Flowers Were for Jim

By JANE OSBORN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Ever since Jim had arrived at the hospital, weather-beaten, tanned and much in need of a shave, and incidentally with a wrenched knee that had to go in plaster cast and a dislocated shoulder, he had been the favorite of the men's ward. If he had been a little boy instead of six foot of rugged, honest manhood he would have gone in the children's ward and been known as. "nurse's pet."

No one knew much about "Jim." Obviously a man who earned his living with his muscle, he had been brought in one night in forlorn condition by Dr. Robinson, who had said that the man had no friends in town and might not be able to pay his bills for several weeks. He showed no more than a professional interest in the case.

He had been duly scrubbed and brushed and shaved and was quite a different looking individual as he tay there in his plaster casts, but much of the tan lingered and a sort of hardy roughness that made him look decidedly out of place in a hospital bed:

Right from the first "Jim" had become a favorite, and the men's ward seemed to be a brighter place because of his presence.

"It will seem queer when he's all better and up and dressed," said a nurse to one of her companions sitting at the desk where she had been making up charts. "We've all treated him like a nice big boy-and that's just what he seems to be. Perhaps we've petted him a bit too much, bringing him funny papers and puzzles just as if he was a child-"

"One often does get a jolt when a patient recovers, and stands up all dressed," said the second nurse, "It's funny about Jim. It isn't that he makes an effort to be jolly. It just

seems to be his personality."
"Everybody likes him." said the other. "Even Dr. Martha Yates, who is usually so dreadfully professional in the men's ward, stops and follies him. She treats him as if he was one of the youngsters in the children's ward-brings him little games and things, pats him on the shoulder when she passes and calls him 'Jim' just

the way we all do." It was true that Dr. Martha Yates' usual attitude when she made her rounds-save in the children's wardwas exaggeratedly professional. Perhaps this formality was necessary to offset a little too much youth and a little too much prettiness. Martha had from her father. At his death his work seemed so far from completion that Martha felt it was her duty to turn from dances and country club activities, from thought of an early marriage-perhaps any marriage at all -to take her medical training.

Every day in her work, however, she had little reminders of her father's skill and large-heartedness that made it all seem worth while. His old patients were forever telling her of incidents in his career showing a generosity and fortitude that she had perhaps never fully appreciated during his lifetime.

And today it was the florist. She had stopped at his shop to buy a half dozen jonguils for her office desk, and the proprietor of the florist shop had stopped his work in his greenhouse to tell of the devotion her father had shown during the illness of his children, many years ago, when he was struggling along hardly making both ends meet in his nursery business. And Dr. Yates had refused to send any bill, and even when the florist had prospered, the doctor had never accepted any back payment for the years of service that he had done.

"Perhaps I ought to have insisted more," said the florist. "But now I am going to insist on this one thing: Whenever you want any flowers you come in here and pick out just what you want and they will be yours. Get them as often as you like. You just know people who want them. Now, for instance, we are having an extra big yield of roses-don't know why, but they seem to be coming to flower a little sooner than we expected. Suppose you let me send you five or six dozen. I could sell them cheap, but I'd rather you'd take them. If you don't want them yourself perhaps you know some one that does."

Dr. Martha Yates thought for a moment. She said she would take them with her to the hospital. She'd leave two dozen in the children's and two dozen in the women's ward and another dozen she would give to Jim. She remembered that Jim had been especially delighted with a single rose that she had left at his bedside the day before and had been fondling it that very morning-faded and dried as it was. Surely, he must be very fond of roses, and probably in all his life he had never been able to buy a dozen of them out of season.

"I've brought some roses for Jim." Dr. Martha Yates told the purse in ing." the Koran, Plato's "Republic," charge of the ward when she returned. "Is he awake?"

"Yes," said the nurse, "and I'm so glad you have. He's been very uncomfortable, though you couldn't get of Species." him to admit it. You know Dr. Robinson had to change the cast today of one or more of the disciples of Conand-well, any one but Sunny Jim fucius. Wells includes it as reprewould have made a fuss about it. And senting the literature of a people and the poor thing-having no friends or an epoch. This is his method in comanything. I'm so glad you brought the piling the list. He does not urge litroses today."

