THE EX-PUPIL.

How He Met Emily, and Took in the Picnic and Made a Speech.

By W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The man paused at the curb and ing it," she told him as he took the socked up at the building. He, had seat. "So many people wanted to sit crossed the street to get a closer view | there." of it. It was a square, three-story brick building, with some pretension architectural grace. The entrance was broad and approached by a de flight of stone steps. The trimmings were of stone and the bricks were newly painted.

The man stared up at the building end shook his head.

"Not a bit like the old building," he said with a regretful intonation. He was a man nearing sixty, gray

were but little impaired. and wandered about the neighbor-

"Everything is changed," he mut-"There is nothing I recog-

He turned away slowly with a lin gering glance at the building.

Those were good times," he mutbut yesterday. Memory plays us queer tricks."

He quickened his pace as he turned he reached the corner he paused and looked at his watch.

"Five hours to kill," he said to him-"How shall it be sacrificed? There are no old friends to meet. Who would remember me?"

He looked up. A street car was park. The man hesitated. Then he ran forward and boarded it.

The ride was a pleasant one. cool breeze circulated through the with a grateful sigh. car, and when the downtown section was passed the residences had an attractive look and there were pleasant glimpses of the open country.

Then the rippling blue of the lake mme in sight and the man took off hat and let the breeze stir his gray

When the park was reached he alighted from the car and stared about him. It was a pretty place, the aloping paths descending to the lake and pleasant groves crowning the higher ground. There were neat buildings scattered about one side of the enclosure, with a dancing pavillon and other features of the conventional summer resort; and at the other side were the shady picnic grounds.

There seemed to be a picnic there at the time, a lively party if the man could judge by the laughter that came to him in little gusts.

And suddenly his memory reached back to the school picnic at Elyria, and the one at Bedford, and the one at Rocky River. He hadn't been to a picnic since those old days. A queer longing came to him.

He turned his steps toward the disblew her fair hair about her white forehead.

The man stopped her.

"Is that a picnic jonder?" he

The girl looked at him wonder-

ingly. "Why, yes," she answered, "that's "I am a little rusty regarding pic-

nics," the man explained. "I haven't hear you sing." picnicked for nearly fifty years. Is it a school picnie?"

"It's a sort of school picnic," the girl replied. "It's the yearly outing of the Stonewall School Association." for a week." The man looked at the group beneath the trees with a new interest. "That's strange," he said. "I went down to look at the old building to-

day, but they had covered it up. "Did you ever go to Stonewall?" the girl asked. Yes," he answered. "But I know

nothing of any Stonewall Associa-

"It is open to everybody who ever went to Stonewall. I graduated from there four years ago.

The man put out his hand. The old greets the new, my dear, he gently said. "Let 1905 clasp hands with 1865."

The girl's bright eyes sparkled. "How lucky it is that you are here sir," she cried. "I am sure you will be the very oldest graduate present." He drew back a little.

"But I am not invited." "Oh, you don't need to be invited," eried the girl. "Every graduate of old Stonewall is welcome. They will all be glad to greet you for old Stone-

wall's sake. You must come, you must indeed." He smiled at her eagerness.

"I have no share to add to the feast," he said. "There is plenty," cried the girl.

There is sure to be a great deal left. You will come, won't you?" He gravely nodded. "I will come," he answered, "but

not just now. A little later. I want to go down and renew my splanning acquaintance with the lake.

"Our dinner will be ready in a half hour," said the girl. "And I am going to save a seat for you next to

"Thank you," said the man as he drew out his watch. "In just half an hour you will see my famished form his voice, "Is Richard Pelton here? approaching. He turned away and wandered

down the slope to the sandy beach and dabbled his hand in the curling tremulous. "Why do you not anwaters and stared across the blue ex-

And when he took out his watch egain it was time for the engage-

he neared the table he noted that most of the party were seated, and then he saw that his young friend was waving her hand to him. He d then he saw that his young friend said. And then his voice softened. can smell the breakfast cooking all to her and there was the vacant Her name was Emily Sturgis. Is Emily Sturgis here?" He listened for pose. The smell is all that gets the land ever so much trouble in saywent to her and there was the vacant

He gave her a courtly little bow. "I am not at all surprised," he said. You do me much honor. The bright eyes sparkled.

