

Mary's Dolls

"Tommy" was her first love. Fashioned of a cotton-stuffed stocking top, one end of which was tied with a red cord into a ball of a head. Bits of gay-colored worsted were tied and pinned together, serving as a dress; her brother insisted on calling it a coat. A round piece of red flannel, set rakishly on top, was his crowning glory of a hat. As for any lack in his personal appearance, Tommy was a prince of dolls.

A semblance of flaxen curls, blue of eye, a blooming face in china, was this. Big brother said it was a "girl doll" and "no good." "Should he kill it?" If he were absolutely sure no good thing could come of its girlish beauty, "kill it?" Yes. But how could she know that a "killed" doll meant that shapeless, headless thing at her feet, surrounded by pieces of broken china — here a rounded bit of rose-colored cheek, there a suspicion of ruby lips!

Her little heart must burst with its sorrow — sorrow for the dead dolly, intensified a thousandfold by the thought that she sanctioned the crime! "I did not know, oh, my dead dolly!" she wailed over and over again, holding the understanding Tommy close, and rocking her weeping self violently.

Aunt Carrie's remembrance on Mary's eighth birthday was a large rag doll, but shapely, tapering arms, feet finely clad in white stockings and chambray shoes. Its features, outlined in ink, showed friendliness from the first.

"Child, here is some green and white gingham scraps, I thought you could dress your doll yourself." And couldn't she!

She night following she slept but scarcely the little mind stimulated, in to keen alertness, evolving most wonderful wardrobes for her new treasure. A name it must have, a girl name, too. It was only his due that her favorite brother be honored in the naming of "Tommy," since he it was who furnished the red cord which helped shape the head into its dear roundness. But the doll should have a name suggestive of soft curls and tufted skirts.

When she was putting the finishing touches to the pretty green and white ruffles, her youngest brother ran into her play room (a large pine box on the back porch).

"Hol hol!" he shouted, "a girl doll! What's its name?"

She whispered it, and away went the boy, doubling up with laughter, to tell the other's playing in the barn lot. Back he came, forthwith, to say big brother thought "Isaac" would be a better name for the doll.

She meditated long and sorrowfully, if she gave no consideration to their suggestions, when would their teasing cease? On the other hand, should she use the name of their choosing, they might allow her and the doll to join in their sports. Her struggling soul heroically suggested a compromise, and the dear dolly, of the ruffled skirts and the flaxen curls, was christened, with tears, "Isaac Marie Delphine."

Strangely quiet were the boys for several days thereafter. Not a quiver of an eyelash betrayed the fact that they knew of the doll's existence. Then something happened that plunged Mary into the deepest grief: Isaac Marie Delphine disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. To all tearful inquiries the boys shook smileless, silent heads.

High and low she looked; day by day she searched, giving up only after weeks of fruitless inquiry. Then one glorious day in autumn, chasing a cloud of yellow butterflies, she found herself under the cool shade of a maple tree, back of the garden. Scanning the leafy canopy for a hidden songster, her gaze was suddenly transfixed, her heart stood still. Behold, a stout string encircling her poor-neck and tied firmly to a spreading limb, suspended the lost Delphine, with this inscription pinned to the oatwhite tufted skirts: "This doll was hung for horse stealing."

Surely she would have died of grief had it not been for Tommy's sympathetic understanding.

Years later and it was night — or had it ever been day? Mary seemed never to come to the end of a long, perilous journey she must needs make alone.

"Here, dearie, is your dollbaby," sounded the cheery voice of the nurse.

Mary looked at the motherly woman placing a warm, fleecy bundle by her side, then, with joy-dilated eyes into the tiny face near her own. It couldn't be Tommy (she was back to her childhood again), nor yet Isaac Marie Delphine, for joy of joy! this doll could open and close her eyes. They were speaking, now, turning knowingly, and Mary was again seeing the dear eyes whose lustrous first gladdened her girlish life. Clapping the warm, dimpled body in her arms and straining it to her heart, Mary broke into convulsive weeping.

