Waves, laughing, dancing all the day, Foam kissed 'neath skies so fair. The stillness of the night wrapped all, Saddening it everywhere.

And pitiless as cruel Fate The grayness closed on me. Binding my heart with fey chains— The chairs of Destiny.

Thus as I stood, bereft of Hope, A light came from sfar, Uncertain first it show on me— The first faint Evening Star. Oh, little star of hope and love, Ascendant in the sky, bending your message pure and sweet To wanderers such as I.

The moon rose from her sliver couch. The grayness passed away, The path across the restless sea Was clear as in the day.

Gone were my hopes, vanished my dreams,
And torturing my fewrs.
The evening was, as is my life,
A misty realm of Tears.
The mounlight shows the road is rough
That leads the way to God.

to his room he met Crane.

"I have gone and done it!" said Bub

"Alt. I congratulate you, my dear

boy," replied Crane, "And you will let

"She has made one condition. I must

mmediately give up my position on

thing quieter on a magazine, or what-

ever suits me. She says I need not

"Yes, that I did. What was I to do?"

Soon the three returned to the city.

"However," said the business man-

aged of the Steam Whistle, "if you ever

alter your decision you will be welcom-

ed by us. Hope you will enjoy your

Dora was radiant. She became ar-

"Oh, I love you better every day

Bobby, dear," said Dora one Sunday af-

ternoon, when they were sitting on the

And Bubbles asked himself anxiously

what would become of him if that were

only the beginning of her love, Would

Just as the ardent Dora prepared for

fire engine sounded in the street. Bub-

away from Dora, rushing to the window

With that he gave Dora a hasty kiss

and stormed down the stairs. "Being

engaged to an ex-reporter has its draw-

backs," sighed Dora. "It is always

After two hours Bubbles was back It

had been splendld, this fire-eight per-

sons burned, \$15,000 damage. One could

On a lovely afternoon late in the

summer they were sitting happily in

driveway. Then the signal whistle of a

In a moment two fiery steeds har-

nessed to an elegant carriage tore past.

And Bubbles bailed a hansom, sprang

wait, her love for Bobby abating by de-

dead, three badly wounded, Policeman

fell from his horse, skull smashed.

He seated himself and related all the

"Oh, dear child," he laughed, "that is

One evening they were on their way

heard: "Stop thief! Stop thief!" and a

man shot past as quick as an arrow,

"Here is your ticket. I will come

He pressed it into her hand, and, like

one possessed, yelling "Stop thief!"

rushed off before Dora realized what

"That is too crazy," said she to her-

In the entrance she waited, but as

no Bobby appeared she betook herself

angrily to her seat. Only at the begin-

"Forgive me," he whispered, as he

let himself sink into the cushioned

seat, "Wonderful story. Great diamond

"S-st!" sounded from those near by

-\$5,000 worth. Tell you later.

Dora nudged him and he was silent.

After the performance, when they were

in a restaurant, she gave him a sound

scolding. He promised to do better.

But that wos no easy matter to bring

Dora lost all pleasure in her engage

alarm or an ambulance might destroy

ment. She always feared that a fire

about. He was indeed hopeless

-Broke in through the

ning of the last act did he arrive.

pursued by policemen and others.

soon," said Bubbles,

robbery. The fellow-

Three neckinces every-"S-st! S-st!"

as they scowled at Bubbles.

had occurred.

fright. A mounted policeman fol

five minutes, my dear.

"Fire!" he cried, tearing himself

"It seems to be the

When she embraced Bubbles he

Bubbles resigned his position, to the

hurry, as we are independent.

"Splendid! And you agreed?"

disappointment of his employer

honeymoon."

gasped for air.

sofa.

and

BOOD.

So they parted.

he not burn to ashes?

bles pricked up his ears.

cropping out somewhere."

looking out.

-Maude M. C. Ffoulkes.

## THE COURTSHIP OF BUBBLES.

A Poetical Interlude in the Life of One Devoted to His Profession.

