Another time, what a friendly note
Has the whippoorwill with the tireless throat!
The moon has a jolly face and round,
As jolly a face as could be found.
And the sigh of the wood is a tranquil song
If some one with you is trudging along.

—We

-Washington Star.

"Of course," he admitted, with an

her large, blue, childish eyes on the

"I can't think," she protested,

"what on earth ever made you marry

The Widower withdrew his gaze

"You didn't know my wife," he re-

"I don't see that that would have

helped to explain what made you

"It would have helped immensely,"

he corrected. "It would have afford-

ed a complete and satisfactory expla-

"I don't understand," she admitted.

'It has puzzled me ever since—es-

"Exactly," said the Widower. "Es-

"Don't be absurd!" exclaimed Win-

with true feminine pertinacity, "what

made you marry her."
"Shall I tell you?" he asked calmly.

"Do, please," entreated Winnie,

"She did? What do you mean?"

"I mean that she made me marry

"Your wife?" demanded Winnie,

opening wide eyes of amazement up-

her," explained the Widower pa-

"She did," said the Widower.

. as-" She fal-

on her face with mild wonder.

marry her," persisted Winnie.

Winnie shook her head.

pecially as that was the case."

marked cryptically.

nation in fact."

pecially as .

tiently.

"Yes.

tered and blushed.

Widower's abstracted countenance.

By EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

"It's the first time," said Winnie, letting her eyes droop, "it's the first amiable smile. time that we have been quite alone Winnie was silent for a moment. together-since it happened." Then she looked up suddenly, fixing

The Widower seemed struck by the circumstance. Yes," he replied, consideringly, "I believe it is-I positively believe

her. "I-I hope," she said timidly, "I slowly from vacancy and let it rest

hope you've-you've got over it-by The Widower reflected.

"I think I have," he answered, conscientiously; "I'm almost sure I have. You see, I have been trying hardtraveling and all that sort of thing, you know. I finished up at Monte Carlo. The place cheered me wonderfully: I lost quite a lot of money at the tables.'

"I thing that was very wrong of you," said Winnie sternly. "Gambling is wicked."

Ah-but if you knew what a relief it was to be able to do something wicked again," sighed the Widower, "you would overlook it. Do you know, I was gradually becoming almost too good to live. It gave me quite a shock when I realized it. My constitution would not have stood the strain much longer, I am certain."

"The older men grow the worse they get," declared Winnie with the air of one delivering a profound epi-

"That, of course, is the natural tendency," he admitted. "It doesn't do to check it—beyond a certain point." He sighed again at this sudden contemplation of man's innate depravity. "It's like suppressing measles," he added a little inconsequently.

"What is?" she asked, regarding her fan.

"Curbing man's natural tendency to grow worse," he explained, "beyond a certain point. It often leads to more dangerous complications."

your case I do trust," exclaimed Winnie in a tone of extreme solicitude, "that the-the complications have not yet become as bad as

"Fortunately-no," he assured her. "Monte Carlo just saved me. You have no idea what an excellent safety valve for suppressed tendencies Monte Carlo is. It's a most ter-ribly wicked place."

"I should love to go there," she sighed. The Widower gazed at her with

cold disapproval. "I am surprised to hear you ex-

press an inclination of that sort," he said sternly. "You have no tendencies that require artificial evapora-"Of course not," said Winnie hast-

"The suggestion was yours," he pointed out judicially. "You im-

plied-"I didn't," she interrupted, blush-

ing. "I merely meant that I should love to see the scenery.

"Oh," said the Widower, looking relieved, "the scenery, of course. The scenery, I may say, is beautiful. The sea is a kind of greenish blue tint, and there are, I believe, hills and things, and the Casino is quite a fine building-especially inside. Thethe trees--'

"Oh, never mind the trees!" interrupted Winnie impatiently. wanted to talk to you about something else. I wanted to-to condole with you.' "Thanks," he murmured. "I shall

be very pleased, I'm sure. "Pleased?" She regarded him se-"I mean pleased to be condoled

with," he explained, "by you." "It must have been a great blow," observed Winnie, in a tone of de-

tached commiseration. "It was-she never expected it," he sighed.

