

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOW TITANIA WAS OUTWITTED

By Erin Graham.

DORA FERGUSON was in a bad temper. That was not her usual condition of mind, but more than one unpleasant thing had occurred during the day. In the morning, Mrs. Ferguson told Dora that she might put on her new plaid dress and wear it to school. "This dark blue and green, with just a little dash of red, makes the sweetest plaid I've seen," she said in the joy of possession.

"Clothes aren't sweet," said Tom, who was two years older than Dora, and who considered it his duty to reprove and ridicule her, lest she should become vain. He was really proud of her dark eyes, and hair with a "real wave" in it. But all girls were foolish, he believed, and apt to become vain creatures, unless their brothers trained them properly. So Tom was very careful about praising Dora too much.

It was with much rejoicing that she put on her new dress, and rejoiced in its rustle as she danced through the hall. Even Tom's sarcasm concerning "girls who were late for breakfast because they stayed too long before the mirror" failed to affect her. When she reached Miss Mortimer's Academy she was surrounded by admiring friends.

"It's one of the prettiest plaids I have seen. Those rich dark shades are such good taste," said Cora Hilliard, who was believed to be an authority on such matters, as she had spent one whole month in Paris.

In the afternoon, Dora was preparing to leave the French class-room, when her new plaid skirt caught on a sharp corner of her desk, and one of those ragged, three-cornered rents, that are the despair of the neatest mender, showed itself to her horrified gaze. When she got home, she found her mother, and told her of the calamity.

"Never mind, dear. Put on your old dress, and this evening I will help you to mend the other."

Dora's father was a well-to-do merchant, but Mrs. Ferguson believed that her only daughter should be taught to do things for herself. So Dora contemplated an hour of mending with unpleasant feelings.

Just then Tom came in. He looked rather solemn. "Dora, I took your puppy 'Sancho' downtown this afternoon, and lost him in the crowd on Clarence avenue. It's too bad, but I am sure he'll turn up all right."

Dora's uncle had presented her with a beautiful little dog the week before, and she had given Tom strict injunctions not to take it out. "I believe that you did it on purpose, Tom! and, of course, we'll never find him. You are horrid—just horrid!" she broke out.

Then Dora took up her books and fled to her room, while Tom remained to tell Mrs. Ferguson that he was afraid Dora had a dreadful temper.

How nice it is for a girl to have a room to herself. I have often wondered what an unfortunate maiden whose sister or cousin shares her room does when she wants to have a "good cry." Dora's room had a delightful cozy corner where four big pillows were piled, and to this corner she went for comfort. But she was not silly or a very "weezy" girl, and so, after three tears had dropped on the prettiest pillow, she sat up and rubbed her face.

"I suppose I might as well do that French lesson for to-morrow," she reflected.

Dora turned to "Les Trois Souhaits" ("The Three Wishes"), the next day's lesson. It was not difficult to translate, but it proved an aggravation of her woes. The well-known old story was about the poor woodman and his wife, to whom a fairy had granted three wishes. The wife, in a moment of thoughtlessness, wished for a black-pudding, and this so enraged the husband that he wished that the pudding might be attached to her nose. The pudding promptly obeyed his wish, and, despite his every effort, refused to be detached from the wife's face. So, in despair, the poor husband wished for the pudding to return to the table, and, behold! the three wishes had all been used. Then the fairy came back, and, in a provoking little speech, advised them to be content in the future with a humble lot.



"THE PAGE SAID: 'ENTER WRETCHED MORTAL!'"

"What a foolish story! It's so silly, for nobody would have wished for such stupid things. I only wish that a fairy would come to me! I would ask for ten million dollars first; and then I would wish to be the most beautiful girl in the world; and then I would like myself and all my friends to be young forever! But there are no fairies. Only children believe in them now," and Dora sighed, as if her fourteen years was an advanced age indeed.

Then her head sank lower on the cushions, and Miss Dora was soon in the land of dreams, where she had a strange journey.

She had started for school one morning, as usual, and when she opened the door leading to Miss Mortimer's hall, she was astonished to find that the entrance was a beautiful corridor, carpeted with soft green velvet and lighted by twinkling pink lanterns that hung from a crystal ceiling. As Dora hesitated, not knowing what to do, a tiny person, dressed in white satin, and wearing a gold-fringed cap, appeared, and, making a low bow, said: "Her Majesty will see you in the Diamond Room."

