

COMING AGAIN.

Little grains of quinine—capsules, tablets, pills, little gulps of whisky, little shakes from chills, little rounds of sneezing, little weeps of tears. Hully gee! The grip again! You had cause for fears. Tell your friends about it. Let them all prescribe. They'll enjoy it, never fear, while you will imbibe. Information that you never thought they had at hand— Know a whole lot more than all the doctors in the land.

"Take a little this and that." "Drink a lot of milk." "Just a gulp of Breakfast; you'll feel fine as silk." "Take a tonic." "Take a rest." "Take a dose of that." "Don't take anything at all." (Paste that in your hat.) "Honey, tar and sassafras." "Camphor, brandy, gag." "Eat a breakfast twice a day." "Starve the grip—get thin."

"Drink more coffee." "Stop the habit, and you will get well." "Lard and goose grease is the ticket—never mind the smell."

So it goes. When they have finished, giving you so much advice, they then tell you kindly that they're very kind and nice. Then, when you are through your troubles, when the doctor's got you sound, Tell each one the thing he told you was the thing that brought you round.

Cincinnati Commercial.

ARDELIA IN ARCADY.

When first the young lady from the College Settlement dragged Ardelia from her degradation—she was sitting on a dirty pavement and throwing assorted refuse at an uncompassionate policeman—like many of her companions in misery, she totally failed to realize the pit from which she was being dug. It had never occurred to her that her situation was anything less than refined, and though, like most of us, she had failed to come up to her wildest ideals of happiness, in that respect she differed very little from the young lady who resented her.

"Come here, little girl," said the young lady invitingly. "Wouldn't you like to come with me and have a nice, cool bath?" "Now?" said Ardelia, in tones rivaling the bath in coolness.

"You wouldn't?" Well, wouldn't you like some bread and butter and jam?" "What's jam?" said Ardelia conservatively.

"Why, it's—erm—marmalade," the young lady explained. "All sweet, you know." "Now?" and Ardelia turned away and fingered the refuse with an air of finality that caused the young lady to sigh with vexation.

"I thought you might like to go on a picnic," she said hesitantly. "I thought all little girls liked—"

"Picnic? When?" cried Ardelia, moved instantly to interest. "I'm going!" She brushed the garbage from her dress—Ardelia was that emancipated order of women who disapprove of the senseless multiplication of feminine garments, and wore herself, but once—and regarded her rescuer impatiently.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "I'm all ready. Hump along!" "We'll go and ask your mother first, won't we?" suggested the young lady, a little bewildered at this sudden change of attitude.

"She'd lift y'r face off yer! Is it the Dago picnic?" The young lady shuddered, and seizing the hand which she imagined to have had least to do with the refuse, she led Ardelia away—the first stage of her journey to Arcady.

Ardelia's origin, like that of the civilization of ancient Egypt, was shrouded in mystery. At the age of two months she had been handed to a policeman by a seared looking boy, who said vaguely that he found her in the park under a bench. The policeman had added her to other foundlings waiting that day at headquarters, and carried them to the matron of the institution devoted to their interest. Around the other baby's neck was a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and a slip of paper pinned to her flannel petticoat labeled her Mary Katharine. The impartial order of the institution therefore delivered Ardelia, who was wholly unlabeled, to the Protestant fold, and one of the scrubbing women named her.

Later she had taken up her residence with Mrs. Michael Fahey, who had consented to add to her precarious income by this means, and at the age of four she became the official nurse of Master John Sullivan Fahey. A terribly hot August, unlimited cold tea, and a habit of playing in the gutter in the noon glare proved too much for her charge, and he died on his third birthday. The ride to the funeral was the most exciting event in Ardelia's life. For years she dated from it, and she had so long regarded her as one of the family, that though her occupation was gone, and her board was no longer paid, she was whipped as regularly and nursed as comprehensively, in her foster mother's periodical sprees, as if they had been closely related.

What time she could spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual household labor, and running errands to tell that lady's perennially hopeful employers that her mother wasn't feeling well today, but would it do if she came tomorrow, Ardelia spent in playing up and down the street with a band of little girls, or, in the very hottest days, sitting drowsy and vindictive at the head of a flight of stone steps that led into a down stairs saloon. The damp, flat, beer-sweetened air that rushed out as the men pushed open the swing doors was cool and refreshing to her; she was in a position to observe any possible customers at the three push carts in her line of vision, and could rouse a flagging interest in life by listening to any one of the altercation that resounded from the elements night and day. Drays clattered on the pavement, peddlers shouted, sharp gongs punctuated the staid din. A policeman was almost always in sight, and one of them, Mr. Halloran, had more than once given her a penny for lemonade. In the room above her head an Italian band practiced every

"Thank you, dear," she said politely, "but I meant them for you. I meant for them?" "Now?" said Ardelia decidedly, nursing her out hand and stepping with relief on the smooth floor of the porch.

