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NEW BELL IS CHRISTENED

Large Number of Escanaba People Witnessed Beautiful Ceremony at Flat Rock

A great number of Escanaba people attended the formal ceremony which marked the blessing of the new church bell at the Holy Family church of Flat Rock on Sunday afternoon. In addition to the great congregation which attended the ceremony there were the following visiting priests and dignitaries of the church: Monsignor Langner, representing Rt. Rev. Bishop Els; Father Wechter, Father Langan, Father LaForest, Father Menard, and other priests of the district.

The ceremony of blessing the bell was a most elaborate one and after which came the donations from the congregation and visitors which netted a large sum exceeding the expectations of the most sanguine members of the congregation.

The church was packed for the ceremony there being a large number of Escanaba people present in addition to the regular members of the congregation.

RAY HILL LAID UP AT HOME

Ray Hill, who is employed at the North Western scale house is suffering from three crushed toes as the result of a large piece of ore falling on his foot yesterday morning. The bones of three toes were broken and he will be unable to work for some time.

ESCANABA LAD HAS MADE GOOD

Announcement has been received in Escanaba that Atty. John O. Loeffler, a former Escanaba boy who graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan last June, has become associated with the law firm of Hall & Kollner of Minneapolis, Minn. The firm is recognized as one of the best in Minneapolis, having a law practice which covers the entire state of Minnesota, giving to Mr. Loeffler exceptional advantages through being associated with them.

Mr. Loeffler is a young man of excellent qualities and who has achieved the position now reached by him through his own unassisted effort. Coming to Escanaba from his home at Bark River with but a grade school education Mr. Loeffler secured a position as telegrapher at the local general office of the North Western road. Through studying nights and every spare moment, all without the aid of a tutor he fitted himself for entrance to the University of Michigan, which school he entered three years ago. He worked his way through that institution and in June of this year was graduated from the law department with high honors.

LARGE FUNERAL FOR NAVAL LAD

One of the largest and most imposing funerals ever held in Escanaba was that which marked the laying to rest of the body of Paul Paulson, on Sunday afternoon. The young man was killed by the premature explosion of a cannon during the farmer's picnic here on Friday when a salute was about to be fired by members of the Escanaba division of state naval reserves.

The reserves together with the members of the F. F. Smith post G. A. R. and the Light Guards turned out in great numbers and gave to the body an elaborate military burial. The service was held at the Swedish Lutheran church at 10 o'clock the Rev. C. J. Intermont was officiating.

LAKE TRAFFIC IS HUGE; ORE LEADS

TRAFFIC FOR JULY SETS RECORD AND IS EVIDENCE OF PROSPERITY.

If This Season's Ratio is Maintained Old Figures May Be Exceeded.

(Special to Morning Press.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Prosperity on the great lakes, abundant and growing, is shown by the official government report for July, just made public.

The total shipments from all lake ports, 12,398,550 net tons, were the largest recorded during the history of the lake trade, exceeding the July, 1908, figures by over 2,500,000 net tons.

The large gain was due mainly to the greatly increased shipments of iron ore. The total iron ore shipments were 6,727,564 gross tons, and for the season, 15,280,497 which is about 2,500,000 tons short of the 1907 record.

If shipments continue at the present rate the 1907 record of nearly 41,000,000 tons will be equaled, if not exceeded.

Almost 20 per cent of the ore shipped was unloaded at Chicago, Indiana Harbor and Gary.

The lumber shipments continued heavy, though the monthly total, 145,850,000 feet, was slightly below the June total. The total for the season, 517,935,000 feet, was about 150,000,000 feet in excess of the like 1908 total.

A great improvement is shown in unclassified shipments, including package freight.

The departures in the domestic trade numbered 11,058 vessels, representing a total net tonnage of 15,887,755, a figure largely in excess of July 1907 and 1908 records.

TWO ITALIANS WERE RELEASED

After listening to the testimony submitted in the case a jury in Judge O. V. Linden's court yesterday decided that Reggio Andrea, an Italian, was not guilty of assaulting Edward Clermont, as alleged. A complaint against Basilio Andrea, brother of the main defendant was also dismissed without the attention of a jury. The quarrel between Clairmont and the two Italians developed over a dispute as to the ownership of certain tools and the jury after considering the case for some time decided there was no cause for action.

THREE DIE IN AUTO CRASH; TRAIN HITS MACHINE.

(Special to Morning Press.) ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 30.—Five persons, all residents of this city, were killed Sunday when their automobile was struck by a Rock Island accommodation train at Vigus Station, Mo.

The automobile was dragged a quarter of a mile. Hidden by a curve, the train could not be seen from the machine.

Worshippers in the Vigus church, several hundred yards away, heard the crash and hurried to the assistance of the autolists.

'NO BABIES NO BALLOTS,' NEW SUFFRAGE PROJECT.

(Special to Morning Press.) ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 30.—"Family suffrage; or, no babies, no ballots."

This is the new idea of Father Phelan, editor priest of St. Louis which he says he will submit to the next session at Jefferson City.

Father Phelan will also submit suggestions prohibiting a divorced husband from marrying the corespondent in the case.

His bundle of clean exchange newspapers for the week of August 31st is now ready for delivery.

LABOR DAY IS FIXED

Monster Celebrations to be Held in Escanaba One Week From Yesterday

Practically all arrangements have been made for the big Labor day celebration to be held here next Monday. On that day united labor will hold the boards in Escanaba and business throughout the city will be generally suspended. Members of the committee in charge of arrangements for the day have been at work constantly for the past three weeks and nothing will be left undone to make the celebration a success. Following the big labor day parade which will mark the morning program free street car will be provided for all who wish to go to South park where the major portion of the program will take place. Addresses by Hon. John Power and City Atty., I. C. Jennings will be features of the afternoon arrangements and after which will be a ball game between the local team and the Key stone Giants, a colored organization which is touted as one of the strongest ever to visit this city.

The day will come to a close with a grand ball at the Peterson in the evening.

YOUNG MAN PASSED AWAY

After an illness of nearly six weeks from Bright's disease Frank Hendrickson, died yesterday at the Delta county hospital. The body was removed to the undertaking room of J. A. Allo and the funeral service will probably be held from that place this afternoon. Hendrickson was formerly employed at the Chat field Brass and Iron works and the management and employees of that place will defray the expenses of the funeral of the young man's body.

NEW FEATURES FOR MORNING PRESS READERS

With this issue the Morning Press readers will find eight pages of reading matter. While each page is somewhat smaller and can be more easily handled than heretofore, there is nevertheless a good deal more reading matter presented.

It is of the quality rather than the quantity, that we want to speak. You will find, if interested in sports, not only the usual telegraphic report of yesterday afternoon's games, but also a goodly assortment of sporting feature articles, illustrated.

The Farm and Garden department will be worth while the attention of the farmer as well as the city gardener.

Copyrighted short stories in this issue, will shortly be followed by one of the latest and best serials of the day. All this literary material is copyrighted and sold exclusively to the Morning Press in this section. Opie Read's masterly copyright story, Old Lim Jucklin, in this issue will be read with pleasure, we are sure.

For those who love humor, we present a choice selection of jokes and illustrations. "The Onlooker," by famous Wilbur Nesbit is one of the best humorous columns that has ever appeared in the upper peninsula.

There are other short stories, all copyrighted, and last but not least, you will find no end of desirable woman's and household articles. The Morning Press has procured exclusive rights to these features. There will also be "features within features" in this line. Watch them.

The Morning Press will, while presenting all this material with no little pride, be careful to get all of the latest and best in the lines of fiction and facts.

Read every line of our newspaper every day. You will get only the latest news, literary treats that will rival the best you can find in the

SET HEARING THURSDAY

Examination of Man Held for Serious Offense Fixed by Court

The hearing of M. C. Hitchcock, who is charged with a serious criminal offense by his daughter Alice Hitchcock, will be held in Judge Emil Glaser's court on Thursday morning. Mr. Hitchcock was released from jail on bond furnished by friends on Sunday morning and his charge against him will be vigorously fought by those who believe it to be without foundation. The girl making the charge against her father was yesterday examined at length by other attorneys outside of the marked sympathy that is shown for the defendant and the effort to break down her horrible tale, was without effect.

MORE EQUIPMENT FOR SHIPPING OF IRON ORE

(Special to Morning Press.)

CRYSTALL FALLS, Mich., Aug. 30.—The Peninsula division of the C. & N. W. railroad was visited by higher officials during the week.

The violent criticisms that have been heaped upon the system of late because of the inefficient ore service has born fruit.

Mr. Morse, superintendent of motive power, promised to send five large engines and 200 more ore cars to the division at once. The engines have already arrived.

Had a fair proportion of the new cars been distributed along this division last winter, it would have improved matters greatly. However, the present rate at which the old cars are being converted into kindling wood promises to soon relieve the division of them. — Diamond Drill.

HUGH LOVE AGAIN WEDS MRS. GRACE SNELL, 'ETC.'

(Special to Morning Press.)

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 30.—Mrs. Grace Snell-Coffin-Coffin-Walker-Coffin-Layman Love is married again.

Her full name now, Grace Snell-Coffin-Walker-Coffin-Layman Love-Love, for her latest husband is none other than her most lately discarded helpmeet, Hugh H. Love, former newspaper writer and ex-secretary of the board of health of Los Angeles Cal.

The ceremony was performed at Santa Anna, Cal. It clinches Mrs. Love's claim on the Marathon marriage and divorce record.

Beginning with a long array of Coffins it runs the gamut of human sensations and finally approaches its finishing mark, Love.

She filed her divorce bill against Love last year. It was scarcely granted before she and her ex-husband were almost as chummy as ever.

BURNED TO DEATH; HAD ACCUSED NEIGHBORS

(Special to Morning Press.)

BAY CITY, Mich., Aug. 30.—Englebert R. Fisher, 56 is dying in Mercy hospital, and Mary Frederick who neighbors believe was his niece is dead of burns received when their one-story combination dwelling and grocery store burned. The woman was 33 years old.

It was learned that Fisher had made complaints that neighbors were trying to burn his place because they objected to his presence. The officers do not place much credence in the theory.

SAD AND LONESOME DAYS FOR FREE LUNCHES.

Sad and lonesome are the days of the free lunch man.

He must buy his lunch now. For the new law in Michigan forbidding the serving of lunches in saloons goes into effect Sept. 1, and the saloonkeepers are already preparing to give it a big send-off by having one large elaborate lunch by way of farewell.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to sincerely thank the members of the State Naval Militia, the C. F. Smith post G. A. R. and Escanaba Light Guards for turning out to attend the funeral of our son Paul Paulson. We also wish to thank all neighbors and friends for their many kind courtesies and sympathy during the hour of our affliction as well as all who sent many beautiful floral offerings.

Signed Mr. and Mrs. Paul Paulson. 450.

NEWLY WEDDED PAIR WERE CLOSE TO DEATH

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Groulx Married Here Yesterday Narrowly Escaped Death Under Locomotive at Wells Crossing

HORSE KILLED BUT 3 ESCAPE

Couple With Father of Bride Driving to Gladstone After Ceremony Narrowly Escape Catastrophe

After being married in Escanaba at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Henry Groulx of Gladstone together with the father of the bride, narrowly escaped being instantly killed at the Wells crossing of the North Western road shortly after 6 o'clock last night. The horse which they were driving was killed but miraculously all of the occupants of the carriage were unharmed.

The couple were married by Judge O. V. Linden at his office at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon with George Hayden and the father of the bride as witnesses. Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded couple and the bride's father started on the return trip to their home at Gladstone. They reached Wells just as a south bound locomotive with only a caboose attached was nearing the crossing at that place. A. L. Porter, who was returning to Escanaba from Gladstone saw the coming train safely made the crossing and met the three people in a buggy between the street car and the railway crossings at Wells.

According to Porter the train was in plain view but the newly married pair failed to see the coming locomotive and they were nearly to the track before the danger was realized.

The bride was driving and the horse had just stepped over the track when it was struck by the engine. One of the men in the rig grabbed the reins and pulled the horse from the track in front of the locomotive. The train was stopped immediately and going back the crew found that only the horse was injured. It had been struck squarely in the side and was so severely injured that it died within a few minutes.

Not any part of the carriage was broken nor was even the harness damaged, making the accident, decidedly unique in its results.

The horse and rig belonged to LaPine and Strand of Gladstone and immediately after the accident Mr. LaPine hurried to the scene and took the couple on their interrupted wedding trip to Gladstone.

TOOK VOWS IN ESCANABA

In the presence of a number of friends and relatives Miss Nellie Venille was married at noon yesterday to Arnold Herman of Lena, Wis., at the First Baptist church, the Rev. Amsley officiating. Miss Effie Johnson of Marinette served as maid of honor and Fred Herman of Stevens Point, Wis., brother of the groom officiated as groomsman.

Following the ceremony an elaborate four course wedding banquet served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Schwartz.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the couple left by auto for Marinette. They will enjoy a trip through the west, including a visit to the exposition at Seattle before returning to make their home at Lena. The bride of yesterday has been visiting for several months with her sister Mrs. R. Schwarz here and the wedding has been in contemplation for some time.

Injured Chauffeur Dead.

(Special to Morning Press.) NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—Laurent Grosse, driver of the Stearns car, who was injured in the twenty-four hour automobile race at Brighton Beach died on Sunday. Leonard Cole his mechanic, was instantly killed.

Grosse was 26 years old.

HOLD ANNUAL MEETING

Escanaba Brewing Company Elects Directors and Officers.

At the annual meeting of the Escanaba Brewing Company, held yesterday, Nicholas Walch was elected president, James Druth vice-president J. John M. Semer secretary and Emmanuel Olson, treasurer and manager.

Directors elected are: Messrs. Walch, Olson and Semer.

COUNCIL HELD RECORD SESSION

Members of the Escanaba city council held a record session last night.

