# WHAT WOMEN TALK AND THINK ABOUT

## MIXING SUMMER DRINKS

### Refreshing Drinks Can Be Made So Easily and Served So Daintily at Home as to Eclipse the Popularity of the Soda Fountain.

The man behind the soda water counter spoke, the other day, of how his evening trade, the trade of young women and their gentlemen callers, had diminished greatly of late. He said:

"Refreshing summer drings are so easy and simple to mix that young women are taking widely to making them at home in the evenings. A long marble soda water fountain, with its numerous shining labels and little spigots, is very imposing. The man serving at the fountain taps this spigot, another, and still another, until the making of the drink looks very complicated to the buyer. But ice water, soda water and a number of various fruit syrups are all that is necessary for concocting plain drinks such as plain

The Shaker, Held Like This, Won't Spill Its Contents.

sodas and phosphates. With the exception of the soda water, these ingredients are as easily obtained at home as anywhere else, and an excellent substitute for soda water is a siphon of seltzer water, which will enliven any drink. Thus the making of summer drinks is within everybody's reach.

"A great saving in the cost of drinks is accomplished when they are made at home. A proprietor of a soda water fountain sells, at an average cost of 8 cents apiece, drinks that cost him no more than 2 cents apiece.

Crushing Mint Leaves for Juleps and Sangarees With the Mint Masher.

You can see from this profit that a young girl, when she is entertaining a large party, does well to mix her own drinks.

"Another thing to consider is how much pleasanter it is to the guests when a hostess serves cool drinks herself. She takes care at home to have the glasses dainty, the table prettily decorated, and her friends sit comfortably and sip leisurely at their straws. At a soda water fountain their orders are pushed towards them hastily, sometimes the liquid is streaming over the glass, dresses are ruined, and a second rush of customers is pressing for the places they occupy. There are so many reasons why summer drinks should be served at home that I am not astonished at the popularity of home made drinks. The discovery that the siphon is an excellent substitute for the soda water fizz secured for these drinks many advocates.

#### The Necessary Outfit.

There are at least four appliances necessary to the person who would be properly equipped for making all sorts of summer drinks. These are:

A mash, for extracting flavors from mint leaves, etc.

A glass extractor for lemons.

A shaver for pulverizing ice.

A metal shaker.

With such an equipment the most complicated drinks may be prepared.

The mash is a minature wooden potato masher, and it is indispensable in preparing drinks in which flavors are to be extracted from leaves—in preparing, for instance, a mint sangree. The mint sangree is made in the same way as the mint julep, except that grape juice in the sangree is substituted for the whiskey in the julep.

The shaker is made of nickel. It is like a tall tumbler in shape, and there is a strainer hinged to its rim. For mixing drinks quickly and thoroly, and for straining them afterwards, it is indispensable. It is also indispensable for all kinds of iced, or frapped drinks; it is imposible, without it, to give these drinks the requisite quick chill.

In the matter of ingredients needed by the household mixer, there should be several bottles of pure fruit syrups—syrups made at home, or bought at the grocers—among them raspberry, blackberry, pineapple, orange, lemon, sarsaparilla, vanilla, etc. At least three of these should be kept on hand. There should also be a bottle of phosphate (for making orange and lemon phosphate) a siphon of seltzer, and a quart or two of claret for claret lemonades and punches.

#### Some Delectable Compounds.

There follow a number of recipts for delicious summer drinks:

Mint Sangaree—Into a glass half filled with shaved ice place two or three sprays of mint. With the mash crush the mint until the leaves are reduced to a pulp. Add four tablespoonfuls of grape juice and fill the glass to the brim with seltzer water or vichy. Shake thoroughly, strain and serve with a bunch of fresh mint, protruding like a bouquet from the glass.

Temperance Punch—Upon a tablespoonful of good tea pour two quarts of boiling water. In the meantime have ready the juice and peelings of three lemons and one orange in a pitcher or small punch bowl, and when the tea has steeped for five minutes pour the hot, clear fluid on juice and skins thru a strainer. This decoction, sweetened with half a pound of sugar, should cool slowly and then be placed in the ice chest. Small glasses of the tall variety are, according to the best form, best for serving this drink in. Let your preliminary mixing be done in private, and when you are ready to serve bring the pitcher and glasses iut on a neat tray. Into each glass pour half an inch of cool fruit syrup; then your in the tea until they are three-fourths full. You may at this stage either add shaved ice from a bowl or you may fill the glasses from the soda siphon, or with any of the standard mineral waters. Serve either with or without straws.

