

THEY WANTED A DOG

But Got a Baby Which Beats the Best Canine Living.

By C. B. CRAWFORD.

They were a lonely old couple. Seth Earl was sixty and his wife, Ada, fifty-five. If they had had children living they could have faced the future more hopefully. But the loneliness that had always encompassed them since their only boy, Arthur, had died in babyhood, seemed to be closing in around them more tightly from day to day, like a tangible thing.

They owned their house in the village and Earl's penion from the corporation that had employed him for 30 years, small though it was, provided them with the necessities of life. Since Earl had retired he had mooned aimlessly about the garden plot. He had always looked forward to his long holiday, to a life of leisure case, and now life seemed to offer nothing.

Once, five years before, they had discussed adopting a child. But Seth had never returned to the subject. The look upon his wife's face harrowed him, and he knew that no child could ever take the place of their little boy whose photograph was the only picture in the neat little parlor.

"I guess I'm too old to start caring for a child now, Seth," said his wife. Besides, we'd be in our graves, as like as not, before it was grown old enough to shift for itself."

Both of them had always been somewhat afraid of life, and both shrank from new enterprises. The narrow round of their days had become a rut along which they traveled aimlessly.

"If only I had something, if only a dog," he said to himself. "That would be company. He'd come to wake me mornings, barking and wagging his tail, and then what walks we'd have together. Well, why not? Why shouldn't I have a dog? Other men have one."

As he expected, Ada offered strong opposition to the suggestion. But Seth was insistent over his tremendous plan, and gradually his enthusiasm won his wife over.

"He'd muss up the house and scratch things," she protested. "But

wife. "You'd think it might be babies they were giving away instead of dogs. I reckon," she added thoughtfully, "she must be one of those unfortunate."

"Well, I suppose we'll just have to give up thinking about a dog," answered her husband gloomily.

"Now, isn't that just like you, Seth?" replied his wife. "The moment a trifle happens to upset your plans you want to give up. You promised me a dog and a dog I'm going to have."

Seth looked at his variable wife in amazement. "But I thought, you didn't like the idea of getting a dog, Ada," he said.

"I did and I didn't. When you first spoke about getting a dog naturally I was scared a little. But I've been thinking it over since and—O, Seth, I want a dog as much as you and more," she sobbed.

Her husband drew her to him tenderly. Her old gray head rested upon his shoulder. He knew it was the instinct of motherhood within her that had provoked her grief. At last she dabbed her handkerchief to her eyes and smiled at him.

"Ada, my dear, you're going to have your dog, and the finest in the land," he said, "even if it takes the last penny of our savings."

"But it's not going to cost a penny," Seth said. "Because I'm going into town tomorrow and—and—I'm going to bring back our dog."

Seth Earl put his wife aboard the train next morning. He was to do the housework that day, while she was gone upon their errand. And as the hours rolled by he, too, was overtaken by the same impatience that had overcome his wife on the preceding day, and he, too, found himself dusting the furniture and straightening the chairs as though a human occupant were expected. And when at last he heard a tinkle at the bell he could hardly open the door, he felt so shaken.

Ada stood at the door, a basket in her arms, and her eyes were bright with happiness, and the look on her face was almost like that she had worn on their wedding day. She entered and set the basket down.

"Let me see him," cried Seth, as she began to unfasten the blanket that covered it. "Is it a fox-terrier, Ada? It must be a puppy."

He jumped as a child's feeble wall came to his ears and looked at his wife in terror as, with motherly fingers, she pinned back the coverings, disclosing a fine baby boy.

"You goose," said Ada softly. "That was the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children you sent me to. And when I saw the babies lying in their little cots all in a row I wanted to take them all—and—"

"I wish you had, dear," answered her husband ecstatically. "This beats the best dog living."

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PLOW DEvised BY ABRAHAM

University of Pennsylvania Has Picture of Probably First Machine of Its Kind.

The University of Pennsylvania has just discovered that it owns what is believed to be the first picture of the plow invented by Abraham centuries ago. According to the Egyptologists at the museum, their translations of the hieroglyphs show that Abraham was the progenitor of the harvester trust.

While plows undoubtedly were used before the time of this invention, the Abraham plow is a combination seed and planter, and, according to the inscription on the picture, three men were necessary to operate it.

The picture was made upon a Babylonian brick, which was the custom in those days. The apparatus had a tube-like attachment, into which the seeds were poured. A vessel above the ground facing the frame of the plow was used as a receptacle for the seed, and then the harrow was attached to the back of the plow.

The Babylonians sowed and tilled according to Abraham's commands, and with his invention they feared neither the ravens nor any other birds that devoured their grain.

Royal Widow's Woes.

