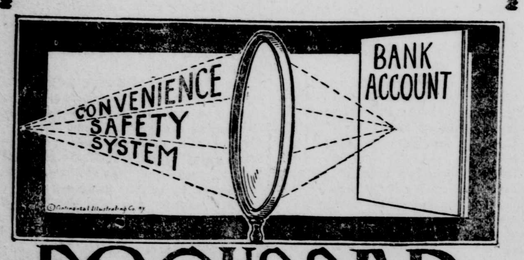
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MINISTER NAON'S CHILDREN



These are the children of the minister from Argentine and Senora Naon who have been enjoying their first holiday season away from their native land. The two elder girls are Isabel and Selina; the elder boy is Romulo; the smaller lad is John and the little girl is Carlotta

BORROWED FAMILY

By JEAN DOUGLAS.

Edith Anderson knelt before a huge trunk in which she was packing articles needed to decorate her room at school. Her pretty face radiated supreme happiness as she tucked a picture between two sofa cushions.

Edith was an orphan, both parents having died before she was four years old. Her father appointed his partner, Horace Clark, her guardian, and from the time the will was read that very excellent gentleman had assumed the responsibilities with admirable promptness and devotion. Robert Anderson had left a well-invested fortune and several valuable properties to his small daughter, which included the family mansion, located two miles from Stamford. Horace Clark, being unincumbered by family ties, decided to live with Edith and exert every effort to supply the loving care of which death had bereft her. Nor had he failed in his mission. "Uncle Horace" was family and chum combined. Many of Stamford's inhabitants said he had sacrificed his life to the little girl, never taking time enough from her to select a life mate from among the many ladies who found him interesting.

He employed a nurse, who was supplanted by a governess when her seventh birthday was celebrated, and during the summer had made arrangements for her to enter a school at Boston.

Edith had led rather an isolated life, caring only for outdoor sports and books. Uncle Horace and she had spent many happy hours playing tennis or riding horseback over the tree-bordered country roads, but now that she was to live in a house filled with girls she wondered whether they would prove congenial.

She reached for the photograph of Uncle Horace and realized that this represented her entire collection of family pictures. What would the other girls think of her single picture, when they filled bureau and mantel with likenesses of their loved ones? She never felt the loss of her parents more keenly than at this moment.

If she only If she only had had brothers and sisters or even cousins; but she was so utterly alone. As the tears fell on the red-leather cushion she suddenly remembered that the craftsman shop promised to have a table cover to match finished that day, so she decided to call for it.

An hour later found her gazing at the display of photographs in the window of the leading studio. She examined the contents of her purse, then entered. Inquiring of the young lady whether she could purchase duplicates of any photograph in the display and being answered in the affirmative, she immediately proceeded to supply herself with a family. Selecting a dignified, aristocratic man for her father and a lovely, queenly woman to represent her mother, she chose two pretty girls for sisters and a fine, handsome young man for her elder brother; nor did she stop until she had completed the family with a chubby, laughing baby girl.

Visiting the jeweler's, she had the "father" and "mother" pictures fitted to silver frames, for girls always had their parents framed and standing on the dresser.

That evening she packed her "family," and hungrily devouring with her eyes each lovely face as it smiled at her, Edith loved them as if they truly belonged to her.

A week later she was arranging the contents of Uncle Horace's box about her room when the first avalanche of juniors descended upon her to pay their formal call on the "fresh."

They admired the Navajo rugs and Bagdad couch cover. Then Betty Reynolds noticed the array of family photographs. "What a good-looking bunch of people! Your family, I suppose?"

"Yes," Edith answered. Then she told of "father," "mother," Uncle Horace; of her elder sisters, Grace and Ruth; dear baby Beth and of her splendid big brother Bob, who was a Yale graduate. The girls passed the picture from one to another, commenting upon his good looks, and Betty said: "You must invite him up for the junior hop. It is quite a decent affair and will not bore even a Yale man." Edith promised; and from then on she was one of the most popular girls at school.

From Betty Reynolds' mother came an invitation to accompany her daughter home for Thanksgiving and Edith for the first time in her life visited a real family. She returned to school sad and desolate, realizing that she would some time have to ask Betty to her home, and how could she explain about her "family" with no one but Uncle Horace whom she could claim? Edith's conscience allowed her no rest from that day on. She loathed herself for planning such a base deception and grew nervous and ill from worry.

Betty came in after a class from which Edith was absent and found her curled up in a pitiful heap on the couch.

