

**ABBOT BONIFACE.**

Wrinkled, ascetic and grim,  
With little of fault or whim,  
And little of sunny and human mood  
Where the seeds of liking might find a hold—  
Such was Father Boniface,  
The abbot of rich old Allonby Chase,  
And high fourscore years old.

From a life spent in the thick  
Of feud with the heretic,  
Or in ruling with strong hand small and great,  
Inside or in sight of the abbey gate,  
He came at last to die,  
And, meek enough now, in chapel must lie  
In pomp he used to hate.

In heaven they gave him a guide,  
Who, shining there at his side,  
Said, "Now to the great ones first shall we seek,  
Here are fathers Syrian, Spanish, Greek,  
And fathers, of course, of Rome;  
And some from the uttermost kingdoms come,  
And strange, unchurchly clique."

The peace on the abbot's face  
At this was lessened a space,  
But he said no word, and the angel tall  
Led on till they came to a garden wall—  
The towers of the place were seven,  
And it lay on the sunset side of heaven  
Where twilight glories fall.

'Twas a fair place and a wide,  
And garnished on every side  
With riot of bloom, and the birds and the bees  
Kept tune to the ripple of streams at ease,  
And many a gurgling about  
From the dimpled crew on the grass rang out  
High on the listening breeze.

And hard by the open gate  
The abbot cried aloud, "Wait,  
I pray thee, O angel, and quickly tell  
What bright ones are these?" And he said,  
"Here dwell  
The souls of the children small  
Who died in the wreck of their fathers' fall,  
Too young to know they fell.

"You led at play by the brook  
Was Korah's son; when they took  
White Ashkelon's towers, and the people slew,  
Like doves, all the little souls this way flew;  
The child of the Canaanite  
Has a welcome here in the high God's sight  
As warm as has the Jew."

"Sayest thou? They are orphans,  
then?"  
Said Boniface; and again,  
"May an old man enter, and childless,  
too?"

And then at the anavet eagerly drew  
Aigh an Amalekite maid  
Of three, who alone by a rose-tree played.  
She let the leaves slip through  
Her fingers, watching his face,  
Then laughing, with baby grace  
She held out her arms. And the guide  
Went on.

To the great, if great ones he sought,  
alone;  
But Boniface in the thick  
Of the hesthen seed and the heretic  
Found heaven and heart's ease won.  
—William Hervey Woods.

**The Twins.**

If the twins had been within sound of the telephone bell probably they would have guessed the truth. The telephone was a new and unalloyed wonder, and the twins signified their appreciation of it by responding to its every summons and following minutely the audible half of its mystic conversation.

However, at the crucial moment Jack was engaged at a distance in impersonating an automobile at full speed, and Phyllis, whose imagination in these co-operative diversions were never required to take such stately flights, had accepted the role of banana vendor, shortly to be bumped, bowled over and completely extinguished by this counterfeit tyrant of the thoroughfares. A real banana vendor had met with a catastrophe of this sort in their sight the day before. Two moments after the conversation by telephone, which they did not hear, had ceased, they were summoned to the house.

"Why must we dress up?" demanded Jack, when he began to realize what was to happen. He felt keenly the encroachment upon the informality of his Saturday afternoon attire.

"Mother doesn't like to have her babies look so ragged," replied the parent, strategically.

"Why don't you want us to be ragged?" insisted Jack. "You didn't care last Saturday. Father said he never saw my face so dirty," he continued, piling up evidence.

"But it really isn't nice to look like frights. After this you will be dressed every Saturday afternoon, just as you are on school days and Sundays."

Phyllis had been wrestling with conclusions. "Is some one coming?" she asked. "May I stay to dinner?"

"No, darling. And no court of veracity could have decided which question it was the mother answered. Phyllis, however, watched the appearance of her second best dress and experience was more convincing than parental negatives. "I think some one is coming, Jack," she said, sallying. "I think that's why we are dressing up."

"Is it Uncle Harry?" inquired Jack, eagerly. "He promised to bring me some marbles."

