

Being Firm With Reggie

"Be firm, that's my motto," said the occupant of a section in the Pullman car to her neighbor across the aisle. "I always say that if parents mothers particularly—would be consistently firm, there would be very little trouble in bringing up children."

"Now, Reggie darling, don't eat any more banana. You've had two already and you know they don't agree with you."

"No, dear, not even one more. You know when mother says 'No' she means it. As I was saying, one must be firm—gently firm. It's the only way. Oh, Reggie, have you peeled that banana. Mother is surprised at you."

"Oh, to have it ready to eat later. How quaint children are, aren't they? Very well, dear, but don't smear it around on things. Now, just look, Reggie, you've got it on my traveling bag. There, lay it down at once. I say at once! Mercy, don't put it on my vest! What would daddy say? He knew you put your banana on mother's nice vest! You mustn't be so careless, Reggie darling. Now, be a good boy, sit still and look out of the window."

"I believe that most persons don't give enough thought to the rearing of children. Parenthood should be studied even more carefully than any of the learned professions. We should realize that the little budding souls and bodies are given to us to train and nurture and we should aspire to—"

"Now, Reggie, don't you know mother said you must not eat any more banana? Why, mother is dreadfully surprised at you."

"Well, since you've had a bite you may finish that half of the banana—but not any more, dear; it might make you ill."

"I think it wise to be very careful of a child's diet. I often think that if mothers were more particular when children are little there wouldn't be so many dyspepsias in the world. I don't believe in allowing children to eat indiscriminately and between meals all the time. I am always firm about that. Now, Reggie, put that banana down. I said you could have only half of it and you know very well, darling, that I mean what I say."

"Just one tiny bite more? Very well, then, but now, dear, put it down. Oh, Reggie, take it off that bench quick! How could you lay it on such a beautiful book? What would daddy say if he knew you had just about spoiled that pretty binding? I looked like new before you did that and I meant to take it to my Aunt Ella. Now I'll have to stop downtown on our way to her house and buy another present for her. You must be more thoughtful, dear."

"I believe in teaching children to be thoughtful and considerate while they are young. Water? Oh, I wouldn't drink any more, darling. It isn't good for you to drink so much water and my traveling cup is down in the bottom of my suitcase—it's really too much trouble to get it. Look out of the window and see those pretty cows."

"I never use the public drinking cups on any train. I really think it's a dangerous thing to do. One can't be too exacting in matters of hygiene. If parents paid more attention to hygiene there would be fewer weaklings in the world. Well, of course, if you're so dreadfully thirsty, Reggie, you can get some water. He probably needs it, although he drank a glassful only a little while ago. I have a theory that children crave their systems demand."

"Why, Reggie, do you drink out of that public glass? You should have reminded mother to get out a new cup. It was naughty of you to be so careless. There's no telling what microbes there were on that glass, but I hope you won't suffer any dreadful consequences. Dear me, a mother must have to be of one eternal vigilance, doesn't it? I often wonder if Reggie will ever appreciate all my ceaseless worry and never ending care for him. I fear children rarely realize all the sacrifices a mother makes for them."

"Why, Reggie, are you at that banana again? Well, I never saw such a boy! You know I told you that you and all you ought to have, and you know mother always means what she says. Too much banana isn't good for a little boy like you."

"Well, yes, I suppose as long as there's only one little bite left. Now, go and wash your fingers. It's really a relief to have that banana gone, although nearly everything in our seats is stuck up with it."

"Don't you think that bananas are very healthy? I have always found them so. I have to be extremely firm with Reggie about the fruits he eats. Of course, if I thought bananas weren't wholesome I shouldn't let him have them."

Glad Relief.
"Thank heaven, those bills are got rid of," said Blitkins, fervently, as he tore up a bundle of statements of accounts dated October 1.
"All paid, eh?" said Mrs. Blitkins.
"Oh, no," said Blitkins. "The duplicates dated November 1 have come in, and I don't have to keep these any longer."—Harper's Weekly.

The foolish man, being in proportion to his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom ask any counsel but his own.—Bacon.

What He Liked

Jennings was tired of his victuals. The sight of pork roasts, beef roasts and legs of mutton, what did he like? He could muster. Chop fairly made him seasick, and steak was fast becoming tasteless.

