

Little Lady Bountiful

By TEMPLE BAILEY

In the top of the tall tenement, Tom Stevens recklessly lighted both gas burners.

"I might as well be warm once," he murmured, and settled back in his uncomfortable chair to pass another day in pain and loneliness.

It is bad enough to be sick, even in the midst of luxury, but to be sick and poor, that is enough to make a man groan and writhe. Tom Stevens, alone in the big city, too proud to write back home and tell of his hard luck, looked at the gray skies and the gay streets and wished he were dead.

And just then he heard the rustle of paper, and, looking toward the door, he saw that a note had been slipped under it.

Painfully he crossed the room, and painfully he returned to his big chair. Then he opened the sheet of paper. Across the top was painted a wreath of tiny rosebuds, and underneath was the verse:

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Though the skies above be dark and drear;
There is ever a song that our hearts shall hear,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere.

As he read Tom felt as if the sun were shining and the birds singing on a June day. Who had thought of him in his loneliness? Why, it was better than food and drink—better than fire and warmth.

"It's a girl's handwriting," he said to himself. He felt as if he wanted to get right up and hunt for her, but when he tried to move he sank back with a groan, and the little neighborhood doctor, coming in, cautioned him.

The next morning the janitor's wife brought him his meager meal. It was sloppy and badly cooked and Tom turned from it with a sigh. So the janitor's wife carried the tray, but left a crack in the door.

And it was through this crack an hour later, was slipped a tiny tray. On it was a steaming cup of coffee, two slices of hot toast, and a soft boiled egg.

Tom, making for the door, threw it wide open and faced an empty hallway. He dragged himself to the apartment across the way and knocked. The janitor, passing through the hall, asked curiously: "Did you want any help, sir?"

"Who lives in there?" Tom demanded.

"An old man and his wife," said the janitor. "And he works and she works."

Tom sighed and went back to find on the tray a little note:

Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper,
What shall he sing for, white bread and butter.

Tom ate the toast and the egg, drank the coffee and laid the note carefully away in his bill book with the one which had come the day before.

"Just wait till I'm well," he murmured.

He resolved that he would watch the door and lie in wait.

"But I wonder—when she'll come," was his eager thought.

The day passed, and the night was well advanced, when Tom, still lying awake, heard in the hall a little sound. He sat up and listened, and suddenly he was aware of a light shining under the door. Gathering his dressing gown about him, he rose from his couch, opened the door and looked out. On the threshold was a lighted candle in an old-fashioned candlestick. Tied to the handle was a card, and on the card was written:

"How far that little candle throws his beams so shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Tom went back to bed, and laboriously made his stiff fingers pen his sentiments:

"Dear Lady Bountiful: I can't write poetry, but I can say in plain, everyday words how grateful I am. And how I wish—but, you know what I wish—that Fate will not be unkind and that—some day—when you will it—that I may see you, and tell you what is not easy to say adequately on paper."

He signed it "Tommy Tucker," and put it in the hall and shut the door. And when an hour later he opened the door the note was gone.

"Aha," said Tom to himself, "she's not far away, and that's something to think about."

After a time there came a quick "tap, tap," and Tom got out of his chair in a hurry, but by the time he reached the door the hall was empty, but there was a note lying waiting for him.

It said: "I am going to send you a grandmother—you must be nice to her for my sake."

Tom whistled. "Well, of all things," he ejaculated.

At six precisely a little, gray-haired lady bustled in.

"Gracious!" she said, without waiting for formalities, "you poor boy. This won't do at all. You ought to be in bed, covered up with hot water bags and hot broths and, and—"

"But, really, I can't," Tom stammered.

"Nonsense," said the brisk little lady. "I have four sons of my own, and I know what to do with sick boys. Now I'm going over across the

hall and heat some water, and when I come back I'll tuck you up comfortably, and take care of you until you are well."

"But," Tom gasped, "I can't—"

"Nonsense," said the little lady again, "you do just as I say. I'm used to bossing boys."

