

Gems In Verse

The First Snowfall.
The snow had begun in the gloaming
And busily all night
Had been hoarding field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine to deck for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged with deep with pearl.

From sheds now roofed with Carrara
Came chattering a muffled snow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's
down
And still fluttered down the snow.

"Johnny on the Spot."

The world has many golden gifts 'tis
eager to bestow,
On enterprising mortals who are not too
shy or slow
To step right up and win their share of
prizes when they can.
But, oh, the world's too busy, next,
to seek the absent man!

And those who mean to do so much next
week or month or year,
Away off in some misty clime instead
of now and here
May some day rouse themselves and find
a score of times have not
As much truth "got there" as has one
brisk "Johnny on the spot."

When shy Miles Standish sought to win
the fair Priscilla's hand,
By courting her by proxy, 't was hard
to understand,
The comely Plymouth maiden said she
really would prefer
John Alden, who possessed the spark
to come and speak with her.

That old, oft-quoted piece of fudge which
says that "Abigail makes
the heart grow fonder" has been classed
with those absurd mistakes
Which blurt, slang using folks would say
are all a bit of "rot."
The chap that wins the lady is the "John-
ny on the spot."

The men who framed our nation fought
against tremendous odds;
They never could have won had they been
slow, weak hearted chaps.
Each mother's son of them seemed glad
to risk his precious neck;
Wherever duty called him, there it found
him, right on deck.

Brave Washington came at the front, his
country's course to guide,
With Adams, Franklin, Jefferson and
Hancock at his side.
No proxies could have done the work for
that immortal lot,
Whose every man was what you'd call a
"Johnny on the spot."

JONATHAN DORE.

His Transformation to Savagery and Return to Civilization.
In June, 1746, Jonathan Dore, a boy of twelve years old, was told by his father, who was at work with other men in the field, to sit on the fence and keep a sharp lookout for Indians, who were suspected to be not far away. This was in or near Rochester, N. H. The boy sat whistling on the fence. The Indians all at once came in sight. He gave the alarm, and the men all escaped, but before he could get down the Indians seized him. His father saw him captured and carried off, but could do nothing. Eleven years afterward the Fort William Henry massacre occurred. Among the New Hampshire soldiers who escaped was a Dover man, who declared confidently that he had seen Jonathan Dore. He had often been at Mr. Dore's house and knew Jonathan well. He was sure he had not been mistaken in his identification.

When the massacre became general after the surrender of the fort, the Dover man ran for the woods and was closely pursued by an Indian. His pursuer gained upon him so fast that he turned at last and faced him to meet his unavoidable fate. The uplifted tomahawk was just descending upon his head when he recognized, amid the paint and costume of an Indian, the eyes of Jonathan Dore. The recognition seemed to be mutual. The Indian dropped his tomahawk at his side and walked slowly back to the fort.

Such was the story of the returned soldier, but it gained little credit. Two years later, however, Jonathan Dore suddenly made his appearance in Rochester after an absence of more than thirteen years.

He had been treated kindly by the St. Francis tribe, to which his captors belonged, had married an Indian girl, had acquired the habits and disposition of an Indian, and indeed had almost forgotten that he was descended from another race. He bore a part in all the cruelties at the taking of Fort William Henry. A white man whom he was pursuing turned upon him just in season to arrest the descending tomahawk, and then Dore saw a face which had been familiar to him in childhood.

Memories of his father's friends and the happy scenes of his boyhood rushed upon his mind; his arm fell, and he walked back to the fort and took no further part in that horrible tragedy. From that time he thought continually of his boyish home, but his wife and children bound him to the Indians with ties that could not be severed.

Then came Major Rogers and his rangers, intent upon avenging the Fort William Henry massacre. Dore was absent in the field husking corn. Hearing a general discharge of muskets and knowing that an enemy was upon the village, he kept himself concealed and from his hiding place witnessed the massacre that followed. Then the village was set on fire, and after the flames subsided he ventured forth.