The strategic parent retreated behind the usual defenses. She assumed her prerogative of authority, unquestionable source of decisions and commands.

"Mother said," she repeated firmly, "that she does not like to see you looking so ragged. That is the only reason you are dressing up." It sounded masterful. It was really a humiliating capitulation.

"Will you hate to see us look this way next Saturday, too?" asked Jack.

"Every Saturday," repeated the parent firmly.

Jack wore the expression of a philosopher who resigns himself to the inevitable. Phyllis, however, had no regrets. She possessed the feminine adaptability to fuss and feathers.

"There," sighed the strategic parent, as the twins creaked out of sight around the bend in the front stairway. "Now they won't tell Harriet Van Allen the minute she arrives that I was expecting her, and they won't carefully explain that that is the reason they have on their white frocks and best shoes. I am glad they weren't near the phone when she called me up."

Mrs. Van Allen was one of those disturbing visitors who never found virtue in uncouth and uncombed juvenility. The small Van Allens were always spick and span and less vigorous mothers than theirs succeeded in emulating this condition, so far as their offspring were concerned only when it was known beforehand that Mrs. Van Allen was coming.

Mrs. Van Allen arrived. The twins were introduced. Conversation followed. Unluckily, at that moment the strategic parent was called to the telephone. Unluckily, also, the twins found that instrument less attractive than the visitor.

"That is a very handsome gown you have on," began Mrs. Van Allen, by way of making herself agreeable.

Phyllis demonstrated the golden quality of silence.

"It is her best one," explained Jack. "These are my best shoes, too."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Van Allen. "It must be lovely to have on one's best shoes."

"Only," qualified Jack, "a boy likes bare feet better."

"We're never going to have bare feet any more," remarked Phyllis at this juncture, steadfastly addressing her brother in spite of the fact that he was already possessed of the information. "We're always going to be dressed up Saturday afternoons."

"It's because mother doesn't like to see us so ragged," explained Jack, politely. "She didn't mind until today, but after this she's going to."

"We thought," said Phyllis, in a sudden burst of confidence that included the whole world, "we thought at first it was because some one was coming." Then she was immediately covered with confusion when she noted that the visitor was listening to her attentively.

It was at this point that the strategic parent hurried back into the room.

"Well, babies," said she, with the benign smile of ignorance, "how are you entertaining Mrs. Van Allen?"

"Because," finished Jack, sticking to the former subject of conversation with painful tenacity, "mother used to dress us up on Saturday only when somebody was coming."

Having thus creditably acquitted himself of all conversational responsibility he beamed cheerfully upon his mother.—Chicago News.

**Overcoat of Navy Blankets.**

Lieut. W. R. Henderson, who arrived last evening from the Orient on the transport Thomas, brought an overcoat made out of two British navy blankets. Henderson is "more than common tall," and would be noticeable without the cream colored sack that he is taking to his home in the East to keep him warm when skating time comes.

The coat is quite a startling affair, much affected by British navy officers, but seldom seen in this part of the world. If you see a tall, handsome young fellow, wearing a loose fitting garment that suggests memories of the exodus from the Occidental Hotel on the morning of April 18, know by this that he is not a belated refugee, but a gallant navy officer.—San Francisco Call.

**A Slight Hitch.**

Stranger—"Sir, do you remember giving a poor, friendless tramp fifty cents one cold night last winter?"

Jones—"I do!"

"Sir, I am that tramp; that fifty cents was the turning point in my career; with it I got a shave, a shine, a meal, and a job. I saved my money, went to Alaska, made a million dollars, and last week I came back to New York to share my millions with you. But, unfortunately, I struck Wall Street before I struck you—and have you another fifty cents that you could conveniently spare, sir?"—Life.

