

MEMORIES.

The hours I've passed away from these... All brought with them... But in each tender shimmering star...

Heredit or Self-Making, Which?

By Kate Gannett Wells.

Marcella had never forgotten the day she discovered she was only an "adopted." She could still hear the scornful tone with which Jimmy Jones...

On that day she had gone home sorrowfully, and asked what it meant to be adopted, only to be petted in reply, and made happy for the moment.

Marcella had a long memory, a hot temper and an investigating turn of mind. So she looked up the word "adopted" in the dictionary, and declared to herself that Jimmy Jones had told her such an awful lie...

"My mamma will give me just as much money as other girls have," declared the child, indignant at misapplied compassion. The sub-master, an excellent man without imagination...

Before the master could summon his wits to reply, she had rushed downstairs and out into the street, hatless, to run home. But a police officer espied her, and caught her by the arm...

As the lad was rather a favorite of the policeman, who knew boys better than often did their fathers, he consented, after a few words, to leave the frightened child in the boy's care. She refused to go home...

"What's up?" he asked. "I don't know," answered Marcella, recklessly. "Things always have to begin; and it began, you know, that day last winter!" Hal nodded.

"Well, it's spread, I'm not popular. I'm an adopted. The dictionary and mamma and papa don't agree. When I used to get mad I just got marked like anybody else."

Then Hal did just what he had had no notion of doing three months before; he put his arms round her, and she laid her head down on his knees and cried, just what she did not mean to have done.

"Why, whether she is adopted or not. I am going to marry her just the same as soon as I'm in business; but you ought to tell her she's an adopted, and not let the story sneak out the way it does and have her pitied, when she gets mad—just as if she couldn't help it, for of course she can."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Lord, so sternly that the boy quickly recovered his senses and manners, and begged pardon, but with grim insistence told what he knew—how Jimmy Jones hated Marcella, because she snubbed him...

"And you believe the story?" said Mr. Lord.

"Yes, and Marcella believes it, too, because, when she asked you and Mrs. Lord, you did not do anything but hug her and give her candy. That's just the same as saying it was true. Then, lately, you are always excusing her when she is naughty— and saying she can't help it; and once she overheard you say you were afraid of heredity."

"How do you know this?" demanded the man.

"Because Marcella told me herself; because sir—promise me you won't tell, never" (Mr. Lord nodded)—(the boy stood on tiptoe and whispered into Mr. Lord's ear), "because I'm one of those babies, too, and I know how it feels. Only," and he spoke louder, "the folks that took me always told me what I am, and that it depended on me what I got to be, because heredity needn't count. Most folks don't know it, and, if they do, they can't surprise me. You see, Marcella didn't know, and she didn't like being surprised."

Mr. Lord looked searchingly at the lad, and then out of the window. Turning, he laid his arm on the boy's shoulder, saying: "Don't speak of this. I trust you. Come here to-morrow."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I was hot-headed." And, taking up his cap, he left the office. In vain did Mr. Lord try to balance his accounts. Across them ran the great mistake he and his wife had made. Hal was right. Marcella ought to know, hard as it would be now to tell her.

Years ago he and his wife, in their childless loneliness, had adopted the child. His logic had wanted her early to know the truth; but his wife's selfish craving for childish affection had kept them silent, lest Marcella might not love them as much, if she knew she were not their own daughter. Now the Nemesis had come through the girl's suffering, and Mr. Lord insisted that she should be told.

"Tell her then yourself," yielded his wife, at last. "It will be the saddest day of her life."

"It will be the beginning of the best years of her life. One can't go on living a lie," he replied.

He went upstairs to find the child curled up in the broad window-seat, looking at the moon. He drew her towards him; for he loved her more, if possible, than did his wife, and understood her far better. "Papa," she asked before he spoke, "am I an adopted?"

He held her close with kisses on forehead, eyes and lips as he answered, "Yes." The silence seemed long and cruel to them both. She shrank in his embrace as if she were in pain, but he would not let her go. When quieted by his tenderness, he told her how her own parents had died, and how he and his wife had taken her from the hospital to be their own blessed little girl, and that there had never been a day since she came to them that they had not rejoiced she was theirs.

