

# THAT LITTLE MISS

Ten little firecrackers, looking fit and fine;  
One dropped off the bunch—then there were nine.  
Nine little firecrackers, awaiting their fate;  
One became a squizzer, then there were eight.  
Eight little firecrackers (three shy of eleven);  
One lost its fuse, and there remained seven.  
Seven little firecrackers lying on the bricks,  
A goat swallowed one and overlooked six.  
Six little firecrackers glad to be alive,  
Water wetted one but never touched five.  
Five little firecrackers in readiness to roar;  
One proved noiseless, reducing them to four.  
Four little firecrackers waiting lit to be;  
One's still waiting, so there only were three.  
Three little firecrackers not knowing what to do,  
One did nothing and left more work for two.  
Two little firecrackers their task almost begun;  
Half of them got stepped upon, leaving just one.  
One little firecracker, bound to make good,  
Blew off baby's fingers as well as it could.

## Winning a Goddess

"Celebrate? Of course we can't celebrate in this town. We can't do nothing until we get together." Postmaster Hoston threw away his cigar impatiently and turned to the group of villagers.

"Maybe that's so, but it ought not to be. Just because the cattlemen live in the north end and the land owners in the south they ought not to quarrel," replied Harry Morse, son of Banker Morse, and just home from college.

"We'll get up our own then," suggested somebody, "and let's meet tomorrow night. Fourth of July will be here in a week."

Harry on his wheel met Led Norton, the son of the owner of Hat Six ranch, on horseback a day later and the two young men rode side by side across the level plain for a time. Harry told his companion of the arrangement.

"That's all right," was the reply. "The north end is going to perform, too. These old fogies may fight if they want to, but we won't be so foolish. We can't help it, of course, but let's get in for some fun out of it anyhow."

"I'm with you. We are to have a goddess of liberty in a flag dress and a golden crown. You can't guess who it is to be."

"That homely Miss Lyons, of course. She always wears herself to the front."

"Why, her father is worth half a million."

"Well, she will do anything for me," with a satisfied smile.

"Oh, ho, that's it! It's the cat-the-king-to-be rode away. In his heart a little bitterness, for Dorine was to him something better than the rest of the girls of the town, north or south, and he did not like at all the tone of his companion's expression."

So North Mayville prepared for its parade and speeches, and South Mayville did the same. Harry and Led met often and exchanged notes as to the progress of the work. It was to be a very bitter rivalry.

For days the two sections of the town were excited. The tales of the doings of "the other side" were related with great exaggeration. Dorine heard them and wondered if her party was to be so very much outdone.

"They tell me that they are getting up a caricature of me," she said to Harry.

"They would not dare," was the eager response. "If they did I would punish the author myself."

"Who is in charge of the other side?"

"Led Norton, of course."

Dorine's color brightened, but Harry did not notice it. He was all heartily rewarded by securing her promise that she would act the principal part in the parade. He went away wondering how he could arrange it so that he might be near her on the glorious occasion.

On the eve of the important day there was a gathering in the back room of the Cattlemen's Club. Around the table sat six of the largest owners of stock on the range. They talked of the morrow.

"I am in favor of knocking them out one for all," Colonel Norton was saying. "That side of the town has got to be wiped out eventually or our property will be worthless. Let's scare their old parade out of sight and let them see that we are running the town."

Some objection was raised, but in the end the worthies were all satisfied with a plan that promised dire trouble for the neighboring burg. But only the six cattle barons knew of it when the morning dawned. The rivalry of Western towns does not permit of much confidence or exchange of courtesies.

There was another conference that night, but the cattlemen did not know of it. Only two were in it—Harry and Led. When they parted it was with a laugh and a merry call from the former.

"It will be fun for all of us," he said independently of the crowd, with the beauty of the prairie skies shining over the town. It was a day for the young to rejoice in and for the old to be thankful for. Mayville was astir early and there was not a resident who did not feel that he was interested in the celebration, both for the purpose of making for his side the best showing possible and to outdo the opposition. The rival parades started at 10 o'clock.

