HOUND WANTING

road the works of sages from before the middle ages. And had studied all the writings left from prehistoric times; s would range from ancient Horace to the verse of William Morris, While she pointed out the difference 'twixt the old and modern rhymes,

the discuss'd the moral hurt in those unhappy thoughts of Burton, And for relaxation revel'd in the eketches of Mark Twain; And she held that Aristotle was addicted to the bottle, Or he never would have thought the things that fill'd his mighty brain.

Chaucer, Dante, and old Gower she would pore on by the hour, But, in spite of all her learning, I would not have her for my wife; Wer, desiring once to serve her—this young latter-day Minerya-I took her out to dinner, and she are it with a knife. -Philadelphia Ledger.

Mothering the Seagraves

younger slater.

then old for her years and grown-up her gum that she thinks is a wisdomfor her size. If Claudine were like her tooth and John breaking out occawe shouldn't need anybody. But sionally with ulcerated grinders." Olaudine---"

impossible to imagine that irresponsible dameel mothering anything. Even her dolls had always depended on their own youthful aunts for clothing.

"It's a great responsibility," warned the married cousin with whom Gertrude had lived, "and I'm not at all ours that you're big enough for it. You're such a little mite-"

"I'm twenty-two," said Gertrude, "and I weigh ninety-sig pounds, which as she called herself, listened. Some a lot for me. I've been graduated of them did fancy work. Gertrude from a high school and a normal, I've either made garments for Bettina or been a substitute teacher in the train- darned stockings for Donald. ing school ever so many times, and I'm going to make such a fine substitute mother that nobody will ever dream that I'm not a real one. Poor Louise! Mobody could help being good to her children."

diminutive aunt effusively. Matilda Beanston had been temporarily manag- first. Then it grew more and more noing the bousehold for the past fortmight. When Matilds managed snything she did it thoroughly.

"Goodness!" cried Claudine. "What a joke to have an aunt of your size and age! Are you sure you're a real aunt and not a just-make-believe one? Zour letters always sounded a lot enore grown up. How are you ever going to manage us? Even little Bettima is almost as big as you are."

"Corporal punishment has gone out of fashion," said Gertrude, with twinkle in her nice brown eyes. think we'll get along all right. Is this Bailey My! What a nice, big fifteenyear-old !"

"Matilda Beanston washed his ears this morning" confided Claudine wickedly. "I guess she's had everything in the house scrubbed with lye. It's hideous to be so clean and fldy and proper. Nora would have left forty times this week if we hadn't taken turns staying in the kitchen begging her not to."

"Matilda ought to be general manager of a railroad!" growled Bailey. whose ears still glowed feverishly There's too much of her for any one Campily."

Perhaps it was the change from Matilda, perhapa it was some quality in Gertrude, that put the small aunt in Ammediate touch with her brother's household. Whatever it was, things mouse!" Mrs. Boswell, always a moderwent amazingly well from the very first. The children, from lively Claudine down to shy Bettina, would do for possible misdeeds. anything for her. Even Nora, who posalde under Gertrude's gentle yet dignified rule.

Claudine, sewing up a rip in her golf store one evening, eyed her aunt attentirely.

"If she should ever happen to get married," mused Claudine, "I suppose I'd have to take her place in self-defense-no more Matilda Beanstons in this house! I wish I were just like Gertrude."

auddenly from the corks, needles and menting, with his young aunt's interested assistance, "if I couldn't see you. I'd believe you were another fifteenrear-old boy. You're just like a boy."

"That's it!" breathed Claudine into her glove. "That's the secret! Gertrude talks like a man with father. the's just a girl with me, and when she's with Betting she's just a dear tittle tot of five! And whichever one of us she is, she's a complete dear."

But if things went smoothly for the cost of the Seagraves, it is not certain that there were no rough places for it, felt it, and suffered because of it. Gertrude. She seemed to do things easily so easily, indeed, that no one realized that she was obliged to be ever alert and watchful in order to meet the various needs of the different members of her family. Besides, it was ders. Nor ley Mrs. Boswell, whom no no light task, even with enthusiastic one was ever brave enough to question. helpers and a comfortable income, to Nor cynical Mrs. Gaskell, whose kind keep a large house in order, to keep est speeches left one binding up are growing young persons properly wounds. man, op plan three wholesome meals a day at regular hours. Yet Gertrude did went gravely from face to face round | beard will grow faster on the side toall this, and added in many ingenious the circle, little Mrs. Spencer, the ward the window. Plants and beards ways besides to the pleasures of her

"I don't want them to miss any- ed the room, and slipped into the chair hing," she wrote to her cousin, "that next Gertrude's. their own mother would have given

ands, Gertrude had little time for interests, yet she had half- "What have I done?"

ly, half-enroestly, joined the Club when Mrs. Newcomb

To mother a family of five seemed a | with a family of five than it is with Same undertaking for an undersized just one solitary infant. I supposed merson of twenty-two; but when Mrs. I had escaped all teething troubles, but Congrave died suddenly there was no dear me! Here is Bettina losing her who could conveniently step into first teeth, Donald getting twelve-year the sadly vacant place except Ger- molars, Kittle having to be reminded trude, John Seagrave's very much every night to brush her teeth, Bailey roaring three nights out of five with "But Gertie," said John, "has always | toothache, Claudine with a lump on

"The human race," returned Mrs The family knew Claudine. It was Newcomb, "never gets over teething. Then you'll join the club?"