"You can roll in the daisies, my dear, and pick all you want—all!" she urged eagerly. But no answering gleam woke in Ardelia's eyes.

"Aw right," she answered guardedly, and stared into her lap.

"Look out, dear, and see the fields and houses—see that handsome dog, and see the little pond!"

Ardelia shot a quick glance at the blurring green that dazzled her as it rushed by; the train was a fast express making up for lost time. Then with a scowl she resumed the contemplation of her starved gingham lap. The sweltering hot day, and the rapid unaccustomed motion combined to afflict her with a strange internal anticipation of future woe. Once last summer, when she ate the liquid drops of the ice cream man's great tin, and fell asleep in the room where her mother was frying onions, she had experienced this same foreboding, and the climax of that dreadful day lingered yet in her memory. So she set her teeth and waited with stoical resignation for the end, while the young lady babbled of green fields, and wondered why the child should be so sullen. Finally she laid it to homesickness, and recovered her faith in human nature.

At last they stopped. The young lady sighed, seized her hand, and led her through the narrow aisle, down the steep steps, across the little country-station platform, and Ardelia was in Arcady.

A bare-legged boy in blue overalls and a wide straw hat that threw shadows many miles along a hot, dusty road wound endlessly through the parched country fields. To the young lady's remark that they needed rain sadly, he replied, "Yep!" and held his peace for the following hour. Occasionally they passed another house, but for the most part the only sight or sound of life was afforded by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powdery road. Released from her horror of foreboding, Ardelia took a more apparent interest in her situation, and would perhaps have spoken if her chaperon had opened conversation; but the young lady was weary of such efforts, disposed to a headache from the blinding heat, and altogether disinclined to the events of the evening. There were no shadows, no wonder why the gas was not lit in all the shadowy darkness, why the people didn't come along. She felt scared and lonely. Now that her stomach was filled, and her nerves refreshed by her long sleep, she was in a condition to realize that aside from all bodily discomfort she was sad—very sad. A new, unknown depression weighed her down. It grew steadily, something was happening, something constant and mournful—what? Suddenly she knew. It was a steady, recurrent noise, a buzzing, monotonous click. Now it rose, now it fell, accentuating the silence dense about it.

"Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!" then a rest. "Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!" then a rest. She looked restlessly at Mrs. Slater. "What's 'at?" she said. "That? Oh, those are katydids. I s'pose you never heard 'em, that's a fact. Kind o' cozy. I think. Don't you like 'em?" "Now?" said Ardelia.

Miss Forsythe's eyes brightened suddenly. "I know what you want," she cried; "you're thirsty? Mrs. Slater, won't you get us some of your good, creamy milk?" Don't you want a drink, Ardelia?"

Ardelia nodded. She felt very tired, and the glare of the sun seemed reflected from everything into her dazed eyes. When Mrs. Slater appeared with the foaming yellow glasses she wound her nervous little hands about the stem of the goblet and began a deep franghi. She did not like it, it was hard to swallow, and instinct warned her not to go on with it; but all the thirst of a long morning—Ardelia was used to drinking frequently—urged her on, and its icy coldness enabled her to finish the glass. She handed it back with a deep sigh. The young lady clapped her hands.

"There!" she cried. "Now, how do you like real milk, Ardelia? I declare, you look like another child, already! You can have all you want every day—why, what's the matter?"

For Ardelia was growing ghastly pale before her; her eyes turned inward, her lips tightened. A blinding horror surged from her toes upward, and the memory of the liquid ice cream and the faint warning faded before the awful reality of the present agony.

Later, as she lay limp and white on the slippery hair cloth sofa in Mrs. Slater's musty parlor, she heard them discussing her situation.

There was a lot of Fresh Air children over at Miss Simms's; her hostess explained, "and they'most all of 'em said the milk was too strong—dick you ever? Two or three of 'em was sick, like this one, but they got to love it in a little while. She will, too."

Ardelia shook her head feebly. She had learned her lesson. If success, as we are told, consists not in omitting to make mistakes, but in omitting to make the same one twice, Ardelia's treatment of the milk question was eminently successful.

After awhile Miss Forsythe went away, and at her urgent suggestion Ardelia came out and sat on the porch under the shade of a black umbrella. She sat motionless, staring into the grass, lost in the rapture of content that follows such a crisis as her recent misery, forgetful of all her earthly woes in the blessed certainty of her present calm. In a few minutes she was asleep.