An hour later Tom, tucked up in bed with hot water bags to the right of him, and hot water bags to the left of him, and with his appetite satisfied by the most delicious broth that he had ever tasted, inquired meekly of his "grandmother":

"How did you know I was ill?"

She looked at him sharply over her spectacles. "A little bird told me," she declared.

He was sick two weeks, and every day there came to him dainty notes in the graceful feminine script. They came by mail now, and there was the postmark of a distant city.

Tom had learned by this time that his "grandmother" lived on the opposite side of the hall. When he was strong enough he went into her plain apartment, and then he wondered where the luxuries which she had furnished him during his illness had been obtained, for in these rooms there was no sign of affluence, yet there had been for him all the delicacies that tempt the appetite of an invalid.

"Now, grandmother," he said one morning, when he was dressed and ready to take his first outing. "We've got to have an understanding. It must have taxed you a lot to get all those good things for me, and as soon as I can get work, I'm going to pay you back. But I can't ever repay you for the other things—your sympathy and kindness."

The little woman patted his big hand. "There," she said, "don't you worry about it. It hasn't cost me a penny—there was a fairy godmother who met all the bills."

But she would not tell him another word.

The next day Tom began to look for work. He had been badly placed in his first position. He felt himself equal to something better.

One day he found it—a bigger thing than he had hoped for—with an excellent salary attached.

Then he went back to the little "grandmother." "I want to find my fairy godmother," he said, "and you know where she is."

"I don't," said the lady flatly.

"Oh, come now."

"I don't," was the decided answer, "but I can tell you who she is. She is my niece, and when she was twenty-one she came into a nice little sum of money, and she made up her mind that she would spend it on having a good time. But she's a funny child, and she didn't call it a good time to go to the shows and things; she just wanted to spend her money on helping other people. And one day she heard you cough, and when your door was open she peeped in, and she just couldn't bear to think of your being so lonesome, and so she planned the little surprises, and one day she said, 'Now, auntie, he needs more attention than I can give him, and you just do all you can, and I will provide the money.' And she has, and then when you began to want to know her, she got scared and went home."

"Where is her home?" Tom demanded.

"She ain't there," said the little lady. "She's gone to work. You see, her money didn't last long, when she spent it that way. But she said she had the time of her life."

"What is her work?"

"She's a stenographer," said the little lady.

Tom's heart leaped. Then at least she was not a rich girl, as he had feared. How could he then have dared to woo her!

"If you know her home address, you give it to me," he said, and reluctantly the aunt gave it to him, and that night he took a train and started on his quest.

He found her, for fate was kind to him. And she was dear and sweet, as he had dreamed she might be.

He brought a letter of introduction from the aunt.

"But I don't really need it, you know," he said.

"No," her cheeks were pink; "did you—did you think I was very forward?"

"I thought you were—an angel," Tom blurted out.

But he did not tell her then all that was in his heart, for time was needed for the wooing and the winning.

Must Write Clearly in Spanish. In writing Spanish it is dangerous to slur over the ending of words, as the majority do in writing English. A bequest of \$50,000 in New York hinges on the question whether the testator, a Spanish ship owner, meant to write "hijo" or "hija." They are much alike, but one means son and the other daughter.

Let Buildings Speak. Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings without some intellectual intention.—Ruskin.

Money Was Safe. John—See, James, I have a scent bottle.

James—Let's see you get the penny out.

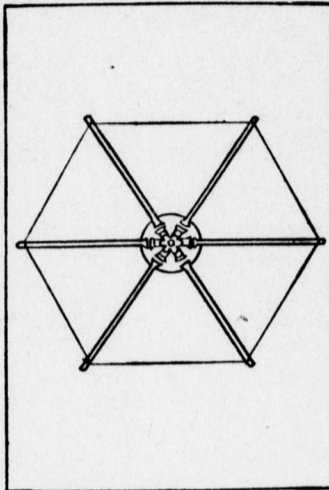
THE CHILDREN



NEW KITE FRAME INVENTED

Ribs Radiate From Circular Disk of Sheet Metal Acting as Center-piece—Will Last Long.