"I meant a blow to you," corrected Winnie.

"Oh-to me! I suppose it was; yes, no doubt it was-though I managed somehow to bear up. Ne tu cede malis-you have read Virgil?"

"No-I haven't," she declared with unnecessary vehemence. "I beg your pardon," said the Wid-

ower humbly. "Yes, I pulled through "With the help of travel-and Monte Carlo," suggested Winnie a

little maliciously. "Precisely," he agreed, quite unoffended. "And if you have done

condoling, we-"I've not done," she interposed. "Though I don't believe you require to be condoled with a bit.

the good of a man pretending to be sorry when he isn't?' "That's exactly what I say?" re-

marked the Widower, brightening. What's the good?"

Winnie-frowned; she felt that her ethical sense was in some danger of much too flippantly. outrage by this practical view of the matter.

"Well, then, don't pretend," she re-

"Certainly not, if you wish it," he assented cheerfully. "Let us talk "No," put in Winnie firmly,

-it's hardly depent, I think, to dismiss a melancholy subject in such an offhand way."

"Well, perhaps not," agreed the dower, in a resigned tone. "Only, "Only, If it's all the same to you, I-"

your idea? "It isn't," she cut him short

"Cases have been known," he observed, in an impersonal tone, where there has been quite a regrettable absence of this particular ingredient, I believe. For instance, if your wife is a vegetarian-

Food has nothing to do with marriage," retorted Winnie. The Widower shook his head sadly.

"You've not been married," he sighed, "so you don't know." "That's true," conceded Winnie meditatively. "I don't know—at least not yet—"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't," put in the Widower, with sudden eagerness. "Oh, but I am not sure that I want

she objected. "You would then enjoy the advanyour assertion." he urged.

tage of being in a position to prove "About food?" she inquired innocently.

"And-the other things." added. "The romantic beauty and the blissfulness, you know."

"And supposing I found-when it was too late-that I was wrong?" she demurred. "You wouldn't," said the Widower,

with emphasis. "You would find that -in your case-theory and practice would entirely coincide. To begin with, you-are not a vegetarian." "But," protested Winnie, "my hus-

band might insist upon making me become one.' "I can answer for him," said the Widower decisively. "Do you know, Winn's-by the way, you don't mind

my calling you 'Winnie,' do you? You see, I have known you ever since you were a little baby-" "You have known me just six

years," corrected Winnie sternly,

Since I was sixteen. "Really!" said the Widower in astonishment. "I fancied-I imagined -I was quite under the impression, in fact, that I had known you muc? longer.

"Well, you haven't," said Winnie. And I should think that's quite long nie wrathfully. "All the same, I enough." should like to know," she added, "Quite "Quite," he agreed, "for the purpose. And Winnie has always struck

me as being the very prettiest name a girl could have-Winnie." "I didn't say you could!" she exclaimed.

"I have a wonderful way of taking things for granted," explained the Widower airily. "But, do you know, it just occurred to me-while you were talking and while you were showing me what a beautiful thing marriage might be with a sweet girl She was a woman of the (who wasn't a vegetarian)-it just

## Among Those Present When an Automobile Breaks

One obnoxious onlooker offering officious observations. Two troublesome tourists tampering with the tank. Three thick-headed thinkers thundering out theories. Four fat, fussy females, finding fault. Five foolish fops flinging fun.

Six saucy soubrettes slinging slang. Seven solemn sages shifting the self-starter. Eight experts eagerly examining everything.

Nine nimble noodles nudging their neighbors.

Ten tinkers trying to tend to the tires. Eleven eloquent electricians elucidating elusive elements. Twelve toddling tattered tots timidly talking twaddle.

—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

She was very rich, too." He sighed. frightfully fond of you-'Money is such a power," he added.

"Then," said Winnie, with an air of stern rebuke, "it was not a love match at all?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly what you would describe as a love match," he conceded, "although she pretended night? I didn't come to dance. I to be very devoted to me. I may add came to see you. I have been wait-"How dare you suggest such a that she had a rather remarkable ing to see you for—for morths; but way of showing her devotion at all times."