When she awoke she was in a strange place. Outside the umbrella all was dusk and shadow. Only a square white mist filled the place of the barn, the tall trees stared vaguely toward the dark sky, the stars were few. As she gazed in half terror about her, a strange jangling came nearer and nearer, and a great animal with swinging sides, panting terribly, ran clumsily by followed by a bare legged boy, whose thudding feet sounded loud on the beaten path. Ardelia sprang against the wall with a cry that brought Mrs. Slater to her side.

"There, there, Della, it's only a cow. She won't hurt you. And the better, too. Here's some bread and butter for you. We've had our supper, but I thought the sleep would do you more good."

Still shaken by the shock of that panting hairy beast, Ardelia put out her hand for the bread and butter, and ate it greedily. Then she stretched her cramped limbs and looked over the umbrella. On the porch sat a bearded man in shirt sleeves and stockings, his head bent back against his chair, his mouth open. He snored audibly. Tipped back in another chair, his feet raised and pressed against one of the supports of the porch roof, sat a young man. He was not asleep, for he was smoking a pipe, but he was as motionless as the other. Curled up on the steps was the boy who had brought them from the station. Occasionally he yawned a mongrel collie beside him, and yawning, stretched himself, but he did not speak.

"That's Mr. Slater," said the woman softly, "and the young man is my oldest son, William. Henry brought you up with the team. They're out in the field all day, and they get pretty tired. It gets nice 'er cool out here by evenin', don't it?"

Another long silence intervened. The rocking chair swayed back and forth, and Mr. Slater snored. Little bright eyes glowed and disappeared, now low against the dark. It will never be known whether Ardelia thought them defective gas lights or the flashing changing electric signs that add color to the night advertisements of her native city, for contrary to all fictional precedents she did not inquire with interest what they were. She did not care, in fact. After half an hour of the katydids, William spoke.

"Nick Damon's helpin' in the south lot 't'day," he observed.

"Was he?" asked his mother, pausing a moment in her rocking.

"Yep."

Again he smoked, and the monotonous clamor was unintermitted.

"Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig-a-zig!" Slowly, against the background of her machine like clicking, there grew other sounds, weird, unhappy, far away.

"Weep, weep, weep!" This was a high, thin crying.

"Broom! Broom! Broom!" This was low and resonant and solemn. Ardelia scowled.

"What's 'at?" she asked again.

"That's the frogs. Bull frogs and peepers. Never heard them either, did ye? Well, that's what they are."

William took his pipe out of his mouth. "Come here, sissy, I'll tell y' a story," he said lazily.

Ardelia obeyed, and glancing timidly at the shadow, slipped around to his side.

"One't they was an ol' feller comin' 'long cross lots, late at night, an' he come to a pond, an' he kinder stopped up an' says to himself, 'Wonder how deep th' ol' pond is anyhow?' He was just a leetle—well, he'd had a drop too much y' see—"

"Had a what?" interrupted Ardelia.

"He was sort of rollin' 'round—he didn't know just what he was doin'—"

"Oh, well, an' he starts in, 'I'll wade through, an' he starts in. 'Just then he hears a big fellow singin' out, 'Better go rround! Better go rround! Better go rround!'"

William rolled out a vibrating base note that startled the bull frogs themselves.

"Lord!" says he, "is it s' deep's that? Well, I'll go rround, then." 'N' off he starts to walk around.

"'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!'" says the peepers.

"An' there it was. Soon he'd start to do one thing, they'd tell him another. Make up his mind he couldn't, so he stands there still, they do say, askin' 'em every night which he better do."

"Stands where?" Ardelia looked fearfully behind her.

"Oh, I d'know. Out in that swamp, mabbe."

Again he smoked, and the younger boy chuckled.

Time passed by. To Ardelia it might have been minutes, hours or generations. An unaccountable boredom, an ennui that struck to the roots of her soul, possessed her. Her muscles twitched from nervousness. Her feet ached and burned in the stiff boots.

Suddenly Mr. Slater coughed and arose. "Well, guess I'll be gettin' to bed," he said. "Come on, boys. Hello, little girl! Come to visit with us, hey? Mind you don't pick nothin' wine."

He shuffled into the house, and the boys followed him in silence. Mrs. Slater led Ardelia upstairs into a little hot room, and told her to get into bed quick, for the lamp drew the mosquitoes.

