

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

BY ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

THE GRANDFATHER'S.

Said I to Neighbor Brown to-day: "You mark my words," I said, "This goodly town we're living in is forging straight ahead. Just see the way the place has grown within your time and mine! The pond's filled up, the grove's cut down, we've got a stage-coach line. New houses coming, acres of them. It's not too much to say. The town'll reach to Morton's Creek, perhaps beyond, some day." And Neighbor Brown agreed with me. He said his father said, "A big black bear exactly where they've got their garden plot. I envy, sir, my grandson. I may not have one true, but should I have one, he's the lad who'll see things. I tell you! Land knows I'd like—although I guess my chance is pretty slim—To see this town just once the way I'm sure 'll look to him."

THE GRANDSON'S.

I thought a ravish print to-day, a quaint old copperplate. Which showed a street scene hereabout in Eighteen Twenty-eight. You know it takes a view like that to make one realize the speed with which this burg of ours grew up to such a size. For instance, spruce of growth, to think they used to say, "The town'll reach to Morton's Creek, perhaps beyond, some day." Why, Morton street's away down town. It's farther down each week. And yet—I'd like to turn time back and gaze on Morton's Creek. No office buildings round here then, but counting-rooms instead; a loading-stage, perhaps, in front; in back, a flowering-bed. The stage-coach line, the shops, the pond where granddad used to swim—But, say! I'd like to see this town the way it looked to him.

played a sorry game that afternoon, and was the first to leave the rink when the game was finished.

She hurried home to take a look at the Bunn family through the eyes of Gladys Cunningham. Sure enough, her father was jolly, her mother was sweet, and sensible besides, Stephen was pleasant, and her grandmother looked nicer and far more comfortable in her sprigged calico than she could possibly have appeared in pink satin. Neither the clothes nor the manners of the Bunn's seemed particularly out of the way that evening.

For the first time in weeks the other Bunn's ate and conversed as they pleased, unhampered by criticism from Eleanor. They spent a happy hour at the table, although they were far from suspecting the reason.

Eleanor decided before the meal was over that Gladys was right. From that day forth she worked and worried as zealously over her own shortcomings as she had done over those of her long suffering family, and with far better results.

One day, some weeks later, Gladys slipped into Eleanor's seat at recess time, and showed her some new girlish treasure. Eleanor was frigidly polite. The following day Gladys waited at the door and walked home with Eleanor, whose manner was not encouraging.

But Gladys persisted. Another day found the reunited friends side by side on the Bunn doorstep. Eleanor, resentful at first, had gradually relented under Gladys' persistent blandishments.

"I believe you're a lot nicer than you used to be," said Gladys, with an apologetic hug.

"I believe I am, too," said Eleanor, "thanks to you."

"Me?" questioned Gladys.

"Yes, I'm going to confess, or I don't see how we're going to be friends. I heard what you said to Bessie Smith about me one day at the rink. I caught your name and—I listened. O dear—Eleanor's head went down in her lap. 'I'm going to cry!'"

"Oh, don't!" cried Gladys, throwing both her arms about her friend. "For the improving has come out all right, after all."—Youth's Companion.

STEELYARDS STILL PLAGUED.

"It beats me," said a clerk in a hardware store, "how the old-fashioned steelyards hold their own. I can remember how popular they were with certain farmers' wives when I was a boy in the country, and what a delight it was to me to be allowed to try my hand at weighing a roll of butter or a bag of wool. But even then the women and children were the only persons who seemed to take much stock in steelyards. The tradesmen who bought our produce very flatteringly said that the figures represented by steelyards not only could, but did, tell lies, and they proceeded to weigh all our stuff over again on scales that were supposed to have the quality of truthfulness."

"Up to the present day, steelyards have had the reputation of being unreliable; but in spite of their ill-repute people still buy them. Just why so many householders and tradesmen retain their fondness for an antiquated style of weighing machine when there are so many new and approved patterns on the market is a puzzle, but even though mystified we keep a supply on hand for the benefit of those who stick to the old way of doing things."—New York Press.