A kite frame which eliminates the lopsidedness that spoils the flight of many kites has been patented by a Wisconsin man. A circular disk of sheet metal acts as a center-piece.



Substantial Kite Frame.

Around the edge of this are spaced loops, and in the middle is a circle of sockets in line with the loops. Half a dozen sticks, all the same length, form the ribs of the frame, which is made by thrusting one end of the sticks through the loops and into the sockets. This gives a firm frame with every rib of exactly the same length and guarantees regular, even flying for the kite. The frame can be covered with either muslin or paper and is so substantially made that it will outlast many coverings, even if they be of the stoutest materials.

NEW YORK LAD HAD A HEART

Little Fellow Held Nose Bag Up So That Horse Might Get Few Remaining Oats in Bottom.

The cold wind was sweeping through Church street under the "L," and a small boy was running along shivering for lack of an overcoat, when he saw a horse feeding from a nose bag. Only a few oats were left in the bottom of the bag, and the horse was jerking its head so as to catch the remnant of its dinner, that was out of reach of



A Boy With a Heart.

its tongue. The lad, says the new York Mail, ran up to the horse and held the bag so that the animal could get the rest of the oats, and he shivered the while. Then he patted the horse on the nose and ran along whistling.

FLAGS FLYING HALF MAST

Custom Long Ago Passed From Purely Military Usage to Public Life of All Kinds.

Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called half mast. Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission, but of respect.

In those days when a famous soldier died flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all, the Angel of Death.

Money Was Safe. John—See, James, I have a scent bottle.

James—Let's see you get the penny out.

TINIEST TRAVELER IN ARMY

Miss Julia Kitta, Daughter of Lieutenant of Infantry, Has Record as Globe Trotter.

The United States army can now probably claim the world's juvenile traveling record by virtue of the globe trotting of Miss Julia D. Kitta, daughter of Lieut. William P. Kitta, Twenty-first United States Infantry.

Incidentally her record sheds a strong light upon the mutations of the army officer and the frequent recurrence of "moving day," says the Army and Navy Journal.

The child was born at Fort Lincoln, N. D., April 29, 1904, and was the first baby born at that post. Within three weeks she had traveled 452 miles; within two months, 1,250 miles; within six months, 3,750 miles, and within one year, 13,300 miles. In this short time the baby had traveled from North Dakota to Minnesota, to the Atlantic coast, to San Francisco, and thence across the Pacific to the Philippines.

It took her only two years more to add 17,000 miles to her record, making the total distance covered in three years, 32,200 miles, or an average of more than 10,000 miles a year. She has kept on going, and at present has more than 46,000 miles to her credit. This youthful tourist, who could put to shame Phineas Fogg, Jules Verne's traveling hero, has nearly completed her second tour of foreign service with the regiment.

COW IS CURIOUSLY MARKED

Alderney Holstein, on Whose Side There Appears Profile Bust of Humorist, Mark Twain.

This curiously-marked cow was born on the farm of Mr. Walker, near Alberts, Pa. It is an Alderney Holstein cow, on whose side there appears the profile bust of the great humorist. The colors of the cow are white and dark brown. As the months have passed the Twain bust has become more and more distinct, until today it stands out so plainly that the



A "Mark Twain" Cow.

most casual glance shows what it is. The white marking is also unique, in that it forms an almost perfect map of the United States.

DISCARDED DOLL IS POPULAR

Head of Famous Toy Department Says Little Girls of Today Yearn for Old Playthings.

The doll, long discarded by the juvenile matrons of the nursery, is being rehabilitated.

Whatever the attraction of the soft, woolly and flexible golliwog or zoo playmates, none of them could yield that intimate soul companionship obtainable from the human doll.

The head of a famous toy department says that the arms of the little girls of today are being stretched out eagerly towards dolls of all ages and sizes, so long as they have human characteristics.

The up-to-date child, like its elders, has a craving for verisimilitude in all things, and this is exemplified in the strong reaction setting in against the various distorted and fantastic creations so popular of late. The doll is coming into its own again, in proportion as it becomes more real.

