

JOHN.

How Toting a Basket Got Him a Better Job.

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

An old woman came around the corner bearing a basket. She was a little old woman, a shabby old woman whose shoulders were bent and whose gray hair was carelessly held back by a battered old comb. The basket was heavy and she walked slowly, stopping now and then and changing the burden from one side to the other. The young man coming towards her quickened his steps. "Here," he said, "let me help you." The woman darted a sharp look at him and held fast to the handle. "You want to run away with it," she abruptly said. He laughed. "If I meant to do that," he answered, "I'm quite sure I wouldn't be so polite about it." She gave him another sharp look from her keen gray eyes. "The politest ones are the biggest rascals," she said. He laughed again. "I'm sure my dear mother didn't mean to train me for a rascal when she tried to teach me politeness." The old woman nodded. "That's well said," she muttered. "You may carry it if you insist."

"I do," said the young man, and he lightly lifted the burden. They walked a little way in silence, the old woman now and then casting a quick glance at her companion. He was a well built young man, straight and firm, and his smiling brown eyes were clear and bright. "Maybe I'm taking you from your business," the old woman presently snapped at him. "I haven't any business." "That's bad." "Very bad." She looked around again. His clothes were neatly brushed, but they showed the effects of much wear. "Maybe you expect a tip?" He laughed merrily. "I'm sure you don't mean to hurt my feelings." "I mean that I don't give tips." That amused him still more. "Neither do I," he said. She stared at him curiously. "I wonder if you know who I am?" "No," he answered. "I am quite sure this is the first time we have met."

"Then you look upon me merely as a shabby and untidy old woman who is staggering along the public highway with a basket much too heavy for her?" He shook his head. "That looks like another attempt to hurt my feelings. It is no novelty for me to carry baskets, and I've carried no end of palls. I'm reasonably young and strong, and I trust I am reasonably thoughtful. Anyway I decline to think that there is any novelty about this simple act of good will." He caught her shrewd glance and nodded laughingly. "This is my home," said the old woman. The young man looked up with some surprise. It was a pretentious house in an excellent neighborhood. It was a fairly large house in a large lot, and if its shabbiness had been removed by paint it would have ranked well with the best of the adjoining dwellings. The young man pushed open the iron gate. "Shall I leave your basket at the front door?" he asked. "I never use the front door," she answered. So he followed her around the house and placed the basket on the back porch. "Thank you," said the old woman abruptly. Then as if moved by a sudden impulse she took an apple from the basket and handed it to him. "As a tip?" he smilingly asked. "As an apple," replied the old woman. "Thank you for the apple," he replied. "Goodby." He lifted his hat as he turned back toward the street. The old woman darted into the house and pushing aside a window shade stared at him as he passed by. She saw him lift the apple and suddenly bite into it, and there was something in the act that suggested hunger. She rapped on the glass and when he turned she beckoned him back. The woman met him at the door. "Come in," she said, "I want to talk to you."

He smilingly obeyed and was ushered into an inner room, a room that had once been bright and attractive but now wore a faded and dingy look. "Sit down and wait a moment," she said and turned back to the kitchen. When she returned she carried a tray on which were several slices of bread and a big piece of ginger cake. "I am not a sumptuous provider," she said, "but this may look good to a hungry man." "It looks very good to me," said the young man. "But how did you know I was hungry?" "I saw you bite the apple." He flushed at this. "I don't think a bite of apple ever tasted better," he said. She watched him eat and her grim face softened. "Do you want to tell me how a strong young man finds himself in such a wretched plight?" she presently asked. "I'll gladly tell you," he replied. "I came here to accept a position that was offered me by a man to whom I was recommended. When I reached the city I found he had suddenly died. His affairs were in very bad shape—all his representations had been exaggerated. There wasn't even money enough left to send his invalid wife to Western relatives. I did what I could to straighten out matters and yesterday I started the lady—a very worthy lady—on her journey to Colorado. Well, when I woke up this morning I found I had just enough money to satisfy my landlord. A little cash does disappear so fast in a big city, you know."