"Yes, indeed! I'm troubled this minute about the length of Claudine's skirts and whether or not Bettina should eat pickles."

The meetings were decidedly pleasant. The mothers and Gertrude carried their work, drank tea, and talked about their children. That is, the real mothers talked, while the artificial one,

At first she enjoyed meeting the real mothers very much indeed, and they seemed to enjoy seeing her.

But when the substitute had mothered her brother's flock for a little more than a year, she became conscious that The young Seagraves welcomed their things were not as they had been. The change was almost imperceptible

The week after Washington's birth day there was no longer any doubt about it. The Mothers' Club had turn-



"I'M TWENTY TWO AND I WEIGH MINETY BIX POUNDS."

ed cold. Mrs. Darwin no longer greeted Gertrude effusively. Mrs. Bacon no. longer called her "You dear little stely chilly person, was now positively frosty. Gertrude racked her conscience

"I can't think of a thing," she said consed what Bailey called a red-headed to herself, "that I've left undone; yet temper, showed only her most amiable I suppose I've failed somewhere in something that a real mother would have known about. But what? Donald is too fat, Kittle's hair is just at the ummanageable length, and I can't let out tucks fast enough to keep up with Claudine's inches; but surely they must see that I'm doing the best I can." And now Mrs. Gaskell, whose wit

was ever mizorlike, was speaking sarcastically, yet with evident feeling She was laying great stress on the "Gertrude," said Bailey, looking up trials of real mothers, with the "real" very much emphasized. The other women seemed to understand and approve; but the unreal mother was all at sea. There was a vacant chair on each side of her-the coldness had turned to acute disapproval. Each resentful mother had some personal grievance. Not one of those women meant to be unkind, yet the combined those separate resentments made a much bigger total than any one person in the room-except Ger-

trude realized. Altogether it was a big, tangible, un-She looked about the circle. No. she could not ask Mrs. Darwin-Mrs. Darwin always evaded direct questions. Nor Mrs. Bacon, for that lady would shift all responsibility to other shoul-

able infant, rose from her place, cross-

tute mother's work.

"Nothing to worry about. Husb! I'll in being awake he keeps the vital proctell you about it afterward. It's really

"That's just it."

Then the kindly little woman explained. When she had finished Gertrude laughed, too. "Stay away next week," advised: Mrs. Spencer, "and let the club boll

over." The club "boiled over." Then th mothers went by ones and twos to ex postulate with Gertrude.

"It isnt' fair," complained Mrs. Bacon, "for you to do more for those dhildren than we can possibly do for ours. It makes ours discontented." "No," declared Mrs. Gaskell, "It is precisely like paying more wages to a

cook than the rest of the community

can possibly pay—people hate you if

you do It." "My daughter tells me," said Mrs Bacon, bitterly, "that you never let any sort of a holiday, however unimportant, go uncelebrated. It's all I can do to feed my family week-days without observing every trifling occasion that comes along. A valentine party for Claudine and a George Washington party for Donald, all in one month! Yes, of course, the calendar-but you

"Harold," stated Mrs. Boswell, frigidly, "almost invariably stood at the head of all his classes until you took to cramming Bailey. Harold now reproaches me for not being competentthe books have all changed since my time-to cram him. You're a great deal too good to those children, You've outmothered motherhood!" "Real mothers," admonished Mrs.

might have skipped one."

Gaskell, cuttingly, "are obliged to relax the tension at times-you've been a mother every instant since you begen. It isn't fair to the rest of us. Your youthful enthusiasm has carried you too far. Things have come to a pretty pass when our own children are holding you up as a model."

Gertrude, forewarned and forearmed, met the mothers graciously, and, veiling the twinkle in her eye, promised moderation.

"You see," she pleaded, apologetically, "my family is only one year old, and five infants of that age are a good many for a twenty-three-year-old mother to get used to at once. Perhaps I am overcrowding the motherhood bustness. You'll have to teach me your

After that the club was again screpe Gertrude still mothered her flock conscientiously, but now enthusiasm was tempered with moderation.

"Claudine," said she, on the next red-letter day, "I wanted to give, you six birthday presents, but I've cut it down to three and I'll take those back if you brag about them outside. You see, we must give the other mothers a chance to catch up."

"They're a long way behind," mid Claudine, with an arm about her small aunt, "You haven't forgotten your own infancy-that's why you have them all handicapped."

"Nothing but natural ability!" sighed Gertrude. "Dear me! I supposed it the result of deep thought. But it will take deep thought to give you good times that are just good enough and not too good."-Youth's Compan-

The same of the sa OUR MAY-DAY.

Some English Customs that Have Not Crossed the Sen.