From the German

# **This is the continuous for the**

My friend, Bobby Bubbles, the repor- | Bubbles. When they had returned to ter for the Daily Steam Whistle, has the hotel and Bubbles was on the way never had anything to say in praise of poets. He, a practical newspaper man, who sees things as they are and bles then simply photographs with his pen, so to speak, has no use for poetical coloring.

me dine with you every Sunday later, But since the affair with Dora Potter will you not?" he absolutely hates poets. For the poet Crane is to blame for the whole misfortune according to Bubblen' view. the newspaper. I am to look for some-

In began in a most harmlers way, just like the Chicago fire and other disasters. On one of those moist, sticky, summer days Bubbles was sitting in the restaurant of Mayer & Mayer devooring his luncheon. I purposely do not say he are his lunch. He did not eat, but devoured, because he was always afraid that something might be happening somewhere without his knowing it.

"Ah, Bubbles, how are you?" said a voice suddenly. "Will you allow me?" and Crane, the poet, scated himself without more ado at the same table. He had just received \$10 for a poem and thought he would celebrate, "You are in bad spirits, my dear Bubbles." "Heavens, yes. This change of weath-

er, and nothing doing, nothing at all!" "Why don't you go into the country old fellow? Take a two weeks vacation and come with me. I am going to Mamaronegg in the Schanzunk mountains. Oh, you ought to see it!"

And between the chicken and the stewed pears he pictured the delights of Mamaronegg as only a poet could. Bubbles could really hear the trees rustling and the birds singing, and he smelled the spicy mountain air.

"I guess you are right," said Bubbles. as he stirred his coffee, and collected hotel opposite. I must go. Will return his strength, "Well, I will get leave of absence and go with you. drive together, row, fish, only don't ask me to write postry, I draw the line at that.

The business manager of the Daily Steam Whistle granted Bubbles the desired vacation with pleasure, Two days after, the poet and reporter were in Mamaronegg sitting in a little snow see how he had enjoyed it. Dora hoped white hotel with green window blinds he would soon give this up, but it did and a red roof. There were only a not happen soon. few people in the hotel, among them a young lady, Dora Potter, a small but spirited widow of some twenty sum-mers, who was always smiling and clutter of horses' hoofs sounded on the working on a silk necktie for some unmarried gentleman. That was her policeman.

When Crane and Bubbles had registered their names in the front room. The coachman on the box was as pale the ardent Dora appeared and looked as death. In the carriage sat two fine to see what their names were, where ladies clutching the sides in sheer She suspected she might put young men on the necktie list.

"Literary men!" she murmured, de lighted. "Charming!" She had a weakness for such people.

They appeared hugely interesting to her, for they wrote of love. And was grees. At last he came, beaming. that indeed Bubbles of the Daily Steam Whistle, the famous Bubbles who had breath. "Ran into a loaded van. One accomplished unheard of journalistic Who had been a bansom driver for two weeks in order to describe his Great!" experience with his natrons? Who asked the Vanderbilts for a sleeping room details. Dora reproached him. and breakfast whereupon they put him in the lunatic asylum, the life and workings of which he described? Who an old hunter. I will improve with served Paderewski in the hotel as a time." waiter, and published a most witty ac-

count of it? Yes it was be. This little man with the red hair and the freckles was the great Bubbles.

From now on she had only one desire, to know the man and to make him a silk necktle. The opportunity to become acquainted offered itself the next morning when he went out on the veranda.

The next day he invited her with Crane to take a walk, and on the third she began a necktie for him. Crane was quite enthusiastic about Dora. While she was making the tie for Bubbles, Crane was composing a poem about her in which he extolled her as

Venus of the necktie, "Bubbles," said he, as they were walking through the quiet village one "Bubbles, go ahead! The evening. leuce! such a fine woman and money, too; \$8000 a year income to live on She told me that in strictest confi-

"Folly!" replied Bubbles, "I marry! but he smiled as he said it.

ibbles went ahead on a ing, fragrant, moonlight night. The bullfrogs were singing on the banks, and the notes of " 'Way Down Upon Suwance River" floated down from hotel where a troupe of minstrels

ling. In the mo a kiss or an embrace and cause Bubritching. It was too much for bles to fice. Every day she grew more

Bubbles came three hours late to a cold dinner because he had been present at a great fight on the west side of the city, her decision was made. The day after, Bubbles received a letter from Dora which said:

"Sir: You are without doubt just as excellent a reporter as you are totally unfit for an engaged man. Return to the Daily Steam Whistle. That is your wife.

