

THE PLAY.

The world from the darkness and depths of space Swung into the light of the new dawn;

From the heights of heaven, from the pits of hell, Onlookers follow the drama of life;

The cynic goes by with his scornful sneer; The fool sells his soul for a bauble to wear;

And ever the watchers will hope or doubt, While the wonderful drama of life goes on,

—James L. Eldredge, in The Theatre Magazine.

Mrs. Glenfield's Boarder.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"It's no use talking," said Mrs. Glenfield, energetically. "Poor? Yes, I dare say he's poor; but so am I poor."

Mrs. Glenfield was a sharp-nosed, long-featured matron, whose face, originally pleasant enough, had grown sharp and acid with years of weary struggling to make both ends meet.

Ernestine, her eldest daughter, took the proffered slip of paper, somewhat reluctantly, and went slowly upstairs with it.

She was a slight, small creature, with bright brown eyes, hair of soft chestnut hue, and arch, pretty features. If Ernestine Glenfield had been the petted daughter of a rich man, her natural advantages set off by swan's-down, silk and jewels, the world would have pronounced her a beauty.

She knocked softly at Mr. Harney's door, and a dejected voice answered: "Come in."

Ernestine pushed open the door and entered. Wallace Harney sat at the dingily-covered table, his head resting on his hands.

It was a letter which the little errand girl threw into the room as if she too, fully appreciated Mr. Harney's social and financial status in the establishment.

But Ernestine, for once in her life disrespectful of the maternal behest, stooped to pick up the letter and hand it to Mr. Harney before she left the room.

"Perhaps it is good news," she said, smiling archly, and then went away.

Mrs. Glenfield was all impatience for her return down stairs; she wanted to send her to the dressmaker's about a dress which was to have been done, and wasn't done.

"I don't know," he said, vaguely, pushing the damp hair from his hot forehead. "Did you want anything of me?"

Ernestine colored and hesitated—then she laid the bill on the table close to the inexorable editor's note.

"Mamma wishes—that is, she hopes—" hesitated poor Ernestine, who was a very bad hand at deceiving.

"I see," said Mr. Harney, "your money or your life—that is the fashionable formula nowadays. But if you happen to have no money, what then?"

"I—I am very sorry," said Ernestine, meekly.

"I do not know why you should be," said Mr. Harney. "It is six weeks since I have paid you; mother anything, but it is not because I have not been working hard."

"Mamma's rent came due last week," said Ernestine, feeling as if every drop of blood in her body were turned to liquid fire, "and—oh, Mr. Harney, I am so sorry!"

The last words broke from her lips as she saw the pained look of mortification in the young author's face.

"Uncle Jason gave it to me for a new dress," she said, "but my old one is good yet—black silk always looks well, you know, no matter how long you have worn it. Please, please, Mr. Harney, take it."

He pushed away her soft little hand almost irritably.

"Ernestine!" he cried, passionately. "I am not yet fallen so low as to take your little capital."

on the finishing touches, and so it was quite dark before Ernestine again reached home.

"What do you suppose has happened?" said Mrs. Glenfield, meeting her daughter at the door.

"I don't know," said Ernestine. "Becky has broken another piece out of the china set, I suppose."

Mrs. Glenfield shook her head. "Mr. Harney has gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"The dear knows—I don't. Paid his bill and gave Biddy a quarter for herself, over and above. And he has gone."

Ernestine's cheeks flamed up, and then grew pale. "Gone! after what she had owed to him that very morning. Gone! without leaving any farewell word or message for her! Well, it served her right for so far forgetting her womanly reserve and maidenly dignity as she had done. And poor little Ernestine went moping about the house for a day or two, looking the mere shadow of her former self.

At the end of three days Mr. Harney came back.

"Are you glad to see me, Ernestine?"

"I don't know," the little damsel answered, demurely. "I dare say mamma will be very happy to hear how you are getting on."

"I should like to see her," said Mr. Harney, and Ernestine went to call Mrs. Glenfield.

