

The Greatest Influence in My Life

By General Nelson A. Miles

THE influences that affect one's life may be innumerable. The lights and shadows along the pathway of life affect us for the moment and leave their lasting impressions upon the memory. The lights inspire and elevate; the shadows alarm, restrain and protect us. In the same way our presence and influence affect the lives of others either for good or evil. Far superior and transcending all other influences has been the beneficent presence of those true and pure spirits who have accompanied me on this journey of life.

A father who was the soul of honor, whose integrity was as sacred as life, and who was one of the truest patriots I have ever known. He had the courage of his convictions, frank and manly in expressing his opinions and judgment of men and affairs; as brave as a lion yet as kind hearted and tender as a child. He loathed a hypocrite. Intrigue and deception were foreign to his nature. His ideas of truth and duty were inspiring and ennobling. A sainted mother whose blessed influence from the time she first taught me to lip a prayer was the true light and guide of my life. The tenderest affection, the gentlest admonition, the deepest love, the sweet melody of her sacred music touched and forever impressed the better chords of heart and soul, and their influence was ever present as a true inspiring and cherished memory.

The splendid influence of a noble brother who was the highest type of American character and citizenship; also the refining influence of two devoted sisters who were the light and joy of a happy home.

Last, but not least, and embodying all the good influences of those above mentioned, was the companion of my life, who made life with all its struggles, its conflicts, its adventures, and achievements as far as possible a romance and a success. To these influences I would attribute whatever there is of my life that is commendable and satisfactory.—The Circle Magazine.

Are Tubercle Bacilli Friends, Not Foes?

By Charles E. Page, M. D.

IT is about time, as it seems to me, for us to restore the people to their wits, from which the bacteriologists and germ theorists have frightened them by means of scare tales concerning the alleged danger from "germs." When soldiers go into battle it is manifestly important for them to know friends from foes. Instances have been known in which squads of the same army, in the dark or in the smoke of battle, have fired into each other, causing a bloody sacrifice and at risk even of utter rout by the enemy. That the same sort of thing may occur—that it has, in fact, occurred—in war against disease is susceptible of proof; and I would cite the experience of three eminent physicians, after quoting the remarks of Professor Jacobl that "it may be possible that we can learn how to poison and exterminate the so-called germs, but in so doing we may kill the patient!"

The experience of Drs. Babi, Perron and Gimeno (Lancet, April 30, 1893) is of great significance in bearing out Professor Jacobl's dictum: "When dealing with tuberculosis of the lungs, the microscope having revealed the presence of the Koch bacillus, but the patient is without fever, night sweats, or yellowish green sputa, the results from experiments with serum from donkeys were somewhat amazing as well as disastrous. Treated with the serum, their general health seemed to improve (poison stimulation, says the present writer), and the number of Koch bacilli decreased in notable proportions. In two cases the last sputa examined showed that the bacilli had entirely disappeared; but with the disappearance of the specific bacillus of tuberculosis hectic fever set in, and one patient died in eight days and the other in ten, with the symptoms of septic poisoning."

Man Incompetent

Cannot Support His Daughters and Forces Them to Work

By Benjamin Macmahon

IN my opinion it is adding insult to injury for women to be told, as by Bishop Doane, that they have "elbowed" their way into the industrial world, and by obtaining work have deprived men of it. As truly might it be said that the 400 unfortunate Epplehmen and women elbowed their way into the Black Hole at Calcutta. They were driven in; and the little girls (for statistics show that 92 percent of female workers start before attaining the age of 16) are equally driven from home and school into industrial and commercial life.

Far from being able to protect and support their females, men have unmistakably shown that they cannot protect themselves. They have allowed themselves to be robbed and despoiled of everything beyond a mere living. The report of the United States Bureau of Labor shows that the average wage of adult male labor during 1907 (the latest figures available) was \$10.08 per week.

