

## Freedom for a Day

HERBERT and Louise were very, very tired of obeying their mother in all things. Therefore, one morning, shortly after breakfasting, Herbert asked:

"Mother, may we not behave just as we like for one day, without being told to do this and to do that?"

His mother smiled. "Very well, my dear," said she; "and I think you will



"A THORN PIERCED HER FINGER."

find, after all, that mother knows best what is for your good."

But Herbert and Louise hardly waited to hear the last words. They were already on their way to the garden. There Louise remained to pluck roses, while Herbert continued toward the orchard.

In gathering the fragrant roses, Louise disdained the use of garden shears. She could break the stems just as well with her fingers, she knew; and she wouldn't be disobeying mother, because mother had given permission for her to do exactly as she desired this day. A moment later, however, she learned the wisdom of mother's method, for a great thorn pierced her fingers and tore the flesh so that the blood flowed rapidly.

She had not dried her tears before she heard a wall from the orchard. Herbert had ventured to climb a tree which



"ATE AS MANY AS HE COULD."

mother had pronounced unsafe. The fragile limb along which he had crawled had broken and he had fallen to the ground with a thud. Rubbing his bruises ruefully, he directed his steps toward the kitchen, where, to forget his woes, he began to eat as many apples as he possibly could.

At luncheon, instead of eating frugally of the food before him, Louise greedily devoured everything upon the table. Herbert had eaten so great a number of apples that his appetite was entirely gone.

When the meal was finished, the little girl went to enjoy a ride in her favorite



(Adapted from an old fairy tale which has long been a children's classic.)

ONCE upon a time there was a pretty little girl, who, because she was poor, had to go barefooted both in summer and winter. There lived in the same village a kind old shoemaker's wife, and she made a pair of little shoes out of a piece of red cloth and gave them to the little girl, whose name was Karen.

Karen loved those shoes and was very proud of them and wore them for the first time on the day of her mother's funeral. As she was going along with the funeral a large carriage came by and in it sat an old lady.

She looked at Karen and felt very sorry for her, and said to the clergyman: "If you will give me that little girl I will take care of her." And this the clergyman did.

Karen believed it was because of her red shoes, but the old lady thought them hideous and had them burned.

Karen was taught to read and to sew, and when people saw her they said she was pretty; but Karen really was more than pretty—she was very beautiful.

One day the queen, with her daughter, the princess, was going through the part of the country where Karen and the old lady lived, and all the people ran to see them. Little Karen ran, too.

The princess was dressed in pure white silk and had on a beautiful pair of red shoes. Karen longed for a pair just like those, for she thought nothing could be so fine.

Karen was old enough now to be confirmed. She got some new clothes and was also to have some new shoes. The old lady took her to a shop where there were great glass cases filled with pretty shoes. Among them was a pair of red ones, just like those which the princess had worn.

"They were made for a count's daughter, but they did not fit her," Karen tried them on, and, as they fitted her, the old lady bought them for her, as she could not see well, she did not know they were red.

Everybody looked at her feet all the way from the church door to the choir, and when the old lady laid her hand on her head Karen thought only of her red shoes.

In the afternoon the old lady heard from every one that Karen had worn of red shoes, and the clergyman said: "It was a shocking thing to do," she said. "Karen said to go to church in flimsy, in black shoes, even if they are old."

On the next Sunday Karen looked first at the black shoes, then at the red ones, and then put on the red ones.

In the door of the church stood an old, crippled soldier, with a long beard, leaning on a crutch. He bowed down to the ground and wiped the dust off the shoes. Karen put out her little foot, too.

"Dear me, what pretty dancing shoes!" said the soldier, "sit fast when you dance," said he, speaking to the shoes, and he slapped the soles with his hand.

The old lady gave him some money,

and they went into the church.

When Karen knelt before the altar she thought only of her red shoes. She forgot to sing; she forgot to pray; she forgot everything but the red shoes.

After church, as Karen was slipping into the carriage, the old soldier said: "Dear me, what pretty dancing shoes!" Karen could not help dancing a few steps, and when she began she could not stop. It seemed as if her shoes had some power over her legs.

She danced around the church, and the coachman had to run after her and seize her. He lifted her into the carriage, but her feet still danced, and kicked the good old lady. At last they took off the shoes and they were put away in a closet, and only then were Karen's feet quiet.

Now the old lady got very sick, and it was Karen's duty to nurse her. But Karen had an invitation to a party that day and wanted to go very much. She looked at her red shoes and said to herself: "It is no sin to leave the old lady for a little while."

