For souls in thrall to earth's material things No oracle or idler can engage.

The hero of the conquest of to-day Is he who grasps the moment as it flies—
The arbiter through strife and failure wise,
Protagonist of all life's moving play—
Theknight who curbs the wild barbaric Real And breaks it to the fight for the Ideal.

Henry Tyrrell, in the World's Anniversary Edition.

READING ALOUD

The Ittie Bittie Ting Went take of much at that meal, except as to Teep When He Yead to the coffee part of it, and she worto Her.

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"I grieve to think it," he mused, "but she sure hasn't got much of a hunch for starry atmosphere and things."

It was with reference to the wife of his bosom that the man gave men-tal expression to this little hunk of ing over to turn down the light when musing. She lay in bed sleeping she shifted a bit, and her eyes half peacefully. He sat in a rocker beside the bed. With his thumb between the pages where he had left off reading, the volume lay idly in his lap. The volume was by Keats. He had been reading the "Ode to a Nightingale" to her. It needs not to be said that his position was indefensible. Of course she had gone to sleep. Any properly organized woman of healthy mind and body, after a day's workshopping and such-is bound to relapse into slumber if, after her regular hour for slumbering has arrived, Keats be droned at her-even if the droner be the overlord of the flef, the main noise of the works. Of course

she had gone to sleep.

The "Nightingale" ode is a good thing for the man who thinks he knows how to read aloud—and Allah alone knows how many men of this kind there be who impose the "Nightingale" and "sich" upon their devoted wives after taps has sounded and the lights should be doused.

Therefore, in spite of her heroic effort, when he had finally reached all that about Ruth standing amid the allen corn, and so on, this devoted wife simply could not help it.

To her the room became a crooning sea, illumined by soft lavender lights, and she was lifted on board her barque and wafted out upon the sea-which is rather a space-grabbing way of saying that she just went to sleep.

Her husband, his voice somewhat choked and muffled by what he considered the effectiveness and beauty of his rendering of the lines, arrived at the finish of the nightingale thing with a flourish, and looked up from the page for tumultous applause, not to say vociferous cheers. If he didn't expect these things why, any way, he sure expected to find her dissolved in tears. Instead, as stated about three times previously, he found her sleeping, and, sad to say, sleeping with her mouth wide open, at that,

It was at this juncture that he mentally delivered himself of the little muse which starts off this truthful story.

"No appreciation of, no love for, the beautiful things in life and story and verse-

And plenty of other tommyrot like this did this man chop into a mental your capital sticks tied together and hash with which to feed his belief your labor sticks separate."
that he was abused. Yet for many "I should think what's se nights he had thus been using up her beauty sleep with his prolonged dronings from the "Idylls of the King" and "Childe Harold" and such. And this was the first time she had fallen asleep under the infliction.

Now (maybe this is not generally known) a man can be a clip and still love the sound of his own voice rendering "Thanatopsis" and things. Which is why this particular man, regarded with an abused expression his deep-sleeping wife, gave a sudden start, and why an expression of craft crept into his eyes.

Blamed if it isn't abully scheme! he mused—kind of an explosive muse

He rose softly from the rocker, tiptoed over to the chandelier, turned out the lights, all but one, and that he turned very low. Then he sneaked down stairs. Then he softly picked his coat and hat from the rack and went down town, where he met the old gang, and played billiards with 'em and told funny stories with tem. and just clipped around scandalous. He got home after the middle of the night, and found his unsuspicious spouse still a-slumbering. When he slipped into bed he murmured unto himself, "Well, if this isn't the warmest gag I've framed up since I got spliced, show muh-show muh."

At the breakfast table on the following morning she said to him: "Why, Jackie, I really must have gone to sleep while you were reading to me last night. How stupid of me!

"Stupid? Not stupid at all!" said "That's what I read to you for, my dear - to read you to sleep, y'know. Want you to go to sleep every night when I read to you. Him ikes to tee him ittie bittie ting go to teep when he yeeds to it," etc., etc. etc .- you can just fill in the rest of that conology to suit.

'Why, do you, really?" said she. "How perfectly nice of you! thought I really had to remain awake Not that I don't intensely enjoy your reading-but I do get sleepy sometimes. And you don't mind my going to sleep, then?"