The two young men were the respective marshals of the day and each guided his troops as best he could through the crowds that filled the streets. The south enders were gorgeous in their finery from the stores. The Goddess of Liberty rode on a float all by herself and the horses were gayly fitted out for the occasion with ribbons and bunting. The north end had a mere sodate, but more expensive as-



This is no time for mirth or laughter. The cold grey dawn of the morning after.

gregation. It had in line all the cowboys of the ranch owners and there were some fancy riders among them who could and did make the onlookers wonder at their skill.

As the bands played and drowned out the noise of each opposition company the two marshals of the day led the lines toward a tree-lined avenue and then with a quick turn brought them out plump against each other in the broad street! It was the most exciting time of the town's history. The men were mad and the women indignant—the children alone were happy.

They saw two parades instead of one. But suddenly something else happened. Out of the grove that hid a stable sprang a number of men with guns. They leaped into the road and fired them with deafening reports. It was intended to frighten the south enders and it did. It also frightened the north enders, for the parades were there together.

"My stars, what a panic," exclaimed Colonel Norton. "I wish we had not done it."

"Well he might. The teams went here and there out of the control of the drivers. Then one was seen running down the street—it was the one with the Goddess of Liberty. Behind it went two riders—Harry and Led. It was a race for a life. The two young men were well mounted, but they had a hard time to catch up."

"Here," shouted Harry, "jump to me and I will hold you!"

"Here," put in Led, in that strong tone of his, "let me catch you! I'll come alongside."

She looked from one to the other. Even in the terror of the position she saw something of the situation and wished for an instant that she could escape making a choice before the crowd. But a look ahead told her that that was impossible—now was her time.

The hill was nearer and nearer. The people were wondering why she did not leap, for they saw it was impossible for the riders to stop the team. Suddenly she satisfied them. With an abandon that showed how strong was her faith, she threw herself far from the wagon—toward Led Norton.

The young cattlemen was ready for the duty of the minute. He reached out his strong right arm and as she came to him threw it around her waist. With a quick motion he brought her to the saddle and then turned his horse back toward the center of the street.

"She jumped into the arms of a north ender!" exclaimed a dozen of her friends, "for shame!" But Dorine seemed not to care. She smiled at them when she rode back with Led's arm around her, and Harry was glad that he went on to catch the team and was not there to see.

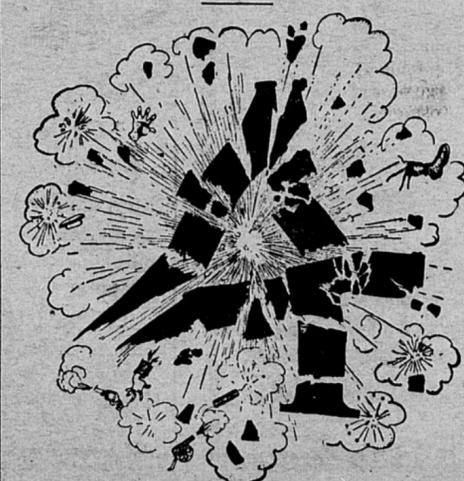
"That was a smart trick of yours," said Mr. Norton to his son, a day or two after.

"Not so smart as that of yours and the rest in trying to frighten and break up the south enders' parade," was the reply. "It did good in two ways; it won me a wife and put the two towns on a friendly basis."

"What do you mean, sir? A wife and friends?"

"Miss Vandele promised me to marry me as we rode back from the runaway and she is now my wife. The people were so thoroughly mixed by the fright that they will quarrel no more. A marriage between the two leading families will help straighten things, too, don't you think?"

## CELEBRATING!



# WOMEN OF ARMY AND THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

Wives of Generals Bell and Edwards Chief Among Social Leaders at White House.

## GOLD LACE HAS GREAT HEYDAY

Presidential Affairs Made Gay Through Presence of Land and Sea Fighters of Nation.

Washington correspondence: When Mrs. Tatt, in her official role as first lady of the land, surrounded herself with a coterie of the cleverest and brightest officers of the twin branches of the service, everybody in Washington society recognized that the era of the army and navy set had arrived. In brave array the military men form a moving background at Mrs. Tatt's homes, and their immaculate dress the officers of the land and sea forces are a splendid attribute at Mrs. Tatt's fascinating garden parties.

