

CLEMENS THE BOY

The Budding Humorist Was the Terror of His Mother.

HE YEARNED TO BE A PIRATE

Cruising the Mississippi, Fishing, Swimming and Marauding—Struck Him as the Ideal Life—The Stick He Selected For His Own Whipping.

Mark Twain the boy was leader of a band of young incorrigibles, according to Albert Bigelow Palne, Twain's secretary and biographer, who in Harper's tells something of their juvenile goings on:

His mother declared that he gave her more trouble than all the other children put together.

"He drives me crazy with his ideas when he is in the house," she used to say, "and when he is out of it I am expecting every minute that some one will bring him home half dead."

He did, in fact, achieve the first of his "nine narrow escapes from drowning" about this time and was pulled out of the river one afternoon and brought home in a limp and unpromising condition. When with mullein tea and castor oil she had restored him to activity she said:

"I guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water."

She declared she was willing to pay somebody to take him off her hands for a part of each day and try to teach him manners.

Besides his mother, who had to contend with the bad boy, was his school teacher, a certain Miss Horr. Mr. Palne tells how unlike to a bed of roses was her lot.

Miss Horr received 25 cents a week for each pupil and opened her school with prayer, after which came a chapter of the Bible, with explanations and the rules of conduct. Then the A B C class was called, because its recitation was a band to hand struggle, requiring no preparation.

The rules of conduct that first day interested little Sam. He calculated how much he would need to trim in to sell close to the danger line and still avoid disaster. However, he made a calculation during the forenoon and received warning. A second offense would mean punishment. He did not mean to be caught the second time, but he had not learned Miss Horr yet, who had come in haste from a great distance. Any one who has seen death beds knows how anxious of this sort may darken the last hours and how their removal may reconcile the sufferer to death. It seems to be that this talk of the right to die and the wrong doing of doctors in seeking to prolong a life that is hanging by a thread springs from the unwholesome sentimentality and the inevitable accompaniment of selfishness which are among the unhappy notes of the present time.

To the older writers the death agony was the final struggle of the soul leaving the body, and by a confusion of thought due to the acquired meaning of the word it has come to be generally believed that the parting of the spiritual from the material part of man is painful. Those whose lot it has been to stand at many deathbeds know that this is not the case. Sir William Osler says that he has careful records of about 600 deathbeds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of dying and the sensations of the dying of these ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another eleven showed mental apprehension, two posed a terror one expressed spiritual affliction, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one was or the other—British Medical Journal.

Perhaps Miss Horr's sense of humor prompted forgiveness, but discipline must be maintained. "Samuel Langhorne Clemens," she said, "he had never heard it all strung together in that ominous way. 'I am ashamed of you! Jimmy Dunlap, go bring in a switch for Sammy.' And Jimmy Dunlap went, and the switch was of a sort to give the little boy an immediate and permanent distaste for school. He informed his mother when he went home at noon that he did not care for school, that he had no desire to be a great man, that he preferred to be a pirate or an Indian and scalp or drown such people as Miss Horr.

Young Sam conceived the notion that a pirate's life would be joyous and with a couple of pals cruised the Mississippi.

Some of their expeditions were innocent enough. They often cruised up Hurtle Island, about two miles above Hannibal, and spent the day feasting. You could have loaded a car with turtles and their eggs up there and there were quantities of mussels and plenty of fish. Fishing and swimming were their chief pastimes, with general marauding for adventure. Where the railroad bridge now ends on the Missouri side was their favorite swimming hole—that and along Bear creek, a secluded, limpid water with special interests of its own. Sometimes at evening they swam across to Glasscock's island, the rendezvous of Tom Sawyer's "Black Avengers" and the bidding place of Huck and Nigger Jim. One, though this was considerably later, when he was sixteen, Sam Clemens swam across to the Illinois side and then turned and swam back again without landing, a distance of at least two miles as he had to go. He was cooled with a cramp on the return trip. His legs became useless, and he was obliged to make the remaining distance with his arms. It was a hardy life they led, and it is not recorded that they ever did any serious damage, though they narrowly missed it sometimes.