Members of the council last night accepted the invitation extended by the Trades & Labor Council to participate in the big labor day parade and exercises on next Monday. Carriages will be secured and the officers of the city together with the council will appear in the procession line.

The bond of the Minneapolis Brewing company with A. A. Classell and A. M. Lofvander as sureties, was approved of and a license will probably be issued to that company immediately.

The repairing of a catch basin at Hill and Norris streets was discussed the matter finally being referred to the street committee for action.

'EXILE' TAYLOR AT LOUISVILLE.

Ex-Governor, Pardoned, Visits Ken. Ex-Governor, Pardoned, Visits Ken.

(Special to Morning Press.)

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 30.—Kentucky has a visitor who for nine years was an exile because of his alleged connection with the assassination of William Goebel, former Gov. William S. Taylor, who now lives in Indianapolis, and who was pardoned three months ago.

This is Taylor's first visit to Kentucky since he fled from the state in 1899.

He says he will never return to Kentucky to live, as the state has brought him too much sorrow, his wife and daughter having died of broken hearts.

Taylor probably will visit his old home in the Whitley County mountains. He will be given a public reception.

ONE OF THE VETERANS OF THE GAME



"Ginger" (Clarence H.) Beaumont, outfielder of the Boston National league team, has played the game for several years. In his prime Beaumont was considered one of the stars

SPIT BALL DIFFERS FROM ALL THE OTHER CURVES

Elusive Saliva Twirl Regarded as Difficult to Control, as it Makes Sudden Break.

The spit ball is absolutely different from any other form of curve ball ever thrown. It is the result of an entirely different principle.

All boys who have played ball know that the ordinary curve is thrown by grasping the ball tightly, and then spinning it off the end of the fingers—the same principle as putting "English" on a billiard ball. The ordinary curve ball, therefore, always gets the twist as it leaves the tips of the fingers, after having been released by the thumb.

The spit ball is just the reverse of this. A spot on the ball about the size of a silver dollar is moistened with saliva. This spot is made so lubricant that the fingers, when placed upon it, slip off without the least friction. The tips of the first two fingers are placed upon the moist spot, and the thumb on the opposite side of the ball, and beneath. The ball is thrown with all the strength the arm can give it. The fingers, instead of gripping, slip off, and the ball takes a peculiar wabbling movement from the thumb, which it leaves last.

The spit ball is naturally very hard to control, as it is difficult to regulate its direction with the point of the thumb. When the ball comes up to the plate it makes a sudden "break" and will drop either to one side or the other. The pitcher himself can not always tell which way it is going to "break."

For a while the pitchers had great difficulty in getting up speed on the spit ball, but now they can throw it almost as swiftly as the ordinary curve.

CATCHER FOR CINCINNATI.



Frank Roth, one of the catchers on the staff of Clark Griffith who has shown to good advantage in the games he has played in thus far this season.

"Peaches" Graham.

It's "Peaches" Graham. While with the Minneapolis team in the American association he played about every position in the in and outfield and was rated as a pretty good pitcher.

of the game; advancing age has slowed him up somewhat, but he is still able to hold his own with the younger players both in the field and at the bat.

FEW BASEBALL PLAYERS QUIT GAME VOLUNTARILY

When They Do Sever Connection with Popular Sport in Their Prime There is Always a Reason.

The lure of the diamond is so strong that few, very few, professional baseball players have retired from the game as Fielder Jones did, in the heyday of his career. Jones, who was the captain and manager of the Chicago Americans and once led them to victory in a world's series after winning the pennant in his own league, made a complete renunciation of the game.

With Jones it was purely a matter of business. He had interests in Oregon which demanded his personal attention. Much as he loved the national game and strong as was the hold on him, he was firm in his intention to say good-bye to the diamond.

John Ward was another of the few who gave up baseball when he was on the top wave. He was manager and captain of the New Yorks when they won the Temple cup in 1895 and could have served several years more of usefulness both as manager and a player. He was playing well at second base when he retired and was as skillful as ever with the bat, but he had made up his mind that it was time to get to his law practice, and nothing could induce him to stay in the game.

Big Bill Lange, who, when he was with the Chicago Nationals a few seasons ago, was a fine batter, a fine fielder and a fine base runner. Lange was head and shoulders above the general run of ball players. He was so good a player that it was a pity that professional baseball had to lose him. He married a California girl, went into business, and has not played ball since. He, too, was in his prime as a player when he stepped down and out.

Danny Richardson, the former Giant; Dave Fultz of the New York Americans; Billy Lauder, last with the New York Nationals, and Jimmy Callahan of the Chicago White Sox are four more players who gave up the game when they were at the top of their ability.

Mike Griffin was as good as ever when he terminated his connection with professional baseball. The Brooklyn sold him to the St. Louis club without his consent. He said he'd quit rather than go to St. Louis under the conditions, and he kept his word.

Work of Team Manager.

Very few fans realize the trouble and work to which managers are subjected, and in many instances these team leaders are blamed unjustly for the poor performances of their players. The successful managers of the present day, Chance, Clarke and Jennings, are backed up by such great players as Evers, Tinker, Sheppard, Brown, Reulbach, Wagner, Leach, Gibson, Camnitz, Miller, Cobb, Bush, Summers, Donovan, Mullin and others, but if deprived of some of these stars they would soon demonstrate the fact that a manager without high class talent cannot win a pennant.

Hines, Old Catcher, Insane.

Michael P. Hines, 20 years ago catcher on the Boston Nationals, was adjudged insane. Hines, four years ago, fell from a building, and the injuries he received then affected his mind. Hines, in 1882, on the Boston National team, was backstop for Whitney, at that time considered the speediest pitcher in the country. He was with the club until 1885.

GOOD ON HOT DAYS

LIGHT AND HASTY PREPARATIONS FOR SUMMER.

Potted Fish Especially Fitted for Luncheon Table—Stuffed Green Peppers—Potato Balls—To Put up Chili Sauce.

Potted fish is a tasty filling for summer sandwiches and for the luncheon table. Boil four pounds of halibut or any white fish and when it is cold pick it apart. Season with salt and pepper and a blade of mace. Pound the fish to a paste, adding gradually a quarter pound of butter melted. Pack in a small glass jar, cover with melted paraffin, then with paper and keep in cool place.

Green peppers stuffed with fresh green corn and baked make a tasty luncheon dish. For six medium-sized peppers take enough fresh corn to fill them. Boil the peppers until they are soft. Mix the corn with salt and pepper to taste and a generous lump of butter. Heat through, then fill the peppers. Lay on top of each bread crumbs and a thin slice of bacon. Put the peppers in a baking dish half full of water and bake in a hot oven. Serve with a thick cream sauce.

Another dish is made by taking a pint of hot mashed potatoes seasoned with salt, pepper, celery salt, a dash of cayenne and a few drops of onion juice; add the beaten yolk of one egg. Shape into round balls and fill the centers with creamed chicken, sweetbreads or peas. Dip into egg and crumbs and fry in very hot fat. Serve on a platter with slices of crisp bacon and solid tomatoes dotted with mayonnaise. Sprinkle the potato balls with minced parsley.

Chili sauce is made by taking three red or green peppers, 12 large, ripe, firm tomatoes, three large onions, two tablespoons of salt and three of sugar, three cups of vinegar and one tablespoon each of cinnamon, black pepper, dry mustard, mace and one grated nutmeg. Peel the tomatoes and onions and slice them fine. Chop the peppers and add all together with the other ingredients and boil for about two hours. Put into glass jars and seal with paraffin covers.

A California fruit cheese is made by grinding together a pound each of seeded raisins, figs, dates, currants, blanched almonds and two pounds of English walnuts. Mix into a solid cake and put under a press for two or three days. Serve in squares, rolled in powdered sugar on thin slices of hot buttered toast covered with pulverized cinnamon or as a filling for wafer sandwiches.

A Washing Secret.

A woman whose cotton clothes never seem to fade was induced to tell how she did it.

"In the first place," she said, "I am particular that all my colored clothes have the coloring set with sugar of lead or salt before washing, but my particular trick is adding a little coloring matter, such as is used for candies, to the rinsing water. Just a drop or two will make the materials come out bright and fresh looking."

Another woman uses a drop or two of cotton dyes in the rinsing water with equally good effect.

Scotch Broth.

Three pints of the boiling from mutton, one teacupful pearl barley, two teacupfuls of chopped carrot, turnip and onion, pepper and salt, and chopped parsley.

Free the stock from fat and put it on to boil with the pearl barley, which must be well washed. Cook for an hour and then add the chopped vegetables and let it simmer again for half an hour. Season with pepper and salt and serve. This is an excellent family soup and especially good at this season.

Fish Croquettes.

Rub together three tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter and stir into a half pint of rich milk. Add a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and a quarter teaspoonful of grated onion. Boil until it thickens, then stir in two cupfuls of cooked fish and let the mixture boil up again. Season with salt and pepper and set aside. When cold roll into croquettes, dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve with peas, cream or fresh string beans, garnished with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Pumpkin Pies.

Mix one-half cupful of sugar, one egg beaten, two tablespoonfuls of stewed pumpkin and one-half cupful of fresh, rich milk. Season highly with powdered cinnamon and grated nutmeg. Add a pinch of salt and a small portion of pulverized ginger. Line individual heart-shaped pie pans with light, flaky puff paste. Fill these shells with the pumpkin pie mixture and bake in a steady oven. When done, cover with meringue, return to oven and brown to a golden color.

Call (Breakfast Dish).

Butter a pie dish and cover the bottom with a layer of grated cheese, then break as many eggs as may be required on the grated cheese, then sprinkle with pepper and salt; then another layer of grated cheese and on that some grated bread crumbs, and last of all a few pieces of butter. Bake this until the eggs are set—about 15 minutes. Very good.

Roiled Oats Pudding.

One and one-half cups raw rolled oats, small half cup of molasses, half cup sugar, one cup raisins, one quart milk, a little salt and cinnamon. Eat hot with cream or hard sauce or cold with hot sauce.

REGAINED HIS SEAT

WEARY MAN'S REBUKE TO THE POMPOUS WOMAN.

Street Car Episode in Which Chivalry Was Forgotten and Snobbery Met with the Treatment It Deserved.

It happened in a crowded traction car the other afternoon at the time of day when the weary homemakers are returning from their day of grinding labor at their desks. One of them, a middle-aged man, so worn that he positively looked ill, had just sunk gratefully into a seat with a sigh of relief when a woman, luxuriously overdressed, entered with an air of importance and stood by the Weary One.

He half arose, but sank back again, resigned to be considered impolite.

The pompous woman shifted to the other foot noisily and lurched against him as the car made a curve.

"I don't see," she exclaimed vindictively and pointedly, gazing straight at the poor Weary One, "why they don't run cars just for men and avoid embarrassing them by the sight of a woman hanging on to a strap!"

The Weary One gave up the ghost, so to speak, and got up, meekly offering his seat with a courteous:

"Please take my seat, madam."

The pompous, overdressed woman flounced down into the seat without so much as a mumbled "Thank you!" In fact she did it spitefully and with an air of really conferring a favor upon the Weary One by accepting his seat.

Several men snickered.

The Weary One grew red and green, and then pale under the gills.

Suddenly his expression became determined.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, quietly, "but you are sitting on something that belongs to me. May I trouble you to get up and let me—"

"Humph!" snorted the pompous woman, arising with an air of injured dignity and utter disgust.

The man bent over and pretended to look for a lost article.

The woman stepped out into the aisle, languidly.

The Weary One straightway sat down in the seat, opened his evening paper and began to read as placidly as you please.

"Well, well!" gasped the pompous woman, "I thought I was sitting on something that—"

"Yes, madam," the Weary One explained, soothingly, "you were—my seat!"

The pompous woman left the car at the next corner.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Presence of Mind.

Mayor Stoy of Atlantic City was praising the remarkable efficiency of his corps of lifeguards.

"These men have presence of mind," he said, "the right kind of presence of mind. Not the wrong kind—everybody has that."

"I used to know an aged duck hunter that we called Old Presence of Mind," Mayor Stoy continued.

"We called him Old Presence of Mind because he once went ducking in a sneakbox with a friend. The bay roughened up and the friend fell overboard. But, as he was sinking in the icy water, he managed to clutch the edge of the frail little sneakbox with his chilled hands."

"The old duck hunter used to conclude this thrilling tale with the words:

"'And, gents, if I hadn't had the presence of mind to unshlep an oar and whack him over the fingers, I'd have been drowned—as he was.'"

His Knowledge of the World.

A newly appointed Scottish minister, on his first Sunday in office, had reason to complain of the poorness of the collection. "Mon," replied one of the elders, "they are close—vera close. But," confidentially, "the auld meenister he put three or four sax-pence into the plate hissel' just to gie them a start. Of course, he took the sax-pences awa' with him afterwards." The new minister tried the same plan, but the next Sunday he again had to report a dismal failure. The total collection was not only small, but he was grieved to find that his own six-pences were missing. "Ye may be a better preacher than the auld meenister," exclaimed the elder, "but if ye had half the knowledge o' the world, an' o' yer ain flock in particular, ye'd ha' done what he did an' glued the sax-pences to the plate."—Dundee Advertiser.

Signs and Superstitions.

The odor of gasoline on the midnight air is an invariable sign that somebody somewhere is out after dark in an automobile.

The Venezuelans believe that the odor of cauliflower penetrating all parts of a dwelling house before midday is a sure sign that before the day is over this vegetable will be served at one of their daily meals.—Judge.

Poor Man.

She—I'm never going to speak to your wife again.

He—What's the matter?