No one who realizes how small is the purchasing power of this sum in the human necessities of shelter, food, and clothing can reasonably deny my contention that the average man has shown himself unable to protect himself as head of a family. He is therefore compelled to drive his children out at the earliest possible moment to make their own meagre living.

And the worst of the whole matter is he is satisfied with himself. Instead of realizing that he is economically (and spiritually, too) "poor and blind and miserable and naked" he is puffed up with a sense of his importance as a voter—an importance which he refuses to share with his women-kind.

Spoiled the Marble.

Scaptor, to his friend)—Well, what do you think of my bust? Fine piece of marble, isn't it?

Friend Magnificent—What a pity to have made a bust of it. It would have made a lovely mantelpiece.—Bon Vivant.

The Papanese Diet has just passed the bill introduced by the government providing for the refunding of the consumption tax on sugar when used in manufacturing condensed milk in Japan.

Fishermen as Golf Caddies.

As the result of the great dearth of every description of white fish on the Scottish coast many fishermen are turning their attention to some more profitable calling, the most popular being that of golf caddy.

There are comparatively few places of any consequence in Scotland without a golf course, so that large numbers of fishermen are finding employment in this way.—London Mail.

The men of Australia outnumber the women by 247,000.

LAUS DEO.

These miracles I know
To make my heart delight—
Dawn with her rose aglow
Down-stepping from the night;
Dusk with her stars and shadow bars,
And moon, a lily white!

These mysteries unfold
My happiness to bring—
Autumn with magic gold;
Summer with song and wing;
Winter with death and then the breath
And blossom face of Spring!

Oh, joy it is to live,
To know, to hear, to see!
God has so much to give
And gives to gladden me—
Music and mirth and love on Earth,
And Heaven yet to be!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in the Century.

Leaving Sister

Stella hurried through the errand which had taken her to the kitchen, and as she regained the hall leading to the front of the house, her face lost the pained look it had worn while she had been giving instructions to the cook. For the last two years Stella never went to the rear of the house if it were possible to avoid doing so.

From childhood days she had spent long, happy hours in the spacious yard of the Tolbert home and since the encroachment of the city had walled them in on one side and at the rear, she had been heartbroken.

Then fine old mansions had been razed to make room for long rows of brick houses intolerable in the monotony of their architecture. Each had its tiny lawn in front, its six-foot grass plot at one side and another plot in the rear, but the back yards blossomed only with the Monday wash, and the great trees had been cut down because the front lawns were far too small to accommodate the sturdy oaks and the tall elms.

Across the street from the Tolbert house was a public park and on the other street side—it was a corner lot—was another old-fashioned house, part of the Bain estate in litigation, which seemed to insure the permanency of the landmark.

On the other sides the brick monstrosities reared their ugly roofs. Stella had shut up the rooms on that side and in the rear or had screened the view with stained glass windows.

From the windows of the rooms she used she could see the trees and the sort of houses to which she was accustomed, and only when necessity demanded did she venture into those rooms from which an unobstructed view of the unlovely back yards could be had.

Stella's hatred of the march of the city and its encroachment upon Castleton was fierce and unreasoning, but she had the Tolbert stubbornness and neither her brother Bert nor Frank Fleming could move her determination to hold out against the new order of things.

The building up of Castleton had vastly increased the value of all property and the taxes were growing heavier each year, but this was an added offense, not a reason for accepting her brother's suggestion that she sell the old mansion and purchase a home further out in the country, beyond the limits of the city's probable expansion.

The home had been left to Stella as her father's business had been left to Bert. He shared the home with her and Stella lived in dread of the day when she should marry and move away, but she was stubborn in her refusal to find another home.

"I won't be driven out by these horrible new people," she had declared. "The home is still pleasant enough if I live on the open side, and I won't let the real estate men have the victory."

That had become her war cry and even when Fleming had urged her to share the new home he had purchased some five miles further out in a carefully restricted section she had declared that when they were married he must live in the old home. Only Fleming's tactful silence at this crisis prevented a broken engagement.

