

LADDIE.

By Elizabeth M. Jones, Baltimore, Md. It seems but yesterday my little boy Brought out a painted soldier for his toy...

DRAFTED.

The Story of a Small Boy and His Dog.

Buddy Hopkins stood on the rickety front steps of the little house where he lived, and tried to make out what was going on in the next block.

Nothing happened. Nothing ever did happen when he whistled for Spot; so, as usual, he went back and peered under the steps.

The question was almost an indelicate one, for when Spot had been dragged into the open, it was apparent that his genealogy was well, rather complicated.

It was not until they reached the cluttered and unkempt front yard of the Bean cottage that Buddy discovered what was happening there.

"Hello, kids!" called the soldiers. And just at that moment, when the struggling little group was thus brought into the limelight of public attention...

"We're helpin' Uncle Sam, too!" observed Lizzie. "Y'see, gettin' our own coal will leave that much more for other folks."

"Hand him up here and let him get next to the real thing!" called the very sergeant that had been captivated by Willie.

Buddy, entranced by this attention, lifted the wriggling form up to the sergeant's long arms and delightedly watched the hilarious reception of His Dog by these heroes of the imagination...

He was interrupted by a howl from Violet Alice, and the children turned to behold her eclipsed by a kaleidoscopic effect in black and white which experience enabled them to identify as Spot.

ness of the maternal instinct. "Take your dog off'n my sister, Buddy Hopkins!" she shrieked.

Every day for a week the Army Folks Club labored with more or less spasmodic intensity. And every day Buddy and Spot, driven to an exclusive enjoyment of each other's society...

Perhaps there is no love more entralling than that which a boy gives to his first dog—unless it is the devotion with which a puppy requires his first master.

So on his dog he lavished all the riches of his childish soul. Instead of a mother's kisses, the puppy's little pink tongue dried his tears that first night when he cried.

After his rebuff by the Army Folks, Buddy avoided the Bean neighborhood with bitter dignity. But on the last day of that eventful week his curiosity overcame his deeper emotions.

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It was Lizzie, of course, that silenced the group with a commanding gesture, so that they heard from somewhere in the distance the muffled, measured tread of scores of marching feet.

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spairingly and throw himself on the ground, face downward. "After Buddy!" they exclaimed.

The crowd on the platform melted away. Only the club members had noticed the small boy, face down in the cinders along the track.

When at last, half suffocated with joy and with puppy caresses, Buddy looked up at the old face, smiling down at him, he could only smile back, dumb with happiness.

"Gosh!" said the old man. "How'd they git your dog?" he demanded, and when Buddy, between his sobs, had explained the matter, he patted the shaking shoulders and tried to offer consolation.

"Never mind, sonny!" he said. "Never mind! Tell you what I'll do. I'll git you another dog, I see one today."

Day after day Buddy waited, nursing a hope which grew fainter and fainter. One evening, when his grandmother came to supper, the child was in the woodshed getting chips for the kitchen stove.

"What'd you guess I've brought you, sonny?" he said mysteriously. Buddy looked up and a sudden radiance lit his face.

"I thought mebbe you'd like him," he said, "but I kin take him back." He started to the house, but hesitated, and taking out his pocket and weather-beaten old face twitching painfully...

"It's awful good of you, Grandpop, but I don't want no dog, I don't want nothin' but my own dog!"

"Buddy, quit!" quavered the old man. "Take it, an' go to the show—like a good kid!"

His shaking fingers pushed the money into Buddy's hands, and the boy looked down at the wadded weather-beaten old face twitching painfully. Grandpop was crying!

His grandfather was sitting on the steps when Buddy came home in the grip of renewed sorrow; and after the boy had told what happened and had crept up to bed the old man stared there a long time, his pipe held between his teeth with unwonted determination.

renewed with great cordiality. Buddy tried to respond, but he was subject to sudden attacks of emotion which would send him flying home to the haven of the woodshed.

One afternoon he heard his grandmother's shrill tones. Buddy wondered vaguely who could be the object of her wrath, and at the sound of footsteps he shrank back into the darkest corner.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors.—Anon.

Skirts are still short, and are growing more skimpy as prices advance. Hats are small also, made in fine straw, or satin embroidered with straw or raffia.

A great deal of satin is used, mostly in black, for afternoon frocks, and some of the best tailor-mades have plain cloth coats, and the same cloth stripe running through it.

Don't kiss the baby on the mouth or allow your friends to do so. Don't give soothing syrups to the cross baby.

Don't give "patent" cough mixtures for a cough. Don't fail to secure the best milk you can afford to buy.

Don't allow flies to rest or feed on baby's bottle or nipple. Don't fail to wash bottle and nipple before feeding the baby.

Don't let the baby use a "pacifier." Constant sucking of a dummy teats causes deformities and interferes with baby's growth.

Don't fail to keep the baby's food, when prepared, on the ice. Don't fail to feed baby at regular periods, day and night.

Don't neglect the daily care of baby's mouth—wash out with boric acid after each feeding. Don't excite the baby—especially before sleeping time or after eating.

Don't rock the baby to sleep. Don't let any one sleep with the baby. Don't let the baby sleep in the sun with light shining into its eyes.

Don't overdress the baby, and in summer avoid wool near the skin. Don't pick up very young babies without supporting the back.

Don't neglect to bathe the baby daily. In summer frequent wet dips help. Don't fail to clean all folds of skin and powder well.

