

Crawford 2333

FAVORITE COMPANION

VOL. 2 NOVEMBER 1909 NO. 6

CONTENTS

His Lucky Leap.

By Annette Dumois.

Judge Not.

By Beverly Worthington.

Stamp Department.

World Post Card Exchange Club.

15 CENTS PER YEAR.

PER **5** COPY.

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CARR'S RUBBER STAMPS WITH AIR CUSHION

are acknowledged throughout the United States to be the finest on the market. If you are in doubt, send 20 cents in stamps or silver and I will send by mail, a neat Knob Handle Rubber Stamp, with "Air Cushion" base, containing your name and address in two lines; together with my illustrated price-lists. A self-inking stamp pad for 12c extra; any color. I make a specialty of Rubber Stamps for Philatelists and Post Card collectors. Write for Special Lists.

WILLIAM A. CARR,

89 PEMBROKE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Young man, young woman, do you know that one TRADE SECRET has made many a young man a MILLIONAIRE? Then why not YOU? Start now! Send us 25c in silver and we will send you a copy of the best TRADE SECRET you ever heard of. Nothing to lose; all to gain. Address: The Jones Mfg. Co., Suite T, 531 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

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GRIMSLAND PRINTING CO.

1403 N. 43RD AVENUE CHICAGO, ILL

Kindly mention the Favorite Companion when writing to advertisers.

Paganini's Cab.

On awakening one morning at his hotel in Vienna, Paganini, the celebrated violinist, was informed that the cabman whom the previous evening he had employed to drive him to the concert hall where he was playing was waiting to see him. On being admitted to his presence the man, after having advanced poverty and a large family as an excuse for the request that he was about to make, prayed the great musician to make his fortune. "What do you mean?" demanded Paganini. "Authorize me to write in large letters on the back of my vehicle these two words, 'Paganini's Cab,'" was the answer. Consent was given, with altogether satisfactory results.

Matrimonial Repartee.

She (in stern and rockbound accents)—You married me for better or worse, didn't you, Edgar?

He—Er—um—yes, I suppose so, my love.

She—Then what are you complaining about? I'm no worse than the average married woman, I can assure you!

He (meekly)—Well, if that is the case, all I've got to say is I'm mighty glad—

She (breaking in)—Glad?

He—Yes. Glad I'm not a polygamist. Er—um—looks a trifle squally over to the northeast, doesn't it, Miranda?—New York Times.

Shunted.

Editor—Is this your first effort?

Budding Poet—Yes, sir. Is it worth anything to you?

Editor (with emotion)—It's worth a guinea if you will promise not to write anything more for publication until after this has been printed. I want your entire output, you understand.

Budding Poet—I promise that, all right. When will it be printed?

Editor—Never while I'm alive.—London Telegraph.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

... .. an enclosing you sample copy of the Favorite Companion, a magazine devoted to the interest of Collectors of Stamps, Post Cards, Curios, Coins, etc. This magazine is circulated all over the world and reaches a good class of mail-order buying people. This magazine is read by every member of the family and is carefully put away for future reference.

In order to get you to try an advertisement in this magazine we will make you the following offer: We will insert your inch advertisement in the Big Christmas Issue for 20 cents, and in the January issue Free. We beg you to try an advertisement in the December issue, which circulates among the mail-order buying people.

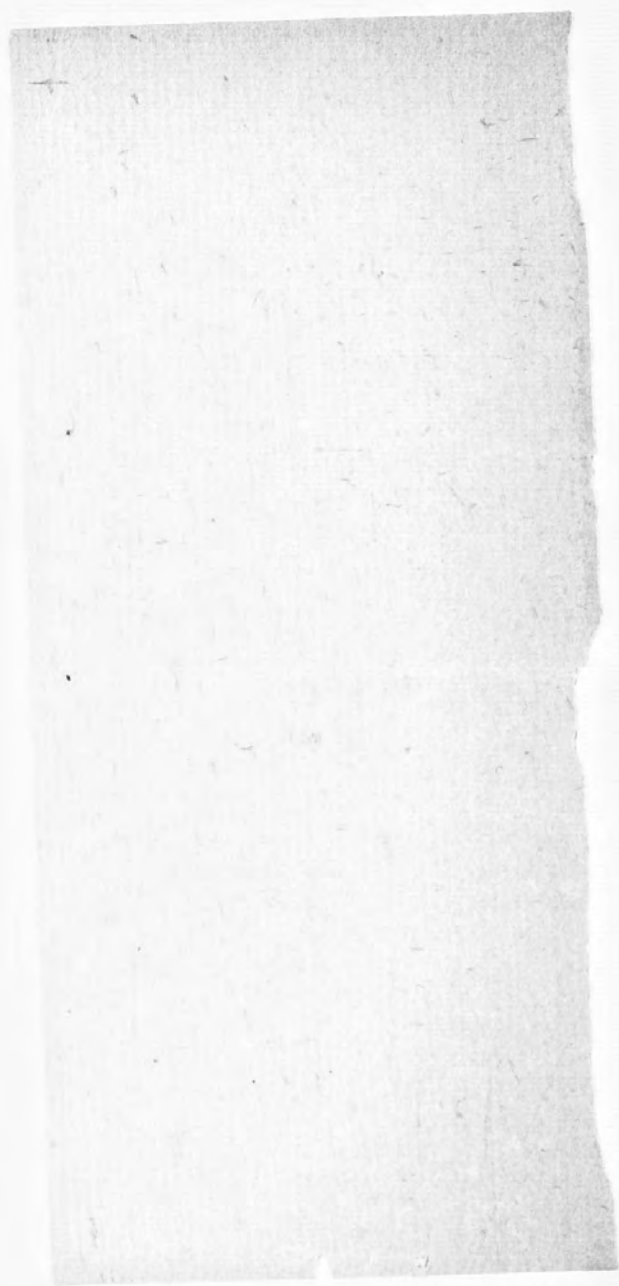
Forms close for December issue, November the 25th.

FAVORITE COMPANION

1403 North Forty-Third Avenue

Chicago, Illinois.





FAVORITE COMPANION.

Vol. 2.

November 1909.

No. 6.

His Lucky Leap.

By ANNETTE DUMOIS.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

When Rud Grayson, the big center rush of the Crescent team, toppled like a falling tree with his full, hard, bunched 230 pounds on top of Don Laidlaw there was a howl of joy from Grayson's side, for with the downfall of Laidlaw the Scythian team was doomed.

That night the spectators of the great event of the upper ten athletic season went home well pleased that they had seen a desperate and perfect game. But Don Laidlaw was left a wreck for life by it. "Something" had happened to his back. What the "something" was the doctors and surgeons didn't seem able to say. At any rate, they agreed that probably he would never walk again unless "something" favorable happened, and that was not at all likely.

"Life is full of sarcasms, and this seems to be one of them," murmured Laidlaw, despite his illness still a fine looking young fellow, as he was being propelled down the avenue in an invalid's chair.

He turned to the attendant and said: "Wheel me into that sunny corner and then run over to the library and fill this list. There; that's something like it. This wind cuts like a knife."

Laidlaw watched the man disappear around the corner with a sense of irritation foreign to his hitherto bold and

almost cheerful acceptance of fate.

"Hang it all! I wish there was some artistic way of leaving this world," he muttered. "Who would have thought one short year would make such a change in one's prospects? Then full of life and pluck and now a husky babe in a perambulator!" He laughed in spite of his fit of despondency.

The laugh vanished almost at once.



LAIDLAW GOT ON HIS FEET, STUMBLING AND STAGGERING TOWARD THE CHILD.

He was thinking, and thinking hard. He always did think of that same one thing—of the girl to whom he had intended to propose on the very night of the game.

"Kismet!" he muttered. "I wonder if she cares—much? She is sympathetic when we meet and in a manner that doesn't sting. Bless her! To think that that's all over now!" And Don sighed heavily over his blasted hopes.

"Oho-ho! What a funny baby carriage! Ain't you dot any tootsies, Mr. Man?" piped a little voice.

Laidlaw turned his head quickly. A golden haired tot stood close beside him. Her big brown eyes, with golden lights in them, gazed wonderingly with the frankness of babyhood straight into his astonished gray ones.

Laidlaw was fond of children, and she was a welcome interruption to his thoughts. He answered cheerily: "Hello, kid! Where did you escape from? You'll catch your death out here without a hat and those bare legs," noticing the blue flesh above the tiny white socks. "Where's your nurse or whoever has you in tow?"

"Over dere," answered the baby vaguely, pointing across the park that ran down the middle of the broad avenue.

"Come up here in my lap," coaxed Dan, "and when James comes back you shall have a ride in my gocart."

"Let me see 'em," persisted the mite.

"What?" questioned the puzzled man.

"Footsies," replied the infant.

"Oh, my feet! Yes, I've got feet, though they're not much use at present," Laidlaw pulled the rug aside. "Now, are you satisfied, my lady?"

She surveyed his No. 9's approvingly and said, "Dess me come now," and climbed into his lap.

In the midst of an interesting conversation Toodles, as she called herself, said abruptly, "Sissie dot you on her tabo!"

"Oh, has she? What on earth is a tabo?" queried Laidlaw.

"On her tabo, vere she does her hair—pitchur card, wiv funny sings on

here," and she patted his shoulders. "an' wood sings down dere," rubbing her plump little knees.

"Oh, a picture of me in football togs, I suppose. What is Sissy's name?" asked Laidlaw.

"Vy, Sissie. Ch, dere is nurse! Doodby!" she interrupted and, sliding from his lap, ran toward the park.

As she reached the middle of the street her wee sandal came off. Laughingly she held it up to Don, making a pretty picture as she stood in the sunlight.

At that instant a thunderous chug-chug-chug reached Laidlaw's ears. With unspeakable horror the helpless man saw a runaway touring car, with a white faced chauffeur yanking desperately at the wheel, bearing down upon her.

"Run, baby, run!" shrieked the young man, but Toodles never moved.

With an awful wrench that seemed to tear soul and body apart Laidlaw got on his feet, stumbling and staggering toward the child.

A long reach, a quick clutch, and he rolled over against the curb with the little one safe in his arms just as the monster thundered past.

Presently he drew himself up on to the curbing and tried to soothe the whimpering Toodles.

"Nassy sing get baby!" she sobbed.

"Thank God it didn't!" said Laidlaw fervently, trembling violently with the reaction, while the pain in his back ebot and stung and raged through his nerves and brain like white hot iron.

"Mercy! Mercy on me!" cried the nurse as she reached them. "You have saved her, sir! Oh, how can I thank you?" And she hugged the child passionately to her. "Naughty baby! What is the name of the gentleman that I may tell it to Mme. Vernon?" she plended.

"Never mind!" answered Laidlaw hastily. "Take Toodles home now. I'll come to see you some day, little one," he added as he kissed the red lips.

"Vernon? So that is Maud's baby sister. She was a nondescript bunch of white clothes the last time I saw her. And Sissie has my picture on her

'rabo.' Oh, pshaw; that doesn't signify anything."

The astounded look on his attendant's usually impassive countenance encouraged Laidlaw to make another effort to surprise him. "I actually believe I can walk with your help, James," said he, with a gasp, as he pulled himself up and sank into his chair.

"I felt something snap in my back as I jumped; that's all I know," said he later when questioned by the doctor.

"Hum-m!" said the great surgeon as he prodded up and down Laidlaw's spine. "It is unquestionably a case of"— Then followed something that sounded most alarmingly Latin.

"You can call me any old name you like, doctor, if you'll only let me walk," answered the happy fellow.

"With care—with great care—we shall do very well," smiled the oracle.

Mrs. Vernon and Maud called that afternoon to thank their "hero," as Mrs. Vernon persisted in calling Don, to his great discomfort.

With maternal instinct, fully aware of Don's state of mind, his mother offered to show Mrs. Vernon her cherished orchids, leaving the young people to gaze at each other with beating hearts.

Shyly Maud approached the couch where Laidlaw reclined in answer to his unspoken wish.

"How can I ever repay you, Don?" questioned the girl. "My baby sister! Oh, thank God for—both!"

He could scarcely hear her sweet voice, but, grasping a ruffle on her gown, pulled her gently nearer. "Shall I tell you how?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, Don," with a sweet, shy note of surrender in her soft murmur.

"Kiss me, sweetheart, with all that it means to us both," begged the invalid.

"That was a lucky jump," remarked Don Laidlaw later. And two shadows faded apart silently at the sound of voices in the conservatory.

* * * * *

Judge Not.

* * * * *

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Soon after becoming a widower I resolved to sell off everything I possessed of a household nature and go abroad for awhile. Having no ties, children or other relatives, there was nothing to hold me to any particular place. One day I was clearing out my late wife's desk when I came upon a fat envelope. Opening it, I found something that astonished me.

But to tell my story properly I must begin back about five years.

Marjorie and I made a love match. We were both members of a smart set in society and, such being the case, were not especially ignorant of the ways of the world. We both had a number of old flames, and after marriage neither of us was inclined to confine ourself to the exclusive attention of each other. After awhile, however, I dropped all the women I had previously loved, retaining only one, with whom I had a platonic friendship. She was Mildred Burke, a woman of excellent sense and fairly intellectual. Margerie did not seem to object to the attention of this friend, though she did not herself make a loan companion of Miss Burke.

I was not so satisfied with the continued devotion of one of my wife's admirers, Courtney Stewart. Margerie seemed to like him for the very reasons that I condemned him. He was reckless, careless, always getting into trouble and always finding some good friend to help him out—in short, the very kind of man to whom a woman is most liable to give her heart. My wife was always telling me of these traits, referring to them as something especially attractive. I declined to be interested.

I remember on one occasion at the

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1403 N. 43rd Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

If an X appears in the square it means that your paid in advance subscription expires with this number, and for you to renew at once or it will be discontinued.

EDITORIAL

Here we are again and hope these stories will prove interesting. The Prize Puzzle Department did not seem to prove interesting, so that we have discontinued it and will use space for other interesting matter.

Don't miss the Big Christmas issue, if you do you will regret it. It will contain 24 pages of interesting stories and several new departments, etc.

If you receive a copy of this magazine and you are not a subscriber, it means for you to subscribe by filling out the subscription blank and mailing it to-day, as the price is very low—one year, 15 cents.

Stamp Department.

Conducted by
LESLIE A. CARDWELL,
Carthage, Tenn.

Address all communications in regard to this department to Leslie A. Cardwell, Carthage, Tenn.

This department will be glad to receive literature from all philatelic societies, and will make announcements of time and place of meetings if informed in regard to same.

Stamp dealers will find this paper a good medium for their ads. Send your copy direct to the publishers for next issue. A trial is all that is asked.

Publishers of philatelic papers, or papers containing departments devoted to stamp collecting, are invited to send copies to this department for review.

If you are a stamp collector write us a letter telling of your collection, or some particular phase of stamp collecting. It will be of interest to our readers and we will be glad to give you a limited portion of space.

The first postage stamps were used in 1839; the invention has been credited to James Chalmers, a printer of Dundee. The adhesive stamp was adopted by England in December, 1839; the first stamp for public use was issued in May, 1840. They were introduced into the United States in 1841, and soon after found their way into all other civilized countries.

breakfast table when my wife was telling me of one of Stewart's escapades I coldly informed her that the man was weak, foolish, dishonorable. I saw a suppressed flash in her eye and a slight color rise to her cheek.

"I don't expect you to take an interest in people who are natural, frank, generous. Your kind looks out for his own interest, is devoid of sympathy, never gives himself away, but takes especial pains to listen to all he hears."

"Do you refer to any particular person?" I asked, with some hauteur.

"Certainly—to your particularly platonic love, Mildred Burke."

We left the breakfast table without another word, and there was a coolness between us for several days, but it gradually wore away, and neither again mentioned his or her particular friend to the other.

One morning it suddenly occurred to me that my wife was as apt to be meeting her especial friend as I was to meet mine. The thought was not pleasant. But why shouldn't she have the same privilege as I? The case was different. Miss Burke was a woman of high principle. Stewart was a scapegrace and not to be trusted. The bee of suspicion having got into my bonnet, it buzzed and tickled and stung till I was beside myself with jealousy. Had my wife continued to tell me about the fellow's escapades I should have had confidence in her innocence. As it was I was sure there were clandestine meetings.

I did something of which I have ever since been ashamed. I used a detective, not directly, to spy upon my wife—I could not quite come down to that—but upon Courtney Stewart, which was just as bad, for it was through him that I expected to trap Marjorie. I directed my sleuth to shadow Stewart, not letting him know that my wife was in any way concerned.

At the end of a month he reported that there was nothing bad about Stewart. On the contrary, he was popular and respected. Mention was made of several kludgy, impulsive acts to needy people. A list of women he had met was furnished me, and my

wife's name was not among them.

The report made me very much ashamed of myself, especially as it appeared to me that my dear wife, seeing that her retention of her friend annoyed me, had given him up. As soon as I could recover some of my self respect I devoted myself to treating her with every consideration and all my affection. From that day until her death not a cloud came between us.

And now I come back to that fat envelope I have mentioned. There were in it in a woman's hand, all in the same writing, a number of documents. At first I resolved to destroy them without an examination, but just as I was about to do so my eye caught the name Burke. Then I read every one of them.

That my wife had employed a shadower for my especial friend, astonishing as it was, was nothing to the report she received on Mildred Burke. Not a shadow of suspicion attached to her relations with me; but, horrible to relate, she was keeping up relations with another married man that were as criminal as her intimacy with me was innocent.

I sat for a long while completely stunned. An overburdening sense of how weak our judgment, how little we know of the secret lives of those about us, weighed upon me. How different the reports received by me and by Marjorie and how much in favor of her perception and her friend! What wisdom in the words, "Judge not, that ye be not judged!"

I shall never marry again. And why? I have no confidence in my estimate of those from among whom I must choose, and I have not my dear wife to choose for me.

BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.

Got His Reward.

"What's the matter with your face? It looks as though a train had run over it and turned and repeated the operation."

"Oh, not so very much. I had a friend who insisted that I should tell him all of his faults."

"100 repetitions; you got off light."

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World

Post Card Exchange Club.

Organized in June, 1908.

- H. GRIMSLAND, Sec'y and Treas.,
1403 N. 43d Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- ALOIS VEDERNJAK, Translator,
243 E. 84th St., New York, N. Y.

Object.

1. To promote the collecting of Souvenir Cards with collectors in all parts of the world.
2. To publish a list of reliable collectors of Post Cards, who are members of this club.
3. To prevent unfair exchanging between members.
4. To maintain a Bureau of Translation for all members who cannot translate their own card from foreign countries.

Rules and Regulations.

1. Persons joining this club will be given a number which should be placed on all cards sent out.
2. Members should send a post card for every one received.
3. Do not send cheap or vulgar cards.
4. Any member failing to return a card will be expelled on the complaint of three members.
5. All members receive the Official Organ and have their name inserted in the Exchange List one year.
6. All notices and new memberships must be received by the 25th of the month or otherwise will be held over for the next issue.
7. Members should write their name and address and number when sending out cards.
8. Members should always enclose 2-cent stamp for return postage when writing to the translator.

Dues.

United States, Canada and Mexico, 25c per year. Foreign, 50c; 2½ francs, 2 shillings, 2 marks, 2½ lire, 1 yen, 1½ rupees, 1 rouble, 2¼ pesetas, 1¼ florins, 1 milreis, 10 piastres, 2 kronas.

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I wish to report that the following memberships expire with this issue of the Favorite Companion:

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Renew your membership at once or else your name will be omitted from the list.

We would be more than pleased to receive letters from our subscribers in regard to the improvement of this magazine; also interesting notes and facts to be published in same.

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It has been estimated that every twenty-four hours the earth or its atmosphere is struck by 400,000,000 missiles of iron or stone, ranging from an ounce up to tons in weight. Every month there rush upon the flying globe at least 12,000,000,000 iron and stone fragments, which, with lurid accompaniment, crash into the circumambient atmosphere.

Owing to the resistance offered by the air few of these solid shots strike the earth. They move out of space with a possible velocity of thirty or forty miles per second and, like moths, plunge into the revolving globe, lured to their destruction by its fatal attraction. The moment they enter our atmosphere they ignite, and the air is piled up and compressed ahead of them with inconceivable force, the resultant friction producing an immediate rise in temperature, and the shooting star, the meteor of popular parlance, is the result.

