

MY HOME.

BY ALBEN CLEVELAND RICHIE. You think my home is up the street...

house again, to get away from the hot shine of the sun-ball. Little Skidoo was now really and truly homelick...



Jollyng the Parents. "Why did you chuck that baby under the chin?" asked the man.

The Auto Woman's Face. Motoring roughens the skin, and the woman who motors, yet wishes to preserve her complexion...

Housemaid Peeres. A romance of the peerae has just been closed by the death of Lady Robert Montagu.

Good Breeding. Good breeding will tide over many an awkward spot in life, and good breeding is not uncommon.

Jellied Apples.—Peel and core firm, tart apples. Put them over the fire in just enough water to cover them.

The "Oblong Woman." The decision has been arrived at among certain makers of high-class ready-to-wear suits and dresses.

Member of the Dames. Mrs. William Howard Taft, wife of the President, has been elected a member of the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames of America.

Women as Fighting Voters. "Women are better prepared to vote to-day than any class of people who have the ballot were at the time they received the franchise."

Chinese Women Want Suffrage. Women of China are said to be keenly anxious to have a voice in public affairs, and a movement is afoot among the daughters of the Orient to establish themselves on a level with men as far as social and political affairs are concerned.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

For a Cracked Stove. Take an equal part of wood ashes and common salt; mix them to a proper consistency with water; with this fill the cracks.—Boston Post.

To Color Canned Cherries. If when the fruit is turned out of the can it has a dingy, faded look, add a small quantity of cranberry juice just before serving.

A Refrigerator Suggestion. To prevent the ice pan from getting rusty and leaking wash the pan clean, and dry thoroughly; melt enough paraffine to cover the bottom of the pan about one-half an inch.

A Simple Device. Some time when you are in need of a little hot water and the fire is low, take two wooden chairs, stand them back to back about two feet apart.

The Kitchen Linen. A convenient place to hold the dish towels, roller towels and kitchen tablecloths and napkins has been hit upon by a young housekeeper who has to utilize every inch of space in her small apartment.

Science of Washing Dishes. One of the unnecessary things in housekeeping is the continuous washing and wiping of dishes, says a woman in the Housekeeper.

Stuffed Prunes.—Wash the prunes thoroughly, steam until tender, pit and fill each one with cream cheese, plain fondant, fondant and nuts or chopped preserved ginger.

Beef For Essence.—One-half pound round steak, broil two or three minutes, turning every ten seconds; cut up in small pieces and squeeze through squeezer to obtain juice.

Cranberry Jelly.—One quart of cranberries, two cups of cold water; let it boil ten minutes; add two cups of sugar; let boil ten minutes; strain. It will soon harden.

Lightning Cake.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half of soda or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; melt one-fourth of a cup of butter; then into this break two eggs and fill cup with sweet milk that has the chill taken off, then turn onto the dry ingredients and beat briskly five minutes; flavor with lemon; bake in a moderate oven.

Chicken Stew.—Cut in pieces a good sized chicken. In a deep saucepan have ready two tablespoonfuls olive oil. Add the chicken and onion chopped fine, and a clove of garlic; season with salt and pepper and add a sprinkling of flour to assist in the browning.

Legacy Cost of a Drink. The will of Mrs. Marianna A. Ogden, who died at Lenox, Mass., and which disposed of nearly \$600,000 in cash, besides a large quantity of real estate, was filed recently in the Surrogate's office in New York City.

A Depraved Business. Temperance experts declare that every effort to regulate the traffic by license laws has been a failure; that while the law forbids any one to engage in the traffic who is not of good moral character, that is not in fact inherent in the traffic, which inevitably subverts moral character, and as a result the business drifts into the hands of men who are morally depraved.

From the army of moderate drinkers of 1908 will be recruited the drunkards of 1909.

BITTER WAR ON INTERFERENCE

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY CHEERED. Jim Jenkins was born with a pinhead mentality.

Arguments That Get Home. Poor old John Barleycorn; what hard, hard days these are for him! What hard, hard knocks he is getting! Such effective blows as are being planted on him now we do not remember to have seen handed to him before.

Race Separation in Saloons. "We have a new liquor law down in Louisiana, that has perhaps no duplicate in any State," said George M. Chester, a cotton planter of Baton Rouge.

New Movement in Canada. A new movement among young men connected with various Christian churches, against the liquor evil, is taking shape in Toronto. It is in the form of organizations known as Anti-Bar-Room Leagues.

Household Recipes. FRILLS FASHION. Tight bunches of pale pink moss roses are used on a pink straw hat. When two immense roses appear on the same hat they are unusually flat in shape.

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The World-at-the-End-of-the-Road

By CHARLOTTE BROOKS FLACK.

In the cool, quiet woods of lovely Long Island lived little Squirrel Gray. Everything a squirrel could have to make happiness he had, but since a certain day discontented was little Squirrel Gray.