"What sort of a remarkable way? nquired Winnie, becoming interested.

Did she pet you too much?' "Hardly too much?" replied the Widower reflectively. "You see the poor girl had a somewhat flery temper. She was terribly jealous-entirely, oh, quite entirely without cause," he hastened to add. "Nevertheless, she would not allow me on any consideration to speak to a voman under forty-five.

"That must have been a great hardship," murmured Winnie.

"I could have supported it with equanimity," he sighed. "But she latterly developed various uncomforteccentricities. Among other able things she became a vegetarian, and compelled me to live on herbs like herself. She embraced the absurd theory that two meals a day were enough for human beings to subsist upon, and from that moment I never knew what it was not to feel hungry. It was this practice, I believe, that eventually carried her off."

"She-she was not very young?" hazarded Winnie. "Poor girl-no! She-she had been, I believe. But she outgrew it. She was in her sixty-fourth year

when she expired.' "Sixty-four!" exclaimed Winnie. "Sixty-three," he corrected. "O-oh!" ejaculated Winnie in a

long-drawn gasp. "And you-you were only twenty-five when you married her! "When she married me," the Wid-

ower interposed mildly. "Yes; I couldn't help that, you know. It was three years ago now, so I became considerably older as we went along."

"She was old enough to have been your grandmother!" exclaimed Winnie indignantly. "True; but she would never have

consented to act in that relation towards me though, of course, I motive often lies buried deep under should have preferred it, if it could a pile of plausibilities. Perhaps the have been arranged." "I feel," declared Winnie severely.

that we are treating the subject "I feel that, too," he agreed.

"Marriage," she continued, ignoring his interruption, "even with an elderly lady, is a subject that should be discussed in a spirit of proper rev-"Yes." he said. "Go on."

"It is," said Winnie, warming to her theme, "the most blissful state in which human beings can exist

"Pardon me," interrupted the Wid-ower, "but do you think 'blissful' is exactly the right word to-to express

"Certa nly," said Winnie, with

most extraordinary determination. | occurred to me that I was most

"Oh," said Winnie, rising. "There's the next dance beginning, and I-" "Sit down," said the Widower, placing a detaining hand on her arm. "Never mind the next dance. What do you think I came here for tothey told me you were engaged, and

I kept away.' "I-I broke it off." she murmured. looking down.

"Was-was he a vegetarian?" asked the Widower anxiously. Winnie raised her eyes to his, and her checks turned suddenly crimson.

"No, but I, I-The Widower gave a little triumphant laugh.

"My darling," he whispered in her ear, "we can make it up to each other all the rest of our lives!"-The Sketch.

## Royal Beliefs.

It is not only the ignorant and unlearned who are superstitious, but even such a practical person as the German Emperor is apparently not without a certain amount of superstition. He has always been careful that the ancestral cradle of the Hohenzollerns should be used for each infant member of his family in suc-

This cradle is over two centuries old and is of curiously carved black oak. It is supposed to protect the baby who sleeps in it from convulsions and other childish ailments.

Italy has a remarkable superstition. It is believed that dire misfortune will befall the present monarch if the chamber of the dead King be interfered with till at least two generations have passed. Therefore the room of the late King Humbert at the Quirinal is shut, no one except members of the royal family being permitted to enter it. Thus it will remain, silent and unused, like the apartment of King Victor Emmanuel, King Humbert's father, which is just as it was at the time of his death

A Possible Reason

some thirty years ago, -Tit-Bits.

One never knows just what is the power behind the throne. The true clergyman in the skit taken from London Opinion probed down to a true spring of action. The good parson was summoned for driving his automobile beyond the speed limit.

"Now," said the magistrate, "you say you were going at only eighteen miles an hour, but the constable still declares you were traveling at thirty. erence. Marriage is a beautiful and Now I don't like to doubt either of romantic idea.—"

Now I don't like to doubt either of you. Can you think why he declares you were going at that rate? Is

there any grudge he owes you?"
"No," replied the clergyman, "no, I can't think of anything—unless it is that I married him three years ago.