**A Sectarian Contributor.**

An absent-minded woman walked into the church, took a front seat and joined in the service vigorously. Then the collection basket was passed to her, and, putting a coin into it, she looked about. She cast glances in every direction, her mind cleared, and an expression of amazement overspread her face. She got up. She hurried down the aisle. She overtook the man with the collection basket. "I'm in the wrong church," she whispered, and, taking out the coin she had put in, she hurried forth.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**The Reason For It.**

"Here's a story," said Mrs. Nagget, looking up from her paper, "of a man who begged the judge to send him to jail in place of his wife."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Nagget, "and yet you say we men never sacrifice ourselves for—"

"Wait a minute. This woman stole some clothes she was given to wash. You see, she couldn't take in washing while she was in jail, and so he would have had to work."—Philadelphia Press.

**Australia exports 24,000,000 rabbit skins a year. To kill this great number costs about \$235,000.**

**The Affairs of the Household**

**TO BLEACH HOUSE LINEN.**

Handkerchiefs and towels may be bleached by washing them in the usual manner and then letting them stand over night in a solution of one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar to each quart of water.

**CHILDREN'S DRY DOCK.**

In a newly fitted nursery there is a mysterious trapdoor in the middle of the floor, which is ordinarily covered with a rug. Under the door there is a shallow tank which serves as a dry dock for the children's boats when they are not in use and as a pond on which to sail them at other times.

**CLEANER FOR GUITARS.**

An excellent cleaner for guitars, violins and other stringed musical instruments is made of one-third each of linseed oil, turpentine and water. These shaken together in a bottle form an emulsion or cream. Rub the instrument with a cloth dampened in the cream. Wipe dry and polish with a woolen cloth.

**BEDROOM DECORATIONS.**

A lovely bedroom which the decorator has just completed has its walls covered with one of the fabric papers of homespun effect in a soft color blend in which green predominates. For the frieze, a border of roses on a light background has been cut out on the lower side around the edges of the flowers, so that they fall irregularly onto the paper.

**TO OPEN A BOILED LOBSTER.**

Wipe off shell, break off large claws, separate tail from body, take body from shell, leaving stomach on shell. Put aside green fat and coral. Remove claws, remove woolly gills from the body, break latter through middle and pick out meats from joints. Crush or cut under side of tail, draw meat from shell, draw back flesh of upper and pull off intestinal cord. Break edges of large claws and remove meat.

**TO CLEAN CHAMOIS GLOVES.**

Make a lather with castile soap and warm water, with a tablespoonful of ammonia to each quart. When the water is tepid put the gloves in it. Let them soak for a quarter of an hour, then press them in your hands. Do not wring them. Rinse in clear, cold water with a little ammonia added. Press the gloves in a towel. Dry in the open air after previously blowing up to puff them out.

**PATTERNS FOR SILVER.**

The newest patterns in household silver are of old English pewter design, with angles and straight edges and no ornament other than, now and then, an etched sketch of a famous inn on one side. This silver is made of the unpollished metal beaten into shape with jewelers' tools. It goes excellently with the Mission and other severely plain furniture of the day. It comes in tea sets, little sugar and cream sets, knives, forks and spoons, loving cups, tankards and other dishes.

**RECIPES**

**Cheese Entree**—One slice of Roquefort cheese and butter size of walnut; mix thoroughly and make a thin paste with three or four tablespoonfuls of fruit juice. When of a good spreading consistency, spread it over slices of Russet, Northern Spy or other tart apples and serve chilled.

**Peanut Wafers**—Half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar creamed together. Add half a cup of milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Then add slowly two cups of sifted flour, stirring until smooth. Spread the mixture thinly in a baking pan, sprinkle the top with rolled peanuts, bake a light brown.

**Pickled Sheep's Tongue**—Put the tongue in cold water for two or three hours; then drop them into boiling water and cook until tender. Have ready enough boiling vinegar to cover them, adding to each quart a teaspoonful of whole allspice, a teaspoonful of whole black pepper and a few cloves. Put the tongues into a jar, pour the vinegar over them and cover tightly.

**Panned Tomatoes**—Firm tomatoes are cut in half, the cut side floured, seasoned and laid downward in a little hot butter or dripping. A tight cover and the steam is confined and softens the upper side, and as soon as the floured side is browned each piece is laid on a hot platter. Flour sufficient to absorb the fat in the pan is dredged, then milk is added gradually to make a smooth gravy, which is seasoned and poured around the tomatoes.