Among the ruins he found the bodies of his wife and children. He buried them in one grave and with their attachment to the Indians. As soon as possible he made his way back to Rochester. He settled in Lebanon, Me., married again and spent there the remainder of his days, famous for his marksmanship, especially with the bow and arrow, and known to every one as "Indian Dore."

Shining in Society.

Jim—Scrags is shining in society. Jim—So? Jim—Yes; private bootleg for the Goidubbits.—Princeton Tiger.

A little sorrow may teach more than many sermons.—Chicago Tribune.

IN GREEN AND VIOLET

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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THAT'S Agnes Florence Lilybelle," said Tris, setting another of her household gods up against the wall. "Nero chewed her poor dear feet all up until they wasn't anything left but regular hash, Uncle Archie."

"Terrible," said Uncle Archie, looking over Tris's duffy curls at a new Whistler on the wall. What good taste Eleanor had; for instance, the eury that of the etching against that background of dark green burlap.

Tris gave Lilybelle a final loving pat and turned around to survey Mr. Gwynne, her small hands clasped around her knees, her head on one side. "You haven't been here for ever and ever so long, Uncle Archie. Mamma says she thinks you're 'frail.' What are you 'frail of?'"

"I've brought you a medicine case for that battered up family of yours," interposed Gwynne calmly, taking a tiny blue enameled bonbon box from his pocket. "These pills are to be given every five minutes."

Tris took the box and dosed the whole row of dolls lined up against the wall before she returned to the chair. "It's most a whole week, Mr. Stephens comes up every night with his violin. He plays lemonades and things."

"Serenades, Tris." "Yes; all soft and lonesome, you know, and mamma goes over to the window and looks out and does this." Tris sighed heavily.

Gwynne rose and crossed the room to the corner half encircled by the low, black bookcase. How deliciously dainty and homelike it all was—the great shaggy bear rug, the carved taret, with its little Japanese ash pipe tray on it, the little Japanese ash pipe tray and the low tobacco bowl.

Eleanor had arranged it all for him so he would always feel at home there as if he were his own special corner. He could not say even to himself when he had first loved her. It was all so gradual, so unintentional, on his part. He had received the news of Bob's death with regret, remembering many a jolly boyish adventure he had shared with his cousin years ago in the Shenandoah, but the idea of having to meet his widow and look after her business interests was another proposition. She would probably want him to dine with her and talk things over, he had told himself, reading Eleanor's letter the second time. She would cry and tell him poor Bob's last words and all that sort of thing. He wished she had remained in Virginia.

As a matter of fact, he was not asked to dine. Eleanor had arrived in Chicago, had secured her apartments, had furnished them and was serenely settled in her new home long before Mr. Gwynne was apprised of her presence there. Then he had merely received a formal businesslike note requesting an interview relative to the full settlement of Bob's affairs. There had been neither antemortem messages nor deerskin letters, but he had been able of managing the affairs of Bob's southern estate and western business.

As her legal adviser as well as cousin by marriage he had considered it his duty to call frequently, and then all at once the old commonplace world had turned topsy turvy, with paradise on top.

And yet it had all been practical. When he sat and watched her during the long winter evenings she had laughed and chatted on with the old frank, good comradeship that had grown to be so sweet a tie between them without venturing on the frontier, even, of sentiment. It was a week, even, a whole week, and he had received no word from her. If she only knew how hard it had been for him to write that letter, with her head bowed down, crying, with her hand to her forehead—she who had understood everything else in his life so well—how dear she was to him!

He leaned his elbow on top of the bookcase and stared grimly at a little bronze satyr that grinned mockingly back at him. Thirty-six, and she could not be over twenty-five.

