

the criminations and recriminations of the powers that be. His sense of humor may not be well enough developed for him to appreciate the inconsistency, but memory in later life will clarify his vision and establish the value of moral training on an unmoral basis. Intemperance cannot be made a crime to a child who grows up in an atmosphere of intemperance of language, of appetite, of indulgence of any kind.

How can a child be trained to meet the obligations of its position if it sees the ones it loves best ignoring the duties and responsibilities of their positions in and out of the home? A child can be compelled to do a duty by authority, but the character does not receive that impulse which it receives when the child acts because it recognizes an obligation—because of its consciousness of right. Training a child does not mean the applying of measures outside of itself—compulsion, coercion, coaxing, appealing to false motives—but developing that in the child which enlarges its field of emotions, its range of choice, its powers of discrimination, leaving it, as the Creator intended, a free moral agent, feeling the result of its mistakes, paying the penalty of its own neglect—in short, letting the child get its experience naturally, while protected by its childhood, its immaturity, its faith in the visible love about it.

No child can condemn that which is practiced by those whom its love idealizes. No child can be made to consider any evil a crime when it is indorsed by those whom it loves, indorsed by that strongest of all indorsements, the acts of its own parents. Not precept, but example, is the child's first instructor in morals. Parents have instructed children in higher morals than the same parents have expressed in their lives. But the penalty has been severe. The parent has had to face the look of condemnation, has had to bear the consciousness of the unspoken reproach, if not contempt, that has been the natural outcome of living in the presence of the children below the moral level of their intellectual conception of right and wrong.



Aunt 'Cindy

By J. L. Harbour

Aunt Lucindy Bates—her real name was something else—lived in a little red New England farm-house as old and quaint and time-worn as Aunt Lucindy herself. Born in the little house, she had spent the entire seventy-nine years of her life under its roof without ever having been away longer than two weeks at a time, so that her ideas of the world were naturally somewhat vague and peculiar.

During the last ten years of her life nothing could induce her to go away from the little house—in which she lived entirely alone—to be gone over night.

"No," she would say, "old folks are apt to drop off sudden, and when I die I want it to happen right here in this house where I was born, and where my father and mother and all my nearest of kin have died; and if I should go off and happen to die away from home, I'd be so spited I'd never get over it!"

One of her nephews having married a city-bred girl, he brought his bride to spend a day or two with his old auntie, who was prejudiced against "them city folkses."

Some one asked her afterward how she liked her nephew's wife.

"Oh, splendid!" was the enthusiastic reply. "She's jist one of the purtiest, well-behaved young women I ever see, spite of her raisin'. She'd as good manners as if she'd ben raised right here in S——!"

Aunt 'Cindy, although comfortably well off, had all a New Englander's thrift, and never failed to drive a hard bargain when money was to be spent. She once hired a boy to dig a lot of potatoes for her. He was a day and a half doing the work, laboring faithfully all the time.

"How much do you want for the job, Sammy?" asked Aunt 'Cindy, when the work was done.

"Well, I guess it's worth abou' fifty cents, ain't it?"

"Fifty cents!" ejaculated Aunt 'Cindy. "Why, boy, do you think I'm *made* of money? Remember that I give

you your dinner yesterday, and that you dug 'em with *my* hoe! Say forty cents, and here's your money!"

Like many thrifty women, she was fond of getting something for nothing; and when such opportunities occurred, she emulated the example of the woman in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and never failed to "git a plenty while you're gittin'."

There came to the village, near her home, an acquaintance of Aunt 'Cindy's, with a poor little claptrap of a show of some sort to which an admission of ten cents was charged.

The little tent was open each afternoon and evening for a week, and Aunt 'Cindy attended every performance, although there was not the least variation in the programme.

"What makes you go to that wretched little show so often, Aunt 'Cindy?" asked an acquaintance. "It's the same thing over and over again."

"I know," replied Aunt 'Cindy; "but then I know the man who runs it, and, you see, I *git in for nothing!*"



The Noblest Prince on Earth

By Katharine Pearson Woods

There was once a princess who was very proud. She was very young, but that was not why, since she often wished to be older; and she was very rich, but that could hardly have been the reason, since all the lands and money and jewels she possessed had been left to her by the king, her father. She was also very silly; and that must have been the real cause of her pride, since it made her think herself the most important person in the world. So she never went out of the palace without a great retinue to call attention to her and her beauty—for I forgot to tell you that she was very beautiful; and she never touched her foot to the earth unless it were shod with a golden sandal.

Such a very silly princess!

