

Lim Bucklin on Dogs

By Opie Read

A bird hunter, having become enraged at his dog, seized him by the collar, snatched up a stick and administered to him an unmerciful beating. On the fence not far away sat old Lim Bucklin, and he called to the hunter: "By the way, when you get through with that dog, and if you ain't in too big a hurry to go somewhere else, I'd like to say something to you. I have an idea that it may do you good."

"I don't know that I've got any too much time for you, old man," the hunter replied.

"Well, I didn't ask for too much time. It won't take me long to tell you what I think."

The hunter came slowly forward, and at the same time two of his companions, having overheard what had been said, came out of the corn field and, speaking pleasantly to the old man, waited for him to proceed with their friend. The dog, true to the instincts of his generous race, came up to renew his promises of eternal fidelity.

"What is it you want with me?" the hunter inquired. "As I said before, I haven't got much time."

"Ah, ha," replied the old man, "but you've got the time to quit your business whatever it may be and to come over here and to hunt on my land without ever havin' asked for the permission."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't know this was your land."

"Yes, that's the trouble with such fellows as you are—you never know. However, I don't mind your huntin' on my land, but as long as I pay taxes on it you shan't beat your dog on it. Don't be impatient, now, and listen a minute to what I've got to say. I don't set myself up as a lecturer, you understand, but once in a while I drop into a talk, if the occasion brings it up, and the occasion happens to do so just at present. Why did you beat the dog?"

"Finished a bird when he had no business to."

"It come out of his eagerness and his enthusiasm I reckon. And while he was a workin' for you, too. Some times you get so excited that you shoot too quick, don't you? Ah, ha, I'll bet you do. But you lay it to the keenness of your blood and don't look on it as a crime. But you think that your dog ought to have more self-control and a readier exercise of reason than you've got. And, as a general thing, I bet he has."

"He's putting it on you, Jim," said one of the companions. "Go ahead, old man, we'll make him take it."

"Oh, there ain't much to take—just a little talk that may not do him any harm. Every man knows that he ought

not to be cruel to an animal, but sometimes we know a thing so well that we forget it. Some men have passed all their lives lookin' for a big truth and have overlooked all of the little ones. I just want to ask you this: What has that dog got to look forward to except to please you? In the one of your voice he finds the color of life—dark or light. When you frown it is cloudy weather for him; when you smile it doesn't make any difference to him how the rain pours or how the snow flies. He is ready to go with you. The night can't be too dark nor the wind too bitin'. When you want to go out the most cheerful fire would be uncomfortable for him. Talk about the influence of a man in his family! Talk about ownership! Why, you own the dog's body and his soul. The Bible teaches us to forgive, and in this dog is more religious than man. You may say that this comes through fear, but the dog is not afraid to give his life for you; and I don't want to hurt your feelings here on my own land, but I've always noticed that the feller that will beat a dog will cheat a man if he gets a right good chance."

"Look here, old fellow, you may be going too far. I never cheated a man in my life."

"And I was goin' to add that the man that would beat a dog would also lie—if you give him the chance," said the old man.

"What, and you mean that you have given me the chance?"

The companions began to laugh and old Limuel quietly chuckled. "Well, I'm liberal enough to give a man all sorts of a chance he may be lookin' for. By the way, what's your business?"

"I run a coal yard."

"Sell coal. Now that can be made as honest a business as any in the world. But don't you sometimes guess at the weight of a ton?"

"Well, not exactly guess at it. I've been in the business so long that I can come pretty close to a ton by lookin' at it."

"Then you guess at it; and did you ever know one of those close guessers to guess on the wrong side? It's like the man that makes a mistake in givin' change—usually makes it in his own favor. This may be honest, you know—makin' a mistake in your own favor—but it comes out of an underlyin' principle of selfishness. And, before I forget it, let me say that I've always noticed that the feller that beats a dog is one likely in a perfectly honest way to short-change you."

"A man may be honest as to dollars and cents and at the same time cruel.