"I had to say it was reserved for a very distinguished guest. And when they asked me who it was I could only look mysterious. Are you a general. or a senator, or a governor? The man suddenly laughed.

"When I was a boy at old Stonewall nothing short of President would haired and portly. His figure was have satisfied me. But you may call straight and his eyes keen. It was me governor, if you like. Of course evident that he had cared well for there must be a bargain. I am going a great singer whom I met in Lonhimself, and that his energy and vigor to call you by the name of a girl I don a number of years ago. It was thought very nice in that old time. after a concert in which she had won His gaze turned from the building She was called Emily. I think you a wealth of applause. I knew she are a good deal like her."

It was a merry dinner. There was enough of everything and a most won- Stonewall. 'Here,' she cried, 'I send derful variety. The man, whose appetite was a fickle possession, found himself eating with the gusto and the 'II Bacio.' Then she told me that this relish of a boy.

And he liked the laughter, and the tered. "It was nearly fifty years ago, clatter, and the bright faces about and 'I still love it better than anyand set when I shut my eyes it seems him, and the sunlight among the thing else I sing, she cried. That's leaves, and the blue line of the lake.

And the girl beside him watched over his plate and saw that he was back to the busy highway and when well supplied and kept him smiling with her lively chatter. But, really, there was little time

for talk. There was so much plate job, and one day the lad laughingly passing and so many things that said to me, 'If I miss my footing you mustn't be missed, and there was must send and ask them at old Stonesuch a fleet of little side dishes to wall to drap Jack Sawyer's desk in consider, that anything like conver- black.' But nothing happened to the approaching. It bore the name of a sation was quite out of the question. boy, and the work was successfully

But presently the end of the feast was thankfully reached, and the man | message. In San Francisco I found leaned a little back from the table a Stonewall boy on the judicial

lended. I am the only veteran to an-He drew a deep breath swer 'Here,' " as he looked back to the chairman. "Could you blame ma," he asked, "If I said I was sorry I had aroused these memories? To-day I looked at the old school. It was not the same. I look over the gathering. The faces I knew are not here. Do you wonder that the sunlight darkens, that the blue of the lake fades, that the trees whisper mournfully?" He paused and looked down. The girl had caught his hand.

He bent toward her.

"My grandmother was Emily Stur-

gls," she murmured. The man looked down into the bright face and his own face suddenly softened

"The past is bridged again," he "Another Emily Sturgls is cried. here." He looked toward the chairman. "Am I talking too long?"

"Go on," a hundred voices answered.

The man laughed.
"I will," he said. "I have a message or two to deliver. One is from was an Ohio girl, and it was not long before we found we were both from the dear old school a little message,' famous 'Kiss Waltz' was the first song she sung in the old assembly room, message number one. The second one comes from Peru, where we were building a bridge across a deep ravine, and the young engineer in charge of the American workmen was a Stonewall boy. It was a hazardous completed. And that's my second

bench; in Portland a Stonewall boy

KEEP STILL.

EEP still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still—till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but, in my doubtfulness, I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur .- Dr. Burton.

"Quite satisfied, governor?" girl inquired.

interloper doesn't lessen my serenity." tant merrymakers. A young girl was And then the presiding officer of Stonewall, a message from the desert.

Approaching, a girl of seventeen, the association arose to call the gath- It came years ago when I was crosslight-footed and bright-faced. She ering to order and to announce a lit- ing the Nevada waste alone. My was swinging a pail and the wind the impromptu program. It began mare went lame and I was forced to sung when he

> wall. the girl.