Now, her people knew quite well how silly she was, though they pretended to think her wise; and when she rode forth in her chariot of gold and ivory, surrounded by grooms and attendants in brilliant uniforms, with golden bells on the necks of her prancing white horses, and a herald before her blowing his brazen trumpet and calling out, "Come, good people, come! Behold the wisest, richest, fairest princess in the world!"—then the people, as they came running, said to one another, behind their hands: "Wisest, indeed! if she wed not a husband wiser than herself, it will be a sad day for the kingdom!"

This would not have been pleasant for the princess to hear; but it is only what people will say of a person who is both proud and selfish.

Besides, it really was a most important matter. So they held a council to determine what was best to be done, and it was voted to consult the Aged Man.

The person selected as their messenger was a young lad called Hugo, a farmer's boy, who had come to the city in search of an education. He worked hard, and talked much less than he thought, and whether or not he was handsome I cannot say, for he never told me. I do not believe he knew.

Hugo found the Aged Man sitting alone in his tower, surrounded by mirrors that reflected all that had ever happened or was then happening in the world. When he heard the message of the people, he looked into his mirrors and thought a long time. Then he said: "Tell the people that the princess must marry the Noblest Prince on Earth."

A great many thoughts passed through Hugo's mind, one after another, at this saying; but he waited until all of them were gone, and then said, "But how is she to find him?"

"Let her come hither to me," replied the Aged Man, "in the dress of a peasant maid, and without her golden shoes, and it shall be told her how to find him."

So Hugo returned with this message to the people, and the people sent him as a messenger to the palace.

He found the princess sitting on a throne of gold and ivory, wondering how soon the clock would strike; so she

was very much pleased at the idea of marrying the Noblest Prince on Earth.

"Of course he is the only suitable match in the world for me," she said; "but isn't it his place to come and find me? It is too much to expect me to go and look for him."

"Perhaps he is enchanted by a wicked fairy, and cannot escape without your help," said Hugo, who still thought more than he talked.

This idea pleased the princess greatly.

"I will have a peasant's dress made of cloth-of-gold and velvet," she said, "but I cannot leave off my golden shoes."

"You might try that plan," said Hugo, who was a wise man for one so young, and understood the logic of facts.

It took several days to prepare this costume; but when the princess appeared in the street with it on, so great a crowd surrounded her that they could not get even to the door of the tower where lived the Aged Man.

"You see," said Hugo, "you should try to look like a real peasant maid—"

"I!" said the princess, angrily.

"—if you would find the Noblest Prince on Earth," continued the young man. "Of course, if you prefer a second-class prince—"

Now the princess could not abide the thought of a second class prince, so she put off her cloth-of-gold and velvet, and put on a real peasant's dress, which Hugo had procured for her; and when she joined him at the palace gate, with her golden hair hanging in two long braids to her knees, and her cheeks red with amusement and vexation, Hugo thought—"What a pity she is so very silly! for she is certainly very pretty."

But all that he said was, "Well, we really ought to do it this time!"

And, sure enough, they made their way to the presence of the Aged Man.

"How shall I find the Noblest Prince on Earth?" asked the princess.

The Aged Man looked long upon her before he answered; then he said, "You must first find the Flower of Humility."

"Where does it grow?" asked the princess.

"It will spring from the earth at the touch of your bare foot, if the soil have been watered by the Blessed Drop," replied the Aged Man.

"And how shall I find the Blessed Drop?" pursued the princess, ready to cry.

"In the Fountain of Deepest Sorrow," replied the Aged Man. "Now go, for I have many things to do; only, remember that if you find not the Flower of Humility for yourself, it will be found for you by others. Farewell."

"Of course it will be found for me," said the princess, as they left the tower; "it is not my place to look for a flower. He is a most inconsequent old person."

Now Hugo, because he never thought about himself, and observed more than he talked, had understood the meaning of the Aged Man much better than the princess; so he said, "If I might advise—"

"Well?" said the princess.

"It would be that you search for the Flower yourself, and resolve not to return to the palace until you have found it."

"Perfectly preposterous!" said the princess.

"For your own sake, I insist upon it," he said; "humiliation is bitter, though humility may be sweet."

"I don't understand you," said the princess.

"But for the sake of your people," he urged.

"If I wouldn't do it for my own sake, do you suppose I would for theirs?" asked the princess.

"Ah? Then, indeed," said Hugo, "we may as well return to the palace."

