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THE POST FOR DREAMS

Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, finding the little daughter of one of his friends engaged in blackening conscientiously a page of fine paper, asked her to whom she might be writing.

"To Prince Charming!" replied the little one.

Needless to say, this response delighted the author of the exquisite "Blue Bird." When the little girl had finished her page, she put it in an envelope, wrote upon it: "To Prince Charming," and said to Mr. Maeterlinck:

"Will you please put a stamp on the envelope and post it for me . . . ?"

Someone to whom the poet told the story asked him:

"What did you do?"

And Mr. Maeterlinck replied dreamily:

"I put a stamp on the envelope and posted the letter to Prince Charming—one never knows . . . !"

*From La Vie Parisienne, Paris.
(Translation, Lotus Magazine.)*

FRAGMENT

A lady went to buy a fishing rod for her husband. The tackle dealer had great trouble in ascertaining precisely what she wanted. There was a question of what her husband fished for, to which she could only reply that one of her nephews had declared that he "couldn't fish for nuts." Presently it appeared that trout was his usual quarry: she was told, therefore, that a trout rod was undoubtedly the best, and rods being of various prices, she was asked about the figure. She did not see what difference that made, she said: but if the man wanted to know, her husband was rather stout, and took 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ in hats. This did not greatly advance matters, and she ended by buying a hockey stick. Her husband did not play hockey, but she saw no reason why he should not learn.

From The Badminton Magazine, London.