

The Intensely Practical Poet.

BY J. LOUIS ENGBAHL.

"Now, if you could only write poetry."

"Poetry be—I beg your pardon, but do you know that I think you are very foolish?" and Harry Furber shrugged his shoulders, jabbed his hands into his pockets, and thought the question decided.

"I wish I could get you to appreciate the artistic. It is a great thing to love art."

"My goodness. I love you, and that is enough for me. I can go to the theater and pick a good play every time I see one. At the exhibit, I can admire the best pictures. I like beautiful singing. I can read a good story or a good book, but poetry—and you now want me to write some."

"You are too intensely practical."

"And you don't like 'intensely practical' people?"

"They are very nice to have around."

"Then I may come around as usual, you won't deny me that?"

"Oh, no; you are always welcome."

Then Furber took his leave. As he went down the steps of the Koessler mansion, he met Robert Phelan, but he did not look at him. Phelan was a poet.

They had been at Harvard together. Both had very indulgent fathers. Phelan had written poetry for the "Monthly," and in his senior year had been chosen to be its literary editor. After graduating he had still continued to write poetry, and once his contribution had been accepted by an eastern magazine.

Furber had been a little of everything in college, and in the end had turned out to be not much of anything. He had made many friends, had a good time, managed to get a diploma, and, as he asked: "What more could anyone want?" Immediately after graduation, Furber, the elder, had taken his son into his office, intent on teaching him the grain business. Furber was a name much known on 'change in Chicago. Harry Furber was appointed to be one of the representatives of the firm in the pit, and he had soon learned to bid in on the wheat with the best of them.

But Ruth Koessler was his stumbling block, and Phelan, the poet, was the hard thing he bumped against every time he stumbled. Together, Furber and Phelan had begun to call upon Ruth. Ruth said she liked both of them, but she had gradually developed a sense for the artistic, and Furber was not artistic, but Phelan was a poet, and so he must be artistic. He could talk all about ancient Greece and Rome, and could quote much from the classics.

Furber knew the original source of these lectures, and although he liked to hear Ruth talk, he would not stand for anything that came from his rival. And now she wanted him to write poetry.

It was the middle of the forenoon, and things had quieted down in the pit. The market was holding steady, and Furber was wondering what effect the war in the east would have on the year's crop.

He walked up out of the pit and sat down in a chair away from the rest of the crowd. He was thinking of Ruth again. He sat and thought of the talk they had had the day before.

Then a smile something akin to the kind he wore when he had done something very well, stole across his face.

He pulled a pad of paper from his pocket, and for half an hour he seemed to be struggling with something in his mind, once in a while writing down something, and the men in the pit continued to loaf and talk automobiles, and prices in wheat still held steady.

"Then, when the half hour was up, he smiled again, reread what he had written, and then looked about him.

"Hello, there, Ripley!" he called.

"I have got a scheme," Furber said. "I want you to get up there in the pit and introduce me as 'the great and only,' you understand. Then I will get up and speak my piece."

"All right," and Ripley went over to a long, inclosed desk, where several men were writing, and spoke a few words to them. Then he came back to the pit and took a position where he could be heard by all.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to introduce to you our far-famed, great and only illustrious friend and co-worker, Furber, the poet," and Ripley stopped to get his breath, and everyone applauded.

"He has composed a poem in your honor—your honor, I say, the honor of all of us," and he stopped again, and there was some more cheering.

"Now, gentlemen, I want you to give your best attention. The show begins right away."

A chair was brought, and Furber, with the sheet of paper in one hand, got up into it, blushing like a little girl making her first appearance at a Sunday-School Christmas tree. Then he began:

There's a bull upon the market,
And the bear is waxing hot;
In the East the Japs are fighting,
In the wheat the rust is out;
So the bear is waxing hot.

The farmers want high prices,
They all yell for dollar wheat;
So they scare the trade with cries
Of Hessian fly and rains of pest;
And the bear keeps waxing hot.

