HELPING THE DOCTOR

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH.

"Father and mother are going for two weeks, and if you can only come down we will have an awful time."

So wrote Miss Clara Joslyn to her city friend, Mis Irene Morton, and the promise of the "awful time" caused an appearance at the country seat.

The program as outlined by Miss Clara in her mind for the entertainment of her friend was:

Driving out with the pony and cart and having adventures. Going in swimming in the creek. Killing crabs along the same creek. Climbing up the hill back of the house and rolling down. Setting the dog on book agents and peddlers. Killing snakes down by the willows. Putting a frog in the gardener's bed.

There were a few other things on the program, but the above are sufficient to show that there were to be no dull hours.

"Now, girls, be as steady as old maids while we are gone," cautioned Mrs. Joslyn.

"We will."

"Aunt Jane is to have charge of the house."

"We will mind her like children."

"Don't get the telephone out of order, and don't set the house afire."

"We surely won't."

"If anything should happen—" began Mr. Joslyn as he turned back at the gate.

"But nothing can happen!"

The first thing on the program was a drive in the pony cart, and that drive was the beginning of heaps of things. They were not a mile from the house when they espied a lone man and horse and buggy coming towards them from the village.

"I am quite sure that is the new doctor," said Miss Clara. "Take a good look at him as we pass."

"What for?"

"They say that while he's a smart young man he isn't getting enough practice in the village to keep a cat alive."

"That's too bad. It may drive him to suicide."

"He doesn't know me, and I wonder if he will raise his hat?"

Dr. Phil Armour had put up his sign in the village of Greenbriar many weeks ago, but there had not been a single call for his services. The ailing ones said it was risky to trust themselves to a young practitioner. Dr. Armour was far from starving and he was feeding his horse oats three times a day, but he was ambitious and impatient. He knew the members of the Joslyn family by sight only, but when about to pass the pony cart he took the risk of raising his hat to the occupants and received two bows in return.

"Why, he's quite good-looking!" exclaimed Miss Irene when they passed.

"Yes!"

"But he had a mournful look."

"It struck me so."

"As if the world was against him?"

"Yes."

"I say that it's a shame that old doctors won't let young doctors catch on!"

"I think so, too."

There was silence for the next five minutes, and then it was Miss Irene who spoke.

"Look here, Clara, I'll tell you how we can have lots of fun, and help the doctor at the same time."

"Go ahead."

"When we get out of the cart at home we twist our ankles."

"We do!"

"You will twist your right one and I my left."

"I see."

"We hobble into the house. We groan. We telephone for Dr. Armour. He comes. It will be known all over the village that he has called here professionally."

"But what about the twisted ankles?" was asked.

"Oh, we'll tell him that it wasn't such a bad twist after all, and that we are using bandages of arnica or witch hazel.

"It'll be fun to see him come rushing in."

"But you are such a hand to giggle! I wouldn't have him think we were making game of him for any money."

"Oh, I'll keep my giggles between my teeth 'till he is gone."

The twists took place according to schedule. Aunt Jane was so completely hoodwinked that she got bandages and arnica and did the telephoning. When Dr. Armour arrived each young lady sat with her foot on a stool and there was a strong smell of arnica in the air.

"Is it a bad sprain?" was asked.

"Not so very," was answered in chorus.

'Bandaged up?"

"Yes."

"But I had best overhaul them. The bandage must give support to certain tendons or you may be lame for life."

"But Aunt Jane put the bandages on, and she's an old nurse."

"And yet may not know how to bandage properly."

The doctor sank down on one knee and began to unwind the bandage from Miss Clara's ankle. If she protested further she must admit the joke! When the flesh came into view the doctor looked wise and said:

"Bad sprain—very bad! You can't do any walking for a week! Good thing I removed the bandage."

Miss Irene suppressed a giggle and winked at Miss Clara.

"I find that the auricula was pressing against the calciferous, and that the bandage was wound too tightly across the effluent muscles. It is well that you didn't wait 'till morning."

