IN THE FOREST.

Cover me over, forest wild, Wind me about with windy boughs, Make me, O Mother, your broken child Who strayed from the beautiful house-

Who strayed from the path with pine-needles brown. From pool and clearing, wild rose and brier, And in the stone-kiln of the terrible Town Was burnt in the Human Fire!

Take me! my torn heart fitfully beats Even at your touch, with its ancient pity-Hush in the Brain the crowded streets, The million eyes of the city!

But dream not now, O Mother of me. Your child will bide in your strange wild beauty-No, he has tasted Eternity. Whose awful tide is Duty!

He knows the Sorrow of Man; he knows His is the World where the Man-tides drifs -But oh. to-night, with wind and wild rose. Mother, he is uplift!

But oh, to-night, with the brown wild dusk, Bluebird and chipmunk, dusk dimmed, night starred, Let his shattered hands your glories pluck, Mother, till he sees God! —James Oppenheim, in Current Literature.

A Perilous Chase. BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

"The closest call I ever had, I their horses, undecided; and then, as b'lieve," said my old friend, Buck I was passing, they jerked their bows Rayner, who had trapped for fifty- to the front and let off a flight of nine years, and who at seventy-eight arrows. One of the feathered sticks would have scorned the title of "old," grazed my elbow and chipped my wasn't in chasing game or hunting saddle pommel, and another tore my shirt and made a nasty scratch across Indians, but in chasing a steamer, though Indians enough were mixed one shoulderblade, "That was pretty good shooting at in.

"I was wintering out those days a hundred yards and with my horse with Bonhomme, who had a trading going like the wind. I turned in my saddle and let a bullet go among station on the Yellowstone, and another, in charge of Pierre Le Beau, them which knocked over a horse. across on the Missouri. Bonhomme but do no other damage. "Their prompt attack at such owned a little steamer, La Belle Julie, which we called The Belle. One range and in the face of my rifle was spring, just after she'd pulled out of a surprise. It was evident now that

the Yellowstone landing, bound for they wanted my horse alive. They St. Louis, a big string of Blackfeet, had aimed all their arrows at me. In who'd got disgruntled with the Bay a twinkling it came to me that for once a bunch of Indians was in the traders, came down from 'cross the right and I was in the wrong, though unintentionally. "These fellows had a heap of robes

and pelts to trade, and Bonhomme wanted his steamer brought back. where she was to stop a day for more lading and to wood up.

knew I had some pretty hard an hour, riding my best cayuse and your trail, but to be chased as a the curve. leading one of Bonhomme's. Across country was only about one-third the way around by the river; but the steamer would make ten miles an hour day and night, and she had a half-day the start.

"I would have made it all right but for a streak of fearfully hot weather. As it was, I melted down my own horse and got to the Missouri, which I struck about two miles below Le Beau's, with Bonhomme's best about pegged out.

"And as I reached the bluffs, there was that little steamboat coming down river full tilt, on her way to St. Louis again! I larruped my horse down to the river bank and swung my coat over my head as the boat went by. Nobody paid the least atand I felt disappointed tention, shough. 1 was to have had a hundred dollars if I brought The Belle back.

"Well, I started to ride up to Le Beau's, crossed a creek in a timber

"When I scrambled to my feet and got the dust out of my eyes, there lay my rifle with its hammer knocked off and a cracked stock. I picked up the useless gun and ran down the ditch at top speed. I knew the river could not be a great way off, and if I could stand off the Indians till could get into the current I determined to swim for it.

"There was no use in trying to find a hiding-place. I had not run more than a hundred yards when a heard the yelps of the reds overhead, and knew they had sighted me. They were keeping even pace along the heights of the washout. "Three times I saw the dust fly

where their arrows struck the near slope on my right. But for fear of my rifle, which of course they didn't know was useless, they would have swarmed into the ditch both above and below. "When I was nearly out of breath

came upon the mouth of the washout, with the muddy current of the Missouri stretching across fifty feet below. In the same breath I saw a hard, narrow trail upon my left, an antelope trall, where the animals had come around the steep face of a big bank and down to water. "There was a sharp turn of this

path close at hand. Glancing up, 1 saw that I was out of sight of the reds for the instant. Snatching off my hat, I sent it sailing into the current, then dashed around the curve

of that path. "If I could fool the Indians long enough to round a bend under that high bank, I thought I might slip into the current and get quite a way across before they sighted me. That would lessen the danger from arrows. and once across the river among some cottonwoods over there, I believed they wouldn't swim directly across in the face of my rifle.

