

# 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 looked up at the building. He had crossed the street to get a closer view of it. It was a square, three-story brick building, with some pretension to architectural grace. The entrance way was broad and approached by a wide flight of stone steps. The trimmings were of stone and the bricks were newly painted.

The man started up at the building and shook his head.

"Not a bit like the old building," he said with a regretful intonation.

He was a man nearing sixty, gray haired and portly. His figure was straight and his eyes keen. It was evident that he had cared well for himself, and that his energy and vigor were but little impaired.

His gaze turned from the building and wandered about the neighborhood.

"Everything is changed," he muttered. "There is nothing I recognize."

He turned away slowly with a lingering glance at the building.

"Those were good times," he muttered. "It was nearly fifty years ago, and yet when I shut my eyes it seems but yesterday. Memory plays us queer tricks."

He quickened his pace as he turned back to the busy highway and when he reached the corner he paused and looked at his watch.

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

He looked up. A street car was approaching. It bore the name of a park. The man hesitated. Then he ran forward and boarded it.

The ride was a pleasant one. A cool breeze circulated through the 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 came in sight and the man took off his hat and let the breeze stir his gray hair.

When the park was reached he alighted from the car and stared about him. It was a pretty place, the sloping 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 pavilion 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 distant merry-makers. A young girl was approaching, a girl of seventeen, light-footed and bright-faced. She was swinging a pail and the wind blew her fair hair about her white forehead.

The man stopped her.

"Is that a picnic wonder?" he asked.

The girl looked at him wonderingly.

"Why, yes," she answered, "that's the picnic ground."

"I am a little rusty regarding picnics," the man explained. "I haven't picnicked for nearly fifty years. Is it a school picnic?"

"It's a sort of school picnic," the girl replied. "It's the yearly outing of the Stonewall School Association."

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 today, 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 Association."

"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 days greet 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," cried the girl. "Every graduate of old Stonewall is welcome. They will all be glad to greet you for old Stonewall'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?"

"I gravely nodded.

"He will come," he answered, "but not just now. A little later. I want to go down and renew my acquaintances 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 mine."

"Thank you," said the man as he drew out his watch. "In just half an hour you will see my finished form approaching."

He turned away and wandered down the slope to the sandy beach and dabbed his hand in the curling waters and stared across the blue expanse.

And when he took out his watch again it was time for the engagement at the picnic board.

As 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 went to her and there was the vacant place beside her on the bench.

"I had ever so much trouble in sav-

ing it," she told him as he took the seat. "So many people wanted to sit there."

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 have satisfied me. But you may call me governor, if you like. Of course there must be a bargain. I am going to call you by the name of a girl I thought very nice in that old time. She was called Emily. I think you are a good deal like her."

It was a merry dinner. There was enough of everything and a most wonderful variety. The man, whose appetite was a fickle possession, found himself eating with the gusto and the relish of a boy.

And he liked the laughter, and the clatter, and the bright faces about him, and the sunlight among the leaves, and the blue line of the lake.

And the girl beside him watched over his plate and saw that he was well supplied and kept him smiling with her lively chatter.

But, really, there was little time for talk. There was so much plate passing and so many things that mustn't be missed, and there was such a fleet of little side dishes to consider, that anything like conversation was quite out of the question.

But presently the end of the feast was thankfully reached, and the man leaned a little back from the table with a grateful sigh.

ended. I am the only veteran to answer 'Here.' He drew a deep breath as he looked back to the chairman. "Could you blame me," 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 Sturgis," she murmured.

The man looked down into the bright face and his own face suddenly softened.

"The past is bridged again," he cried. "Another Emily Sturgis is 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 a great singer whom I met in London a number of years ago. It was after a concert in which she had won a wealth of applause. I knew she was an Ohio girl, and it was not long before we found we were both from Stonewall. 'Here,' she cried, 'I send the dear old school a little message, and she ripped through a verse of 'Hi Bacio.' Then she told me that this famous 'Kiss Waltz' was the first song she sung in the old assembly room, and I still love it better than anything else I sing," she cried. "That's 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 job, and one day the lad laughingly said to me, 'If I miss my footing you must send and ask them at old Stonewall to drop Jack Sawyer's desk in black.' But nothing happened to the boy, and the work was successfully completed. And that's my second message. In San Francisco I found a Stonewall boy on the judicial bench; in Portland a Stonewall boy



### To Increase Salaries.

The Bryn Mawr Alumnae Association has just paid in the first installment of the million dollars which it proposes to raise for the college. The fund is to be used to increase the salaries of the professors. The first installment, which is just \$100,000, is to endow the chair of mathematics, which has been held by Professor Agnes Charlotte Scott since the foundation of the college.—New York Sun.