"Heart joy doth bring tears as well as heart-sorrow," quoth the wise old doctor, blowing his nose violently. "And there is no sweeter music on earth to a mother than the cry of her firstborn," supplemented the motherly nurse.



What This Buffalo Physician Has Done For Humanity

The picture which appears here of Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., was taken in 1910. As a young man Dr. Pierce practiced medicine in Pennsylvania and was known far and wide for his great success in alleviating disease. He early moved to Buffalo and put up in ready-to-use form, his Golden Medical Discovery, the well-known tonic for the blood. This strength-builder is made from a formula which Dr. Pierce found most effective in diseases of the blood. It contains no alcohol and is an extract of native roots with the ingredients plainly stated on the wrapper. Good red blood, vim, vigor and vitality are sure to follow if you take this Alternative Extract. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery clears away pimples and annoying eruptions and tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. This Discovery corrects the disordered conditions in a sick stomach, aids digestion, acts as a tonic and purifies the blood. Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., and receive confidential medical advice without charge. All druggists sell Discovery, tablets or liquid. Send 10c for trial pkg.

firstborn," supplemented the motherly nurse.

Mary could scarcely wait for the "pat-a-cake" and "bye-bye" motions of the little rose-tinted hands to give way to more expressive gestures, and the liquid music of the drooled "oo-goo" and "da-da" to merge into words of meaning. But time passed swiftly, ah, too swiftly!

The baby lips were beginning to lip the words "mamma," "papa," "baby" or "saw" the venturing steps straying so haltingly, little arms reaching up, wee fingers tightly clasping the guiding hand.

That this comprehending, companionable little being could be Mary's filled her soul with a holy awe. She dreamed of a joy-illuminated future, and pictured a life beautiful, wherein was the marvelous unfolding of the little mind, and here the sacred privilege of molding it into the perfection of its destiny. But one golden day, after but a night of suffering, Dollbaby slipped away.

Other lives were sent to bless hers, and Time is a wonderful healer, yet, as Mary sits by the evening fire, gazing through a prism of tears at the faded images in the leaping flames, her mind goes back to the past. She thinks of "Tommy," the first love of her lonely childhood; of Isaac Marie Delphine's ignominious death; then her firstborn, golden-haired doll, with little hands folded, and the blue eyes closed in dreamless sleep.

She wonders what grand, carefree thing this would have been had it never been willed that she say to her sorrowing soul, "I tell you my doll is dead."

Talstoi's Boots.

The story is told of Talstoi bestowing a pair of the boots he made with his own hands upon one of the countless tramps who got everything they could out of the Count. As soon as the tramp was well out of sight of Yasnaya-Polyana he threw the boots away. He was seen and taken to task for this and replied: "The Count likes to make boots and give them away, but every tramp in Russia knows that you can't walk in them." This is supported by another story of an American adviser of the Count who asked a peasant of the neighborhood if the Count made good boots. "They are perfectly worthless," was the reply.

The Usual Compromise.

In his law-practice Lincoln discouraged his neighbors who wished to go to law. One day a farmer drove in to get a divorce. He had built a frame house and wished it painted white. His wife wanted it brown. There had been an argument and then there had been trouble. Mr. Lincoln said to him:

"You have not lived with his woman all these years without learning that there is such a thing as a compromise. Go back home; think no more of this divorce for a month. Then come to me again." In a month the farmer returned. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "we have agreed on a compromise. We are going to have the house painted brown."

CAN'T TELL DAY FROM NIGHT

Sun is on Job Long Time in Newby Discovered Oil Fields of Canada.

Ottawa, Ont.—Residents of Port Norman oil fields, newly discovered in the remote northwest of Canada along the Mackenzie river, forget whether it is day or night. This is the result of the long periods of daylight.

O. S. Pinter, who has recently returned from there, says he met a native, who asked the time.

"It's eleven o'clock," was the reply. "Day or night?" inquired the native, with a languid glance at the sun, which had been shining continuously several days.

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

PIGGLES AND WIGGLES.

