

THE AVERAGE MAN:

His face had the grimace of granite;
It was bleached and bronzed by the sun,
Like the seat on his poor narrow shoulders;
And his hands showed the work he had done.
His dim eyes were weary and patient;
And he smiled through his pallid and faint
A wistful, sad smile, as if saying:
"I'm only an average man."
"I can't be a hero or poet,
Nor a dictator wearing a crown,
I'm only the hard-working servant
Of those set above me, I'm down;
I'm down, and it's no use complaining;
I'll get on the best way I can;
And one of these days 'll come morn-
ing
And rest for the average man."

He wages all battles and wins them.
He builds all towers that tower
Over walls of the city to tell
Of the rulers and priests of the hour.
Without him the general is helpless,
The earth but a place and a plan.
He moves all and clothes all and feeds
all,
This sad-smiling, average man.
Then I lifted my hand in a promise,
With teeth set close, and my breath
Held hard in my throat, and I ut-
tered
A vow that shall outlive death.
I swear that the builder no longer
To me shall be less than the plan.
Henceforward be guardian and glory
And hope for the average man.
—Hamlin Garland.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE DOT.

BY RICHARD DUFFY.



SOPHY VAN TWIS- tern, finding herself in a day dream, took up her book and read resolutely. Sophy had read three chapters and still the echo of Dot's song rang in her ears. But an echo could not be so strong—and it grew stronger each time—and sure enough, there was Dot coming down the path. Only a gentleman held her hand as she skipped and danced.

"Sophy," Dot cried, while yet fifty yards away, "I fetched Mr. Bosley to see you. That's Sophy, Mr. Bosley." Mr. Bosley was a tall, stout man, very quiet in manner. He had great, soft, blue eyes and a round, shaven face. There was nothing handsome or dashing about Mr. Bosley. Yet a wealth of kindness and comfort showed in his every move and speech.

Sophy was in charge of the laces at Benner's and earned a fair salary. Each summer, when she received her two weeks' vacation, she would send her mother up to the Gray Mountain House. Sophy remained in the flat and did the dressmaking to last her mother and herself during the winter. Her mother would have preferred to remain with Sophy, but the daughter was obstinate in this particular. As she was all docility in every other, old Mrs. Van Twistern yielded.

"I hope you will not think me rude," he said. "Dot insisted that I should come to see her 'Candy Lady.' And Dot manages to make me do everything, except leave her, I think." "Dot has managed quite happily this time, Mr. Bosley," Sophy returned, timidly. "My name is Van Twistern. I've been at the Mountain House three days, but I made the acquaintance of Miss Dot only this morning."

Now, Sophy would wander down Gray Mountain Valley with her book and her knitting, trying to pick out quiet corners of shade, which she would fancy her mother might have chosen. Sophy knitted wristlets and collarettes and read books like "Robert Elsmere." Sophy was thirty-six and she knew herself to be an old maid.

"Mr. Bosley, kin I have another cracker, please," pleaded Dot, delving into his coat pocket. "That's the last one, Dotty—eat it slowly," he said to her as he took off his cap and mopped his bald brow. "Ouch! Look at the yaller butterfly," Dot burst out, and the next instant she was leaping down the slope like a fawn.

On the second day of her stay, as she sat knitting and reading by turns, she heard a sweet child's voice singing:

I don't love nobody,
Nobody loves me!
Two or three times this bit of the soon song was repeated, and each time with greater gusto. Then Sophy saw coming down the path a dirty little girl of about five or six years, in a dirty pinafore, with, it must be said, a very dirty tangle of golden curls falling upon her cheeks and her shoulders.

"Why don't you ask me how I am this morning?" cried Dot.
"How are you, Dot?" Mr. Bosley asked spiritlessly. "I've brought you a new picture book."
"Oh, you're a daisy!" she shrielled; and in two minutes she was deaf and dumb to everybody in the glories of her new book.

"Wait some candy, little girl?" Sophy called timidly.
"Yep!" was the stout reply, and the little ragamond ran up to her with greedy eyes and lips.

"I came intending to remain three weeks," he said, "and Dotty has persuaded me to remain a fortnight beyond that time. I don't know now when I shall go back to the city. I almost wish somebody would send me a telegram saying I must return at once, and yet—"

"Oin't you say please?"
"Yeth, I kin. I always say please to Mr. Bosley who gives me crackers."
"Will you say please to me?"
"I will—if you always give me candy."

"He went on to relate that he had found out that Dot's mother had come of farmer folk back in the hills. She was a waitress at the Mountain House. She had run away with one of the guests, who, of course, had use for her only as a summer experiment."

