

MY HOME.

BY AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.
 You think my home is up the street
 In that big house with lots of steps,
 All worn in places by my feet
 With tracks that look like mine and Jap's.

You think it's where I always eat
 Where I can find my spoon and bowl,
 My napkin folded clean and neat—
 And milk and sometimes jelly-roll.

You think it's where I always sleep
 Where I get in my puffy bed
 And fall right in a comfy heap
 Some nights before my prayers are said.

But that's not home—just roof and walls—
 A place like anybody buys,
 With shiny floors and stairs and halls—
 My home is in my mother's eyes.

—Harper's Weekly

The-World-at-the-End-of-the-Road

By CHARLOTTE BROOKS FLACK.

In the cool, quiet woods of lovely Long Island lived little Squirrel Gray. Everything a squirrel could have to make happiness he had, but since a certain day discontented was little Squirrel Gray.

Early that morning he had whisked from tree to tree, until suddenly he had discovered the road, at the end of which, as far away as his little black eyes could see, was a wondrously beautiful, rosy radiance in the eastern sky.

Back home he flew, hurrying to tell mother about it, and to ask her what was in the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road.

"Danger," mother had told him. "But how do you know?" asked Squirrel Gray.

"The crows say so, and they know; for to and fro, from here they go, to the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road," his mother had said with a wise nod of her old gray head.

The beginning and end of each day afterward found him at the road, and all the way home he was longing—longing—longing.

Every day he teased his mother to let him go see the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road. But always she shook her head, until finally she realized he never would be contented again. One morning to satisfy him she reluctantly told him he might go.

It was nearly night when he arrived at the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road. There he found houses and horses, barking dogs and mewling cats, crying babies and people, big and little, talking and laughing. Oh! what a noisy place the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road was!

He soon found out what Danger meant.

From tree to tree, along the fences, over roofs, scurried Squirrel Gray, until darkness found him on a grape arbor. There he tremblingly hid himself under the big leaves, and there he slept all that night, dreaming of home and mother.

The next morning at first he thought he was home, until he opened his sleepy eyes. Then all the scared feeling came back again, and he hardly dared to move. But Danger was still asleep, and as all was quiet he ventured to peep out. Through the trees he caught a glimpse of something that made his little heart throb with gladness, and Danger was forgotten.

There again was the alluring pink sky! Down from the arbor he sprang. From tree to tree he traveled with long flying leaps, until he came to the last tree. Not another was in sight, but on he sped down a rough, rutty road, which led him to a long stretch of pebbly beach. Yet on he went, until he found himself at the edge of water, the longest and widest water he had ever seen. In his woodland home had been only a little pond or two that reflected the green, leafy branches above and the pretty ferns around, but this big water was not green just then, it was pink like the sky.

As Squirrel Gray watched this in wonder the rosiness from sky and water faded and finally was gone. Then suddenly appeared a splendid shining ball of gold in the sky, and across the sleepy, satiny water was a great, glorious golden pathway, extending from the shore at his feet, straight across to that woodland beyond.

With a glad little leap he started to cross that gold path—but dear, dear!—there, too, was Danger, thought Squirrel Gray, as he swiftly sprang back again and stood shivering on the shore. The warm sunshine soon dried his fur coat, however, and pretty soon the sun-balls grew brighter and brighter, spangling the water with little sparkling diamonds and making his eyes wink and blink. Warmer and warmer it grew, and he began to look around for the shelter of a shady tree.

But all that could be seen was a little square house painted green, planted right there on the shore, and under the house an open door.

No cats, no dogs, no people, were around, so nearer he ventured; then without a sound, into that cool darkness he went with a bound, landing in a basket upon the ground. Then, curling himself up in a round gray ball he went to sleep there, with no fear at all.

Now the Boy in that little bungalow early that morning arose to go to dig for clams, while the tide was low; so down cellar he went to get the hoe, and what he found there of course you know. When Boy spied the little fur ball, quick as a flash over basket and all he let a big box softly fall. Then into the house he swiftly sped, to wake Eg Brother, who was still in bed. When they softly peeped under the box there was no longer a quiet gray ball. Instead

was a scared, squealing squirrel all ready to bite and for his precious life to fight.