When May's grandmamma and grandpapa came to pay a visit they brought to her the dearest little doggie, so fat and woolly that he could hardly walk; in fact, he didn't walk, he waddled. And because of his being so round—and growing rounder—May called him Piggles. And a week later there came to the door one morning the sweetest wee bit of a white kitten you ever saw. And it mewled and seemed to say to May, who had seen it first: "Mew, I want a home and something to eat." And May brought the kitten in, and when she held it in her arms it wiggled so to get down that May decided to call it Wiggles. And, more than that, she decided to keep Wiggles as a pet, making a pair of pets, namely, Piggles and Wiggles.

Well, the first day of Wiggles' arrival she was introduced to Piggles, but they both behaved very badly. Indeed, Piggles was not the aggressor, however, for he was so fat that he was half asleep, and didn't seem to care whether his place in the house as pet was to be shared by a pesky white kitten or not. All he wanted—or appeared to want—was a cool place to lie down, a place where the flies would not bother him. But it was different with Wiggles. She was a cat to begin with, and a cat never will act friendly toward a dog at first. Really, they sometimes refuse to be friendly to a dog at any time, spitting and howling at their backs and furling up their tails something dreadful to see.



She spat hard at Piggles.

And just so it was with Wiggles. She spat hard at Piggles, at the same time bowing up her back and furling up her tail till she looked all deformed, and might have been any other sort of animal than what she really was.

"Oh, aren't you ashamed, Wiggles, to behave so unbecomingly toward dear, fat little Piggles? See how glaringly he is!" Just as May said this Piggles fell over on a rug and went right off to sleep. Oh, his tummy was so full of milk and cake! And he just could not keep away, even though a mere white kitten did make faces at him.

Then May got a saucer of sweet milk and placed it before Wiggles. Mercy, me, how she did lap it up! It must have been a long time since she had eaten, for she seemed half starved. And while she was thus engaged, her tail and hack became normal in appearance again, and her ugly temper seemed to have been swallowed with the milk. Anyway, she became more sociable in disposition, and when May rubbed her back she purred the funniest little purr—just like a baby's first laugh—and then fell asleep.

Then an idea came into May's head: She would put the sleeping Wiggles close beside the sleeping Piggles, or vice versa, for it would never do to try to carry Wiggles to Piggles, for a cat sleeps so lightly, and she would wake up before she was put in position. So May picked up the fat, sleeping Piggles, and carefully, quietly placed him on the same rug with Wiggles.

Pretty soon Wiggles stretched, yawned, licked her funny little lips with the pinkest tongue you ever saw. Then her eyes fell on her rug companion. Instantly up went her back. She spat, furred her tail and glared with great angry eyes. But Piggles slept on and on, ever and ever so soundly, not realizing that the enemy was at his very nose. You would have thought he would smell danger, for a dog's nose is so susceptible of danger, but he did not budge. Then Wiggles deliberately walked up to him and stepped him on the shoulder with her paw. But it might have been the breeze from the window for all Piggles cared. He slept on, merely wrinkling his nose as if to say: "Get away, you fat, don't bother me."

Then little Wiggles decided there was no use trying to fight alone and walked a few feet away and lay down and was soon fast asleep. And from that hour she and Piggles became friends, and now they are real little chums, romping and playing with a rubber ball for all the world like two little children.

Making Invisible Ink.

To prepare invisible ink, take nitro and dissolve it in nitro-muriatic acid till the acid extracts from it the metallic part of the rabbit, which communicates to the ink a blue color; then dilute the solution, which is very acrid, with common water. Any of these ingredients can be purchased.

BED MAKING REDUCED TO AN EXACT SCIENCE

How Covers Should be Handled and Laid for Health and Comfort

By Mrs. Gordon W. Randlett.

For health and comfort we now use a brass, white enameled or iron bed in place of the heavy white wooden beds. A spiral spring is used if one wants the best. If the mattress be of hair, wool of rotten it should be used to cover the mattress.

