

A Big Brother for Bobbie

By BERTHA E. McDONALD

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"There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the boy—just a bit delicate, which he will outgrow under favorable conditions. If you will pardon me saying so, his sensible little mother is a point very much in his favor."

"I'm only his sister, Doctor Jamison, but I'm all the mother he has."

"In his favor, just the same, and I hope you're going to use the same good judgment right through to—well—to the time when you have to hand him over to some other boy's sister."

Helen Forsythe flushed under the doctor's kindly words and arising proffered him a ten-dollar bill in payment of his fee.

"Now, my dear Miss Forsythe," he protested, refusing the bill, "please don't ask me to take that money. To begin with, I haven't done anything for the child yet, and to end with, I'm only an old bachelor who can't spend his income, anyway."

The tears began to flow unbidden down the girl's face, and the good doctor, to cover her embarrassment as well as his own, almost shoved the pair out of the room, saying as he slipped a paper upon which he had been writing into the boy's hand:

"I wish very much that you would bring Bobbie in again—just that I can

But Helen was not satisfied. She still believed he was actuated wholly by pity, and she had resented being pitied all her life. The thought preyed upon her mind until she could bear it no longer, so she decided to leave the neighborhood without letting the doctor know of her whereabouts.

Then one day the astonished little brother with all their belongings was literally torn up by the roots and transplanted to another street. When several days had passed with no visit from his doctor friend, Bobbie began to droop and pine.

"I wonder why he doesn't come, sister?" he said tearfully.

"You must remember, dear heart, that the 'big' doctor man has loads of patients besides us. He's probably too busy to come."

"But the last time he came he said he wished he had a little brother like me, and I told him I'd be his little brother, and he said all right, and most likely he'd never be too busy to see his brother, would he?"

The poor little blouse maker was torn with conflicting emotions. Her brother was all she had in this world, and trying to give him everything he wanted had long been a mania with her; but she could not bring herself to be continually facing Jamison, realizing that it was the man and not the physician for whom her heart beat so wildly.

She plunged deeper into her work, working late into the night again and again doing extra blouses, that Bobbie might not miss the delicacies with which the doctor had kept him supplied. One afternoon while attending to the needs of two customers the world suddenly grew black before her and she fell upon the floor in a swoon.

"Call the doctor—Dr. Floyd Jamison!" commanded one woman of the other.

An hour later, when Bobbie came in from play, Helen was lying on the couch, pale but smiling, and his doctor friend was holding her hand.

"Oh, goodie—goodie!" exclaimed the delighted child; "I told sister you wouldn't be too busy to come and see your little brother!"

"Never in this world, old chap! And sister's never going to run away from me again. Are you, Helen?"

"Not if you really think you want me."

"I want you both more than anything else in the world."

"Hip hurrah!" screamed Bobbie. "Then you can be my big brother every day, can't you?"

"That's going to be my life's job from now on," answered the happy doctor.

MANY METHODS OF RELAXING

All Are Good, but Some Form or Other Is Indispensable to One's Health.

How do you relax? Perhaps you don't. Recreations differ among those who seek to slacken the pace for a restful interlude.

David Belasco, in the midst of directing rehearsals, would seek out some corner of the theater and lie down flat on his back with his arms spread out. That is the Japanese theory of diminishing the spiritual tension.

A former vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad used to close his eyes and transfer his thoughts to his feet and his hands, saying: "Right hand, left hand; right foot, left foot" over and over to himself.

A great London editor closes his eyes and spreads out his hands on his desk as though playing a piano.

Major Kuhler the famous West Point expert, believed in stretching on the tip-toes, full length, till the fingertips tingled.

There are few better forms of exercise than chopping wood. Sam Seville informs me, Old Man Gladstone made that pastime famous, and in his other favorite avocation, riding the bicycle, he has had many imitators.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Flower Language. In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by a language of flowers.

If a maid accepts a bouquet of daisies from a man she at the same time accepts him as her fiancé, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flower for the woman he loves.