Poor old Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, is again called upon to use his kindly offices by another distressed lady who desires the approval of the pope to the divorce recently granted to her by the civil courts. The lady is the Archduchess Isabella, who married Prince George of Bavaria, a union that was but for a day. Plus X has ratified the legal decisions, but has ordered as a penance for the lady that for six months she shall remain retired in the Red Cross convent and minister to the sick. The archduchess finds this prescription of the pope altogether too severe, as she desires to attend the wedding of her cousin, the prince of Croix, with Miss Nancy Leischman, daughter of the United States minister to Berlin. In the meantime Francis Joseph will do what he can to relieve the lady of the discipline inflicted by the church.

London and Its Lumber.

London is the most conservative city in Europe, if not in the world. It loves its lumber. You may still see those notices attached to lamp posts which announce "Standing for Four Hackney Carriages," or whatever the number may be, though for ten years (in one case, to my own knowledge, for 25) no vehicles of any kind have stood there. Perhaps it is as well that these relics should remain; they are a tiny part of our social history. They will probably remain when we are flying to dinner or the theater in omnibuses. By that time people won't know what "hackney carriage" meant, and there will be discussions in the "Notes and Queries" of the period. For each generation hands down to the next certain nuts to crack.—London Chronicle.

Like the Rest of Mankind.

"Well, Harry," said the visitor, playfully, "what are you doing for a living now?"

"Why," replied the little fellow, solemnly, "I do just the same as you do—I eat."

NAP LAJOIE THINKS JOHNSON IS BEST



Walter Johnson of Washington.

Walter Johnson is far and away a better pitcher than Joe Wood, or any other pitcher in the American league," declared Larry Lajoie, than whom there could scarcely be a better judge of pitching. "Johnson simply has so much stuff and speed that if he turned loose his hardest throw with his stuff on, no catcher could get down in time to receive the ball.

"Every ball he throws has stuff on it. Some of the hops his fast ones take are bigger curves than the biggest average pitcher has. I've seen him throw balls up to the plate that didn't look larger than a pin-head. Wood is a good pitcher, all right, but he is simply not, in Johnson's class, nor is anybody else.

Wood broke into the league from Kansas City against us in 1908, in Boston. There was a little house in center field, and we had about seven men who were hitting .300.

"Wow! What a reception he got! First we'd knock a brick out of the chimney, then a few shingles off the roof, then we'd batter a window pane. "Nobody ever did anything like that to Johnson, and never will. When a fellow is coaching off first when he's pitching, it's next to impossible to see his fast one. If he didn't have good control, he would kill so many batters he would be barred from the league. He'd wreck every club he pitched against. There's next to no chance to duck or back away from his delivery.

"Almost any time you get a hit off Johnson don't figure that you're smart. Just figure it that you're lucky; lucky that you happen to make that blind swing in the spot where the ball came. If all the pitchers in the league were like Johnson the pitcher's box would have to be placed at second base so one club could get a run without the game going into extra innings."

MANAGER STAHL IS DEPOSED

According to Rumor George Stovall and Joe Birmingham Are Also Slated to Be Let Down.

The release of Jake Stahl as manager of the Boston Red Sox, the present world's champions, was a big jolt to the baseball world. It had been rumored that trouble was brewing between Stahl and McAleer, but both had denied these reports.

That Stahl was reported to step aside was due to his own action, and was not caused by any previous misunderstandings by the pair, it was learned from a trustworthy source.

Stahl voluntarily went to McAleer and asked him whether he was to manage the Boston team next year. "Not unless you are able to play first base," replied McAleer. Stahl then told the Boston president that he was averse to continuing as manager unless he was to lead the team next season.

"In that event you had better resign," McAleer said to Stahl. Manager Stahl said he wouldn't resign under any circumstances, and thereupon the head of the Red Sox deposed him as manager and appointed Catcher Bill Carrigan to take charge of the team.

That other managerial heads in the American league will fail is not unlikely. Rumor has fastened on two in the persons of George Stovall and Joe Birmingham. The Ferguson incident, when Stovall was suspended, brought the ax very near to Brother George, but back of that were reasons that were not made public at the time and have not been.

The three games taken from Detroit Stovall managed more than a little, for it was the position of the team and



Jake Stahl.

the way that it was going that weighed more than anything else with the owner. Ban Johnson has never been friendly to Stovall nor has George held the most cordial feelings of good will toward the president of the league. Stovall did not better his position by openly siding with the striking Tigers a year ago, and it was freely predicted at the time that he had forfeited his chances of managing the Browns. This did not prove to be the case, but he certainly did not endear himself to Big Ban.

Birmingham's trouble is that he has made the Naps too aggressive. In his efforts to put fighting in the team he has overdone the thing, but now promises to work with his foot on the soft pedal so that all may still be well.

Thieving His Forte.

Hap Meyers has done much to lift the Boston team from last place in the National league, because of daring on the bases. Meyers is a very weak hitter, drawing only a .224 average, but is leading the league in base stealing. Were he to hit above .300 his chances to pilfer would be greater on account of getting on first oftener. Meyers stole 115 bases in the Northwestern circuit last year and is undoubtedly the fastest youngster to break under the big tent this year.

