

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE STRAY HEIFER

It was early, early in the autumn and the young heifer had wandered off for adventures.

The young heifer thought she was quite big enough for that. She was no longer a baby calf. She was almost a full-grown cow.

At first, she was big and new and she was strong and she was wise and she knew how to take care of herself. And adventures would be such fun!

To wander and then to wander some more would be very, very delightful. It was a good old world, so full of interests, so much to see, so much to discover.

Now the young heifer belonged to a farmer who owned a good many animals. He was very fond of all of his animals. He had cows and he had sheep and he had pigs and he had hens and roosters. Oh, there were plenty of animals on the farm, and there were horses, too, and dogs and cats. It was, in short, a splendid farm.

It was far, far away from where people lived, though, and even the farms which were nearest to his farm were not near any large place. No, in this section there were not many towns and those towns which there were had in them but few people. It was very, very far north.

Already it was becoming chilly. But the heifer wandered and wandered and before long the heifer felt very tired and very lonely. Ah yes, adventures were all very well but when it became chilly and night came along it was nice to have a nice lot of friends and relatives and members of the family about. And the heifer began to feel quite sad. In the distance she heard some sounds—sounds which were familiar to her, talk which she understood.

And she thought that she would go in the direction of those sounds and listen to talk she understood. This silence about her was beginning to make her quite nervous.

So she went in the direction of the sounds, even though she was tired, and even though she hated to walk any more. But it would be worth the extra walk and the extra tired feeling if she could be where there would be companions.

On and on she trudged, poor weary young heifer that she was. And at last she came to another farm. There were some of her own family about, but there were animals of her own kind and friends she could feel at home with, and it was happiness to be there. Everyone welcomed her, a little shy at first, but she was welcomed.

It was a joy to the heifer to be welcomed.

There was a new farmer here, one she had never seen before, but he, too, was nice to her. He seemed surprised at first to see her, but he treated her as one of the family in no time at all.

Day after day she stayed upon this farm, and the days went into weeks as days have a habit of doing of which



The Heifer Began to Feel Quite Sad, they've never broken themselves. And the weeks went into months. Yes, two months had gone by since the heifer had gone off for adventures. But she had not forgotten what her own family looked like. Nor had she forgotten what the farmer looked like. Nor had she forgotten what the farmer's wife and the farmer's son and the farmer's daughter looked like. And one day they all appeared upon the new farm.

"Yes," said her new master, "I couldn't understand it for a long time. And then I knew she must have wandered off from some other farm. She must have come a roundabout way for there are nearer farms than yours. I thought at first she had come from one of those nearer farms and went to find out. But she hadn't and then I couldn't imagine where she had strayed from."

"It was good of you to take her in and give her a home and now be willing to give her back to me," the heifer's real master said.

"Well, she made herself so at home that we began to feel she belonged to us."

The heifer went back though to her old home. It was good to be back and yet she had been treated well while she had been away. But oh, it was fun to feel such an unusual heifer—to have been away on a two months' visit. No other heifer could say as much. She didn't care to go again, but she was glad she had had such an unusual experience!

Had Tried 'Em Herself. While the kid—I found this empty ice cream cone. May I eat it? The Goat—No, indeed, my son. It's too tough and indigestible. Eat this paper pie plate instead.

FUNGI AIDS POTATO'S GROWTH

Tubers and Orchids Owe Their Existence to Tiny Parasitical Plants.

Common potatoes and beautiful orchids owe their existence to queer partnerships with tiny fungus plants. Dr. George H. F. Nuttall, director of Molteno Institute for research in parasitology of Cambridge university, pointed out in an address here.

When potato plants are raised from seed, tubers are not formed upon the roots unless they are invaded by a microscopic fungus. In soil free from the fungi, tuberization does not occur. In the case of many orchids the seed will not germinate without the assistance of fungi.