High born dolls, with all the appurtenances of wealth and fashion, are still to the fore, but are less favored than the little school girl doll with its satchel and pinafore, which is a veritable comrade and confidant.

The rising tide of dolls will be at its flood in March, when a great doll exhibition will be held in Brussels under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium.

EFFICACIOUS.

Every expert photographer knows a trick or two of his own. So a lady discovered after taking her four-year-old daughter to have her portrait taken.

The child couldn't be made to sit still. The artist was as gentle as possible, and tried every plan to keep the little wiggler quiet. At last he said to the despairing mother: "Madam, if you will leave the little dear alone with me a few moments I think I can succeed."

The mother had scarcely withdrawn when she was summoned back by the triumphant photographer, who exhibited a satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked: "Nellie, what did the man say to you when I left you alone with him?" "He said," lisped Nellie, "thit thitth, you litte rathcall, or I'll thake you."—Youth's Companion.

Text as He Remembered It.

Little five-year-old Harry accompanied his father to church one Sabbath morning, and the minister preached from the text, "This I, be not afraid." Upon returning home his mother asked: "What was the text this morning, Harry?"

The little fellow thought for a moment, then answered: "It's me; don't get scared."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 21.

THE APPOINTING OF THE TWELVE.

LESSON TEXT—3:7-19 and Matt. 5:12-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye go and bear fruit."—John 15:16 (R. V.).

Things do not happen in the realm of religion, they come to pass. No man can alone accomplish any great task. Every great leader has been blessed by one or more equally great helpers. Luther had his Melancthon; Wesley had his brother Charles, Whitfield and others; Moody had Whittle, Bliss, Sankey and more. These leaders but followed "in his steps."

Jesus' ministry made him very much observed and at the same time greatly multiplied his duties and burdens. When, therefore, he chose these disciples he desired not only to obtain help and to begin to teach those who were afterward to take up his work, but like every other act, he desired to teach a lesson to those who were so carefully observing his life.

So it was that the significant number of twelve, corresponding to the twelve tribes, at once confirmed his assumption of the Messiahship. This meant that in him those wondrous prophecies were being fulfilled, and it also served to stimulate those upon whom the choice fell. Moses who led this people out of Egypt had to be helped (Ex. 18:17-24) in his work and a greater who is to found a new kingdom calls about him those who shall do a greater work than merely to judge the people. Why greater? Because they are not only to judge results but are to change results by altering causes. They are to have power over demons even as the Master, for evil has no rights. The source of their power is to be Jesus for he is to be "with them"—power and protection as well. So with us. (Matt. 28:20.) Their power is to grow with usage, for we learn by doing, hence he sends them forth.

Some Things It Teaches and Why.

This lesson is different from our previous one where Jesus first called his disciples. Luke tells us that these twelve were selected from among the rest of the disciples. The greater nearness and more extended authority of these "messengers" called upon them greater testings than the others who were disciples or "learners."

Matthew tells us what Jesus said is to be the character of his representatives. He likens them to salt and to a light. "Nothing is better for the whole body than salt and sun" were the words of Pliny. Salt is a great cleansing agency; it is a strong tonic; it has great preservative qualities; it is a great preventive against corruption, but Jesus adds, if salt loses its saline quality it becomes like any other earth; it has no distinguishing essential, characteristic. Let not the Christian, who is "the salt of the earth" lose his identity, lose his saltiness and become like the world about him. If he does he is fit then only to be trodden under the foot of man. These disciples are to be the light of the world. It is a good thing to preserve, to purify, to cleanse, but it is a greater thing to energize, to direct, to lead.

How Men Are Saved.

These apostles came from many walks in life and represent varied temperaments. The aggressive Peter and the other "son of thunder" who would call down fire upon those who walked not with Jesus. The reflective cautious Thomas, the plotting practical Judas, "who also betrayed him." These are the men who are sent forth, some as public heralds (John 1:36) and some by personal solicitation (Jas. 1:41) to win yet other followers. Men are saved through saved men and those whom he sends forth are those who have first learned to follow. Their work is made permanent only as they "abide" in him. God wants the hearing ear, the believing heart and the confessing mouth—(Rom. 10:14).

