

THE SOPHOMORE PLAY.

By GRACE MARGARET GALLAHER.

You would never have selected Tilly Ingersoll as an understudy for fate. She was such a foolish little person, so reckless and irresponsible. Even the professors, who flunked her with a harmony of judgment, seemed to contemplate in a faculty, never took her at all seriously. Yet it was she who, in the impersonal, indifferent way supposed to characterize the walk and conversation of fate, turned from its course the most beautifully ordered career in college.

She, with four other unfortunate whom the weekly raid of the sweeper had driven from their rooms into the corridor, was seated on a forgotten trunk-truck, one April afternoon. The others, mindful of the nearness of their next recitation, were vigorously acquiring a few "glittering generalities" on the early English drama.

"His window-blinds are shut tight!" announced Tilly, suddenly, leaning out of the window with such a swoop that her neighbor made a startled clutch at her apparently disappearing form.

"That means he is either gone to town or dead. In either case, we have a cut in English. Do you hear?"

"Tilly, if you want to quit this naughty world, please choose some other means of exit than hurling yourself on the stones down there. It's such a messy style of dying!" complained Marcia Grennell, the girl who held her by the skirt.

"A way or dead?" chanted Tilly. "We have a cut. Hi! you—" to a girl who came swiftly round the corner. "Oh!—er—I beg pardon, Miss Ainsley. I thought you were some one else."

The girl hardly turned her head as she hurried by.

"It's a regular shame about her!" said Tilly, in a half-whisper, waving toward the disappearing figure. "Somebody ought to stop that. We ought; she belongs to our class!"

No one made any reply. Tilly went on excitedly: "We ought to get her to know some girls, to have some fun!"

The others were only half-listening; the subject was so old it had lost all interest. Keith McKnight raised her soft, earnest eyes to Tilly.

"Should we do something?" she asked, anxiously.

"Of course we should! You should! Put her on your play committee!"

"But, Tilly, dear child—"

"What's that?" Tilly's head was out of the window again. "A cut in English! I told you so! Come on, fellows! Hot chocolate and fabulous little nut-cakes in my room to celebrate. I've got the cakes all right, and we can borrow the rest." Off darted Tilly with all other thoughts swept from her mind.

The others followed joyfully. Keith sat still on the trunk-truck. She was the president of '9—, and held that "a public office is a public trust." She felt herself responsible for the success and happiness of every girl in the class.

"Ought I to look after Miss Ainsley?" she pondered. "Her life certainly is queer; it can't be good for her. How am I going at it?" Keith frowned at a mild little freshman who happened to be passing, to the terror of that innocent child.

Whenever you met Orpha Ainsley, you desired to put your fingers in her dimples, ruffle up her dandelion hair, and handle her generally as you would a baby. She was so round and pretty and attractive, so altogether lovable. Strangers who saw her running down the walk, golf-clubs in her hand, her cheeks glowing red by the wind, and her eyes aglow, smiled as they said of one another, "The typical college girl, vigorous, wide awake and full of fun."

And that proves that "the world is still deceived by ornament." The girls would rather have adorned the statue of Minerva that claimed the main entrance, than crinkle one of Orpha's immaculate frills, and as for being the typical college girl—

Why, Orpha was a "grind!" A girl who studied from the time she got out of bed in the morning until she got into it at night; studied straight through class-meetings, basketball games, ice-carnivals, plays and receptions; sometimes without even knowing that all these important things were happening. She was not even the typical grind, for she was rosy and of calm nerves, and went outdoors every day, making this one exception to her all-work program.

Orpha had come to college determined to be "an educated woman." To her that meant to have her intellect cultivated to the highest degree possible. Of that broadening and sweetening of the character, that learning to "view life with appropriate emotions," which in so far above any training of the mind, she never dreamed. She was unnaturally clever already; her essays always were marked with a neat little red-ink "excellent;" her Greek prose—still more potent cause of swelling pride—more no red ink at all; she received commendatory notes after each examination; and she asked such "intelligent questions" in class that the professors themselves could not answer them.

But of the world of college outside of books, that happy, jolly, wholesome world, the girls, she knew nothing. She had no friends. All the say, warm life about her she resolutely shut out of her days. She would have none of the widening, polishing process, due to the daily intercourse of girls from all countries and of all kinds with one another. She would have none of the deepening and strengthening of sympathy which comes from knowing the longings and struggles of many different lives.

