

EDITORIAL



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A FAIRY TALE—BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

Once upon a time in the beautiful land of Bon Bon, there lived a Fairy Queen. This beautiful Queen was wont to dream on beautiful summer afternoons, or when the hazy twilight of evening began to settle upon her beautiful realm.

She was ever dreaming of all the little fairies who lived in Bon Bon with her. Her dreams were always pure and good; dreams of right always overcoming the wrong; dreams of love and charity; dreams of peace and joy for her people, dreams of how best she might make her people happy and make more beautiful her demesne.

So she began to dream of a beautiful little garden where sweet flowers might bloom forever and send their pleasant

odors over the beautiful land of Bon Bon.

So one calm summers morning just as the sun had begun to roseate the Orient sky with its beautiful light, the Queen arose and with her retinue of servants, she went forth to realize her dream. Each one of her servants carried a lovely basket all covered and lined with beautiful flowers of every description and in the little baskets were some tiny seeds which she planted.

Every morning she came and watered the little plants and tended them carefully and they grew and thrived. When the gentle breeze stirred among their tender leaves their fragrance filled the land. The fairies rejoiced and were glad and said,

"Behold the Queen's Garden," and "Long live the gracious Queen." For she has planted the beautiful blossoms of Faith, Hope, Peace and Love which help to brighten our lives and makes life worth the living."

Then one day the King of Evil came to visit the lovely Queen. The Queen shuddered and all her subjects were filled with fear; for all his retinue of servants were clad in sombre colors and their looks were dark and sinister. He called them by name and said,

"Ho, Envy, Malice, Hatred, Jealousy, tramp upon that hideous little garden which this foolish Queen hath wasted her time in planting, for the sight of it offends my eye and makes me miserable."

Then those servants of Evil ran upon the dainty garden with their nailed and heavy boots, but the more they stamped and raved the more beautiful the blossoms seemed. Then the King