According to the market records the consumption of eggs in New York City annually is 632 for each inhab-



Lemon Baths.

tn hour in order that the juice may extracted. A remarkable sense

The Secret of Happiness.

The moment we set about the task of making every human being we some in contact with better for knowing us-more cheerful, more courageous, and with greater faith in the tindness of God and man-that monent we begin to attain the third purpose of life-personal happiness.

Would you possess the magic serret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold? It is unselfishness-or, to use a better word, selflessness. He who goes forth bent ipon being always kind, always help-'ul, in the little, daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold. ill his nights set with stars, and unexpected flowers of pleasure springmg up in his pathway. And all his ears shall turn into smiles.-New Haven Register.

Costly Hats Next Season.

Rumors of new hats are in the tir, and the news from the other side must be built of lace, genuine French perhaps one spray of silk flowers. aging the war spirit. such a hat might cost a thousand

Recipe.

Cut-out

Our

night? The story of her life is one. Among West Indian ladies a lemon of sadness. It's whist parties and path is almost a daily luxury. Sevidances, It's neglect of home and trai limes or lemons are sliced into husband. It's going to theatres and the water and allowed to lie for hair dances and coming back late at night or early in the morning. You who do this don't know the true meaning be extracted. A remarkable sense of woman's best nature. You never to the skin — Health. ing of the cooling of a little child, the voice of an angel's song. Do you know what it means? It means God has given you a pair of hands to guide those little feet. It means that God is using you to help Him make a true man or a true woman."

Keeps Fighting Spirit Alive. A large audience heard women and the press discussed from the point of view of the dramatist, the war correspondent, the woman suffragist and others at the "annual press day" of the Woman's Press Club, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City. The guests of honor were Arthur Brisbane, Francis Whiting Halsey and Mrs. Elmer Blair, president of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs. Mme. von Klenner presided, and Miss Marguerite Linton Glenworth was chairman of the day. Mrs. James S. Clarkson was chair-

man of reception. James Creelman, who talked on "The Press in Times of War," conis staggering. Those who ought to fessed that one of the hardest races know say the price of hats will run he ever had was with a woman corhigh, for lace and genuine ornaments respondent on the way from the inare demanded. Cocked hats enlarged terior of Manila to send a cable. He tre among the novelties, and they beat the woman by one minute, only because she wasn't up to some of the Mechlin or Venetian, crown and all. tricks he knew. Then Mr. Creeiman The trimmings permitted are big told the women of the Press Club tnobs of gold studded with gems and they didn't do their duty in discour-

"War means many things that Ioliars, according to the lace used don't get into the papers," he said and the style of the gold knobs. "It means cruel suffering for women Flowers are to reign, say the Paris and little children, and the old. Now, teers, and away with plumes, ai- no war is possible unless the people grettes and the sweeping tails of want it, and the social adulation of teavenly birds. Toques will be made the soldier has much to do with keep-

> French Omelet For Two .- Beat two whole eggs and two yolks until a full spoonful can be taken up; add three tablespoonfuls of cold water, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and beat until all are evenly blended together. If gas be the fuel, have the "lid" over the flame evenly heated. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in the hot omelet pan, and let it run over the entire surface; turn in the egg mixture, and shake the pan back and forth upon the lid. The mixture should set, and slide back and forth upon the smooth surface of the pan, and give place for the unset mixture to run down on to the pan. To insure this, raise the side of the pan next the handle, as the pan is pushed forward, and raise the opposite side as the pan is brought back. When the mixture is creamy throughout, begin with the side next the handle, and roll the omelet; when well rolled, let stand an instant to color the bottom slightly, then turn on to a hot dish. A bit of butter, added at the last moment, will aid in giving color to the omelet .- Boston Cooking School Magazine.

tain women always begin the month | where women are at fault." of February with straw hats, no mater how the wind blows nor what the

mercury registers.-New York Press. Frederic Courtney and Mrs. Lillie The Old Fashioned Woman. well to the ways of her household. Miss Dorothy Dix gave a monologue She was not particularly ambitious and Edwin Markham read some of his Spanish is the almost universal for a career or a calling. She did poems .- New York Tribune. not know that she was downtrodden or realize her ignominious servitude to a false assumption of superiority on the part of the unfair sex. She found the homage and chivalry of mankind delightful and took it at its face value. Nor did she trouble herself about the potential reconstruction of the family on a new basis of relationship. She was not struggling | to be recognized as man's equal, for she found it tacitly admitted on all sides that she was man's superior. She felt a deep and rational delight in various concerns and enterprises, but these were not of such a nature as to call for the sacrifice of her first and nearest interests, which were maternal and domestic .- Philadel-

phia Ledger.