Dr. Nuttall said that this condition of partnership life may be regarded as balancing between two extremes—complete immunity and deadly infective disease. It probably originated as a conflict in which one of the partners was a parasite on the other, but in course of time ended in mutual adaptation. It is by no means so rare a phenomenon as was formerly supposed, he explained. In some cases the microscopic partner becomes a permanent inhabitant of the cells of the host plant or animal, and may even be transmitted from host to host hereditarily.

He predicted further discoveries in parasitism and in these mutual partnership arrangements of life.—Minneapolis Journal.

WELSH ARE PEOPLE APART

Have Less Connection With England Than Those of Scotland and Ireland.

Wales is the territory in the west of the Island of Great Britain lying between the mouth of the Dee and the Bristol channel. It is inhabited by a distinct race, the descendants of the ancient Britons who took refuge in the mountains and dales of Western Great Britain at the time of the Anglo-Saxon invasion.

These "Welshmen" (foreigners), as the English call them, or Cymru as they call themselves, are not only different from the English in language, customs, religious life, culture, in fact, in all that goes to make up national personality, but are actually more widely sundered from their English neighbors than are either the Scots to the north of them or the Irish to the farther west.—Alfred E. Zimmern in the Century Magazine.

Full of "Go." A Glasgow man who had a friend who was the manager of a large business house in London sent a letter to the latter asking him if he could give a job to a certain young man he knew.

The Londoner read the letter and after interviewing the young man gave him a clerkship in his firm's counting house.

Some time later the two friends met and the Glasgow man ventured to hope that his recommendation had been productive of good results.

"Quite the contrary," replied the manager.

"Well, well!" I thought he was the very man you were looking for."

"So he is, so he is!" was the sad response.

"What do you mean?" said his friend. "I thought he would suit you."

"He was full of go."

"He was," replied the other. "He has gone with 1,000 pounds sterling of my money."

Followed Instructions. Muggins presented a most peculiar spectacle. He was really quite a thin, small man, but on this particular morning he looked bulky, to say the least of it.

The neighbors were surprised. Jenkins, on his way to the station, paused in astonishment as he saw Muggins emerge from his house.

"Hello!" he said. "You look well wrapped up. Where are you going? To the North pole?"

"No," was the reply. "I'm going to paint the front door."

"But why are you wearing all those coats?"

"Because it says on the paint tin," retorted Muggins. "To obtain the best results put on three or four coats."

Tremendous Rainfall. The astonishing effects sometimes produced by cloudbursts are well known, but not many trustworthy records of the depth of the rainfall during such occurrences exist. The following instance, therefore, possesses much interest. On August 6, during a thunderstorm in the Fiji Islands, the measured depth of the rainfall in a gauge elevated twenty-five feet above the ground was 3 feet and 1 inch. The rain continued thirteen hours, and owing to unmeasured overflow, the total amount remains unknown, but it is estimated to have been not less than forty-one inches.

Once Was Enough. During a tense scene at the picture show a young man looked over and nudged his girl. He then proffered a paper bag with the whispered invitation: "Say, Myrt, have some chestnuts."

Myrt shook her head with such energy that a couple of hairpins were dislodged. Some previous experience, no doubt, accounted for the emotion in her voice as she replied: "No, Jim, I don't eat chestnuts in the dark."

R. L. S. HAD WRITER'S CRAMP

Yet Robert Lewis Stevenson's Laborious Copying of Manuscripts Kept Him Alive.

All Stevenson's creative work was done in the morning, though in those days before typewriters an author had an interminable amount of writing to do that was merely copying, and involved no mental effort.

The writers of today never have "scrivener's cramp," which pursued R. L. S. all his life, and which caused him often to hold his pen between his second and third fingers when the index finger was useless.

His preference was for white, ruled foolscap paper chosen because it approximated in his writing to a "Cornhill page" of five hundred words. His first essays had been taken by the Cornhill Magazine, and its page established for him a measure of computation. He calculated the length of all his work in "Cornhill pages" long after he had ceased all connection with the magazine itself, and indeed as long as he lived.