After calming the wretched girl with caresses and protestations of her affections, she begged for her confidence. "Tell me, honey dear, what bothers you. For a long time I've known something was wrong and have been hoping you would tell me. I might be of some help, you know."

Then Edith confessed how she had "borrowed" her family because she had none of her own to display as the other girls had. "Betty, how can I tell the girls! They will loathe me when they find out."

"You'll not need to tell them. They knew the day we visited your room! You see, before you arrived Miss Sanderson informed us that you were an orphan and an heiress. The other girls took it for granted that you did not want them to know of your wealth, so pretended to be just like other girls; therefore, they admired you the more for having acted as you did. Somehow, I divined why you wanted a 'family,' because you were lonely and longed for a loving mother and sisters to pack you off to school and a father and brother to be proud of you. I know, and you are my adopted sister. From now on my family belongs to you, including Cousin Jack Benton, the original of your 'Brother Bob's' picture. Never mind, dear, you are to meet him very soon."—Buffalo Express.

WANTED A CLEARANCE.

Bingtown was not particularly proud of its police force, and when Patrolman Shadbark died and a subscription paper was started to pay the funeral expenses the collector met with a rather cool reception from most of the business me he visited. Finally he reached the office of Squire Pepper, and after he had stated his business the squire asked: "How much do you expect me to give?" "About $5 is what we figured on from you," replied the collector. "Hm-m-m! Five dollars, eh? How many men have you got on the force?" "Thirty-seven, including the chief." "Thirty-seven," mused the squire, "thirty-seven. Well, $5 is a little too much to pay for buhying one policeman, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you an even hundred if you'll agree to bury the whole force, including the chief."

WOMAN EXPLORER.

A Hungarian woman, Dr. Margrit Balogh, has just started on an interesting journey of geological research in connection with a French expedition to the Atlas mountains in northwest Africa. Dr. Bologh, who is a well-known geologist, has been sent officially by the Hungarian minister of instruction, and her researches will be confined chiefly to the historic province of Constantine, now part of modern Algeria. This country is rich in archeological treasures, and Dr. Balogh will doubtless pass some time at Constantine city, which has been built on the ruins of Kirtha, the ancient capital of Numidia, as from here in 1880, Andor von Semseys, the famous Hungarian explorer, sent to Budapest the magnificent collection of antiques which it is Dr. Bologh's chief duty to amplify and supplement.

SOLITAIRE IN COLUMBUS.

Not long ago the police of Columbus raided a tailor shop and arrested nine knights of the needle and goose, whom they charged with playing poker. The prisoners were taken before Samuel Osborn, the police cadi of the city.

"Dismissed," was the decree of the court. "There is no law against playing solitaire."

"But there were nine of them playing together," protested the prosecutor.

"But it takes nine tailors to make a man," was the supplemental ruling. "And one man can't play poker."—Popular Magazine.

BEST WAY TO TAKE EXERCISE

No Better Plan Than That of Indulging in Long Walks Has as Yet Been Devised.

Walking, if properly and regularly followed, would become not only a restorer of health to many who at the present time are on the road to disease, but also a source of pleasure.

Let the arms swing if you feel like it and the limbs, too; open the nostrils and fill the lungs, and the movements will send a gentle electric vibration through the entire body, the result of which is the awakening of new life. Never take the lazy gait, as it soon makes one tired and produces languor. A little perspiration on the homestretch may prove to be a blessing not only in carrying effete matter from the body, but in bringing an increased supply of oxygen into the blood and putting the blush of health on the cheek.

Perhaps the best time to walk is in the early morning. The air is then the most highly charged with the life-giving oxygen and the freest from dust and smoke which rises later in the day. At this time, also, the mind is liable to be free from worry and anxiety, hence in the best condition to drink in the blessings of freshness for us on every hand.—Health.

CLAIM FEES ARE TOO LOW

British Physicians Unanimously Dissatisfied With Remuneration Offered by the Government.

The question of whether it is worth six shillings or eight shillings six pence to a physician practicing in Great Britain to give medical attention to a patient for an entire year continues to be a topic of absorbing interest, not only to the doctors affected, but to medical men throughout the world. The British physicians maintain that the lower figure is inadequate. It is likely that the 120,000 practitioners in the United States and Canada heartily agree with them to a man. The matter is being discussed in medical publications in all civilized countries. The Medical Review of Reviews states that the British Medical association, apparently with the almost unanimous backing of the physicians of England and Scotland, is taking a firm stand against the government, and at its recent annual meeting strong resolutions were passed condemning the measure of the "six-shilling look."

