

BROUGHT HIM VICTORY

Beulah Jones' Overcoated Chickens Prove Great Vote Getters in Political Parade.

By SELINA ELIZABETH HIGGINS.

Miss Beulah Jones was cutting up a cake with a piece of silk thread to prove its lightness, as there came a knock at the door. She passed through the sitting-room with many a hurried reach for scattered garments and fragments of cloth, in a hopeless effort at tidying up.

"I do hope it isn't the minister, or anybody but some neighbor," fluttered the neat and circumspect little lady.

"It's only me, Beulah," spoke the bluff voice of giantlike John Moore, her distant cousin. "About once a year I get around here. Why don't you ever come and see us, Beulah?"

Miss Jones flushed consciously, then her calm, pleasant eyes took on a serious expression.

"You know I never go anywhere—now," she said, briefly.

"Well," spoke John, plumping down into an easy chair. "I've heard some wonderful things about those pet chickens of yours, and I've come to find out about them. Well! well! well!"

Honest John craned his neck to stare out through the window. His lips expanded. His ruddy face began to pucker comically, and he let out a great guffaw.

"What are you laughing at, John Moore?" demanded Miss Beulah, with severity.

Her cousin could not reply for some time on account of convulsive chuckles. There was ample occasion for his merriment. Waddling around in the chicken yard a full score of Plymouth Rock chickens were parading proudly, attired in close-fitting

discuss in her presence. It was a tabooed subject.

"Well, we are working up a procession," John went on to explain; "torch-lights, music and all that. We're going to have a hayrack, showing prosperity—heaps of apples, corn, goddess of liberty and the like. I want to scatter those winter-clothed pets of yours over the load. It will be a great catch."

It proved a greater catch than the ingenious committeeman had expected. It was two days later when Miss Jones saw a wagon draw up to the yard. Her pets, well fed and lively, were being returned safe and sound to their coops, as her cousin had promised.

The weekly paper had just arrived. Miss Jones had flushed in a startled way as she read "the news." It appeared that the overcoated chicks had been the novelty of the procession. The district had a great many chicken farms. The home display had won over this interest, they had voted for Allen Parsons, and that candidate was elected.

Allen Parsons! How that name awoke painful memories in the heart of the recluse! She had drawn open a drawer in the old-fashioned secretary and had taken thence a sheet of paper, closely written over, and a photograph. The latter was a phototype of the portrait of the successful candidate in the paper. There was a knock at the door. Miss Jones opened it to face—the successful candidate.

"I had to call to thank you for the great support your pets gave me," spoke the stalwart, fine-looking visitor. "Why, Miss Jones—Beulah!"

At sight of the man she had loved, still loved in secret, her estranged fiance, Miss Jones paled, tottered, and Allen had to help her to a chair in the sitting-room. As he started to leave her his glance fell upon the photograph and the letter. His eyes dilated as he traced a line or two in the latter.

"Beulah," he said, his lips set kindly but determined, "has this letter anything to do with your rejection of my suit two years ago?"

"It has everything to do with it," faltered poor Beulah. "Can you look at it and wonder why? You wrote it."

"Yes, I wrote it, but as a model for a friend who wished to propose to a young lady in another town. How did it come into your possession?"

"Miss Simmons brought it to me—she said she found it."

"Stole it, more likely," asserted Allen. "My old landlady and a mischief-maker! Oh, Beulah! And has this foolish misunderstanding kept us so cruelly apart all of this time?"

John Moore, coming into the house to see his cousin, halted, stared, stood rooted to the spot, and then retreated softly with a great chuckle of satisfaction.

For Beulah was resting confidingly in the strong, protecting arms of Allen Parsons. All had been explained—and the feathery campaigners had done it!

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Flushed in a Startled Way.

overcoats. The sewing machine and the rug about it were littered with scraps of cloth representing all the colors of the rainbow.

"It's a great idea," said John, "but it's the funniest thing I ever saw."

"I don't see anything very funny about it," resented Miss Jones. "I suppose the neighbors call me eccentric, and all that, but clothing the chickens is no whim. It's a practical piece of humanity. Some of the poor things froze up last winter. They shan't this."

