

THE BLIND PONY

STORY OF A GIRL BREADWINNER BY ISOLA FORRESTER IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

AS Rue passed out of the great, warm, light building into the night, it seemed as though the full strength and power of the Herald were wrapped about her like an armor. She was going to interview the great James R. Blair, the man whom Holmes was speeding East in vain to find, and, most marvelous of all, they were holding the forms for her—holding back the forms of the greatest paper in the West for her story. A few snowflakes played a merry game of tag about her as she bent her head to the wind and hurried up Adams street to take the car to the depot. She felt as if her feet could have left the ground, and she could have floated with the flakes, her heart was so light. It was 4:45 by the Board of Trade clock when she passed La Salle street on the car. From there on to the bridge it seemed to creep along, and when she swung impatiently off almost before it had left the iron framework behind she ran the few steps to the door of the waiting-room around the corner on Canal street. A hasty survey of the long, high room showed her that Sydney had not arrived yet, and she chose a seat near which she could obtain a view of both the door through which she must enter and the clock. Her notebook—that precious notebook, with its host of spotless, white pages, which had spoken so eloquently to her of many thrilling interviews when she had purchased it a month ago—lay with her purse upon her lap. Its small, business-like pencil was in its place, and she chose a seat near the time to be sure that its point was sharp, when a gloved hand was laid on her shoulder and a warm, glowing, girlish cheek pressed to hers.

"Dear old chap, it was so good of you to come," Sydney said, dropping into a rocker beside her. "Papa's rushed off somewhere or other to telegraph and hunt a long-distance telephone. He's done that every city we've stopped at since we left Denver. Let's go downstairs to the train and then we can sit in the section and talk until you have to go."

Rue followed the tall, erect figure, in his well-fitting dark gray tailor-made traveling suit, with a keen sense of disappointment and dread in her heart. That such an awful accident of circumstances as her not seeing Mr. Blair should happen had never occurred to her. She thought of Mr. Rhodes waiting in room 34, of the delayed forms down in the composing-room, and even Sydney's gay chatter could not almost drive her trouble.

"It's ever so much better than waiting around all by your lonesome in an old private car," Sydney said, when they were seated in the Pullman sleeper. "I like to have a lot of people about me when I travel, so I can watch their faces and be interested and curious about them. Now see this couple, Rue; don't they look just like Professor Vane and his wife?"

"When will your father return, Syd?" Rue asked, without turning her head. "I wanted to interview him, you know, for the Herald."

"You?" Sydney's brown eyes were alight with interest. "Oh, of course," she said quickly. "I forgot you were a real, true newspaper woman at last. Just to think of the White Elephant days, and here you are on the Evening

Herald. Papa won't be back until the very last minute, I'm sure. He never does. Interview me, I'll tell you lots," Rue hesitated.

"Where did you go after you left the car in Kansas?" she asked, after a moment's consideration.

"Over among the mountains in Colorado," returned Sydney promptly. "It was lovely. Papa left me at a funny little place called Three Bears. That was where Mr. Maxwell met him, you know. Mr. John Maxwell, of New York. And they went up into the mountains for a few days and left with the landlady at Three Bears' Hotel."

Rue pondered. She did not write anything down in her notebook except the name of Three Bears and John Maxwell. "What did you go up to the mountains for?" Evidently the one great point of importance was to find out what Mr. Blair had been doing with himself since he had left the Herald Building 15 minutes later.

"Mr. Rhodes was alone. He half turned in his chair as she entered, and there was a sparkle in his keen, dark eyes from under their heavy brows."

"Well," he asked, "did you see him?"

"Yes, for a moment," Rue's face was flushed, and her mouth dropped at the corners. She looked slight and young, and, as she stood before the long mahogany desk and looked at the man whose name she had just heard, she was aging editor. "But there isn't any story to it at all. They only went up into Colorado with John Maxwell, at the Three Bears, and he owns the Lost Star now, and Mr. Blair says he's been hunting a blind pony and found it; that's all."

She had expected a curt dismissal, or else an outburst, but none came. Instead, after one long look at her face, Mr. Rhodes turned deliberately aside and pressed several electric buttons at the side of his desk. Mr. Dexter and an office boy and the foreman of the composing-room followed each other in quick succession, and Rue stood aside as Mr. Rhodes conversed with each in turn.

"Write to Maxwell for confirmation of the Lost Star story," he said finally, and Mr. Dexter went out, his thin, sharp face full of intense concentration.