Quickly they dropped the box, and, while the two boys were wondering what to do next, down came the cooing, goosing, Bungalow Baby in the arms of the smiling Bungalow Lady, followed by Little Sister and the Bungalow Man. Then such a chattering began! Squirrel Gray was more frightened than ever. Pretty soon Little Sister tried to poke a cracker under the box and into the basket. Again that piteous, shrill squealing, which sounded just like "Skidoo! Skidoo! Skidoo!" From that time as long as Squirrel Gray lived with them the Bungalow family called him Skidoo. "What shall we do with this little Skidoo?" was now the question that each in turn asked the Man.

to do what he could to get Squirrel Gray to go home to his mother.

One day South Wind blew over across the Bay the whistle of the quail, and, when Skidoo heard that familiar call, "Bob-White! Bob-White!" he stopped and listened and thought: "Why, that sounds like my chum, Bob-White, whistling to me. Wonder where he can be."

Another day East Wind tried his plan. He carried some oak leaves down to the edge of the water, then asked the Wave children if they would please carry them across the Bay. Of course they were willing, so with the help of their Uncle Tide, they left the leaves on the shore opposite the bungalow.

There Skidoo found them as he was whisking and frisking up and down the beach. Oak leaves! What a sad, homesick feeling they brought to Skidoo! They were like letters from loved ones at home. While he stood there reading them he was filled with longing for the cool home tree, but where was it? How could he get to it? He had forgotten the way.

So, miserably he crept under the house again, to get away from the hot shine of the sun-balls.

Little Skidoo was now really and truly homesick, and North Wind thought it was just the right time to try his plan.

The next morning early, when Skidoo hopped feebly out along the shore to get a cool breath of air before the sun-balls appeared, he heard something that startled him at first, but then gladdened him. He heard some one calling "Ma-Ma! Ma-Ma!" and there, stepping slowly toward him, was a big, black, solemn looking crow. Ah, well he knew that this old black crow was telling him to go back home to his Ma-Ma. So he went.

Now North Wind was watching



Jollying the Parents.

"Why did you chuck that baby under the chin?" asked the man. "It is such an ugly little sninner."

"That is why I chuckled him," said the woman. "I wanted to make his parents feel happy. I always get the ugly babies. Pretty babies get so much coddling from strangers that their parents take it as a matter of course. It is the fathers and mothers of homely babies who appreciate attention. Didn't you notice how pleased that couple looked? I don't suppose anybody ever petted that baby before except themselves. They'll think a lot more of the youngster after this."—New York Press.

Housemaid Peeres.

A romance of the peerage has just been closed by the death of Lady Robert Montagu. This lady, whose maiden name was Miss Wade, began life in the humble role of a housemaid. She was exceedingly attractive in appearance, and her good looks drew the attention of Lord Robert Montagu, who was living hard by the residence in which Miss Wade was employed. Lord Robert, having fallen in love with the beautiful housemaid, duly married her, and the Miss Wade that was thereupon became related to some of the most distinguished members of the English peerage, Lord Robert having been the son of the sixth Duke of Manchester.—London Leader.

Good Breeding.

Good breeding will tide over many an awkward spot in life, and good breeding is not uncommon. It flourishes in several grades of society, and is often lacking in high circles, where it is expected. Men and women who are brought up to refined living seldom find employment in the other kind, although a few are able to keep to it in sordid surroundings.

Education is an important feature of modern life, but it is no way allied with good breeding. There are educated bores without number, and re-

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

Jellied Apples.—Peel and core firm, tart apples. Put them over the fire in just enough water to cover them, sprinkling them generously with white sugar. Cook slowly at the back of the fire until the apples are tender. Take them out and arrange in a bowl. Bring the liquid left from them to a boil and add to it a tablespoonful of gelatine which has been soaked for half an hour in a very little cold water. When this is dissolved pour over all the apples.

finer men and women whose book knowledge is of the scanty variety. As a rule, a finishing school does a girl more real good than a college course, and this belief is based on knowledge of woman from both places.—New Haven Register.