It didn't look as if there was a place very near where they could get their horses into the river. So I took hope again for a minute.

"But the hope was of short duration. When I had passed the first turn of the path I found the bank of the bluff curving in the wrong direction. I ran on for a hundred yards, and the path came to an end. A big slice of stony bluff had caved off and

"My pony which old Many Bulls taken the trail with it. had brought forth from the willow "I hugged the bank and listened He picked me to go after her, with patch was one he had stolen or taken for a moment. Soon I heard Indians two smart horses. He expected me up as a stray, and really belonged to on the bluff over my head, then oth-to head The Belle off at Le Beau's, one of these wild fellows. That had era in the mouth of the method. been the secret of my quick and too They had me trapped on that broken path! If I should slip into the cur-



Founds a Scholarship.

Mrs. Margaret E. Langdale, of forfeit. From its opening sentences, Cambridge, Mass., has given the Phillips Exeter Academy \$50,000 to found a scholarship to be known as the Charles E. Langdale scholarship. Mrs. Langdale's husband, the late Professor Charles E. Langdale, was for many years the dean of the law faculty of Harvard, and this scholarship is to commemorate his work .--New York Sun.

of the sin far too plainly extends to the sinner. And her indictment of the "States" is so specific that it is Collection of Dolls. impossible not to take Daphne as, to The Countess de Blonay is said to her mind, a representative American. have the best collection of dolls in Consequently, her success in making the world. Her collection has just Daphne a hateful person, ill-bred, prebeen on exhibition in Brussels for the tentious, egotistical, peevish, strikes benefit of the Calvary Guild. The one as a little malicious-though, no oldest dolls came from the ruins of doubt, unconsciously so. The whole

Nineveh and were presented to the thing might have been done on a great-grandmother by countess" higher plane, less crudely-should Queen Marie Antoinette. The most striking dolls in the collection are guished commentator on human afsaid to be the Fingo dolls from South fairs .- H. W. Boynton, in Putnam's, Africa .- New York Sun. **Opportunities** of Clubs,

In Giving a Shower,

laughter .- New York Herald.

Our Cut-out Recipe

The Fan-Parasol.

Many girls come home from college The natural embarrassment which with a violent attack of the woman's a shy girl is ant to experience in find. lub fever. We believe in using the ing herself the object of an unexpectclub as a means to an end, not as ed shower was obviated at a recent an end in itself, says Ruth Cranston function of this kind in a simple and in the Delineator. Organization is

amusing way. essential to efficient co-operation, and The gifts were all needfuls for the this is the justification of the woman's They were brought in club. Every one knows what a power kitchen. packed in a large hamper, and as for reform and civic integrity some each was taken out, the bride and un- of the women's clubs of America have married girls of the party had to ex- proved to be. If none exists in her plain the uses of the instrument or own home city, she may even be amappliance in question. bitious enough to organize one. How-

Some of the guesses were divertever this may be, the secret of sucing in the extreme, explanation of the cess as a clubwoman lies in not oversimplest dippers and lifters often goconcentrating, in using the club as an ing wide of the mark. The group instrument for reform, not as an exof matrons and a few trained huscuse for neglect of home duties. bands present were kept in shricks of Lecturing to women's clubs offers

possibilities to the college woman of ability, who has something of interest tc say and knows how to say it. This The folding umbrella, walking is, moreover, a very satisfactory and

instance, at least, fairly incurs the

one smells the tract. American di-

it, with her two selected instances.

But it is disconcerting that she should

have handled her material with such

vehemence, such violence. Her hatred

stick and sunshade, combination powerful way of influencing prompieces of furniture, and transformainent women to undertake various tion gowns, are all old stories, but the civic and Federal improvements fan-parasol-or parasol-fan, as you which would otherwise never come to will-is the latest novelty designed their notice.

Indeed, the life of the modern colfor killing two birds with one stroke.