"Are you sure you don't want to get rid of me, when they poke fun at me at school?" she questioned.

"Never," he answered; "but why didn't you tell me they did so?" "Because first, I thought they did it just to tease me; and, when I did try to ask, you and mamma gave me candy. I threw it away, though, just as soon as I got upstairs. Then I heard mamma call me 'poor child'."

Mr. Lord shuddered as she spoke—and you said you were afraid heredity counted. I looked up the word in the dictionary; but, when the teacher talked to me about inheritances, I just pretended she meant money. I wouldn't let her know I saw through her. O papa, I'm the miserablest little girl ever was adopted. I don't belong nowhere. I don't see why I got born."

And the child sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Very tenderly and slowly, so she could understand each word, her father explained to her that she was truly their child, and that heredity needn't count, if it held aught else than final good for her.

The girl listened, at first stupidly, then comprehendingly. "Papa, if I can begin to-morrow and not go to that horrid school any more, perhaps heredity needn't count—that's what you said. Perhaps I needn't get mad no often. Please don't give me any more candy, not for a whole year; and I'll try to get ahead on heredity, if I've got to."

"You haven't. We three, you, mamma, and I, will try together for a year, so that trying will make a nice little inheritance to hand over to next year."

"That will be fun," she exclaimed, clapping her hands, forgetful for the moment of her sorrow. But it returned to her as she woke in the night, until she made up her mind to begin at once, on the inheritance, and so fell asleep.

The next afternoon Hal went to Mr. Lord's office. What the two said to each other was never known till years after, when Hal asked Marcella to be his wife.

"It isn't heredity, so much as love in the home and will-power in one's self that counts for good," said Mr. Lord to his wife, as Marcella and Hal drove off on their wedding journey.—The Boston Cooking-School Magazine.

"The Truth of the Matter." The publisher has not in years been able to "manufacture" and sell a newspaper for one cent. Some papers should not be sold for less than three cents. Nevertheless, the judgment which passes on newspaper affairs has been satisfied to load consequential loss on the advertiser. The only legitimate and business course is that of providing a selling price which will cover the cost of production and provide a profit as well. All of us are paying increased prices for meat—some of us are paying higher rents. And there is not a single plausible reason why newspaper circulation should not find its proper and natural level as the result of an adjustment of cost to the reader.—Newspaperdom.

Franklin Ritchie has been appointed lecturer on philology at Vienna University, the first instance of a woman receiving such an appointment.

Woman's Realm

Spanish Women. Spanish women are not the personification of southern passion, as we have been taught by "Carmen" and romance to believe; they are physically and mentally superior to Spanish men, capable of passion, but far more difficult to woo than northern women.—Glasgow News.

A Coy Young Thing. The following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is inadvisable to advertise for a husband, I refrain from doing so; but if any gentleman should be inclined to advertise for a wife, I will answer the advertisement without delay. I am young, am domesticated, and considered ladylike. Apply," etc.—Philippines Gossip.

Tennessee's Stingiest Man. Gallatin claims to have the stingiest man in Tennessee, if not in the world, and a premium is offered for his superior in closefistedness. He got married to a home girl to save expense. They walked around the square for a bridal tour. He bought her a nickel's worth of stick candy for a wedding present and then suggested that they save the candy for the children.—Danville American.

Children's Hats. This year's little girls school and everyday hats are in bright-colored straw; those for more formal occasions in manilla, crin or chip; or lawn embroidery hats in every degree of elaborate and simple trimming are usually trimmed with a bunch of garden flowers, or with a full ribbon bow, or scarf wound about them after the manner of such drapery as arranged on the hats of their elders.—Harper's Bazar.

Longer Skirts For Little Girls. This fashion of putting little girls into frocks that scarcely cover them came into vogue last year, and literally deformed this children who became the victims of it. This year the loose frocks are all about a full knee in length, and some still longer. In addition to the blouses and tunics there are many apron, or pinafore frock forms, a supply of which will keep the healthy romper looking fresh at all hours of the day, at a comparatively small outlay of labor or money.—Harper's Bazar.