Neither of the girls was up on anatomical terms, but they both had the same idea—that the doctor was having all the fun to himself, and it sobered them. When he had finished with the ankle of one he turned to that of the other. No swelling. No sign of a twist. He was either a fool-doctor or else he was meeting their fun more than half-way.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Miss Irene when he had departed.

"You said it would be such a joke!" accused Miss Clara.

"I ought to have giggled."

"If you had I'd have pushed you out of the window! And he's coming again in the morning! And he says we must hop around instead of walking! Aren't you a daisy of a marplot!"

"Did you understand his big words?"

"Not a one of them, nor he didn't, himself! I'll wager he has us going on crutches after tomorrow!"

But Providence came along to help the girls out. She did it by first bringing about almost a tragedy. As the victims were going up to their rooms for the night, hopping from stair to stair and giggling at every hop, Miss Clara lost her balance and fell backwards, and as she went she dragged her guest with her. When they brought up at the foot of the stairs one had her knee-cap out of place and the other a broken collarbone.

"Now you've done it!" shouted Aunt Jane as she rushed around in excitement. "I don't believe either one of you sprained your ankle! You were just making a fool of the doctor. I can't make out the girls of today."

"Well, here are two girls of today that want a doctor," replied Clara.

"The same one?"

"Oh, yes. He made such a quick cure of our ankles that we must give him this job!"

"What has happened?" asked the doctor, as he arrived an hour later.

"We have got over being funny! Say, doctor, we feel—"

"Never mind."

"We felt that—"

"There—there! If you talk it will bring on a fever."

The doctor had a practice within a month, but it was more than a year before he had Miss Clara Joslyn. She didn't exactly know whether she wanted to marry a doctor or not, but when convinced that she was liable to fall down stairs any day, she gave her hand. And when she wrote to Miss Irene about it the latter replied:

"You are all right, but where does my giggle come in?"

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ENGLAND HAS A NEW VICE

Drinking of Wood Alcohol Declared to Be a Growing Practice in That Country.

Every one knows the torture through which opium victims pass. Happily we are comparatively free from the scourge of this drug, yet we have on a considerable scale a vice which is as disastrous in its consequences, the Manchester Guardian asserts.

It is the drinking of menthylated spirits (wood alcohol), which makes maniacs of its worshipers, bringing before the tortured and fevered visions of its victims horrible specters which send men and women into fits of frenzied desperation.

The vice is rampant among the berry pickers of Scotland, and a police inspector stated that a third of the pickers were addicted to the practice.

Out of 200 cases, it was stated every third person had become drunk on menthylated spirits. The victims were men, women and girls in their 'teens.

A writer tells of the awful suffering of these people, having seen them rolling in agony and seized with terrible convulsions, mingling prayers with their shrieking curses. The devilish pictures in their mind force despairing yells and groans from these people, whose suffering cannot be told.

Like the fruit pickers who every year take the tragedy of their sordid lives from the worst parts of London into the gardens of England, the berry pickers are drawn from the most battered derelicts of humanity. Many of them have always been strangers to fortune and each night when they are paid, as is customary with this class of worker, there is an orgy somewhere.

Menthylated spirit drinking among the berry pickers is not new, and there is evidence that it is growing.

One woman, crawling to her work after a vile debauch said the spirit made her forget what she was.

Pioneer Tourist.

Thomas Pennant, whose famous library Lord Denbigh has just decided to sell, was the greatest pioneer of the tribe tourists, declares the London Chronicle. He discovered Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, taking with him a tame Welsh artist of genius to illustrate his travels. "I have had the hardihood," he wrote in 1771, "to venture on a journey to the remotest part of North Britain." So alluring was the account of his exploration that the country has ever since been inundated with southern visitors. Of Ireland he was able to make only an imperfect report, because of the "conviviality" of the people; and of the Isle of Man his impressions have perished. Pennant corresponded with Linnaeus and met Voltaire, whom he found to be a "master of English oaths."

