

# THE STORY TELLER

## "JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT."

The world has many golden gifts 'tis easier to hear than to see. On entangling mortals who are not too shy or slow To step right up and win their share of prizes when they can. But, oh! the world's too busy, quite, to seek the absent man. And those who mean to do so much next week or month or year, Away off in some misty clime, instead of now and here.

May some day rouse themselves and find a score of them have not As much true "get there" as has one brisk "Johnny-on-the-spot."

When shy Miles Standish sought to win the fair Priscilla's hand By courting her by proxy, 't isn't hard to understand: The comely Plymouth maiden said she really would prefer John Olden, who possessed the spunk to come and speak with her. That old, oft-quoted piece of fudge which says that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" must be classed with those absurd mistakes which blunt, stange-making words would say are all a bit of "rot."

The men who framed our nation fought against tremendous odds; They never could have won had they been slow, weak-hearted clods. Each mother's son of them seemed glad to risk his precious neck; Wherever duty called him, there it found him, right on deck. Brave Washington was at the front, his country's course to guide. With Adams, Franklin, Jefferson and Hancock at his side. No proxies could have done the work of that immortal lot. Whose every man was what you'd call a "Johnny-on-the-spot."

In love or war or politics, or whatsoever you will, The wisest man is not the one to send a boy to mill; Oh, no! he takes the grist himself, and, like a prudent man, He makes the miller give him back the best return he can. And "kennel," properly defined, so sagas all declare, Means being at the proper "when" just at the proper "where."

So, of the many varied gifts the gods to men allot, The rarest ones are sure to fall to "Johnny-on-the-spot." —Nixon Waterman, in Success.

**For Making a Girl.**  
By Elizabeth McCracken

CATHERINE rushed from the house, hurried down the steps and ran to the corner, gesticulating excitedly to an approaching car. She hurried into the car, and sank with a little sigh of relief into a corner seat.

When she had paid her fare, unfastened her fur collar, carefully re-adjusted her veil and arranged the red rosebuds a little more securely in the front of her jacket, she gave her attention to her surroundings. Catherine always found in the street cars unfulfilling demands upon her interest and curiosity.

A woman, shabbily attired, her face dull and weary, sat opposite, holding in her arms a pale little child. The child was asleep, and leaned heavily against her mother, who sat almost motionless, with heavy, unseeing eyes fixed on the car window. Catherine gazed intently at the child for a moment; then she crossed the car and sat down beside the woman.

"Is the little girl ill?" she asked gently. Her cousin frequently complained that Catherine was continually doing things of this kind; that she had absolutely no idea of social science.

The woman stared at her, but Catherine smiled in a friendly manner. Catherine took many things for granted, among them was universal goodwill toward herself. She was gentle to everyone. She expected every one to be gentle to her, and almost every one was.

it. She has a red cloak that she has outgrown. Your little girl would look sweet in it. Won't you let her wear it? It is a shame to have it hanging idly in the closet when she would look so dear in it. I wish she would wake up and let me see her eyes. They must be pretty. I have to get off soon. You see, I am going to church, because it is Thanksgiving day. Won't you give me your address, and let me send the cloak? Mama will be so glad that I've found some one that can wear it."

She turned to the woman with her friendly smile. "You will—as a special favor to me, won't you?" she pleaded. And the smile became irresistible.

The woman's face brightened. She had not known charming girls who had asked her in that coaxing way to receive gifts as special concessions to them.

"Why, miss, if you don't need it, I'd be glad to have it for Seville—my girl's named Seville, after a girl in a book her pa gave me when he first knewed me."

"How interesting!" said Catherine. "It's such an unusual name, too. My name is Catherine, and so is mother's, and my grandmother's and her mother's."

"My name is Rose," said the woman. Her face was less dull and her voice less tired. It was so pleasant to forget for a moment her sorrows, and discuss pretty names with a girl who seemed not to remember one's poverty.

"My ma named me for a rose she found in an ash-barrel before I was born."

"That is like a story, too," said Catherine. "She pulled the roses from her jacket. 'I read a poem once about a 'Rose among roses.' You take these home, and you will be another 'Rose among roses.'"

The woman's cheek caught the red of the flowers. "What pretty things you know!" she said.

"Yes, I do," said Catherine, tenderly. "When mama asked us this morning what we had to be thankful for to-day, I said, 'For all the lovely people I know, and all the beautiful things I see.' Of course, there are other things, too, but these are the nicest. What are you specially thankful for?"

