

It is gratifying to observe a remarkable expansion in the legions of golf players. Golf clubs have multiplied East and West and North and South, and every new golf club is a wellspring of pleasure and a gain to the community.

An Indianapolis newspaper tells us that "Robinson Crusoe" is the favorite book with the boys of that city. This announcement is not in the nature of a surprise. The same thing might be said of the boys of any other city where the English language prevails and English literature is known.

One often hears of queer trades, but perhaps the queerest is one which is controlled in this country by one man. This is the manufacture of shuttle eyes. These are made of porcelain and require to be very carefully made. The solitary manufacturer has acquired his trade wholly by the care with which his product is turned out and the perfect uniformity of his goods, as a result of which every shuttle eye fits the hole into which its predecessor was inserted.

The division of statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture has undertaken the publication for wide distribution of lists of free employment offices and other institutions to which farmers may apply when in need of farm laborers. The co-operation of many charity organization societies, settlements, colleges, etc., has been secured, and it is hoped thus to facilitate communications between the farmers who want help and those who are in need of work for the summer months or for the entire year.

Broad-minded statesmen do not agree with the general belief that the British Empire would be weakened by capitulation to the African republics, or even by a cession of territory. On the contrary, it is pointed out that the empire has continued to expand in spite of reverses such as were suffered in the American revolution and in the South African affairs during late years. Russia lost 500,000 men in the Crimea, yet it has developed in every way since 1853. British prestige has suffered before now, and probably must suffer again. But this, it is contended, does not mean imperial disintegration.

The Swiss have no standing army, but the whole population, from twenty to fifty, is enrolled in three classes of the militia—the first and youngest for thorough training as recruits; the next for ordinary military service and the last for use in an extremity. The service is short, but the drill is thorough, and rifle practice is encouraged in all citizens by Government subvention of private clubs. There is a permanent general staff and officers are taught in military schools and appointed and promoted by severe tests. The State provides arms and equipment in all services, which are ample for any emergency, and of the most modern type.

The State of California, now perhaps the closest of the larger States of the country, has seven Representatives in the Fifty-sixth Congress, but, notwithstanding the evenness of the division between the two parties, six of these Congressmen are Republicans and only one is a Democrat. In the Presidential election of 1896 the contest between the two parties was so close that the electors were divided, McKinley receiving eight votes and Bryan one. In the Presidential election of 1892 the Republican plurality was less than 150 votes, and so close was the State that Cleveland received eight of the electors and Harrison one. California divided its electors in 1880 also, when the Democratic plurality was only 100 votes.

The motor car has now been so thoroughly tested under different conditions of work that the public is able to judge for itself of the comparative value of the different forms of competing motors which are in the field for recognition. The requirements of a practical automobile are so numerous and differ so widely, according to the service to which it is to be put, that it is at present impossible to pick out any particular type of motor and say that it is best for every type of work. Not only does the service differ, but there is now, and will be yet more markedly in the future, a wide difference in the requirements of the user. The present indications are that certain types of motors will become identified with particular forms of service.

OLD LETTERS.

Faded and old is the ribbon,
Blue once, as azure-lit skies,
Breaking in twain with untying,
A trace held to Time as he flies.

Breathing of rue and rosemary,
And lavender pressed in the leaves;
Yellowed and mellowed, love's dream-
ing.

Tied in the long garnered sheaves,
What is the harvest they bring us,
Flotsam of life and the years?
Kissed by the dust in their sleeping,
Bathed in love's sunshine and tears.

A verse from a laurel-crowned poet,
A garland of faith to the fair,
A petal from roses that shattered,
A curl of a baby's bright hair;

A tale of a ball in its season,
A scrap of a gown that was worn,
A confidante's news of a heartbreak,
A lover's page, tattered and torn;

A child's painful hand that was guided
To trace out its first words of love;
A message of birth and of sorrow,
A bridal song, sealed with a dove.

They flutter and drift from their moorings,
Like white thoughts that quiver and
shine,
Dropped deep in the heart of forever,
The past that was thine and is mine.

Av, ashes of roses, I scatter
Your memories, ever the same,
Av, ashes of roses, old letters,
I lay your white hearts in the flame,
—Virginia Frazer Boyle, in Bookman.

HOW DICK WON.

