

## How the Poodle Got Away

"WILL you provide me with dinner and lodging for the night?"

The landlord of the Black Poodle inn looked doubtfully at the speaker, frowning from the shabby appearance of the traveler, that he was without money, and therefore was



"SHALL I PAINT A CHAIN?"

asking charity. But the sharp innkeeper also observed that the stranger carried a palette and artist's materials; so he made answer in this wise:

"That I will do, but in return you must paint a new black poodle on my sign."

For a moment the artist seemed about to laugh. He struggled to compose his features, however, and gravely nodded his willingness to carry out his part of the agreement.

Ascending a ladder, the artist was soon busy with his brush. An hour later he leaned back to critically survey the completed painting. Then an idea came to him.

"Ho, landlord!" he called, "I shall paint your dog a chain, too, if you will give me breakfast tomorrow morning."

But the avaricious man did not care to lose the price of another meal and he was quite satisfied with the handsome picture which now appeared on the sign. He nodded assent and a modest meal was placed before the artist and a very modest room was given him for the night.

Next morning the innkeeper went to the door with his guest, not so much to wish the stranger goodspeed and a pleasant journey as to proudly examine his new sign in the light of morning.

No sooner did he lift his eyes than he staggered back a pace, and then stammered:

"What has become of the poodle?"

"You would not have me paint a chain," calmly replied the artist; "I fear your dog has straggled, and then, as you will probably surmise, the artist had quietly arisen during the night, slipped outdoors, and painted the sign blank. So, through meanness, the innkeeper, for the stranger was the best-dressed and wealthiest artist of the time.

## MICHAEL'S WISH: A STORY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY

"A N, as I was sayin', darlint, when the blessed St. Patrick druv the snakes from the Emerald Isle, he sez to himself that he would hev to send away the ghosts and the goblins and the banshees, bekase for Christians to be pothered by sich wouldn't do at all. Accordin'ly, most of the ghosts an' the goblins an' the good banshees took to their heels at wanst; but minny a bad banshee paid no notice o' what the saint had ordhered, but stayed an' brought minny a body to their death."

"Sure, I mustn't be a-tellin' to you such things, that's not for the likes o' you to hear. But, faith, me head's full of them, since tomorrow's St. Patrick's Day." Here Bridget closed her lips resolutely, nor could she be beguiled into parting with more of her wonderful stock of folk-lore.

However, Michael had heard enough to put his head in a whirl. Material he had gained enough for a dozen day-dreams. Dreaming, you know, occupied a large part of the lad's time. In fact, when your father's a captain in the army, and you live in a lonely army post out on the plains, there frequently isn't very much else to do. There were no other little boys to play with. Michael would have been forlorn, indeed, had there been no Bridget to spin fanciful tales for him.

So full was his head with banshees and fairies that Michael was unable to sleep that night. So you can see, can't you, that what happened him surely must have been "real." Michael would have told you that, as he lay upon his little cot, he slept not one wink.

**A SPLENDID BANSHEE**

The banshee came just after the prolonged cry of "All's well!" from the guard on Number One post. It was a splendid banshee—not at all like the shriveled, old hags which Bridget had told him were the wicked ones. No, indeed, this was a good banshee, like a beautiful fairy princess. Quite trustingly he put his hand in hers when she sweetly bade him prepare for their journey. Then together they flew over hill and dale, streams and rivers, until at last they crossed the broad ocean.

Speeding swiftly above Ireland, the two finally alighted in a wild mountain glen. Although it was quite dark, Michael found that he could see very well. He, therefore, had ample opportunity to admire the marvelous scenery round about him.

The boy was led by the banshee up the mountain slope into an immense cavern. Here was assembled a great company of banshees.

"Welcome!" they cried, one and all, upon beholding the lad.

Michael's guide whispered to him that once a year the banshees were permitted to return to the earth, and that upon such occasions they always met in this place. What astonished the lad most was to find among the gathering several little banshee boys.

He quickly made their acquaintance, and with one in particular he became quite chummy.

So pleased was Michael with his new friend that when the banshee fairy came to him and told him that soon she must take him home he pleaded with her to let the little banshee boy come with him.

"No one but St. Patrick himself could grant such permission," said the fairy, shaking her head regretfully.

