THE RED CROSS DOLLAR.

Send me, send me, Do not hold me Take and fold me In Red Cross kit To do my bit As they see fit Who shall spend me. I'm a Red Cross Dollar. I'm a free man's gift. Bent on going

Where "Glory" leads; Bent on doing What soldier needs In war-bled land: Lending a hand; Giving a lift. I'm a Red Cross Dollar.

Let me hie me; Don't deny me My country calls, My brother falls. To pay a debt I can't forget-A debt of honor Long overdue I'm a Red Cross Dollar

Shot down by shell In foe-made hell In friendly France, My brother bleeds And waits and pleads. My only chance To heal my kin And help France win-In Red Cross Kit. I'm a Red Cross Dollar Don't say me nay.

Our nation's way Is true devotion To each emotion Born of Liberty. Gives its Godspeed To each small deed That's done in love For Freedom's need. Is blessed above I'm going.

I'm a Red Cross Dollar. My mission's high To amplify A soldier's care. To do and dare Mid not battle, Rifles' rattle And cannon's roar. What both my purse And Red Cross nurse Can make much more. I'm a Red Cross Dollar. I'm glad first aid, I'm all home made Clothing, dressings.

Love-stitched blessings Woll-knit sweater, Well wove letter For far off brother From sister, mother. Yes, 1'm Surgeon's supplies Answering cries Of bleeding valor

Mid war-made squalor I'm going-I'm a Red Cross Dollar.

By Rev. JOHN HEWITT

(Concluded from last issue.) So, with his rifle in his hand, he rept through the willows fringing the stream, looking for some living thing-anything that could be con-

verted into broth.

"LITTLE FELLER."

After about an hour he spied a ground-squirrel sitting upright beside its burrow, its little paws folded across its buffy breast, its big eyes glistening in the sun. Three successive times the man drew a bead on it, a fellow-being was his target—shook so that he dared not risk a shot. At last, however, gritting his teeth and rendering his whole body rigid, he reduced the weaving motion of the front sight to a minimum, and pulled the trigger. At the same instant he closed his eyes, like the rankest tender-

With infinite pains that nothing might be wasted, he dressed his pitiable quarry, built a fire, and soon had a stew going in the dipper. He held the vessel in his hands, not daring to trust it to a support of stones, which might crack from the heat and spill the precious contents. So, skimming and stirring and adding water almost drop by drop, lest he thin it too much, he watched the cooking with eyes smoke, now cursing his trembling fingers, now murmuring words that sounded like a prayer.

At last, after allowing himself several infinitesimal tastes to test it, he judged the concoction to be done; and taking Little Feller on his lap, he anxiously offered him a few drops of the broth in a spoon. The babe accepted the strange food—even tried to swallow the spoon itself, and fairly quivered in eagerness for more. Kentucky could not see to give a second helping until the mist cleared from his eyes.

"Feelin' pretty good now, eh, Little Feller!" he observed, when the child was satisfied. "Course you air. You got a good nuss, though he don't wear no lace cap. He ain't none of your one-idee'd people. If there ain't no milk he's got sense enough to try sunthin' else, and he war bright enough to guess that gopher soup would just about hit the right spot. Most people wouldn't call me good company for a wouldn't call me good company for a would have quietly sunk into that young feller like you. But I ain't the sleep from which there is no awakenworst you might have-not by no means. I won't deceive you. I ain't explain one thing.

no more'n I did Gallinito. I had nothagin him—not a thing. In fact I liked him. But we had a little quoll over cyards, and after he got good and drunk he made his brags he'd shoot me on sight. I knowed he'd think better of it when he sobered up, so I kept away from him-rid out of town. I didn't come back till next day. But he hadn't sobered up as soon as usual. I seen that as soon as he stepped out of the Hot Rivet with out o' the tail of my eye. I waited till and others of their kind.

in' four Tollivers, sworn in as depu-ties, goes on a still hunt fer me. The babe smiled and said, "Gloo- uncle Larkin.

got to git an airly start in the mawnwickiup out of thes willers, to keep off that breeze, and we'll turn in and git a good night's sleep."

