

Granny and Her Dolls

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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WHEN John Webb's eyes caught sight of the advertisement in his morning paper he felt as if he had got a letter from home with a very large check in it. A burden was suddenly lifted from his shoulders.

He had been scanning desperately every inch of the paper with a view of finding out something suitable for presents for very young girls. Each birthday and Christmas was a perfect nightmare to John as it rolled along. He went happily into the shops to look for presents for small girls and was jostled and laughed at and poked fun at throughout the ordeal. He felt incensed at his sister for not rearing a family of boys. John could have purchased engines and soldiers quite easily.

John reread the advertisement, his spirits rising steadily.

"Granny will dress dolls especially. In any style. Gifts for dolls, dolls dressed from any photograph—actors copied."

The address of this wonderful old lady followed and John trotted it down in his note-book. He would go and see her as he left the office, for Christmas—his sister's eldest daughter—had a birthday soon; John had a feeling that Granny would remind him of his mother. Anyone who had known her—such an original way of earning a living must, assuredly be very lively.

"And Sis is so keen on family portraits that this will just hit it right with her, too."

As he went his way Granny remembered that evening John recalled during the time when he had presented Gloria, aged four, with a writing set. The only thing that had interested the young lady had been the ink. Gloria was now eight and the ink stains were still reminders on the nursery rug.

Granny had a small studio flat on East Fifty-second street.

John felt that many of his troubles were over. He would supply dolls of every era for the next five years. A young lady with a mass of golden bob opened the door and John entered and expressed a desire to interview, Granny, though he was curiously pleased with—perhaps Granny's grandchild.

"I am, Granny," laughed the fair one and pointed to heaps upon heaps of dolls of every description that were littering divan, chairs, tables and overflowing to the floor, "these are my grandchildren."

John laughed helplessly. He told her his mission and found her most sympathetic and helpful.

"Perhaps you would like one made first like your mother," she suggested softly and looked up into John's eyes. John knew he would. He reached into his pocket and drew therefrom an old portrait of his mother and father on their wedding day.

"Oh, isn't she sweet and aren't his sideburns darling," Granny exclaimed all enthusiastic over her work. "I could make them both for you."

"Oh, you make mere men dolls, too? That's great."

"Now if you will just select the dolls from that assortment I will get to work right away. I like my customers to select their own dolls."

John heaved a sigh but went downward led by Granny. He picked up any number with masculine ignorance and handed over one with a huge mop of golden fluff.

Granny blushed. There was no doubt as to the trend of his thoughts. She ran a hand through her own golden mop and smiled kindly, then said:

"Don't you think your mother would object to that Fiji Island hair? Here is my prettiest doll," and she picked up one with smooth chestnut locks with tiny bunches of curls over the ears.

John agreed. He felt that he would agree with most anything Granny said or thought.

"You must be a wonder," he voiced his sentiments, "to reproduce these quaint old fashions. Will Dad have his sideburns?"

Granny laughed joyfully. "It is so simple just to put a little paste and some whiskers on, isn't it?" She gazed up again into John's eyes and he felt his knees weakening. "I simply love my work. Your children will be delighted. I know. All kiddies are."

John gasped. "They're not my children—I have the great privilege of being a bachelor," and he looked meaningfully into Granny's eyes. "And before you're finished with this job, you will be fed up with the house of Webb and all its sprouts. I think the first of us followed in the wake of the Ark and I shall have us all made into dolls."

"Lovely," exclaimed Granny and there seemed a new joyous note in her voice. "Have you a family album that I may be studying? If so perhaps you will post it to me."

John gasped a second time. "Surely you wouldn't want me to risk my family album in the mails—it is the only one we have."

Granny blushed very softly at the steady regard with which he was watching her answer. Much seemed to hang on it.

"I should dislike being the cause of loss to you," she said, "perhaps it would be safer to bring it."

"There's no doubt in my mind whatever," said John and left her with the certain knowledge that things would go rather smoothly from then on.

One Time Perseverance Had Its Drawbacks

Judge John S. Partridge said at a dinner in San Francisco:

"The lives of criminals often make me think that it would be a grand world if men persevered in doing right as zealously as they persevere in doing wrong."

"There's an anecdote about this wrong perseverance. A judge was traveling to California, and a man accosted him, in the smoking compartment one evening. Somehow or other the man had contrived to fill himself up with liquor, and for two solid hours he bored the judge with the story of his home life, which was very unhappy."

"Well, the next morning this man accosted the judge again. He was pale and listless and red-eyed now, and he said in a far-away voice:

"Judge, I told you a lot of secrets about my poor wife last night. They were sacred things, and ought never to have been disclosed. Don't let 'em go any further, will you, judge?"

"Oh, that's all right," the judge laughed. "I saw the condition you were in, and didn't listen to a word you said."

"The man went off with a sigh of relief, but that evening, drunker than before, he tackled the judge again."

"Now, then, turn yer buttons, judge," he began, "you said you didn't listen to me last night, so now I'm goin' to tell you the whole story of my wretched life—marriage all over again."