BY PERCIVAL RIDSDALE.



HE had been talking about the difference between the love of man and the love of woman, and as they were all very young and more or less impressionable, the conclusions were interesting. Rawlins, who had said little and smiled much, patronizingly asked, when the subject seemed nearly exhausted:

"Did you ever hear of Dick Pol-sue's affair?"

"No," they said in chorus.

"I know that," he remarked, setting deep in his chair; "because that isn't his name. Anyhow—"

"Will you have it filled again?" asked Tomlinson, who was accused of having the remnants of a conscience, because he imagined every allusion was directed at him.

"Don't worry, Tommy," said Rawlins, graciously contracting his brows with the effort of thought. The expectant listeners accorded him a few moments of dramatic silence.

"Well," he said, at length, "it may open your eyes a bit as to the creature feminine, and if you want to hear—"

There were cries of "Let's have it."

"Dick—I'll call him Dick—and you'll remember that the story commences here, was getting close to the thirties. Like most of you youngsters, he had gone around the circle many times and was getting the bad reputation of being a confirmed flirt. So when he settled his attentions on Kitty, as nice a girl as you could find in the town and wise beyond her nineteen years, we all—or rather the women all—said 'Poor Kitty.'" Now when Dick was attentive to a girl he was very attentive. He didn't care a rap for any other; he devoted all his time and thought to the one. We thought it would be the affair of a month or so as usual, but it wasn't, and when it had gone on for three or four months and Kitty and Dick were growing closer and closer friends all the time we began to talk. The women said that Dick's time had come at last, and we disagreed for argument's sake, but any of us who knew him well could see, with half an eye, that he was in love. And when a man like Dick falls in love, it's the one lasting passion of his life. He gave his whole heart to the girl, and she was almost as much in love as Dick.

"The time came when it was said they were engaged; but there wasn't a word of truth in it. They had been going along heedlessly enough, seeing each other frequently, to the exclusion of everybody else, for those of us who occasionally called on Kitty dropped away to give Dick a clear field.

"When the silly gossip about their engagement reached their ears, they decided they must see less of each other and they talked the matter over sensibly enough, agreed they'd be just as good friends and all that, and—saw each other more than ever. At last they could no longer hide from themselves the fact that the whole town—it was a small town, you see—considered the affair settled and the announcement expected any day, and then they each made a determination.

"I've studied myself for the last few months," Dick said to her, "I'll know what every corner of my heart contains. Kitty, you're the one girl in the world for me, and whatever happens you will always be. I've thought myself in love with many girls, but I've only lately found out what love really is. You might love and marry some one else, but for all that, you would always have my heart. Kitty, I'm rather a shiftless fellow, and I want a guiding star. With you to help me I can make something of myself. It's a poor lot I ask you to share, but with you I can make a name for myself. Will you marry me?"

"Now, Kitty had expected these words. She knew Dick pretty thoroughly, and her answer to what she knew he would say had cost her more than one sleepless night, but she said it, though her lips trembled and tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Dick," she said, "I've thought over this for a long time, and I am saying what I will say with no quick tongue. Dick, there is no man I like as well as you—perhaps I shall never find one I like as well. I hope not, Dick, I hope not. But I am not sure. I do not know myself. You are going on thirty; you have seen much of life; you have known many girls; you are becoming settled in your habits, and you can judge your heart. You know yourself, and I want to know myself. Give me five years, Dick. I'm only

nineteen. I've seen little of life. I want to meet men, to know them, because, Dick, I want to be so sure of my love for you that nothing can change it. Will you give me five years? In the meantime we must see each other but seldom, we must make people believe that we are but ordinary friends, that there is nothing between us. We will make no promises; we will be bound by nothing, so that if you feel as you do now, you can come to me at the end of five years and ask me to be your wife, just as if you had never asked me before."

"Dick did not speak for a long time. Finally he said, 'Kitty, you are a sensible girl. I want you to be sure of yourself; to think of me as I do of you, but I cannot wait five years. I cannot live and work as I should without seeing you frequently. I might wait for a short time, but for five years—five years, Kitty—will break my heart!'"

"It will be hard for you, Dick; it will be hard for me, but it must be. You will work hard, you will become a famous writer, a great novelist. You will glory in your profession; the years will soon pass, and, please God, our hearts will be true to each other!"