"I have come to ask a great favor of you, madam," he said, as the worn-looking boarding house keeper came into the room.

Mrs. Glenfield shrank into herself, as it were.

"If it's lending money—" she began, rather dubiously.

"But it is not," said Mrs. Harney, with an amused sparkle in his eyes. "It is a much greater favor than that. I want you to give me your daughter, Mrs. Glenfield."

"But you can't support her," quoth the downright widow.

"I can, if two hundred thousand dollars will do it. I have a brownstone house ready to receive her, and you, too, if you will honor us by being our guest."

Mrs. Glenfield stared at her visitor as if he were speaking the Sanscrit language. Ernestine uttered a little cry of astonishment.

"It is true," Mr. Harney smilingly asserted, turning to the girl. "You remember that letter you gave me? It was the legal notification of the death of a distant relative, whose very existence I was almost unaware of. I was his only heir, and his decease has made me, all of a sudden, a wealthy man. Ernestine, you owned that you loved me, when I was a poor man; you will not withdraw your precious heart now that I am unexpectedly rich?"

And what did Ernestine answer? We leave the reader to guess. But Mrs. Glenfield's boarding house was closed at once, and the pearl of Ernestine's beauty is properly set at last.—New York Weekly.

Letter Censorship.

In Russia one letter in every ten passing through the post is opened by the authorities as a matter of course. Indeed the postal authorities of every country have experts who have raised letter opening to a fine art. Some kinds of paper can be steamed open without leaving any traces, and this simple operation is finished by reburnishing the flap with a bone instrument. In the case of a seal a matrix is taken by means of new bread before breaking the wax. When other methods fail the envelope is placed between pieces of wood with edge projecting one-twentieth of an inch. The edge of the envelope is first flattened, then roughened and finally slit open. Later a hair line of strong white gum is applied and the edges united under pressure.—London Chronicle.

"I AM FOR ANTI-TRUST ACT" ---CHARLES E. HUGHES.

As one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, Charles E. Hughes will decide whether the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company are illegal combinations and whether they shall be dissolved under the Federal Anti-Trust act. For more than a year the great capitalists of finance have been waiting for the Court's decision on these two cases, so that they can safely determine whether to go forward or backward in creating new trusts or strengthening those already in existence.

In a speech he delivered at Elmira, N. Y., on October 23, 1906, Charles E. Hughes showed clearly and pointedly where he stood on the subject of trusts. He said:

"We do not want anything which will interfere with business enterprise. We don't want anything which will interfere with investments to give opportunities for labor. We don't want to make it difficult for men to find employment. But, on the other hand, we do want to make it difficult for anybody or for any set to unite together and prevent other people from having perfectly fair and just treatment. We want to end discrimination in business."

"I am for the anti-trust act. I am against the unfair combinations by which people are deprived of their chance to get to markets and by which independents have a hard time getting along. I believe in the policy that has been adopted of making it absolutely impossible for secret agreements, for those measures which are taken to put down the independent competitor in this country."

"There are two ways of looking at things in this world. One way is to see how much you can deprive your neighbor of and how much you can gather in for your own enrichment in every possible way, beating people down by grasping and gripping and squeezing the last drop of blood you can get out of them; that's one way, and it is a very poor way. The other way is to go through life with the notion that if you have ability, if you have talent to run a business, if you have capacity to launch a new enterprise and make it successful, if you have capacity for any great matter, why all the greater are the responsibilities upon you because of the great opportunity to be of service to your fellow men."

"We are all together here in the world. We cannot split ourselves up in classes if we try. We have to go up or we will go down together. We want to realize that in society we are all together."



POTATO SOUP.

Wash, peel and cut four medium sized potatoes into small pieces, cover with cold water, salted, and cook until done. Have ready a pint of milk scalded in a double boiler, together with a tablespoon of minced onion and a little celery or celery seed to flavor. Take the potatoes from the fire, turn off the water and mash. Thicken the milk with a tablespoonful of flour, then add to the potato and mix. Add a tablespoonful of fine minced parsley and serve with crackers or croutons.—New York Telegram.