"Mamma says she's awful sorry you don't come any more, Uncle Archie." Tris was saying "she thinks it's because you don't like Mr. Stephens. And what do you think?" Tris leaned forward mysteriously. "Mamma cries about something. The other night after Mr. Stephens went I crept out of bed 'cause I wanted to be rocked and cuddled, and I tumbled in here, and there she sat right over there at that desk, with her head bowed down, crying, 'dreadful! And asked her if it was 'cause Uncle Archie didn't come any more.'"

"And then?" exclaimed Gwynne. "She said, 'No,'" replied Tris serenely. "It wasn't you at all. She said her tooth ached. But she had your picture on the desk all the same. And look here!"

She climbed up on a chair and took a photograph from a little silver rack on top of the desk.

"See those spots?" she asked, handing it to Gwynne. "Well, that's where she cried on it. And what do you suppose she said?"

He felt like a miserable sap, but it was so good to see the dull blotches on the smooth gray plume surface and know that they had fallen from her eyes.

"Tris, you small angel," he said eagerly, "what did she say?"

"She said—Tris leaned forward confidentially. "Don't you tell."

"Never!" vowed Gwynne fervently. "Well, then, she said, 'Oh, dear!'"

"Oh, dear, what?"

"That's all, just 'Oh, dear.' But she said it real hard."

He handed back the picture. She simply pitied him, that was all. That was why she had not answered his letter. That was why she had cried.

"Anyhow, I don't like stuffed dolls very well, Uncle Archie." Tris had restored the picture and gone tranquilly back to her family. "I just love paper dolls. Mamma cuts some of them out

FOOLED THE SEARCHERS.

How a quick-witted Scotchman saved a fugitive.

John Maxwell, a stout Protestant, who had taken part in the battle of Rullion Green, Nov. 28, 1696, successfully defied the many attempts that were made to capture him. Once he had a very narrow shave. The soldiers traced him to Edinburgh and there gave him a chase. Bolting down a close, he dashed into a tavern and explained his desperate case to the landlady, who locked him into the chest that held the oatmeal. The soldiers then entered and searched the house from top to bottom, but could not find their man. Vowing they knew he was on the premises, they called for drink and sat down to think over the matter. One of them, seated on the box that contained the fugitive, remarked: "I wouldn't say but the Whig is in this very kist (chest). Guidwife, gie's the key and we'll see."

In no way put about, the landlady went to the door and cried to her girl upstairs: "Jamie, rin to the guldman for the key of the kist till we see the Whig can lie in the meal and no beasting (coughing) w't."

At this the soldiers burst out laughing, felt there was truth in the guidwife's taunt, drained their cups and departed. Maxwell at last managed to escape to Ireland, where he died.

WOMAN AND FASHION

New Style Skirt.
Walking skirts made full at the lower portions show variations without number and are constantly appearing in some new style. This one is among the latest and is eminently graceful and attractive at the same time that it is quite simple. In the case of the model

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A Question of Propriety.
"But," she said, "you—you—really—do you think you ought to talk to me in this way?"

"Why not? I haven't said anything wrong, have I?"

"N-no; oh, no, nothing wrong, only it seems to me that—that—well, that you might if I didn't stop you."

"Is there anything wrong in a man telling a girl that she is beautiful?"

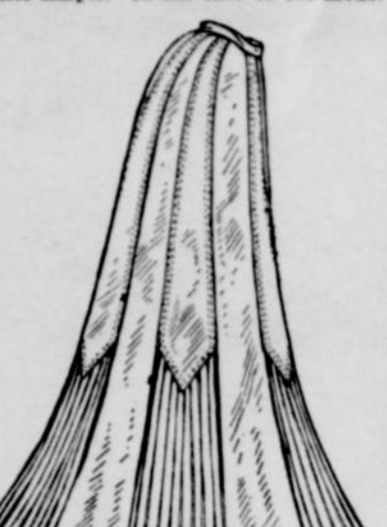
"There! I knew you were coming to that! I mustn't remain here with you any longer. Please let us go."

