

Uncle Joe's Telescope

WILLIS WHITE has an uncle of whom he is very proud, a very fine old fellow, a true American, modest, retiring and very old-fashioned.

Uncle Joe says little about it, but he has a war record. He takes an interest in Grand Army affairs, and so when the heavy trains began to pull in and discharge their human freight the Whites looked for Uncle Joe, who had never been in Minneapolis, to show up.

He got off the train at St. Paul where he knew the ground, having been there some twenty years before. The Whites met him and looked after him. But Uncle Joe is no globe-trotter, and the profession of the baggage-smasher is a mystery to him, and so in the management of the trip his telescope grip was billed thru to Minneapolis.

Over to Minneapolis came the White auto with the family and Uncle Joe to find that telescope. It was a tremendous undertaking. People were everywhere—all kinds of people. There were trunks and grips and bundles and parcels—millions of them.

Uncle Joe was very nervous. There was no good in haste, Mr. White had said; it would come to the front in time. A great trunk fell with a crash, and Uncle Joe grew more serious. He could not stand still and there was a look of abstraction in his eyes.

There was a rush of cars and a broadside, the thundering crash of the Saratoga mingling with the sharp, quick report of the falling steamer trunk, the rattling volley of the grips and suitcases, and then the dropping fire of the smaller parcels. There was a flash of dull gray canvas, a harmless something in the crush. Uncle Joe sat down and mopped his brow.

"My telescope," he murmured. White dove into the confusion and was lost. He emerged carrying a shapeless mass, marveling much at the unresisting softness thereof and still more at his uncle's solicitude over so decrepit an object.

He brought it forward. Uncle Joe looked at it and said faintly: "My telescope." "Why, Uncle Joe," said White, "do not worry about it; it cannot be of much value."

"My telescope," said Uncle Joe. "They have probably handled it a little roughly," said White as he held it out. It was neither round, square, oblong, nor yet a parallelogram.

"It does not really matter if they have smashed it," said White; "it is not worth making any trouble about, and besides you can get another here."

"Willis," said Uncle Joe, "you do not understand. When I came away I thought I would like to bring something nice to Mary, so I went out and gathered two dozen nice fresh eggs and I put 'em, I put 'em, Willis, in that telescope."

DONKEYS FOR CHILDREN—\$5 EACH.

THE little donkey-cart, as it trundled along the white beach, attracted much attention. Under the red silk parasols the ladies in white looked at the small gray donkey and smiled.

"That donkey cost a hundred," said a veterinary surgeon. "It is a very fine specimen. What I want to know is, why don't cheap donkeys breed here in America, the same as abroad? Then every child, at an expense of five or ten dollars, might have a donkey no bigger than a Newfoundland dog to ride and drive."

"London is full of donkeys. The costers use them. Every tiny huckster cart is drawn by a tiny gray donkey. The animals are bred in Ireland and in Wales, and it is possible to buy little ones for four, five, seven dollars, and so on up to a hundred or more for the fancy grades."

"The donkey is docile, intelligent, industrious, moral. He never runs away. He never loses his temper. He is an ideal pet for children, and, if he were bred here, he would be within the reach of all."

What the Market Affords

Halibut, 18 cents a pound. Baked lobster, 35 cents a pound. Striped sea bass, 20 cents a pound. Eggs, 20 cents a dozen. Butter, 23 and 24 cents a pound. Lemmons, 20 and 25 cents a dozen. Pears, 25 cents a dozen.

An attractive way to serve fish is as follows: Get any good white fish, halibut being the best, boil it, pick it very fine, season with salt, cayenne and a little onion juice, with enough white sauce to make it moist, half a cup to a pint of fish, and press into a tin mold.

AFGHANS AGAIN POPULAR

Crocheted afghans, in wood brown shades, forest greens and the new flame shades, are in vogue now among families living in country houses, seashore villas and mountain camps, where light weight covers are constantly in demand for use on porches, lawns or for extra warmth at night.

They are special favorites with women now, for making them affords another opportunity to do knitting and crocheting that is a fad this year at all the resorts and country places.

The decorative and more artistic afghans being used are made in eight shades of the same color, varying in gradual and carefully blended tones from the deepest basic color to the most delicate tint, and then back to the first and dark shade, in rays or stripes that are from two to four inches in width.

An average size, one that is about two yards long and a yard and three-quarters across, has three or four of these series of "rays"—enough to give variety and to make the coverlet attractive.