Saddest of all, she refused every chance to aid those struggles. College offers uncounted ways to be helpful and unselfish and loving. Every day all a girl's gifts, from the humblest to the most ideal, may be used—to help out a sudden hurry, to

quicken to hope a sullen discouragement. Few girls have ever again so many people to whom they may be "neighbors."

But Orpha, blind to all the beautiful opportunities, resented the smallest hindrance to her chosen purpose. She shut herself away in her room behind the sign, "Engaged," and even regarded the necessary conversation at meals as an intrusion on her time and thoughts. Every day she grew less of a loving, lovable girl, and more of a selfish pedant.

The English lecture this particular afternoon, when some one knocked. She stared at Keith McKnight entered.

"There's a cut in English," began the visitor, for Orpha looked ready to flee.

Orpha stared more than ever. "Miss Ainsley, I—ah—will you do me a great favor? I'm the head of our Sophomore Dramatic Committee, you know, and I want you to be one of the members. Please be! We must have this play fine, our freshman one was such a disgrace. You are so clever and so well-read, you'll know about all the old dramas and be able to tell what sort of costumes people wore, and—oh, help every way!" Keith ended with a smile that never failed to win whoever saw it.

This invitation was one of the honors and glories of college, had Orpha known it. Her only feeling, however, was one of rage that any one could for a moment suppose she would be drawn into such a silly waste of time.

Yet when Keith left, after a weary half-hour in which she was unvaryingly sweet, but persistent, and Orpha by turns scornful or appealing, the letter had yielded a reluctant promise to come to the first meeting. The committee were all present when Orpha entered Keith's room that night. Her first look told her that the girls were the brightest in the class, those whose scholarship had gained even her critical admiration.

"How can they waste time so?" she thought, scornfully.

A thorough look about the room showed Tilly Ingersoll curled up on the couch. Orpha despised Tilly as a mindless person who could not lead even the simplest problem in "trig" to a triumphant issue.

"Great use she'll be!" she thought, with scorn.

The rest of the committee were busily setting forth a feast, of much size, evidently. Keith was nowhere to be seen.

"I beg pardon," began Orpha. "Come in," called Tilly, "we're just waiting for you. Keith smashed the olive-bottle a minute ago. She's in the bath-room, picking out the glass from the olive."

"I think these are undamaged," said the hostess, entering. "Good evening, Miss Ainsley. It's ever so nice to have you here."

"What promiscuous kind of food are we to have to-night, Keith?" asked Orpha. "You remind me of the Kipling man who 'clawed together a meal he called dinner.'"

"Don't quarrel with your food!" admonished Tilly. "The rest of us haven't had supper in town. We're thankful for anything!"

"Anything! My beautiful oysters, my 'tasty' chicken sandwiches!" cried the giver of the feast. "The last time I came to one of your balls I had two crackers and an orange!"

Orpha sa' very stiff and prim. For the first time in her self-satisfied life she felt inadequate to the situation. She could not sing, or tell funny stories, or make witty replies. She could not even laugh in that easy, infectious way the others did.

When the girls began the discussion of the play, she was no happier. Her knowledge of the classic drama did not seem especially helpful in staging a college play. She went home determined to come to the next meeting and show the girls how really superior to them she was.

She came to the next meeting, and to rehearsals in the hall. She did not grow any more comfortable, however. The girls were so capable, so tactful in managing one another! To Orpha, coming dazed from a world of books, they seemed marvelous. Even the despised Tilly showed an extraordinary resourcefulness in all difficulties. There was another side to the girls that made her oddly unhappy. This was the sympathy and love which existed among them, sometimes as between friend and friend, sometimes—and this seemed strangest of all—as a bond to be expected among members of the class.

This friendship showed itself in rejoicing over any good luck that came to any of them, and in constant readiness to help one another.

"How ridiculous!" Orpha would say to herself, as she watched the girls pruned about some friend who had said a clever thing in class or received a bit of praise from a professor. "What she did I've done twenty times before!"

Once when she saw the girls fairly overwhelming a member of the class with their congratulations, she asked: "What's she doing?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Her father's going to take her to Europe for the whole summer. Isn't that gay?"

"What I was going!" muttered Orpha; then, still lower, "It wouldn't be any use!" which disconnected remarks, nevertheless, told that some very unusual feeling had seized her. She wondered still more at the way in which the girls gave up the most cherished plan for work or fun, to help some friend in her work or fun.

Bertha Johnson, to whom a high rank meant everything, cut two lectures and a laboratory period to sit with a foolish freshman cousin, who was in the infirmary and therefore homesick.