I knew a man who always paid his debts, but who beat his wife. Honesty and gentleness are not always companions. But the cruelty that applies to the dog seems to be different from any other sort. When the dog sees by your countenance or understands from your voice that he has done wrong he throws himself completely on your mercy, and if in his struggles to get away he should bite your hand, the greatest favor you can grant him is to permit him to lick the wound. Just look at that dog now. No man in the hot sun ever thirsted for water more than he thirsts for a kind word from you."

"I was readin' in a book where an old man says to a king: 'You can shorten all my days, but you can't grant me one hour of life.' Over this dog you've got more power than that, for with a word you can kill his soul or bring it to life. You may argue that a dog hasn't got a soul, but when a man is possessed in a full degree of the very qualities exhibited daily by the average dog we speak of the development of his soul. Dogs fight over a bone. Men fight over money. A dog is deceitful in order that he may be more pleasant in the eyes of his master."

"A dog is the only thing that glorifies his slavery. A boss works for what he eats. He's always got his mind on the stable. A dog works to give pleasure to his master. He is the only animal that enjoys a joke because the man does. He studies a man so close that he is a mind reader. When you get up of a mornin' he knows your temper the moment he sets eyes on you. Old man Cartwright out here declared that his dog knew in a moment when he had professed religion; and Cartwright told me, says he: 'The dog quit chasin' rabbits on Sunday, after this. He'd walk about the yard as solemn as any presidin' elder you ever saw, but the minute I cussed a cow and lost my religion, one Sunday, why the dog he jumped over the fence and started out trackin' a rabbit.' Well, make friends with your truest friend there, and go ahead."

The dog was listening. The hunter turned toward him and smiled. The grateful animal leaped forward with his eyes beaming, strove to embrace his master, and then, with new spirit, sprang over the fence to take up his neglected work. "Old Gentlemen," said the hunter, "I'm not as bad a fellow as you think I am."

"Oh, I guess you're all right, but you are so bent on your own enjoyment that you don't think enough of others, and I want to say that dogs are others."

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DO AWAY WITH DOUBLE CHIN

Exercises and Applications That Will Strengthen the Muscles Which Restore Good Appearance.

Double chins are of various kinds. There is the chin which is simply too fat. Then there is the double chin which is caused by the shortness of the neck and the habit of carrying the chin too low. And again, there is the chin which merely looks double because of a faulty dress, as by wearing collars too tight.

The neckless calls attention to the double chin. Before putting on a necklace the woman with a fat chin should massage it downward. She should take the palm of her hand and stroke the tip of her chin with a vigorous stroke.

Then she should rub right down from the end of the chin to the dip in the throat.

Alcohol strengthens the muscles of the neck. Dash your throat with alcohol and massage it downward. Another excellent massage for removing the double chin is the ice massage. Press the ice securely upon the flesh and massage down. A dozen treatments will cure the worst case imaginable.

The throat of the young girl is slim and her head sits upon her neck as upon a pedestal. Her shoulders are sloping and her whole appearance is a study in curves; her neck is but a stem which supports her head. But as she grows older the throat thickens from neglect, the curved chin becomes square and under the chin there come rolls of flesh, and this stage marks the old woman.

A stringy chin can be hardened by slapping it with cologne water. The slapping should take place at night and the hand should be filled with the perfume and spatted on the neck.

A chin that is high does not look so fat as the chin that is snuggled down in the neck. Lift your chin, twist your head, throw it back until the collar rests upon your shoulders, and you will get some idea of neck and chin exercise.

Dancing is the best exercise for a double chin. The head is thrown to one side and the neck is made supple. The Spanish dances and the so-called skirt dances are good for the exercise of the neck muscles.

An exercise practiced by actresses is that of touching the ear to the shoulder. Each day the ear is rubbed upon the shoulder half a dozen times in quick succession until the neck is supple.

You should be able to span your throat with your thumbs and first fingers. Touch your thumbs together under your chin, and if your throat is in proportion to your size your forefingers will just meet at the back.

