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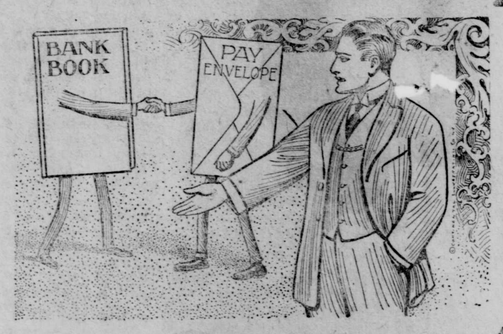

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA | Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FROM THE BEAR'S PAW

By ANNIE HINRICHSEN.

Gibraltar and I are partners. Gibraltar is a dancing bear. Some people might say I am Gibraltar's owner, but between him and me there's never been a question of master and beast. We're partners, share and share alike.

We walk from town to town. We have enough to eat and there is no sweeter sleep than the sleep one gets under the stars.

One day as Gibraltar and I were strolling along a country lane we saw a girl coming toward us. She stopped a little way and called:

"Will your bear hurt me?"

"No, indeed, miss," says I. "He's as gentle as a kitten."

She came up to us and my! she was pretty. Her eyes were like the sky and her cheeks were like the wild roses in the hedges.

"Will he mind if I pat him?" she asked.

She patted old Gibraltar's head and pulled his ears. "I do love bears," she said. "What's his name?"

I told her and she said that was a beautiful name for a bear.

I made him dance and she sat down by the road and laughed and clapped her hands.

After awhile she said she must go. She dropped a dollar in my money basket and went her way.

It was about sundown and we stopped at the first haystack and ate our supper and went to sleep.

In the night I woke up. There were people on the other side of the haystack. A woman was crying. Then a man said he was sorry; that he couldn't help it; he didn't love her any more; change was the law of nature and she must accept conditions.

She said something about the love of the old days and the claim it gave her. That seemed to make the fellow tired and he said he didn't care for hash love. He asked her to give him something—I couldn't hear what—and she said she wouldn't, it was hers and gave a little scream.

"Oh, you brute," she said. "You've broken the chain and stolen it."

That woke Gibraltar and he groaned. The man came around the haystack. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Sleepin'," I says.

"Get out," says he. "This isn't a hoboes' roost."

Next morning when I woke up I saw we were near a house and we ambled toward it looking for a breakfast. It was a big house with a long porch in front of it and on the porch were a lot of people. It wasn't a farmhouse, as I had supposed, but some swell's summer cottage, and Gibraltar and I had butted into a house party.

When they saw us they called to us to come to the porch, they wanted Gibraltar to dance.

On the lowest step sat my little sunshine lady and beside her was the fellow I had seen the night before. Near them was a tall woman with yellow hair.

After Gibraltar had done his stunts I passed the money basket. The last person it came to was the fellow beside the sunshine lady and he was so busy talking to her that he never looked at what he pulled out of his pocket and threw into the basket.

I hung the basket on Gibraltar's paw and told him to make a bow. He bowed so low that the basket slid off and fell at the sunshine lady's feet. There was something in it which didn't look like money and she picked it up.

It was a gold locket about the size of a half dollar. She opened it, and there was the fellow's picture and: "To Beatrice, from George."

She snapped the locket shut and handed it to the tall woman. "This is yours, I think," she said.

The man looked as if he wanted to smash things, Gibraltar and me particularly.

The little sunshine lady put her hands in Gibraltar's fur and shook his big head. "Gibraltar," she said, "you have done a great deal for me today and I thank you, old fellow. Even out of the paws of bears—"

She kind o' choked then and I took up Gibraltar's chain and we went off.

When Snuff Was Useful.

"Some people have the knack of doing and saying the right thing at the right time," comments Lord Rossmore in "Things I Can Tell." And as an instance of the value of presence of mind in an emergency, he tells of a dog fight in Bond street, London. Two terriers that belonged to two socially eminent ladies had engaged in a businesslike tussle.

The distracted ladies alternately made tearful but vain appeals to their favorites and to the bystanders. Just as the fight seemed about to terminate fatally for one of the animals a blase-looking "chappie" elbowed his way through the crowd with a polite "Permit me."