While most of them are made in plain stripes, some have ornamental stars, shells and scalloped balls placed on the joinings at intervals of four or five inches apart. These fancy figures are also toned in a series of rows of stitches that make them effective and at the same time match the stripes as nearly as is possible.

A border from four to twelve inches wide is used on the majority of these covers to give them a pretty finish. A number of pretty stitches are being used this year. There is the bis-

shaped like a fish. Put this in a shallow pan of boiling water, cover with buttered paper and bake a half hour. This may be done the day before the dinner. When it is needed it is to be turned out on a platter, and served for the cucumber jelly, to be served with this, pare and slice four or five cucumbers and stew them fifteen minutes in water enough to cover them. Soak a tablespoonful of gelatine and when the cucumbers are done, mix all together and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Season well with salt and pepper and put on ice.

There is the lattice stitch, always admired because of the closeness of the threads, and the starfish stitch that has five distinct points and is unusual because it must have a background to show the figures to advantage.

More decorative, if not so new, is the shell stitch, which is especially pretty in flame colored wools and when worked into rows of eight. The double shell, made reversible, is also pretty, as is the single and double basket stitch.

Those who prefer the plain afghan stitch need not necessarily have a plain coverlet, for the stripes may be as elaborate as decorated with hand embroidered silk figures in floral or scroll designs as an individual desires.

PRINCESS PORSABEK'S LOW NECK "Hat royal shyness," as the princess royal of England is sometimes called, is hardly the person one would have expected to become a dress reformer. She has, however, made a determined stand against the prevailing fashion of wearing low-necked dresses at the theater.

Queen Victoria, as is well known, could not tolerate a lady in her presence in the evening unless she wore a low-necked gown, but her granddaughter, in spite of all traditions, has appeared in public again and again in the evening in a dress out high to the throat and with sleeves to the wrists. It is evidently her opinion that full dress for a woman need not be an abbreviated dress.

The Dream of Deacon Smith

DEACON SMITH is a spiritual official in a thriving flock of churchgoers on the upper end of Manhattan island. He doesn't believe that if a black cat crosses his trail that he is soon to meet a violent death. He doesn't believe in dreams of any sort, in truth, and he says so. Consequently, when the good man saw the vivid running of a vulgar and wicked horsere during a refreshing night's slumber he did not trouble himself to imagine what it meant.

On the succeeding night, however, he dreamed again. Next morning all he could remember of his dream was the vivid final first past the winning post of a horse whose name he could not remember, but which in some way suggested "Hat."

The next night he dreamed of "Hat" again and the horse again finished first by a neck. Deacon Smith tried to forget it, but he couldn't. Finally he decided on a course. Putting on his hat he strode around the corner to the little church where Black Sam, a gentleman of serious color, who had played every game from marbles to horse-racing had been finally reformed by Deacon Smith's eloquence, was doing the pews and keeping a sharp eye for lost necks.

"I have been troubled recently with persistent dreams about race horses and each time there is something in the dream that suggests 'Hat.' Now, you know, of course, that I have no faith in dreams; in fact, I think they are merely the result of a bad digestion, but I would like to know just out of curiosity what your opinion is of the strange persistency with which this one returns."

Deacon Smith dropped his duster, gazed at the deacon with keen interest for a moment, then stiffened with dignity. His face took on the appearance of a wise old owl, as he delved into his "valuables" pocket. There came to the surface two razors, a little bunch of toothpicks wrapped in tissue, a barlow knife and a rabbit's foot, before he reached the desired article. It was Somebody's Famous Dream Book, which told you not only the meaning of every dream, taking you over the course in alphabetical form, but what to eat to dream the right sort of dreams, etc.

After a solemn perusal of chapter XXIII, Black Sam, who had meanwhile listened to the deacon's story, announced that so far as he could learn from the book, to dream of a horsere meant good luck, and "Ah tink, Maree Smif! Ah'd play dat 'Hat' hock fuh all Ah had."

Deacon Smith shook his head and told Black Sam that it never would do, especially as he had only yesterday denounced that very sin in such vigorous terms. However, the tempter, ably seconded by Black Sam, who became eloquent in the plea that a large fortune might be made with a small hazard, finally prevailed, and Deacon Smith hustled over to the bank and drew down the meager savings of a year or more. These he transferred to Black Sam, after binding him to close secrecy.

