

Water Lily Mummies: 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 "dare," immediately waded out to such a depth that the water rose almost to his chin. When he returned, the lily as well as an immense lily pad was in his hand.

As he went to bed that night he placed the lily in a vase, and stood the vase on the little table beside him. He could not understand what strange attraction the simple lily had for him.

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. Altogether 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 sprite scrutinized him severely. "Well, Todd Burton, you've done a bad thing—a very bad thing. Don't you know that the leader of the frog orchestra uses my lily as a musical rack, and that he stands upon this lily pad? What will he do tonight? 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.

Whew! How 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



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 sprite invited 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'.

MYSTERY OF JUDITH LEE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.

Judith was shipwrecked and cast up upon the coast when a baby, and was adopted by Tommy Lee's father. Tommy and Judith grew up together as brother and sister. In their cottage there also lives Tommy's uncle, a scientist and inventor. The two, through accident, fly away in an airship which the scientist had invented, and land upon a tropical island. They are looking at a little cabin built amid the branches of a tree above them, when a girl of about their own age appears in the door of the cabin and lowers herself by means of a rope. She confronts the two strangers.

TOMMY was the first to speak. "I beg your pardon," said he, very politely, "can you tell me the name of this island?"

"It has no name that I know of," replied the girl. Her voice, though sweet, was strangely drawing; and she spoke with an effort, as though unused to conversation.

"I see how you came," continued she, bestowing a nod upon the airship; "and as you don't seem to have any provisions with you, I am sure my father would be pleased to have you for guests. My name, by the way, is Marjory Livingston."

Tommy and Judith introduced themselves in turn, and thanked her for her courtesy.

Without more ado, Marjory led the way toward the shore. Shortly they arrived at a little cove, well protected from the waters outside. Here they found, moored to a roughly constructed boat landing, the strangest little craft Tommy and Judith had ever seen. It resembled a torpedo boat, with a little turret on the uppermost side.

Marjory deftly drew the boat close to the landing and touched a little button at the side of the turret; whereupon a lid flew up, disclosing the interior of the tiny vessel. Tommy and Judith entered, upon invitation, and found themselves in a snug little compartment, at the end of which was what looked like an electric switch-board.

Seating herself before this switch-board, Marjory pulled one lever, then another; immediately the boat glided out from the cove and began following the shore line of the island. As the

platform. Sliding back a glass partition in the bottom of their boat, Marjory pushed a button on the surface of the platform. All at once a metal sheet flashed across the top of the "chimney," thus preventing more water from entering, while a pipe at the bottom carried away what water remained in the compartment. In the space of a few minutes they were able to come forth from their boat.

"This is what we call our landing stage," explained Marjory, as they



"JUDITH AND TOMMY ENTERED"

stepped out upon the platform. "When we go out we simply enter the boat here, press another button, and the water pours in and fills the compartment again. Quite handy, isn't it?" Tommy and Judith thought that it was.

Opening a door at one end of the landing stage, Marjory ushered her guests into a long corridor, on either side of which were magnificently fur-

"OUR MOTHER": A Wartime 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-

selves 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 Bickerdike," was the reply.

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

Another time, when Mother Bickerdike 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 hurraed for her again and again, until she was obliged to smile and command them, "Stop your nonsense!"

In November, 1862, Mother Bickerdike was compelled to retire 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 Bickerdike," replied the young man, "you have already taken care of me. I was shot in the leg, but you fought so hard to save it that here I am, alive and well." Countless tales could be related about this angel of mercy. But I think you can easily see from what I have told you how she endeared herself to her soldier boys. There is probably many a man who still blesses the name of Mother Bickerdike.

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.



CARING FOR THE WOUNDED

ands, 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 Bickerdike 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 a 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," minced it in some stewed fruit, and told the cook to allow 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-

Her answer was.

"I have received mine from Lord God Almighty; have you any higher than that?"

General Grant gave her passes anywhere within his department, as did also General Sherman. She was devoted to both, but Sherman was her especial hero. There was one physician who wouldn't obey her instructions, and when she ordered him away, he went to General Sherman to make complaint.

BRIGHTENING MONKEY LIVES.

Expensive Apes Provided With a Small Boy as Playmate to Keep Them Well.

The Zoological Gardens at Copenhagen have recently acquired two expensive apes, and to keep them in good spirits a small boy has been placed in the cage, whose sole duty is to play with the apes and keep them amused. The reason is explained by a zoological expert.

"It is curious," he says, "how the mood of a chimpanzee influences his health. Keep him cheerful and interested and his innate disposition to die of consumption may be checked. Let him get bored and he will turn his thoughts to the tomb."

A curiously human trait this, supporting the Darwinian theory that the ape is nearest cousin to man in the scale of evolution from the tadpole stage to the form which we now temporarily adopt.