John Moore grinned the harder as he strode to the window and again looked out. Miss Jones was economical in the common utilities of her lonely life. She had not looked to the esthetic in clothing her pets, but to their comfort. Some of the chickens were robed in red flannel, others in part of an old quilt. Some of the overcoats had ruffles at the neck, others had bands, giving a sort of "knickerbocker" effect. Altogether the result was incongruous and comical. John Moore fancied he saw something spectacular in it all.

"I've got an idea, Beulah," he said. "I'm looking for a novelty, and that's what brought me here. I want to buy those chickens."

Miss Beulah regarded her cousin sharply and then suspiciously.

"They're not for sale," she declared at once.

"Then I want to borrow them—rent them, we'll call it. For one day, Beulah, overcoats and all. I'll agree to return them safe and sound. How many are there?"

"Twenty-two."

"Very well; I'll give you fifty cents apiece to help make a show with them for one day. There's your money, and I'll call for them in the morning. If that wise head of yours can think up some comical frills and other additions to those overcoats, as you call them, the better it will be for my purpose."

"See here, John," challenged Miss Beulah, "whatever wild speculation have you got in that busy head of yours now?"

"Just this, Beulah," explained John. "I'm county committeeman. There's an election day after tomorrow, as I suppose you know."

"No, I didn't know," replied the lady very distantly. "I never look at the papers—now."

Her eyes dropped rather sadly as she said this. Her cousin shot a quick glance at her and shook his head and sighed. Miss Beulah had been almost a recluse for nearly two years. The reason for it no one ever ventured to

WERE ALL MEN OF GENIUS

Darwin Family Probably the Most Famous on Record in the Annals of England.

Events have called attention once more to the wonderful Darwin family, perhaps most fertile in genius of all the families of England.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin, born in 1731, was a physician, poet, philosopher, and member of the Royal Society.

His son, Dr. Robert Darwin, was a physician of very high standing and one of the earliest preachers of temperance.

Robert Darwin's son was Charles Darwin, author of the "Origin of Species," and unquestionably the greatest man of science of the nineteenth century.

Charles Darwin left five sons. The oldest did not become famous. The second son, however, George Howard Darwin, who died the other day, was one of the foremost astronomers in Europe.

The third son, Francis Darwin, is author, physician, and has been president of the British association for the advancement of science.

The fourth son, Maj. Leonard Darwin of the Royal engineers, has been president of the Royal Geographical Society, and is now the head of the Eugenics Education Society.

The fifth son, Horace Darwin, is president of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, and member of the advisory committee on military aeronautics.

Three of these men have sons of their own. The name and fame of Darwin are not likely to fail.

By his second wife, old Erasmus Darwin became the grandfather of Francis Galton, founder of the science of eugenics. The annals of British science would be sadly defaced if the work of the Darwin breed were lost.—George L. Knapp in Chicago Journal.

Etched Pewter.

Very beautiful are some new pieces of pewter that come from the Orient, says the Ladies Home Journal. The tea caddies are perhaps best of all, for they are absolutely air tight, an important thing in caddies if tea is to be kept fresh. These caddies have an outside cover, and an inside stopper of pewter which fits tightly. They come in sizes costing from \$3 to \$15. The pewter is subjected to a process which leaves it a dull brownish silver; the designs—each distinctively Japanese—are then etched with acid. Litter coasters—excellent for ash trays—designed in a dwarf pine are \$1 each. A beautiful oddly shaped bowl with a wicker handle is \$6. All of the pieces are very heavy.

ADELINE'S GREAT FAITH

By SUSANNE PALMER.

When Adeline was nine the Puffles began wondering among themselves whether she still believed in Santa Claus. Adeline had written her usual letter to Santa and stuffed it up the chimney as usual and it had to be extracted with the accompaniment of much soot and emotion by her father.

"Thunderation!" Puffle had said, trying to brush the soot from his face and smearing it on the collar. "This is the end of such foolishness! What an awful reach that child has! That letter was almost up on the chimney coping. She can't believe in such foolishness—"

"The idea!" said Mrs. Puffle, indignantly. "I think it is perfectly sweet that Adeline still believes in Santa Claus! What is a little soot on your collar compared with nurturing the imagination of your child! You haven't any heart, Henry Puffle! I'm positively ashamed of you!"

