

# GEORGE.

**He Ran the House For Pa Eastman While the Women Were Away.**

(W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

It was late in the afternoon when the door bell rang. Thomas Eastman regretfully put down his book and went to the door.

A tall young man confronted him. The young man smiled. He was a pleasant faced young man, who wore a somewhat dingy business suit and a soft hat.

"I am a stranger in the city, sir," he began.

Thomas Eastman smiled grimly.

"You are, or you wouldn't come to me."

The young man's smile broadened.

"I am not seeking pecuniary assistance," he said. "All I desire is a little advice."

Thomas Eastman stared at him.

"What's the game?" he asked. "I read the papers pretty carefully, but this seems to be a new one."

"I should be sorry if it became common," said the young man.

There was something winning about the young man's smile. The older man felt drawn to him.

"Come in," he said. "I'm a little hard pressed just now for schemes to kill time. Perhaps you can help me out."

"Nothing at the present moment could give me greater pleasure," said the young man.

"Sit down," said Thomas Eastman. "But don't palaver. I'm not the sort of man that a fine line of talk can influence."

"Then you wouldn't care for the story of my life?" said the stranger.

The older man looked at him keenly.

"The standard works of fiction are quite enough for me," he said in his abrupt way. "And now tell me what you want and don't twaddle."

The young man ran his hand through his thick hair.

"I cannot conceal a natural embarrassment," he began.

"Pooh, pooh," cried the older man. "Don't attempt to conceal the non-existent. Speak right out."

"Thank you for your kind encouragement," said the stranger. "I hesitated a moment. I know that he is occupying an unpleasant position. It prejudices you against me."

"It doesn't take a mind reader to find that out," grumbled the older man.

"You are a business man, sir, a man familiar with the ways of the world, with its weaknesses and its limitations."

"I admit it. Go ahead. I am a business man."

"But retired."

"Eh! Who told you that?"

"The postman."

"The old man growled.

"If the United States Government has begun to spread the news I suppose there is no use splitting words over it. I have retired from business. I'm sixty years old and fancy I've done my full share of work. I had a chance to sell out—and I sold. Now I mean to enjoy myself—in a quiet way, of course. Does this sufficiently supplement the postman's official information?"

The young man nodded.

"Yes, thank you," he said. "And being out of business myself—although not for the same reason—I had an impression that you might favor me with your sympathy."

The older man suddenly laughed.

"That's good," he cried. "The man who has battled with work all his life is appealed to by a man who avoids it. You have a keen sense of humor, my young friend."

The stranger bowed.

"I trust you didn't turn in your own sense of humor as a transferable asset, sir, when you sold out."

The older man smiled grimly.

"I still have it with me," he said. "Otherwise you wouldn't be sitting there. But come, you said you wanted my advice. Speak up."

The stranger's face suddenly brightened.

"I hoped you would tell me, sir," he said, "where I can stay all night. My funds are rather low and it isn't easy for a stranger to obtain employment at once."

He paused with his dark eyes on the older man's face.

"There was a brief silence.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Who is your favorite novelist?"

"Dickens."

"Which of his stories do you enjoy the most?"

"Nicholas Nickleby."

The older man stared at his visitor.

"You can stay here tonight," he muttered.

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I don't want to be a burden," he added.

"What can I do to make myself useful?"

The older man suddenly laughed.

"Are you a handy man, youngster?"

"I think so. I've knocked around quite a little."

"Know anything about running a house?"

"I've never had a house to run, sir, but I'm not afraid to make myself generally useful."

"That sounds good. Perhaps I'll give you a test you won't like. In fact, you might as well understand that you are going to earn your night's lodging."

The young man smiled at this intimation.

"I understand," he said. He stood up.

"Awaiting orders, sir."

"Hold on," said the older man. "For fear you will begin to ask questions, I will explain the situation. He hesitated for a moment. "I am here alone in the house. My wife has gone away—a visit to a sister who is ill—and my daughter went with her. They didn't want to leave me. My daughter would have stayed, but my wife is not well and couldn't travel alone. Besides, I insisted on their going. I wouldn't even have the mails remain. I gave them both a vacation. You see I am a man of decision. I told them I could take care of myself—that I would enjoy doing it. I wanted to be alone with my books—I haven't had much

chance to read during the last twenty years—and I thought I would enjoy working about the lawn and the garden. I determined, too, that I would keep myself—cook for myself and feed myself. And when they laughed and protested I became all the more determined. I know it worried them. They both hated to leave me alone. But I am a man of decision. What's your name, young man?"

"George."