When Bubbles read the letter he

scratched his red head and said: "Poor Dora! But she is right. I am no good as a flance. If I had only not gone with Crane to Mamaronegg! That poetical donkey got me into it."

Then my friend Bubbles returned to the Steam Whistle and wrote a humorous article, "What It Is To Be Engaged," while Dora began a new neck-

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The cocoanut paim has leaves nearly thirty feet long.

Most reptiles are notoriously deat, except caymans and crocodiles; the boa absolutely so.

The Kansas wheat farmers are or ganizing independent shipping rangements with Liverpool.

fact that their branches droop down to the ground and take root as separate It is reported that 2573 out of 2,894 Congregational ministers in England

and Wales are total abstainers, while

Banyan trees are remarkable for the

in Ireland and Scotland the proportion is still larger. The oldest ship in the world, the mail schooner Vigilant, running into St. Croix, F. W. I., although now under the French flag, was built of Essex

oak at Essex, Mass., in 1802.

Not so very long ago a safe expert was summoned from New York city all the way to Mexico, with his expenses paid, in order to open a time lock safe in which the mechanism had stopped.

The cargador, or carrier of Mexico, is a remarkable individual. Nothing seems too bulky, nothing too heavy for him to carry, and it is quite wonderful how he manages not only to lift, but to balance his cumbersome loads It is nothing for a man to carry a load weighing 400 pounds.

another embrace the sharp gong of the The people in Whiting, Me., have found new employment recently which proves to be a very lucrative business It is that of hunting for honey made by wild bees, and John Crosby and his brother went out in the woods and found a tree with 227 pounds of the delicious compound inside.

> Nearly all the fashionable tailors in large eastern cities now carry adjuncts to their business in the form of impecunious young men of good family and high social standing, who are not averse to accepting their clothes gratis, as a return for which they lose no opportunity to boom the tailor who thus supplies them.

The proportional increase in the population of the cities was less during the last ten years than previously. Chinese fire-fighters beat gongs and tom-toms and wave banners to drive the flames away. Old kerosene tins filled with water are also used, and at Peking there are also a few old handpower engines.

Aluminum cooking utensils are be-There is an accident; excuse me for They are brought out in shapes as attractive as the fine silver, copper and gold-lined cooking vessels used in wealthy households. The stew pans, in and pursued the runaway. A full terrapin dishes, coffee urns and tea hour poor Dora was obliged to sit and kettles of aluminum have now such beauty of contour and finish that they "All in pieces!" he cried, out of seem almost more appropriate to the dining-room table that to the kitchen.

## How to Make the Brain Grow

Over 25,000 brains of human be ings have ben weighed and examined, and a French scientist has lately writ ten an account of the discoveries that have been made. His article has been born in me. It is as if a have ran pest translated from a French magazine by the Literary Digest. He comes to three important conclusions, as folto the theatre. All at once the cry was

lows: (1) It is not the weight of a brain that counts. The heaviest brains that have been examined were those of epileptics.

(2) Those who have the largest ideas develop larger brains more quickly than those who have merely netive brains.

It is better to have a large brain than a small one, but the main thing is to have the brain well trained and to keep it thinking on large questions.

# A Ragtime City.

Moscow seems to be a city where nobody knows with any degree of cer tainty what time it is. Arthur Symons in his new book on "Cities" says that no two clecks in Moscow agree; even n the best hotels a clock will solemn ly strike three a quarter of an hour before its neighbor strikes seven. The confusion is increased by the fashion of sticking up dummy clocks in the strocts as advertisements. The maddening moment comes when you have to catch a train at Moscow. The rail-way timetables are worked on St. Peteraburg time, which differs by half an hour from Moscow time. When you are told that the St. Petersburg express leaves at 8 o'clock you are in doubt as to whether it leaves at 8.30, 9 or 9.30 by your carefully adjusted

ervous, and when on her birthday, THE RUG MAKERS' WORK

TAKES MILLIONS OF LITTLE STRANDS TO MAKE A MAS-TERPIECE.