To make the bed, place mattress pad smoothly over the mattress, then spread the lower sheet right side up, and tuck in all around. Place upper sheet, wrong side up, with hem six inches above the top edge of mattress. If you wish to fold the top sheet back over the blankets, I do not like the upper sheet so much longer than the blankets, so I place the sheet six inches from the top edge of the mattress and tuck the lower end firmly under the mattress. Spread blankets, with the open edges just below the wide hem in the upper sheet, smooth downward, and tuck in at bottom. With metal beds do not tuck in at the sides. The spread should be large enough to hang over the foot and sides and cover all the top of the mattress. Fold the comfort or extra blankets across the foot of the bed.

In order to prevent dust from coming up through the springs to the mattress there should be a protector made of some wash material.

Open the windows in the room, and turn the mattress back over the foot of the bed about every other day to get a good airing. Once a month take the mattress out of doors for a good sunning and beating. Take the blankets and comfort out oftener, as they need more airing and beating than the mattress, for they are more exposed to the dust.

The pasture is the place for the idle horse in summer. He may not be quite as strong and stylish as the stable fed horse but will be a great deal more healthy and will last longer.

The hog man struck the nail on the head when he said: "When only one litter of pigs is raised a year, permit them to run with the old sow until they get ashamed and wear them selves."

Why will cows drink from a cesspool when they have access to pure water? By force of circumstances they have acquired the taste for filthy water and after being obliged to drink it for some time they prefer it to any other. Like some men, they have acquired a depraved appetite.

The scurvy, sickly, runty pig should not be permitted to run at large with the rest of the swine. If a contagious disease comes into the neighborhood he is almost certain to catch it and spread it among the others. He should either be kept by himself or disposed of with the surplus pigs and kittens.

To destroy worms in the fat hogs a hole about 18 inches deep in the center of the stump, using either a 1 or 1 1/2 inch auger. Put into the hole about 2 ounces of saltpetre. All the hole with water and plug up tight. In the spring take out plug, pour in 3 or 10 ounces of petroleum, kerosene and the stump will smolder, but not blaze, to the very extremities of the roots, leaving only ashes.

Lintment.—To make a good lintment for sores and cuts, take two ounces camphor gum, 8 ounces sweet oil, 5 drops carbolic acid and mix all together.

It is either dip the sheep or feed the ticks.

Better shear off the mane where the collar rubs.

Don't tie the horse where he will have to stand for hours in the burning sun.

A hog wallow is a lion exterminator, but a bath of hog dip is better. The pigs need ope or the other.

Have any of our subscribers used the cement pig troughs or watering tanks? If so let us hear about them.

Lime.

The egg shell is nearly pure carbonate of lime, and lime is found in most of the tissues of the body. It is as absolutely necessary to the hen as air or food. A hen needs about four pounds a year. In some sections crushed limestone can be used to supply both grit and lime, but if there is not sufficient limestone, crushed oyster shells supply lime in a good form cheaply.

Cup Keeps Coffee Hot.

A novelty recently invented is a cup made so as to keep tea or coffee hot during a meal. This is accomplished by providing the cup with a double bottom into which a slip of heated metal can be placed. The liquid is kept hot for a period of about twenty minutes.

Persons who have the habit of chewing up little pieces of white-glazed paper are eating arsenic. The danger of paper eating has just been disclosed by the public welfare commission of Tacoma, Wash., which found that girls who were in the habit of absent-mindedly biting the covers of note books were suffering from the drug.

Keeping the cold out of the stables by excluding all fresh air is endangering the health of the stock. Fresh air, without cold drafts, is what is desired, though it is some trouble to obtain such conditions.

CERTIFICATES GIVEN FOR IDEAS

WESTERN COMPANY FINDS THIS METHOD DOES AWAY WITH REFERENCE LETTERS.

Each Certificate is Accompanied By A Cash Prize Of From \$2.50 To \$25.00

An effective substitute for the old-fashioned letter of recommendation, that "reference" document which for a century has been a thorn or joke to the business man, is an industrial innovation just announced by the president of a Western Rubber Company.