The "Oblong Woman."

The decision has been arrived at among certain makers of high-class ready-to-wear suits and dresses that "the oblong woman" is to continue, and hipless dress forms will be the feature of future wearing apparel of this class. Among individual makers, however, practically nothing but the princess dress obtains, but it is so varied that each one seems to be in a class by itself.

Some are so severely simple that they really take the place of the tailored suit. Many are "oblong," but many, too, are fitted to the figure quite to the hip line. I have seen one or two which were fitted to and cut off at this line, the skirt below being added there under part stitching. Sometimes the body portion is made with pleats, stitched flat to the hips, after which they fall free.—Harper's Bazar.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

- Love is sweet. In fact a good bit of it is taffy.
- Time is money, especially if you take it by the forelock.
- Some men outlive their usefulness and others never have any.
- Some things go without saying, but a woman isn't one of them.
- Wisdom always knows when to quit.
- A man must marry before he can fully realize how many faults he has.
- Tell a woman you can read her like a book, and she immediately gets red.
- A woman saves money for a rainy day in order that she may buy silk stockings.
- A little push will generally outlast a strong pull.
- Why should a church mouse be considered so poor? He doesn't have to live on the collections.
- Many a man is offensive, even when he is on the defensive.
- He who takes things on faith gets many a jolt.
- Marriage is a contract, but there are lots of contract jumpers.
- The trouble with the upstart is that he never feels downcast.
- If you would be popular, give more applause and less advice.
- Most young fellows who are dead in love manage to come to life again.
- Even when we have no music in us some people will try to play on our sympathies.
- An optimist is a man who believes in mascots; a pessimist is one who believes in hoodoos.—From "Dyspeptic Philosophy," in the New York Times.

good skin tonic. The essential of every complexion bath is friction, for the skin thrives under stimulation of the right sort. The woman who takes a towel at night and rubs her cheeks vigorously will have a pair of pretty pink cheeks in the morning. Warm cream made from a cold cream recipe is a certain beauty's unfailing friend. She heats it in a saucer held over a pan of boiling water, and with it she rubs her face. She works from the roots of the hair downward, until she gets to the chin, which she massages upward, to keep the cheeks and neck from wrinkling. The cold cream is permitted to remain on the face for ten minutes. Then a chamois leather is taken and the cream is rubbed off, following this process with another dose of cream, which also is rubbed off. The pores of the skin thus are filled and the moisture which time took out in the day has been restored.—New York Press.

The Girl We Like to Meet.

The girl who makes us think she has been pining to see us. She may have not been, but her assumption is pleasing to our self esteem.

She who has some graceful word of praise. Pounds of taffy may cloy but the occasional piece goes to the spot.

The girl who laughs. The girl who can calm us down. When the flame of ire is stirred it is easier to find those who will throw on fuel than be an extinguisher.

She who stops for a kindly greeting, though we know that she can ill spare the time. The few minutes of our busy friends are more prized than hours from the girl who is trying to kill time.

The girl who has the latest news. We may disapprove of malice in gossip, but most of us will not seek for ear cotton when simple gossip comes our way.

The girl with whom we can afford to let off steam. There are few among our friends who are trustworthy enough to prove safety valves.

Their intention is usually better than their discretion.

She who can make our day brighter. There are some people who can put a damper on our whole day without resorting to a word. A cheer-bringer is a mascot.

The girl who is always the same. Variety is an over-estimated virtue when it is found in the disposition of our friends.

The girl who leaves us quite in love with ourselves. Meeting some women is like an unexpected glimpse in a distorting mirror; our after-humility is painful.—Buffalo Courier.



Tight bunches of pale pink moss roses are used on a pink straw hat.

When two immense roses appear on the same hat they are unusually flat in shape.

Small, light pink roses are alternated with forget-me-nots on a late French creation.

It is still positively asserted from over the water that sleeves really will remain long and tight.

French serge is the particular brand of this serviceable weave which is always used but this season will be fashionable.

"Puffed out very full at the back" is the Paris decree for the hair. The puffing is accomplished by a wire cage worn underneath.