**Quick Cinnamon Bun**—Rub one tablespoonful of lard into one quart of flour and add one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in quickly half a pint of milk. Roll out in a thin sheet, cover with a thick layer of sugar, another of currants, and then a sprinkling of cinnamon. Roll up and cut into buns about two inches long. Stand these on their ends in a greased pan and bake twenty-five minutes in a quick oven.

**CHECKS FOR PAPERING OFFICE.**

More Than 8000 Used—Uniform in Color and Design.

"No, sir; I'm no tile worker; you'd better send up to one of the mosaic shops."

That's what a paperhanger said to a member of the Stoller Commission Company about three years ago when the firm made known its purpose to paper the walls of its offices with cancelled checks. The idea of using them for wall paper in fanciful designs was a whim that became a determination later on.

The third paperhanger that answered the call agreed to do the work. And he did it artistically. The checks were all of one form and were put on the walls in panels with gilt moulding around the edges. There is no check on the walls that represents less than \$1000. One is made out for \$30,000. The total amount of money represented in one room is more than \$8,000,000. In another room that was decorated in this way is a small panel of about forty checks that represent a quarter of a million dollars.

The checks are so much alike and are matched so evenly upon the walls that the extraordinary design is not noticed upon first entering the room. The panels look as if papered with ordinary wall paper of an oblong pattern. On every check appears the signature of Frank P. Stoller, one of the firm. "I never thought," he said, "of how much money I had signed away until I had the walls papered with these checks. Some of these checks tell stories. Here's one that was given to Kirk Armour for the last bunch of cattle that he produced on his farm at Waldo, Mo., and this one for \$12,000 was drawn to pay for the first shipload of cattle that we shipped to Cuba after the war."

More than 2000 checks were used in papering one of the rooms.—Kansas City Star.

**WISE WORDS.**

Lots more men would be good husbands if it weren't so mighty dull.

A girl learns to love swimming very early when she has a good figure.

When you see a red-headed widow it's a sign her husband isn't sorry he is dead.

When a woman isn't afraid of being rained on it's a sign it's her own complexion.

A man doesn't have to mention lawyers in his will for them to get a big share of it.

The bigger hurry a man is in to get married the longer he will have to figure out why.

Any man can get a reputation for knowing more than he does if he will keep his mouth shut.

One of the queerest things about being in love is the way the idiots think they fool the people.

When a girl is too refined to help make up the beds it's a sign she doesn't think her mother is.

A man could afford to have a lot more bad habits if some of his good ones weren't just as expensive.

Girls have such finicky notions most of them would like to marry a man to match their complexions.

It may be wicked to lie to a woman about how beautiful she is, but it's mighty easy to be popular that way.

You could never make a woman believe a preacher who thought her child was a girl when it was a boy.

A married man gets lots more fun on a fishing party than other kinds because the family never wants to go along.

It isn't what you spend on a boy's college education that costs so much as what it costs you afterward to support him up to it.

Either you tell people the truth about themselves and are hated by them for a boor, or you don't, and everybody else denounces you for a hypocrite.

A nice thing about having your family away for the summer is no matter how late you come home in the morning you don't have to take your shoes off to go upstairs.

One of the inconsistencies of this world is that if you have no money you have to spend to keep up appearances; but if you have plenty you can let appearances go hang.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

**What Prosperous Newspaper Can Do.**

A big, prosperous newspaper can do practically everything for a city's advancement. Weak newspapers can do nothing. The Los Angeles Times, the Kansas City Star, the Seattle Times and the Indianapolis News, as representing strong, prosperous, fighting newspapers, are entitled to more credit for the greatness of their cities than any other ten forces which go to make up cities. Newspapers that are founded on right lines and right hands should gladly be given a fair price for their advertising, should be encouraged, not discouraged.—Des Moines Capital.

