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### Changing Places With Jimmie.

By W. F. BRYAN.  
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erary Digest, Inc.

Jack Morewood stood upon the piazza tapping the floor with the tip of her daintily booted foot and stapping at her habit skirt with a silver-mounted crop.

It was a perfect day for a ride. The sun lashed the peaks of the low chain of hills to the west, and in between was the bright green of early summer. Nature was in her kindest mood, but Jacqueline did not share it.

The groom was slow about bringing her mount around, and while she waited a dozen couples had cantered past, waving their hands gaily to Jack. But no cavalier waited to assist her, and no smart cue whitened as lightning on the delay in the appearance of her own horse.

Presently the groom would lead her to the saddle with the perfunctory care of a hireling, and she would go cantering off on her own.

It was this fact and not the slowness of the stable hands that brought the frown to Jacqueline's face. For the first time in her life she was tired of being the boy of the family.

When staidward John Morewood had led her to the door to look down into the blinking eyes of his firebrand the baby had seized the proffered finger in stately disdain, her father had chuckled with delight.

"She's shaking hands like the little gentleman she is," he declared. "Then there he has named her Jacqueline. He might call her Jack. He seemed to find comfort for his disappointment in her sex by making her little daughter as boyish as possible."

In her youth, thanks to his training, she had been given over to tomboy tricks. When she was thirteen and a baby brother came to share her reign she regarded the newcomer's appearance with contempt.

"I'm the best boy," she declared with emphasis, and she took pride in her father's assurance that she was indeed, in her mother's eyes, his mother's pet, while Jack still chummed with her father, and as the boy grew up delicate and pallid, Jack seemed to be the suggestion of femininity which caused the men to gasp and tell themselves that they had never before realized what a stunning girl Jacqueline Morewood was.

"You are radiant tonight," murmured Minton as he held out his hand for her dance program as she came to the door. "I'm tired of being father's boy," she explained. "I've changed places with Jimmie," and as Minton calmly approved the program she read in his eyes approval of the change.

Fever and Wet Clothes.  
General Baden-Powell in his book, "Scouting For Boys," writes of the dangers that come from wet garments and the best way to dry one's clothes: "You will often get wet through on service, and you will see recruits rumpled in their wet clothes, and they will get dry again. No old scout would do so, as that is the way to catch fever and get ill. When you are wet take the first opportunity of getting your wet clothes off and drying them, even though you may not have the clothes to put on, as happened to me many a time."

"I have sat naked under a wagon while my one suit of clothes was drying over a fire. The way to dry clothes over a fire is to make one of hot ashes and then build a small bonfire shaped like a cone over the fire, and hang your clothes over the cone, and they will dry very quickly; also in hot weather it is dangerous to sit in your clothes when they have got wet from perspiration."

"On the west coast of Africa I always carried a spare shirt hanging down my back, with the sleeves tied around my neck. So soon as I halted I would take off the wet shirt I was wearing and put on the dry, which had been hanging out in the sun on my back. By this means I never got fever when almost every one else went down with it."

Sacred Birds of the Aztecs.  
Imagine a bird the size of a pigeon, its back, head, wings and breast dazling metallic green with golden sheen. Its entire lower parts yield a soft, recurrent creak cutting over the bill and ferry, curved plump, appaling over the wings, while two or three slender great feathers a yard or more in length extend over and beyond the glossy black and white tail. Such is the Quetzal, or resplendent Trogon, the national bird of the Montezuma, national emblem of Guatemala and the handsome and most striking of all the gorgeous Trogon family. Although found in nearly every republic of Central America, this superb creature is confined entirely to the mountain forests of the higher mountains in these localities its shrill scream may be heard at any time, yet it is a different matter to even catch a glimpse of its brilliant form as he fits from tree to tree, and far more difficult as the task of securing specimens. Apparently fully aware of their beauty and value, these royal birds are exceedingly shy and suspicious, keeping strictly to the topmost branches of the tallest trees, frequently far out of shotgun range. This statement is no exaggeration, for the trees often attain a height of 300 feet.—Outing Magazine.

upturning lip the boy turned toward the house, and Jack urged her horse closer to the hedge.

"Jimmie!" she called warningly, "if you dare to try I shall spank you. Go get your pony and come back so me."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Jimmie.

"Never mind," she said. "You do what I tell you. Do you want really and truly to be a boy?"

"Do!" repeated Jimmie, smiling at the folly of the question. "I ain't either 'a boy' or a girl."

"Neither am I!" said Jack. "Hurry up, dear."

She waited beside the road until her brother joined her on his pony, and together they headed for the town. It was long after luncheon hour before the two returned, and Mrs. Morewood was pacing the veranda in an agony of apprehension.

She had no fears for Jack, but she lamented that at times Jimmie's pony had shown signs of wildness, and the two groups were already scouring the country, while the mother was wondering herself that the boy should be attending to future rides.

Mr. Morewood said nothing, but there was a white line about his lips where they were pressed firmly together to hold back the words of apprehension.

He was afraid for Jacqueline, and when the children were seen turning into the drive, followed by a groom on whose usually impassive face there appeared a broad grin, Morewood gave a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Morewood shrieked with horror when they came closer and she was able to see that Jimmie's hair had been cropped close to his head, while the rest of his suit had been replaced by stout corduroy, but as they slipped to the ground, Jack took the boy's hand and led him to his father.

"Dad," she said simply, "here is your son. I am your daughter. It has been all wrong until now. I've never had a sweetheart, and Jimmie's never had a girl. We've come to the conclusion that we have both been cheated out of little daughters to us, and we've changed places."

She stooped to kiss her father's bearded face and whispered, "And your daughter loves you more than ever, dad." Morewood clasped her to his heart, for he understood the transformation, and she felt bewitched by her darling's lost curls.

"That evening at the Country club Jacqueline was the sensation of the place as she entered with her hair loosely waved instead of tightly knotted. In her dress, too, there was a subtle suggestion of femininity, which caused the men to gasp and tell themselves that they had never before realized what a stunning girl Jacqueline Morewood was.

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**REAL ESTATE SALE.**  
Public Notice is hereby given, that I will sell at Public Auction on Saturday, the 20th day of June, A. D. 1924, at 1:00 o'clock P. M. on the premises in the Village of Barrington the following described premises:  
The North-eighteen (18) feet of Lot (1) and all of Lot two (2), in Block thirteen (13), in the Village of Barrington, being a subdivision of the East Half (E 1/2) of Lot number two (2) in the Northwest Quarter (N. W. 1/4) of Section one (1), Township forty-two (42) North, Range nine (9) East of the Third Principal Meridian, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois.

The said premises are situated on Grove avenue known as the Jackson Homestead. The premises are improved with a two story frame dwelling and outhouses. An Abstract will go to the purchaser.

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