"Mr. Rhodes," exclaimed Rue, desperately, feeling she must know the truth. "Please, when you're alone, tell me the story, anyway? Have I done any good?"

Mr. Rhodes' eyebrows lifted slightly. He was not accustomed to explosive queries on the part of his staff. But as he met her anxious, girlish face, his face relaxed its sternness somewhat.

"You have found out all we care to know of Mr. Blair," he answered. "It was a most successful interview. Miss Bartram," after a moment's hesitation, "I congratulate you. Concerning the Blind Pony, just at present, it is causing most a panic in Wall street. It is the richest gold mine that has been struck in this country for many years, and Mr. Blair was believed to have no share or interest in it, but had staked all on the Lost Star stock." He paused and answered a telephone call from the city editor, before continuing. "Every effort has been made to ruin Mr. Blair in this deal, and every advantage taken of his absence."

"And the blind pony is his?" exclaimed Rue, enthusiastically.

"The Blind Pony is his," repeated Mr. Rhodes, "and he is almost absolute control of the gold market. Financially, I may say, he is the greatest man of the moment in the country. Now do you understand?"

Rue did not answer. Her head seemed to whirl at the magnitude of it all, but out of all the chaos one important personal detail reared itself, and she hesitated at the door.

"Mr. Rhodes," she said, "it is a month tomorrow."

"Miss Bartram," said the managing editor severely, "there are two important lessons you have to learn in your newspaper career. First, learn to know a good story when you are fortunate enough to secure one, and second, do not worry over your position until you find a note of dismissal on your desk. You will report to Mr. Dexter tomorrow as a regular member of his staff."

perately when caught, and when they find they cannot escape they kill themselves. They always commit suicide in the same way by pecking at their breasts. They calmly peck a hole through the outer skin until the singular vein is exposed. A final peck severs the artery and the bird quickly bleeds to death. The Quetzal dies, but never surrenders. The green parrot, stuffed, but with its feet missing, is to be found in natural history museums all over the world. But no one has ever succeeded in keeping a specimen alive in captivity."

A Small Boy's Questions.

Mamma, sit down! I want to ask you just one thing or two: What makes my shadow stretch out so? Have you seen that? Is it the trees that make the wind? By switching 'round their boughs? And where do dogs go when they die, And kittens, cats and cows?

And when it thunders in the sky, What makes the clouds so dark and grey? Could I dig down to China-land In 10 years, do you think?

Why don't the people tumble off When China turns this way? And when you say the moon is full, What is it full of, pray?

How far is it up to the clouds? How long are comets' tails? And why will not umbrellas do For boats as well as sails?

How did the very firstest man Who made tape measures know How long to make the first end inch, And, say, do yardsticks grow?

How many workmen did it take To build a pyramid? And won't you show me on the map Where baby Moses hid?

What makes the little darkies black? What makes the sky so blue? And is it right to tell a joke? When not the word is true?

Why do you love me just the same When I am cross and bad? First happy and then sad?

And will you be the grandmother To all my little boys? And when you come to see me Bring your pockets full of toys?

Is Santa Claus a truly man? Have reindeer hoofs and paws? Who dresses all the Christmas dolls— Does Mrs. Santa Claus?

Is Jesus real, mamma, dear? Were frankincense and myrrh His Christmas gifts? Did Mary Think these things were meant for best Or did she keep them safe from him?

Why don't the Bibles tell? Was God one time a little boy— He knows our hearts so well?

Where is our fire when it goes out? Why can't I understand? Well, won't you tell me where to find Some undiscovered land?

How can God follow out the hills Without a single foot by stage? You don't know everything? Well, then, Why don't you go to school?

—Emma Huntington Nason.

How to Play Class Ball.

The players stand in a line like a class in spelling. The left-hand end of the line is "head" and the right-hand end "foot." The "teacher" stands midway in the line, facing the class, and throws the ball to No. 1, standing at head. No. 1 returns it to teacher. Teacher throws it to No. 2, and it being returned to No. 3, and so on all along the line. When



one misses he must go to the foot. When the teacher misses he takes the head, and all times the teacher's place. When the ball is reached those who have missed stand in a line 10 paces off, and those who have not missed are privileged to take one throw, blitting whosoever they can in the line. This is also a pretty parlor game, played after the fashion of battles and shuttlecock. A soft ball is best suited to this game.