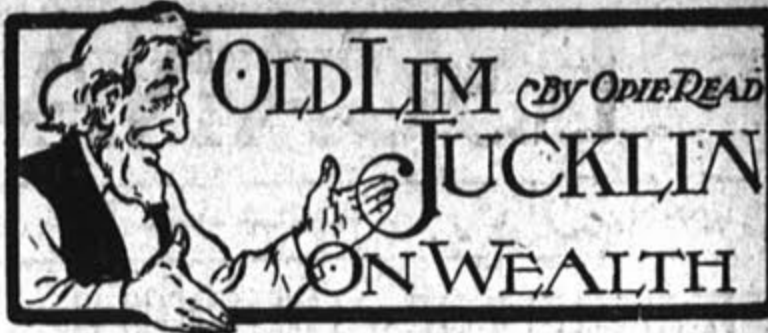
She—Promised to write to me two weeks ago and I haven't heard from her since.

Oh, well (feeling in his pocket) here's the letter. She gave it to me a fortnight ago.—Yonkers Statesman.

Height of Optimism.

Jones—Is Brown optimistic?

Jacks—I should say so. I have known him to go into a restaurant without a penny in his pocket, order a dozen oysters and feel sure that he would be able to pay for his bill with a pearl, which he would find in one of the oysters.



At the schoolhouse there had been a lecture in sweeping denunciation of all wealth. Shaking his black mane and seeming to pop his forefinger, the lecturer, in a sort of frenzy, had declared the dollar to be the enemy of the human race. There was no hotel in the neighborhood, so the lecturer went home with old Linnel Jucklin. Several of the neighbors dropped in.

"I always like to hear a man talk when he appears to believe what he has to say," remarked old Lim. "The fact that the fiddler is in earnest adds a good deal to the quality of the fiddle."

But a man may be sincere and at the same time fiddle out a tune that there ain't much music in. So, professor, you say that the dollar is the curse of the human race?"

"Well, yes, I may so concentrate the trouble of the world into the dollar."

"Ah, hah. But don't you think that the dollar represents the concentration of man's incentive to work? The greatest curse that could fall upon man would be idleness. In all ages, so far as I have been able to gather,

is not the principle of the poor. Riches have oppressed, have been heartless, but that is not the spirit of money. Money is every man's servant. If he permits it to become his master he suffers for it. Money discovered America, and you must admit that this country has been a blessing to the human race. Columbus was looking for a road over which he could transport wealth. Men seeking for fortunes have made about all the discoveries on the face of the earth. The rudder of the ship is the universal tongue of the gospel. Science may sail and discover and come back and report; but commerce halts and builds up the country."

Then the professor thought to sound a deadener with the following: "But do you think it right to marry for money?"

"Well," drawled the old man, winking slyly at one of his neighbors, "not unless you love the woman that has money. Most of men love women on account of beauty or some other at-



"But Do You Think It Is Right to Marry for Money?"

work has been the salvation of man. Enjoyments and all sorts of sports and pleasures wear out, but labor endures."

"You forget," said the professor, "that labor was first put upon man as a penalty, as a curse for disobedience."

"No, I don't forget that. I don't forget that it may appear that way. But Adam wasn't thoroughly satisfied with idleness. If he had been he would have let good enough alone. He wouldn't have eaten the forbidden fruit when Eve offered it to him. He didn't have anything to occupy his mind and he yielded. But leavin' the things that we can never know much about and comin' down to man of today, we see the virtue of work and the evil of idleness. Money is the essence of industry. Without it all life would be confusion."

"But the love of it has been aptly termed the root of all evil," said the professor.

"Yes," admitted Lim, "that's so. But the love of money ain't money itself—"



He Proposed and She Accepted Him.

ain't the use of it. We commend a man for savin' his dollars, but if every man were to save to the very closest life would hardly be worth livin'. That's where an abundance of money comes in as a virtue whereas a little money might be an evil. When we have a great deal we are inclined to spend, and this makes others prosperous."

"Very true," admitted the professor, "but don't you believe that in America the present struggle for money is about to ruin the country?"

"When men race at full speed for money they drop out some that is already in their pockets, and those who pick it up profit by it. And, when the end of the mad race is about reached, the racer halts, draws a long breath and then decides to build a college or found a library. He wants to leave a footprint. He wants to be remembered by the racers who are to come after him."

"Ah," sighed the professor, "but how about those who are run over—whose lives are crushed out? How about the millions that are ground down? How about the man who is not willing that labor should have its due?"

"He is an evil until he is dead, and then he may become a blessing," old Lim replied. "Poverty-stricken men have committed murder. But murder

she thanked him and took it, and he walked home. He dreamed about her that night and it was a nightmare, but he decided that he was in love with her. Two days later he went back and made her a present of a cow. She smacked her mouth and took the cow, and 'lowed he was the sweetest man. He thought so, too, but didn't say so. Well, shortly afterward he proposed and she accepted. They were married and the folks came in to drink cider and eat ginger cake. Just after the ceremony up comes a feller an' says to her: 'Miz Goodall, I was in the Sycamore country the other day and met your old uncle, and he told me to tell you that he was mighty in need of help and that he wished you would send him a dollar or so if you could spare it.'"

"What uncle is that?" the new husband inquired; and the wife answered: "Why, the one that was reported dead some time ago. Poor man; I think, lovey, we'd better send him a cow."

"Goodall neesed out some ginger cake and was never known to smile after that. So, you see, professor, even the love of money did good in that instance. It got a husband for a deservin' woman."

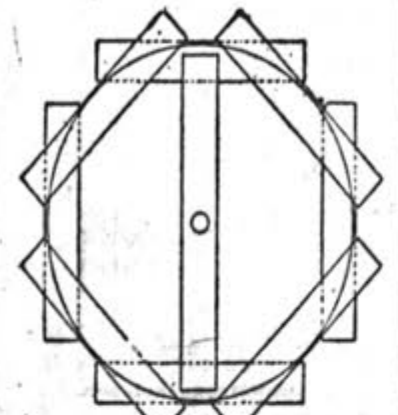
(Copyright, by Opie Read)



TO MAKE CONCRETE ROLLER

Very Desirable Article to Have on Any Farm and Can Be Made at Small Cost.

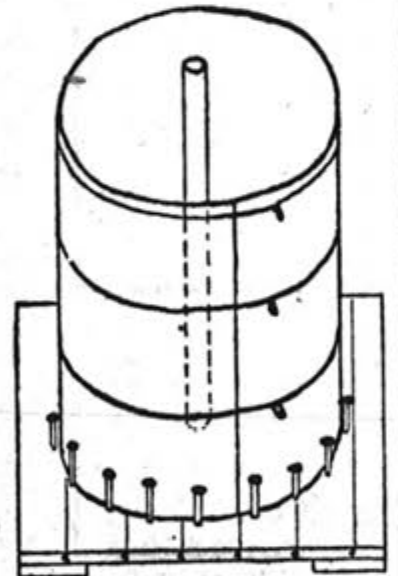
A concrete roller is a very desirable article to have on a farm. One may be made at slight cost that will be quite as serviceable as an iron roller costing several dollars. Following is described a simple and practical way of making a concrete roller, writes Frank R. Bryant in Rural New Yorker. If one has a forge and drill, 5-16x1/2 inch flat iron may be formed into a heat handle, but the wooden handle will be quite as serviceable if well braced by the cross boards; two by fours should be used for the side pieces. The weight of a concrete roller may be figured at about 150 pounds per cubic foot. These direc-



Follower for Roller.

tions will be for making a roller 18 inches long and 18 inches in diameter, weighing, therefore, about 400 pounds. Larger sizes may be made by merely changing the dimensions of the forms.

Go to a tin shop and have the tinner cut No. 24 galvanized sheet iron to a size 18 by 57 inches and roll in his machine until the edges lap two or three inches. Now get some strips 1/2 or 5/8 inch thick and two inches wide. Cut eight pieces one foot long and one piece 17 inches long. Select a smooth board surface two feet or more square, drive a nail in the center and tie a string to it. Fasten a pencil to the string just nine inches from the nail and draw a circle 18 inches in diameter. Take the eight pieces cut out, lay them on the circle in the manner illustrated, with each piece just projecting beyond the circle. Nail these firmly together where they overlap, with small nails. Now



Mold for Concrete Roller.

mark the same circle on this form and cut out with a compass saw. Nail the 17-inch strip across this and bore a hole exactly in the center to fit the axle, which should be a piece of shafting one inch in diameter, or 3/4-inch gas pipe, two feet long.

Next make a base board about two feet square of dressed lumber, cleats on the under side. Bore a hole in the center of a size to fit the axle. Lay the follower before made over this and put the axle through both holes. Now take the sheet iron and place around the follower, drawing it up snugly. Drive 15 or 20 eightpenny nails into the base board close up around the sheet iron to hold it in place. Draw the follower up to the top of the sheet iron and put another wire around the latter to keep it from spreading out, also one or two at the center.

Feed the Corn on the Farm.
"Keep the farm crops on the farm and ship the meat and the butter and the milk and the cheese," is the common-sense advice of Secretary Wilson. This insures soil fertility. Every ton of corn shipped to market loses the farm 33 pounds of nitrogen, 12 pounds of phosphoric acid and seven pounds of potash. Figure this out on the basis of the printed analyses on the fertilizer bags and see how much the farm loses with each corn sale. If fed, 80 or 90 per cent. of these constituents go into the manure. By the way, Uncle Jim says to be sure and haul out and spread your manure as fast as made.

Extra Tillage.
Probably no operation on the farm pays as well on the investment as the extra tillage requisite to secure ideal conditions. Clouds repel the tiny roach and vacancies carry neither ready moisture nor food. Sometimes, especially in dry seasons, the difference in yield between a cloudy soil and one open, mellow, with available food easy to reach and moisture at will approaches 100 per cent.

VARIOUS TESTS OF SEED CORN

Years of Experimenting Show That Boone County Varieties Are Excellent.

The agricultural experiment station at Columbia, Mo., has been conducting a large number of corn variety tests with farmers throughout both north and south Missouri during the past three years, and the results of 1908 have just been completed. These results agree closely with those of previous years and demonstrate the almost universal adaptability of Boone county white corn for the bottom lands and rich uplands of this part of the state. They also show that St. Charles and a variety known as commercial white are practically as well adapted to this region as is the Boone county, yielding nearly the same as the average of all trials. Both St. Charles white and the commercial white are, however, somewhat better adapted to the average and thinner lands than is the Boone county white. These three varieties yielded last year over 12 bushels more per acre than the average yield corn in this section, yielding between 46 and 47 bushels per acre on an average of a large number of trials and in spite of the bad season.

The highest yielding yellow variety is Reid's yellow dent. This variety is gaining a wide popularity in north Missouri and is especially adapted to the prairie soils of medium fertility. The legal tender variety comes second, the Hildreth yellow dent third and the Leaming fourth. The yield of these varieties are all close together in the average, although the quality of both the legal tender and Hildreth's yellow dent is somewhat below that of the Leaming and Reid's yellow dent.

PLANTING FOR ONION SETS

One Method is to Choose Piece Rich Land Which Has Been Kept Free From Weeds and Worked.

Onion seed for the production of sets can be sown in August. Some sow in drills, putting the seed in very thickly. The rows are about 14 inches apart and the plot is cultivated to keep down the weeds. Another method is to choose a piece of rich



Onion Harrow.

land that has been kept free from weeds during the summer, preferably one on which some hoed crop has been grown. The ground is made mellow and the seed sown broadcast very thickly, so that the plants will stand so closely together that the bulbs cannot grow to large size. A harrow adapted for properly cultivating the soil in onion culture is shown in the above illustration.

MAKE GATE IN WIRE FENCE

Directions for Arranging Passage Way Without Resorting to Old Method of Using Rope.

Instead of bothering to tie up the wire gates with an old rope or chain or piece of barbed wire take a piece of iron two inches wide and 24 inches long. Bore two holes in each end two inches apart and 1/4 inch diameter. Then bend it and fasten to the gate post eight inches above the ground with four spikes. This forms a socket in which to place the lower end of the gate stick. At the top of the post insert a welded eye through the post four inches from the top, fastening with a washer and nut. Then fasten a hook four inches long to the gate stick close to the top. This will hook into the eye on the post and fasten the gate securely.

DEVICE TO COVER POTATOES

Convenient Implement That Can Be Used in Planting and Covering Is Cheaply Made.

A very convenient device for covering potatoes is shown in the cut. The runners are made of inch board eight inches wide and 2 1/2 feet long, with a crossbar of 2x4 two feet long at the front end and one foot at the rear. A small chain is attached to the front of the runners to hitch a horse to and some old plow handles fastened to the rear to guide it with. Put a weight on top and in loose ground potatoes can be covered as fast as the horse walks. A deep furrow can be made with the plow for planting.

Birds Killed by Spraying.
A large amount of circumstantial evidence seems to justify the assumption that birds are killed by spraying trees with arsenical insecticides for the purpose of killing insects. Last year many birds were found dead where trees were sprayed, and an investigation was begun to determine whether the birds were killed by spraying. The evidence secured was not conclusive enough to clear up the matter fully. It is now time to begin spraying for the Gypsy moth, brown-tail moth and elm-leaf beetle. Dead birds usually may be found within two or three days after spraying has been done.

NOT SO BAD.

Gwendolyn de Courtenay, the handsome society favorite, was nervously agitated. Even a blind-baggage car could see that. She passed up and down in front of the large cheval glass in her room. Evidently she was greatly aggrieved over something. Finally her high-strung nerves got churned up to such a pitch that she lost control over herself and began to clutch and tear wildly at her hair, pulling it out in large handfuls.

Your sympathetic nature is aroused and you cry? "The poor woman is temporarily insane. Why doesn't some one stop her before she does herself bodily injury? She must be in terrible mental agony to stand the pain of pulling her hair out by the roots."

