

## FOOTBALL.

A gridironed field that huge stands defend,  
With a great grim galloway at either end,  
A bulging wind and a frightened sky,  
And a leather ball that goes darning by—  
The hour has struck again for the doughty football men,  
And it's "Fall, there, fall, lad,  
You're snatching at the ball, lad,  
That's not the game at all, lad!  
Again, now—that's well done!  
Quick, now, quick, man,  
Don't lie there like a sick man—  
Lively! That's the trick, man, pick up your feet and run!"

A sprawl full-length on the short brown grass  
They watch the handling of kick and pass,  
And the slippery dummies squeak and swing  
As each in his turn the tacklers spring—  
And the veteran may shrink but the novice he must work,  
While it's "Scout, now, scout, lad,  
Leave your feet and shoot, lad,  
That's the way to do it, lad,  
You're learning, learning fast,  
Low, get low, man,  
Mustn't be so slow, man!  
That's the way to go, man, you've got the knack at last."

Hark now to the whistle's silver call—  
"Line up!" and the centre takes the ball.  
The signals follow, clear and quick—  
For run and line-back, punt and kick—  
While the coach trots close beside, to each error open eyes,  
And it's "You end, stay there!  
Tackle, under way, there!  
Guard, you spoiled the play, there,  
Don't stand like that and wait!  
What are you about, man?  
Can't you hear me shout, man?  
You might as well be out, man, as half a second late!"

So the days go by and with each in turn  
Comes something new for the men to learn,  
But one great lesson is still the same,  
It's team-play only that wins the game!  
Nothing's done by one and one, but by all in unison:  
For it's "Side by side, there!  
Let the fullback guide, there!  
Half, don't run so wide, there,  
Never go alone!  
Hand, now, hand, man—  
Tackle, stick to guard, man!"  
And the boys who learn the lesson may use it when they're grown!  
—J. W. Linn, in St. Nicholas.

## MR. MAYE'S MEMORY.

By ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"There is one thing you mustn't forget, brother Tom!"

"What is that, Emma?"

"Don't forget to go to the help office, and have me up a cook. The new girls asked for nothing, and the old one can do everything. Young or old, man or woman, I don't care, only send me up a competent cook by 10 o'clock this morning."

"Don't look so desperate, sis; I'll remember it. I want things in pretty good style for Maxwell; he is used to it—is fond of good dinners, and I guess I'll send you up a good, smart man cook, Emma."

"I hope Mr. Maxwell won't expect things too nice; but I'll do my best in other matters, Tom, if you'll only provide some one capable of serving a good dinner."

Mr. Thomas Maye disappeared with a reassuring nod. He had a proverbially bad memory; pretty Emma Maye knew it very well, yet in this desperate emergency she trusted him. Dangerous; but what could she do? During the two years she had had charge of her widowed brother's family, they had been blessed by the most skillful of cooks; but Joan had taken a fancy to get married, and her place was hastily supplied by one who soon proved incapable. At this juncture Mr. Maye received tidings that his deceased wife's favorite brother, Arthur Maxwell, just returned from Europe, would pay him a visit.

The Maxwell family were noted for their wealth and good breeding, and Arthur especially was distinguished for his agreeability.

From the first, Emma had been nervous over the responsibility of entertaining this elegant young man whom she had never seen. She was lovely and accomplished; but she could not cook—she had never tried. Certainly, it seemed task enough for a young lady of twenty to superintend a family consisting of her brother and herself, two boys and their tutor, two little girls and their nurse maid, with two other servants. But though arduous, it had been well performed.

The house was the perfection of neatness and taste, the children well trained, and Emma was much beloved in her brother's family. To him she had been devoted, in sickness and health, and he gratefully intended to make her tasks as light as possible. But he had a proverbially bad memory, and, unfortunately, Emma had been obliged to trust to it.

It was half-past 7 o'clock when Mr. Maye went down town. He took nothing but a cup of coffee at 7, and lunched at his favorite restaurant at 11. At half-past 3 the Mayes dined, and Mr. Maxwell was expected by the 3.10 train.

"There!" sighed Emma, when, two hours after her brother's departure, the house was in its usual exquisite order, and the vases and flowers sent up for dinner; "if Tom doesn't forget, and if he sends up a good cook, everything will be nice enough."