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A chill, dark, autumnal morning. A breakfast table with an over-crowded tribe of clamorous children. A worried mother and an irritable father muttering something about "no decent elbow room." A small child uplifts solemn eyes from his plate and says, "Hadn't one of us better die?"—London Academy.

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Arthur smiled in a dubious sort of way and temporized about the success as he looked at the souffle.

"Can't say I like it," he said after the first mouthful. "Sure you got the instructions right, darling? It tastes very funny."

"Oh, yes!" responded Eleanor, with tears in her eyes. "I can say them by heart from the book. Just hear me." And she reached down the volume.

"Take half a pound of grated almonds"—

"Quite right," interrupted Arthur, following with his finger.

"—one pound of caster sugar; mix well with white of three fresh eggs"—

"Correct," said her spouse as she continued breathlessly.

"—add a pinch of white pepper"—

"Pepper! Great goodness!" said the unhappy man as he turned over the leaf.

"—two large carrots chopped into dice, a spoonful of mustard, four chopped onions and"—

"Stop! Stop! You must be wrong, I'm sure. Why, my dear, I thought so. You are muddling up almond souffle with Irish stew. You've forgotten to cut the leaves of this blessed cookery book."

Victim of Circumstances.

"That Englishman is a funny chap," remarked the hat salesman in the big hotel; "he hasn't been out of his room today."

"No; he is a victim of circumstances," confided the coffee salesman.

"Victim of circumstances?"

"Yes; he put his shoes outside his door last night, according to the English custom, and somebody threw them at a cat down the areaway."—Chicago News.

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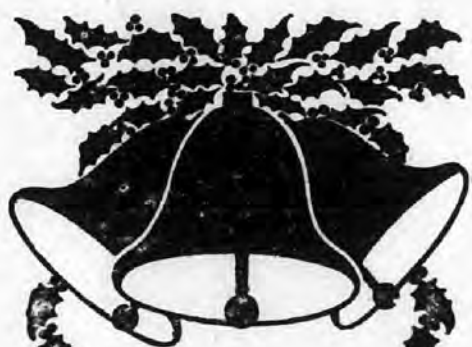
clever dodger in a broken field. The returning of punts is one of McGovern's long suits. Nebraska and Chicago attribute their defeat by the Gophers to the great work of Quarterback McGovern. In the recent game against Chicago McGovern had his collar bone broken and will be out of the game for the rest of the season.

FAVORITE COMPANION.

Vol. 2.

December 1909.

No. 7.



THAT BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS

BY
FRANK H. SWEET

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

IT was the night before Christmas—and stormy.

"Squash, squash!" went the wheels of the carriage in the mud.

"Whew-ew-ew!" whistled the wind. And it blew Peter's hat out into the middle of the road.

"Whoa!" yelled Peter and climbed down from his high seat.

The princess poked her head out of the window. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"My hat blew off." Peter told her, "and the wheel is stuck in the mud, miss."

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" the princess chided. "You must get that wheel out of the mud at once."

"Which is easier said than done," Peter grumbled. "It's that dark I can't see my hand before me."

"There's a light back there among the trees," the princess informed him. "Perhaps you could get some one to help you."

"I'll go and see, miss, if you ain't afraid to stay alone," said Peter, after some effort succeeding in quieting the plunging horses.

"I am dreadfully afraid," she admitted shiveringly, "but I suppose you will have to go."

Now, in the middle of the pine grove was set a little cottage. Peter knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked a childish voice, and a little girl poked her head out of the square window.

"Our wheel is stuck in the mud," Peter answered from the dark, "and I want to get a man to help me."

"There isn't any man here," Jenny informed him. "There is only me and Jessie, and our mother has gone to nurse a sick neighbor, and she won't be home until morning."

So Peter went back to the carriage and reported to the princess.

"I shall freeze out here," said the

princess. "I will go up to the house and sit by the fire while you look for some one to help you with the carriage."

She climbed out of the carriage, and with Peter in the lead she plodded through the woods, and the wind blew her long coat this way and that, and at last, wet and panting, she came to the little house.

And once more Peter knocked, and once more Jenny came to the window. Then she flung the door wide open, and so tall was the princess that she had to stoop to enter it. It was a dingy little room, and there was a dumpy black stove in the corner, with a bubbling iron pot that gave forth a most appetizing odor.

"Oh, oh, how nice and warm it is!" said the princess as she held out her hands to the fire.

In all their lives the little girls had never beheld such a wonderful person, for the princess wore a long red cloak and a black velvet hat, with a waving plume, and her muff was big and round and soft, and she had a scarf of the same soft fur about her neck. Her hair was pale gold, and she had the bluest eyes and the reddest lips, and her smile was so sweet and tender that Jenny ran right up to her and cried, "Oh, I am so glad that you came!"

Jessie from her little chair echoed her sister's words. But she did not run, for there was a tiny crutch beside Jessie's chair in the square window.

"And I am glad to be here," said the princess, whose quick eyes were taking in the details of the shabby room. "It's so nice and warm and cozy."

"Isn't it?" said Jenny happily. "And we are getting ready for tomorrow."

On a small round table beside Jessie's chair was a tiny cedar bush, and Jessie's fingers had been busy with bits of gold and blue and scarlet paper.

"We are going to pop some popcorn," Jenny explained, "and string it and hang it on the tree."

"Oh, may I help?" the princess asked. "I haven't popped any corn since I was a little girl."



Jessie clasped her thin little hands. "I think it would be the loveliest thing in the world," she said, "if you would stay."

"Peter is going to find some one to help with the carriage, and I will stay until he comes back."

And when Peter had gone the princess slipped off the long red cloak, and underneath it she wore a shining silken gown, and around her neck was a collar of pearls.

"And now if you will lend me an apron," she said, "we will pop the corn."

But Jessie and Jennie were gazing at her speechless.

"Oh, you must be a fairy princess!" gasped little Jessie at last.

The beautiful lady laughed joyously. "Peter calls me the princess," she said. "He has lived with me ever since I was a little girl. But really I am just an everyday young woman



"DID YOU EVER SMELL ANYTHING SO GOOD?" SHE ASKED.

and am going to spend Christmas with some friends in the next town."

She dismissed the subject with a wave of her hand.

"And now to our popcorn," she said.

Jenny brought a green gingham apron, and the princess tied the apron on, making a big butterfly bow of the strings in the back, and then she danced over to the dumpy little stove and peeped into the bubbling pot.

"Did you ever smell anything so good?" she asked. "I am as hungry as a bear."

The little girls laughed joyously. "It's bean soup," Jenny said, "and we are going to have it for supper, with some little dumplings in it. I was afraid it wasn't nice enough for you."

"Nice enough!" the delighted lady exclaimed. "I think bean soup and little dumplings are—um—um?" And she flung out her hands expressively.

"I thought," Jessie remarked faintly, "that fairy princesses only ate honey and dew."

"Which shows that I am not a true princess," said the beautiful lady, "for honey and dew would never satisfy me."

Jenny got out three little blue bowls and set them on a table that was spread with a coarse but spotless cloth. There were a crusty loaf and clover sweet butter, and last and best of all there were the bean soup and the bobbing little dumplings served together in an old mulberry tureen.

It was perfectly wonderful to see the princess in her shining gown at

the head of the table, and little lame Jessie said: "You were just sent to us for Christmas. Why, it's just like—

"The night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads."

"But our stockings weren't hung yet, and we weren't in bed," said Jenny.

"It was too early for that," said the

princess, "but let's go on with the rhyme, just for fun. I see you know it all through, so you mustn't mind my changing it a little:

"When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter

Jenny sprang from her chair to see what was the matter.

Away to the window she flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

When what to her wondering eyes should appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer!

"Oh, no; I forgot! I mean—

"When what to her wondering eyes should appear

But a carriage stuck in the mud right out here

And a little old driver, so lively and quick

You must have thought Peter was dear old St. Nick."

The children laughed gleefully, and Jenny said: "We would have thought that, only we aren't going to hang up our stockings this Christmas at all, Jessie and I aren't going to get any presents, for mother hasn't been well and she couldn't get any sewing. But she said we could make our Christmas

merry, and we were to pretend that we had been to the big stores in the city and had bought things for the tree and dolls and everything."

"That's a lovely way," said the princess gently, and she laid her hand, with its flashing rings, over Jessie's thin ones.

"And we are going to pretend," Jessie said, "that our chicken is turkey.



AFTER SUPPER THEY POPPED THE CORN.

But we won't have to pretend about the mince pie, for mother has made a lovely one."

"I wish I could help you eat the chicken," said the princess wistfully, "and I should like to meet your mother. I know she is lovely. And I haven't any mother, you know."

"Oh!" said the little girls, round eyed with sympathy. And then the princess told them that all her life she had lived in a big, lonely house and she had always yearned for a cozy home and for a sister.

After supper they popped the corn, and just as they finished in came Peter.

"I can't find any one to help, miss," he announced, "and it's snowing. I'll have to unhitch the horses and go

back to town and get something to take you over in."

"No," the princess demurred as she stood in the middle of the room with a heaped up dish of snowy kernels in her hand. "No, Peter, I'm going to stay here all night."

Peter stared, and the little girls cried, "Oh, will you?"

And the princess said: "I really will. And, Peter, you can bring up the steamer trunk and my bag."

"Won't your friends expect you, miss?" Peter inquired, as if awaiting orders.

"I will send a note by you," was the calm response. And as the man went out she followed him and shut the door behind her. "Oh, Peter, Peter!" she whispered confidentially. "I am going to give them such a Christmas!"

"The little girls, miss?"

"Yes. They are so sweet and brave! And I have the presents in my trunk that I was going to carry to the other children. But they will have so much that they won't miss them, and I shall spend my Christmas in a plain little house, but it will be a joyful house, Peter."

"Yes, miss," Peter agreed understandingly.

"I wish we had a big tree," said the princess regretfully.

"Well, leave that to me, miss," Peter told her eagerly. "You just get them little things to sleep early, and I'll be here with a tree."

"Oh, Peter, Peter—Santa Claus!" exclaimed the princess gleefully. "It will be the nicest Christmas that I have had since I was a wee bit of a girl."

So Peter went away, and the princess, with her eyes shining like stars, danced back into the room and said, "Oh, let's play mariners!"

Jessie and Jenny had never heard of such a game, but the princess told them that she was a ship on the high seas and that they were to tell from her cargo what country she hailed from.

"I carry tea," she began. "Where do I hail from?"

"China," guessed Jenny.



"QUIETLY, QUIETLY, PETER," WARNED THE PRINCESS.

"No."

"Japan," cried Jessie, with her little face glowing.

"No."

Then the little girls pondered. "It might be India," ventured Jenny, but the princess shook her head. Then Jessie cried, "It's Ceylon!" And that was right.

And after that Jessie brought a cargo of oranges from Florida and Jenny brought a cargo of rugs from Persia, and there were cargoes of spices and of coal and of coffee and of fish and of grain and of lumber, and the princess finished triumphantly by carrying a cargo of oysters from the Chesapeake bay.

"One more," begged Jessie.

"I carry a cargo of castles," said the sparkling princess. "Where do I hail from?"

The little girls guessed and guessed, and at last the princess said:

"That wasn't a fair one, really, for my castles are castles in Spain."

Then, with Jessie in her arms, she told them of her own castle building, and when she had finished she said, "And so your mother shall have all of

my sewing, and that will keep her busy until spring."

"Oh, you are going to be married and live happy ever after!" sighed Jessie rapturously. "It's just what a fairy princess should do."

"And what you should do," said the princess, looking at the clock, "is to go to bed, bed, bed, so that you can wake up early in the morning."

She tucked them in and came back later in a fascinating pink kimono, with her hair in a thick yellow braid, and she kissed them both. But it was little lame Jessie that she kissed last. And then she went away like a glorious vision, and the little girls sank into slumber.

In the next room the princess opened the door cautiously, and there was Peter with snow all over him, and his arms were full of holly and mistletoe, and a great tree was propped against the doorpost.

"Quietly, quietly, Peter," warned the princess, and Peter tiptoed in and set the tree up in the corner, and its top reached to the ceiling.

The princess opened the steamer trunk and took out two white Teddy bears, one with a flaring blue bow and the other with a flaring pink one, and then she took out a green and a yellow and a red and a blue fairy book and a beautiful square basket of candy, tied with holly ribbon, and then from the very bottom of the trunk she drew string after string of shining little silver bells, fastened on red and pale green ribbons.

"I was going to get up a cotillon for the children at the other house," the princess explained to Peter, "but these little folks need it so much more."

The little bells went "tinkle, tinkle," as Peter hung them, and Jessie, dreaming in her little bed, heard the sound and thought it a part of her dream.

And while Peter and the princess trimmed and whispered and laughed some one rattled the doorknob.

Peter opened the door, and there stood a white faced, shivering little



THERE STOOD A WHITE FACED, SHIVERING LITTLE WOMAN.

has happened to my little girls?" she panted. "I saw the light, and it is so late." Then as she beheld the golden haired vision in pink and the gay tree and Peter in his trim livery she gasped, "Why, I believe it is fairies!" And she sat down very suddenly in Jessie's chair.

"You are the little mother," said the princess as she knelt beside her and put her arms around her and told her how she came to be there, and when she had finished she said simply, "And I have wanted my own mother so much this Christmas, and the little girls were so sweet that I knew I should love you."

"You poor little thing!" cried the little mother to the tall princess, and the beautiful lady put her head down on the other's shabby shoulder and wept, because in spite of her riches she had been very, very lonely in her big house.

And after Peter had gone they talked until midnight of Jessie and Jenny, and then they concocted great plans about the pretty things that the little

mother was to make for the princess.

And in the morning Jessie and Jenny, waking in the early dawn, saw sitting on the footboard of the bed two Teddy bears, one with a flaring pink bow and one with a flaring blue bow, and the Teddy bears held out their arms saucily and gazed at the happy little girls with twinkling eyes.

"Oo-oh!" cried the little girls, who had never seen a Teddy bear before. And that was the beginning of the most wonderful day of their lives, for all day the tree went "tinkle, tinkle," as they foraged in its branches for bonbons. And the chicken dinner was a delicious success. And in the afternoon they all took a ride in the princess' sleigh, with Peter driving on the box, and when at last he set them down on their own humble doorstep and lifted little Jessie in his arms the princess smiled at them radiantly from under her plummy hat.

"Remember, Peter will come for you every Saturday, and you are to stay at my house all day," she said.

"Oh, yes!" Jenny sighed, with rapture.

"And you are to come to my wed-



THE PRINCESS SMILED AT THEM RADIANTLY BENEATH HER PLUMES

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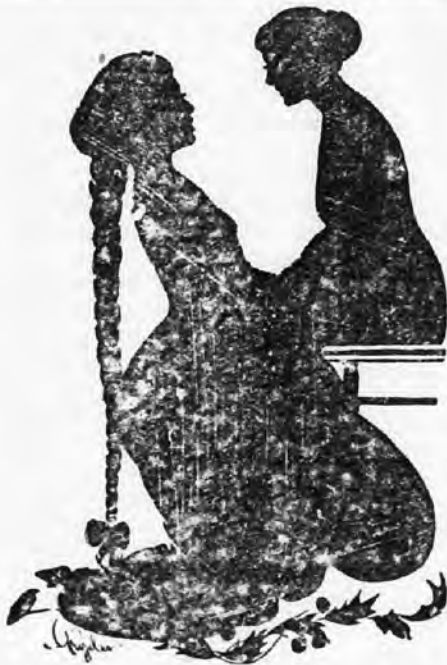
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"YOU ARE THE LITTLE MOTHER," SAID THE PRINCESS.

ding in the spring—all of you," said the princess gayly.

"And see the prince!" said Jessie over Peter's shoulder.

"And you are going to let me share a third of your mother?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" from both of the little girls.

"Then you shall share a third of Peter," the princess called back as the smiling coachman drove her away through the glistening snow.

Daddy's Christmas Dream.

That Christmas comes but once a year
Is rather sad for Willy,
And likewise hurts much the cheer
Of Mabel, Maud and Milly,
For they would welcome ten or twelve
To shout around the shanty
And in their stockings deep to delve
For goodies left by Santy

But once a year is quite enough
(Since buying's such a bother
When times are pinicky and tough)
For these dear youngsters' father—
In fact, poor daddy hopes the fates
Will cause (to get a cheap year)
The calendar to change its dates
And Christmas swap with leap ye—

ROBERTUS' LOVE.

The Present Said "Papa!"

In station K, in New York city, a young clerk who was sorting a sack of Christmas mail was amazed to see a package in the sack move. He carried the sack to the sorting table and dumped out the contents. Something suddenly exclaimed:

"Papa! Papa!"

The frightened clerk examined every package carefully. In the one that moved he found a live kitten packed in a small bird cage. The kitten had a pink bow of ribbon at its neck, and attached to the ribbon was a card bearing the inscription:

"A Merry Christmas from Uncle Jack."

Further investigation brought forth the fact that the cry "Papa!" came from a doll with blond curls that called "Papa!" each time it was squeezed. In moving the mail sack the postal clerk had frightened the kitten in one package and squeezed the mechanical doll in the other package. He was much relieved when he had unraveled the double mystery.

Revised For Christmas.

"You say Jack writes he can't be here
With you on Christmas day?
Well, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'
So the poets say."

"'Tis not Jack's absence. What care I
Because he can't be near?
It's absence of the presents
That I, of all, most fear."

For sake of up to dateness now
We'll change this little rhyme.
" 'Tis presents make the heart grow fond-
est"

Just at Christmas time.

—Walter Wellman.

Chinese Idea of Government.

Here is a Chinese idea of prosperity in a nation: When the sword is rusty, the plow bright, the prisons empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temple worn down and those of the law courts grass grown, when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback and the men of letters drive in their own carriages, then the empire is well governed.

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EDITORIAL

With this issue the Favorite Companion makes its last appearance for this year, and to appear bright and early on the New Year.

We heartily wish our subscribers and friends a Merry Christmas and a Bright and happy New Year. We hope that with your aid we can make this paper a larger and better magazine on the coming year, by renewing your subscription or subscribing today.

Don't fail to read the Christmas stories and the different departments, jokes, etc.—you will like it. Every issue of this magazine will be of interest to every member of the family.

Do not fail to get premium mentioned on back of subscription blank.

Wanting In Grit.

At one of the fashionable seaside resorts on a beautiful evening last summer a handsome couple promenaded the beach until they were tired and then threw themselves on the sand to rest. The young woman watched the waves, while the young man toyed with the moonlit sand, tossing it from hand to hand.

"Reginald, dear, you puckered up your lips just then as if you were going to kiss me," said the beautiful creature languorously as she glanced at her companion.

"I intended to," replied Reginald hesitatingly, "but I seem to have got some sand in my mouth."

"For heaven's sake, swallow it," exclaimed the young lady. "You need it badly in your system!"

It Pays.

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown,
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.
It pays to make a worthy cause
By making it our own,
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone,
It pays to comfort heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair
And leave in sorrow darkened lines
A gleam of brightness there.

—Fannie E. Emmis.

A Bridal Tour.

At a fashionable wedding in a southern city the contracting parties were a wealthy widower and a handsome young lady, and a faithful old servant who had lived with the first wife all her married life was reporting the festivities confidentially the next morning to a neighbor.

When she finished a fellow servant asked, "Is he going to take a bridal tour?"

The old woman looked startled and then, glancing around to see that no one was near, whispered, "Well, I don't know ez he will take a bridle to her if she gets cantankerous, but he sure did take a strap to the other one."

Stamp Department.

Conducted by
LESLIE A. CARDWELL,
Carthage, Tenn.

Address all communications in regard to this department to Leslie A. Cardwell, Carthage, Tenn.

STAMP COLLECTING AND HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY STUDY.

Undoubtedly there is no hobby that is as inductive to the study of history and geography as that of stamp collecting. On the various stamps of a nation we see depicted the products of its farms and factories, its historical events and traditions, its art and literature, its illustrious men and women, its science and invention, and above all its government and religion.