"There is no doubt about mine, Kitty—but five years?"

"Dick," she said, tenderly, "it must be; it must be."

"God bless you," he cried. "You are breaking my heart."

"Give me a fresh cigar," said Rawlins, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair. "Do you want the rest of the story?"

"Is it me you asking?" queried Delaney.

"As much as the others," said Rawlins, laughing.

"Small good it will do them to hear the rapsallions," and Delaney scowled at the circle, "but tell 'em, Rawlins, and it may teach 'em a lesson. I'm going home."

"I envy you," said Rawlins, smiling up at him.

"Rawlins," said Delaney, with mock gravity, "I thought you were old enough to know better."

"Oh, go on with the story," cried Tomlinson, who was feeling easier.

"Well, Dick came close to the truth when he said that waiting would break his heart, for he gradually lost all ambition. Not a very energetic or hopeful man at any time, he grew less and less so as the days lengthened into months and Kitty kept her resolve to see him but seldom. She, with a woman's shrewdness, did not want the town people to see them together. As Dick saw less and less of her his spirits fell; he neglected his work, and moping his days away, passed gradually out of our little circle, away from the amusements that a lot of us shared together, and in a very short time he lost all of his usual attractiveness. At the end of a year he had given up going to see Kitty, because when he had chance to go she had always arranged to have a number of young people there, and Dick, who was longing for a few words alone with her, could never get the opportunity. Then he lost his position. It was some time before he got another. He did not hold that long, and drifted and shifted about until he became positively seedy!"

"Kitty knew of it, and asked some of Dick's friends to cheer him up. Those who tried were received coolly, and to one Dick broke loose:

"Don't you see," he cried, "that life is nothing to me? I cannot keep up. I want to be near her all the time."

"But Kitty would not send him the words that would have made a man of him. The five years passed and on the very day that the time expired Dick received a note from Kitty, asking him to call. He went haggard with the dreary years, careless as to dress and appearance, not at all the Dick of five years ago. Dimly he saw her as she had bidden him good-by. She was not the same, perhaps a little more radiant and with a tinge of warmth in her voice that he had not known before. Her hands clung to his strangely as she welcomed him, and her eyes were dimmed with tears as she waited for him to speak.

"It is five years ago, Dick," she said at last.

"Five years," said Dick.

"And—you think—you feel that you—"

"Kitty," he said, and he took both her hands and gazed deep into her eyes, "ever since I told you so I have never ceased for as much as a moment to love you with all my heart and soul."

"Oh, Dick," she said, "I am so glad. These were times when I doubted it; when I looked forward to this night with fear, for I—"

"With fear, Kitty?" he asked, with a catch in his voice.

"Yes, dear; for in the five years

that have passed I have found myself, and that I can love only you. I did not know then, but it has not taken me five years to find it out.

"Kitty, dear Kitty. Wait; I want to tell you something first—something. How I love you! But Kitty, I cannot say what I expected to say when—when this time came. How I have waited for this, how I have longed for it. At first with a longing that nearly drove me wild. I lost hope, ambition—everything except love—and—I—oh, Kitty, I am not much of a man not to have borne the waiting and the pain, as a man should bear up under the trials of life. I am not worthy of you. You see what I am—a wreck—a pitiful wreck. Five years ago, dear, I should have been strong had you married me. I could have won my way in the world; but, why talk of this? I am not worthy of you."

"Dick," she cried wildly, "Dick, you do not know what you are saying; you cannot mean it. After all these years of waiting, after all these years, for me as well as you—oh, you cannot mean it." Her face was very white.

"He put her away from him gently. 'It's too late, dear,' he said tenderly. 'I cannot ask anybody to share my life—now.'

"Dick," she said again, Dick, think a moment. You misjudge yourself. If you are not what you might be it is my fault. I am to blame. It is not too late yet. You are not old, much of life is before you. I will help you. Let me make reparation for the past—for my mistake. I am strong, I can work. Let us begin life again—together."

"But Dick was firm. 'It is too late,' he said. 'You would not be happy. I could not make you happy.'"

She sat down and hid her face in her hands. He let his hand wander over her hair, and when one of hers stole up and held his, a tear trickled slowly down his cheek. He shook it away with a toss of his head.

