

Jimmyson's Forgetery.

By Ralph Wilbur.

Now, his real name was James; but, as his mother called him "Jimmy," and his father called him "son," why, everyone else called him "Jimmyson" for short.

"Goodness me!" he said. "Where could I have left my cap? Mama! Nora! Mike! Everybody! Have you seen my cap?" And he rushed here and there, upstairs and down, in the barn and out, looked under the sofa, behind the hat-rack and every place he could possibly think of where a wandering cap, which was never very particular about what it did, could hide.

He had just finished his luncheon and was anxious to get back where he had left his fishing pole and line under a shady tree on the bank of a merry chattering little brook, that made more fuss in the world than many a deeper stream that could turn a water mill or float a boat; but that's the way with some people, too, sometimes.

"Oh, never mind, I don't care!" he finally said as he scurried away, looking back a moment to see his mother, Nora and Mike standing on the lawn and smiling very broadly as he waved his hand to them. "What in the world are they laughing at?" he wondered.

It was certainly a lovely day for fishing, so he settled himself comfortably with his back against a tree, threw his hook and line in the water and waited and waited for a bite.

After a long time he thought he would pull up his hook and look at it. When he did so, he exclaimed, "Goodness! I forgot to put on a worm!" After laughing to himself and at himself for having what Nora called "the best forgetery of any boy in the country," he baited the hook, cast it out into the brook and settled himself for a long and patient wait, as all good anglers learn to do.

The day was certainly a perfect one for fishing, but that doesn't say for catching fish; for on a day like that, at a time and place like that, it would have been a very stupid fish indeed that wouldn't have wriggled himself into a nice cool spot among the roots under an overhanging bank and taken several times "forty winks" while thinking about the foolishness of people who forget to bait their hooks.

No wonder that Jimmyson learned back and closed his eyes while the tip of his pole slowly dropped into the water, as he listened to the catbird singing a gurgling little song to his mate as she sat on her eggs in their nest in the crotch of an alder bush, and old grandfather turtle crept slowly up the bank for a little bask in the sun, to limber up his stiff old bones a little.

"Well, well, here he comes again," said the turtle.

"Who?" asked Jimmyson.

"Oh, Old-Man-Who-Forgot-to-Remember. Here he is now," answered the turtle as Mr. Rabbit came timidly through the bushes, peering here and there and muttering. "My-my-my—what could I have done with it? I must have left it behind."

"Is it the same thing you left before?" asked the turtle in a very peculiar tone, as he winked at Jimmyson.

At this the rabbit jumped in the air and exclaimed, "My, how you startled me! That's it, thank you. I left it before the door of my house. Thank you, thank you very much." And he scurried away through the bushes so fast that it hardly seemed he had been there.

"What was it he lost?" asked Jimmyson.

"Blest if I know, and I don't think he does himself," chuckled the turtle. "You see, it's this way. He's a March hare, and he's hare-brained. He's so accustomed to forgetting things that he isn't happy unless he thinks he's lost something. Why, ten to one, by this time he's forgotten what he's running for."

"That must be very unfortunate," said Jimmyson.

"Sometimes yes, sometimes no," said the turtle. "For instance, the other day he thought he was hungry, so he rushed to the store, got some oatmeal, rushed back, put the pan on the stove and sat down and waited a long time for it to cook. Then he remembered he had forgotten to light the fire; so he lit it. Then he remembered he had forgotten salt, so he rushed toward the store to get some. When he was halfway there he got interested in a game of leapfrog, for-

got what he went for, and when he got home it was after dark. He was very tired, the fire was out, so he forgot he was hungry and went sound asleep."

"I don't see what good that did him," said Jimmyson.

"Why, you see," answered the turtle, "the next morning he found he had forgotten to put the oatmeal in the pan; so he was one dinner ahead."

"Oh, I see," said Jimmyson; "but he didn't have the dinner!"

"Not at that time," was the reply; "but as he had forgotten that he wanted it, why, he was one dinner ahead."

Jimmyson didn't quite agree with this, but he was too polite to say so, so he asked, "Do you know anything else?"

"Lots of things," was the answer; "only I have to be started before I can tell any."

"What makes the big river so low this summer?" asked Jimmyson.

"That's easy," was the reply. "You see, its mouth is so far from its head that its arms can't reach it to feed it."

"I didn't mean it for a riddle," said Jimmyson.

"Speaking of riddles," said the turtle, "can you guess this one?"

"What is it the rich man wants,

The poor man has,

The honest man steals,

The dumb man says,

The idle man does,

The barren ground grows,

Wild talk amounts to,

And a poor fool knows?"

"Please say that over again," said Jimmyson. And Mr. Turtle repeated it very slowly.

After puzzling for awhile, Jimmyson was obliged to say, "I give it up."

"The answer is 'Nothing,'" said the turtle, and there was a sound in his throat something like a gurgle, a giggle and a chuckle, all mixed up.

"That's good!" laughed Jimmyson, "I'll catch Nora on that. Hello, Who's this?"

"Hush!" whispered the turtle. "It's the rattle-brained rabbit again. He's



Peter's Disgrace.

learning a piece to speak at a picnic. Listen!"

The rabbit gravely stepped up on a rock, and, after practicing bowing awhile, recited in what he meant to be his very best company tones:

"The old man said to his son one time, In a sort of a kind of a way,

I think I'll get a Thing-gum-bob, And try it on you some day."

"And the son replied, after careful thought,

'What's-his-name has 'em for sale; Or no, perhaps, it's the other man— My memory's beginning to fail.'

"Quite true," said his father. "I noticed one day,

Or perhaps 'twas another time, That the thing you thought you were going to say

With the thing you said wouldn't rhyme!"

