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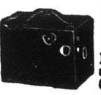
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garden party in progress. The music was by a Pink Viennese Orchestra, which, with heaps of other attraction, had been sent down from town, including a company who were going to do a pastoral play, for the giver of the party had a wonderfully well-lined purse, so that by waving a golden wand—the purse don't you know?—he could command all sorts of wonderful things.

Betty found a gap in the hedge, and got through quite easily. On the other side she stood waiting—the music had ceased, and she wished it would start again. There was nothing to be seen, after all. Perhaps they were hidden behind that thick clump of trees, and—"O-o-o-h!" The exclamation escaped with a little squeal of joy, because, coming round the bend of those trees was—well, most certainly a fairy person. You recognized him at once by his funny dress, you see, for people don't go about—ordinary people, that is—in such clothes nowadays.

He came right up to Betty, and they stood and they looked at each other solemnly.

And suddenly she knew him—because of his eyes, which were nice and kind and grey—and then he wore doublet and hose and a queer, green peaked hat with a long red feather, and such funny pointed shoes. Oh, there could be no mistake! So she edged a little nearer, trembling with excitement.

"Are—are you the—pvince?" she asked in an awed tone.

"The prince?" said the man curiously.

"How do you mean you funny little soul?"

"The pvince," said the small maiden, with ill-concealed impatience, "out of the fair-wy tale. I've been telled a fair-wy tale 'bout a pvince and a pvinceess, and—"

Her listener caught on to her meaning and her mood, but he shook his head.

"No," he told her, "I'm afraid I can't be a prince, kiddy, I'm only a wayfarer, that's all."

"But—fink you must be," she said, with conviction. "cos you're just like my pvince. Why couldn't you be?"

"Well, it's like this," he said slowly.

"You see, I can't be the prince, little woman, because—well, there is no prince."

"If you found one, 'ould you be—the pvince—weally?"

And the man laughed, though there was something in it the baby didn't understand.

"Really and truly," he assured her, "if—if it happened to be the real princeess; for if you find her—well, you are a prince at once, no matter what you were before."

"Well," said Betty triumphantly, "you must come wiv me. an'—an' I'll show you one. Please!"

And, somehow, for the life of him, he couldn't have told you why, the man allowed himself to be seized by this golden-haired mite and dragged over the grass of the other garden to the open French window, where Betty, finger on lip, paused.

"Don't make any noise," she whispered tremulously, "cos it's Auntie Caro, and she's asleep! But she said she wished the pvince would come, and of course—"

The rest of the sentence was lost as she tiptoed softly over the threshold, beckoning the "pvince" to follow, and because of the fact that from his stand by the window he could see the face on the pillow within the room. He did follow with a sort of smothered exclamation, and stood looking down at Carolyn West's still form. Her eyes were closed. One hand (the left) lay lightly beneath her chin, touching the slender, bare throat—a favorite attitude of hers when asleep. And the "pvince" smiled suddenly, because he saw there were no rings on one finger of this hand.

"Pvince," said the excited voice at the head of the couch, "it is in the stor-wy; you have to kith her—quick!"

There was a breathless silence. And then—well, the man stooped low and kissed the third finger of that left hand, and that woke the princeess.

She opened her eyes and looked up, right into the grey eyes of the man.

"Philip!" she said, with a sort of cry.

"I—oh, of course I am dreaming!"

"No," said the man called Philip; "I don't think so. You were lost, but I have found you, and I am never going to let you go again. D'you know that?"

"I'm due to play in 'As You Like It' in another twenty minutes," he went on. "But first I've got to tell you a long story,

if you'll let me, or part of it; and after the show—well, dear, I shall come back and tell you the rest, if I may?"

Betty was going to bed very soon, and she came tripping into the room to say "Good-night."

And it was really funny, because there sat Auntie, don't you know with quite another person—not the prince at all. She felt vaguely disappointed, because he had said he was coming back, and Betty had wanted to ask him quite a lot of things.

But this man was ever so different. To begin with, his hair was quite short and brushed smartly back, like Daddy's, and he wore ordinary clothes—just like other people.

Yet it was extraordinary, because he was sitting with an arm round Aunt Caro, who didn't seem to think it at all funny. He held out the other arm to Betty.

"Hello, Babel!" he said—and the eyes and the voice were those of the prince, after all—"don't you know me?"

"Yeth!" said she joyously.

"You see, I had to come back to look after the princeess," he informed her.

"And see about building the castle again?" she inquired anxiously. Then she added curiously: "Why did it fall down before?"

And the man smiled into the brown eyes.

"Well," he said, "you, the fairy god-mother, were not there you see, and real fairy tales never come right without a fairy godmother. But of course you never knew that."

The Last Toast

We've drunk to the King—God bless him!
We've toasted our sweethearts, too,
Our khaki lads in the trenches
And our sailor boys in blue.
But there's one more toast to be honoured
So in silence your glasses take,
And drink to the men of Britain
Who have died for Britain's sake.

From field, and mine, and city
They raced to the jaws of death,
With a jest at the foeman's cannon
And a laugh with their latest breath.
And now they're at rest and sleeping
Where they fell on an alien shore,
But their graves are here in Britain
In our hearts for evermore!

He Had To Go

A rosy-cheeked office boy who is employed by a great business house one day walked quietly, hesitatingly, into the manager's office. His face was drawn and haggard, says a writer in the Chicago News, and it was evident that the errand which had brought him there was of no ordinary importance.

"Say?" he interrupted, and the manager looked up at him severely.

"Say what?" growled the office man turning back to his work.

"Say? Kin I git off this afternoon?" queried the boy, his head down, his hands twitching nervously.

"Get off! What for? 'Nother grand-mother dead?" grunted the busy man, looking up again.

"No, 'tain't that," admitted the office boy.

"Well, what will you do if I let you off?" the manager relented.

"I'll never ask again," brightened the boy. "An'—an' I'll work any Saturday afternoon to make up for it, an'—an'—I'll work any night—I don't care if you dock me—an'—an' I'll work twice as hard if you'll just let me off this afternoon."

"Well," gasped the office man, "it must be pretty important! What on earth do you want to get off for?"

"De Giants is goin' ter play de Kellys dis afternoon, an' I'm on de Giants' team, an' we've all gotter be dere dis afternoon an' dey can't do not'in wit'out me," answered the young man, importantly.

"Oh," grinned the manager, "baseball game, eh? Yes, you can get off."

The boy grinned, and rushed out of the office, his face covered with smiles.

The overworked manager turned back to his figures resolutely, then looked up wistfully and remarked to himself, "I wish I could get off to see a baseball game this afternoon myself."

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