Hedges is Optimistic.

Bob Hedges, owner of the St. Louis Americans, says the Tigers have no license to finish ahead of the Browns. "Stovall's men ought to be ashamed of themselves if they cannot climb above Detroit," he adds, "but I am going to leave the team in George's hands to see what he can do."

High-Priced Twirler.

Walter Johnson, the great right hander of the Washington Americans, is going to be the highest priced twirler in baseball next season, according to the dope. His contract now calls for \$7,000, but he has announced that with his expiration he will demand \$16,000.

Amusement for Fans.

On one of the "white suit days" it was so hot that Umpires Hildebrand and O'Loughlin had to take off their coats. All of which disclosed a pair of sleeve garters on Hildebrand and suspenders on O'Loughlin, greatly to the amusement of the crowd.

Rath's Unique Record.

Morris Rath has a most unique record. The White Sox second sacker has made only one extra base hit this season. He has played in seventy games, has been at bat close to 300 times, yet his longest wallop was a two-bagger.

Good Finisher.

Packard of the Reds is surely an odd pitcher or in odd luck. He can finish games in splendid style, but when he is picked to start a game they drum on him till the hits echo all over the park.



STARTED WITH WRONG IDEA

Author Realizes That He Missed Much of Life by Failure to Be His Natural Self.

David Grayson, writing a new Adventure in Contentment in the American Magazine, says:

"It's a great thing to wear shabby clothes and an old hat! Some of the best things I have ever known, like those experiences of the streets, have resulted from coming up to life from underneath; of being taken for less than I am, rather than for more than I am.

"I did not always believe in this doctrine. For many years—the years before I was rightly born into this alluring world—I tried to turn the opposite course. I was constantly attempting to come down to life from above. Instead of being content to carry through life a sufficiently wonderful being named David Grayson, I tried desperately to set up and support a sort of dummy creature which so clad, so housed, so fed, should appear to be what I thought David Grayson ought to appear in the eyes of the world. Oh, I spent quite a lifetime trying to satisfy other people!

Right-Handed Plants. That there are right-handed plants and left-handed plants has been reported to the Cambridge (England) Philosophical society by R. L. Compton. In an examination of eight varieties of two-rowed barley the first leaf was found to twist to the left in 53 per cent of more than 12,000 seedlings, and an excess of left-handed growth was found also in millet and in oats. In corn there seemed to be no marked tendency either way. No evidence of hereditary peculiarity appears to have been obtained and no special significance of the results is pointed out.

The Reason.

"The vulture would do nicely for a religious man's pet, wouldn't it?" "Great Scott! Why?" "Because it is a bird of prey."

Their Fitness.

"Talking about police shoes—" "What about them?" "I wonder if they are all copper-toes?"

Suited to the Case.

"Why does Jobberly call his stout wife his handling?" "I suppose it is because he induced her to bat."

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TANGO

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ONE ON THE UMPIRE.

American league players were grinning at the trick played by Jimmy Callahan at Chicago. Callahan does not like the umpires, particularly Umpire Hildebrand. As a result, when it came time to give the arbitrators the official batting order, Callahan sent Acting Manager Gleason out to the plate with a Chinese laundry slip, containing nothing but a row of Chinese hieroglyphics.

"What's that?" asked Hildebrand.

"Our batting order," replied Gleason.

"The league rules do not say that it shall be written in English."

"Turning his back, he hustled back to the bench, leaving Hildebrand standing there, dumfounded, with a laundry slip in his hand.

HERZOG IS A HARD SLUGGER

Stick Work With the Giants in World's Series Last Fall Attracted Attention in Sport Circles.

Charles Lincoln Herzog, infielder of the New York Giants, was born in Baltimore July 9, 1885. He began his baseball career at the University of Maryland in 1904, and for two years played shortstop on the college nine. In 1906 he managed a semi-professional team in Ridley, Md. One of his players was "Home Run" Baker, who now shines with the Athletics. The next season Herzog joined the professional ranks, playing with York and Reading in the



Charles Lincoln Herzog.

Tri-State league. He signed with the Giants in 1908 and remained a member of McGraw's team until traded to Boston in 1910. Owing to dissensions among the players the Boston club sent Herzog back to the Giants in return for Al Bridwell and Hank Gawdy. Since returning to New York Herzog has played great ball. His heavy hitting in the world's series last fall attracted wide attention.

Batting Combination.

The Cobb-Jackson batting contest for the supremacy of the American league, is developing rapidly into a Cobb-Jackson-Speaker affair. Joe is in the lead a few points ahead of Tyrus, but Tris is visible in the offing, padding up nearer almost every day.

Shettline is Optimistic.

Secretary Shettline of the Phillies, who has been on the circuit as long as anyone can remember, says the Phillies are a real team and will win the flag.

Here's Walter Johnson

Washington "Nationals" (American League) one of the speediest pitchers of either of the big leagues—he

Drinks Coca-Cola

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