JOHN MADISON, JUNIOR

By Frank Pratt.

Madison Senior sat in a huge armchair by the blazing fire reading the latest news from the front. Madison Junior lay cooing pleasantly in the arms of a radiant young nurse as if John resentfully. charmed beyond words with the new life into which he had suddenly fallen. Madison Senior puffed at a huge cigar. then," said the fond mamma, appealing Madison Junior was content for the present with the flavor extracted from a very small and rosy thumb, and for a time-an unusual circumstance since the arrival of Madison Junior-peace, perfect peace, reigned in the little establishment.

At last the silence became irksometo one of the party at least. The pretty | Where's my hat?" wurse looked toward the armchair impatiently, and thought it was about time to claim a little attention for her-

self. "My love," said Madison Senior, without raising his eyes from the pa-

"Oh, don't disturb yourself, pray," said the love, loftily. "Baby and I are of no consequence at all. We are just part of your belongings, like the chairs and tables, aren't we, baby? Never mind, darling, if he has got a hard, unnatural monster for his father, he has got his own, own mumsey to think the whole world of him."

"Goo-oo-oo," said Madison Junior, sympathetically, with the aid of the small thumb before mentioned.

'What's up now?" said Madison Senior, with a long-suffering sigh, as he turned his eyes on to the injured pair on the other side of the fireplace.

"Nothing except your horrid old paper," returned the young mamma with a pout. "When you have got that you don't think a bit of baby and me. The now and you didn't even look up. He of it." might have d-died, and you wouldn't have been much the wiser."

"Goodness me," said the culprit in some amazement; "why, I've done nothing but admire the little rascal and talk a lot of fool's talk to him since the day he came. You don't expect me to spend every minute of my life worshipping at his shrine as you do, Bertha?" "I-I don't believe you love him a

bit," faltered Bertha.
"Den't I! Well, I should say I do. It takes a great deal of affection to stand fourteen consecutive nights without sleep, doesn't it?"

"There, now you're reproaching the sweet little-"

"Not a bit of it," said Madison Senfor, stifling a groan. "Here, give him to me. Hallo, boy. Chucksey, wucksy. Where's your daddy, eh? Ah, I see you, you saucy young rascal, you.". "Goo-goo-oo," gurgled the baby ob-

higingly. "There!" cried the delighted young | came to the door. "Will you take the knows you as well as can be. Look at hon, then?"

If Madison Junior didn't he ought to, for a more comfortable cradle than the knees of Madison Senior could scarcely be found. However, if he was young, he was born a gentleman, and he made na allusion to the fact whatever.

"And now, John dear, what shall we call him?" coaxed the fond mamma. "Call him! call who?" queried John, with his eyes on his discarded news-

Why, the baby, John."

"Oh, of course. Yes, just so." "You see he's just six weeks old today, John dear, and it's time the little love had a name of his very, very own. I've been thinking, dear. What do you think of Percival Lancelot Hagger-

"Well, it's a bit long for his size, isn't it?" said Madison Senior, regarding the length and breadth of Madison Junior.

"Now, don't be silly, John. Don't you "It might sound a little more important if you added a few more simple

names to it-say, half-a-dozen." "Oh, John, you're laughing at me." There was a world of reproach in the young mother's voice as she bent adoringly over her offspring, and despite the warning light which gleamed in her eyes, John could not resist his banter.

"Perhaps I could suggest a few," he went on, ignoring the danger signal. "What do you think of Dewey, Mc-Kinley, Bryan, Phillips, eh?"

"I think you're a mean, horrid, cowardly creature," announced the infant's mamma, rising up wrathfully, "and I won't have another word to say to you. Give me my baby, sir."

John delivered it up without a word, suppressing the sigh of relief, which struggled for an outlet.

"You have no right to be a father," went on the injured one, in a voice trembling with indignation. "No right at all, and of such a little angel, too. Why did you marry me, John Madison, I should like to know?"

"So should I," said John surlily, "And to be sure I haven't had much cause to rejoice in the privilege of being a father. Wisdom seems to be a scarce commodity now-a-days."

"And now you insult me," cried his wife with flashing eyes. "I'm sure I can't think why I married a brute like you. Oh, baby, baby, I've only you to love now in the whole, whole world."

She sat down again in the rocking chair, and pressing the infant's robe to her eyes, burst into a flood of tears, a circumstance which gave Madison Junior a chance for the first time of performing in a duet, and which he un-

dertook to the best of his ability. Madison Senior put his fingers in his ears and strode the room in despair. If anything agitated him more than another it was the sight of tears. His first impulse was to fly from the room, his next to go and seize young Madison and tell him what he thought of him for poking his nose in an otherwise happy household and turning it topsyturvy. But he nobly suppressed both. Instead, he advanced towards the enemy, and kneeling down took both the weeping mamma and infant in his

"Oh! oh; you don't love me," sobbed his wife, allowing her head to fall gently on his shoulder.