At this very moment who should enter the cavern but St. Patrick himself! At first one could see nothing but a

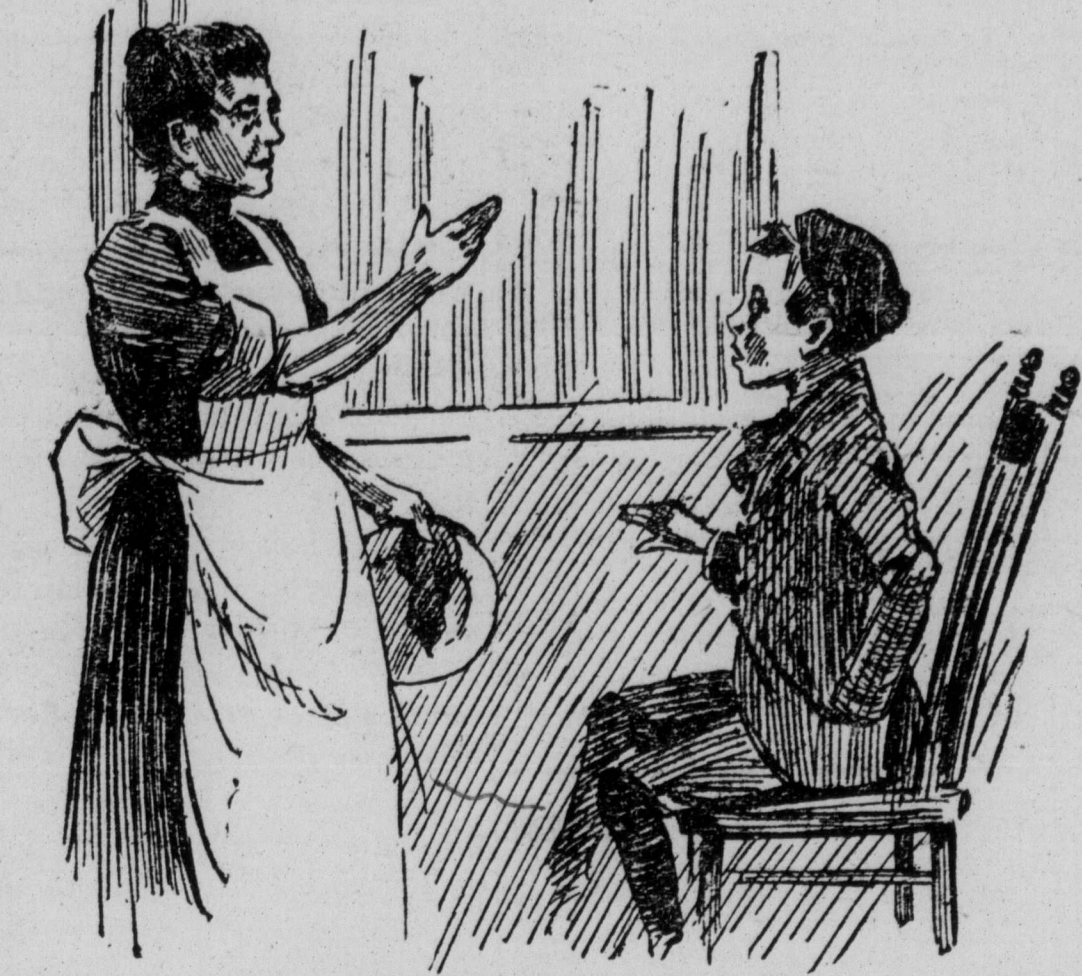
brought in order to give him a little enjoyment for the evening. She went on to tell of the lad's request that the little banshee be allowed to accompany him home as a playfellow.

"Well," said the saint, reflectively; "I am of a mind to grant this request. But, remember, my little friend; when daylight comes you'll see nothing of your playmate but a shadow; and when the sun doesn't shine you'll see him not at all."

Michael was overjoyed. He gratefully murmured his thanks, whereupon St. Patrick mysteriously disappeared

become so contented and happy. Once—and once only—he told his secret. But Sergeant Kelly laughed at him and declared he was playing with his own shadow. Michael knew better, however, though he never breathed his secret again, not even to Bridget.

Thereafter whenever Bridget talked about St. Patrick or banshees, Michael looked at her in the wise way which only those who know all about such things. Of course, he had a perfect right to assume such an air; for who knew better than he?



WONDERFUL TALES ABOUT BANSHEES

bright light, so brilliant was the halo about the good saint, but after a while one could distinguish a kind, smiling face that made you wish to worship him all the more.