Weary Years of Labor Required Fix in Place the Minute Pieces Which Go to Build Up the Marvelous Whole.

Some pard whose name is not given as has told the story of the oriental rug and hanging-a story that is now illustrated by an Armenian in Los Angeles who patiently weaves his rug day in the window of one of Broadway's stores, relates the Times of that city. It is a story full of interest, replete with life lessons and one which will delight those interested in the rare and beautiful products of the Orient.

Even as you read it you may be ensconced in the oriental corner of your home, its allurements showing indistinct through the fascinating subdued light that comes from everywhere yet seems to come from nowhere-and to reach its peaceful depths and bury vourself in its innumerable cushions you must pass over the big rug which deadens the sound of your footsteps and adds its full share to the glory of the room.

It is a splendid work of art, this rug-all its colors so beautifully har-monized and blended, its design intricate but perfect. Many times it has gladdened your artistic eye-but has your mind ever counted its cost? Have you ever wondered how its millions of pieces were grown, gathered, colored and finally woven to make the work of art that you crush beneath your feet? Do you know what part of a lifetime-yes, what part of a lifewent into that rug? Years of a lifetime-weary years of

patient, painstaking work with minute pieces, each fixed in its appointed place to build up the marvelous whole In the far-off hills and vales of Armenia the rug maker's sheep graze. and from them he gathers the wool to weave into his masterpleces. From the plants which he finds on the broad acres he distills the dyes which give to the fabric its distinctive and artistic colors. Spinning the rough threads and coloring them, he clips them into millions of pieces between an ince and two inches long.

Then for a time the artisan gives place to the artist-for the rug maker must be a designer of patterns as well as a craftsman. Hour after hour and day after day he bends to his sketching work, and when at last it is finished and he says "It is well!" he lays aside the paper, having no need for it in the process of weaving except, perhaps, for occasional reference. The pattern has been so carefully worked out on paper that every detail is fixed in his mind, and he sits down to his loom and builds his rug as the painter coming in from a day with nature, glances at his sketch book and puts the hills and trees and sky into his picture from the impressions his mind carries of what his eyes have seen.

For it is only the employe who hangs the pattern above his head. The lone rug maker, representative of the old, picturesque school, needs no pattern to guide him, for he takes his work at its beginning and carries it to completion from the wool on the sheep's back to the masterplece which adorns your floor.

Just now he is at work on a rug only 2x4 feet in size, but it will require not less than three months' work to finish it. "The big rug, the fine one," he says, stopping a moment to answer some questions, "many years many years-I cannot tell how many For we work not by days and years when the masterplece is in front. Time? It is nothing! What do a few years count if the work is done well? And the rug maker thinks not of time but of a masterpiece."

Picking up a few of the inch-long strands and weaving them slowly and carefully between the threads of the loom in front of him, he smiled as if in pity for the emptiness of the question. Stopping again in his work, he turned to the Times' representative sitting beside him and continued.

"You Americans; you ask not those questions of the painter. Why? You take his picture, and put it on the wall, and call him great, and write much in your papers about him. It is his masterpiece. He himself is in the picture. It is great, wonderful. It is so with the rug maker in Armenia. The rug is his picture-he loves to make it as the painter loves to paintand what difference if a lifetime is gone when the rug is finished, so that the work is well done? It is not work, that which we do for love of it, and the rug maker loves his work, always."

Employe rug makers earn from 10 to 20 cents a day-think of it! But the spirit of commercialism and love of gold are gradually penetrating to the home of the oriental rug makers, and there is grave danger that the oriental rug will pass into history as have the buffalo of the western plains, For the Armenian has discovered that he can go into other countries and earn from \$1 to \$3 a day in other lines of work, and he is slowly but surely abandoning his weary, poorly-paid vocation. The members of the "old school" will continue to make rugs as long as they live, but they cannot begin to supply the demand and the younger generation, the active and ambitious workers, are not satisfied with the meagre remuneration offere by the rug-making profession and the "work for the sake of working" spirit appears to be diminishing in Armenia funt as it is in other countries

If you are a lover and owner of Broadway rug maker, and a visit to him will make you more than ever ap-preciative of the masterpiece upon your floors. The rug he is now making is 48 inches long by 24 inches wide. Allowing only one-sixteenth of an inch for the width of each threadand this is generous-it will require about half a million pieces of thread to complete this rug, and if exact fig ures could be had the number would probably approximate a million. This s a coarse rug, too, and from it you can get a faint idea of the millionspossibly billions-of pieces required to make one of the large silk rugs. You can also figure how many, many weary years it takes to finish one of those masterpleces.