So the princess sent messengers into many lands, to discover the Fountain of Deepest Sorrow and bring back the Blessed Drop; and when, at the end of a year, they all returned, each had a companion behind him on his horse. The princess sat on her throne of ivory and gold, to learn how they had sped; and such an array of misery as was marshaled before her had never been seen in the palace before. And every one had a story to tell. One was a mother, who had seen her babes die, one by one, from

hunger and the pestilence; another, a father, had unwillingly given his only son to a war with a foreign power—a war which was both unjust and unsuccessful; I cannot tell again all the tales of woe that thus were told to the princess.

Now, she had a tender heart, and, besides, was very anxious to find the Noblest Prince on Earth; so she wept a great deal, and pressed her little foot—from which an attendant had respectfully removed the velvet shoe—on a box containing a little fresh earth, which had been brought for the purpose. But though the box was of gold, and though she had been careful to let her tears fall upon it, nothing seemed to happen; whereupon the princess cast a reproachful glance at Hugo.

The young man regarded her mournfully.

"Does humility spring from second-hand sorrows, or out of a golden box?" he asked.

"I don't understand you," said the princess.

But it was not long before she had a first-hand sorrow of her own. For among those miserable ones who had been brought before her were some who had been stricken with the pestilence; and the princess, falling ill with the same dreadful disease, came very near death, and was also forsaken by all her attendants, except the faithful Hugo. When she recovered, her long golden hair had all been cut off, and her lovely pink color had vanished. Now this in itself was a real grief, but worse was to come. For if she had been truly wise and good, the people would only have loved her better for the loss of her beauty; but since they had borne with her folly only because of it, they began now to ask themselves, "Why should we be governed any longer by a silly girl, who is not only foolish but ugly?"

So they drove her out of the palace.

"Surely I have found the Fountain of Deepest Sorrow," she said. "O for the Noblest Prince on Earth, to avenge me on my disloyal subjects!"

"It would require only a second-class prince for that purpose," replied Hugo.

But the princess did not understand; and so, when ambassadors came from the king of a neighboring country, she was ready to listen to them. This king had heard of the search for the Noblest Prince on Earth, and also of the princess's dethronement, and he sent messengers to say that his second son was the very person of whom she was in search, and that, if she would promise him her hand in case of success, he would be most happy to wage war upon her rebellious subjects, and, if need were, to put them all to the sword in order to restore her to the kingdom.

At last the war was over, and the Second Son was driven out of the country, for the people had been too strong for him.

For matters did not turn out at all as the princess expected. Now the people began to understand how many had been killed in the war, and how many had died from cold and hunger, and how many little children had been left with no one to care for them, and how much property had been destroyed; and they grew very angry indeed with the princess. And, as they did not wish to put a girl—and so young a girl—and a princess, in prison, and yet felt sure that some one must be to blame for what had taken place, they determined to charge it all upon Hugo. Things had gone fairly well, they said, until he appeared upon the scene. Of course the princess had been silly, but then no one expected anything better of her; it was Hugo who had first visited the Aged Man, and brought back the advice which had caused all the trouble. So Hugo was arrested and put in prison; for they did not dare to trouble the Aged Man, who sat in his tower far above them all, and knew so much better than they how the future would turn out.

Hugo was brought to trial, convicted of conspiracy and murder, and sentenced to be burned at the stake.

The princess wept very sadly when she heard his sentence.

"Oh, if I could but find my Prince, he would rescue poor Hugo!" she cried.

This was certainly better than wishing to have her own wrongs avenged; the princess was really growing wiser.

The day before that on which Hugo was to be burned the princess was allowed to see him, and when she saw how his eyes grew bright at sight of her she wept once more.

"Oh, Hugo," she said, "if you had never seen me, or had left me in my misfortunes, this would not have happened."

"If it would really help you," said Hugo, "I could die happy." For he was too noble to remind the princess that if she would have taken his advice there would have been no trouble for which he could be blamed.

The princess had no trouble at all this time in reaching the tower, for her golden sandals had been left at court, and her dress, though not that of a peasant, was quiet and modest; moreover, she was full of thought for Hugo, so that she had no time to waste in thinking of herself; so it would have made very little difference what dress she had worn.

The Aged Man remembered her at once; for, indeed, he had seen in his mirrors all that had happened.

"Among you," he said, "you have managed to make rather a mess of things; but it may not be too late to set them right if you are willing to try."

"I will do anything that will save Hugo," said the princess.

"That I cannot promise," replied the Aged Man; "you must take the risk of its doing him no good whatever, and yet being very painful to yourself; I can only say that it may save him."

"Then I will do it," returned the princess.

"Very well," said the Aged Man; "then you must watch alone, all night, in my chamber among my mirrors, which will show you all the past and present as they are and were in reality; but if you should go to sleep for only one moment, Hugo must die to-morrow."

"I shall not sleep," said the princess, quietly. "But why did you not try so easy a plan when I came hither before?"