The problem of inducing the two apes to take a more optimistic outlook on life exercised the minds of the zoological authorities in the Danish capital for a long time. They knew very well that their charges pined for amusement, but it was no easy matter to divine what manner of entertainment would appeal to the simian intellect. Finally a happy inspiration induced them to enlist the services of the aforesaid small boy and leave the solution of the difficulty to him.

And there is no doubt that the experiment will be a great success. Only a boy can see eye to eye with a member of the monkey tribe; only a boy understands thoroughly how best to give exhibitions of that elementary humor of the knockabout order which will make an ape clap his paws in applause.

Did ever a parent take a small boy to the monkey house or zoo without afterward finding that boy emulating the simian gymnastics in the drawing room

or any other room or place which offered him the necessary facilities? If so, that boy must have been ill or a hopeless cripple.

It is quite certain that in the matter of monkey tricks the Copenhagen apes will be unable to teach their human companion anything, that is if the companion is the average sort of boy. Many people no doubt will be shocked at the experiment. "Poor boy," they will say, "how demoralizing for him!" Results will probably show that their sympathy were better bestowed upon the apes.

There is another trait of the chimpanzee which shows how alike he is to the small boy in certain phases of mental effort. "The chimpanzee," to quote again the zoological expert, "knows he is delicate and expensive, and that a cough from him will send a whole zoological society into an ecstasy of apprehension. From my own observation I know they maliciously use an imitation cough to escape punishment and to attract attention and dainties."

How boyishly human! What parent of a small boy cannot recall occasions when toothache or some other ache has suddenly attacked the juvenile offspring with a pain so excruciating as to render all ideas of devotional or educational duties for the moment impossible? And how many indulgent mothers have found an ache of this description cease as suddenly as it began when the church or school bell has stopped ringing.

It is suggested that if this movement of the Copenhagen authorities for brightening the lives of despondent apes is attended with continued satisfactory results, some such advertisement as the following may be expected pretty frequently:

WANTED—Smart boy as companion to young chimpanzee. Must be active, with cheerful disposition. To live in airy and well warmed cage. Apply, etc.



USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF PROFESSOR LIVINGSTON

bottom of the craft was entirely of glass, the two had ample opportunity to examine the animal and vegetable life so beautiful and abundant in these tropical seas.

Suddenly they turned and entered a cleft between two great walls of rocks, which lay at the entrance to an inland basin of considerable size.

Marjory steered for the exact center of the basin, until Tommy and Judith saw far beneath them what appeared to be an immense house. Then the boat began to sink slowly, down and down—right into a chimney of this strange house built under the water. At last they came to rest on a little

nished rooms. In one of these—fitted out as a study—they found Marjory's father, a gentleman of very learned appearance.

He received them very quietly, without seeming the least astonished. When they described the flight of the airship, however, he began to manifest unusual interest.

"You say the airship is still on the island, entirely intact?" he queried.

Upon being assured that the airship had not been injured in the slightest way, he murmured:

"H'm, I must make a close examination of it. Very important, indeed!"

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'm; I'm sorrier for the lions, who now have to go without their supper.

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.

Should be Stopped.

Two lads were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:

"Do you know, whenever that clock (pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room) goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars!"

"Is that so?"

"That's a fact."

"Then stop the clock!"

Meant to Go Skating.

Billie—What did your pa whip you for, Billie?

Billie—S'pose it was 'cause I went swimmin'.

Billie—Swimming? And in such cold weather?

Billie—Well, I went skatin' first, but I wound up a-swimm'in'.

A SWIMMING CONTEST

THE benevolent old gentleman, who was greatly interested in boys and their sports, offered a prize to the boy who could capture a duck let loose in the swimming-pond.

As Joe Grant was the best swimmer, all naturally supposed he would carry off the prize without difficulty. When Jimmy Brown entered his name as a contestant Joe laughed scornfully, because Jimmy couldn't do more than paddle "doggie."

Seven boys lined up on the edge of the pond, the duck was let loose, and upon signal, in plunged the boys after it. Joe was quickly in the lead, and the fowl was almost within his reach.

Then Jimmy Brown, who had calmly

waded out into the water until it rose to his chin, gave a piercing whistle. The duck, eluding Joe and the other five boys, immediately swam straight into Jimmy's arms. Jimmy had won the prize!

But when he reached the bank, he laughingly confessed to the "Judge" that he had trained the duck to come to him whenever he whistled, in order to be fed. You see, the duck had been purchased from Jimmy's father.

And as Jimmy merely wished to play a joke upon Joe, to punish him for his bragging, he insisted upon giving the duck to Joe, who would surely have been its winner. But Joe refused to take it, saying that Jimmy had rightfully won the duck because of his cleverness.

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

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