She did not dare consider the possibility of Tom's having forgotten, or that of the cook not coming for any other reason; but when, precisely at 10 o'clock, the door bell rang, a secret weight was lifted from her heart. She ran herself to answer the summons.

A medium-sized, well-dressed, modest-looking young man stood at the entrance, and she brightened at sight of him.

"I am very glad you are so punctual; I was afraid I should be disappointed," leading the way to the kitchen, without an instant's delay. "Let me see—10 o'clock. I shall have to set you to work at once to prepare a first-class dinner. We are expecting company from New York,

our cook has left me, and I do not myself know anything about cooking. What is your name?" relieving the young man of his hat, and hanging it as high out of reach as possible.

His reply was rather faint, but she thought she caught it.

"Mac? You do not look like an Irishman. But it doesn't make any difference. Are you a good cook?"

"I'll do my best," he said, pleasantly.

"You see there's nothing in the house but cold chicken," continued Emma, unconsciously wringing her hands as she continued to address the new cook, who certainly listened very attentively. "But my brother has sent up some pigeons—to be roasted, I suppose."

"Yes'm."

"Can you make a celery salad?"

"I think I can."

"And mayonnaise sauce for the cold chicken?"

"Yes'm."

"Can you make a French soup?"

"I can."

"Oh, well, I guess you will do," beginning to look relieved. "Be sure the vegetables are not overdone, and the coffee good—my brother is very particular about his coffee. And we will have a Florentine pudding?" with an inquiring look.

"Yes'm," readily.

"I will lay the table myself to-day, Mac, and fill the fruit dishes and vases; but if you give satisfaction, I will intrust you with the key of the china closet, and you will have the entire care of the table; and with a gracious nod the young lady withdrew from the kitchen.

She piled the fruit dishes with rosy pears, golden oranges and white grapes; filled the vases with roses, lilies and ferns; set clusters of dainty glasses, filled with amber jelly, among the silver and china, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction at the result, ran away to dress.

"I'll not go near the kitchen to even smell of the dinner. I don't know anything about cooking it, and will trust to luck. I have an idea that Mac is real capable—is going to prove a treasure. His dress was so neat, and he was so quiet and respectful," concluded Emma, leisurely arranging her hair.

Her new dress was very becoming, and fitted the petite, round figure so perfectly that Emma felt at peace with all the world.

"I have heard that Mr. Arthur Maxwell is very fastidious in the matter of ladies' dress," mused Emma, twisting her fingers.

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ing her head over her shoulder to see the effect. "I wonder what his first impressions of me will be? I should like to have poor Ally's brother like me."

At length the last bracelet was clasped, the last touch given, and retiring backward from the mirror, with a radiant face, Emma turned and ran up to the nursery, to order the children dressed for company, and also to speak with the boys—and flirt a little with Mr. Vincent, the tutor, who was always at her service for this exercise.

There was a delightfully savory odor pervading the house when she came down and set out the wine and ice, and made a few amendments of the table. Before Alice died she had painted an exquisite ebony ring for her brother, and this Emma placed with the napkin designed for Mr. Arthur Maxwell, thinking how artistic and pretty everything was, and deciding that the gentleman's first impression must be pleasant.

She looked at her watch—five minutes past 3. Then she went softly to the end of the hall, and listened to the lively chatter in the kitchen. She could hear Mac chatting pleasantly with the little housemaid, Nanny, and all seemed to be well in that direction.

At 3.10 she repaired to the drawing room and took a seat overlooking the street. Carriages came and carriages went, but none stopped at the entrance. The little girls came down; the boys and Mr. Vincent came down. Mr. Maye's latekey settled in the door, the dinner bell rang.

"Not come?" asked Mr. Maye, at sight of Emma's disappointed face.

"No," she pouted; "and such a nice dinner!"

"Very strange!" he mused, leading the way into the dining room. "I hadn't the least doubt—Why, my dear fellow," seizing by the shoulder the new cook, who, acting also as butler, had just placed the soup-tureen upon the table—"my dear, dear fellow, way, how is this? Emma declared you hadn't come!"