Sure he didn't. He'd be an unreapable brute if he did mind. Surest

The gag went with a whirl that same night, and for about two weeks of nights thereafter. He'd read to her for about half an hour or so, and then he'd say to her, "Now, here, my dear, is a dreamy, sleepy old part, and you just want to close your eyes while I read it and go drifting off to the ittie wittie land of nod," etc. And because women are just born unsuspicious-some women-she'd go to sleep every time. Then, as per program, he'd douse all the lights but one and turn that low, and go down town and foregather with the gang. and, miraculously enough, never once did she awaken when he sneaked in and went to bed. Of course she finally noticed that he was beginning to look some rocky at the breakfast table, and that he didn't care to par-

his health. But she didn't catch on. "Never caught on at all," said the brute, in laying bare his infamy to one of his pals the other day, "until last Wednesday night. Then she nailed me on the home plate. I thought she had me out at first, but she didn't finish the play. Y'see, afopened, and she asked me why I wasn't in bed. Told her I was just about to come to bed. Then I fooled and fiddled about a bit, and she turned over and I thought she went to sleep again, dogged if I didn't But she didn't go to sleep then at all. When I got home at about 1.30-umyeh, stepping a leetle high—she lay there wide awake and cheerful.

ried considerably as to the state of

"'Have a nice time, Jack?' says she, smiley like.

"Knew it was all up then. Didn't make any confessions. Wasn't necessary. She was next, and I was next that she was next. 'Does him ike to have ittle bittle

ting go to teep when he yeeds to her? she asked me, just like that, and me -I wasn't sayin' a word, bo. Not a wud. I turned in and went to sleep. She hasn't mentioned it since.

"But I guess maybe that reading aloud thing hasn't been panned up at our place or nothin'-oh, no, I guess it hasn't!"-Washington Star,

The Bundle of Sticks.

By ELLIS O. JONES.

The old man called his son to him to explain the mysteries of business. "My son," said he, "you have finished college and you must now make a show at least of getting busy. Let me explain to you a few fundamentals. Here I have a bundle of sticks.

See if you can break them." The young man had been absent from school with appendicitis at the time his class read the old story of the bundle of sticks, and so he was not next. He tried and tried to break the sticks, but could not.

"See how easy it is," said the old man, taking the sticks, cutting the cord and breaking them one by one "Gee, that's a bum joke," said the young man, as he puffed his cigarette

and tried to look interested.

"It's no joke," said the old man. It is a parable. The bundle of sticks taken together represent organization, which is very desirable in the case of capital. If, however, we look upon the sticks as representing labor, it is criminal and immoral for them to be tied together. They would then represent a union. Always keep

"I should think what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, said the son, whose point of view was still blunt.

"It depends on how big a goose replied the old man .you are.' From Life,

Dependence on England.

Old-time American journalism occasionally makes better reading than the new. Witness the first issue of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette, published in 1829. "We have little news of consequence, the English prints being stuffed with robberies, cheats, murders, bankruptcies, promotion of some and hanging of others; nor can we expect much better till vessels arrive in the spring, when we hope to inform our readers what has been doing in the court and cabinet in the Parliament house, as well as the sessions house. In the meantime we hope our readers will be content with what we can give 'em, which, if it does 'em no good, shall do 'em no hurt."-London Chronicle.

Oddities of New York.

One family in New York City has 12 telephones. It is the Smith fam-

New York City is growing in buildings at the rate of one and a half each hour.

Inhabitants of New York City are using quite a river of water, for they are now consuming 500,000,000 gal-

No gold land in the world of the area of Manhattan Island is of such great money value, acre for acre, and its output of profit is practically without end .- New York Herald.

The Baffling Egg.

They who uphold the doctrine of utility in all natural phenomena may well take pause at the color variations of the cuckoo's eggs. It is difficult to suggest any purpose in them. Resemblance of the egg to those of the bird dupe can serve no protective purpose. The diet theory, if ever carded the hair is worn plain seriously entertained, has been dismissed as untenable, and the mystery ribbons being quite abandoned. still remains.—The Field.

prettier style been in vogue than inches wide with one-half yard eight that of the over blouse and it suits



New York City.-Never has there one and one-half yards forty-four cen inches wide for the centre front three-quarter yard thirty-two inches wide for the centre front, three-quarter yard thirty-two inches wide for the trimming to make as illustrated.

Velvet Trimming.

An acceptable trimming for tailored and semi-tailored costumes is a thin weave of chiffon velvet.

Child's Reefer.