It wasn't that he couldn't think of things he'd like to eat. His mind these spring days had a tendency to run to the old place back home. His hungry soul longed for the old-time victuals like—well, dandelion greens or, better still, mustard greens.

Mrs. Jennings was tired of trying to resurrect for Jennings the flavor of the old home days. Nothing she did suited Jennings' faded appetite. She was just making up her mind to try partial starvation as a cure when Jennings remarked one evening in a last stand sort of voice: "There's nothing in this town fit to eat except beans. Now, Mary, if you could cook me up a pot of beans that would taste like my mother's I believe I'd quit being so homesick for real grub."

Mrs. Jennings was a little startled by this statement. She had never cooked beans frequently in the several years of her married life and never until this moment had she suspected that the method of cooking them was below her.

"How does your mother cook beans?" she asked.

"Why," readily volunteered Jennings, "she just cooks them until they're done. That's all there is to beans—just cook 'em enough."

No amount of questioning could bring out more explicitly the secrets of this toothsome home dish. Mrs. Jennings, however, in a sort of desperation, resolved to make one heroic effort. Nothing that was ever done to beans to make them toothsome was to be left undone.

Accordingly she soaked them overnight and poured off the water next morning. She then put them in her best pot and parboiled them, carefully drained them through a colander and set them back for a long and gentle boil.

Nothing, absolutely nothing was omitted; no time nor pains was spared. The whole day was dedicated to beans.

That night Jennings gave a hopeful smile at the steaming dish and helped himself liberally, only to lay his spoon down a moment later in utter dejection.

"What did you do to them?" he almost moaned.

Mrs. Jennings drew a quick breath, flushed a little and in a voice of deadly calm went over minutely the many processes of her creation.

"What do you mean by parboiling?" inquired Jennings.

"Why, putting a pinch of soda into the first water."

"Well, that's what I did. Mother never parboiled beans."

A peculiar gasp across the table caused Jennings to glance at his wife. Mrs. Jennings was trying desperately hard to say something. Finally she managed to enunciate quite clearly the words, "You selfish brute!"

Never in all her married life—but what's the use of giving details? They quarreled and continued the performance until both were reduced to that terrible silence that always follows a domestic earthquake.

And then the doorbell rang. It was Jennings' mother.

"I knew I'd surprise you," she said. "I expect I oughtn't to have come. But now that Nan is married and gone west I get lonesome toward spring and Mrs. Mollit persuaded me to come to the city for a couple of days. Father'll be home, too. I expect he'll be wanted to come, and here I am, Mary, I'm starved. Anything will do. Just a cup of tea and a bite of something. My! What nice beans! You're a fine cook, Mary."

And then it came out—the domestic tragedy.

Mother Jennings looked at her son. "The idea, Will Jennings—you talking about my beans when you never used to eat them! Of course I parboiled them. I always do. I know what the matter with you. You've been overeating all winter. I'll fix you up a dose of sulphur and molasses and Mary will give you plenty of rhubarb sauce. That always brought you around when you got those crummy spells at home."

Learning to Walk.
There will be fewer annunciations and young men and girls if they will indulge in more walking at this time of the year. Less riding in carriage, cars and automobiles and more heel-and-toe exercises on the country roads and paths should be the plan of all such persons. A certain eminent judge in Oregon takes a long distance walk every morning and he is a "good" man. A prominent lawyer, who has himself of stomach trouble by doing the pedestrian act each morning, going out into the country for several miles and back. A young woman, who was engaged in clerical work in one of the local offices, found that health was being impaired by too close attention to her duties. She had always believed that she could not derive any benefit from walking and preferred to "buggy ride." A friend induced her to take up walking as a daily physical exercise. She did so, and the change in her health is very satisfactory to herself and relatives. The atmosphere prevailing during the early morning hours just as old Sol has risen is glorious as well.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN

Boy Famous for His Two-Finger Whistle and Other Things Is—Now a Mere Judge.

There was a boy once who could climb a tree like a squirrel, swim like a fish, make a flat stone skip clear across the bosom of the pond, could crack the biggest nuts with his teeth, had the blackest hands at walnut time, could stay under water the longest, could smoke more dried sunflower leaves and carry more things in his breeches pocket held up by one suspender than any boy in the gang; but there was one thing that he could do that made him the envy of all enviers, the most prominent of all the lads, and that was he could put two fingers in his mouth and whistle a note so shrill that it would drive all the dogs off the street.

