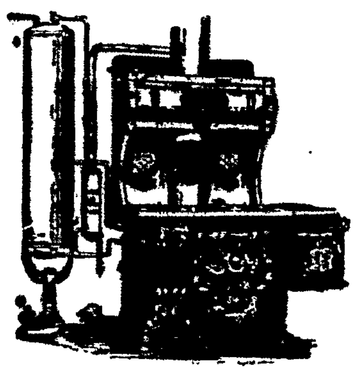
THE RED CROSS



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WOMAN OF GENIUS

There are people in the world who never act unwisely and yet never get on. On the contrary, there are people who always act unwisely and yet always get on. The explanation may be in the fact that the former have no originality to lift them above the level of competition and the latter have genius.

My wife soon after we were married developed a passion for what I called old trumpery. She attended auctions, and any hideous rug, rickety clock or crazy chair put up for sale was sure to be bid in by her to lumber up the house. As to bric-a-brac, I couldn't turn round without smashing some ungainly pitcher, big at the girth and little at the bottom, especially made to be knocked over. There were old swords, old blunderbusses, pieces of armor, rugs so homely that it would make one sick to walk over them, engravings yellow with age, pieces of tapestry with pictures on them of stiff looking people looking sour as vinegar. In short, everything in the house was either old or ugly or both.

A practical man, with no nonsense about me, I managed to keep the wolf from the door as a bookkeeper. I had inherited $5,000 from my father, which I placed in a savings bank to draw 3 per cent interest. It did not remain there long. My wife's insane passion for auction purchases ate into it gradually, but surely, till my nest egg had been turned into a lot of miscellaneous truck which any sane man would consider fit only for a junkshop.

Mrs. Moneypenny had friends who were as crazy on this subject as herself. They would come into the house and go from room to room admiring this bit of coffee colored lace fit only for a rag bag, that miniature of some fat woman with a coronet on her head in a chipped oval frame, a clock with a pair of rusty weights weighing perhaps twenty pounds each and the sound of a donkey engine in winding.

"My dear," I said one day to her despairingly, "my $5,000 is reduced to five hundred."

"Five hundred! Then I made a mistake in my figures. I thought there was only three hundred. After all, I can get it."

"Get what?" I cried aghast.

"The Rembrandt! I have absolute proof that it is genuine, and it is going for a song."

"Oh, heavens," I muttered, sinking on to a sofa—"to be tied to a lunatic! And to think what is to become of our poor children!"

She sat down beside me and put her arms about me, but said nothing. What could she say? She was under the control of her passion, with no power to resist it. She must be not only dragged down to poverty herself, but drag husband and children with her. Within forty-eight hours she had the last cent in the savings bank and got her picture, a dingy painting of a man dressed like a supernumerary in a theater, the only feature plainly visible being the tip of a red nose.

The day after the thing was brought home one of her friends, a lady, met me on the street and congratulated me on the valuable addition to my "collection."

I stared at her grimly and passed on, while she looked at me, wondering if I had lost my senses.

Going home, I abused my wife for an hour. She was patient about it and made no reply, but at last when I begged her to get rid of the stuff and reform she agreed to do so.

"Very well," I replied. "I will send for Moses, who will make you a bid for the lot. We may get a few hundred dollars out of it."

"Leave that to me, dear," she replied. "You haven't time. Go to business, and I will do all that is necessary."

The next day the morning paper contained a notice that Mrs. Moneypenny was to sell at auction her treasures, which she had been years accumulating, as she was about to go abroad to make another "collection."

At sight of this announcement I nearly fainted, but revived on remembering that the rubbage was to be sold.

For days before the sale I was beset by people with printed lists in their hands asking me what such a number could be had for at private sale. I turned away from all, saying that I didn't know and I didn't care—probably a dollar would secure anything in the lot and it would be a large price.

Well, the sale came off. I was busy at the office making a trial balance and got home after it was all over. Everybody had gone, and I found my wife looking depressed. When I saw the house devoid of the trumpery with which it had been encumbered I rejoiced.

"Thank heaven," I exclaimed, "it's gone! What did you save out of the wreck?"

"Unluckily two of the persons I expected would take the most of it at the largest prices were suddenly called away, and that spoiled everything."

"How much?" I asked.

"I had figured on $26,000, but I didn't get it."

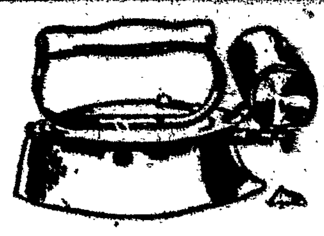
"You mean $250."