She put on the red shoes and went to the party. But when she wanted to dance, the shoes made her dance the other, and she danced down stairs and out through the gate, off into the dark woods. All of a sudden something shone up among the trees like the moon. It was the old soldier with his red beard. He sat nodding his head, and said:

"Dear me, what pretty dancing shoes!" She was in a fright at once, and tried to get the shoes off, but they stuck fast. She tore off her stockings, but the shoes had grown fast to her feet.

She danced and danced and could not help dancing, over fields and through the rain and sunshine, by night and day.

She passed the church door and saw an angel there, with long white wings reaching from his shoulders to the earth. In his hand he held a sword, and his face was sad and stern.

## Arthur's Easter Bunny

ARTHUR wanted a bunny, oh, so much! He'd always wanted a bunny, you know. Every time he asked, father would say: "Wait until Easter time, and then catch the bunny that brings your Easter eggs."

But Arthur had tried three Easters now, and he hadn't caught a bunny. So he was beginning to believe that bunnies were "most too shy to be caught." However, he made up his mind he'd try just this once, anyway.

Easter morning found Arthur still ere morning had hardly dawned. Softly he sped down the stairs. Yes, there were all the gifts Bunny had brought—little baskets containing chocolate hens and rabbits; funny little toys that opened and showed many tiny eggs within, and most everything a little boy could wish.

But Bunny himself had disappeared. In spite of all the presents, Arthur was disappointed.

"Do you know, Arthur," said father at the breakfast table, "I have an idea that perhaps Bunny hides his eggs among the grass and bushes outside, as well as in the house. If I were you, I'd look all the way to the barn, and maybe you'll find the Bunny hidden somewhere."

In breathless excitement Arthur ran out to search the garden. True enough, he found nicely colored eggs in several of the bushes. They seemed to lead in a direct line straight to the barn. Altogether he had gathered eight eggs by the time he stealthily entered the barn. A moment's search, and then, what do you think he found? "Twas Bunny himself! And he was just as tame as any thing."

"I think he must have pitted you in your hunt," laughed father, "and so just waited for you to come up to him." Be that as it may, Bunny never ran away. He remained right by his master, and became almost as fond of Arthur as Arthur was of him.

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MUEZZA, Famous Pussy PERHAPS you may not have heard the Arabian legend of Mohammed's favorite cat, Muezza. Mohammed sat in deep meditation, while the cat, reposed at ease on the broad extended sleeve of his coat. So affected was Mohammed by the warm, drowsy air of the afternoon that he entirely forgot his surroundings. Suddenly, when hours had passed, he thought himself of certain duties he had to perform, and was about to rise from his rug when he observed Muezza still sleeping. Then, in order not to disturb the slumber of his pet, Mohammed calmly cut off the sleeve of his garment and went upon his way.

Father—It's only fair to tell you that I'm pleased with your economy this morning. Your requests for money were too frequent last term.

Son—Yes, father—I thought so, too; so this term I've had everything on tick.

comprehension, as our great Substitute, I be scourged and crucified, that by His stripes we might be healed, and by His alonement we might be pardoned and accepted.

"That convict I was talking to," said the visitor at the prison, "seems to be a smooth kind of a man." "Doubtless," replied the warden. "You see, he was a man when he got here."

"That man Crummett has more invitations to dinner than any other man in town." "How does he work it?" "He is every business with a grown-up daughter; that she must have married very young."

Albee—Last night, at dusk, Maude found a burglar in her room. "Edith—Did she catch him?" Albee—No. That girl is always letting men slip through her fingers!



"You shall dance," said he, "until you are pale and cold."

"Mercy!" cried Karen. But she did not hear the angel's reply, for the shoes carried her on.

One morning she came to the house of the executioner and called: "Come out, come out! I cannot come in!"

"If do not suppose you know who I am; I strike off the heads of the wicked," he said.

"Don't cut my head off," said Karen, "for I want to repent of my sin. But cut off my feet and the red shoes." And then she confessed her sin, and the executioner struck off her feet; but the shoes danced away with the little feet across the fields into the deep forest.

The executioner carved her a pair of wooden feet and some crutches and taught her a psalm which is always sung by sinners. She kissed the hand that had guided the axe and went away.

Now I have suffered enough for the red shoes," she said, "I will go to church."

But when she came there the red shoes were dancing before her, and she was frightened and turned back. For many days she wept and was sorry for her sin. The next Sunday she went to church and looked sadly at her crutches.

"O God, help me!" she said. The sun shone brightly, and she looked up and saw right before her the angel in white robes, the one she had seen before at the church door. He no longer carried the sword, but a beautiful green branch of roses. He nodded his head to her and said: "It was right of you to come to church."

"It was for mercy," said she. The organ played, and the children's voices sounded very soft and lovely. Karen was happy, and her heart was filled with peace and joy.