"I'm sorry, too, governor," she whispered back. "I would like to my tired mare, lame as she was, and

He shook his head at her. "Great singers always dine spar-

"I'm afraid I won't be able to sing

half dozen voices warned her that with gentle words. I dropped with a she would have to stay after school for such an infraction of the rules of good order. The presiding officer called for re-

marks from various members of the fornia line, and when I was able to association, and these remarks were send word and ask about the prosall reminiscent and most of them of a pector nobody knew anything conhumorous character. And there was cerning him." He paused a moment, more singing, and somebody read a "I have often wondered what became half dozen playful verses and then the of him. His home was in this city chairman looked toward the man be- and he was a Stonewall boy. Can

"We have with us at this Stonewall banquet board," he said, "an unexpected guest. If I am credibly informed, he is one of the old boys of old Stonewall. As a Stonewall boy he must recognize the fact that he cannot remain a stranger here, for he is linked in that impalpable chain that grapples fast all Stonewall hearts. In the name of the old school I bid him speak."

The man slowly arose and looked about him. "I thank you sir," he said to the presiding officer. "I am grateful to you all for this fine privilege." He paused and looked about him again and this time his glance was deliberate and searching. "I am grateful and I am happy-grateful because the day is fine and the world is fair. and happy because contentment is happiness, and because this charmed air is charged with joy. Is it wise for me to disturb the serenity by turning back to those days of the long ago?" He hesitated a moment. "There were twelve of us boys in the class of '65. We touched elbows in our studies-we laughed and played and fought together. Where are those boys now?" He suddenly raised he cried. He walted-there was no

response. "Is Arnold Burnham here? swer? Is Edward Thompson here, or John Thruber, or William Grace, or Roger Brown, or Tom Stanton? No

the was mayor. I found these excellent products of the old school quite by "Yes, Emily-too satisfied, if that's accident, and I don't know how many possible. Even the fact that I'm an scores of them I may have missed. There was another message to old And then the presiding officer of Stonewall, a message from the desert. with a song in which almost every- lead her. As I plodded along I found body joined. It was an old song, but a lost prospector. He had missed his not as old as the songs the man had bearings and his water supply had given out and he was in the early stages of a fever. And almost the "I'm sorry I didn't bring my first thing I heard him babble was 'Golden Wreath,'" he whispered to the name of old Stonewall. He was back with the boys again schoolyard. Somehow I got him on together we stumbled along that frightful waste, the stranger laughing and crying over his schoolboy ingly before warbling," he whispered. tricks in the queerest way. Well, we got somewhere at last-some place where water trickled and human She laughed aloud at this and a voices broke the maddening silence fever myself just then and never knew what became of the prospector. After I came to myself I found my friends had taken me across the Calianyone here tell me what became of

Robert Lamson?" There was a sudden hush. Then a gray haired woman who was sitting nearly opposite the man suddenly leaned forward.

"Robert Lamson is alive and well." she said in a trembling voice. "He and father." Her voice suddenly choked. "Let me reach your hand, she cried. "I am Robert's mother!"

Then everybody cheered and of the tumult the man sat down. "I'm glad I came, Emily," he whis-

pered. There were tears in the girl's bright

"You're just a splendid governor!" she cried with a little catch in her voice.

Then the presiding officer rapped for attention. "It is quite evident," he said, "that this isn't a very big world, and I be-

gin to think there are Stonewall boys and girls in every part of it, helping it along and helping one another! And then they all cheered again. How It Came About.

An Alton man who testified that he took a little whisky every day on account of his heart finally got that or- antique shops.-Brooklyn Eagle. gan in such good condition that he shot and killed an unarmed citizen over there who also had a habit of taking a little something for his stomach's sake .- Jewell City (Kan.) Republican.

Roger Brown and Roger Brown an Husband-"Why don't you have



To Increase Salaries,

proposes to raise for the college. The

Quits Typewriting to Till Soil. Miss Myra Wolcott, a Chicago stenographer, has been one of the lucky drawers in the Government lottery for the 3000 homesteads in the Coeur d'Alene Indian reservation, Idaho. The young woman intends to settle on the land she has won, and already has abandoned the typewriter to go homesteads. They are Mrs. Abbie Ellenger, of Freeport; Miss Stella O. of Casey; Miss Essie Anawalt, of Galesburg, and Mrs. Mary M. Steagall, of Carbondale .- New York Sun.