"Then there," Sophy replied, and she held up a marshmallow in cold magnetism before the child's longing eyes.

"You can guess the rest, Miss Van Twistern," Mr. Bosley continued more sadly, with his eyes fixed upon the ferrule of his cane, which he was rolling in the dust. "The child was an impediment to the mother, who had taken a course from which there is no return. At two years Dot was sent to the Mountain House. The mother sent board money and the old housekeeper took care of the little thing. After a while no money came, and the result was that—"

"What's your name, little girl?" she asked, softly patting the tangled curls.

"A shriek from Dot made Mr. Bosley and Sophy jump to their feet. He hurried down to the hollow, where a mountain brook ran noisily. Before Sophy could catch up with him he was climbing back. In his arms lay Dot, sobbing and clinging to him.

"What's your name, little girl?" she asked, softly patting the tangled curls.

"She fell into the brook," he called to Sophy. "I think she's more frightened than hurt."

"Dot?"
"Dot?" And your other name?"
"Mountain House Dot."
"Where's your mamma?"
"She's a rich lady—she wouldn't have nuzzing to do with me."
"Where's your papa?"
Sophy was surprised to hear her reply as though by rote. "Pap's dead. He was N. G."

"There's a cut over her eye!" cried Sophy, coming nearer. "You had best carry her back to the house."

"Oh, you mustn't say that."
"But he was."
Sophy stared at the child, mystified.

"Call me Jim, will you? It's for Dot's sake you know."
"Jim"—and Sophy's face flamed; her hand was as ice in his and her whole formed swayed so that he stretched forth his arm to stay her.

"I won't," Dot said, shortly, "if you'll give me some more—more candy—please."

"And I've called you Mr. —"
"Call me Jim, will you? It's for Dot's sake you know."
"Jim"—and Sophy's face flamed; her hand was as ice in his and her whole formed swayed so that he stretched forth his arm to stay her.

"Where do you live?" Sophy asked.

"Hello!" he granted. "What's happened, Dot?"
"She fell into the brook," Mr. Bosley explained. "Get some clean clothes for her and some cold water."
"Hey, Jim!" the proprietor yelled to the stage driver. "Dot's hurt herself. Take her back to the barn and put her to bed."
"Mr. Dorn," Sophy broke in quietly, "I think Dot needs care. I'll take her to my room. Send her clothes up there."
Mr. Dorn looked aghast for a moment. Then he saw an extra dollar for him in it, and answered unctuously: "Just as you like, Miss Van Twistern," and walked away with a poor opinion of the lady's sanity.

"Will you come to see me again if I tell you?"
"Will you have candy?"
"Yes."
"What's your name?"
"My name's Sophy."

"Give her to me, please, Mr. Bosley," said Sophy.

"Gee! What a funny name. Good-by, I'm goin' up to see Mr. Bosley. He's at Hamill's, on the hill. He's got crackers."

"He laid the trembling, sobbing burden in Sophy's arms.

Sophy kissed the smudged cheek again and crammed two more marshmallows into Dot's hand. The child leaped from her knee and ran up the hill, singing:

"Miss Van Twistern," he murmured, "you put me as much in your debt as you do the little ones. I thank you."

Sophy thought of the begrim'd little Dot long after she was out of sight and the echo of her song had faded away. What a way for a child to grow—like a weed—and a girl, too. What kind of a mother must that be who bore her? How happy should any mother be to have such a child. If Sophy— Then Miss Van Twis-

Sophy gazed at him as he walked thoughtfully down the road. He mopped his brow feverishly, and as he turned Sophy fancied that his capacious white kerchief was thrust to his eyes.

Sophy forgot all about this that evening when she found Dot in a

fever. There were a few anguished moments of delirium also, in which she heard from the parched throat broken bits such as—
"Mr. Bosley—the Candy Lady—Pleath—Sophy—Mr. Bosley."
At ten o'clock Sophy called a doctor who was staying at the hotel. He assured her that Dot's only danger was from her highly nervous make-up and neglected condition. All the child needed was nurture and care. Sophy sat wide awake all that night, hearing the fragmentary moans of the child and the rustle of the summer wind in the trees beside the window. She felt, somehow, strangely satisfied and calm.

It was in the first days of September. Dot was out of bed for the third morning in three weeks. She was taking a sun bath in the rocker at the window, which looked out on the valley. Sophy's plain but refined face seemed worn and pale from watching. Yet there was a glow in her eyes that betokened a new interest in life. Now she knitted stockings for Dot, and read nothing but "Jack the Giant Killer," "The Three Bears" and "Mother Goose."

