

Flowers Were for Jim

By JANE OSBORN

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 eyelids.

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 day.

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 waiting 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 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 hospital and that I should do a little spring on the side. So we got in touch with Dr. Robinson, who let it be understood that I was just any one. And you know what I learned—I learned that the men in that ward are as decently and as well treated as they would be in private rooms, and I learned to admire the nurses and—it's all coming out in a report my father will have ready for the next meeting of the board of trustees.

"In the meantime," James Bradley 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: Isalah, St. Mark, "The Great Learning," the Koran, Plato's "Republic," Aristotle's "Natural History," Marco Polo's "Travels," Copernicus' "The Revolutions of the Heavens," Bacon's "The New Atlantis," Darwin's "Origin of Species."

"The Great Learning" is a product of one or more of the disciples of Confucius. Wells includes it as representing the literature of a people and an epoch. This is his method in compiling the list. He does not urge literary 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 rivals. 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, although not new, are seen everywhere. Wool dresses for morning wear often have accompanying underblouses, which are revealed at the neck and protrude at the bottom of the sleeves. Often these blouses are of printed silks, adding color to the costume. Frequently they are of crisp, white organdie, thus giving the lingerie touch reminiscent of the Renaissance period, when women were so proud of wearing underclothing that they fastened their chemises showing through their lacings and over their necklines. Dresses developed from plain materials show the season's colors—navy

Chic Blue Grosgrain Silk Coat and Skirt



This attractive three-piece tailleur from Paris is of marine blue grosgrain silk. It is embroidered in white, with a white silk bodice embroidered in a matching pattern with marine blue.

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

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.

Paisley Printed Silk Used With Black Satin



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

Ribbon Bows Are Used to Decorate the Table

The day of the elaborate table setting is passing. For decorative effect the hostess who knows keeps her table low and simple and makes of her fruit or flower centerpiece a beautiful painting. The final touch that most often adds to the table the charm and the atmosphere of hospitality and good taste is a bow or decoration of beautiful ribbon. Ribbon adapts itself to so many uses that the person with clever fingers can have the decoration of her table absolutely individual and 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.

If no way does the culture and finer instincts 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 of the china, the lay of the silver, and

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.

Interesting Numbers in Tailored Apparel

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 top or a blouse of silk or organdie.

A novelty trimming on tailored suits consists of bands of bright-colored embroidery 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.

Baby's Dainty Bib.

Bibs for the infant of sheer linen or soft silk are more beautiful than ever. The bibs tie at the back of the baby's neck with a piece of ribbon that is run through a buttonhole at the neck 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. Ribbon is run through ties in the back and holds the bib in place.

Capes for Summer.

Some of the early summer capes are bound prettily in silk ribbons. Others have panels faced with exquisitely combined ribbons.

The Kitchen Cabinet

We traveled through the soundless night. 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 stood 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 flies gather and come in every time the screen is opened. This will keep the flies away and if the kerosene is used in small amounts it is not objectionable. Once a week repeat 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 aid 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 plates and napkins are light and save work.

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

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

I've whiled away dyspeptic hours with crabs in marble halls And in the lowly cottage I've experienced codfish balls; 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.

A layer of fine sawdust 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 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 goods 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 wonderfully, if badly wrinkled.

Here is a good home-made breakfast food which is worth 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 organdies and muslins.

Ham is delicious baked in milk. Also with potatoes and milk, as escaloped, 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.

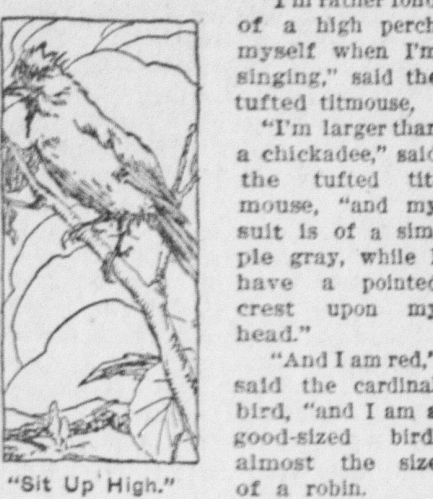
Nellie Maxwell

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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 have a pointed crest upon my head."

"And I am red," said the cardinal bird, "and I am a good-sized bird, almost the size 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 through the underbrush and green shrubs, and she said that the flash of red through the green was so beautiful. And then I perched myself 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 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.

I am a Carolina Wren. I fit about like a fussy old hen. But I'm not really fussy. I'm only gay. And happy every single day. Once I was a speckled white egg. And couldn't have stood 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 momentary. Which is a word so very big. But means so little I'd not dance a jig 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 note 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.

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 cold.

Before Billie Brownie went back to Fairyland and Brownie-land 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.