Don't keep baby in the house; fresh air is necessary for growth. Don't permit flies to bother baby when sleeping; use a net.

Don't fail to screen in the windows, particularly in the nursery, against flies and insects. Don't forget that babies nursed by their mother's milk and given plenty of fresh air have three times the advantage over others in escaping diarrhoea, pneumonia and children's infections.

Don't expect a quiet, composed, healthy baby unless you do your part thoroughly and constantly. Don't forget that a mother who thinks her milk is not right or sufficient for her baby may secure medical advice on how to improve it in both quality and quantity—she should consult her private physician.—Bulletin of the New York Department of Health.

The wise housewife, who taking time by the forelock, prepares simple syrups of fruits in their season, will find that with these as a basis a great number of healthful summer drinks can be easily and quickly made.

Great care, however, should always be exercised in preparing beverages for the heated term, so that they are not over-sweetened, and their mission is to quench thirst, instead of inducing it.

HOW TO SHIFT GEARS.

Best-Known Methods Described by Expert; Work of a Good Driver.

One of the marks of a good driver is the manner in which he handles the gear shifting lever. Of course the design of the clutch and transmission has a great deal to do with easy gear shifting, but even with these advantages a certain amount of practice is necessary in order to shift the gears deftly, without noise or clashing.

This clashing is caused by the outer ends of the gear teeth striking each other instead of meshing as they should, with the result that the transmission gears are sometimes injured by constant improper shifting of gears.

A clear understanding of what happens in the process of gear shifting will enable the driver to master the process in a very short time. The transmission is made up of a series of gears, mounted on the main shaft and the countershaft, with the idler gear mounted on the transmission case.

The first speed, second speed and the reverse combination are simply three sets of reduction gears with various ratios, to give the driver a greater leverage against the driving mechanism when required. High speed is direct drive, which means that the propeller shaft revolves at the same rate of speed as the motor crankshaft.

The various gears are brought into play by moving the gear shifting lever to the proper positions. RELEASE THE GEAR TEETH. When the clutch pedal is pressed all the way down the power of the motor is disconnected from the transmission system, which releases the pressure of the gear teeth against each other and makes it possible to shift the gears easily.

Also, when the gear shifting lever is disconnected from the rear driving mechanism, because one of the transmission gears are in mesh. The lower end of the gear shifting lever connects with the gear shifting forks, which are so arranged as to push the gears forward and backward on the square main-shaft in order to make the different gear combinations.

The whole theory of gear shifting may be summed up in the statement that the gears about to be meshed should be revolving slowly and as nearly as possible at the same rate of speed. If one is revolving much faster than the other it is difficult to shift without clashing.

It is a mistake, for the above reasons, to let the car gain too great a speed before shifting into any combination. The following methods will be found to give good results: ONE OF BEST METHODS.

With the throttle closed and the spark lever about half-way down the quadrant, so that the engine idles slowly, throw out the clutch and put the gear-shifting lever in first speed position. Engage the clutch slowly, at the same time pressing down on the accelerator pedal gradually.

Let the car attain a speed of about four or five miles an hour and then throw out the clutch, removing the right foot entirely from the accelerator pedal. Push the lever slightly forward into neutral position, then clear to the left and forward into second speed.

Let the clutch in gently as before and accelerate the speed of the car to about 8 or 10 miles an hour when the clutch should again be disengaged, the foot removed from the accelerator and the gear-shifting lever pulled straight back into high speed position.

All of these motions should be made deliberately, without a hurry. Most drivers are in too much of a hurry to make the shift, but smoother shifting will result if, after moving the lever from first or second speed, it is allowed to remain in neutral for a second before pushing it to the higher speed position.

KNACK QUICKLY ACQUIRED. The driver will acquire this knack much quicker if he will cultivate the habit of not gripping the shifting lever too firmly. For example, shifting from second to high speed is a straight backward movement. By moving the lever backward, the driver can actually feel when the gears are rotating at proper speed to mesh perfectly. With the lever gripped tightly this is not possible.

These rules will apply to all ordinary driving on fairly good roads, where the car has a low momentum quickly. But on an upgrade or in heavy pulling of any kind where the car slows down the instant the power is shut off the shift should be made quickly and firmly from all speeds.

SHIFTING OF MOTIONS. Shifting from a high speed to a lower speed is practically the reverse of the motions described above, except in the matter of handling the throttle. The principal thing is to make the shifts as firmly and quickly as possible, so as not to let the gears show down. It is also well to press the clutch pedal down only far enough to barely release the clutch.

Never attempt to reverse the car until it has come to a full stop, nor to shift from reverse into forward speed until the car is standing still, because the action throws an enormous strain on the mechanism. These rules, if observed, soon become as automatic as the act of walking, and the driver who observes them will have no difficulty in shifting gears with perfect ease and silence.—Pittsburgh Post.

—Of 90,000 Indians of school age, 28,500 are in special government schools, 29,500 in the public schools, 5,000 are in mission and contract schools, 5,000 are physically or mentally disqualified, leaving 23,000 little Indians who have no school at all. Yet most of the treaties by which the United States acquired Indian lands and moved the owners to reservations stipulated that the Great Father at Washington should supply teachers and school-houses—one to every thirty children. The Centenary will provide fund for meeting a part of this obligation, but there remains a great burden of neglected educational duty on the part of the government which ought to weigh more heavily than it does upon the conscience of America.

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