



his pipe. He was a man with a fine sense of humor and he appreciated to

"I want a word to rhyme  
sir, if you can help me."  
"What in the world are  
you now?"  
"I've been filling up time

th brow, and mace's daughter, she gave a very great rascal out of the world. But those who are defenceless can put forward evidence. You up to, if I'd the sense of a sheep I'd come to clients every bit as well as the others. I offered by the opposition.

the fairest fairy god-mother, and the little tender  
e for their heart trembles at the thought of the  
ty as that poor princess imprisoned in the en-  
chanted castle.

The attempt to draw the fairy tale out of the nursery has done one good thing, says a writer in the Express, London, Eng. It has left no room for doubt that the elves and goblins are not to be taken too seriously. The people that strange country so far away and yet sometimes so near to each one of us, have not lost one iota of their old charm.

"A pack of nonsense," said her Grace of Somerset, who led the attack on the dear old tales that are the rightful heritage of all generations. The dissent called forth by the Duchess' criticism have come not in a shrill crescendo from the nursery itself, but from the prosaic, practical world of the grown-ups. They forget the spells that the fairies held over them in their own nursery days. "Vandalism," they have styled this latest attack on the little ones' world of the nursery, and the brownies and the pixies and all the brownies

There is the ethical purport of the fairy tale to be considered. The simple little stories that have endeared themselves to successive generations of children, have no problems of the adult world. They are full of the good and arouse feelings of disgust for the selfish, the cowardly, and the cruel. When the little one solves out its heart of darkness, the luckless being is in the wood whom the robins covered with the autumn leaves, new feelings are awakened in its mind, sympathy and compassion and a feeling of the unknown. It is the great work of educating its heart and soul has begun. Later comes the cultivation of the powers of the imagination. The child's mind opens before the new worlds open before the child's imagination, for fairy stories are the wings with which the little ones fly away from the dreary, prosaic, and the real. Fact and Reality, may not enter.

### AGE OF ACQUAINTANCES.

No more of old romantic story, say the fairies. They who "think they know what is the best mental food for the little ones. We live in an age of actualities. Let us then take leave of Fairy-land. The child's imagination, the unbridled imaginations, fairy stories give false ideas of real life—all this and more say the well-meaning, but mistaken people who are so ready to rebuke the fairies. On hard facts and make them miniature encyclopaedias of knowledge, walking biographies of celebrities, and so succor the living world. They are too busy vanishing point. But those who are defending the fairies can put forward evidence for their clients every bit as weighty as that of the realists. The child's imagination, German legend, the fairy tale, whatever its form, is always the ladder by which the child escapes from the greyness and the drabness of the material world to the land of his own creation.

And so the fairy tale, like the history of man, has an educational as well as a sentimental value. Great truths and human emotions are conveyed in metaphor. The child thrills to the story of the child who wrestles with the wicked old ogre and vanquishes the terrible dragon that made a practice of devouring beautiful maidens. The child's imagination is at the ill-bolins of the wicked fairy god-mother, and the little tender heart trembles at the thought of the poor prince imprisoned in the enchanted castle.

... offered by the opposition.