BEST GARMENTS FOR THE BABY

Overdressing is in the Worst of Bad Taste—Simplicity and Comfort Things Always to Be Considered.

Sewing for the baby demands the very best efforts of the practiced needlewoman. It calls for her finest stitches in seam and hem and tuck, her most exclusive taste in the selection of dainty trimmings and her best of good sense in designing clothes with a view to comfort and convenience to the small wearer.

To be overdressed is an acknowledged breach of good taste, and an innocent baby, burdened with long and heavy clothes, which in their turn are laden with elaborate and weighty trimmings, is an object worthy of the pitying consideration of those kind-hearted people whose vocation it is to protect helpless infants from inhuman treatment.

Some babies—and this is in the very best families—wear slips, to the exclusion of dresses, the latter being reserved for "ceremonious" occasions, such as a christening.

A good all-round material for babies' slips is English nainsook. It is soft and pliable, launders prettily and wears well. A very good quality can be bought for 25 cents the yard (a trifle cheaper by the piece).

There comes a finer quality, as well as a less expensive one, but the grade quoted above is good for general wear.

The petticoats may be made of English nainsook, and this material is quite suitable, too, for dresses.

Fine longcloth is sometimes used for slips and petticoats.

Ideal material for the christening robe is handkerchief linen. Batiste is charming and so is French nainsook.

The most appropriate trimming for baby clothes is hand embroidery in the simplest of designs and a little lace fine in quality and pattern.

Hemstitching or feather-stitching is sufficient adornment for the simple clothes. Join the seams with entreeux when practical.

Flannel or outing flannel makes nice little "nighties" for cold nights. Silk and wool flannel is more satisfactory than all wool, as it does not shrink with the many necessary washings.

Cashmere is good for the cloak, and silk may be used. For summer there are lingerie cloaks with a lining of India silk to add warmth. These have the double advantage of being daintily attractive and at the same time washable.

Caps may be of muslin or silk.

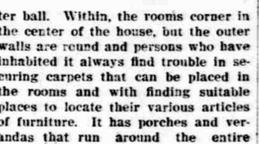
Great care should be taken that the wee baby is neither inconvenienced nor hurt by buttons or pins. One young mother kept her sewing basket beside the baby basket. Each morning she sewed Mr. Baby up in his clothes and each night she ripped him out.

HOUSE IS BUILT ROUND.

Residence of Peculiar Architecture to Please Neighbors.

Guthrie, Okla.—Visitors in this city are always interested in a residence of peculiar architecture, located in West Guthrie, and few people come here who do not take a look at this house before leaving. Local photographers state they finish more kodak pictures of this residence than of any other one point of interest in this locality. It is commonly referred to as "the round house," "the house with the pin on it," and "the wonder house."

It is a pagoda looking affair, of several stories, built as round as a baseball.



"Round House" at Guthrie, Okla.

ter hall. Within, the rooms corner in the center of the house, but the outer walls are round and persons who have inhabited it always find trouble in securing carpets that can be placed in the rooms and with finding suitable places to locate their various articles of furniture. It has porches and verandas that run around the entire house.

When Charles Babcock came to Guthrie at the opening of "Old" Oklahoma in 1889, there were but few residences in that portion of the city where he purchased a lot. It so happened, too, that what few residences were in that vicinity surrounded his place—houses to the east and west, north and south of him.

Naturally, when the town was still young, there was much speculation among the other residents regarding the manner of architecture Mr. Babcock would adopt in building his new home, and each of his immediate neighbors made the demand that, whatever the architecture, the house should face in his particular direction.

"They were all mighty nice people," said Babcock recently in explaining why he had built the round house, "and not desiring to disappoint any of my neighbors, I just concluded to build it round, so that it would face in all directions. They were all so determined about what direction it should face that afterward I had the laugh on them all by making it face in all directions. I found it very comfortable to live in, for it made no difference during the summer time from what direction the wind was blowing I always got the benefit, while oftentimes my neighbors were suffering with heat."