Another method which exists in the canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flower pot containing a single rose and a note on the window sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home, and wait—perhaps days—for a reply. If the maid takes the rose the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade away the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple.

Latin's Living Language. For anything like a parallel to the romance of Hebrew, after having been so long numbered with the dead tongues, becoming today a living, spoken language, we must turn to Latin, though the analogy is not perfect.

Through all the dreadful days of barbarism in Europe the Roman Catholic church helped to preserve that Latin language from oblivion.

When Greek had all but perished from the knowledge of mankind at large, when even Homer was forgotten, the language of the Caesars reared international communication possible.—London Chronicle.

BUMBLE BEE BUSY WORKER

Only Severe Cold Weather Induces Insect to Take a Rest From Its Labors.

If one were born a bumble bee, his idea of life success would be 40 acres of red clover waft high, in full June bloom and fragrance all the year through and forever. What one bumble bee could do with 40 acres of clover no bee nor mortal ever knew; but the bee, if human wise, would want all that and more.

Invades his flowery honey farm at the height of the season, and he puts out no restraining hand. There is no padlock on his gate. The whole field is a hum with polyglot plunderers coming from everywhere to carry away the very goods that are gold to the bumble bee. But he puts up no defense. He makes no vicious counter-offensive, as the yellow-jacket might. If you search for him here you find him diligently prospecting with his honey pump humming a barytone solo as he works, loads of pollen strapped to his running board, his tonneau billowing with joy fodder. He is having the time of his life.

When the 40 acres of red clover is a wilderness of dry stubble under a scorching July sun, and his millions in clover are swept away by the hand of the strong, this bumble bee will not be found hanging by a spiderweb to a fence-row flowered, a bankrupt suicide. Not he. In this fence corner left by the mower, and in his velvet suit of black and yellow, even now he is working over the dump of a goldenrod mine, and gold is shining from his pants pockets. Moreover, he has a fair swig left in his honey jug, and he is still humming his song of high June.

As the season goes down the steep slope toward chilly weather, the bumble bee does not dig his reluctant heels into the sod, lag sullenly back and turn a regretful eye over his shoulder, with his heart in the lost red clover. He takes the small sweets of poverty as he did the rich sea of June honey.

From a June millionaire's estate he has fallen to the fortune of an autumn tramp, taking a handout from a bearded swed and begging a night's lodging in the last bloom of a wayside hollyhock. But he still retains his well-brushed suit, his good deep barytone and his memories of June.

PROVED ABILITY TO REASON

Hard to Explain Monkey's Action in Putting Out Fire Unless That Admission Is Made.

A Louisiana planter who owns a pet monkey which answers to the name of Jocko, tells an anecdote about him which proves that such animals can and do reason.

The children of the house and Jocko are boon companions, and of a summer afternoon enjoy a frolic together upon the lawn. One day someone threw a match down and the grass ignited, making a little blaze.

Jocko saw it and stopped and looked then glanced all around, and seeing a piece of plank not far off, ran for it, crept cautiously to the fire, all the time holding the plank as a shield between himself and the flame, then pressed it down and extinguished it. What child could have reasoned better and done more.

Although, perhaps, no danger could have come from the fire still as one knows what the result might have been, and the monkey evidently believed that prudence is the better part of valor.

Me'd Forgotten.

The school dramatic society was giving its first performance of the season and the play they had chosen for the momentous occasion was "Julius Caesar."

All went smoothly till Caesar's dead body was brought in, and Marc Antony had to deliver his famous speech.

He put his heart into the part and the audience felt acutely for the poor citizen who were all presumably horror-stricken and overcome with grief; when Antony gently but firmly grasped, as he thought, the Good-bye and steady, very slowly, began to draw it back.

Just then an excited whisper came from the other end of the corridor: "But Antony, you did!"

But Antony was too much wrapped in grief to hear he preserved and then suddenly disclosed to the gazing audience Caesar's boots!

Rhine's Wanderings.