But again he could not sleep. doubt his ability to hit the next one. About two o'clock he slipped his dust was of no significance. hand into the babe's wraps and felt its feet. To his dismay, they were cold; so were the little hands. His his arms—Little Feller, who required first thought was to administer some milk and broth in a land where men more hot broth. Then it occurred to had sucked putrid bones; who wilted him that possibly the broth had not under the noorday sun and chilled by digested properly. For a moment his heart sank. A sick baby on his hands, little. alone on the wind-swept plains, leagues upon leagues from a human habitation, and no medicine!

Then, like a flash of inspiration, there came to him a scene he had once which a mother and her child were the two actors. Taking the hint, he mended the fire until it was burning ed before him. No more doubts, no briskly, and laid around its edge a more temptations, assailed him. No ly came blackness, as if an invisible dozen or more stones the size of a shadow of regret tinged his reflec- hand had drawn a jetty veil across the cocoanut. Next he dug a bowl-shaped hole in the earth and filled it with ed the abandonment of the little one water carried from the stream in his hat. It took many hatfuls, for until past. the walls became soaked they absorbed the water almost as fast as he could supply it. By this time the stones were hot. He kicked them ined the water almost as fast as he to the water, one by one, until it be- safely through, but because he now gan to steam.

Then undressing Little Feller, he laid him in the bath. When his whole through, but the babe's, which had body was pink, Kentucky lifted him become paramount. He was beginneckerchief-the softest garment at through was south, not north; and hand—dressed him again, pinned him more than once he halted his horse up in his planket, and laid him over with the half-formed resolution of in the poncho. His reward-ample turning back. enough indeed-was one of Little Fel-

ler's smiles. time a chain and locket which had hitherto been concealed by the babe's time; but after the little one was engraved the word "Willie."

This simple bit of information about the hitherto nameless babe afcharge a place in the world, as it great human family, from which he had been so isolated before, in his finder's mind, as an aerolite out of the heavens.

"Willie!" he murmured, gazing at hull of it, I s'pose, and some day menbe, they'd 'a' called him Bill."

Kentucky was not familiar with and it was some minutes before he discovered that this one was hinged and jointed, and could therehis thick thumb nail, he opened it. On the inside were two photographs —one of a man, the other of a wom-an—doubtless Willie's parents.

The man was Anson Tolliver. Kentucky stared at the likeness a but his hands—hands that were stran-gers to unmanly tremors, even where an eyelash. Then he laughed, not mirthfully, but with a harsh, cracked note, like the tame magpie down at Gentryville. The joke was on him. He recalled seeing Mrs. Anson Tolliver and a hired man drive off in a buckboard the morning of his trouble with Larkin; and Lark, before the quarrel, had told him she was bound for Antelope, to visit her brother. Doubtless it was the news of Lark's death which had induced her to return to Gentryville by way of the short cut through the Ten Pins, where she had

been attacked by the Indians. So Little Feller, for whom he had jeopardized his life, was the son of a man who would shoot him down as ruthlessly as if he were a sheep-killing dog. In Anson Tolliver's eyes Kentucky Harrod was of no more ac-In Anson Tolliver's eyes which streamed and smarted from the count than a rattlesnake or a Gila monster; of less account even, for Anson shot these reptiles only as chance threw them in his path, while to shoot Kentucky he and his three brothers had abandoned business and all the ordinary pursuits of life, and had sworn to go unshorn until their man was under the sod.