"I want to tell you," he said brokenly, "that as long as I live you will always have my love. God bless you."

"He looked back at her as he was half-way across the room, and seeing her shoulders shake with a sob that gave no sound, stepped back quickly, and kissed her hair. She did not hear the door close, nor the firm footfalls as he passed out and down the street. When at last she walked quickly up and down the room holding her hands over her bosom, she suddenly saw herself in the mirror. Her face was pale and drawn and strange lines were about the eyes. She gazed at herself for a long time and then she sank down close to the fire, and shivering, wept."

"Is that all the story?" asked Tomlinson.

Rawlins shook the ashes from his cigar and laughed.

"All," he said; "well, perhaps I had better finish it. The story is one that—I'll call him Dick—had in one of the magazines. It was true as gospel up to the point where the girl asked him to wait five years. She did ask him, but Dick was not the kind of a fellow to wait."

He paused and puffed his cigar.

"Then," said he, quietly; "then Dick, believing that she loved him, wrote the story and took pains to see that she read it and saw his name attached."

"Well?" asked Tomlinson.

"Oh, she sent for him at once."

"Dick," she said, "I am afraid to wait. I do not want to wait. I think I love you now as well as I can ever love anybody—and that is a very great deal. If—if I am—am mistaken—"

"I'll take the risk," said Dick."

Frowned Upon Progress.

"I have called on you to-day," said the professional humorist, with a glad smile, as he approached the desk of the great editor and made himself comfortable in the precarious office chair that once had a cane bottom in it, "to propound to you a scheme that seems to me to be up-to-date and well worthy of consideration."

"Umph!" growled the great editor. Thus encouraged, the humorist proceeded:

"For some time past, as you have doubtless observed, the progress of the world has developed a peculiar phase, which may be spoken of as that of lessening. It seems to be the ambition of all inventors to add the world to everything that has been invented in the past. We now have smokeless powder, painless dentistry, horseless carriages, wireless telegraphy, and many other things have undergone a change that may be similarly described; but I will not trouble you with a complete list. Now it seems to me that the time is ripe for a similar stride forward in the field of humor, and I have come to you to-day with a bundle of specially prepared pointless jokes."

And in less time than it takes to write this a hatless and breathless humorist was fleeing wildly down the cheerless street.—Harper's Bazar.

The Title of Dowager.

The title of "dowager" seems likely in the near future to become obsolete. Queen Victoria's eldest daughter was the first to resent the title of dowager; and is now known by virtue of a royal decree as "Empress Frederick."

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has been much disturbed by the idea or her mother being looked upon as an old lady, and has caused to be published a decree commanding that henceforth the former Regent is to be styled, not "Queen Dowager," but "Queen Emma of the Netherlands."

Even the old Empress of China, wishing to be in the fashion, has consented to this reform.

Man's Greatest Rival.

We don't suppose the man ever lived who was as popular with the women as chocolates are.—Acheson Globe.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Delicious Luncheon Dish.

An excellent luncheon dish is made by chopping and then mashing to a pulp some cold chicken, seasoning well and mixing with a cup of cream the yolks of two eggs and sufficient dissolved gelatine to set it firmly. Then press into a mould and put into the refrigerator till needed. Turn out on a platter and send whole to the table to be served in slices. Cold veal or even lamb may be used in the same way, but either will need more seasoning than the chicken.

Curry Soup.

A curry soup that is wholesome and delicious is made in this way: Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan. Add two onions sliced and stand on the back of the range until the onions are soft and well done. Add a sliced sour apple, a small stalk of celery cut in dice, a sliced carrot and two quarts of water. Cook slowly half an hour, strain through a colander and return to the fire. Moisten one tablespoonful of curry and add to the soup, together with a teaspoonful of turmeric. Stir to a thin paste in cold water two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, add to the soup and cook ten minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Strain, add a little butter and serve with rice or rice and croutons.

Celery For Daily Use.

Celery is in season from September until April, and should be in daily use on the family table. It is one of the best nervines known, is invaluable as a salad and is of great importance in the kitchen, where it may be used in many ways as a flavoring, as a vegetable in soup or as a salad. Every part of a bunch of celery is available in some department of cookery.