A remarkable thing about the Rhine is its length for so small a river. Unlike the Nile, which contains less water than the Ohio than at Berber, 1,500 miles upstream, the Rhine has numerous affluents, but never attains the dignity of a real river, as Americans understand such definitions, until it enters Holland.

The "German Rhine" owes its origin to the Swiss mountains, wanders with apparent aimlessness—first west and then north and northwest, after leaving Lake Constance—until it enters Holland, where it becomes a sluggish as any Dutchman who ever dwelt in New Amsterdam.

Too Severe.

"You told me when you were a suitor for my hand that my will would ever be law to you," said Mrs. Grippins.

"So I did, my dear, so I did," replied Mr. Grippins, mildly. "But at that particular time little did I dream that your will would ever take the form of a martial law."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MANY ROADS TO LONGEVITY

People Who Have Reached Advanced Age by No Means Unanimous as to the Best Path.

Records show that more women live to be centenarians than men. When the census of the United States was taken in 1900 it was found that 6,296 persons between the ages of ninety-five and ninety-nine were living, and of this number 3,536 were women.

Miss Eliza Work, who reached the age of one hundred and five, gave as the reason for her long life that she never drank tea or coffee; Mrs. Margaret Neve, who lived to be one hundred and ten, gave as her reason that she never lacked resources and was always busy; and Mrs. Sylvia Dunham, aged one hundred and one, lived to enjoy the enthusiasm of 22 presidential campaigns. Born in 1712, at the age of five she rode in a stage coach, at forty in a "tuffal boat, at ninety-nine in an electric car, and at one hundred in an automobile.

Abraham lived to be one hundred and seventy-five years old and Sarah lived to be one hundred and twenty-seven years old, and Isaac, their son, lived to be one hundred and eight, but whether a year was reckoned then as we do now is not known.

William Gladstone lived to be eighty-nine, and at the time of his death his intellect was one of the finest that the world has ever known, and he was called "The Grand Old Man." This is just one of the many cases proving a man is just as useful, if not more so, when he is old, than when he is young.

INSOMNIA NOT HARD TO CURE

Easy to Tell the Cause of the Affliction and Remedy Is Matter of Common Sense.

"There are two kinds of insomnia, and each has its cure," a doctor said.

"In the first kind you go to bed apparently sleepy, and as soon as your head touches the pillow, you become wide awake, and the most vivid and feverish thoughts whirl through your mind for hours. At last, sick with exhaustion, you fall asleep, but it's too late then. Too much time has been lost. You rise in the morning unrefreshed."

"In the second kind of insomnia you go to sleep all right as soon as you go to bed, but in an hour or so you wake up. You lie tossing a long while. You rise unrefreshed here, too."

"The first kind of insomnia is due to rich, undigested food clogging the stomach. The remedy is simpler meals in the evening—no pork or game or cheese or pastry, but, instead, fish or chicken, whole-meal bread, custards or milk toast."

"The second kind is due to lack of exercise. A daily half-hour's gymnastics, followed by a cold bath and a rub-down, will drive it permanently away."

Defense of Rhythm in Poetry.

When a poet discards rhythm he is discarding perhaps the most powerful single attribute of poetry which is at his disposal—the particular artifice, moreover, which, next to any other, enables the poet to obtain a psychic control over his reader, to exert a sort of hypnotic over him. Rhythm is persuasive—it is irresistibly stiff of life. It is not surprising, therefore, that things can be said in rhythm which otherwise cannot be said at all; paraphrase in the passage of poetry into prose, and in the displacement of the poet will have escaped. A good many champions of free verse would perhaps dispute this.

They would fall back on the theory that, at any rate, certain moods more colloquial and less intense than those of the highest type of poetry, and less colloquial and more intense than those of the highest type of prose, could find their aptest expression in this form, which lies halfway between—Couriel Arkin in the Dial.

Helping One Another.

We do far more than we think to help one another's principles, to hold one another up. A thought of the boy who must not be allowed to inherit a dishonored name has held many a man by the hour of temptation. The remembrance of wife and child has barred the way to many a wrong transaction.