"Well, I don't know as there's much, miss, for me to be thankful for to-day. I'm havin' hard times now, with the man in the drink and Seville aillin'," said the woman, bitterly.

Catherine knew little of social science, according to her cousin's verdict, and she said, "It certainly must be hard, but perhaps you could think of something special. Mama insists that every one can. You just try."

"Well," said the woman, "but it ain't easy."

"No, it isn't. Dear me, I must get off at this next corner! What is your address? May I bring the cloak myself this afternoon, after church and dinner? Goodbye!"

The woman watched her as she hurried across the street. "She's a funny kind of a girl, but she's awfully nice," she thought. She held the roses to her face, and remembered the pretty thing the girl had said about a "Rose among roses."

The delicate flower of sentiment, the flower whose fragrance is the most subtle, the most exquisite in the world, had been crushed in the woman, but a faint new life quivered in it and stirred it.

In the quiet church Catherine thought of the woman and the child. As she came with her family out into the frosty air, she took possession of her mother.

"Mama, there was a woman in the car with a little girl. The little girl didn't look cold. May I give her Daisy's old red cloak and take her one of grandma's pumpkin pies?"

Her mother smiled fondly and patted her hand. She was accustomed to Catherine, and cheerfully encouraged her in her unscientific philanthropy.

"Catherine is too young to study social science," she told the bewildered cousin. "It is too large for her yet."

"Yes, I think so," said the woman, "and I will pack a little Thanksgiving basket for her. She won't be offended. You can tell her that your mother wanted you to take it." Catherine possibly inherited a little of her diplomatic ability from her mother.

She packed the basket and folded the cloak, assisted by the aunts and cousins, to whom Catherine had not failed to relate the little story of Rose and Seville.

"Give the little 'Seville' this," said her uncle, handing her a silver dollar. "Tell the 'Rose upon the balcony' that I never before have known, even indirectly, anyone actually named for the heroine of a story."

"How kind you all are," said Catherine. "She will do a lot of good in this world," said her uncle, closing the door for her. "She is filled to the brim with sisterly love. She'll never patronize a cat."

"No," said her cousin. "She would ask its advice or discuss landscapes with it."

"She is a dear girl," said her mother. Meanwhile the "dear girl" had found the two rooms in which Rose and her little girl lived. She knocked softly, and the little girl cautiously opened the door. Catherine went into the kitchen and eagerly took the woman's hand.

## MONEY MADE IN DANCES.

Clever Brains Employed in the Invention of New Steps and Figures.

The average citizen whose dancing days are over, to use the conventional phrase, little realizes how many scores of clever brains are, year in, year out, exercised in the invention of new dances. These latter quite apart from theatrical dancing, says a London paper.

And both fame and money come from any new ballroom dance that happens to hit the public taste, though it must be frankly stated that most of the so-called new dances are, in reality, but novel combinations and variants of the old ones. This, however, is not only inevitable, it is a positive advantage.

Inasmuch as the ordinary dancer, who has learnt all the usual movements, can more readily follow the new combinations. In the case of a dancing professor who has been responsible for any new set of movements that have become fashionable, there is always a veritable rush of profitable pupils, all eager to learn the new dance at first hand.

A considerable source of profit to the inventor of a new dance invariably is the sale of music that has been composed with the express view of fitting the new movements, as the sales of such new music often extend over the whole kingdom. Amongst dancing masters themselves prizes are every year competed for and given for new tepid-chorean movements, and the winners of these always derive considerable advantages in the way of popularity from their inventions, the monetary reward following almost as a matter of course.

In at least one case known to the writer the invention of a new dance brought—with the sale of the accompanying music, which had been bought outright from the composer—something over £500 in less than 15 months.

"JOY THAT A MAN IS BORN" Royal Parents Rejoice Over the Advent of Male Heirs to Their Thrones.

It would be difficult for the czar to draft a law which would do so much for the internal peace of Russia as has been done by the birth of his son, says Youth's Companion. The direct line of succession is now assured, and the intrigues for favor with the collateral heirs to the throne are no longer attractive. The effect of the removal of their obstructive plans from the path of the tsar ought soon to be manifest in a more harmonious government.

