

# Wake Up! Mummy's: A Fairy Tale

There was something about the pond lily that fascinated Todd. As it waved in the wind, it seemed to beckon to the lad to come and pluck it. And Todd, who never refused a "date," immediately waded out to such a depth that the water rose almost to his chin. When he returned, the lily was as well as an immense lily pad was in his hand.

When Todd awoke the moon was shining full in his room. Somehow, Todd's eyes at once turned to the lily, which was directly in the path of a bright ray of moonlight. They opened wide with astonishment. All together awake, the boy raised himself on elbow to look at the extraordinary spectacle before him. For there, rising from the very heart of the lily, was the sweetest little face imaginable, and beautiful, tender eyes that looked at him reproachfully.

"Todd Burton, why, oh, why, did you bring me here?" came a faint, silvery voice.

"I don't know, ma'am," Todd stammered. "I hope you'll excuse me."

The lily spritzed Todd severely. "Well, Todd Burton, you've done a bad thing—a very bad thing. Don't you know that the leader of the Froe orchestra uses my lily as a musical rack, and that he stands upon this lily pad? What will he do to-night? Pray tell me."

As Todd maintained a shamed silence, the fairy went on: "There is only one thing I see for you to do. And that is to take me back to the pond this very minute."

Of course, Todd had to obey. He dressed hurriedly and, taking vase, lily and all, crept silently downstairs, out the door and across the fields to the pond.

When he shivered when he waded into that icy water! And what a croaking of frogs there was! It seemed that all the great bullfrogs, and the medium-sized frogs, and the very little frogs joined in expressing their anger against him.

Guided by the fairy, Todd waded toward the very spot from which he had plucked the lily. As he approached he beheld a wonderful sight. All around on lily pads stood immense bullfrogs, each with a tiny musical instrument. But the biggest of them



THE FAIRY SPEAKS

had plucked the lily. As he approached he beheld a wonderful sight. All around on lily pads stood immense bullfrogs, each with a tiny musical instrument. But the biggest of them

splashed around in the center, crying loudly in frog language for his lily pad and his music rack. In the bright moonlight everything was plainly visible.

When they saw Todd they cried in unison, with a most horrible noise. The frightened lad quickly placed the lily and pad where they belonged. This somewhat appeased the wrath of the frog leader, although all were still cross with the thief.

To reward him for having brought her back, the lily spritzed Todd to stay and listen to the concert. But the boy's teeth were already chattering at a great rate and his lips were blue. He promptly excused himself and, wishing the fairy and the frogs "Good-night," quickly made his way back to the shore.

Next morning Todd first rubbed his eyes; then he looked eagerly toward the place where the vase should have been. No, it was gone; he had not dreamed it all. And he vowed that never again would he pluck a pond lily. Who knows but what every one might contain a fairy!

Both Forgot. Mother—James, what did I say I'd do to you if I found you eating those pies again? James—Why, how funny, ma, that you should have forgotten, too! I'm sure I can't for the life of me remember what it was.

Generosity. Aunt Kate—Johnny, here is an apple. Be sure to share it properly with your brother. Johnny—How "properly," auntie? Aunt Kate—Give him the larger piece, of course. Johnny—Here, Bill, suppose you do the sharin'.

# IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

## Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Mr. Charles T. Macaulay, nephew of Lord Macaulay, died at Bath, aged 57.

Mr. Henry Pawson, of Sheffield, journalist, who died recently, left estate valued at \$63,000.

A fire engine supplied to Wilham parish, in Essex, 1829, has been sold by the district council for £2.

Mr. Justice Grantham, the senior judge of the King's Bench Division, has completed 22 years' service on the bench.

The oldest shoeblack in London is a man named Whitehead, who has shined in Wellington street, Strand, for 41 years.

Caroline C. Gray, one of the last survivors of the Princess Alice disaster of 1870, has just died at Clapham, aged 81.

In a case at Blackburn it was stated that organ grinders earned 10s. each on Fridays and Saturdays, and 6s. on other days.

The Army Council has decided that the skunch that is a protection for the soldier against the sun is not required in the United Kingdom.

Probably the youngest lamplighter in England, Harold Goodfellow, aged 12, performs the regular duties of that office at Washbridge, Cornwall.

The proprietor of a place of amusement at Yarmouth has purchased 1,000 pairs of boots for distribution among poor school children.

The famous organ in St. Helen's church, Bishopsgrile, which dates back to the year 1744, and has a fine wood-carved case, is about to be renovated.

One of the oldest royal servants at Windsor, Mr. B. Bovington, who had for many years shown visitors over the state apartments of the castle, has just died.