That young lady grew as white as the tablecloth, and grasped a chair for support.

"That Mr. Arthur Maxwell? I—I thought it was the cook!"

"I came earlier than I expected, and in time to make myself useful to Miss Emma," laughed Mr. Maxwell, divesting himself of his white towel and bowing with exquisite grace to that young lady.

The cultivated accents, the amiable looks of the bent head, the clear, eloquent, beautiful eyes—oh, why hadn't she known? How could she have fallen into such an error?

"I was so terribly anxious—I didn't look at you twice. Mr. Maxwell, I hope you will forgive me!" stammered Emma, as red now as she had been pale.

"There is nothing to forgive, if my dinner turns out well," he replied, laughing. "I learned to cook when I was a student in Paris—a Frenchman taught me. I have been rather proud of my culinary skill, but I am a little out of practice now, and am not quite sure of the Florentine."

"Emma!" cried Mr. Maye, "what does all this mean?"

"Why, John, you promised to send me up a man cook."

Mr. Maye clasped his hands tragically.

"Emma, I forgot it!"

"Well, Mr. Maxwell came, just at 10 o'clock. I thought he was the cook; I ushered him into the kitchen among the pots and pans. I questioned him as to what he knew about cooking. I urged him to make all haste and serve the dinner; and—and I called him an Irishman!" sobbed Emma, hysterically.

"No offense, Miss Emma. My grandfather, on my mother's side—Major Trelawny—was an Irishman," observed Mr. Maxwell, coolly. "And since I have done my best, won't you try the soup before it is cold?"

The others stared, and Emma cried; but Mr. Maye laughed—laughed uproariously.

"The best joke of the season! Sit right down, everybody! Emma, you foolish girl, don't cry. Arthur doesn't care. And as for your Florentine—Arthur, tell Nanny to bring it on. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, you know."

"Miss Emma won't cry when she tastes my soup," remarked Arthur, lading it out promptly, with an air of pride.

And then they all fell to tasting and praising, and urging Emma to taste and praise, until she laughed and cried all together.

But Mr. Arthur was so delightful, so winning and so witty, so kind to his agitated young hostess, and he'd cooked such an excellent dinner—from the pigeons to the pudding, everything was perfect.

By and by Emma was herself again.

"This has taught me a lesson," she said. "I will never be so desperately situated again. I will learn to cook."

"Let me teach you," said Arthur. He did. And Emma taught him to love her. There was a wedding by and by.

"The blessed result of my miserable memory!" Mr. Maye said.—Saturday Night.

## SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A recent English invention is a portable circular saw resembling the street outfit of the seissors grinder, which may be moved up to the stationary timber to cut it.

An improved aiming device for heavy guns makes it possible to keep the weapon trained on a moving target continuously, without regard to the rolling of the vessel.

According to Indian Engineering, plaster of Paris may be used as a flux for melting scrap metals containing small amounts of iron. About five pounds of plaster are mixed with 130 pounds scrap, and, when melted, the whole is stirred. On cooling, the plaster is removed by a blow with a hammer. The iron is thus removed, and the flux, being neutral, does not attack the crucible.

An interesting item of astronomical news is that of the discovery of a new ring of Saturn. It is stated to be a dusky ring surrounding the well-known bright ones. It was discovered at the Geneva Observatory.

A correspondent of the London Times calls attention to the need of an automatic recording speed indicator for railway trains. Both of the most recent important fatal railway casualties in England were undoubtedly caused by excessive speed at points where the regulations required a slowing down. Engine drivers become reckless and disregard rules, safety at first, but ultimately meet with disaster. If the record of speed during each trip were to be submitted to inspection there would be less disobedience and greater safety. Possibly the recording speed indicator has been invented, but it appears not to be in use anywhere.

The many uses and inflammable character of celluloid have led to an active search for substitutes. The new material of C. Troquet, a French inventor, is a mixture of cellulose, asbestos and the organic matter contained in oyster shells. The cellulose is obtained by treating seaweed successively with acid and alkali and washing. The asbestos is ground with petroleum oil, while the ground oyster shells are treated with hydrochloric acid and the insoluble residue is boiled with water, washed with weak alkaline solution and collected on a filter. The mixture contains from fifty to sixty-five parts of cellulose, two to twelve parts of the oiled asbestos and twenty to forty-five parts of the oyster shell substance. The mass is treated with formaldehyde, suitably colored, and then pressed into any form or object for which celluloid can be used.