To this day that accomplished fingers in the mind as a most heroic memory. How the boys wished he could do that! How they failed or produced only a gurgly sputter that was ridiculous in contrast with that boy's clear, shrill whistle. He is as conspicuous in the far-gone past as a circus came to town or the roar of cannon on a Fourth of July morning.

We can see him yet, in that same old trousers with one yellow, that fattened cap and that mouth full of licorice. But we saw him again last year, in a court, on a bench. He is a judge now, learned, dignified and solemn. As we saw him, in a wayward moment, the thought came: "How are the mighty fallen!"—Ohio State Journal.

MESSAGE FOR BAD CHILDREN

English Woman Brings From Japan a Novel Method of Treating the Naughty Little Ones.

Message for naughty children is the latest prescription from Japan. It has been brought to England by a Miss Josephine Richardson, who has spent three years in Japan, where she had charge of some Japanese children who belonged to one of the best families in the country. She says:

"Whenever my charges grew sulky or unamenable to discipline for any length of time they were quietly taken away, and, after the next day perfectly calm, good tempered and willing to learn."

"How had the change been effected? I found on inquiry that the children had had their stomachs massaged and that this was a very generally practiced remedy."

"It appears that in Japan all naughtiness is held to proceed from a disordered stomach, a belief which in most instances is probably correct."

"So successful was the massage treatment with my Japanese children that I certainly think the experiment should be made among English children."

NOTED TIBETAN CITY.

Just outside Tachien-lu is the stone bridge, which is called "the gate to Tibet." Tachien-lu is a narrow little city which had to conform its shape to the contour of the mountains which shut it in. There is hardly a foot of level ground within the walls. It is the great emporium of trade between China and Tibet, where the Chinese exchange tea for mules and gold dust. Many red-frocked lamas are to be seen about the city, most of whom live in large lamaseries outside the walls. On the flat roofs of the houses flutter innumerable prayer-flags, giving to the winds the universal Tibetan hymn of praise.

CONTINUES SHERIDAN LINE.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who is to be married, says Miss Ina Walker, daughter of Sir Samuel Walker, the lord chancellor of Ireland, is a lineal descendant of the celebrated playwright, statesman and orator.

His grandfather, another Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a member of the house of commons in the liberal interest from 1848 till 1868 and his mother is the second daughter of the Hon. J. Lothrop Motley, the author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Mrs. Sheridan is a sister of Lady Harcourt, the widow of Sir William Harcourt.—Westminster Gazette.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Does that girl use any make-up on her face?"
"Is that what you call it? I thought it was make-out."

BRIDGE OVER PANAMA CANAL

One Will Be Built—Cross Big Ditch at Empire 175 Feet Above Water Level.

A bridge 175 feet high is to be thrown across the Panama canal at Empire. Only the absolute necessity of maintaining uninterrupted railroad communication across the isthmus has led the engineers to sanction the construction of any sort of an obstruction across the waterway. But as the necessity exists the board has decided to construct a bridge at that point at 175 feet above the water level.

A height of 136 feet at high tide is considered sufficient for the bridges in New York Harbor, but the top of the smokestacks of the two ocean giants now building, the Olympic and Titanic, will tower 150 feet above the water level when those ships are lightdraft. The Panama canal bridge will carry a railroad covering a width of about 16 feet, roadway of about the same width and one or more sidewalks six feet wide, roadway of about the same width and one or more foot walks six feet wide. It will be of the high plate girder arch type.—Washington Evening Star.

AWAKE WHEN HE SLEEPS



Mrs. Hoyle—Don't you hate to have your husband go to sleep?
Mrs. Hoyle—No, I give me a better chance to hear what he says when he talks in his sleep.

WHY CUCKOO BUILDS NO NEST.

A Danish legend about the cuckoo is very curious. It is that when in the early spring of its voice is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks the question "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?" And the old people, borne down with age and rheumatism, ask "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's cares?" The bird in reply continues to sing "Cuckoo!" and as many times as he sings you count one year to the fulfillment of their desires.

It is said that the cuckoo bird has so many questions put to her that before she realizes it the building season has gone by and she is forced to put her eggs into the hedge-sparrow's nest.

WHEN THE KING RODE.

It may not be generally known that the drivers of the motor cars of the king, the prince of Wales and the duke of Cornwall are all policemen. The late king's instructions were: "Run no risks, but lose no time."