Through his clothes becoming entangled in a loom he was revolving at Blackburn cotton mill, Richard Eccles was whirled round the revolving shafting and killed.

Of 59 persons whose deaths were recorded in the Times, 26 had reached the age of 70, 14 were septuagenarians, eight were octogenarians and four were nonagenarians.

Mr. John Conning, who claims to be the oldest police superintendent in England, placed his resignation in the hands of the Huntingdonshire justices after a service of 35 years.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the authority on Dickens, has offered to erect at his own cost a statue of the author in the grounds of Rochester Castle. Dickens died at Gad's Hill, Rochester.

Elyzabeth Jav, a Chelsea music teacher, was burned to death at a fire in her lodgings last week. The firemen were not aware that anyone was in the house until the charred body was found.

A disturbance was created in a hall at Southwark recently, where a number of striking girl box-makers were holding a meeting. The hall was invaded by girls who are still working, and a riot took place. The police had to be called in.

Last summer's revenue of the Thames steamboats fell short of the working expenses by over £18,000. For this the cold and wet weather was in some degrees responsible. The passengers were fewer by nearly a million than in the summer before.

It was stated at a meeting of the Hartlepool Education Committee that 270 children of the locality go to school daily without breakfast.

# BRUNO'S VALENTINE

EVERY ONE liked Bruno. For, although he was big and shaggy and strong, yet he was as gentle as a kitten. Of course, he was a favorite with all the children, and he seemed to return their great liking for him. But he was fonder of little Minnie. So that when Minnie went away for a long visit to her grandpa, Bruno's heart was almost broken. He sat and moped and pined, until people began to be afraid for his health.

It was St. Valentine's Day. Bruno was sitting dejectedly upon a rug, with his head hung sadly in such a fashion as one never used to see it. Suddenly in dashed Bertie.

"Got something for you, Bruno! Guess what it is! There's a nice doggie, guess! Bertie pranced up and down, holding the "something" behind his back.

Bruno began to show signs of interest, but for all that, he couldn't guess. So Bertie finally gave Bruno his present. And what do you think it was?

Why, nothing more than a big valentine from Minnie to her "Own Darling Doggie." And right in the middle of it was a large photograph of herself. How Bruno wagged his tail when he saw this! It thumped up and down so hard on the floor that Bertie's mamma ran in to see what all the noise was about. Then how he barked! Joyful, sobful barks they were. Bruno seldom barked, you

know, so this was all the more wonderful. Bruno's valentine was tucked up in



"GUESS WHAT IT IS!"

found wagging his tail and gazing earnestly at it. He became more lively from that time on, so that folks agreed it was only Minnie's valentine that ever kept her doggie safe and sound until she returned.

# KINDNESS REMEMBERED

OLIVE'S father had become poor—so poor that the family now had hardly enough to eat and nothing but shabby garments to wear. So Olive expected nothing for her birthday this year. But her father was resolved that she should have something; therefore, he sent her to the baker's to buy a big cake for herself.

To Olive's surprise the baker refused to take her money. He handed her a great cake that smelled delicious, saying that he had remembered the little girl's birthday and had baked it on purpose for her.

Greater still was the little girl's surprise, however, when, upon sharing the nice cake with her brothers and sisters,

she discovered in her piece a gold coin. And being as honest as she was, she immediately ran with it to the baker.

The baker received her with a smile. "The coin is for you," said he; "I put it in the cake for a birthday present. I have not forgotten how kind your poor father was to me not so many years ago, and this bit is little enough. Perhaps it will help to make your birthday happier."

Olive's father was greatly pleased when his little daughter told him about her nice present. For was it long after this that he regained his fortune, and, you may be sure, then did many other good turns for the good-hearted proprietor of the bakery.

# THE WONDERFUL MIRROR

MANY, many years ago there dwelt with her father and mother in a little village of Japan a tiny maiden. Like a sweet rosebud was she.

After a time the father was called away to visit the king. Since he was the first man of the village to be summoned this was a great honor. But the little daughter, who had never been separated from her father before, became lonely and fearful lest something happen him.

Soon, however, the father returned, bringing with him many handsome presents. Handing a mirror to his wife, he said, "Here is something I believe has never been seen in this village. Look upon it and tell me what you see."

So the wife gazed delightedly upon the beautifully chased silver of the frame, and then into the mirror itself. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I see the face of a beautiful woman, smiling ever so happily at me."

The husband laughingly explained: "The beautiful woman is yourself. A mirror simply reflects whatever is placed before it. You shall not go for a week, she hid the mirror away. Years passed.