And Marcia Grennell resigned from the economics debate—that great honor—because she was helping her roommate make up back work.

Orpha stood up straighter than ever when she heard of any new act of this sort. "If you wish to be a scholar, you must subordinate everything to that end," she told herself. Then she went back to her lonely little room and was very unhappy.

The afternoon of the dress rehearsal, actors and committee were in the hall waiting for Keith and the heroine. Every one was excited, for the play was always the event of the year to the class. Each class gave one a year, and rivalry ran high.

Keith entered and cast herself on a pile of "properties."

"The play is ruined!" "What?" in a frightened chorus. "Margaret has broken her ankle!" A dead silence, then all talking at once.

"No, we can't postpone it! Every Saturday is taken, up to commencement. We can't even give it up, for we can get another heroine. Emma Twemlow acted the part at home last summer. She was as stiff as a poker, and oh, you know her voice!"

"And she's as awkward as a duck!" cried Tilly. "Keith, she'll make the whole play absurd!"

"I know it, but I can't help it! She knows about Margaret and she offered. If we don't give the play, of course we lose all chance of the prize cup!"

Orpha stole out. She walked a long way before she knew what she was doing.

"I don't look like Rosalind!"—the play was "As You Like It"—"but I know I can be like her." She spoke out loud. Orpha had an English voice, sweet, with organ tones in it.

"The Morgan prize!" She had forgotten that.

The Morgan prize was one offered to the sophomore class for the best essay on a given subject. If you won, you had two hundred dollars, and unlimited glory. Orpha longed unexpressed for the glory.

She wanted her people at home to know what great things she was doing. Most of all, she wanted the girls to realize how very clever she really was. She had been ruffled seriously, during the progress of the play, by her unskillfulness in practical affairs. She would prove that her mind was too great for such trifles. She knew she could win.

The competition closed the next night, the night of the play. Her essay was finished in conception, but it had yet to be written out. Orpha was a slow worker. She had planned to spend all that day and the next, up to the play, on it.

She sat down in a deserted corner of the campus. There she fought a fierce battle. On one side raged ambition, her wounded pride, her real scholarship; on the other—she knew not what. Confused ideas of Keith's disappointment, Keith, whom she had begun to love—of the shame of the class at falling in its play—of the girls loving her, too, and crying, "Good girl, Orpha!"—all these thoughts chased one another through her brain.

Orpha stood shyly before the dreary party just starting for Emma Twemlow.

"Keith"—she had never called her that before—"won't you let me be Rosalind? I know I can be, even if I don't look her. I have heard the rehearsal so often I know the part, and I'm willing to rehearse all day to-morrow."

The hall was full. Girls sat on the window-ledge and crowded the doorways. There were the seniors, friendly to the sophomores, of course, but rather superior; the juniors and freshmen fiercely hostile; the class itself hopeful, but nervous. Besides the undergraduates, there were a number of visitors, alumnae and outsiders.

Orpha stood in the wings. She had seen the amused smiles of the audience as it read her name on the committee. Up to this time the names of all concerned had been kept secret, and to enhance the excitement Margaret's name had not been taken from the program. The girls knew only that Rosalind was to be a surprise.

Orpha had never acted before. In all that audience there was not one to "give her a hand" for friendship's sake.

She stepped out on the stage. In the dead silence she heard a whisper from the front seats. "What, that gloomy grind!" and a giggle.

She felt sick. That was what she was—a grind, a Miss Dryadust. She had no place among these alive girls. She was a fool ever to have tried to be like them. She stood perfectly still in a silence that might have been of hours.

Her eyes traveled slowly to the wings. In the wings stood the committee. Their faces were rather white and their eyes looked unusually large, but they smiled and clapped noiselessly, and Keith blew her a little round kiss. They did not think of her as a grind! She had become one of "us." She was frightened, they must help her out.

Orpha turned to the audience with a smile that made her dimples peep out. Frightened? No, but stirred as she had never been before. She had sacrificed a dear desire to help the girls. Her act should not be useless. But most of all she thought not of her own success or failure, but of Keith and the others who had trusted her so. Perhaps that is why she did not fail.

For she inspired the rest of the cast with powers they had not shown at any rehearsal, and she captivated every girl in the hall. She seemed really one of "that brave, mimic world that Shakespeare drew." The play was a mighty success.