For seven days now Kentucky had led the life of a wild beast, fleeing before his pursuers, hiding in solitary places, living on whatever food fell into his hands, often hungry, often thirsty, until at last the closing coils had forced him to play his last card—make a dash for the Wolf Den country, a region so desolate that even the ed as widely as possible without en-Indians dreaded it. By this time, had it not been for the delays which the little foundling had forced upon him, he would have been within the purlieus of that haven where no sheriff

dared show his face. What was a babe's life, after all? Left where he had found it, this one ing. It had not yet learned to love no Sunday-school boy. But I want to it puckered its lips; but food not rplain one thing.
"I didn't want to kill Lark Tolliver to the great Unknown, with the suffer-

ing, without regret. But life, even such life as he had lived, was sweet to Kentucky Harrod. He joyed in its adventures and hairbreadth escapes. To overcome an en-emy, either by cunning or mere brute perceived with a wave of chagrin. At force, brought satisfaction. But beyond and better than all this was the dream that some day he might come into his own; that some day, somehow, he might hold up his head among other men, might stand on an equal foothis face all flushed. So I watched him | ing with the Tollivers, for instance,

he drawed his gun, which is the last. This life, these dreams, he had now a chance shot, of course, for he was second a feller kin wait. Then I put in jeopardy for the sake of this not exposed; but, deflected by a rock, knowed it was him or me.

Then I put in jeopardy for the sake of this not exposed; but, deflected by a rock, babe. To provide it with milk he had the bullet had done its work. "Little Pard, it was him. But could lost precious hours. To ward off its I 'a' done anything else? You'd say chill of death he had built up a fire no yourself if you could talk a little which might have emblazoned his plainer. But Lark was a man of whereabouts for miles across the level prop'ty, paid taxes and helped elect plain to a sleepless enemy. And this babe (the idea tapped at his brain over and over) was a son of Anson had given him the appearance of a Kentucky Harrod. So the shureff over and over) was a son of Anson placards the county, and the remain-

Dark thoughts flitted through his "That's it. I see you git my drift. brain like ugly phantoms. Yet his innate nobility delivered him from the up and talk politics any longer. We temptation. The smoldering spark of paternity in his breast had been fantinguished. And, presently, when he had parted the folds of the poncho and peeped at the innocent face within, an almost painful tenderness suffused strange excitement pervaded him. His him. What did it suspect of murder pursuers, oddly enough, scarcely and revenge? It had laughed and crossed his mind. He kept thinking cooed at him as at its own father; it same hand had laid its uncle in the

So, when the man mounted Petey

Yet that little was wonderfully sweet to Kentucky Harrod, whose possessed him. The way was smoothtions. The hour when he had pondersemed to have receded into a remote

That his refuge was still a hundred cared so little whether he got through or not. It was not his getting quickly dried him with his red ning to suspect that the babe's way

Hence, when at noon, after feeding Little Feller half the remaining broth, In stripping the roly-poly body he swept the landscape to the south Kentucky had noticed for the first with his glass and despied four horsehe swept the landscape to the south men, at a distance of perhaps fifteen miles, his pulse scarcely quickened. clothing. He tossed it aside at the He had no intention, however, of sacrificing himself. He still believed that asleep, having nothing else to do, he justice was on his side, and he intendidly examined the trinket. On it was ed to sell his life as dearly as possied to sell his life as dearly as possible—to die by a bullet, not a rope.

He considered the feasibility of leaving the child where the father fected the man strangely. It gave his would find it. Such a strategem would detach at least one of the party, were; definitely linked him with the and send him flying back to the land of baby-food. Yet the risk to Little ly.

There was no The man still whispered, so it seemtrail here. The Tollivers, guided onthe graven letters. "'William' is the might easily pass the baby by, for there was no way of conspicuously come by that baby?"
marking its resting place. "Little Feller?" he asked, with a

out on their man-hunt for a week now. | way. fore be opened. Presently, inserting Anson might or might not have learned of the loss of his babe. If he had not, he would naturally assume, on finding it here, that Kentucky had kidnapped it. If he had, he would as- of lead." sume that Kentucky had instigated

the dastardly Indian attack. until he came to a depression in the ground inclosed by a circle of boulders-an ancient site of Indian ceremonials. A better fortress could scarcely have been devised, and here he calmly made ready for his enemies.