Dora prepared to follow the little page. On and on they went until she was almost out of breath. At last he stopped before a heavy curtain. The tinkle of a bell was heard, and then the page held back the vel-

vet folds and said: "Enter, wretched mortal!" Dora did not like this form of address. In fact, the little man, in spite of his satin garments, had not been brought up to be respectful. But there was no time to reprove him for his rudeness, and Dora timidly entered the Diamond Room. At first the blaze of light was so great that she was dazzled. But when she recovered from the first shock of splendor, she exclaimed, "Why, it's all diamonds." The floor and walls were made of pure marble, and the ceiling was studded with diamond stars, which shed the light that had almost blinded Dora.

There was a rich divan covered with purple velvet at one end of the room, and on it was seated a little creature who was wearing a gown of white silk, fastened with small diamond pins. As Dora approached, this small woman said:

"Don't come too near! Do you know who I am?" "No; I have not seen any one like you before. If I were not sure that there are no fairies, I would be tempted to call you one."

"How do you know that there are no fairies?" "Oh, no one believes in them nowadays, except very small children. I used to think that they really lived, but I know better now."

"Silence! Mortal, you are insolent! Behold me! I am Titania, Queen of the Fairies." The tiny woman stood on the couch, with her eyes flashing and a wand outstretched. "I dare say you wonder why I have brought you, an ignorant child, to my home."

"Yes, Mrs. Titania." "Don't say 'Mrs. Titania.' I am not a commonplace, every-day woman. Address me as 'your Majesty.'" "Yes, your Majesty."

"That is better. Now, you understand that we know all about you poor mortals. Therefore, I know that you have had a trying day; and although you are by no means an excellent young person, still, I feel sorry for you. I am going to grant you three wishes! Whatever you wish for shall be given you. At the end of twenty-five minutes I shall return to this room and dismiss you. The wishing-time will then be over. You must remain on this couch during that time. Be very careful about the desires you express!"

Titania vanished, and Dora flung herself upon the soft cushions. They were delightful, and she felt like going to sleep. But, of course, that would destroy the chance of future wealth. So she rubbed her eyes, and tried to think. Five—ten—fifteen minutes passed, and Dora had not wished for anything.

"I have heard something about this before. I wonder if ten million dollars would be enough. It would buy a great many dresses, I am sure. Oh, how I wish that dress of mine had been mended!"

At that moment her plaid gown dropped besides the couch, more neatly mended than Dora could have imagined. But the sight of the mended gown brought no comfort to her heart.

"Oh! how could I have been so silly. I might have wished for money enough to buy hundreds of plaid dresses; and now I have only this old mended thing. But there are two wishes left. Now, I wonder what I had better say next. It would be nice to have money and beauty and be a singer like Jenny Lind. But I can't have all three. Which had I better ask for first—money or beauty? I'm sure it wouldn't be nice to have millions and—be, as ugly as that Miss Harris. Perhaps I'd better take beauty next. Golden hair and blue eyes, like Fair Rosamond, would be attractive; but a dark, stately person, like Edith Plantagenet, would be more dignified. What a strange sound that wind makes outside—it is almost like a dog howling! Oh, I'm afraid my poor little Sancho is lost. I do wish he were here!"

At these words, a joyful bark was heard, and Sancho's soft nose rested on her hand. But Dora greeted him with such a burst of tears that the poor dog was frightened, and tried to comfort her by whining. The duet was so dismal a failure that Dora was forced to laugh, although she had only one precious wish left.

"What shall I do now? I am almost afraid to breathe, for fear of wishing for something silly. Just then a brilliant idea seemed to come to her, and Dora fairly shouted, "I wish for ten more wishes as Titania entered the room."

The Queen rushed to the couch, and said: "What you mean? I never heard of such a wish. The fairy will be shocked!" "But you said that I might have whatever I wish for," said Dora, triumphantly.

Titania frowned, and began to walk hurriedly and down the room. Dora could hardly keep from laughing, for the little form looked so funny, whirling across the floor. The diamond ornaments flashed maliciously, as if delighted with their owner's plight. Dora had already begun to plan for her ten wishes, but she was rudely disturbed by the page, who entered and commanded her to rise. The Queen, last, paused, and addressed herself to Dora: "I must not decide this matter without referring to the King. It is a departure from the rules in fairy-land."

Titania left the room, and when she returned she was followed by the King, who looked very cross. He was dressed in crimson velvet, and wore a crown almost covered with rubies.

"So you are the presumptuous being who has dared to wish for more wishes," said he.

"Your wife the Queen said that I might have whatever I wanted."

"Well—well—well! A council of the fairies must be summoned, for such a thing has not happened before."

Just then the King rang a bell, and—Dora sat up to hear her mother say, "Dora Ferguson, it is dinner-time, and you have been asleep for almost two hours. You looked so tired that I have mended your dress myself."

Just then Tom appeared with a small furry object under his arm.