At the White House entertainments scarcely has the line of guests passed until Mrs. Tatt is surrounded by a group of officers and their wives, daughters and sweethearts, whose perfillage and laughter instantly dispate any indication of an oppressive or a "military" perfunctoriness.

Replacing Col. Bromwell, who with Mrs. Bromwell were dominant factors in the social life of the capital in the last administration, is Col. Spencer Cosby, whose career has been marked with distinction. Col. Cosby is the first of the administration bachelors to announce his engagement, and in the fall Miss Yvonne Shepard, daughter of Mrs. Charles R. Shepard of New York and Washington, will fall heir to the position vacated by the withdrawal of Mrs. Bromwell.

Miss Shepard is tall and svelte, her well-carried head is graced with quantities of silky, fair-brown hair, and her eyes are blue and clear. Her taste Miss Shepard displays in the selection of the color of her gowns. She wears large hats, flower trimmed, and long, sweeping gowns, which accentuate the graceful slenderness of her figure.

Not the wife of the President's aid and constant attendant, Miss Shepard will be thrown constantly in association with the White House family, and her adroitness and social graces will be put to a severe test in the carrying of a role not less influential than that of a first lady.

Gen. Bell's Wife a Power. As wife of the chief of staff, Mrs. J. Franklin Bell will have a high position in the full tide of the official season.

Not content with standing at the head of the social life of the army, Mrs. Bell is no less popular in the diplomatic as well as the congressional and presidential set. As a great friend of Mrs. Edson Bradley of New York, she is in touch with the smart life of the little coterie of the rich and important who come to Washington each winter to enjoy its season.

Gen. and Mrs. Bell last winter took possession of a commodious home at Fort Myer and there throughout the season Mrs. Bell challenged the admiration of society by the cordiality of a series of delightful entertainments, her guests including the grizzled veterans who surround the chief of staff, the young officers eager for an opportunity to display their mettle, the debutantes, the foreign "guests" of the nation and the general every-day man and woman who goes in for Washington's social good times.

Associated with Mrs. Bell in the social life of the army set is Mrs. Worth, the attractive wife of Gen. Bell's first assistant, Mrs. Bell's sister, Mrs. Ernest Garlington, wife of Gen. Garlington, is another army matron whose power in society has to be reckoned with. Mrs. Garlington is a pretty, fair-haired woman, endowed with a liberal share of the good fellowship and good humor Mrs. Bell displays in such a marked degree.

In the childless home of the chief of staff Miss Sally Garlington, Mrs. Bell's jolly, good-natured and good-looking young niece, has a large and important role to carry. Miss Sally is a dancer who has won acclaim at the amateur dramatic productions which have been features of Washington's smart life for the last few years, while her skill as a horsewoman gives her a forward place in the gay little company of "paperchasers" who gallop over the hills two or three times a week.

Mrs. Aleshire, wife of Gen. Aleshire, is one of the army matrons whose wit and poise count in the proper equipment of an army officer's wife. She is large and nice-looking, noticeable chiefly for the sweetness of her expression and her general air of extreme good breeding. She is the mother of a debutante daughter, who has the distinction of being one of Miss Helen Tatt's best chums.

Mrs. Edwards Wins Laurels. One of the handsome homes of the army set established in Washington is presided over by Mrs. Clarence Edwards, wife of Gen. Clarence Edwards, chum to the President and general good fellow. Gen. Edwards, who is one of the most generally liked officers of the service, has his honors to look to when it comes to a discussion of his wife's popularity. Everybody likes

# WOMEN WHO LEAD IN MRS. TATT'S SOCIAL LIFE.



Mrs. J. FRANKLIN BELL



Mrs. CLARENCE EDWARDS

Mrs. Edwards and her place in the favor of the community waxes as the years increase. In girlhood, as pretty and vivacious Beale Porter, she made her first appearance in Washington, coming over to visit her great-aunt, Mrs. Saunders Irving, widow of Washington Irving's nephew. Mrs. Irving maintained a menage second only to the White House in point of social importance, its gentle mistress, who was an invalid, being one of the few women up to whom the wives of the Presidents felt it incumbent to leave cards.