The banshee bowed humbly before the saint. He asked them different questions, and hoped they were passing the evening pleasantly. Turning to Michael, he asked:

"How came this mortal among you?"

The good banshee fairy promptly told St. Patrick how lonely Michael had been, and that he had been

and so did the cavern, and the banshees—and Ireland. Michael found himself in his little cot at home.

But somehow he felt that his friend, the banshee boy, was with him. He spoke, and, yes! there came a soft reply. He didn't have to speak out loud, you know. He merely "thought" it; always there was a whispered answer.

"From that day Michael played and played with his shadow companion. Every one about the fort wondered why the boy suddenly should have

## What They Want to Become

NOT long ago a class of boys was requested to write essays on the interesting subject, "What I should like to be when I am a man, and why."

One boy wrote that he would like to be on a newspaper, his chief reason being that "I would be in the office most of the time and could keep warm." His sister: "What is required is some paper and a pen."

Another wished to be a policeman. "A policeman gets plenty of air," wrote he, "and he must be brave and strong. When people don't behave he is allowed to whack them."

A boy is desirous of being a teacher "because they have plenty of holidays. It is easy work. The things required are blackboard, chalk, maps and books."

One youngster intends to be a coachman so he can wear top boots, a top hat and big coat; and another a baker, in order that he may always have lots to eat.

Only one wishes to be a barber and "use scissors and a razor, and wear a white jacket and apron."

Many desire to be soldiers and sailors, for various reasons.

Couldn't Fool Him.

"William," asked the teacher, "if seven sheep are on one side of the fence, and one jumps over it, how many will there be left?"

"None," was William's prompt reply.

"Why not?"

"There wouldn't be none left," confidently repeated William; "cause if one bolted all the rest would follow."

Later in the lesson William again distinguished himself by defining a "butress" as a "manny-goat."

The teacher's good opinion of Willie's cleverness seems to be justified.

Highly Probable.

School Director (reading): "She threw herself into the river. Her husband, horror-stricken, rushed to the bank—"

Now, can any boy tell me what the husband rushed to the bank for?"

Bright Boy (in rear of room): "To get the insurance money, sir."

## How to Use Kindling Wood

IN ALL the great United States there is a cry for kindling wood. No housekeeper seems to think that a fire can be started without burning up all the wood in sight and buying still some more "just to keep it going." In reality, kindling is not absolutely necessary in lighting a fire, and when it is used, only three small pieces are required, which should be arranged like the rails of a fence, leaving plenty of space for air to create a draught.

Extravagance in kindling wood is a rather serious matter nowadays, for wood is growing scarcer and scarcer. Fire-lighting is an art, and the only needful thing to know is that a full draught must be created, which means that the wood should be quite small and that it should not be placed closely.

By economizing in kindling, an item of no mean importance in the household, the fuel account may be reduced by half, and surely that is worth trying.

## Economy in Cutting Bread

FRANCE and Italy have the reputation of being the least expensive countries in which to live, and this is owing not only to the price of foodstuffs, but also to the extreme care with which everything is used.

An example of this studied economy, which, in time, becomes second nature, is their use of bread. In both countries mentioned only enough bread is cut to provide the family with one piece each. Should any one else wish for bread, two pieces are cut, and this process is repeated until the meal is over.

By this method there is no bread left cut from the loaf to dry in the box, and one baking lasts four full days, not two days and a half.

Perhaps it sounds too economical; perhaps the generous hostess might think that it was not true American hospitality. Indeed, it is the best treatment for guests and family alike, for bread that stands but a short time in the dish is sure to be just a little dry, while bread just cut is sweet and fresh.

## To Wash Fine Laces

SHEREST fabrics and fine laces may be easily washed at home by slicing good white soap into little pieces and putting them in cold water together with the lace. Then it is all put on the fire and brought to a boil. Thus the washing may be done with no rubbing whatsoever, for when the lace is taken out it is found, after being rinsed, to be as good as new.

To dry it should be pinned on a towel stretched on a smooth surface and left there at least a day. If the material is white it may be placed in the sun; if colored, the towel should be left in a dim light.

## Chafing Dish Aprons

FOR one who wishes something especially dainty, aprons of chafing-dish supports or easy little fancy work parties, there could be nothing prettier than one made of sheerest handkerchief linen. Cut about the size of the average center-piece, it had an elaborate scallop, but the upper part is hollowed out to fit the waist of the wearer and long sash ends held it in place.

