For the Boys and Girls

SILVERDEW—A FAIRY STORY

BY HELEN M. WHITNEY.

It was a brilliant moonlight night. The whip-poor-wills were singing and the fairies were having a frolic down in Farmer Millet's meadow. The Elves and Fays enjoyed themselves scampering about wherever they pleased. They rocked themselves in the tall, blue larkspurs, or swung on the long stargrass, or sipped the honey from the red clover's pointed flagons.

His majesty, the King of the Fairies, sat on a toadstool, beaming good-naturedly, with his royal feet drawn up to keep them out of the dew; for his majesty was not so young as he had been several centuries ago, and of late years had felt several sharp twinges of rheumatism assailing his royal back.

The queen was floating about on a tuft of thistledown, attended by her maids of honor, while Silverdew, his majesty's private secretary, was running here and there, with his usual good nature, executing half a dozen commissions at once, putting up cobweb swings for the Fays, carrying cup-moss goblets of gooseberry lemonade to the maids of honor, or perhaps taking a tilt at the mimic tournament, which was held under a mushroom tent in one corner of the meadow. The tent was illuminated with glow-worm lamps, making it as bright as moonlight.

Silverdew was a great favorite with everybody who knew him, but he had his great trouble. The position he held was one of much trust, but little profit, and Silverdew found it almost impossible to maintain himself on his slender salary. He was almost out at the elbows and knees even now, and one of his boots was really in need of patching.

But Silverdew kept a happy heart in spite of his poverty, and hid his grief so well that no one suspected that he gave a thought to his shabby attire.

Now, it happened that Farmer Millet was out of sorts that night, owing to a sudden fall in the price of wheat, and after venting part of his ill-humor on poor Mrs. Millet, he strode out of the house, and, by chance, took his way to that very meadow where the fairies were holding their festival.

"Hello!" cried Farmer Millet, gruffly; "get out of my meadow, there, trampling my clover and pasture-grass! Vagabonds!" he cried.

But at the first sound of his voice, the fairies had instantly disappeared, leaving him staring about and wondering if it was all a dream.

The fairies were all safe in their toadstools once more; but, dear me, what a state of affairs!

The king was so put out by what had occurred, that he kicked his majesty's favorite cheshire cat, Fee-fee, who chanced to lie lying on the floor near the throne.

The queen, who was very tender-hearted, took the abused favorite to the pantry and allowed her to lap the cream off a whole pan of morning's milk.

In the meantime, Farmer Millet began to feel the effect of his surly behavior to the fairies. Misfortune seemed to attack him on all sides. The frost destroyed his clover-pastures and meadows, and his wheat crop was ruined by smut. He was obliged to sell all his stock for want of feed, and soon he had paid out his last dollar for breadstuff.

"And where the next is to come from is more than I can tell," he said, despairingly, to his wife.

"It is a judgment on us for driving the fairies away," said good Mrs. Millet, shaking her head. "But we must trust in Providence."

But although so much had happened above ground, only a few moments had passed in Fairyland, as time moves very slowly in that favored realm.

Her majesty, the queen, finding that the king took so much to heart—he was still sitting sulkily on the throne—sent for Silverdew and besought him to make terms with Farmer Millet, whereby they might have the use of his meadow for their next fete.

"For," she concluded, with tears in her eyes, "I greatly fear the disappointment will sour his majesty's royal temper if something is not done."

Silverdew pledged himself to do what he could, and set out upon his mission, though with a heavy heart.

Mrs. Millet had just done shaking her head, and saying, "We must trust in Providence," when the youngest Millet, a boy of six, burst into the room with five golden-yellow bananas in his hand.

"See," he cried, "what one of the fairies has given me!"

Farmer Millet turned pale.

"One apiece!" he exclaimed. "They wish to poison us!"

"No, no!" said his wife; "they are good fairies, I am sure. Let us eat the bananas."

But when they broke them open, a handful of gold fell out of each one! Gold is so plentiful in Fairyland that it is of no value there, and is never used for money.

"Run, run," cried Farmer Millet, "and beg the good fairies to come and dance wherever they wish. Tell them to dance all over the place and on the house-top, if they like!"

