

What Peter Did

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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"Peter!" Mrs. Grayson called. "Come in and get your face washed. The minister is coming to tea!"

Peter was little. He hated soap and water—and ministers, so he said "Plague take it!" under his breath and came in at a snail's pace.

"What's he comin' for?" he asked resentfully while his mother poked a wash cloth uncomfortably around in his ear.

"To visit your father and me," Mrs. Grayson said complacently.

"No, he ain't neither! He's comin' to see Aunt Bertha and eat all the chicken he can hold, just like he did last time!"

"Peter Grayson," his mother said severely, "go right straight up to your room and undress and go to bed. I



"Why, Mr. Phillet," she said, "what is the matter?"

won't allow such disrespectful language to go unpunished! And there isn't a word of truth in it!"

Peter started for the stair door, sniffing hungrily as he passed the loaded table. "You can come down and eat your supper when you're ready to say you're sorry for telling such a story," his mother called reluctantly.

Peter's room was directly over the parlor. When there was talking down below he could hear it distinctly. It was warm weather now, and the stove had been taken down, so that he could see as well as hear. When the door-bell rang he lay flat on his stomach and watched his mother usher the Rev. Mr. Phillet into the parlor. "I shall have to ask you to excuse me," she said, "while I whip some cream for the peaches."

Peter's mouth watered. Peaches and whipped cream! He didn't know they were to have that. No wonder the minister looked pleased! He watched him seat himself in the easiest chair in the room; it was directly under the stove-pipe hole. An idea came into Peter's little, closely cropped head—he would dash the tidy from the back of the minister's chair. Tiptoeing over to the dresser, he took a pin from the cushion and bent it into a hook; then he rummaged in his pockets and brought out a glass stopper, a horse chestnut, half a dozen "brownies," the stump of a lead pencil, four corks, a "lucky" stone and a piece of twine. The twine was what he wanted. He fastened one end of it to the bent pin and lay down to fish at his leisure. The hook swung to and fro over the head of the unsuspecting Mr. Phillet. He was a young man, with a "fine head of hair," and the hook lifted a lock of it in passing. He put up his hand and "shooed" at an imaginary fly. Peter giggled so that he missed the tidy, but that wasn't all. The minister heard him and looked up. He smiled, and Peter thought he must always remember to brush his teeth, they were so white.

"Come down and see me," he said just like an everyday man.

"Can't," Peter said.

"Why not?" the minister asked, getting up from his chair. "Have to catch fish for supper?" he said laughingly, with a glance at the hook and line.

Peter blushed through his freckles. "No, sir," he said. "Ma says I can't come down till I say I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what, Peter?"

"Sorry I told such a story 'bout you,"

"About me?" the minister said.

"Yes, sir. I—I said you was fond of chicken."

Mr. Phillet laughed heartily. "That isn't a story," he said. "I am."

"That ain't all," Peter confessed. "I said you ate all the chicken you could hold."

Mr. Phillet blushed guiltily. "I'm afraid I am something of a pig when there's chicken before me. Was that all you said, Peter?"

"No, sir," he said.

"Yes?" the minister prompted him gently. "You said—"

"I said you came here to see Aunt Bertha," he blurted out.

The Rev. Mr. Phillet sat down again in his chair and gasped. "Did your Aunt Bertha hear you say that?" he asked feebly.

"No, sir. Don't you worry, sir. She wasn't anywhere around."

Mr. Phillet was silent so long that Peter grew uneasy. He cleared his throat in hopes that the minister would

look up, but he didn't. He sat still, as very still that Peter imagined all manner of dreadful things—probably he was dead or having a fit! That was it—he was having a fit! They threw water on folks when they had fits. Billy Barnes had said so. Peter was thinking seriously of getting his pitcher and treating Mr. Phillet to a shower bath when the doorknob turned, and his Aunt Bertha came into the room. To his delight the minister rose from his chair.

"Why, Mr. Phillet," she said, "what is the matter? Your face is so flushed. Have you a fever?"

"No," Peter called down. "I guess it was a fit."