The tiny pockets are embroidered with a spray of ragged-robins with a touch of dainty green, while several large designs of the same were strewn along the lower edge.

## WOUNDED HEART SEWN UP.

Remarkable Operation Performed by German Surgeon.

An astounding surgical operation is reported to Prof. Sultan in The German Medical Weekly. The heart of a person who attempted suicide and fired a bullet into it was taken out and sewn up and the patient discharged from hospital six weeks later absolutely cured.

Professor Sultan gives the following account of the operation, which is believed to be without parallel.

"On June 24 last a patient, a cabinetmaker, 38 years old, fired at his heart with a small-calibre revolver. Examination showed a small powder-blackened hole in the heart through which hardly any blood issued. Late in the evening of the second day, thirty hours after the shooting, we decided to operate, and made an incision in the sternum.

"As soon as the cardiac sac was opened a great quantity of dark blood oozed forth. The heart, lying quite free of its entire length, was carefully lifted up. Upon the front appeared only a small extravasation the size of a lentil, but as soon as the heart was turned towards the right there appeared a small wound with ragged edges about half a centimetre in diameter. With three stitches of fine silk thread the edges of the wound were neatly joined, while for safety's sake the entire seam was made of the extravasation.

"To hold the strongly-beating heart while sewing was in progress required considerable force. Every time the heart was turned to the right in order to make a stitch the pulse was diminished until it was scarcely audible, but when the heart was turned round the beats again became normal. After all the blood had been drained from the sac the entrance-hole of the bullet became visible, and it was immediately closed by catgut. When the chest incision had been repaired breathing and pulse became entirely normal."

## A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

"Do you want to draw or deposit?" asked the post-office clerk.

"No, O! don't. O! want to put in." The clerk, sighed, and showed a form across the counter.

"Sing your name here," he said, pointing to the exact spot.

"Above the line, or below it?"

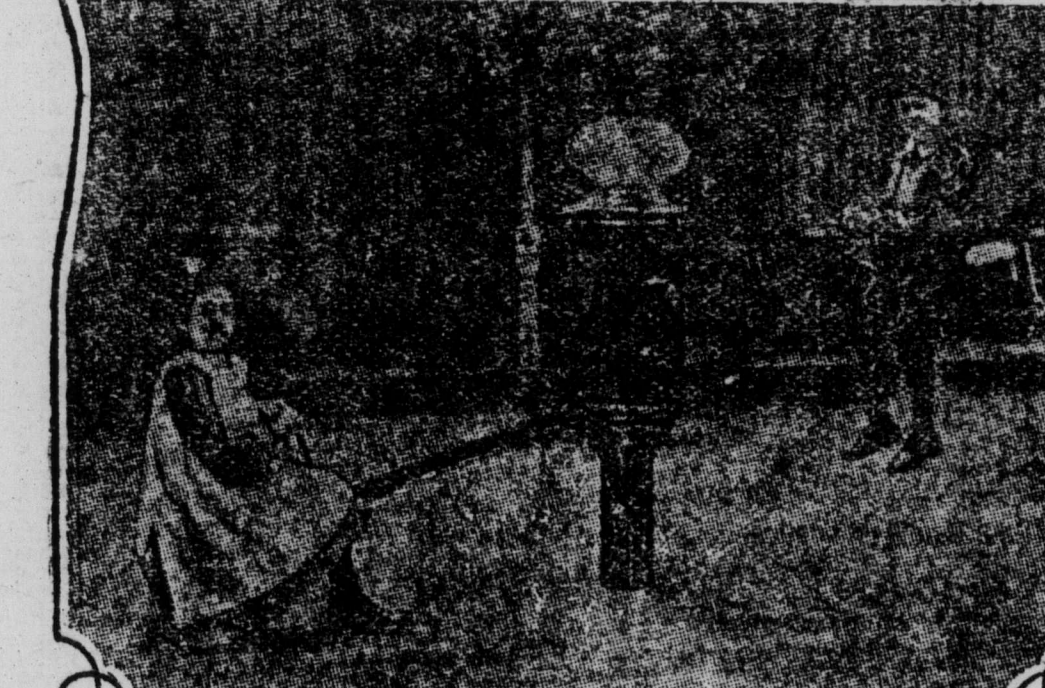
"Just above."