Ardelia kicked off her shoes and approached the bed distrustfully. It sank down with her weight and smelled hot and queer. Rolling off, she stretched herself on the floor, and lay there disconsolately. Sharp, quick stabs from the swarming mosquitoes stung her to rage; she tossed about, slapping at them with exclamations that would have shocked Mrs. Slater. The eternal chatter of the katydids maddened her. She could not sleep. Across the sunset came the wail of the peepers.

"Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!" At home the hardy-gurdy was playing, the women were gossiping on every step, the lights were everywhere—the blessed fearless gas lights—the little girls were dancing in the breeze that drew in from the East River. Old Dutchy was giving Maggie Kelly an olive. Ardelia slapped viciously at a mosquito on her hot cheek, heard a great June bug flopping into the room through the loosely waving netting, and burst into tears of pain and fright, wrapping her head tightly in her gingham skirt.

In the morning Miss Forsythe came over to inquire after her charge's health, accompanied by another young lady.

"How do you do, my dear?" said the new lady kindly. "How terribly the mosquitoes have stung you! What makes you stay in the house, and miss the beautiful fresh air? See that great plot of daisies—does she know that she can pick all she wants, poor little thing! I suppose she never had a chance! Come out with me, Ardelia, and let's see which can pick the biggest bunch!"

And Ardelia, fortified by ham and eggs, went stolidly forth into the grass and silently attacked the daisies.

In the middle of her bunch the new young lady paused. "Why, Ethel, she isn't barefoot!" she cried. "Come here, Ardelia, and take off your shoes and stockings!"

Directly. Shoes and stockings in the country! "You'll know what comfort is," as she unlaced the boots rapidly on the porch.

"Oh, she's been barefoot in the city," explained Miss Forsythe, "but this will be different, of course."

And so it was, but not in the sense she intended. To patten about bare legged on the bare, safe pavement, was one thing; to venture unprotected into the waving, tripping tangle was another. She stepped cautiously upon the short grass near the house, and with jaw set and narrowed lids felt her way into the high growth. The ladies clapped their hands at her happiness and freedom. Suddenly she stopped, she shrieked, she clawed the air with outspread fingers. Her face was gray with terror.

"Oh gee! Oh gee!" she screamed.

"What's 'at, Ardelia, what is it?" they cried, lifting up their skirts in sympathy.

"A snake!"

Mrs. Slater rushed out seized Ardelia, half rigid with fear, and carried her to the porch. They elicited from her as she sat with her feet tucked under her and one hand convulsively clutching Mrs. Slater's apron that something had rustled by her, "down at the bottom," that it was slippery, and she had stepped on it and wanted to go home.

"Only a little hop toad, Della, that wouldn't harm a baby, let alone a big girl nine old, like you."

But Ardelia, chattering with nervousness, wept for her shoes, and sat high and dry in a rocking chair for the rest of the morning.

"She's a queer child," Mrs. Slater confided to the young ladies. "No a drop of anything will she drink, but cold tea. It don't seem reasonable to give her all that day, and I won't do it, so she has to wait till meals. She makes a face if I say milk, and the water tastes slippery, she says, and salty like. She won't touch it. I tell her it's good well water, but she just shakes her head. She's stubborn's a bronze mule, that child. 'Smorning she asked me when did the parades go by, I told her there wa'n't any but the circus, an' that has been already. I tried to cheer her up, sort of, with that Fresh Air picnic of yours tomorrow, Miss Forsythe, an' s'he, 'Oh, the Dago picnic!' s'he; 'will they have Tony's band?'"

"I guess so. An' he heard a voice singin' out, 'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!'"

William gave a startling imitation of the peepers; his voice was a high, shrill wail.

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"Only a little hop toad, Della, that wouldn't harm a baby, let alone a big girl nine old, like you."

But she knew that he was biting great round bites out of countless slices of buttered bread, and in utter silence. Now Ardelia had never in her life eaten in silence. Mrs. Fahey, when eating, gossiped and fought alternately with Mr. Fahey's old, half blind mother; her son Danny, in a state of chronic dismissal from his various jobs, sang, whistled, and performed clog dances under the table during the meal; their neighbors across the narrow hall shrieked her comments, friendly or otherwise; and all around and above and below resounded the busy noise of the crowded, clattering city street. It was the breath in the nostrils, the excitement of her nervous little life, and this cold blooded stoking took away her appetite, never large.

Through the open door the buzz of the katydids was beginning tentatively. In the intervals of William's gulps a faint base note warned them from the swamp.

"Better go rround! Better go rround!" Mrs. Slater filled their plates in silence. Henry slapped a mosquito and chuckled interlarded with some reminiscence. A cow bell jangled sadly out of the gathering dusk.