Mr. Babcock denied the report, current here for some time, that in his earlier years he had been in the navy and that he had designed his residence after the coming tower of some ship he had served on. He is a native of Wisconsin and learned the blacksmith trade in Milwaukee a good many years ago. Later he resided in both St. Louis and Kansas City prior to coming to Guthrie.

While a resident here Mr. Babcock served several terms in the city council and resigned in 1901 to take a claim in the Kiowa and Comanche Indian country, then opening for settlement. He still owns his "round house" in Guthrie.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

Denver, Colo.

LOW RATES NOW IN EFFECT

ROUND TRIP

\$17.50

From Omaha, Neb., TO DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, and PUEBLO VIA UNION PACIFIC

SHORT LINE

Denver to Yellowstone Park

New and Scenic Route, THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A. Omaha, Nebr.

Wrist Bones Show Age.

A Boston physician is authority for the statement that an invariable indication of a child's age is the condition of the bones of the wrist, as shown by an X-ray examination. He is now examining school children in blocks of 500 by his new system.

Can't Change Himself.

A woman can follow the style that makes herself a fright and which makes somebody else handsome. So long as it is the style, it goes. But she cannot change herself, and that is the thing over which the criticising man wants to rejoice.—Manchester Union.

Anything to Oblige.

Farmer: "Have you seen my bull?" Golfer: "Gracious me! Not where is he?" Farmer: "That's just it; he's got loose, and we want to find him. So if you meet him, you might just keep on that there red coat o' yours and run this way!"

Temple of Serpents.

The small town of Werdia, in the Kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its temple of serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upward of 1,000 serpents of all sizes. These they feed with birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

"Esq."

The term "esquire" is now at a discount among all men of rank and sense. Nobody seems to care a rushlight about it except barbers, tailors, apprentices and clerks on small salaries.

Tribute to Good Nature.

Good nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Substitute for Bucket.

When it is necessary to carry water and a bucket is not available, take a basket and cover its interior with a piece of cheap table oilcloth. Not a drop of water will be wasted.

One Should Be Enough.

A scientist declares that the brain presents unanswerable problems. Not the least of these is the question why any man wants to be a bigamist.—Cleveland Leader.

Queer Idea of Happiness.

It is the misfortune of the bachelor that he has no one to tell him frankly his faults; but the husband has this happiness.—Jean Paul Richter.

Actions More Than Words.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—Lowell.

Sin Against Light.

It is no disgrace to be mistaken; it is a crime to be a hypocrite. That is the sin against light—the worst of all.—John Oliver Hobbs.

Cum Grano Salis.

Never believe a man to be clever on the authority of any of his acquaintances. These reputed geniuses are nearly always blockheads.

Muskkrat Coats.

The skin of muskrats is largely made use of in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of fur coats.

Tin from Malay States.

The federated Malay states produce 60 per cent of the world's production of tin.

Sadness in Memory.

Tennyson: Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

I've Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

HAVE often wondered what would happen if some of the ladies who unblushingly meet our gaze in the advertising sections of our magazines, and who dress no more warmly in winter than in summer, were to invade the body of their respective publications.

I think that there would be a general rush for tall timber on the part of the self-respecting heroes and heroines and general utility men of the stories, because the standard of proper dressing is very different in the first 100 pages of the magazine from what it is in the remaining 250.

In the matter of language I think that the general average is higher in the advertising sections, because dialect is practically unknown there, but the way the ladies (don't) dress would be enough to cause a flutter in the pages of the most unconventional story that one could find in a reputable magazine.

No one ever seems to be shocked at seeing ladies walking around in the advertising section in patent underwear, and perhaps no one ought to be shocked—unless it is bachelors—but suppose you read in a serial of Howells that "Anna Hamlin was in no danger from pneumonia because she always wore common-sense wearing apparel underneath that which is visible to the outer world" (see how carefully one has to express himself in the body of a magazine?) and a picture of Miss Hamlin were inserted at that place, one taken from the advertising section and with which the whole reading public is familiar. What a chorus of indignant protests would go up from outraged readers at the vulgarization of the magazine.

