

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

by E. J. Edwards

President's Tribute to Wife

General Arthur Felt Little Satisfaction in Occupying the White House Because His Loved Helpmate Was Gone.

When Chester A. Arthur became president of the United States his first official residence was in the Washington house of Senator John P. Jones of Nevada. This was due to the fact that the White House had to undergo a long period of renovation following President Garfield's removal thence to the seashore, and it was not until late in the autumn of 1881 that General Arthur was able to take up his residence in the nation's home for its presidents. In the meantime he was provided with a suitable roof through the thoughtfulness and hospitality of Senator Jones.

"I know that it was with no feeling of pride or exultation that Chester A. Arthur finally entered the White House as president," said General Howard Carroll, a former member of congress from New York City and for years one of General Arthur's intimate personal and political friends. "He was bowed down with regret over the Garfield tragedy, for one thing; and then, notwithstanding his political activity, he was a lonely man. His little daughter was away at school, his son was at college, and his wife had been dead several years when he was elected vice president.

"General Arthur and his wife had been much attached to each other; their domestic relations were ideal. Mrs. Arthur was a beautiful woman of many accomplishments, and she and her husband had many tastes in common. Both were fond of music; Mrs. Arthur had a very charming and highly cultivated voice, which, had she chosen a professional career for herself, probably would have brought her considerable fame. And both were very fond of literature. Although the public did not know it, President Arthur was of scholarly attainments. He was a constant reader of the classics, he spoke German very well, and he read that language with facility.

"One morning about a week after the president had moved into the White House I had occasion to call there. As I was compelled to leave for New York on a mid-morning train, I timed my call so as to reach the White House just after the president had finished breakfast. But when I asked for him his valet, Powell, told me that the president was dressing. I therefore sent word that I would wait until he could receive me, but in a few moments I was asked to go to the president's dressing room, and

there we conversed about the business that had called me to the White House.

"While the talk was going on I noted the appropriate manner in which the president's private apartment had been fitted up, and after the business in hand was out of the way I commented on the furnishings and decorations, venturing to say that, now that he was at last in the White House, he must have some sense of pride in the fact that he was president of the United States; that he must have some concrete idea of what it all meant to be the head of so great a country.

"For a moment General Arthur did not answer me. Then, slowly, he turned and stood looking at a portrait which hung upon the wall. It was a splendid likeness of Mrs. Arthur, and it was the one domestic adornment of his New York house which he had insisted on bringing to Washington with him, and hanging there, in his private moments, he could easily look at it.

"For several minutes he gazed lov-

ingly, longingly, at the picture. Then he turned to me:

"Howard," he said, slowly, simply and yet impressively, "you say it is a great thing to be president and occupy the White House. But I have felt every moment that I have been here, as I have looked upon the portrait of my wife, how much meaning there is in the poem of Heine's you know so well. Ah,

"What for me is all the blooming if I bloom myself alone."

He repeated, in German, looking tenderly at the portrait of Mrs. Arthur, while a tone of infinite tenderness came into his voice. Then, a moment later, he added:

"Howard, that is the way I feel and have felt ever since I entered the White House. And that is the way I will feel until I depart from it."

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Possibly a Good Bargain.

"In some parts of Africa," dilated the returned explorer, "one can buy a wife for half a pint of common glass beads."

"Well," replied the fussy old bachelor, "no doubt a good wife is worth that much."—Lippincott's.

An Unsolved Political Enigma

Only One Man Now Living Can Tell Name of Republican Who Persuaded President Garfield to Make Judge Robertson Collector.

There is probably only one man now living who is able to give authoritatively the name of the Republican who persuaded President Garfield, in March, 1881, to nominate Judge William H. Robertson collector of the port of New York—a nomination that brought about the dramatic joint resignation of Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt from the United States senate, and, in the opinion of many, the defeat of James G. Blaine as the Republican presidential nominee in 1884. The one man is J. Stanley Brown, who was private secretary to President Garfield, and who married the president's only daughter, Mr. Brown, however, will never tell, unless posthumously. He regards himself as under obligations to reveal none of the secret history of the Garfield administration.

I have been asked many times who it was that recommended to Garfield the appointment of Judge Robertson, and could only say that in Washington, at the time the appointment was made, no one was found, excepting Mr. Brown, who could answer the question. Yet, it is probable that the

late John H. Starin, who was in congress with Garfield and was a close friend of the latter, knew; and I base this statement on a conversation I had with Mr. Starin several years after Garfield's death.