"The whole name?"

"Yes."

"O! can't write."

## A LUCKY FIND



"THEY PLAYED SEE-SAW"

ONLY wish we had as much money as those rich Americans," sighed Carmina, casting envious eyes at the handsome villa owned by the Americans.

Brother Pietro said nothing as he raised great clouds of dust with his bare feet, but his wistful look gave assurance that he shared the sentiment.

They were right in front of the villa when suddenly Pietro darted forward to pick up something he had kicked. It proved to be a five silver coin, which the lad was sure, had come from America.

Pietro was sorely tempted to keep the coin, but as both his conscience and his sister advised otherwise, he strode toward the house of the Americans.

The beautiful American lady seemed greatly surprised when Pietro stated his errand. Without hesitation she bade him keep the coin. And then, as though seized with an afterthought, she asked in his name, of which she made careful note in a little book.

No sooner did he reach home than Pietro carefully gave the coin to his mother. She made no comment, but when the father came home that afternoon the two had a long talk together.

At the end of which Pietro's father said: "Children, there is a holiday in the city tomorrow. You have been good boys, Pietro; you have been a good little

daughter, Carmina. Both of you have worked faithfully, gathering figs and taking them to town on the back of the donkey. And it has been long, too, since either of you have had a holiday. So tomorrow I want you to betake yourselves to the city and enjoy yourselves as best you may."

Pietro and Carmina were filled with joy. The family were so very poor, you know, that such pleasures as these could ill be afforded. It was kind, indeed, of their father to so reward their faithfulness.

They were in their very best garments, the boy and girl joined the holiday throngs in Rome the following day.

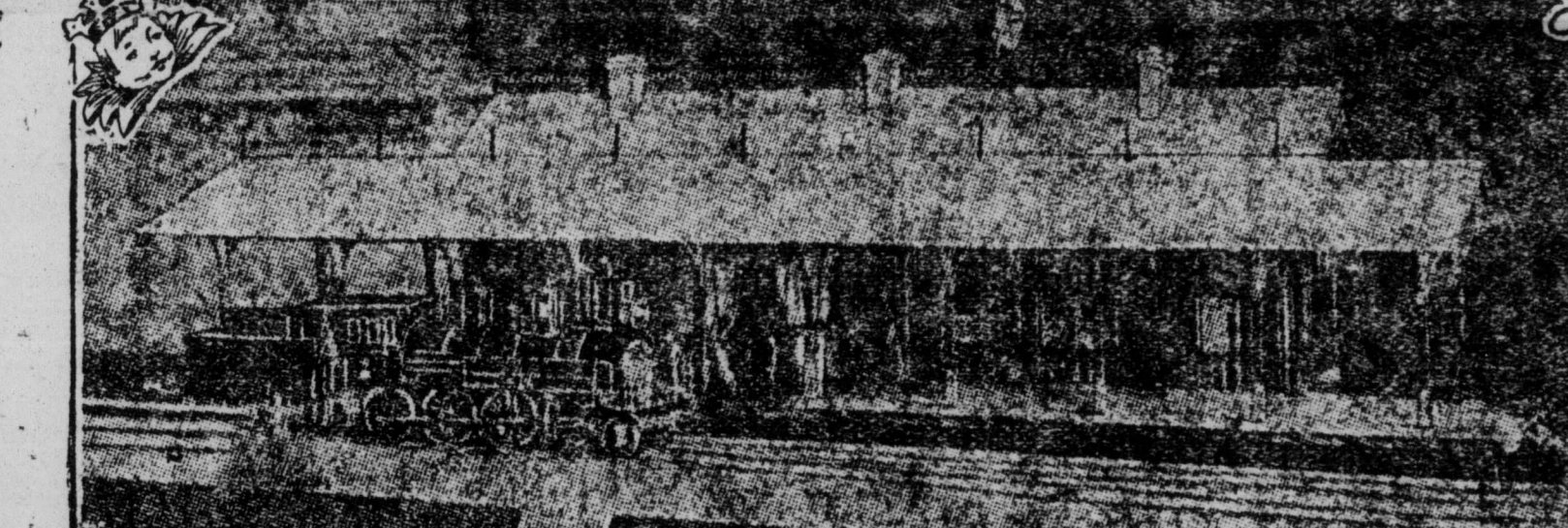
What fun it was to watch the merry crowds! In the afternoon they went to a pleasure garden, where they swayed to and fro in a lovely swing and played "see-saw" to the music of a machine. Then they bought some sweetmeats. These they devoured on the way home.