I think he found rewriting a very soothing pastime, and would not have thanked anybody for a mechanical shorthand; it was an equivalent and a much pleasanter one for the knitting and bead stringing that doctors nowadays so often enforce on their patients; and it had the agreeable quality that he could pause as long as he liked over a word or a phrase that was not quite to his liking, and polish endlessly.

Those who criticize R. L. S. for his excessive particularity are mistaken in their judgment. It was this rewriting and polishing that helped to keep him alive.—Lloyd Osbourne in Scribner's Magazine.

SABER TOOTH LONG EXTINGUISHED

Tigers Had Upper Canines Which Projected Them From Eating Only Small Amount of Flesh.

The saber-tooth tiger, which seems to have become extinct at about the time of the beginning of the Glacial period, had upper canines which in some cases are said to have been five or six times as long as the neighboring teeth, and hence were called "saber-teeth."

The animals became extinct because the great canines had overgrown their usefulness, and became a hindrance instead of a help to them in getting a living.

The canines finally became so large that the animal could not open its mouth wide enough to make use of them in biting, and the space between them would admit none but a very small piece of meat to enter, even if a large piece could be torn away.—Detroit News.

He Could Hold Them. A christening ceremony was taking place in a church in a mining district. The infant wore a resplendent bonnet which, when the critical moment arrived, the mother found some difficulty in removing.

With the eyes of the congregation on her, the mother became flustered and her attempts to remove the bonnet and hold the baby at the same time looked as though they would end in the baby being dropped on the floor. The clergyman turned at last to the father, a powerful looking man.

"Can you hold the child?" he asked sharply.

The man looked at the clergyman, who was rather diminutive, very disdainfully.

"Hold him?" he whispered fiercely. "Man, I could fling him over the church, and you, too."

Quartz in Photography. It is well known that pure quartz glass possesses the property of transmitting, very abundantly, the so-called chemical rays of light, by means of which photographic effects are produced, and it has often been attempted to make photographic plates of quartz alone. Unfortunately, quartz also possesses the property of double refraction, so that, unless the opening of the lenses is very narrow, good images are not produced. A French optician, E. Morin, is reported to have succeeded in making small photographic lenses of quartz glass in which some of the difficulties have been avoided and the lenses show great rapidity of action.

Down. They were discussing ways and means of getting down off an elephant. "Well, how do you get down?" asked Bob. "You climb down, of course."

"No," replied his friend Tom. "Well, you grease his sides and slide down," suggested the other.

"Wrong again," insisted Tom. "Then you take a ladder if one is handy and get down?" was the next suggestion.

"No."

"Well, you slide down his trunk."

"No, you ass; you don't get down off an elephant. You get it off a duck."—Kansas City Times.

The Rising Artist. The class had been told to draw a picture of a river, with two figures sitting on the bank. Going round the class the teacher came to a boy who had finished his drawing. She looked at his paper and was surprised to find only a river.

"Why, Jack," she said, "where are the two people I told you to draw?"

"Well, you see, ma'am," he answered. "I'm not very good at drawing people, so I put up a notice: 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.'"

LOCATES FIRES ON SHIPS

Smoke Detector Invented by British Used to Find Fires Before They Become Dangerous.

An ingenious device for detecting and locating fires on ships at sea is embodied in the Rich smoke detector, an English invention.

Pipes, communicating with all parts of the vessel, are led into a glass-tight chamber in which a vacuum pump is constantly at work, thus drawing air from every part reached by the pipes. Should a fire start at any point, the smoke is drawn into the chamber, a beam of light passes above the pipes, against which the smoke is plainly visible.

The pipes are numbered, so that the observer knows instantly where the fire is by noting from which pipe the smoke emerges. Below the vacuum chamber is a system of levers which control three-way valves; each lever controls a valve feeding a part of the ship corresponding to the numbering of the pipes. By pulling a lever, steam is forced into the part which is burning, effectually quenching the blaze before it reaches dangerous proportions.

