

buster. I'll give you forty dollars a week and expenses to do just what you did, as a regular act."

"I'll take it!" answered Daniel promptly. "It means home and happiness for Elsa and Bert—and maybe me, too."

Which it did, and the crabbed Fowlers were left in peaceful possession of the old home, while Grandpa Bruce saw a new family grow up around the happy Layton hearth.

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HOARHOUND CANDY

After making quite a strong solution from the fresh hoarhound leaves strain it and put about a quarter of a cup of it over the fire with a pound of brown sugar and a little water. Cook this mixture until a small amount dropped in cold water will easily become brittle. After that a tablespoon of vinegar should be added. Boil it up once again and turn into pans.

Hoarhound can be made with dried leaves, too. Steep a large tablespoon of the leaves in a cup of boiling water for about an hour. Strain it well. To the liquid put two cups of brown sugar. Put it over the fire and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Add a tablespoon of vinegar and boil till the candy breaks when dropped in cold water. Drop on a buttered paper or put into a pan and mark.

Wintergreen may be made the same way, substituting wintergreen for hoarhound.

She Was Wise.

"Madam," said a canvasser briskly when the lady of the house appeared at the door, "I have here an invaluable invention for daily domestic use—a combination of useful utensils no housekeeper should be without, combining as it does in one compact tool, a corkscrew, a paper-cutter, a tin-opener, a nutpick, a bodkin, a shoe-buttoner, a—"

"No, thank you," she answered curtly; "I have all the hairpins I need!"

SHE'S STORMING BROADWAY



Lauletta Taylor.

It is doubtful whether there is a star of more popular personality in New York than Lauletta Taylor. Hidden in melodrama for 11 years, given her first real chance on Broadway three years ago, she is packing the new Cort theater every night in "Peg o' My Heart," the comedy written for her by her husband, Hartley Manners, and promises to chalk up one of the longest runs of many seasons.

No Postscript

A gentleman once said to a lady that women could not write a letter without adding a postscript. The lady replied that she would send him a letter just to prove that they could.

In due course he received the letter.

"Dear Mr. —, I am writing this letter to prove that we can write a letter without adding a postscript. Yours —, P. S.—You see I have not added a P. S."