### Quits Typewriting to Till Soil.

Mrs. 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 and become a tiller of the soil. Four other Illinois women have drawn homesteads. They are Mrs. Abbie Ellinger, of Freeport; Miss Stella O. Berkley, of Casey; Miss Essie Annawalt, 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 rival. According to what the man is, so must you humor him. Do not read books alone, but also read—and chiefly yourself. Never show your own cards. Let the other player lead, then follow suit. Do not in trying to escape from the truth become paradoxical. Try to combine both love and respect. Let your personality triumph over your occupation.—New York Herald.

### Sentence Suspended.

Mrs. Sophie Pirek, of Cleveland, Ohio, was fined \$10 for stealing thirty-five cents' worth of scrap iron from a railroad track so soon as some member of the Chamber of Commerce or some other person of means can be found to care for her three children. Only a short while ago several of the

### Onion Souffle.

Pour one cupful of hot milk over two-thirds 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.

### 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 at present is interested in the old-fashioned 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 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 thin candlesticks now are seen on many library tables, and tall silver colonial sticks are on many dressing tables. New candlesticks are shown in pottery on wrought iron, but antiques are first in favor. The prices of old brass candlesticks have advanced greatly in the last few weeks, and few now are to be found in the antique shops.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### A Change in Winks.

The woman of the present is confronted with the necessity of having a wardrobe of winks. One of these must be a stride; the other must be a glide. The former is reserved for the trotting gown; the latter is got out with the classical robes which are now worn on formal occasions. The most women already have at their command the stride. That is part of the free, boisterous, sturdy type of girlhood which has for the past years been our national ideal.

### 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 organ 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.

### A Good Alarm Clock.

Husband—"Why don't you ever Bridget shut the kitchen door? One can smell the breakfast cooking all over the house." Wife—"We leave it open on purpose. The smell is all that gets the family up."—Judge.

## 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 low-browed, humble toilers 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 wifely 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. It was hard to imagine those same large, blue eyes looking very terrible, even behind a mask."

### Keeping Eyes Bright.

There is no surer giveaway of age or indicator of ill-health than the eye. It has been called "the window of the soul"; it might more truly be dubbed the doorknob 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 biliousness, but it may also be kidney trouble or internal derangement. Whatever the cause it is time to discover it. This is a far wiser plan than to take anything to keep the eyes bright. There are women so foolish as to enliven under the impression that it will brighten their eyes. It will also ruin their nerves, weaken the heart, and may eventually mean invalidism for life. Even more foolish is it to put drops in the eyes to give them luster. Why tamper with our most precious possession? Never use anything in the eye without consulting an oculist. It is not safe to take risks with a delicate organ. If nothing else deters, the fear of glasses should teach sense. Should the eyes feel heavy they

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Summer love and winter matrimony are no more alike than champagne and cold tea. The average man marries a woman in order to escape loneliness—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 curiosity—or just to pass the time. The savage brings a club to the settlement 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 simultaneously 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 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 himself that nobody is coming home to discover that he split 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 wrote a 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. One peculiar case is reported of a robin flying through a window and then flying out again with 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." And the moon man came out from behind a cloud and grinned until it seemed his face would crack.—Boston Post.

### A Gentle Asperation.

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 again been found begging in the public streets," said his honor sternly, "and yet you carried in your pocket over \$10 in currency." "Yes, your honor," proudly returned the mendicant. "I may not be as industrious as some, but, sir, I am no spendthrift."—Harper's Weekly.

### As It Ought to Be.

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 from eating too much. Every public school in Germany has a gymnasium and there are certain hours on certain days when physical culture of boys and girls of all classes and ages is gone through.

## HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

### 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 especially good for the convalescent.—In Hanapolis News.

### How to Have Good Lamplight.

Don't use the wick up to the last inch; get a new one when the old one is clogged or stiff. Rub the burned part off with a soft cloth 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. Keep the outside of lamp clean and dry 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 newspaper. 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 before 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 oatmeal 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 the outside of the umbrella cover, pressing firmly down. A very neat patch is thus made. To prevent rings from curling at the corners kind them on the underside with a piece of narrow webbing like that used to hold furniture springs in place, or with a two-inch strip of light weight oilcloth.—Boston Post.

### Dollies in White House.

Mrs. Taft has taken up the fashion of using dollies 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 guests a peek 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. Dollies are shown in a profusion of patterns and designs. They may be worked by the hostess herself, and are graded in size to match plates and cups and saucers and glasses. Mr. Taft uses dollies 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 seem constantly to be becoming more general.—New York Press.

### Recipes

#### Lemon Sauce.

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

#### Baked Beets.

Beets retain their gurgly, 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 gently 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 narrow strips, drop into syrup and boil gently until transparent, then once more rapidly sprinkle with granulated 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 tablespoons flour, five cups flour; add the milk, pour it over, add the butter, sugar and salt, and when lukewarm add the yeast, and dissolved in one-half scant cup of lukewarm water. Stir into the flour, knead well; let rise till light, form into biscuits and let rise one and a half hours; take one-half hour in good hot oven.