So Dr. Martha Yates went to Jim's narrow cot and no one in the ward seemed to feel the least bit jealous or slighted when she put the whole glorious dozen on his table. For Jim was as popular with the other patients as

with the nurses and doctors. Jim looked up quickly straight into the eyes of Martha Yates and for just one moment she felt a little uncomfortable-wondered if after all she ought to have brought him the flowers. His eyes had never looked that way before-they seemed so bright and clear, from beneath lids that betrayed the recent suffering that he would have been loath to admit. He stretched out one large hand, still strong and showing a peculiar pallor overlying the sunburn that had not yet disappeared, and with this hand he took Dr. Martha's small hand in his.

"Thank you, doctor," he said. "You don't know how I shall treasure them." Dr. Martha Yates had gone away in confusion that she had with difficulty concealed. Suddenly it seemed as if Jim, who had seemed only a fine overgrown boy, had been transformed into a man, strong and virile in spite of his present prostration. She was half sorry that she had taken him the flowers-perhaps it had been very unprofessional. But the nurses had not seemed to think it inappropriate. To them Jim was still plain Jim. Perhaps they had not seen the look, so strong and clear, beneath those tired

Jim was quick to recover and within the week he was allowed to get up and sit in a chair for a few hours. And the next day Dr. Robinson whisked him off, stopping with him at the office just long enough to pay in new banknotes the fee for board in the ward. The nurses were vexed with Dr. Robinson for he had not told them of his intention of taking Jim away, and only the little nurse who happened to be in the ward at the time had an opportunity to say good-by to him, and she had been so surprised at his sudden departure, in a baggy. Ill-fitting suit and ulster that the doctor brought for him, that she had not asked him where he was going or invited him to revisit the hospital and his many friends there.

"Jim's gone," the nurses told Dr. Martha Yates when she came that

For a moment Martha started. She, too, seemed to regret not having had an opportunity to say good-by or to have found out a little more about this mysterious optimist who had so brightened the atmosphere of the hospital during his brief stay.

But when she reached her office that night she found a man waiting for her in the walting room, though it was an hour before office hours. It was, in fact, her customary dinner hour. The man was indeed Jim, though he now wore clothes that fitted perfectly. and it was not until Martha had stood taken her career as a sort of legacy looking at him for a full minute that she was quite sure of his identity. And in that minute Jim stood holding the hand she had offered to him.

"Who in the world are you?" she asked when they had sat down in the dim light of the waiting room. "You're not the simple workingman we all took you to be. You-"

"I'm James Bradley, Jr.," said Jim simply. "You know my father. I believe he's president of the board of trustees of the hospital." Of course Martha knew him. It was James Bradley who had contributed more than half of the funds that had supported the hospital for many years past.

"I've been away from home a good many years. No one remembers me. This summer, you know, there was some criticism of the hospital. It was said that a poor man didn't get a show -that the ward patients were neglected. You know, of course. My father was annoyed and grieved. He felt sure it wasn't true. Still he wanted to prove the falseness of it all. I was off roughing it with him in the mountains. Father and I always spend a month together every summer. And one day I lost my footing in the mountains up there-and took a jolly header. I wasn't so very badly hurt. Father suggested that since I had to come down to civilization to get mended I should come to this bospital and that I should do a little spying on the side. So we got in touch with Dr. Robinson, who let it be understood and as well treated as they would be in private rooms, and I learned to adout in a report my father will have board of trustees.

ley drew his stiff office chair close to that of Dr. Martha. "In the meantime I learned to love you. I know your heart is in your work-but it's such a big heart! Can't you let me share a little of it, too?"

Dr. Martha Yates looked into Jim's eyes and she knew she was not deserting the ideals of her father when she told Jim she would put her whole

heart into his keeping. Ten Great Books.

The ten most important books in the world, according to H. G. Wells, are: of the china, the lay of the silver, and Isalah, St. Mark, "The Great Learn-Aristotle's "Natural History," Marco Polo's "Travels," Copernicus' "The Revolutions of the Heavens," Bacon's "The New Atlantis," Darwin's "Origin

"The Great Learning" is a product erary value or any other quality.

Silhouettes Are of Varied Types

Straight Lines as Well as More Frivolous Modes Are in Evidence.