He calmly surveyed the two struggling dogs; then he produce a handsome gold snuffbox and taking a pinch of snuff from it he dropped a little on the end of each dog's nose. A fit of sneezing ensued, which compelled them to release their grip, and the combat came to an end.

With a polite bow to the ladies, the strategist walked leisurely away.—Youth's Companion.

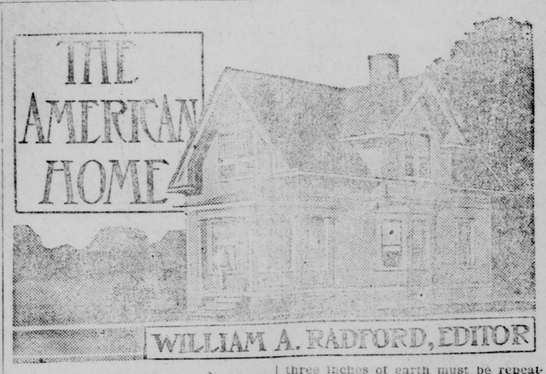
The Only Thing.

"Well, I got something in free of duty?"

"What was that?"

"The English cigarette I was smoking as I left the dock."

THE AMERICAN HOME



WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A little house we've got, on a flower bowered lot, in a hustling, breezy, busy little city; it's big enough for two, for our wants are very few: there's only just myself and little Kitty.

A simple little house like this is very much like going back to first principles, but it furnishes accommodation for a small family, just as well as a more elaborate affair. We all have acquaintances, especially among our older friends who commenced life simply and who are now enjoying the accumulations resulting from frugality and good management.

If a young couple forms the habit of paying rent they are very likely to pay rent as long as they live.

We often hear the remark that it is cheaper to rent than to own your own property. There never was a more foolish or misleading statement. The man who lives in a rented house seldom gets ahead financially. This holds good whether he is working on salary or is conducting a business on his own account. It would be difficult to say why, but it probably is because in the majority of cases a renter fails to give attention to the advancing value of real estate.

I knew a man, a clerk in a lubricating oil manufactory who rented a new house on a pleasant street about 20 years ago. At first he paid $20 per month, but in seven or eight years time the rent was raised to $25. He is still living in the same house and is now paying $35 per month. The house has not improved with age, and he is continually looking about to better his condition, but can find no other property that suits him so well or that he can rent at a cheaper rate in proportion to the advantages he now has. He has paid enough rent to buy the house, to pay all street improvements, city taxes, insurance and repairs. He tells me he was offered the property years ago for $2,500, which he thought was too much money. The lot itself is worth more than that today.

This is one instance in a great many similar ones that have come to my notice. It is not always that a neighborhood improves so rapidly and substantially, but generally speaking, all property in American towns advances in value.

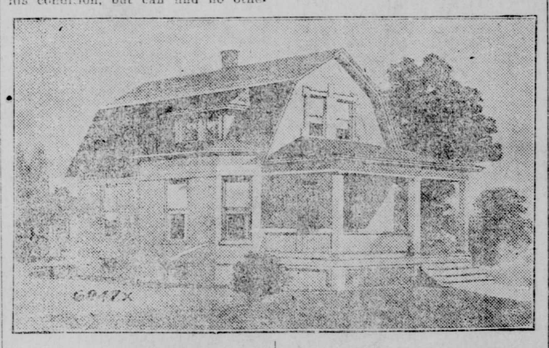
There is another very great advantage in owning a home, and that is the comfortable feeling you have of being a landed proprietor and the fact that you are not obliged to have your rent money ready promptly when the month comes round. You can plant a tree or a shrub or some flower bulbs without the permission of the landlord, you can make alterations in the house when it suits your convenience, and if the house or neighborhood is not to your liking, you can rent it and borrow the money to build another, and the rent from the old one will help pay for the new.

