

- MY GIRL**
- A little corner with its crib.
 - A little mug, a spoon, a bib.
 - A little tooth so pearly white.
 - A little rattle to ring to bits.
 - A little pillow all feathered round.
 - A little rattle to rattle round.
 - A little rattle to rattle round.
 - A little rattle to rattle round.
 - A little doll with flaxen hair.
 - A little willow rocking chair.
 - A little dress of richest hue.
 - A little pair of shoes so blue.
 - A little school bag after day.
 - A little schoolbag to obey.
 - A little study—soon 'tis past.
 - A little graduate at last.
 - A little muff for winter weather.
 - A little jacket hat and fother.
 - A little sock with funny pockets.
 - A little chain a ring and a bit.
 - A little white to dance and bow.
 - A little escort homeward now.
 - A little skirt, somewhat late.
 - A little bracelet at the gate.
 - A little walk in leafy June.
 - A little talk while shines the moon.
 - A little talk with papa.
 - A little reference to mamma.
 - A little ceremony grave.
 - A little struggle for my papa.
 - A little kiss on a lawn.
 - A little kiss—my girl is gone.

CANDLE MAKING AS A FINE ART

Ordinarily we do not think of candle making as a fine art, but the Italians have made it such. Strangely enough, they have brought their work to perfection in the greatest perfection in America. New York City alone has six hundred thousand Italian residents—more Italians than live in any city in Italy except Naples—and to supply them with candles for their religious festivals the candle makers are kept busy.

The distinctly Italian waxy taper is made by hand. The materials are pure Austrian beeswax, which is kneaded and tempered, and mixed with a secret ingredient to retard combustion, and which has special properties for wicks. The cotton, too, is treated with chemicals to keep it from feeding too fast. Small candles are moulded. Large ones are made by rolling the great strength, and it is soles it to stand erect when a moulded candle would bend under the heat. After the candle is fashioned it is put to the doorknobs—men who are skilled in the use of the brush. "The Station Madonna" and "The Madonna of the Chair" are favorite subjects with them, and they also make very charming miniature of other famous works of art.

PREROGATIVES OF RANK

The Brambleville postmaster looked out with a frown from his barred window at the returned traveller who was questioning him. "I can't go out of this part of mine till the mail's distributed," he said, with resentment. "The new rules and regulations don't hardly let a man breathe, but I've been in it for years. You asked me about the fire department?"

FAIR WARNING

A lanky youth perched in a high-backed chair at the window of a railway coach. The brakeman, who was passing through the coach, saw him in this dangerous position and touched the youth on the back.

A BARGAIN

A local attorney had just brought to a close a successful defence of an old negro named Rastus, who had been charged with chicken stealing. The lawyer and his client were conversing:

The Free Press Short Story

An Unwilling Reporter

HELEN WAIRD HANNA

"I MOST wish I'd never gone into this reporting!" exclaimed Mabel Stone. "Get up, Billy!"

"If you make Billy do many jumps like that, you'll jounce my bicycle out of the wagon," Edna Barrow said as she straightened her hat, which had been sent over one ear. "I don't want to go into it, but I'm glad enough to earn some money."

"Oh, dear, I want the money fast enough! But the idea of reporting gives me goose bumps all over. I would not mind writing about birds and flowers and things I love, but just to have me marching up to a stranger and asking, 'Please, ma'am, could you spare me a few cold-visual details about your life for my paper basket?'"

"You're always so silly," Edna said, laughing. "People like to talk about themselves, and when they have parties like this one of Mrs. Leland's they like it to get into the paper."

"Leland don't don't. The Times man said he'd try to get fall down on it. If you have reporting so, why are you going into it?"

"You know how few chances there are to earn money in Greenleaf. Of course you've got the Exchange, but you can't get a good enough cook for that. So I have to do anything I can that will add to my college fund. Now, you'd do the talking to Mrs. Leland, wouldn't you? Edna? What are you going to say to her?"

THE BOUNTY OF A COUNTRY-HOME

YANKEE CURIOSITY

Those who live in the country at this time of the year, and have a garden, are truly blessed. Last week we went about a farm at the country house of a friend. From the highway we walked in along a grass-grown road and into a garden where, and where, in the background, a brown house with friendly gambrel windows and a chimney.

"I can't get anything," said Mabel. "If that fellow wouldn't see the reporter this morning, she certainly won't see him in the thick of the night, the people won't be gone for six."

"Edna set her cakes out on the table, but she wished to see the reporter. "So this is the fellow you've been all day," she said. "I've telephoned your house three times to find out who you were, and now you've come. And then the exchange called me up and asked me if I'd make cakes. I was so disagreeable—but there was no use in cutting off my nose to spite my face. And then the Press called me up, and I told them I'd make one more try."