Home Training. Our old home culture, and, worse still, the old home pleties, are disappearing. The church and Sunday school have not kept pace with modhold on society at large. In the increase of hoodlumism, divorce, child alike. labor, luxury, and extravagance, there is a relaxation of moral muscle, and in distress we are turning to the straight, unformed figure of the schools to stem the tide of moral in-school girl. sufficiency. President Eliot said spend more money for education; but it is a mistake. We cannot transfer the duties of the home or of the itself is dark and gloomy. church to the school. In his social environment, in the time he spends out of school, the child gets more education or miseducation than he gets in it. We have to come back to the old idea of having the parents purge out the moral malaria.-Indianapolis

Love in the Home.

Pity was poured upon society women with childless homes by the Rev. William Spurgeon, of London, who delivered an address on "The Story of Christmas" before the Bunday Evening Club in Orchestra Hall, says the Chicago Tribune.

After reviewing the story of "The in the Dudley Buck cantata of that and equally good as the others. name, which was sung by the club chorus, he dwelt upon the necessity of child love in a happy home. He declared the Hindoo theory of the sanctification of the child a beautiful and a not unnatural result of the history of Christ. "God gives to man and to woman His best gifts," said. "when He gives them little chil-Every child that comes into our lives is the proof of His love."

In speaking of the pity he felt for childless woman, he said: 'Many of them can blame themselves alone. They do not want children. time. Is there one here to- greatly lengthened.

of flowers and novelty straws. Cer- ing the war spirit alive. That's

Among the other speakers were Joseph I. C. Clarke, the Right Rev. Devereux Blake. Mme. Alma Webster Powell sang and Miss Cecella The old fashioned woman looked Bradford gave some violin solos. Dretty-



Raincoats in rose color are particus larly fascinating. Envelopes have pointed flaps rath-

er than square ones. Hardly a collar, except the stiff linen one, but has its ruche.

pecially as an accessory color. Tucking plays a prominent part in the waists and guimpes this winter. Rose color is growing more and

Green is very popular just now, es-

more a favorite as a shade for children's garments. All of the beautiful soft fabrics are used for indoor wear where any style of dressy gown is in demand.

Black and white gowns are so ern pedagogy, and are losing their much worn just now that jet jewels have been taken up by old and young The fashions of to-day are emin

ently youthful. They demand the

After all, there is a good deal to be said in favor of wearing bright colors on a dark day when the world Merely a touch of the new metal

embroideries will transform a gowr that has always done good service into one that is quite up to date. Yellowish tones in the greens will be noticeable. Reds are always at tractive for cooler days and we are

shown garnet, terra cotta, old rose and its ashes. The apron or tablier effects seer on trained gowns offer splendid opportunities for the rich trimmings

which are a feature of our present

season. The quaint Quaker bonnets are as becoming, as far as I can see, for automobile wear as those of French de-Coming of the King" as it was told sign. They are covered with silk

The fad for artificial flowers for the corsage has reached proportion; beyond anything ever expected or anticipated even by the makers of these beautiful blossoms so like the real and so much more lasting.