NIGNI, THE DWARF

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE MAN, AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE claim has been made for me that I was the smallest child ever born alive, but I shall not boast of that. Indeed, I would rather have been a bouncing baby than the frail and tiny thing I was. When I was 3 days old I weighed only 12 ounces, and was about as long as one of the little crochery dolls you see in the stores. Had my father put me into his overcoat pocket I should have been lost.

Of course, all I'm going to tell you

about my babyhood I learned in later years from my mother. Even though I was called very smart, I remember nothing until I was about 3 years old. I was so small and weak that it was hard to keep me alive for the first six months, but after that I began to pick up. At the age of 1 year I was only seven inches tall and took my daily baths in a pint cup. I then began to walk alone and my adventures to begin. Being so small I could hide almost anywhere in a room, and if I went outdoors I was sure to get

into some trouble. When I was about 2 years old I was left alone for a few minutes one day, and a mouse came out of a hole in the wall to bear me off. I happened to be playing with a knitting needle, and I used it for a weapon to fighting for my life, and though I had been bitten three times I had almost crippled the mouse. People who heard of it came to see me and praise me for my bravery, but I was too young to understand them.

About a month later I got outdoors one day, and a Spring chicken took me for something good to eat and tried to snap me up. Never was a little fellow in greater peril. The chicken was coming on with her beak open to devour me at one gulp, and there was no one to hear my cries for help. I sprang aside just as the chicken thought she had me, and I was marching up to the rooster to dare him to battle. There were people who said I was born to be a warrior, but my father only smiled at such talk. No dwarf ever became a famous general or ever

I was 3 years old, and I was 11 inches high and weighed six pounds, when I wandered away from the house one day into a meadow. I was armed with a sword made out of pasteboard and had a paper cap on. That year happened to be a great one for grasshoppers, and I was suddenly surrounded by a host of these and savage looking hoppers as one ever saw. Young as I was, I knew that I could not outrun them, and that I must fight for my life if I would preserve it. The hoppers surrounded me and cut off all escape, and as I took a firm grip on my sword they rushed forward to the attack. I do not wish to boast of my bravery, but when I tell you that I killed 12 of those savage grasshoppers before they retreated you will say that I fought desperately.

The hoppers did not give up with one attack. They drew off to rest themselves and collect a greater force, and while they were doing this I sharpened my sword on the grass and got ready for another struggle. When they came again they were gnashing their teeth and thirsting for blood, and they came with such a rush that I was knocked down. I was up by, however, and I was fighting with them as hard as I could strike, and showing mercy to no foe. I beat them off, and even drove them across a creek. When I came up the dead hoppers, and found 27 of them, and when they came running he found me waving my bloody sword and cheering over my victory. It was indeed a great battle, considering my size and youth, and there were many who remembered and talked of it long after I had left the town and was meeting with other adventures. I received four wounds in the back, but they were not serious. I was up again, and as good as new.

My further adventures I will relate to you another week.



THE FIGHT WITH GRASSHOPPERS.

A WONDERFUL LITTLE LAD

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND, YET HE MAKES PICTURES

Our schoolboys must not imagine that they are the smartest in the world, for there is a little boy in Boston who is deaf, dumb and blind, and who, in spite of this, will make every one of them look out good and lively for his honors. In manual training school, this little boy is equal to and superior to more than 200 of the other boys.

Tom is now 15 years old. The little fellow lost his sight and hearing when he was about a year and a half old, from spinal meningitis. He forgot how to walk, and at 5 years of age, when he was admitted to the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, he crept backward. Now Mr. Anagnos, the director of the institution, considers Tom the equal of any boy of his age in mental development, so that all he has learned, including how to walk, has been accomplished in 10 years.

Tom's competition for the commencement exercises of 1899 was:

"TWO BOSTON BOYS. THE BOSTON BOY OF 1899. Boston is an old city. More than 200

years ago the Puritans came across the ocean to find a new home in America. They built a town on three hills and named it Boston. That was their old home in England. The little Puritan boy walked through the grassy lanes instead of streets. He drove the cows to pasture on the common. Washington street is the old crooked row of houses. There was a high beacon on Beacon Hill. The boys liked to coast down Beacon Hill in winter.

"An Indian was the postman who carried letters from town to town. The people traveled by stage, and the ships were sailing vessels. Because the people in Boston town were good and brave, it grew to be a big city. There are 66,000 people in Boston now.

"The Boston boy of 1899 rides in steam and electric cars and carriages without horses.

"The mail and telephone and telegraph carry our messages. Steamboats cross the ocean in a week. There was no land enough for all the people, so more land was made in the harbor. The old town

dock is part of the subway now. The little Puritan boy would find everything changed except the Common.