TRAINING BOTH HANDS.

An interesting question is being carried on in England in connection with the question of ambidexterity, there being a certain number of physicians and psychologists who are recommending that the child should be taught to use the left as well as the right hand with equal facility. There are, however, those who advise that the left hand should be used only for left-handed motion, inasmuch as it is not an exact copy of the right, and must possess corresponding limitations. While the advanced ambidextrists believe that in addition to its ordinary duties the left hand should be taught to copy the movements of the right, such as in ordinary writing, the moderate advocates think that, recognizing its limitations, the left hand should be made to do so on the left side similar things. These, of course, would be done by movements in the reverse direction, and, therefore, if absolute ambidexterity were required, as in turning a screw or in writing, a screw with reversed thread should be used and a reversed form of writing devised.—Harper's Weekly.

AT NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

Henry Vignaud, secretary of the American Embassy at Paris, enjoys telling of an American who was being shown the tomb of Napoleon. As the loquacious guide referred to the various points of interest in connection with the tomb, the American paid the greatest attention to all that was said. "This immense sarcophagus," declared the guide, "weighs forty tons. Inside of that, sir, is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and inside of that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Inside of that rests a mahogany coffin containing the remains of the great man."

For a moment the American was silent, as if in deep meditation. Then he said: "It seems to me that you've got him all right. If he ever gets out, cable me at my expense."—Success.

FRANCE'S ROYALTY PRESIDENT.

M. Fallieres is a great walker in the country. Rain or shine, he accomplishes his six or seven miles a day. He seizes every opportunity to absent himself from Paris—to bury himself in his estate. He wears the clothes of comfort rather than of fashion—soft hat, loose-fitting jacket and trousers, finishing in leggings and thick boots—when his horizon is bounded by his vines instead of the peopled benches of the Senate.—Paris Letter to Pall Mall Gazette.

SIZE OF MOTOR GLASSES.

Why those terrible motor masks and gigantic goggles? That spectacle are useful in certain weather, and when traveling at a high rate of speed is readily allowed, but they need not be as large as the searchlights of a battleship.—Leo Trevor, in C. B. Fry's Magazine.

A NEW MORSEL FOR EPICURES.

Mexico Has Produced It in Cactus Cheese—Other Uses Discovered For the Prickly Plant of the Southwestern Desert—Fodder For Dairy Animals—Developing Spineless Plants.....



NEW YORK epicures who yearn for more gastronomic worlds to conquer may find interest in a new confection which has been evolved in Mexico, and can be produced with equal ease on the barren wastes of the great Southwest. It is not customary for high livers to look to desert lands for their choice morsels, but in this case it has been admitted that Dame Nature has held in store for them a surprise which has been discovered only through the industrious researches of the unquenchable agricultural scientists of to-day. The new confection is called by the Mexicans "queso de tuna," which means literally cactus cheese.

To give this announcement even the merest appearance of being founded upon fact, it must be explained that the cactus as it is generally known is nothing less than a wild plant, covered with prickly spines. These spines are intended by nature as deterrents to wild animals which would otherwise get into the habit of making the cactus their principal food supply. Were the spines lacking, the plant would quickly be exterminated through this demand for food. A great portion of the southwestern corner of the United States is absolutely unsuited to the growing of general crops, so that plants of any sort, however worthless they may appear to the casual traveler, have some value to the people who live there. It is not surprising then that such plants assume great value in the eyes of scientific experimenters whenever there is the slightest trace of qualities capable of development and adaptation to human needs. To this end investigations have been in progress for a year or two past to determine what useful results could be attained through the scientific development of the cactus plant, and all that has been discovered would fill a book.