The Spirit of America.

By HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE Amazon is a larger river than the Hudson, and it flows through a land as rich as the Rio de la Plata is good. The Amazon was discovered in 1500; the Rio de la Plata in 1516; the Hudson in 1609. They are all old rivers of the New World; old in geology; new in history. And the Hudson is the newest of them all. Yet the story of the Hudson is richer, fuller, more glorious than the story of the Amazon or the Rio de la Plata. It waters a larger and more important tract in the world-estate of humanity. Why? Because of the Spirit of America. Because the men who settled the valley of the Hudson brought certain invisible things with them; moral convictions, social ideals, traits of character—call them what you will. These invisible things made them one with their fellow colonists in beginning a new race for the New World. A race self-reliant and energetic; a race believing in fair play and common order; a race holding that God calls every man to make the best of himself and of the world in which he lives. Therefore, two hundred years after Hudson discovered the river, Fulton made it the cradle of navigation by steam. The Spirit of America is inventive, progressive, creative. But first of all it had to be self-respecting, orderly, equitable, just, obedient, God-fearing, man-loving. That is the foundation—essentially conservative—and on that foundation the energy of America has stood steady to do its work. People explain the greatness of the United States by the largeness of the land, the richness of the soil, the abundance of natural resources. They are wrong. All these things would have been little, if the Spirit of America had not been there to use them.

"A school teacher, a lawyer, a banker and a bookkeeper." "Likewise a farmer and mail carrier." "John Knowles," said the woman, "do you want to know who I am?" "If it pleases you to tell me, madam." "I am Mary Shelburn and I am sixty-eight years old. A good many people call me Aunt Polly Shelburn. I am looked upon as an eccentric person. I have been called crazy. Because I live alone here without servants and friends, minding my own business they speak of me as a recluse, a miser, a demented old woman. I live as I want to live. I take care of what is mine in the way that suits me. If I distrust everybody, if I look upon men as rogues and swindlers, believe me, boy, that I have good cause." She had raised her voice and her face had flushed. Then she suddenly paused. The young man's eyes grew troubled. "Do you live in this big house all alone?" he asked. "Yes." He shook his head. "I don't think that is right," he said. "The woman frowned. 'I have my own opinions as to that,' she said. 'Let it pass.' She paused. 'You seem to be fond of helping the friendless. Can I secure your aid for a few hours?' 'Certainly, madam—for even longer if you wish it.' 'What is your price?' 'I will leave that to you, madam.' 'I drive very hard bargains.' 'I am not worried, madam.' 'She went to a cabinet and brought out a black box. 'I wish you would take the papers you find there and put them in order and itemize them.' The task kept him busy until dinner time and then he was called into the dining room, where he found a good though simple meal. 'The work is done, madam,' he said. 'I will look it over later,' the woman answered. 'You will stay here to-night.' The work was satisfactory and the woman expressed her approval. 'Those papers should have been put in shape long ago,' said John Knowles. 'Some of them have considerable value as records, others are no more than waste paper. Have you tried to look after all your affairs yourself?' 'Yes, John. There was nobody I could trust. 'That is all wrong,' he quickly said. 'There are many honest and honorable men in the world—and you need a helper.' He might have expected an out-

burst, but she only nodded her gray head. "You mean that I am getting old," she quietly said. "That is true," she sighed softly. "I—I am glad to have you here, John Knowles. I have been alone so long—so very long." "That is wrong, too," said the young man. "You need the sunlight and cheerful laughter and friendly voices." The woman looked at him wistfully. "I like your laughter and your voice, John Knowles," she slowly said, "and there is sunshine in your presence. Let us be friends." She gave him her thin hand. "If I had a son I think I should want him to be like you. You are strong and honest and you have a good heart." She paused and her tone changed. "I am going to test you to-night, John," she said. "It may have been a special providence that brought you here. Listen, I am the owner of a lot on a prominent downtown corner. It was worth little or nothing when I bought it. Its value has increased a thousand fold. There are some old buildings on the lot and they bring in a good rental. I have had many offers for the property, but did not care to sell. Because I refused these offers they declare I am opposed to progress, that I am a detriment to the city's welfare. They abuse me, they insult me. To-night two men will call here, men who are determined to secure that lot. I admit them only because I want to show that I am not afraid. But I am afraid. I am getting old, John, I am getting old."