"No; the total is $17,850, and $4,000 of this is for the Rembrandt. The rest went very cheap—that is, considering what it ought to have brought."

Of course I supposed she was joking till I saw the bank certificate of deposit. The next week, as advertised, my wife went abroad for a new "collection," from which she cleared $21,000. We are now rich. I have resigned my position and am usually spoken of as Mrs. Moneypenny's husband.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Self Heating Flatiron Keeps Hot For Hours



An improved form of self heating flatiron is shown herewith, the invention of a Minneapolis man. Not only does the iron keep hot for about two hours and a half at one filling of alcohol, but the heat can be regulated. In the body are the wicks, and to the rear rises a cylindrical tank which holds a half pint of alcohol. From this tank the liquid flows down to the wicks, which can be turned up or down by a key at the back. The filler plug is protected with a safety device, so there is practically no danger of explosion in any way. It takes only a few minutes to have the iron ready for use, and the implement is said to remain heated for two hours and a half on a half pint of alcohol.

Pressed Beef.

Select a piece which is suitable for a pot roast, weighing about four pounds. Put into a kettle with enough boiling water to cover one-half of the meat. Cook slowly one hour, then add a bit of bay leaf, a level teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Cook until the meat will fall in pieces, take from the liquor, cool a few minutes and chop fine. Pack closely in an earthen bowl. Cook the liquor until reduced to three cupfuls and pour hot over the meat. When cold slice thin and garnish with parsley.

Tomato Catchup.

Wash ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices and cook slowly for one hour. Press through a sieve or strain to take out the seeds and skins. To one quart of this pulp and juice add one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of black pepper and one of mustard, one teaspoonful of cayenne, one-half cup of salt and two medium sized onions chopped very fine. Simmer two and a half hours, then add two cupfuls of vinegar and cook an hour longer. Put into bottles and seal.

Spiced Pears.

Use seckel pears, taking off but half of the peel in a spiral shaving. Stick two cloves in each pear. Make a sirup of three pounds of sugar and two cupfuls of vinegar to each six pounds of fruit. Heat the sirup, put in the pears and cook until they can be pierced easily with a knitting needle, but are not soft. Take each pear up carefully and put into a jar without breaking, pour the sirup over, seal and set in a dark place.

Orange Compote.

Oranges for breakfast are easiest served cut in halves. They are delicious made in a compote with rice. Take the pulp out as whole as possible and drop into a rich boiling sirup, leaving it in just long enough to heat it through. Make a nest of rice, put the orange and sirup in it and serve with whipped cream.

Coffee Bread Pudding.

Soak one cupful breadcrumbs in enough milk to moisten. To this add two eggs beaten, one cupful milk, one and a half cupfuls cold coffee, pinch of salt, one-half cupful chopped nuts and sugar to taste. Bake until knife tried in pudding comes out clean. Serve with hard sauce or lemon sauce.

Cheese Squares.

One-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of flour and one-half cupful of cottage cheese. Mix all together, roll out thin and cut in three inch squares. In the center of each square place a teaspoonful of hard jelly, turn the four corners of the square toward the center, press them together and bake in a quick oven.

Saute of Cold Meats.

Cut slices of cold corned beef or of the canned beef. Lay in a hot pan with butter, salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar and two teaspoonfuls of mixed English mustard. Fry well on both sides, but not till crisp. Serve for breakfast with potatoes chopped and fried in butter, one side only.

Cough Sirup.

One quart of water, one ounce of boneset, one ounce of licorice, one ounce of flaxseed, one ounce of slippery elm, one pint of the best molasses, one pound of loaf sugar. Put on to steep and when done strain, taking tablespoonful doses until relief comes, then teaspoonful.

Cabbage Soup.

Take one small or half a large head of cabbage, chop quite fine and cook in about a pint of water until done. Drain and put in enough hot milk to make as thin as desired. Season with pepper, salt and butter, or adding a little cream will be an improvement.

Irish Moss Blancmange.

One-third cup moss, four cups milk, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Soak moss in cold water to cover, drain, add to milk and cook in double boiler [illegible] minutes.

FUN IN THE HOME

Make Life There Joyous and Shut Out Business Worries.

Whatever your lot in life, keep fun with you, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if the people would make a business of having plenty of fun at home instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now For Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home building mottoes.

When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials just bury them. Instead of dragging them home and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evening, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody and "a corking good time" generally. If you do this you will be surprised to see how your vocation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

THE COTTON GIN.