Stella, the kitchen safely behind her, unconsciously in her favorite corner of the parlor as far as possible from the sight of the hated, semi-detached rows. The soft closing of the front door roused her and she called to know who had entered. At the sound of her brother's voice she ran quickly into the hall. His early appearance argued some evil.

"What has gone wrong, Bert?" she asked breathlessly.

"Nothing's wrong," he declared, trying to force his voice into natural tones. "Everything's right, in fact. I had a chance to leave the office early and I came out; that's all."

"It isn't all," insisted Stella.

"What is it, Bert?"

Bert tried to laugh, but the effort was not entirely successful. Stella followed him into the library, with her hand pressed against her heart to still its rapid beating.

Once in the comfortable room Bert sank into his favorite chair and

drew his sister down upon his knee. "I hate to give you pain, dear," he began softly. "It is only the knowledge that I am wounding you which puts me ill at ease. The fact is that Beth promised me last night that she would marry me in June. Frank is coming out this evening to dinner, and I wanted to slip home and tell you so that you could get over it before he came."

Stella sprang to her feet. "You are going to be married?" she cried. "You are going to leave me and the dear old home and make a home somewhere else?"

"It had to come some time," he argued, defensively. "You see, Beth's suit will have to go back West shortly and that will leave the poor child without any protection."

"You can't expect me to remain a bachelor all my life," he added, with a trace of irritation. "I think we have all been very patient with your whims, Stella. Kiss me like a good sister and wish me joy."

"I hope you will be very happy," said Stella dully, but she did not offer to kiss him and she slowly left the room.

Bert watched her go with the sense of helpless irritation a man feels when he has unwittingly hurt a woman and knows that really he is not to blame. He made no effort to stop her, and Stella slipped off to her own room to fight out her battle alone.

But here a fresh shock awaited her, for as she curled up in the window seat she glanced across the street and was horrified to see two heavy trucks piled high with ropes and tackle stop before the house across the way. Gilt lettering proclaimed them the property of the Metropolitan House Wrecking Company, but Stella did not need the signs to tell her their purpose.

Stella hurried down the stairs and burst into the library.

"Bert," she cried, "there are the house wreckers in front of the old Bain place. We must send Robert over to tell them that they are making a mistake."

"There is no mistake," said Bert gently. "There was a decision in the Court of Appeals last month. Frank and I did not tell you because we did not want you to worry about it until you had to. They are going to put up a row of flat houses."

For a moment Stella was stunned by the announcement, then she went over to her brother's chair.

"Let's ask Beth out to dinner tonight," she said as she kissed him. "We'll plan for a double wedding, dear."

Bert reached up and drew her down to the comfort and protection of his strong arms.

"I'm glad you're going to give in and marry Frank, even if he does insist upon running away from the house wreckers," he whispered. "But it's the first time I ever saw the house wreckers act as Cupids."—Trenton American.

WISE WORDS.

A man never fights so hard for a principle as he does for results.

Occasionally you find a grown man who seems to eat almost as much as a small boy.

The things that make a man discontented are not what he has, but what he wants.

It is quite natural that a fellow will never have a show unless he has the price of admission.

Some men are so rich that they even seem to think they can pay their respects in dollars.

The man who is easily worked is always overworked.

He who swallows his pride should be sure his digestion is all right.

Fine feathers may not make fine birds, but a man's clothes may make him look like a jay.

There are lots of good points about many a man we wouldn't suspect if he didn't tell us about them.

That women have little sense of humor may be due to the fact that they don't want to laugh and grow fat.

When a woman's face is her fortune she shouldn't have much trouble in getting through life on her cheek.

The good don't all die young if we are to believe the tombstones.

When a fellow tells a girl she is a dream, it is cruel to her to wake him up.

Even the man who borrows trouble is apt to kick if he gets more than he bargained for.

The man who suffers from dyspepsia has little patience with a woman who merely has a broken heart.

Some people take a melancholy satisfaction in always being prepared for the worst.