Farmer Millet's invitation was accepted, so far as dancing in the meadow was concerned, and his majesty the king, to testify his royal appreciation of the important service rendered by Silverdew, at once increased his salary and ordered the court tailor to furnish him with an entire new suit of clothes, including a pair of box-toed, patent-leather boots.

The moon was full again. Farmer Millet's new crop of clover was in fine condition, and the fairies were having a merry time.

The king was in such high spirits that he forgot his threatened rheumatism and climbed a slanting moonbeam with all the agility of a boy. Having climbed quite out of sight, however, his majesty concluded to rest awhile before sliding down.

At this very moment, while the king sat perched on one of the topmost rounds of the moonbeam, puffing a little with his exertion, it must be confessed, and fanning himself with his royal hat, Silverdew came along, where three of the courtiers were standing at the foot of the moonbeam.

Now it happened that the three courtiers were a little envious of Silverdew, on account of his new suit, and his popularity with the king. They had, therefore, quickly formed a little plot to get him into disgrace with his majesty.

As Silverdew came along, whistling the pathetic ballad of "The Three Blue, Blue, Blue Bottles," the first courtier nudged the second and the second nudged the third. The third, having no one to nudge, was compelled to do the talking himself.

"Silverdew," said he, with a persuasive smile, "since you have become such a favorite at court and have a fine new suit on, you are too dignified for a frolic, no doubt?"

"Not at all," returned Silverdew, good-naturedly. "What is it?"

"Why," said the courtier, "you would not dare to slide up that moonbeam feet foremost — would you, now?"

"You shall see!" said Silverdew. And dropping his plush cap, with its scarlet plume, he threw himself, face downward, on the moonbeam, and was soon gliding rapidly upwards, feet foremost.

A collision was inevitable, and his majesty was suddenly startled by receiving a violent dig in the pit of the royal stomach from Silverdew's foot, incased in the new box-toed patent-leather boot.

"Bless me," cried the king, "it must be a stork!"

Now, the king had a great terror of storks, who, it is well known, are the greatest enemies to the whole fairy race, and will gobble them up as quickly as if they were snails or pickled crabs.

Therefore, when the collision occurred, his majesty made certain that his last hour had come, thinking it was a stork that had attacked him.

The shock was so sudden and unexpected that the king and Silverdew both lost their hold of the moonbeam and went rolling over and over to the very bottom, Silverdew under the king, and both of them gasping for breath.

A crowd immediately gathered about them, crying, "What is it?" but no one could tell.

The three conspirators dared not tell, lest they should betray their share in the accident.

Having recovered his breath, the king sat up and looked around.

"Silverdew!" he cried, recognizing the battered figure of the favorite—"Silverdew, fall on your knees!" commanded the king, drawing his glittering sword.

Silverdew obeyed, turning very pale, however.

"Oh, oh! his majesty is going to behead him!" whispered the three courtiers together, in great remorse.

And the one who had urged poor Silverdew to take the fatal step, fell on the ground behind his two companions, and rolled over several times in much agony and grief.

"Silverdew," said the king, raising his sword and looking about him with great dignity—"Silverdew has this day preserved our royal life from the attack of a voracious stork, for which valiant act we hereby bestow on him the title of Marquis of Silverdew and Keeper of the Seal-ring. Arise, Marquis of Silverdew," he concluded, gently touching the newly-made nobleman with the blade of his sword.

"May it please your majesty, sire," said the marquis, respectfully rising, and again falling on one knee before the king—"may it please your majesty, I saw no stork; it was only—"

"Nonsense!" cried the king, interrupting. "You are too modest, marquis! Not see the stork? Why, I can feel the blow he gave me with his sharp beak in the royal stomach yet!" And of course the matter was settled.

The three courtiers, finding that Silverdew was not beheaded, felt relieved, though they at once began grumbling again.

"More good luck for Silverdew," they said, walking away. "And only ourselves to thank for it, too!"

And as they were the only ones who knew the truth of the matter, and dared not betray themselves by telling it, the Marquis of Silverdew remains a marquis to this very day.

Hill and Valley.

HE.

"Come let us climb to the height,
Peak after peak in the sun,
As the rays brighten, grow rosy and
lighten,
Now that the thunder has gone.

SHE.