"I am very glad that the little Puritan boy came to Boston, and lived in the old home in 1899. Tom wrote this composition in Braille Point characters during his day hours. When the part of the work was done he set himself about making his illustrations. They consisted of the old stage-coach of 1800 and the electric overhead trolley car of 1899. He had a house on Beacon Hill, and the windmill on Copp's Hill, which he cut out of white paper and pasted upon black cardboard. The unique feature of Tom's illustrations were that they were all made out of straight lines, and yet any person could instantly tell what they were intended for.

If anyone imagines this would be an easy task, let him try to cut out of stiff white paper an old stage-coach pulled by a horse, and a trolley car, with its overhead electric wires and its track to run on. The windmill, sailing vessels and beacon light look easier, but they would be hard enough, goodness knows, with one's eyes shut.

The commencement exercises took place in the Boston Theater, before an immense audience, and when it came Tom's turn to read his composition, this is the way it was done: He passed the "reading finger" of one hand over the raised characters, and, with the other hand, spelled it out in the manual or deaf-mute alphabet to an interpreter, which interpreter repeated the story of the "Two Boston Boys" to the rest of the audience. At the right time Tom held up the illustrations he had made. The table upon which his manuscript rested has been made by his own hands. None of the pupils that day longer or better applauded than deaf, dumb and blind Tommy Stringer.

Need of Ventilation.

It is not the actual overheating of rooms, but their lack of ventilation, that makes colorless faces. In well-regulated houses the maid opens the windows of the sitting and dining-rooms every morning before breakfast for five or 10 minutes, even on the coldest Winter days. But by noon the furnace heat has exhausted all the oxygen in the house, and thus de-oxygenated air is taken into the lungs of the occupants for the rest of the day. With a good furnace a house should be aired three times a day. Visitors entering a house in Winter time are sure to find the atmosphere oppressive, but after 15 or 20 minutes they forget about it and are content to remain in it for an indefinite time. English girls are noted the world over for the frost-colored complexion; they never live in furnace-heated houses, whose doors and windows are kept carefully closed. The open fires are sufficient for heat and ventilation.

Toad in a Passion.

In spite of the precious jewel which it wears in its head, the toad has few friends, although one which Professor Bell kept as a pet would sit on top of his hands while it fed out of the other. No doubt it is an ugly creature, but it cannot help that. Why, then, should it also possess a temper? A toad in a passion is really and truly very ugly indeed. One was once caught in a snare that had been laid for birds. The moment it found itself a prisoner, its rage knew no bounds. It struggled furiously, and snapped at everything within its reach. Nor does it spare its brother toad, but often goes for it on land or water.

George Doing Well.

Philadelphia, North America.

Mrs. Sinist—How are you making out at breaking your husband of the liquor habit?

Mrs. Newell—Grandly! The first victory belongs to me, as George gave right in to my first suggestion.

Mrs. Sinist—How noble! What was your suggestion?

Mrs. Newell—Well, I suggested he drink as much water as he did intoxicating drinks, and he promptly promised that for ever drink of whiskey he took he would take a glass of water right after it.

MARVELS OF DEEP-SEA LIFE

"SERPENTS" UNDOUBTEDLY EXIST AT GREAT DEPTHS

THE animals of the deep sea which live habitually in water just above the freezing point, in darkness that is profound, are among the most grotesque and weird of living beings. The fishes so far as known, are of small size; but this does not prove that there are no large animals in the deep sea. The method of taking deep-sea forms precludes the capture of any except the small and very sluggish ones which live in the deep ooze, but the time will come when a large dredge will be invented in which the monsters of the deep will be taken, as there are few naturalists who have given the subject any attention but believe that there are in the greater depths some gigantic animal which is occasionally seen by those who go down to the sea in ships. The many and oft-recurring stories of the sea serpent cannot all be visions, pictures of the fancy. Many of the supposed sea serpents are whales, lines of birds or patches of seaweed, but it is the consensus of opinion among conservative naturalists that there is some gigantic animal in the deep sea yet unknown to science which occasionally comes to the surface, showing portions of its form to the amazement of the mariner who may chance to be in the vicinity.