Cleopatra's Code.

Some men are in love with themselves, and in that at least have no

According to what the man is, so must you humor him. Do not read books alone, but also

men-and chiefly yourself. Never show your own cards. Let the other player lead, then follow

Do not in trying to escape from the trite become paradoxical

Try to combine both love and re Let your personality triumph over

Sentence Suspended.

Ohio, was fined \$10 for stealing thirfound to care for her three children. sense. Only a short while ago several of the Should the eyes feel heavy they

The trouble now is the acquisition of The Bryn Mawr Alumnae Associa- the glide. For the glide of the tion has just paid in the first install- George Eliot heroine went out of fasment of the million dollars which it bion many years ago and since then women have minced, galloped, elfund is to be used to increase the sal- bowed, wiggled, hopped, skipped, aries of the professors. The first in- schottished and rolled like a sailor stallment, which is just \$100,000, is amidships. But they have not cultito endow the chair of mathematics, vated that slow, sinuous, insiduous, which has been held by Professor even stealthy step which was part of Agnes Charlotte Scott since the foun- the equipment of the heroine of bydation of the college. - New York gone fiction. Consequently it looks as though there might be tempestnous times ahead for the woman who wants to wear Tanagrenne tunies and limp trails and all the other floppy draperies recommended by the present modes .- Pittsburg Dispatch.

Keeping Eyes Bright, There is no sarer giveaway of age or indicator of ill-health than the eye. It has been called "the window and become a tiller of the soil. Four of the soul;" it might more truly be other Illinois women have drawn dubbed the doorplate of the body and its habits. Many a woman who has a soul above reproach has eyes that show her body to be all wrong,

If one is fatigued, is over fond of eating, is a night owl, or is overstrained, the eye will be dull, heavy and lifeless. Above all, the eye is the sign of physical upheavals.

When the eye is not bright and clear, especially if it looks puffy or has that "sick look." keep a sharp watch for your health. It may be only billiousness, but it may also be kidney trouble or internal disarrangement. Whatever the cause it is time to discover it.

Thir is a far wiser plan than to take anything to keep the eyes bright. There are women so foolish as to eat arsenic under the impression that it will brighten their eyes. It will also ruin their nerves, weaken the heart. and may eventually mean invalidism your occupation .- New York Herald. for life.

Even more foolish is it to put drops in the eyes to give them luster. Mrs. Sophie Pirek, of Cleveland, Why tamper with our most precious possession? Never use anything in ty-five cents' worth of scrap iron from the eye without consulting an ocua railroad track so soon as some mem- list. It is not safe to take risks with ber of the Chamber of Commerce or a delicate organ. If nothing else desome other person of means can be ters, the fear of glasses should teach

Onion Souffle .- Pour one cupful of hot milk over twothirds of a cupful of grated breadcrumbs. Let stand until soft, then add one cupful of chopped cold stewed onion, one cupful of milk, three beaten egg yolks, a saltspoonful of salt, a light sprinkling of pepper and one tablespoonful of butter. Mix well, then fold in the whipped whites of the eggs; turn into a buttered baking dish and bake forty-five minutes in a steady oven. Serve at once without redishing.

Our Cut-out Recipe leading business men of Cleveland | may often be freshened by bathing appeared before the Chamber of Com- with weak salt water, either hot or merce and demanded that less lenient cold. This can do no harm, and by treatment be accorded in the police relieving strained conditions will frecourts to women arrested for thefts quently improve the luster. of coal and iron from the railroad than six months old .- New York Sun.

Source of Profit For Women. Illuminating of documents is a new field of work for women in England. and it might recommend itself as a congenial and profitable employment for women in this country. Mrs. Hamer-Jackson, of London, is urging women to take up the work, which she says peculiarly belongs to them. Mrs. Hamer-Jackson is one of the best illuminators in England. She makes a large income and does all her work at home. She describes illuminating as an art. Her work is devoted almost exclusively to the decoration of public addresses, books and cards in the fine floral scrolls and designs, often spotted with gold and silver, in the style of the old Anglo-Saxon and Gothic manuscripts. Mrs. Hamer-Jackson says there is practically unlimited work to be done for private persons. It is her plan to organize a school for the instruction of young women in the work .- New York Press.