Whitney Got the Idea From the Work of an Old Negro.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing through the interstices of a hut an old negro work a hand saw among the freshly picked cotton stored within.

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney (he was barely thirteen at the time) realized at once that a machine working a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, saws, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings.

But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years afterward, the first complete cotton gin ever constructed was built from those rough models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the springbok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the reason for this strange habit is its intense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to recognize man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy trot. The springbok usually travels with its nose to the ground, but is constantly on the lookout for the scent of enemies.

A Mole's Nest.

Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Mr. Lionel E. Adams says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in its nest, although it may yet be warm from its body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above its run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

A Japanese Peculiarity.

"When a Japanese servant is rebuked or scolded," says a traveler, "he must smile like a Cheshire cat. The [illegible] at first. I often used to think that [illegible] when I was angry at him [illegible] child [illegible]"

One Definition.

"[illegible] asked a little boy, "what is a legal blank?"

"A legal blank, Johnny," replied his father, "is a lawyer who never lost a case."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Question.

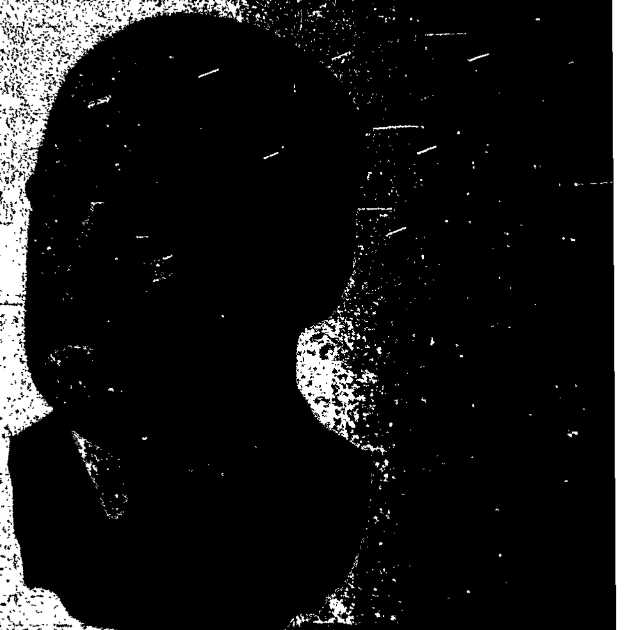
"[illegible] they named the baby after Uncle [illegible]."

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"—[illegible]

SNAPSHOTS [illegible] AT CELEB[illegible]

Congressman [illegible] Kinley of [illegible]



A very busy man [illegible] William Brown McKinley [illegible] of the [illegible] committee. On Mr. [illegible] largely rests the [illegible] bility of electing a [illegible] of Republicans to [illegible] the Sixty-second congress. [illegible] the candidates must put their [illegible] to the wheel, but Mr. [illegible] is general director and adviser [illegible] various campaigns, especially [illegible] those looked upon as doubtful [illegible]

Congressman McKinley [illegible] the Nineteenth Illinois [illegible] be one of the [illegible] of the house. [illegible] [illegible] James A. [illegible] [illegible]

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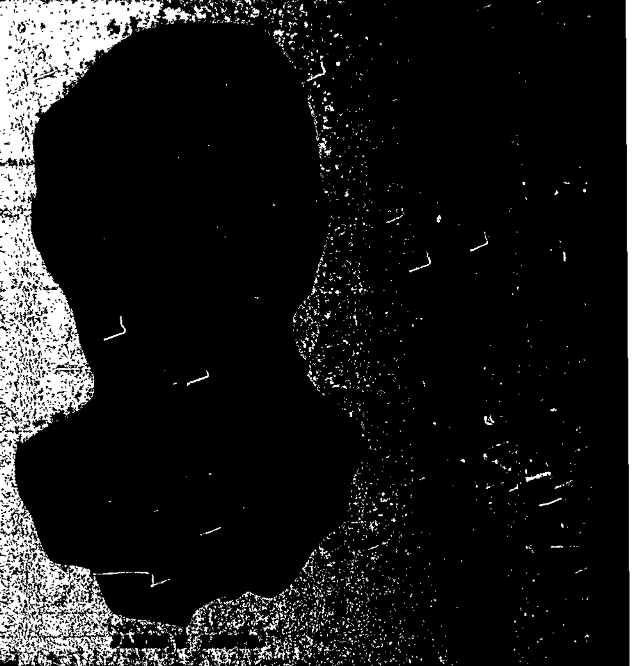

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