"Nay; through the leafage, the light
Gentler glimmers below;
See through the valley the rivulets
Singing aloud as they go.

HE.

"Grandly, ah! grandly the hill
Broke the black storm on its crest;
All the cliff under, went leaping the
thunder,
Growling away in the west.

SHE.

"Here it is restful and still;
Only the drops from the trees,
Where the shades darkle, fall slowly
and sparkle—
Here there is solace and ease.

HE.

"Child, but the eagle above,
Now that the mists are withdrawn,
Never wing-weary, sails up from his
eyrie,
E'en to the eye of the dawn.

SHE.

"Ah; but below us the dove,
Crooning for joy on the nest,
Fills with soft slumbers the leaves
without number;
Shadow and quiet are best."

—Austin Dobson. Poems.

British Broadcasting Company to Train Voices.

The British Broadcasting Company does not stand still. No sooner had it put into operation a committee to standardize the pronunciation of words about which there might be a doubt, than it set about the production of a B. B. C. voice. George Grossmith, the actor-manager, who is on the staff of the B. B. C., is credited with the idea of training actors and actresses specially for radiocasting plays. It is obvious that where the audience, and the word "audience" here is really applicable, has to depend entirely on the ear for gathering impressions, it is doubly necessary for the actors to use their voices to the utmost advantage.

The different effect of various voices on that delicate instrument, the microphone, is very marked. The trained announcer leans confidentially toward it and speaks rather quietly. The Academy of Dramatic Art welcomes the idea as it will give a chance to men and women with a dramatic sense and good voices who, for other reasons, might shrink from a stage career.

Pocket Sun Dials.

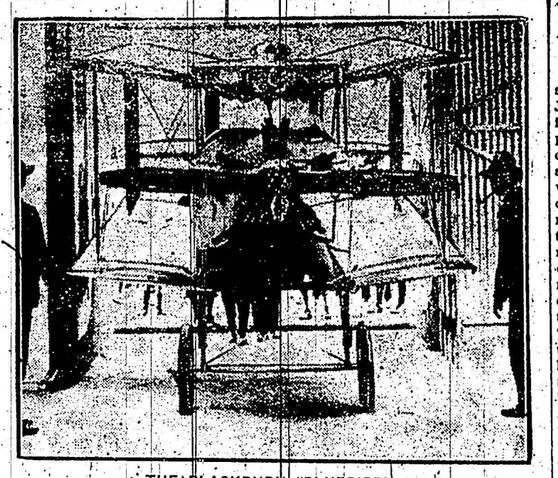
The mariner's compass was introduced into Europe from China in the thirteenth century; and, after 1400, pocket dials furnished with a small compass began to appear. These are in the form of a horizontal disk with a hinged gnomon similar to that of the common form of stationary dial, which was pointed north when used. This form was often called the pocket heroologium. Many variations followed, but the disk form continued to be the most common. The great variety of discoverable types and shapes is one of the things which makes the collecting of portable dials so fascinating. Brass is the usual material, though wood, ivory, bronze, gold and silver were used; and the finest dials were sometimes kept in velvet cases like jewelry. The period of the most beautiful pocket dials lasted from 1500 to 1700, during which time some of the ablest craftsmen in Europe made these instruments.

Distant Relative.

"And are you any relation to Pat O'Rourke?"

"Only very distantly. Ol was me mother's first child and Pat was the thirteenth."

He who is successful can afford to smile; he that is not cannot afford to do otherwise.—Matthewman.



THE BLACKBURN "BLUEBIRD"

A tiny airplane with folding wings, was demonstrated in recent aviation contests at the Lympne airdrome, near London, England.

Candy to the Queen's Taste.

One of the points of attraction for tourists in England this summer has been the little shop in Windsor, where the Queen buys her chocolates. It is kept by two elderly maiden ladies from Scotland, who have had the rare privilege, by royal warrant, of supplying the royal household with chocolates of good quality ever since the days of Queen Victoria.

They have just become really famous because the tourists have discovered that the Queen actually goes to the shop to make her private purchases. In fact, there is probably no shop in the world that is so often visited by a Queen.