Frosted Claret—Make a quart of green tea and pour it while boiling hot upon half a pound of white rock candy, the juice and peels of three lemons, one orange and two tablespoonfuls of whisky. Let this mixture cool, and when you are ready to serve it add a pint of claret and a pint of Apolliharis. The ingredients of this beverage must be ice cold when ready to serve, as no ice is put in the glasses. By omitting the Apollinaris you may sweeten, but do not use the Apollinaris and sugar together. Drop a cherry into each glass when filled and insert a couple of straws.

#### Shake Before Taking.

The most inviting of all summer beverages are those which come under the head of frappes. Mixed to order, as it were, in a single glass, the frappe daintily tendered to a visitor makes of the summer girl a veritable hebe. To those who do not know, the word frappe is French for the phrase, to ice. To frappe anything put your drink in a tall glass, add powdered ice and invert the metal shaker over it. Then holding shaker and glass firmly together to guard against mishap agitate them rapidly for a few seconds and pour from the metal tumbler to the glass thru the strainer. Aside from being a very speedy method of dissolving the sugar, your beverage will be found to have acquired an intense degree of icy coldness not attainable by any other means. Here are only a few of the many refreshing drinks which may be quickly frapped by using the patent shaker:

Orange Frappe—Two tablespoonfuls of orange syrup or juice of one orange in a tall glass; two desserespoonfuls sugar; two tablespoonfuls of shaved ice; fill three-fourths with bottled soda or seltzer and shake.

Egg Phosphate—Two tablespoonfuls of orange syrup in a tall glass; one egg—yoke and white—broken in a glass; fill nearly to the top with ice-cold bottled soda; mix with a shaker, pour out, add a dash of phosphate and dash a sprinkle of nutmeg on top. Serve with two straws.

Seltzer Lemonade—Squeeze the juice of one lemon in a tall glass; add two inches of shaved ice; two dessertspoonfuls of sugar; fill up with seltzer or Apollinaris and frappe. Two straws in glass.

Golden Slipper—One lemon to each guest. Peel the entire lemon in one long spiral. Put in a tall thin glass, add half a bottle of ginger ale, shaved ice, and fill with seltzer water. Two straws are placed in each glass, then the lemon peel is wound about so as to be the length of the glass: the knob, formed by the stem end, is caught on the rim. The peel must be cut as free from tough white inner skin as it is possible.

Perfait Amour—The grated rind of a lemon and an orange; juice of three lemons, two oranges, cupful honey, one handful rose petals; stick lemon and an orange with cloves; roast, cut thinly; pour hot water over; chill, trim with rosemary.

Frosted Coffee—Strong coffee, shaved ice in tall glass, one heaping teaspoonful sugar; pour hot coffee over; a ddwhipped cream on top.

Old Colonial—For eight quarts, take nine lemons, twelve limes, three oranges, a pineapple, eighteen spoonfuls of sugar; grate peel of the limes, lemons and oranges; remove the white and slice th fruit, also the pineapple; pour on one quart of hot water; stand in ice chest for twenty-four hours, then strain. Add one quart of shaved ice, one quart of claret wine, one quart maraschino cherries, half the pineapple in cubes; put the bowl in larger one of chopped ice.

Farmer's Ale—To one quart of boiling water add one cupful of Porto Rico molasses, one tablespoonful of pulverized ginger. Stir well; set in ice chest; add shaved ice.

Sassafrass Mead—Take four bunches of sassafrass roots, three-and-one-half pints of New Orleans molasses, one-and-one-half pints of strained white honey, one tablespoonful cream of tartar; make two quarts sassafrass tea, strain, add honey and molasses; boil and strain; add cream of tartar; bottle air tight. When using, place one-half level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in each glass, with ice; fill with mead and stir vigorously.

The etiquette of summer drinks requires that lemonade be served in small lemonade cups with handles. Claret lemonade should be served from a tall pitcher in a tall high glass. Frapped drinks are poured from the shaker to the mixing glass, and thence to a large, thin glass. A plate of crisp wafers is in good keeping with any service which includes sweet beverages.