The quiet courage of every day, that does its best hour by hour and accepts its part of the day's work the losses and penalties that steadfastly doing right must often bring this is the highest courage of all.

Many people add unnecessarily to their own anxiety by assuming cares that do not belong to them—which form no real part of their duty or their work. Some of these burdens are pure creations of one's own excited or morbid imagination, while others appertain to the life or duty of others and not to us.—Exchange.

Carrot and Radish Seed.

California is the largest producer of carrot seed. Sacramento and Yolo counties rank first, with San Joaquin, Contra Costa, Santa Clara and San Benito counties ranking as minor producers. In the production of radish seed the situation is reversed, the coast counties of California producing the bulk of the crop, and the river district being unimportant as a producer. It is also grown in the Pacific Northwest. Beet seed is grown in both the river and coast districts of California, but is probably grown more extensively around Sacramento than in any other portion of the state. Lettuce seed is grown almost exclusively near the coast sections of California.

Down the Lane

By R. RAY BAKER

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"And so you think you've got to call this off, this weddin' of ours, do you?"

He was an angular young fellow, with hair that bordered on the yellow, and he wore a striped green and red shirt, blue overalls and boots that were like the proverbial snow shovels. His eyes were gray, and he had just a few freckles peeping through a heavy coat of tan. Altogether he was not unprepossessing. Dress him up in "store clothes," polish his shoes and his speech and his manners, place him in a ballroom and he would have no trouble in filling his card.

"Yes, Joe, I've got to. You see, all the prospect before me here is hard work on a farm. If I marry you I'm just a farmer's wife. What I want is to see the world, to live in the big city, where there are scooting automobiles and clanging street cars, and lots of lights and operas and those things."

He grinned a rueful sort of grin and rested his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees while he gazed intently at a colony of ants a short distance from his feet without seeing one of the insects.

She was seated near him on the log. Her dress was plain blue gingham, and she wore a sunbonnet to match it. The sunbonnet served as a frame for an oval face, flushed with health, and despite the bonnet's bigness it could not prevent several wisps of luxuriant hair from peeping out at the edges. Some of the wisps appeared black, while others seemed a dark red. It must



Without Once Looking Back.

have been the way the sunshine, sifting through the interlacing boughs and forming the roof of the forest path, fell on them. Some such idea occurred to Joe as he sat in moody meditation, but his heart was too heavy to let him dwell on any such problem as whether a girl can have hair of two different shades.

"Has Paul McCormick anything to do with this?" he ventured finally, raising his head.

A firm, slightly rebellious expression crossed her face, but it was gone in a flash and superseded by one that was closely akin to pity.

"Yes, he has," she told him. "I may as well tell you it all, Joe. You see, after Mr. McCormick was here last summer we kept up a correspondence. You and me was engaged at the time, and perhaps I ought to have told you then, but I didn't think either him or me was serious—until a month ago when he proposed to me by letter. The letters had been getting more and more friendly of late and I was not so much surprised when he asked me to go to Cleveland and marry him."

"When he was here he told me all about life in the city; about his yacht and his automobile, and the beautiful home he was going to build. And he made me think a lot; though of course I didn't suspect he intended for me to live in that house. It didn't seem possible then, and it don't now, that a rich man like him would want to carry me. I always thought a heap of you, Joe, and we would have got married next week, just as we planned only for his proposal. You see, marrying him offers me a chance to live the life I have dreamed about so often. Please don't feel too hard and don't think harsh of me, will you, Joe?"

Joe stood up and placed his straw hat firmly on his head. He held out a hand and tried to grin pleasantly.

"That's all right, Mae," he said. "I don't think harsh of you. When are you going, if I may ask, and can I carry your things to the station for you?"

"Tomorrow," she answered. "He said to write him if I was going and he'd be at the station to meet me in Cleveland. I decided to send a telegram just before I got on the train here. As for you going to the station—well, I think it best we say good-bye here and now."

He clasped her firmly by the hand, and left her, walking slowly out of sight down the lane.