See America First.

The Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle, is disappointed. In fact, he has been cheated. He went to Egypt and he found he would have to journey back to New York and up to the Bronx to see a crocodile. "When one has read all his life about the crocodiles of the Nile, he naturally wants to see one when he goes to Egypt," writes the preacher. "But there is not a crocodile visible along the Nile for a thousand miles from its mouth. I saw some mummied ones, but they had been dead too long to be interesting. The hippopotami are also conspicuous for their absence. We have more hippipotami in our Bronx zoological garden than I ever saw in the whole of Egypt."—New York Mail.

Question of Beauty.

"Don't you think a woman's appreciation of beauty is greater than a man's?"

"No," replied Mr. Growcher; "not if you judge by the dogs they make pets of."

Ruling Passion.

"Women certainly do make themselves ridiculous going crazy over battered up football players."

"But then women always did have a passion for remnants."

AT LUNCH OR PICNIC

DELICATE SANDWICHES THAT ARE EASILY PREPARED.

Oldtime Favorites, With Some That May Be New—Cheese Capable of Many Variations; and All Are Good.

Egg Sandwiches—Spread the bread slices with butter, then with good stiff mayonnaise or boiled dressing. Lay crisp, tender lettuce leaves on each slice and sliced hard-boiled egg, or egg scrambled with cheese between the lettuce, and press lightly together. Boiled egg chopped fine with sweet green pepper and mixed with mayonnaise and spread between lettuce leaves or shredded lettuce, is another idea.

Outing Favorite—To two tablespoonfuls of butter, creamed, add half a cup of grated or finely shaved American cheese, two or three boiled and mashed sardines, a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, dash of mustard and paprika, and half a small bottle of stuffed or ripe olives chopped fine. Season with salt to taste and spread between thinly buttered slices of bread.

Spanish Sandwich—Cut whole wheat bread in thin slices, butter lightly, spread with little made mustard, then a layer of cottage cheese, mixed with chopped ripe or green olives. Or mix the olives with mayonnaise and spread on one slice of the sandwich, and the cheese on the other.

Country Club Sandwich—Lay a crisp lettuce leaf on a thin slice of tomato, cut in four sections, and spread with mayonnaise. Lay on upper buttered slice of bread.

Cottage Cheese, Olive, and Horseradish—Rub into the cottage cheese a little grated American cheese and a few chopped olives. Then add enough fresh grated horseradish to give the paste a "nippiness" that is agreeable. Season with salt, and add enough cream or mayonnaise to make a paste to spread easily.

Ham Sandwich—A paste made of minced ham, little vinegar or sharp cider, in season, made mustard, mixed with grated horseradish and olive oil. A few chopped nasturtiums may take the place of the horseradish at this season.

Cheese Sandwiches—Of cheese sandwiches there is infinite variety. For plain picnic sandwich the most satisfactory form is to slice good rich American cheese about an eighth of an inch thick or not quite as thick as the bread slices; lay it on the buttered bread, sprinkle with salt and paprika, spread a little French mustard over it if for grown people, who would probably prefer Gruyere to American cheese.

Sliced baked apple and cheese make a sandwich that is good and wholesome for the children.

Grate any rich cheese and mix with butter, a little salt and paprika or mustard, and spread on the bread.

Fancy Towel.

An unusually handsome towel can be made of heavy linen huck and coronation crochet insertion. Procure a huck towel of the size desired (the insertion is rather too heavy for the small guest towel, with hemstitched ends. Cut one end off about an inch and a half above the hem. On the raw edge of the towel and on the raw edge of the piece cut off, make the narrowest possible hems by hand. The coronation crochet to be used is that beautiful lace made by crocheting coronation braid into a design with heavy crochet cotton. It is quite as effective as cluny. Join the two places of the towel, after they are each hemmed, by whipping on to both small hems the strip of insertion. Only one end of the towel should be ornamented in this fashion, the hemstitching being sufficient for the other end.