Aunt Bertha looked up. "What does the child mean?" she said, turning to the minister.

"Don't talk to them," Peter shouted. "They have to be kept quiet. I'll tell you. I said he ate all the chicken he could hold, and he says it's so, and I said he came here to see you, and he says it's a story. He didn't jest say so, but he thinks so, and it gives him a fit, I guess."

Bertha's face was as red as the minister's. "Of course Mr. Phillet doesn't come here to see me, Peter," she said severely. Aunt Bertha had never spoken to him like that before. He shut his eyes to keep the tears back. When he opened them the minister was looking up at him.

"Come down here, Peter," he said, "and change places with your Aunt Bertha. It is she who tells a story. You are truth itself. I do come here to see her, but I've been afraid to say so. You see, she doesn't care for me at all, Peter."

Then his Aunt Bertha said something very disrespectful, Peter thought, to the minister. She said very low: "Who is telling a story now? It is you who should go upstairs."

But neither of them went up. They moved over into a corner of the room, where Peter couldn't see them at all. And by and by his mother came in and said supper was ready.

Peter began to undress very slowly, for his stomach was empty, and he had almost decided to go down and say that he was sorry, but it was all true. He was putting on his coat again when his mother came into the room. She kissed his freckled little face and said soothingly: "Go down, dear, and eat your supper now. Aunt Bertha has a big dish of peaches and cream ready for you. The minister has explained everything. He says you did him a great kindness."

Peter wondered what it was.

The Stage in Books.

There have been many young girls ready to believe as gospel truth anything they saw in a book, and the more innocent the less suited they were to analyze the statements made in these inconsequent tales. They only saw that by way of the theater any pretty girl in poverty, in trouble, could in the briefest time become great, powerful and wealthy. No word was said of the long toll in obscurity, the yearning for recognition, the perpetual disappointment, the thousand hopes always withering like leaves before frost, the wretched life in poverty, of struggles against numbers and perhaps jealousy and malice, of slow increase of salary, of equal increase of expense. The old time novelist was silent as to all these and only dwelt in large and vague splendors—never adequately accounted for.

Poor, romantic little maids! One does not like to think what the effect of the gilded nonsense of such books about the stage may have been, but in my own mind I compare them with such a book as "The Mummer's Wife," that frightful and realistic story of Mr. George Moore's—that horror in stupendous realism, but "Oh, Son of David, have mercy upon us," it is the truth!—Clara Morris in Reader.

About Sneezing.

"God bless you!" said to a person when sneezing is doubtless a relic of the past, as sneezing was looked upon as a symptom of the plague.

Sneezing is nowhere noticed so much at the present time as in India. There, to sneeze on starting on a journey, on entering a place of business or on undertaking any sort of enterprise is supposed to betoken ill luck for the sneezer or some one with whom he comes in contact. On hearing any one, either a native or a foreigner, sneeze in a public place, a Brahman will immediately cry out: "Live! Live!" and he will continue to do so as often as the sneezing is repeated.

Among Indian soldiers sneezing is regarded with real terror, the movements of an army being influenced by a chance sneeze. A certain rajah once withdrew his army from a besieged city because one of his forerunners happened to sneeze just when he made up his mind to give the command to attack. Then a Brahman priest was consulted, and the time to renew the siege was fixed by him, for only thus could good luck be expected to the enterprise.—American Queen.

Discovery of the Magnetic Needle.

The discovery of the magnetic needle was one of the most useful and remarkable of human discoveries. The needle when placed parallel to a conductor carrying an electric current would be deflected from its position to the right or left, as the case might be. This discovery created great excitement among scientists, who disbelieved in its power. It was too simple to be of value, so they thought, but scientific minds began to study the relationship between magnetism and electricity, and some went so far as to declare there existed a missing link and began to investigate, experimenting silently, so that if they failed no one should say, "I told you so," as they often say to unfortunate investigators in modern times.