She had taken an extra week of vacation, for which she must pay. Somehow the thought of going back to the store to work for nothing but the privilege of living in a lonely flat repelled her. She felt she would like to remain always thus with Dot, knitting little stockings and reading "Mother Goose." She had grown to chaff Dot, and say that she meant to take her to New York and keep her always. Dot would reply, "Bully! only what's to become of Mr. Bosley? You know he always gives me crackers."

Then Sophy would see the impossibility of keeping Dot all alone in a flat while she was at work. She could not afford a servant, and still it seemed almost a duty to snatch the child from her precarious way of living, and yet— Here the skein of her thinking always got in a tangle. A knock sounded on the door, and Mr. Bosley walked in softly, as he had come every day for three weeks, no matter in what weather.

"Well, it's come at last, Sophy"—Dot had insisted that he call Sophy by her first name. He held out a telegram. "They want me back day after to-morrow."

He sat down, sad and reticent.
"Why don't you ask me how I am this morning?" cried Dot.
"How are you, Dot?" Mr. Bosley asked spiritlessly. "I've brought you a new picture book."

"Oh, you're a daisy!" she shrielled; and in two minutes she was deaf and dumb to everybody in the glories of her new book.

"Sophy—er, Miss—" but Sophy had noted his cautious air and caught his summons before he could correct himself. She went quite close to him.

"I'd like," he whispered, "to leave you—er—er—a check for Dot's expenses."
"Why, Mr. Bosley?"
"Please allow me," he broke in, and suddenly seized her hand.

"We've been here together, foster-parents to her. You've done the part of the woman; let me do that of the man. We've thrown aside conventionalities, perhaps, but we've cleared the way a little for Dot. I've called you Sophy—"

"And I've called you Mr. —"
"Call me Jim, will you? It's for Dot's sake you know."
"Jim"—and Sophy's face flamed; her hand was as ice in his and her whole formed swayed so that he stretched forth his arm to stay her.

"Jim—it's for Dot's sake," she murmured.
Dot looked round unnoticed and silent as stone.

"You've been very good, Jim, and I'd like to let you do what would make you happy, but I can't. You see it would be like taking it myself. I've got to go home next week and leave her. I want to take her, but I can't. Let me have my way the little while I am still here."

"Sophy," he faltered, trembling now as much as she, "I want to take her, too. Let's take her together."
"Oh, Jim, Jim!"
"Say you will, for Dot's sake."
Sophy's head sank upon his shoulder, his lips turned to meet hers.

"For Dot's sake," she sobbed.
"Hooray!" shrielled Dot from the other end of the room. "Mr. Bosley's coming with us, ain't he, Sophy?"

Uncle Sam a Hard Customer.
During the recent Spanish unpleasantness this Government made extensive purchases of articles to fit up the large number of vessels being put into service. Among other things required were tumblers. A Pittsburg concern was asked to bid. They submitted samples to be tested. Now, the Government is very exacting in what it purchases and everything is submitted to the severest kind of tests. In testing the tumbler a piece of twine was fastened about the tumbler, and it was then lowered into a vessel containing water heated to 212 degrees, or the boiling point, where it was left till the glass became thoroughly heated. It was then taken out and immediately immersed in a vessel filled with ice-cold water. The samples submitted failed to stand the test. A second lot were specially made, and the greatest care was taken to have them as perfect as possible, but they stood the test no better than the first. The manufacturer came home disgusted and thoroughly convinced that Uncle Sam is a hard customer to do business with.—Pittsburg Post.

Judging Characters.
You can never judge a man's character by the way he judges yours.—New York Press

RELIABLE DAIRYMEN.

DIRECTORY OF LEGITIMATE DEALERS.

The following dairymen are known to the Editor of the CITIZEN as reliable producers, who own their own cattle and deliver their own product. There are no milk hucksters in this list.

BENNING FARM DAIRY,
J. P. REILLY, Proprietor.
Benning, - - - D. C.

GRAND VIEW DAIRY,
JOHN S. ORRISON, - - Proprietor.
Takoma Park, D. C.

CHILLUM FARM DAIRY,
WM. McKAY, Proprietor.
Woodburn, (Terra Coita), D. C.

Established 1862. Pure milk right from the farm served in sealed jars twice a day. Customers are invited to inspect my dairy at their pleasure.
HILLOCK DAIRY,
JOHN BERGLING, - - Proprietor
Mt. Olivet Road, D. C.