## INITIATING TED



"WE HAD A MIGHTY TUGGLE!"

TWAS a mighty scary feeling Ted gave us when we initiated him into the "Bloody Robbers."

Ted, you know, was "climbed to be just a little fresh, so we just made up our minds, when we finally guessed he might as well be a "Robber," that we'd have a pretty stiff initiation for him.

Right "other side of Rocky Lot" (where all us fellows go a-campin') is the stone-crusher, where they've got a big machine to pound and grind up the rocks for makin' roads.

'Bout the middle of the day, the men who're at the crusher leave off workin' an' get their dinner. So there's an hour when the machine's not goin'.

Now, our scheme was to blindfold Ted, lead 'im over to the stone-crusher; then take off the bandage, gag 'im and tie him among some o' them hunderin' wheels of the crusher—all this, of course, while the men were away. Then we'd pretend to sneak off, leavin' him there an' get back just before the men started workin'.

We had a mighty tussle gettin' Ted over to the crusher. I can tell you, Cap'n Billy Mumford got a bloody nose, an' Pete Hamilton got a black eye. The bandage had worked itself loose, so's Ted could see to hit straight enough, all right.

At last, we had 'im tied all right. And though he eyed 'em hard as he could with them pieced o' his'n (you see, he couldn't talk for the gag), we went away an' left him, an' hid in the woods behind the crusher.

All of a sudden we heard the crusher begin to grind. It seems that one of the boys, who'd been hid by the pike, and got in all unbeknownst to us.

You betcher life, every one of us was struck dumb. Billy and Skinny were the only ones who'd dare to go back. They expected to find Ted smashed to smithereens.

Billy couldn't talk when 'e got there, and Skinny had to stammer out what he wanted. The engineer stared and seemed to know nothin'. He stopped the engine in a jiffy, an' then Billy and Skinny for him went to look for poor Ted. They couldn't see anything but Ted's old straw hat! It was ragged enough, before, goodness knows—but

now it was just all torn to tatters.

"Now I want you young murderers to go to Ted Abbott's home an' tell his folks what's happened, an' then I'm goin' to have you arrested," said the engineer, awful solemn and determined like.

Billy and Skinny've got mighty stiff upper lips, but it took a heap of nerve to go an' tell Mrs. Abbott. The news bein' so bad, of course, they went in by the front door an' into the parlor. Well, Skinny had just begun in a roundabout sort of way, to break the awful news, when who should come out from the dining room, munchin' on a chunk o' pie an' grinin' at us to kill, but that bloomin' Ted himself!

The joke was on Billy and Skinny and all the rest of us, all right!

You see, by good luck, Ted had managed to get the engineer's attention before the machine was started. Then he'd told 'im what he was up to, an' after tearin' up his hat, scooted for home.

We was so glad to know that there wasn't any part of Ted missin', that we all chipped in and got 'im a new hat with a flashy ribbon that it hurt your eyes to look at. That was about the only thing that kept Ted's pa from cavin' all of us 'til we was 'n hard.

We was awful mad when the engineer told him 'bout Ted's initiation. Somehow I don't blame 'im much.

Couldn't Whistle It Back

PHIL was taking his little sister Beatrice on a short trip by rail.

As the train sped along, he said to her, warningly: "Be careful not to lose your hat, Beatrice."

Then, snatching it from her head, on the fly, he exclaimed: "There! You've let it blow away. But never mind, I shall whistle it back for you."

Thereupon he whistled, and immediately produced the hat. A short time afterward he was chagrined to hear Beatrice ask: "Wont you whistle my hat back again, Phil? I threw it out the window."

the well-being of boys should best themselves to put a positive influence at work.—Rev. John M. D.ck.

Mamma—"Oh, Donald! Who opened the canary's cage?" Ronald—"I did. You told me a little bird was whispering to you when I was naughty, so I let it out." "But he's not a bird, he's a canary!" "Well, he's not a canary, he's a canary!" "That's what he got for telling on me."

"Hope you weren't" riled because I told that funny story of yours, were you, old fellow?" inquired a "funny" so-called humorist. "I went down madder, didn't I? You don't mind?" "Certainly not," replied the owner of the joke. "I told it myself just before you came in."

The man behind the plow also makes quite a stir in the world.

## When the Princess Married.

WHEN the beautiful Princess Bertina arrived at the age of 18 years her father, the imperious monarch, Philipot XXI, deemed it advisable that she should marry. He, therefore, sent broadcast a proclamation inviting the attendance at court of noble suitors.

Now the princess really loved no one. But she was a dutiful daughter and she was willing to be married if the king so desired. However, she had a secret plan in making her selection of a husband. To her aid she summoned her godmother, Fairy Heliope.