Early that morning he had whisked from tree to tree, until suddenly he had discovered the road, at the end of which, as far away as his little black eyes could see, was a wondrously beautiful, rosy radiance in the eastern sky.

Back home he flew, rursying to tell mother about it, and to ask her what was in the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road.

"Danger," mother had told him. "But how do you know?" asked Squirrel Gray. "The crows say so, and they know; for to and fro, from here they go, to the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road," his mother had said with a wise nod of her old gray head.

The beginning and end of each day afterward found him at the road, and all the way home he was longing—longing—longing.

Every day he teased his mother to let him go see the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road. But always she shook her head, until finally she realized he never would be contented again.

It wasn't long before back they came with a cage and a supply of mixed nuts. Baiting the cage with some of these nuts they somehow

which sounded just like "Skidoo! Skidoo! Skidoo!" From that time as long as Squirrel Gray lived with them the Bungalow family called him Skidoo. "What shall we do with this little Skidoo?" was now the question that each in turn asked the Man.

They were all so eager to keep the little stranger that the Man promised to get them a cage from town.

So after breakfast Big Brother and Boy climbed aboard the launch, and with their father away they sailed down the Bay, their little boat singing "Katy-did, Katy-didn't," all the way.

The big water was no longer still, for big, frolicsome Southwest Wind had awakened every sleeping Wave. So, with little white nightcaps still on their heads, they had all gayly tumbled out of their beds, and, merrily laughing all drowsiness away, they were now chasing each other in wild, boisterous play.

But the little brave launch and its passengers gay sailed on right over them without dismay; for you see they knew them and every day had seen these same Waves act in just this same way.

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It was nearly night when he arrived at the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road. There he found houses and cars, barking dogs and mewling cats, crying babies and people, big and little, talking and laughing. Oh! what a noisy place the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road was!

He soon found out what Danger meant. From tree to tree, along the fences, over roofs, scurried Squirrel Gray, until darkness found him on a grape arbor. There he tremblingly hid himself under the big leaves, and there he slept all that night, dreaming of home and mother.

The next morning at first he thought he was home, until he opened his sleepy eyes. Then all the scared feeling came back again, and he hardly dared to move. But Danger was still asleep, and, as all was quiet he ventured to peep out. Through the trees he caught a glimpse of something that made his little heart throb with gladness, and Danger was forgotten.

There again was the alluring pink sky! Down from the arbor he sprang. From tree to tree he traveled with long flying leaps, until he came to the last tree. Not another was in sight, but on he sped down a rough, rutty road, which led him to a long stretch of pebbly beach. Yet on he went, until he found himself at the edge of water, the longest and widest water he had ever seen. In his woodland home had been only a little pond or two that reflected the green, leafy branches above and the pretty ferns around, but this big water was not green just then, it was pink like the sky.

As Squirrel Gray watched this in wonder the rosiness from sky and water faded and finally was gone. Then suddenly appeared a splendid shining ball of gold in the sky, and across the sleepy, satiny water was a great, glorious golden pathway, extending from the shore at his feet, straight across to that woodland beyond.

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With a glad little leap he started to cross that gold path—but dear, dear—there, too, was Danger, thought Squirrel Gray, as he swiftly sprang back again and stood shivering on the shore. The warm sunshine soon dried his fur coat, however, and pretty soon the sun grew brighter and brighter, sparkling the water with little sparkling diamonds and making his eyes wink and blink. Warmer and warmer it grew, and he began to look around for the shelter of a shady tree.

But all that could be seen was a little square house painted green, planted right there on the shore, and under the house an open door.

No cats, no dogs, no people, were around, so he ventured; then without a sound, into that cool darkness he went with a bound, landing in a basket upon the ground. Then, curling himself up in a round gray ball he went to sleep there, with no fear at all.

Now the Boy in that little bungalow early that morning arose to go to dig for clams, while the tide was low; so down cellar he went to get the hoe, and what he found there of course you know. When Boy spied the little fur ball, quick as a flash over basket and all he let a big box softly fall. Then into the house he swiftly sped, to wake Big Brother, who was still in bed. When they softly peeped under the box there was no longer a quiet gray ball. Instead was a scared, squealing squirrel all ready to bite and for his precious life to fight.

Quickly they dropped the box, and while the two boys were wondering what to do next, down came the cooling, gooling, Bungalow Baby in the arms of the smiling Bungalow Lady, followed by Little Sister and the Bungalow Man. These such a chattering began! Squirrel Gray was more frightened than ever. Pretty soon Little Sister tried to poke a cracker under the box and into the basket. Again that piteous, shrill squealing,

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of democracy to-day is equal opportunity for all, men and women alike.

The girl who makes us think she has been pining to see us. She may have been, but her assumption is pleasing to our self esteem.

The girl who can calm us down. When the flame of ire is stirred it is easier to find those who will throw on fuel than be an extinguisher.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in your Scrap-Book. Jellied Apples.—Peel and core firm, tart apples. Put them over the fire in just enough water to cover them.

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