But hush! Be not too lavish with your sympathy, friend. Up to now Gwendolyn has only pulled off 14 pounds of puffs, three miles of interlocking switches, and a few detachable curls. She has some distance to go yet before she touches the real, cross-your-heart hair. Gwendolyn is merely distracted because her maid cannot get her floating, hirsute equipment on in becoming array. She is simply getting ready for a fresh start! —Puck.

Putting Him Wise.

"Have you a play for next season?" asked the low comedian.

"No," answered the manager.

"Well," continued the l. c., "I can put you next to something that will draw well."

"What is it?" queried the manager.

"A mustard plaster," answered the other, as he made a hurried getaway.

Gettin' Em Out of the Way.

Penman—A certain society has made me an offer to buy all of my poems.

Wright—It must be the Humane society.—Yonkers Statesman.

AT THE SEASIDE.



Miss Oldgirl—Don't you think it's a great impropriety to be engaged to three men at once?

Miss De Flippe—Not if they don't know it.

No Use.

Newspapers try to post the world, and keep it posted—do their best—And yet some city youth each year Essays to pick a hornet nest.

Opposing Results.

"There is one paradoxical experience," remarked the Home Philosopher, "which nearly every person has."

"What is that?" asked the Humble Companion.

"That it strikes no one's sense of humor to bit his funny-bone."

Precaution.

"If there is anything a trust hates to do," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "it is to break a law."

"I understand," answered Senator Sorghum, "that is why you have so often tried to have the law made to suit you in the first place."

Temptation.

When you come right down to it, a woman can't stand temptation, if it comes in the form of a new hat at a store window marked down to \$13.49. A man succumbs to the tempter when somebody whispers: "The bass are biting."

The Rebound.

"Every time we were alone before we were married you used to take advantage of the fact to tell me what you thought of me."

"And now every time we are not alone you tell me what you think of me."

Help for Smokers.

Bill—I see a purchase in a German tobacco shop entitles you to one telephone call.

Jill—I hope that doesn't mean that the telephone calls are all for ambulances?—Yonkers Statesman.

Deadly.

Winnie Wink—It is no use of talking, our hats take the masculine eye this summer.

Billie Bink—Er—yes; take both eyes if a chap doesn't dodge quickly.

Where the Break Came.

"I thought you and Mrs. Brown were the best of friends."

"We were, until we rented a summer cottage together."

Hard to Connect.

"Money's everything, isn't it?"

"Pretty near. For instance, it is no use for a man to have broad views with narrow means."

Only More So.

Ned—Here's a funny heading. "Taff is Mum on Whisky." That's a dry remark.

Ted—I should call it extra dry.

THE SUBURBAN BREAKFAST

Coffee cup and roll in hand And fifty seconds late, Father breakfasts on the run To catch the 7:08.

Nibbling at a soft boiled egg And hooding might and main, Mother breakfasts as she speeds To catch the shoppers' train.

Carrying his bowl of mush And double quickening far, Tommy breakfasts as he hikes To catch the high school car.

Thus for suburbs it would seem, Though revenues are lax, No breakfast tables will be found On which to lay a tax. —McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

THE BRUTE.



Mrs. Fixem—I don't see what you men find in your club.

Mr. Fixem—It's what we don't find.

Clever Willie.

On his baby sister's head Willie broke a piece of tile, Mamma only smiled and said: "That will hold her for a while."

Soothing.

"I think my wife has mesmeric powers. Whenever I am unable to sleep I get her to run her fingers through my hair, and she never fails to make me feel drowsy in a little while."

"My wife can put me to sleep in an easier way than that. I just permit her to go on talking and she soon gets so deeply interested in her subject that she doesn't expect me to answer."

The Latest.

Sandy Pikes—Yes, mum, I used to be de star wire walker in de days of Barnum. Couldn't you loan me a quarter to join de show in de next town?

Housewife (suspiciously)—Where is your wire?

Sandy Pikes—Don't carry it any more, mum. I'm a wireless walker now.

By Inference.

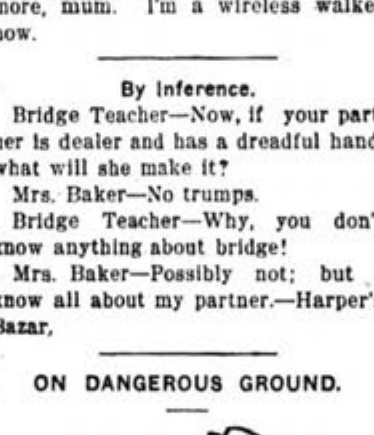
Bridge Teacher—Now, if your partner is dealer and has a dreadful hand, what will she make it?

Mrs. Baker—No trumps.

Bridge Teacher—Why, you don't know anything about bridge!

Mrs. Baker—Possibly not; but I know all about my partner.—Harper's Bazar.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.



"Love your neighbor as yourself," said the minister with great earnestness.

"Thomas," whispered the lady who liver next door to a pretty young widow, "come away. This is no place for you."

Going Some.

Orville took a fancy flight Defying gravitation's laws, But when it comes to swiftness his flight was nothing like the shah's.

In the Statuary Gallery.

Homer—I guess Shakespeare over there on his pedestal feels only middling.

Columbus—Why so?

Milton—I suppose you mean it is because the statue they have just brought in is Bacon.

The Language of Love.

"Has he proposed yet?"

"Not in so many words."

"That's no answer. Proposals never come in words—they consist of signs, 'hems, haws and gurgles."

Masculine Viewpoint.

The Bachelor—I saw something framed up this morning that was calculated to make women false.

The Widow—Indeed! What was it?

The Bachelor—A mirror.

Seminiscently Warm.

Subscriber—That new writer in your paper is giving us hot stuff.

Editor—Yes; he used to be in the weather bureau.

Then It's So.

A woman is never as old as she looks, until she admits it.

Each Other

Let us help each other; This day must we try; Wait not for another; Time is flitting by.

Let us cheer each other— Give the ready smile; Thinking of another Shortens every mile.

Let us love each other, 'Tis a rule of gold; When we love another, Love doth us enfold. —Helen Elizabeth Coolidge, "Poems."

THE GUEST OF HONOR

BY MINNA THOMAS ANTRIM

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Among the joys that came in the wake of Don's five years was an invitation to dine at seven with his mother and Keith two nights weekly. With his usual tact Keith had delicately suggested (of course aside) that Don should honor his mother in the manner of his garbing. "Your black velvet will make an excellent dinner coat," gravely said his father-by-marriage.

The two were in the drawing-room awaiting Don's mother. Keith was appropriately coated as usual and looked to Don a very personable specimen of his class. Furtively the boy watched his father-chum and unconsciously imitated him, to the man's secret mirth.

"Don dined with us to-night," Mr. Kennedy reminded his wife as she approached. "As guest of honor, I suggest he take you in," he chuckled. The young pair, happy beyond words, laughed at their guest of honor's serious expression and when Keith swung the lad—whom he loved as his own flesh—up on his shoulder, Marion Kennedy smiled the brooding smile of happy wife and mother. Her chance of life was filled with wine of a rare vintage. And so began Don's social life among the elders.

Now the boy's table manners—nursery table—were of the best, but, as every one knows, to dine amid unaccustomed forks, spoons and sundry portable stuff for the first time is not an easy matter later in life than five, even when a novice has the certainty, as had Don, that his presence is regarded joyously. The boy wished to honor himself as well as his host in his department, and so—came swiftly to grief.

With the oysters he got on well. He ignored the—to him—loathsome objects. With the soup came woe. Being hungry, the child stood not upon ceremony, but began at once. He regretted his haste and stared at his mother reproachfully.

"It's hot," he gasped, winking with exceeding celerity. "It's awful hot."

"You must not begin before mamma does," whispered Marion sympathetically.

"But, mudder"—over went the water glass for which the burned child was eagerly reaching. This was not noticed, apparently, by any one save the emergency man, who hovered continually near.

Happily, it was the tablecloth that was deluged, rather than Don. The rest of the dinner passed without further disaster, thanks to the whispered suggestions of Don's hostess-mother. Not only into his appreciative small mouth went novel things, but Don's attentive ears were as bountifully regaled. It must be understood that, except for his parents, Don had lived his life as a child—not among older people. Words such as he had never before heard were uttered and phrases used that filled him with profound interest.

Finally, he felt he must make certain inquiries. So, placing two very chubby elbows upon the table, he leaned toward Keith.

"What's 'detest'?" he asked eagerly. Twice his mother had used the curious word. Twice had he murmured it after her.

"It means dislike, sweetheart," answered Marion, before her husband had time to.

"But why do you?"

"Do I what?"

"De-test Mr. Carey. He's nice. 'Cept he ain't, why is he at our house many times?"

Keith's eyes twinkled. Don's literalness always tickled his soul.

"That's just it, kiddy. Mamma thinks he is here too many times."

"But," protested Don, who was fond of the man in question, "mamma asted Mr. Carey to tum adain, didn't you, mudder?"

Marion's face reddened. "I—I am afraid I did, son—to be polite, you know."

Don did not know, but that he should before he left the table he decided. Hence, continued he:

"When ladies don't want gemplesmans at dere house, must dey say: 'Tum vewy soon adain!' Ain't at a story-teller?" Innocently the blue eyes challenged Marion's.

Keith chortled, but the questioner's mother looked troubled.

"When you are older, dear, you will understand," she hedged, the while handing Don his dessert. But, excellent as it was, the sweet did not divert Don's thoughts.

The insouciant were quite new to him. To tell a lie he had been taught was deplorable. If his dear mother found Mr. Carey's visits tiresome, was it not a—a—story-teller to look into his face sweetly, as his mamma had, and make his welcome sure—in advance? Furtively he looked up from

his pudding. Was his dear mamma a—but no, he would not even whisper such unflattering heresy. She was not a—a— He could not now even frame the word in his pure little mind.

"Sometimes it is p'ite to say fings 'at's stories?" he asserted anxiously.

"To be polite is a rather complicated matter, old man," said Keith hurriedly. He saw that Marion was really distressed.

"What's 'at—pomplicated?" asked Don quickly.

"A mix-up," laughed Keith, hastily pushing some nuts over to the child. "Let's see who first gets a dozen nuts opened for mamma."

"Let's!" cried Don, proceeding to use his pretty teeth as crackers.

Marion glanced at Keith gratefully. It was her natural desire to remain all that was trustworthy in her child's eyes, and while Keith was rehabilitating her infallibility for Don, she vowed to herself to eschew the usual social prevarications with unusual care—in Don's presence.

Dinner over, they were expecting callers, so, to his entire satisfaction, the guest of honor was left with Keith. He had something to confide to his chum.

"Let's go toast our toes," suggested Keith, leading the way toward the roaring fireplace.

"I'm glad we is 'sided ourselves. I dot sumfin to show you," whispered Don mysteriously. "I don't want mudder to see it."

He held up a piece of cardboard upon which were some weird lines and marks. "Dis," said the boy, "is a horse. It's all done."

Mr. Kennedy looked at the monster with serious eyes. "The poor creature seems to have met with an accident."

"Wat's 'at?" Don stared anxiously at his horse.

"It has lost both of its ears."

"Oh," said Don calmly. "I fottedted to make 'em." For a few moments there was silence. The artist worked with absorption. Finally the ears were facts, though very badly accomplished. Of this, however, Don remained unaware, as his chum would have borne with worse eye-sores than the boy's monstrous production rather than offend a little child.

"Now," breathed Don, "will you please quoss your breaif an' never tell a lie?"

"I'll cross my breath, old man"—Keith made the usual sign.

"En never tell a lie?"

"And hardly ever tell a lie," responded Keith, with a chuckle.

Don gazed rather dubiously into the handsome face looking so merrily into his, but he half understood—and believed for the rest. Moreover, time was short and there was something he wished to confide to his never-failing adviser.

"It's a secret," he whispered, "tween jes' you and me."

"I'll keep it dark, never fear, Kiddy."

"Dis horse is for mamma's birdfay present." Don stopped to note Keith's glad surprise. "En I want a doid frame for it. Will you buy me one, Kelf?"

Before Keith could verbally promise the expected callers had interrupted their confidences. Nevertheless, ere Don went to bed he managed to slip his masterpiece into Keith's pocket; whereat a wink of understanding passed between the two allies.

"It would seem," dryly said Mr. Kennedy, several hours later, "that we had better choose our dinner table topics with exceeding care when Don is our guest of honor."

Marion laughed. "Especially," she answered mischievously, "will it behoove us to eliminate certain names and eloquent adjectives."

"Very wisely said," chuckled Keith.

Feeding a College.

One of the greatest problems of the modern college is the feeding of the pupils. There is required an outfit which must remain idle for at least a quarter of the year, until the glad-gome September brings the young men and women back to their studies. Some of the pupils have only limited means, and again there is the frank criticism of the provender supplied.

Many of the colleges have different methods of feeding the pupils, some with the clubs and others with regular restaurants. Many of the fraternity houses have their private restaurants. Certain schools in the small cities, or college towns, have been unable to obtain restaurant keepers and must conduct the eating places themselves with the pupils as waiters and cooks during their spare time.

Be careful in hard times and careful when prosperity arrives. Be optimistic always in dull times, but conservative when prosperity arrives.



SPORTING DEPARTMENT

The Only Local News-paper with a Reliable Sporting Department

SECOND "HANK" OLMSTED FOUND

THE GARDEN RECRUIT PITCHED BRILLIANT BALL AGAINST MENOMINEE.

NINE MISPLAYS BACK OF TWIRLER TELLS STORY OF THE DEFEAT.

"THE MAN WHO KNOWS"

W. W. BERRY
EXPERT OPTICIAN
WITH
H. M. STEVENSON CO.
JEWELERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

CUBS WIN ONE DROP SECOND

CHICAGO NATIONALS STOPPED IN UPWARD CLIMB BY NEW YORK GIANTS.