"Owe-ow-ow," yelled Madison Ju-There, there!" said Madison Senior, trains to speak soothingly and kissing

w-want you to m-mind." "Well, then, call him John." tion.

suggest must be adorable.'

"John?" Mrs. Madison forgot her tears, and started up in just indigna-"Call him John-that common name. You must be mad." "Well, what's good enough for me is

the wet cheeks of both. "Come, come

Bertha darling. Call the baby what you

like, I don't mind. Everything you

"But I w-want to call him what you

like," murmured Bertha tearfully. "I

"As if I should call my precious pet by such an ugly, vulgar old name, to the cause of the outcry.

good enough for my son, isn't it?" said

"Owe-ow-ow," screamed Madison Junior in response. "Good heavens! this is Bedlam," shouted the head of the household, trying to make himself heard. "Shut up that row, will you, you wretched little atom. Do you-oh, my goodness.

"Yes, you'd better go," said his wife, with terrible calmness. "I should think you'd be ashamed to stay in the house a minute longer. There! there! my sweet,"-this to the howling infant. "Mother wont' let the bad, bad man hurt her darling. Sh! sh! sh!"

Madison Junior, thinking the fun had gone far enough, suddenly stopped crying, and began to get quite amiable again, and peace once more restored, Madison Senior endeavored to speak.

"Bertha," he said. "Don't you address me, sir," snapped his wife. "Gurr-gur-r," said the baby deri-

"Now, look here, my dear, this has gone quite far enough.' "I should think it has, sir," declared

his wife. "Ever since that little rascal put in his appearance there hasn't been a bit Get down and apologize for being so of peace in the house. I have to tread 'naughty." about on tiptoe when he's asleep, and But the rooster only picked a seed or when he's awake to turn myself in a two off the ground and looked up at regular nursemaid. You never have a Edward inquiringly as much as to say: word for me. All your time is given up poor little fellow nearly choked just to the baby, and I'm getting a bit sick

"Dear me," said his wife, not finding anything else to say at the moment. "The fact is, you have been moped up too much lately, and your nerves are out of order," went on Madison Senior. "You want rousing up, a little interest away from the child. Now, what do you say to a theatre, Bertha?"

"What!" exclaimed Bertha; "and leave my six-weeks-old baby for a whole evening?"

"Why not. Nobody with any sense would run away with him. The little rascal will benefit as much as you by the change.' "A nice, dutiful mother I should be,"

said Bertha, scornfully. "I shouldn't "Gurr-gurr-r," purred Madison Ju-

nior, in much enjoyment. "We'll see about that," said John determinedly, as he rang the bell. "Your mistress is going out for the

evening," said he to the nurse who mother, kneeling beside the pair and child and look well after him, as she is clasping her hands in ecstacy. "He naturally anxious about leaving him." "That I will, sir," said the girl. Why, he's smiling at you, the | "I should like to know how you dare dear, darling precious little pet. Does interfere with my affairs," said his

he know his own, own daddy is nursing wife, who was too well bred to speak before her servants, "Nothing will ever make me leave this house to-night." "You won't come, then?" said Mr. Madison good-humoredly. "I thought

we would go and dine at the Criterion and then drop in at the play like we used to in the old days, Bertha." "I'm not coming," said Bertha slowly, yet with wistful eyes.

"No! Well, it's a pity. The only thing I can do now is to get some other girl to take me. Some one without any home ties. I'm sick of going about

Madison Senior moved towards the door, but as he sought the handle he heard his name called very softly and affectionately. "John!"

"Yes," said he, turning round. "Which do you think would look best dear," said a mild little voice; "my new pink blouse or the blue velvet?" "You'd look an angel in either," averred John delightedly, "But I think have a weakness for the blue."

"John dear," said his wife an hour later, as they were seated in their carriage together; "I'm sorry I was rude to you about your name. I think it's the dearest in the world. And I don't want to talk any more about the baby to-night, but if he had any other name but John I'd never love him half so well."

And that was how Madison Junior was dethroned.

A WAR ALPHABET.

By Alfred Harrison, Aged 12.

A stands for America, the land of the right, B for the Battles we win by our might. C for the Courage our boys have dis-

played,

D for the Dangers they've passed undismayed. E for the Evil that wars always leave.

F for the Friends who are left home to grieve H for the Heroes to whom honors are

I for the Independence of the Red, White and Blue. J for the Justice we have in our land, K for the Kindnesses always at hand. L for the Leaders who know not a fear,

M for the Mothers who wish them good N for our Nation growing greater each

O for Olympia that sailed up Manila Bay. P for the Peace which we all sorely need,

Q for the Quiet which the war will succeed. R for Renown with which our land rings,

S for our Soldiers who're in need of good things. T for the Tyranny that our Flag makes to tremble,

U for the Union where great institutions are assembled. V for the Victories of a great army

grand, W for the Warmth of our love for our

land. X for the 'Xtent of our influence for good. Y for the yearning we'd cease if we

could, Z for the Zenith of faith in our God.