safe from stray bullets from any too thin. And feed it out of the teaquarter. He led Petey inside, roped spoon, and not too fast And ef he up a front foot, and threw him. Otherwise, the horse would be the first victim of the Tollivers' fire, and without him Kentucky's victory, should he by a miracle win, would be but a bartucky's annoyance; but he was too ren one. Moreover, with the horse concealed there was a bare chance of the party not discovering him. Then

he sat down to wait. An hour or so later his foes galloped out from behind a swell of ground half a mile away. Before they came within rifle-shot, however, they halt-ed, and one of them lifted a fieldglass. They were veteran campaigners in this grim business, and the Indian pow-wow place had evidently caught their attention. After a brief council they dismounted and proceeded on foot. They, too, realized the

necessity of protecting their horses. Kentucky waited, rifle in hand. He could not afford to waste a single cartridge by firing at an unduly long range; yet he wanted to get in one shot before the men dropped into the grass, as he knew they were likely to do at any minute. They had separatdangering one another, by cross-fire and finally Kentucky picked out the man whom the sun made the fairest target of and lifted his rifle to his

"Bah-bah!" he heard the babe bab-The sound all but cost the startled man a premature shot. Lowering his weapon, he leveled his spy-glass upon

his intended victim. It was truly the game called life. When hungry, it puckered its lips; but food not "All right, Little Feller!" he mur-"I'll pick out your Uncle Bill, if it suits you better, though the sun air liable to blur my sights a lit-

> He shifted his position, aimed and fired. Big Bill Tolliver dropped, but the shot the other brothers had also dropped, and as the fugitive glanced about the field there was no sign of human presence.

Nevertheless a rifle cracked a few seconds later and the besieged man's left arm suddenly became as numb and helpless as a paralytic's. It was larger than a robin.

"The cyards are stacked agin me!" article appearing in muttered Harrod. "I'm due to lose." sance du Tourisme, M. In his bones he felt that his end was near. Still he was not afraidever grew up—to remember him, not as its savior, but as the slayer of its uncle Larkin.

Tolliver. It would grow up—if it man past his prime, he was only for ty-two. He was young in both body and spirit. In spite of hard knocks, fortune had always smiled upon him. man past his prime, he was only for-When it came to a show-down, he had always held the winning hand. Now

he was due to lose. His injured arm was useless, and got to git an airly start in the mawn-in.' So I'll just build you a little ned to a flame and was not easily ex-wung back and forth with a curious creak. But it did not pain him much as yes, and ne managed, shooting from a prone position, to manipulate his rifle fairly well with one hand. He shot deliberately, for the Tollivers in their dusty clothes were almost the cooed at him as at its own father; it color of the tall grass, and it was only how nearly he had missed that ground-had called him "Bah-bah." It clung now and then that he discovered any-squirrel at thirty feet, and began to to the hand that fed it. That the thing to draw a bead against. Inthing to draw a bead against. In-deed, he half wished they would "rush" him and give him a chance to do some fancy work with his revolver, which was his favorite weapon.

The foe, on the other hand, could see even less of him. One or more of them usually fired when a shot of his gave them a clue to his position. Now and then they would pour in a fusillade, trusting to luck for a hit.

It was immediately after one of these broadsides that the sky suddenmotto had so long been, "It is more ly streamed with what seemed milblessed to take than to give." Now, lions of rockets, shoals upon shoals of when he was giving all and taking them, like minnows back in the meadwitnessed in an Apache village, in nothing, he was strangely happy. In- ow creek in old Kentucky, swinging deed, an ecstacy, a kind of delirium, gracefully through their appointed arcs, and dropping showers of stars in their flight. Then quite as suddenempyrean dome.

Stunned and bewildered, hardly conscious of the act, Kentucky crawled over to the babe's bullet-proof and lifted him out with his one serviceable arm. Then getting his back to a rock, for he was very weary, he closed his

eyes.
"Little Feller," he murmured, sleepily, "I just had a bad dream. If you'll put your hand agin my cheek I don't believe it will come ag'in. I ain't troubled with dreams much, but it's so dark, and somehoy so close to-night that—that I cain't breathe good; and it seems-it seems-

He placed his hand over his aching chest, but it did not occur to him that the dampness there was from his own blood, for the Tollivers and his duel with them had faded from his corsciousness.