RICE AND TOMATOES.

Beat together one egg and half a cupful of milk. Stir in a cupful of boiled rice. Add a teaspoonful of butter and season with salt and pepper. Let the mixture simmer for a few minutes; then drain the rice, line a dish with it, wash it over with a beaten egg and put it into the oven until firm. Strain half a can of tomatoes, season with salt, cayenne pepper and half a finely chopped onion. Stew for twenty minutes. Then stir in a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. Let simmer until thick and pour into the centre of the rice mold.—New York Tribune.

MACARONI AND CHESTNUTS.

Peel and boil a dozen big chestnuts and pound them to a paste. Season with a saltspoonful of salt and put them into a saucepan with two cupfuls of boiled macaroni, chopped; two tablespoonfuls of butter and one large onion peeled but not chopped. Stir the whole together until well mixed and heated; moisten, if necessary, with a little milk. When perfectly hot, remove the onion and put the macaroni and chestnuts into a buttered baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and grated cheese in equal quantities and brown in the oven.—New York Tribune.

STEWED RABBIT.

Wash and soak the rabbit. Wipe it thoroughly dry and divide it at the joints. Sprinkle it thickly with flour. Place in a stewpan with two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and three or four thin slices of ham. Pour on little by little a quart of gravy. Stew the meat over a slow fire for two hours. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt. Add to it the rind of half a lemon, cut into small bits. A quarter of an hour before serving stir in a teaspoonful of rice flour that has been mixed with two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup and a half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.—Boston Post.

PLAIN ONION SOUP.

This is wholesome and "tasty." Slice two or three large onions and fry yellow in butter or clarified drippings. When soft add three tablespoonfuls flour and stir until cooked and frothy. Now add slowly a pint of boiling water, stirring until smooth and slightly thickened. Have ready three potatoes boiled and mashed and add to them a quart of milk that has been brought just to the scalding point. Put the potato and onion mixture together, season with salt and pepper, let it get hot, then press through a strainer into a hot tureen. Sprinkle over the top a little parsley minced fine and a handful crisp croutons.—New York Telegram.



A small camel's hair brush will quickly and without irritation remove a cinder or other foreign substance from the eye.

To clean a pot: Put one-half a teaspoon of soda in it, fill with hot water, let stand half a day or over night, cleans very easily.

The arrangement of a mirror so that a child can see itself at play will oftentimes prove as amusing to a child as a playmate.

When sweeping a room which has a heavy old-fashioned dresser in it, remove the lower drawer and sweep under with a whisk broom.

If you wish to prevent raisins, citron or currants from sinking to the bottom of your cake, have them well warmed in the oven before adding to the batter.

When you fry fish, and the fat gets boiling hot, before you put the fish in, sprinkle a little salt on the bottom of the pan; you may then turn the fish without breaking.

After you have washed lamp chimneys tie paper bags over each chimney. Be sure the bags are clean before you put them on. Pin the bag tightly around the bottom.

For quickly cleaning silver, put in kettle one tablespoonful of potash, eight quarts of cold water. Dissolve potash. Put in silver. Set on the stove and let come to boil, then take off. Rinse well; wipe.

When you place irons on the stove to heat, put a brick over the fire. The brick is used as a iron stand. It will save many trips to the stove and back; being hot it keeps the irons warm much longer than a common stand. As each fresh iron is placed on the brick, it renews its heat.



For the Younger Children....



PORTRAITS.

When Thompson takes my photograph there's always such a fuss: My dress must be so stiff and clean, my curls I must not muss.

He stands me up, and "poses" me, and tries this way and that: Then mother says she'd like just one with muff and coat and hat: And then she starts to fix my hair in quite another way.

But now an artist's painting me, and that's the worst of all: I'd rather have a tooth pulled out, or go to make a call!

