



GOBLIN AND THE FAIRIES

THE fairies were holding a very grand picnic one night in a dell. It was a very large and grand affair, because all of the fairies were there.

All the mortals were good on that night. No one was in trouble; the mortal children had all gone to bed on time and so all the fairy folk were free to enjoy themselves.

A big feast was prepared on a flat rock with a lacy cobweb covering. Dewdrops crystal-like glistened in the moonlight, making a beautiful table decoration.

Pond-lily dishes held all the fairy dainties, and the fireflies and the moonlight made a fairyland picture, which of course it was.

The goblins were out, too, but as their woods were not anywhere near the picnic ground of the fairies no one had thought a thing about them.



"What Have You to Say for Yourself?"

But the tricky little creatures were out that night doing some work besides playing tricks, and it happened that this work took some of their band right to the dell where the fairies were holding their picnic.

Right into a tree that hung over the rock where the feast was spread it took them, too, and when they saw all the good things on the table one little goblin called Slippy by his brothers because he could slip through the smallest crack or crevice, crept to the tip end of a bough to get a better view.

Slippy was so small he could go to tip ends in perfect safety, but this time he was so intent upon what he saw that he lost his grip, and down he tumbled right into the dish of lovely pudding made from butterfly eggs.

It was all soft and frothy, and when Slippy jumped out, there he stood on the table looking like a tiny snow man.

The fairies were just getting ready to sit down when he tumbled, and it gave them a scare, as you can well imagine, for they thought all their lovely supper was spoiled.

When they saw the funny little Slippy all froth they had to laugh, and one of the fairies told the queen he ought to be punished for upsetting their table even if he did make them laugh.

When the other goblins saw what had happened to poor Slippy they scrambled out of the tree and away they ran, leaving their unhappy brother alone in his trouble.

"Well," said the fairy queen, "what have you to say for yourself? Unless you can give a good reason for being here, a very good one, mind you, you will have to be punished, for by fairy law anyone who enters our dell on feast nights must be punished in some way. Now, what have you to say?"

Slippy Goblin was busy trying to get the sweet, nice frothy pudding off of his clothes, and I am sorry to have to tell it, but he licked his fingers and ate every bit he could, for butterfly-egg pudding is one of the most delicious dishes the fairies make.

Slippy was frightened, but not so frightened he could not eat, though when the queen spoke in such a stern tone he stopped eating and replied, "I have an excuse, your majesty, for being in the dell, though not for having fallen into the pudding," he said.

"I came with some of our band to put back a bird's egg some bad boys had stolen, and when it was laid on the ground we took it. Oh, how those boys hunted and wondered what had happened," Slippy laughed as he remembered how funny it was.

"That is my excuse for being in the dell, but, your majesty, your table was what tempted me to lose my hold on the branch, and you know what happened."

"What shall his punishment be, my children?" the queen asked her fairies, and Slippy's eyes grew big as he waited.

"He shall be sentenced to stay and have supper with us," said all the fairies. "He was doing a good deed and no wonder he tumbled when he saw all the nice things we are to have for supper."

"That is just what I expected you to say," replied the queen.

"Slippy's brothers were pretty sorry when they heard of the feast he had with the fairies, for perhaps they, too, might have been invited to have some of the good things if they had not run away and left him when he tumbled into the fairy pudding."

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel.

OPHELIA

OF ALL the fanciful names which appeal to feminine taste, Ophelia possesses perhaps the tenderest memories. Though the name signifies "serpent," only romance, youth, and tragedy are connected with it.

Etymologists declare that Ophelia is an out-and-out invention of Shakespeare. Certainly her claim to immortality is based upon the touching story of the bard of Avon who makes the gentle maiden a striking contrast for the melancholy Dane of "Hamlet." Without her "rosemary for remembrance," Ophelia would still exist among the readers of Shakespeare.

It is possible that Ophelia is a translation of the old Ormilda, a northern appellation derived from the serpent names through the Greek "ophis." There is no other explanation of her existence, unless she was purely an invention of Shakespeare, although a woman does appear in the old story of Amleth. The curious coincidence is, however, that the master dramatist should have placed her in the land chiefly favoring serpentine names.

The opal is the gem assigned to Ophelia. The unfortunate influence which it is said to exert for others will prove a talisman against that very evil if Ophelia wears it. It will bring her good fortune and her heart's desire. Monday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number. The chrysanthemum is her flower.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A GOOD HABIT

I MAKE of Cheer a daily habit, But when Care comes I don't deny it, But rather face about and grab it, With all my inward strength I nab it, And so lambaste, and jam, and jab it, It ne'er becomes a steady diet.

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Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

PULLING YOUR WEIGHT

JACQUELINE PRINCE grew up, after her mother's death, on a big, old-fashioned place in the country. Her experience was bounded by the low, rambling house; the wide, fragrant gardens, presided over by the genius of the place, an old gardener; her indulgent father, and relatives.

Jacqueline's formal education was under the direction of a governess. During the mornings Jacqueline was supposed to pursue knowledge. The procedure was somewhat as follows: Jacqueline would be asked to recite the first eighteen lines of "The Canterbury Tales"; after the opening phrases she would slow down and look expectantly at Miss Smith; thereupon Miss Smith would supply and prompt to the end of the selection. Then they would turn to mathematics. A few judicious questions on Jacqueline's part would tap successfully the springs of Miss Smith's knowledge; she would seize the pencil from her pupil's hand and eventually, with a minimum of effort on Jacqueline's part, the sums would be accomplished.

At twenty Jacqueline was left an orphan and penniless. The relatives gathered in conclave. "We were fond of your father," and "There will always be a place in our house for you," followed by, "Of course you can make yourself useful if you want," were phrases frequently in use in those days. Then Jacqueline threw a thunderbolt by announcing that she had a job and proposed to be self-supporting. "But how?—how? in heaven's name!" was the answer. And when Jacqueline explained that she really knew something about gardens, and that she had found a position in a florist's shop, they were all divided between relief and hurt pride.

Ten years later, when the Prince greenhouses were becoming known, a reporter called upon Jacqueline Prince to interview her and get the story of her success. Great stress was laid in the forthcoming article upon Miss Prince's philosophy of production: Everything that receives sunlight and food and shelter must produce, she said. Then she abruptly changed her figure of speech. The habit of pulling one's own weight in the boat is essential, she ended.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

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Gold Coinage

The government has never issued gold coins of less than \$1. The 25 and 50-cent gold pieces were private issues. Following are the denominations of gold coinage of the United States: Fifty dollars, coined in 1915 to the amount of \$105,950 as Panama-Pacific International exposition coins; double eagles, eagles, half eagles, quarter eagles and dollars.

Weight of Air
 Thirty thousand cubic feet of air weighs roughly one ton.

Interesting to Scientists
 When the swamp areas of northern Minnesota are drained, remains of many elephants may be brought to light. Prof. Clinton R. Stauffer of the University of Minnesota, has reported to science that recent finds indicate that huge mastodons and mammoths were once abundant in that region and survived the great ice age formerly thought to be the period in which they became extinct.

No Danger From Comets
 The Naval observatory says that the mass of a comet is never large; and the material is, for the most part, exceedingly tenuous. It is probable that the earth, if struck by a comet, would witness nothing more than a meteoric shower. The explosions, if any, would be similar to those hitherto observed in the case of large meteorites.

Advocating Burglary
 "A man should be very sure of himself before he does any boasting," says an exchange. What iniquitous counsel! It is advising a man to be a safe blower.—Boston Transcript.

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