the
first thing he knew he was pulling
himself up on the shore, very wet,
very muddy, very dizzy, his head

bleeding from a cut. And his noble
craft, careering wildly, but still bear-
ing the proud banner of Spain, was
rounding a curve in the river far be-
low him.

"This is the far-off land of which I
told you," said Christopher, as soon
as he could speak. "Our banner is
gone, but we'll use my necktie. It's
blue, and I don't believe the natives
will know the difference."

"Why," said Billy, looking about
him, "why, I'm across the river." Just
for a moment he forgot that he
was the great discoverer. He want-
ed to cry. Then he remembered. He
struggled manfully up the bank. Half-
way up he was met by a big, wet,
shaggy crew with a cold nose. Christo-
pher clutched at his crew. When
you are a discoverer and find your-
self with no boat and no compass on
a strange and desolate shore, it's a
little queer.

So Christopher took off his tie. He
had tied it to a small sapling. Sol-
emnly he knelt down on the muddy
shore, leaned his head on his axe,
and, in the name of King Ferdinand
and Queen Isabella, took possession
of the New World.

"The natives should have been here
to meet us," said Christopher to his
crew, who had watched gravely, "but
they didn't expect us quite so soon.
Maybe, if we walk along, we'll meet
them."

The crew was very willing, so they
forced their way through the under-
brush. "This is a beautiful new
world," said Christopher. "Just keep
your eyes open for a pearl or two,
crew."

Meanwhile, somewhere inside him-
self, Billy said: "If we keep close to
the river, we can't get lost. And by
and by we'll come to a bridge. Then
we'll cross over to grandpa's house."

On and on they struggled, brave lit-
tle Christopher and his crew. But
they came to no bridge. "We'll find
some nice Indians soon," said Christo-
pher; and Billy added to himself,
"If there shouldn't ever be a bridge
Buster could swim across. Maybe I
could wade. There's going to be a
birthday cake for supper."

Anxiously Christopher's eyes search-
ed the opposite shore for the little
clearing from which they had set sail.
But on the other shore the woods
grew, thick and green, to the water's
edge.

Meanwhile, on their side, the trees
grew thinner and thinner. There were
fewer evergreens. Yellow and red
leaves drifted by, and piled them-
selves up along the path; for there
was a path, a really truly path, at
last; Billy hurried along. By and by
he saw through an opening an apple
tree bent low with ripe, red fruit.
Then in the distance he saw a big
barn.

"We're near an Indian village, I
think, crew," he said. Beyond the
barn there was a house, long and low
with red vines across the porch. The
real Christopher's heart beat no more
joyously at signs of life than did Bil-
ly's at this moment. But he still
spoke quietly. "There's a wigwag!"
he said. Then Billy's own voice
spoke right out loud: "Hurry, Buster.
Somebody'll live there who'll
tell us where to get across to grand-
pa's house."

Buster didn't need urging. He ran
ahead barking wildly. Billy trudged
after. He came in full view of the
barn. A driveway led to it. Along
the driveway came a black horse, a
muddy buggy, a man in brown over-
coat, and a woman in a brown veil.

Buster barked and capered. The
horse stopped. The man helped the
woman out of the buggy. Buster jump-
ed on her, and put his paws on her
shoulders. He licked her face and
knocked her bonnet to one side.

"The squaw looks friendly," began
Christopher Columbus, hurrying his
tired feet along. Then as the woman
turned toward him, smiling, Christo-
pher Columbus was quite forgotten.
"O grandma, grandma!" sobbed Billy.
"Bless the boy," cried grandma,
hugging him close. "Wherever have
you been? You're soaking, wringing
wet. Well, father, it's a mercy we
came home early."

Billy lifted his head from its haven
on grandma's shoulder.
"Home!" he said. Then he looked
about. There was the old farm-house
with its windows shining red in the
sunset. There was the barn, an over-
turned can of paint in the open door.
There was Flackberry and Buster and
grandpa and grandma. Down at the
bars the cows lowed impatiently. He
had never crossed the river! He had
landed on