As to the nature of these unknown animals we have several suggestions. Some years ago a fisherman on the Georges bank off the Maine coast, or in that vicinity, brought up a remarkable fish 20 feet in length, which was entirely new to him. Considering it a mere conchance it was thrown overboard, but the catch was reported and aroused great interest among naturalists, so much so that a large sum was offered to the fisherman to fish it up again, which they tried to do without success. The fish was a veritable young sea serpent, and if such a fish attained the length of 20 feet it would well compare with the accounts of sea serpents which are reported so often. Since this occurrence several eel-like sharks have been taken; long, serpentine-like creatures that when large must be the sea serpents of the deep sea, and have convinced observers that the tales which have surrounded them are not without foundation, and that this mysterious realm conceals strange and gigantic forms which only rarely rise to the surface.

The eel-like sharks found are in some instances luminous, emitting a strange light over the entire surfaces—the light-givers of the deep sea.

Another strange denizen of the deep is the so-called ribbon fish, several specimens of which the writer has seen on the shores of Santa Catalina Island. This creature is one of the most beautiful of all fishes. It resembles a white or silver ribbon, slashed with black. A long fin extends its entire length and over the head forms a number of plumes or pom-poms of a vivid red, that in long specimens might easily be taken for a mane waving to and fro. That this delicate ribbon fish attains a large size is generally believed, as large specimens have been captured. Some years ago a fisherman was hauling a net on the coast of Scotland when it was found that some heavy weight was holding the net back. Additional help was obtained, and a dozen men finally hauled in a monster fish which was estimated to weigh 800 pounds. It was a gigantic ribbon fish 30 feet or more in length, so long and heavy that it required the efforts of half a dozen men to carry it along the deck. It was a veritable sea serpent, and extending from its

head were tall deep red or scarlet plumelike fins, which form a sort of "mane." The fish, which is being seen on the typical sea serpent. These fishes attain a length of 30 feet there is no reason why they may not exceed this, and it is very probable that some of the "sea serpents" which have been observed are various types of gigantic ribbon fishes, which came up from the deep sea and moved along with undulating motion at the surface.

During the past year a large specimen of this deep-sea wonder washed ashore at Newport Beach, California, where it was destroyed by a Mexican, ignorant of its value. The fish, which was 35 or 36 feet in length, and estimated to weigh 500 pounds, was seen at first in the surf, presenting a remarkable appearance as its silvery folds rolled over and over and flashed in the sunlight. The fisher waded out the surf, and with much difficulty hauled the struggling ribbon fish out upon the sands.

How deep the ribbon fish lives in the sea is unknown, but it is supposed to come up from the very great depths where almost profound darkness reigns.

One of the most remarkable as well as gigantic animals of the deep sea is the sperm whale. The size to which these animals grow, their strength, their hideous appearance places them on a par with many of the weird and grotesque creatures of a past age. The sperm whale undoubtedly attains a length of nearly if not over 100 feet, and pieces have been taken from the stomachs of whales which suggested animals far beyond this size.

No more hideous creature can be imagined. The body is barrel-shaped, the tail like an arrow-head, the eyes as large as saucers, black and white, hypnotic and staring. The arms are attached to the head, and are 19 in number, from 19 to 20 feet long in extremely large animals, which grow from 20 to 30 feet in length, depending upon the size of the individual. The short arms are provided with extraordinary suckers their entire length. The two long ones have them only at the extremities, and they form virtually a pair of pliers, which are shot out 30 or more feet like a flash of light to seize unsuspecting prey, which is then hauled among the shorter arms and held powerless to escape. The mouth is small, but is provided with two large parrot-like beaks. This weird creature weighing tons, with a power of changing its color like a chameleon, and in some species luminous, lives in deep fjord-like bays, and probably in the deeper regions of the ocean, as it is rarely seen, except when wounded. A number of years ago an epidemic appeared to have overtaken these animals, and numbers were found at the surface in Newfoundland waters, one 55 feet in length, giving the natives who were of a hard struggle. The hideous animal threw its arms over the boat, holding on with vice-like strength, emitting clouds of ink, which permeated the water in every direction. It was finally secured, towed in and anchored in the surf, where it lay until the tide ebbed, tossing its arms aloft, filling the water with ink—a terrifying spectacle.