"Mr. Starin," I said, "did you ever know that it was suggested to President Garfield, after the resignations of Senators Conkling and Platt and the confirmation by the senate of Judge Robertson as collector of the port of New York, that an ideal way out of the difficulty would have been the appointment of you as the collector of the port of New York and the nomination of Judge Robertson as United States district attorney?"

"No, I never heard that," Mr. Starin replied. "Garfield and I were always warm personal friends. My seat, when I was in congress, was next to him. When I found that General Grant could not be nominated for president in 1880, I was very much pleased when General Garfield was. But I never heard that anybody had said to him what you now repeat to me."

"Well," I replied, "President Garfield was told that if he had appointed you collector of the port the entire factional trouble between the Stalwarts and the Half-Breeds would have ended, and when he heard this he was silent for a moment and then replied: 'I never thought of Starin; I wish I had.'"

"That was an extraordinary, I believe unequalled, irony of fate," said Mr. Starin. "See all the consequences it has led to. For one thing, it undoubtedly paved the way for the election of Grover Cleveland as president."

"I have sometimes heard it said that General Garfield was persuaded by Blaine to nominate Judge Robertson for collector. Blaine, I know, felt very grateful to Robertson, because Robertson, through his leadership of the bolt in the New York delegation at the convention of 1880, prevented the nomination of Grant."

"But if Blaine did urge that nomination it was a fatal mistake for him to make. You may remember that, although there were several incidents which caused Blaine to lose the electoral vote of the state of New York in 1884, yet the chief cause of his defeat was the knifing of him by the friends of Senator Conkling in the Utica (New York) district."

"These friends were firmly persuaded that it was Blaine who induced Garfield to nominate Robertson for collector of the port. They bided their time, and when Blaine became the Republican candidate for president, they determined to show their resentment at the polls. Had Blaine received the normal Republican vote in Oneida county, New York, he would have obtained the electoral vote of New York state. Therefore, in the nomination of Judge Robertson for collector of the port lay the real cause for the defeat of Blaine for president in 1884—and I happen to know that Judge Robertson was ambitious solely to be appointed United States district attorney, an office without much political power."

And J. Stanley Brown is the only living man who knows whether or not it is true that Blaine persuaded Garfield to nominate Judge Robertson for collector of the port of New York. (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Russia's Sherlock Holmes. The nearest approach to Sherlock Holmes that Russia ever had, M. Rachkovski, a former head of the secret police in Russia and agent of the Russian police in Paris, had died suddenly in the government of Vitebsk. He was a consummate detective, and at one time held all the threads of Russian and international anarchism in his hands. Under his regime the services of the famous spy Afzeff were acquired. He, too, obtained the services of Father Gapon, whose murder was brought about by Afzeff, who feared in Gapon a dangerous rival. M. Rachkovski narrowly escaped the same fate as Gapon.

No Food for Babes.

The tough customer was struggling with a tough steak in a tough restaurant.

"Say, you!" he finally roared at a waiter, "I ain't used to eatin' rhinoceros hides—fetch me something a little more nourishin' in a hurry!"

"Aw, fade away, little one!" said the pugilist waiter, witheringly; "what do you think this joint is—a diet kitchen?"

THE BRIDE'S KITCHEN

MOST IMPORTANT ROOM IN THE NEW HOME.

To the Bride Whose Income Is Limited the Furnishing of Kitchen and Pantry Seems Serious Task—Some Tips.

The girl who has felt entirely at home in her mother's kitchen, where she has learned to cook, will have a sensation of strangeness or of newness in her own kitchen. It is one thing to make cake, candy, jellies, custards and creams in a place with which one has been acquainted through years of childhood and girlhood—when another housewife has purchased the necessary utensils and planned all the conveniences—and quite another thing to stand in an empty kitchen which must be furnished by one's self, and for which one must "think out" all the requisites. To the bride whose income is large the task of furnishing the kitchen and the kitchen pantry is one that requires much thought. To the bride whose income is limited it seems a serious task, and one upon which she should not "enter unadvisedly or lightly."

Poor little woman! In her new life and new home there are many times in which these words of the marriage service come back to her with a force that is almost terrifying.

Before buying anything for the kitchen decide on the furniture to be put in this important room—the most important, by the way, in the new home. If your purse will allow, cover the floor with a good quality of linoleum. If linoleum is quite beyond your means, have your floor painted a light yellow. For the sake of the paint, and still more for the sake of your feet, have several squares of carpet or rugs laid on the floor. One of these must be in front of the table at which you stand to do your mixing, another in front of the sink. Standing on a hard floor is very tiring to the feet and back.