The silhouettes represented in the new frocks this spring are varied. While morning frocks keep practically to straight lines, afternoon dresses are more frivolous, observes a fashion authority in the New York Tribune. This does not mean that in the afternoon dress the straight silhouette is not in evidence, for it is largely used in spite of the fact that it has many There is the 1880 silhouette with its bustle, which is frequently seen, and the diamond-shaped silhouette with ruffles about the hips, this being somewhat of a favorite, especially in printed crepe models. Then there is the bell-shaped silhouette, straight of waist and circular of skirt, along with the hour-glass silhouette appearing in robes de style for garden parties and like picturesque occasions. Then, too, the Egyptian silhouette has evolved from evening dresses into more sober use for afternoon gowns. It is characterized by its skirt drapery drawn upward at the front, leaving the back somewhat close-fitting.

Printed materials are much in evidence for both morning frocks and afternoon gowns, and trimmings of prints or printed handkerchiefs, alhough not new, are seen everywhere.

Wool dresses for morning wear often accompanying underblouses, protrude at the bottom of the sleeves. Often these blouses are of printed in a matching pattern with marine blue. silks, adding color to the costume. Frequently they are of crisp, white organdle, thus giving the lingerle touch reminiscent of the Renaissance period,

then women were so proud of wear-g underclothing that they insisted on their chemises showing through their lacings and over their necklines. Dresses developed from plain materials show the season's colors-navy

Paisley Printed Silk Used With Black Satin



The feature of this attractive smockskirt outfit is the winsome combination of paisley printed silk and black satin, the unique design coming from a French shop.

Chic Blue Grosgrain Silk Coat and Skirt



This attractive three-piece tailleur from Paris is of marine blue groswhich are revealed at the neck and grain silk. It is embroidered in white, with a white silk bodice embroidered

> blue, greens, light browns, yellow of dullish tone, reds, brique, rouille, as well as black and white. Embroideries, especially wool embroideries, adorn many frocks made of plain-colored fab-

> Another means of introducing a touch of color to dresses of this sort is by means of jabots, frills and cuffs of bright-colored silks. A navy blue frock, for instance, may be open to the waistline to show a brilliant red frilled jabot on the crepe de chine blouse worn underneath it. The red cuffs of the underwaist also appear with plaited frills about the hand.

> An English Feature in Chic Morning Suits

> Berthas of lace and of white organdie are a feature of many afternoon dresses. The berthas usually go all the way around the shoulders and reach to the elbows like capes. Some of them go about the arms to form sleeves as well as a cape. These do not cover the front of the dress.

> In carrying out the three-piece idea there are numberless models in morning and afternoon dresses in this style. The morning costumes are in simple tailored effect, with jackets, while the afternoon costumes are more elaborate, with capelike wraps. In the three-piece effect for morning an English note sometimes is sounded, as many of the jackets are in modified Norfolk style; that is to say, with plaits in groups or singles caught in with a belt slightly below the normal waistline.

The afternoon three-piece suits are of a much more dressy character, being entirely in the so-called fancy tailored styles if in cloth, and when in silk crepes they are decidedly elaborate feminine-looking affairs.

Lace or Malines.

Black lace or black malines is used to soften the rather hard line about the smart black turbans.

Ribbon Bows Are Used to Decorate the Table

The day of the elaborate table set- | the artistic touch of the entire ensemting is passing. For decorative effect ble stamps the hostess. the hostess who knows keeps her table | A piece of soft ribbon placed below and simple and makes of her fruit tween the stocking and the metal fasthat I was just any one. And you or flower centerpiece a beautiful tener of a lady's garter, which will know what I learned-I learned that painting. The final touch that most hold the ribbon in place when it is the men in that ward are as decently often adds to the table the charm and fastened, will do much to prolong the taste is a bow or decoration of beauti- runs. mife the purses and-it's all coming ful ribbon. Ribbon adapts itself to so many uses that the person with ready for the next meeting of the clever fingers can have the decoration of her table absolutely individual and "In the meantime." James Brad. at the same time in the best of taste. No garment seems in the mode unless it has at least a ribbon touch.

Even the shirtwaist must have its bow of ribbon and in many cases the monogram so popular on blouses this season is embroidered in narrow ribbon, or embroidered with silk or wool on wide ribbon, then stitched to the blouse.