## A COLLECTION OF MANGERS.

One of the Sights in the New Bavarian National Museum.

The great charm of the new Bava rian National Museum at Munich perhaps lies in the fact that its collections were made first and its building afterward. This method has resulted in unusual harmony and surprises at every turn. The architect has planned archeto be borne by stone columns from early Roman Bayaria, and rooms to be ceiled by genuine panels from the Middle Ages; he has cut doorways to fit the worn doors at his command, and has built a vaulted chapel to hold the wealth of ecclesiastical treasures.

Among the many individual collections of the museum, by far the most original is the so-called "Krippen sammlung," or collection of mangers. To the ears of Protestant America this expresses little or nothing, and seems to be a more appropriate department for a county fair than for an art mu seum. But the Roman Catholic church in its constant appeals to the eyes and ears of its followers, has, through long centuries, invented some very beauti ful methods of teaching little children as well as those children of an older growth the unlettered and the untaught. Thus it is that the Holy Sepulcher is still built on Good Friday in many foreign churches, while Christmas eve the story of Holy Night is represented to the eye by a group of little figures gathered about a manger.

Whoever has happened on such scene at Christmas time in a Catholic church in our own country has doubtless been more impressed with the originality of the method than with any artistic merit in the figures; but, in the land of artists across the sea, much skill and beauty have been wrought into the little Christmas mangers. These have been a part of the equipment of churches and monasteries for centuries, but in times of disestablishment and poverty many of them were scattered abroad. About a thousand have been gathered into this Schmeder collection at Munich, which represents German, Austrian, Neapolitan and Sicilian workmanship, and for variety and interest leaves nothing to be de sired.

Imagine, if you can, hundreds of little figures-dolls if you choose, but rather miniature men and women, for most of them are carved with a skill which amounts to art. So full of life is every line and feature that one half expects to see them move. Some are wax, but most of wood or bisque, a few are only two or three inches tall, but the majority are from eight to 16 inches. The coloring of the features is lifelike, and the poses of the figures are natural; the costumes are elaborate, and would charm the dollloving little girl, while the soldiers, clad in full armor, would delight her brother as well.

Many of these fascinating figure are displayed in cases which fill several rooms, but the most intere part of the collection consists scenes actually arranged as they were every Christmas in the churches and monasteries for which they were made. Great panes of glass are set in the walls of darkened passages, and behind these are constructed miniature landscapes, the extreme back-ground formed by parated scenes which seem to carry the eye for miles The only light comes from above, and is so cleverly arranged that it adds the last touch of reality to the whole. In such settings the little figures are so lifelike that one seems to be look ing at human beings through reversed opera-glasses, or to be as near the land of Lilliput as the thickness of a pane of glass.-From Emma Ernestine Porter's "Christmas Mangers" in the Century.

A Chicago mathematician announces that Chicago, with 60,396 widows, has a larger number than any other community in the country. It is added that the number of widowers in the city is only 23,097.

As a matter of fact, the state in which widows are most numerous is New York, in which they number 320, 000. The city in which they are most numerous is the city of New York, where there are 105,000.

There were by the last federal cen sus 2,720,000 widows in the whode United States, of whom, it is not worthy to remark, 88,000 were in Indiana and only 8000 in Utah.

There were 128,000 in Massachusetts, less than the total number in the two states of Alabama and Mississippi, though the view pretty generally prevails that the number widows is disproportionately large throughout New England.

There are nearly 2000 in Hawaii and 1700 in Alaska, a proportionately larg er number than in the city of Chicago -New York Sun.

Vienna, Austria, is now suffering from a dust plague, the low temperature rendering it impossible to water the streets with safety.