The little girl was now a young woman, and so like her mother in appearance that one could hardly tell them apart. But the mother felt that she must soon die. Calling her daughter, she gave to her the precious mirror, with the words: "My daughter, I fear I must leave you. But whenever you grow lonely, you may look into this mirror, and you will see my face. May it be a comfort to you!"

And after the mother died, every day the maiden looked into the mirror. And when she smiled, the face in the mirror smiled back at her; and when she sorrowed, the face in the mirror was sympathetic, too.

So, with the face of her mother always before her, the maiden grew a beautiful in character as she was lovely of feature, till a prince, seeing her, was charmed with her goodness and beauty.

The prince and the Japanese maiden married. Nor was it until the young wife was taken to the magnificent home of the prince that she learned the exact truth about the mirror, and that for years she had been looking steadfastly at her own face.

But it was such a beautiful little deceit that you may be sure she straightway forgave her mother.

## Floating Villages.

Not every one knows that in the interior of Africa several floating villages have been constructed on the waters of a lake. They were discovered in 1889 by Stanley.

We can always think of a lot of reasons why other people ought to be satisfied with what they have.

## Sympathized With the Lions.

Mamma (to well-fed-looking little boy looking at picture of Daniel in the lion's den)—Don't you feel sorry for Daniel, dear?

Well-Fed-Looking Little Boy—No; I'm sorer for the lions, who now have to go without their supper.

A man's love for his wife doesn't necessarily include her chin music.

# "OUR MOTHER": A Waitime Story

I AM GOING to tell you a true story today about a noble woman, whom all the soldiers called "Our Mother," when the cruel Civil War took away so many brothers and fathers. She was nurse and mother to thou-

sands worse than that, if you don't stop stealing." On one occasion she was busy making soup, when an officer approached and demanded, "Under whose authority are you working?"

"Who is it that accuses you?" questioned the general. "Why, that old woman, Mother Bickerdyke," was the reply.

"Well, I can't help you," shortly responded Sherman; "she has more influence than I."

Another time, when Mother Bickerdyke could get hardly enough to eat, and was compelled to use almost anything for food, she was heard to remark, "Boys, if ever I reach home, I shall publish a 'starvation cookbook,' containing recipes for delicious dishes that can be made from nothing."

She was especially tender to the wounded soldiers just brought in from the battlefield. At the battle of Donelson the cry of "Mother! Mother!" rang out from the wounded everywhere. And, even although she disliked the Confederates, she couldn't see them suffer; so that she became a mother to the "boys in gray," as well as to the "boys in blue."

It was at the battle of Lookout Mountain, of which you boys and girls have doubtless read, that the soldiers grew so enthusiastic over her heroic work that they hurrahed for her again and again, until she was obliged to smilingly command them to "stop your nonsense!"

In November, 1862, Mother Bickerdyke was compelled to return from the field and take a much needed rest. While in Chicago she attended a wedding. After congratulating the bridegroom, she observed that the young man was wounded, and remarked, "I shall take care of you if you are again wounded in the army."

"Why, Mother Bickerdyke," replied the young man, "you have already taken care of me, and I'm in the leg, but you fought so hard to save it that here I am, alive and well, about this angel of mercy. But I think you can easily see from this that I have to soldier boys. There is probably many a man who has missed the name of Mother Bickerdyke."

You see her in the picture, holding water to some poor soldier's lips. Doesn't she look sweet and noble? No wonder the "boys" all loved her. E. K. O.

## A NOTE.

Agent—I have here an automatic attachment for pianos that I'd like to show you.

Shortleigh—No go! Our piano has a mortgage attachment on it that will hold it for a while.

## NOW, GIRLS!

No woman feels that she has lived in vain so long as she can make some other woman jealous.

Things that are better left unsaid are sure to be heard.



CARING FOR THE WOUNDED

sands, and she fully deserved all their love. My big brother was one of her "boys." He afterward told me many stories about her—some sad, some amusing, but all of them true. There wasn't a soldier who wouldn't have fought for her during the war or later.

Mary Bickerdyke was her name. She was born in Knox county, Ohio, in 1817; lived a gay, happy childhood, and, when older, married and spent a busy life. When war broke out she left the town of Cairo to take care of the sick and wounded among the Union soldiers.

"Our Mother" protected her patients from rough, incompetent doctors and impatient nurses. And as great deal of power was placed in her hands, assistants were frequently dismissed at her recommendation.