"I don't mind," said Edna good-naturedly. "I can get done this morning. Of course I'll be out until six o'clock to get the stuff in, but I've got tomorrow in my Exchange day. I'm 'Hello!' Mabel exclaimed, raising in old Billy. 'The little florist wants to see you. He's waiting for you.'"

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT

An ex-Governor of Wisconsin, famous as a story-teller, once rejoiced a company of friends with an account of a party he had given at a club. At the club there were plenty of people who enjoyed the ex-Governor's stories, but there was one serious-minded listener on whom it fell flat.

DE WETS ESCAPE

Of the three figures that emerged on the floor side in the 'jag' of defense the night after the Smith-Botha. De Wet and Delany. De Wet was much the most impressive. His face was a study in resistance. His body seemed all muscle.

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FOOLING 'GONNY

Human traits—constantly appearing in our domestic pets, much to our own amusement. If we would only profit by them, we observe only too often that the dignity of a dog is in its ears. When a bowl of biscuit is put down for his supper, he sniffs with disgust and turns away. But, resting contentedly else at hand, he will happily accept a morsel of food.

THE HOSTESS

In a moment De Wet was on his feet. He was an hour every horse's foot was muffled with cement and every wagon wheel was swathed with barbed wire. The whole floor force crept out through the darkness of the night in utter silence, accompanied by the faint light and started on a new course of fugitive warfare.

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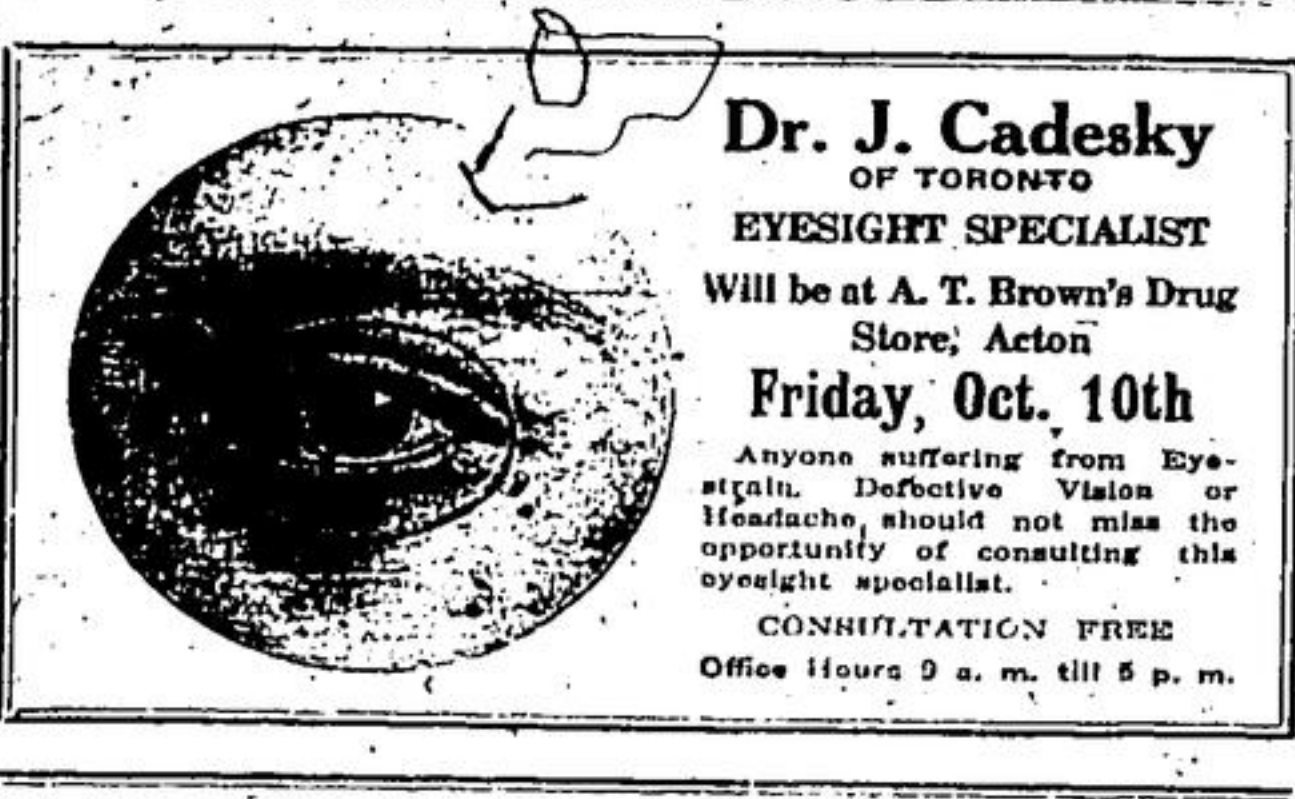
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CONSULTATION FREE
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Representatives for this District
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MCLAUGHLIN-BUICK

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Advertising Will Help Sell Your Goods
Just as it Sells Mr. Wrigley's