"I've found your foolish dog. I don't believe any one would want to steal him, and you needn't have made a fuss, anyway."

"But where are Titania, and the black fairy, and—said Dora, in a bewildered way.

"You have been dreaming about fairies, eh?" Tom said, laughing.

Dora laughed too, and they went down to dinner in good humor. When they reached the dining-room Dora found white soup awaiting them, and the most delicious stewed mushrooms.

"It's very queer," said Dora, as she went to sleep that night. "I'm sorry that I didn't get all the money, but I'm glad that I worried the fairies. I wonder I'll dream about them again."

But from that day to this, Dora Ferguson has not met her Majesty, Titania.



BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN



OW ain' it aggravatin' How other chaps you meet Can go to work an' 'fin' things— Jus' lyin' in the street?

Why, Billy struck a jack-knife As had a screw, I'm told! An' Ted picked up a hat-pin, What looked like solid gold.

Len's brother los' a marble, An', huntin', foun' a dime! 'T was waitin' right afore him, An' onct, at playin'-time.



When I stayed hid, an' Bubby Got sent to town by mar, He seen a hull half-dollar Roll off a trolley-car!

I've hung aroun' the sidewalk, An' poked in all the cracks;



I've shuffled up the gutter, I've loafed along the tracks;

I've kep' an eye out steady For weeks—an' I'll be beat If I can find a penny A-lyin' in the street!

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW CRYSTALS

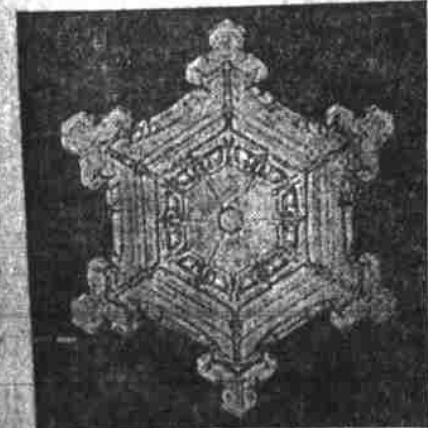
HOW beautiful is the snow, as the flakes fall, winging their way night and day to the fields, trees, and houses! We like to watch them as they come so silently and gracefully, and we like to see the white

beauty and enjoyment to be obtained from the snow. The snowflakes are made up of beautiful crystals. In each storm, and in different parts of the same storm, there are presented new patterns of the little flakes.

Without any aid to our eyes we can see much beauty

Not all are beautiful, nor all in the flowery form. Because the very best are rare, there will be all the greater joy in hunting for them.

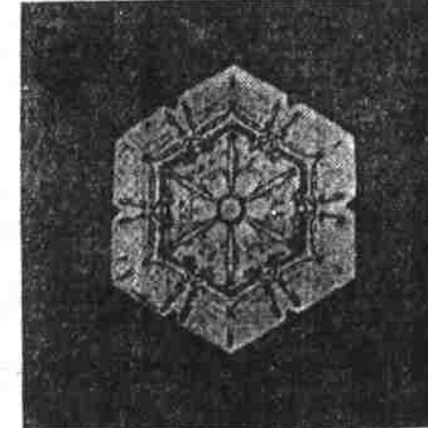
Press a broom-split lightly upon the edge of the crystal, and it will stick to it so it can be put on a card or glass for examination or drawing. The most



SIX THREEFOLD KNOTS AROUND A CENTRAL POINT.



ROUGH SPEARS AROUND A JEWELLED CENTERPIECE.



PLAIN OUTSIDE AND BEAUTIFUL INTERIOR PATTERN.



A MAGNIFICENT SNOWFLAKE WITH FEATHERY AND VERY ORNAMENTAL ARMS.

in the flakes as they fall on our clothes, and by examining them with a pocket-lens, on a piece of black cloth or card, we can see still more, and can easily make a sketch of the forms.

The beautiful pictures presented here are magnified forms of snow crystals from photographs taken through a microscope. In some storms the crystals are large and feathery, in others solid like little balls, and often they are little rough, glistening, icy needles.

beautiful specimens are to be found in from five to fourteen storms each winter. In the hardest snow-storms, such as we call blizzards, the crystals are found in greatest numbers, especially if the wind is from the west or north. Then the crystals fall singly, in good form for examination; for they are not very likely to become clustered into large flakes that float down in the still air like big feathers, as is often the case in smaller, less severe storms.

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hovering over the earth. In the parks and in the country the trees are very attractive in their rich ornaments, of which Lowell says:

The poorest twig on the elm-tree Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

Then what a variety of sports comes with the snow! There's snow-balling, fort-building, sliding, and sleighing with the musical bells. But these are not all the