"A man of decision, George. Of course my wife would worry—it's the first time we have been separated since we were married. But, of course, that doesn't interest you. Come out and take a look at my kitchen."

The stranger followed the older man to the rear apartment. A moment later he took off his coat and hung it on a convenient hook. He fastened an apron about his neck and went to work.

The older man stared at him for a moment. Then he looked at his watch.

"Five-thirty," he said. "While you are cleaning up things, George, I'll get the dinner."

"Going to throw in a dinner with the night's lodging?" the young man asked.

The older man chuckled.

"It isn't going to be a dinner that need disturb your conscience any," he said. "It will be much more apt to unsettle your digestion." And he suddenly laughed. "What's the matter with me?" he cried. "That's the first time I've laughed in a week."

The young man filled the teakettle at the faucet over the sink. He stared about him at the piles of grimy dishes and pans and culinary utensils scattered about in all stages of disorder. Then he fell to whistling.

The older man paused and looked at him, frying pan in hand.

"That's a fine whistle you have, youngster," he said. "I never could learn the trick."

The whistle suddenly stopped.

## A Thought For the Week

If there only were a path which one could choose once for all, and then walk in it with a careless mind, life would be much easier than it is. But the path is always narrow and often obscure; every step requires both judgment and choice; and most of us are continually stepping off on the one side or the other, and in consequence, getting mired, if not worse. One cannot think once for all and then live thoughtlessly; he cannot choose once for all and then live carelessly; every day and every hour he must make his choice between the narrow path of virtue and the vice which lies all the way on either side of him.—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

The absent ladies returned home, but luckily the men were prepared for them. The morning's work was done, and the partners were quietly smoking in the little den.

George answered the bell, but Thomas Eastman was close behind him—and in the tender greetings that followed the appearance of the ladies the junior partner was overlooked.

"Why, Thomas," cried his wife, "you are looking better than you have looked for years."

"You're ten years younger, daddy," cried Emily Eastman, "and as plump and rosy as a cherub."

Thomas Eastman was much gratified.

"And you laughed at me when I proposed keeping house by myself," he cried. "But here, you haven't met George. My wife and daughter, George."

"How do you do, George?" said the mistress of the house as she warmly shook the young man's hand. "We are so grateful to you."

"How do you do, George?" Emily echoed as she took his hand. "What's his other name, daddy?"

The older man was puzzled by this unusual behavior.

"I—I never thought to ask him," he answered.

"Well, I can tell you, daddy," said Emily. "His name is George Temple, and he's the youngest son of Sir Richard Temple, of Essex. He's the young man I met in Canada, daddy—the young man who wants to marry me. Wait, daddy. He was coming to see you when we started away and mamma and I asked him to come and stay with you while we were gone. You see we were afraid you'd starve yourself, or poison yourself, or get melancholy, or something. And we wanted George to come here and look after you and get acquainted."

The old man flushed and shook his head at the smiling George.

"My better judgment told me you were a deceiver from the very start," he growled. "An Englishman, eh? Didn't I tell you, Emily, that you should never marry an Englishman with my consent?"

"Pardon me," said George, "but I am only half an Englishman. My mother was a Baltimore girl."

"A penniless vagabond," growled the old man.

"Not quite so bad as that," said George. "I've got some money banked in Montreal that I would like to have you invest for me."

They all looked at Thomas Eastman.

"Come here," he said to the young man, and drew back a little. "Not a word about that kitchen," he whispered.

"Not a word, sir."

"I don't want to appear hard hearted," he said, "and I don't want to spoil your foolish little comedy. George is sorry for the part he took in it and perhaps we had better overlook his offense this time and keep him in the family."

### What He Did Know.

"Well, Tommy," said the minister, patronizingly, "do you know your letters yet?"

"No, sir," answered Tommy, "but I know my postcards. Nobody ever sends me letters."—Boston Post.



### Mrs. Rice in Charge.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, of New York, was chosen at the recent conference in London of the International Society for the Suppression of Street Noises to have charge of the second congress of the society, which is to be held in New York City in 1913. The first congress is to meet in Berlin in June, 1910.—New York Sun.

### Outdoor Sports.

The girls of the Boston public schools are to have an opportunity of taking part in outdoor sports on the same terms as their brothers when the school term begins this autumn. Outdoor games and gymnastics will be made part of the curriculum just as soon as playgrounds for girls can be fitted up. Baseball, basketball, running, jumping and all sorts of other games will be taught.—New York Sun.

### Ballooning Advocated.

The Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord, of England, maintains that ballooning is not only less dangerous but also far less expensive than motoring. She was once caught in an electric storm while crossing the English Channel in a balloon, and on another occasion was obliged to make a descent at such a speed that the members of her ballooning party entered Holland on their heads. In neither instance did Mrs. Harbord or any of her party experience anything worse than a severe shakedown.—New York Sun.