A Close Relation. "Boss—What do you think? Her aunt brought Tess only a string of cheap beads from Europe. Jess—Well, what more could she expect from a close relation?—Lippincott's.

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires and in our having only regular desires.—St. Augustine.

ROMANCE OF A SHOVEL

An Idea That Won a Fortune For a Railway Laborer.

The simplest labor saving device may quite possibly be worth a fortune. One day a good many years ago a number of men were at work on the roadbed of a line of railway in course of construction between Birmingham and Manchester. They were cutting through a hill and moving the material by loosening it with picks, shoveling it into barrows and wheeling it away. The shovels they were using were known as Irish shovels, with a square cornered blade about fifteen inches long. The work progressed but slowly, and the subcontractor in charge rebuked his workmen for not making quicker progress. One of them replied that if he would grind off the corners of the shovels it would be easier to get them into the earth, and, consequently, they would be able to work more quickly.

The contractor ridiculed the idea which he considered a piece of insolence on the part of the workman, but the navy was quite in earnest and not easily discouraged. When the work was completed he discussed the matter with a friend of his at Sheffield who persuaded an ironmonger he knew to make a dozen or so as an experiment. The tools were offered to a large contractor, who promised to let some of his men use the new shovels and report results.

About a week afterward the contractor returned with the information that his men were fairly quarreling as to who should use the new tools, some arriving to work a quarter of an hour before time in order to be there first when the tool box was opened. The navy's suggestion had proved a good one. A patent was secured and an agreement made between the navy, the manufacturer and the contractor. When the navy died he left a fortune of over 100,000, the proceeds from royalties on the manufacture of shovels under his patent.—Pearson's Weekly.

DEATHBED SCENES.

And the Question of Prolonging Life to Its Utmost Limit.

Even the lengthening of a man's life by a day may make death easier by giving him the opportunity of soothing a guilty conscience, of signing a will, of redressing an injustice, of healing a breach of friendship, the memory of which might blight another life, of saying farewell to a son or daughter who had come in haste from a great distance. Any one who has seen death beds knows how anxious of this sort may darken the last hours and how their removal may reconcile the sufferer to death. It seems to be that this talk of the right to die and the wrong doing of doctors in seeking to prolong a life that is hanging by a thread springs from the unwholesome sentimentality and the inevitable accompaniment of selfishness which are among the unhappy notes of the present time.

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Chinese Criminal Law. Curiously like the Moslem and Roman customs, the fixed laws of China are carved in stone and set up in the streets. Chinese criminal law which is founded on the "Chan Kung," or ritual of Chou, is based upon the accused confessing and no punishment can ensue until this is brought about. Before the condemned are despatched they are offered all the same as they desire to drink and in most cases they are allowed to choose whether they will ride in a ricksha or be carried in a sedan.—J. S. Thomson's "The Chinese."

Severing Old Ties. Willie was sent out by his mother to the woodshed to saw and split some stove wood out of a pile of old railroad ties. Going outdoors shortly after, she found the youth sitting on the sawhorse with his head bowed down in his hands. She asked her hopeful why he didn't keep at his work. "My dear mother," he replied with much feeling, "I find it so hard, so very hard, to sever old ties."—Lippincott's.

Plenty of Purpose. "I have had a poem." "Is it a poem of any serious purpose?" inquired the editor of the High Brow Magazine. "It is, sir. It was written to pay my board bill with."—Kansas City Journal.

Humility. If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little and others much.—Archbishop Leighton.

His Proposal. Mrs. Fenham—Before you married me you said that I was a queen. Benjamin—Well, I no longer believe in a monarchical form of government.—Chicago News.

SAVED THE NORTHWEST.

Dr. Whitman Kept It From Being Traded to England.

But for the foresight, it is said, of a missionary this country would have "traded off" to Great Britain that immense territory that now forms two of the greatest states of the northwest—Oregon and Washington.

Marcus Whitman had crossed the plains and the mountains to Oregon and knew from a year's residence the value of the country. He also knew that the Hudson Bay company was anxious to obtain possession of the whole northwest and had circulated the report that it was impossible for emigrants to cross the mountains in wagons.