She paused and rubbed her thin hands together as if to warm them. "And what do you want me to do?" the young man gently asked. "I want you to remain in the side room until I call you." "Yes," said John Knowles. "And may I keep the door ajar for fear I cannot hear you?" A bell jangled. The young man arose. "They have come," said the woman. "Go into the rear room." "I'm not likely to," he ruefully remarked as he tenderly rubbed his head. "And now may I ask you this vigorous young man is?" The woman looked at John and smiled. "He is my friend, and my lawyer and my banker and my accountant," she quickly answered, "and my general man of affairs. His name is Knowles, John Knowles—you may hear it again."

The little man looked at John. "Perhaps it is just as well if nothing is said about our small encounter. Think it over, Mr. Knowles. You are the winner and I take off my hat to you. Good night." They waited until the outer door closed and then the woman looked around at John Knowles. "You heard what I said about you?" "Yes and I thank you. To-morrow will decide upon the fate of the corner lot." "Yes, John," the woman answered with a little sigh. "You must tell me what is best. I am getting old."

you sign the deed willingly or not makes no difference to these witnesses. Be persuaded." The woman drew herself up. "I will not sign," she emphatically declared. The little man looked around. "Harlan," he said, and the burly man stepped forward, "you will prevent the lady from struggling while I guide her hand. Stanton, stand by and make yourself useful. Now." The big man advanced. "John Knowles," cried the woman in a high shrill voice. The inner door was thrown open and John rushed forward and flung the stout man away. His hands were tightly clenched, his face was blazing. "What does this mean?" he hoarsely demanded. In a sudden accession of rage he grasped the little man by the throat and threw him against the chair. But the stout man had struggled to his feet and in his hand glittered a revolver. The stout man held the revolver shook as he raised the weapon. "Don't shoot," screamed the little man. John Knowles leaned forward and with a quick puff of breath blew out the lamp flame—and the room was in darkness. He caught the woman by the arm and drew her through the inner door. And then they waited. Presently a voice came to them. It was the voice of the little lawyer. "I surrender," he called. John Knowles threw open the door. The lamp had been relighted. The little lawyer stood by the table alone. "Where are the others?" "I sent them away. It was a foolish venture. Of course you will believe me when I say I am sorry it was tried."

The woman, pausing behind John, shook her gray head at him. "Don't try it again," she sharply said. "I'm not likely to," he ruefully remarked as he tenderly rubbed his head. "And now may I ask you this vigorous young man is?" The woman looked at John and smiled. "He is my friend, and my lawyer and my banker and my accountant," she quickly answered, "and my general man of affairs. His name is Knowles, John Knowles—you may hear it again."

The full blank third line may be written the name of the visitor that the stork brought. Under this, in the space provided for it, is written this visitor's weight, and the last line of the card is, of course, for the signature of the parents.—New York Sun.

Censor For Officers' Brides.
The military authorities in Russia exercise almost as keen a supervision over the marriages of officers as do the courts and chancelleries of Europe over the nuptials of the sons and daughters of the reigning houses. It long has been a standing order that no officer in the Russian army may marry until he is twenty-three, and that his bride must possess means of her own as well as good social position. Recently steps have been taken to make these general qualifications on the part of the bride more specific. Where the eager bridegroom holds a captaincy or any higher rank, all details as to the bride and her family have to be laid before the colonel of the regiment, and unless the young woman meets his approval the engagement must be broken off. In the case of subalterns, a court of honor, composed of officers of the regiment, sits in judgment on the bride, and even if their verdict is favorable they can do no more than report to that effect to the colonel, in whose hands there still rests a final power of veto.—New York Press.