Indian Chutnee .- Half pound moist sugar, quarter pound salt, two ounces garlic, two ounces shallots, quarter pound dry ginger, two ounces red pepper, quarter pound mustard seed, six ounces stoned raisins, one bottle of good vinegar. fifteen sour green apples, six ounces of tomatoes. Chop the garlic, raisins, shallots and tomatoes. Wash the mustard seed in half the vinegar and let dry. Then add all to the = apples and sugar and boil slowly for an hour and a half, then add the other half of the vinegar and let cool. Bottle Past or place in glass jars and seal.

It is the invention of a French wom-plege girl is determined far more by an, and the importers are preparing herself than by her environment, and to spring it as a surprise for next her work should be decided after careful consideration of present and season. Open, the sunshade looks like the future situations; but even if the deordinary article of its kind, inclining cision results in failure there is no a bit to the Japanese. Closed, it reason for discouragement if one's still appears as a sunshade, if de- effort has been fruitful. College sired. But, press a tiny spring, and teaches courage and self-reliance; lo! the rod has shortened to half its life teaches infinite patience and hope original length, the handle has for the future, and leads the disheartdoubled up, and the covering has ened out of the depths of discouragewrinkled itself on the ribs in even. ment with the cheering words, "Begin regular undulations, and there you again!"

is downward.

lar than now.

are with a pretty round fan that is just as serviceable to create an arti-



FRILLS

Never were linen suits more popu-

The silk skirts are very tight fitting

1smior

History in Tabloid.

By ELBERT HUBBARD. During the Revolutionary War

Roger Morris, of Putnam County, New York, made the mistake of siding with the Tories. A mob collected, and Morris and

his family escaped, taking ship to England.

Before leaving Morris declared his intention of coming back as soon as "the insurrection was quelled."

vorce! what more fruitful theme for The British troops, we are reliably the British (or American) moralist? informed, failed to quell the insur-It may be cheerfully admitted that rection; and Roger Morris never Mrs. Ward has made a ... ad picture of came back Roger Morris is known to history

as the man who married Mary Philipse. And this lady lives in history because she had the felicity of having been proposed to by George Washington. It is George himself. who tells of this in his journal, and George, you remember, could not tell a lie

George was twenty-five. He was on his way to Boston, and was entertained at the Philipse house, the Plaza not having then been built.

Mary was twenty, pink and lis-She played the harpischord, some. Immediately after supper, George, finding himself alone in the parlor with the girl, proposed.

He was an opportunist.

The lady pleaded for time, which the Father of his Country declined to give. He was a soldier, and demanded immediate surrender. A small quarrel followed, and George saddled his horse and rode on his way to fame and fortune.

Mary thought he would come back, but George never proposed to the same lady twice. Yet he thought kindly of Mary, and excused her conduct by recording: "I think ye ladye was not in ye moode

It was Washington who formally confiscated the property and turned it over to the State of New York as contraband of war.

The Morris estate of about fifty thousand acres was parcelled out and sold by the State of New York to settlers.

It seems, however, that Roger Morris had only a life interest in the estate, and this was a legal point so fine that it was entirely overlooked in the joy of confiscation. Washington was a great soldier, but

an indifferent lawyer. John Jacob Astor accidentally es-

certained the facts. He was convinced that the heirs could not be robbed of their rights through the acts of a leaseholder, which, legally, was the status of Roger Morris.

Astor was a good real estate lawyer himself, but he referred the point to the best counsel he could find. They agreed with him. He next hunted up the heirs, and bought their quitclaims for \$100,000.

He then notified the parties who had purchased the land, and they, in turn, made claim upon the State for protection.

After much legal parleying, the to linger there? case was tried according to stipulation, with the State of New York directly as defendant and Astor and the occupants as plaintiffs. Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren appeared for the State, and an array of lesser legal lights for Astor.

The case was narrowed down to the plain and simple point that Roger Morris was not the legal owner of the estate, and that the rightful heirs could not be made to suffer from the "treason, contumacy and contraven-

tion" of another. Astor won, and as a compromise the State issued him twenty-year bonds, bearing six per cent, interest, for the neat sum of \$500,000-not that Astor needed the money, but finance was to him a game .- New York American. The general trend of the hat brim

ousehold Matters

To Remove Dirt.