There are many wheat crop killers,
With this bull upon the market,
Yelling 'bull and blight and frost;
But the Russian bear ain't in it,
With this bear that's always hot.

When he finished the applause, which had broken out in several places, grew roaring, for these men of the pit could yell, and then some one started a line, and in turn Furber was compelled to shake the hand and receive the congratulations of every man in the room.

Late that afternoon, Furber took his way leisurely out to the Koessler mansion, and he hoped that she would be at home. He didn't have time to wait for the evening editions to appear on the streets, but he would make her read his poetry out of her own newspaper.

Phelan, coming down the steps as he ascended, was a damper on his feelings, but could not suppress them by any means.

"I am so glad to see you!" cried Ruth, as she opened the door in answer to his ring.

"Nothing artificial about that welcome," thought Furber. Then he managed to have her take him out on the inclosed veranda that overlooked the street. He wanted to get that paper from the carrier as soon as he could. In the meantime they talked.

"I believe I could like intensely practical people," Ruth said, guardedly.

"But they can't write poetry."

"When I was down town this morning, I went over to see what you were doing. I was up in the balcony, and—"

"I never saw you," broke in Furber, and a sickly feeling came over him. He wondered at what time she was up there in the balcony.

"No, but I saw you, and you seemed so excited, just like all the others. I do not know what you were all shouting about, but I knew that you were doing things. Everything seemed on the move."

"Thank you," said Furber, and he felt relieved. "She must have been up there afterwards," he thought.

At that moment the paper carried came around the corner, and in a few minutes Furber was eagerly turning the pages of a copy. Ruth wondered what was the matter with him. Then he dropped the paper and looked out towards the street. He could not look at her.

"Why, what's this?" said Ruth, and he turned.

The paper was lying where it had fallen with the last page upwards. Sure, there it was. He had forgotten to look at the last page.

He picked up the paper and handed it to Ruth. This individual newspaper devoted the last page to special features. It had certainly made a feature of him. There was a write-up with the poem telling all about it and the author, but there was also—he swore he would jump on that reporter next time he met him—the picture of himself in his running togs at college. It must have been the cut they used that year he ran in the mile. "University athlete goes through wheat pit to become a poet," it said.

But Ruth was devouring it all. "Oh, Harry, how could you do it?" she said at last.

"Easy," and Harry would have hugged that reporter.

Then Ruth got up and went into the house followed by Furber. She got a scissors and carefully clipped the poem from the paper.

"Say, Harry," she said, as she finished, "you can do almost anything, can't you?"

Harry was too much flattered to answer.

"Well—" and Ruth blushed slightly and smiled at him.

"Ruth," and Harry stretched out his arms toward her imploringly.

When they closed, they circled about Ruth, for she was within them.

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CALLED HER BLUFF AND WAS WILLING TO PAY FOR MORE.

He had been calling on the young lady for many moons, but being rather backward his suit progressed slowly. Finally the dear girl decided it was up to her to start something, so the next time he called she pointed to a flower in his buttonhole and said:

"I'll give you a kiss for that rose."

A large, open-faced blush meandered over his countenance, but the exchange was made. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room.

"Why, where are you going?" she asked, in surprise.

"To the—er—florist's for more roses," he explained.

And further dependent sayeth not.—Chicago Daily News.

Cynical.
"That speaker had a tremendous crowd."

"Yes," answered Farmer Courttassel. "People must like to hear his speaking."

"Oh, I dunno. Folks is powerful curious. I reckon a man could draw a crowd by jest wavin' his hands an' stompin' his feet, same as he did, without sayin' a word."—Washington Star.

A Poor Plan.
Husband—So that new girl goes out three nights a week. I'll tell you how to keep her in. Scare her. Tell her a terrible fellow called Jack the Kisser is prowling around, kissing every girl he can catch.

Wife (doubtfully)—Well, don't know, my dear; I was a young girl once myself. I'm afraid she'd be out every night.—N. Y. Weekly.

Nature's Sermons.
"Every grass-blade is a sermon," I heard our pastor say. A sentimental idea that; I thought of it each day.