Schools Abroad.
Miss Mary S. Woolman, of Teachers' College, who has just returned from her sixth trip of investigation among schools for women in Europe, found in Berlin a school where instruction in a new profession—for women, at any rate—is given. It is a course in professional photography, with special reference to work in the sciences. Young women trained in this course are in demand by physicians and scientists who want expert photographs of their specimens and apparatus.

Schools in the Old Country.
Miss Woolman found, she is paying a good deal of attention to subjects relating to farm work. In some schools stock raising, horticulture, etc., are taking the place of higher mathematics. Various women's clubs in different parts of the German Empire, Miss Woolman said, are, with governmental aid, establishing professional schools which give free instruction to girls in housekeeping and allied branches. These schools are doing much to break up the old German spirit of class distinction. The elaborate system of private trade and professional schools has benefited the poorer classes little, for in these schools the tuition charges are high, and none but the middle and higher classes are encouraged to attend.—New York Tribune.

Bravery Its Own Reward.
The Lady (to her who has risked his life to save her little dog from a watery grave, and looks for some reward)—"Poor fellow; how wet and cold you are! You must be soaked through to the skin! Here—I'll give you some quinine pills; take a couple now, and two more in an hour's time."—Town and Country.



Drawing Room Suffragettes.
A great many women are suffragettes because they feel their cause deeply, and understand, with all the mind that is in them, what depends on the question of votes for women. But there are others who join the army of woman grumblers because they have nothing else to do, and merely want to fuss over something—they don't quite know what!—Gentleman.

A Monkey Aigrette.
Fur is more and more employed for hats as the season advances. Skunk, sable, fox, ermine, chinchilla and opossum are all equally favored at times as a trimming, and also as entire turbans, toques or caps. There is still another fur much used for its long, silky hairs and which forms the most effective of aigrettes. I am alluding to the skin of the monkey that most of the Paris furs are supplying to our leading milliners. An aigrette on a hat, as it is called here, is one of the smartest innovations of the hour.—Gentleman.

The Stork Card.
Perhaps the latest thing in the way of cards is the stork card, used by happy parents to announce to relatives and friends a visit from the stork. It is engraved in blank form like this:

.....
Arrived at day of 190.....
This day of 190.....
[Official Weight.....
Seal.....

Within the seal in the lower left hand corner of the card is a thin engraved figure of a stork. The time of the stork's coming is written in the first line, and the day, month and year in the next; while in

Baked Custard Pudding.—A pudding of this description is frequently spoiled by being too soft, too dry or lumpy. In frugal cookery the bread is soaked in boiling water for half an hour, squeezed dry in a cloth, and then all the lumps are beaten with a fork till quite smooth. Mix with three breakfast cups of the soaked crusts a teaspoonful of currants, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of treacle, two of dripping, two eggs beaten up and a pint of skimmed milk. Stir all thoroughly, put into pudding dish. Place a little dripping or shred suet all over the top, and at once put the pudding into the oven. Bake slowly for an hour and a half. If this is nicely made and baked it will, when cold, eat like cake.

Our Cut-out Recipe.
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
Anything is wrong that is almost right.
It's never too late to mend—until it is too late.
All the disagreeable people don't live on cross streets.
Scandal is the tattler of fools who judge other people by themselves.
Generally the man or woman who says "I don't care" is a liar.
Many a doctor has saved a patient's life by not being in when called.
Few men put off until to-morrow the meanness they can do to-day.
Even a rich girl may make a poor wife.
After saying that you intend to do a thing, do it.
Ever notice how much truth there isn't in a compliment?
How harsh it sounds to hear a man criticize your pet hobby!
Moth-eaten jokes of a Croesus never fail to produce a laugh.
But few dancing masters are to be found in the hop districts.
Many a noble young idea has been thumped to death on a typewriter.
A lot of entanglements result from presents with strings attached.
Even a first class wood worker cannot necessarily fill a position in a chop house.
No, Alonzo, a pile of filthy lucre isn't necessarily a heap of dirt.
Joy cometh not in the early morn to the man who has been making a night of it.
The story of the average woman's life would make an interesting novel—so she thinks.
A man may not be able to heap up a big mountain, but he can usually put up a big bluff.
Why is it that every time a girl goes out with a young man of whom she is ashamed she meets all her friends?—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