She always tried to give the patients the very best of food there was to be had. There were frequently numbers of thieves about camp, who stole many things meant for the sick. So she got some "tartar emetic," mixed it in some stewed fruit and told the cook to throw the dish to cool all night on the kitchen table. She knew she would find the thieves. Sure enough, soon she heard groans and cries. Going downstairs, she found cooks, attendants and others employed about the kitchen, all ill and frightened. She laughed as she said, "Next time you will find your-

# Schools that are Like Theatres

NOWHERE else in the world, perhaps, is the imagination of the young so carefully fostered and cultivated as in the public schools of Switzerland.

Ordinarily, geography and history are mere subjects with the youthful mind; but it is a sad grind to store away the needless information that will prove of use in the coming years.

Swiss teachers seek to entertain as well as instruct. Here is the interesting story told by a recent visitor to one of the excellent schools of Basle, in that land of mountains and valleys.

ENTERING the common school of Basle—the visitor is talking now—one finds in the beautiful hall a group of statutory representing Pestalozzi—the patron saint of Swiss schools—with two children at his knees.

On the wall, in a prominent place, there is a painting or drawing of the same teacher probably, receiving little ones into his humble school and gazing at them with eyes of divine compassion. You will find as you go through the school that everything is planned to appeal to the eye and thus reach the brain of the pupil.

In the Basle schools the city authorities are one with the educational administrators in striving to make the schools a success. The latter are fitted up with splendid shower baths, which secure not only cleanliness, but perfect privacy for every girl. Basle has built no school for ten years that is not fitted with baths, and school bathing is general, thanks partly to the extreme gentleness and tenderness even with which the susceptibilities of parents and children are treated.

The drill hall is carpeted with English linoleum, and in the cooking room four or five different ranges, dressers, etc., are supplied for groups of four and five. The beauty of the pictures on the walls of the hall is remarkable, and the children often make them the subject of compositions.



Suppose, now, that a class in geography is being instructed. The pupils go to the second floor of the building, where there is a room like a theater. Twice or more a week one will find there a crowd of bright-eyed, eager children seated on benches, sloping from floor half way up the wall, and all waiting, waiting expectantly.

For this room is a real place of enchantment—the open door of the world. A teacher mounts the platform, and a monitor pulls a string, a black curtain falls, and the room is dark.

Then, by the aid of a small electric-lantern, the city, bay, plain, river or mountain range we have to learn about in the geography lesson is thrown on the screen. The children see the Holy Land pictures, they see old Berlin, and old Basle. They look not at a mere name in the geography book, but at the swift river, the yellow sands, the beautiful mountains that bear the strange names.

of Shakespeare and of Schiller, as well as those of the great Swiss poets, and are familiar with the traits of some English members of Parliament.

Even the cookery class girls come to see pictures of foodstuffs thrown on the screen; and all, from the smallest to the oldest, love the pictures. There is only one form of punishment in the school, and that is employed rarely. A teacher does sometimes say, however, to a naughty child, "You shall not go for a week, for a month, to the picture room." It is a severe punishment.

Most remarkable of all, however, is an illustration of the effect of free eye-training in the development of mental powers is the free modeling done by once dull, or even feeble-minded, boys and girls in the highest standard of the Hahlsklassen, of which Dr. Otto Mayer, of Mannheim, is the head master.

At least once, but usually twice, every week, each class goes out with its master into the country, and when they return the children of even the second class (many of whom cannot even attempt to write or give in words an account of anything), are encouraged to take their boxes of colored clay and make pictures with it. And they do make pictures.

One little boy of 8, who was believed on his entrance to be practically imbecile, and who repeated the last words of every sentence addressed to him, suddenly burst for the first time into independent utterance in his new desire to make a clay motor!

Some of these pupils begin to tell stories in words at last, speaking slowly, as if finding their way through a storm. In the children of the Basle Volksschule the inner eye has not to be opened, but is wide awake already. But the teachers say, quite truly, "The eye is the organ of the imagination, and to cultivate imagination is a much greater thing than merely to teach a subject."

Even as long ago as 1886 Basle had her school doctor. Even in 1886—twenty-one years ago!—he brought out a little brochure explaining why the voice should be taken special care of in school, and why all straining of the voice in singing and speech must be avoided.

The town, meanwhile, has spent \$200,000 in the building of one school, and is projecting another, whose equipment will be finer and the cost still greater than that of any yet built. No social distinction is regarded in education. The children of rich and poor use and have all the advantages of schools in common. Basle weighs carefully every new proposal for the improved hygiene of school life put forward by Germany, and is yet maintaining perfect independence of thought and criticism.