"Just a moment. I can't understand why you—"

"I mustn't let you talk to me about— that. Do you wish to—to compromise me?"

"Certainly not. I wouldn't do anything of that kind for the world. But there's no danger. Stay!" she continued, catching her by the hand as she started to move away. "You see, my wife applied for a divorce this morning, and—"

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a happy sigh, "why didn't you let me know that before? Were you going to say something about love?"—Chicago Record-Herald.



WALKING SKIRT.

The material is nut brown broadcloth, but all sitting and skirt materials are appropriate. The full skirts below the pointed straps give fullness and flare that mean perfect grace, while the snug fit of the upper portion preserves the outlines of the figure.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is nine and three-quarter yards twenty-seven, five and one-half yards forty-four or four and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide.

Tucks In Vogue.
Tucks in a variety of different widths, from the minutest "pin tucks," are very much employed to trim the gowns of today. The wide religious tuck is to be seen on a number of the taffeta gowns, being even more popular than heretofore, and in cases where the gown is composed of changeable taffetas the fact that the tucks are applied to the gown and cut on the cross gives them a different shade, as it were, to the rest of the dress, which has a striking and rather bizarre effect.

Spangle Trimmings.
The new spangle is the pear shaped, although the oval, round, square, triangular and other forms are shown. All of the new pendent spangles have fine wire passed through the top, so that the spangle may move freely instead of being sewed to the garment through a hole at its top. The glittering and also the graceful effect of these pendants is therefore increased immeasurably.

Cuffs and Collars.
Broad white hand embroidered bands are sold by the yard for cuffs and collars. The linen is heavy, and there is a center design and scallop on each edge. In making it is only necessary to hem the ends and finish with tiny buttons and loops. Half a yard is big measure for a thirteen inch collar.

Fashionable Costume.
No model suits the runabout suit so perfectly as the short coat that allows of perfect freedom of action. This one is exceptionally becoming because of the seams which extend to the shoulders and give tapering lines to the figure and is combined with one of the best liked skirts of the season that is plain and smooth above the box plaited flounce. As illustrated, the material is



RUNABOUT SUIT.

royal blue chevrot, with collar and cuffs of velvet, edged with cream broadcloth, but innumerable others are equally appropriate. The touch of velvet is exceedingly smart this season, but is by no means obligatory, as the collar and cuffs can be of the material or contrasting cloth if preferred. The quantity of material required for the medium size is for the coat three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven, two and three-eighths yards forty-four, one and seven-eighths yards fifty-two inches wide, with one-half yard of bias velvet; for the skirt, eight and one-half yards twenty-seven, four and one-half yards forty-four or three and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide.

A Thoughtful Express.
One evening Catherine II. of Russia had dined in one town and was to return to her palace in another some miles distant. These journeys were made with much ceremony and magnificence. The great sleighs were ready to start for home. Catherine sat alone in the imperial sleigh. She inquired if the drivers and the footmen had had dinner. Receiving a negative reply, she at once left her sleigh. "They have as much need of dinner as we," she said to her party. And she waited patiently until the servants had dined.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Useful Gum Shoe.
When the temperature goes up and a general thaw comes in winter after big snowstorms and a hard freeze there is no standby like the gum shoe and his big brother, the gum boot. No trust has yet tamed leather capable of standing long service in slush and mud without discomfort to the wearer. The gum shoe sticks closer than a brother and is warmer than a sealskin. Not beautiful to look at, although glossy and corklike, he fills the bill and saves repairs on shoes. He goes about silently and unobtrusively and is always on the side of the drys as against the wets.

It was an unappreciative man who manufactured the term "gum shoe politics." The gum shoe, the original benefactor of the rain, has nothing to be ashamed of and is not afraid of the light of day. He meets his enemies, slush and the others, and crushes them, saving doctors' bills and helping along the insurance companies, providing generally against coughs and colds and staving off the purchase of collars and tombstones.—Baltimore Herald.

