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THE FIRST REQUISITE FOR A YOUNG WRITER.

A young woman newspaper reporter was sent by her editor to interview Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the *Century Magazine*, and to secure a three-thousand-word article on "Young Women in Literature."

"It was a fetching subject, full of meat," explained the young woman afterward, "and I saw not only three thousand words in the story, but at least six thousand. But I never got any further than the first question. Mr. Gilder's answer took the very life out of me. I asked him, 'Now, Mr. Gilder, what would you say was the first, the chief, the all-essential requisite for a young woman entering the literary field?' I waited with bated breath, when he answered:

" 'Postage-stamps.' "

" That settled it."

AS ONE BOY TO ANOTHER.

"What did you do, James, when Edward called you a liar?" asked the teacher.

"I remembered what you said, that 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' "

replied James.

"Good boy. What soft answer did you make?" queried the interested teacher.

"Why, I hit him with a rotten tomato," said James.

HER HUSBAND WAS NERVOUS.

"Julia," said the new-rich mistress of the mansion, "be sure to mash the peas thoroughly."

"What, ma'am?" exclaimed the puzzled maid. "Mash the peas?"

"Yes, I say, mash the peas. It makes my husband very nervous at dinner to have them roll off his knife."

"BUSEFLOS" A HORSEY TALE.

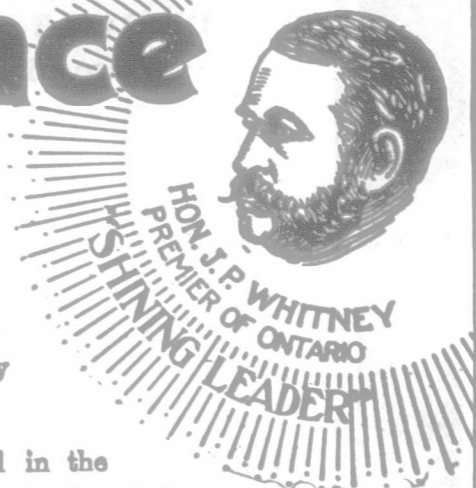
It is safe to say that no one ever wanted a horse any worse than little Sammy. He would have duplicated King Richard's extravagant offer and doubled it over again if offers would have brought the horse. But Sammy did not have any kingdom or anything else to offer, because he was a poor little boy, that lived on a poor little farm, managed by a poor little farmer who was Sammy's father. Sammy did not blame his father for being poor. On the contrary he had made a great reputation among his boyish acquaintances as a fighter, with those who taunted him with being a "poor renter." He was loyal to the core in that respect, but still his desire for a horse mounted higher and higher every passing day and by the time he was nine years old he began to cherish serious notions of adopting horse stealing as a profession.

Those who will enter into the innermost circles, and see the true cause of things, will not blame Sammy for such depravity. His father was desperately poor. He had hard work to pay the rent of the little farm because it was little, and because sundry misfortunes, not material to this tale, had sapped his energy so that he was content to plod along in the "poor but honest" class for the rest of his days. Sammy's father was so poor and so little of a farmer that he was not able to keep a horse, but borrowed of the neighbors and paid for the service by day's work. He kept two cows that fed themselves in the summer time on the highways and the common land that was not yet enclosed. It was Sammy's task to bring the cows home in time for evening milking. This was not much of a task for an active boy, but there were drawbacks which must be specified in order to understand the height and depth of Sammy's intense desire for a horse. Sammy was obliged to go around barefooted in the summer and the paths over which he had to drive the cows were rough and full of thorns and stubble and stones. In places the grass was high and Sammy being short could not see where the cows were until he had climbed a tree. Then there were snakes in the woods, and no right minded boy wants to tackle snakes when he is barefooted.

But Sammy would have gone searching for the cows bare footed to the end of his days, if the kindness of a neighbor had not enlarged his vision by lending him a horse to ride on one of his trips. This was Sammy's undoing. The horse fever arose in his mind and prevailed until it was cured in the manner hereafter to be described.

Nobody but a boy can understand the delight that Sammy felt when he bestrode the horse and found that the horse would go at his bidding and stop when told to do so. It was ecstasy to find that the stones and briars did not hurt his sore feet and that he could see over the high grass without climbing a tree. His whole moral nature was corrupted, and after he had yarded the cows and returned the borrowed horse, he mapped out a carefully devised plan to invade Farmer Bulwinkle's stable that night and possess a horse that would be his very own. The plan fascinated his youthful mind to such an extent that he could not sleep, and when his poor old father was sound asleep, Sammy arose from his bed and went out in the road and walked in the direction of the Bulwinkle stable. He had traveled but part of the way when in the moonlight he saw something reclining in the dusty road that bore a close resemblance to a horse. The frame-work was there and the hide that covers the frame-work in normally built horses was there. There was some flesh on the frame, but Sammy had never in his life seen a horse's frame with the ribs so plainly exposed, and he stopped in wonder. As he stood there the frame arose to its feet and walked slowly towards Sammy and put its peaked nose on its shoulder. It was a sure enough horse, and Sammy stepped to one side of the road and plucked a handful of grass which the frame consumed after the manner of other horses, and as Sammy turned away to pluck more grass, the frame followed him. He went toward the yard in which reclined the cows and the frame still continued to follow until it was safely enclosed with the two cows that belonged to Sammy's father.

Sunshine Furnace



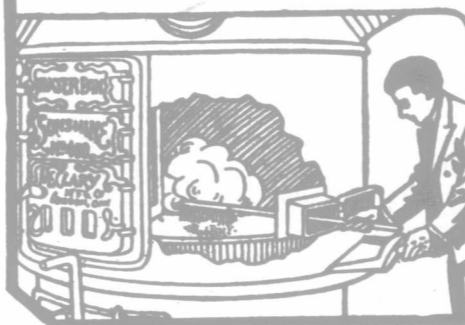
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This heater just bristles with exclusive features such as automatic gas dampers, large double feed-doors, steel dome, double shakers and steel radiator.

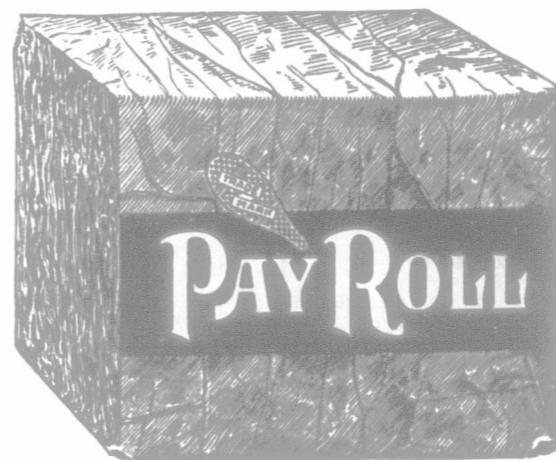
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