Those whom Jesus sends are to offer his kingdom to men not to force it upon them. They must expect to be received as he was received and how that shall be he plainly foretells (Matt. 10). Their work shall bring variance upon earth, yes even among those of the same family, but the man who refuses to go, to take up this cross, is none of his, "is not worthy of me."

Jesus saw plainly that the victories of his kingdom are often hindered rather than helped by the presence of great crowds (v. 12).

Why send out Judas? Undoubtedly he had all the desired qualifications for leadership, and chosen as he was that he "might be with him" he need not have hardened his heart, bringing upon himself the greater condemnation. Jesus had a three-fold work for these disciples: (1) to preach; (2) to heal; (3) to cast out demons—note the spiritual need is the foremost one. Then comes the ministry of healing, to invert the order is to prevent the teaching of the Book. As to the third it is evident it was something different than disease.

125,000 AMERICANS GO TO CANADA IN 1911.

THE YEAR 1912 WILL SHOW A GREAT INCREASE.

In a report of the House Committee (Washington) appears the following: "Canada offers a three-year homestead upon good land, easily reclaimed and cultivated, with six months' leave of absence each year and most lenient regulations."

All of which is true and it is now the part of the careful reader to consider the opportunities that exist in Western Canada which, in addition to the above, are attractive features. The evidence of these is found in the letters contributed by some of the settlers. For instance: A former Minnesotan, writing from Warner, Southern Alberta, speaks of that district, but what he says, applies generally to all of Southern Alberta. He says:

"I have seen six crops, four of them were first class, one of them a very good crop, and the other a poor crop. Government statistics for the last fifteen years show that this country has averaged about fifteen or sixteen inches of moisture. In 1910 there was only seven inches, and in 1911 twenty-two inches. The 1909 crop was about as good as I have seen in this country and we had about twelve inches of moisture, so that I am thoroughly convinced that with normal conditions, that is, from twelve to fifteen inches of moisture, and with the natural increase of population and immigration, that Southern Alberta will be one of the very best mixed farming districts in the world. We have good soil, good water, and a good climate, and altogether just as desirable a country to live in as Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, or Wisconsin."

Hundreds of letters are on file from former American settlers, which give good reasons why the Western Canadian lands are being settled so rapidly. Full particulars can be had of any Canadian Government Agent, who will furnish literature and give low rate certificates. Excursions are being run daily.

Invading the Enemy's Country.

"In pursuance of a plan I have had in mind for some time," announced Pastor Goodsole at the close of his sermon, "I have rented a small room in an apartment house in a fashionable neighborhood and expect to open a mission Sunday school there in the first Sunday in May. I don't know, brethren, where the children who attend it are to come from, if, indeed, any children attend it at all, but it will be there all summer, and may be regarded either as an opportunity or as a reproach. We will now sing our closing hymn."

A man is always willing to pay what he owes—if it is a grudge.

WHAT WILL CURE MY BACK? Common sense will do more to cure backache than anything else. "I will tell you whether the kidneys are sore, swollen and aching. It will tell you in that case that there is no use trying to cure it with a plaster. If the passages are scant or too frequent, proof that there is kidney trouble is complete. Then common sense will tell you to use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A TYPICAL CASE—Fred A. Campbell, Atlantic Ave., Boothbay Harbor, Me., says: "I cannot describe the awful pain I endured. The kidneys were in terrible condition; pain in voiding urine was intense and often lapsed blood. For weeks I was laid up in bed. Doan's Kidney Pills permanently cured me after I had doctored without relief."

AT ALL DEALERS 50c. a Box

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Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



Coughs, Colds

and Sore Throats Relieved and Cured by Hale's Honey Of Horehound and Tar It Soothes and Heals Contains no opium nor anything injurious. All druggists. File's Toothache Drops Stop Pain