When ships are heavily loaded it is often difficult to get at a fire, and frequently the flames get under full headway before they are discovered. With the use of the Rich detector a blaze can be put out literally before it starts.—Kansas City Star.

SULTAN HAD WRONG TITLE

Al Raschid the Just Could Listen to Complaint of Outraged Widow Without Feeling.

The title to the name of Al Raschid the Just is sullied by his extirpation of the generous, perhaps the innocent, Berniceides. Yet he could listen to the complaint of a poor widow who had been pillaged by his troops, who dared, from a passage in the Koran, to threaten the inattentive despot with the judgment of God and posterity.

Al Raschid was the third sultan of the line of Abbassides. He was a contemporary of Charlemagne, to whom he sent an embassy with a present of a famous clock, which, when put in motion by means of a clepsydra, pointed out the hours, struck them by dropping little balls on a bell or drums, and caused little doors to open, and a number of knights on horseback to come out, as corresponded with the hours. He was last of the caliphs who made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and he visited the prophet's shrine eight different times. He reigned A. D. 809 to 836.

The meaning of the word caliph is "successor of Allah," indicating the claims of the sultans to be the successors of Mohammed, and hence, in a more exalted sense, the vicar of God.

The Opposite. The teacher had spent two solid hours giving the class a lesson in English grammar. The particular point she wished to impress upon her pupils on this occasion was that of words and their opposites.

She gave them numerous examples and then thought she would apply a little test to see if they understood what she had been talking about.

"Now, tell me," she began, "what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness!" said the class in unison.

"And sadness?" she asked.

"Gladness!" came the answering chorus, and the teacher smiled at the new what good fruit the lesson had borne.

"And the opposite of 'war'?" she asked, as the bell rang to signal dinner time.

"Gee-up!" responded the enthusiastic class.—Kansas City Times.

Cautious Hays. Harris prided himself on a thorough knowledge of horses and their habits, and so he was interested when, on a visit to the country, he saw a farmer having some trouble with his mount.

It would start, amble along slowly for a short distance and then stop. Then the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started again. Finally Harris approached the farmer and asked kindly:

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I know of," was the short reply.

"Is he balky?"

"No. But he's so afraid of my 'Whoo!' and he won't hear me that he stops every once in a while to listen."—Kansas City Times.

Ident Shattered. Movies were very real to tender-hearted Mrs. Toodies. She always wept freely through the sad scenes and considered that her favorite actress was nothing short of an angel with a baby stare. So when she came home looking grave Mr. Toodies knew that something serious had happened.

"What's wrong, my dear?" asked he. "I don't like this. My favorite heroine is playing a vamp," she replied.

"You mustn't let that worry you. It is only pretense. You know that."

"Maybe so. But where did she learn to smoke cigarettes?"

Needed Lots of Space. A recruit wearing fourteen in boots was enlisted in the Irish Free State army. One night he was included in a round-up party, and when the roll was called afterwards he was absent.

"Has anyone seen O'Halloran?" asked the sergeant.

"Sir," said a voice, "he's gone up in the crossroads to turn round!"

The Greater Movie Season

Now is the time to Revise
Your Screen Opinions

CHANGE, change, change, that is the law of progress! What's fixed is dead and the movies move!

Within the heart of every energetic man and woman in the motion picture industry is the passionate wish to make a photoplay that will fire the imagination of whole nations with its glory.

Can anything staid, dirty, flabby or cheap do this? Of course not and they know it.

The motion picture people know today, as surely as the Church of God knows, that the greatest theme is the theme of Man and Woman dramatically fighting shoulder to shoulder to get above the earthliness of the earth.

We all know our feet are in the mud, but our eyes are on the stars!

Anything that drags us down will soon quit paying its producer because that's the way we aim to go!

Motion pictures are on the right track today.

See them and they will give you a new definition of the punch of real entertainment.

The Greater Movie Season is here—prove it by going!

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