Cold Boiled Rice as Luncheon Dish.

Cold boiled rice can be used in a good luncheon or breakfast dish.

Butter a baking dish and put a layer of rice in it, then one of cheese, either grated or cut into little bits.

Sprinkle with salt and pepper, put in another layer of rice and cheese and cover the dish with bread crumbs.

Pour one-half cupful of rich milk or cream over the rice and bake for thirty minutes in a hot oven or until it is nicely browned.

Olives From Cherries.

Take the largest and firmest of Bing or Royal Anne cherries, and, after washing them, put them stems and all into a glass quart jar. Add two tablespoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and fill the jar with cold water. Seal tight, shake well and set away six weeks, when they will be ready for use. It might be well to nearly dissolve the salt in a little water before adding the vinegar.

Refinishing Easy.

A chest of drawers or an old cupboard that is in need of refinishing can be restored by the application of a coat or two of mahogany stain after the old paint or varnish has been removed. In place of the wood or brass handles to the drawers, substitute the little glass knobs that adorn real pieces of colonial furniture. The glass knobs cost merely a trifle and are easily screwed into place.

Bonnie Jean Cake.

Cream one-half cup of butter with one cup sugar, pour into this the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, one-half cup milk and add one and three-quarters cups of sifted flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half pound raisin, one-quarter pound citron. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and stir gently through the mixture. Bake in steady oven 45 minutes.

Brownies.

Cream one cup of sugar and half a cup of butter. Beat in two eggs. Add two squares of unsweetened chocolate that has been melted over hot water, half a cup of chopped nuts, and half a cup of flour. Spread over the bottom of a buttered pan and bake. Cut in thin strips when done.

GOOD USE FOR CRABAPPLE

Made Into Preserves to Serve With Cold Meat in Winter, There Is Nothing Nicer.

One peck of crabapples will make about six quarts. I use the regular glass fruit jars and my fruit is kept in a cellar, where there is a furnace, and never spoils. Fifty crabapples and five measuring cups of sugar, 1½ cups hot water, will just fill a quart jar and also a pint. I find it convenient to know about the number, as it saves time for me First wash and pick over fruit. Do not peel, but cut out blow end and stem, also any bad spots, put on sugar and water to slowly dissolve. When it is hot put in the desired quantity of fruit and cook till a silver fork will pierce easily, which will take about 20 to 30 minutes. Fill your jars while mixture is boiling hot, and cover tightly. I pick out any that may be bruised or specked and put them into spiced vinegar. For one quart take 1½ cups of sugar, one-half cup vinegar, one-half cup water, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoon cloves Dissolve sugar in vinegar, put in the spice and water when hot. Put in fruit and cook till it can be pierced by a fork. Can when hot. Nice to eat with cold meat.—Exchange.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

When you can not have an egg beater try using three forks instead of one.

A coat of clear varnish is a good thing to give straw matting before it is laid.

When cooking beef in a fireless cooker do not put salt on until the beef is done.

If fruits are canned as soon as they are picked there will be less loss by fermenting.

Let the white woodwork have plenty of sunshine. Too much shade makes it yellow.

To save both time and the cream in whipping it, whip cream in a pitcher instead of a bowl There is no chance of a spattering.

When a cloth dress becomes spotted sponge it with equal parts of hot water and turpentine. Iron the parts when dry over a damp cloth.

Pieces of old kid gloves are excellent for mending the back seam of children's shoes. Sew the patch neatly on the inside of the worn place.

To clean lacquered articles, brush with hot water and mild soap, wiping and drying before the fire and finishing with a soft cloth. Do not use alkali or soda. It will remove the lacquer.

Swinging Jardinieres.