"Factory certificates," he says, "have been adopted by the company as a more truthful, practical means than letters for showing the merits of a worker."

"That doesn't mean we have abolished the letter of recommendation," the rubber manufacturer added. "We still give references to any deserving employee. But men who carry factory certificates to new needs of prospective employment need no commendatory letters to present to the next boss. The certificates speak for themselves. They're 'totems' of ability."

Thirteen factory certificates are issued each month to employees in what is known as the suggestion contest. With each certificate goes a cash prize of from \$2.50 to \$25. The engraved certificates bear the signature of the president, and on the face of each there is an explanation of why it was issued and to whom.

"These documents," continued the president, "are more effective than any letter an employer might give to persons leaving his services. The common form of recommendation letter means little. On the other hand, the factory certificate shows on its face that the holder is capable of constructive thought. It proves the owner is more than a mere human routine machine."

"The plan was inaugurated as a means of encouraging constructive thinking among employees. Its value to workers and to the company cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. It is a spur to ambition, and naturally it is to the list of prize winners we turn when an attractive position is to be filled."

"An average of 200 suggestions is made each month, and the winners are numbered among employees of every department of the factory. The list includes several young women."

That no favoritism may be shown, the committee on awards consists of employees who are not eligible in the competition and who cannot learn the names of those offering suggestions until after awards have been made.

Each suggestion is numbered as it is turned in and the name of the author removed.

Factory executives cannot compete. In several instances more than one prize has been awarded to the same person in one contest, and it is not impossible for a single employee to win the entire thirteen awards.

It is believed some system eventually will be evolved and adopted by all big business to encourage constructive thought, and that this plan will in a measure replace the formal recommendation or character letter.

Birds in Ocean Flights

Our "bird-men" are striving to drive their airplanes back and forth across the Atlantic, but real birds still hold the record for trans-oceanic, air-line travel, and they long ago discovered that it is best to go so at great heights.

The Canary islands, Madeira and even St. Helena, have their migratory birds. Although the last named is 1,200 miles from the African coast, certain waterbirds regularly travel back and forth between Greenland and Europe by way of Iceland, the Faroes and Scandinavia. The last leg of the trans-Atlantic aviation stretches across Spain and the Bay of Biscay to England—precisely the route of the ancient British birds when passing to and from their winter resorts in Africa.

The golden plover holds the record for long distance over-seas flight, apart from the immemorial wanderings of other races and periods. This plover is almost world-wide in its distribution. It occurs along the Arctic shores; and in winter retreats south of the equator, and to remote islands.

These plovers that have nested in Alaska make a straight flight in autumn to Hawaii, traversing more than 2,000 miles in Arctic Canada drift eastward to Labrador and down to Nova Scotia, and thence travel south to the Antilles and Cuba—1,200 miles of the open, ten-peaked Atlantic. Bermuda lies in their path, but unless storms prevail that region, these birds never call. Their invitation to rest and make their air landing in Trinidad—Ernest Ingersoll, is describing Maguibe.

Electroscope in Radiant Heat

Taking advantage of the fact that radium has the power to discharge a statically charged electroscope, even at a distance of 50 feet, the instrument was pressed into service in an effort to locate a \$4100 tube of radium that had been lost in a Chicago hospital, according to Popular Mechanics. The electroscope was charged by means of a small electrical machine and its sensitivity was increased by suspending from its knob an aluminum wire 10 or 12 feet long, like a wireless antenna.

FORETELLING A LONG LIFE

Outward Signs Abundant—Physicians Easily Interpret Them.

Every person carries about with him the physical indications of his longevity. A long lived person can be distinguished from a short lived person at sight. In many instances a physician may look at the hand of a patient and tell whether he will live or die.

In the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom each life takes its characteristic from the life from which it springs. Among these inherited characteristics we find the capacity for continuing its life for a given length of time. This capacity for living we call the inherent or potential longevity.