### A Test For Coal Gas.

Do you suspect your hot-air furnace of leaking coal gas into the heat flues and into the house? A simple and effective way of testing for this trouble is to throw upon the furnace fire a large wad of cotton which has been saturated with oil of peppermint and thickly sprinkled with sulphur to make it burn quickly. Close the furnace door tightly and have some one who has not smelled the prepared cotton wad try to detect the odor in the rooms above. If it is found you will need a new drum for your furnace without delay.

### Too Fast For Him.

Hans came in from his ranch, two miles this side of Olney, this week to buy a horse.

"I've got the very thing you want," said Ike Bergman; "it's a fine road horse, five years old, sound as a quail, \$175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

Hans threw up his hands skyward. "Not for me," he said, "not for me. I wouldn't give you five cents for him. I live eight miles from Astoria, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."—Harper's Weekly.

### Pear-Shaped Balloon.

Pear-shaped balloons are the fashion in Belgium. The point is upward, the base of the balloon is spherical. It is claimed that balloons of this shape pierce the air vertically with far greater speed than the ordinary spherical balloon. Consequently they are steadier. Also the upper pointed end prevents the accumulation of moisture or snow on the surface, which frequently weighs a balloon down and destroys its power to rise.

### The Roomy Attic.

Radiantly lovely, she had come to see the poor poet in his attic room. "The view is divine," she said, "but aren't you crowded for space?" "Oh, no," said he. "I get on nicely now. But, to tell the truth, I was decidedly crowded till they took off the wall paper."—Judge.

### Let Us Overcome Afflictions.

Let us set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience.—Lord Bolingbroke.



For the Younger Children...



### STAYING UP LATE.

One evening when my bedtime came I didn't want to go. So mother said I might stay up. For just this once, you know.

And so I stayed and stayed and stayed, Through all the night, I think, And never went to bed at all Nor slept a little wink.

But when at last the sun arose, Ashining warm and red, I found I had my night on, And was sitting up in bed.

—Alden Arthur Knipe, in St. Nicholas.

### A HOME MADE DOLL HOUSE.

It sounds very ambitious to make a doll's house as well as all the furniture at home, but it is not at all difficult, and a very delightful way of amusing one's self and others as well. It will certainly prove a most fascinating occupation for the long dull winter days.

The doll's house should really be made first so as to have a place to put the furniture in as you finish it. There are several ways of making the doll's house, and we will describe two of these. To make it in cardboard you will want four small flat boxes all the same size, and of as strong a cardboard as you can get; these can be had at a draper's shop for a few pennies. They are then glued together two on top of each other, so that you have four rooms. To make them firmer it is a good way to put a piece of millboard between the two top and bottom rooms; this must of course be glued on; it makes the floors so much stronger; also cut a piece of the millboard an inch bigger all around to go on the top of the house; this makes the eaves, and the roof is then put on to this. The roof is made of two straight pieces of cardboard joined together, with the two ends also glued on. The best way to join them is to glue a strip of coarse tape on to the two pieces of cardboard, forming it into the right shape and gluing the two side pieces on in the same way. The next thing is to paint the house; it must be sized first or the paint will sink in too much; then paint the roof, the two sides and the back. The roof looks best in black with a white chimney pot. The front part of the house, which opens, is made with two pieces of millboard glued together to make it stronger; they should be cut the size of the front of the house; any stationer will do this for you, as it is rather hard to cut yourself; this is fastened on to the side with two small hinges. The windows and door are drawn in before the front is painted, and these are done last; the door might be dark green with the panels picked out in a lighter shade; the windows are painted gray to represent glass with white lines across to divide the panes of glass, and curtains may also be painted to give it a more home like and furnished appearance; these could be either white or yellow. The house would require two coats of paint but need not be varnished. When the paint is quite dry the rooms are to be papered each a different color, and then the furniture can be made to match each room. The ceilings should be all papered in white; the bedroom carpet might be of some pretty chintz, the dining-room and drawing-rooms of some thin serge or any other suitable material you may have; you can get samples of floor cloth in paper which do splendidly for the kitchen; most drapers have this and would give you a piece.