The need of an heir to the throne was not so great in Italy as it was in Russia. The problems of the Italian government are simple in comparison with the Russian problems. Yet the birth of a son to the Italian King and queen last month makes government more stable in the peninsula by accustoming the people to the thought of rule by the infant Prince of Piedmont as the successor of his father.

In Italy and in Russia the mother's "joy that a man is born" is shared by the whole people. Indeed, the birth of the man child in the royal families of those countries has increased the stability of two thrones, and thereby made more brilliant the prospect for continued European peace.

The tsaritsa and the queen each had daughters, but neither in Russia nor in Italy does a woman succeed to the throne. The decree of 1797, which still regulates the succession to the Russian crown, gives preference to male over female heirs. Italy is still virtually under the Sardinian constitution of 1848, which excludes females from the throne.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE "PI." Use Once Made of Some by an Editor Was Subsequently Mortifying.

Have you ever heard the story about the original John Walter when beset by a strike of composers and pressmen? As a London Opinion. On a certain day the "copy" fell short by half a column, and time pressed. With the inspiration of a genius Mr. Walter laid hold of a column of "pi" and prepared it in the most expeditious way, so that it might pass muster for an article in a foreign tongue. He popped it in with a few lines of introduction, stating this comprehensible mass to be a paper in some Hindostanee dialect, translation of which would follow in the course of a few days. No "translation" ever appeared. Ten years after Mr. Walter was on a visit to a noble earl in Cheshire, where he was introduced to a most learned pundit and oriental scholar. "Ah," said the latter, "I have long and ardently wished to solve a problem which has puzzled me for the last ten years." And drawing from his pocket a tattered old copy of "The Times," he pointed out to the embarrassed proprietor of that journal the alleged Hindostanee article, which he confessed had baffled his most strenuous and assiduous efforts to make anything of it, though he had tried every known dialect of the language. What Walter did is not recorded in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

## WITH DUKES AND THINGS.

Newcomer in Society Who Got Mixed Up with Persons of Title.

Mrs. Perdikollars has not as yet got over the novelty of riches. At the same time she is not inclined to admit this, and it is her great desire, relates London Answers, that the society with which she is now entitled to mix by virtue of her husband's wealth shall think she was born in the purple.

Recently she was at a big dinner party, and as she was being piloted from drawing-room to dining-room, she noticed a marble bust on one of the pillars in the hall.

"Do you know who that is?" she inquired of her cavalier.

"That is Marcus Aurelius," was the answer.

"Oh, is it, now?" ejaculated the lady. "But can you tell me," she asked promptly, "whether it is the present mark or the late mark? I do get so mixed up with your dukes and things!"

Time to Move. "I was moved once by the notes of a little bird," said the romantic young man. "So was I," spoke his friend. "Canary bird?" "No, cuckoo. I was calling on my girl and when the cuckoo called 11 times I knew it was my move."—Chicago Daily News.

A man's curiosity never rivals that of a woman until some one casually remarks that his name appeared in yesterday's paper.—Smith's Weekly.

Good News for All. Bradford, Tenn., Nov. 21 (Special)—Scientific research shows Kidney Trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a sure cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. And according to Mr. J. A. Davis of this place just such a cure is found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had Kidney Trouble very bad and after taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. I cannot praise them too much."

Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism, and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptom of disease.

A woman can forgive her husband for being a bear at home if he will only make love to her when they are out in company.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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## THE PILLS THAT CURE RHEUMATISM

Mrs. Henry Story, of No. 532 Muskingum Ave., Zanesville, Ohio, says "My husband suffered from rheumatism so that he could hardly stand. His back hurt and he had such pain in his left arm that he could not rest night or day. The doctor did him no good and it was not until he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he was helped. Six boxes cured him completely and he has not had an ache or a pain since. We think the pills are the best medicine in the world."

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

cure rheumatism because they make new blood. It would be folly not to try a remedy with such a convincing record of cures.

"All Signs Fall in a Dry Time" THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME

In ordering Tower's Slickers, a customer writes: "I know they will be all right if they have the 'Fish' on them." This confidence is the outgrowth of sixty-nine years of careful manufacturing.

A. J. TOWER CO., Boston, U.S.A. Tower Canadian Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada. Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing.

## Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a post card to the undersigned at Chicago, Ill., requesting a copy of "Circular No. 12." J. P. MILLER & Co., Assn. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

The man who thinks he is the boss of the house because he is the bread-winner should be taught that he has not half the lough of the bread baker.—Chicago Journal.

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.  
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