When the true stamp collector looks upon these he naturally asks himself their meaning. This leads him to the study of that particular country, its location, people, language, history and religion. Thus it may be that stamp collecting aside from being a mere hobby, may be made of great use if the proper course of study is pursued in connection with it, and becomes not a mere hobby but a science.

When we are able to get owners of collections to interrogate themselves about their stamps, and the country from which they came, they will have attained the plane of true collectors and will be able to see that there is more to stamp collecting than the mere acquisition of stamps.

Every stamp collector who is a reader of this magazine is invited to send articles, clippings, etc., to this department for publication.

Commemorative Stamp.

The two-cent stamps commemorative of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, and showing the Half Moon and the Clermont with the Palisades in the background, evidence further progress towards a postage stamp picture gallery of American History. The Secretary of the Treasury has reason to envy the Postmaster General the greater latitude he enjoys in providing the public with official works of art.—Mehil's Numismatic Monthly.

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HINTS FOR FARMERS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Talk About Horses.

There is no kind of animal breeding that will pay better than the breeding of horses, but horses that will sell, not dunghills or misfits.

It will cost no more per pound to grow a colt than a calf.

Any good type of colt will sell for more per pound when three years old than a calf.

Unless a man is especially adapted by nature to handle horses he should raise only the draft breeds and sell them unhandled.

Style and finish count in the market value of draft horses as well as in coach or driving horses.

Truck teams used in the large cities are mated as carefully as coach teams.

Salt should be kept in the mangers. It is a purifier and a mild tonic.

If we would all feed more grain and less hay to our horses they would be better off, and so would we.

Of all things a horse hates to lie down in a filthy bed. By nature he is a cleanly animal. He is worthy of a good, clean bed every day that he lives.

Put a blanket on the driving horse now to keep his coat short and glossy.—Farm Journal.

Lice in the Henhouse.

A good disinfectant for painting the roosts for lice and mites is made as follows: Shave one cake of laundry soap into a pint of soft water; heat or allow to stand until a soap paste is formed; stir in one pound of commercial cresol and heat or allow to stand until the soap paste is dissolved; stir in a gallon of kerosene. Cresol is a coal tar product and may be obtained from the druggist. Care should be taken not to get any of it upon the hands or face, as it will cause intense smarting. For use as a lice paint apply undiluted.—Farm and Home.

Farmer's Pumpkin Pie.

Take two cupfuls of pumpkin that has been well cooked and mashed fine through a sieve after it has been squeezed dry. Add one cup of cream or rich milk, the well beaten yolks of four eggs, one cup of sugar, a teaspoonful each of salt, cinnamon and ground mace. Line a pie tin with a good rich crust rolled thin and fill with the above mixture. Grate a little nutmeg over the top and bake in a moderately hot oven until the custard is firm, but do not bake too long or it will separate. Beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth with half a cup of powdered sugar and when the pie is done and has cooled heap the meringue thus made over the top. Return to the oven a few minutes and brown a delicate color.

A Bacon Hint.

Soak bacon in milk for twenty minutes before frying it, then left it out and dip it in flour and fry in a hot frying pan sufficiently greased. The soaking in milk gives a fine consistency to the bacon, and the flour insures a crisp crust. After frying remove the bacon, pour off all grease and stir into the frying pan one or two tablespoonfuls of flour, gradually adding the milk the bacon was soaked in, and season with salt and pepper. When the sauce is thick pour it over the bacon and serve at once. This is excellent with hot spider corn cakes for breakfast.

Preventing Flow of Blood.

In cases where a wound has been inflicted which bleeds continuously tea dust will be found excellent to stop the flow of blood. Cover the wound thickly with the tea dust and bind a piece of cotton over it to keep it in place. Brown sugar is said by many persons to be excellent for stopping the flow of blood. When the blood has ceased to flow apply laudanum to the wound.

He Was Right on the Job.

Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin, millionaire philanthropist, was not an entertainer, but on one occasion he made



BEGAN TO KICK AT THE DONKEY.

the cloakrooms of the senate ring with laughter. He told a story of a circus that came to his long time home at Oshkosh. It was a regulation circus of the olden time, with only one ring. Everything was satisfactory to the plain people until the trick

donkey came into the ring and the clown vainly tried to ride him. Finally, when the clown offered \$10 to any one in the audience that could ride him, there staggered into the ring one of the regular circus performers disguised as a tramp. He pulled the donkey's tail, rolled on and off and began to viciously kick at the donkey. Then the ringmaster shouted for help, exclaiming:

"There's never a policeman around when he is wanted!"

"Well, dink off dot!" shouted a big fat policeman of the Oshkosh squad as he scrambled over the rope, grabbed the pretended tramp, knocked him over the head with his club and began to drag him out.

The ringmaster protested and tried to explain that it was all a part of the play, but the policeman was mad clean through. He held on to his prisoner and dragged him out, shouting angrily:

"Ven you asks where is not Oshkosh policemen, dey vos here?"



DRAGGED HIM OUT.

JUDGING A CIGAR.

The Only Real Way to Find Its Quality Is to Smoke It.

On no point is the average smoker so ill informed as that of judging a cigar. Nine times out of ten, upon being handed a cigar, he will hold it to his nose, unlighted, sniff at the wrapper with a critical air and deliver his verdict in a self-satisfied manner. This characteristic maneuver is always a source of amusement to any tobacco man who happens to observe it. There is only one way to ascertain the quality of a cigar, and that is to smoke it. No expert will pass judgment on a cigar until he has lighted it and smoked it well down toward the middle. The first and most important point upon which he bases his opinion is the "burn." Tobacco may have every other virtue, but if it does not hold the fire and burn evenly it is poor tobacco. Next in order of importance comes the aroma—the smoke must have a pleasing "smell;" next comes the flavor—the smoke must be smooth and not "scratchy" or bitter. Then there is the color—rich brown, indicating a ripe leaf, well cured—and last is workmanship—good if the wrapper is put on smoothly and the "bunch" is made so that the cigar "draws" freely and is neither too hard nor too spongy, bad if the reverse.—Bohemian Magazine.

When an Ostrich Kicks.

"The only safe place in the neighborhood of a kicking ostrich is just behind it," said a zoo-keeper. "An ostrich can kick a mule to death, but its kicks are delivered at an angle of 45 degrees. Within those 45 degrees, right abaft the 'pope's nose' of the hind, there is absolute safety. On the ostrich farms of California, when the herds are being driven, you will always see the ostrich boys holding on to the tails of bed kickers. The kickers tear along, and their scaly legs shoot out like piston rods, but the boys in the shelter of the pope's nose are safe."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A BIT OF CHRISTMAS

By C. E. WYMAN

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IT was Christmas morning and very, very cold. Every few minutes a trainman would come through the car, watching carefully a dial-faced thermometer and stopping to turn screws of the heating apparatus in persistent attempts to keep the pointing finger at 70 degrees.

Despite the discomfort of close air, which was none too warm at best, the passengers in the main wore joyous faces and didn't seem to consider the numerous packages and bundles an annoyance.

From a wayside station, which looked as if it had never been neighbor to any house where human beings lived, a poor little girl entered and dropped into a seat where an overcoat told that its owner was probably in the smoking car. The child did not notice this, and in her ignorance of travel it would have made no difference if she had. She might have been eight or ten years old, but that air of self-reliance was hers which poverty's child often acquires very young, yet there was nothing forward or "bold" in her appearance. Her dress was of the scantless—a thin cotton gown, barely concealing the lack of suitable underwear; a little worn shoulder shawl and a battered straw hat.

When the conductor appeared the hand was presented her half fare ticket was red with cold, but the small person looked to him a wonderfully frank face and confidently informed him that she was going to grandma's for Christmas and that the package she clutched in her other hand contained cookies for grandma.

The conductor smiled down at her. A pitying smile it was, as he thought

of his own well-fed, well-clothed children, with whom he expected to eat a late Christmas dinner when his run was over. The smile lingered on his face as he passed to the next seat and saw that its occupants had heard.

Two women sat in the seat, strangers to each other and as unlike as two persons made on the same general principles could be. One was tall, dignified, young, wrapped in costly furs, everything about her showing the person who never lacked money or leisure; the other, stout, jolly, elderly, comfortable—a kindly and well-to-do woman. The two had traveled miles and miles side by side with not a word passed between them.

Now both sat with eyes fixed on the forlorn bit of humanity in front of them. Suddenly the younger woman opened her traveling bag and took from it a soft gray shawl. It was at least two yards long and half as wide. Folding it together, she touched the little waif, saying in a low tone, "Stand up, my dear." The child obeyed wonderingly, and this woman in the costly furs placed the folded shawl around the small shoulders, crossed it in front and, bringing the ends to the back, pinned them securely.

"It is yours to keep," she whispered—"a Christmas present." Then, turning to the woman at her side, she said apologetically, "I really did not need it myself." There was a blink of tears in her eyes.

"Well, now," the older woman exclaimed in admiration, "you just set me to thinkin'! I'm really ashamed that I didn't think of doing something myself. Here, I've got two pairs of mittens for my grandson—just about her size—in my hand bag, and he can't wear out more than one pair this winter. Besides, I can knit another. It's nothing at all to knit mittens." She was busily undrawing the strings of an enormous silk bag, but her glasses were blurred, and her fingers were clumsy with haste.

"What's your name, little girl? Katie? Well, hold out your hands, Katie. My! Aren't they a good fit! There's another Christmas present to keep. And

here's a frosted cake. Just eat it right now, Katie. Your grandma won't need it, with all those you've got in your bundle."

The child again obeyed. She did not say, "Thank you." Possibly she did not know how, but she seemed to glow all over, and her eyes returned thanks even if her timid lips did not.

"I'm proud to know you, my dear," the roly poly, comfortable woman said now to the young lady, for she had been saying to herself all the while: "You're the right sort. I can see that."

"And I am proud to know you," the other responded, almost shyly offering her hand, which was quickly buried in a big, warm grasp. "We all long to be of service at Christmas time, you know."

At that instant the man of the overcoat sauntered in to resume his seat. He gave a low whistle of surprise at the happy little traveler next the window, glanced at the two women and comprehended the situation. His right hand made a quick dive into his trousers pocket as if to get some money. In another instant he withdrew it and reached up to the rack overhead and lifted down a large paper bundle. Taking the bundle across the aisle to an empty seat, he opened it and took out a smaller package from among many others. Untying this package, he brought to light a flaxen haired doll dressed in the latest style and resplendent in a large picture hat. This he placed in the little girl's arms, saying: "From my little daughter, who would rather you should have it." Then he lifted his hat courteously to the woman, took his overcoat on his arm and strode off to find a seat elsewhere. Rich little Katie!

FOR THE CHILDREN

A Quotation Bee.

This game is modeled after the old fashioned spelling bee, which used to be so popular and was always good fun.

Instead of words to spell, parts of sentences are given, and the leader of the party prepares in advance a long list of familiar quotations, proverbs, Mother Goose rhymes and the like.

One is teacher, and the rest sit in a row facing her. She gives out part of a quotation, instead of a word to spell, and the scholar must finish it out. The last half, instead of the first, may be given if the teacher chooses to make it a little more difficult.

Some very absurd attempts are made to give it correctly, as many people seem to take their knowledge in such matters for granted and are often very inaccurate. A time limit may be given for answering, and if the first scholar fails the question is then passed to the next. Those who miss go to the foot of the class; those who answer correctly "go up."

A book of familiar quotations or other suitable prize may be given the one answering the most quotations correctly.

The Grand Mogul.

This is a favorite old game, which can be played to pass the time on a journey or while walking out of doors as well as in the house.

"The grand mogul does not like 'E's,'" says one player. "What will you give him for dinner?" Each player answers in turn, but one of the dishes named may contain the letter E or the player using such a one must either "stand out" of the game or pay a forfeit. Thus the answer may be apricots, mutton or soup, but not apples, beef or potatoes.

Any letter may be chosen and continued till all fail, and the last one left is the winner.



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3. To prevent unfair exchanging between members.
4. To maintain a Bureau of Translation for all members who cannot translate their own card from foreign countries.

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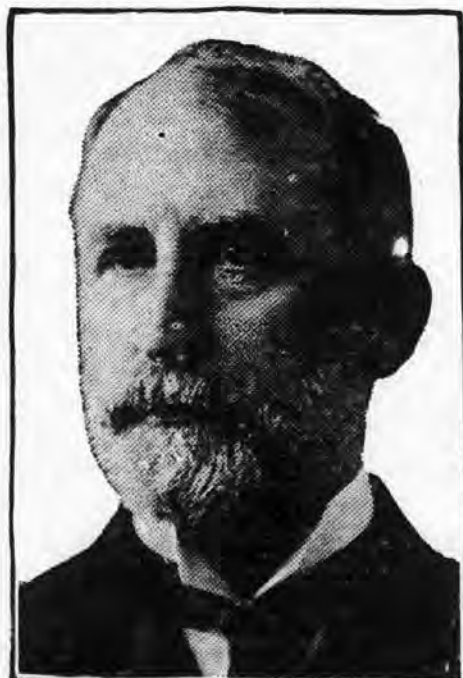
PEOPLE OF THE DAY

New York's New Mayor.

Judge William J. Gaynor, Democrat, recently elected mayor of New York city, will serve a term of four years from Jan. 1, 1910, unless the unforeseen happens. Although the head of its ticket was elected, Tammany lost the board of estimate, which controls the city's purse strings. The board of estimate is made up of members chosen by popular election, and has very great power.

Judge Gaynor did not receive a majority of the ballots cast, the combined vote of his two chief opponents, Otto Bannard, fusion, and William Randolph Hearst, Civic Alliance, far outnumbering that recorded for him.

Judge Gaynor is a native of New York state, is fifty-eight years old and has been on the bench nearly sixteen years. It has been said of him that never was there such a judge in Kings county for clearing up the calendar.



COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. PURDY, BOSTON—NO. 3.

His capacity for work is prodigious. His elevation to the supreme bench came about in this way. The Brooklyn ring of that day had decided that the county of Kings should pay \$1,500,000 for a waterworks. The waterworks were worth nothing like that, but they were to be bought from the machine itself. The deal was going through when Gaynor went to William Ziegler, a friend of his, and asked him to start a taxpayer's suit, retaining Gaynor as attorney. Ziegler lent his name and money to the cause, and Gaynor supplied the brains. As a result of the suit Brooklyn paid \$250,000 instead of \$1,500,000 for the waterworks. Then he attacked John Y. McKane, the "king of Coney Island," and sent him to state prison. Since then Judge Gaynor has been a power to reckon with.

A Well, Not an Ill, Wind.

They had been talking of tornadoes, hurricanes, cyclones and high winds generally. Each succeeding story had been more remarkable than its predecessors, but Amos James, acknowledged head of the town story tellers, had remained silent and attentive. With one accord all heads were at last turned in his direction.

"Speaking of winds," he said deliberately at last, rising as if to go and half yawning as he spoke—"speaking of winds, there was a mighty powerful one along in the middle of the night last summer when my wife and I were visiting at Henry's.

"It waked us out of a sound sleep, and we heard things rushing by in the air, but we lay there, not daring to get up and see what was happening for fear of being blowed right out through the window.

"Finally the wind passed on with a great swoop, and we fell off to sleep.

"When we woke up the next morning and looked out of the window, what d'you think we saw amongst other things? Henry's well had blowed right over the board fence and landed in the next yard, and the folks there was drawing water out of it, calm as you please."—Youth's Companion.

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"About the very last thing you'd imagine. They've been eating luncheon with the laborers working along the car track. And you might as well know the worst at once—they've been eating meat cooked in a shovel."

With a frantic vision of a hopelessly germ-riddled child, Stephen's mother called her interesting heir to speedy account.

"I didn't eat luncheon with any strange men," he indignantly persisted. "Those men are all my friends. And I didn't eat any meat cooked in a shovel either."

"What did you eat, then?"

"Only some gravy cooked in a shovel by one of the men." Then, perceiving the wild alarm in the maternal countenance, "But it was clean, all right, mother, for I saw the man wipe off the shovel with his hat before he poured in the gravy."

Love and Gold.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish statesman, had a great rival, Sergeant Tom Gould, pronounced Gold. Tom was a confirmed old bachelor, but when over eighty years of age proposed to and was accepted by a girl of eighteen. He announced his engagement to O'Connell in verse, concluding thus:

So you see, my dear Dan, that, though eighty years old,

A girl of eighteen fell in love with old Gould.

To which O'Connell replied:

That a girl of eighteen may love gold it is true;

But, believe me, dear Tom, it is gold without U.

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VOL. 2 JANUARY 1910 NO.8

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THE SPORTING WORLD

No British Polo Team Coming.

The Hurlingham polo committee at a meeting recently to consider the question of sending a polo team to the United States next season to try to regain the international polo cup won the past summer by the Meadowbrook team of Long Island, New York, decided against it. The meeting was secret, and the secretary was instructed not to give out any information regarding the action of the committee for the present, but it is understood that the difficulty in obtaining ponies was the main obstacle to the sending of a team to America. It was the opinion of the committee that plans for re-capturing the cup should have matured earlier in the year and that probably the project will be revived in 1910 in time to send a team across the Atlantic in 1911.

Murphy Biggest Turf Winner.

Tommy Murphy, with a bank account listing at almost \$60,000, tops the heap among the money winning drivers for the grand circuit season of 1909. The actual count shows Murphy the proud possessor of \$59,375, with Alonzo McDonald second, winning \$33,375. The veteran Ed Geers took third place with \$32,833. Many brilliant performances marked the season, which officially came to an end with the last race at the Lexington (Ky.) meeting.

Yost May Retire From Michigan.

Couch Fielding H. Yost of the Michigan university football team has given broad intimations that he will retire from football, at least at Michigan university, if the team fails to make good this year. Yost has been greatly hampered the past few seasons by university rules which have kept much of the best football material in the college out of athletics, and he is getting tired of it. His contract expires this season with the Minnesota game.

FAVORITE COMPANION.

Vol. 2.

January 1910.

No. 8

* **An American's Adven-** *
* **ture In England.** *

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I hear a number of Americans say they would like to live in England. I've lived in England, and I don't want to live there any more. In the first place, they have as many annoyances as we have, if not more. In the second, their methods of travel are antiquated, especially railroad travel.

While I was living in London I just thought I would like to see something that looked like virgin country. I'd lived in America, where I could hunt real game and catch fish. I don't mean murdering tame deer in a grove. I mean shooting a wild moose in a forest. I got stuck on the idea one day of going fishing in some of the streams near London. I borrowed some fishing tackle and took a train, getting out at a station where they told me there was a stream. And in the stream they led me to believe there were fish. In the last part they lied to me. There isn't any fish or game in England that doesn't belong to some one, usually to a big lord whose ancestors shot wild game and caught wild fish a thousand years ago.

I sat down by the side of that stream three mortal hours without seeing my cork bob once. Then I leaned my back up against a tree, still holding on to my rod, and went to sleep. I was awakened by a distant railway whistle, and it suddenly occurred to me to take the coming train to London. I jumped up in a hurry, reeled in my line and made for the station, just reaching it in time. There were a man

and a woman in the compartment. I took a farther corner and was settling myself to continue my nap when the woman got up and began to howl for the guard. He didn't come quick enough to suit her, and she pulled the cord. The train slowed up, and when the guard came along, trying to find out what was the matter, she cried: "Let me out! Let me out! Quick!" He opened the door, and she got into another compartment, the man also getting out at the same time.

The train went on, and I was wondering what had bothered them when I felt something tickle my wrist. I felt and caught a black ant. Then I saw that I was alive with them. They covered me from head to foot, crawled down my neck, up my sleeves and my trousers legs.

Well, there I was in one of those abominable English railway carriages, locked in and a myriad of ants getting between my clothes and my skin every second. If I'd been on a sensible American railway I'd have gone into the baggage car, stripped and shaken them off. However, there being no one but myself in the compartment, I started to get off my outer clothing. Taking off my coat, I shook it out of the window. Then I did the same with my trousers. While I was shaking the trousers the train struck a curve, gave a lurch, and I dropped my trousers.