There is no coat worn by the small girl that quite takes the place of the reefer. It is very generally becoming, it is simple yet absolutely smart in effect and it can be slipped on and off with the greatest possible case. This one is made of white serge with collar and cuffs of Copenhagen blue, but the model can be utilized for every material that is in vogue for little girls' coats. White is slwave pretty and attractive, but dark red, dark and medium blues and mixtures are all in vogue, while for the real warm weather linen, pique and pongee all are liked.

The little coat is made simply with the young girls so peculiarly well the loose fronts and back and with that it is a special favorite among the big sailor collar. The shield the younger contingent. Here is one when worn is buttoned into place be-



that is charmingly graceful and at-| neath the collar and closed at the tractive and which can be utilized back. The full sleeves are finished either separately or joined to the with roll-over cuffs, but the plain skirt, making a semi-princesse dress as liked. In the illustration the material is pongee with bands of taffeta, while the centre front is made of all-over embroidery, but almost all materials that are used for girls' dresses are appropriate and it will be found equally satisfactory for the thin materials of the present and for the slightly heavier ones of the near future. The centre-front por-tion is a feature and can be made of anything in contrast. Bandings can be utilized, and some of the Oriental effects are exceedingly handsome, while again, the bands on the blovse Itself can be cut from any contrasting material or could be of the same embroidered or braided with soutache, or banding could be applied over them.

The blouse is made with the fronts centre front and backs. The sleeves are cut in one with it and there are trimming straps which conceal the shoulder seams while the shaped strap finishes the neck, front and back edges. The closing is made invisibly at the back.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is two and seven-eighth yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two yards thirty-two or straight ones.

en the hand-embroidered waist by basting a fine net under certain figthat the figures appear to be of em- lar and cuffs. broidered net.

Hair Worn Plain.

On occasions when hats are discarded the hair is worn plain, or grounds, such as dark red, navy blue, adorned with beads or paillettes, the golden brown and green. Three yards



ones are simply stitched to simulate

The quantity of material required for the medium size (six years) is An exceedingly pretty touch is giv- three and one-eighth yards twentyseven, one and three-quarter yards forty-four or one and one-half yards ures before embroidering them, cut- fifty-two inches wide with one-half ting out the material afterward so yard forty-four inches wide for col-

Hat Ribbons.

New hat ribbons show an immense white polka dot on deep colored backwill make a generous bow.



HOW TO KEEP JUICE IN A PIE. Any one who has ever had the fuice from an apple, rhubarb or other pie run all out into the oven while baking knows just how annoying it is.

I have overcome the difficulty, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion, by taking a strip of clean white cloth, about an inch wide and long enough to lap when put around the edge of the plate, wringing it out of hot water, doubling together lengthwise, and pinning tight around the edge of the plate. When the ple is baked, take off this rim, and you will find the juice in the pie instead of in the oven.

FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE.

The fern which lent so much freshness to the dining table all winter suddenly presents an aspect dead and depressing. Our very souls, at this time of the year, call aloud for frash blooms.

Flowers for the table should be scrupulously fresh. Nothing so disarms one at the beginning of a meal as does a bunch of faded and too often ill-odored posies.

The commonest field flower, freshly plucked, has a transcending charm over the faded orchid of rarest variety.

Then, too, be sure that the flowers are free from ants or other little insects-harmless, but not appetizing. See that the water in which cut flowers are kept is always absolutely pure.-New Haven Register.

LAYING LINOLEUM. In laying linoleum on the floor of a

room care should be taken to eliminate as much tracking as possible.

Around edges of room it should be so cut as not to touch, that it may have room in which to spread. Constant treading upon it has an inclination to widen it, and if it has not room it will bulge out in spots over the floor.

In selecting, it is always best to pay the difference in price and buy that which has its design imprinted all the way through, as that which has the design only on the surface soon becomes unsightly.

Considering the length of time it will lie on the floor before being renewed, the inlaid quality will fall to produce the usual eyesore that the surface design does.

The kitchen and laundry are the best places for this floor covering, as it does away with the drudgery of scrubbing floors, the linoleum being easily mopped clean in a jiffy.—New York Press.

TO CLEANSE THE HAIR.

The hair needs frequent washing during the summer weather because one lives out of doors and gets all the dust and soil blowing through the air. The simplest shampoo, which is al-

ways available and which will take out any accumulation of atmospheric dirt, is a cake of white castile soap melted in a quart of boiling water.