## NEW YORK ROOF GARDEN GOWNS

### THE COSTLY ELEGANCE OF THE SIMPLE-LOOKING GOWN—THE PICTURE HAT WITH WAVING BRIM A FITTING FRAME FOR A PRETTY FACE—TOUCHES OF CONTRASTING COLOR A FAD OF THE HOUR.

New York is quite as attractive in the summer time to many a society woman as it is to the wandering public. Nothing delights the women of the smart set so much as to be able to scare up some sort of plausible excuse for a run up to town even at this season of the year. Newport loses many of its attractions about the middle of the week, when the men have been called citywards by the behests of business.

There a thousand and one excuses for the midweek trip to town—a search for unique dinner favors, the selection of a new gown, or the building of a new house or renovating the old mansion. Whatever it may be, the modern woman is quite as fertile at the invention of excuses for staying one or two nights in town even during the month of August as any man of them all.

After a day's shopping the luncheon at the favorite restaurant where some dish is especially prepared for her, the telephone is called into service, and it is gently but firmly suggested to the husband in Wall street that a quiet little dinner on some one of the semi-private roof gardens of the leading hotels would be quite the proper thing for him to honor his wife's hurried visit to town. Or it may be that the restaurant at Claremont or the Casino is selected as the scene of the festive gathering, with a visit to the theater roof garden afterwards. High above the whirl and noise of the city streets are any number of cool retreats embowered in green shrubbery, where one may see and be seen, and still njoy a quiet tete-a-tete with one's chosen intimates. A party of four is the favorite number for these jolly little jaunts into the upper air reigons, where it is quite correct to be seen, yet under proper chaperonage. So milady asks her feminine chum of the hour, while her husband skurries hither and thither in search of two or three jovial and congenial souls among his men friends.

Then the hot hours of the afternoon are devoted to the toilette. First, a visit to the favorite hairdresser for a fresh touch of the irons to the marcelle waves, for no really smart woman to-day considers herself dressed unless her hair is waved in the new style, and with only a suspicion of the pompadour of last season. Next, her nails must be given an extra polish, and so thru the long list of duties, a strict attention to which will in the end turn her out the fresh-loking dainty creature, a cool and attractive personage to the sight of tired eyes.

Her gown, which she has had the foresight to bring with her in case of just such an emergency, is not of an over-elaborate character. It is charming in its seeming simplicity, for this very simplicity is most deceptive, since very likely it may be one mass of handwork, or trimmings put on in such a way as to require the utmost skill. Crepe de chine, voile, chiffon cloth, dotted muslin, linen, are among the materials of which the roof garden gown may be fashioned. As to color, that in nine cases out of ten will be white, and the tenth will be champagne color, or perhaps it may be a delicate, dull shade of pastel blue, green or mauve. Never in the memory of woman has there been such a vogue for white as there is this summer. It is not only fashionable; it is popular; yet the most fashionable women are wearing it, for it is only the wealthiest women who can wear it in the perfection of its freshness. Twice wearing and it must perforce be sent to the cleaner's, and no gown is fit for a fashionable woman to wear after two visits to the cleaner. So there is a continual ordering of new costumes and discarding of the old. The new, while they retain many of the best features of the old ones, always show a last touch of style, or a note differing from the ordinary costume.

The fuller skirt is gradually being accepted by all the women who study the art of dressing. The train is shorter; the front is a trifle shorter, too, allowing of the most fascinating glimpses of dainty hose and modish ties. The drooping shoulders in all their perfection of style, the collarless bodies, and the thin, unlined yoke are all fetching features of these shimmering gowns that miladi dons for her visit to the roof garden. White lace mitts are generally worn with the dressiest of costumes.

The reign of white and of the collarless bodice and unlined yoke has brought in its train the necessity for a woman to take the greatest care of her complexion and hands. They must be as white and soft as a baby's. There is nothing more beautiful than to see a beautiful than to see a beautiful white throat encircled by a string of milky pearls, or gorgeously colored jewels gleaming thru the meshes of costly lace mitts.