Black Sam, while he had been converted and was a churchgoing black man, did not shut his old acquaintances entirely, and he therefore found no trouble in finding a place to lay the money. Sixty to one was the odds on Hatouchee, and Sam played him to win. The deacon had entrusted him with \$76, and Black Sam had \$11 of his own. Therefore he stood to win \$5,220. His foolish old head



turned giddy at the thoughts of what he would do with his portion. By the time the race was called Black Sam was in a perspiration, and when the announcer cried: "They're off, with Hatouchee in the lead!" the colored brother could feel the kinks leaving his hair.

At the quarter stretch Hatouchee was holding his own. At the half he was only even with the field. At the last leg he was falling behind, and Sam's heart began to gather weight. "Law me, but Ah ain't gwine neah dat chu'ch no moah," he muttered. Then he listened intently for the fatal announcement that was to shatter his faith in dreams.

"Sombroero wins by half a neck," said the announcer. Old Sam moved out of the place mechanically, and was sadly wending his way to the cup that is said to cheer, when a bright thought struck him. "Sombroero, sombroero, dat's a Mex'c'n hat!" he yelled, and he had to explain the whole thing to the policeman on the corner before the bluecoat would change his determination to arrest him as a madman. When he was free again he rushed away at full speed to tell Deacon Smith that if he had only looked further in the entry list he would have found "Sombroero."

"Ah, dat, sah," he added, impressively, "wuz de hat whut you wuz dreamin' 'bout an' whut you oughter played."—New York Post.

PROFESSIONAL military and naval men are wont to shrug their shoulders in the presence of the civilian who belongs to the amateur organizations. There is a true story of a young officer in the navy who met knowledge in a landsman when he least expected it. While his ship was in harbor, a volunteer naval brigade came on board for a little practical instruction. The young lieutenant was detailed to give the landmen their lesson in gun maneuvering. He showed them all the different types of guns, and explained their mechanism. Once, however, his knowledge failed him. One of the guns was a new model, and something about the breech mechanism was novel and perplexing. "This, gentlemen, is a new attachment for—"

"Excuse me, sir; it's for range finding." Then he went on to explain, but after a few words stopped and retired. "How do you know what you're talking about? This device wasn't put on any ship until three weeks ago." "I know, sir; but, you see, I invented it."

HE WAS SO ROUGH. They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came and he shouted in no uncertain tones, "Let go the sheet." No response. Then again, "Let go that sheet, quick." Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said: "The sheet didn't let go that sheet when I told you to, dear!"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."—New York Post.

CHINESE GIRL STUDIES MUSIC. Dwellers in the West End of Washington who are brave enough to face the burning breath of July may see a dainty little figure hurrying thru the streets, near Florida avenue, every day at dusk. This little woman is covered with a flowing cloud of gray silk and wears quaint embroidered slippers with felt soles and quilted heels. She carries a mandolin muffled in red silk, and a roll of music. She is Miss Yung Kwai, sister of the first secretary of the Chinese legation, who has scorned the frivolity of Amherst and the north shore in order to devote her vacation to learning the mysteries of the guitar, the mandolin and the zither. She is always attended by a manservant, but she walks far behind her and never pretenses to appear before her until it is time to salaam her into the teacher's presence. This Chinese girl is deeply desirous of establishing a string orchestra among her girl friends when she goes back to the land of the mandarins.

MRS. HEYBURN PORTRAIT PAINTER. Not seeing why she should hide her talents and give up her early ambitions merely because her husband is a member of the upper house in Washington, Mrs. Heyburn, wife of the Wyoming senator, has opened a studio in Stoneleigh court, an apartment house of the national capital, and is painting portraits. Before her marriage she won, in open competition, the commission to paint the governors and other historic characters connected with the early settlement of Delaware, and these paintings now adorn the statehouse in Wilmington. She has just finished a portrait of the vice president, which Mrs. Fairbanks pronounces an excellent piece of work.

MADE KING'S WAISTCOAT. Mrs. Pike, an aged seamstress of London, now an inmate of the Windsor workhouse, made King Edward's first waistcoat and she remembers it as well as if she had made it a week ago. It was of velvet, with beautiful silver buttons and its wearer, she recollects, was then a handsome little lad in kilts. After the death of her late majesty, bad times obliged Mrs. Pike to take refuge in the workhouse.



Don't hurry for the concert following the main show. Your ticket is good three weeks yet.

IN PRAISE OF PITTSBURG.

THE auction shops of Atlantic City are so interesting that many persons spend a good part of the day in them. Superb wares are often auctioned off. Persian rugs, Chinese porcelains, French tapestries, Breton armories, Egyptian brasses, etc. It is not uncommon to hear in these shops bids of \$1,000, \$2,000, even \$3,000.