I tell you that circumstances will continue to alter cases whenever they can—that's what circumstances are for; and if an impudent young hussy strays in from the advertising pages and dares to stand for Anna Hamlin she will be shown her place at once, because the American public will not stand for anything vulgar.

No, indeed! What would happen if another leading novelist said in the course of his serial "that Grace Hastings attributed her good health to the fact that she always took a cold bath every morning," and the art editor in order to save expense put in that familiar cut of a lady bathing in the Jenkins' portable celluloid bath tub?

Why, Anthony Comstock would foam at the mouth. And rightly so. But we are all so grateful at the absence of dialect in the advertising sections of our magazines that we let that lady stand in her tub throughout the 12 months without uttering a word of protest.

When I was a child I was taught that it was not nice to speak about corsets. If I had to mention them I must call them bodices or stays or—I forget what the third alternative was. I know I used to go out into the backyard and holler "corsets" just because I thought it was pretty awful.

But our advertising men have changed all that. They not only talk about corsets, but they show us pictures of them, and, to go still further, they show us pictures of them in use.

The old convention as to the mention of corsets has also disappeared from fiction and one might easily come across such a sentence as this: "Miss Postlethwaite had a wasp-like waist and there were not wanting those who said her corsets caused her agony."

But what would happen if a picture of Miss Postlethwaite's bodice were shown with rouge or noir (for the cheeks and eyebrows) on her bureau and she herself fitted into one of Huguenot's papier-mache corsets?

I know I'd stop my subscription at once.

Suppose, for an instant, that an artist were told to go to the Metropolitan opera house and draw a picture of the Four Hundred in their boxes, six in a box, making something like 67 boxes—with the lids off. Suppose that instead of drawing them in proper evening dress—a dress requiring 85 degrees Fahr.—he used a lot of pictures from the advertising section and put them in Jigger flannels, would he keep his position on the staff a moment? No, of course not. That would be a case where to put on more clothes would be to spoil the picture, and no one would recognize the Four Hundred at an opera with arctic habiliments upon them. An artist must be true to nature and he must not be vulgar.

Nothing is more confusing to a person's sense of propriety than to turn quickly from the advertising section to the body of the magazine and back again as I have seen persons do. The mental picture of the young lady who is braving the weather for the sake of showing that a bath tub can be ornamental as well as useful is transferred to the bucolic New England story and we Anglo-Saxons are shocked. There is no other name for it. It is very demoralizing to turn the pages rapidly back and forth. One should read the stories first and take comfort in the thought that no decent editor will allow any artist to picture any kind of vestiture that would not go at Asbury Park. Then let him brace himself and turn the leaves that lead to the tropic ladies. It is still Anglo-Saxon, but it is advertising, and the conventions are different in that world.

A friend of mine who has no regard for people's feelings actually cut out a number of the advertisements in the back of a magazine that has led us on to a higher civilization for 50 years or more, and when I saw he had done it I applauded him. I said: "Good, old man; they're better out." But the graceless chap with diabolical ingenuity fitted each flannel lady and each custodian of the bath into drawing rooms devised by the staff artists of that magazine and I blushed for a good half hour. We Americans will not stand for semi-nudity in the wrong place. It's all very well at the opera or at a ball or a swagser dinner, but in the body of a reputable magazine the day will never come when it will be considered respectable. And the advertisers themselves will be the first to agree with me.

Back to your celluloid tub, oh, lady of the bath! We who are reading the serials will not look upon you.

(Copyright, by James Pott & Co.)

After-Effects of the Grip.

Dr. Clouston of Edinburgh said it seemed as if no disease of whose effects there was any correct record had such far-reaching effects as this one, and among its sequelae he enumerated a depressing influence on the whole nervous energy, melancholia, neurasthenic conditions, premature senility, various forms of paralysis, neuralgic affections and a general incapacity for work.

Silence and Speech.

Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time.—Carlyle.

FOR THE CHILDREN



Cost for Girl from 4 to 6 Years.