The latter clause used to be obeyed so implicitly that Lord Denby once when returning from Newmarket a "horse's length" behind the king, on whom he was in attendance, was stopped in his motor by the police at Barnet—a happy illustration of the principle that the king can do no wrong. The royal drivers do not rely on a motor horn alone. Alongside them on the box there sits a footman, who plays a key bugle to announce the approach of the car.—Tit-Bits.

UNFORTUNATE SIGN.

Two gentlemen were walking when a sooty individual flew up and spoke to one of them. After he had gone, the gentleman said to his friend: "That's a heather of mine, and about the most unfortunate fellow in the world. I have set him up in business three times. The last time I bought a pork chop business for him in a place called Barking. After a few weeks he wrote and said the business had all dropped off. Would I come up? I went, and the first thing that caught my eye was a ticket in the window inviting the public to 'Try Our Barking Business.'"

A STRANGE THING

A FEW PEOPLE ARE MAKING MONEY ON REAL ESTATE WHILE HUNDREDS MORE MIGHT DO THE SAME

Some Great Opportunities in this Fast Growing Section of the State. The Rush for Property out Along Grand River Avenue Crowds Values Up.

Dozens of men are ready and willing any day to tell us about the many golden opportunities to make money that they have lost. They know of a whole lot of property that they might have bought just a short time ago for a quarter of what it sells for now. They are fellows who are always looking over their shoulders. They're a mighty good squint backwards but can't see gold apples an inch in front of their noses. It's a strange thing that sometime during their lives they don't wake up, take a tumble, forget the past and look ahead, not behind, but it's useless to expect it, they're not built right.

Now, we're looking for the fellows who look ahead, who not only look to the future but see things, too. The fellows who have sense and sand. There's a bunch of them around here and they're doing things, too. We want to meet the men who know what is going on in the suburban districts near Detroit and especially the Grand River avenue section. It's time to get busy for things are coming our way.

We have some property listed for sale that at the prices at which it is offered will make money for somebody.

A FEW REAL BARGAINS

40 ACRES—One of the finest little farms in the country, with good buildings and plenty of them. Only a mile and a half from Redford, one of the best suburban towns around Detroit. Good soil and land lays level. Small apple orchard. Seven room house, cellar, cistern, and good well. Summer kitchen, frame barn 30x56 and 16x40 with a shed 12x16. No left at home but the old folks and they want to move to the city.

Will sell for \$4500 and buildings are insured for half of that amount. Would trade for a two-family flat or sell for a fair payment down.

DAIRY FARM—60 acres, with 15 acres finest pasture land and running water. Three miles from Farmington and one mile from electric car line. Brick house with cement cellar. Fine oak grove. Age compels a sale and it can be had for \$4,000.

BRICK HOUSE—With all modern conveniences, including basement with furnace, electric lights, water, etc. Fine lot with beautiful maple shade trees and in the most desirable location in Redford. \$2,500 is the price.

BRICK STORE—Chance for some one with a little money to invest. Will pay a big interest on the money invested.

SMALL STORE—In good, growing town near Detroit, suitable for any line of goods as the location is good. Less than it's value.

THREE NEW HOUSES—Built to be sold at actual cost and being desirably located are decided bargains. Two lots go with each. Ask about these if looking for a fine home.

VACANT LOTS—Can be bought for a very small down payment and the easiest kind of terms. Pick your lot and don't be at all bashful about asking for easy payments. Before you get it paid for you can sell for 50 per cent profit.

ONE STORY BRICK STORE—Redford's best location. Owner is building larger and will sell this for less than it is worth if sold soon. Large enough for any purpose.

TWO ACRES—Within the limits of Redford Village. Owner cannot use it and offers it at a bargain. Fine for chickens and fruit.

THREE LOTS—Fine place for a home with large garden or for raising fruit or poultry. \$500, on easy payments.

TWO BUSINESS LOTS—On Grand River Avenue in Redford and the best location that is offered for sale. Can be bought at a speculation price if taken while owner is in the selling mood.

Many Other Bargains Offered in Village and Farming Property in Wayne and Oakland Counties. Ask for what you want.

RAMSEY REALTY CO.

Office at both Redford and Farmington

For prompt and sure results use the columns of this paper to advertise your wants.