Explaining the Huge Hat. The plain, rather dark colored suit was in vogue this winter, the simple knit skirt and severe three-quarter coat! Obviously, something had to be introduced to soften the hard lines

Pickled Onions.—Peel small white onions and cover them with one and one-half cups salt and two quarts of boiling water and let stand two days. Drain and cover with fresh brine the same as before; let stand two days again, and drain again. Make more brine and heat to the boiling point. Put in the onions and boil three minutes. Put in jars, interspersed with bits of mace, white pepper, cloves, bits of bay leaf and slices of red pepper. Fill jars to overflow with vinegar scalded with sugar, allowing one and one-quarter cups of sugar to one gallon of vinegar. Cork while hot.—American Home Monthly.

of this costume, and the hat was the only medium. The straight-cut suit gave a perpendicular line, to eliminate which a horizontal one was required, hence the wide hat; and this, by contrast with the rigidity of the suit, had to be ornamented with trimmings in broken lines, so we had endless irregular loops and all kinds of fantastic feathers. Of course, then, when the hat trimming was regular and "set" the purpose of this style of hat was defeated.—Harper's Bazar.

To Relish Wife's Cooking. A doctor tells me of a note he received from a woman saying that her husband, who was about to make him a professional call, found constant fault with the dinner she prepared for him. She appealed to the physician for aid.

The doctor examined his patient, who had a slight attack of indigestion, and told him to cut out lunches, to eat nothing but a slice of toast and a cup of tea.

The scheme worked excellently. Of course hubby returns home in the evening, eats everything in sight and votes his wife's cooking even better than mother used to make.—Boston Record.

Mrs. Rose, of Melrose. Mrs. Geraldine Farrar, the prima donna, attended a luncheon of debutantes in New York. Miss Farrar told the debutantes that there was happiness in work. She urged work upon all of them. Work, she said, would preserve them from degeneration into such a type as Mrs. Rose, of Melrose. "Mrs. Rose's type is too familiar," she said. "To show you the sort of type she is: Mr. Rose came home from business. Mrs. Rose lay on a couch. He sat down by her side and said: 'What did the doctor say, dear?' 'He asked me to put out my tongue,' murmured Mrs. Rose. 'Yes?' 'And he looked at it and said, 'Overworked.'" Mr. Rose heaved a long sigh of relief. "Then, my dear," he said, firmly, "you'll have to give it a rest. I have perfect confidence in that doctor."—New York Tribune.

A Question of Values. In the show window of a well known furrier on West Thirty-fourth street there were recently displayed the beautiful skins of about fifteen hundred little ermine. They are pure white with the exception of the characteristic black spot at the tip of the tail. They make an imposing display, which arrests the attention of the many shopping women who pass through that fashionable thoroughfare. The way in which these pretty little animals are caught is ingenious. They

are about the size of a small squirrel and are found in the snowy expanses of the sub-arctic regions. The hunter of ermine provides himself with a number of knife-blades or pieces of steel, which he covers with grease and fastens in places where he suspects the ermine are to be found.

The ermine may not be a very useful animal in the plan of nature, but when one sees as many of his pelts in one collection and thinks what they represent in the way of suffering, it suggests a problem. Considering the brain-power and the general usefulness and value of the kind of woman one usually sees wearing ermine, is this decoration they affect quite worth what it entails in the way of cruelty? Of course, the egret and other birds one sees are more beautiful on women's hats than flying in the air or singing among the trees, but the main problem is whether the results secured in the decoration of pin-headed women are in proportion to what they cost other members of the animal kingdom.—New York Life.

Latitude in Fashions. A fashion note from New York tells us that a considerable amount of latitude is to be allowed to women in the matter of new costumes. They may wear any kind of sleeves that they like. They may be long or short, depending upon whether the arms are of the kind that one wishes to show or to conceal. But this apparent generosity is intended only as a lubricant to an inflexible rigor elsewhere. The edict against waists and against hips is to be enforced to the uttermost. Here there will be no latitude and no concession. The devotee who would fulfill the law to the uttermost must present the appearance of having been liquified and then poured into the dress. And the dress is entirely without those undulations that prove the presence of things unseen, the waist and the hips.