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K EDWARD'S K

PET

By Sophie Sweet.

Edward was a city boy but every

summer he went into the country

where his father had a very pretty

place. Upon his father's country place

Edward saw all kinds of animals and,

rewarded by the affection which they

Among Edward's pets was a hand-

One day Edward went out to call

his rooster when to his surprise he

found him fighting, and such a furious

and the other rooster fought back. The

battle was long and desperate, but at

the close Edward's pet rooster wal' ed

rooster so many times that the poor

fellow could no longer fight; and with

his big, strong wings he had beaten

him to the ground again and again.

him with torn feathers and bloody feet

Edward looked down at him and said:

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, sir!

You are the worst chicken I ever saw.

A SWELL YOUNG

me of the Sights at the Poultry

'You are so bad you ought to be

o tell the hired man to kill you. I

So Edward told the hired man to shut

Game, which was the rooster's name,

stood by himself in a coop with slats

across the front while the other roos-

ters strutted past him in safety. Some-

times they stopped in front of his coop

and crowed which Edward thought

was very unnecessary and a poor tri-

umph to show over a comrade in dis-

ress, even though he had been

The following day Game was let out;

and though he behaved a little better

his conduct was still very much to be

criticised. He would fight and that

was all that could be said about him.

He loved to strike the roosters as they

passed him; and though Edward hit

him with a long switch and even threw

stones at him, it did little, if any, good.

One day Edward's father read in the

"Yes, indeed," said his father, "if you

So, two weeks later, when the Poul-

ters and on the first day of the Show,

in a coop, on a long bench, with other

roosters on each side of him. But,

though there were hundreds of others,

Edward knew Game at sight. And

Game knew Edward. At sight of his

little master the rooster stretched out

his neck and when Edward held up

his hand Game allowed him to stroke

When the final day of the Show ar-

rived, Game received a blue ribbon;

and very proud of it was Edward. "

Game would not fight any more."

little," said papa, laughingly.

Maiden with the laughing eyes,

When others buzz around us you

But, maiden, prithee tell me why

And win no smiles from you?

I speak of love, and hurry, then,

Why is it that you check me when

To talk of books and plays and war

And things that worry other men?

Your face is fair to see;

Or do you jest with me?

Elysian fancies up to view.

It is that when we two

Are all alone I hear no sigh

wish, papa," he said that night, "that

"I am afraid he will always fight a

Her Way.

But, tell me, are those honest sighs,

Have smiles for me, and blushes, too-

You tempt me with your lips and hold

newspaper that there was to be a poul-

try show. "You ought to take Game,"

ruess I will have you shut up.'

Show.

DUCH

It was truly a battle royal.

"Do you think so?

PHEASANT

naughty.

said he.

quickly.

his leg.

would enjoy doing so."

ordinary rooster like any other one.

displayed for him.

ROOSTER. X

Does your Skin itch and Burn? Distressing Eruptions on the Skin so you feel ashamed to be in company? Do Scabs and Scales form on the Skin, Hair or Scalp? Have you Eczema? Skin Sore and Cracked? Rash form on the Skin? Prickling Pain in the Passages. Allays Inflammation Heals Skin? Boils? Pimples? Bone and Protects the Membrane. Restores of course, he had many pets. It is astonishing how many pets a boy can have; if he be a nice boy, gentle and kind to animals. Edward was very fond of every living thing; and he was rewarded by the affection which they and Impurities and Poisons in the Blood. To cure to stay cursome rooster, a game cock they called ed take B. B. B. (Botanic Blood him, but to Edward he was only an Balm) which makes the blood pure and rich, B. B. B. will cause the sores to heal, itching of eczema to stop forever, the battle it was. With long spurs the skin to become clear and the rooster was jabbing his antagonist; breath sweet. B. B. is just the remedy you have been look ing for. Thoroughly tested for away happy. He had struck the other 30 years. Our readers are advised to try B. B. B. For sale by drugg sts at \$1 per large bottle; six large bottles (full treatment) \$5. Complete directions with When Edward's reoster came toward each bottle. So sufferers may test it, a trial bottle given away. Write for it. Address BLOOD BALM CO., 277 Mitchell St. Atlanta Ga., Describe your trouble and Free personal medical

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eral in the contested States.

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Chicago will buy but not sail the new Shamrock.

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ball field.

"Oh, papa, may I?" asked Edward Night Sweats, loss of appetite, weak and impoverished blood, colds, la houses and lots for sale in and near grippe and general weakness are fre- the city; two houses and one vacant heart's action irregularquent results of malaria. Rooerts' lot in Edmundson Town for sale: All Tasteless Chill Tonic eliminates the try Show opened, Edward was there with his pet rooster Game. Game was malaria, purifies your blood, restores your appetite and tones up your liver. 25c, per bottle. Insist on having Rcbentered regularly with the other roos-Edward went to see him. There he was erts'. No other "as good."

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