When she goes she is waited on by Miss Henrietta Cameron, the sole business manager and saleslady of the establishment, while her sister, Miss Caroline, keeps in the background as the keeper of the grand secret of how to make chocolates that are fit for Queens. She makes them herself, and so well that when the Prince of Wales went traveling he had special packages of Miss Caroline's chocolates sent after him as far as India.

The two prim ladies are living relics of the Victorian age, in dress, in manners and business methods. Their shop has a tiny window, hung with blue curtains, and one of the smallest doorways in Windsor, with a quaint iron foot-scraper outside it. They started the shop many years ago, having come down from Scotland, and have stayed in the same place ever since. What will happen when they are no more, and who will inherit the recipe that earned the royal warrant hanging up in the shop, no one knows.

Peggy.

As lily grows up easily
In modest, gentle dignity
To sweet perfection,
So grew she,
As easily.

Or as the rose that takes no care
Will open out on sunny air
Bloom after bloom, fair after fair,
Sweet after sweet;
Just as did she.

—From the Irish of Raferty, by James Stephens.

Round the Southland Year.

Each leaf a voice, in shrub and tree,
And every wind a song,
Matched are the singing boughs of
Araby
Our glad Southland along.

To music leaps the heeding grass,
The lupin, purple, blue;
Lighted, as by the kindling measures
pass
The poppy flashes through.

Fainter the strains when rains are
gone,
Softening the colors where
They run up to the hills, and blended
on
Their sides lie lovelier there.

We reck not how the months run here,
When summer comes or goes;
The heart reads not the dial of the
year
Where always there's a rose.

—John Vance Cheney, in "At the Silver Gate."

Mussolini and Music.

It seems that the Government of Mussolini is anxious for a revival of Italian music, more especially of opera. Various theatres have been reacquired, and now the Government is appealing to native composers, and prizes are being offered by the Minister of Public Instruction for new operas. The maximum prize is to be 100,000 lire for each new work, of which eighty per cent. goes to the theatrical management which produces the work and twenty per cent. to the composer and librettist.

Sour Milk Story Spiked.

The popular belief that thunder storms affect milk has no foundation in fact. Thunder storms frequently occur toward the end of hot summer days. On such days milk is also likely to turn sour. This, so far as known, is the only connection between the storm and the souring of milk.

Accommodating.

"Did that repairer cause you any embarrassment by his charge?"

"No; he kindly consented to take the car in part payment."

MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY

The Essence of Politeness.

Politeness in exceptionally trying circumstances could hardly be carried further than in a case referred to recently by Commander Evans, C.B.

The incident happened when he was in the Antarctic.

He was writing one afternoon in his tent, which had been pitched on the edge of a glacier, when another member of the party called to him from outside:

"Are you busy, sir?" he inquired.

"I am," said Evans.

"Very busy?"

"Yes, very busy," replied Evans. "What is it?"

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I've broken through the ice."

Rushing outside, Evans found the explorer in question hanging down a crevasse by four fingers, a position which, needless to say, he could not have maintained for more than a few minutes longer.

His Accent.

An amusing story of his student days was told recently by Dean Inge.

It was during a lecture on Greek by an eminent professor who, after a while, called upon one of Inge's fellow students to read aloud a passage from a well-known Greek author.

The young man obeyed, but had not proceeded far when he was pulled up sharp.

"Stop!" cried the professor. "Stop, for goodness' sake. Your pronunciation is terrible. How did you get such an accent? Where did you come from?"

In an accent almost as foreign to English as the language of the author from whose book he had been reading the student replied:

"I came from Athens, sir."

Harold Bell Replies.

Harold Bell Wright, we are interested to hear, can pun rather bitterly. Invited to a hot-weather "Bohemian" party, he was informed that among the guests would be Mr. Blank, a high-brow novelist whose scorn of Mr. Wright is well known, but whose books fail to sell.

"You know Mr. Blank, don't you?" asked the hostess.

"Ah, yes," murmured Mr. Wright. "The young intellectual, you mean?"

His Responsibility.

Few men have written more popular love songs than Mr. Ernest R. Ball, the composer of "Love Me and the World is Mine," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "A Little Bit of Heaven," and "In the Garden of My Heart."

They have brought him fame and fortune, but apparently he is not altogether happy about them.