I gasped for breath at my situation. It would have been bad enough in America, but in England, where the people are so afraid they'll see somebody with his clothing awry, the thought of people getting into the compartment with me, to hurry out on seeing my want of costume, and my arrival in London in that condition was truly horrible. At the first station several people started to come in, but I got rid of them. I pretended I was

insane, making the most frightful faces at them. At one station I saw a pretty girl coming, and before she got to the door I began to talk gibberish and laugh. It may seem funny, but I tell you there was nothing funny in it at the time. In this way I succeeded in driving people away, and at last, it being reported to the guard that there was an insane man in the compartment, he made sure that I couldn't escape.

When we reached the London station fully half the passengers who got off crowded around my compartment. Most of the men and some of the women waited while the authorities telephoned to an asylum for keepers to come and take me away. Of course I couldn't leave the car and go out before all these people with no trousers on my legs. I was ready to go to an insane asylum or anywhere else, provided they would cover me up. So I got as far back in the carriage as I could and waited.

When the officials came the guard unlocked the door, and a man came into the car.

"I'm not crazy," I said. "I've lost my trousers out of the window."

"That's all right," he said; "come along."

"Look at my legs! Do you want to take me out in this condition?"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, taking in the situation. Then to the man behind him he added, "Go to the ambulance and get some blankets."

When the blankets came he wrapped them around my legs, and the men carried me through the crowd to the ambulance, put me in and drove off. I was the happiest man in the three kingdoms.

On reaching the asylum I was carried into a room, where sat a wise looking doctor, and stood upon the floor before him. The blankets dropped from my legs, and there I was in my drawers. But the doctor was an Englishman, and an Englishman never smiles except at the wrong time. However, he listened to my story—I keep in my mind about being an American—

and when I asked him to send to my hotel for a pair of trousers he consented. He also sent for information about me, and when the trousers and an identification came he let me go.

F. TOWNSEND SMITH.

Another Heat Coming.

An Irishman had recently buried his wife. As he sat one evening disconsolate in the dooryard of his farmhouse a woman neighbor thought she'd play a joke on him. She came up behind him covered with a white sheet and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned from the ghost with a yell and started off across the fields on a run, followed by the woman. After a short



STARTED OFF ACROSS THE FIELDS.

run his breath failed him, and he staggered against a tree, panting. The woman, still dressed in the terrifying sheet, caught up with him here.

"Mike," says she, "we had a fine run, didn't we?"

"Yes," says Mike, with fear in his eye, "and begob we will have another as soon as I get me wind back."

FOR THE CHILDREN

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Novel Way to Crack a Nut.

Stick a sharply pointed knife with a heavy handle lightly into the lintel of a door and place under it on the threshold a nut so that when the knife is released the nut will be cracked.

To make sure that the knife shall hit the nut squarely hold a cup of water so that it will wet the handle of the knife and then remove it. The water will form in a drop on the handle and be precipitated in exactly the spot where the nut should be placed.

This and That.

A confederate is necessary for this trick. The one performing the trick goes out of the room, and the confederate agrees with the audience to touch a certain article. The person outside is recalled, and his confederate begins to question him. "Did I touch this music book?" "No." "Did I touch this table?" "No." "Did I touch that fork?" "Yes." The secret consists in saying the word "that" before the article touched instead of "this."

THE LITTLE GRAVE

Bocky is daddy's boy emphatically. They take rambles together, share confidences and popcorn impartially, and every place that daddy goes is Bocky sure to go, seeing the sights of the streets, taking excursions into mysterious regions and regarding with wonder and amazement the gorgeous and highly colored circus posters on the barns.

How warm it was that Sunday when daddy called a halt for a bivouac under the generous shade of the stately elm way out the Taylor mill road! It was in August, and the air was heavy. The locust and the cricket and the peevish rain crow were holding concerts of dissonance, and drowsiness was in the neighborhood. Here and there and everywhere ran Bocky, plucking the blossoms from weeds and the bloom from the clover, binding the plumes of the blue grass into garlands and crowning daddy with them, while in unbroken talk and laugh his pure, fresh voice played an obligato sweeter than flute could give. Suddenly the prattle ceased, and the little fellow stood looking up the pike, motionless, erect and rigid as a statue, his hands clasped and between them his little wooden dog.

Down the road three people were slowly walking with the stride, the manner, the dress and that indefinable something that belongs to the mountaineers and to them alone. First came a man of about thirty-five, tall, erect, spare and alert, his broad slouch hat of some color originally no doubt shading, but not concealing, eyes that had looked from birth on rust and mountain and tangled paths and mighty nature everywhere. They were stern eyes, yet kindly, true to the hand that pulled the trigger and never missed the revenuer on his hunt for moonshine stills and fees. Behind him was a woman, his wife, full ten years younger, clad in faded calico, her sun-bonnet thrown back to her forehead,

the strings between her lips; pale of countenance, high of forehead, eyes of blue and step as graceful and as light as the deer of her native mountains. Then came a little girl, bareheaded, barefooted, shy as a fawn, with eyes of the hawk and hair the color of the winter sun.

They sat down on the edge of the road just below daddy, who could see, but not be seen, and the woman sighed, then, throwing back her bonnet, looked listlessly round her until her eyes rested on Bocky. For a moment there passed lingeringly over her face the evidence of the pain that comes only from remembrance of the dead. Then, rising, she stretched out her arms to Bocky, who, half started, partly poised himself on one foot and shot a glance in the direction of daddy. As a flash the mountaineer was on his feet, one arm outstretched across the woman's breast as though to warn her back. But the woman's heart knew better. Softly stepping forward and with her arms outstretched, with shining tears raining down her cheeks and a smile of heartbreaking sadness, she stood in front of Bocky and, falling on her knees, clasped him to her breast and kissed him again and again, while he, half frightened at first and gently striving to disengage himself, at last gave tear for tear and, kissing her, broke from her embrace and ran to daddy with quivering lips and eyes all dimmed.

"Hit wuz we ups' one little boy she are a-thinkin' of," said the mountaineer in the slow and grave speech of his people, placing one long, brown and nervous hand on the woman's shoulder. "She keeps a-thinkin' of him all the day long, an' I"— And he looked into the face of his wife, whose body swayed and rocked after the fashion of women in grief, and silence came upon us all, and no one broke it for a time.

"He were jus' risin' of three year," continued the man slowly. "An' then he died an' were buried on Tygart, an' Mandy lowed she couldn't stay no longer an' little Alvin gone. An' so w'en Mandy's sister—her 't lives nigh

Shelbyville, in Indianny—sent word ez how she'd be mighty glad to comfort Mandy, w'y, she—that's Mandy—wuz all for goin', an' so we uns packed up an'"— But there came a choking in his voice, and he turned away and looked across the valley in the direction of his mountain home.

And still the woman kneeled in the tall grass and moaned and swayed her body and looked not on her little daughter, but on Bocky, with that unutterable agony of affection a mother bears within her breast for her dead. And he? God bless him again and make us all even as little children, watering our dry and cankered hearts into the freshness and beauty of the hearts of the little ones!

What strange intelligence from the heart of the grief stricken mother through her dimming eyes told Bocky the story of the little grave on Tygar? With the fearless love of childhood he stretched out one little hand—the hand that held the little black wooden dog, his pet and special treasure—and gently laid it in the mother's hand and then, with face all glowing, ran past daddy and on to the road, his eyes turned homeward, while the mother, blessing him and passionately kissing the gift of childhood, moaned out, "My baby boy, my baby boy!" and raised her hands to heaven and blessed and blessed him again.

As daddy and Bocky passed down the pike no shadows fell, but all was shining as though an angel's wing had glorified the valley, and on the hillside stayed the three—the tall figure of the mountaineer with one hand resting on the head of his little daughter, the other on the shoulder of the weeping mother who had been comforted.

Rich:

"He is a villain of the deepest dye."

"Is he?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is one comfort."

"What is it?"

"It is diamond dye."

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Published the 15th of each month.

A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of collectors of stamps, post cards, coins, curios, etc. Official organ of the World Post Card Exchange Club.

Subscriptions.

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EDITORIAL

With this issue the Favorite Companion makes its first appearance on the new year.

We will try to make this magazine more interesting from month to month, publishing interesting stories, jokes, etc. and adding new departments. We would like to hear from our subscribers in regard to an improvement in the magazine.

If you are not a subscriber to this magazine, send in your subscription today and receive premium.

Her Usual Line of Talk.

A certain Louisville social leader, whom we will call Mrs. Fayette County, to avoid identifying her, was told by her husband over the telephone that he would bring a number of guests home to dinner. The party was altogether unexpected, and in all the house, which has become noted for the generous and sumptuous dinners spread in it, there was not enough food.

Mrs. County got busy at once and instructed her cook to order certain supplies while she planned the rest of the dinner. A little later Mrs. County happened in the room where the telephone was and was horrified to hear the cook talking ferociously into the telephone, something as follows:

"An' Ah want six dozen sof' shell crabs, an' ef yo' doan get dem up here mighty quick A'll skin every one of ye, ye low down— 'Who is dis? Dis is Mrs. Fayette County, dat's who dis is, and Ah means ebery word Ah say."

"Maudy," cried the mistress, "what do you mean? You must not."

"Law'sy," returned the cook, "that's all right, Miss Fay, Ah talks to 'um like dat for yo' all de time."—Louisville Times.

Passion and Reason.

We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self love. Passion weeps while she says, "I did not deserve this from him." Reason, while she says it, smooths her brow at the clear fountain of the heart.—Walter Savage Landor.

Dignity.

A certain little girl is very dignified. One morning she hung about the kitchen continually, bothering the busy cook to death. The cook lost patience finally.

"Clear out o' here, ye sassy little brat!" she shouted, thumping the table with a rolling pin.

The little girl gave the cook a haughty look.

"I never allow any one but my mother to speak to me like that," she said.

Modern Stamp Club.

President—Van Ness Clark, Dansville, New York.

Secretary and Treasurer—Alvin Vandermast, Monroe, Iowa.

Official Organ—Favorite Companion.

Dues—25c per year United States, Canada and Mexico. Foreign, 50c per year.

Object.

1. To promote the collecting of stamps.
2. To publish the names of collectors and dealers who are members of this club.

Rules and Regulations.

1. All members to receive official organ for one year.
2. All notices must be sent in to the secretary by the 20th of each month or will be held over to the next issue.
3. All members who do not deal honestly will be expelled from club.

Representatives.

Iowa: Alvin Vandermast, Monroe, Iowa.
Illinois: L. Grimsland, 1403 N. 43rd Ave., Chicago, Ill.

There shall be representatives in each state, and shall hold office as long as they are members of club.

Commission of 5c on new members in United States, and 10c on each foreign

Membership List.

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2. Chester H. Lucas, 2 Veranda St. Portland, Maine.
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HINTS FOR FARMERS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

About Molasses Feeds.

The so called molasses feeds which are now appearing in our market in great number are a somewhat new thing in the feeding stuffs trade. Unfortunately most of them cannot be commended as being compounded wholly out of good materials. A careful study of several brands both this year and in 1908 reveals the presence in most of these feeds of a great variety of weed seeds, sometimes in generous proportions. Other inferior materials are also present. While oat hulls, oat glumes, weed seeds and straw are found in the mixtures, no attempt is made to indicate the source of these inferior ingredients, and it is difficult to give the proportions in which they are present. They may have in part been introduced as such, but in general this promiscuous combination of such materials shows the use of such wastes as mill screenings, mill sweepings, etc. Indeed, some manufacturers do not deny the use of these mill wastes. The brewery by-products that are used in many brands often contain an appreciable quantity of weed seeds.—Country Gentleman.

The Horse's Teeth.

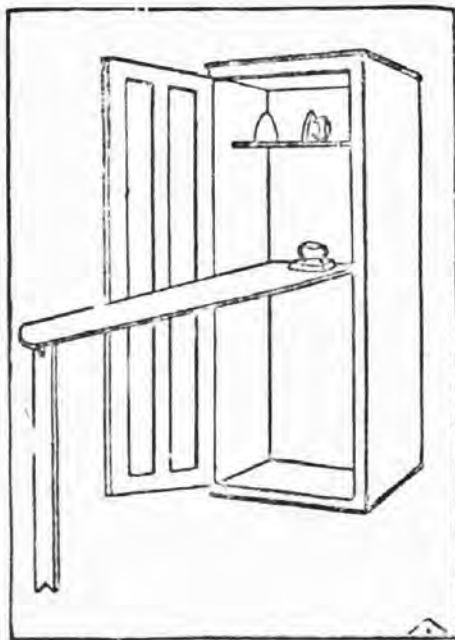
Examine the horse's teeth frequently and find if they are in a good condition for grinding the feed. Many horses lose flesh and are in poor health simply because their teeth are too uneven for proper grinding of the feed. A veterinarian can file them to the proper shape.

Grain For the Colt.

A fair allowance of grain for the colt, measured in oats, is as follows: Up to one year of age, two to three pounds; one to two years of age, four to five pounds; two to three years of age, seven to eight pounds.—New England Homestead.

An Ironing Cabinet.

A Philadelphia man has invented a cabinet which holds the boards, irons and all the other incidental paraphernalia. This cabinet is a tall, narrow affair which does not take up much room and will scarcely be noticed in the corner. In the top is a shelf to hold irons, while on the inner sides are runways with slides operative in them. One end of an ironing board is pivoted to the runner carried be-



IRONING CABINET

tween the slides, and on the other end of the board is pivoted a supporting leg. When the board is to be used the closer door is opened, and it is swung out into place. The irons and wax are there ready to hand, and there is practically no time lost in getting ready. Another advantage of this cabinet is the fact that it is not necessary to clear the kitchen table to get a space to support one end of the board.

Abbreviating a Name.

One member of congress employs in writing a perplexing system of abbreviation, which might be termed a combination of short and long hand.

Some of his colleagues were one day speaking of his craze for brevity, when one said: "Blank has certainly brought his system to a fine point, but there was a chap in my state, Kentucky, who distanced all competitors in this respect. His name was Will Kuott, and so keen was his mania for abbreviation that in writing to friends he invariably subscribed himself 'Won't.'"

Waked Him Up.

John Kendrick Bangs, the author, once attended a political meeting at which he was the third speaker, following two local spellbinders to whom the crowd listened patiently in anticipation of the "big gun" of the occasion.

The evening was warm, and while the second speaker was holding forth a fat man, occupying a seat directly in front of the stage, yielded to the somniferous influences and snored loudly.

"That's one on you," chuckled Mr. Bangs to his fellow orator as the latter closed his peroration and retired to his seat at the rear of the stage. "Now watch me wake him up!"

Sure enough, scarcely was Mr. Bangs well under way before the fat man opened his eyes, stared wildly for an instant and bolted for the door!—Lippincott's.

Still in Love.

A happily married woman who had enjoyed thirty-three years of wedlock and who was the grandmother of four beautiful little children had an amusing old colored woman for a cook.

One day when a box of especially beautiful flowers was left for the mistress the cook happened to be present, and she said, "Yo' husband send you all the pretty flowers you gits, miss,?"

"Certainly my husband, umummy," proudly answered the lady.

"Gibery!" exclaimed the cook. "He sutently am holdin' out well."

Safeguarding Crime.

It is inexplicable how those pessimistic carpers who are accustomed to hit all the minor chords with the loud pedal on can fail to see all about them the unmistakable signs of progress and the reddening dawn of a new day in the social yeast. And especially is this true in matters pertaining to crime. There is no doubt that the general standards of crime have been immeasurably raised of late. Nowadays a man can do almost anything and get away with it, provided he can arouse the sympathy of the special lady writers and pay the experts. Ah, brothers, who can say that all this does not make for the general uplift? How can we hope to realize the better things of life until crime has been made perfectly safe?—Life.

Sea Air.

At a meeting of the French Therapeutical society M. Laumonier showed that the therapeutic effect of sea air on the coast is quite different from that of the open sea—i. e., twenty or thirty miles out. On the coast the effect tends toward excitement and congestion and, moreover, is irregular in its action. Out at sea it is tonic and regulating, and in addition the patient gets quiet, a regular life and a continuous bath of pure air. These advantages are not so patent on board great liners on account of the vibration and the smell from the engines, but on a sailing ship they are evident.

The Idiotic Affair.

Irate Parent—AM I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that imbecilious young ass, Lord Bilaris? Poor Daughter (very sweetly)—Only you, papa!—Illustrated Bits.

For Good.

It never seems to occur to persons who are getting married that they ought to take each other for good as well as for better or worse.—Philadelphia Record.

World

Post Card Exchange Club.

Organized in June, 1908.

- H. GRIMSLAND, Sec'y and Treas.,
1403 N. 43d Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- ALOIS VEDERNJAK, Translator,
243 E. 84th St., New York, N. Y.

Object.

1. To promote the collecting of Souvenir Cards with collectors in all parts of the world.
2. To publish a list of reliable collectors of Post Cards, who are members of this club.
3. To prevent unfair exchanging between members.
4. To maintain a Bureau of Translation for all members who cannot translate their own card from foreign countries.

Rules and Regulations.

1. Persons joining this club will be given a number which should be placed on all cards sent out.
2. Members should send a post card for every one received.
3. Do not send cheap or vulgar cards.
4. Any member failing to return a card will be expelled on the complaint of three members.
5. All members receive the Official Organ and have their name inserted in the Exchange List one year.
6. All notices and new memberships must be received by the 25th of the month or otherwise will be held over for the next issue.
7. Members should write their name and address and number when sending out cards.
8. Members should always enclose 2-cent stamp for return postage when writing to the translator.

Dues.

United States, Canada and Mexico, 25c per year. Foreign, 50c; 2½ francs, 2 shillings, 2 marks, 2½ lire, 1 yen, 1½ rupees, 1 ruble, 2¼ pesetas, 1¼ florins, 1 milreis, 10 piastres, 2 kronas.

Representatives.

Wanted, in every state in the Union and in every country in the world—A commission of 5 cents will be given for every member secured. Send to the Secretary for Application Blanks.

PENNSYLVANIA.—W. J. Dormalley,
4049 N. 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Theodore Evans,
22 Emerson St., So. Boston, Mass.

DENMARK.—H. Nielsen,
Christiansgade 29, Aarhus, Denmark.

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If you are not a member of this club and would like to exchange pretty cards with members, join this club today. If you are a member and your membership expires, renew today.

Free—5 Beautiful Colored Post Cards of Chicago, with views of buildings and parks, etc., to every new membership or renewal. **Join today!**

Members, try at least, to secure a member to the club by next month. Application blanks furnished by the secretary on request. Five cents commission on each member secured.

Have received several complaints from members who have sent cards out and have not received any in return. These who have failed to do so, kindly see to it at once.

Let us be more prompt in the future.

I wish to report that the following memberships expire with this issue of the Favorite Companion:

Members Nos. 3, 12, 19, 20, 21.

Members Nos. 22, 24, 25, 26.

Renew your membership at once or else your name will be omitted from the list.

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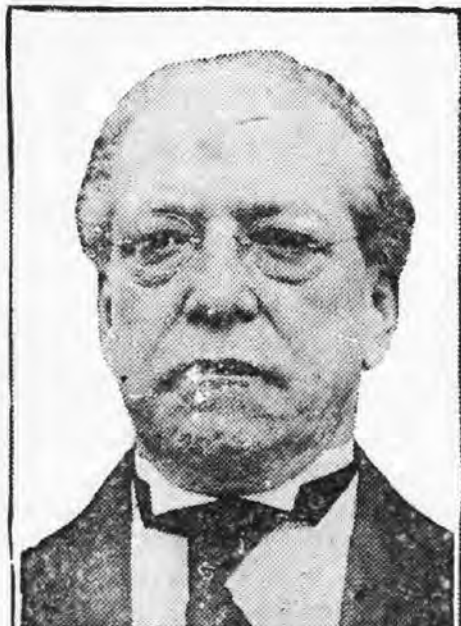
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52. S. L. Bell, P. O. Box 238 Lexington, Kentucky
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54. Ray C. Bower, P. O. Box 82, Glenoe, Ohio.
Postal on birthday, April 1.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

The Gompers Contempt Case.