Never before had they had such a glorious time.

And, best of all, the very next day the beautiful American lady sent for Pietro and Carmina and gave both of them employment about the house. She was such a good, kind mistress, and the hire was so generous that they were able to assist their father greatly.

So, in time, the family became quite prosperous and all because of the honesty of Pietro in one little thing.

## Gift To Make the Baby Tsarevitch Happy



ISN'T this a splendid toy? But it really isn't a toy. Though just the right size for the little son of the tsar of Russia, the locomotive is as real and complete as the biggest engine ever made. The little station you see is an exact model of the Imperial Railway Station at Tsarskoe Selo, built by the First Railway Battalion. It is completely furnished and fitted, and lighted by electricity. All of six months was required for the construction of the locomotive, the value of which exceeds \$3000. Miniature guards are stationed round about the station, lending to the air of reality.

This present came from the tsar several months ago. You wouldn't mind being the tsarevitch for a time, would you, if you would receive such handsome gifts as these? Think of all the fun you could have, running your engine round and round the circle of gleaming track!

Discovered It Wouldn't Keep.

Harold—Mother, I bought sister's birthday gift today.

Mother—What did you buy?

Harold—A cream puff.

Mother—A cream puff? Why, the birthday won't be here until next week.

Harold—Yes'm; I found that the cream puff wouldn't keep all that time, so I had to eat it myself. But sister'll prelate it just the same, won't she, mother?

A Difficult Feat.

Ask two persons to kneel, and have each of them hold up his right foot by means of his right hand. This will necessitate careful balancing on the left knee.

Then have one hold in his left hand a goblet filled with water, and have the other hold in his left hand an empty glass. Tell them to face each other and to pour the water from one glass into the other. Simple as this may sound, they will find it a feat exceedingly difficult of accomplishment.

Unexcusable Carelessness.

Teacher—Remember, Isaac, I started with one dollar. I spent 15 cents for fruit and 10 cents for candy. How much had I left?

Isaac (in disgust)—Well, why didn't you count your change, teacher?

Desired Information.

William (aged 7)—Father, what did the dead sea die of?

## Tommy's Opinion Mary's Opinion

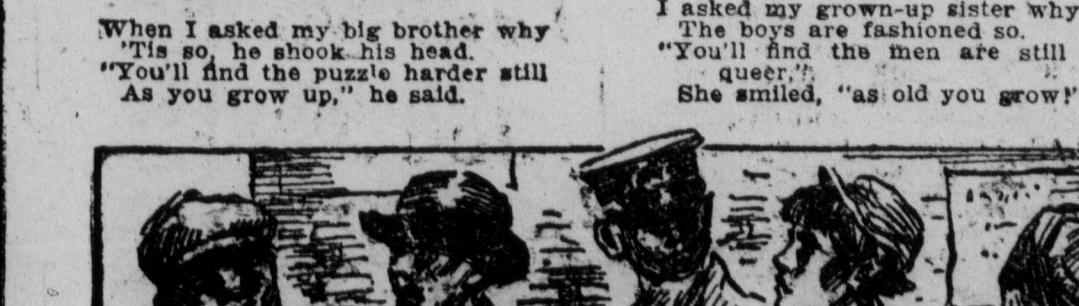


WHAT queer and puzzling sorts of things these girls are, anyway; I seem to hurt their feelings. In all I do and say.

They don't at all enjoy my games. They say I am too rough. And should I chance to test their strength, they soon cry out "enough!"

They much prefer to sit aside and nurse a foolish doll, and if I sneer and laugh, I'm called a brute—it does hurt all!

When I asked my big brother why "this so, he shook his head. "You'll find the puzzle harder still as you grow up," he said.



WHAT rough and silly animals these boys all seem to be! Why they should so delight to tease.

I really cannot see!

They're never happy or content unless they're playing games. That put their valor to the test, and only failure tames.

Then at our peaceful play with dolls they love to jest and sneer; in fact, they always ridicule. The things we hold most dear.

I asked my grown-up sister why the boys are fashioned so. "You'll find the men are still more queer," she smiled, "as old you grow!"

## WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF SAILOR JACK.



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