

The Inglenook.

The Trouble About Emily Ann.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Alice sat upright without her cushions that afternoon, the pain in her back being but slight, Emily Ann sat upright too. The other dolls on the couch might do one thing or another, but Emily Ann was pretty sure to do just what her mamma did.

"Yes, she is my very dearest doll," Alice said when Miss Stella Wingate came up from having tea in the drawing-room to see her. "I feel as if I ought to love all my children alike, but I have had her the longest and she is lame like me; Eustace tried to make the springs in her knees springier and broke one." Alice controlled the quivering of her lips and kept back the tears; she was used to doing that to keep mamma from knowing how bad the pain was in her back, it made mamma look so white to know that. "Eustace means well," she added candidly, "but you really can't let him mend things that you like."

"She was a walking doll?" asked Miss Stella, looking very sorry for Emily Ann.

"Yes; you can't help feeling as if even dolls must mind when they can't walk any more," said Alice, with a little sigh. "The little girl went by this morning," she added eagerly.

All of Alice's visitors—that meant almost every one who came to see mamma or the big sisters, Edith and Esther—knew about the little lame girl who went by, sometimes on crutches, more often carried in the arms of an old man who looked like a sailor.

"Did she?" said Miss Stella absently. She was thinking about Emily Ann.

"She is a pretty doll. I think I'll make her a pink silk dress, pink would suit her complexion," she said.

"I think she would like it. I suppose she ought to have some clothes," said Alice, slowly. "She always has worn a wrapper, like me. We call this white woolen one a tea gown. It's kind of old, but we've always liked it." Alice looked wistfully and doubtfully at the visitor.

Miss Stella didn't think much of the tea gown and she showed it very plainly.

"I think she ought to have the pink silk," she said promptly. "And a new name! She is worthy of a prettier name than Emily Ann. Perhaps you'll name her Stella, after me. You said once that you liked my name."

"I think Stella is a very pretty name," said Alice, politely.

"I'm going to make her a dress. Then you'll name her after me, too, won't you?" said Miss Mary Forrester, coming over to Alice's couch and putting her arms around her and Emily Ann, both at once.

"Stella Mary would be very pretty," said Alice's sister Edith. "Alice, say you'll name her after every one who will make her something and see what a wardrobe she'll have. And what a lot of names, too! As many as if she were a royal person."

All Edith's friends who had come up from afternoon tea were eager for the plan. They all liked to amuse the little invalid. To have a doll with the largest wardrobe that a doll ever had and a long, long string of names they thought would delight her. Alice didn't say much, but then it was not Alice's way to say much.

All the family friends soon heard that Alice's doll, the one that was always beside her on the couch, was to be named for any one who would make her something pretty, and every day there came an evening dress or a dinner dress or a visiting dress or a coat or a hat or something or other that was pretty and dainty for Emily Ann. And she wasn't Emily Ann any more. She was Stella Mary Frances Agnes Dorothy Dora Elizabeth—. Her names had to be written down for no one could possibly remember them. Edith said there would soon have to be a sheet of foolscap paper to write them down on. And the doll's trunks were entirely too small to hold the doll's clothes. A "grown-up" Saratoga trunk had to be bought.

But there was something wrong with Alice. She did not get better that winter, as the doctor had thought she would do. Her face looked pinched and pale and sad. And she seemed to care less for dolls than she had done. She apparently took no pleasure at all in the pretty doll's clothes that the kind friends had taken so much pains to make. She had her couch drawn up to the window and watched for the little lame girl. But the little lame girl did not come. Once she saw the old sailor and tried to call to him and ask him how his little girl was. But she could not make him hear her.

The doctor said that something was worrying Alice, but no one could find out what it was, not until Eustace gave his opinion. Eustace was only a boy, but he was very fond of Alice, and love often sharpens the wits.

"She used to take a lot of comfort with her old doll," said Eustace, "and she doesn't now she is dressed up and has got so many names."