According to the decision recently rendered by the court of appeals of the District of Columbia, the jail sentences imposed by Justice Wright of the District of Columbia supreme court on President Samuel Gompers, Vice President John Mitchell and Secretary Frank Morrison of the American Federation of Labor for contempt of court are approved. Gompers was sentenced to serve one year, Mitchell nine months and Morrison six months. The case will be appealed to the supreme court of the United States.

The contempt proceedings grew out of an action taken by the Buck's Stove and Range company of St. Louis to compel the American Federation of Labor from maintaining a boycott



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SAMUEL GOMPERS.

against it. A temporary restraining order, afterward made permanent, was issued against the federation. The federation continued to keep the St.

Louis concern on its "we don't patronize" list, and the company instituted proceedings to adjudge Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, as active officers of the federation, in contempt of court. Justice Wright of the District of Columbia supreme court adjudged them guilty and imposed the jail sentences.

Samuel Gompers is an Englishman by birth, fifty-nine years old and came to this country at the age of thirteen. He is a cigarmaker by trade and joined the union labor movement in his youth. The principal activity of Mr. Gompers and the work with which his name is most intimately associated are the creation and development of the American Federation of Labor. This organization was formed in 1881. From the beginning Mr. Gompers was prominent in its development. In 1882 he was elected president and from 1885 onward has annually been re-elected with the exception of one year.

A Tragedy at the Parsonage.

A present of a pair of chickens to a country parsonage where there were a large family and a small income was an event, and the youngest two children (who were usually put to bed with a simple meal) were promised a share in the family treat; but, unfortunately, two neighboring ministers dropped in, and the children's mother had to compromise with the little people. A promise of candy pinned them to wait until the older people were through.

At the table the chicken was fast disappearing, when the door, which had been suspiciously creaking for some time, was flung wide open. Two faces glared at the visitors, while two childish voices shouted in unison: "Go ahead; that's right! Eat it all up, hogs!"

The Decisive Battles.

Some married men will contend that "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the Word" will never be complete until a few domestic scraps are added to the volume.—London Telegraph.

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L. A. CARDWELL,

Carthage, Tenn.

No Drums In the Middle Ages.

As we come to the middle ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that at first the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practiced for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten, for what there is left to us of the music of the middle ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent.

In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the east. Various kinds of drums, tambourines and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.—St. Nicholas.

An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp.

"What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two-cent stamp does not always spur one on to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondent alive is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."—New York Press.

Condemnation.

"What do you think of members of European aristocracy as sons-in-law?" asked the old time friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Currox, "the way their relatives boss them around indicates that they ought to make easy husbands."—Washington Star.

Kindly mention the Favorite Companion when writing to advertisers.



Sample Copy.

FAVORITE COMPANION

VOL. 2 FEBRUARY 1910 NO.9

CONTENTS

The Young Intercessor.

By Howard Fielding.

Stamp Department.

World Post Card Exchange Club.

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THE SPORTING WORLD**Billings Back on Turf.**

The purchase of Uhlan, 2:32½, by C. K. G. Billings for \$35,000 means nothing less than the return of that gentleman to the matinee turf, on which he shone so brilliantly a few years ago with his famous stable that was composed of such as Lou Dillon, 1:58½; Major Delmar, 1:59¾, and a dozen others.

Mr. Billings recently returned home from his wonderful tour of Europe, where he raced Lou Dillon and other members of his stable. His trip in Europe had a wonderful effect in stimulating interest in light harness sport abroad.

Uhlan, who is a five-year-old, has lost but one race in his career, and this was to Hamburg Belle recently.

Mr. Billings' only other horse in training is Berta Mac, 2:08, a mare that raced well in California a year ago. He will also start her, and the chances are that he will ride her under saddle for a record.

Ewry Has Crick In His Back.

Ray Ewry, the world's champion in the standing jumps, lacks endurance. It is a fact cheerfully acknowledged by Ewry. He seriously strained his back in jumping at the London Olympic games and was obliged to rest a year. In August he started to get into condition. As soon as he began to jump Ewry found the old spring was in his legs. His first two efforts were almost up to his best form, but after that he found it hard to do anything like his best. Ewry will keep on training all winter and says that by next year he hopes to be able to "hold the youngsters to a few scattered hits."

At the indoor championships Ewry jumped eleven feet in the standing broad jump without trouble. This is within five inches of his own world's record, so it is easily seen that the "human kangaroo" will be in wonderful form again with a year's conditioning.

FAVORITE COMPANION.

Vol. 2.

February 1910.

No. 9

THE YOUNG INTERCESSOR.

A Lass Who Faced Washington to Save Her British Lover.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Thomas Lynde was a patriot in the days of 1776, but fate denied him the pleasure of fighting for his country.

He had been crippled by an accident, so that one of his legs was shorter than the other and had to be made even with a sort of stilt, upon which he trudged about vigorously enough for the purposes of business, but not for those of war.

He was a merchant in New York, and he stayed there, never concealing his sentiments, constantly persecuted, yet managing to live through it all and even to retain his liberty up to the winter of 1782, which was not many months before the final departure of the British power from the city.

So he must have possessed a measure of shrewdness with his obstinacy and a spirit not to be crushed by affliction.

He had a daughter, Marjory, who had inherited her mother's beauty and her father's indomitable courage, perhaps some of his obstinacy as well, for when there came at last a difference of opinion between them she did not yield even to his iron will.

The cause of this difference was a handsome young officer of the guards, a soldier of the King, and therefore in

the eyes of Lynde a natural enemy. But he was not a natural enemy in the eyes of Marjory. He was an officer and a gentleman, doing his duty as his conscience commanded and his circumstances permitted.

Marjory was a patriot, but she was a woman, and it seemed reasonable enough to her that Captain Asgill should be a good man, while every other British soldier was an abhorred invader and the minion of a tyrant.

She was not swayed by personal preference for Captain Asgill, she assured her father, but simply by her sense of justice.

It was inconceivable to Lynde that his daughter could love a redcoat. She had seen her mother fade and perish from the mere stress of their intolerable situation, as much a victim of the horrors of war as any soldier slain in battle. Her two brothers had served in the patriot armies, and one had died of sickness and the other of a wound.

But Marjory knew or felt that Captain Asgill was not responsible for these ills, or at least she could not feel that he was, and she did not relinquish his acquaintance despite her father's wish.

Captain Asgill did not visit her, because he knew Lynde's sentiments, which he hoped to overcome, but there were two or three homes in the narrow circle of Marjory's social life where Asgill by the exercise of a lover's ingenuity could see her now and then in the company of others.

Upon a certain evening in April he came hurriedly to her house. Marjory saw him entering by the gate, and she knew by his manner and indeed by his mere presence there that no ordinary errand had brought him.

She met him in the hall, the broad

door being open and the full moon shining in upon her, and a pretty girl in the moonlight was the same a hundred years ago or a thousand.

A sudden impulse of tenderness swayed Asgill uncontrollably. He extended both hands and drew Marjory toward him, and at that moment Thomas Lynde stumped out into the hall.

The scene was very brief, and Marjory was banished at the beginning.

The next minute, as it seemed to her, Asgill was gone, and she did not know why he had come or what he had meant to say or do.

"I gave him his walking papers," said Thomas Lynde and added grimly: "Now it remains to be seen what he will do to me. That young rascal has influence, my girl. He would like me out of the way perhaps."

One week later Lynde was arrested and imprisoned by order of the board of royalists, and Marjory was left in terrifying loneliness, utterly helpless, so far as any attempt to rescue her father was concerned, and very scantily informed as to his situation.

Any prisoner was in peril. So much she knew. And this knowledge was presently made doubly sure by the atrocious murder of Captain Joshua Huddy, an American officer who was taken from the military prison in New York by a party of soldiers under the infamous Lippincott and hanged as an act of vengeance for the death of one White, a plundering guerrilla.

Lippincott placarded the body with the line, "Up Goes Huddy For Philip White," words which were soon on every lip and were excellently calculated to haunt the minds of those whose loved ones lay in danger.

Marjory knew of only one man who could advise or help her in this emergency, and that was Captain Asgill, but what had become of him? No word had come to Marjory from him. Those whom she could ask, with any hope of news, had heard that he had left the city, whither and upon what errand they could not say.

The girl's position was utterly wretched. That hand clasp in the



THOMAS LYNDE STUMPED OUT INTO THE HALL.

moonlight had awakened her heart, but to what end? Would he have declared his love for her? Would he have pledged his faith? Tender thoughts of him would surge up within her, and then—his disappearance, his silence, what could they mean? Her father's prophecy rang in her ears.

It had been speedily fulfilled, and the mere suggestion which her soul repelled that Asgill had had any hand in that calamity was madness in the silence of sleepless nights.

Upon a day in May there came to her a British soldier in tattered garments bearing a letter from Captain Asgill.

Supposing his situation to be already known to her, he had made no effort to prepare her mind. The poor girl read the words of tenderness with which the letter began, and her heart sank. Then in an instant the fatal news flashed through her like a bullet.

Captain Asgill was under sentence of death. The words of love he sent to her were the first and the last.

"I crowd all my facts into these opening lines," he wrote, "because I know not how long a time I have before the secret messenger who will bear this comes to me. When he comes he cannot wait. It will be a tap at the window, and I must cease.

"I came to you that evening to say goodby, being ordered upon a mission of some danger, which in fact led to my capture.

"I had loved you from the first, but did not mean to speak so soon. My heart overmastered me. Would you have listened? I know not and never can know in this world.

"I beg of you to think of me as a man of honor, who would have laid at your feet my name, my hopes, all that was mine to give. My whole life was yours then, when I counted it in years, as now, when only days remain.

"You will have heard of the mischance which has befallen me. You may even have better information than mine, but I am told this—that General Washington demanded Captain Lippincott to be tried as a murderer for the death of Captain Huddy; that Sir Henry Clinton refused the demand; that General Washington thereupon summoned a council of officers, by whom it was decided that a British prisoner of suitable rank should be chosen by lot to expiate the crime of Lippincott, if crime it was.

"The lot fell to me, and I rest, therefore, under sentence of death. The time and place unknown to me as yet.

"My name may be much blown about the country for a little while, and it is better for your father's sake that yours should not be joined with it.

"I have therefore refrained from communicating with you through open

means allowed to me, not knowing under whose eyes my words might fall, but heaven's kindness has sent me this secret means, which I seize upon with gratitude."

The concluding portion of the letter dealt with certain perils which he foresaw for herself and her father and pointed out the proper course for the to pursue.

"I have small influence with Sir Henry Clinton," he continued, "but much with Sir Guy Carleton, who will succeed him. In fact, I have acted for some time under private instructions from Sir Guy, an old time friend of my father, Sir Charles Asgill.

"At need, show him these lines. I would send some words to him upon my own account if the time sufficed, but it does not."

The letter closed with many words of love, and Marjory clasped it to her breast and sat for a long time motionless.

Then she arose and went about an odd task, putting a small supply of food into a little satchel, and, with that in her hand, she left the house.

Upon the second day thereafter she had come to that quaint old house with the broad roof and the low eaves at Verplank's point, upon the Hudson, the headquarters of Washington.

Now, at that time the affair of Captain Asgill was much upon the mind of Washington, and when he was informed that a young woman sought him upon some plea connected with that matter he gave orders that she be brought before him.

He was provided with extremely full and accurate information about Asgill, and no such name as Marjory Lynde appeared upon the record.

If she came to plead for Asgill it was likely that she was a spy of Clinton's and her plea a fraud.

When Marjory was brought into Washington's presence he was impressed by her youthful beauty, but more by a certain rapt and trance-like expression of her face, as though she were suffused with some strong controlling spiritual influence.

When bidden to speak she asked for the life of Captain Asgill simply, directly and with no waste of words.

"And what is he to you?" asked Washington.

"He is to be my husband," she replied.

This ran counter to Washington's information and was precisely the story which would have been put upon the lips of a spy.

The general looked keenly at this blue eyed, slender girl who faced him so calmly.

"The fate of Captain Asgill rests not with me, but with the congress," he said. "Nevertheless my wish might have its weight. What has led you to believe that I would intercede for him?"

"My mother is dead," said Marjory. "My two brothers are dead. My father, stubborn to the last, has suffered hardships and persecutions and the loss of everything, and he is now in prison by the order of the loyalists. He cannot survive it. His strength will not suffice. I shall never see him again. And when I learned that the only other person on earth who loves me and whom I love had been condemned to die by mere chance and for no wrong that he had done the feeling came upon me that this passed beyond the boundaries of God's justice, beyond what he would permit. I feel it surely in my heart." And she laid her clinched hand upon her breast. "It needed only for me to do my part, which I have done. I have come to you."

This appeal, uttered with that peculiar power which comes from complete spiritual conviction, affected Washington powerfully, but he was still in doubt.

"In Captain Asgill's circumstances," said he, "it would be natural to ask leave to communicate with his betrothed. Permission would have been granted, but it has not been asked."

She drew Asgill's letter from her bosom.

"A soldier brought me this," said she. "I beg you to read it."

"A soldier?" he asked, surprised.

"A British soldier. He had been a prisoner."

"My child," said Washington, "you have done me a considerable service."

"I beg you to read the letter," said she again, and Washington read.

"This would touch any human heart," he said. "There is more in it than even you perceive."

He reflected for a moment and then resumed:

"I am about to tell you a secret. The opportunity to send this was not an accident; it was contrived by me. I desired that Captain Asgill should communicate with Carleton; it suited my plans. And, upon the other hand, the representations which Captain Asgill could have made were the surest possible means for saving his own life. And this he well knew. 'Some words upon my own behalf,' he writes. My child, they were life to him. But he believed that he had but the one chance to write and only a few minutes for the work, and he preferred to save his honor with you and to serve your interests and those of your father.

"Lift up your hand and pledge me secrecy in the sight of heaven. This man of honor and sentiment shall not die in the place of such a wretch as Lippincott. You have well said that God's justice will not permit it. I give you my promise that if I myself am spared for a sufficient time Captain Asgill shall not die."

The rest is history.

Captain Asgill remained under sentence of death, but the popular outcry was unavailing to drive him to the scaffold.

In June, still under sentence, he was admitted to parole and was for some time in Philadelphia, where Marjory was with her father, whose release she had secured—partly, no doubt, through influence exerted in his favor by Washington.

In Philadelphia the lovers met and plighted their vows and won a somewhat grudging consent from Thomas Lynde.



"I BEG YOU TO READ THE LETTER."

All through the summer Agill remained in his strange position, practically a free man, yet under the shadow of the gallows. But a powerful hand protected him and guided his affairs, and in the autumn he was freed finally from all restraints, and he and Marjory were married very happily.

True Religion.

True religion grows more and more anxious to declare that religion is not something foreign to humanity; that it is simply the fullest utterance of human life; that all human life which is not religious falls below itself.—Phillips Brooks.

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If an X appears in the square it means that your paid in advance subscription expires with this number, and for you to renew at once or it will be discontinued.

EDITORIAL

Here we are again and here the February issue meets with your approval.

We intend to publish several interesting stories in every issue of this magazine. Jokes and different topics of interest to our subscribers will also be published.

We would like to hear from our subscribers in regard to what they like best and to the improvement of this magazine.

Don't fail to read the Big Story this month; you will like it. Another next month; also others.

We wish to announce that the subscription price to this magazine will be advanced to 25c per year by the first of June, 1910. If your subscription expires, renew today and don't miss the Favorite Companion.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Clap In, Clap Out.

An old but favorite game is "clap in, clap out."

To play it the boys should all be sent out of the room and the chairs arranged in a line—one chair for each girl. The boy requested is brought in, but only a vacant line of chairs confronts him. Suddenly the doorkeeper claps her hands, and up behind the chairs rise a line of white ghosts. The boy walks up and down the room and finally chooses a chair. If it happens to be the chair of the girl who has asked for him he must remain there until all the chairs are filled. If it is not the right chair the ghosts shriek and clap their hands, and the boy is glad to escape from the room. Again the girls request a boy, and the game continues as before.

Why the Squirrels Are Red.

Once, it is said, there was a squirrel that did not like its home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. Its papa squirrel had long gray whiskers and was so wise, besides which he would shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel: "My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things any one of which you could do—leave it or change it or suit yourself to it. Any one of these would help you in your troubles."

But the little squirrel said: "Oh, I do not want to do any of those. I would rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.—Farm Press.

BIG MAIL DIRECTORY.

Your name and address inserted in this column three times for 10 cents. You will receive a big mail—samples of mail order goods, magazines, books, post cards, stamps, catalogues, pictures, etc.

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HINTS FOR FARMERS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

The Small Farm.

The small farm is gaining in all sections of the south and southwest, and the most reliable class of farmers to-day are those who take a few acres and make the most it is possible on them. In the southwest the big ranches are being cut up into quarter section farms, and in many localities the large farms are being divided into smaller ones. Intensive cultivation, or what may be better styled constructive farming, is becoming the dominant note of our agriculture.—Farm and Ranch.

Farm Notes.

Treat the cow kindly. This requires no cash outlay.

It's hard to make a man believe he owns a poor cow.

The cow and the hen have kept starvation from many a door.

Use the milk pails and cans for no other purpose than to hold milk.

Yearly cow tests are becoming more and more popular. Try them yourself.

Twenty acres of corn put into the silo will supply thirty head of thrifty cows for a year.

Sound Shoulders.

How many a draft horse do we see laboring along with the farmer's burden, his shoulders raw and aching under the collar and the owner oblivious to it all. This is an unnecessary evil and is the result of carelessness and neglect. A few preventive measures when the heavy work starts will allow the horse greater ease and enable him to do better work. Above all, keep the shoulders clean. A good washing and rubbing when the collar is removed and the shoulders hot and chafed will seldom be followed by those damaging sores which detract so much from his value and usefulness. See that the collar fits and that there are no cracks or rough edges to chafe the skin. A horse's flesh is not armored in sheet iron.—Farmer.

Baked Cabbage.

Soak a cabbage in cold water for an hour, adding a little salt to the water. Cut the cabbage into quarters and boil in two waters. Drain, cut the cabbage fine, grease a pudding dish and put a layer of the cabbage in the bottom of it. Cover this layer with a well seasoned white sauce and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Add more cabbage and more sauce until the dish is full. Have the top layer of crumbs and bake for half an hour.

Sausage Cakes.

Mash finely cold potatoes in a good sized bowl and mix in sausage meat enough to make it tasty, according to amount of potatoes. Mix well together, add a little salt and pepper and a small lightly beaten egg. Make two round cakes, cover with breadcrumbs and fry a golden brown. No fat is required for frying, as the sausage is enough. It makes a tasty dish for supper and is a nice one for leftover potatoes.

Grapes For Winter Use.

Carefully selected fruit may be laid away and kept very easily until February and March. Select large fruit that is full, ripe, but not too soft. Remove all loose grapes and lay the fruit in boxes in this way: Line the bottom of the box with paper, then lay in the grapes, taking care that the bunches do not crowd or overlap. On this layer place another thickness of paper and another layer of the fruit and so continue until the box is full. Cover the top thickly with paper, tucking it well in around the sides.

Pickled Silver Skin Onions.

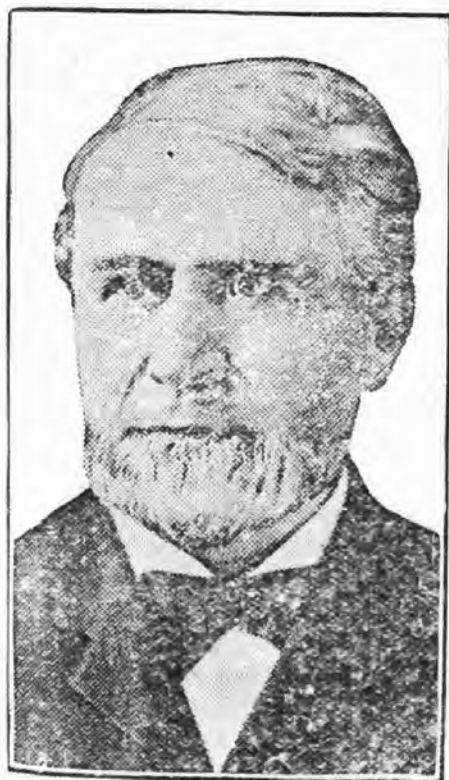
Peel silver skin onions, stick a clove in each, pack closely in jars and cover with boiling vinegar in which a level teaspoonful of salt to each quart has been added.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Nelson of Minnesota.

Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota, who will be much in the public eye as chairman of the joint congressional committee to investigate the Baillinger-Pinchot controversy, is serving his third term as a member of the upper house. He is classed as an insurgent. He served three terms in the national house of representatives and was twice elected governor of his state, quite a career for one who came to this country from Norway with his widowed mother when he was less than five years old and earned his first money selling newspapers in Chicago.

Senator Nelson has an intense personality. His mouth closes evenly.



KNUTE NELSON.

His hair and beard are cropped to coordinate with the square turned lines of his face. He has never been defeated in a political contest and has never been known to turn his back on a friend. Just after he ceased to be governor of Minnesota a friend asked him the secret of his phenomenal success. His reply was, "I just make up my mind what I want and then turn out and get it."

Recently he received a draft of a bill from a man not a citizen of his own state. He didn't like the bill anyway, so he wrote the man:

"It will take as long to get your bill through congress as it will for a celluloid dog to catch an asbestos rabbit in hades."

The Pleasant Future.

It is not that I do not care for lovely summer hours,

For fragrance of the clover fields and of the loads of hay,

For clouds that roll up white and high, for sudden gleams and showers,

For quiet shade at noontime and the lingering close of day,

But when I hear the pleasant tinkle, tinkle of the brook

I think of merry sleighbells, and I'm longing in a trice

For brother stamping off the snow, for cozy fire and book

And mother bringing something in all steaming hot and nice!

I love the yellow autumn time, when days are crisp and cool,

Then, far and wide, we roam the fields, The corn's in whispering sheaves,

The moon through half bare branches is reflected in the pool,

And fires below add to the glow of thinning maple leaves,

How kindly through the early dark our window light shines out!

The kitchen's full of spicy smells, and supper tastes so good!

I love the fall, yet spring will come, and crocuses will sprout,

And glad I'll be when bluebirds sing and flowers bloom in the wood.

—Youth's Companion.

Evolution.

Observe constantly that all things take place by change and accustom thyself to consider that the nature of the universe loves nothing so much as to change the things which are and to make new things like them.—Marcus Aurelius.

World

Post Card Exchange Club.

Organized in June, 1908.

H. GRIMSLAND, Sec'y and Treas.,
1403 N. 43d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ALOIS VEDERNJAK, Translator,
243 E. 84th St., New York, N. Y.

Object.

1. To promote the collecting of Souvenir Cards with collectors in all parts of the world.
2. To publish a list of reliable collectors of Post Cards, who are members of this club.
3. To prevent unfair exchanging between members.
4. To maintain a Bureau of Translation for all members who cannot translate their own card from foreign countries.

Rules and Regulations.

1. Persons joining this club will be given a number which should be placed on all cards sent out.
2. Members should send a post card for every one received.
3. Do not send cheap or vulgar cards.
4. Any member failing to return a card will be expelled on the complaint of three members.
5. All members receive the Official Organ and have their name inserted in the Exchange List one year.
6. All notices and new memberships must be received by the 25th of the month or otherwise will be held over for the next issue.
7. Members should write their name and address and number when sending out cards.
8. Members should always enclose 2-cent stamp for return postage when writing to the translator.

Dues.

United States, Canada and Mexico, 25c per year. Foreign, 50c; 2½ francs, 2 shillings, 2 marks, 2½ lire, 1 yen, 1 rupee, 1 ruble, 2¼ pesetas, 1¼ florins, 1 milreis, 10 piastres, 2 kronas.

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Members, try at least, to secure a member to the club by next month. Application Blanks furnished by the secretary on request. Five cents commission on each member secured.

Have received several complaints from members who have sent cards out and have not received any in return. Those who have failed to do so, kindly see to it at once.

Let us be more prompt in the future.

I wish to report that the following memberships expire with this issue:

Members Nos. 3, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Renew your membership at once or else your name will be omitted from the list.

Members.

1. H. Grimsland, 1403 N. 43d Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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12. Albert Oien, 708 E. Ridge street, Ishpeming, Mich.
17. Emil Pecher, Lock Box 48, West, Iowa.
18. Miss Louise Wandt, R. F. D. No. 7, Defiance, Ohio.
22. Ernest Rundquist, Monroe, So. Dak.
23. W. O. Blake, Lock Box 3, Monroe, South Dakota.
24. Floyd S. Corr, 921 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
25. Owen Friery, 2336 Market St., Wheeling, W. Va.
26. Ernest Zimmer, 2417 Jacob St., Wheeling, W. Va.
27. Miss Bertha Schane, 429 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
28. Emmet O'Neil, care of Postal Telegraph, Wheeling, W. Va.
29. Miss Aceline Kamen, 1056 North Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Ill.
30. A. F. Knauer, 309 W. 148th St., New York, N. Y.
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34. Theodore Evans, 22 Emerson St., South Boston, Mass.
35. Melania Aquirro Pinto, La Serena, Coquinto, Chili.

Members.

36. Richard Hawke, 1009 Caledonia Ave., Victoria, B. C.
37. Maude Torgeson, 8 Regina Pl., Buffalo, New York.
38. F. Dithmer, Prage, Zdekauerbank, Bohemia.
39. Alois Vedernjak, 243 E. 84th St., New York, N. Y.
40. H. Nielsen, Christiansgade, 29 Aarhus, Denmark.
No Exchange with Europe.
41. Philip C. Smith, 1037 Chapline St., Wheeling, West Virginia.
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45. Theobald Meltz, P. O. Box 631, San Juan, Puerto Rico.
46. Cleve Bumbaugh, R. R. No. 2, Greenville, Ohio.
47. Charles Henderson, 104 E. Hull St., Savannah, Ga.
48. M. Zuolle, Nowawes, Berlin, Germany. Exchange only one card.
49. J. C. Killebrew, Rocky Mount, N. Carolina.
50. Rachel Hildebrand, P. O. Box 145, Flat Rock, Indiana.
51. Miss Kathleen Madden, Waseca, Minnesota.
52. S. L. Bell, P. O. Box 238 Lexington, Kentucky
53. Harry Strain, Box 314, Batavia, Ill.
54. Ray C. Bower, P. O. Box 82, Glenoe, Ohio.
Postal on birthday, April 1.
55. Wm. Martin, 803 Liberty St. Morris, Ill.
56. G. J. Foxford, 223 Liberty St. Morris, Ill.

Stamp Department.

Conducted by
LESLIE A. CARDWELL,
Carthage, Tenn.

Address all communications in regard to this department to Leslie A. Cardwell, Carthage, Tenn.

A NEW STAMP SUGGESTED.

We suggest that the department get busy and issue a north pole stamp at once. As a design we suggest the following: On the left, photo of Cook, with three Esquimos in the background. On the right, Peary, Mat Henson in the background. These two pictures, separated by a likeness of the pole, upon which the midnight sun is shining, and all surrounded by a wreath of gum drops and neatly done in the colors of the aurora borealis, ought to make an attractive stamp.

THE STAMP JOURNAL.

Decidedly one of the best of its kind. The December issue, which completes volume two, as well as the second year of this magazine, consists of fifty-six pages of good sound reading matter. For the next year the publishers promise their readers even a larger and better paper.

The **Thirteen-Cent Stamp** has been discontinued. Not because it was thought unlucky by many persons, but because the rate on registered letters has been raised from eight to ten cents. The fifteen-cent stamp will answer to register letters to foreign countries, for which purpose the thirteen-cent stamp was so extensively used.

We are at all times glad to receive copies of publications devoted to stamp collecting, and will be glad to give same review in this department.

BLACK HAWK'S SWORD FOUND.

DENVER, Col., —After a search of thirty years the sword presented to Black Hawk, war chief of the Sacs and Foxes, by President Andrew Jackson, has been recovered by D. C. Beeman of Denver, who will present it to the Iowa Historical society. The weapon was buried with the chief near Iowasville, Iowa, and stolen with the Indian's body.

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President—Van Ness Clark, Dansville, New York.

Secretary and Treasurer—Alvin Vandermast, Monroe, Iowa.

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Object.

1. To promote the collecting of stamps.
2. To publish the names of collectors and dealers who are members of this club.

Rules and Regulations.

1. All members to receive official organ for one year.
2. All notices must be sent in to the secretary by the 20th of each month or will be held over till next issue.
3. All members who do not deal honestly will be expelled from club.

Representatives.

Iowa: Alvin Vandermast, Monroe, Iowa.

Illinois: H. Grimsland, 1403 N. 43rd Ave., Chicago, Ill.

There shall be representatives in each state, and shall hold office as long as they are members of club.

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2. Chester H. Lucas, 2 Veranda St., Portland, Maine.
3. H. Grimsland, 1403 N. Forty-third Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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VOL. 2 MARCH 1910 NO.10

CONTENTS

An Unfinished Story.

By O. Henry.

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THE SPORTING WORLD

Jeckey Taral Gives Promise.

"A chip of the old block"—that in every way describes Johnny Taral, one of the newest crop of jockeys now riding at the Monerief park track at Jacksonville Fla. When the boy's name is posted on the jockey board old timers must recall the days when his father, Fred Taral, was winning state after stake and running into the reputation of being one of the best riders this country ever produced.

When Fred retired after more than a score of years in the saddle it was thought that the name of Taral would be lost to the turf for all time. There was but one who could bid to uphold the name, and that was Johnny. True, the boy had already done some riding, but his father desired to have him quit it.

He failed to get the boy studying law, and Johnny was an obedient lad for awhile. He got along fairly well for a time, but when the truth of that old saying "What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh" asserted itself back to the penies went Master Johnny. He hit the trail for Jacksonville, and there he is now trying to start a record that will compare favorably with that of his daddy.

Safeguard Hammer Throw.

Officers of the Amateur Athletic union have announced the adoption of a new rule in relation to the official hammer throwing events. The rule is designed to make the event less dangerous and is as follows: The head shall be a metal sphere, and the handle shall be made of wire. Such wire must be of best grade spring steel wire not less than one-eighth of an inch in diameter. If a loose grip is used it must be of rigid construction. The length of the complete implement shall not be more than four feet and its weight not less than sixteen pounds.

AN UNFINISHED STORY

A Queer Dream Incited by Thoughts of Man's Inhumanity.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

We no longer groan and heap ashes upon our heads when the flames of Tophet are mentioned, for even the preachers have begun to tell us that God is radium or ether or some scientific compound and that the worst we wicked ones may expect is a chemical reaction. This is a pleasing hypothesis, but there lingers yet some of the old, goodly terror of orthodoxy.

There are but two subjects upon which one may discourse with a free imagination and without the possibility of being controverted. You may talk of your dreams, and you may tell what you heard a parrot say. Both Morpheus and the bird are incompetent witnesses, and your listener dare not attack your recital. The baseless fabric of a vision, then, shall furnish my theme, chosen with apologies and regrets instead of the more limited field of pretty Polly's small talk.

I had a dream that was so far removed from the higher criticism that it had to do with the ancient, respectable and lamented bar of judgment theory.

Gabriel had played his trump, and those of us who could not follow suit were arraigned for examination. I noticed at one side a gathering of professional bondsmen in solemn black and collars that buttoned behind, but it seemed there was some trouble about their real estate titles, and they did not appear to be getting any of us out.

A fly cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous looking spirits arraigned for judgment.

"Do you belong with that bunch?" the policeman asked.

"Who are they?" was my answer.

"Why," said he, "they are"—

But this irrelevant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

Dulcie worked in a department store. She sold Hamburg ed ing, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned Dulcie received \$6 per week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else's account in the



"A GENTLEMAN'S DOWNSTAIRS TO SEE YOU," SHE SAID.

ledger kept by G.

Oh, primal energy, you say, reverend doctor. Well, then, in the ledger of primal energy.

During her first year in the store Dulcie was paid \$5 per week. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Don't care? Very well. Probably you are interested in larger amounts. Six dollars is a larger amount. I will tell you how she lived on \$6 per week.

One afternoon at 6, when Dulcie was sticking her hatpin within an eighth of an inch of her medalla oblongata, she said to her chum, Sadie—the girl that waits on you with her left side:

"Say, Sadie, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy."

"You never did!" exclaimed Sadie admiringly. "Well, ain't you the lucky one? Piggy's an awful swell, and he always takes a girl to swell places. He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening, where they have swell music and you see a lot of swells. You'll have a swell time, Dulce."

Dulcie hurried homeward. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink of life's—real life's—approaching dawn. It was Friday, and she had 50 cents left of her last week's wages.

The streets were filled with the rush hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway were glowing, calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness around to come in and attend the singeing school. Men in accurate clothes, with faces like those carved on cherry stones by the old salts in sailors' homes, turned and stared at Dulcie as she sped, unheeding, past them. Manhattan, the night blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead white, heavy eared petals.

Dulcie stopped in a store where goods were cheap and bought an imitation lace collar with her 50 cents. That money was to have been spent otherwise—15 cents for supper, 10 cents for breakfast, 10 cents for lunch.

Another dime was to be added to her small store of savings, and 5 cents was to be squandered for licorice drops—the kind that made your cheek look like the toothache and last as long. The licorice was an extravagance—almost a carouse—but what is life without pleasures?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference between a furnished room and a boarding house—in a furnished room other people do not know it when you go hungry.

Dulcie went up to her room—the third floor back in a west side brownstone front. She lit the gas. Scientists tell us that the diamond is the hardest substance known. Their mistake. Landladies know of a compound beside which the diamond is as putty. They pack it in the tips of gas burners, and one may stand on a chair and dig at it in vain until one's fingers are pink and bruised. A hairpin will not remove it; therefore let us call it immovable.

So Dulcie lit the gas. In its one-fourth candle power glow we will observe the room.

Couch bed, dresser, table, washstand, chair—of this much the landlady was guilty. The rest was Dulcie's.

On the dresser were her treasures—a gilt china vase presented to her by Sadie, a calendar issued by a pickle works, a book on the divination of dreams, some rice powder in a glass dish and a cluster of artificial cherries tied with a pink ribbon.

Against the wrinkly mirror stood pictures of General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough and Benvenuto Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster of paris plaque of an O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a violent oleograph of a lemon colored child assaulting an inflammatory butterfly. This was Dulcie's final judgment in art, but it had never been upset. Her rest had never been disturbed by whispers of stolen copes; no critic had elevated his eyebrows at her infantile entomologist.

Piggy was to call for her at 7. While she swiftly makes ready let us discreetly face the other way and go—

ship.

For the room Dulcie paid \$2 per week. On week days her breakfast costs 10 cents. She made coffee and cooked an egg over the gaslight while she was dressing. On Sunday mornings she feasted royally on veal chops and pineapple fritters at "Billy's" restaurant at a cost of 25 cents and tipped the waitress 10 cents. New York presents so many temptations for one to run into extravagance.

She had her lunches in the department store restaurant at a cost of 60 cents for the week. Dinners were \$1.05. The evening papers—show me a New Yorker going without his daily paper!—came to 6 cents, and two Sunday papers, one for the personal column and the other to read, were 10 cents. The total amounts to \$4.76. Now, one has to buy clothes, and—

I give it up. I hear of wonderful bargains in fabrics and of miracles performed with needle and thread, but I am in doubt. I hold my pen poised in vain when I would add to Dulcie's life some of those joys that belong to woman by virtue of all the unwritten, sacred, natural, inactive ordinances of the equity of heaven. Twice she had been to Coney Island and had ridden the hobbyhorses. 'Tis a weary thing to count your pleasures by summers instead of by hours.

Piggy needs but a word. When the girls named him an undeserving stigma was cast upon the noble family of swine.

The words of three letters lesson in the old blue spelling book begins with Piggy's biography. He was fat; he had the soul of a rat, the habits of a bat and the magnanimity of a cat. He wore expensive clothes and was a connoisseur in starvation. He could look at a shopgirl and tell you to an hour how long it had been since she had eaten anything more nourishing than marshmallows and tea.

He hung about the shopping districts and prowled around in department stores with his invitations to dinner.

Men who escort dogs upon the streets at the end of a string look down upon

him.

He is a type. I can dwell upon him no longer. My pen is not the kind intended for him. I am no carpenter.

At ten minutes to 7 Dulcie was ready. She looked at herself in the wrinkly mirror. The reflection was satisfactory. The dark blue dress, fitting without a wrinkle, the hat with its jaunty black feather, the but slightly soiled gloves—all representing self denial, even of food itself—were vastly becoming.

Dulcie forgot everything else for a moment except that she was beautiful and that life was about to lift a corner of its mysterious veil for her to observe its wonders. No gentleman had ever asked her out before. Now she was going for a brief moment into the glitter and exalted show.

The girls said that Piggy was a "spender." There would be a grand dinner and music and splendidly dressed ladies to look at and things to eat, that strangely twisted the girls' jaws when they tried to tell about them. No doubt she would be asked out again.

There was a blue porcee suit in a window that she knew—by saving 20 cents a week instead of 10 hi—let's see— Oh, it would run into years! But there was a secondhand store in Seventh avenue where—

Somebody knocked at the door. Dulcie opened it. The landlady stood there with a spurious smile, sniffing for cooking by stolen gas.

"A gentleman's downstairs to see you," she said. "Name is Mr. Wiggins."

By such epithet was Piggy known to unfortunate ones who had to take him seriously.

Dulcie turned to the dresser to get her handkerchief, and then she stopped still and bit her underlip hard. While looking in her mirror she had seen fairyland and herself a princess just awakening from a long slumber. She had forgotten one that was watching her with sad, beautiful, stern eyes—the only one there was to approve or condemn what she did.

Straight and slender and tall, with a look of sorrowful reproach on his handsome, melancholy face, General Kitchener fixed his wonderful eyes on her out of his gilt photograph frame on the dresser.

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady.

"Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

After the door was closed and locked Dulcie fell upon her bed, crushing her black tip, and cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. He was Dulcie's ideal of a gallant knight. He looked as if he might have a secret sorrow, and his wonderful mustache was a dream, and she was a little afraid of that stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house some time and ask for her with his sword clanking against his high boots.

Once when a boy was rattling a piece of chain against a lamppost she had opened the window and looked out. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener was away over in Japan leading his army against the savage Turks and he would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night—yes, for that night.

When her cry was over Dulcie got up and took off her best dress and put on her old blue kimono. She wanted no dinner. She sang two verses of "Sammy." Then she became intensely interested in a little red speck on the side of her nose. And after that was attended to she drew up a chair to the rickety table and told her fortune with an old deck of cards.

"The horrid, impudent thing!" she said aloud. "And I never gave him a word or a look to make him think it!"

At 9 o'clock Dulcie took a tin box of crackers and a little pot of raspberry jam out of her trunk and had a feast.

She offered General Kitchener some

jam on a cracker, but he looked at her only as the sphinx would have looked at a butterfly—if there are butterflies in the desert.

"Don't eat it if you don't want to," said Dulcie. "And don't put on so many airs and scold so with your eyes. I wonder if you'd be so superior and snippy if you had to live on \$6 a week?"

It was not a good sign for Dulcie to be rude to General Kitchener. And then she turned Benvenuto Cellini face downward with a severe gesture. But that was not inexcusable, for she had always thought he was Henry VIII., and she did not approve of him.

At half past 9 Dulcie took a last look at the pictures on the dresser, turned out the light and skipped to



SHE OFFERED GENERAL KITCHENER SOME JAM ON A CRACKER.

bed. It's an awful thing to go to bed with a good night lock at General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough and Benvenuto Cellini.

This story doesn't really get anywhere at all. The rest of it comes later some time when Piggy asks Dulcie again to dine with him, and she is feeling lonelier than usual, and General Kitchener happens to be looking the other way, and then—

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous looking angels and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I looked well with them.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working girls and paid 'em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?"

"Not on your immortality," said I. "I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies."

Not Yct.

A Missouri clergyman had in his pastoral flock a member who was reluctant about meeting the contribution basket. The pastor had thrown out many bread hints, but all to no avail. One day the member fell ill and was taken to the Eusworth hospital. When the clergyman arrived the man was delirious. While the pastor was sitting beside his bed a wild yell of "Fire, fire!" came from across the street.