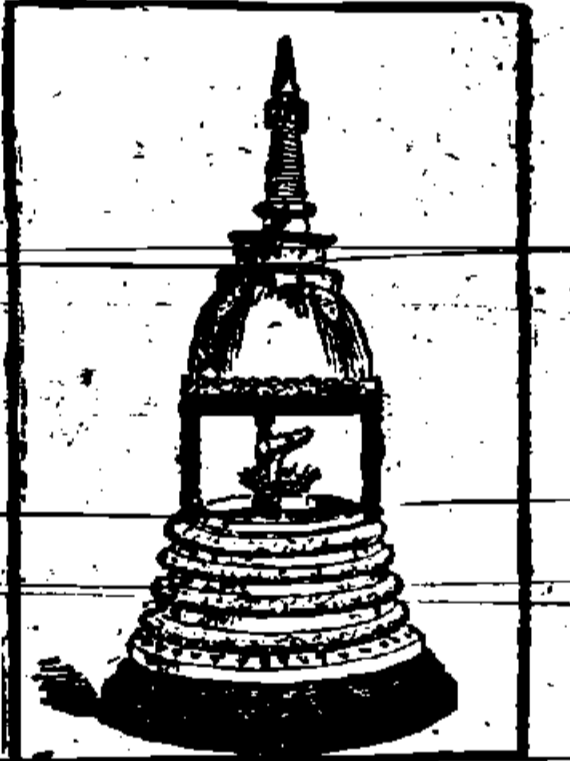
Herein are presented the two leading considerations, always present and always interdependent—the inherited potentiality and the reactionary influences of environment.

The primary conditions of longevity are that the heart, lungs and digestive organs as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large, the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The brain will be deeply seated, as shown by the orifice of the ear being low. The blue hazel or brown hazel eye, as showing an intermixture of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostrils being large, open and free indicates large lungs. A pinched and half closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs.

These are general points of distinction from those of short lived tendencies, but, of course, subject to the usual individual exception. Still, it is well acknowledged that the characteristics noted are expressions of inherent potentiality, which have been proven on the basis of abundant statistical evidence.

In the case of persons who have short lived parents on one side and long lived on the other side, the question becomes more involved. It is shown in grafting and hybridizing that nature makes a supreme effort to pass the period of the shorter longevity and extend the life of the greater longevity. Any one who understands these weak and dangerous periods of life is forewarned and forearmed. It has been observed that the children of long lived parents mature much later and are usually backward in their studies.—Medical Record.

Two-Inch Tooth of Buddha. The curious object shown in the cut is kept at Randy, in Ceylon, and



receives the most profound veneration of more than 400,000,000 persons. It is reputed to be the left eye-tooth of Buddha and is declared by the priests to have been taken from the gages of his funeral pyre.

Tobacco for Funeral Costs.

Among the family archives on an old Virginia plantation was found the following bill for a funeral in the days when tobacco was the only currency in the Tidewater Country, and when funerals were made the occasion for general feasting: Funeral sermon \$200 lbs. tobacco For a brief \$400 For 2 turkeys \$80 For coffin \$150 3 geese \$30 1 hog \$100 2 bushels flour \$90 Dunchill fowls \$100 20 lbs. butter \$100 Sugar and spices \$50 Dressing the dinner \$100 4 gallons sizer \$60 4 gallons rum \$240

Giant Tomato Vine.

The glaucous stage has been reached in the development of the tomato in Southern California. One of the latest prodigies in that succulent vegetable is a group of three 30-foot vines that have borne fruit at all seasons and under all sorts of climatic conditions.

These remarkable growths are in Pasadena.

It is necessary to use an 18-foot ladder to harvest the tomatoes, for the vines have covered a trellis 20 feet in height where they have tangled themselves into a compact mass of greenery.

A Curfew Horn.

A curious old custom is said to be still kept up at the picturesque Wensleydale village of Eainbridge, England, where every winter's night at 9 o'clock a large horn is blown on the village green to aid any wayfarer who might chance to be lost on the surrounding fells to find his way to the village. The horn was in use as long ago as the village some years ago and at one time adorned the head of a huge African bull.