The discovery of greatest interest is the production of this cactus cheese, which looks for all the world like a fine grade of chocolate, and which is made up in packages about the size of a pound of butter. It is wrapped in tin foil to preserve it from deterioration. The Mexicans say it is a nutritious food, which is eaten with as much delight by the connoisseur as that individual shows in devouring some kinds of cheese which call for an acquired taste to permit of their thorough enjoyment. Personal corroboration of this can be given by the Evening Post's correspondent, who has tasted a duly authenticated, scientifically tested and officially approved sample of pure cactus cheese. One may be sure his future enjoyment of food things will not be interfered with if he will never see another piece of cactus cheese in all his life.

But then, as the scientific expert inquires whether his visitor really liked Roquefort the first time he tasted it, and follows this up with a few other similar questions, the man who has had his first experience with cactus cheese nods his head and says, almost involuntarily, "Perhaps so." Those who are best acquainted with the products, however, declare that when the taste is once acquired, the cheese is an appetizing addition to the well-garnished table. Then there is the additional fact of the adaptability of the cactus plant stock, for, through other methods of preparation, there can be manufactured a syrup, and a sort of jelly which may be eaten with bread or crackers; like the finest Scotch marmalade, or American apple jelly.

The addition to the list of eatables of a food susceptible of so many preparations as this is expected to prove of wide general interest. Now that the first secret of its value has been discovered, there is sure to be an evolution of the uses to which it may be put, and then undoubtedly there will spring up a new infant industry to be put upon the protected tariff list. It is not to be supposed that a plant which has been developed through scientific experiment to produce a new source of food supply for human consumption would not be investigated from the last inch of its lowest root to the pinnacle of its growth above ground. An inquiry made at the Department of Agriculture shows that this has in fact been done, and that as interesting results have been achieved regarding the value of the plant proper as of the food stock it produces.

The experiments were carried on with the idea of finding out whether the common prickly pear cactus from which the cheese is made could not be developed in such a way as to provide fodder for dairy animals. This fresh obstacle to overcome was the disposal of the spines which nature had given the plant for its own defense. The experimenters were aware that cattle will not eat the cactus in its natural state because of these spiny prickles, which are sure to lacerate their mouths and injure the animals in various other ways. Soon after the experiments were undertaken in the Southwest, it was found that if the plants were cut up and allowed to soak in their own juice for twelve or fourteen hours, the spiny prickles become harmless. After this treatment, the plants are greatly relished by the stock, especially the dairy animals. It has been demonstrated also that a ration of these soaked cactus combined with a little grain will keep a dairy animal in good flesh and milk as readily as the best corn ensilage.

Having found the good uses of this cactus plant for stock feeding when the spines are made harmless, the scientific experts have been working to obtain what is known as spineless forms, or "smooth types." Asked about the chances of cultivating and reproducing a plant bereft of nature's protecting spines, Dr. Calloway, chief of the bureau, said:

"These smooth cacti are occasionally found among the wild plants, but do not survive very long, from the fact that animals readily find them, and that they are particularly liked by Jack rabbits. The fact that efforts have

been made to secure spineless forms has probably not brought to the minds of some of the difficulties that such types would have in holding their own in a region where they could not or would not be well protected by man. In other words, spineless cacti would soon be exterminated by many types of animals, as the spines are the real protective agencies."

This fact, therefore, would lead to the development of a more tender species, which will need protection just as garden vegetables do from predatory animals which feed upon them. Rabbits do great harm to crops in all parts of the country, but this has resulted in protection by fencing and systematic "drives" to keep down the number of rabbits and such other animals as would exterminate the crops if artificial protection were not given. The danger to the plant in its wild state will not prevent the development along these lines, and a valuable new crop is expected. This is not the sum total of the cactus plants' many uses. Another interesting feature is described by Dr. Calloway, as follows:

"Cacti and some of the other Southwestern plants which grow in a region of meagre rainfall are often used by the natives and travelers when water cannot be obtained. Many of these Southwestern plants have a special provision for storing water in underground stems. These stems grow to an enormous size, sometimes as large as a barrel, and when found may be dug up, and will give considerable quantities of water. These provisions are all the result of long adaptations, or, in other words, a combat between the plant itself and its natural surroundings. The result has been the development of these particular contrivances which enable the plant to take care of itself in times of stress."