Why, even Thompson's gallery I shouldn't mind a bit: For here there's not a thing to do but sit—and sit—and sit!

—Anne Willis McCullough, in St. Nicholas.

LITTLE BESSIE'S WISH.

Bessie and Billie were awfully lonely. Their mamma had gone from home the day before and left them in charge of a very aged aunt. And this aged aunt—by name, Aunt Martha—would not allow Bessie and Billie to make any noise while at play, for she said "children's noises, cats fighting and dogs barking drove her clean distracted." So, you will readily understand that Bessie and Billie could not enjoy their play very much while their mamma was away.

"We can play in the attic," whispered Bessie to Billie, as they sat very quietly in the sitting room after breakfast. Aunt Martha was sitting there also, darning a very long and very heavy woolen stocking. "If we want to play ghost or fairy up there Aunt Martha can't hear us."

"What are you whispering about?" asked Aunt Martha, turning her sharp eyes toward the corner where the six-year-old niece and eight-year-old nephew sat like tortured little mice, fearing to move lest the old cat might gobble them up. "What are you whispering about? Can't you speak aloud? Nobody is going to eat you! Come, who was doing the whispering? I dislike to hear whispers; they tickle my ears like a feather wiggling about in them. One only hears sounds and can't make out the words."

"I whispered to brother that we might play in the attic," confessed Bessie. "We won't bother you, Aunt Martha, if we're up there."

"But it's as cold as the North Pole up there, child," said Aunt Martha. However, a smile of agreeableness played about the sharp corners of her mouth as she said this, for the truth is she thought it a good idea for "the vexatious youngsters" to play somewhere a long way from her. She had not been a child for sixty years, and had forgotten all about their needs and desires. "But, if you want to play there for half an hour, why, go up and do so. But mind, no tumbling down on the floor, or shrieking, or laughing too loudly."

"I'd like to stay till mamma comes home," whispered Billie to Bessie, as they crept along the hall toward the stair. And up the steps they went like little culprits, fearing lest their tiny feet might make a noise to disturb the aged aunt below stairs, who was communing thus to her stocking: "Children are a dreadful bother. I am thankful I don't have to put up with 'em very much longer. Their mother ought to be home some time to-morrow. And she, silly woman, thinks those two noisy, bad-mannered little brats are angels. If they run and scream like wild Indians, she laughs and says: 'Bless my babies! Just see how happy they are.' Babies! Ugh, six and eight! Ought to be put at books and work every hour of the day. They fool away valuable time playing with toys and reading foolish fairy tales. So few people know how to raise children. Hard as it would be, I'd like to take those two children in hand and show their parents what might be made of them."

Meanwhile, Bessie and Billie had reached the attic, closed the door to keep inside all their noise, and opened their mouths and cried, "Goody, goody! It's so nice to get away from Aunt Martha!"

"What shall we play?" asked Billie. "Shall we play ghost?"

"Ugh, no! It's so scary, brother. The attic is so dark and I'd get so frightened I'd hide and cry. Let's play fairy."

"All right, sister, let's play fairy. Who'll be the fairy—you or I?"

"You be the fairy, brother, and play 'at I'm a little girl what's lost in the big forest, and, and 'at I'm crying for my mamma.'"

"All right," said Billie, "I'll play that I'm in a tree and when you come along under it I look down and see you crying, and I'll ask you, 'What's the matter, little girl?' and you must say, 'Oh, I'm lost in the forest, and can't find my mamma. And the bears are about, and a big snake is under the boulders, and I don't know where to go. Oh, please, good fairy, help me.'"

"Oh, that will be such great fun," cried Bessie, clapping her hands. "And now, let's begin."

Bessie walked along beside the box, dropped down upon the floor, and began her pretense of crying. "Ah, little girl, what is the matter?" asked Billie. "Car, I do anything for you?"

"Yes, good fairy, I'm lost in the forest and a big bear wants to eat me, and a big snake wants to bite my big toe. And I can't find my mamma. Will you help me, good fairy?"