SUNDAY'S RESULTS

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
Milwaukee, 6-4; St. Paul, 2-2.
Minneapolis, 8; Kansas City, 0.
Indianapolis, 11; Columbus, 4.
Louisville, 3; Toledo, 2.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
Detroit, 7; New York, 3.
Chicago, 1; Washington, 0.
Philadelphia, 5; St. Louis, 2.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

ATHLETICS STICK CLOSE TO THE TOP

(Special to Morning Press.)

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 30.—The Athletics shut out the White Sox today 5 to 0. Plank for the visitors let the Sox down with three scattered hits while the local twirler was found easily in the pinches.

The score:
R. H. E.
Philadelphia 5 8 0
Chicago 0 3 2

Batteries: Plank and Thomas; Scott, Sator and Owens.

TOOK FIRST 2 TO 0 BUT GREAT MATHEWSON BEAT REUBACH IN SECOND

(Special to Morning Press.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—After taking a tight 11 inning game from the locals today in the first event of the afternoon's program the Chicago Cubs were trounced by the Giants 5 to 0 in the second. Pfeister was pitted against Ames in the first game and with both men working in great form the battle went into the extra innings before the deciding tally was marked up. In the second Waffenson was pitted against Reubach but Matty was invincible and allowed only five scattered bingles while those off Reubach were bunched. The score:
First game:
R. H. E.
Chicago 2 6 1
New York 0 6 1
Batteries: Pfeister and Archer; Ames and Schief.

Second game:
R. H. E.
New York 5 5 1
Chicago 0 5 2
Batteries: Mathewson and Meyers; Reubach and Archer.

YESTERDAY'S BASE BALL RESULTS

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
Chicago, 2-0; New York, 0-5.
Philadelphia, 3; St. Louis, 2.
Cincinnati, 5; Boston, 3.
Pittsburg, 2; Brooklyn, 1.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
Philadelphia, 5; Chicago, 0.
St. Louis, 8; Washington, 0.
Cleveland, 4; Boston, 2.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
Milwaukee, 4; St. Paul, 3.
Minneapolis, 6; Kansas City, 4.
Indianapolis, 6; Columbus, 4.
Toledo, 2; Louisville, 1.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
R. H. E.
Milwaukee 4 8 1
St. Paul 3 11 1
Batteries: Wacker, McGlynn, Warner and Moran; Gehring and Carlsch.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
R. H. E.
Kansas City 4 10 3
Minneapolis 6 15 3
Batteries: Swann and Sullivan; Olmstead and Block.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
R. H. E.
Indianapolis 6 10 3
Columbus 4 10 4
11 Innings.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
R. H. E.
Louisville 1 9 1
Toledo 2 2 1
Batteries: Clayton and Peltz; Hughes, McSurdy and Land.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

NAPS SLAUGHTERED WOOD OF BOSTON

THE PHILADELPHIA AMERIS SHUT OUT CHICAGO WHITE SOX.

(Special to Morning Press.)

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 30.—The Naps got to Wood for 12 hits today and won 4 to 2 from Boston. Berger for the locals managed to keep the hits off his delivery scattered.

The score:
R. H. E.
Cleveland 4 9 1
Boston 2 12 0
Batteries: Barber and Beemis; Wood and Carrigan.

PHILLIES TRIMMED UP THE ST. LOUIS NATIONALS

(Special to Morning Press.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 30.—The Phillies defeated St. Louis today 3 to 2 in a game that was tight and well played throughout. Harmon and Lush were used by the visitors on the mound while Moore pitched for the locals.

The score:
Philadelphia 3 7 1
St. Louis 2 6 1
Batteries: Moore and Doolin; Harmon, Lush and Phelps.

RICHTER SLUGGERS GOT TO FROST FOR 5 HITS SUNDAY

The crack Richter sluggers got five hits off Frost in Sunday's game with Rapid River but lost 11 to 0. Lauderdale pitched great ball for the local amateurs allowing but 7 hits and up to the seventh inning the Richters held the score down to 3 to 0. In that inning the Richter suffered a bad period and eight runs were tallied by Rapid. Batteries: Rapid River, Frost and Cole; Richters, Lauderdale and Murray. Umpire, Edditt Utz.

SENATORS SHUT OUT BY ST. LOUIS BROWNS

(Special to Morning Press.)

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 30.—The Browns slaughtered the Senators today getting to Groomer for 10 hits and to make the predicament worse for the visitors four misplays were charged up.

The score:
R. H. E.
St. Louis 8 10 2
Washington 0 7 4
Batteries: Bailey and Criger; Groomer and Street.

LERFIELD PITCHED PIRATES TO VICTORY

(Special to Morning Press.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 30.—Lerfield pitched McIntyre for the locals today and the Pirates won from Brooklyn 3 to 1. Lerfield pitched great ball and was given perfect support.

R. H. E.
Pittsburg 2 7 0
Brooklyn 1 5 1
Batteries: Lerfield and Gibson; McIntyre and Bergen.

GARDEN COSYS DEFEATED CRACK JUVENILE TEAM.

The Garden Cosys demonstrated their superiority over the crack juvenile team of that city on Sunday when the Cosys trimmed their opponents 13 to 6. The game was fast and furious from the first to the last inings but the Cosys had the victory well in their hands after the early innings were played.

CAPT. HOFFMAN LEADS BATTERS

Capt. Joe Hoffman of the local baseball team still leads all members of the local team in batting, having an average in 36 games of .376. Loell, champion stick artist of last season is second having an average for 12 games of .362 while N. Welch, Plath and Buckley are all about the .300 mark.

Following are the batting averages for the entire team:
G. A. B. H. Pct.
Hoffman 26 101 38 .376
Loell 12 47 17 .362
Welch, N. 26 103 37 .359
Plath 24 100 35 .350
Buckley 21 83 27 .325
Lantz 22 88 26 .295
Matt 12 45 13 .289
Welch, M. 16 66 19 .288
Belzer 8 28 8 .286
Connors 24 99 26 .263
Lewis 9 36 8 .222
McDonald 13 44 9 .205

GINGY REDS OUTPLAYED BOSTON BEANEATERS

(Special to Morning Press.)

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 30.—The Cincy Reds outplayed the locals today and won easily 5 to 3.

The score:
Cincinnati 5 6 0
Boston 3 5 3
Batteries: Royan and Clark; Ferguson and Graham.

BARK RIVER WON TWO SIDED GAMES ON SUNDAY

Bark River won two one sided games on Sunday from Hardwood.

The first game the Bark Riverites took the visitors 9 to 2 while the second was won by the Delta county lads 22 to 0.

The Philosopher of Folly.
"When I hammer a lot of other people," says the Philosopher of Folly, "I'm not displaying intellect. Anybody can do that. But when a lot of other people hammer me, I know I'm of some importance in the world."

Dorothy's Definition.
Dorothy, aged five, after watching her mother making a pencil sketch said: "Mamma, I know what drawing is." "Well, what is it, dear?" "It's just thinking, and then making a mark around the think."

Errors back of Fremont Olmsted, a coming star of the slab allowed Escanaba to lose a tight 11 inning game on Sunday to Menominee. No twirler that has ever appeared in an Escanaba uniform has ever pitched faster or cleaner ball than was shown by the Garden Lad in Sunday's game, but grievous errors by supporting players made the victory deserved by him impossible. Olmsted not only has the goods as a pitcher but he fields his position admirably and twirls heady ball under conditions that ordinarily would send the most hardened veteran into the air. His work on Sunday, in spite of the victory scored by Menominee was the cause of great satisfaction as it is believed that a second "Hank" Olmsted has been discovered and he will wear a local uniform throughout the remainder of the season. In addition to making a desperate effort to overcome the odds that were against him Olmsted came near winning his own game in the ninth inning when he poled out a beautiful two sacker scoring a man on base, which tied up the tally and made necessary the play of two extra innings. Of the play of the greater portion of Escanaba's stars the least said the better. Not any of the infielders outside of Bib Mike Welch at first played in his usual form a total of nine errors being chalked up. The Menominee players fought gamely and won an undeserved victory because of the misplays of the locals.

Holland's Famous Bird.
The stork is treated with great and singular respect in the Netherlands. These strange birds may be seen here and there, almost everywhere in the south, but I do not remember seeing any in the north. The house selected by the stork for a nesting place is considered fortunate, and very special facilities are provided by the householders to enable it to build a nest comfortably. At The Hague many of these birds are maintained at public expense. The first that I saw was from a window of the railway train as we were crossing the "Hollandediep," when a chimney-top came into view on which were two of the long-legged creatures, preening themselves, their nest, an unsightly bundle of sticks and straws, littering the housetop.—The Chautauquan.

Summary: Earned runs, Escanaba, 2; Menominee 0; two base hits Hoffman, Plath, Hubert; first base on balls off Olmsted; off Van Wye 1; struck out by Olmsted 5; Van Wye, 6; left on bases, Menominee 10, Escanaba 7; double plays Escanaba-2; Menominee, 1; first base on errors Menominee, 7, Escanaba 1; hit by pitcher Gunstrom. Time of game 1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire Joerges.

	A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Menominee	6 0 1 1 0 0 0
Lehman	5 1 1 2 0 0 0
Huebel	6 1 2 9 0 1 1
Kiebs	1 1 1 3 9 0 1
Powell	5 0 0 3 0 0 0
Hanson	4 0 1 2 2 1 1
Gunstrom	5 1 2 1 4 0 0
Hubert	5 1 0 2 4 0 0
Wilson	5 1 0 2 4 0 0
Van Wye	5 0 2 0 8 0 0
Total	47 5 10 33 12 3 3

	A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Escanaba	5 0 1 4 2 3 0
Loell	5 0 0 3 2 1 1
Lentz	5 0 1 2 0 0 0
Walch, N.	5 1 2 2 3 3 3
Hoffman	5 2 1 1 0 0 0
Flath	5 1 2 2 1 1 0
Buckley	5 0 1 2 2 1 1
Walch, M.	5 0 1 1 3 1 0
Matt	5 0 1 5 1 1 1
Olmsted	4 0 1 1 5 0 0
Total	42 4 10 33 15 9 0

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

PROMPTNESS very often insures great loss of time on the part of the prompt person.

Being able to borrow money is looked upon by certain individuals as being the ideal condition.

There is one good quality about hot weather philosophy, and that is that it is apt to be thin.

The people who are satisfied with one thing at a time are often perpetually about the one thing.

Sometimes a man becomes famous by finding a new way to be foolish.

Even a chilly proposition looks inviting in hot weather.

It is hard to tell what causes a difficulty, but what's the difference when knowing does no good?

Some women wear even the stigma of suffragette gracefully.

A high class liar is often a high salaried official.

Women don't care so much about bossing the job as they do about bossing the boss.

REAL ESTATE

For Sale

House and lot 320 North Sarah St. 11 rooms suitable for two families. Rents for \$20 per month price \$1750.00

One lot with store and two dwelling houses, corner Campbell and Thomas Sts. Price \$2700.00. Part cash, balance to suit. Property rents for \$4.00 per month. A good investment.

House and lot 219 Elm St. seven rooms modern price \$2100.00.

Seven room house and lot 230 Michigan Ave. price \$2000.00.

We have listed farm lands, some choice farms which can be bought cheap. Also building lots in all parts of the city.

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1224 Ludington Street
Escanaba, Michigan

WANTED MORE COMMON FARE

Daily Meals of Oysters Had Begun to Fall on Palate of Tramp Printer.

An Oregon editor once got a big advertisement from a place which sold nothing but oysters. The place had just opened, and while the proprietor was willing to advertise he didn't have the cash to spend; so the newspaper man took a card which entitled him to ten dollars worth of oysters. "A few days later a tramp printer strolled into the Gazette office and wanted a job," relates the editor. "I had nothing to offer him, but told the man he might sleep back in the composing room, and as he had no money to buy food, I gave him the meal ticket on the oyster parlor. I didn't hear from him again for more than a week. One day he came into the office looking a bit drawn and worn. 'I don't want to seem dissatisfied with what you've done for me, Mr. Carter,' he said, 'and I'm willing to admit that the luscious blivale is a wonderfully fine bit of food; but for heaven's sake, can't you get an ad. from a ham and egg emporium?'"

Woman Suffrage.
"Gladys," "So you've sent Herbert about his business, have you?" "May-belle." "Yes. But I have since used the 'er-recall' of him."

Vetus of Editors

From Other Cities

Who wouldn't live in Michigan on such glorious days as these?—Grand Rapids News.

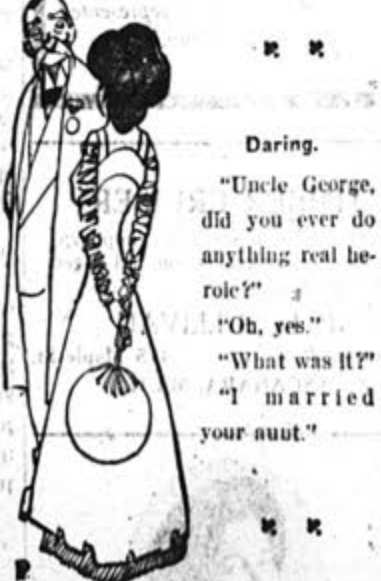
Washington, first in peace, first in war and last in the American league.—Grand Rapids Press.

A Fenton man has proved that it is possible to live after a traction engine runs over his head.—Ba' City Times.

A Holly man appears to have gone wrong in Flint. The ways of the city are tough on the untalented.—Holly Herald.

While listening to the marital woes of one couple, a Grand Rapids justice adjourned court in order to marry another couple.—Travers' City Record.

One doesn't know what to think of Michigan. Here a whole month has passed without a fresh political scandal. Has the warm weather made the boddlers of the muckrakers indifferent?—Jackson Patriot.



Daring.
"Uncle George, did you ever do anything real heroic?"
"Oh, yes."
"I wonder what his methods are?"
"Quite simple. I assure you, and his chief source of supply is a bottle."