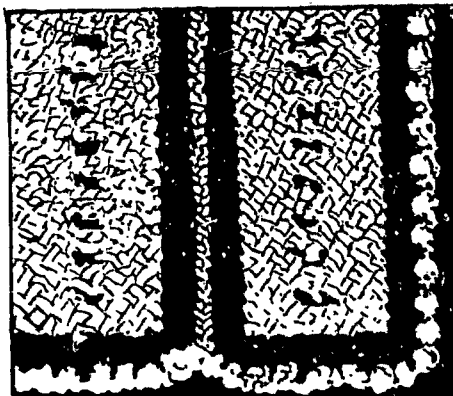
A BABY'S AFGHAN.

A Pretty Compromise Between Street Fashion and Comfort.

Although for babies' belongings in general no deep shade of red is considered suitable, an exception may be made in the case of an afghan intended for fall and winter use. As Good Housekeeping says, bright red is so appropriate to the season and gives such a warm, comfortable look to anything fashioned of wool that the most stringent advocate of the paler shades might look upon it with favor. It is combined with white in the one of which a corner is here shown, and the combination is very effective, and has the further merit of being almost as pretty on the wrong side as upon the right.

Two threads of sephyr are used at once in the making, and the crochet hook must be large enough to carry two threads easily. Nothing could be simpler than the stitches which are used, and the wool is in no case broken at the end of the row. Each white strip is completed by a border of brilliant color, and the nine strips are put together—chained together is the correct term, for it is a chain stitch into one edge and then into the other which holds them—with white, and there is a narrow white border all around.

Make a chain of 108 stitches; first row, one single crochet into each stitch of the foundation chain; second row, one single crochet into each stitch of the first (through both upper threads); third row, * wool over, put hook through both upper threads of preceding row and pull out loop until the hook held parallel with the second row is three-quarters of an inch away from it (hold the loops now on the hook between the thumb and finger of the left hand that they may not shorten during the completion of the stitch), wool over, draw through loops and stitch on hook and repeat from *; fourth row, one single crochet in first stitch, one



CORNER OF RED AND WHITE AFGHAN

treble in second, and alternate these two to the end of the row; fifth row, like the third; sixth and seventh, like the first and second. For the border: With stitch of red wool on the hook, * wool over, and take one stitch in second stitch of previous row, draw out loop about half the length of the one just described, wool over, put hook back through first stitch of previous row, pull out long loop, wool over, draw through the four loops and stitch on hook, and repeat from *. When the strips are chained together for the outer border, make one slip in the first stitch and one treble in the second, and alternate these stitches all around the afghan, letting the knots which they form follow the curves at the ends of the strips, and meet the white chains which hold them together.

Grape Marmalade.

Pick over ripe grapes, removing all spoiled ones. Wash and drain them, then pull from the stems. Pulp them and place the pulp in the preserving kettle. Heat slowly to the boiling point and simmer gently until the seeds separate from the pulp, then rub through a sieve. Measure the pulp and skins, put both in a clean kettle with the same amount of sugar. Simmer slowly for half an hour, stirring occasionally, then bottle.

Cheese Balls.

One and one-half cupsful of grated cream cheese, one tablespoonful of flour, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of mustard, a few grains of cayenne, the whites of three eggs. Mix the cheese, flour, salt and cayenne thoroughly, cut and fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and dry, shape in balls the size of black-oil nuts, roll in cracker meal and fry in deep fat.

Fashion's Echoes.

Basqued bodices and coats find much favor.

Serge is still a favorite material for hard wearing gowns.

Monkey skin is seen in combination with ermine and miniver for fancy neck pieces.

The favorite walking costume will not be overladen with gathers and plaitings this season.

There is a strong liking for fancy cloths, and at the same time plain cloths are much in demand.

Gowns of the autumn have a narrow galloon of black and white as a sort of finish to pelerines and sleeves.

Mole is the skin most talked of in novelty furs. To just what extent it may be carried is difficult to say.

Covert cloth has extended its range from a coating to a suiting and is eminently smart as a variation on tweeds, serges and chevrons.

Fringes have at last been accepted in the fashionable world, and they fill the long felt want for a pleasing finish to deep cape collars, fichus and sashes.