Mrs. Edwards is a slender, delicate-looking woman, whose chief beauty lies in her sweetness of expression, her well-bred air and her lovely manners. She looks at life through two jolly, twinkling eyes and she has sympathy with everybody and with everything that lives, without regard to place or position. Her servants adore her and pay her the sovereign compliment of remaining in her service two decades or more.

A very great-granddaughter of the first white man that settled in the western part of New York, Mrs. Edwards' family, the Porters of Niagara, N. Y., held the original grant of the immense tract of land which included the falls until the taking over of the property by the State government.

Gen. Peter B. Porter, Mrs. Edwards' great-grandfather, served as secretary of war in the cabinet of President John Quincy Adams.

Gen. and Mrs. Edwards' daughter Bessie is a pretty little woman of 10 years, who is a chum of her father and the boon companion of her mother. The Edwards home is a reflex of the character of its owners. Beginning with the general's office on the first floor photographs of familiar friends—men, women and small children—run riot and overflow into the attractive drawing room on the second floor, gay in its dress of summery English chintz and filled with fine old mahogany and interesting things picked up in the out-of-the-way corners of the army officers' world.

The Edwardses keep open house in and out of season and aside from dispensing a hospitality as smart as the smartest, Gen. and Mrs. Edwards delight in having friends to lunch or dine en famille.

The Burning Question. A Baltimore teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "reperate." "Charley," she said, "when night comes your father returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?" "Yes, ma'am," assented Charley. "Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, and he being tired, what does he do?" "That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.—Success Magazine.

Young people and old men like greens, but it always falls to the old women to gather them.

Should Be Carried Out. "I wish you wouldn't be cross to that dear little dog of mine," said the wife. "The little fellow is just filled with good intentions."

"Well," replied the husband, grabbing the pup, "I just like to carry out good intentions!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Nothing Dangerous About That. Hewitt—Dela's are dangerous. Jewett—Oh, I don't know. My wife received a letter this morning saying that her mother would have to post pone her visit.—New York Press.

The average girl would rather be in love than be happy.



# For boys and girls

The Two Little Mice. One night two little mice stole out To see what they could find. A house they spied, door open wide, And, oh, a bacon rind!

"Let's go right in," says Mousie Wee, "And have our supper here." Says Mousie Wee, with solemn eyes, "It is a trap, I fear."

So Mousie Wee and Mousie Wee Stole silently away. "A bacon rind's a bacon rind, But traps are traps," they say. —Philadelphia Record.

## THE WHITE HOUSE.

The White House is the popular present-day name given to the President's residence in Washington, and is officially designated as the Executive Mansion.

It stands on Pennsylvania avenue occupying a reservation of twenty acres of space midway between the U. S. Treasury and the building housing the departments of the state, war and navy.

The White House is constructed of freestone painted white, is 176 feet long by 86 wide and has undergone some important changes in recent years. The architect shows eight plain Ionic columns in front and a semi-circle portico in the rear.

The grounds are adorned with fountains, flowers, and shrubbery, and form a pleasing retreat in the midst of buildings and streets devoted to commercial and public business.

Within the White House is adorned with excellent portraits of the ex-presidents of the United States. The largest apartment is the famous East Room, which is 80 by 40 feet with ceilings 22 feet high. The adjoining apartment is the Blue Room finished in blue and gold, devoted to receptions, diplomatic and social.

The Green Room and Red Room, so-called from their furnishings, are each 30 by 20 feet.

The executive offices of the President and his secretaries, together with the apartments of the President's family, are located on the second floor.

The first president's residence was begun in 1792 but was not occupied until 1800, when President John Adams and his family became the occupants. The building was burned in 1814 by the British army.

The present White House was constructed in 1818-29, and since that date every successive President has been domiciled therein.—See Hive.

## NANCY'S MOTHS.

I have written a little story which I think may interest you, and would like to have you know that it is founded on fact. Here it is: "Now, Nancy," said Mrs. Gordon, one sunny morning in April, "the moth season has again come around, and I want you to help me drive the naughty little things out. For every one you kill and bring to me I will give you a penny."

Very much pleased, little Nancy started out on her murderous quest. Two hours later, however, she returned to her mother with five dilapidated moths, and she was a very much discouraged girl.

"I didn't know it was so hard to catch them, mamma," she said. "Well, try again, dear," replied her mother, with a smile.