"Yes, make a wish, and I shall grant it," replied Billie.

"Well, good fairy, I want my dear mamma," replied Bessie, and her voice trembled a bit as she said this, for she voiced her dearest wish in very truth as well as in play.

Billie waved his wand, saying, "Wave, wand, for luck. Wave, wave, to help those in distress. Wave, wand, and keep the bear from eating her. Wave, wand, and strangle the snake before it bites her big toe. Wave, wand, and find her mother for her, for that is her dearest wish."

"Ah, bless my babies, what are they doing in this cold attic?" And to the supreme delight of Bessie and Billie their mother came into the attic and had them in her arms, kissing and hugging them until they could scarcely get their breath. And when at last they could speak, Bessie said, "Mamma, Billie made the bestest fairy in the world. He brought you to me, my dearest wish."—Washington Star.

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THE OTTER.

In the Washington Zoological Park, down next the beavers' quarters, are two otters. People going to the brook during the day must content themselves looking at the otters, for the beavers sleep all day, and do their work after sunset. The otters are always out, playing like kittens. Often the visitors call them beavers, but they would never again do so if they could contrast the two animals. Their point of closest similarity consists in spending much of their time in the water. The otter is darker brown and is a much more slender animal. In fact, with its thick whiskers, it looks not unlike a cat as it swims about with its head out of the water, says the Churchman.

When it drags its body upon the bank one sees that the legs are shorter than a cat's, and the tail, which is broad and strong, is flattened more like a beaver's. It is unlike the beaver's in tapering toward the end, for it does not need to use its tail as a mason's trowel, as the beaver does.

In reality the otter is a very distinct creature, not like any other animal. It is found all over the world, and is much alike in all places. The points of difference are not unlike the difference which exist between men in different parts of the world, being mainly variations in color and size. They are much prized by trappers for their fur, those of Labrador and Canada being especially beautiful.

Once there were a great many otters in England, but the little creatures were too fond of fish to please the fishermen, so otter hunting with dogs became a fashionable sport. Hounds especially trained for that purpose hunted down and brought the otter to bay, and they were killed with long spears carried by the hunters.

In India and China the animal's fondness for fish has been turned to good account. In the former country it has been taught to drive fish into nets, while in China the otter is allowed to go into the stream to catch fish and is then drawn out by means of a rope held on shore. This is a very satisfactory way of getting fish, as the animal never eats its prey until it reaches shore, and thus it is secured in a perfect state.—Newark Call.

CAMPING.

A week or two before the Easter vacation a friend and I decided it would be great sport to use the first three days for camping somewhere. The best place we could think of near the city and yet away from "civilization" was a small island a few hundred feet from the shore of Long Island Sound, just south of New Rochelle. By good luck a cousin of mine who camps out in summer had a tent, two cots and cooking utensils, which he was glad to let us have. In the way of food we took a dozen eggs carefully wrapped, some bacon, lard, and canned meats and vegetables. We also took our rifles along, four hundred bullets and fishing tackle.

On the first day (Monday) we arrived at New Rochelle at about 9.30 o'clock, and soon had our outfit stowed in a good sized rowboat which belonged to my friend. In fifteen minutes the boat grated on a small sandy beach of the island we were to occupy. After fastening the boat we found a good place for the tent, set it up and found a safe corner for our supplies. The fun we had for the next three days would nearly fill a book, and therefore I cannot say much about it. We shot at targets and floating bottles, caught fish and had them at our meals, and on the whole had the time of our lives.—George Cooper, in the New York Tribune.

Robin's Nest in Railroad Van.

In a fold of the canvas covering of the Great Eastern Railway delivery van at Billericay a robin has built her nest and laid three eggs. Nest and eggs of course go the rounds with the van for about ten hours daily and the bird returns to the nest when the van reaches the yard again at night.—Westminster Gazette.

More than 400,000 persons emigrated from this country during the year 1907. This is a much smaller number than shown by the previous year.