It always worries an absent-minded man to think he can't remember what it was he was going to worry about.—From "Musings of a Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

The Missouri Senate Committee on constitutional amendments has reported adversely on giving women the right to vote.

Household Affairs.

TO DRAW THREADS.

It is very difficult oftentimes to draw threads in materials for hem-stitching. One gets a thread going and suddenly it breaks and must be hunted for, or else a new thread picked up, which makes bad looking work. To avoid this make a thick lather of any kind of soap, and with a lather brush—if you have one; if not, an old soft toothbrush will do—go over the material where the threads are to be drawn, lathering it well. When this is done allow the lather to thoroughly dry. When you begin to draw the threads you will find that they will draw very easily, without breaking.

LIGHTING.

The cost of lighting a room depends very much upon the color of the ceiling and walls. The color having the largest reflecting efficiency for a plain ceiling is a faint gray cream, this efficiency being estimated at sixty-four per cent, says Good Housekeeping. Other colors in the order and percentage of efficiency, the ceiling being gray, are as follows: Faint greenish, fifty-three per cent; light yellow, forty-nine per cent; faint pinkish, forty-three per cent. With a cartridge-paper ceiling the percentages of reflecting efficiency are: Medium light buff, forty-four; salmon buff, thirty-three; pale gray, twenty-seven; light blue, twenty; light green, eighteen; light red, ten; dull green, seven. With crepe paper, medium green, nineteen; coffee brown, six; deep red, five. These figures are from an illuminating engineer, Dr. Louis Bell, of Boston. The paler and harder the surface, of course, the more glare in the reflection.

PLANTS FOR PORCH BOXES.

Avoid the planting of flowers that demand sun in situations where only shade is to be had, and, on the other hand, do not waste time and effort by setting shade loving plants in positions exposed to the full glare of the sun. Neither will thrive.

Usually the most perplexing problem is to select plants for the north side of the porch or the north windows. Trailing fuchsias, ivy geraniums, fane/ caladiums, vincas, asparagus, Japanese morning glories, glochoma and begonias are all suitable, to say nothing of the numerous ferns. The common "umbrella plant" also does well in such situations, but requires more water than the others.

For boxes on the south, geraniums, antirrhinums ("snap dragons"), heliotrope, maurandya, Phlox Drummondii, nasturtiums, ageratum, weeping lantana, crotons, abutilons, coleus, are all excellent, while on the east tuberosus begonias, nasturtiums, thunbergias, vincas, ivy geraniums, heliotrope, manettias, maurandya, antirrhinums and ferns.—Indianapolis News.



Potatoes au Gratin—Put cooked potatoes in buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake on centre grate until crumbs are brown.

Crumpets—One quart warm milk, one teaspoon salt, half cup yeast, flour enough for a not very stiff batter. When light add one-half cup melted butter, let stand twenty minutes and bake in muffin rings or cups.

Strawberries With Cream—Prepare the strawberries in layers, first berries, then sugar, etc., cover with one pint of cream, whites of three eggs and a teaspoon of powdered sugar whipped together and flavored with strawberry juice.

Graham Popovers—Two-thirds cup entire wheat flour, one-third cup flour, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-eighth cup of milk, one egg, one-half teaspoon melted butter; prepare and bake as popovers, putting in hot buttered gem pans and bake thirty to thirty-five minutes.

Duchess Potatoes—To two cups of hot rice potatoes add two tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt and yolks of three eggs, slightly beaten. Shape, using pastry bag and tube in form of baskets, pyramids, crowns, leaves, roses, etc. Fresh over with beaten egg diluted with one teaspoon water and brown in oven.

Raspberry BlancMange—Stew down fresh raspberries, or use preserved berries, strain off the juice and squeeze in to taste, place over the fire and when it boils stir in corn starch wet in cold water, allowing two tablespoons of corn starch for each pint of juice; continue stirring until sufficiently cooked; pour into molds wet in cold water and set away to cool; eat with cream and sugar.

As a rule white blossoms are the most fragrant.