The English May-day, sung by English poets from Chaucer to Tennyson, is associated with a score of graceful customs of which but two, the crowning of the May-queen and the braiding of the May-pole, migrated to our shores, and even these we abandon to children. The morris-dancers, Jack in the green the placing of blooming boughs above the house door, the maiden's quest for beautifying May-dew ere sunrise none of these crossed the water. Indeed, the May-queen herself has never become fully acclimatized. In New England she surrenders frankly to circumstances and holds court within doors, or does

so in the open air at her peril. Even in New York, in Central Park, where the many child-queens and their troops of little courtiers dotting the wide lawns have annually, for many years, afforded a charming spectacle, shawls have often to be bundled over muslin dresses, and the nose that needs a handkerchief is to-morrow's sequel to the brow that wore a crown.

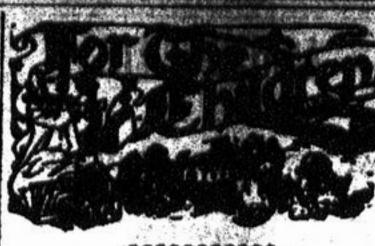
Shall it be whispred, also, that to our large cities there are children for whom the first of May breaths no waft of poetry, but is known only as "moying day?"

of the English May-day, which shout corresponds to the New England first traditional observance easily possible ial. The boys and girls should remem anonymously on door-knobs, with the oleum, oil). It is called coal oil beringing the bell and running away.

ers, a few fronds of wild-wood fern and hepaticas, or an elaborate basketful of rarer blossoms each is equally best authorities say that it has been significant, a seasonable recognition and made by the decay of seaweeds and reminder, gracefully inviting a friend to share in the joyousness of spring-Youth's Companion,

What a Man's Beard Tella.

ter from his beard," said the old barber. "If a man spends his days at a Then, as Gertrude's wietful eyes deak beside a window his bair and mother of one phenomenally comfort- both flourish under the influence of sunlight. Why, one of my customers found the effects of the side light an pronounced that he changed his office "What good buttonholes!" said she, deak to face the window. Another inleaning closer to examine the substi- teresting fact is that, when a man is up late or working long hours, he needs | Murpe has yet attempted. The results "What is it?" pleaded Gertrude, a shave oftener than if he took the amal amount of sleep. That's because comes of his body in greater activity



Telephoning

Minnie Midget, on the floor, Puts the dumb-bell to her sare "All right, baby! I can hear: Give me Forty-Twenty-Four!

Mamma's house: halloo! halloo! Mamma lives at Rocking Chair. That you, mamma? Stay right there. I've a mesage all for you."

Mamma answers, far away, With a big spool at her car: "All right, baby! I can hear: What would Midget like to say?"

Mamma, are you truly, true, Hearing every single thing-



What I think, and say, and sing-As if I were close to you?"

Yes, I hear, my little one, Every word's so plain and clear I might almost think you here, Speaking with no telephone!"

"Well, you please to tell the doctor Dolly has the stomach ache; Wants some peppermints to take, All the day I've sat and rocked her.

And please, mamma, I love you!" "All right, baby, here is one Doctor sends by telephone, And a kiss for Midget, too."

Thank you, mamma; now I'll try To get Seventy-One-Two-Nine-Aunty's house—to talk with mine : All through, mamma, dear! Good-by."

Taking Care of Goldfish.

Many boys and girls have goldfish as pets, and would like to know, perhaps, the best way to take care of them. They should be kept' in a broadmouthed glass vessel-a vessel with straight sides is best-which should always be nearly full of water. A few shells and a small quantity of gravel should be put into the vessel. Many persons are in the habit of dropping bread crumbs into the water for the fish to eat, but that is very bad for them, as the bread soon sours. Regularly prepared fish food may be had, which should be given to them every day or two. It is a good plan, too, to keep a piece of water-weed in the jar; it will grow floating on the water, and the fish like to nibble at it. The water should be changed at least twice of week, and it should be siphoned out, not poured. The best way to do this is to use a piece of rubber tubing, say, 18 Inches long. Put one end into the water, and the other end in your mouth. After sucking the water partly up in the tubing, grasp the latter tightly with your thumb and finger. take the end out of your mouth, and still holding it tightly, drop it into the ressel into which the water is to he drained, which should be lower than the fish-iar. The water will at the tube is kept lower than the enin the jar.

Rock Oll, Not Coal Off. There is a widespread belief that the oil generally known as coal was discovered within a comparatively short time. As a matter of fact, it Only in the softer airs of more south- has been known for centuries. There ern states or in an especially favorable is a well, or spring, on the island of season northward are many customs Zante that has been flowing for two thousand years. The Greek historian. of June, transferable with entire suc- is said, also, that the people of India anywhere, and not uncommon—the pre- ber that coal oil is not the right name sentation of May-baskets, either direct- for it; it is really rock oil, its scien ly, from friend to friend, or (delight- tific name being petroleum (from the

comes from coal down in the earth. A handful of our exquisite Mayflow- Some of it does, but most of it comes from rocks that are much older than those in which coal is found. animals. The oil as it comes from the earth is one of the most disgusting substances known, so far as appearance goes, but it is of the greatest possible service to man. Many things that are in daily use are produced as well as valuable medicines and the most beautiful colors.

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