At a dinner given in 1842, at which Dr. Whitman and several of the company's chief officers were present news was received that a band of British emigrants had crossed the mountains. Toasts were drunk in honor of the event. "Now the Americans may whistle—the country is ours," one of the Englishmen is reported to have exclaimed jubilantly.

But Whitman thought otherwise. The next day he started for Washington on horseback. He made the journey in winter and with frozen limbs called on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state. Upon his presentation of the situation Whitman was gruffly told by Webster that the country was worthless and that he, as secretary of state was about to trade that "worthless region" for valuable concessions with reference to the Newfoundland fisheries.

Finding that a treaty had already been approved by the senate and was awaiting formal ratification and proclamation by President Tyler, Dr. Whitman sought the president. When the missionary had finished his story the president said:

"Sir, your frozen limbs attest your sincerity. Can you take emigrants across the mountains in wagons?" "Give me six months and I will take 1,000 across," answered the doctor. "If you can take them across," added Tyler, "the treaty shall not be ratified."

In 1843 a band of emigrants under the guidance of the doctor started from Astoria for Oregon. A deputation from the Hudson Bay company met them on the plains, advising them that it was impossible for them to cross the mountains in their wagons. The emigrants decided to leave their wagons and finish the journey on horseback. As this course would have ruined Whitman's plan of saving the country to the United States, he labored with the leaders of the band until they consented to follow the doctor's advice and guidance. The band did cross the mountains in their wagons, the treaty was not ratified, and the fertile northwest was saved to the United States.—New York Herald.

An Odd Superstition. A strange superstition is that of an otherwise perfectly normal western man who as a buyer for a very large department store of the country has had marvellous success. His talent seems to lie in reading the hidden thoughts of men and in that way securing bargains few others can ever seem to get. To a few of his intimates not his trade friends he gives a word explanation of this power. Whoever he can see he drinks water from the same glass as the person with whom he is about to do business, taking care to drink after him. There is not a drop in his mind that there is truth in the old belief that if you drink water out of one glass the next to drink will know the other's secrets. At all events this man says the best never fails.—New York Sun.

Amulets of the Burman. Highly prized by the Burman are the following gems: Ruby, diamond, crystal, pearl, coral, topaz, sapphires, cat's paw, amethyst and emerald. Collectively they ward off sickness or danger. The cat's paw is supposed to secure invulnerability in war. Tricantia stones are muttered over some or all of these stones, and the water in which they are immersed is drunk in order to secure immunity from all evil. Spells are uttered over rubies, and they are inserted as amulets in the flesh of men who desire to be immune from wounds inflicted by sword, spear or gun.

One of Tom Hood's. There was a noted brand of tobacco which the sailors of England chewed in the early years of the nineteenth century—"pigtail." And it is commemorated in one of the most ingenious of Thomas Hood's punning verses, in which he recounts the life, love and sorrow of a sailor, a British sailor. His head was turned, and so he chewed His pigtail till he died. The lower deck today would be pained to see the joke of that.—London Tatler.

Enough the WITNESS. On one occasion an actress grew tempestuous with Perrin, the Parisian manager, and gave him a stormy quarter of an hour. "And what did you do, my dear Perrin?" asked Feltre. "I said nothing and watched her grow old."

He Knew. "The Malays have a queer marriage custom," remarked the traveler. "The groom holds his nose against a small cylindrical object I couldn't quite make out what it was." "A grindstone probably," interposed Mr. Groucher.—Exchange.

Comparisons, more than reality, makes men happy and can make them wretched.—Feltre.

ENSEMBLE SETS.

Hat, Cape and Muff of Satin and Marabou.



SEE IN SATIN AND MARABOU.

It is very French and chic this season to have an ensemble set, consisting of hat, cape and muff, made of satin and marabou.

Such a smart little outfit is pictured of black satin and white marabou. The muff is an enormous confection resembling a big, loosely tied bow. And there is an air of newness about the shoulder cape which is gathered in lamp shade effect. The puke-shaped bonnet is becoming to a piquant face.

Parted Lips Soften Photograph.