"The millionaires of Pittsburg, bless them," said an Atlantic City auctioneer, "are our best bidders. Is there anywhere in the world a set of people so rich and so prodigal as they? The wife of one of these Pittsburg men came in here the other day and calmly selected \$4,000 worth of rugs. She liked, she explained, to give rugs as wedding presents, and always kept a stock on hand."

"A Pittsburg millionaire once saved me from the commission of a dreadful error. We put up a lot of second-hand art books with colored plates, one rainy day, and among the lot was a set of Audobon's 'Birds of America.' I knew little about books—the useful arts are my line—and I was quite ready to let this set go for \$25 when my Pittsburg friend, happening in, bid \$500."

"Of course the books went to him, but after the sale he told me he didn't want them. 'Take them back,' he said, 'and ship them to headquarters. You can get \$1,500 for this set. It is a first edition.'"

"Sure enough, the set brought \$1,700 in London two months later. It had been forwarded to me thru a shipping clerk's error, and I'd have let it go for nothing had it not been for the knowledge and kindness of this Pittsburg millionaire."

ENVIED THE WASPS. WHILE on a visit to the country with his mother a few days ago a little Philadelphia boy saw a large number of wasps industriously flying hither and thither and settling along the bank of a ditch. "Mamma," he remarked to the youngster after watching them for a while, "what are those wasps doing?" "They are gathering mud to build their houses," answered the fond mother, going into a lengthy explanation of how the work was done.

Little Willie thoughtfully communed with himself as he continued to watch the wasps, and finally, becoming possessed of a happy idea, looked up and said: "Say, mamma, I wish our home was built of mud." "Why, Willie!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "What makes you wish that?" "Because I could go in the house once in a while then," replied the boy, "without having everybody yelling at me to wipe my feet."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

BETROTHED FROM CHILDHOOD

There is no country in Europe in which the life of a girl is more completely influenced from earliest childhood by the question of marriage than that of modern Greece. The little Greek maiden understands, as soon as she understands anything at all, that it is absolutely imperative to make a good marriage. The possibility of her remaining unwed suggests such a blot on the family annals that it could never be seriously considered. Almost as soon as a baby girl is born to parents able to give her a substantial dowry, they begin to canvass the question of a suitable marriage. Negotiations are opened with some friendly family where there is a small boy as yet free, and after much preliminary discussion, the little pair is solemnly betrothed. Whether the parents nor the girl herself ever dream of the possibility of a young couple choosing life partners for themselves, and impracticable as the system sounds in the present day, custom is so all-powerful an influence that the boy and girl betrothed from their cradles scarcely ever attempt to dissolve the union.

KORBAN PRINCESS' FUNERAL

London Graphic. The crown princess of Korea had been dead a month before her funeral took place. During the interval a room was made seven miles out of the city, and a temple was built to hold the body. As the procession left the palace gates some of the mourners, according to ancient custom, tried to stop the coffin by pushing back the bearers, who in their turn steadily drove forward. The idea of this is to show regret at the passing of a body, while the inexorable power of death, overcoming all opposition, holds its way.

During this commotion the priest, on each end of the platform holding the bier, urged the bearers with a long pole, the end of which was painted red. In accordance with ancient custom the pole was dipped in a pot of red paint, and those bearers who neglected their work received a dab of red on their white garments, and at the end of the day those bearing the marks were punished. Funerals in Korea are always supposed to take place at night, and to keep up this supposition, men carrying long gauze lanterns on small poles run

WASHING PRINT GOODS

The washing of a print dress well is not nearly so simple an affair as might be supposed and it is no expensive matter to buy in the first place, still its making and details cost as much as if it were, and nothing is uglier than a print dress with half the colors washed out of it. The water should be not too hot, and into it must neither soda nor washing soap powder be put. A lather must be made as for flannels, and as little soap as possible used on the dress, and it should only remain in the water long enough to bring out the dirt. Next, it must be rinsed in cold water, slightly salted, and to which a little vinegar has been added. The former fixes the colors, and the latter brightens them, says Woman's Life. Next wring tightly and dry quickly, but not in the sun, or the colors will fade, and, if dried slowly, they will run. Wearers of print dresses should not let them get too dirty before washing, or the color may be sacrificed to cleanliness.