As the curtain fell the audience, unable to contain itself longer, gave a rousing cheer. They shouted for Keith, for the committee, and for the cast. Then some one by the door cried, "What's the matter with Orpha, the best actor ever in this hall?" With the answering, "She's all right!" the girls swept upon the stage.

They almost tore little Rosalind to bits shaking and hugging her.

"Good for you, Orpha!" "You're a regular star!" they cried. She had made their play a joy to their friends and an envy to their foes; what else about her mattered now?

An impulsive freshman snuggled

arms about the amazed actress, fairly shouting:

"Miss Ainsley, you're a peach; a fuzzy, downy peach!"

The older girls disapproved of such slang, but it was permitted to impulsive freshmen.

Orpha stood quite still through all the excitement. She felt dazed. All at once she began to laugh and talk and hug everybody, just as the other girls were doing. What she was saying, if any one had heard her, was:

"Oh, oh, you're so nice! Why didn't I know it! Oh, I'm so glad I do now!" This sounded wild, but it really meant that Orpha had come to her senses.

It was not that the praise satisfied her ambition. She never once remembered that she had proved her superiority. It was the realization at last of the loyal and warm comradeship, based on mutual need and mutual help—the very heart and secret of college life—which made her happy.

She needed just such a vehement demonstration of college spirit to rouse her out of her selfish self. The love of the girls had reached her heart at last.

The tired, but triumphant, committee was going home to Main Hall.

"Say, Tilly, were you ever so surprised in all your days as at Orpha?" said Marcia Grennell, in a low voice. "I knew she had stores and hoards of knowledge, but I never supposed such a grind could act."

"It was because she is a grind." Tilly's voice was that of one working out a problem. "Did you see how nervous she was at the start? She just pulled herself in, though, and acted her little part as she works over Allen and Greenough—with all her vengeance. It's that grinding that's given her such a grip on herself. Do you suppose I could have come out of a regular peep like that? No, sir, I'd have scattered into ignominious bits right before the assembled populace!"

"Well, first!" ejaculated the astonished Marcia.

"Oh, I know it's queer for me, but it's true, all the same. This all play and no work may be great joy, but it won't give you what Orpha Ainsley has—and that's character! I've fooled away two years here now, and nobody's had more fun than I, but to-night—" Tilly stopped, then spoke very quietly, with uncommon seriousness: "Marcia, I'm going to work after this more than I ever did. It will please my father, and maybe give me some character—like Orpha."

Marcia was too wise to answer. Both pretended to be interested in the others' girls' talk.

Those ahead were still discussing the great success of the play.

"It's just gay to-night," sighed Keith, "but, oh, me! Monday when we have to 'rid up' the place and return the 'borroweds'!"

"Don't you care?" called some one whose joy no gloomy visions, even of Monday, could daunt. "It won't take long!"

"It takes hours, always!" retorted Keith. "I have four recitations, extra 'lab,' a special topic and an essay interview!"

Orpha, marching in a sort of Roman conqueror procession, heard Keith. Gratitude and the sense of obligation to the class surged within her.

"I'll do your share of straightening up, Keith," she called. "I haven't much of anything Monday." She tried to have just the matter-of-course tone the girls used when they made such offers, but she could not help her voice shaking a little.

There was an instant's silence, then Keith answered easily:

"Oh, will you? Thanks, ever so much."

And Orpha knew she had received the seal to her title as a college girl, with all the privileges and responsibilities.—Youth's Companion.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The only two pronouns in the language of love are "me" and "thee." Win the race and takes a nap all of promising ground. Miss White directs the work of a large force of miners, and it is said that when below ground she wears men's clothes.—New York Press.

She Wanted a Queer Flower. One of the cleverest girls in New York City society blushes every time she hears the name of Octave Mirbeau, the Paris playwright, for it reminds her of an occasion on which she betrayed ignorance of one of the simplest of agricultural products. She went with her chaperon and several friends to the author's Corniches house to see the gardens, of which he is prouder than of his play-writing ability. One of the first things that caught her eye was a bed of green plants tipped with red. The contrast appealed to her esthetic sense, and she gushed a little, just the least bit in the world. Indicating the parterre with the tip of her parasol, she cried, "What lovely things they are! You must send me some of the flowers when they bloom, dear M. Mirbeau." To which, with a laugh, the builder of comedies returned, "You may have to wait some time, for they are cabages—the kind one eats in your beautiful America with corned beef, you know."—New York Press.

Temper Told by the Hair. Girls with blue eyes and straw-colored hair generally have a far calmer and happier life, as a rule, than those with big dark eyes and olive complexion.