"I remember it, too," the youth replied. "'Twas when I fell into the well."

No, 'twas the time the what-you-may-call-it

On my toe from the anvil fell."

"That's true," said his father. "You hopped to the house."

I rubbed on some—bother it all— That stuff, I've really forgotten its name, From the box on the shelf in the hall."

"That's so," said the son. "Then you hitched the horse

To the cart. No, the other rig, And went to the doctor. He told you how

To bind on that—thing-a-ma-jig."

"You're right," said his father. "This goes to show

How happy we both should be That while others can't think what's 't'other from which,

We each have a good memory."

As he finished and bowed gravely, Jimmyson felt a tug on his line and grabbed his pole. As he did so he caught a glimpse of Mr. Turtle slipping off the tip of it into the water; also of a little cotton-tail disappearing in the bushes.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, as he pulled up the line and looked at the bare hook. "I wonder if I had a bite! I wonder if I've been asleep and dreamed all this!" And as he scratched his head to collect his thoughts his fingers touched his cap on the back of it among the curls.

"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed. "No wonder Mama and Nora and Mike laughed when I was rushing around looking for my cap!" And all the way home he couldn't help wondering if the turtle and the rabbit had been making fun of him or he had just had a funny dream.

Peter's Disgrace.

"Oh, shame upon you, Peter! What have you been about?"

The mother spoke in sorrow, The puppies raised a shout

Of "Peter, naughty Peter, Oh, won't you catch it now!"

For mother's jolly angry,— There's sure to be a row."

What could poor Peter answer? His face like ink appears,

While from his eyes slow dropping

Come blinding, scalding tears.

The pot of paint was standing

Right there, outside the door,

It really was too tempting,—

But now he's feeling sore. His eyes are smarting

sadly, His conscience tells him true

That mischief ends in sorrow,—

No wonder he looks "blue," For stains are not so easy

To wash off as he thought, And long he'll bear the token

Of what his sin has wrought.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Dr. William Osler, of Johns Hopkins and Oxford, tells this story: An old dinky

quack, well-known in a certain section of the South, was passing the house of a

planter whose wife was reported to be dangerously ill. Stopping at the gate, he called to one of the hands:

"I say, Rastus, how's the missus?"

"Well," replied Rastus, "the doctah done say this mawnin' dat she convalescent."

"Humph! Dat ain't nothin' chile," said the old quack, with an air of superior wisdom. "Why, I've done cured

convalescence in twenty-four hours!"

The Second Mrs. Jim.

(Continued.)

III.

The next episode in the story of the Second Mrs. Jim is headed "Desperate Remedies," and it deals with the original methods she adopted to cure Jimmie of smoking, or, to use her own words, "To let him break himself of it as quick as he could." By the smell upon his clothes she knew he had begun with a very mild quality of tobacco, the scent of which he greatly hoped had never betrayed his secret. Mrs. Jim never "let on" that to her it was no secret at all, but just allowed the lad, who seemed already to have a very real regard for her, to find her groaning and moaning with an imaginary ear-ache: "There I set, and moaned." Just only one thing would relieve me. Sweet 'ile? No, I wanted t'bacco smoke blown into my ear. Jim couldn't stand the stuff. The hired man was out. If I only had a pipe! But, no, I can't blow into my own ear, can I? Pretty soon I see Jimmie trying to screw up courage to say something. At last it came, 'I got a pipe, but I ain't got no smokin'.' 'Well,' says I, 'you skip out into the woodshed and you'll find a bag of t'bacco hanging on the rafters. I brought it along for skeep dip.' In a minute the boy comes back with the bag and a corn-cob pipe he had once surreptitiously brought from the hired man. There wasn't nothing mild about that stuff out there in the woodshed. It smelled like burnin' rubber, and old boots, and shoein' horses. I wrapped my head up tight, except just one ear, so's I couldn't smell the awful stuff, an' Jimmie started out bravely, but I wasn't relieved until I see the boy was gettin' all he could stand and just a little more. Then I came round pretty quick, and flew round and got supper, an' called 'em in: but Jimmie didn't come. 'What was the matter?' you say. Oh, I knew what was the matter, and started out to find him. I found him in the barn, doubled up on a pile of sacks. He didn't have strength enough to tell me to go away; but I knew he wanted to. . . . It wasn't dark yet, and I knew by his looks that earache wasn't the only thing that t'bacco had cured. I never saw such a looking boy, with those copper-colored freckles on a kind o' olive-green background. Jimmie never suspected me, but I heard him telling the new hired man the other day that he guessed that if his pa could get along all his life without smoking, he could too, and he guessed his pa was just as good as anybody's pa, smoke or no smoke. And then I knew he'd broke himself.

Frankie was cured of that and other habits by methods almost as heroic, but as Mrs. Jim remarked, "Desperit diseases need desperit remedies," and her treatment was probably far more effectual than that proposed by Jim, who had said, "I'll thrash it out of 'em. Just let me ketch 'em using the stuff. I'll fix 'em, etc., etc." Mrs. Jim's last words of wisdom, regarding her more diplomatic system of training, are worth quoting: "Habits is like horses. Them that others breaks for you ain't half as well broke as them you break for yourself."

Under the heading of "A Cure for Strikes," we get some racy bits as wise boy-management. As a preparation for a promised good time out camping, the lads learn many a housekeeping art—how to cook, how to bake, how to wash dishes, and even to scrub. "The cook's always boss on a campin' trip," says wise Mrs. Jim. "When a boy's off the track," she explained, "it's mostly 'cause his folks didn't care enough, or hadn't gumption enough to keep him lookin' forward to somethin' all the time. It's easy enough to drive a hungry cow behind a wagon-load of feed if she don't get a chance to catch up, only you've got to look out that somebody else