Hours later-so he imagined-he awoke. It was still dark, but he could see figures moving about, now near, now far, now one, now a dozen. Finally one of them forced a flask betwen his teeth and he gradually became conscious of a pillow of some kind beneath his head and a blanket spread over his cold body. But still he could not make out what one of the men was whispering in his ear.

ed, but after a second draught of ly by the creeks and springs which they knew the fugitive would follow, words. "Kentuck! Kentuck! How did you

Moreover, the finding of the baby supreme effort. "Found him in the wood referred to was oak would only whet their appetites for Ten Pins. Injuns. He's a Tolliver. vengeance. The Tolliver's had been Iv'e got to git him back home some

He moved his right arm, feeling for the babe. It was gone. "Where is he?" he cried. "Bring him back I say, or I'll pump you full

One of the men, sitting with his head between his knees, seemed to be So Harrod rode on, without haste, weeping; but another one restored

the babe to Kentucky's side.
"Now I'll tell you just how to take keer of him, fer I've got to ketch some sleep, so we kin git an airly start. Make him some gopher soup. He likes milk best, but gopher soup will He built a hollow rectangle of do. But it must be just so, not too stones in which Little Feller would be hot ner not too cold, not too thick ner gits cold, give him an Injun bath, and rub him down with your bandanner.' The man who was weeping now

tucky's annoyance; but he was too weak to make any remonstrance. He was also too weak to figure out how he had fallen into this strange company. So he went to sleep. When he awoke he was rational.

He recognized the four Tollivers. One by one they silently pressed his limp hand. Anson, with red eyes, tried to speak, but failed.

"Just one request, boys," said Kentucky, in a piping voice that he could scarce believe his own. "When he grows up and people tell him that Kentucky Harrod killed his uncle Lark, you-you tell him about-about this. I-I'd like to hold him just a minute, ef you don't care. You know, him and me has been campin' together fer sev'ral days, and he-he likes

They again laid Little Feller by his side. A faint smile lit Kentucky's pale, dewy face. He turned his head slightly until his lips rested against the curls of the baby's head, and then "Little Feller!" he murmured, con-

tentedly.

Thus he passed into his long sleep. -By Elmore Elliott Peake, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

-Cavalry horses have been dying in large numbers from a mysterious disease in different regions of the south of France. The mortality has reached 60 per cent. to 70 per cent. of new contingents arriving at Toulouse, pignan. Horses apparently sound and well when they are unloaded from the cars die so soon after being stabled that it is impossible to treat them. This situation dates from 1914, soon spring of 1915 and it is still alarming.

The kildeer is long-legged and long-winged; runs on ground, flies high and swiftly, and calls dee, dee; is War Damage in French Forests.

Paris, France.-In an interesting La Renaissance du Tourisme, M. Georges Caye reviews the damages which the war will have caused to the forests of France. He also considers the after war prospects both of afforestation of the land and of wood supply from abroad. France, he says, possessed before the war, 10,000,000 hectacres of wooded lands which was an inestimable source of riches to her. Urbain Gohier remarked recently that war always destroyed men and beasts, factories and places of worship, farms, castles and cottages, but that this war was destroying trees also. The name of many a wood has figured in official communiques of fighting at Argonne and of Hartmanvillerskopf, those of Coucy and of Saint Gobian. It happens that the departments in which the operations have taken place have all possessed important wooded areas; taking the whole of the line from the Vosges to the Pas de Calais and from the Meuse to the Aisne, the extent of wooded territory involved amounts to 1,190,111 hectacres, that is about one-eighth of the entire forest land of France. Besides the total destruction caused by artillery, the cutting down of woods for strategical purposes, and the cutting of trenches involving the sacrifice of trees, as between Roye and Belfort, where the entire forest land is ruined, the French army needed an immense amount of wood of all kinds for a variety of purposes including stakes for the barbed wire defenses. All this wood was cut from the neighboring forests, at first without method, and this caused great damage. But this waste was soon checked and an agreement was entered into by the Headquarters Staff of the Department of Woods and Forests, by which a special service of woodsmen was organized for the ar-