For table use select firm, white stalks, wash them thoroughly, then scrape them and lay them in water until they are crisp and cold. When ready to serve dry in a cloth and split the stalk down almost to the bottom, allowing a few of the tender white leaves to remain. Serve in a celery glass or on a dish, with a little salt.

The larger stalks may be used for salad by cutting into pieces three-quarters of an inch long. After cutting, measure, and to each pint of celery allow half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Do not mix the dressing with the celery until ready to serve.

Excellent Meat Cakes.

An excellent meat cake may be made. Chop up the meat that is to be used, and add to it a quarter of its weight of any kind of fresh meat, also finely chopped, and a few onions, previously slightly parboiled and sliced; put all this into a basin, and stir in three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of good broth, some salt and pepper to taste, two or three boned sardines, some parsley or any kind of favorite herbs, and a handful of white breadcrumbs, soaked and squeezed free from moisture. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, put the mixture into a shaped mould, bake it for an hour, turn it out and serve with a thick brown sauce, with mushrooms.

Or, again, try this: Take about half a soup-plateful of chopped ham, a couple of sardines, a few pickled gherkins and an onion, all cut small. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, put the mixture into a shaped mould, bake it for an hour, turn it out and serve with a thick brown sauce, with mushrooms.

Uniformity in dishes is no longer in favor. Hang up a pinchon in the kitchen. Poultry scissors for clipping wings and legs are a welcome addition to the carving set. A small pinch of carbonate of ammonia in the water prevents the odor of boiling cabbage. To prevent kerosene from smelling, place a tablespoonful of salt in the reservoir of the lamp. To clean iron sinks rub well with a cloth wet in kerosene oil. After using the oil wash thoroughly with hot, soapy water. A glass of buttermilk contains as much nourishment as half a pint of oysters or two ounces of bread or a good-sized potato. If kerosene is rubbed, with a flannel cloth, on steel knives that have become rusty, and they are put aside for a day or two, the rust will be loosened and they may be very easily cleaned. A bit of economy as well as an improvement in the service of the egg in which croquettes or fried food is to be dipped before being rolled in bread crumbs is to add to it a teaspoon of boiling water. Use the whole egg and beat lightly to break it up before pouring in the water. The cleaning out of the kitchen boiler is one of the things that the housewife should have attended to once a week, say the plumbers. If the sediment cooks, with which every boiler is provided, are frequently left open for a quarter of an hour accumulated sediment would be washed away, rendering the heating of the water a quicker operation. No particle of cheese, however small, should be thrown away or allowed to waste, for it may be used in twenty different ways. White, crisp lettuce with a dressing and a little grated cheese scattered over the whole, is an appetizing salad. A little cheese grated upon a dish of stewed potatoes is relished by many, and cheese and rice or cheese and hominy are as perfect a combination as cheese and macaroni.

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THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN is a permanent institution—a fixture at the National Capital. Thousands and thousands of people can testify to the good work it has accomplished during the past five years in the line of suburban improvement. It is the only newspaper in the District of Columbia that maintains a punching bureau, whose duty it is to punch up the authorities and keep them awake to the needs of the suburbs. On that account it deserves and is receiving substantial encouragement.

A DISAPPOINTED REPORTER.
He Didn't Call on Miss Grace Dodge Again.
A woman newspaper reporter, who is now a well-known author, once called upon Miss Grace Dodge, the millionaire organizer and head of the New York Working Girls' Clubs, who is also the author of "A Bundle of Letters to Busy Girls," says the Philadelphia Post. The servant looked sympathetically at the reporter, invited her into the house, took away her wet rubbers and shoes and brought dry ones, an act which filled the visitor's heart with joy. Then she brought a cup of tea and some biscuit. After a long wait Miss Dodge came in. "Are you a reporter?" she asked the newsgatherer. "Yes? I am very sorry you should have come up here this rainy day to see me. You know I never talk about my plans for publication, but we can have just as nice a time talking about books and pictures. Won't you have another cup of tea? Must you be going? I am very sorry. Wait a minute and have the coachman drive you to your office or your home. Come up some day when we can have more time, and I'll tell you all about the Working Girls' Clubs, but of course you won't print any of it." The reporter rode home, but she didn't call again—at least, not on business.

Thomas R. Bard has been elected United States Senator from California, his term dating from March 4, 1899.