Mae sat on the log some time after his departure from the scene, telling herself that she really cared a lot for this country youth; and if it were not for the motor car and the yacht and the magnificent home that were promised her she—well, she had once told Joe Martin that she would marry him, and Mae did not feel that she was fickle.

Finally she rose and walked along the path in the direction opposite to that which Joe had taken. She was absorbed in thought and scarcely noticed where she was until she found herself looking down at a stocky, lanky-haired youth of about seven, carrying a rake over his shoulder. She had passed from the woods and was traversing the edge of a field.

"Hello, sis," was the youth's greeting. "Where you goin'—home? To get ready for the trip to Cleveland?"

She was startled. This boy was Joe's brother, although he had always, referred to her as his sister, probably counting on future events. Surely Joe had not seen him so soon and told him of her plans.

"What do you mean, Bub?" she asked. "What's this about a trip to Cleveland?"

The boy spread his mouth in a wide, knowing grin.

"Aw, you can't fool me," he asserted. "Didn't I hear Joe stealin' the folks 'bout it last night? Didn't I hear him say he had got a job in a surveyor's office or somethin', in Cleveland, through takin' that mail school course? Didn't I hear him say he didn't want you to spend your days on a farm, and he was going to take you to the city and make good there? Didn't I foller him and see him meet you in Lover's Lane this afternoon to talk it over with you? Didn't I, huh? And then you try to fool me like that. Shame on you, sis."

Early in the afternoon the next day Mae set out for the railroad station. Her father and mother wanted to accompany her, but she declined and walked off lugging a suitcase which contained the clothes she had been unable to crowd into the trunk that was taken to the station the day previous.

She had plenty of time, so she sauntered along, taking last looks at the fields and the houses and trees that had been her surroundings ever since she could remember. At the entrance to Lover's Lane she paused. It was in that lane she had promised to marry Joe, and it had been their trying place for two years or more. Tears swelled in her eyes as she stood and looked down the lane, which was taking on its multi-colored autumn garb. Somehow, she felt it was becoming a great effort to leave. It would not take much to make her change her mind, she told herself.

She tried to move on, but she could not pass the entrance to that leafy path without taking one more look at the log on which she and her father lover had sat so many times and discussed the future. Silently she glided down the lane. Hearing a rustle around a bend in the path, she stopped and darted behind a tree.

The rustle grew more distinct. She recognized the sound as made by some one walking along the leafy trunk. She crouched behind the trunk and peered forth to see who it was.

Presently he appeared, an angular young fellow, with hair that bordered on yellow, wearing a striped green and red shirt, blue overalls and boots that were like snow shovels. Over a shoulder was slung a peculiar instrument that looked like a telescope on three legs. It was a surveyor's transit.

Before boarding the train Mae wrote a telegram and handed it through the ticket window to the combined station agent and operator. The address on the telegram contained the name of Paul McCormick.

"Thirty-five cents," said the operator after reading the message and checking the number of words. Mae paid for it, while a strange little smile flickered over her face.

A short time later she looked out the window of the train as it sped on its way toward Cleveland. Fading in the distance were the hills and wood that hid from view the home she was leaving. She smiled and turning from the window, addressed her seat companion.

"I'm glad I didn't go yesterday as I had planned, Joe; and I'm glad the telegram I sent said 'no' instead of 'yes'."

The Way to Know.

The way to really know you have grown old is not to look at the gray hairs in your head or to feel sore when some kid gets up in a street car and offers you a seat. These things may happen to you while you are still really young from every viewpoint on earth except your years.

But, there is one sure way to know you are old, and that is when you hear a brass band going down the street and you don't care to follow it. If ever that indifference hits you, be sure that the halcyon days have passed forever as far as you are concerned. When anyone, then calls you "grandpa" right to your face, you can't deny it.

Chrysanthemums in Paris.

There are plenty of chrysanthemums in the flower shops of Paris this winter season, but they are sold at a prohibitive price anything between two and ten francs being charged for a single bloom. It is said that they were never more expensive, even during the first years when they became known in France, when the chrysanthemum was regarded as a great rarity.