From the standpoint of the human consumer, with the cactus cheese as a new delicacy, and of the stock raiser, who will have a new and cheap ration for feeding his stock, the cactus experiments promise valuable results along the lines here indicated.—Washington Correspondence New York Evening Post.

"FIRING" LISKUM.

Whatever Went Wrong in the Office Attributed to Him.

Liskum was the "butt" of the "local" room of the daily on which he worked, says the Brooklyn Eagle. He was a dried-up, wrinkled little chap, who might have been either twenty or thirty years of age. Whatever went wrong about the office was laid to Liskum, and whatever was attributed to him he accepted without a murmur, only smiling a crinkly little smile that you the hearts of the whole staff. For, joke him as they might, every reporter on the paper had a tender spot for Liskum.

One day Tompkins, the "star" reporter, came in to find the group about the big stove in the local room indignantly discussing something.

"Liskum has been fired," some one told him. "There was a great fuss about the third ward story in this morning's paper."

"Why, I wrote that myself," said Tompkins. "Liskum had nothing to do with it." And with that he started for the managing editor's room.

Mr. Rockman sat by his flat-topped desk; Liskum stood opposite him. Tompkins slowed down in an apologetic way, for he remembered that he had violated precedent by entering the editor's room without knocking.

"Come in, Tompkins," said Mr. Rockman. "You are just the man I want to see."

Liskum turned his crinkly smile on Tompkins, but spoke not a word.

"I have just dismissed Mr. Liskum for that third ward story," said the editor.

"I heard so," stammered Tompkins, "but I wrote that story myself. He had nothing to do with it."

"I know that," said the editor. "That is why I dismissed him. A formidable delegation of third ward people came here this morning, and made it very plain to me that something must be done to soothe them. I knew you were such a fiery chap it would never do to let you face them, so I brought Liskum in and indignantly dismissed him from the reporting staff. I am just now engaging him as assistant city editor."

Liskum turned another crinkly smile on Tompkins, and the star reporter went back to the big stove in the city room.

"Boys," he said, "the old man is all right."

Printer's Humor.

"T. P." has collected some amusing instances of printers' errors, contributed by well-known authors. An English woman novelist, he says, tells of the mistake of a printer who made one of her characters say that "she stuffed papa into the grate, and soon there was a merry blaze." What she wrote was "paper."

Mr. E. Murray Gilchrist tells of a passage in an uncorrected proof which read as follows: "With the intent of improving her grandchildren's moral character, the pious old lady would recite every evening terse passages from the masterpieces of Boecaccio." The author has referred to Boccaccio, author of an old-fashioned religious manual on conduct.

W. W. Jacobs writes: "The most amusing error in my case was made by a typist. I was describing the emotions of a man in a country lane coming in the dawn upon another man walking about tied to a chair. I wrote that . . . he was undecided whether it was a monstrosity on an apparatus; the typist rendered it . . . he was undecided whether it was a monstrosity or a battle-ship."

To these recollections may be added the experience of a writer who, in describing the "Norse Sonata" of a certain composer was made to refer to the work in print as a "horse sonata."—Harper's Weekly.

AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN



HON. WHITELAW REID.

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid adds another name to the distinguished list of ambassadors who have been authors and journalists. His appointment as representative of this country at the Court of St. James is an admirable one, and gives special satisfaction to his fellow-craftsmen.

THE PRUNE AND ITS CULTIVATION

BY EVOS BROWN.

The consumption of prunes in the United States exceeds 100,000,000 pounds yearly. Prior to 1886 the supply came almost wholly from France and the Danubian provinces, and sold under the designation of "French" or "Turkish" prunes.