The amount of wood used in this war is almost incredible, contiues M. Caye, the quantity having, at the present time, reached the enormous figure of 672,000 cubic meters of wood (steres) for the front alone. But besides this amount there is the wood used in the factories for the manufacture of millions of rifles, of munition cases, of barracks, motor drays, railway sleepers. It is true that a certain amount has been imported into France from abroad, but the greater part has had to be contributed by France herself, who has also provided for some of the needs of the British army in the east. It can be easily understood that in order to meet such a demand not only all existing reserve stocks have been exhausted, but that immense felling operations have had to be carried out in the French forests, even century old trees on the sides of the great roads and of the canals having been ruthlessly cut down.

If damage has been caused to the woods on the front and in the interior of the country, what will the condition of the woods be in the invaded departments? There can be little doubt that not only have the Germans helped themselves liberally for their immediate military purposes, but they have also sent the finest trees into Germany. It is known that wood from French forests has been sold in Hamburg, and it is thought probable The work of driving the Germans out of France will, as in the case of the forests of Saint Gobain and Coucy, cause terrible damage. The forests in Argonne and the pine woods of Champagne have already been totally ruined, and since most of the land is unfit for cultivation unless it is reafforested it will remain waste. It will be essential that at the close of hostilities the owners of these woods should be encouraged to plant young trees, in fact it should be made obligatory for them to do so, with the help of State grants.

M. Caye looks to Russia, Japan, Scandinavia, and more particularly to Canada for the supply of woods after the war, and of seeds, which France used to obtain from Austria-Hungary. He also asks whether the time has not come when stock should be taken of the riches of the French colonies, and opportunities given French colonists to trade on easy terms with the mother country.—Christian Science

Busy Days for the Snow Shoe

Y. W. C. A. The Snow Shoe girls of the Y. W. C. A. held a patriotic meeting Monday night, July 2nd. They took up as a study the condition at the present time of the allied countries of Europe, and what they are doing for the war. They learned the salute of the American flag and the national anthem, and sang other patriotic songs. The orchestra kindly assisted and the meeting was much enjoyed and very instructive.

An interesting feature of the evening was the exhibition of a beautiful flag made by the girls and presented to the base ball team for the Fourth of July celebration.

The meeting July 9th was well attended. It is a pleasing sight to see twenty-five or more happy-faced weight. You must not eat between young women and girls busily en-

gaged in learning to knit. The study taken up this week was concerning the lives of great men who are making history today.

The girls are planning for a wild flower hike over the mountains, for moderately. Vegetables, tomatoes, this week, led by two botanists of the organization. They are also planning cauliflower (without sauce,) pickles of a canning demonstration for the Slav- any kind and olives. Bread made of Albi, Bordeaux, Narbonne and Per- ish girls of the community, to be held gluocse or gluten and unsweetened during July.

-A new project of American engineers is a giant canal 250 miles long No butter, sweets or cream, and boilto connect the Arctic ocean and the ed rice should be substituted for poafter the declaration of war. The Baltic Sea, extending from Kandalasmortality was the greatest in the ka on the White sea to Tornea, near the Swedish frontier on the Gulf of Finland. The cost is estimated at \$150,000,000.

> -If you find it in the "Watchman" it's true.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

Let me live in a house by the side of the

Where the race of men go by-The men who are good and the men who

are bad. As good and as bad as I. I would not sit in the scorner's seat, Or hurl the critic's ban-

Let me live in a house by the side of the And be a friend of man.

-Sam Walter Foss.