The edict against waist and hips has been received with mingled emotions. In some instances it meets with easy and instant acquiescence, but elsewhere there are protests and maledictions. It is easy to understand a compliance that means no more than the discarding of those useful appliances that are prodigally displayed at the bargain counter and pictorially advertised in the daily newspapers. But how about the ladies whose hips are fixtures and who have received from mother nature without money and without price what less favored ones must purchase from art and mechanical skill? Their lot is truly a hard one, for to the mere male mind it seems a bewildering impossibility thus to

put on and off a "garment of flesh" that is periodically blessed and banned by fickle fashion. Training and diet may do something, but these things take time, and the changing styles are always in a hurry. Not long ago a lady in a New York store was asked for something in the latest fashion and was asked to take a seat for a few minutes as the fashions were then changing. What then must be the fate of the fat ones who are invited to get rid of natural encumbrances between dusk and dawn with the full assurance that they will have to replace them with a similar rapidity?—The Argonaut.

Crusade Against Plumes. Whether the particular means he has adopted will achieve their object or not, there will be cordial approval of Lord Avebury's crusade against the wearing of the plumes of certain wild or rare birds. It is indeed strange that women, who so often feel the world in humanitarian sentiment, seem to have absolutely no feeling in this matter; what fashion decrees they obey blindly even though their adornment involves the destruction of the parent bird during the nesting season and the slaughter of the young brood. At the plume auctions held in London during the last six months of 1907 there were catalogued 15,742 skins of birds of paradise, some 113,000 nesting plumes of the heron; during the whole year 190,000 egrets were sold. So much for the humanity of fashion; and there is a regrettable tendency to push the matter further, and to wear hats of hare's feet, and such like horrible "ornaments." The preservation of a beautiful animal is more important than the decoration of a hat in a manner which a little reflection would show to be repulsive; but we are not sure that legislation will prove stronger than fashion. Women generally contrive to make a law look ridiculous when it suits their purpose; and acts such as that of Queen Alexandra, who refuses to wear ostriches, and has made it known that she objects to ladies wearing them who are in her entourage, will probably be of as much effect as a dozen bills. Laws are useless against the uneducated, and until those who design and those who weekly follow the dictates of fashion are educated to a sense of the cruelty of their conduct involves there is little hope for the birds, which are the unfortunate victims of both.—London Globe.

Triumph of Youth. A certain line of exercises is recommended to make children stronger than their parents. This looks like a blow at the woodshed ceremony,

FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN

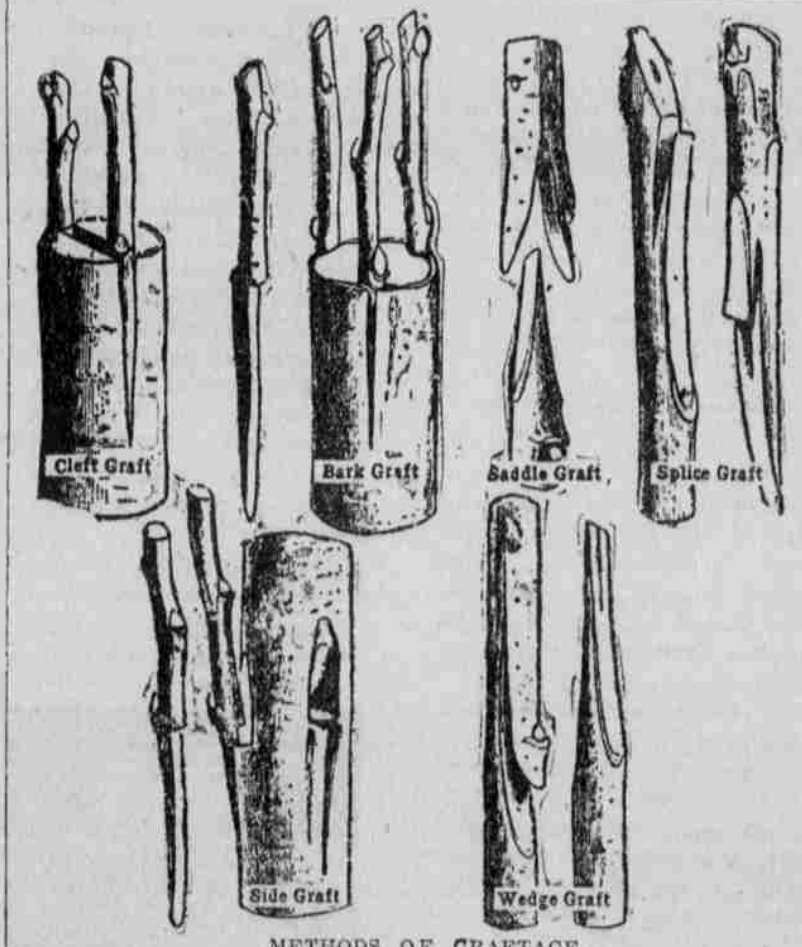
Burn the Rubbish. Old rubbish is more valuable in the form of ashes to the gardener than any other way. Wood ashes make excellent garden fertilizer if applied properly.