In the year referred to, prunes of American growth appeared on the market, and with each succeeding year the supply has increased, until the importation of foreign fruit has been reduced to extremely small proportions.

Much the larger portion of the prune supply is the production of California, where climatic peculiarities are extremely favorable for its production.

In Santa Clara County alone there are 3,700,000 trees growing on 37,000 acres, 100 to the acre, yielding 330,000,000 pounds, or thereabout, of full green fruit, or thirty pounds from each fruiting tree. The quantity of prunes somewhat exceeds 110,000,000 pounds—more than enough for the requirements of the whole country, but the excess, with that raised in other localities, is needed to supply the export demand from Great Britain, Germany and France. The first plum trees were planted forty years ago in California.

Ten thousand trays of fruit spread out in one unbroken tract may be seen in Santa Clara in the drying season. When sufficiently cured the prunes are stored in separate bins and there allowed to "sweat," this process taking from ten to twenty days, when they are ready for marketing. Ten different grades are required, ranging from an average of thirty-five to the pound to the smallest size, averaging 140.

POSTMAN'S STONE PALACE.

Building Which M. Cheval Has Erected With Odd-Shaped Stones.

After twenty-six years of unaided work M. Cheval, the postman of Hauteville, in the Department of Drome, France, has completed his ideal palace. Some months ago the New York Sun described this building, of which a picture is now printed.

M. Cheval was led to start the building by tripping over an odd-shaped stone. He carried it home and the next



Queer House Built by a Frenchman.

day found another. Then he began a systematic hunt for what he calls nature sculptures, with the idea of using them in a building.

The palace is about eighty-five feet long, forty-five feet wide at one end and thirty-three at the other. In the centre is a gallery with a catancomb at either end. Those catancombs shelter all sorts of strange animals and figures.

For a Barbary tower, which includes a grotto of the Blessed Virgin, the postman-architect spent seven years in



TEN THOUSAND TRAYS OF PRUNES.

The cured fruit is packed in boxes, sacks, or barrels. Many buyers for the domestic or foreign market buy in gross, and afterward repack in smaller boxes.

Large quantities are thus attractively packed in Santa Clara, and many women are employed in this work, which requires special care and deft fingers. Boxes of the proper size with one glass face are used. Lace paper and ornamental labels add to the handsome appearance of the package. Carefully selected and perfect fruit is flattened by the hands, and spread out on the glass to form the exposed layer. The box is then filled to the required weight by fruit of corresponding grade. In fancy packing the French only can equal the Santa Clara standards.

The prune is the source of the remarkable prosperity which the community enjoys. The city of San Jose is the prune metropolis of the world, as nowhere else is this fruit handled in such amount or by equally scientific methods. The climate is mild and the floral growth is amazingly luxuriant and beautiful. Of the thirty thousand inhabitants of this beautiful city, there is not one but is dependent upon the staple crop for much of the prosperity enjoyed.—Scientific American.

Where the Trouble Was.

A motorist recently meeting a pony cart in which were a very ancient couple considerably stopped and asked the old gentleman who held the reins if he could be of any assistance in inducing the steed to pass the car.

"Thank you," said he, "if you will kindly lead my wife past the car I think the mare and I will manage all right."

To Honor Patriotic Chef.

Residents of New are about to erect a statue in memory of Nobain Dubois, who for many years was chief cook to the Kaiser's grandfather, King William of Prussia, receiving a salary of \$75,000 a year. As soon as the Franco-Prussian War was declared he resigned to fight against his former employer.

There are more than a thousand paper mills in the United States.

It has been decided to construct a railroad across British North Borneo.

IMPROVING THE FAMILY.

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.



THE Bunn's were not particularly pleasant people. Mr. Bunn was honest and his fellow men respected him. Mrs. Bunn was a woman of much common sense, and other women admired her for that sterling quality. The Bunn's occupied a place of no mean importance in what society the town afforded; but it would have required a stretch of the imagination to look upon them as fashionable people.