The street-cleaning commission of Baltimore has opened an "old horse farm," and now five mules are recuperating from their hard experiences. By this system of rest and recuperation the commissioner believes that the usefulness of the horses and are the women who want a mules of his department will

FOO FEW COLLEGE WOMEN WED

50 Says Dr. Ellot, But He Hopes It Isn't Higher Education's Fault. Charles W. Eliot, the retiring pres-

dent of Harvard University, adfressed the Brearley League at its annual luncheon held in the Hotel Sotham. The organization is composed of alumnae of the Brearley School, 17 West Forty-fourth street, and numbers among its members many women prominent in New York society. About 200 attended the Miss Ethel Ward, 125 W. luncheon. Seventy-fourth street, president of the league, presided, with Dr. Eliot at her right and Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History and of the New York Zoological So-

tiety, on her left. Dr. Eliot responded to the toast. "The Advantages of Higher Educa-tion for Women." He said in part: "I have been very much interested

to hear Mr. Croswell, your headmaster, say that you ladies were his teachers and not his pupils. At Harvard I have had several groups whom I held in very much the same regard. One of the chief joys of elderly teachers and parents is to see the young child's mind expand. It is a great joy to a mother or father to see in the mind of their child some quality that they themselves do not possess. A teacher's greatest satisfaction is to learn to respect the attainment of his pupil's mind. I have seen hundreds and thousands of cases where the growth of faculties has come under the teacher's notice, which were not possible of acquisition, and which he had not known to exist. This is a

constant joy to the teacher. "Twenty-five years ago there were many problems in women's educa-One was: Will prolonged education for girls injure health? Another was: Are girls capable and competent to undertake higher education? And, lastly, and most impor-Does a higher education impair a woman's chance of getting married?

"All these questions have now been satisfactorily settled. We have come to see that health is improved, if anything, by higher education. Further, it has been shown in thousands of cases that young women are as capable as young men to undertake men's studies.

"And are the prospects of marriage interfered with by college? Certainly not by going to college. Twentyfive years ago the sort of women who went to college were not the most attractively physically, however they may have been mentally, but now all is changed. You find the same diversity in the colleges among women as everywhere else,

"Nevertheless, too small a proportion of college women marry. I have heard that too small a proportion of Brearley girls marry, but I hope this

is not true. "It is just as important for young women as young men to have a college education. The real reason of a man's going to college is to get prolonged training which makes his after life more useful to himself and to the world. Another reason for prolonged education is the inculcation of ideals in the mind, and not only raising but fixing high standards of morals and conduct. This is exactly as true for women as for men, and we ought to have the same results from them."-New York Times.

Bilingual in Gestures.

There is a man who from a very early age has lived in countries where tongue. From force of this training, he speaks Spanish perfectly. He has not the slightest trace of an English accent and persons who do not know that he is of American parentage are willing to believe that he is a Spantard, merely from hearing him talk. He is so perfectly bilingual that it shows even in his gestures. When talking with English-speaking persons he sits quietly and does his conversing with his mouth alone. Only in case of making a point most emphatically does he use a gesture. But the moment he drops into Spanish his every word is accompanied by a movement of the hands or arms. It is interesting to watch the change from the English to the Spanish side of him, because it comes so suddenly. He really can't speak Spanish without

gesturing .- New York Sun.

Siberian Bread That Inebriates. Since you don't live in Siberia you need not be afraid, says M. Narrion, a Russian, to get drunk through eating ordinary bread. In far eastern Siberia, in that region which lies between the sea and the river called Mssuri, the humidity of the climate,

as well as the soil, is remarkable In certain districts the humidity is so intense that there grows upon ears of corn a kind of fungus matter made of micro-fungi. As a result of this sporadic excrescence the bread made from the corn in question gives all the results of an overdose of alcohol. In very humid climates the phenomenon is likewise known, though to nothing like the extent of eastern Siberia, where whole districts are affected by this strange kind of

'al sholized bread."-London Globe, Changes in Business Methods

As a result of the panic there have been many changes in business methods, and where one was made by those whose business it is to handle money, as a matter of good business policy it was so arranged that they left a little more at home for those who are doing the handling, regardless of the former profit. For a long white it has been the custom of banks in the large cities to charge an exchange on checks cashed or deposited. In the smaller cities and towns where the banking business was not so for mally conducted the banks handled deposits without cost to the depositors. Within the past year it has, however, become very generally the custom for banks to charge exchange on all paper which they bandle, and in some business this will cut quite a figure in the course of a year.

Caviar is now made in large quantitles at Lake Winnipeg from sturgeon roe. It is shipped to Hamburg in kegs and comes back to this coun-) of lens and lars as Russian caviar. | even and brown to a golden goice.