For smart street toilets boucle effects are particularly in evidence. They are shown in irregular and square patterns, with the raised knot or boucle of silk or a silky worsted.

The wearing of an empire scarf, a picture hat or a gown characterized by drooping lines is a matter of art, and one will be wise to follow more conventional styles if the proper effect cannot be achieved.

MAN THE HOUSEKEEPER.

He Can Do Anything, Though, Before Mamma, He Can't Do Everything.

What a suggestion! It would indeed make a brave woman to introduce a man housekeeper to many homes.

At such a suggestion the air seems to ring with a jingle of voices whose keynote is discord. From the beginning their houses have been under a woman's control. Their great-grandmothers made the rut, and their grandmothers and mothers walked steadily within it, never swerving to the right or to the left, and they have no wish to keep house on any other lines. And thus the narrow minded, shortsighted women settle the question. They refuse to consider what might be a possible solution of their housekeeping difficulties, and with inflexible firmness they continue in the track which has been plowed and furrowed through the generations, forgetting that the world does move and if they have an atom of ambition they must join in the procession.

Man the housekeeper may not be a necessity in the village home, and yet there he may be needed most of all. "But I never hire a housekeeper. I can only afford a maid of all work," said a pale faced, nervous little woman about forty-five years of age, and then she dejectedly added: "I wish I could hire more of my work done. There are so many steps for me to take, and Bridget always upsets me. During the time that extra fires are needed I have to call upon her to attend to them, and she does nothing but grumble, and her duties get so far behind that I have to do very many of them for her."

If man were the housekeeper in such a home he would attend to the extra fires with a smiling face because he would realize that such work was pre-eminently in his schedule. In like manner he would shovel off the snow, and the sidewalk would be cleared before the snow had a chance to freeze or harden.

Man the housekeeper would wash and polish the windows quite willingly and ungrudgingly, for he would look upon them, and also on the brasses at the hall door, the piazza and all the grounds about the house, as his legitimate work. Indeed, the outside work of your home would be so rapidly finished, because men are stronger than women, that the contrast would be delightful.

But what about the indoor housework—how is that to be done? is somebody's question. The man housekeeper would bring up the coal and wood for the kitchen range and attend to the fire; he would sift the ashes and keep the cellar clean; he would shake the rugs, sweep the carpets, polish the floors, make the beds, carry up the laundry and carry down the laundry; he would go to market and cater, so that the housewife need not be disturbed about the table; he would cook; he would wait on the table and the door. Indeed, he would do almost anything if he only understood at the time he was engaged just what his duties would be. Naturally, his particular lines of work would have to be selected. He could do upstairs and outside work, mere butler work, or, indeed, any combination wished. Man can do anything, but being merely human, he cannot do everything. So his peculiar duties should be chosen, and any work that the man could not do because of lack of time would have to be arranged for by the mistress. However, she would soon realize that the man housekeeper could accomplish far more than a maidservant.

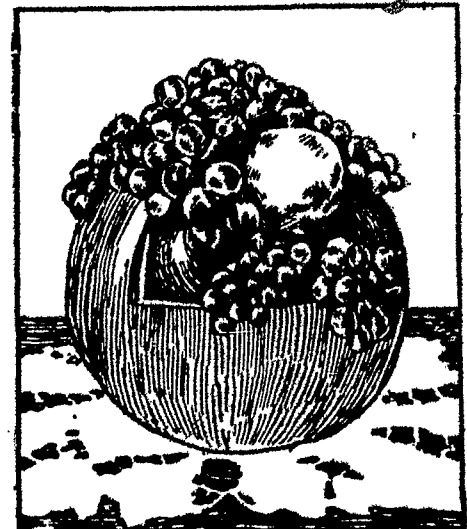
When, in the usual sense of the word, a housekeeper is employed, the man housekeeper will prove a boon. His management of the servants is far and away ahead of a woman housekeeper's management. There is a diversity of gifts in this world, and men have been given, with rare exceptions, superior business qualifications. Therefore when the man holds the whipcord the servants behave better; they recognize they have a master.—Emma J. Gray in Table Talk.

Apples on Casserole.