Eleanor, the only daughter, had been perfectly satisfied with her unassuming family until the Cunninghams moved to town; but when she began to compare her own relatives with those of Gladys Cunningham, whom she admired more than any other girl she knew, she at once discovered glaring faults.

There was not, she decided, a particle of style about her father. His overcoat was shiny along the seams, his trousers bagged at the knees, he was careless in his speech, and he wore spectacles.

Mr. Cunningham, in eye-glasses, and with his trousers properly creased, looked far more distinguished, the girl thought. She was certain, too, that Mr. Cunningham never used words of one syllable when he could express the same idea in polysyllables.

Her own mother seemed shockingly indifferent to the changing fashions. To be sure, her garments were always neat, and she wore fresh white collars, whether they were in style or not; but Eleanor could not remember a time when her hair was not parted in the middle and brushed back smoothly at the sides.

On the other hand, some of Mrs. Cunningham's gowns had been imported from Paris. Her hair was arranged in a different fashion every time Eleanor saw her.

Eleanor's brother Stephen loved the woods. He liked nothing better than to live for days at a time in some deserted lumber camp. His old clothes were infinitely dearer to him than was his Sunday suit, and he had been known to grieve for days because his mother had given away a disreputable hat. Her friend's brother, Harold, was always well dressed. Even his hunting clothes were new.

As for her grandmother! Gladys had pointed with pride at an exquisite miniature of a slender, lovely creature in point lace and pink satin. Eleanor's grandmother weighed two hundred pounds, and was hopelessly addicted to black and white sprigged calico.

Then, in addition to all this, there was the family name—Bunn. Was name ever more plebeian? Eleanor compared it with Cunningham, and decided in all seriousness to ask her father to change it.

"People will think," grumbled Eleanor, "that we had a baker for an ancestor and that our coat of arms was a plate of muffins."

"Let 'em," said Mr. Bunn, not at all dismayed, "provided they think he was a good baker and that the muffins were properly browned."

Eleanor, blissfully oblivious to her own shortcomings, felt that it devolved upon her to improve the family. She selected her father for the first victim. She had the glasses from a pair of his unfashionable spectacles transferred to other frames, and presented them to her father one Sunday morning.

"Why, bless you, my dear," said Mr. Bunn, perching the flimsy eye-glasses on the end of his nose, and looking comically over them at his daughter, "my thick nose was never built for this sort of thing. However, I'll wear them for church if you say so. They won't affect my hearing, at any rate. Don't your mother look pretty to-day?"

"Doesn't," corrected Eleanor, impatiently.

Mr. Bunn looked surprised and hurt. He realized suddenly that his daughter had corrected him a great many times during the week. "I suppose I've grown careless," said he, apologetically.

"How horridly red your hands are!" said Eleanor, turning to her mother.

"Why don't you put on your gloves?" "Because," said Mrs. Bunn, "I have two burns on my right hand and a cut on my left. My gloves go on hard, but I suppose I shall have to wear them if my hands look coarse."

"I wish," grumbled Eleanor, still bent on improving the family, "that you wouldn't wear such an unbecoming bonnet. You look positively dowdy."

Mrs. Bunn flushed. She had not suspected that her bonnet was noticeably out of date. She felt suddenly that she was shabbily dressed.

Stephen and Eleanor walked together. By the time they reached the church door the boy, too, thanks to his sister, was red with mortification, conscious of his collar, and more than doubtful about his tie. Sentimental Grandmother Bunn had decided to stay at home. Early that morning Eleanor, suggesting that black and white sprigs were not quite suitable for Sunday wear, had advised the stout old lady to keep them concealed under a shawl.

Eleanor herself was not entirely comfortable. It was not a guilty conscience that troubled her, however. She fancied all through the service, but entirely without reason, that the well-dressed Cunninghams were looking with disdain upon the humble Bunn's.