One eve our pastor mowed his lawn, and as I watched I thought how strange it was to see him cut His precious sermons short.—Judge.

No Browning.
She was fond of the writings of the poet Browning. Going into the country she forgot to take her copy of her favorite author. She determined to try and get one at the village shop.

"Have you Browning?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," was the reply of the shop man; "we have blacking and whitening, but no Browning."—Tit-Bits.

IN THE YEAR 2006.

Aeroplanist to friend: "Just look down and you'll see how backward they are in this part of the world. Why, the peasants still go about in automobiles at a miserable fifty miles an hour."—Pele Mele.

Awakening.
"The Chinese are getting to be quite expert in military matters, aren't they?"

"Yes. They are beginning to realize that the man behind the gun is more important than the man behind the washboard."—Washington Star.

No Use.
"Going to the seashore this summer, Ethel?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"What's the use? I never tan, and nobody'd believe I'd been there when I came back."—Cleveland Leader.

Perhaps.
"No, he hasn't been to see me for over a week, and I promised to sing for him the next time he came, too."

"You promised?"

"Yes."

"Gee! may be he took it as a threat."—Houston Post.

The Gooseberry's Feat.
The gooseberry hissed an eloquent hiss. And he stretched out his snaky neck. "What's this?" clucked the chickweed. "What's this, what's this?"

"I've laid an eggplant, by Heck!"—Cleveland Leader.

Just Possible.
Clara—I wish I could believe what he says, but—

Maude—What does he say?

Clara—Why, he says he loves me, yet he has only known me two days.

Maude—Well, perhaps that's the reason.—Chicago Daily News.

Prefers Work.
"Is your husband enjoying his vacation?"

"I should say not! He's bored to death and says if he had to sit around doing nothing for another week he'd go crazy."—Detroit Free Press.

Independent.
"I'm going to quit, sir; you're wife finds too much fault."

"Why, she treats you as well as she does me!"

"I know it; and I don't have to stand for it."—Houston Post.

Counteracting the Effects.
"Jack, you are an ardent devotee of baseball. I notice."

"No; but after I've talked golf all afternoon I like to read about two columns of baseball talk to rest my head."—Judge.

WHY SHE THOUGHT IT APPEALED TO HER.

"Would you not like to fly with me to some hidden part of the world," asks the enamored youth, "where the false conventions of modern society are things unknown, where the hampering requirements of our present civilization are unheard of, where the people live near to nature's heart, dreaming naught of our silly changes of fashion, knowing naught of the allurements of hats and dresses and—"

"Oh, Harold!" exclaims the sweet young thing. "Is there such a place? Oh, how wonderful it would be to go there!"

"Do you mean that would go?" he cries, his voice thrilling with a wondrous upsurging of soul.

"Would I? It would be heavenly! Think of being able to introduce all the latest things in bridge and shirt waists and bonnets among those women, and make them all realize what frightful back numbers they are!"—Life.

Done Again.
"I bought your 'six best sellers,'" said customer in the book store.

"Ah, indeed," replied the clerk, with a smile; "how did you like them?"

"Well, I think you should abbreviate your advertisement?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, make it the 'six best sellers.'"—Chicago Daily News.

Side Lights on History.
Sir Isaac Newton had discovered the law of gravitation.

"I'd like to see anybody get around that?" he said.

Consulting the records and satisfying himself that no supreme court ever had declared it unconstitutional, he proceeded to divide it into sections.—Chicago Tribune.

No Danger.
Mr. Gayboy (about to start on a business trip)—I'll try to write to you every few days, Maria, but if I should be busy and a week or more pass without your hearing from me you needn't be alarmed.

Mrs. Gayboy—I shan't. I'll take the children with me and hunt you up.—Chicago Tribune.

An Old One.
"The Topeka State Journal says that a Topeka woman kneads bread with her gloves on."

"That puts it up to some country editor to rise and remark that he needs it with his pants on. This bit of repartee goes the rounds of the country press at least once a year."—Houston Post.