The hats which are worn with a roof-garden costume are of the charmingly picturesque order. Artistically curved brims that form a proper setting to the pretty face beneath, crown trimmings of flowers that are symphonies of harmonious coloring, or drooping plumes on which a small fortune can be spent—these are the choice of the women who know the art of dressing. The white hat is worn, but more often it is a hat of the most exquisite color which is the choice of the hour. With a white muslin gown which was a mass of intricate lace insertions and medallions was worn the other night a hat composed of fine yellow flowers with a bunch of violets at one side, for the latest fad of the fashionable woman is to add a dash of violet or mauve to her white toilette. Many of the newest French gowns show the use of brown as the finishing touch of style to a white gown. Brown velvet ribbon, chiffon or tulle are the mediums for the transmission of this fashion decree.

## A WOMAN PONY RAISER

### Mrs. M. R. Bracklin of Minneapolis Owns and Manages a Stable of 100 or More Ponies—Her Business Is Unique in This Section of Country.

The success of Mrs. M. R. Bracklin, called by her Minneapolis child patrons the "Shetland pony woman," ought to convince any one who is skeptical as to whether a woman of industry and sense can raise animals, even horses, with as good results as attend the efforts of any man in the same business. It is quite probable that the intense interest and affection Mrs. Bracklin has for these horses

MRS. M. R. BRACKLIN.
Owner of a Fine Pony Herd.

was inherited from her father and enhanced by her early environment. In her childhood she lived on a farm and her father, who was a lover of good steeds, bought several blooded animals, of which he always took excellent care. After they left the farm, Mrs. Bracklin always had horses on which to expend her interest and study.

Mrs. Bracklin's love for horses seems no greater than their love for her and they never seem to forget her, even years after they are sold. The well-known quatrain

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The children did inquire.
"Because she loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

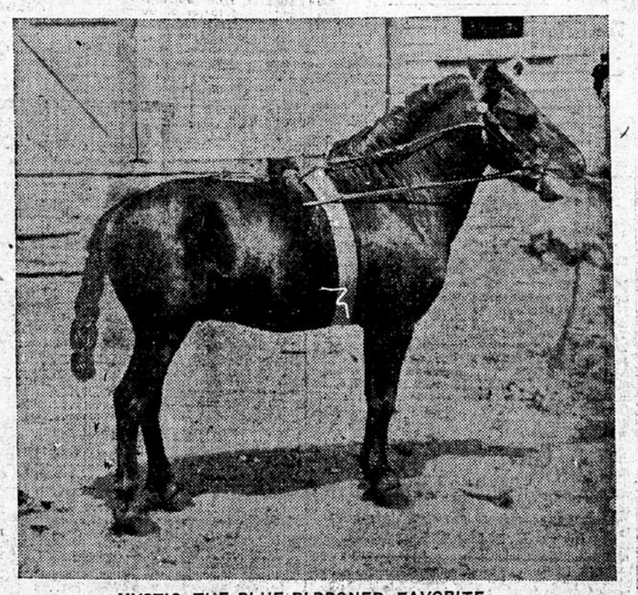
Has a happy parallel in the case of Mrs. Bracklin and her ponies. She had one team of horses which became much attached to her, and after she sold them remembered her. One day, seeing them in front of a store, hitched to a wagon belonging to a farmer whom she knew, she said, as she walked by them, "Come on, boys," and the two started to follow. The farmer enjoyed it as much as any one when he saw why they moved. Mrs. Bracklin recalls the names of all the ponies she has ever owned with perfect ease and speaks of them as one does of old friends.

About three years ago, when Mrs. Bracklin was living at Rice Lake, Wis., she bought a Shetland pony for her little daughter, and, becoming interested in the little horses, she added one by one until four or five tiny stalls were partitioned off in the stable. Even then she had no idea of taking up pony-raising as a business. In fact, not until Captain J. Murray Hoag of Maquoketa, Iowa, a veteran pony-dealer, suggested that she turn her love for the little animals into a means of money-making, did she decide to handle ponies. The herd grew slowly, for Mrs. Bracklin picked the foundation stock with greatest care. She has been in the city now about two years and has united her herd with that owned by J. F. Elwell. Last year there were 140 ponies, but now there are only eighty. This fall, however, a number of imported animals will be added. Some are kept in a pasture at Wayzata, others are in a small pasture near her home and a few are kept in the stable at her residence; a number are at Como park in the livery, and six or eight have been rented to families at the lake.