Kerosene Emulsion. One-half pound soap, one gallon water, two gallons kerosene. Dissolve the soap in water over fire. Remove from fire and add kerosene. Stir violently. Use one part of emulsion to fifteen parts water.

Name the Farm. Name the stock farm is the advice given by an exchange and we think it is good advice. Nothing looks better in print or sounds better when mentioned than "John Smith, proprietor of the Maplewood farm." Have your printer print your letter heads with the name of your farm thereon. Some few back numbers may laugh at you, but remember that this is the twentieth century and people who laugh are always back numbers.

Dry Picked Capons. Capons are always dry picked because it would be impossible to scald them and leave part of the feathers in. They are killed by the braining process. Feathers are left on the neck, legs, wings, rump and tail. If dressed as ordinary fowls they will not bring any higher price than other fowls. The larger the birds the more they will bring per pound. They are in most demand from December to April. Many of them are dressed as soft roasters and sold as such. Their flesh is more tender and delicious than the ordinary fowl.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Early Cultivation of Corn. This has been a season when the ordinary steel tooth harrow has done good work on the corn ground.



Other implements have been tried in cleaning up the fields and keeping the soil nice and mellow. But the harrow beats all of them. Good farmers have learned to slant the teeth backward, so that they will not catch hold of trash or an old stalk and tear up the hills of corn. Those who commenced by using the harrow this spring just as the weeds were starting, and then kept on using it until the corn was big enough to cultivate, have clean fields and mellow fields. This has been with the result that those who have neglected their fields now find them almost as hard as a public road. After seeing several fine fields of corn this week where the harrow was used two and three times over, I say stick to the smoothing harrow, and you will have to "show me" before I will believe there is anything better.—L. C. Brown, in Tribune Farmer.

The Wyandottes. Taking the country over, the two breeds most largely represented at the shows are the Plymouth Rocks and the Wyandottes. There are no shows in which they are not represented and the classes are usually large and good. This prominence of the two breeds is not without reason. They combine the utility and fancy points to as great an extent as any breed. They have prestige and have been bred long enough to a definite standard to give the greatest play to the talent of the fancier. Like the Plymouth Rocks the Wyandottes are a made breed, but the making is now an accomplished fact and while there is always room for improvement the breeder knows what to expect and will not find more than the due proportion of culls from his hatches.

Hold Stone-Throwing Contests. In parts of Switzerland stone-throwing contests are held, handsome prizes being given to those who throw a fair-sized rock farthest.

Household Matters. Maple Souffle. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three level tablespoonfuls of flour and when frothy, also, gradually, one cupful of this maple syrup. When the mixture boils remove from the fire and slowly pour over the well beaten yolks of four eggs, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs, and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes or until well puffed up and firm to the touch.—American Home Monthly.