CHINESE GIRL STUDIES MUSIC

Dwellers in the West End of Washington who are brave enough to face the burning breath of July may see a dainty little figure hurrying thru the streets, near Florida avenue, every day at dusk. This little woman is covered with a flowing cloud of gray silk and wears quaint embroidered slippers with felt soles and quilted heels. She carries a mandolin muffled in red silk, and a roll of music. She is Miss Yung Kwai, sister of the first secretary of the Chinese legation, who has scorned the frivolity of Amherst and the north shore in order to devote her vacation to learning the mysteries of the guitar, the mandolin and the zither. She is always attended by a manservant, but she walks far behind her and never pretenses to appear before her until it is time to salaam her into the teacher's presence. This Chinese girl is deeply desirous of establishing a string orchestra among her girl friends when she goes back to the land of the mandarins.

MRS. HEYBURN PORTRAIT PAINTER

Not seeing why she should hide her talents and give up her early ambitions merely because her husband is a member of the upper house in Washington, Mrs. Heyburn, wife of the Wyoming senator, has opened a studio in Stoneleigh court, an apartment house of the national capital, and is painting portraits. Before her marriage she won, in open competition, the commission to paint the governors and other historic characters connected with the early settlement of Delaware, and these paintings now adorn the statehouse in Wilmington. She has just finished a portrait of the vice president, which Mrs. Fairbanks pronounces an excellent piece of work.

MADE KING'S WAISTCOAT

Mrs. Pike, an aged seamstress of London, now an inmate of the Windsor workhouse, made King Edward's first waistcoat and she remembers it as well as if she had made it a week ago. It was of velvet, with beautiful silver buttons and its wearer, she recollects, was then a handsome little lad in kilts. After the death of her late majesty, bad times obliged Mrs. Pike to take refuge in the workhouse.

Weekly Cooking Lesson--Salads

By CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

Fish, meats or vegetables, either raw or cooked (according to kind) when mixed with an acid dressing and garnished with lettuce or other greens, are called salads. They may form a course by themselves for any meal except breakfast, are appetizing and refreshing, especially in summer, and point out to the economical housewife a profitable manner in which to utilize odds and ends.

Several kinds of cooked foods may be used in compounding a salad, providing their flavors harmonize. As, for instance, cold mutton or beef with tomatoes, cold or in jelly; celery, apples and nuts mixed; sweetbreads and cucumbers; cold cod or salmon, cucumbers and watercress; peas, beans, etc.; in a macedoine or mixture.

Keep each kind of food by itself until ready to mix and dress the salad. From cold cooked fish remove skin and bones; freeze cold meats from bone, gristle and fat; rinse sauce or dressing from the left-over vegetables, drain and let stand in cold water until needed.

The general rule covering the majority of salads is that the ingredients must not be finely chopped, as the result bears too close a resemblance to hash. Dice meats and vegetables; use a sharp knife, that the cutting may be clean, clear and decisive; break fish in flakes.

Wash raw green lettuce, cabbage, etc., very thoroughly in cold water, that it may be clean and crisp; drain and dry thoroughly on a soft cloth. A majority of cooked ingredients are improved by marinating (sprinkling) with a little French dressing an hour or two before the salad is mixed; later, mayonnaise or a second quantity of French dressing may be added. Recipes for salad dressings were given last week.

Chicken Salad—Prepare a mayonnaise dressing. Cut the chicken in half-inch dice. To each pint of meat allow a half pint of cut celery. Marinate the chicken with French dressing and let stand an hour or two; then mix with the celery, moisten with thinned mayonnaise with a little vinegar, turn in the salad bowl, garnish with lettuce or celery tips, and cover with some thick mayonnaise. This recipe may be adapted to other meats, especially veal and pork.

Macedoine Salad—Peas, string beans, bits of cauliflower, beets, white turnips, carrots, etc., may be used. Cook the vegetables separately in salted water,

Curios and Oddities

"Tis Passing Strange!"

PIGS MILKING COWS.

"STRANGE things happen in the city," said the pallid boarder. "Strange things happen in the country, too, be gun," the farmer interrupted. The city man, rocking on the porch in the twilight over his shaggy cigar, had had the floor for half an hour. Now it was the farmer's turn.

"Strange things, rather," the old man resumed. "Milkin', frinstance, O' course ye've heard o' snakes milkin' cows, hangin' and danglin' from under, while the cows, skairt, cavorted all over the kentry! O' course ye've heard o' that, but did ye ever hear, Mr. Clay, o' pigs milkin' cows?"

"No. Cawn't say as I have," the other answered languidly. "It's bin done," said the farmer. "It's bin done to me, gosh dat it. It wuz done only last month. My black an' tan sow guv birth to a litter o' nine pigs, an' blast my buttons if them pigs, as soon as they got to be a month or two old, wouldn't milk my cows reg'lar."