"Well, it's me the soot is on, you'll notice!" said Puffle grimly and ungrammatically. "That makes some difference! Oh, well, if the kid still thinks Santa Claus exists we might as well let her keep on thinking. She'll outgrow it fast enough!"

They labeled nearly all Adeline's gifts "From Santa Claus" and she received them with the same wide eyed wonder which had attended her Christmases from babyhood.

"I got this from Santa," the Puffles heard her telling the little girl next door as she exhibited her new doll.

"There!" said Mrs. Puffle accusingly. "And you would have blighted that innocent faith! It is perfectly beautiful!"

It was the same when Adeline was ten. She babbled merrily about what she wanted Santa Claus to bring her. Resting her limpid eyes upon her wondering parent, she would beseechingly ask Puffle whether he thought if she wrote a very careful note to Santa, he would do such a wonderful thing as bring her a gold bracelet. "If I wrote it vury carefully, daddy?" she repeated in her birdlike tones.

And Puffle's heart melting at the tender trust of his child, he told Adeline that he thought Santa would be unable to resist her appeal.

"Only," Puffle added, with memories of the year previous, "it is not necessary, dearie, to chuck your letter quite so high up the chimney!"

"Why, daddy!" Adeline protested in round eyed amazement. "It is so much easier for him to get it if it is high up! He has to reach clear down the chimney, you know!"

"To be sure," Puffle stammered.

"I don't see," he afterward remarked to his wife, "why she hasn't discovered that Santa Claus is a fake. Some of the other children must know. The little imps are only too glad to give it away when they are disillusioned. They must have told her!"

"You don't understand, Adeline!" protested Mrs. Puffle. "You don't realize at all what a sweet, trusting nature that child has! It would never enter her head to suspect! I just want to cry when I think how terrible she will feel when she does find out. I hope it will be a long, long time yet!"

"Well, I don't see how it can be, so long as she has eyes and ears and some brains," growled Puffle.

Puffle was smitten dumb with amazement when at 11 Adeline, as holiday time approached, began to chirp in her sweet, childish way what Santa was going to bring her.

"He brought my bracelet last year," she said to her parents. "Don't you think he'll bring me a little silver watch this time? He would if he knew how I wanted it. Santa has never disappointed me, never!"

"Henry," said Mrs. Puffle a little later, wiping her eyes, "we must get Adeline that watch! I wouldn't disappoint her faith for worlds!"

"She's too young for a watch," objected Puffle feebly.

"But think of her trust!" reproached Mrs. Puffle. "It is beautiful!"

It was the day after Christmas that the Puffles, having raised a window to cool off the house, heard outdoors, just beneath the window, a conversation between Adeline and the little girl next door.

"Do you believe in Santa Claus?" asked the little girl.

Adeline laughed a superior and amused laugh. "Santa Claus?" she repeated. "Goodness me, no! I knew there wasn't any such thing when I was seven, but I've had to keep it up so's not to disappoint dad and mother. They have such a good time thinking I believe in Santa Claus. And, say—Adeline's voice became triumphant—"do you know something? I get twice as many presents—they have to give me some from Santa Claus besides those they give me themselves!"

"Tee-hee!" giggled the little neighbor girl appreciatively.

"There!" growled Puffle to his stricken wife. "I guess if there's any chimney sweeping done in this house hereafter it'll be done by a professional."—Chicago Daily News.

TOOK HIS LIFE BY REQUEST

Girl Then Considered Annoying Suitor Dead and Wanted No Corpse in House.

He was a theatrical lover, and she didn't like his style in the least, for he was constant in his devotion, which made matters worse. She had tried gentle means to get rid of him, but he had disregarded them with painful persistence.

"Dear one," he exclaimed, hurling himself tragically at her feet, "I love you! My life is yours! Will you take it?"

She did not look like a murderess, but she responded, with calm determination:

"I will."

He gazed at her rapturously.

"Don't do that," she begged, drawing back from him as if in horror. "I have taken your life, as you requested me to do, and you are henceforth to all intents and purposes dead."

He seemed dazed.