A woman was being posed for her photograph in a gallery the other day when a well known actress happened in. She stood a few moments watching the struggles of the sitor to assume a satisfactory expression. At last she offered a small suggestion. "If you will moisten the lips and slightly part them," said she, "you will find the face takes on a natural unstrained expression at once. When the photograph is finished the mouth will not appear to be open to the least, but there will be a soft line where the lips meet. The teeth will not show unless the lips are separated considerably. But as for that," she added, "many a face looks its prettiest with the teeth showing a wee bit not displayed in a grin, you know, but merely suggested." The woman who was being taken took the advice, and the pictures turned out to be the most satisfactory she ever had posed for.

Care of Aluminum.

Aluminum utensils for the kitchen are becoming daily more popular on account of their light weight and clean lines. They must never be washed with soda, soap and water being all that is required with a little powdered whiting for polishing.

Ready For the Ball.

Chiffon cloth as a material for the evening frock has lost none of its well earned popularity. It lends itself beautifully to draping and is light and airy. The cut displays another variant of the ubiquitous black and white crepe.



PARTY FROCK OF CHIFFON CLOTH.

Things which winter are to be seen in all modest attire. The black velvet and wide bands of white cissy lace give the frock an air of exclusiveness and style apart from the average masquerade gown.

Cookery Points

Two Ways to Bake Cookies. Almond Cookies.—One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, three yolks of eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, rind of one lemon grated, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix, roll out thin and cut into small cookies with the following on top of each. Three whites of eggs beaten, three fourths pound of pulverized sugar, one-half pound of chopped almonds. Mix well together. Bake this one hour before mixing cookie dough.

Oatmeal Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar till light. Add three eggs beaten light, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of chopped nuts, one-half cupful of raisins blended with flour, two cupfuls of oatmeal. Put nuts, oatmeal and raisins through meat grinder. When thoroughly mixed add two cupfuls of flour sifted twice and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful and a half of boiling hot water. Drop on cookie pans by teaspoonfuls and bake

Sandwich Filling. Cold ham and cold chicken minced together make a most delicious filling for sandwiches. Fried ham ground fine is always more savory than boiled ham for sandwiches. In fact, some persons try the chicken which they are going team, to use for sandwiches in order to get the delicate broiled flavor. The pot meats which come for sandwich fillings are more delicious if they are mixed liberally with mayonnaise dressing. And these same potted meats are useful in croquettes, souffles and other highly flavored potted meat mixed with the minced meat of which such dishes are to be made is sufficient to give a rich flavor to quite a large amount of food.

Half of a small can is abundant with the meat for croquettes or souffle which is to serve four persons. Most of these high seasonings which the American housekeeper is unwilling to test for herself, but which she is willing enough to use if some one else, like the camera, makes the bread for her.

To Bake a Turkey. Bake it with the breast down. In this way all the fine flavoring of the turkey, the juice of the dressing and all the dainties juices flow down toward the breast of the fowl, and when the white meat is served you get the full benefit of every flavor added during the processes of preparing and baking the turkey. In addition to the distinctive taste of the fowl itself, if you desire to preserve the flavor of the white before carving you will find that it will look quite as well as it would if baked in the usual way and certainly it will taste much better.

Walnut Coffee Cake. One-half cupful of butter, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful of strong coffee infusion, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, whites of three eggs, one cupful of walnut meats broken in pieces.

Cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, then the coffee and the flour sifted with baking powder. Beat well and add the egg whites beaten stiff then the nut meats. Heat again and bake in shallow pan in moderate oven for forty-five minutes. When cool cover with frosting.

Creamed Celery. Take the white stalks and hearts of two bunches of celery and boil in salted water until hearts tender. Drain and put in a dish to keep hot while the sauce is prepared. Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and as soon as melted add half a cupful of the water in which the celery was cooked and a generous cup of cream. Cook until thick and smooth, season with salt and pepper, pour over the celery, grate a little nutmeg over the top and serve.

Creamed Oysters. Splendid for lunches, teas, card parties, etc., a dainty and delicious way for serving oysters. Scald one pint oysters in one pint of boiling water, then drain. Put the water in the saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little mac, two bay leaves and salt and pepper. Let it come to a boil and add a tablespoonful of cracker crumbs and half a pint of cream. Let it come to a boil and add the oysters and then cook two minutes more. Serve on toast.