An Artistic Touch. The woman whose aim is to reveal a touch of the artist in her home just is a good citizen, a happy husband at present is interested in the oldfashioned candlestick. It is a revival as happy in its way as that of the return to favor of Sheffield or pewter ware. The candle held its own laughed and cried, and in the midst against the oil lamp, but lost its popularity when gas came in, and it was practically outlawed when electricity came into general use. Now, however, many women of society are using candles extensively. One society leader, in fact, has gone to the extreme of having electric fixtures removed from several rooms, relying entirely upon candles for lighting. These candles she displays in antique candlesticks of beaten brass. Tall Russian candlesticks now are seen on many library tables, and tall allver colonial sticks are on many dressing tables. New candlesticks are shown in pottery on wrought iron, but an- awhile. tiques are first in favor. The prices with fancy borders and serve for of old brass candlesticks have advanced greatly in the last few weeks, and few now are to be found in the

A Change in Walks.

The woman of the present is con fronted with the necessity of having a wardrobe of walks. One of these must be a stride; the other must be a glide. The former is reserved for he trotteuse gown; the latter is got out with the classical robes which are which has received so much comment, now worn on formal occasions.

The most women already have at of finest black tulle. their command the stride. That is part of the free, boisterous, sturdy able women is really a grayish rose type of girlhood which has for the color-having a subtle touch of the past years been our national ideal.

One woman says she has used a The police judge who im- little orange juice in her eyes for posed the provisional sentence on years without injuring them. A few Mrs. Pirek said that he would hold drops are inserted in the eye with a the case open for one month, and in dropper. After the first smart the the meantime the woman's sentence eyes are brighter and clearer. As is suspended that she may earn a liv- this might be injurious to other woming for herself and her three chil-en, though not harmful in itself, it dren, the youngest of whom is less should not be used without the advice of a physician. - Philadelphia Ledger.

-Dretty--Things -Orange is among the most popular

colors. Low shoes are ornamented with big uckles

Straight coat seams may trimmed, but never the lower edge. Washable chamois gloves are shown in both the natural color and

Tucks still hold favor, but buttons have outrun them in the race for first place. The directoire tie, made of crochet

lace, is a pretty finish to the dressy There is a remarkable prevalence of foulard in the handsomest daytime

Collariess gowns are more freely worn in daytime than for many seasons past. Kimono dresses for the little folks

are cool and simple enough to insure style and comfort.

Gray suede boots, with pearl butons, are attractively worn with gray walking suits.

White ties with dark gowns are seen in some costumes, but the idea is in poor style.

can be worn, may now be had with embroidered backs. There is a rage now for cream white suits, worn with hat and acces-

Net gloves, the coolest things that

sories of nut brown. The latest belts of heavy gold braid differ from their predecessors in that they are of dull rather than of bright metal.

Stoles and ecclesiastical designs have crept into the toilet quietly, but with evident intention to stay for Lace veils are edged on both sides

scarfs as well as for enveloping the hat and face. Pleats set in the side or quite around the skirt below the knee suggest the returning fulness of this part

of the costume.

A bit of hand embroidery is a dainty finish to the tight-fitting shirt waist sleeve, which is cut pointed over the wrist. The guimpe of fiesh-colored tulle,

has been superseded by a chemisette The gray now favored by fashion-

........................ THE UNDERWORLD IS AT YOUR DOOR.

**************** "The underworld," says Charles Somerville, in Everybody's, "has no separate topography. It moves constantly at the elbow of respectability. Its infamous aristocrats are ever in the haunts of fashion, and its lowbrowed, humble tollers in the crooked lanes are living cheek by jowl with the decent poor.