The fair girl is almost sure to be level headed in her love affairs, and to make a sensible marriage, but she will be much more fickle than the dark girl, because her feelings will not be so deep and passionate.

Dark girls are more emotional; love means so much to them that their feeling is deeper and more lasting than the love of fair girls, or so the learned in such matters say.

Brunette women make very loving and demonstrative mothers, but they do not understand discipline. Fair women train their children best for a prosaic and every day life.

It is said that fair children are easier to bring up than dark ones, as their ailments are less likely to be

Not Fastidious. The haughty heiress was in a rage. "Leave my presence," she stormed, "or I shall make you quail."

The impetuous nobleman smiled. "I'm not particular about the quail, miss," he said; "I'd be satisfied with a ham sandwich."—Boston Post.



Band Stitching.

Very smart are the skirts with from thirteen to nineteen gores, each seam stitched on the outer side, so that it seems to indicate a narrow bias band. To be very correct these skirts should be four inches from the ground.

These skirts have been extremely fashionable this summer, and in heavier weights will be worn during the next month or two.—Indianapolis News.

To Dispel Flesh.

If you are overweight, don't use drugs. They may bring on another evil worse than flesh.

Use the flesh brush. Get a square cornered clothes brush of manilla fibre.

At first the skin will be sensitive, but use the brush gently and steadily and it will not irritate.

Pay attention to the muscles of the shoulders and arms, and especially the back of the neck where that unsightly mound of flesh rises.

Whenever you can walk, do so. Imagine that the trolley car engenders disease.

When you feel sleepy go out in the sunshine on an interesting mission. Do your sleeping at night and omit the afternoon nap.—New York Times.

She Can Gossip in 13 Tongues.

Martina Kramer, of Rotterdam, ranks among the first of women linguists. She can read and speak thirteen languages, and there are few men in the world who can equal that record.

Besides, she has sufficient knowledge of seven other languages to converse in them, and she has planned to add a new language to her list every six months for several years. Miss Kramer also ranks as one of the most influential suffragette in Europe. She is editor of Jus Suffragi, the official organ of the International Woman Suffrage Al-

liance, which has several branches in this country. Miss Kramer is one of the most optimistic of the workers. She believes that within ten years America and all the countries in Europe will extend suffrage to women on equality with men.—New York Press.

Here's a Golden Girl, Indeed. Laura White, of San Francisco, expects to become the richest woman in the world. After several years of prospecting she has discovered a gold vein in Nevada, and now is directing mining operations personally. The pluck and thoroughness that have made woman so successful against men in the world of work tell the story of Miss White's winning of a fortune. She saw nothing in a future as a clerk in a San Francisco office, so she studied mineralogy and struck out into the Nevada mountains. She met the disappointments that seem to come to every prospector, but her confidence never waned, and finally she marked down a gold vein on a mountainside that had been searched by scores of men. She filed her claim and was ready for work before news of her rich find reached the public, and when men rushed in to stake out claims it was found the young woman had obtained control of every square foot of promising ground.

Miss White directs the work of a large force of miners, and it is said that when below ground she wears men's clothes.—New York Press.

Overcoming Carelessness. A group of mothers were lamenting about the carelessness of children and men in eating, and the drain these hard times of big laundry bills.

"My family scarcely spot the cloth any more," laughed one of the mothers. "They find it too expensive! I used to have a tablecloth a day in the wash, and then could scarcely keep them respectable looking."

"The laundry bills were huge, as my one girl could not possibly do them at home, and the wear and tear on the linen was as bad."

"Finally I hit on the plan of making each member who made a spot cover it with money, pennies for the children from their own allowance and silver from the grown-ups."

"We voted what to do with the money. I was for the hospital, but the rest preferred to devote it to something for the table, so we started a fund to buy new table linen and china. For the first month or so we had a flourishing bank, but now all have grown so careful that our fund grows slowly."—New York Press.

Ruffs are even made of fur—little toy affairs with ruchings of lace.

Newer than the ribbon band about the collar is the pleating of gold braid.

Gray paste pearls as heads to long hat pins are worn with light colored satin hats.

Pocket handkerchiefs have wide colored centres and hems, the initials done in white.

Russian fish-net veils in dull bronze are cut entirely square and go over the entire hat.

Borderante is the name of the new chiffon auto veiling. It comes in handsome colors with dainty hairline stripe borders.