Shrewd.
The burglars stole the perfume, a rather strange event. But Fottlock Holmes went on the case. And traced them by the scent.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

His Objection.
His Daughter—But what objection have you to Algernon, papa? He neither gambles, smokes, chews, drinks nor swears.

Her Father—Oh, it isn't what a man doesn't do that counts. I want a son-in-law that does things.—Chicago Daily News.

Both Deplorable.
"It must be a dreadful thing to have lived without ever having accomplished anything," observed the young professor.

"Yes," said Miss Clipper, "almost as bad as to have lived without ever having had any fun."—Detroit Free Press.

Who Should Write Our Stories?
The Love story—Twin.
The English Story—London.
The Tearful Story—Paine.
The Creditor's Story—Hope.
The Baby Story—Howells.
The Newly Wed Story—Batcheller.
The Young Bud Story—Flower.
The Sarcastic Story—Cutting.—Life.

TO BE SURE.

The Man from the Furniture Movers—I suppose you'll have this in the bathroom, sir?—London Sketch.

The Golf Tyr.
He shakes his club on high. His teeth are set.
His face—in what strange shapes doth anger twist!
'Tis hard to hit the ball and harder yet
His feelings to express when he has raised it.

Poor Cook.
Bacon—Did your wife ever take cooking lessons?

Egbert—Oh, yes.

"Did she ever make good?"

"No, not very good."—Yonkers Statesman.

Plenty of It.
"There's poetry in everything," observed the poet.

"You're right," replied the editor.

"For instance, there's a basket full of it over in the corner."—Royal.

MAKING GOOD PASTRY.

If People Will Eat Pastry, Delicacy Must Be Very Carefully Prepared—Some Directions.

Good pastry is not difficult to make if a few simple rules be followed. Of course, we all know that pies are not, strictly speaking, as healthful for dessert as fruits or simple puddings. Still when made properly with the best of materials, any well-regulated stomach ought to be able to digest them, if not eaten more than once a day.

Men, particularly, are very fond of pie, and heartily indorse the sentiment of the late Eugene Field which he expressed in the following lines:

Your flavored creams and ices,
And your dainty angel-food,
Argue mighty fine devices
To regale the dainty dude;
Your terrapin and oysters,
With wine to wash 'em down,
Are just the thing for roysterers
When painting of the town;

No flippant sugared notion
Shall my appetite appease,
Or bate my soul's devotion
To apple-pie and cheese!

Pastry is either plain paste, or puff paste, according to the amount of butter worked into it, says Belle Estes, in the Prairie Farmer. The plain paste is used for pies and also for the under crust of pies, and the puff paste for the upper crusts of pies, for patties, tarts and cheese straws.

Puff Paste.—Wash one cup of butter, work one tablespoonful into two cups of flour. Moisten to a stiff dough with cold water. Knead on a floured board. Cover and let stand five minutes. Roll and fold in remainder of the butter. Roll and fold again. Continue until the paste has been rolled and folded five times. Let it stand five minutes until you get your pans ready. Then make your pie in the ordinary manner with upper and lower crust. However, I prefer to use the plain paste for the lower crust and the puff paste for the upper. If there is any of the paste left it may be kept sweet and good four or five days, by rolling in a piece of cheese cloth or an old napkin and putting it in a cool place. If you do not care to keep it over, make of the puff paste some cheese straws or some tarts.

To make the cheese straws, which are delicious, roll the puff paste one-fourth of an inch thick; sprinkle one-half of it with grated cheese; fold over and roll out; repeat twice, adding cheese each time. Then cut in strips six inches long and one-third of an inch wide. They will almost double in thickness in baking.

Make tarts by cutting three-inch squares out of the paste; brush over with water and then bend the four corners toward, but not quite to the center; bake and when cold put jam, jelly or apple filling in the center. The apple filling is inexpensive, delicious and easy to make. One cup of fine apple sauce, two tablespoons of butter, melted, one-fourth cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Plain Paste.—Mix thoroughly one-half cup of lard with one heaping cup of flour and a little salt, then add only enough cold water to just hold the dough together. Roll out half the dough at a time on a lightly floured board. All should be done as quickly as possible, as the crust will be more tender and flaky.