The capture of nearly all the giant squids has been sensational. The French man-of-war Albatron sighted one some years ago lying upon the surface. A boat was lowered, but the captain was loath to allow his men to attack it, fearing that some one would be killed or injured by the flying arms or be hauled down into the water. Finally a harpoon was thrown into it, and killed it. When the animal was hauled aboard, by its mere weight it fell apart, yet there was no doubt but that it could have held two men in each arm and drowned them easily in the open water. So uncanny a creature might well

inspire horror among seamen, but there is every reason to believe that they are very timid. The writer measured one of those animals, which he found to be 45 feet in length; and at the island of Santa Catalina once observed a school of squids from eight to ten feet long, rush in upon the surface, and then disappear. One of the curious creatures was placed in a large tank, where it lived for several hours, giving a remarkable exhibition of color changes. It threw its long arms about the edges of the tank, and in almost impossible to dislodge, while its body flashed tint and color change fairly dazzling. The prevailing hue was reddish brown, becoming vivid, then fading away to pale gray, suggestive of the possibilities of concealment of this strange animal. The writer has seen them poised over a white sandy bottom almost invisible, then when over a dark bottom they took on a darker shade also almost invisible to any lurking foe. When attacked the animal shot away, tail first, like an arrow, discharging backward at its enemy a cloud of ink, which filled the water for many feet about a protective measure at once effective and sensational.

The question of large animals of the deep sea is one of the problems of the future, and doubtless in the years to come some trap will be devised which will bring to the surface some denizens of the deep sea, which in form and shape will be as remarkable as the squid and the whale, which are known to be the light-givers of these abysmal regions of the ocean world.

GUATEMALA'S NATIONAL BIRD.

The Quetzal Commits Suicide When Caught and Caged.

The little republic of Guatemala decorates its coat of arms, its stamps and its official documents with the picture of a beautiful parrot. The bird is of a rich green color, with tufted head and a long tail, which frequently grows to a length of four or five feet. It is found only in the forests of Guatemala. The green parrot of Quetzal, as it is called, has been made the National emblem of Guatemala, just as the American eagle has become the National emblem of the United States. And the parrot perches gracefully upon a pedestal in the Guatemalan stamps and the same as the great eagle which screams from the reverse side of the American dollar.

The Guatemalans are very proud of their National bird, and have written many songs about it. The parrot was selected for the National emblem because it was found very hard to catch, and since, when once imprisoned, it always kills itself rather than remain in captivity. The liberty-loving people of this South American republic say this bird, which so skillfully eludes capture and dies rather than surrender, is typical of their own country and its people.

The Quetzal lives in the widest parts of the mountains, and never visits the neighborhood of the towns or cities. The only parrots ever brought out of the forests are taken by the native Indians. The parrots are too wary ever to be caught in a trap. The Indians first watch the parrots, sometimes for days at a time, until they discover their haunts. Then they employ a pole of the surrounding trees with thick glue. The parrot perches on the sticky limb, and is held fast. The natives remove the bird from the limbs by the simple expedient of cutting off their feet. For many years it was supposed by scientists all over the world that the green parrot grew without feet.

No parrot has ever been brought from its forest home alive. They struggle desperately when caught, and when they find they cannot escape they kill themselves. They always commit suicide in the same way by pecking at their breasts. They calmly peck a hole through the outer skin until the singular vein is exposed. A final peck severs the artery and the bird quickly bleeds to death. The Quetzal dies, but never surrenders. The green parrot, stuffed, but with its feet missing, is to be found in natural history museums all over the world. But no one has ever succeeded in keeping a specimen alive in captivity."

THE DOROTHY BROWN PAINT PICTURES

SEQUEL TO "PICTURES OF PAINT BOX TOWN."



Dorothy Brown Helps Her Mother to Pack

DOROTHY BROWN ABROAD.

(Copyright, 1902, by Douglas Z. Doty.)

'Twas April and Springlike in Palat Box Town, With the dewdrop in blossom, when Dorothy Brown Was told of the new-life saucers her eyes— For really it was a delightful surprise.

"We start in a week," Mr. Brown said at tea. "At Queenstown we touch, after six days at sea. Then England and Scotland and Holland and France, And other nice places if we have the chance; And now, Daughter Dorothy, won't that be bliss?"

And Dorothy said, as she gave him a kiss, "Is Reg going with us?" and father said, "Guess!" But Dorothy knew that his smile was a "Yes." Now Reg is her cousin and chum, you must know, And it just capped the climax to know he could go.

How short seemed the days that followed so fast, With packing and sewing and work to the last! In painting this picture be careful to use The colors quite thin, especially blues. I think Mrs. Brown should be colored in gray, With flowers of pink on her dress, let us say; For Dorothy, lavender, stockings of green, Russet brown shoes—and the cat so serene Is grayish to white. Give North, the maid, A white cap and apron, her dress a pale shade Of blue or of pink—the wall greenish gray. The curtains of a week from today Will find Miss Dorothy bound for the ship, And please meet her there, or we'll miss a fine trip.