Our Oriental friends seem to have solved the problem of the summer storm and the porch plants by using swinging jardinieres made of split bamboo and plaited grasses. We all know the havoc wrought among our beloved ferns by the sudden violent bursts of wind which come on hot summer days and come, seemingly, out of a clear sky, with scarcely a moment in which to shelter the cherished potted plants. These jardinieres of split bamboo hanging from the porch roof by strands of plaited grass just sway gently back and forth and by so doing allow the plants to accommodate themselves more readily to the gusts of wind, and so little damage results. Besides their usefulness, the beauty of these swinging jardinieres will appeal to any woman who has an eye for the artistic. They are almost the last word for prettiness for the porch fitted up with hanging screens and furniture of bamboo.

Bed Linen Economy.

It pays to turn sheets at the first sign of wear in the middle. It also pays to make sheets at home and to get a rather light-weight muslin, choosing exactly the same weight, for pillow cases. The unworn parts of sheets may then be made into pillow cases. The making of sheets and pillow cases is a trifling matter, and the saving on a single sheet is at least 20 cents, to say nothing of the fact that the quality of the muslin you buy is better than the average material used for ready-made bed linen. If you have linen sheets and pillow cases the saving is more marked. Aside from the comfort of sheets three yards long they were better as they are not torn or strained in the constant effort to pull them up.

Grease Extractor.

A grease extractor is a very useful thing to keep for removing stains from dresses. It can be made by beating together in a mortar one-quarter pound each of soft soap and fullers' earth. Form the paste into cakes and let them dry. When wanted for use, moisten the greasy spot with water, rub it with the cake and allow the latter to dry on. Then rub the spot with a sponge and warm water.

Towels Cleaned.

Dingy towels may frequently be restored to normal whiteness by putting in a kettle of cold water, adding white soap shavings and lemon juice and letting come slowly to a boil. Rinse in tepid water, then blue water and hang in the sun.

Ochre In Starch.

To keep the color of ecru lace when washing it, add a little yellow ochre oil paint to the starch. Mix a small amount of the ochre with boiling water and add it to the starch, or to the last rinsing water if starch is not used.

To Renovate Leather.

For renovating mildew on leather, I find the following is very good: Use a piece of flannel with a little vaseline and rub the mildewed parts.

To Keep Dinner Hot.

Cover the food closely with a tin and set it over a basin of hot water. This keeps the food hot and at the same time prevents it from drying.

Policies.

"Have you outlined your policy to your constituents?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "I am still looking over the policies my constituents have outlined to me, trying to decide on which I had better select."—Washington Star.

ECZEMA ON HEAD AND FACE

Reedy, W. Va.—"My baby boy when three weeks old took the eczema on the head and face. It broke out in pimples and first they looked like blisters and a yellow water would run from them. His head was perfectly raw and his hair was all gone. Everybody said he would never have any more hair. As the sores spread his hair came out. The breaking out itched so badly that we had to keep gloves on his hands to keep him from scratching his head and face. It caused disfigurement. He couldn't rest at night it burned and itched so badly.

"He was treated for eight months and he got worse all the time. So I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In two months he was completely cured after using the Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) G. A. Dye, Jan. 7, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Everything Relative.

Madge—This summer seems to be much cooler than last.

Marjorie—You must remember, dear, that you're not wearing so many clothes.—Judge.

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Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

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If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from the factory. Shoes for every member of the family, at all prices, by Parcel Post, postage free. Write for Illustrated Catalog. It will show you how to order by mail, and why you can save money on your footwear.

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CAUTION! See that W. L. Douglas name is stamped on the bottom.

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NO PART OF GIRL'S DOWER

Information That Probably Did Much to Check Infatuation of Love-Sick Youth.

Young Tom Toote was spending a holiday in the country, and had been invited to the beautiful home of a sweet young thing named Agnes.

"What a charming place!" he said enthusiastically to Agnes' proud paternal parent. "Does it go as far as those woods over there?"

"It does," remarked the somewhat unsympathetic P. P. P.

"Ah," said Tom, still cheerily, "and to that old stone wall over there, sir?"

"It does," came the gruff answer; "and it goes as far as the river on the south, and to the main road on the north."

"Beautiful!" put in Tom.