AGAINST CANNING TIME.
Get Everything Ready Before Putting Up Fruit—Test Bottles and Covers.

Before commencing the work, have all requisite utensils, vessels and necessaries at hand and perfectly clean. Scales, jars, a strainer, colander, skimmer, silver spoon, perforated wooden spoon, preserving kettle, jelly bag, measuring cup, funnel, tray, dishpan, towels, holders, and plenty of hot water and a big kitchen table.

For a small family select pint jars; for a large family, quart jars are better than half-gallon. Do not use old, stiff rubbers; they are not safe. Fill each jar full of water, seal and invert. If it leaks, do not use it, no matter how slight the leak. The trouble may be with the rubber, or the top, or some flaw in the jar top. Remedy the evil if you can, but do not attempt to use until all leakage is stopped, using the rubber and top with the jar that has been tested. Canning must be done right or it is but a waste of time and material. Choose the cool, early morning for the work of putting up, but it is best to have the fruit gathered the night before, and remember, that fruit gathered on a rainy day, or while the dew is on it, will not keep well, and may find it almost, if not quite, impossible to make such fruit "jelly." Fruits should be rather under-ripe than over-ripe as it will make much better preserves and jellies and keep better, with better flavor. Remember, too, that you can get out of the can only what you put in it; poor fruits will make poor conserves.—The Commoner.

Apple Custard Pie.
Apple-custard pie is a pleasing change sometimes. Line the pie tin with good paste, put in a layer of thick stewed apples, then pour over a custard made with the yolks of three eggs, three tablespoons of sugar, a pinch of salt, a pint of milk, and a grating or two of nutmeg. Bake with a bottom crust only. Serve very cold.

When Stoning Raisins.
When stoning raisins, rub a little butter on the fingers and knife. It will relieve the task of raisin-seeding of its stickiness and discomfort.

EXCELLENT SANDWICHES.

There Are Sandwiches and Sandwiches—One Here Given Not of Restaurant Order.

The following attractive recipes for sandwiches appeared originally in the Ledger Monthly:

Chicken or Turkey.—Cut cold roasted chicken or turkey into fine slices, spread some thin slices of bread with a canape sauce; put two slices of bread together with a slice of chicken between, trim the sandwiches neatly, cut them in three-cornered pieces and serve on a folded napkin; or spread the bread with butter, lay on the chicken, sprinkle over a little salt, lay over the other slice. When they are all prepared in this way, cut in round or diagonal pieces, and serve on a folded napkin.

Another way is to mix two tablespoonfuls of butter with one tablespoonful of French mustard, spread the slices of bread with the mustard butter, put a slice of roasted chicken, ham, cold roasted veal or boiled lamb between two slices, and finish the same as above.

Lettuce Sandwiches.—Spread some thin slices of bread with a canape sauce, put two or three young lettuce leaves between; cut them even all around, then into three-cornered pieces.

Club Sandwiches.—Have some bread cut into fine slices and toasted to a nice brown color; on to a slice lay a crisp lettuce leaf, on to which put two very thin slices of fried crisp bacon, then a slice of turkey or roasted chicken, again a slice of boiled ham, two small slices of crisp fried bacon, last a lettuce leaf, and place on all another slice of toast. Press firmly with the hand to pack it, then cut it diagonally in half.

Sandwiches a la Brigam.—Cut 12 thin slices of bread; mix four ounces of butter with one tablespoonful of English mixed mustard, spread this over the slices of bread, lay on this butter some finely chopped pickles, dip some lettuce leaves in mayonnaise, lay them over the pickles, and lay over the lettuce leaves a thin slice of chicken meat, then some more lettuce leaves, mayonnaise and finely chopped hard-boiled eggs; cover with a slice of buttered bread, trim them neatly, and cut them in triangles, and arrange the sandwiches on a folded napkin.