From the day Gladys entered the high school Eleanor had been her chosen companion. Gladys was really a simple, unaffected and lovable girl, and a true gentlewoman. She was attracted by Eleanor's pleasant face and her bright manner, and gave no thought to the plain exterior of the rest of the Bunn's. But Eleanor did not realize this.

The time was approaching for the annual election of officers for the basketball team. Eleanor had strong hopes that she might be elected captain; but the contest was certain to be close, for Mabel Gilbert would be the rival candidate, and Mabel's following was large.

Still, Eleanor was sure of the freshmen in a body, and there was Gladys; Gladys was a senior; but she would certainly vote for her chosen friend; and if Gladys did, so would Bessie Smith, who followed Gladys.

One evening Mrs. Bunn appeared in the doorway when Eleanor and her new friend were seated on the steps, and invited Gladys to stay to tea.

Gladys accepted promptly; but Eleanor thought of her bespangled grandmother and stiffened with horror. What should she do?

"Who," asked Gladys, laying aside her hat in Eleanor's room, "is the lady we passed in the hall?"

"She is a very distant relative," replied Eleanor, reddening. "She's a distant connection of my mother's by marriage."

Eleanor hoped to have an opportunity to warn Stephen; but that youth came in late, looking as little as possible like Harold Cunningham, and repeatedly called his mother's distant connection by marriage "grandma." Mr. Bunn, too, inconsiderately addressed the stout old lady as "mother."

It is quite probable that Gladys would never have noticed the defects in the table manners of the Bunn family that evening if Eleanor had not attempted them and there to mend them. As it was, the visitor discovered, with Eleanor's help, that Stephen was holding his fork badly, that Mrs. Bunn had left her spoon in her cup when she should have removed it, that Mr. Bunn had buttered his bread before breaking it, and that Grandma Bunn poured her tea into her saucer.

She discovered something else, too, that was much worse than any of these things.

Eleanor noticed a day or two afterward that Gladys no longer waited for her when school was dismissed, and that she no longer sat upon the Bunn doorstep. She had apparently deserted Eleanor for Bessie Smith. "This was bad enough, but there was worse to come. The long expected day of the basketball election arrived, and Gladys voted for the rival candidate. So, of course, did imitative Bessie. Eleanor was defeated by one vote."

"It's my horrid family," said the defeated candidate, throwing herself down on the deserted doorstep. "I've done my best with them, too, but I can't improve them a particle. Why couldn't I have had at least one pink satin grandmother, like Gladys Cunningham's?"

From four until six almost every day, during the fall and winter months, the high school girls played basketball in an abandoned roller skating rink. They were in the habit of exchanging their long skirts for shorter ones in a corner screened off for that purpose.

One day, when Eleanor was about to emerge from this recess, she heard her own name mentioned. Without thinking what she was doing, she instinctively leaned closer to the curtain and listened. Gladys Cunningham and Bessie Smith stood just outside.

"Why didn't you vote for Eleanor?" Bessie was saying. "It wasn't because you liked Mabel Gilbert."

"No, but I thought Mabel would make a better captain."

"Why?"

"She has more tact. Eleanor hasn't any. If she handled the team as she does her family, we shouldn't have any team left by spring. She has the jolliest father, the sweetest mother, the pleasantest brother, and such a nice, comfortable old grandmother, yet she is perfectly horrid to every one of them. She is actually ashamed of them. She criticizes them all the time, and apologizes for their manners and their clothes and their grammar."

"I liked her so much at first," Gladys went on. "But the rest of them just sacrifice themselves for her, and she doesn't appreciate it. Oh, I am so disappointed in her!"

The improver of the Bunn family could not believe her ears. A flood of indignation rushed to her eyes, and it was many minutes before she was sufficiently composed to venture from behind the sheltering curtain. She