In the winter, when more are at the house, she makes bran mash for them twice a week and prepares tempting dishes from carrots. She had a pony once that had a human weakness for certain things, among which were buckwheat cakes and rice pudding. In a year no veterinarian has been called, and Mrs. Bracklin is a marvel to the boys of the neighborhood. "She doctors 'em herself," they whisper in an awed tone. Indeed, there is nothing about the entire care of horses or of the business that Mrs. Bracklin does not understand. At a depot one day she even finished one of the crates which held a tiny pony going a long journey, while the men who watched were obviously surprised to see the nails go in straight and square.

One of Mrs. Bracklin's special delights is the matching of animals, and she says that she believes that ponies are more difficult to match than big horses; but, then, she never is satisfied with a match unless it is as perfect as can be. She has tried everywhere to find a match for the stallion Mystic, but Mystic remains without a partner. Her eye is unusually good, too. When she came here from Rice Lake and looked over Mr. Elwell's herd, she found an animal which she believed would match one she had in Wisconsin. When the two were harnessed together they were found to be as perfectly matched a team as any one would ask for, in gait as well as in appearance. There are two ponies in the pasture, brother and sister, beautifully matched except size, which are models of devotion to each other. Even in sleep they lie side by side.

Contrary to the practice of many pony raisers Mrs. Bracklin does not believe in using an animal until it is well grown and strong, that is, until it is at least three years old. Neither does she believe in keeping a colt thin the first year in order to reduce its size. Her ponies are well fed and carefully watched. They do not lack for petting either, for the boys have grown fond of them and Mrs. Bracklin spends a great deal of her time among them.

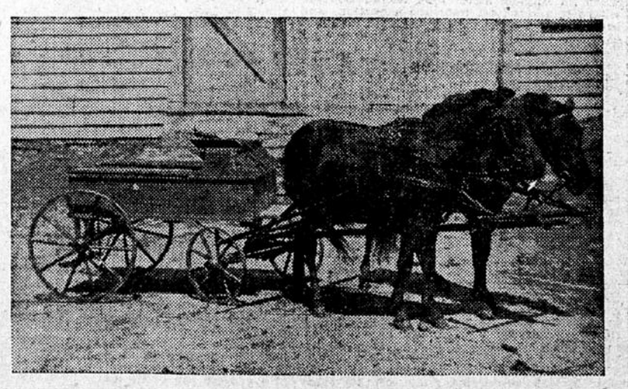


MYSTIC, THE BLUE RIBBONED FAVORITE.

The majority of the ponies Mrs. Bracklin handles are Shetlands, altho she has a few Exmoors. The Shetlands are much easier to handle, having a gentler and milder disposition. There is a team of Exmoors at Como park, Dandy and Dimple, which have grown popular among the visitors there. There is another pony at the park reserved for the babies to ride, Little Magpie, which is careful not to betray the trust reposed in her. When the day's work is done, Magpie is turned loose and finds the way to her own stall without molesting any of the others.

At Mrs. Bracklin's own stable there are three unusually interesting animals, a small team of black Shetland ponies and the stallion, Mystic, which has won a number of blue ribbons. Mystic is now about 9 years old and Mrs. Bracklin values him at $1,000. The judge at the state fair said that he never expects to see a prettier or better behaved horse in the show ring. This is unusually high praise, but no higher than Mystic deserves. The two little black ponies, which stand only 32 inches high, are supposed to be the smallest team of Shetlands in the world. The names to which they answer are Peewee and Peapod. Peewee has just recovered from a sore foot which made her limp slightly. While suffering from the annoyance she would eye sorrowfully any one who came into the stable. "Has Peewee got a sore foot?" the visitor would be told to ask. Peewee would gaze pathetically into the face of the inquirer and stand on three legs, raising the maimed member in dumb reply. These two little animals are strong enough to draw four boys in their little blue cart. One day a short time ago they proved too strong for them and enjoyed a little unusual freedom. The boys lost control, for these tiny ones have only leather bits. No metal bits are small enough to fit them. A promising colt of which Mrs. Bracklin is proud is cunning little DuBarry.

Mrs. Bracklin is much engrossed in her work and by care she realizes good profits. She says that there is nothing else she would like to do as well as to breed and raise these little horses. There are only 200 dealers in the country and one other in this vicinity. In the east there are a number of women in the business, but in the west Mrs. Bracklin occupies a unique position.



PEEWEE AND PEAPOD.
Said to Be the Smallest Team of Shetlands in the World.