A more elaborate way of painting the house is to first put on a good thick coat of white paint, and when this is dry to put a thick coat of red paint over this, and before this is dry to mark out the bricks with a piece of stick pointed at the end. This requires care, as you must not put your hand on to the red paint, but it looks very pretty when finished.

To make the other doll's house you would want a sugar box from the grocer's or a good sized soap box, then you put in one or two shelves according to the size you want your rooms to be. The shelves are made of a much thinner wood, and it is best to get a carpenter to cut these out the correct size; then nail some thin strips of wood on the two sides and back of the house on to which you slip the shelves and fasten them down firmly on to these with nails. Partitions can be put between the rooms if thought necessary in the same way that the shelves were put in. The lid on the box does for the door, and the whole must be sized before painted, and then proceed in the same manner as for the other house. This makes a stronger house, but is more difficult to make, and the other way is a very good one, and cannot be broken very easily.—The Girls' Own Paper.

### HOW THE DOLLS HELPED ISABEL.

Monday morning in vacation is horrid. Isabel thought so as she ruefully eyed the big pile of breakfast dishes. Washday mamma always did the dining room and kitchen work, while Janet was busy in the laundry, and always in vacation time Isabel had to help. To-day mamma had some extra work, and it was Isabel's task to wash and dry the dishes all alone.

"They're just mountains high!" she declared.

They weren't at all, though I must confess that there were a good many of them.

When mamma had called to her the dishes were ready, Isabel was busy playing with her numerous family of dolls. Very reluctantly she laid

Gertrude Maud back into her bed, and covered Gladys Emily carefully in the doll carriage, and started with lagging footsteps toward the kitchen.

She filled the big dishpan with hot water, and gave the glasses, then the silver, their morning bath. Somehow the large kitchen seemed lonely without either mamma or Janet, in spite of the fact that the sunshine was streaming in brightly through the windows. Then a sudden thought came to her.

"I'll bring the dolls out here and make believe they are helping me," she said to herself.

So Gertrude Maud and Gladys Emily, and the smaller dolls, Hetty and Lillian, and black Alice with her apron and turban, looking very much fitted for her task, were all seated in a row on the big table, with their backs against the wall and their feet sticking out straight in front of them.

Then Isabel began her game. "The plates you shall wash and wipe," she said, addressing Gertrude Maud, "cause you're the biggest."

So Isabel carefully washed and wiped the plates, and placed them in front of Gertrude.

"And the cups and saucers belong to you, Gladys. Be sure to do them nicely," she said.

Then they were done, and piled on the table by Gladys.

The smaller dolls, Hetty and Lillian, had the little butterplates and oatmeal dishes to do.

It was great fun. Isabel made believe that they didn't want to do them at all, and then had to scold them a little and remind them that such tasks had to be done by little girls, and it was well to learn how to do them properly.

Black Alice had the frying-pan and oatmeal pot to do. But the next time Isabel had the dishes to do alone, and the dolls helped, Gertrude Maud did the pans, "cause it doesn't seem fair, just 'cause she's black for her to do the hard part always."

When mamma came in and saw the row of dolls and the nicely washed dishes, she was much pleased with Isabel's little game of dishingwashing and dolls.—Woman's Home Companion.

### IN OLD HOLLAND.

It was an Englishman who said: "The children of Holland take pleasure in making

What the children of England take pleasure in breaking."

If he had seen the Breifben School of Laren he could have made a newer and a better proverb, says St. Nicholas.

Every bright day four little Dutch maids sit on the bench before Mevrouw Kosta's door and Janke teaches them to knit. Anna, who is ten, clicks her needles fast and evenly, but Wilhelmina, who is only six, crooks her fat, pudgy fingers painfully round the yarn and sighs.

She knows well that it is necessary to be clever to live in Laren, for Laren, let me tell you, is a most distinguished place, very different from the rest of Holland; and Wilhelmina knows it is quite mountainous there, for it is thirteen feet above the sea. But to be clever it is necessary to