Apples are again in season, and with this accommodating fruit at hand the resourceful housekeeper need never be long at a loss as to what she shall serve. More often the trouble lies in the "embarrassment of riches" suggested by this fruit. Bread, cheese and cream are complementary dishes, adding nutritive value and richness, in which the apple is deficient. For a change try cooking apples, neatly pared and cored, very slowly in a casserole. Sprinkle with sugar, and add a few spoonfuls of water before covering the dish. When cooked, the apples should be whole, tender and red in color.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

For a Halloween Supper.

Fashion a small well shaped pumpkin into the form of a basket with a



A CENTERPIECE OF AUTUMN FRUITS. handle upon each side. Scoop out the inner contents and fill with autumn fruit.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

THE VILLAGE PINCUSHION

By Sara Lindsey Coleman

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One can't be comforted and deceived by any such pleasing epistles as those for mail when one lives in Arcady. Spinstership is a grim fact.

Betty dwelt in Arcady, she lived there with her aunt in a tiny two room house and sewed from morning until night, sometimes far into the night. Betty didn't mind work. There was something she did mind, though.

It never occurred to the Arcadians for their hearts are kind—that they made a pincushion of Betty and that the pins they eternally stuck into her little prickles really meant for pleasant-ries, were to a soft-eyed, tender, sensitive, brown little thing like Betty actual pain.

Betty tried so hard not to mind. On her twenty-eighth birthday she did a courageous thing. At midnight she stole from the house to bury something very precious to her, in the darkness about her the wind whistled and leered, the rain dashed in her face. Half laughing, half sobbing, she put the beautiful thing deep in a heaped up mound of wet, dead leaves. Gropping, her hand touched something that she knew to be a late white rose, and with shaking fingers she laid it on the funeral pile.

She was never going to mind again. One couldn't mind after one's youth was dead. She was going to be a cheerful and philanthropic pincushion for the rest of her days. Feeling at spinsters had been in fashion in Arcady long before her birth and had fair to remain popular for some time after her death.

When she had slipped back into the safety and warmth of her tiny bedroom she stood long before the dirty, cracked mirror that never encouraged vanity and whispered:

"You're twenty-eight, and you've been to the funeral of your own youth. It would be mighty funny to folks if they knew—mighty funny—but they don't they don't!"

Betty sighed. Beyond her barrier mountains were cities where youth did



"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME?" BETTY SAID FIERCELY.

not go so pitifully soon. She held the candle high above her head and looked critically at the slender oval of a pale face, at the shadows under unsatisfied eyes.

Betty trembled, crept into bed and lay there, wide-eyed. Her heart ached. At a bitter memory that crept out of an old past a fire of shame swept over her.

Arcady didn't know that a romance had almost come into Betty's life. It knew that she had kept steady company with a lad about her own age some twelve years before; knew that one afternoon they went buggy riding and that next day young Kimberly shook the dust of Arcady's main street from his shoes, but it attached no significance to the fact.

The winter went. Spring came. The earth sweetened with odors. It thrilled and quivered with expectancy. When the fresh little folded leaves burst their buds, Betty brought her machine out on her tiny porch. She sang as she sewed.

A girl sauntering past stopped just beyond Betty's doorstep and without a "By your leave" stopped to pluck a bunch of fragrant purple violets.

"Old maids don't need violets," she said. She fastened the violets under her arm young chin came nearer. "Isn't it a lonely business getting old by yourself, Betty? I'd hate it awful, but, is, I'll never be an old maid." Too young to be glad of her youth, she went on her careless way, leaving the poor little pincushion in tears.

Betty went to church on Sunday feeling in harmony with the day in spite of the last pin jabbed into her.

"Not married yet?" asked a young man who had been away from Arcady in a voice that thundered through the church. "Well, well, I'll want 'An' a good lookin' woman too!"

"She's still hopin'." It was a woman who spoke, and she fired the pink ribbon about Betty's throat with a suspicious eye, the poor little luxury of a pink ribbon that Betty had sewed half the night to possess.

Betty dug up her head angrily and

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