It Was Up to Him.
"Why is he asking for a divorce?"
"Well, you see, his wife wears such wonderful be-buttoned gowns."
"I see, and sends him the bills."
"Yes, but that's not the reason."
"What is, then?"
"She doesn't keep a maid."

More Sugar from Beets.
By the use of improved methods the percentage of sugar in beet crop has been increased on the average within a decade from 12.50 per cent to 15.35.

WHEN THE RIVER WAS HIGH

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR
(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

There was a deepening green on the mountain slopes, and the song of a robin came to John Lester standing at the entrance of his tent.

"Yes, spring is come," he mused, "and what an everlasting bore everything is."

A group of men lounged on a huge fallen tree at some few yards from his tent. There was a movement among them as the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard on the road near by. Then as the horseman appeared crossing the clearing they sauntered towards him.

"Any letters, Sam?"

Morris dismounted, and took a package from his coat pockets. "Two for you, Brown, three for you, Cooper, one for Davis. No—Dick, none for you." He turned towards Lester. "None for you, sir."

Lester nodded carelessly. He was not disappointed. He had long ago ceased to expect any letters.

"How's the river?" he asked, briefly.

"Still rising. They say it will go to 70 feet."

"Then we'll just stay here till it goes down."

"It's a good deal of a nuisance, though, sir, to lose the time, with such a bit of work before us. There's no trains going out. And the hotel's full of swells on their way to Frisco. They'll likely find time heavy on their hands waiting for the water to go down."

Lester's gaze came back from the mountains. "Have my horse ready, will you, Sam?"

Twenty minutes later Lester rode away from camp, his stalwart figure erect and easy in the saddle.

The men read their letters and resumed their position on the tree.

Their glance followed Lester's de-

parting figure. "Seems to me your boss is a queer chap," said Dalton, who had but the week before joined the engineering corps.

"Lester's all right. Not very sociable, that's all," returned Cooper.

"Say, I feel sorry for him," said Davis.

"Why?" asked Dalton, curiously.

"Well," returned Davis, "any fellow with a good income like Lester and who chooses to work in this God-forsaken part of the country, and who is evidently not getting any happiness out of it, deserves pity."

"Oh—where's he from?"

"New York. You see his father took it into his head to marry again, and Lester wouldn't stand for it. They quarreled, and they've had nothing to do with each other since."

"You say he has a fine income. Where's his money from?"

"He inherited it from his mother."

"Well," observed Dalton, "why shouldn't his father marry again?"

"Lester adored his mother, and couldn't bear to see any one in her place. He's never even seen his stepmother, and it's six years since his father married."

"Isn't there a story about some girl going back on Lester, too?"

"Oh—I heard something about it—some girl he met in Europe the year after he broke with his father."

Here, Sam Morris came sauntering toward the group. "Say," he said, "a child is lost—belongs to some of the folks at the hotel that's waiting on account of the high water. They'd just found it out as I was leaving, and such a fuss as there was."

"Well, there's no bears around to eat it. Come on, what do you say to quilts?"

Meanwhile Lester was riding slowly on. For some distance the road was a narrow one between two lines of mountains. Presently, the way gradually widened, and he came out on a broad valley with the overflowing river in the distance. The view was magnificent, but Lester paid small heed to it. A spell of deepest gloom had fallen on his spirits. How flat and worthless life seemed. What was the use of it all? How would he get through this enforced idleness while the river was preventing them from pushing their work? Work, work was the only thing for him.

As he neared the point where three roads met and branched off, there was a rattle of wheels, and a carriage which he recognized as from the village livery appeared around the bend. It turned into the road farthest from Lester. It was occupied by a man



He Lifted Her in His Arms.

and two women. He was not enough interested to look at them as they turned into the other road, but the fleeting glance he had of them told him they were people from a world unknown to him the last few years. He did not see that the man in the carriage had turned and was looking earnestly back at him.

A woman's light laugh floated back; there was the scent of violet in the air. Lester's thoughts went back to days which it was his constant endeavor to forget. She had had such a laugh, and she had always about her a faint odor of violets. He gave his shoulders an impatient shake, and quickened his horse's movement. He would not let the memory of those past days take possession of his mind.

When within a half mile of the village he reached a road leading directly to the river. The thought came to him that there would be some interest in seeing the river at nearer range. He turned his horse in that direction. He rode slowly, taking in the breadth of landscape before him. Suddenly a child's cry awoke the stillness. Lester looked around. At the side of the road sat a child, a girl of four or five years. She was holding one foot in both her small hands.

"Hello!" exclaimed Lester, jumping from his horse. "What is the matter, little one?"

The little child looked up at him. "My foot, it hurts." There was a fresh burst of tears. "And I'm lost. I want to go back."

Lester bent over her. She was a beautiful little creature. She had a profusion of brown wavy hair and great gray eyes shaded by thick dark lashes.

She cried softly as Lester examined her foot. She had evidently turned her ankle violently in walking over the rough stones of the road.

"Where do you live?" asked Lester.

"Don't cry, I'll take you home."

"Don't live here, we're at the hotel." She stopped crying, and looked at Lester with the confidence which the glance of his eyes and his smile always won for him.

"At the hotel? Well, my horse will take us there very soon." He lifted her in his arms, and placing her on his saddle, sprang up behind her.

"She belongs, no doubt, to those people that Morris said are staying over on account of the flood," he thought.

The little girl leaned against him comfortably. Lester chatted gayly to her, and soon she was laughing merrily. Her name was Dolly, she told him, and she had run away because she wanted to see the river.

By the time they reached the village and were riding up to the hotel, she seemed to have forgotten the pain in her foot. The street seemed deserted and there was no one visible about the hotel except a young woman standing on the veranda which ran around the building. Dolly called out as she saw her: "Here I am! Here I am!"

The young woman screamed and ran down to the road.

"Oh, Dolly, Dolly, you naughty child!"

Then as Lester drew rein, she saw his face. "You, John!"

Lester had turned white to the lips. "Is this your child?" he asked, his voice sharp.

He had dismounted and held the child in his arms. "My child!" she returned, impetuously. "No, John, I am not married. No—" as Lester made a movement toward her. "Matters are unchanged—but I am going to tell you what I would not before, because I did not want to appear as trying to influence you to accept your stepmother. She—is my sister. She was married to your father while I was at France in school. I did not know for some time after I met you that you were her stepson. When it was known to me—I decided not to marry you. But now—well, Dolly is your stepdaughter. She was left with me this morning while your father and my sister went for a drive with another member of our party. Suddenly she was missed—oh, I was so frightened—your father adores her, and if anything had happened to her—and, oh, John, to think that you found her!"

Lester had stood rigid and white during this explanation, his eyes on the sweet face of the speaker.

Now he folded the little girl closely in his arms and rested his cheek against hers.

"I have been a fool," he said, tersely. "I'll tell my father and your sister so. Is she as sweet as you, Alice?"

"Much nicer than I. Oh, John, your father will be so happy to have you back."

"And you, Alice? Will you have me now?"

"Yes, John."

Lester laughed happily. "I must carry Dolly in. Her foot must be attended to. She has hurt it."

Dolly seemed to thoroughly understand all that had been said. She put her arms around Lester's neck.

"I am glad that you are my brother," she said.

We are always wishing we were this or that person instead of our selves, and if such a thing as metempsychosis were possible we'd be mighty glad to get back to our own trials.

FIGHTS MAD DOG TO SAVE HER SON

MOTHER TEARS JAWS OF RABID ANIMAL FROM BOY WITH BARE HANDS.

HOLDS BRUTE TILL AID COMES

Mrs. Richards of Yonkers, New York, Wins Desperate Battle—Hurts Animal to Street Where Bullet Awaits Him.

New York.—In the long honor list of courageous mothers who have braved appalling dangers in the defense of their children the name of Mrs. E. J. Richards, Yonkers, merits a high place.

Mrs. Richards' heart is centered in her five-year-old son, Vincent, who, while playing in front of his home the other afternoon, was attacked by a mad dog.

The rabid animal had raced a mile through Van Cortlandt Park avenue spreading terror. As he dashed toward the child playing in the grassy side of the roadway there was a chorus of many cries.

But the uproar was meaningless to little Vincent and in another moment the foaming jaws had closed fast upon his leg. His shriek of pain and terror was heard by the mother in an upper room of the house.

Realizing that no trifling accident could draw such a cry of agony from the child she loved far better than her life, Mrs. Richards rushed downstairs and out into the street. She saw a sight that would have unnerved most mothers. The mad dog had attacked the little victim again and again. It stood above the helpless child, snapping and tearing with foaming jaws.

Half a dozen men were rushing excitedly around fearing to close in upon the mad brute, but Mrs. Richards did not hesitate.

In an instant she had sprung upon the dog and caught his jaws in her hands. They were bare hands, too, but the courageous woman thought nothing of her own danger. With strength born of desperation she grabbed the dog's upper jaw with one hand and the lower with the other. The fangs were fastened in the



Caught His Jaws in Her Hands.

child's leg but with a mighty tug the woman pulled them apart.

"Run to the house, dear!" she cried to her son, who, covered with blood and dazed with terror, managed to drag himself away.

Danger for the boy had passed and the woman then thought of her own life.

Knowing that the dog would rend her if she released that grip upon his jaws, she held on with every ounce of strength at her command.

Woman and brute, locked in desperate struggle, swayed over the sidewalk and out into the roadway. But still she clung to the jaws and was holding them wide apart in a grip of steel when Police Sergeant Van Steenberg reached the scene.

Drawing his revolver, the bluecoat cried: "When I give the word throw the dog as far away from you as you can."

"Now!"

With her last vestige of strength Mrs. Richards hurled the dog far into the roadway.

Van Steenberg's revolver spoke twice and the snarling brute rolled over dead.

Little Vincent, bitten and torn in 15 different places, was attended by Dr. Kennedy, who cauterized all the wounds and sewed up the larger ones. Mrs. Richards came out of her thrilling battle without a scratch.

The body of the dog was removed to the health bureau for examination.

Revolver Shot Cures Toxache.

New York.—Gus Williams refuses to prosecute Francisco Canovio for shooting him, because the shot performed a real service. Williams annoyed Canovio until the latter is said to have fired a shot at him which went through both cheeks. In its progress the bullet tore out a tooth which had been aching for a week, and in appreciation of this relief Williams has refused to prosecute.

TOWS BURNING BOAT TO SHALLOW WATER BY TEETH

WISCONSIN ATTORNEY PROVES HIMSELF A HERO IN RIVER ACCIDENT.

Manitowoc, Wis.—Strength in his teeth and ability to swim powerfully enabled Attorney Fred Dicke of Two Rivers to prove himself a hero the other day. When his gasoline launch exploded with seven women aboard he jumped overboard, took the painter in his teeth and thus towed the craft to shallow water, where the women jumped out and quenched the flames.

The lawyer with a party of Two Rivers women was on a pleasure run up the east Twin river, when without warning there was an explosion in the bow of the boat. The engine stopped and the women screamed and were about to jump overboard when



He Hauled the Little Craft into the Shallow Water.

Dicke thought of the way to save the situation.

The guests, in terror, were about to plunge into the water, although not one of them could swim. Shouting to them to keep seated, the attorney seized a long rope he used as a painter and plunged overboard. Holding the line in his teeth, he swam until it was taut.

Carefully letting himself down, he felt bottom. Using every bit of his strength, he hauled the little craft into the shallow water, at the same time commanding the occupants to keep overboard and hold on.

All of the women were badly burned, but before the fire reached them they were near enough to the shore to leave the launch. Meanwhile the Two Rivers life saving crew was warned of the accident and responded with three doctors.

Falls 200 Feet; Is Alive.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Falling 200 feet down Mount Timpanogas, in Provo county, T. A. Davoud, an electrical engineer employed at the Teluride power plant, escaped with two scalp wounds and minor injuries from which physicians say he will probably recover.

With five friends, employees of the power company, Davoud went to the canyon early in the morning, it being the intention of the party to ascend the mountain to its highest point.

Davoud was leading in the ascent when he lost his footing. He struck several times in the descent, the first time landing on a pile of snow, which broke the force of the fall. From that point he made several turns and in the final descent, according to the witnesses, he appeared to roll down the side of the mountain much after the fashion of a revolving barrel.

When picked up Davoud soon regained consciousness, though dazed and bleeding badly from many cuts and bruises on his face and body.

Imprisoned Two Days by Wolves.

San Bernardino, Cal.—Exhausted and on the verge of the collapse from their narrowing experience, Mrs. W. J. Getker, wife of the Salt Lake railway station agent at Crestline, 30 miles east of here, and her 11-year-old daughter, reached their home after a two-days' battle with a pack of wolves. For 48 hours they had been imprisoned in a lonely cabin on a deserted ranch 18 miles from home.

While the husband and father, aided by a gang of 150 section men ordered out by the division superintendent, searched for them the women were beating off with clubs the attacks of the wolves, which tried to get at them by tearing off the sides of the cabin and digging under the foundations.

The mother and daughter were found totally exhausted. They had sustained themselves with a few crusts of hard bread found in the hut.

Bull Scares Woman to Death.

Norristown, Pa.—Mrs. Ada L. Alexander of 354 East Penn street, was scared to death by a bull. She had returned from the Phipps institute, in Philadelphia, some days ago, and was sitting on a porch in front of her home, in better health than she had been for weeks, when a bull being driven along the street ran up to the porch, and so frightened her that she collapsed and died two days afterward.

IN VOGUE

FOR SMALL MAIDEN
DAINTY MODEL IN SOFT SHADE OF OLD ROSE.

Makes Attractive and Serviceable Little Frock—Design is Also Good for Wear in the Fall or Winter.

This is the moment when the wardrobes of children hard on their clothing begin to show signs of wear and tear, some useful little garment or other, which is outgrown, faded or torn, needing to be renewed.