You must, of course, have a deal table in your kitchen, with a drawer that is wide enough and deep enough to hold kitchen spoons, forks and knives. Have by it a strong wooden chair, into which you will drop, I hope, when beating eggs, mixing cake, etc. Use this often and you will save your strength. A good rule laid down by a wise physician was, "Do no work standing that you can perform as well sitting." If more women followed this rule we would hear less of backaches and surgical operations.

Short muslin curtains may hang across the lower half of your kitchen windows. Have them so plain that they can be washed often without trouble.

It is well to have strips of wood, supplied with screwhooks, above sink and table. On the one over the sink hang mops, dishpans, cloths and towels; on the hooks above the table go mixing spoons of various sizes, strainers, etc. Have no more than two dish towels on the sinkhooks, in case they are needed for immediate use. On a rack placed elsewhere in the kitchen must be enough dish towels to keep one always supplied with the clean article.

Have the kitchen crockery of plain white stoneware that can be easily replaced. Or, if you prefer decorated china, choose a simple blue-and-white pattern.

As to the cooking utensils, avoid elaborate articles or so-called labor-savers until you are sure that they are what they purport to be. Some of them are so complicated that they add to instead of lessening your work.

Get, at first, the bare necessities, such as a kettle, roaster, pan, broiler, double boiler, frying pan, strainer and mixing bowl (your experience will tell you what the actual necessities are), and, as you can do so, add to your stock until you have a well-furnished kitchen. To have the proper utensils, and to understand thoroughly the use of each, is the secret of good cooking.

Potted Cheese. Three pounds well flavored cheese, three-quarters of a cupful of butter, soft enough to mix; three-quarters of a cupful of vinegar, three-quarters of a cupful of cold water; two and one-half teaspoonsful salt, speck of cayenne pepper. Put cheese through meat grinder, using the finest cutter. Add vinegar, butter, mustard, salt and cayenne pepper. Mix and rub the whole together until smooth. Taste carefully and season more highly if necessary. Pack in small jars. Pour one teaspoonful of brandy over top of each jar to prevent spoiling. Cover tightly and keep in a cool place.

Scrambled Oysters. One quart oysters, one pint milk, one tablespoonful butter, and flour sufficient to thicken like cream; put the milk into a spider and heat to boiling; when about to boil, add the oysters; as soon as they are boiling add the thickening, with salt, white pepper and a tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of tomato sauce; do not let the oysters boil long, remove from the fire and stir in the butter; toast some crackers, place them on a warm platter, moisten them with a little warm milk or water, place on each half cracker a large spoonful of oysters and pour the cream over and around them.

Renovating Carpets. They must have been well beaten and freed from dust first. Then put a gallon of water into a saucepan with a half pound of good soap, shredded, and boil. When the soap is dissolved pour the whole into a clean pail and stir in a quarter pound of the tartar. Wash a small portion of the carpet with this solution and immediately after with warm, clean water, and rub dry with a clean cloth. Repeat this until the whole surface of the carpet is cleaned.

Danish Pudding.

Put half a cupful of tapioca into a saucepan with three cupfuls of water, cook until transparent. Then add half a cupful of sugar, one cupful of currant jelly, a quarter teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Pour into a wet mold and chill. Turn out and serve with whipped cream.

SERVING HAM FOR LUNCHEON

Directions for Preparing Some Simple but Delicious and Tasty Dishes.

For luncheon, grind the ends of a boiled ham and mix it with a button onion that has been chopped fine and a little minced parsley. Put the mixture into a pan with a little butter and moisten with hot water or cream. Simmer four or five minutes and then heap on slices of toast.

For curly bacon, cut it very thin and half cook it in boiling water. Then curl it, fasten it in shape with a toothpick and broil it over the fire.

A little grated American cheese mixed with the minced ham used in a sandwich is delicious if the sandwich is fried brown and served very hot.

Sliced ham is more tender if it is baked than if fried. Cut a slice three-quarters of an inch thick, put it into a small agate pan, turn three-quarters of a cupful of milk over it, cover and bake for an hour and a quarter, basting every 15 minutes with the milk.

Cold cooked ham is tasty if it is shredded and cooked in currant jelly sauce. Put a cupful of the shredded ham into a saucepan with a level tablespoonful of butter and half a cupful of currant jelly. As soon as the jelly and butter begin to bubble add four tablespoonfuls of sherry and a seasoning of paprika. Simmer the mixture about five or six minutes and serve with toast.