A little house like the one illustrated here may be made attractive by making a nice lawn and planting a few trees and flowers. The lawn is most essential and at the same time the most difficult undertaking on the average town lot. The ground, often is not very good, it is mixed with cellar earth and rubbish that is not well calculated for a good seed bed for grass. It is easy to put the ground in proper shape, however, if the job is started from the bottom. The ground must be plowed deep, and thoroughly worked to get the objectionable grass roots out of it. The condition of the soil will determine whether to seed the first year or the second year. If there is no humus in the soil it will pay to cover it thick with coarse manure and plow it under. This again leads to complications in the moisture problem, but if you have a hose attachment you can easily keep the ground moist. The top two or three inches of earth must be repeatedly worked with a disk harrow, or some such implement, every other day for a week or two to kill the weeds as they sprout, then if the top is well mixed with a good commercial fertilizer the grass seed may be sown and you have a lawn that will last as long as you want it, a lawn that will be green when others are parched with sun, a lawn that will look velvety and add ten or twenty per cent to the value of the property.

This is a secret that not many householders understand. It is not the house itself that makes a home desirable. I have seen cheap little houses made so attractive that strangers passing would stop to admire.

A young man can build a house like this for $2,000; and the money that he would naturally pay out for rent will pay for it in a few years' time. He can grow fruit trees and have fruit enough for home use and some to sell without going to much expense or spending a great deal of time in the garden. An hour or two at night for a few weeks early in the season will accomplish a good deal if the work is intelligently laid out. In building a house like this don't forget the outside embellishments. The lawn and the garden will be the making of the property, at the same time you will be setting a good example that is almost sure to benefit the neighborhood.

Another very important item is the painting. A little house sometimes is conspicuous just because it is small and more attention is paid to it than other houses in the neighborhood, especially if it is nicely painted and neatly kept. Always choose quiet colors for a small house; never attempt to make it showy. A drab with white trimmings always looks well. You may deviate from this without serious injury possibly, but you cannot improve on a light drab with white trimmings for a small house, especially if it is partly hidden among the trees and screened with vines.



This little home illustrated is attractive in outside appearance, and the interior is all that could be desired in a dwelling of this size. A glance at the floor plans show the arrangement of the rooms to be convenient; they are well lighted, cheery and comfortable.

TELLING APPROACH OF STORM

Many Signs Herald Rain If People Will but Take Note of the Indications.

Many people are sufficiently familiar with weather lore to know some of the signs that herald rain. The repeated performance of its toilet by the domestic cat, the apparent nearness of distant objects, unusual activity on the part of the snails in the garden—such indications are familiar to most people.

But there are other signs more easily to be noted by homekeeping town dwellers. Here are a few, as catalogued by a weather prophet:

"If, on picking up your newspaper in the morning, it displays a tendency to tear almost on its own account, a downpour of rain is not far off. Rain is also presaged when the contents of the salt-cellar are in a moist and clogy condition. At such times your bootlaces have a more than ordinary tendency to snap and your kid gloves will have a cold, clammy feeling and be difficult to pull on.

Even the walking stick or umbrella will act the part of a barometer. The handles before rain will reveal a slight deposit of moisture and be sticky to the touch. In this way the question whether it is the wiser to take a walking stick or umbrella on leaving home will be settled for the observant person by an inspection of the articles themselves.—Tit-Bits.

Valuable Secret.

"That Styx ferry business was fine," said one manager.

"How so?" asked another.

"Its ferryman had a way of making all the deadheads pay their way."

WAS NOT BAD LUCK

Breaking of a Mirror Led to Good Fortune, Love and Home.

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

If there was one person in the world who believed that it was bad luck to break a mirror, it was Walter Lane. He had reason for his conviction, for he was a practical victim of that misfortune. The sentimental superstitious element did not particularly appeal to him. It was the hard, real dollars and cents involved that brought him face to face with two gaunt giant facts—discharge and poverty.

It was no ordinary six-by-ten looking glass that Walter had joggled against and toppled to the floor. It was an eight-by-sixteen-feet plate glass mirror, one of the finest ever turned out by Richland & Co., the big glass firm of the city. In getting it ready for delivery, some one stumbled over a supporting frame and the costly mirror was shivered to atoms.

Walter Lane had been in the employ of Richland & Co. for over a year. He was held responsible for the damage, although personally he had no hand in the disaster. There were some hot words. Walter felt the injustice of burdening his shoulders with the entire responsibility; but he was discharged, his accumulated wages held back, and threats of a suit to recover the balance of the damages made.

"And about all I know is the kind of business that house does, and of course, they will blacklist me everywhere with the trade," mourned Walter.