Boys are easily enough supplied off-hand, but the mother, proud of her little daughter, who can sew well and



An Excellent Model for Summer, Fall or Winter.

knows all of the child's points, prefers generally to make the needed thing herself, knowing that the costume will very likely be more becoming and cheaper to boot than the ready-made gown.

The tinted cotton textures have never so charmingly suited little wearers, for colors are extremely delicate and the patterns offered for children almost as small as those used for doll babies. Narrow stripes, tiny checks, diamonds, spots and minute rosebuds appear in self-colored ginghams, the pattern in a darker shade, or in a

PRETTY IDEA FOR A PRESENT

Combing Jacket of Huckaback Inexpensive, But Dainty and Useful Gift.

An inexpensive present that would be nice either for an engagement or birthday anniversary gift is a combing jacket made of huckaback, that is now such a favorite in fancy work.

A strip of fine huck, a yard and a quarter long, is bought. This is folded double and a small opening cut in the center for a neck. The front half is then cut in a vertical line to meet this neck.

With a spool, or by using some of the scallops that are embroidered on towels, a graceful, not too deep, scallop is marked across the bottom, sides, and up each half of the front opening. The neck may either be scalloped or it can be finished in white braid or wash ribbon.

The scallops are heavily padded with darning cotton and buttonholed in either white mercerized cotton or in a color. If the latter is chosen it should be deep in tone, as old blue, a rich red, or deep yellow—something that will not fade out in washing.

Three large crochet buttons, or if the embroidery is colored, bone buttons to match the scallop are put on each side of the neck opening. The convenient little garment is fastened by white cord loops.

If preferred the edges of the huck can be hemmed or edged with a flat linen or torchon lace, and a cross stitch or darning pattern in dull rich coloring darning in. This border can be of any desired width, but will look best if about two inches wide, running entirely around the garment.

A Girl's Coat.

An extremely charming, yet practical, toilet for a small girl is a loose-fitting box coat of white brillantine, double-breasted, the neck finished with a rolling collar. The coat sleeves end in turnback cuffs and the coat has mannish pockets on each side. The side seams are slit for several inches, and all edges, collar, revers, pockets, cuffs, front and lower edges are hemmed with a flat silk braid.

The Recamier Coiffure.

The fashionable hair arrangement, with its center parting and very wide sides and back and is called the Recamier.

The little curls dropping from the back and planned to the hair are growing more in fashion each week.

raised silk figure, and such materials going prettily with hamburg embroideries or with torchon laces.

Thin white lawn, trimmed with a suitable edging, tucks and little beadings, is the preferred material as long as summer lasts for the frocks of the smaller girls; and while exquisite and all but priceless in the finer hand-made shapes, such dresses may be both effective and inexpensive. As the summer advances, too, short lengths in all wash materials become greatly reduced and since trimmings likewise fall in price, there seems really no excuse why girl children, at least, may not be eternally fresh and sweet.

So in looking for materials for the second summer supply, remember that anything in white is suitable and that tinted things must be in a different tone, and show small patterns. For the rest every half-yard or yard of fine white may be put to account, for dotted muslin and swiss make charming berthas and insertions for colored cottons of the finer sort, and when it comes to the practical frock a material in one tone may be trimmed with a plaid or stripe in any color.

Linens in a soft shade of old rose, with embroidery executed in white mercerized thread, makes an attractive and serviceable little frock, such as is shown in the illustration, which would have a slimming tendency for a too pudgy child. There is the new princess effect at the front and back, while the flare of the plaited skirt gives comfort to little legs and the properly childish note. Later the same model would be an excellent one for autumn and winter materials, the high neck and long sleeves offering much comfort for school wear and relief for the mother who is forever worrying about a clean guimpe. But if liked, dutch neck and short sleeves are possible with the cut, and this in many materials would be much more suitable for further hot weather use.

For the six-year size there will be required 4 3/4 yards of material 24 inches wide, or 2 3/4 yards in 44 inch width.

Prize Animals.

A splendid prize for a juvenile party is a box of imported cardboard toys in animal shapes. The figures are especially lifelike and durable in the way of playthings and are furnished with joints, the method of which is patented. Six animals come in each set. Some of the boxes contain wild creatures, some our familiar friends of house or barn. On the back of each shape is printed a description in easy English of the animal's habitat and habits. Thanks to the jointing, the creatures can be made to assume diverse and very characteristic attitudes.

Waist of Batiste.

Blouse of white batiste made with groups of fine tucks at the top, alternating with wide tucks. The long



Blouse of white batiste made with groups of fine tucks at the top, alternating with wide tucks. The long

Laundering Irish Lace.

Irish crochet lace may be laundered very easily at home. Wash with soap and water, rinse thoroughly, then dip in thin cold starch, putting a drop of bluing in the starch, as the lace is very apt to turn yellow if none is used.

Have several thicknesses of blanket covered by an ironing sheet on the table. Lay the lace right side down on it, cover with a cloth, and iron until dry, pressing down hard. Then take your crochet hook and carefully pull out each little picot, raise all the petals of the flowers, then press the balls into shape with your fingers. Even a large piece like a coat or waist can be done at home just as well as at the cleaners' by following these directions.—Woman's Home Companion.

Cottons with Foulard Designs.

New cottons for country wear are copied exactly from foulard designs. Plainly made up with skirt and bodice, connected by a wide folded belt of the same, with embroidered white muslin accessories, they are charmingly fresh and fit.

IN THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

By WILLARD FRENCH

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Never was I so near "beat out" as the night when I finally struck the trail and wallowed into the alleged "inn," a day's ride down from Kalgory and two days up from the coast, in the wildest of the Austalian mountains.

Rain? I never knew what rain was before, and have never seen it more than sprinkle since. You could not breathe without sheltering your nose, and I believe one could have drowned standing upright on the top of a rock. When it began I was out in the bush with two naked native helpers, plotting a possible path, through those infernally erratic defiles, for the new railway that was to connect Kalgory with the coast.

Rain? Dear Heaven! The two natives crept into a cave and both were drowned there. Four solid hours I waded, swam, wallowed, gulped, then more dead than alive crawled into the inn, reminding myself of a rat I once pulled from a mud-hole by the tail after holding him down with a stick long enough for him to have drowned twice over.

Lord, how it did rain! I heard later that over in Sydney they had been praying for rain for one solid week. It came all right, but there was an error in billing, for in Sydney they never got a drop of it till goodness knows how long later.

The inn which I struck was no place like home. It was only a cook-while-you-wait shack for transients who were better used and satisfied to do their sleeping in the open. It was kept by a half-caste—a fellow cast half-way between a human effort and



"Hi! You Black Devil! Whisky!"

an ape—who had precious little variety in his larder and less in his vocabulary. There were two more fugitives from the injustice of the elements already established there. One was a young priest on his way to contend with the flesh and the devil up at Kalgory, who gave his time to religious mutterings and paid little attention to the rest of us. But the other was a paragon! a marvel of good nature and of unlimited resources. But for him there would have been hardly an obituary left of me by the end of three mortal days and nights while the heavens stayed wide open and we huddled in the leaking inn. His other name was hard to remember, so I called him the Ellixir of Life.

On my third afternoon at the inn, the fourth day of the storm, it received a knock-out from the northwest, and the mud-plastered postman stopped for a drink on his way—four days later—to Kalgory. The Ellixir and I contributed a bob apiece for an ancient newspaper he had about him and settled ourselves to read. Many a fresh Australian daily is a dead loss at a penny, but this was cheap at two bobs. It startled us from our stagnation with a thunderbolt—the murder of Sir Robert Broadley, up at Kalgory, four days before; telegraphed to the coast and printed, then brought back to us as vital news only a day's ride from where it happened. There was no evidence of robbery except that the assassin had cut off the little finger of his victim, upon which he was known to have worn a unique and beautiful diamond ring. The people looked upon Sir Robert as their deliverer. They were frantic and promised the criminal a real American lynching, speeded with aboriginal Australian tortures, when they laid hands on him, which was sure to be soon, for the villain could not have got far away. Every outlet from the mountains was now effectively guarded, and a minute description was given of a stranger who had been seen following Sir Robert just before the deed and since had disappeared.

My personal interest centered in the effect it would have upon the proposed railway, and I was pondering it when the outer door opened again. The storm was subsiding as rapidly as it came, but the fellow who entered had evidently been out in the whole of it. He grunted a kind of salutation and staggered to a rude bench before the open fire, where he dropped like a dead log, calling to the ape-faced landlord:

"Hi! You black devil! Whisky! A jugful! Damn quick!"

It was a fresh opening for the Ellixir, and he was in it in an instant, bending over the fellow and gently as a woman asking what he could do for him.

"Ye kin mind yer own damn busi-

ness!" the fellow muttered. "I got into a landslide four days ago, comin' down from Kalgory. Lost my horse and been clingin' by my eyelashes ever since till the postman give me a lift. I'm a bit done, same's you'd be, but I ask no odds from God or man and I don't take none from such as you. Hi, you monkey! Where's that whisky?"

Undaunted, the Ellixir stood, his soulful eyes fixed on the poor fellow in unshaken sympathy. The half-caste was ambling slowly across the room with a bottle and glass. The man on the bench sat glaring with bloodshot eyes at the Ellixir. Just as the innkeeper reached him he muttered:

"Didn't I tell yer to— Ye lobster-eyed—er—"

With words still gurgling in his throat he fell over on the bench unconscious.

"It is better so," the Ellixir said, gently stuffing a blanket under his head for a pillow and lifting his feet to the bench. "Sleep will help him more than that hell-fire you call whisky. Go heat up some of the stuff you said was soup this noon."

The Ellixir returned to the window and his newspaper. I watched the unconscious face till the glint of the firelight across it dazzled me and the hypnosis of his steady snoring made me sleepy. I was beginning to doze when the Ellixir touched my arm, pointing to something he had written on the margin of the paper opposite the description of the murderer: "Compare this with the man on the bench, and if you agree with me pass it on to Father Belcher."

The only thing which astonished me was that I had not thought of it before or that the man's own account of himself had not suggested it. The priest read it carefully, then went over to the bench and read it again. He crossed himself and muttered a prayer. Allowing for such days and nights as he had spent out in the storm the pen picture was perfect. The Ellixir stood up and, looking out of the window, said:

"A red sunset and a fair to-morrow, so we shall part in the morning. Let's have a breath of fresh air together first."

We understood and followed him outside. Close upon the horizon the masses of gold and crimson cloud were following the sun away. The Ellixir cast one admiring glance over the gorgeous wilderness, then his being changed to something entirely new, even after all that he had been before. He spoke rapidly and earnestly:

"That fellow is stark mad," he said. "He was demented when he did it. It is like the work of a maniac. Perhaps he'd lost everything up there and charged it to Sir Robert. Besides he is helplessly ill. Do unto others as ye would, applies to us. If we leave him here and go our ways, the fends from Kalgory will tear him in pieces. If he is crazy he ought at least to have a show of justice, and we can secure it for him if you will help me. I have handed maniacs several times and always successfully. We two can easily get him to the coast if we are not overtaken by a mob from behind. You are starting for Kalgory in the morning, Father, and will doubtless meet searching parties coming down. It will insure success if you will tell them that the man is already captured, in safe hands, and well on his way to the coast by way of the Lower Fork, where he will be given into custody. Keep them from following if possible. If not, then send them by the Lower Fork. The day after to-morrow wire privately to some one you can trust. Say that the prisoner will be at Baldwin's by Friday noon. Tell them of his condition, so that they will be prepared to care for him properly."

After a little parley the priest consented, and did his work so well that the plan worked out to the end. It did not rouse the man, even when the Ellixir made him drink the soup and relieved him of a rusted revolver, some cartridges, an ugly knife with black-red rust spots on the blade. Then the moon rose in a clean-swept sky, and the Ellixir proposed that we start at once, lest the people of Kalgory do the same.

We borrowed a cob from the half-caste for the prisoner, who was evidently an old horseman for he sat the saddle by instinct. He would not pay the slightest attention to me, but heeded every suggestion of the Ellixir, to whose watchfulness he owed his life many times over during that rapid and dangerous journey.

The officers with a physician met us at Baldwin's, but for the first time the prisoner became obstreperous. He clung to his deliverer, fighting and yelling, and kicking every one else, till for the sake of peace they persuaded him to continue with them, and we parted abruptly, I at least never more reluctantly.

Two weeks later, back in the bush, a letter came to me by way of Kalgory.

Before you open this I shall have left the convict isle for quarters undiscoverable, as it was I who killed the demon at Kalgory. Finding myself in a trap, and worse, that I was recognized by the fellow who came in on us, looking so like the printed picture of my so-different self, I was forced to utilize him, and incidentally saved his life by getting him to a hospital. In return for his getting me out of the trap, I must make this upholding to you, that you may stand by him again if by remotest chance the suspicion should cling to him. I did it; but, best you smite yourself for having helped me unwittingly, let me add: if you had been in my place you would have done as I did to the fiend who wore that ring. I have kept it as my only consolation through whatever years are left. If I could tell you the story of the ring, you would not regret having aided—YOUR FRIEND OF THE MOUNTAIN INN.

The Porch Party



INVITATIONS to Mrs. Deeson's porch party were issued on the hottest day of the season. Mrs. Deeson beamed in joyous anticipation of the pleasure her friends, the apartment dwellers, would experience in passing an afternoon on her wide porch overlooking the lake and fanned by the coolest lake breezes. She ordered another dozen lemons, had the icebox filled to the brim and reminded her husband not to forget to send out a supply of palm leaf fans as soon as possible.

The day of the porch party the thermometer fell 30 degrees, so it was a rather dubious company that received their hostess' cheerful greeting.

"Of course it's a little cooler than I hoped it would be," she said gayly. "But what's the use of having such a glorious view and such a roomy porch if you don't enjoy them?"