Lit no way does the culture and finer nstincts of a hostess show quicker than by the appearance of the dining table. The whiteness of the linen, the brightness of the glass, the shininess

Baby's Dainty Bib.

Bibs for the infant of sheer linen or soft silk are more beautiful than ever. neck with a piece of ribbon that is run through a buttonhole at the neck embroidered in a Persian design. ends. A piece of embroidery or the linen buttonhole stitched at proper intervals forms the bottom of the bib and runs well back under the arms. and holds the bib in place.

the atmosphere of hospitality and good life of the silk stocking, as it prevents

Interesting Numbers in Tailored Apparet

A clever idea in tailored things, and one which is seen frequently, is the little jacket with belt, in jumper form, so cleverly arranged with the sequence of lines in the jacket and skirt - at one has the impression of a robe manteau. The jacket, however, may be removed, disclosing a dress with fancy silk tor or a blouse of silk or organdie.

A novelty trimming on tailored suits consists of bands of bright-coloredembroidery on skirts and jackets. This trimming is formed by printed figures cut from crepe de chine and applied in a design on dark cloth, usually dark blue serge. The trimming is in oriental colors.

A.remarkable bit of coloring in an afternoon suit is in a model showing The bibs tie at the back of the baby's a crepe de chine dress with a mandarin jacket of orange crepe de chine

Capes for Summer.

Some of the early summer capes are bound prettily in silk ribbons. Others Ribbon is run through ties in the back have panels faced with exquisitely combined ribbons.

The Kitchen Cabinet Cabinet

We traveled through the soundless And breathed the fragrant June, bright With an unwaning moon; Till from the whitened field the

wood Rose dark along the hill, And there with sudden joy we To hear thee, whip-poor-will!

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

Paint the outside of the screens, doors and windows, as well as the porch screens, with a thin white paint. It is easy to look out, but those outside cannot look in. To prevent flies

and odors around the garbage can, cover the can with a cloth which has been moistened with kerosene, then place the cover on top of the cloth. Renew the wetting once in two weeks.

Try wiping the screens with kerosene where files gather and come in every time the screen is opened. This through the underbrush and green will keep the files away and if the kerosene is used in small amounts it of red through the green was so beauis not objectionable. Once a week re- tiful. And then I perched myself peat the process.

Where several find it necessary to use the same bathroom a great convenience is a small basket, lined with linen or painted white, in which one may carry soap, tooth paste, powder, toothbrush and washcloth. They may be carried and returned all together, saving trips back and forth. The basket may be only useful or exceedingly ornamental, as one desires; but it will be found a great convenience. A large market basket, lined with fresh paper, is a most helpful ald in the house. Carry the laundry upstairs or jars and glasses to the basement; useful for bringing up vegetables, or returning articles from room to room.

When going on picnic suppers the little individual cups of paper may be used to serve the salad, providing a bit of green for garnishing. Paper work.

When a funnel is needed and none is at hand, use a tube cakepan. It will work as neatly as one made for the

Keep a cube of magnesia at hand to rub over white shoes until they can be well cleaned. For an emergency this I flit about like a fussy old hen.
is a quick-cleaning method.

But I'm not really fussy, I'm only gay, is a quick-cleaning method.

I've whiled away dyspeptic hours with crabs in marble halls And in the lowly cottage I've ex-But I've never found a viand that could so allay all grief And soo the cockles of the heart like rare roast beef. -Eugene Field.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

Add a slice of onion to the tomato when first put on to stew, then remove it before ready to serve.

placed on the floor before laying linoleum will add to its life and make the surface much softer to stand upon. This is especially a wise treatment for a kitchen floor, where the feet get very tired

A layer of fine sawdust

from much standing and walking. When washing glassware place it in the water edgewise, as, set down on the bottom, it often cracks from sudden expansion.

Darn the worn spots of the stair carpet with wool of the same color, being careful to match the color. The spots will scarcely show.

Some dress goods are hard to press. For such gowns hang them over the bathtub or in the bathroom, turn on the hot water and shut the door and windows tightly and let them hang for two hours, then open the room and let the garments dry in fresh air. Hanging a gown over a hot-air register for an hour or more will often freshen it wonderfuly, if badly wrinkled.