Nancy sat down and thought, "How can I get some more moths, I wonder?" She thought of a bright truck her father had bought, followed by a large brown spaniel, Ben, who rarely allowed her out of his sight.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Gordon, entering the kitchen at noon, "have you seen Nancy lately?" "No, I haven't," replied Margaret, "about 10 o'clock, that is, I saw her go over toward Mrs. White's with Ben."

"Well," said mother, beginning to be worried, "I'll send Jack after her." But Jack was saved the trouble, for at that moment Miss Nancy appeared in a very soiled dress, minus her hair ribbon, but thoroughly happy. In her hand was a little grayish mass, and she exclaimed: "Mamma, I found twenty-nine of 'em in Mrs. White's barn in an old chair! I tried to get thirty, but I got too hungry. Oh—oh! Apple's got a lunch!" Whereupon she was hurried off by mother to be cleaned up a bit.

That afternoon she marched down the street, with Ben at her heels, and a handful of pennies, the result of her morning's toil, to buy a dolly just like Helen's. Her mother, however, explained that it was Mrs. White's moths she wanted, she had not the heart to disappoint her small daughter, whose quest had been so successful.—Edith H. Robinson, in the New York Tribune.

## WISE OLD JACK.

Jack was a wise old horse in our village. Often, when a child, I used to stand at the door of the shop of John Hall, the blacksmith, and see him shoe old Jack, says a writer in an exchange.

How cheerful it was, of a cold day, to see the fire flame up as John moved the bellows up and down! And then, when he took up the horseshoe in his iron pincers, and laid it on the anvil, and made the sparks fly as he hammered, how intently would I watch the scene!

One day Mr. Hall's boy, in shoeing Jack, drove a nail the wrong way. Jack did not find it out till he had gone home, and then, the nail began to hurt him, so what he did he do but open the gate and limp back to the blacksmith's shop!

Mr. Hall saw him coming, and knew at once that something must be the matter. Jack came in, and held up his lame foot, as much as to say, "Please take it off, bathed the foot, and I'll refer to the world famous pudding the Cheesie Cheese?"—From the Gentlewoman.

Jack was always very playful. He liked to have a bit of fun with his master, and would run round and round the pasture when the latter came to harness him. But he never kept his master waiting more than two or three minutes. It was all meant as a joke.—Home Herald.

The Government of Canada has determined upon a policy of complete restriction of her remaining colonies of beavers. Their near extinction was threatened and only a most rigid enforcement of the present law can prevent the entire extinction of this wonderful fur bearer.

# LITTLE MISS PIG.

"See me skip!" said Little Miss Pig one fine spring morning. "I believe I could keep up until the sun goes down." "I believe you could," said Mr. Rooster, as he stopped pecking among the straw. "You do it very well." "Three, four, five," smiled little Miss Pig. "There's Mr. Duck in the waterway. Call her to see me skip." So Mr. Rooster crowed, and she came Mrs. Duck, followed by all her little ducklings. "Nine, ten, eleven," cried Miss Pig. "There's Mr. Turkey walking by the hedge. Call him to see me skip." So Mr. Rooster crowed and Mrs. Duck quacked, and up came Mr. Turkey. "Eighteen, nineteen, twenty," panted Miss Pig. "I see the Red Cat feeding in the meadow. Call him to see me skip." So Mr. Rooster crowed, Mrs. Duck quacked and Mr. Turkey got led, and up came the Red Cat. "Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven," said the skipper. "Very very good," cried the crowd and they all began laughing with delight. "Twenty-eight, twenty-nine—" But before Miss Pig could say "thirty" she gave a little cry of fear, for Carlo, the watchdog, had walked at that moment into the yard. "There's the watchdog skipping up," said Mr. Rooster, and off went Mrs. Pig, followed by Mr. Rooster, Mrs. Duck and her children, Mr. Turkey and the Red Cat, just as fast as they could go. The noise they made was heard a mile away, and poor old Carlo, who meant no harm, was so much surprised he pricked up, wondering what it was all about.—Washington Star.

## A SCULPTOR AT WORK.

A good many people who have never seen the inside of a sculptor's studio suppose that he chips his statues out of blocks of marble. As a matter of fact, the sculptor rarely works upon marble except to give a few finishing touches to his creation.