"It is a big responsibility to launch a succession of this kind of song on a romance-loving and sentimental world," remarked Mr. Ball whimsically to an interviewer. "Thousands of men who married after hearing 'Love Me and the World is Mine,' are now blaming me."

THE HONORABLE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

One of the most significant and striking features of the rural life of Japan is the all-important part played in it by the women. Whether it is the planting, transplanting, or harvesting of the rice that is on hand, they are always to the fore; they feed the silkworm, and conduct most of the delicate and important operations connected with it. . . . What would be the loss to the silk industry were it not for the women's share in it one can scarcely conceive. Nearly two million families, representing perhaps eight million people, are engaged in the task of rearing the O ko sama, "The honorable little gentleman," as this precious worm is styled! Their homes are found mainly in the mountain districts of central Japan, and are better and bigger than those of the average peasantry. They consist usually of two stories, and are provided with the peculiar chimneys called for by the heating arrangements needed for the worm's well-being. No toil is so exacting as that which he involves. In childhood he has to be fed seven or eight times a day, and in sultry August his nurses only get some three or four hours' rest in the whole twenty-four. The night-long noise of the nibbling of the countless myriads in some farmer's homestead is as the scratching of ten thousand pens in a great university examination hall.

It is believed that any harsh, noisy, ill-mannered behavior in his presence at this period will seriously affect the quality of the silk he is to produce. We can realize, therefore, what an important disciplinary influence he must exert on the character of those over whom he holds despotic sway!

The climate of a large part of the central and southern provinces of Japan are particularly favorable to the important industry of sericulture, and with the mild climatic conditions and the abundance of cheap labor, Japan by one of the most industrious of all the world's peasantries, it is not surprising that more than of the world's silk is produced in this country, which country exports about ninety per cent. of its total output of this fancy article. Of all the goods which it sends to other lands this is the most important.

Among the many incidental witnesses to the regard in which the precious worm is held, we will let us not forget his formal designation as O ko sama, "The honorable little gentleman"—as a charming little bit of ritual at a time when the ordinary and all-engrossing occupations concerning him are yet a long way off. It usually takes place in the time, on whichever day in January happens to coincide with what is known as Hatsu-u ("The first day of the Hare"), the old-time Calendar being named after the fourth sign of the Chinese, U, being the abbreviation for the word, "Hare." On this occasion a small Christmas-tree is set up in the farmer's house in honor of the little friend, decorated with cakes of rice and gaily colored. The mayu-dama is believed to act as a reminder to the silkworm tribe in general that its prosperousness is never forgotten and an assurance of the pleasure derived from the beauties conferred by him on those whose chief concern is he. Walter Weston, in "A Wayfarer in Unfamiliar Japan."

The River of Golden Sand.

Sixth in size among the rivers of the world, the stream called by Westerners Yangtze Kiang is, without doubt, first in interest.

As far as the name is concerned, the Chinese call the entire stream simply River, Long River or Great River, using in each case the word chiang. Different stretches, however, have specific names, and the Yangtze refers to the portion running past Yang Chou not far from its mouth.

In its upper reaches the name used is Chin Sha Chiang—River of Golden Sand. Gold is actually washed from the sand, but apart from this practical reason those who have passed through the famous San Hsia or Three Chasms at High Water cannot fail to have been struck by the singular aptness of this name. When its source is released from the grim clutch of winter, the Great River descends, a raging gleaming torrent of most marvelous color. A color impossible to describe. It is like molten copper, or as the Chinese would say, "red brass."

Starting at a height, seventeen thousand feet above water level, the river falls, before it has run half its course, to a point but a few hundred feet above the sea, bringing down such masses of golden sand, that even the ocean where it debouches, and the tributary rivers at its mouth, are highly colored.

When experience and study bring a realization of what this coloration means, the approach to Chinese shores through what is often disparagingly called "muddy Yangtze water," provides an ever-increasing thrill of romance.

A world in the making is seen. As Egypt is the gift of the Nile, so the fertile plains of Kiangsu and Chekiang are freely given by the Great River. A mile of rich alluvial land is added to the coast line every sixty years. This is seized upon by the inhabitants who for centuries have pushed forward as opportunity allowed and have quickly transformed salt marshes into flourishing mulberry groves. The change is so rapid that in order to account for it the Chinese attribute the reclamation to the efforts of the lady Ma Ku, a famous immortal, who is supposed to inhabit P'eng Lai, a fabulous island in the jade-gray sea.—Florence Ayscough, in "A Chinese Mirror."