Here is a good home-made breakfast food which is worth while trying on the family. Take three-fourths of a cupful of flour, three-fourths of a cupful of graham flour, mix well, add half a teaspoonful of salt, and water, and cook to the consistency of mush. Serve hot with a few dates and cream and sugar.

A little tartaric acid, the crystals dissolved in a little water, will remove any fruit stains quickly. Wash the hands well after using.

A roast of meat should always be served on a platter large enough to carve it easily, and never serve it with gravy, if you care for your linen. Burn cinnamon or a few cloves on the top of the stove to purify the air after cooking cabbage or onions.

A lump of sugar added to the rinsing water will stiffen fine organdles and muslins.

Ham is delicious baked in milk. Also with potatoes and milk, as escalloped, with a slice of ham on top.

To remove egg stains, rub with common table salt. Add tomato catsup to the sauce in the pan when cooking fish,

Nellie Maxwell



BIRDS

"I like to sit up high and sing," said the cardinal bird.

"I'm rather fond of a high perch myself when I'm singing," said the tufted titmouse, "I'm larger than a chickadee," said the tufted titmouse, "and my suit is of a simple gray, while I

> crest upon my head." "And I am red," said the cardinal bird, "and I am a good-sized bird, almost the size

have a pointed

"Sit Up High." of a robin. "I believe some one was very much excited when she saw me the other day. It seems this person saw me when I was flying shrubs, and she said that the flash upon a branch and sang and she was so delighted. But you haven't spoken, Carolina Wren. Tell something about

yourself." "I," said the Carolina Wren, "am larger than most wrens, and if you look at my forehead you will see a white line. I wear a rusty brown suit and look a little bit like Mr. Brown Thrasher. I am like the rest of my Wren cousins in the way I sit

with my tail held up over my body. "When I sing my tail is down, but that is the only time, for when I sing I think only my song should be noticed and that it would not be noticed entirely if my tail was up in its usual saucy little fashion.

"They say that my song is so loud and so curious that it is impossible to describe, but now I will tell you some of the words I've been using lately in plates and napkins are light and save | my songs. Of course if people want to know them, they will have to translate them into their own language."

Now, Billie Brownie was near by just then, so he has translated the Carolina Wren's words into words we know.

am a Carolina Wren, and happy every single day.

Once I was a speckled white egg,
And couldn't have stod upon either leg.

Nor jerked my jolly, good natured tail.

Nor traveled about over hill and dale.

But now I'm a grown-up bird, you see,
And not an egg nonentity.

Which is a word so very big.

Which is a word so very big, But means so little I'd not dance a fig in honor of a word so small. No, I'd never do that at all, at all. Billie Brownie wrote down these words in his birchbark note book and then hurried away, for he had an engagement with the Brown Thrasher

Bird. The Brown Thrasher was a big, big bird, with a reddish brown coat, and his waistcoat was of white with black spots. He sang for Billie Brownie and oh, his song was so glorious. Of all the songs Billie Brownie had ever heard he thought the song of the Brown Thrasher was the most beautiful. And then the Brown Thrasher whistled a long, clear whistle which sounded like this:

"Whee-u-u, whee-u-u." Billie Brownie told the Brown Thrasher that he had heard that not

only did people love his beautiful voice and his original ways, and his own way of singing what he pleased without copying other birds, but that people said he was so useful and did so much good. And that made the pretty Brown Thrasher very happy, for he was such a nice bird, so eager to be ·liked, so eager to do good.



Billie."

He said he had been away for the winter, unlike the other birds Billie Brownie had been talking to who had not gone away. but who had stayed where it wasn't exactly warm, but where it wasn't very

Before Billie Brownie went back to Fairyland and Brownieland that evening the Brown Thrasher sang for him the most glorious of songs, and then the Brown Thrasher went to bed, but Billie Brownie traveled home slowly, for he could not go quickly when he was thinking so hard of his day. "Birds," he said to himself, "what joy you do give to the world. You don't know how much you add to the world's beauty and glory."

Meteors and Steel.

A study of the great collection of meteorites in a European museum has led to the interesting conclusion that meteoritic iron, as it falls from the sky, and the various steels produced in our modern steel works are the results of essentially similar chemical and physical causes. One of the most striking characteristics noted in meteoritic iron is the presence of a considerable quantity of nickel.