He felt pretty forlorn as he walked slowly homewards. The frown on his brow deepened as concurrent troubles assailed his thoughts. There was the new suit he had paid ten dollars on, and no chance of getting the wages that were due him. The suit in turn brought up the sweet, winsome face of Leah Moore. There was a notable operatic event on the books for Friday evening, only two days ahead. He had invited Leah, and although she had several other invitations for that evening, she accepted his own, so pleased and pleasant that it had made his heart bound.

"What Do You Expect Me to Do?"

And now—an emotion akin to shame brought a flush to his cheek. He was proud, and it would be a great humiliation to confess his inability to meet the engagement. But he was straightforward and truthful. Therefore he must give up all thoughts of Leah, for a moneyless man and one without prospects is not generally encouraged by the prospective fiancee.

"I can't face her," reflected Walter. "I'll phone her this evening, and that will mean—goodby!"

It was distressing to think of it, and Walter's spirits sank lower as he proceeded on his way. Then a sharp slap on the shoulder brought him to a halt, and turning, he faced bluff and hearty grizzled old Jerry Gowan.

Old Jerry had been a veteran in the mirror service, but for a year classed as superannuated, and lived in an old barracks some relatives had left him. Walter had been his apprentice, in fact, and Jerry was quite fond of him.

"Well, my hearty," he hailed, "how goes it?"

"Bad," replied Walter, promptly and truthfully. "I'm discharged," and he told how.

"Good! grand!" cried old Jerry. "I don't mean because you lost your job, but because I need a hand, and I don't know a better one than you. Lad, I've got a big contract. It will take three months to fill it. I'll feed you, house you, and give you a 50 per cent. share in the profits when the work is done. I'll guarantee at least $5,000 for the year. What do you say?"

Walter looked dubiously at the speaker. In general estimation old Jerry was a down-and-outer. Walter marveled at his talking so big.

"What do you expect me to do?" he asked.

"Buy broken mirrors from factories. You just broke one, you say. Go and buy the fragments."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Cut and fit them to small medallion mirrors. I've got an unlimited order."

"Who from?"

"That's my secret, and, in order not to let any one else beat us to our special market, my backer insists on its being kept a secret. Now, look here—I knew what I'm about. Go and get the gloom out of your mind, pitch in with me, and inside of a year you'll be on the road to wealth."

Somehow the optimism of the old man inspired Walter with new cheer. Somehow his hopelessness was dissipated, and he mustered up courage to call upon Leah and tell her everything. She not only accepted no other invitation, but asked him to spend the evening at her home, and evinced the liveliest interest in his new prospects.

Somewhere old Jerry had purchased an enormous number of medallion frames. His business was to fill them with little mirrors made from the fragments Walter purchased at a bargain.

One night he took a stroll with Walter, and paused in the wholesale section of the city to point out a large wool warehouse with a great pillow factory next to it.

"Wool," observed old Jerry, oracularly, "feathers. Staples; something tangible, see?"

"Yes, I see," admitted Walter, "but what have wool and feathers to do with medallion mirrors?"

"You'll soon know!" was all old Jerry would say, and directed him to announce to "that girl of his" that he would have to suspend his Wednesday and Sunday night calls for a month or two. Then there was some rush business. The medallion mirrors were packed in boxes. There was nearly a car load of them. They were shipped across the continent. When they arrived at the little town on the coast, they were removed to the Lame Duck.

The Lame Duck was worthy of her name—an old shore liner owned by old Jerry's backer and brother. About all it had was plenty of hold room. Otherwise, it was an old tub.

Then there was a cruise of 800 miles south and then somewhere off the Central American coast the Lame Duck came to anchor in the port of the principal island of a vast archipelago.

There were natives, thousands of them, and one king over them all. It was with this potentate that Captain Gowan did business. It seemed that on a previous voyage the captain had presented the king with the first hand mirror he had ever seen. It set his kingship wild with delight.

They had no money, no postage stamps, nothing but banana trees and shell fish on the island, sheep and birds. Every native had a mattress of the softest down. As to wool, the islands were covered with thorny bushes that were just loaded with strands of precious wool torn from the passing herds.

The Lame Duck came back loaded with wool and down. The two partners—old Jerry and Walter—left San Francisco with $16,000 between them.

So the broken mirror led to new, bright fortune for Walter Lane—to Leah, patient, loyal Leah, love, contentment and a happy home.

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