For mending buttonholes in the neckbands of shirts, stitch pieces of tape flat along each edge of the button hole, bringing them together at its the front; for instance, those of La ends. The tape on each side should Grurie, Le Pretre, de Mortmare, of be just wide enough to extend to the edge of the neckband, where it should also be stitched. This new buttonhole will outlast the rest of the shirt.

For the Woman Who Travels .-"Do let me show you my latest traveling convenience," said the Woman Who Travels to her caller. "You see, my work takes me about so much that I am obliged to fit up what I call a regular housekeeping corner in my trunk. Now everybody, that is, every woman, knows that, no matter how carefully she packs her blouses and gowns and collars and such things, they do wrinkle and, if she wishes to look neat always, she must have some means of getting rid of these objectionable creases. So I have bought a small ironing board and have only just finished making this little cretonne case for it. Don't you think it pretty? chose this material with the yellow chrysanthemums because it is so much like the hangings and bed set in my room here, which makes it seem more homelike when I am away. It is just a plain, flat case, as you see, cut along the lines of the board, but a little large at the open end, so that it may be gathered up by this stout tape. And I have made the tape drawstring long enough to hang the board up by in a hotel closet, if I choose.

"Here at this end is a little pocket; copied the idea from the pocket for balls on my tennis racquet case. In it I shall carry my iron holder—you see, it is made of cretonne to match the board cover-also a little bag filled with bayberries for wax. However, I shall not rub the hot iron on the cretonne; no indeed, it would soon be spoiled-in locks, I mean. If you examine the cover, you will see that it is fastened on by a button. I just slip out the plain white cotton bag of bayberries, use them, and, when I am through, put it back in the pretty case. So, altogether, this ironing arrangement is quite neat, I think. iron is a small electric one which I carry about in its own box.

"With these treasures I can travel comfortably and be as neat as though I were at home, without being obliged to wait for a busy maid to put my clothes in order. Moreover, this case for my little ironing board is just one of a set of cases and bags which I am making for my trunk, one at a time, as I think of them. It is so much less work to pack and unpack a trunk when things are not only neatly, but prettily, arranged. As I like uniformity and harmony in these things, I am not using any of the shoe bags and things that have been given me from time to time; instead, I am making a whole set of bags of this one cretonne as fast as I think of uses for them This long narrow one is for my folding umbrella. Until I get all that I need made, and I make them as I discover the need, I shall use tissue paper, as I did before. Of course, one always needs that for packing gowns properly so I make a point of carrying a roll of it in my trunk. This other long case which opens out like one of those devices for keeping the dining-room centerpieces smooth, keeps the tissue paper in good condition. It is my firm belief that a woman enjoys her journeyings much more if she has a neatly, attractively packed trunk with accommodations for all her necessary belongings in it.'

A little salt rubbed on earthenware pudding dishes will take away brown spots. A new clothes line, if boiled for a

short time, will become tougher, will last longer, and will not tangle Renovate patent leather by rubbing

with a linen cloth soaked in milk. To remove ink from white clothes,

soak spot in sour milk, then wash as usual. Remove fresh coffee stains by pouring boiling water through the fabric.

in alcohol, followed by a soft, dry To cut new bread try using a knife which has been dipped in very hot

Polish mirrors with a cloth soaked

water. To clean enamelware rub well with dry salt and rinse in cold water, then

wipe dry with a piece of cloth. When preparing old, dry beans for baking, a little soda in the water in which they are soaked will render

them tender and soft. Here is a diet list that one should follow closely if one wishes to reduce meals. You may eat lobster, frogs' egs, clams, unthickened soup, fresh, salt or smoked fish, but no ham, liver,

or pork.
Eggs any style but fried, are all right; chicken, duck, turkey, lamb and lean beef may also be indulged in asparagus, celery, watercress, onions, graham coffee without cream and water in any quantity, except with meals. Milk sparingly and no wines. tatoes.

Although she is 85 years of age, Miss Eliza R. Hyde is one of the most efficient clerks in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency in Washington. She has been in the employ of the Government for the past 52 years.