**Russian Students in Prussia.**

By the new regulations adopted in respect of the admission of Russian students to Prussian universities not only must such students, as at present, be free from political suspicion and satisfy certain academic standards, but they will be required to furnish proof of the possession of adequate means of support.—Frankfort Gazette.

**BETTY THINGS TO WEAR**

New York City.—Just as we have foreworn extreme mannish effects in street costumes, Dame Fashion, with the fickleness that is her characteristic, declares for masculine cut in bathrobes and garments of the sort.



Illustrated is one of the best of the kind that has great merit of simplicity and which can be made from a blanket, from elderdown flannel, from the thinner wash flannels, or, indeed, from any material that is used for robes of the sort. In the

**Browns, Blues and Grays Rule.**

Writes a discerning American woman in Paris to a New York friend: "Browns, grays and blues are to be the fall colors. In purchasing brown make sure you get wood, snuff or tobacco shades. Darker shades are very becoming. Dark metal grays, known in London 'smoke,' are attractive. Blues coming in. The new pony coat making a hit with the woman who hips are not larger than her shoulders. Her Louis XIV. coat is proving an air of slenderness to a woman with good shoulders a bust, whose hips are not too large. Sleeves are three-quarters length no longer."

**Fancy Yoke Blouse.**

The waist that gives the tation of a chemisette is the one just now, and is always and charming, and this one is also an entirely novel yoke. Illustration it is made of stitched with beading silk a blend with a chemisette with a pretty applique, but very generally useful model adapted to almost all the material of lighter weight. It would be in cashmere, or, in fact, a that can be made full with silk. Again, if liked, combinations of materials can be made and the cuffs and the girde can be of silk, while the waist proper is wool.

The waist is made with a fitting lining and consists of the front and the backs. These last are laid in pleats, and the front also is laid



Illustration, striped Terry cloth is finished with a simple embroidered edge and held by a cord and a tassel. The bath robe is made with fronts and back, the back being plain while the fronts are laid in one pleat at each side of the neck. There are long sleeves in coat style with turn-over cuffs and a big, wide collar finishes the neck.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is seven yards twenty-seven, five and one-half yards forty-four, or four and three-fourths yards fifty-two inches wide.

inverted pleats, while between pleats there are groups of tucks provide soft and becoming fullness below the stitchings. The waist arranged over the lining, which faced to form the chemisette, the yoke completes the upper edge. The sleeves are of moderate size, the fashionable three-quarter length finished with shaped cuffs, while the girde is smoothly fitted and gives the latest lines to the figure.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-

**Modes of the Moment.**

Irish point or fine silk crochet lace the exact shade of the gown material, placed upon a "transparent" of contrasting color or finely pleated white silk muslin, will form pretty collars, gumpes and trimmings for cloth and velvet dresses this season. Foreign embroideries, fancy buttons and buckles will all be greatly worn. The latest style in belting consists of a broad silk or elastic zone, white, gray, light tan or black, with three rows of narrow steel studded bands of cloth of a different color encircling the waist. A broad, finely studded steel buckle closes the belt securely. Buckles and studding are in various colors, such as dark blue, amber, golden brown and the natural or bright steel color. These waist belts are extremely dresy, and with lace blouse look brilliant and charming for evening wear.



**Cascades For Bodice.**

The front of the bodice has novel cascading revers of chiffon velvet of a darker shade than the gown.

eight yards twenty-one, four yards twenty-seven, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of all-over lace and one yard of applique.

**Plaided Enamels.**

Enamelled metals in plaided colorings is a new fancy in millinery jewelry. Among the devices in which this jewelry appears are the ever popular buckles (square, oblong, oval and diamond shapes), bands, bars, etc.

**Cashmere Night Gowns.**

Some charming robes do suit fine cream colored cashmere, trimmed with silk frills and dainty motifs embroidery, are being snapped up by chilly mortals who appreciate daintiness, as well as warmth and comfort.

**Slender Chain Necklaces.**

Very lovely are the little necklaces of slender chains with small pearls pendant at intervals.

**Nattier Blue Hat.**

A charming hat is of Nattier blue straw, trimmed with two huge plumes, one mauve and the other old blue.