Mamma scarcely thought that could be the trouble but she questioned Alice. She began by asking her why the doll had on yellow satin and black lace as if she was going to a reception and sat in the armchair on the other side of the room instead of on the couch.

"Oh, she isn't Emily Ann any more!" cried Alice with a burst of tears. "And she hasn't any clothes to lie down comfortably in with me. It's just as if I had lost my dear Emily Ann and got a stranger instead that had so many fine clothes she couldn't be comfortable and so many names that I couldn't get acquainted with her. Oh, she was so nice—my dear Emily Ann in her old white woolen wrapper!"

"Now, I'll tell you just what to do," said Eustace. "You put her old dress that you like on to her, and you call her just Emily Ann again instead of all the fine names. I know how I want my own things just as they are and nobody meddling."

Alice's face brightened so wonderfully that mamma said, "I really think I would, dear."

"If I take away her names I must give back all the fine clothes," said Alice, and her face brightened still more.

Eustace tore the foolscap paper with all the names on it into little bits and threw the bits into the fire, and Emily Ann in her old white woolen wrapper cuddled down beside her mother on the couch.

Eustace came upstairs to Alice's room two stairs at a time that afternoon. When you heard him coming two stairs at a time you

knew he had something nice to bring or to tell. "I've found out who she is and all about her," he said. And Alice knew at once that he meant the little lame girl.

"I met her father—that's the old sailor—in the street and I asked him. She is Kitty O'Hara and she is nine!"

"Just like me!" murmured Alice.

"And she has hip disease."

"Oh, just like me!" said Alice again.

"And now she is in the Children's Hospital."

Alice turned pale. She was afraid that something would hurt Kitty O'Hara in the hospital.

"Her father let me go there with him and I saw her. She is in the room where the children are who are getting better now and some of them had playthings; most of them were poor children and hadn't any."

Alice sat upright suddenly; she forgot that it hurt her back, and her eyes shone.

"I might send them the dresses if the people who gave them didn't mind. There's money enough in my bank to buy dolls to go with them. I didn't want to say anything, but a good many dresses and coats and hats didn't fit Emily Ann very well anyway."

"I'll help you out from my bank if you don't have enough," said Eustace.

He wrote letters, at Alice's dictation, to all the people who had made things, saying that Alice wanted her doll to be just Emily Ann in her old wrapper, and would like to give the things to the Children's Hospital. Of course the givers were glad to have Alice do as she pleased with the things, and some of them even sent dolls to go with the dresses.

A great many dolls are now being fitted to the beautiful clothes that were made for Emily Ann, and Alice is so happy about it that it makes her better. And the doctor says that it is likely that she may be able to carry the dolls herself to the Children's Hospital and see Kitty O'Hara. She says she does hope that Kitty is going to like a dark eyed and golden-haired doll in a pink silk dress—the very first dress that was made for Emily Ann—The Interior.

Want to be Sure.

Here is a good telephone story, from the Outlook, of a cook—a fresh importation, who had never seen or heard of the instrument before accepting an engagement in a suburban New York household. The whole thing impressed her as uncanny, and for weeks she stood in awe of the apparatus, always putting on a clean apron before answering a call to an interview with some lady or gentlemen at the other end of the mystic wire. One day she electrified a dozen guests at dinner by appearing at the door of the dining-room and asking distractedly of her mistress: "Is this McGinnis' grocery store?" "Why, of course not," responded the amazed hostess; "what do you mean?" "Well, shure, they asked me over the tilyphone this minnit, ma'am!"

Japanese Vases

The poorest man in Japan may have—nay, will have—his vase. It is very likely but a piece of bamboo, closed at either end with a joint, an opening cut in one side through which water is poured, and the end of the flower stalk put in. This humble man with his innate conception of true art, will make his simple vase and his one long-stemmed chrysanthemum a picture of such loveliness that there will be no need for him to envy his rich neighbor with his more elaborate vases and his greater profusion of flowers—Good Housekeeping.