The sick man drew himself up on his elbows. "Where—where am I?" he asked excitedly.

"Calm yourself, brother," soothed the pastor, with just the faintest twinkle in his eye. "You are still at the Eusworth hospital!"—Lippincott's.

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With the March issue of this magazine we appear bright and early and trust that you will find the different Stores and Departments of interest to you.

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We would like to hear from our subscribers in regard to what they like best and to the improvement of this Magazine.

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71 TOASTS. 1 Here are a few samples: 43 EPITAPHS.

Here's to one and only one, / Shod a few tear for Mary Mack.

And may that one be she, / A trolley car hit her a slap in the back.

Who loves but one and only one, / Grieve for little Micky Treach.

And may that one be he, / The undertaker had a peach.

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Chas. McIntire, Bayonne, N. J.

Kindly mention this Magazine when writing to advertisers.

FOR THE CHILDREN

A Dancing Egg.

To execute this little experiment you need a hard boiled egg and a smooth china plate. To be sure that the experiment is going to be successful keep the egg in a perpendicular position while it is being boiled.

Place the plate upside down on the table to be able to catch it quickly with your hand. Place the egg in the center of the plate and, putting the thumb of the left hand and the index finger of the right hand on both ends of the egg, give it a sudden twirl, causing it to turn around in quick motion. The egg will gradually stand on one end. Then you pick up the plate, and all you have to do is to keep the egg in motion, which is not difficult.

Buff Says "Daff."

This is a game in which no one is allowed to smile and laugh. All the players except one sit in a row or half circle. One goes out of the room and returns with a stick or piker in his hand and a grave and solemn face. He is supposed to have just returned from a visit to Buff.

The first player asks him, "Where do you come from?"

"From Buff."

The next asks, "Did he say anything to you?"

To which the reply is:

Buff said "Daff."
And gave me this staff.
Telling me neither to smile nor to laugh.
Buff says "Daff" to you all his men.
And I say "Daff" to you again.
And he neither laughs nor smiles
In spite of all your cunning wiles,
But carries his face with a very good
grace
And passes his staff to the very next
place.

If he can repeat all this without laughing he delivers his staff to some one else and takes his seat, but if he laughs or even smiles he pays a forfeit before giving it up.

HINTS FOR FARMERS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Feeding Dairy Cows.

Of the mistakes made in feeding dairy cattle perhaps the one of under-feeding is the more common. It is a very serious mistake to feed a cow only that required to keep her body and then not feed her enough in addition to produce what milk she can. If a cow declines in weight while giving milk it shows that she is not receiving sufficient food, as a cow if not fed enough will produce milk for a time at the expense of her body—that is, she will take the surplus flesh from her body and convert it into milk and thereby will lose in live weight. On the other hand, when a cow is being overfed it may be depleted in a short time by the fact that she will put on flesh. This condition may be corrected by giving her only the amount she needs and will use for milk production. This means feeding enough to maintain practically a uniform weight.—C. H. Eckles, University of Missouri.

Feeding Horses In Winter.

To raise horses from suckling colts keep them going ahead. Never allow them to get a setback, as the first year's growth goes far in determining what the animal will be at maturity. After weaning the colt should be kept in a well bedded box stall, with plenty of light and ventilation. It should be allowed to take plenty of exercise in favorable weather. A good ration consisting of three quarts of oats and one of bran mixed with water and a little salt and molasses or oilmeal cake should be fed three times a day. Oats are exceedingly fine for making bone, and a healthy ration for laying on fat is an occasional feed of boiled barley. A little corn may be fed at noon at odd times also. A good fodder feed is six or seven pounds of clover and timothy hay mixed. This should be fed mornings and evenings and as much as the colt will consume.

Measuring Without Scales.

The following table will be found convenient when the housewife is without scales:

One fluid ounce contains two tablespoonfuls.

One dram, or sixty drops, makes a teaspoonful.

One rounded tablespoonful of granulated sugar or two of flour or powdered sugar weigh one ounce.

One liquid gill equals four fluid ounces.

One fluid ounce (one-quarter of a gill) equals eight drams.

A piece of butter as large as a small egg weighs two ounces.

Nine large or twelve small eggs weigh one pound with the shells off.

One level teaspoonful of butter or granulated sugar weighs half a pound.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) weighs one pound.

A common sized tumbler holds about one-half pint.

Four cupfuls of liquid, one quart.—Chicago Tribune.

Hints For Housewives.

To make a neat darning use old veils of coarse mesh. Pieces to fit are laced over the holes and make a guide through which to work the darning cotton.

The kitchen bouquet which is so often called for in recipes for soups consists of several sprigs of parsley, one of thyme and one of celery, one blade of mace, a small pepper and a blade of cinnamon tied together or sewed in a cheever cloth bag.

Vanilla extract should be kept in a dark place, as it loses its strength when exposed to light.

To Remove Rust From Marble.

Make a paste of two parts of soda, one of powdered pumice and one of salt. Sift, mix with water, rub well and wash off.

BIG MAIL DIRECTORY.

Your name and address inserted in this column three times for 10 cents. You will receive a big-mail—samples of mail order goods, magazines, books, post cards, stamps, catalogues, pictures, etc.

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L. Mueller, 424 Laffin St., Chicago.

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ONLY A COUNTRY BOY

She was a very little girl, with hair like spun gold, big brown eyes and a red mouth like a wax doll's. She stood in the little arbor as James came up the road, and he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. He noticed that she was little and slender, too; that her clothes were dainty and her hands white. As he came nearer she stepped out from the arbor and asked, with a little curl of her lip:

"Are you my cousin James Creevey?"

He was only a country boy and so stood and stared in amazement. Then he ejaculated:

"Me? Yes. Your cousin? No!"

"But you must be," persisted the girl. "They said I would see you, and," she added, with a glance which took in every detail of James' costume from the bare feet to the "hickory" shirt, "they said you were a handsome lad." And with that she sniffed a disdainful little sniff and walked stiffly toward the house.

Jim stood looking after her, a flush mantling the freckled cheeks and the white forehead under the red hair. He saw the white dress vanish as she turned the corner of the house, and he walked on. He reached the barn just as Mary had finished milking the cows. "Don't you know there's company?" she asked as she swung the milk pail around to see the bubbles dance. "And they're going to stay for a week, and you ought to be dressed."

A week! Jim's heart would have sunk into his boots had he worn any. As it was it seemed to go up into his throat and stick there in a big lump. He went around the yard, shutting the chickens into the henhouse and putting the farm tools away. Then he went to the house. His mother met him at the door and gave him a list of directions which made his head spin. The result was he came down to supper looking like a city boy. But

the freckles and red hair were still there.

As the days went by the color came into the white cheeks of the little golden haired girl, and when her mother had to go back to the city she decided to leave her to stay another week or so. Jim felt that the cows were ugly now, the horses were slow, the fields of wheat and timothy and the wild roses that grew in the hedges were all dull and drab. He could only find sunshine when little Nell was with him. She hated a boy with dirty hands, who couldn't dance and who was awkward and stupid.

One morning she started out for a long walk. Jim saw her as she went out the gate. She had a long piece of white thread in her hand and carried three pins in her mouth. "Fishin'," said Jim.

She had heard her uncle say that there were plenty of fish in the Dee brook if people were not too lazy to catch them. She would catch some, then Jim would see that a city girl could do more than a country boy. Her proud little nose turned up at the very mention of the name.

The brook was soon reached, and Nellie sat down and threw her line as far out as she could. She watched the hook float a moment and then disappear. She listened to the chirp of the birds in the trees along the bank. She saw the sunlight glimmer through the leaves, and she became drowsy.

Suddenly she started up. Her line had slipped from her hand and was floating in the water almost beyond her reach. She leaned over and by a supreme effort caught it, but could not pull it in. One end was caught fast under a stone in the middle of the brook. She thought of the fish she meant to catch and gave two or three hard tugs. There was a jerk, the string broke, her feet slid on the slippery bank, and the next moment the little girl was struggling in the water, and the water closed above the golden head, leaving ever widening circles shimmering on the surface of the brook.

There was a great rustling among the bushes, a white face and a crown of red hair appeared for a second, and then both had plunged into the water. Nell felt her hair being pulled very hard. She wondered afterward why it took her breath away and why she was so—so sleepy.

When Jim made his appearance at the farmyard with his clothes wringing wet, his hair standing on end and the little bundle of moans in his arms Mrs. Farmer all but had hysterics. She said he was a brave boy when he told the story, but knowing how to swim and giving one's life up for another were quite usual for her boys. The next day Nell was to go home. She came out to the barn where Jim was watering the cows and stood lovingly caressing the velvet nose of the spotted calf.

"I am going away, Jim," she said shyly, "and I came to thank you for saving my life."

She looked at him over the calf's head and smiled sweetly. Jim flushed. He stammered something about not having done anything extraordinary.

"But you know I would have died, wouldn't I, if you hadn't come?"

"Mebbe," said Jim.

"Mamma would have been very sorry," continued Nell in her soft little voice.

"So would I," Jim managed to say.

"And no city boy could have done it," she continued, still putting the "bossy's" head with her little hand.

"Pooh!" announced Jim.

She looked up. "I want you to come and see us—to come home with me now. Mamma said so," she said.

And they have been good friends ever since, though he is only a country boy.

Make Earth Its Best.

Do not make heaven attractive merely by deposing earth—a cheap expedient. Make earth its richest and best and then be able to make heaven still higher.—Phillips Brooks.

World

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Organized in June, 1908.

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ALOIS VEDERNJAK, Translator,
243 E. 84th St., New York, N. Y.

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In order to give more space in this
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bers of this Exchange Club will not be
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members will be published. Complete
list will be published every four months.
Complete list out in April.

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The dues to this Club will be raised
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eign Stamps, Post Card Ex.

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Stamp Department.

Address all communications in regard to this department to Leslie A. Cardwell, Carthage, Tenn.

An Atlas Album.

I believe the idea of the arrangement of my collection to be original, at least I have never seen it suggested by any collector.

I procured an atlas, about twelve by fourteen inches in size, and containing maps of all countries. Around which is a margin of about two inches in this margin I place the stamps which come from the country shown on the map. Thus on the map of England, I place an English stamp, on the map of Japan a Japanese stamp, and so on.

The stamps are attached same as in an ordinary album by means of hinges so that they may be removed or rearranged as desired.

I place no stamp in this album but those which have come to me direct from their respective countries. Thus I have the satisfaction of knowing that all are genuine and that it has fulfilled the mission for which it was intended.

Though there are no rare or costly specimens in this collection I prize it more highly than any I might buy, because it is a collection actually collected by my own hands.

LESLIE A. CARDWELL.

Reviews.

The New York Philanthropist, New York.—Mr. Dempsey has been kind enough to favor us with Nov. Dec., and Jan., each issue an improvement over the one previous. The January issue was especially attractive with eight pages and cover. We also wish to thank Mr. Dempsey for the fine specimens of stamps sent us.

Victor Stamp News, Toronto, Ont.—Mr. Trowles also favored us with two copies of his bright little paper. The letters from "Reformer" are to the point.

The Star Magazine, Geneva, Iowa.—Eight large attractive pages filled with good stuff. An ably edited department for the young collector is a nice feature of this paper.

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President—Van Ness Clark, Dansville, New York.

Secretary and Treasurer—Alvin Vandermast, Monroe, Iowa.

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New York: Van Ness Clark, Dansville.

Maine: Chester H. Lucas, 2 Veranda St., Portland.

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There shall be representatives in each state, and shall hold office as long as they are members of club.

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6. John Obert, 15 Royal Ave., Hawthorne, N. J.
7. Federal Stamp Co., Ltd., 202 Astoria Savings Bank Bldg, Astoria, Oregon.
8. Roy M. Norcross, 241 South Sixth St., Monmouth, Ill.

Every collector securing two new members at 25c a year will receive a free membership to this club. Send in your membership and keep the list growing. Send in to your nearest representative.

Would be glad to have the above mentioned papers come to our desk again. All publishers are invited to send copies to this department for review.

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and are guaranteed to give satisfaction in every way.

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nicey mounted, with black enamel handle, 15c. for first line, and 10c. for each additional line.

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end, and pen and pencil on the other. A very handy and useful article. Price 25c.

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VOL. 2 APRIL 1910 NO. 11

CONTENTS

Too Smart.

By Harry C. Ernest.

A Missing Safe Key.

By Beverley Worthington.

Sarah's Five Acres.

By M. Quad.

Her Surprise.

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TOO LATE.

Papa's Offer Came After George Had Settled Matters Himself.

A Philadelphia small boy had something to say to his father at the dinner table the other night.

"Papa," he said, "Johnnie Burton is goin' to have a party next week, an' he said he'd invite me. An' I got to take a present."

"A present! What's that for?"

"It's for Johnny's birthday. All the kids take presents."

Things hadn't gone just right during the day with the boy's father. He was not in an agreeable humor.

"That's all nonsense!" he declared, "Every day or two it's a present here or a present there. If you can't go to a party without taking a present you might as well stay home."

The boy's lip trembled, but he made no reply.

The next day the father regretted his hasty words and that night turned to the boy.

"George," he said, "there are a couple of new books in my overcoat pocket. You can take them to your friend Johnny's party."

"It's too late," said George gloomily, "I licked him today so he wouldn't invite me."

An Injustice.

An order prohibiting gambling among the enlisted men detailed at the West Point Military academy caused, it would appear, much trouble for certain of the soldiers there. An old sergeant of a negro regiment who was sent to the post suggested a game of craps soon after his arrival. Other soldiers told him of the rule against gambling and refused to join in the game. "Dis yere ain't right," said the new arrival, "an' Ah'll see de cap'n 'bout it." Upon being admitted to the commanding officer's room the sergeant said, with some show of heat,

"Cap'n, Ah understand that gamblin' ain't 'lowed here no mo'."

"That's correct," said the officer.

"Well, dat's a injustice to enlisted men, sah, 'cause I's got a large family to suppo't."

TOO SMART.

By HARRY C. ERNEST.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Captain Andrew Baldwin of the cavalry, tired and hungry—he had been engaged in a duty involving much effort and exposure—entered the mess room, unhooked his saber, stood it in a corner, took a seat at the table and called for a servant to bring him some refreshment. The captain was caterer of the mess, and a very efficient caterer. When a luncheon had been set before him he asked of the servant who placed it there:

"Julius, did you order the supplies?"

"Yes, sar."

"Any one been to my quarters to see me today?"

"Major Leadbeater. He was here to see you this mawnin', sar."

"Did he say why he called?"

"No, sar; he didn't say nothin' 'bout what he wanted to see you fo', sar, but it must 'a' been somepin very particular, fo' he waited some time fo' you, sar."

"Waited, did he?"

"Yes, sar; he waited in the room out thar."

"How long did he wait?"

"Must 'a' been 'bout half an hour, sar."

"Half an hour! What did he do with himself all that time?"

"Well, sar, I dunno what he did with hisself all de time, but once when I was goin' past de winder outside I looked in here in de mess room, and I sor him measurin' de legs of de mess table."

"What!"

The captain was about to put a piece of meat into his mouth, but he stopped his fork a few inches from his chin and stared at the darky.

"He was measurin' de legs ob de table, sar."

"What with?"

"A yaller tapeline."

The captain laid down his knife and fork, leaned back in his chair, put his hands in his pockets, puckered up his lips and gave a low whistle. There was no change in his position for full ten minutes, when without regard to his unfinished luncheon he arose from the table, took up his sword, hat and coat and left the mess-room. Going over to the officers' club, he found several men playing billiards and then and there entered into secret conference with them. The results of that conference will appear later.

A few days after this Captain Baldwin strolled over to the quarters of the infantry, where he met Major Leadbeater.

"Hello, major!" he said. "Heard you were over to my quarters the other day. Sorry I wasn't there. Anything special?"

"Oh, no! I was around your way with nothing to do and thought I might as well drop in."

"Well, try again. By the bye, can't you dine at our mess some evening this week?"

"I don't mind."

At the dinner the officers comprising the mess were present to a man. During the coffee and the smoking, when all were feeling comfortable after a good meal and plenty of wine, Major Leadbeater, who was a great hand at making odd wagers, asked one of the officers how high he thought the clock was from the floor. The officer named a height, whereupon Leadbeater offered to bet him a small sum that it was a certain other figure. The bet was taken, and Leadbeater lost. Several other similar bets were made by those present, when Leadbeater proposed a pool as to the height of the table at which they were sitting.

There was no difficulty in getting the officers into the pool. Indeed, every man took the chance allotted him. Then Leadbeater made a number of side bets. He had come to the dinner after having cashed his pay accounts in advance and had plenty of money. The figure he named was three feet two and one-eighth inches. The other figures named ranged from three feet

and three-quarter inches to three feet one and a quarter inches.

When the bets were all made the colonel and the chaplain came in together—just to smoke a cigar with the youngsters—and the colonel, knowing of the pool, asked to be permitted to take a chance. But the chances were all taken, so he asked if any one would make a side bet with him. Leadbeater remarked that he would were it not that all his ready cash was staked. The colonel offered to accept his I. O. U. in lieu of a stake, and Leadbeater took him for \$50. The chaplain, too, remarked that he had never made a bet before in his life, but he wouldn't mind taking something on his guess. But no one would make any side bets with him.

When the funds had all been put in the stakeholder's hands the quartermaster was called on to measure the height of the table. Procuring a tape-line, he proceeded with the work amid suppressed excitement and many glances at one another among those whose money was at risk. Finally, with his thumb on a point in the tape indicating the table's height, he held the tape up to the light and announced:

"Three feet one and a quarter inches!"

"There's a mistake there!" cried Leadbeater and checked himself.

"Measure it yourself," said the quartermaster.

Leadbeater took the tape, made the measurement and turned pale.

"I've lost," he said as calmly as was possible under the circumstances.

That ended Major Leadbeater's money making by bets. An inch had been sawed off the legs of the table.

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A MISSING SAFE KEY

By BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"Great heavens!"

Mr. Purbeck Jones, who made this exclamation, had entered his office in Lombard street, London, at 10 o'clock in the morning, laid aside his hat and cane, gone to his safe and stood with a hand in his right pocket. He was white as a sheet.

"Anything wrong, sir?" asked his chief clerk, anxiously approaching his employer.

There was no reply. He neither saw nor heard the speaker. Finally he asked faintly:

"At what hour does the Indian mail leave?"

"At noon, sir."

"Then it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

Still Mr. Jones paid no attention to what was said to him.

"Rush a messenger to Strecher's to send his best workmen here on the jump to open this safe."

In another moment one of the clerks was in a cab, the cabman lashing his horse on the way to the Strecher Safe and Lock company.

Purbeck Jones, an English millionaire and railroad contractor, had taken a contract to build the Malwar line in central India and in the venture had staked all his possessions. He was required to give security amounting to £2,000,000 to cover loss by the railway syndicate. This sum must be in negotiable bonds and other securities and delivered on or before May 9, 1891. Even the wealthy Purbeck Jones found it difficult to raise the money for so large a transaction. He, however, succeeded in gradually collecting the securities, which he preferred to deposit in his own safe to that of a deposit company.

On the morning of the sailing of the Indian mail he went to his office to

dispatch the securities under a special guard to India. Feeling in his pocket, where he expected to find his safe keys, they were not there. He had left them in his country place, Harwood, just outside Carlisle, and to get them in time to open the safe before the steamer sailed was impossible. Missing the mail would prevent his delivering the securities before the expiration of the time limit.

Before long a cab dashed up to the office, and two workmen, each with a bag of tools in his hand, jumped out and entered the office.

"I've securities in that vault," said Mr. Jones, "that must go off on the Indian mail at 12 noon. Open the safe in time to get them on the steamer and I'll give you £500 each."

The sum was a small fortune for a workman. Each thought of the wife and bairns at home and the comforts he could give them with so large a sum.

The fastest horse that could be procured was brought and stood at the door ready to transfer a messenger with the securities to the steamer the moment they could be taken from the safe. Mr. Jones stood over the workmen watch in hand noting the lapse of time, trembling like a leaf, his heart beating wildly. On their success or failure hung either continued wealth or ruin to him. He had made the biggest contract any man had ever undertaken, and its loss would render him hopelessly bankrupt.