BOON TO WINDOW WASHERS

Can Go About Work Without Fear of Sudden Death on Pavement Below.

Much of the risk in the calling of window cleaning has been eliminated by the invention of a New York man. This invention is a safety appliance which enables a window washer to go about his or her work without fear of meeting a sudden and horrible death on the pavement, 18 or 20 stories below. First there is a belt, with rings around it. Then there is a cable of two strands which join in a loop to



which a hook is attached. The cable fastens to the belt by the rings. The washer straps the belt around his waist and takes his position on the window sill. The cable, as shown in the illustration, hangs inside and the hook can be anchored to some heavy piece of furniture or to another hook in the floor or subbase near the window. While this device was designed primarily for professional window cleaners, it will be found useful in private houses, especially where the servants are timid.

Some Uses for Salt.

Japanese and plain straw matting should be washed with salt and water and rubbed dry. This keeps it soft and prevents the matting becoming brittle and cracking. Brooms soaked in hot salt water wear better and will not break off short.

Bedroom floors may be kept cool and fresh if wiped with a cloth wrung out of strong salt water.

Black spots on dishes and discoloredations on teacups may be removed by rubbing with damp salt. Salt thrown on any burning substance will stop both smoke and blaze.

Mince Meat.

Two bowls of finely chopped meat, four bowls of apples, two bowls of raisins, one bowl of currants, one bowl of sugar and one-half bowl of suet, one-third pound of citron, one-half cup of New Orleans molasses, two teaspoons of mace and two of ground cinnamon, one teaspoon of cloves, two nutmegs, salt. Mix all together, add cider, and cook thoroughly. This recipe has been used by many good cooks and has been found to be an excellent one. The "bowl" referred to holds one and one-half pints.

Cafe Noir.

Put three tablespoons of finely ground coffee in the top of a French coffee pot. Pour over half pint boiling water. Do not allow the coffee to boil. After it has run through into the space below pour off and run through the top a second time. This should be done four or five times. Always be sure to have a cover for the spout. The coffee pot should be carefully scalded before it is used and be kept bright and free from grounds. This amount is sufficient for a small family, as it is served in tiny cups.

Buttermilk Biscuits.

Take one quart measure and fill with flour. Make a little dent in top, put in one heaping teaspoon of cream of tartar, one not quite so heaping of saleratus, add salt and sift into the pan. Mix with buttermilk not very stiff, turn onto flour board and knead a little. This makes them fine grained. Butter a large cookie pan and put in your biscuits one-half inch thick and do not let one touch the other in the pan. This recipe makes 15 biscuits and a small loaf of bread.

Baker Apple Slump.

Take a well buttered deep pudding dish and slice into it enough tart, juicy apples to fill. Season with cinnamon and nutmeg. Sweeten plentifully, add a tablespoon of butter, cut in little bits, and cover with a soft biscuit dough, stirred to a consistency to pour, but not roll. Bake in a hot oven and serve with a hard sauce or "foamy" as preferred.

Her Mother's Economy

By CLARA INEZ DEACON

Eunice always dreaded the coming of spring because there was always the distressing thought that just when all the living world was putting on its bravest and best she must go forth as usual wearing that old black leghorn hat.

Eunice's mother and bought the hat which was the best of its kind to be had because it was always her rule to get the best or go without. In vain Eunice begged for cheaper things and the privilege of having them changed occasionally.

Mrs. Lys was English and obdurate. As she had been dressed she dressed her own daughter. The leghorn hat had been turned and twisted and coaxed into some semblance to prevailing modes until Eunice was ashamed to take it to Miss Adams, who was so conscientious to spoil it and thus make necessary the buying of new head-gear.

This season the styles were varied and bewilderingly beautiful. Day after day Eunice lingered before the enticing plate glass windows of Miss Adams' millinery parlors whence long ago the black leghorn had come to admire and yearn and choose with that sickening sense of futility which hurts to the very soul. She knew exactly the kind of hat she wanted—a white horsehair with a froth of willow plume about the crown. Miss Adams had just such a hat and it was marked \$20. Eunice had not seen the price, but Edith Benns had. In fact, Edith had tried on the wonderful hat.

"And, oh, it's the sweetest thing, really, Eunice!" Edith said. "And I looked—well, of course, it's out of the question for me. My mother can't afford \$20 hats, but your mother can. You ought to have it since you want it so badly. And anyway it's time you had a new hat. You must be deathly sick of that old leghorn."

