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A Mother's Testimony



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Write for a copy of "BABY'S SLEEP" telling all about it.

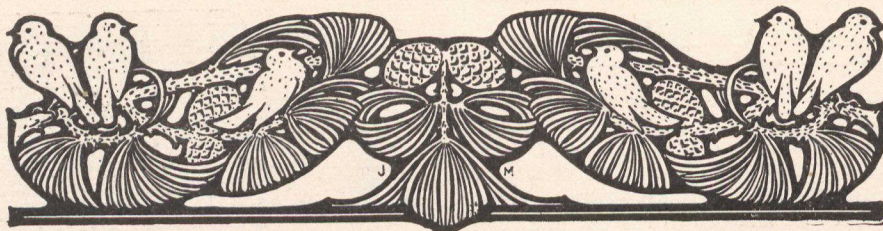
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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

JIMMIE'S LIFE-LINE.

ONE fine, bright morning the Fairport boys, who were waiting at the end of Peterson's wharf for Lawrence Dike, were surprised to see him coming with a new boy, a stranger to all of them.

"It must be his cousin from the West," said Johnnie Oliver. "He said his cousin was coming this week to spend the rest of the summer."

Johnnie was right. The new boy, Jimmie Palmer, was Larry's cousin, who lived in a small town in Indiana and had never seen the ocean, or any other large body of water, till now. He was rather small, with slender arms and legs, and did not look as if he could do much; but he looked good-natured and full of fun, and the other boys decided that he was going to be all right and a good fellow.

This morning they were all going in a big dory over to Bayley's clam-flats. To Jimmie everything was new and delightful. He kept snuffing the fresh salt air and looking out across the bay, and by and by he made everybody laugh by saying, "My! I didn't know there was so much water anywhere in the world — all in one bunch!"

That was not the only laugh the other boys had at Jimmie's ignorance. When they reached the clam-flats, and all took off their shoes and stockings and waded in the mud, Jimmie slipped overboard with the rest, and then gave a yell and started to run towards the shore. He thought he was going to sink over his head, and was terribly frightened. And when he began to run, his feet stuck in the soft mud and he fell down, flat on his face. The other boys helped him up, and brushed off the mud as well as they could, and he got well laughed at. But when he found how foolish he had been, and that there was really no danger, he laughed as loudly as any of them.

It was a day full of surprises for Jimmie. He cut his foot on a clam-shell, and got one of his fingers badly nipped by a crab which he found later on, on the beach. And on the way home, when he wanted to row, and the boys let him try it, he "caught a crab," and when his oar came out of the water, fell over in the boat, flat on his back.

All this was great fun to the rest of the boys, and Jimmie himself did not seem to mind it much; but when it was learned that Jimmie could not swim, it was different. In Fairport every boy learned to swim almost as soon as he could walk, and by the time they were eight or nine years old all of them could float, do "dog-paddle" and overhand, and dive and bring up pebbles. It began to be thought that perhaps Jimmie was a sort of "coward," and that made him feel very badly, and also made his cousin Lawrence, in some degree, ashamed for him.

But it was not long before something happened which made them change their minds. The boys were all in swimming one hot afternoon at the end of the wharf. One after another they had stripped off their clothes and piled them up on the string-piece of the wharf, and then with a glad shout had leaped like big white frogs, head first, into the cool, deep water. At last Jimmie was the only one left on the wharf. He sat

there gloomily, watching his playmates diving and splashing below him, and wished that he could share their fun, but he was afraid he could never learn to swim. He had tried and tried, in shallow water, but succeeded only in getting his eyes and mouth full of water, and then becoming frightened and sinking.

Now as Jimmie watched the other boys, he saw that Arthur Holmes was acting strangely. His face looked very white, and his breath was coming in little short gasps. He had turned toward the wharf and was swimming in, or trying to. He looked up at Jimmie and tried to call out something, but with the shouts of the other boys, Jimmie could not make out what it was.

Then the other boys saw, too, but instead of doing anything, they began to laugh. "Look at Art!" one of them cried. "Isn't he doing it great!" They thought he was trying to make believe drown, to fool Jimmie; and Jimmie had had so many tricks played on him that for a moment he thought so, too.

But by this time Arthur had reached the piling on which the wharf stood, and made a grasp for one of the great posts. He clasped his arms about it and tried to climb up, but it was covered with the green slime left by the tide, and was so slippery that not even a cat could have clung to it, and slowly he slipped back, and with a pitiful cry sank out of sight. All the other boys still thought it was only a joke, but Jimmie had seen Arthur's frightened eyes, and quick as a flash he acted. He saw at a glance that there was not a thing on the wharf that could help except the boys' clothes. With one grab he seized two shirts, knotted the sleeves together, and dropped the dangling end of one of the other sleeves down the side of the wharf. Arthur had come up again, and was trying to cling to the slippery post. By lying flat on his stomach Jimmie could just reach him with the shirt-sleeve, but he saw that the line would be too short to do more than hold the drowning boy up for a few minutes. So, still lying on his stomach, and holding to the shirt with one hand, he reached for another shirt with his other hand, and wriggled along until he seized it. Then with his teeth and his free hand he tied that shirt to the others.

He could now stand up, with the life-line in his hands, and crying to Arthur not to be scared, and to hold on tight, he walked along the edge of the wharf, toward the shore, towing Arthur with him, until the water was shallow enough for Arthur to touch bottom.

The other boys had seen by this time that Arthur was not fooling, but had been seized by cramps, and they had come swimming in to help. But the rescue was all over by the time they got ashore.

It was a pretty sober group of boys that went along, helping Arthur to his home; and when old Captain Alexander Bowers heard what Jimmie had done he patted him on the shoulder and said, "You are nobody's fool, my boy, even if you didn't smell salt water till this summer. A cool, quick head is sometimes better than a strong body." And little Jimmie was satisfied.—*Youth's Companion.*

MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER

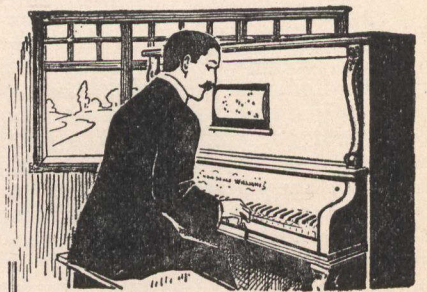
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