Dog Saved Woman From Bull.
Attacked by a maddened bull which she was trying to drive into an enclosure on her farm near this city, Mrs. George Cook was saved by the family dog from being gored to death. The first rush of the bull hurled Mrs. Cook to the ground, breaking her left arm near the elbow. Her young son, hearing her cries, came with the dog, which, seeing its mistress prostrate, made a furious attack on the bull. While the animals were fighting Mrs. Cook managed to make her way to a fence, over which she climbed to safety.—Rockford Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

Restaurants and Evening Gowns.
Dresses for restaurant dinners, nowadays, differ only from those worn at home in that there should be an effect of "full dress" without actually wearing as elaborate a gown as the idea would suggest. Yet in

the most fashionable restaurants—those of world wide reputation among society—the frocks really do not differ from those used for dinners in private houses. Americans still cling to the old custom of wearing hats in public places, therefore the effect in the toilet is different from that worn at home. With a gown cut decollete, though not as low as for a dance, a large picture hat is an essential. In London and on the Continent women go bareheaded to dinner. In less fashionable restaurants a girl should wear a light, high neck frock, or one that has some pretense to elegance if the color is dark. A dark velvet, for example, would be correct, for the material presupposes elaboration in effect, if not in fact. The hat to go with it must be of the picture order.

One of the most satisfactory gowns for a woman who dines much in restaurants is a light colored broadcloth. If in gray, champagne, etc., it will possess a certain dressiness, yet be sufficiently strong to endure the wear of street car travel when cabs are not available. Such a frock should be high necked, and if very well cut need not be elaborately trimmed. A black dress is always in good form if it is well made. But it should be relieved about the face with a white guimpe of lace or other thin material to give a dressy appearance.

A coat and skirt, with separate waist, may be considered smart and good form, but never by any chance dressy. The suit is intended for service, and no matter how it may be modelled, the combination never has a dressy effect. For luncheons such may be admirable, but for dinner, even in a restaurant, it is merely general utility. A dark colored crepe de Chine is one of the smartest frocks that can be devised for evening wear in public places, for there is an attraction and

grace to the material that gives it a simple elegance, and the gown cannot be considered ordinary. Some of the new cloths with high lustre finish are also admirable, for they stand hard wear and continue to look fresh.—Rosanna Schuyler, in the New York Telegram.

Green Erakeman.
The brakeman was a novice, and on his first run here there was a very steep grade to mount. The engineer always had more or less trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking. He almost lost his head. Eventually, however, he reached the top. At the station that crossed the top, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief: "I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?" "We certainly did," said the new brakeman, "and if I hadn't put the brake on we'd have slipped back."—Washington Star.

Household Affairs

A Test For Fresh Meat.
If blue litmus paper is soaked in the juice of fresh meat, the paper is turned to a red hue. This test applied to meat which is too old or of bad quality will result in the blue litmus paper retaining its original color.—Everyday Housekeeping.

Permanganate of Potash.
Permanganate of potash is a most useful disinfectant, and may be bought in crystals for a nominal sum. Dissolve enough of the crystals in water to make a deep, claret colored solution, and bottle it for use as required.—Everyday Housekeeping.

When Windows Are Open.
Curtains may be kept from blowing out of the windows, says the Ladies' Home Journal, if you place lead or iron weights in the corners. Thin iron washers are good, as they are not heavy enough to make the curtains sag. They may be covered with the same material and placed in either the hem or corners.