RAYMOND POINCARE



Raymond Poincare, premier of France, is a candidate for the presidency of the republic at the meeting of the national assembly at Versailles

GOOD, BROAD HINT.

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically:

"Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!"

"Indeed it must," was his response.

Then, after a while, with sympathetic disingenuousness, she exclaimed:

"It doesn't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it."

And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.—Photo Bits.

REAL QUESTION AT ISSUE.

"Do you think," said the young doctor, "that we can afford to operate on this man now?"

"That isn't the question," said the old surgeon. "Can he afford to have us operate is what we want to know."

ONE ADVANTAGE.

"Don't you find your short arms a disadvantage in life?"

"Not altogether. I can reach vigorously for a dinner check, yet let the other fellow beat me to it every time."

HE'D LIKE IT.

Bacon—I see a baseball player of one of the big leagues is studying law.

Egbert—Perhaps he's expecting to be sent to the bench.

SUSPECTED.

Jones—I want to deposit the sum of $10.

Receiving Teller (who knows him)—What! Have you sold your car?—Puck.

PENALTY FOR OVEREATING.

Teacher—What comes after Thanksgiving day, Tommie?

Tomme—The doctor, ma'am.

ROLLER.

Belle—did you notice how she rolled her R's?

Beulah—Yes, and her eyes.

CONTRARY MISFORTUNE.

"I see where the tenants of that fashionable apartment are threatened with eviction because they won't pay rent because the boiler is out of commission."

"Yes, strange to say, they are in hot water because they can't get it."

ITS SOUND.

"Often it is money which is the real skeleton in family closets."

"Well, nobody objects to hearing that skeleton rattle."

SECRET OF HAPPY MARRIAGE

Robert Louis Stevenson Thought That Ability to Converse Pleasantly Had Much to Do With It.

And it is more important that a person should be a good gossip, and talk pleasantly and smartly of common friends and the thousand and one things of the day and hour, than that she should speak with tongues of men and angels; for a while together by the fire happens more frequently in marriage than the presence of a distinguished foreigner to dinner.

That people should laugh over the same sort of jests, and have many a story of "grouse in the gunroom," many an old joke between them which time cannot wither nor custom stale, is a better preparation for life, by your leave, than many other things higher and better sounding in the world's ears. You could read Kant by yourself, if you wanted; but you must share a joke with someone else.

You can forgive people who do not follow you through a hilosophical disquisition; but to find your wife laughing when you had tears in your eyes, or staring when you were in a fit of laughter, would go some way toward a dissolution of the marriage.—From "Virginibus Puerisque," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

MARRIAGE A MONEY CONTRACT

Paris Judge Says Mutual Love Is No Longer the Motive, as in the Past.

Passing judgment in a breach of promise case recently the president of a Paris court expressed the view that marriage no longer responded to the conception of former times, when it was based on mutual love. Today it was simply a financial contract.

The real reason of marriage, he said, was money. The man was on the "lookout" for the dowry and the woman "bought" a protector and a trustee for the management of her property. It was regrettable that young couples did not draw up a contract at the moment of their engagement—with a penalty clause in the event of it being broken off.

TRAPPING A LAWYER.

In some cases counsel receive answers to questions that they had no business to put, which, if not quite to their liking, are what they justly deserve. The following story of George Clarke, a celebrated negro minstrel, is a case in point. On one occasion, when being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by a lawyer.

"You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Is not that rather a low calling?"

"I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

The lawyer fell into the trap.

"What was your father's calling?" he inquired.

"He was a lawyer," replied Clarke, in a tone that sent the whole court into a roar of laughter as the discomfited lawyer sat down.—Weekly Telegraph.

IN BOSTON.

"Oh, Mrs. Hubb!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodthing to the young Boston matron. "I remembered it was little Wadsworth's birthday, so brought him one of those old-fashioned children's banks, the kind we used to drop the coins down the chimney of a little red tin house, with green blinds painted on it, you remember?"

"So very kind of you," replied Mrs. Hubb, frigidly. "You will find Wadsworth in his toy office, playing with his new cash register."—Woman's Home Companion.

VACATION FOR CITY HORSES.

A two weeks' vacation for every one of the 800 horses in the employ of the Philadelphia city police, fire and street departments are to be granted next summer. An infirmary for dumb animals has raised $15,000 to meet the cost and a committee is at work figuring out how the horses can be spared from their work.

IN THE CHAIR.

"That dentist says he won't make me yell."

"Don't you believe him?"

"I'd like to believe him; but why has he gone to shut the windows?"

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