To remove dirt from brown boots fissolve a little saddle soap in warm, soft water. Put the boots in this and with a piece of sponge wash the boots thoroughly without making the leather very wet. Wash off the soapy water and dry in the air. Then polish the boots in the usual way .- Detroit News-Tribune.

Quaint Little Clock.

An odd little clock is in the form of a crystal ball suspended by a leather strap to the top of a stirrup iron.

The iron, which is really of silver or gunmetal, stands on the desk of dresser on the metal base on which the foot rests when one rides, and the clock swings from its tiny leather strap

This would make an ideal gift for the girl who rides and drives and loves horses .- New York Times.

Washable Rugs.

The washable rug is being manufactured by fingers proficient in the use of the crochet hook. Any of the materials, old or new, cotton, silk or wool, which are suitable for rag carpeting, may be used for the crocheted rug. For a thin rug adapted to bath or bedroom, variegated cretonnes combined with plain colors are pretty and durable; figured flannelet makes thicker and softer rugs. Strips for these rugs are torn about half an inch wide and are sewed together .----New Haven Register,

Rack For Lids.

The tidy housekeeper finds the many lids of pots, pans and kettles needed in the kitchen a problem to arrange with any degree of order and neatness.

They cannot be hung up, many of them, owing to the shape, will not He in a pile and they are woefully unhandy in the dresser drawers.

A bright woman to whom the lids were as the hosts of the evening has now solved thequestion in a way both easy and inexpensive.

She got a length of strong wire, stretched it across the pots and pans shelf by means of a couple of nails, and on this the lids accompanying all the cooking utensils are neatly arranged. The wire supports them perfectly, and the even row of shiny tin things is by no means unornamental in addition to its handinger .--New York Times.

Shelf Covers.

Have you ever peeped into the kitchen of some German hausfrau and been enraptured by its immaculate cleanliness, not to say the various attractions that make you want

The German matron never hides her own exclusive workshop; she does not screen off its very door as if she were ashamed to own such a room. It is to her the most important in her home, as is evidenced by the scoured pots and kettles and by all her little efforts at beautifying.

Her closet shelves are covered, not with manila or lace paper, nor with painted oilcloth, but with homespur linen resembling our coarse crash, This is fastened by a few buttonholes slipped over some small china knobs

at the back of the shell The cover hangs down, lambrequin like, over the front edge of the shelf. and it is on this fall of linen that the German pots, pans and kettles are reproduced in cross-stitch in a nice Delft blue to match some of the platters and soup plates that stand in rows on the shelves. The patterns appear only at intervals, and the linen is finished by a row of coarse buttonholing along its straight edge. The Danish do these nice household bits, and the goose and gander are popular designs for outlined work on many of their hangings. -- Boston Post.

Modern World in Too Much of a Hurry. The Wise and Weighty Words of Professor A. LAWRINCE

10WELL, the New President of Harvard University in His Recently Published Work on the Government of England.

"The modern world is in a hurry. Not only dots it measure the wisdom of a course of action by the results, but it wants to see those results. It demands of men and of policies rapid success. Conversely it is not content, when something is wrong, to see whether matters will not right themselves in the natural course of events, or even to wait until the subject has been thoroughly studied. It seeks an immediate remedy and often grasps at the first plausible Nor does it look far ahead for the suggestion.

"It was nasty enough business any rent they could shoot their arrows work cut out for me, and I was off in time to have a swarm of hostiles on down at me from all along the top of

future trouble, because it is busy; its hands are filled by the work of the day. In short, the world is prone to deal only with things that are pressing and obvious, and there-

easy 'swap.'

belt, and ran plump into a camp of friendly Rees. Instanter I made up my mind to get a fresh horse and make a dash after The Belle. "I knew the river was crooked be-

low, and there was a chance for a I determined they should take me aboard, even if I had to swim out in her front.

made my wants known in a jiffy. run and that they could outwind me. The chief scowled in thought for a minute or two; then he sent one of chase, just crowding me on to nine of his boys into a willow thicket not far ten miles an hour. I reloaded my Off. The boy was gone two or three rifle, cut away my blanket, and let black-and-white callec that looked right to me.