"I am," admitted Eunice, faintly, swallowing at a sob.

"Well," said Edith conclusively, "all I can say is, if you don't have one you

needn't expect Ward Royce to pay you much attention."

Eunice knew that. Her throat ached so miserably that she could not answer.

"I saw him with Belle White yesterday," Edith went on with the frank cruelty of youth and personal inexperience. "She was dressed to kill—everything new. You know that big black hat we both liked so much—one of the first Miss Adams showed? Well, she had on that hat. And she looked stunning."

Still Eunice did not answer. She went home helplessly unhappy to find her mother sitting in the cheerful company of an overflowing work-basket.

"I'm making over the sleeves of your shirtwaists, dear," she said. "I've found that by using a smaller pattern I can cut out all the worn places. The waists will wear for a good while yet. And I find," went on Mrs. Lys brightly, as if she were imparting the most pleasing information, "that I can turn your plaid skirt. It isn't faded a particle on the under side. That comes of buying the best material. Always remember that, dear. The plaid skirt will do very nicely to wear with your shirtwaists all summer."

Eunice's lips quivered. Ward would never look at her again. Men thought so much of a girl's being well dressed.

"I suppose," she said, making desperately one last appeal, "that if I am to wear that old skirt and all those old waists, I can't have a new hat to go with them, can I, mother?"

Mrs. Lys looked at her daughter in frank amazement. "Why, child!" she

said. "Why, I expect that hat to do you for two seasons yet."

Eunice was silent. But that night after she had gone to her room she sat a long time by the window, thinking and crying.

"I won't," said Eunice to herself, softly, for her mother slept on the other side of the wall, "but before I sleep I'll have a session with that hat. I'll never again take it to Miss Adams' to have her city trimmer laugh at it."

Eunice had never trimmed a hat in her life. She felt a fierce pleasure now in stripping the faded pink roses from the black leghorn, and she wheeled the limp brim to assume stability. Then she applied some ribbon and her best belt buckle after a manner which she had observed in Miss Adams' window. She was amazed at her own achievement. Desperation had lent her skill. She tried it on before the glass. It was not unbecoming. Then she crept into bed.

She showed the hat to her mother next morning.

"It looks well," was Mrs. Lys' only comment.

"I'm sure," Eunice said, speaking of that new resolution which had come to her with her success. "I could learn to trim hats for other people. I should like to know how to earn money."

Mrs. Lys looked pained. "Why, my dear child, why should you wish to earn money?" she asked. "There is no need. You have enough of everything now."

Eunice was disappointed. She knew how her mother felt, but if only her mother had known how she felt!

That afternoon Edith Benns came running in. "Oh, Eunice, come with us!" she said. "We're going on the river—Hal and Kitty and I, and we want you. Do hurry. They're waiting now, down on the bank."

"Put on a hat, dear," said Mrs. Lys.

Eunice put on the leghorn. After all she felt a shy pride in the fact that she had trimmed it herself. And she wanted to hear what Edith would say. What Edith said was characteristic of her charmingly sarcastic self.

"If long association is endearing you must be awfully attached to that hat," she remarked.

As for Hal Kinch, Edith's irrepressible cousin, he had an appropriate conundrum: "What member of the vegetable kingdom does Eunice's hat resemble?" The answer, of course, was "The live-forever." He also warbled a song: "Shall good old leghorns be forgot—" to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

"Look, Eunice!" cried Kitty. "Look, Edie! There's Royce and Elmer Brent out there in that canoe."

It was, indeed, Ward and Elmer. And when they saw the quaking and paddled boat they shouted greeting and paddled toward them. At that moment Eunice thought—she was never sure—that she felt something touch her hat as if a plume was being stealthily withdrawn. But before she had time to lift her hand to her head a smart little breeze came ruffling over the water and whisked her hat from her head. She gave a little cry as she saw it go, dipping and skimming on the current in the direction of the canoe.

It was Ward Royce who rescued that hat finally at the risk of a good wetting. He handed it to Eunice dripping, a hopelessly sodden thing.

Hal was weeping elaborately, with one eye on Eunice, whose face was scarlet. She felt joy and shame and relief all at once. The hat was a wreck. Surely she could never wear it again.

Ward Royce detached Eunice from the others of the group and walked home with her that afternoon. He carried the hat and placed out Eunice's explanation of the catastrophe to her slightly surprised mother.