Established 1866. The quality of milk I serve is gaining me new customers every day. My place will always bear inspection.
RUPPERT FARM DAIRY,
J. O'KEEFE, Proprietor.
Brightwood Avenue, - - D. C.

Established 1860. I spare neither pains nor expense in trying to produce milk that is A No. 1 in quality. Plant always open to inspection.
Douglas Place Farm Dairy
EDW. PARKHAM, Proprietor.
Douglas Place, Benning Road, D. C.

Established 1864. Pure milk served to my customers fresh from the dairy every morning.
Chey Chase Farm Dairy,
GEO. A. WISE, Proprietor.
Chevy Chase, - - Maryland.

Established 1866. We deliver morning's milk only every morning.
BRIGHTWOOD DAIRY,
MRS. C. ROBINSON, - - Proprietor.
Brightwood, D. C.

Established 1866. I serve pure milk straight from the farm every morning. My milk will stand the test every time.
TERRELL'S DAIRY.
E. TERRELL, - - Proprietor.
Arlington, Virginia.

Established 1861. I try to serve the very best quality of milk it is possible for a man to produce. My herd and dairy farm are open to inspection at all times.
AGER'S FARM DAIRY,
I. B. AGER, - - Proprietor.
Hyattsville, Maryland.

Established 1866. We deliver morning's milk only every morning.
GRANBY FARM DAIRY,
BARRETT BROS., Proprietors.
Bunker Hill Road, - - Maryland.
(P. O. Brookland, D. C.)
Pure milk and cream, delivered to any part of the city. Prompt delivery.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Established 1861. I serve milk straight from the farm every morning. My milk will stand the test every time.
Glen Ellen Farm Dairy,
GEO. T. KNOTT, - - Proprietor.
Conduit Road, D. C.

Established 1879. I have a herd of thirty-five cattle—mostly Jersey's—and deliver whole milk fresh from the farm every morning.
GUDE'S DAIRY,
ALEX. GUDE, - - Proprietor.
Hyattsville, Maryland.

Established 1866. I serve pure milk right straight from the farm every morning. An inspection of my methods and dairy solicited.
SLIGO MILL ROAD DAIRY,
ISAIAH KREGLO, Proprietor.
Woodburn, - - - D. C.

Established 1868. Milk from my dairy is guaranteed to be both clean and pure. I always solicit the closest inspection.
GREEN HILL DAIRY,
W. B. WILLIAMS, - - Proprietor.
Riggs Farm, Maryland.
(P. O. Address, Chillum, Md.)
Established 1868. I serve pure milk straight from the old established Riggs Farm every morning. Come out and inspect the place at any time.

Established 1864. Pure milk delivered fresh from the farm every morning.
OAK GROVE DAIRY,
D. McCARTHY, - - Proprietor.
Bladensburg Road, D. C.

Established 1866. I serve pure milk right straight from the farm every morning. An inspection of my methods and dairy solicited.
JERSEY DAIRY,
D. ALLIAN, Jr., - - Proprietor.
2111 Benning Road.

Established 1868. The present proprietor was born and brought up in the business. Has a herd of 27 Jersey cattle. Two deliveries a day throughout the city.
Crystal Spring Dairy,
HUGH McTANON, - - Proprietor
Brightwood, D. C.

Established 1864. Pure milk delivered fresh from the farm every morning.
St. John's Park Dairy,
May Haret Hatcher, Prop.
Brookland, D. C.

Established 1868. I have Jersey cows only and serve the very best milk I can produce. If you want to see a fine herd of cattle, come and see mine.
HOYLE'S FARM DAIRY,
MRS. A. J. HOYLE, Proprietor.
Congress Heights, - - D. C.

Established 1868. It is my aim to serve my customers with the very best quality of milk. I invite an inspection at any time.
PALISADES DAIRY,
W. L. MALONE, - - Proprietor.
[Conduit Road, D. C.]

Established 1866. Pure milk delivered every morning. We invite an inspection of our place at all times.
CHEVY CHASE DAIRY,
H. G. CARROLL, Proprietor.
Chevy Chase, - - Maryland.

Established 1866. We serve first-class milk all bottled on the farm. Dairy always open to inspection.
BURLEIGH DAIRY,
JOHN HOBBIAN, - - Proprietor.
3601 O Street N. W.

Established 1868. I am on the farm with fifty head of cattle and deliver only pure milk that will always bear inspection.
SUITLAND DAIRY,
E. L. HILL, - - Proprietor.
Suitland, Maryland.

Established 1866. Fresh milk delivered direct from my dairy farm every morning. Two deliveries a day contemplated soon.
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