'Him I trade,' said old Many Bulls. 'You give knife, I swap,' again and again. pointing to a horn-handled bowle in my sheath.

"To get the leathers off my lathered mount and onto that sleek calico sight. was the work of another minute, and I was off again. When I got up onto along at a rocking-chair gait and ten land. Behind me the Cheyennes miles an hour, I wanted to yell for

Three or four miles away on my right I could see The Belle crawling running, my callco had proved his and halted, nearly pitching me over Belle! wind, and I had settled down to a his head. That was his way of sayceas at the end.

"Then unlooked-for things happened. I was riding along the level turned my rifle on the nearest Cheyheights, heading draws and ravines, and with a low butte twenty miles ahead as the goal in my eye, when a dozen or so of blanket Indians popped out of a gully on my left and two or three hundred yards ahead.

They were wild fellows of the be feathered sort that lone trappers liked to steer clear of. The bunch was in position to cut me off on my line of travel. So I lifted from its holster a short-barreled, big-bore rifle, my only shooting-iron in those days, and swung the muzzle around toward them.

"The fellows paid no attention exwhen, in a flash, I came upon one of cept to go into a kind of commotion. those deep washouts which supply They jogged on toward me, jabbering and seemingly a little excited carries south.

about something among themselves. I halted them at a respectful distance and sign-talked 'what did they want?' The result was surprising or not, just

as a man was seasoned to the life. "Their head man came on a few paces toward me. Ther he opened with his wigwag, and told me that "The solution of the called." "My horse and I simply tumbled into the crewasse. The calico lost his into the crewasse. The calico lost his feet on the steep slope, and we rolled, slid and plowed, one on either slope of a sharp ridge, to the depths a hun-dred and fifty feet below. At least I reached the bottom of the washout. "For some seconds the bunch sat one of his Cheyennes had lost a pony, and that I was riding the animal at

fore to treat symptoms rather than causes

downright horse-thief was galling to "I concluded I might as well die where I was. So I hugged the bank the soul.

"And there wasn't any question closer and kept an eye out for Ingood horse to overhaul the boat, when about the intentions of these fellows. dians. I put a fresh percussion- car They meant to have their horse back on my gun tube and picked a small and my scalp as the rent on my use stone out of the bank for a hammer. of him. They got right after me, By that means I could take a shot "I hustled into the village, found though not at top speed. The rascals and possibly bring down an Indian its head man, old Many Bulls, and knew that my mount had had a stiff at close range.

"Two Cheyennes presently put in "So they settled down to a stern an appearance, following me along the fringes cut from the leather hangthe path. They dodged back out of sight when they saw my gun swing round. Presently I heard them minutes, and came back leading a that and my coat fall to the ground. shouting to their fellows on the bluff, "I looked for the smoke of the who, like themselves, couldn't see me steamer, but there was no sign of it without exposure to my bullet.

> to be seen, though I strained my eyes "I had two minutes of quiet suspense. Then down came a big "The chase was leading over a high | boulder, bumping past within five plain, and the river valley, some-where off at my left, had sunk out of that at least two pairs of eyes were

watching my position, and two have a deep flap that catches with a "After ap hour's run, the butte at tongues were giving directions. Three

which I was aiming seemed no nearer or four more big stones came over the high lands and felt the good, firm than at the start. I lost confidence the bank and one of them struck swing of the Ree pony, carrying me in my knoweldge of the lay of the within a foot of my head.

"There were acres of boulders and were coming on in a string, four or loose stones along the bluffs, and it five within a hundred and fifty yards, was necessary to get away from that

bombardment quickly. I was just the tail-enders a half-mile behind. "My pony was tiring. He had done, about to slide into the river when the along the arm of a long sweep to at least fifteen miles at a rattling most welcome sound I ever heard eastward. After a half-hour of hard gait. Suddenly he set his forefeet rang in my ear-the whistle of The

"This was followed, like a signal stern chase with the certainty of suc- ing he had done enough. His flanks to fire, by the crack of rifles, and 1 were heaving and his knees shook. flopped over on my face to see the I jumped off, got behind him, and steamer, a little way above, racing down toward me.