## HILDA LARSON GOES TO EUROPE

### IV.—SHE DOES SCOTLAND.

"I like Scotlan', tho it isn't a bit like South Minneapolis. Seems if you take a fancy to some things jes' 'cause they're differen', an' to others 'cause they're alike. There aren't two places made 't are more differen' 'n South Minneapolis an' Scotlan' an' yet they're the two I like bes' so far. Seems if when the Lord made Scotlan' he was undecided whether to have it in mountains or lowlan's an' so he jes' put it in hit an' miss, an' I dunno but what that's jes' 'bout as good a rule for countries as it is for rag carpets. You get a little of ev'rythin' an' v'riety is al'ys stimulatin'.

"Mrs. Gray spen' all of her adjectives on Loch Lomond, an' when we came to Loch Kathrine she couldn't do anythin' but sit on the deck of the boat in the pourin' rain a-holdin' the 'Lady of the Lake.' She wasn't alone by any means, an' the deck was jes' full of rain-soaked, adjectiveless Americans. I asted Mrs. Gray why the lakes were called lochs, an' all she could say was that they were, an' Billie could have told me that much. When you really want information there ain't many can give it to you, but when you don't need it, it comes in showers, seems if.

"I dunno but what the Scotch talk a queerer English 'n the English do. When an Englishman talked real slow, an' I didn't have too much on my min', I could manage to understan' half of what he said, but with these Scotch folks I have trouble to make out a quarter, even if I put my full min' to it. I'm glad I'm travelin' 'th Mrs. Gray an' Billie 'stead of bein' alone. Billie's the bes' talker of the two, for Mrs. Gray likes to sit an' think—that may be int'restin' to her but is aren't to Billie or to me, an', seems if, I mos' might as well be deaf an' dumb, for I counted up one day an' not includin' 'don'ts' an' 'you musn'ts' to Billie, I didn't say more'n seventy-six words from breakfas' to dinner, an' that isn't much for a body what's used to exercisin' her tongue as well as her arms.

"Well, as I was sayin', for three days Mrs. Gray hel' 'The Lady of the Lake' an' looked at the scenery an' Billie an' I sat on the thore an' threw stones at Ellen's Isle. It isn't bigger'n a thimble an' seems if folks were makin' a big fuss over a little thing, but since I've been—travelin' I've learned that it isn't the size of a thing 't counts.

"When we went down to Edinboro—that's the way Mrs. Gray called it after she's been there half a day, 'fore that she said Edinburgh, jes' like mos' of us do—we went to the Holyrood palace where Mary, Queen of Scots, lived for a spell, an' it made me turn col' all over to thing of a queen livin' in such a barn. I'd rather have Mrs. Schultz's little house, for the sun gets into it an', seems if, it 'ld be more home-like.

"Mrs. Gray al'ys says 'Mary, Queen of Scots', 's if ev'ry letter was a capital, an' the kin' of ducks her head 's if she was in church. When we were a-lookin' at the queen's bed an' I was thinkin' how glad I was I didn't have to make it 'th all its curtains an' trimmins, Mrs. Gray says, says she, in her Sunday voice, says she: 'I'd rather have been Mary, Queen of Scots, 'n anybody in hist'ry or fiction,' says she.

"'Well,' says I, a-tryin' to keep Billie from puttin' his fingers thru the bed quilt, tho lan' knows there were holes 'nough, 'I dunno all the folks in hist'ry nor yet fiction,' says I, 'but if I was to choose I'd take one 't kept her head on her neck. I'm beginnin' to think, Mrs. Gray,' says I, 'a bonnets are more comfortable wearin' 'n crowns. They fit the head better an' they don't cos' as much. This Mary, Queen of Scots, 'ld have lived longer if she'd had to board an' dress herself on a dollar a day,' says I. 'She had too much time for the work she had to do. Work never hurt as many folks as the want of it does, seems if.'

"Mrs. Gray thought I was puttin' it a little strong, an' if I hadn't asted her she wouldn't have gone to see John Knox's grave. But after she read me 'bout 'em, seems if it was only fair to see both sides of a story. We had to ast three p'licemen and four ordinary men 'fore we foun' it, an' then Mrs. Gray wouldn't b'lieve it, for it isn't anythin' but a little square plate in the pavemen' that you wouldn't take for anythin' but a watermain marker, 'thout you were tol'.