Ardelia's nerves strained and snapped. Her eyes grew wild.

"Fer Gawd's sake, talk!" she cried sharply. "Are youse dummies?"

The morning dawned fresh and fair; the trees and the brown turf smelled sweet; the homely barnyard noises brought a smile to Miss Forsythe's sympathetic face, as she waited for Ardelia to join her in a drive to the station. But Ardelia did not smile. Her eyes ached with the great, green glare, the strange scattered objects, the long, unaccustomed vistas. Her cramped feet wearied for the smooth pavements, her ears hungered for the dear, familiar din. She scowled at the winding, empty road; she shrieked at the passing oxen.

At the station Miss Forsythe shook her limp little hand. "Good-by, dear," she said. "I'll bring the other little children back with me. You'll enjoy that. Good-by."

"I'm comin' too," said Ardelia.

"Why, no, dear—you wait for us. You'd only turn around and come right back, you know," urged Miss Forsythe, secretly touched by this devotion to herself.

"Come back nothin'!" said Ardelia doggedly. "I'm goin' home."

"Why, why, Ardelia! Don't you really like it?"

"Now, it's too hot."

Miss Forsythe stared.

"But, Ardelia, you don't want to go back to that horrible smelly street? Not truly?"

"Betcher life I do!" said Ardelia.

The train steamed in; Miss Forsythe mounted the steps unsteadily, Ardelia clinging to her hand.

"It's so lovely and quiet," the young lady pleaded.

Ardelia shuddered. Again she seemed to hear that fiendish, mournful wailing:

"Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!"

"It seems so good, Ardelia! All the green things!"

Good that hot, rustling breeze of noonday, that damp and empty evening wind! They rode in silence. But the jar and jolt of the engine made music in Ardelia's ears. The crying of the hot babies, the familiar jargon of the newshy: "N'Yawk morning papers! Woyle! Joyal!" were a breath from home to her little cockney heart.

They pushed through the great station, they climbed the steps to the elevated track they jingled on a cross town car; and at a familiar corner Ardelia slipped loose her hand, uttered a grunt of joy, and Miss Forsythe looked for her in vain. She was gone.

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A Cooking School Chapter.

A recent lesson at a cooking school dealt with veal cutlets with brown sauce, potato salad, milk sherbet, and Boston cookies. The work was divided up among a class of eight pupils, and in two hours a delicious luncheon was served.

"We have here a thick slice of veal cut from the leg," said the teacher, Miss Downing. "Eight out of ten people are prejudiced against veal. They complain that it is tough and tasteless. The fault lies more in the cooking than in the meat. You get veal that is worth buying improve it by careful cooking. Veal is the meat of the immature creature; consequently needs long, slow cooking. Wipe off the veal, then take a sharp knife and divide into small, neat filets. Cut out the round bone in the middle and pare away every particle of skin, fat and gristle, then put in a small saucetpan with one and one-half cups of cold water to make the stock for the brown sauce. Cut the meat into neat filets about three inches by two. If there are any long, irregular-shaped pieces roll them and fasten with small wooden skewers or toothpicks. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dip in flour, then in egg and bread crumbs. Fry out some thin slices of salt pork in an omelet pan and put the veal in to fry slowly till well browned. Prepare a brown sauce from the stock made from the trimmings of the veal. Brown three tablespoonsful of butter, add the three tablespoonsful of flour and stir well till it is brown. Pour in gradually the stock, season with pepper, lemon juice, salt and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Strain and pour over the veal. Set it back on the stove where it will simmer, and allow it to cook very slowly 40 minutes. Arrange on a hot platter, strain the sauce over it and garnish with parsley."

Miss Downing gave a practical illustration of how to cut a cold potato into neat cubes for a salad. Holding it upright in her left hand, she sliced it off with a sharp vegetable knife, cutting in long deep slices nearly to the end of the potato. Then she turned it out and into the other way till it was merely a handful of strips held together by one uncut end. Holding it over a bowl she cut it into slices, and the potato was neatly and deftly sliced into half-inch cubes. Four cupsful of this neatly chopped potato were used for the salad. The potato was sprinkled with pepper and salt, then a French dressing was made.

DESSERTS FOR POTATO SALAD.

"For the dressing," said the teacher "pour six tablespoonsful of oil into a cup and add to it two tablespoonsful of vinegar. Cut the end of an onion and scrape from it finely a few drops of juice, stir it into the dressing. Slowly pour the dressing over the potatoes and allow it to marinate for an hour. Boil two eggs hard, when cool separate the yolks from the whites. Chop the whites fine till they look like grated cocoanut and press the yolks through a potato