It makes a mild jelly and can be kept in a wide-mouthed jar. When using it wet the hair first with warm water, then take two tablespoons of it with a saltspoonful of soda and rub this thoroughly over the hair. Be sure to reach the scalp. Gather

the long ends of hair up on the crown so they can be well lathered. Massage the roots of the hair with the fingers. Then rinse off the soap with water

as hot as the head can stand, then cooler water and lastly a spray of cold water to close the pores .- Philadelphia Ledger.



Lemon Pudding -- To one - half pound of stale bread crumbs add the same weight of finely chopped suet, the juice and grated rind of two lemons and four ounces of sugar; mix well, beat three eggs and add them: boll for an hour in a mold. Serve with lemon sauce.

Sardine Salad-Remove skin and bone from six large sardines, cut into tiny pieces, place in a salad bowl with six cold boiled eggs cut into strips and three cold boiled potatoes cut into dice. If you like the flavor add one-half teaspoon finely chopped chives, then four tablespoons French dressing. Serve cold.

Sponge Cake-One and one-quarter cups sugar, one and one-half cups flour, two small teaspoons baking powder, four eggs, four tablespoons boiling water, a pinch of salt; cream yolks and sugar, add beaten whites, then the flavoring, add baking powder, add water; stir thoroughly. Nice in two large layers spread with whipped cream.

Waffle Potatoes-Peel large whole potatoes and cut each into flute shape by holding it first lengthwise and then crosswise on a potato cutter. Keep the slices in iced water until ready to cook, when fry them a light ler. brown in hot lard. Drain them carefully upon removal from the lard and keep in a covered vessel to retain their heat until ready to serve. Before serving drain again.



GARDEN SOUNDS. I love to hear the bluebells chime, And little cowslips moo. Of tiger lilies roaring I'm A constant lover, too.

But best of all the garden sounds
To which I love to hark,
Is when at eve I go my rounds
The Johnny-jum-pups bark.
—Carlyle Smith, in Harper's Weekly.

A PRELIMINARY REQUIREMENT. Tom-"Why don't you get a new spring suit?"

Dick-"I can't find a new tailor." -Somerville Journal.

A SPORTING EVENT. Mrs. Peck-"Henry, do you see anything in the paper about Blinker

running over his mother-in-law?" Mr. Pack—"Not yet. I haven't come to the sporting news."—Puck.

THE SPRING DELUGE.

"I had a delightful talk with the Governor of the State." "Enjoyed it, eh?"

"Yes; he didn't want to sell me a ticket for anything." - Washington Herald.

NOT UP TO DATE.

"Wasn't their divorce a shocking affair?" said Mrs. Feathergilt. "Inexcusable," answered Mrs. Smartsett. "They both had the most unfashionable lawyers they could find."—Philadelphia Press.

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING. "I have often marvelled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee,

"If it's more than \$5, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself."—Houston Post.

CHUMS.



The Tall One-"When I was your size I was just sweetly pretty."

The Short One-"What a pity you grew up!"-In the New York Telegram.

THE WILY AGENT. "How do you succeed in insuring

so many people?" "I look them over, and then I look doubtful, and offer to bet them a dollar that in their present state their application for insurance would be rejected."-Houston Post.

NOTHING DOING.

"I tell you I must have some money!" roared the King of Maritana, who was insorefinancial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up."

"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly court jester, "all our coffers are empty."-Judge.

THE TRUTH OF IT. "You can't buy happiness," exclaimed the sentimentalist.

"No," answered the man who is sternly practical. "You can't buy happiness. And at the same time that fact doesn't imply that your comfort is enhanced by being broke."-Washington Star.

MOVED BY CURIOSITY.

"What are you going out before the curtain again for?" demanded the stage manager, clutching the arm of the new vaudeville artist, who had just made a dismal failure.

"Somebody's clapped," blurted the actor, "and I want to find out who it was."—The Circle.

DUBIOUS PRAISE.

"Grey, the art critic, came along just as I was looking at your new painting."

"You mean my 'At Work in the Fields.' And what did Grey think of

"Commended its realism highly. Said even to look at it made him tired."-Boston Transcript.

HE COT IT.

"James," said Mr. Rakeley, "I believe you saw me-er-saluting the nursemaid."

"Why, yes, sir," replied the but-"Well, it's best to keep quiet about

it. Do you understand?"
"Yes, sir," replied James, with

upturned palm; "silence is golden,