Ball gowns, especially some of Grecian design, are worn without gloves even though their sleeves are merely apertures for sleeves.

A large brown felt hat has no other trimming than six great brown roses, some pale tan with golden hearts, others deeper in tint.

Narrow belts of soft suede in pastel colors, to wear at the top of high directoire skirts, are finished with oblong silver and gun-metal buttons.

Pretty, but injurious to the eyesight, are the Breton lace veils, loosely draped round the hat and capable of being thrown back over the face.

Three-inch belts of braided soutache, with wide buttonholes, through which a satin sash is run, tying at the side, are finished with tassels of soutache.

Black suede button shoes will be a good choice for feet that can not be described as of Cinderella proportions; the dull surface tends to reduce the size in the kindest manner.

Blouses are cut like a long yoke, as fullness underneath the skirt will interfere with its proper fit. A tiny band of the material, or better still of silk ribbon, is used as a slash and is hooked at the back.

We Angered English Suffragists.

Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson still is trying to convince the English that American women are interested only in themselves. It is the dull season for the suffragette in England, and probably that is why Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson is raking over the old coals.

She was not especially gratified by the results of her mission here, and she has deemed it wise to grow more emphatic in her criticism of the American woman than she was a few months ago, when fresh from her fruitless visit to this country.

Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and Mrs. Humphry Ward agree that there is little prospect of a campaign here for the ballot box for women, but the novelists have been reserved in her accounts of her meetings with American women in their clubs and homes.

Of course, woman is entitled to her own opinion; still it seems the part of a blind courage, if not audacity, for an Englishwoman to stay here a few weeks and then return to her home to deliver a verdict upon American womanhood. The trouble with Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and Mrs. Ward is that they have not weighed the radical differences in the positions of women in this country and in England. The incentive to agitation, to the baiting of legislators and Cabinet members, does not exist here as

in England, where women still remain more or less vassals in the eyes of the law.—New York Press.

Open Windows in Bedroom. The bedroom windows should be opened at night as wide as possible, top or bottom, even in the coldest weather. It is not always best for a person to lie in a draft, yet some doctors contend that no one ever caught cold through sitting or lying in a draft. A screen will provide the necessary protection, if the bed can not be moved to a sheltered position. The bed itself should stand free from the wall at least at night, permitting a free circulation of air around it.

A scarf about the head if one is oversensitive, will give the necessary protection in the coldest weather. If there be an open fireplace in the room it will aid greatly in ventilation, so be sure the chimney is open and free from soot. It seems almost unnecessary to say that one should sleep with the head uncovered. The breathing of fresh air into the lungs is a great aid in warming the body, and assists every organ in performing its function.

These organs are all working during the night as during the day and should be treated with the same consideration.—Indianapolis News.

Don't Work by Poor Light. It is a great mistake to sew, read or do other close work by artificial light which comes from any distance much above the level of the eye. Use a kerosene or gas lamp, which can be placed at the proper height.

To demonstrate the truth of this observation, one has only to sit indoors in the daytime and let the light pour through the upper foot or two of the window, keeping the rest of the window securely lightproof. The eyes will soon tell you of the unwise strain.—Indianapolis News.

Hot Apple Pie. The secret of the delicious hot apple pie is the seasoning of the pie after it comes from the oven. Tart green apples are the best for it. As soon as the pie is done the cover is taken from it very carefully and sugar, cinnamon and tiny dabs of butter are sprinkled over the top and the crust is put on again. Rich cream is a vast improvement to it.—New York Sun.

When to Buy Shoes. It is said that people should never go in the early morning to buy shoes, for the feet are then smaller than they are at any other time of the day. Later the feet are the maximum size, owing to walking and standing. Many people do not agree with this, for they think that later in the day, when shoes have been worn, the feet contract. However, try on shoes at both times—morning and afternoon. Then they will be sure to fit.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

French Chalk. If a girl is away from a cleaner's and she finds one of her best frocks spotted with grease, she can try the simple remedy of French chalk and a hot iron. The chalk is spread thickly over the spot until all the grease is absorbed.

Then a piece of blotting paper is put over it, and a warm, not hot, iron is held over it to draw the grease into the paper. Rub off the chalk with a soft silk or muslin rag and the spot will probably have disappeared.—New York World.

Fish For Invalids.—A nice way of cooking cod for invalids: Wash and dry the fish, sprinkle well with flour, a little pepper and salt and put in a dish which is well greased with butter. Pour over sufficient milk to cover bottom of dish about an inch in depth (more if liked