"You couldn't have pinned it securely," Mrs. Lys said. "Well, you may go and get another hat, dear. You shall choose for yourself this time. You are quite old enough. Only time you get something handsome and wearable and remember I do not wish to pay more than \$15."

Eunice bought the white horsehair hat with the frothy willow plume. And then because it was such a handsome hat that it put all Miss Adams' other belongings quite to shame Mrs. Lys decided that she must have a dainty lingerie frock to go with it.

So it came about that Eunice was as charmingly clad that summer as even she could wish to be. And because she looked so sweet and was so sweet Ward Royce paid her that kind of extravagant attention which only ends in the one perfect way, though he maintained with the absolute conviction of a man in love that he had learned to adore her not under the willow plume, but under the old black leghorn.

He Didn't Say

"Gentlemen," he began as he stood on the post office steps, "you have all heard of Joseph Cannon, and it is needless to explain to you that he has been speaker of the house of representatives for many years past."

(Cheers and groans.)

"He is called the tool of trusts by some and an angel by others."

(Hurrah and hisses.)

"Just which it may be is not for me to say. Like other men, he has his good and bad points. There is an inscription against him."

"Put him out!"

"It may prevail and it may not."

"Hurrah for Joe!"

"At the coming session of congress he may be re-elected or he may not."

"Some folks think he will and some think he won't."

"No! Yes!"

"But as for me, gentlemen—as for me—"

"Let 'er go!"

"As for me, I have on this table

before me something that will cure a case of jumping toothache in two minutes or money refunded, and the price is only—"

But the two hundred had melted away.

Cherubini's Advice.

A young man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt what branch of musical art to adopt. He went to the composer Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so loud that the walls fairly shook. "Now," said he, "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneer," dryly said Cherubini.—Old Farmers' Almanac, 1882.

Honesty.

No man is thoroughly honest until he discovers that honesty is the best policy; that honesty is a burden to a selfish man. Any man who believes that honesty is a burden is not honest.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Word Revealed Conkling Will

Senator's Niece Remembered He Liked "Rome" and the Combination of Letters Was Found to Open Safe Where Testament Lay.

Roscoe Conkling, for 14 years years United States senator from New York, and during that period one on the leaders in the national councils of the Republican party, died as the result of exposure in the great New York blizzard of 1888.

Since the estate left by the former senator had a value of several hundred thousand dollars, it became necessary for the immediate members of his family to search as soon as practicable after his death for a will. It was naturally presumed that Mr. Conkling had left a will; he was a man of most methodical habits, and he surely knew that his estate was of considerable value. Yet, search where they would, the family were unable to locate any sign of a document making testamentary disposition of the estate.

"At last," said the late Col. Frederick A. Conkling, the senator's brother, who also was a very brilliant man and for many years a lawyer of considerable note in New York state, "some one of the family happened to remember that we had not yet looked into a small steel chest, or box, which had belonged to Roscoe. This box had a combination lock which bore the letters of the alphabet instead of numbers, and through the proper conjunction of some of those letters the box would open. Yet nowhere were we able to find a record of the combination."

"It was deemed expedient to break the lock, or tamper in any way with the box itself, so the only thing to do was to attempt to work out the com-

bination. If I remember correctly, we first tried the combination of letters that spell the word 'Grant.' Roscoe, you know, was a great Grant admirer, and we felt he might have taken that name as his combination. But we were wrong.

"Then word after word we tried. Roscoe was one, Conkling was another, Utica, where the family lived, was a third. All the family names were called into use one after another. Still no encouragement—absolutely none—and we were about ready to make up our minds to break the lock, after all, when one of the ladies present offered a suggestion.

"Uncle," she said, "was very fond of the word Rome. Don't all of you remember how he used to roll it out with great delight in that deep, rich voice of his? I have heard him say it thus many and many a time—and she gave a fair imitation of the way Roscoe used to pronounce the word. 'And,' she went on, 'I have heard Uncle say, oh, so many times, that he thought in the word Rome was to be found the finest combination of vowels and consonants in any word in the English language. I am sure he took the word Rome that he was so fond of for the combination. Try it, please.'"

"At once we adopted the suggestion. As the letter 'r' was found there came a faint click from the lock. Carefully, we turned to 'o' and another click resulted. An appeal to 'm' produced a like result, and when finally the last letter of the word that Roscoe had delighted in saying was indicated, behold! the lock yielded, the little steel box opened, and lying along with it in it was the will we had been searching for so long."

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Mother's Serious Mistake

Loses the Confidence of Her Children by Ridiculing Their Ambitions.