WAR UPON PORCUPINES.

Pennsylvania Lumber Owner Employs Trappers to Kill Off the Pests.

It is doubtful whether in all Pennsylvania a more extraordinary task was ever undertaken than that which three men from Benton are now engaged in. It is the extermination of porcupines from a vast tract of timber, in which the little animals are destroying trees. The men are Richard and William Hess and George They are trappers of recognized ability, and have been engaged by Col. Ricketts to trap porcupines in his vast tract of timber in Cilli-van, Wyoming and Luzerne counties. It is a unique job, indeed, but none the less important, for a family of half a dozen porcupines is known to have ruined a dozen or more trees in a single season. And when it is re-membered that there are hundreds upon hundreds of the pests on the Ricketts property, and that every tree destroyed means the loss of anywhere from \$10 to \$30, the effort at extermination becomes an important busiiess proposition.

The three men were chosen for the work because of their knowledge of the habits of the porcupines. They have followed the business of trapping otter, mink, weasels wild cats and bear for years, so that the matter of capturing the costly "porkies" is next thing to sport for them. They have already spent two weeks at the work, and in that time have captured over 59 porcupines. Incidentally, too, their traps have caught a dozen raccoons more than a score of muskrats, three fine mink and a magnificent specimen of the catamount, or "bob cat," as the woodsmen and trappers call it. The catamount is a close cousin to the lynx, and is an altogether undesirable The one caught by these trappers is as large as a small leopard and was as defiant as a prisoner with a crunched les could afford to be

The porcupine is a born pest. All night long the scratch, scratch, nip, nip, nip of the "porkles" can be heard as they gnaw at the trunks of trees, in the bark of which nsects or grubs have taken refuge It is remarkable, too, what an amount of damage to a tree one porcupine can do in a single night.

The three trappers will continue their work until snow comes, after which the pestiferous "porkies" take to their winter cuarters and remain dormant until spring. It was an idea of his own that induced Col. Ricketts to employ the trappers, and it is calculated that in two or three seasons he porcupines will either have been all caught or their number reduced to a harmless few.

The porcupines are partial to particular parts of the state. Up in the hardwood forests of Potter and Lycoming counties there are comparatively few "porkies," but in the hemlock and pine districts of Columbia, Sullivan and Wyoming counties they seem to thrive in abundance. Their quills protect them against all comers of the animal kingdom, hence very few are killed in combat. Even a fierce dog is generally worsted before a battle progresses very far, for the canine's none and paws soon become punctured with the poisonous quills and he is glad enough to let the uglyfaced porcupine alone. But they are greedy things, and a balted trap generally entices the "perky" to his down-Even after he is caught he is next to worthless. Some render their fat, saying that it produces an oil having in it rare medicinal qualities but as a usual thing their death is sufficient cause for resolving, and they

are permitted to lie in the woods. There are times when "porkies, if numerically strong, will attack it most uncomfortable for him, as with claws and teeth and quills they pos sess weapons that anyone might a wholesome fear of. But, like all ecwards, the "porkles" must have their whole gang on hand before they will attempt the aggressive.-Philadelphia Record.

### Water in the Bush. Nine years ago water at the West

ralia gold fields was dearer than been in London. At special times half a crown a gallon was paid for newly condensed water, still warm from the condenner, and at the best of times no one grumbled at a shilling a gallon. The public passed the whiskey bottle over for his customer to help himself, but he measured carefully the amoun of water mixed with the whiskey. The popular system of bathing was to have bucket of water with a false bottom held over your head. The bottom was removed with a jerk, and the water ran down into a tub on the There it was carefully collected to serve for the next comer, as it had probably served for half a dozen be fere you. This cost half a crown Scarcity of water and badness of food brought on the great typhoid fever ep idemics, from which the gold fields suffer to this day, and lads hunting for wealth died off as though the hand of God had passed in anger over the place.

Western Australia is a colony o bold men. They saw that acthing but radical treatment would avail for this scarcity. Hence the water scheme running about 360 miles to Kalgoorlie carrying nearly 6,000,000 gallons a day, and largely solving the matter, so far as the supply for human beings around the main centres is concerned -London Mail,

## One Exception. "You will have to admit that wome

are better at driving bargains than men are.