Tulle and linen jabots are as popular as ever in Paris. They range from the simplest possible pleated frill to the most complicated double lace affairs.

Better than cloths that have to be used time and again for putting lotions on the face is a bit of absorbent cotton fresh each time and thrown away after using.

Have you noticed that the roses which are so much used on the advance spring hats are almost always arranged in straight around bands, circles and such set designs?

One of the new French toques is termed the "Marie Antoinette." It is made of soft straw or shirred liberty satin, and trimmed half way to the high crown with a wreath of hand made tiny roses mixed with gold ones.

Washable tulle predominates for the blouse, and is predicted for "best dresses" for the little children. The tulle is arranged separately over pale pink or blue slips, and the prettiest among them are simple to a degree—hand tucked, without trimming, and as washable as one's handkerchiefs.

The price of copper metal declined to the lowest point it has touched in about a year.

Hereafter the English language will be taught in all the public schools of Guatemala.

Two Japanese cruisers with cadets have sailed on a trip to San Francisco and other Pacific Coast ports.

An investigator said Italian emigration officials did not watch carefully where the country's criminals went.

Mrs. Charles W. Morse began to sell her jewels to help her convicted husband, who is in the Tombs, New York City.

Coffee dealers said the imposition of a five-cents-a-pound-duty would mean the addition of ten cents a pound to the cost to the consumer.

Profits from manufacture and sale of matches for 1908 were about the same as for 1907, according to the annual report of the Diamond Match Company.

The autopsy on the body of Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, assassinated at Palermo, Sicily, proved he was shot from behind and that he was unarmed.

Police Lieutenant Peter W. Berry, head of the staff attached to District Attorney Jerome's office, was dismissed by Commissioner Bingham in New York City.

Combinations for begging, peddling, stealing, fences and gambling were represented by boys who were defendants in the Children's Court, New York City.

Sir James Grant, vice-regal physician in Canada, said the most important question in North America was the utilization of general sewage, following Japan's example.

LABOR WORLD.

A trades and labor council has been organized in Saskatoon, Canada. Steps will be taken to organize the freight handlers in San Francisco, Cal.

The agreement of the Canadian Pacific with its mechanics expires in the spring, and the men are reorganizing.

Manitoba's Attorney-General has introduced a bill to prohibit usurious money lending on assignments of salaries.

The Scotch education department has given \$5000 toward the expense of a mining school in course of erection at Cowdenheath.

The Gould injunction against the Federation of Labor in the Bucks range boycott case was modified by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

A movement is on foot to organize a candy makers' union in Memphis, Tenn., or to incorporate them in the Bakers' Union, as the two trades are closely allied.

Cleveland (England) ironstone miners have decided unanimously to use every endeavor to obtain a five per cent. advance in wages on the present existing base rate.

Hamilton (Scotland) corporation will pay all workmen for holidays, half pay to be given to employes in cases of sickness, while foremen are to be paid full money when ill.

Additional death benefits of \$250 for a membership of seven or more years and \$300 for ten or more years have been established by the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers.

A Chicago judge says a stolen kiss is worth \$10. It would have been more gallant to have said "its weight in gold."

Talks on Alveolar TEETH

By E. Dayton Craig, D. D. S.

INVESTIGATE MY METHOD

I have heard a definition for a skeptic, which reads something like this, "A Skeptic is one who first doubts, then investigates."

If you are skeptic in regards my Alveolar Method "Investigate" and you will be satisfied that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Investigations are being made daily and I wonder if you, who may be reading this article, are ready to start yours. There must be merit in my method, else it would not stand the test of time. I can send you to patients who are wearing my Alveolar teeth—you can talk with them and be satisfied for yourself.

But first of all I would have to examine your mouth. No charge is made for examination and there is no obligation to have work done.

There is no two cases exactly alike, hence each case has to be examined carefully before I could say whether you could be supplied with these Alveolar Teeth.

When by examination it is found that you can have teeth put in that will give you absolute satisfaction, I will be ready to proceed with you.

If you cannot call at this time, send for my booklet on "Alveolar Teeth" which explains my method fully. It is free on request.

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