"'An' he preserved the church of Scotlan,' says Mrs. Gray 's 't the church was a kuart of red rapsberries ripe for cannin'. 'It's an outrage,' says she, 'they might at least put a railin' roun' it so you'd know it from a cobble stone,' says she.

"I couldn't help but feel sorry for John Knox as I thought of him there in the pavemen' 'th a big statue, of one of the Stuarts a-strtchin' above him. Mrs. Gray reads to me outen' her little red books an' I know considerable more'n I did. I don't al'ys listen, but, when there's a steady noise you can't keep from hearin' it. It r'lieved her min' an' it didn't hurt me a mite.

"We didn't see much in Edinboro, but the castle an' palace tho there's plenty there. We couldn't get away from Mary Queen of Scotts' family an' no matter how quick we turned a corner the Stuarts were there firs.' I stopped to look down one of those alleys they call closes an' 'fore I got my foot well down the walk there was a couple of dozen youngsters come from no where so far as I could see.

"'Lady,' says they all in differn' voices an' tunes like a chorus at the theater, 'Lady,' says they, 'I'll show you where Lady Grey-n-J spen' the night when she was Edinboro for a penny,' says they. "It wasn't til Mrs. Gray came 'long 'th the guide book "t I foun' out they meant Lady Jane Gray. Tourists seem to be a good crop in Edinboro an' even the children have a han' at takin' 'em in, an' as I looked at the crowd of dirty, ragged youngsters 't Mrs. Gray was lettin' Billie give pennies to, says I to her, says I, 'Presiden' Rossevel' wasn't ever in an Edinboro close was he?'

"We went down to Sir Walter Scott's house one day. He was the man 't wrote 'The Lady of the Lake' an' nobody need ever tell me 't writin' don't pay. You couldn't buy or build such a house 'thout money, let alone run it, an' as I understan' from Mrs. Gray, Sir Walter paid his bills.

"We were at Melrose all night to do as the poet says an' see it by pale moonlight.' The moon was late 'bout comin' up, but I put Billie to bed an' waited for Mrs. Gray. There's one good thing 'bout all this sight-seein.' It sends Billie to bed good an' early, for after bein' on his feet all day, he's jes' crazy to get on his back at night.

"Mrs. Gray went to sleep in the couch an' she says for me to wake her when the moon came up an' I says I would. I sat in the window a-thinkin' how funny it was 't I was there a-wonderin' what the Schultzes and the Schmidtzes were doin' an' if Linda's yellow dress faded as she thought it would an' I mus' have dropped off, 'fore the next 'hing I knew, Mrs. Gray was a-singin,' says she: 'Why Miss Larson!' an' I opened my eyes quick an' would you b'lieve it, the sun was jes' comin' up! We'd all been asleep an' none of us were goin' to see Melrose 'by moonlight.'

"I could see 't Mrs. Gray was dis'pp'inted an' if she was, I was. But she's got sense as well as feelin's an' she knows a body can't go all day an' all night too. Not bein' a alarm clock I couldn't be guaranteed to waken her at any time, but as we'ed been dis-'pp'inted in one thing, I s'ggested another an' says I: 'Let's see it by sunrise,' says I. An' we did. We slipped outen the house an' down the street an' looked thru the iron fence, for you can't get any nearer at that time of day even for a sixpence.

"Mrs. Gray stood there all a-tremble 'th solemnity, she says, but I knew it was nerves an' I made her go back to the hotel an' I gave her a good hot cup of tea 'fore she went to bed.

"I've foun' it 's a good way when you've dis'pp'inted folks in one thing to give 'em another. An' as I says to Mrs. Gray, says I: 'Lots of folks have seen that tumble-down church by moonlight but there's few 't see it by sunrise' says I.

"It's the unusual 't counts 'th Mrs. Gray at Melrose jes' as in Minneapolis an' if travelin's what the young lady on the steamer says it's for, to get subjec's for conversation, why she'll get more out of doin' what other folks don't 'n she will from taggin' after ev'rybody what's got a 'cursion ticket, seems if."

The proprietors of mineral water rights employ women in the display department of their different branches thruout the country to think up original ways of presenting the goods in attractive order. Many of the artists, working often against time, get their designs from historical or dramatic subjects. If the designs are apt and taking they are not expected to be original. But they must not be hackneyed.

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