The fairy greeted Bertina graciously and sympathetically.

"My dear Bertina," said the godmother at parting, "I am leaving with you a little casket. As each suitor presents himself give him the casket. Bid him take it away, examine its contents and return it to you at the end of twenty-four hours. But I must give you warning; do not let any suitor open the casket yourself until a suitor, after looking into the little case, returns again and returns again and renews his vows to you."

Bertina thanked her fairy godmother and promised to obey these instructions. Then she put her precious casket in a safe place.

The next day a prince from the neighboring kingdom arrived at court and formally asked for the hand of the Princess Bertina. He was enormously wealthy and possessed of great power. But Bertina refused to listen to him.

"Take this casket," said she, "open it, and tomorrow I shall hear the words it has inspired."

On the morrow the prince failed to appear. Indeed, he sent the casket by a special messenger, who also brought a note stating that the prince had suddenly been called away by a matter of extreme importance.

Then Count Oscar, a handsome gentleman of the highest rank, was given a trial. He returned with the casket—not

to renew his vows, however, for he did but murmur that he would return, perhaps within a week or so—and went his way, never to be heard from thereafter.

After this he was heard from neither, nor appeared. Full of anger and declarations of love was each as he threw himself before the princess. But always the casket was brought back and no wooer hastened his departure nor tarried to woo a moment longer.

"Princess, 'tis not your wealth nor your lands I desire. I want but you; and in possessing you for my wife should attain to the greatest wealth of all mortals."

"The princess shyly veiled her beautiful eyes with her long lashes. Before making reply she opened the casket. With astonishment, upon a piece of parchment therein she read these words:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"Before I may conscientiously accept your devotion I must confess myself utterly ruined—a princess without dowry, without lands or wealth. No honors can I bring to my husband."

"And I hereby absolve you of all promises and declarations which you have offered mistakenly; nor shall I bear him who should find it impossible to further press you."

"PRINCESS BERTINA."

And so was revealed the reason for the inconstancy of those who desired her only for her wealth. And so it was revealed, as well, that Prince Edfred was her true lover.

Gladly she accepted him for her husband, explaining the while how it was through ignorance of what the jeweled casket contained that she had practiced such deceit. Nevertheless, you may be sure she was grateful to her fairy godmother for adopting even this means, for it compelled her to love Edfred all the more.

And the completed publication were Bertina and Edfred married. All manner of costly gifts they received. But no possession was prized so highly as the little jeweled casket.

without straw; his features indicating strong will power and determination; and Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the exodus, and that being so, the man the very man—who said to Moses, "see my face no more; for I shall die. Ah! thou shalt die the death which thou shalt die!"

He had the most beautiful eyes that ever shone in the world, and his hair was of a blue color, like the blue of the sea. He was of a fine build, and his face was of a fine color, like the color of the sea.

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ed him the little casket, and murmured to herself that doubtless his heart's lover would be sent away by its magic, as had been the others.

But the prediction of the princess was unfulfilled. The next day again Edfred came to court, and he was as constant as ever. Gazing upon her with eyes full of adoration and love, he addressed her thus:

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## DOWN THE VISTA OF THE AGES.

(By A. Banker.)

To those who take an interest in the history of the remote past and in glimpsing down the dim vista of time, a day spent in the great museum at Cairo is a day of keen gratification and enjoyment. Entering the splendid and massive vestibule the visitor is immediately in an atmosphere of antiquity, and surrounded with relics both of the very dawn of civilization and also of the more refined and artistic period of those ancient monarchs whose conquests raised Egypt to the zenith of its power, and whose massive achievements remain to this day almost untouched by the disintegrating and despoiling of time.

Here, for instance, is a magnificent state chariot, its gilded front of lion heads embossed with varlike figures or with an artistic design; perhaps the

very chariot on which the Great Rameses careered at the head of his victorious army through the palm-bordered avenues of Memphis after some great conquest; here a number of cases of valuable and handsome jewelry, worn by the queens and princesses of Egypt in those days of regal splendor; or here a series of painted papyrus, still fresh and bright, figuring the funeral expenses of the soul after death, and depicting its appearance before a strange and dread tribunal, which is to adjudicate upon its final doom.

But of infinite greater interest than any other object in that wonderful museum, are the three embalmed bodies—not mummies, but the actual bodies of Egypt's great Pharaohs—Seti I., the builder of some of the finest of the temples, the sword-cut in his skull by which he was slain is laid to plainly visible; Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the oppression, who ordered the Israelites to make bricks

without straw; his features indicating strong will power and determination; and Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the exodus, and that being so, the man the very man—who said to Moses, "see my face no more; for I shall die. Ah! thou shalt die the death which thou shalt die!"

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