"Her men were behind her woodennes. "These halted to wait for their ranks, popping at the Cheyennes. crowd to come up. So I gave my Her captain, at the wheel, had seep mount a couple of minutes to get his the Indians on the bluffs, had put ur breath. I couldn't do more, for the his field-glass to see what they were Indians would have circled me in doing, and had discovered me.

five minutes. "Well, the Cheyennes were driver "When I got into the saddle again off, and I was taken aboard, about I knew that something in my favor as lucky and as tickled a fellow, reckon, as you ever saw. It's a fact must happen soon or my chance of that I hadn't thought of the boat saving my scalp was small. I ran the since tumbling into the washout pony another mile, and he was near the end of his endurance. I was look- though I should have figured that ing for some swale or dip into which she was due to be along there in a little while."---Youth's Companion. I could drop to make a last stand,

Saving Time.

the Missouri with most of the mud it Woman (at agency, to prospective cook) -- "Wouldn't you like to come "My horse was staggering, and the and see my house and look around Then you would get an idea of the nearest Cheyennes were within fifty ,

yards of me when, with a final lift, I pushed the blinded animal into that place. Cook-"Has your last cook gone. ma'am ?" big ditch. It was a reckless plunge, the desperate choice of a man fairly "Yes, she left me this morning. "And did she come from this agen

run to earth. CY 1 "Thin OI'll walt and talk to her." Chicago News. The coal bill of the United States

Navy during 1908 amounted to \$5,-

ficial breeze as it was a moment ago to protect one from the sun .- New York Evening Post.

Bags Match Costumes.

No matter how good looking a leather purse or handbag may be that is of smooth or pebbled leather. it is not as first class as the new suede bag fringed at the ends.

The smart thing is to have one of The princess costume is a feature these to match the costume. The bag of the season. has a ragged effect by reason of all Simplicity is the keynote in children's apparel. ing from it. It is not stiffened in any Jade bracelets with dainty silver way, and is carried by two long loops or gold deposits are among the novof the suede. elties in jewelry.

On some of the handsome ones there is a monogram of semi-precious to the knees; then a full sun pleating stones. The imitation turquoise is

is used as a finish. especially used for this work. The princess, both fitting and semi-In shape these bags are square. oblong, rounded at sides and bottom fitting, the directoire and the empire and cut off sharply at top. Some clasp in the regular purse way, and others

patent clamp over which is a large favor the collarless gown. uncut stone,

The prettiest ones that are seen are in the natural suode set with blue stones, and the peacut blue and green ones heavily fringed, with the moncgram in green and blue crystals .---Philadelphia Ledger.

Putting On a Veil.

"There is only one proper way to put on a vell, madame," said the forewoman of a Fifth avenue millinery needed. hat shop to a customers who had

just bought one of "our imported models" made in a large establishment on lower Broadway. vided, but which is so carefully hung

The forewoman, who was very magnificent and condescending in her evident. manner, then proceeded to take a

veil at \$1.50 a yard, cut off a yard are much worn in conjunction with and a half, wave it about to shake a toque of sorrel green velvet, this out the folds, get the exact centre combination being much color and place it under the lady's chin.

She then fastened the lower edges Cotto: Bedford cord is to be had in the back of the lady's neck with wide range of colors. It is similar the barrette out of her hair. Lifting to plque in appearance, but different the upper part of the veil, she placed enough to appeal to those who like it smoothly over the brim of the hat a change.

certainly the best way of fastening a heralded by the reverse position of vell, as there were no ends over the the pointed girdle which is beginning face and the vell lay smooth and taut to turn downward at the front rather from the brim to the tight band over than upward.

White edgings for waistcoats are course, to take out the barrette, but having a tremendous vogue this seavells which are put on in this way son and men are wearing them not last a great deal longer and look bet only with dark suits, but with light ter than when they are laid around ones as well. the brim of the hat first .- New York One of the late favorites with World.

Mrs. Ward on American Divorces. If Harper's is not to be particularly

around the throat. felicitated on its latest sorial it is not to be greatly commiserated, either, upon Mrs. Ward's apostasy so far as ways entailed its risks, and in this

In Defense of Critics.