### Women Harvest Crops Well.

Many hundreds of women assisted in gathering the harvest around Beatrice, Neb. They were lured to the fields by the offer of board and \$3 a day. A farmer went into Beatrice

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**Mayonnaise Dressing.**—Three eggs, one teaspoon of mustard, three tablespoons sugar, butter the size of an egg, seven tablespoons vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the eggs, then add the other articles and let all come to a boil. Remove quickly and set away to cool. This mixture will keep for some time if set in a cool place, and can be used to make any kind of salad on short notice.

looking for farmhands. Loungers in the town refused to work, and the farmer had to face the possibility of losing part of his crop. He went into a restaurant, and when waiting to be served was struck with the idea of bidding for the waitresses as harvesters. He offered them \$3 a day, and every waitress threw aside her apron and went to the farm. They did such efficient work that other farmers sought women, and they drew school teachers, stenographers and college girls as well.—New York Press.

### Mrs. Longworth Ambitious.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth continues in her opposition to women voting. For several years she has been petitioning to express herself in favor of equal suffrage, but she has the Roosevelt spirit of sticking determinedly to her convictions. She refuses to be budged from her attitude of complacent indifference. She does not openly commit herself one way or the other, but many times she has left no doubt of her opinion that the world will not gain by women voting, but may experience harm by refusing them the ballot. Mrs. Longworth now is preparing for the social campaign in Washington, D. C. She has become ambitious to establish herself as a social leader, and the way seems to be open to her. In the last year she has become keenly interested in her dressmaker, who previously had found her almost careless about dress.—New York Press.

### Lady Warrender No Suffragette.

Lady Maud Warrender, popular in British society, has resisted much persuasion by the Suffragettes to join their ranks. Her refusal bears out the belief in London that all women enjoying the friendship of Queen Alexandra are set against equal suffrage. It has been observed that as soon as a woman is taken in by the Queen she begins to talk against women entering politics, and all this is attributed to Alexandra's influence. The Queen never has hinted openly her opinion of the Suffragettes, but the feeling is general that she is opposed to them. Lady Warrender says that women have enough liberty as conditions prevail to-day, and that in politics they would be out of their natural sphere. Instead of accepting overtures to take part in the aggressive campaign for the ballot, Lady Warrender busies herself with society, golf and singing. She has a fine contralto voice, and is heard frequently in concerts for charities.—New York Press.

### Besetting Sins.

There is rarely found a person who has not a besetting sin. By this I mean a certain special sin of some kind, which seems to cling to us in spite of our effort to ward it off. It can be compared to a disease that follows one through life or a weakness of some part of the body, not necessarily fatal, yet we are told in the medical world this special weakness will in time undermine the health and be the cause of death.

It is just so with our besetting sin. If we do not conquer them they will conquer us. Bad temper is one. In some it is a demon in disguise, making home and all around unhappy. The one who has it suffers none the less than those around him. King Solomon said: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that takes a city." Another is tale-bearing. It is like a canker that corrodes one's life until we are disliked by all, even our best friends.



**Tomatoes on Ragout.**

Plunge four good sized, red, round tomatoes in boiling water for one minute, lift them up, skin, cut them into quarters; place in a small saucepan with half an ounce of butter, three saltspoons salt, two saltspoons white pepper, three saltspoons sugar, half teaspoon freshly chopped parsley and a half a bean of finely chopped garlic; lightly mix, place on the fire, cover the pan and let cook for ten minutes. Remove, pour into a deep dish and serve.—New York World.

### English Monkey.

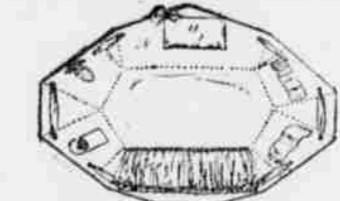
"English Monkey" is a dish simple to make in a chafing dish, and will appeal to those who are fond of cheese dainties. A cup of fine bread crumbs from the centre of a stale loaf are put to soak in a cup of milk, in which an egg has been lightly beaten. A tablespoonful of butter is melted in the chafing dish, and to this is added from three-quarters to a cup of cheese. Stir while melting, add the crumbs and milk, and serve properly seasoned on toast.—New York Times.