At Least, He Didn't Drop Them on Walk

Dr. H. N. Sherwood, state superintendent of public instruction, was addressing the students of the eastern division of the Indiana State Normal school. As an illustration of the heights to which one may rise, he cited the incident of a poor immigrant who came to this country as a young man and is now the president of one of the large western universities.

Doctor Sherwood said that this man's ignorance was such that, on arriving in New York, he bought some bananas. He had never seen

such fruit before, and so hanging and all.

At the close of the speech President B. J. Burris arose and said: "I have been wondering why that young man ate the bananas, peeling and all. I have reached the conclusion that he must have been the originator of the 'safety first' movement."—Indianapolis News.

Coal Comfort

Governor Pinchot, at a Harrisburg reception, talked about the eternal coal mine troubles.

"You want me to be hopeful about these troubles, do you?" he said. "You want comfort? Very well, I'll comfort you—the way the old bachelor comforted the young bridegroom."

"I was inveigled into matrimony by foul means," said the young bridegroom. They told me two could live as cheap as one, but my wife's cigarettes and cosmetics alone eat up half my salary. Such extravagance!"

"Ah, yes," said the old bachelor in soothing tones, "a wife, it is true, costs a great deal of money, but you must remember, my boy, that she lasts a very long time."

Husky Kentuckian

Tipping the scales at 100 pounds, Meredith S. Taylor, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor, Nicholas county, Kentucky, is believed to be the largest child for his age in this state. He weighs 84½ pounds at birth. He now has a 40-inch chest. The parents are each below the average weight and have two other children, each of whom is of normal weight.—Indianapolis News.

Shingles Lasted

Thirty-seven years was the life of a shingle roof that T. C. Van Eaton, a pioneer after whom Eatonville, Wash., was named, renewed last summer. The structure houses a department store, whose proprietor declared that not a cent's worth of goods had been damaged by leakage. The shingles were split out of red cedar cut nearby.

Virtue

But never will be better for gold. Virtue lasts forever; money dies from hand to hand.—Solon

Real Service Given by New York Tailor

A somewhat unusual form of philanthropic service is carried on in New York by a Charles J. Wichmann, says the Manchester Guardian. Mr. Wichmann is a tailor, and after his retirement from business he was anxious to devote his leisure to some useful work for the unfortunate. He filled, however, to find any sphere of activity that just suited him, until one day he happened to read in a newspaper article the statement that many poor men could not find work for lack of decent clothes.

"Then," he says, "I knew what I could do, I am a tailor. I could repair their clothes." He got an introduction to the chief of the Salvation army, and set up a repairing shop in the army's home for delinquents in the Bovey. There he works every day from 9 to 5, and occasionally longer. His customers sit with him while he repairs their clothes, for most of them have no second suit to change into; and often he says, it is not a matter of sewing buttons on trousers, but trousers on buttons. He deals with the clothes of some 250 men a month, and has the satisfaction of knowing that, thanks to his services, very many have been able to find work again.

IN THEIR LINE



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Take Inventory of Palaces of France

French authorities are taking an inventory of the national buildings in Paris with a view to putting them to better use or placing them on the market. Such an inventory was made a dozen years ago, but a new one was considered necessary on account of the rise in real estate values. The total of the last inventory was 1,795,246,418 francs (approximately \$350,000,000). The Arc de Triomphe was estimated at 20,000,000 francs (nominal \$4,000,000); the July Column, erected where formerly stood the Bastille, at 2,710,000 francs (\$540,000); the church and dome of the Palace of the Invalides, including Napoleon's tomb, 43,530,000 francs (\$8,700,000); the Pantheon, 50,000,000 francs (\$10,000,000); the Opera, 53,372,000 francs (\$10,750,000); the Louvre, 284,372,000 francs (\$56,870,000); the palace of Versailles, including the Triannon, was estimated at 720,155,000 francs (\$144,000,000). To obtain present values, say the officials of the service of national palaces and government buildings, it will be necessary to multiply these sums by five.

WALLED LAKE

Death of Lincoln Benjamin

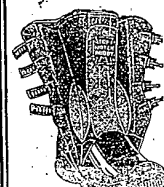
Lincoln Benjamin, who was seriously burned last Monday afternoon, died at the home of his son Orla, Thursday night, last week.

Mr. Benjamin was born in White Lake township November 20, 1860. He married Harriet Compton and has spent the rest of his life on the Compton farm where Mrs. Benjamin had been sick several weeks, but was on the gain when he got burned. He leaves to mourn him, one daughter, Mrs. Roy Regins of Milford and two sons, Orla and Allen of this place, three grandchildren and two aged brothers. The funeral was held Sunday at the M. E. Church with burial in Walled Lake cemetery.

Margaret Benjamin, the two-year-old baby that was burned so bad, is some better, with a chance for recovery if nothing more sets in.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvina Hodge, pioneer people, north of Walled Lake, have both been very low. Mrs. Hodge dying Thursday night. The funeral was held Monday.

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