"This is what your all-seeing eyes. could surely show you of the underworld; and more startling still, perhaps, might be the discovery that its inhabitants are not altogether different from you and me. More wiiful In their weaknesses, certainly, they are; more hysterical in their hilarities; blinder in their loves and bitterer in their hatreds; supinely subject to all emotions, good or bad, undoubtedly I remember so well the first time I saw a burglar in flesh and blood. His black mask was off, his revolver was in the possession of the police; he had just been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and was saying good-by to his wife and three little children. He was wholly like any other grief-stricken human being. His sob was the same. He was a sandy-haired man with rather large, foolish blue eyes. was hard to imagine those same large, blue eyes looking very terrible, even behind a mask.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Summer love and winter matrimony are no more alike than cham-

pagne and cold tea. The average man marries a woman in order to escape toneliness-and then joins a club in order to escape the woman.

To most men the "drink problem" is merely a question of whether to order a beer or a highball. Nothing disturbs a man worse than

to find that he has stirred up a woman's temper-except to find that he can't. There are just two endings to a love affair-temporary despair if you are disappointed, and life-long regret

If you are not. Don't fancy that it is always impertinence that makes a man try to kiss you; it may be only curlosityor just to pass the time.

tlement of his domestic troubles; the civilized man takes his troubles to the club. The fly that seeks the sticky flypaper is a wise and intelligent being beside

the man who makes love simultane-

The savage brings a club to the set-

ously to two girl chums, A woman doesn't object to being kissed so much as she objects to a man thinking that she doesn't object. Real luck in love consists in being

able to get out of it gracefully. The less confidence a man has in his ruling powers the more he insists on an outward show of deference; the Turk isn't afraid to let his the outside of the umbrella cover, women wear the trousers and smoke cigarettes.

Nowadays no gentleman will stoop to tempt a woman-especially if he can induce her to tempt him and thereby shift the responsibility.

The hardest task a mother has is to teach her child to be patient with his father.

Now is the time of the year when the lucky bachelor congratulates self that nobody is coming home to discover that he spilt ink on the parlor carpet, broke the best coffee pot and left the windows open for the rain to ruin the curtains .- From "Reflections of a Bachelor Girl."

Destroyed Money.

It is estimated that over one-half million dollars in paper money is destroyed in the country in one year. Many complaints come to the Treasury Department concerning destroyed money from persons who are of the opinion that the country should stand their losses. One woman wrotea few days ago that she had dropped a twenty dollar bill in a meat chopper and that it had been ground to pieces. A large quantity of greenbacks is eaten up each year by rats, which find its hiding places. peculiar case is reported of a robin flying through a window and then flying out again with a one hundred dollar bill in its mouth. Enough of this greenback was found in the robin's nest to warrant its redemption. -Washington Star.

Down the Old Road. The fireflies twinkled in the tall grasses like myriads of tiny stars. "You John Lather Elderberry! giggled the pretty girl in the pink

sunbonnet, "I am surprised." "Surprised at what, Cynthia?" drawled the lanky youth a her side. "Why, a you, standing there and kissing a lone, defenseless girl that

WAY. "Oh, don't worry about that, Cynthia. Here is another way." the moon man came out from behind a cloud and grinned until it seemed his face would crack,-Boston Post,

A Gentle Aspersion.

Among the prisoners brought before a Chicago police magistrate one Monday morning was one, a beggar, whose face was by no means an unfamiliar one to the judge. "I am informed that you have

lic streets," said his honor sternly "and yet you carried in your pocket over \$10 in currency." "Yes, your honor," proudly re-turned the mendicant. "I may not be as industrious as some, but, sir, I

no spendthrift." - Harper's

again been found begging in the pub-

As It Ought to Be.

Weekly.

Things would be greatly simplified if the man who is ill would always enjoy eating enough, and if the man who is well could enjoy refraining the milk, pour it over, add the butfrom eating too much,

Every public school in Germany has a gymnasium and there are certain hours on certain days when physical let rise till light, form into biscuta culture of boys and girls of all classes and let rise one and a half hours; and ages is gone through. and ages is gone through.



Slumber Bags.

Slumber bags of heavy wool in plain colors are replacing the steamer rug for deck use by many travelers. The bag laces up to the neck and is provided with a hood. It is especialy good for the convalescent .- In-Hanapolis News.

How to Have Good Lamplight.