It is the business of the dramatist and producer to provide plays that the public is willing to pay money to see. There is no difference of opinion as to that The business of the critic is to inform the public whether or not, in his judgment, it is worth while to pay good money to find out if it likes the play. The managerial and playwriting intelligence doesn't subscribe to this definition of the critic's function at all. It is convinced that the critic should write only favorable reviews, closing his mind to all the weaknesses and defects, bending his efforts to persuading the public to pay good money at the box office so

that it may judge for itself. Probably the only critic thoroughly satisfactory to theatrical interests would be one who could be persuaded to accept the views of the press department. There are such, I believe, certain newspapers being controlled by considerations of dramatic advertising and of exclusive theatrical news stories. But the Public That Pays feels this when it doesn't know it. and the reviews thus directed have but little weight .--- Hartley Davis, in Everybody's.

Song Bird and Critic.

Mary Garden, at a dinner in Philadelphia last month, took a musical critic very cleverly to task.

"You write long criticisms," she said, "and you employ long, technical words; but really, you know, you miss the whole spirit of the music.

"You're like the Darby widow," said Miss Garden. "Her lawyer said to her, consolingly:

'You'll get your third out of the estate, madam.

'Oh, Mr. Breaf!' the widow cried. How can you say such a thing, with my second hardly cold in his grave?

The fact is not generally known that Lord Roberts, who celebrated

his golden wedding the other day, is a great collector of curios. His charming house, Englemere, Ascot, is literally crammed with odds and ends picked up from time to time, nearly all of which have some interesting story attached to them.

One of the most curious of these is in irregularly shaped piece of dirty white rag which greatly puzzles all who behold it for the first time. It is the flag of truce which General fronte sent in to announce his ser is. der at Paardeburg -Tit-Bits.



Chocolate Caramels .--- One-half cup molasses, one cup sugar, two and onehalf cups milk, flavor with vanilla. Boil fifteen to twenty minutes. Pour in greased tins and cut in squares.

Fried Rice .--- Cook one cupful of rice in three cupfuls of milk and a little salt. When tender put into a deep dish. When cool cut in slices, dip in flour or egg and crumbs and fry.

Raisin Pie .- Coverone-third pound raisins with water and stew until soft. Make crust as usual. Cover bottom crust thick with flour, add raisins and sprinkle with flour. Add three tablespoonfuls of juice from stewing and one glass of sugar.

Cream of Asparagus Soup. - Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan. with three tablespoonfuls of flour; stir well and moisten with three pints of white (yeal) broth. Put in the equivalent of half a bunch of asparagus; add a boquet (paraley, celery, thyme and bay leaf), pepper and salt to taste. Boil thoroughly for thirty minutes. Strain and add a cupful of cream. Serve with cooked asparagus tops of croutons (bits of toast).

Lettuce Salad .--- Slice lettuce into a dish together with several onions; hard boll three eggs. fry until crisp three thin slices of bacon and add to salad; take yolks of one or two eggs and mash with one tablespoonful of sugar, teaspoonful of flour, one-haif teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoon-ful of salt, some pepper, dilute with water and one-half cup of vinewar. Stir this into bacon grease on slove end stir until it thickens; then nour over letture. Garnish dish with sliced egen. Must be served immedietyly.

are all holding their own. Necklaces of small cut jet beads will be worn much by those who

furnished with two pleats, which give

There is a new skirt made upon directoire lines which is partially di-

favored.

and fastened it at the pack. It was The deep pointed bodice is already

the neck. To lift the yell, one had, of

motorists in England is the knitted turban with long Shetland veil attached for tying over the ears and

The fashionable plume is very thick and curis over at the tipe, so "Marriage a la Mode" is concerned. What two or even three of the old Her babit of hoiding a brief has al- "n kind will be resulted to produce e of the present vintage.

Real pockets, long and flat, are concealed beneath the trimming on the sides on many of the tailor mades. The big hat hangs on in spite of all the attractive forms of headgear that have been designed to replace it, and still is predominant in dress effects.

Paris has a new skirt, known as the "reasonable" skirt. The back is

a certain fullness where it is most

that when walking the division is not

The new "pepper and salt" feathers

-Washington Star.

Lord Roberts a Collector.