Cure For Chapped Hands.

Take common starch and grind with a knife until you get a smooth powder. Put this in a clean jar or tin box handy to reach. After washing your hands, rinse in clean water, wipe, and while still damp rub a pinch of the powder thoroughly over them. Be very sure to cover the whole surface and you will find a true remedy.-Boston Post

To Extract a Cork.

Everyone has had that annoying and irritating experience of having a cork shove down into a bottle. It may be removed with little trouble if the right method is used. Take a piece of string that will stand some strain, fold it to form a loop and insert it into the bottle; by gently shaking or tapping the bottle the cork may be shaken into the loop, pull the string and the cork will pop out with little or no difficulty.-Boston

To Prepare a Floor. Some girls who love to get up an informal dance in the evening had some difficulty with the floors of their country house, which were not very smooth. It was too much trouble to have them waxed, and they began experimenting with various things. One of them sprinkled some talcum powder on the boards and began shuffling around with her feet. She found that it made an excellent dance floor, and the girls have "waxed" with talcum ever since.-Brooklyn Eagle,

Wall Rack For Books.

Take three pieces of board one and a half feet long and six inches wide. Make a hole in the four corners of each piece, take a strong cord and put through one piece at each corner, then put three empty spools on the cord, then another piece of board and spools in the same way until you have the three pieces on. Bring the cords together at the top, making them as long as you desire and tie. Paint or varnish any color you wish hang up. You will then have a very handy book rack.

By using larger or smaller boards and more or less spools you can make the rack any size you wish .- Boston Post.

Table Fruit Trees.

was only two feet high, yet in its

The little tree, gnarled and gray,

thick green foliage many small red and yellow apples gleamed. Yes, it is the very latest idea," said the florist. "We hope to have it well under way in time for the social season that begins at Easter. We hope to have ready for the market the innumerable apples, peaches, pears and oranges that are now being grown on dwarf trees in our nurseries. The new idea is to bring on the fruit, at a dinner's end, not piled helter-skelter on a great dish, but growing on its own tiny tree. The guest extends her bare white arm and plucks with her slim hand from the tree the fruit she desires. Could

anything be more charming? "Our fairy groves of fruit trees at the nursery are none of them over two feet high. They vary in age from three to seven years. A Japanese taught us the dwarfing process. Of course, this new idea won't catch on unless the dwarf fruit are perfect. We haven't got them quite perfect yet. They are just a shade sour, But Pome wasn't built in a day,



Blueberry Cake,-One egg, weh beaten, one cup sugar, one cup sour cream, one teaspoonful soda, onehalf teaspoonful salt, two cups flour, one large cup blueberries added the last thing.

one cup of butter, three eggs, one cup sour cream, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, flour to thicken. Sponge Cake .- Four eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup potato flour, onehalf teaspoonful baking powder, little salt; beat whites separate; to the

whites add the sugar, then the yolks,

Fine Cookies .- Two cups of sugar,

flour and baking powder. This makes one good-sized loaf. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Banana Cream Pic .- Yolks of two eggs, one-bulf cupful of sugar, and a small piece of butter, one teaspoon cornstarch, one pint milk. Put milk en to scald; add rest and cook until thick. Put layer of cream in crust, then a layer of bananas, then cream,

and frost with whites of two eggs. Fruit Cake .- One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, four eggs, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one tenspoonful of cloves

and nutmeg; bake slowly one hour. Sour Milk Cake .- One-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one egg. a little salt, three cups flour, one teaspoonful of sods, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants and citron, onehalf teaspoonful of cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon. One or two more eggs can be used.

Pumpkin Piclots .- Mix one-half cupful of sugar, one egg beaten, two tablespoonfuls of mashed stewed pumpkin and one-half cupful of fresh rich milk. Season highly with powdered cinnamon and grated nutmeg Add a pinch of salt and a small portion of pulverized ginger. Line individual heart-shaped ple pans with light, flaky puff paste. Fill these shells with the pumphin mixture and bake in a steady oven. When done, cover with meringue, return to the