ONE OF CABBAGE AND TWO KINDS OF SALAD DRESSING.

Fruit Salad.—Peel four oranges and separate the lobes, cutting each lobe into four pieces. Scald and blanch and skin a cup of English walnut meats, then dry the kernels and set away to cool. Mix the oranges with the kernels and add a half cup of skinned white grapes. Set all in the ice for an hour, then heap on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Peanut Salad.—Shell and skin roasted peanuts and soak for an hour in salad oil. Drain, chop fine with half as many pitted olives, and as much celery. Season with salt and pepper, and scatter over leaves of crisp lettuce. Serve with a cream dressing.

Cabbage Salad.—Choose white cabbage and shred it. Set in the ice for an hour, put into a chilled bowl and serve with sour cream dressing.

Sour Cream Salad Dressing.—Set a cupful of cream in the ice until thoroughly chilled, then beat for five minutes, adding as you do so a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a half teaspoonful of lemon juice. Serve at once.

Cream Dressing.—Beat two eggs very light, add salt and pepper to taste, half a teaspoonful of mixed mustard and three tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Beat hard and serve.—Farmers' Review.

NOTES FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Butter will take the soreness from a bruise and will often prevent discoloration.

Strips of stiff buckram sewed along the edges of rugs will prevent their curling up.

Try cooking spinach in bouillon instead of water and note the improvement in flavor.

Pulverized chalk, wet with ammonia will be found useful for removing spots in a marble wash basin caused by the dripping from the faucet.

A recipe for paste that never dries or sours is to add one teaspoonful of powdered alum and ten drops of clove oil to a pint of very smooth thick paste.

Toasted bread is deemed excellent even for invalids, a point in its favor being that as a consequence of the toasting process it makes less of a tax upon the digestive functions than does ordinary bread.

For Whitening Flannel.
For whitening flannel that has grown yellow by long-lying or by frequent washing and wear, this is recommended: Soak for an hour in a weak solution of bisulphite of soda, then press the water out and to it add a little muriatic acid, stirring well; return the material to the solution, stir it well and cover the vessel, letting it stand for 20 minutes; after this, take the flannel out and rinse in several soft waters and dry in the sun.

Grease Spots on Wall Paper.
To remove grease spots from wall paper: Mix pipe-clay with water to the consistency of cream, spread it on the spot and leave until the next day, when it may be easily brushed off. Repeat if necessary.

Batch Was a Failure

Simple Mistake That Made Biscuits Entirely Unavailable as an Article of Diet.

A young woman a few nights ago while entertaining a young man, a former schoolmate, in the absence of the rest of her family, determined to take advantage of the knowledge she had acquired in cooking school to produce a practical demonstration of her capabilities, by making a batch of fluffy, toothsome biscuits. She attired herself like a finished mistress in the culinary art, and the young man, anxious to be useful, tied an apron about his waist. The work went merrily on—flour covered the mixing pan, the laborers and everything within ten feet of them.

Suddenly the young woman was evidently puzzled; she searched high and low, in the dining-room, kitchen, pantry and closets without apparently making the looked-for discovery. "I can't find the cream of tartar," she said in a mournful tone. Both con-

tinued the search with the result that a small bag of white powder, supposed to be the article in question, was found poked away in the corner of a closet.

The work was soon over and the result placed in the oven. When the time was up, both young people cautiously opened the door and gazed at a wonderful sight. Each little biscuit puffed on high, had a shiny top as if gilded, and was as hard as steel. When the young woman's mother returned it was found that they had used borax instead of cream of tartar.

City Greenhouse for Mourners.
To encourage the poorer classes to decorate the graves of relatives and friends with growing flowers instead of with artificial wreaths or cut flowers the Hammersmith borough council, of England, has erected a greenhouse near its cemetery gates, where geraniums and other pot flowers may be bought for a few pence. Hitherto graves have been adorned with flowers placed in jars and bottles.