He hung on the expression of the workmen's faces. When they succeeded in some important step, boring through a hard plate or cutting a rivet, he had hope. But if their tools proved softer than the steel or after cutting their way in they found unexpected obstacles he feared the worst.

Eleven o'clock came, and they had succeeded in getting only so far as through the outer plates that protected the lock. At half past 11 they found that they were still obliged to cut through as much as they had already accomplished to reach the machinery that shot the bolts, and then they

would need considerable time to shoot them. At a quarter of 12, after whispering to each other, they turned to Mr. Jones and announced their failure.

Jones sank back into a chair and covered his face with his hands. A panorama of his life passed before him—his early struggles to get a start, his first successes, the great contract that made him a rich man, the years since, during which he had been a millionaire. The man who had climbed the ladder of wealth to the top round saw all this, saw ruin staring him in the face and groaned.

The workmen, equally disappointed, gathered up their tools and silently passed out. The clerks resumed their positions on their desk stools, but only to pretend to work. All knew that a blow had struck the man for whom they worked, and each was thinking where he would find another situation.

Presently Mr. Jones recovered himself so far as to send a messenger by the steamer he expected to dispatch the securities to announce the reason of his failure to do so and ask an extension of time. But he knew it would not be granted. Nor was it. The contract on which he had made so many figures, such preparations, expenditures, passed out of his hands. And why? Because before leaving his country place an apparently trivial act had slipped his memory.

Jones went into bankruptcy. The fall of his fortunes was too much for his brain. Perhaps it was the very trifling cause that led to such an important result. One can conceive of a person's mind getting on such a matter and staying there till it produced monomania. At any rate, Purbeck Jones not long after his failure died in a lunatic asylum.

Beautiful Gold and Silver Easter Post Cards, highly embossed, only one cent each, postage paid. These cards will sell for from two to five cents apiece. We guarantee satisfaction. Try us.
Ralph J. Kelly,
301 S. Humphrey Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

SARAH'S FIVE ACRES.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

Zeph Smith, bachelor, was a Long Island farmer, whose sister kept house for him. In a farmhouse almost across the highway from the Smith place lived Sarah White. Sarah was an old maid and lived with her father and mother.

One day Zeph lounged over to the other house and found Sarah sewing rags for a new carpet.

"Sarah, I think me 'n' you had better get married," he said.

It was sudden, and Sarah lost her needle. It was sudden, and Sarah blushed. Then she recovered her lost needle and looked up to reply:

"Well, Zeph, if you think best."

When Zeph went home and told his sister that he was to be married and she asked him when he carelessly replied:

"Oh, I can't say as to that, but it will come about some time."

After a year or so and after the neighbors had decided that there would be no mat in Zeph went over to spend an evening with his fiancée. It was popcorn night, and as they popped and ate he casually inquired:

"Sarah, me 'n' you are going to get married some day, ain't we?"

"I dunno," she replied.

"But of course we are. I asked you a whole year ago, and you said yes, and I shall hold you to it. By jiminy, Sarah, but I think a heap of you!"

At the end of another year about the same performance was gone through with. Zeph didn't intend to be mean about it. It was just his way. If Sarah had got right up and said they must be married within two weeks or he could go to Texas they would have been wed. As long as she didn't, why hurry things up? Three years had almost passed away when the matter was taken out of their hands. Cupid was replaced by a

tin peddler, and the latter proved that he could give the little god of love spades and cards and then win the game.

At the age of twenty Sarah had been left five acres of land bordering on Long Island sound. It was rocky and sandy and sterile.

One day the tin peddler heard of the case of Zeph and Sarah from a customer. He criticised Zeph and felt sorry for Sarah, and he determined to right things. Perhaps, he thought, that one good deed toward the end of his career would offset all the little tricks he had worked. He heard of the land at the same time he heard of the long and lingering engagement, and he wasn't half an hour laying plans. A week later he put up at a farmhouse a mile away, but near the five acres. Under the pretense of not feeling well he made a stay of two days. Then he drove to the house of Zeph Smith and was told by the sister in what field to find him. Zeph loved and admired tin peddlers. They were never in a hurry, and they had traveled and seen the world. He stepped his plowing to greet this one, and they were soon seated in the shade of a tree. The peddler was looking mysterious. He was looking around to see if anybody but the plow horses was present.

"Do you want money?" he finally whispered.

Zeph replied that he did.

"Have you ever heard of Captain Kidd?"

Zeph acknowledged his guilt.

"Do you know that he buried thousands of dollars within two miles of you?"

Zeph's mouth opened wide, and his eyes hung out.

"And I've got some of the coins! Look at these!"

He stretched out his hand, and on the palm rested three or four ancient coins.

"And—and what?" gasped the farmer after a long look.

"We'll dig them up together and divide even up. I might have done it alone, but you see I must have the con-

sent of the owner of the land. I understand that you know her—Miss Sarah White?"

"Why, I'm going to marry her!"

"Gee, but that's fine! When is it to come off?"

"Oh, some time or other! No hurry about it."

"There isn't, eh? No hurry when I picked up these coins beside a big rock just above high water and feel sure there are boxes of them under the rock! No hurry when the next man may grab the whole thing! Why, I'll go over and buy the land from the woman myself!"

"Say, say, you hold on!" put in Zeph. "I won't let you buy it of her. I say I'm going to marry her!"

"But you can't wait a year or a month. You can't wait another day. Parties may land by that big rock any hour, and if they do"—

But Zeph was taking the horses from the plow. He mounted one and rode for the bara. By the time the peddler reached the house one had been hitched to a buggy and the farmer was in the house donning his Sunday suit. As he came out he said:

"I'll get Sarah and drive to the preacher's and have the knot tied. You wait here."

Sarah was skimming milk, but she got a hustle on her, and horse, buggy and the two loving hearts disappeared in the direction of the village in a cloud of dust. Then the peddler mounted his wagon and drove in the opposite direction. Zeph had looked in vain for that treasure, but all agree that he has found a good wife. The peddler lied, of course, but who wouldn't lie to make two people happy for life?

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EDITORIAL

With the April issue of this magazine we appear bright and early and trust that you will find the different stories and departments of interest to you.

Don't fail to read this Magazine; every month will be published full of interesting stories, jokes and different topics of interest to our subscribers.

We would like to hear from our subscribers in regard to what they like best and to the improvement of this magazine.

We wish to announce that the subscription price to this Magazine will be advanced to 25c per year by the first of June, 1910. If you are not a subscriber or if your subscription expires renew today.

FOR THE CHILDREN

A Good Balancing Trick.

Everybody has seen the jugglers in a circus spinning plates and even dishes on a pointed stick. For the most part the plates they use are made of wood or metal, and their equilibrium is due to centrifugal force, which will fail just as soon as the rotation is too weak to overcome the force of gravity.

But here is a way to balance a china plate on the point of a needle and even to cause it steadily to spin upon this delicate support.

Cut a couple of corks down the middle, through the long axes, and in the extremity of the four halves thus obtained insert as many forks, inclined to the smooth sides of the corks you have just cut at a little less than a right angle. Place these four corks round the rim of the plate at equal distances from one another and see that the teeth of the forks are in contact with the rim to prevent their swaying like so many pendulums.

The little system we have now constructed is capable of being balanced, even firmly, so to speak, upon the point of a needle, whose eye end is buried in the cork of an upright bottle. With a little care to prevent the plate slipping, you may even cause it safely to rotate at a fair rate of speed, which, when once set in motion, will continue for a long while, because the friction at the point of contact is almost nothing. — "Magical Experiments."

At Set of Sun.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done
And, counting, find
One self denying act, one word
That eased the heart of one who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

Something New. Mail Order Men, Agents—You will find The New Inkless Fountain Pen and the Night Watch Burglar Alarm the two fastest and biggest money makers you ever handled. Sample 10c prepaid. Sells for 20c. Sample alarm, 35c prepaid, sells for 50c. Send for Agents' price list.

Chas. McIntire, Bayonne, N. J.

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AGENTS! New Invention. Portable Electric Bath Apparatus, gives any kind of bath, sure cure for rheumatism. Sells for \$4.50 to \$10.00. Bath Co., Findlay, Ohio.

GOLD in the back yard. Send for particulars. Address, J. H. Abernethy, La Grange, N. C.

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Audacious.

"Lady De Bathe—our old friend Mrs. Langtry"—said a Chicago publisher, "is a very witty person. Her wit is audacious. I'll never forget a specimen of it that enlivened a Michigan avenue dinner party on her last American tour.

"Lady De Bathe during dinner said to a woman seated near her:

"Who is that fat man over there with the curious blue face?"

"That is my husband," the woman answered, her voice tremulous with rage.

"Oh, how fortunate!" smiled Lady De Bathe. "You're the very person I wanted to meet. Now, tell me, is he blue all over?"

Caught Both Ways.

Sir Edward Thornton, once English ambassador to the United States, and Judge Poland of Vermont bore a remarkable resemblance to each other, and this fact sometimes led to amusing results.

At a wedding in Washington a young man went up to Judge Poland, greeted him and held out his hand.

"I fear," said the judge, "that you have the advantage of me."

"Is it possible," asked the young man, "that you don't remember seeing me with my father in Mexico?"

"I don't recollect ever being in Mexico."

"Why, surely, you are Sir Edward Thornton?"

"By no means. I am Judge Poland of Vermont."

A week or so later the baffled young man caught sight of Judge Poland, as he thought, and determined to smooth over his recent blunder. "That was an awkward mistake of mine the other night," he said, "my taking you for old Thornton."

"And, pray, for whom do you take me now?" was the query.

"Why, Judge Poland of Vermont, of course."

"My name is Thornton!" thundered the ambassador, turning on his heel.

HINTS FOR FARMERS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

The Dairy Barn.

The floor of any cow barn should be of cement in order to be absolutely sanitary. Many authorities advocate covering the cement directly under the cow with wood so as to do away with the coldness of the cement, which is undoubtedly a liberal conductor of both heat and cold.

An excellent plan is to have a shed about thirty-seven feet wide, facing the cows outward. This width permits a five foot alleyway in front of each cow, with a cement manger or cement feeding floor two feet six inches and standing space of about four feet ten inches to five feet, with gutters fourteen to eighteen inches wide, the remaining space being left for a driveway or alley behind the cows. This gives plenty of room to drive a wagon through, if desired, or to run a litter carrier.

The width of your cow stall should be from three feet three inches to three feet nine inches, according to the size of your cows. One should bear in mind that in building a dairy barn the secret of sanitation is to eliminate everything possible in the barn which will take up dust, filth, odors and germs.—Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Filling Wasby Places In Fields.

If there is no other trash on the farm for filling wasby places in the fields, straw manure from stables is excellent. The straw will fill the places and catch and hold all of the soil that washes into them. The manure in the straw will help to make the ground more productive when it is again cultivated. Never plow in a gully with fresh dirt without some thrashy or brushy filling to hold it and catch more

Cream of Corn Soup.

One can of corn, one pint of water. Let simmer five minutes. Add three cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of onion, one cupful of milk and sieved yolks of two hard boiled eggs cooked to a bubbling. Add corn and milk; then strain. Salt and pepper to taste. This is a rich soup.

Vinegar Sauce.

Take half a cup of vinegar, one pint of water, half cup of sugar and half teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Put over the fire in a granite or porcelain lined saucepan. Wet one heaping tablespoonful of flour in a little water and add to the vinegar when it boils.

Remedy For Croup.

Take one-half pint bottle to a drug store and get 5 cents' worth of friar's balsam (not patented). Fill the bottle with the best molasses, shake very thoroughly and give a teaspoonful, more or less, every two hours until cough is better. In cases of croup commence the mixture as soon as the first symptoms appear. Lay a cold water compress on the throat and cover with flannel. Wring out the compress in cold water as often as it gets warm.

Dresden Chocolate Crumb.

Mix one cupful of stale bread crumbs, one-half cupful of grated unsweetened chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Put in a pan and bake in a moderate oven until the chocolate is melted and the crumbs are thoroughly heated. Fill individual paper cases two-thirds with the mixture and top with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

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100 Ways How Women May Earn Money and be self supporting. Post paid 10c.

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My entire stock of Greeting, Souvenir, Best Wishes, Congratulation and Local View Cards, while they last, 12 for 15c postpaid. Address

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Dealer in Post Cards,

West, Iowa.

Kindly mention this Magazine when writing to advertisers.

HER SURPRISE.

By THOMAS R. DEAN.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

There is no place wherein men—and women, too—will sooner sink to the brute level than in a lumber camp.

Miss Margaret Storms of St. Louis was the daughter of an owner of lumber property in Wisconsin. She was city born and bred and had never been in a wild country in her life. But one winter she took it into her head to go with her father to his lumber property, and, although he told her that the people were very rough and she would not like to be among them, she was possessed with a desire to go, and she did.

From the moment of her arrival she seemed to delight in the wild woods and showed no disinclination for the rude lumber folk she met there. She was eager to go about and in order to be able to travel on the surface of the snow asked for some one to teach her to walk in snowshoes. A guide named Jim Hogan, a tall, strapping son of the woods, was recommended to her as an expert snowshoe and skee teacher. Jim had physical beauty enough to captivate a dozen women. He had a profusion of curly black hair, large brown eyes, an oval face, shaved except for a drooping moustache, and the figure of an Apollo Belvedere. He was perfectly fearless and thoroughly versed in woodcraft.

But here the guide's qualifications as a lady killer ceased. He could read and write, but if he had ever read anything he had no ability to impart it to others. He had little fancy for women and was rather annoyed at their attentions. Indeed, he kept himself as much as possible away from the settlements to avoid them.

Strange as it may appear, Miss Storms, who had been educated in the best schools, came under the spell of this ignorant woodsman. But it should not appear so improbable when we re-

member that the early kings of England could neither read nor write. True, their queens were just as ignorant, but there is ample evidence that they loved their husbands. At any rate, the lumber capitalist's daughter, skimming over the snow with her teacher, became bewitched. Possibly she possessed an emotional nature. Possibly her fancy was fired by seeing his graceful figure threading its way before her through the interminable woods. Be the cause what it may, she came to feel that life would be a wretched existence without her Hogan.

It happened that the daughter of the storekeeper of the camp found more favor in Hogan's eyes than Miss Storms. This girl, Anna Woodson, was also a city girl, but not of the class of Miss Storms. Perhaps the fact that she was nearer Hogan's level gave her his preference. He had become aware that Miss Storms was infatuated with him and that Miss Woodson really loved him. He did not break with either, fearing trouble with her he discarded. He disliked especially to break with Miss Storms, for her father was paying him a handsome sum each week for his daughter's instruction.

One day Miss Storms was driving in her father's buggy when she overtook Jim Hogan and Miss Woodson walking side by side. Influenced by a sudden impulse, induced by jealousy, Miss Storms as she passed the couple gave her rival a cut with her whip, leaving a red welt on her cheek.

There was no opportunity to resent the insult then and there, for in a moment Miss Storms was beyond reach. Miss Woodson burned for an opportunity to get her fingers in Miss Storms' hair and so expressed herself to Mr. Hogan. Terrified at being the cause of a fracas between the two women, he told her that if she attacked her rival he would leave the camp and neither girl would hear from him again.

Miss Woodson, fearing that he would keep his word, yet not being able to

restrain her thirst for revenge, chose a middle course. She secretly sent a challenge to Miss Storms to fight a duel. The feelings that induced this city girl who had been carefully reared to fight a duel with another girl in a lumber camp cannot be analyzed. Was it the influence of the wild ways among which she had fallen? Was it hate for her rival? Was it a return to the brute instincts which some scientists aver were once common with us all? Whatever the motives, the challenge was accepted.

Unfortunately seconds were necessary. Indeed, some one was needed to bear the challenge. The bearer told her most intimate friend, who in turn told her most intimate friend. This included two intimate friends, besides the principals, who knew of the affair. But as each intimate friend had one or more intimate friends within a few hours after the challenge had passed the coming duel was known of all over the camp.

Hogan fled.

One of Mr. Storms' managing men informed him of the situation, and when the next train left Miss Storms was on it.

A few years later Miss Storms married a professor of Greek literature in one of the universities. She took a fancy to go on her wedding trip to her father's lumber camp. While there she bribed a lumberman to walk the man for whom she had been willing to unsex herself and risk her life past the cabin occupied by herself and her husband. Hogan walked by with the lumberman, and the professor's wife observed him from behind a curtain.

"Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed. "How could I have done it?"

Just closed a deal for 10,000 colored Post Cards; yours at 2c each. A large box of Lilac Talcum, delightful after shaving, at 10c each. Orders going out in every mail.

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Wanted, in every state in the Union and in every country in the world—A commission of 5 cents will be given for every member secured. Send to the Secretary for Application Blanks.

Members and Friends.

In order to give more space in this Magazine to the publishing of interesting stories, the complete list of members of this Exchange Club will not be published every month, only the new members will be published. Complete list will be published every four months. Complete list out in April.

NOTICE.

The dues to this Club will be raised to 35c year June 1st. If you desire to become a member or if your membership expires, renew or send in your membership today. Do not miss the World Post Card Ex. Club. Members have received many pretty cards and like the club.

POST CARD COLLECTORS.

Free—5 Beautiful Colored Post Cards of Chicago, with views of buildings and parks, etc., to every new membership or renewal. Join today!

I wish to report that the following memberships expire with this issue
Members No. 20, 31, 33, 34, 35, 36.

New Members.

58. Ralph Davidson, 57 Perry St., New York City, N. Y.

59. W. T. Stuart, Box 83, Dauphin, Manitoba, Canada.



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Stamp Department.

Conducted by
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Address all communications in regard to this department to Leslie A. Cardwell, Carthage, Tenn.

STAMP CLUBS.

Every stamp collector should belong to some good collectors' club. It affords many advantages that would not be received otherwise. In addition to the official organ you will receive sample copies from publishers, price lists from dealers, etc.

The terms offered by the Modern stamp club are reasonable and should be taken advantage of by all collectors.

NOTES.

Publishers are invited to send copies to this department for review.

We don't object to price lists and samples from dealers.

Letters from members of the Modern Stamp Club will be appreciated.

We would like to publish each issue a good article from some collector or member of Modern Stamp Club on any phase of stamp collecting.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

1 Packet of stamps for the names and addresses of 3 or more stamp collectors and 2c. 20 assorted stamps for 2c. N. Templeton & Co., 53rd and Chancellor Sts., W. Phila., Pa.

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Rare coin over 100 years old, send 6c for mailing and circulars. Lewis Bohn, Jr., care Elcock, Crafton Sta., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Secretary and Treasurer—Alvin Vandermast, Monroe, Iowa.

Dues—25c per year United States, Canada and Mexico. Foreign, 50c per year.

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Illinois: H. Grimsland, 1403 N. 43rd Ave., Chicago, Ill.

New York: Van Ness Clark, Dansville.

Maine: Chester H. Lucas, 2 Veranda St., Portland.

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Knew the Beds.

In the gray light of early morning a traveler in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn!" he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before tonight I shall look up other lodgings."

"There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied respectfully.

The traveler smiled ironically.

"If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."

"It is occupied, sir."

"I know it is—by a man who snored all night and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."

"The beds are all alike, sir. That man has been here before, and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."

Next Best.

A certain young minister in Philadelphia, recently ordained, is still very nervous, and sometimes his remarks do not convey exactly the meaning he intended. A few Sundays ago he rose, fumbled with the papers on his desk, blushed and then said:

"My friends, I—I am sorry to say that I have lost the notes for my sermon, and I therefore cannot deliver it. I will have to do the next best thing and read a few chapters from the Bible."

His Wife Gave Him What?

Not long ago Satan was hurrying over his rounds in the regions below, and his eye caught a new arrival. It was a man with a proud and haughty air that would have put to shame any king on earth. He strolled about, with his nose high and his chin out and a sort of supercilious style. Satan stopped and watched him, and finally curiously won, and he tapped the fellow on the shoulder.

"See here, who are you, anyway? Any one would think from your style you owned the place."

"I do," said the shade. "My wife gave it to me just before I left home."

STAMP COLLECTORS.

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