"I thought maybe we'd go into the house," ventured Mrs. Proctor.

"Admire my view!" Mrs. Deeson commanded. "Do you wonder that I care nothing for the seashore since we moved here? I fall asleep at night to the sound of the waves and awake to the roar of the surf."

"I should think the foghorn would bother you a lot," said Mrs. Anderson.

"It makes the place seem so much like the seashore," said the hostess, cheerfully. "I'll go now and see about the little spread my maid is preparing, if you'll excuse me."

"I don't believe she's needed in there at all," said Mrs. Proctor, when the hostess had disappeared. "It was merely an excuse for going in to get water."

"I hope the tea is good and hot," said Mrs. Tucker, sniffing. "I have already acquired a stiff neck and feel as if I'd break if I moved."

"I'm going to take that upholstered chair," said Mrs. Lewis, rising. "This wicker one is the coldest thing I ever sat in. The wind comes between the sticks like a wintry blast."

"I've stuffed some cushions around me," said Mrs. Dunbar. "It helps a lot!"

"Yes, but there aren't enough to tuck us all in," said Mrs. Simons. "My husband told me to wrap up, but I said that of course we'd stay inside with a grate fire."

"Don't talk about grate fires!" groaned Mrs. Proctor. "Did you ever see anything as cold as that lake?"

"I don't look at it," said Mrs. Anderson. "I turn my back on it."

"And run the risk of an attack of lumbago, not to mention sciatica," said Mrs. Dixon, cheerfully. "I wish some one was brave enough to insist on going into the house."

"She'd be mortally offended," sighed Mrs. Simons. "Besides, she'd never get through laughing about it. You know she always contends that people who live in apartments are afraid of fresh air."

"We certainly aren't made to live at the north pole," cried Mrs. Dunbar, crossly. "I'm almost perishing, I'm so cold."

"Well, here comes the tea!" said Mrs. Tucker, happily. "Now we can warm up."

Mrs. Deeson, smilingly hospitable, came cheerfully back to them, followed by the maid with a tray of tinkling glasses.

"I have lemonade and iced tea both," she announced. "Take your choice and help yourselves to—"

"Here comes the little cakes as well!"

She was so serene and so pleased with it all that they swallowed their disappointment with the freezing beverages and tried to make merry in spite of the icy wind. If they left remarkably early they did it so tactfully that their hostess did not guess the reason.

"It's been such a treat to have you," she called after them as they departed. "I feel quite like a missionary in rescuing you from your apartments and filling you with ozone."

"Maybe it was ozone," muttered Mrs. Tucker. "I thought it was rheumatism."

"She enjoyed it," said Mrs. Proctor, as they hurried down the street, "but I think I voice the feelings of the company when I declare that I am going straight home to take a stiff dose of quinine and go to bed in hot blankets."—Chicago Daily News.

BY ENGLISH COOKS

CONFECTIONS POPULAR ACROSS THE WATER.

Eastern Journal Sent Abroad to Secure Recipes That Might Be Interesting to Housewives of Our Own Land.

The English are noted far and near for their cooking, which though it lacks the dainty sugariness of the French and the delightful simplicity of New England cookery, yet has a wholesomeness of its own which people are coming more and more to appreciate, says the Boston Herald. With the idea of giving our readers some recipes truly English, we sent to the quaint old town of Horsham, England, and obtained the following:

Queen's Pudding.—Four ounces bread crumbs, four tablespoonfuls of strawberry jam. Place in a pie dish and pour on custard made from one egg and one pint of milk. Bake one-half hour.

Parson's Pudding.—One-quarter pound of chopped suet, one-quarter pound of currants, one tablespoonful of moist sugar, one-half pound of flour, one-quarter pound of raisins, one-half teaspoonful of ground ginger, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix well and steam for three hours.

Bachelor's Pudding.—Four ounces of suet, four ounces of apples, two ounces of sugar, the juice of one lemon, four ounces of bread crumbs, for ounces of currants, three eggs, a little nutmeg and four ounces of flour. Chop the apples and suet, then add the currants, etc. Beat well and boil or steam for three hours.

Cheese Pudding.—Four ounces of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, a little pepper, salt and cayenne, two eggs and a little milk. Bake in a buttered dish sprinkled with grated cheese and put small pieces of butter on the top of the pudding.

Egg and Bacon Pie.—Put a layer of pastry in a soup plate, add small pieces of cooked ham or bacon, beat one or more eggs, season with pepper, pour over the bacon, cover with a pastry and bake.

Beverleigh Buns.—One-quarter pound of corn flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in patty pans.

London Buns.—Three ounces of butter, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one quarter pound of brown sugar, one pound of flour, three ounces of candied peel, the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Mix with a little milk and bake in patty pans.

Cleaning Wicker Work. Do not scrub your unpainted wicker furniture with soap and water, as it will turn it yellow and ruin its looks. Instead try scrubbing it with a strong solution of salt water.

If you have pieces that are so shabby that they must either be painted or thrown away, try the salt water treatment first. Scrub well and put in the sun and air to dry quickly.

If you must paint wicker furniture, see that you buy a paint that is well mixed and thinned to the proper consistency. If too thick it gets lumpy, and the paint is apt to rub off on clothes. Porch chairs that are exposed to the weather should be finished with a coat of enamel to make them last longer. The coat of enamel is also more easily dusted.

Canned Salmon in Mold. One can salmon, three eggs, beaten light; two tablespoonfuls melted butter, half a cup of fine bread crumbs. Remove skin and bones from fish and chop fine. Rub melted butter, salt and pepper into fish. Beat the crumbs into the eggs and work into the fish. Put into buttered mold and steam one hour.

Sauce for Mold.—Half a cup of milk heated to a boil, thicken with one tablespoon cornstarch, liquor from salmon, one raw egg (beaten light). Put the egg in the last minute and cook two minutes. Place mold on platter garnished with lettuce leaves, pour sauce over mold and French green peas around sides.

Succulent Liver and Bacon. Grease a baking pan very thoroughly, lay in it one pound of calf's liver cut rather thin. Make a dressing of three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, three mushrooms, one small onion, one tablespoonful of parsley (onion and parsley to be chopped fine), one teaspoonful of grated lemon peel, one teaspoonful of salt, pinch of pepper and nutmeg. Sprinkle this over the liver, lay a thin slice of bacon on each piece, cover the pan and bake in oven for two or three hours. Serve with a good brown gravy.

Black George Cake. One cup molasses, two cups flour, two and a half tablespoonfuls butter, three tablespoonfuls sugar, yolk of one egg, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon and a little nutmeg. Lastly use one scant cup of boiling water. Add one cup of chopped raisins.

Filling.—One cup sugar, seven tablespoonful water, one tablespoonful vinegar.

Lemon Pudding. Beat two egg yolks with two cups sugar. Dissolve four tablespoonfuls corn starch in little water, stir into four cups boiling water, add juice of two lemons and grated rind, then add eggs and sugar and one tablespoon butter. Bake in buttered dish 15 minutes. Cover with beaten whites and two tablespoonfuls sugar and brown slightly. Serve very cold.

BREAD BOARD FOR THE HOME

Combined with Slicing Gauge, It Insures a Perfectly Even Cutting of the Bread.

A gift to make for the home is a bread board and slicing gauge combined. The two parts are shown in Fig. 1.; the two parts, hinged and folded together, are shown in Fig. 11.

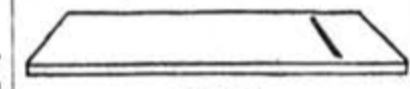


Figure 1.

while the board in use appears in Fig. 111. The two boards are each 12 inches long and eight inches wide. One has a slit cut across it exactly at right angles to its sides, as shown in Fig. 1. This slit is just wide

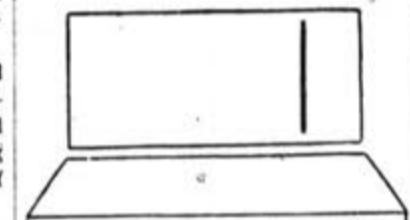


Figure 11.

enough to allow the bread knife to slide up and down smoothly. The manner of cutting the loaf, with each slice made exactly true, is shown in Fig. 111.

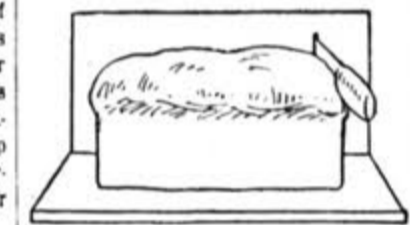


Figure 111.

When not in use the two boards fold together, keeping the inside free from dust. Whitewood can well be used for this article though pine may be used if the whitewood is not readily obtained.

SAVE BOTH TIME AND LABOR

Some Simple Rules That if Observed Will Do Away with Much of Drudgery.

If the washing is to be done at home and if the following rules are carried out, much time, labor and expense may be avoided and the washing day become a pleasure instead of drudgery.

Washing should be done once a week, as soiled clothes put by are more difficult to get clean and keep a good color; besides it is unwholesome to have dirty linen in the house for long. It should be kept, when possible, in a well ventilated place, not in the bedrooms.

Before washing separate the woolen things from the linen and the colored from the white. Put the white clothes into cold water, as this loosens the dirt and saves time and labor, less soap being required and less wear and tear in rubbing the garment.

If the fine things are very soiled dissolve some borax in boiling water and add to the soaking water; for coarse clothes, add soda dissolved in the same way.

Any holes in the clothes should be drawn together or the friction of washing will enlarge them.

Stains also should be removed, as in some cases soap and water harden and fix them. All necessary materials, such as blue, soap and starch, should be ready, and the utensils very clean.

Orange Shortcake. Mix and sift one and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Separate one egg, heating the white to a stiff froth. Stir into the flour one cup of milk, the egg yolk and one tablespoon of melted butter, and add, finally, beaten white of egg. Bake in a drip-pan for 25 minutes, then remove, putting it on a platter. With a coarse, white thread cut the loaf in two horizontally, placing upper crust upon a towel. Spread the under crust with oranges, sliced thinly and slightly sweetened. Put on top cover and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve with or without whipped cream. Other fresh fruits or jam may be substituted for the oranges.

Prune Dumplings. Roll four large potatoes. Mash fine. Add a half cup shortening, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, four well-beaten eggs and flour to make dough stiff enough to roll. Roll to about a half inch thickness and cut in five-inch squares. Place two cooked prunes in each square and make into round balls. Put in pot of boiling water and cook for about 20 minutes. When done remove from water and roll in bread crumbs that have been fried in butter. Serve hot.

Apples or peaches may be used in stead of prunes.

Gooseberry Jam. Green gooseberries are used for jam. For every pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put the fruit in the preserving kettle, stir and crush with a wooden spoon, and boil 30 minutes. Then add sugar and boil 30 minutes longer. Put in small pots or tumblers and cover like jelly.

Currant Water. To two cupfuls of currants and one cupful red raspberries mashed add a cupful of cold water and bring to a simmer over the fire. Then strain, mix with a cupful of sirup made from sugar and water boiled to the thread stage. Pour in three pints of water and stand on the ice until solid.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

WHEN YOU ARE AN AUTHOR

When you are an author, then the peering, prying press prints your daily way of life, your diet and your dress.

Tolls of trips You take on ships Or trains caught on the wing, Tells about your horse and dog and cat and everything!

Bless us! It is impudent, this prying with your name, Printing personal affairs that make you full of shame— Blushes meek Suffice each cheek And spread upon your brow— Funny where they get the facts— where and when and how!

Every day or so they print a little anecdote Based upon your hat or the or shoes or overcoat Or a jest of pungent zest— Out let us hush our creak Since in bits of repartee 'tis you who crack the joke!

When you are an author, it's bewildering to see How the papers get the things they print with subtle glee. Ah, but hold! Can they be told By some sagacious elf? Wouldn't it be awful if you wrote the things yourself!

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES.

A man does not lie about his age—he simply refuses to tell.

Miss Tirzah Plumb, who is 48 years old and acknowledges it, says she might have married a man years ago but that the weak creature proposed on his knees and she wouldn't have him.

There are as big fish in the sea as ever were caught, because the big fish always get away.

When we see ourselves as others see us we get sore on the others.

No child ever learned the alphabet from alphabet blocks, and very few men ever learn anything from experience.

Swiss cheese waists and bologna gloves are the delicatessen fashions this spring.

When a man begins telling his troubles he suddenly discovers that he



is delivering a monologue instead of acting in a dialogue.

Little Henry on the Seal. The seal is a circus performing animal that has a voice like an auto horn and eats great quantities of fish. It can balance a ball on its nose and can play a horn almost as well as some people and better than others. It sits down to walk. The seal lives in the arctic regions where the arctic overshoes are made. It comes up to a hole in the ice to breathe and the watchful eskimo catches it and eats its fat and makes boats out of the skin. This why sealskin jackets are made out of rabbit hide and old car seat coverings. The seal is a valuable animal. From the whale we get whale bone and from the seal sealing wax. Unkel Bill says many a sealskin coat gets soaked even after it is taken off the seal. The seal is a cousin of the walrus, which is an animal composed of two large teeth and feet like palm leaf fans. Unkel Bill says he knew a man that had a seal trained to seal his letters and a wildcat to lick his stamps, because a wildcat can lick anything in a fair fight.

Fish Stories. "Well," says the neighbor to the east, "I see that the Perkins are home from their summer trip. Now we'll get the usual lot of fish stories."

"Do they all go fishing?" asks the neighbor to the west.

"He does. He will tell about the big ones that he almost caught, his wife will tell about the bridge prizes she almost won and the girls will tell about the young millionaires that almost proposed to them."

Two Truths. "No servant," says the ponderous man, "can serve two masters."

"I agree with you," says the man with the movable ears. "And I hold it true, also, that no woman can boss the servant."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