Empire Coat for Girl from 6 to 8 Years.

Tweed Costume for Girl from 14 to 16 Years.

Cost for Girl from 4 to 6 Years.—This is a simple and pretty little coat in white serge, lined with satin. It is cut to a loose sacque shape, double-breasted in front, fastened and ornamented with large pearl buttons. The collar is edged with a fine plaiting of silk, headed by silk braid sewn on in a tiny loop pattern, silk lace appliques also trim the corners. Hat of fine white straw trimmed with soft silk. Materials required: 1 1/2 yard 48 inches wide, 2 yards satin, 8 buttons and silk plaitings.

Tweed Costume for Girl from 14 to 16 Years.—Gray tweed, finely striped with green, is employed for this costume, the skirt is arranged in plaits which turn from the center front; they are machine-stitched three parts down. The short sacque coat is lined with silk, the fronts are double-breasted, and fasten with velvet-covered buttons. The collar is faced with green velvet, and the revers and cuffs with plain gray cloth, edged with a tiny green silk passementerie. Light green straw hat, trimmed with green chine ribbon. Materials required: 6 yards 46 inches wide, 3 yards lining silk.

Empire Coat for Girl from 6 to 8 Years.—Cloth, serge, or linen are the best materials for this coat. The skirt has an inverted plait each side the front and back, machine-stitched three parts down; it is joined to the empire bodice without fullness, under a wide stitched strap of the material; straps are also carried over the shoulders. The collar and cuffs are of double material, stitched near the edge. Drawn silk hat, the color of the coat, trimmed with flowers and foliage. Materials required: 2 1/2 yards 48 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard lining silk for bodice.

larity. Held on with striking hatpins, they are quite nobby for the young girl graduate.

Chamois gloves worn unbuttoned and turned back over the wrist are mannish and smart.

Jabots of lace, linen and lawn, plaited and edged with lace or narrow bands of embroidery.

Sometimes in the dress the princess effect is more emphasized by the use of a front panel which is continuous in waist and skirt. This dress is suitable alike for the soft silks, such as tulle and sash foulard, printed crepe de chine, embroidered tulle, the printed and bordered lawn, gingham and linens.

Sashes.

Sashes to wear with muslin frocks this summer fasten in back with a smashing big bow, and hang in tasselled ends to the hem of the skirt. The quaint Marie Antonette suspenders of ribbon and silk, which the most girlishly dressed girls will wear over the white frocks this summer, have knots and ends at the back, while the front is quite plain.

ENCROACHING ON ENGLISH.

A party of foreigners who are making a tour of this country called recently at the state department and were received by Secretary Root. They had a very limited knowledge of English and the conversation was conducted mostly in the sign language. Finally the spokesman of the party arose, and, with a profound bow, said: "Mr. Secretary, we will not further encroach on your time."

Secretary Root is known in Washington as the polite man. He did not crack a smile, but in diplomatic terms explained to his visitor that encroach was the proper English word to explain his meaning.

"Ah," exclaimed the caller, with another bow, "I understand. Cockroach am ze male and henroach am ze female."

Mr. Root nodded his head. Further explanation seemed to be useless.—Washington Times.

Saved!

At last the entire visible stock of lumber had been used up.

"What's the matter," asked the father of a large family, "with using the old wooden bedsteads piled up in the attic?"

Here was a practically exhausted source of supply that nobody had thought of, and mankind eagerly adopted the suggestion and ran up the price remorselessly on the paper trust.—Chicago Tribune.

Improved Screw Driver.

An autocar screw driver has been designed for the purpose of making it possible for railroads to use screw spikes in track construction, a method of spiking rails hitherto impractical because of the labor and expense of boring holes and setting the screws by hand. The machine is driven by a two-cylinder, 12-horse power gasoline engine and runs at a speed of from five to forty miles an hour.

Danger.

"Music," remarked the man with long hair, "is the language of the heart."

"In that case," replied the man who takes things literally, "the person who likes ragtime must have a terrible pulse."—Washington Star.