### Biscuit Shortcake.

Sift together one quart of flour and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, also a pinch of salt, then rub in one-half cupful good butter and wet to a soft dough with a pint of milk; divide the dough, roll out each half to the size of a large pie plate and bake separately in greased tins for twenty minutes in a hot oven, then pull apart with a fork while hot, butter, and put in a generous layer of washed and drained huckleberries, raspberries or blackberries, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar and put on the top layer of dough, which cover in turn with another layer of berries and sugar, and serve with a pitcherful of rich cream.—Boston Post.

### Collapsible Sewing Basket.

Such a sewing basket as this one will always make an acceptable gift. It is simple and easily made and can be opened out flat to be packed in a suit case or trunk. In this case the material is a pretty flowered cre-



### Collapsible Sewing Basket.

tonne, and cretonne is always a favorite, but any pretty silk or simpler flowered material can be used. The basket is supplied with convenient pockets and pin cushions and is altogether attractive and useful.

The foundation for the basket is cardboard cut in sections. The material is arranged over this and stitched and pasted into place. The pockets, cushions, etc., are attached, and there are eyelets through which ribbon is passed which keeps the basket in shape.

The quantity of material required is three-fourth yard of any width, with three-fourth yard of ribbon three and one-half inches wide for cushion and pocket, one and one-half yards of cord and two and one-half yards of ribbon for tying.



**HOUSEHOLD HINTS**

A pinch of salt in coffee helps to give a delicate flavor.

A little alum added to the stove polish helps to keep the stove bright and shining.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent pastry from scorching on the bottom.

Put a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the water when boiling salmon. This makes it a beautiful red color.

Two parts of fresh slaked lime, mixed with one part strong red pepper and sprinkled freely in their runways will drive rats away.

Just now, when net yokes and sleeves are so much worn, it is well to know that they can be very successfully dry-cleaned by rubbing gently in pulverized laundry starch.

A woman who has had a long experience in cooking for a family says that she likes milk better than eggs for moistening fish before rolling it in bread crumbs for frying. She always uses oil for frying.

For delicious cheese balls buy some cottage cheese, work it smooth with butter and season well with Parmesan cheese. Season with salt and paprika, make into small balls and serve with the salad course.

Never iron lace; wash them carefully in warm, not hot water, rinse well in the bluing water, then wrap smoothly around a large glass bottle and fill the bottle with hot water. Black lace is best washed in tea.

Instead of starching napkins, doilies, ties, etc., try this way, which makes a very little trouble: Dip them for a few minutes in boiling water, then iron them out with a very hot iron. This makes them stiff as though they were starched and they look like new.

When ironing use a brick or block of wood for an iron stand. You will be surprised at the result, for your iron will keep hot a good deal longer and save you many steps. If you need a dress or waist that is not starched and you are in a hurry for it, rinse it, dip it in thin, cold starch, wrap in a towel for a few minutes, then put it through your wringer and iron at once. The result is entirely satisfactory.

### The Little Paper Printed Where You Used to Live.

Tian't filled with cuts and pictures nor the latest news dispatches; And the paper's often dampened, and the print is sometimes blurred. There is only one edition, and the eye quite often catches Traces of a missing letter, and at times a misspelled word. No cablegrams nor specials anywhere the battle rages, The makeup is mayhaps a trifle crude and primitive. But an atmosphere of homelike fills and permeates the pages Of the little country paper, printed where you used to live.

How the heart grows soft and tender while its columns you're perusing, Every item is familiar, every name you know full well, And a flood of recollection passes o'er while you're reading. On the past, and weaves about you an imaginative spell. You can see the old home village, once again in fancy seen, To be chasing hand of neighbor, and of friend and relative; And their faces rise before you as you're idly, fondly browsing. O'er the little country paper printed where you used to live. —Kansas City Journal.



"Is this living out of doors for health a tentative arrangement?" "Sure, it's all (sents)." — Baltimore American.

"We are a most Persistent crew. Where is that waiter?" — Birmingham Age-Herald.

"How is Cholly going to the masked ball?" "As a court fool." "But why doesn't he go in some sort of disguise?" —Cleveland Leader.

"Jones made an awful hit at the banquet the other night." "Is that so?" "Yes; he was called on for a speech, and refused." —Detroit Free Press.

Mamma—"Did you tell God how naughty you were?" Mary—"No, mamma, I thought it hadn't better get out of the family." —Chicago Record-Herald.

The Homebody—"What's the principal industry in New York, as near as you can judge, Abner?" The Traveled Man—"Stepping" lively, I reckon.—Puck.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed. "I hear them," he answered. "Show me the quickest way to get out of here." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

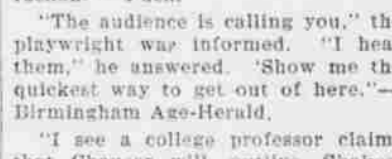
"I see a college professor claims that Chaper will survive Shakespeare." "Well, of all the ignorance! Both of them fellers have been dead for 300 years." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

He—"I want you to understand that I won't play second fiddle to any man." She—"All right. You can play the drum." He—"The drum?" She—"In other words, beat it." —Philadelphia Record.