"It may not prove so easy as you suppose," returned the Aged Man; "but when you came hither before, you could have seen in the mirrors—only your own face."

The princess was left all alone in the room. On every side of her were mirrors, but, though they showed her her own form, it was not as she had been accustomed to behold it in the mirrors of her palace, or even in those of her little cottage. But, instead, she saw herself as a baby, and for the first time understood that she had been like all other babies, only rather more spoilt. Then all her after life passed before her eyes; and she saw how she had been flattered by people who cared to get the money she could give them, but did not love her for herself at all. And she saw all her little follies and vanities as they were, until she felt ashamed, and cried out with pain to see herself so silly; but she would not turn away her eyes from the mirror, because she had wept until she felt sleepy; and to sleep would have meant death to Hugo.

And then she saw Hugo himself, as he had first come to her; and how he had cared nothing for himself, but had always tried to save her from the consequences of her own folly; and as she saw in the mirror the trouble she had brought on her country, and that on her lay the blame of all that had happened, and also of Hugo's death, if indeed he must die, she wept more than ever she had wept in her life.

Now, when she looked up, the morning had dawned; and Hugo was to die at sunrise. So the princess ran out of the door of the chamber, which at that moment was open, though it had been closed all night, and ran very quickly through the streets; so quickly that her little shoes came off. But she cared nothing for that, if only she could save Hugo, or at least see him alive once more; so on she ran, though the sharp stones cut away the stocking from her foot, and even wounded the tender flesh so that a line of blood was left behind upon her pathway. She did not even feel the pain, but only that she must be in time to save Hugo.

At last she gained the market-place, where the scaffold was erected, with the stake upon it, so that Hugo might be burned in sight of all the people.

The dark procession had just arrived, and Hugo was about to be led up the fatal steps, when the princess rushed into the midst of the throng and threw herself on her knees before the judges.

"I was your princess once, good friends!" she cried. "Will you not hear me for just a moment?"

She looked so young and beautiful in her grief that every one felt sorry for her; and the judges listened willingly as she told them how all that had taken place had been, not Hugo's fault, but hers; and how Hugo had grieved for her folly and for the sufferings of the people.

"And I love him with all my heart," she cried. "What the Aged Man meant by his drops and flowers I neither know nor care; for I am sure that, whether or no he be a prince, here stands what is far better—the Noblest Man on earth."

Then, as she laid her arms around his neck, there rose from the crowd a cheer that shook the market-place. For all along the way that her feet had trodden, wherever the blood drops had fallen, there sprang threads of green. Higher and higher they grew, higher and higher, until they burst into flower; and there they stood, a tall white fragrant row of witnesses to Hugo's truth and the meaning of all that had taken place.

And such a flower had never been seen on earth before, well as we know it now, as the Easter lily.

So pure and white it was, so stately on its long stalk, and so unconscious of its own beauty, that the people called out as one man, "It is the Flower of Humility, and Prince Hugo is the Noblest Prince on Earth."

Now that is all the story.

Of course they were married, and lived happy forever after; but all that is not to the purpose. The really important thing for us to know is this: that, ever after, the people of that country found two friends in the palace who could understand their troubles because they themselves had found the Fountain of Deepest Sorrow.

The Game of Consequences

By E. C. Bartlett

This game has been often played in a neighboring university town in this way. Seated around a table, each person has a strip of paper and a pencil. The first writing is that of an adjective. The paper is then folded and passed to the person sitting at the left. The name of a gentleman is then written; again the paper is folded and passed to the left. Another adjective is written, the paper folded and passed. The name of a lady is then written, the paper folded and passed. Where they met is the matter of the next writing; the paper being again folded and passed. What he said to her comes next, and, after passing the papers, what she said to him is written. Lastly, after the papers are passed, comes what the consequences were. The various papers are then unfolded and read aloud.

One of them might read in this way: The whimsical Mr. Smith met the audacious Miss Brown at Bar Harbor. He said: "How red your cheeks are!" She said: "You had better ask my father." The consequence was an elopement.

Answers to Puzzle—Hidden Cities

1. Boston. 2. New Haven. 3. Connecticut. 4. New York.
5. Brooklyn. 6. Philadelphia. 7. Cleveland. 8. Washington.
9. Detroit. 10. Chicago. 11. Baltimore. 12. Atlanta. 13. New Orleans. 14. Nashville. 15. San Francisco. 16. Limerick. 17. St. Petersburg. 18. Cairo. 19. London. 20. Athens. 21. Edinburgh. 22. Venice. 23. Florence. 24. Milan. 25. United States.