Only Taking His Time.

Wife "John, come on. If you are going out! You're taking all night to get your watch!"

Hubby—"No, I'm not. I'm only taking my time."

To become perfectly pure, water must be boiled three separate times.

The Boy That the World Makes Way For

A Message for Boys, Real Boys; the Out-and-Out Kind.

In honor of "Boy Week," a Chicago music house recently published in a local paper one of the most original ads seen in a long time. It occupied a third of a page and was charmingly illustrated with drawings showing a typical boy, ball and bat, violin, etc. The text of this article is a reduction of the title of the talk to boys which forms the bulk of the ad. It reads as follows:—

"He's a boy's boy, a man's man, and a natural leader. He's 'Boy That the World Makes Way For.' We have known him for many years. We have seen him in knee pants, up, and watched the world make the way for him.

"What is he? How does he do it? How can we use his knack?

"Well, if you are really interested in becoming a man's man and a natural leader, you can probably do it. Here are three ways to begin:

"Learn how to handle a bat well.

"Learn how to swim well.

"Learn how to play some musical instrument.

"Boys of all ages love to play baseball, want to be left sitting on the side-lines when everybody else is in the game. You can be sure that 'Boy That the World Makes Way For' doesn't sit on the side-lines in sports. He is there in the game, playing hard.

"Secondly, he knows how to swim. The world is made up of two kinds of people: those who can do the needful thing at the right time, and those who don't. The day when you least expect it, you'll want to know how to swim. It may be your son's life, or your own. Too late, then, to learn. The fellow who knows how to swim counts when the big test comes.

"Thirdly, learn to play a musical instrument. Music hath charms. It helps you to be a good diver and swimmer, of course, but it also helps you when you are lonesome. Or when you want to be the life of the crowd. Not everybody can be a swimmer, but everybody can learn to play a musical instrument. Why not you be one of those who can bring back the good old days when music was the pastime of the people? Music is an outdoor recreation. It takes you to dances, to the movies, to the saxophone, mandolin or violin. It takes the sting out of loneliness. It takes the sting with anything else you need it, whether it be a musical instrument or anything else. Why not tackle it?

"Playing the piano, the mandolin or anything else in the world, isn't everything in life. It is a help in a pair of boots to anyone and everything. But it isn't everything.

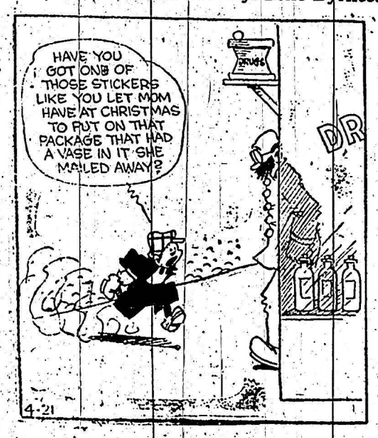
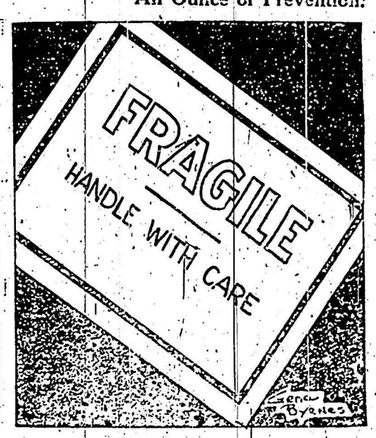
"But the boy who can play will be a happy boy. That is, if he will read the questions in 'Boy That the World Makes Way For.' Or will you just be one of those who wish that were so?"

Laughter.

Some people think that hearty laughter is exclusively upon the stage. There is, therefore, a certain feeling of freedom in not exercising it as freely as we can. One thing we have lost may say, if we have passed without laughing is worth the state of market." Elizabeth fathers, of Mecca considered it a part of the ball upon the death from sad faces." Fox's Rosy Chair, 1852.

Laughter is like illness; that their busy ... employed to them.—Locke.

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



An Ounce of Prevention.