"At noon, when the cows laid down in the shade, the little pigs would come up an' drink all their milk. The cows didn't mind. The milk was no good to them, so o' course they didn't keer who got it."

HUMAN GODS.

"HUMAN beings have often been worshiped," said a theologian. "Indeed, I sometimes wonder that a sect has never been formally established under the name of Anthropians, or something of that sort."

"The king of England is worshipped in Orissa, a province of Bengal. A pink marble image of the human god squats on an altar of black teakwood. A copper lamp burns continually before the shrine, and a fresh garland of yellow flowers is wound daily by a priest about the image's brows. The pink King Edward is prayed to principally by young mothers. As a divinity he is deemed most efficacious in the healing of the ailments of little children. I am sure Edward himself would be bored if he could really hear the long and pitiful tales of crashe, colic, mumps, measles and whooping cough that are poured daily into the ears of his image by the young mothers of Orissa."

"Paul du Chailu was twice worshipped in equatorial Africa. On one of these occasions he sat on a wooden dais while a band of naked warriors danced before him for three hours, pricking themselves with knives until their black bodies appeared to drip with a red and glistening varnish."

"Captain Cook was worshipped in the south seas. The islanders, even after they had killed him and cut him into small pieces, still believed in his divinity, still expected him at any time to return and punish them."

"Joseph Conrad, the greatest writer of English on the active list today, has a story about a human god, a story called 'Heart of Darkness.' This story is imperishable by reason of its horrible and strange beauty."

HERBERT SPENCER AND UPTON SINCLAIR.

UPTON SINCLAIR, with the publication of 'The Jungle,' has achieved, at the age of 28, world-wide fame. His income has suddenly sprung to many thousands of dollars. He is besieged by publishers and editors with orders that he could not fill if he had a hundred hands and heads. There is no writer in America whose work is in such demand today.

"How strange," said an aged novelist, "is the contrast between this young man's life and the life of Herbert Spencer. Spencer, for twenty years, lost money on his wonderful works, bringing them out at his own expense, selling editions of 500 or 750 at the rate of about one volume a month."

"His first book, 'Social Statics,' no publisher would risk a cent on. Spencer paid the cost of publication, and the edition of 750 copies took fourteen years to sell.

"Five years later, about 1855, he published 'The Principles of Psychology,' again at his own expense. In ten years the edition was sold half exhausted. "So Spencer went on. He did not marry because his small fortune was only just enough to keep himself and he lived on less than ten dollars a week at that. In cheap boarding-houses he wrote his famous books, and all the money he could save he spent in bringing them out."

"In 1865, studying his accounts, Spencer found that in the course of fifteen years he had lost, including interest and labor, \$50,000. "Finally the tide turned. All losses were made good, and Spencer's works sold well. But what a persevering old chap he must have been to write and write for so many years, gaining never a cent, and continuing to the general public quite unknown."

"When middle-aged and unsuccessful writers, thinking of Upton Sinclair, grow downcast and discouraged, they should think of Herbert Spencer, and take heart."

Cabbage stalks are used for fence-rails on the island of Jersey, where a giant cow-cabbage grows to a height of sixteen feet.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

High School Freshman. Dear Miss Lee: I am a freshman in high school, 15 years old, and about 5 feet tall. Can you tell me some way to do my hair? It is dark and not very thick. It comes a little below my waist. I have worn it rolled, school-girl fashion. A pompadour is not becoming and it is not long enough to wear in the coronet style. I can think of no other way except parting it on the side, and that is not becoming. Will you please tell me what colors I can wear?

Bonny Kate. Try this arrangement for your hair: With the comb, part it on each side of the head from the top to the upper edge of the ear, and bring to the front. Let it lie on the shoulders while you comb the remaining hair straight down the back. Braid it from the nape of the neck, then loop it and tie with a ribbon. Now bring the front hair, gracefully and fluffily, parted in the center, upward and backward to the corner of the head. Tie there, and then braid, looping the latter up to the point at which it is tied, and finish with a ribbon bow. This is the best that I can do for you without knowing the details as to shape of face and features.

Mrs. John Wischmeyer christened the first shaft of silver and lead mines which she discovered at Oxford, Mass., while going about the Goddard farm. She has a natural liking for collecting geological specimens, but was somewhat surprised to find silver there—the Chicago mining expert declaring that it is at present averaging \$5 a ton.