Don't use the wick up to the last nch; get a new one when the old oue is clogged or stiff. Rub the burned part off with a soft

:loth every day-don't cut it. Put fresh oil in the lamp every day, but don't fill it quite full. Leave an inch of space at the top.

Reep the outside of lamp clean and fry and you won't be troubled with ally odors.

Wash chimneys every day and the other parts once a week, using a little ammonia and soap to cut the grease. Polish chimneys with a soft news-

Before using a new chimney wrap in a cloth and place in a kettle of cold water. Bring to a boil. Boil for fifteen minutes. Let the water cool pefore removing the chimney. No ordinary heat will break a chimney, treated in this way .- Boston Post. _ .

Washing a Sweater.

It is no difficult matter to wash a sweater at home, and it usually comes out as well as if it had gone to the cleaner. Wash it in tepid soap suds, rinse it thoroughly and spread it on the grass if there is grass. If there is not a yard, hang it on a coat hanger which has been thoroughly padded with a towel, says the New York Evening Sun. The trouble in drying wool sweaters is the stretching of the sleeves from the additional weight of water and the stretching out of shape of different parts that are clipped to the line by clothes pins. One woman who washes her own sweater threads the sleeves through a clothes line and straightens, the garment on the line. If there is clean grass it is as well to dry it on the ground, straightening the garment perfectly while it is wet. But the sun tans a white sweater, and it should be dried on a cloudy day if this means is used.

About the House. When flavoring has been forgotten in a pudding or cake the fault may be remedied by rubbing the desired extract over the outside of the cake as soon as it is taken from the oven.

Put bits of soap into a tin cup with a little hot water and enough corn or catmeal to thicken, stirring all together till the soap melts. Let the mass harden in a cake and you have a nice bath soap. To patch umbrella covers get a supply of black court plaster from the

druggist, which is silk covered with an adherent. Moisten the adherent with water and fix over the hole on pressing firmly down. A very neat patch is thus made. To prevent rugs from curling at the corners bind them on the under-

springs in place, or with a two-inch strip of light weight oilcloth .- Boston Post.

side with a piece of narrow webbing

like that used to hold furniture

Doilies in White House. Mrs. Taft has taken up the fashion of using doilies for both the breakfast and luncheon table. It is a plan that has been gaining favor in Europe for several years, and originated with a French woman who was proud of her mahogany table and wished to give her guesis a peck at it. There is another good reason for the custom. The dolly takes away from formality. and also permits of more display of the varied taste of the hostess than the heavy and conventional tablecloth. Doilies are shown in a profusion of patterns and designs. may be worked by the hostess herself, and are graded in size to match plates and cups and saucers and glasses. Mr. Taft uses doilies on the round table in the White House dining room for breakfast and luncheon, unless there are guests who demand a show of formality. They also are found on many other tables in Washington and in this city, and their uses seems constantly to be becoming more general,



Lemon Sauce .- Three quarters cup cup sugar, one-quarter cup water, two teaspoons butter, one tablespoon temon juice. Make a syrup by boiling sugar and water eight minutes; remove from fire; add butter and lemon luice.

Baked Beets .- Beets retain their sugary, delicate flavor to perfection if they are baked instead of boiled, Turn them frequently while in oven, using a knife, as the fork allows the juice to run out. When done remove the skin and serve with butter, salt and pepper on the slices.

Candied Orange Peel.-Drop fresh peel into boiling water, and boil genly until it can be easily pierced with a straw. Make sufficient syrup to cover, in proportion of one pound sugar to one pint water; cut peel into carrow strips, drop into ayrup and boil gently until transparent, then once more rapidly sprinkle with grauclated sugar and dry a few hours in a slightly warm oven. If directions are followed this will be found very good.

Squash Biscuits .- One and one-half cups sifted squash, one-half cup sugar, one yeast cake, one cup milk, one-half teaspoon salt, four tablespoonfuls butter, five cups flour; scald ter, sugar and salt, and when lukewarm add the yeast cake dissolved in one-half scant cup of lukowarm water. Stir into the floar, knead well;