He makes, to begin with, a small model of his subject in wax. Then, if the completed work is to be of considerable size, an iron framework is constructed to support it. On this framework the sculptor builds up and fashions a full-size copy in clay of his wax model. His work, generally speaking, ends here. The rest belongs to his assistants, who are skilled mechanics.

The clay figure, when hard, is covered with plaster of paris. When the plaster has set the clay is dug out and the hollow plaster case remaining is used as a model for casting a plaster replica of the sculptor's handiwork.

This cast, in turn, is used either as a model for casting in bronze or as a model for copying in marble. The copying process is purely mechanical, though it requires great skill and care. It is done by taking a great multitude of measurements from the plaster and drilling holes to the required depth in the block of marble. The marble is then chipped away to the depth of the drill holes, and the carver proceeds to copy the details of the work from the original, under the supervision of the sculptor.—Washington Star.

## WHY FOAM IS WHITE.

"How white the foam is," said the pretty girl, in a voice muffled by the sable stole drawn across her red mouth. "Yet the sea is green. Why, then, isn't the foam green?" The young sophomore laughed in derision.

"See, you are ignorant!" he said. "Beer is brown, but its foam is white. Shake up black ink and you get white foam. Shake up red ink and the result is the same. A body that reflects all the light it receives, without absorbing any, is always white. All bodies powdered into fine diamond form, so that they throw back the light from many facets, absorb none of it and are white by consequence. Powdered black marble, for instance, is white. And foam is water powdered into these small diamonds, and hence its whiteness."—New York Press.

## GYPSIES.

I want to tell you about some gypsies I saw last summer. Ten wagons full passed through the village where I was staying. The baby of one of them died, and the gypsy went to the country store and bought a soap box to bury it in. They nailed up the box, made a rough grave and threw the box in.

There was one other child who interested me. It was a little girl of about six years. She came to our house begging for bread, and while my grandmother was getting her some I asked her some questions. She told me all about her life and also let me look into one of the wagons. It was arranged like a house, and although I thought it rather stuffy she told me it was a nice home.

I hope all of you who have never seen gypsies will sometime see them.—Carol Smith, in the New York Tribune.

## CONUNDRUMS.

When are young folks like grasshoppers? Ans. When having a hop on the green.

Why are tipplers and lawyers alike? Ans. Both are always to be found at the bar.

Why is a train like a clock? Ans. Both run, but never walk.

When is a rope like a school child? Ans. When taught (taut).

What is the difference between an auction and senselessness? Ans. One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sale.—Washington Star.

## Angels on Horseback.

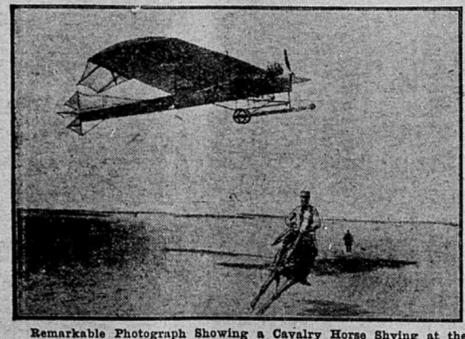
There are many ways of cooking oysters. "Angels on Horseback" are well known but I should hope not very well liked. It is a barbarous conjunction, that of bacon with oysters; a tremendous compliment to the bacon, it is true, but an insult to the fish.

Nor can I praise the steak and oysters so dear to many. But as an ingredient in a breakfast pie nothing but praise can be spoken of the valuable. There are oysters in that most delicious of pies, the one that cooks for twenty-four hours and keeps a man up all night to see that it does not leave off boiling. Need I say that I refer to the world famous pudding the Cheesie Cheese?—From the Gentlewoman.

## The Government of Canada has determined upon a policy of complete restriction of her remaining colonies of beavers.

Their near extinction was threatened and only a most rigid enforcement of the present law can prevent the entire extinction of this wonderful fur bearer.

# ARMIES AND THE AEROPLANE.



Remarkable Photograph Showing a Cavalry Horse Shying at the Approach of a Monoplane.

The average girl would rather be in love than be happy.