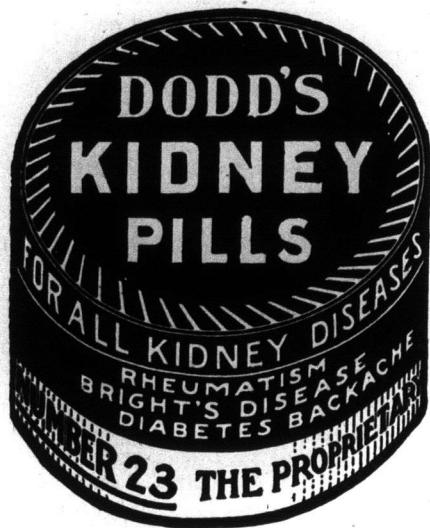
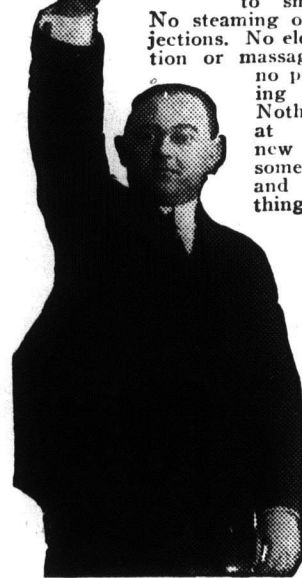




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cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

Guarantee is Good 15 Days

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE, and I am ready to let you try it for fifteen days on my guarantee. Yes, I'll guarantee it, and if you are not satisfied it won't cost you one cent. Write me promptly.

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and all about your 15-day guarantee." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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just glided quietly through the air, and thought it was better than anything they had ever done before.

"Would you like to go to the Fairy school first?" asked Kindheart, "and see the little fairies being taught all the useful things they know?"

"Oh yes, do let's go!" cried Geof, "but I never thought Fairies had to do lessons, I always thought they would do just as they like."

"So they do," answered Kindheart, "but we teach them to like to do what is good and nice."

By this time they had arrived at the schoolhouse, and floating gently down to the door they peeped in. The fairy children were just then busy learning how to make presents for the earth children. They were all hard at work doing up little parcels, and Chrissie at once wanted to know what was inside them. The old schoolmaster, Mr. Ready-to-Help, heard her whispered question, and turned at once to welcome the three little visitors.

"You want to know what my young people are so busy over?" he said, smiling. "Well, all morning they were hard at work making kind thoughts, and now they are doing them up in packages ready to send to the earth children who sometimes get so short of them. Tomorrow they are going to make kind deeds, and the next day kind words. You know we are always busy here trying to make things go smoothly in your earth world. Our last wagon load of kind thoughts was waylaid on its journey to your world by a bad fairy called Ogre Selfishness; he emptied them all out on the road and

the dear old lady fairy who helps in the dairy. Her name is Mrs. Smooth-Things-Over, and she has two daughters, Patience and Gentleness, who do a lot of work on the farm."

After going all round the place, Chrissie suddenly said, "Bear and Forbear promised to show us some of the good fairies you send out to stop Mr. Easy-Way-Of-Doing-Things from taking children for rides in his buggy. Will you please take us to them?"

Kindheart led the way to a large auto garage. "Here," said she, "we keep autos of all kinds for children to ride in, if only they would give up riding with that foolish old man, who, as I expect the Bears told you, always puts people down at the place that they started from. This garage is owned by Mr. Perseverance, and there you see some of his drivers, Fairy Try-Again, Fairy Attention, Fairy Hardwork, Fairy Do-Your-Best, and Fairy Don't-Shirk. These fairies never play children tricks like Mr. Easy-Way-Of-Doing-Things. You are pretty sure of getting where you want to go if you are driven by one of them. But it is quite time you young people were getting home, perhaps you will come again another day."

The fairy's voice grew indistinct, and a sort of soft mist came over them. When it cleared away they were again in their cosy nursery, and mother was calling them to supper.

The Preliminary

"What is the best thing any one can get for his dinner?"
"Hungry."



Transportation in India—Grown-ups are carried in dandies.

filled the wagon up with some of his poisonous candies."

After the children had been all over the school and seen all there was to be seen, Mr. Ready-to-Help said, "My pupils will now sing you one of their songs."

The fairy children all rose at once, and began to sing in sweet tiny voices:

"Little kind thoughts we send to you
Out of our Fairyland,

Each has been made for some earth child,
And touched by a fairy wand.

Little kind deeds will follow soon,
And little kind words next day;

And be sure that the first thing you do
with them

Is to give them all away."

After the song Kindheart told the children that they had better take their leave as there were still so many things they would like to see before going home.

"We will go and call on Farmer Good Temper," she said, "for the Bears told me that you visited Mr. Bad Temper's farm when you were in bad Fairyland the other day, and I should like you to see the difference."

What a pretty old farm house it looked as the children alighted near it a few minutes later. Everything seemed so peaceful and happy.

"Come and have a look at his crops," said Kindheart. "This, that you see so many acres of, is called Contentment, it grows so well on his land, and always yields a big crop. Then that field over there with the pretty little blue flowers all over it is a crop of Smiles. He gets large orders for these from Fairy Love, who always sends big packages of them to the earth babies. He has such nice farm helpers too. Those two boy fairies over there are brothers, their names are Give and Take, and their father Courtesy, also works on the farm. Then there is

As Mother Used to Do

He criticised her puddings and he found fault with her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears just as his mother used to do.

Explained at Last

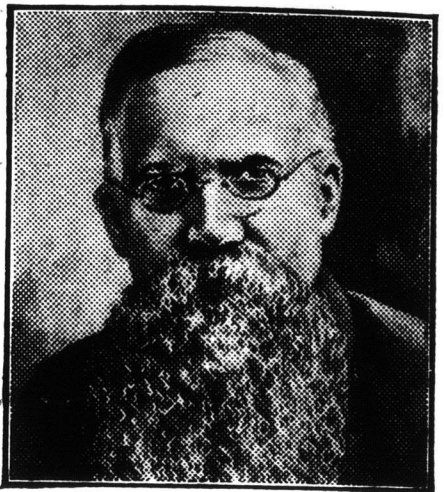
A young woman unversed in the mysteries of baseball was recently presented to a famous player.

"I love the game," she confided to him. "I love especially to watch the man at the bat. It is so cute, too, the way he keeps hitting the ground gently with the end of the bat. Why does he do that?"

"Well, you see, miss," explained the player, "the worms have an annoying habit of coming up to see who's batting, and that naturally puts the batter out a bit; so he just taps them on the head lightly and down they go again."

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