Canning Fruit.
When putting up fruit in glass jars put rubbers on first, then fill full. Put top on and screw just as tight as possible. Turn jar with top down; if any fuss or leak run knife around the edge on top and turn down again; if it leaks, try knife again. If there is still a leak, take off top and try another lid, as fruit will not keep unless perfectly airtight. You hear so much about fruit not keeping, and not being airtight is one big trouble. I use new rubbers. I have lost some fruit, but hardly ever think of such a thing now.—Mrs. J. P. Hunter.

The Table Silver.
Ivory and mother-of-pearl handles for table knives seem to have been superseded by silver. Perhaps this is just as well, for the silver is more substantial, and less likely to be injured by constant use. Silver platters for serving meats are also much more in use than formerly.

They hold the heat better than china, so that there is a surer way to serve the dishes piping hot. In many places it is becoming more and more the fashion to pass the silver as it is needed, for each course. This does away with the imposing display of tableware which formerly confronted the guest at the beginning of a formal dinner.

The array of knives and forks and spoons often proved somewhat of a nuisance, getting in one's way, and causing moments of embarrassment to absent-minded guests who were so unlicked as to use the wrong fork.—Washington Star.

Choose Right Soil.
A house to be healthy must be three things—i. e., dry, warm and light, and the two former conditions depend greatly on the nature of the soil on which the house is built. The best kind of soil to live on is either gravel, sand or chalk, because being porous the rain is able to percolate through the ground instead of accumulating as it usually does on a clay soil. Under no circumstances is a clay soil desirable for people who suffer in any way from the throat or chest, or who at all addicted to rheumatism.

A house lying in a hollow should also be avoided, whereas one situated on a gentle slope is most desirable as its situation insures its being dry, and is at the same time of great assistance for drainage purposes, says Home Chat.

Light is also most important to the inmates of a house, and though it is well to have trees close to the house, they should not be too near or they will drip on the roof as well as make the rooms dark and cheerless. The rooms should, if possible, get an equal amount of sunlight—a southern aspect is the best to select.

FOR THE EPIGURE
Cranberry Pie.—One-half cup raisins, one cup cranberries, one cup sugar, one-half cup water, one teaspoon vanilla, chop cranberries (uncooked) and raisins together, add sugar, water, vanilla, a little salt and flour.

Jelly Pie.—Make a rich pie crust and perforate to prevent blistering; bake; when cool fill (not too full) with grape jelly, spread generously with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla; finish with tiny bits of jelly laid lightly on the cream.

Broiled Codfish Steaks.—Have the steaks about an inch thick, clean and wipe them well; into olive oil put an onion chopped till very fine, some salt, white pepper and a little lemon juice; coat each piece of fish thoroughly with this mixture; set away for two hours in a cool place; take out and broil over a clear fire.

Current Creams.—Mash a sufficient quantity of ripe raspberries to yield two-thirds of a pint of juice and a sufficient amount of raspberries to yield one-third; boil two pounds of sugar and three quarts of water together until a clear syrup is formed; skim off any seed that may arise, strain and set aside; when cool add the pint of fruit juice and freeze to the consistency of mush, not solid, as an ordinary ice. Serve in tall glasses.

Rhubarb Jam.—Take the stalks of nice, fresh rhubarb and wash them free from sand and dry them. Now cut into pieces half an inch long, then put into an earthenware vessel of some kind with the same weight of sugar and set in a cool place for about thirty-six hours, then put into a preserving pan and boil for about thirty or forty minutes. Pour into jars and let set until cold before sealing. This jam is very nice when flavored with lemon or ginger.

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The brakeman was a novice, and on his first run here there was a very steep grade to mount. The engineer always had more or less trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking. He almost lost his head. Eventually, however, he reached the top. At the station that crossed the top, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief: "I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?" "We certainly did," said the new brakeman, "and if I hadn't put the brake on we'd have slipped back."—Washington Star.