Steamed Beefsteak. Cut pieces of round steak in a convenient size for serving. Dip them in egg, roll in cracker crumbs, and brown quickly in butter in a very hot frying pan. Place the meat in a deep dish or basin; make a brown gravy of butter, flour and water, with salt to season, and pour it over the meat. Then steam three hours or longer, if there is time. The meat will be tender and delicious. Veal is nice cooked in this way.

String Beans Salad. Select young, tender beans, cut the strings from both sides, then cut each bean in two lengthwise, then across. Throw them in cold water as fast as cut. When ready to cook cover with boiling salted water, cook twenty minutes and drain, throw into cold water ten minutes, then cover again with boiling water, to which two or three tablespoonfuls olive oil have been added. Cook fifteen minutes or longer until tender. Season with salt and pepper and serve hot for the first day. Put the beans remaining in the ice box. When ready for the salad, drain free from liquor, arrange on lettuce leaves and cover with French dressing or sauce tartare.—Washington Star.

Tomato Sauce. Add to one cupful of hot stewed and strained tomato one tablespoonful of butter rubbed with a teaspoonful of corn starch. Stir until smooth and thickened, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few drops of onion juice and a tablespoonful of piquant sauce. If too thick dilute with a little boiling water. A richer sauce is made by putting a pint can of tomatoes into a saucepan with a bunch of seasoning herbs, salt and pepper to taste, and add one-half cup of water. Put over the fire, cook about three-quarters of an hour, stirring often. Put a tablespoonful and a half of butter in a saucepan over the fire with a scant tablespoonful of flour. Add the strained pulp from the tomatoes and a small cup rich broth, graduating the amount to make the sauce the consistency required.—Washington Star.

Egg Fritters. Three eggs, hard boiled, one tablespoonful chopped cooked chicken, pepper, one tablespoonful chopped cooked ham, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Cut the eggs in halves, lengthways, and remove the yolks. Pound together the chicken, yolks and ham in a mortar, add pinch of pepper, and replace as much of the mixture in the hollow of one of the whites as fills it; put the other half in its proper place. Do this to the three eggs. Make an additional egg with what of the mixture remains, and make the following batter:

Batter.—Put two tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt, mix well, add one tablespoonful of salad oil, three tablespoonfuls of warm water and make into a smooth batter. Beat up the white of one egg stiffly and add it next. Dip one of the eggs in the batter to completely cover it, and put it into smoking hot fat and fry till brown. Repeat. Serve on a napkin with fried parsley to garnish.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

Never break eggs on the edge of a crock or pan. Use a knife instead; it is much easier. Watch your dish cloths and keep them clean. Otherwise you will be supporting a microbe paradise. Keep a pumice stone by your sink. When there are brown streaks in your granite, porcelain lined or steel kettles, rub them off with the stone. After washing children's frocks, a hot iron should never be pressed over the colored embroidery itself, as this is apt to fade the colors and spoil the look of the garment.

When boiling cabbage, kraut, turnips or other loud smelling substances, put a lump of charcoal or red pepper pod in the kettle to neutralize the odor therefrom. The backs and handles of ebony brushes should be rubbed over with a very little boiled linseed oil after washing, and then rubbed with a soft duster until every vestige of oil is removed. Egg stains can be removed from silver by wiping them thoroughly with fine salt and a dry, soft cloth. Dip the cloth in the salt and then rub on the silver and the stain will soon disappear, leaving the silver bright and clean.

To remove the odor of onions from fish kettles and saucepans in which they have been cooked, put in wood ashes or sal soda, potash or lye; fill with water and let it stand on the stove until it boils; then wash in hot soda and rinse well. If you will spread newspapers over your bed or dining table when you wish to cut out a dress or waist, you will never cut your table cloth or spread, and you will have a smooth surface to pin your pattern against and save all scratches and marks.

To clean ironware, take two tablespoonfuls of concentrated lye to three quarts of water. It will make pancake griddles like new and the cake will not stick. Set the griddles on any vessel to be cleaned where they will keep hot, but not boil, for three or four hours.