"Not invariably. Suppose the bargain is a pound of nails?"-Kansa City Journal.



Covering Pantry Shelves. The old fashion of covering pantry shelves with paper has fallen into dis favor. In fact, the custom was questionable from a sanitary point of view, as any one may know who has ever changed the paper coverings and ob-served the amount of dirt they man-aged to accumulate in a short time. Pantry shelves should be painted with several coats of white paint, or covered with white olicloth. Either plan 's good, and the shelves may be scrubbed as often as necessary.

Homemakers and Housekeepers.

To be a first-rate housekeeper requires ability of no mean order. It implies a knowledge of food, sanitation, household decoration, and economics. It demands the power to control and direct servants, not to speak of managing the members of the household, says Harper's Bazar. Housekeeping is, in fact, a business, and calls for executive ability and a constructive mind. But home-making is an, systematic and strong, who conquers all the problems of housekeeping, who controls and retains her cook, who never has a fly or a moth within her four walls, whose pienteous table is faultless in all its appointments, is an absolute Philistine as regards home-making. She provides all the environments of a delightful home, but leaves a blank where the home itself ought to be-produces the frame and leaves out the picture, "Her house is a dream-but her home is a nightmare! was a comment on one household.

Home is made by considering its essentials, and putting them first. A home is a place where the happiness, the freedom, the health, and the comfort of the family are provided for. A place that offers bodily comfort and health, but neither freedom nor joy, is not a home. To call it so is to take the sacred name of home in vain. Rigidly fixed rules, which never take account of the need or convenience of members of the household, may be good housekeeping; they are bad homemaking. Freedom and sympathy have been well called the foundations of "No things, but souls," home life. is where the stress of the homemaker's activity should be laid.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Green tomatoes, cut in halves, rolled in flour and fried in drippings are delicious for breakfast. After the tomatoes are fried pour all but a very little of the drippings out of the pan, add a dessertspoonful of butter, and add slowly half of three-quarters of a cupful of rich milk. Pour this sauce over the tomatoes. Broiled ham accompanies this dish.

The dense pulp and heavy flavor of the banana is sometimes improved by mixing it with other more acid and watery fruits. A can of cherries in which the quantity of syrup overbalanced the fruit was improved recently by straining off the liquid and cooking diced bananas in it until they were transparent. Then they and the cherries were mixed.

If lemons show signs of spoiling or growing hard and horny, place them in more than enough water to cover them. Change every day or two.

Roquefort cheese can be kept fresh and moist by wrapping it in a cloth and covering it with oiled paper. To keep a Dutch cheese from mould-

ing pour into it a little brandy and wrap in an oiled paper. For neuralgia apply an ordinary bread poultice as hot as can be borns

to the affected parts. This has been tried and is well recommended. Pure olive oil, mixed with a little glycerine, is recommended as a cream for massaging the face at bedtime. It

feeds the tissues without yellowing the When ironing, rub the hot fron lightly over a piece of ordinary yellow soap and the clothes will look much nicer, and the work will be done much

## Recipes.

quicker.

Sauce Piquante-To one cupful of drawn butter sauce add one tablespoonful each of vinegar, lemon juice, chopped capers, pickles and olives, a little onion juce and cayenne pepper.

Celery Root Salad-Pare the celery roots; put them into cold water for twenty minutes; then put them in a stewpan; cover with boiling water; add a little sait and let cook until tender; pour off the water; cut each root in slices; when cold pour over a French dressing.

Wheat Muffins-Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat two eggs; add to them one and one-half cupfuls of milk: pour half of this over two cupfuls of flour and the butter and sugar; beat well; add the remaining wilk and egg; one level teaspoonful of sait and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; fill buttered muffin pans twothirds full and bake.

Fowl Pilau-Warm one cupful of cooked fowl; to one cupful of water add one cupful of tomato, strained; season with salt, pepper and one teaspoonful of curry powder; when this is boiling add half a cupful of well washed rice and cook until the rice is tender-about twenty minutes-then add the fowl and three tablespoonfuls of butter; when very hot turn out on a

platter and garnish with toast points.