"Yes," went on the old man; "but it doesn't go with Aggie!"

Then Tom faded painfully from view.

Difference of Opinion.

"I like to see a young fellow settling down."

"I would rather see him settling up?"

Her Capacity.

"A waitress is born to the work."

"How so?"

"Isn't she maid to order?"

Father's Plan.

It was in a suburban town and the good minister had taken his class of boys on a little picnic out in the woods.

Each was supplied with a basket of fruit and sandwiches, and as they sat down in a picturesque spot to appease their sharpened appetites, the minister asked:

"Now, boys, what is the best and most appropriate time to thank the Lord?"

The boys looked at each other in silent questioning.

"What does your father do when he sits down to his meals?"

One of the lads, a little red-haired chap, promptly answered:

"Cuss the cook."

Merely a Small Matter.

The conductor came into the smoker mad and wanted to know who had been spitting on the car floor.

A big prize fighter said he had, and wanted to know what the conductor was going to do about it.

The conductor said he wasn't going to do anything. He just wanted to borrow a chew of tobacco.

New Name for Golf.

Farmer Foddershucks — Haow do them summer boarders of yourn keep busy?

Reuben Robbins—They play golf.

F. F.—What is that?

R. R.—'S near's I kin figger, it's solitaire shinny.—Burlington Free Press.

CHICKEN, AND AGAIN CHICKEN

Confederate Veteran Has His Own Ideas of What Should Constitute a Perfect Menu.

"Speaking of fried chicken, hot biscuit, and peach cobbler," said the Confederate veteran, "you may recall Gen. Robert E. Lee's famous dictum:

"'Bring me fried chicken. Not one fried chicken, not two fried chickens. Just fried chicken—unlimited fried chicken.'

"Corn fritters and sweet potatoes are a part of fried chicken in my opinion.

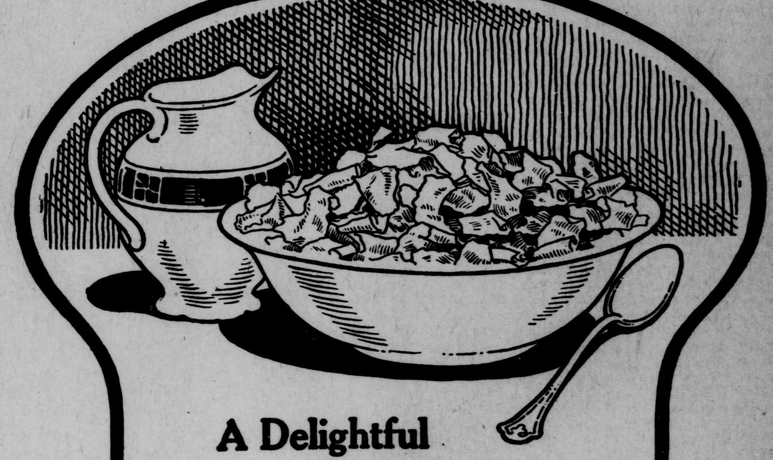
"Some people lay great stress on the hot biscuit casualty list, but I am willing to take two dozen risks at a sitting in case the biscuit is small, flaky, white inside like snow, hot, with plenty of firm, prime butter.

"Peach cobbler is best served in a soup bowl, and it should nearly fill the bowl. There should be always a pitcher of sauce flavored with vanilla, wine, and highly sweetened.

"The sauce never has enough wine in it. To overcome this defect pour a quantity of the sauce over the cobbler and then add a wine glass full of old Burgundy.

"O, yum!"

In case you fail to put your best foot forward when you have a chance you may feel like using it to kick yourself later.



A Delightful Treat

Post Toasties

and cream

Dainty, delicious morsels of white Indian corn, toasted to a delicate brown. An appetizing dish served with cream or crushed fruit.

"Toasties" are ready to eat direct from package—Breakfast, lunch or supper—Enjoyed by old and young, and

"The Memory Lingers"

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