She goes down to the seaboard, And gladly tans and sojourns, Then tries the balance of the year To tear loose from her freckles. The Mendicant—"Please, sir, would you help a poor beggar?" Chapeau—"Well, my good man, I—er—couldn't do it. I—aw—nevah did any beggin', doncher know?" —Chicago Daily News.

"You can't get something for nothing in this life," said the ready-made philosopher. "No," answered Mr. Lamkinson. "I can't. But the chaps I have done business with in Wall Street seem to manage it." —Washington Star.

"Do you advise me to take up diplomacy as a career?" asked the young man who is politically ambitious. "I don't believe I should," answered Senator Sorghum. "The advice I propose is likely to spoil a statesman's form as a popular lecturer." —Washington Star.



Handkerchiefs are now chiefly in solid colorings.

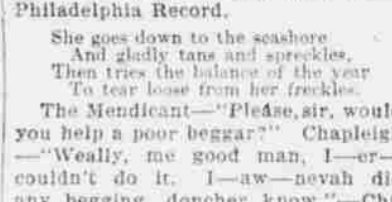
Four out of five women now wear buttoned shoes.

The cameo holds a prominent place in new jewelry.

Hand-painted belts will be worn with evening gowns.

The Henry VIII. and Marquise hats enjoy considerable favor.

For children's hats nothing is more lovely than the popular panne ribbons.



Velvet is again in flourishing style, both in millinery and in coats and dresses.

Muffs again are of mammoth proportions, but this year they are round instead of flat.

The military coat, simply bloused and belted, will be prominent in tailored suitings.

A newcomer among hatpins has a big head of wood carved in bird or insect shape.

Gold bands are now much more fashionable for the hair than the erstwhile ribbon ones.

Irish crochet buttons and lace appear as trimming upon some of the crepe-like tissues.

The middie sweater has made its appearance. It is the successor to the middie blouse so much in use last season.

Soft, thick silks of the poplin description, as well as moire antique and velvet, are generally finished with buttons.

Moire bands are used for trimming the tailored hat this season in much the same way that velvet has been and still is being used.

It is no longer necessary to have stockings match the footwear; instead they match the skirt, the headgear, and even the gloves.

Cloths of the short-haired zibeline look are again seen, though the vogue for rough fabrics has not yet reached the stage of the long-haired, shaggy zibeline of a few years ago.

In some of the afternoon tailormade there is a relief from the dark foundation color on the lapsels of the coat which are often of Oriental embroidery or its effect, while the collar is of black velvet, satin or moire.



A fine example of a coat for all round wear, is this one of black broad cloth. The collar and cuffs are inlaid with heavy corded silk.

A handy coat for evening train wear, with a fancy wrap is somewhat out of place.



A French Waterway.

The mullet has always attracted a goodly share of attention. His fame is not circumscribed by the boundaries of the Gulf. Whether the visitor be from the Atlantic or the Pacific coast, or from the shores of the Mediterranean or the Baltic, he wants to see, examine and feast on the mullet.

He is the best-known fish that swims. Some have a prejudice against him, but, like all feelings of this nature, it rests on an unsubstantial foundation. It cannot bear investigation, for the mullet plays a greater part in appeasing the craving for sea foods than any fish that inhabits the waters of the Gulf. He is here in summer and winter, in fall and in spring. When the fisherman contemplates his plight, when luck is against him and a feeling of depression creeps over him, the mullet, always ready to give him a helping hand, rushes into his seine and contributes to his fortune and to the gastronomic pleasure of the thousands of persons to whom the mullet is shipped. He is a regular standby "prosperity and in adversity he is always here in abundance." —Pasadena Chronicle.

**French Waterways.**

The capital of France, an inland city, is the nation's chief port, because the nation understands how to make its natural waterways serve it and how to construct new artificial waterways to supplement the others. Paris is the centre of a canal system that extends to many parts of the republic, a great market for slow freight by water and the recipient of great commercial prosperity because the French people understand what Americans do not as yet, that water transportation pays. The same intelligent treatment of American waterways, natural and artificial, would develop a system rivaling or exceeding that of France. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**One Was Enough.**

Magistrate (discharging prisoner) —"Now, then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company."

Prisoner (feeling) —"Thank you, sir. You won't see me here again." —Lippincott's.