Molasses Candy. One cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful of vinegar, an ounce of butter. Mix together and boil being careful not to stir until the sugar thickens in cold water. Stir in a teaspoonful of baking soda and pour into buttered plate. When cold enough pull with the ends of the fingers.

To Salt Almonds. Put the shelled almonds into boiling water to loosen the skins. Rub off the skins, dry the almonds and put them into a spider of boiling olive oil. When they have come to a nice brown drain, put on waxed paper and sprinkle with salt.

Trunk Trays. Trunks have improved along with everything else in this progressive age. The trunk with one tray is a rarity, and most trunks are made with five or six trays. There is such a demand for trays that they are sold separately and can be added to any trunk when ever wanted.

Woman's World

Mrs. Helen Britton, Owner of Big Baseball Club.



Mrs. Helen Britton

Mrs. Helen Britton of Cleveland, Ohio, has the distinction of being the only woman owner of a big baseball club in this country and possibly in the world. This legacy—the St. Louis National league baseball club—she inherited from her father and uncle. And she is the first woman entitled to sit in a meeting of the National league, an organization devoted to the interests of men.

The feminine manager of a baseball team, according to preconceived ideas, should be a heroic specimen of womanhood, one of the men tailored kind, with stiff cuffs, a four-in-hand and a stride. But Mrs. Britton is of an entirely different type, for her gown is the last word in smartness, and she carries them with a grace to do them full justice. The owner of the Cardinals is a clear skinned, dark haired, symmetrical little woman, with sparkling eyes and a wealth of vivacious flavor to quite a large amount of food.

When asked how her club got its name Mrs. Britton replied "that was her favorite color. I love to wear it and do most of the time just as a touch of allegiance. But my father selected the name Cardinals because it was his pet color. My husband is fond of it too. Indeed, we might be called a Cardinal chorus, especially when a Cardinal knocks a home run."

Although Mrs. Britton never misses a ball game unless staying away is absolutely necessary, she is nothing of an all around "sport," but extremely domestic in her tastes, and her strong, handsome husband says "that when it comes to keeping home comfortable and happy the presiding genius of the St. Louis team is a pennant winner." Two healthy, whole some children, a boy and a girl, attest her skill as mothercraft. "The boy," his mother says, is a regular child-leader, and to show that he is going to follow in the family footsteps he has already organized a league among his playmates and captains the winning team. The wee daughter is too tiny to be entered as a "fan," but certain tendencies point toward her becoming a baseball girl through and through, like her mother.

Mrs. Britton is a fine example of how it is possible for a woman to pursue beauty, business, homemaking and pleasure at once and be a success in all the roles.

Season's "Smart" Color is Pink Red. At last the season's smartest color has been settled on. It does not happen once in a while that the women of the so called smart set and the women who set the fashions for the inner circle of society's exclusive few agree upon the season's color. They have done so this year, however, and it is a pink red. It runs through a gamut of shades from deep coral down to palest flame, almost yellow. It may be bright cerise or old fashioned "light red," but it must escape being a regular red by several shades. It is becoming alike to blonds and brunettes, and it adapts itself to the modern wonders of frock making where layer of gossamer is laid over layer of gossamer, beading, embroidery, fringe and metal thread. It shimmers through soft grays and cream and slaty blues. It dashes suddenly into view in startling places.

It can be wrought into wonderful suites, set and dawn effects, and it has the advantage of combining with black in a way to give distinction. Without a doubt the season's favorite color has been well chosen this year.

Mrs. Browning's Sonnets. They say Mrs. Browning showed her husband with much diffidence the sonnets she had written in celebration of her love "Sonnets From the Portuguese," she called them, incorporating in the title a love name he had for her, for he termed her the Portuguese because of her dark skin and eyes.

Faithfully, it must be confessed, these sonnets are, hardly finished here and there one might be tempted to say, but they are as spontaneous as the song of morning birds, as essentially true as the word we speak at unexpected meeting.

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