Rivers Do Not Draw Maps.
The supreme court has decided that a river cannot draw a map. The action arose from a question whether the shallow upper Missouri by changing its bed could transfer a number of citizens from Nebraska to Missouri. It cannot. The boundary follows the old channel.

This question doesn't matter so much. This draft passed without a dissent, though a man hardly likes to go to sleep in one state and wake up with his farm in another. But along the Rio Grande, between Mexico and the United States, the shifting of the river channel might make trouble. Recently the stream got on the northern side of several thousand Texans, who would have objected to being made Mexicans thereby. But the United States and Mexico always maintain the old boundary, whatever the river may do.

Quite Right.
He was very witty, and one day when he and I were speaking to each other he suddenly put the following query, "What is nothing?"

After several fruitless attempts to solve it he volunteered an explanation. Said he, "It is a bungle without a barrel round it."—Birmingham (England) Post.

Her Fault.
"She is always jumping to conclusions."

"Yes, I know she is a great reader of novels."

Why a Hotel Clerk Couldn't Hear.
The room clerk in one of the big hotels of the city found many of the hearing patrons of the hotel and thought that he was becoming deaf. He consulted a specialist, who told him that he could detect no defect in his ear. He then decided upon a closer observation and discovered that his inability to hear was most pronounced when he stood in a certain place behind the hotel desk. Patrons would come to get information and the clerk could catch only a few scattering words and would have to lean forward with his hand to his ear to hear his interrogator. A closer investigation disclosed the fact that the cold air coming through the revolving doors into the steam heated building created a current which was deflected by a large board behind which the clerk worked. This draft passed between the clerk and patrons as they stood in front of the desk and diverted the sound of their voices.—Philadelphia Record.

The Poors of Paris.
Depression reigns in Paris owing to the poor men in society who have to make presents to the rich at the new year. Says one unfortunate: "For two months after New Year's day I hesitate to buy a pair of gloves or take a cab when it rains. Cigars are forbidden luxuries, and at home I smoke a pipe. What has become of my money? It has been spent on flowers and bonbons for the wealthy hostesses whose invitations to dinner my social position forces me to accept. And they are not amusing, those dinners! Observe that I am invited by these ladies solely because they know I shall have to send them presents, and when their salons look like the sweetest shops or the florists, they have to give most of the things away and run the risk of letting the donor recognize his gift in another house!" Truly Parisian society is very complex.—London Chronicle.

Climate and Consumption.
We are gradually abandoning the idea that the cure of tuberculosis is dependent on certain climatic conditions. Experience is proving that abundant food, fresh air and rest are the essentials of such a cure and that they can be applied in practically all climates. The climate of California, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, as any physician in these states will testify, are filled with pitiful wrecks of humanity who should never have been allowed, much less encouraged, by their physicians to leave home in the last stages of tuberculosis, with no prospect of being able to obtain proper treatment after their arrival at their destinations.—Journal of A. M. A.

Honoring an Industrious Hen.
Gandersheim, a German village, some time since was en fete. The occasion was the honoring of a hen which had laid its thousandth egg. Many of the houses were decorated with flags, while in the evening the proprietor of the hen entertained his friends at supper, at which the principal dish was a gigantic omelet. The function was a splendid success, and the health of the hen was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Japanese and American Generals.
The Japanese have failed to produce generals of genius, whereas the Americans, though not a martial people, were conspicuous for their production during the civil war. The reason, we believe, is that the America of the forties and fifties was a backwoods country, while Japan for over a thousand years has not been a backwoods land, but rather a land of ordered civilization.—Spectator.

A Washout Victim.
"Say, mister," said the tattered tramp, "can't youse stake me to er dime? I'm de victim uv er washout."

"Victim of a washout?" echoed the portly citizen in evident surprise.

"Dat's wot," rejoined the tramp. "Honest, I ain't had nuttin' but water ter drink fer more'n ten days."—Chicago News.

