

## DRINK HABIT

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"Who stopped the train?"

"There she runs," said the driver.

And sure enough there was Jennie, running away as hard as she could, with all her courage gone out of her, and ashamed that these well-dressed passengers should see her ragged dress and bare feet.

But they were not to be denied.

Two men ran after her, brought her back, and you may guess the welcome she received. Every one wanted to shake hands with her at once. Every one was asking her name at the same time, and poor Jennie was completely dazed by the thronging crowds and the bewildering thanks she heard from every side of her.

The train soon moved off, but not before a large sum of money had been collected and handed to her, and not before her full name and address had been taken by some French passengers who were travelling home from the "World's Fair" in Chicago.

Probably many soon forgot the little girl, but the party of French people did not. A few months passed. One day Jennie received a large packet. Opening it, she was amazed to see a roll of thick paper with a beautiful design and inscription on it. It was a diploma, declaring she had been made a member of the French Legion of Honour. Accompanying it was the great gold cross of the Legion. She richly deserved the honour, did she not? Her deed was without doubt one of great courage.

### JACK'S "DOTADEAR."

By Effie Stevens.

"When I'm a big man I mean to own an automobile," Jack announced, gazing at a big red motor car which was standing in front of the house across the street.

"Will you take me to ride in it?" asked Dot.

"Of course," replied Jack, "there wouldn't be much fun in riding alone."

"Then I wish you were a big man now, for I do want to ride once in a—naut-o-mobile," sighed Dot, stumbling over the long word.

That afternoon their mother went into town, expecting to return with their father.

"Let's make an automobile," Jack suggested when they were alone. He hated to have his small sister want anything she could not have, and the sight of two old bicycles, belonging to his parents, in the barn had given him an idea.

"Why, Jack, you know we couldn't make a really and truly one," Dot exclaimed. She was a loyal little sister, but her faith in Jack's ability did not equal the making of automobiles.

"No, only a make-believe one," Jack replied. "It won't go, but we can put it near the front door, and surprise father and mother when they come home."

It did not take the children long to make their automobile. The bicycles, which were for wheels, were fastened with stout rope on either side of two chairs placed a short distance apart facing each other. A wide board connected the chairs, and on this two low stools were placed for seats. A big blue cotton umbrella made an ideal top, and the imagination of the children could easily supply machinery and other details.

When they saw their parents coming the children scrambled to their seats, Jack, of course, in front as chauffeur, with his last Fourth of July horn tooting valiantly.

How father and mother laughed!

Just then the big red automobile drew up in front of the house across the street. The big, jolly-looking man who owned it happened to glance in their direction.

"What have we here?" he cried jovially, jumping out, and coming across to them. "A rival automobile, I declare. What make is it, young man?"

Jack looked embarrassed. He knew a good deal about the different makes of motor cars, but he had never thought of a name for his own car.

"It's—it's—" he began, looking at his sister for help; then his face brightened. "It's a Dotadear," he finished.

How the big man laughed!

"My car hasn't such a sweet name as yours, but wouldn't you like to try it, and see if its speed equals yours?" he asked after speaking apart with their parents.

Dot's face fairly glowed with delight, and Jack's was wreathed in smiles.

In a moment they were seated in the tonneau of the big red car. Oh, what a wonderful ride that was! How the big man,—or the big car rather,—whizzed them up one street and down another, and finally home again. It seemed all too short.

"Thank you ever so much, sir," Jack said politely, as he jumped out. "The speed of your car beats mine all hollow."

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"I just love your car, and you too," said Dot, not to be outdone in politeness.

"Now, that pays me," declared the big man heartily. "We'll have to try the car again soon."

Dot and Jack drew a long, long breath of anticipation. Anyway they had had one ride, and it was because of the funny old "Dotadear" still standing where they had left it.—"Sunday School Times."

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