"I do not," she continued, turning aside, "desire to have a dead person in the house, and if you do not go away at once I shall send for an undertaker and have you removed to the nearest cemetery."

Then the dreadful situation in which his own precipitate folly had placed him was revealed, and he removed himself with promptness and dispatch.

Brave Old Oak.

Whether its branches show green against a dark-blue sky—gold where the sunlight touches them—whether its leaves show magnets in the light of the setting sun, or black and silver in the moonlight, there is no tree of them all to compare with the oak. All a summer's day you may lie outstretched beneath it, so strong and so friendly, not to you only, but to all the little lives that swarm about its roots. All kinds of busy creatures, ants, spiders, daddy-long-legs, beloved of your childhood, go scurrying over you on this errand and that, as unafraid, almost, as if you were dead. A feeling of kinship comes to you; a knowledge that all this life about you in oak and grass and insect, and the good dog lying at your feet, is but a little part of the ageless flux and reflux; soothingly as a cool hand on an aching head, there comes to you the realization that—soon fears, hates, and loves forgotten, your tired body shall rest under the trees all the days and all the nights.—Monthly Atlantic.

Cruel Form of Punishment.

A species of punishment, reminiscent of barbarism, was meted out a few days ago to a seven-year-old boy of Kiyosu, Japan, by the child's father. The little lad committed some trivial act of disobedience, and the father punished him by burying him for forty-eight hours in a hole in the ground, leaving only his head above the surface.

Distribution of Solar Energy.

Solar energy is not evenly distributed over the surface of the earth. There are privileged regions in the tropics which would become vastly prosperous if the sun's rays were suitably employed. Even now the strongest nations are rivaling one another in the conquest of the lands of the sun as if unconsciously looking forward to the future.

AS TO CHICKENS.

They are the most dabbled, uncertain creatures that walk the family acre. Almost everybody tries to raise chickens at one time or another. Looks easy—that's the deceiving part of it.

And it is easy, after you learn one thing: Little chickens don't know anything, medium sized chickens don't know anything, big chickens don't know anything. If there is a change of an intellectual nature as the size increases big ones know less if possible than little ones.

If there is a wire partition in your pen with an open door at one end the chickens will try to plunge through the wire instead of going around and walking through the door.—Puck.

Beautiful Nerve.

Yeast—According to a Berlin nerve specialist knitting in bed is an excellent antidote for tired nerves.

Crimsonbeak—Well, I should say that the fellow who spent any time knitting in bed would have a beautiful nerve.

Dogosophy.

The friendly dog which seems to "have a bone in its throat" may be keeping something—hydrophobia, in fact—from you. First aid should always be administered with the tongue.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Strange London Figure.

A few years ago there used to stand on the pavement of Oxford street in all weathers a venerable white-haired gentleman, dressed respectfully in high hat and frock coat, who accosted each member of the throng of sun worshippers, moving eastward in the morning, westward in the evening, uttering in a quick tone of deep concern the single phrase, "The time is short! The time is short!" No one stopped to listen to the old revivalist, or cared to hear the further words of warning which he would have given, for all knew that he prated of things that did not really matter to the serious city man.—London Nation.

Safety Devices.

Redd—I understand the French government has offered a prize of \$50,000 for a device that will make aeroplanes safe.

Greene—Why, don't they at the same time offer a prize for a device that will make falling out of a tenth-story window safe?

Horse's Long Fast.

A horse recently passed fourteen days in a cave in Oklahoma without food or water and, although it lost 300 pounds in weight through the fast, it quickly recovered after it was rescued. The cave was concealed by planks and these broke as the horse walked across. The owner supposed that the horse had been stolen, and its presence in the cave was discovered by chance.

Caution Carried to Extremes.

Mrs. Westmore is one of the most cautious persons I have ever known. "Yes, she was telling me the other day that she never kept a striking clock in the kitchen, because she thought that if she did so the cook might acquire the habit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Writer's Prayer.

Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that, as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. . . . Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life.—Van Dyke.

Modern Young Lady.

"In regard to the custody of the child," said the judge in handing down his decision in the divorce case, "I'll let the young lady decide for herself." "Oh," replied the worldly wise young thing, "if mamma is really going to get all that alimony I guess I'll go with her."

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