The Best Man at His Wedding.
Haskins—By the way, who was the best man at your wedding? Willowby—The parson seemed to be feeling the best. You see, it was all profit for him and no risk whatever.—Boston Transcript.

MACARONI.

One Story of the Origin of the Name and the Dish.
A great many stories are in existence about the origin of the word "macaroni" and the invention of the dish so designated. According to one authority, a drunken chef employed by one of the popes was responsible both for the name and the dish. He was preparing a souille for the pope's soup, and, having taken considerably more than a drop too much, he went on stirring the flour until the souille was of the consistency of hard tack. The assistant chef, knowing that his holiness was not overparticular about things pertaining to the table, ventured to call the attention of his chief to this fact, and the latter, being a resourceful man, decided to make a paste instead of a souille.

He waited the result with some anxiety and responded to a call to appear before his holiness with considerable perturbation. Visions of a stay in the papal dungeon rose before him, and when the pontiff asked, with a smiling face, for the name of the wonderful paste served, he was so nervous that he could not think of a name. "My dear (my favorite) he replied at last, and the pontiff, not catching the words exactly, said: "Macaroni? Well, in future never serve me a meal without a dish of macaroni."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A BRAVE TOREADOR.
One of the Most Thrilling Incidents of the Bull Ring.
The famous Spanish toreador Reverte figured in one of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena. It was at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls, Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careering wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. He wanted to do the very quick of the bull, but the bull, in a moment of madness, snatched his sword, and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident. The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

A Bold Man.
A handsome English girl recently returned from Spain was recounting her experiences to a circle of friends, among whom was a Spaniard. "The thing that delighted me most," she said, "was that charming practice they have in Spain of offering you instantly what you may chance to admire." "Do you approve of the custom?" asked the Spanish friend. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Senorita, you have very beautiful lips!" exclaimed the impulsive Andalusian.—London Chronicle.

THE BEGGAR TRUST.
A Scheme That For a Time Was a Success in New York.
Several years ago a one-legged youth named Kempton, who had left a comfortable home to engage deliberately in begging, conceived the idea of organizing a community of interest among panhandlers in the Park row district, in New York. He picked out strategic spots throughout the city and selected a man to beg in each. These men were always particularly well adapted to their posts—a blind man here, a crust thrower there, a maimed youth somewhere else. In order that the beggars might not be molested by the police a lookout was appointed for each, and in order that the syndicate's interests might be conserved Kempton employed roundsmen to observe how faithfully the beggars attended to business and to collect hourly the earnings of each. In case of arrest each member of the band was assured of legal representation, to be paid for out of the earnings of the pool.

The scheme thrived for many months, and at one time there were thirty men in the combination, which became a close corporation of profit and power. There is no knowing to what extent it might have expanded nor how influential it might have become at last had not the nature of the organization given it undue prominence and caused it to fall directly under the ban of the mendicant squad. One by one the members were captured and sent to the island, and in the end the gang was broken up.—Theodore Waters in Everybody's Magazine.

Hard on Art.
The storekeeper in a certain small country town was noted for his shrewdness and for his contempt of everything that was not strictly utilitarian. One of his pet aversions was a young fellow in the town who posed as an artist and once had taken some lessons in painting at the nearest large city. Finally, however, the old man was persuaded to put an "art department" in his store, not that he believed any more in art, but because he decided that if there were fools who wanted to spend their money on pictures and chromes, he might as well get it as any one else. The young painter heard of it and took down his latest production, hoping to find in Uncle Jonas a ready market for home talent.

"How much will you give me for it, Uncle Jonas," he asked.

The old man squinted at it for a minute or two. "About \$1.75, I reckon," he said.

"But, Uncle Jonas," the artist protested, "the canvas cost more than that."

"I guess it did," said the old storekeeper, "but you must remember, my son, that it was clean then."

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