

NUMEROUS QUIPS

The Muse of Parody.

To fairer muse the high-browed bard
May lift a lifting song;
But when of parody, dear pard,
Mr. Muse for three is strong,
Let others twang the golden lyre
And hit the topmost C.
The secondhand poetic fire
Is good enough for me.

Orn hours there are when nothing swims
Late in the summer's ken,
When frantic effort mingles
The thinking powers of men.
To then the bard may turn his
Something that's made in May,
The "Parody" is often made to do
And parodies a bit.

"Mad Muller"—may she always wave
With rags and deathless bay?
Full many a post may she save
From being joy and pay?
And "Danny Deever" and the rest
On whom so much depends,
Long may they live among the best,
The parodist's best friends!

—Denver Republican.

Clipping Editor.

The inventor appeared at his home
One day with a number of homing pigeons.
"Why this bunch?" queried his wife.
"My dear," he replied, "I feel
sure that they will make our fortunes.
By closely observing their habits and
methods I shall make an invention
which will bring us millions and pro-
vide mankind with something of which
it stands in dire need. Yes, my dear,
I have given up for the nonce my ef-
fort to find a cure for senectus and
a cheap substitute for ivory billiard
balls." "What do you propose to in-
vent?" inquired his wife. "Something
that will cause my name to be blessed
everywhere in this land," he replied.
"A homing umbrella! Think of it—no
more permanent borrowing by unscrup-
ulous friends—no more—!" But she
had resumed her housework.—Philadel-
phia Public Ledger.

The Last Straw.

An old woman entered a savings
bank the other day and walked up to
the desk.
"Do you want to withdraw or depo-
sit?" asked the clerk.
"No, OI don't. OI want to put
some in," was the reply.
The clerk pushed up the book for
her signature, and said, "Sign on this
time, please."
"Above it or below it?"
"Just above it."
"Is whole name?"
"No."
"Below OI was married?"
"No, I just do it for now."
"OI can't write."—Cambridge Trib-
une.

His Literary Taste.

The young man looked about the
book department in some dismay.
"What you get in good stories?" he
asked.
"Here is an excellent romance—a de-
scriptive story," replied the brisk young
woman. "I'm quite sure you will like
it."
The young man looked doubtful.
"It's got a red cover," he said, "and
it's a book in a red cover—read what
you can. Ain't your dog nothin' in green?"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Doubtful.

"They tell me," said little Blinks,
"that cranberries is a class are very su-
perstitious. I wonder if it is true?"
"I doubt it," said Harkaway. "They
don't believe in signs, anyhow. We
have a sign up at Squeeba whett read-
ing. Speed limit in this town eight
miles, and not one chauffeur in a bran-
ded pays any attention to it."—Har-
per's Weekly.

Looked Suspicious.

The Stranger—Are you quite sure
that was a marriage license you gave
me last month?
The Official—Of course! What's the
matter?
The Stranger—I've lived a dog's life
ever since.—London Opinion.

Curious to Know.

A barrister, cross examining a wit-
ness who had a very red nose, asked
"Are you addicted to drink?" and the
witness indignantly replied, "That is
my business." "Ah," said the barris-
ter, "is it your only business?"—Shef-
field Telegram.

The Weaker Vessel.

Magistrate—What! Do you mean to
say your husband struck you and he
a physical wreck?
Mrs. Maloney—Yes, yer honor. But
he's been a physical wreck only since
he struck me.—McCall's Magazine.

"Tempora Mutantur."

"When we went to housekeeping,
she sadly complained, "you were glad
to wipe the dishes for me."
"Yes," he grumbled, "but that was
when we had only two dishes to be
wiped."—Chicago Record Herald.

There Are Others.

"Boss, would you help a poor gent
what ain't able to work?"
"Why, you look strong. What keeps
you from working?"
"Me bloomin' pride, sir."—London
Tit-Bits.

Utilizing Time.

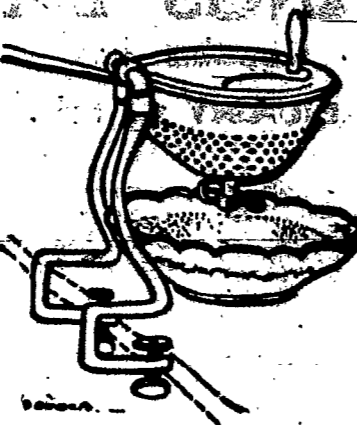
"Much can be accomplished by uti-
lizing the odd moments."
"That's right. I know a woman who
read 'Rasselas' while she was dunnit
at bridge."—Pittsburgh Post.

The Differeñs.

Man never goes shopping until he
knows what he wants to buy. A wo-
man never knows what she wants to
buy until she goes shopping.—Detroit
Free Press.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Combined Vegetable Colander and Fruit Press



A combined colander and press has
been invented by a Minnesota man that
will be found handy in the kitchen.
The apparatus is bowl shaped and has
a revolving blade or screw fitted in it
and turned by means of a handle. An
iron upright clamp to the edge of the
bowl or shell and holds the colander
firmly a few inches above the surface.
Below the upright is space for the re-
ceptacle into which the fruit or vegeta-
bles are to be strained. The material
to be used is dumped into the colander
bowl and the handle turned steadily.
The blade squeezes the stuff against
the sides of the bowl, and the sub-
stance is strained through the fine per-
forations. Hulls, skins, seeds, etc., re-
main in the bowl, and they will not
pass through the holes. This device is
especially handy for ricing potatoes or
smoothing gravy.

Ham Mousse.

To vary the monotony of sliced or
minced cold boiled ham try a ham
mousse, which is very palatable and at
the same time an excellent way to
work up the odds and ends of a ham.
Soak a large tablespoonful of gelatin
in cold water to cover, then pour over
it a small cupful of boiling stock, stir
until dissolved, then strain and pour
over two cupfuls of chopped lean ham;
stand aside until it begins to congeal,
then fold in one-half cupful of cream
whipped solid and mix into a wet mold.
Harden on ice, then unroll and serve
on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish
with small blocks of currant jelly.

Pickled Cabbage.

Chop finely one bunch of celery and
one onion, add two quarts of chopped
white cabbage and mix thoroughly.
Put one-half pint of vinegar in a good
boiler, add one-half ounce each of
pounded cloves and stick cinnamon and
eigheten peppercorns, cover closely and
let steep for one hour. Pack the pre-
pared cabbage in small jars, strain the
spiced vinegar when cold into one quart
of cold fresh vinegar and fill the jars.
This pickle will keep well and will be
ready for use in ten days' time.

Cranberry Fluff.

Cook a pint of cranberries in a quar-
ter of a pint of water until the cran-
berries pop open and then run them
through a colander. Add the same
amount of sugar as there is berry pulp
by measure and boil the two together
until they are as thick as marmalade.
When cool add the whites of four eggs
beaten stiff. Fold well together and
bake until it sets—from five to ten min-
utes. Serve cold in sherbet glasses
with whipped cream and chopped nuts.

Pork Cakes.

One pound fat pork, chop from rind
and lean, one pint boiling water pour-
ed over pork, one teaspoonful soda, one
pound raisins, one pound currants, one
quarter pound citron, salt, one and one
half cupfuls sugar, one and one-half
cupfuls molasses, one tablespoonful
cinnamon, one tablespoonful nutmeg,
one teaspoonful cloves and four to
make rather stiff. Will make three
cakes.

Soft Molasses Cookies.

Put one cupful molasses in mixing
bowl and sift in one tablespoonful ginger.
Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in
two tablespoonfuls of warm water or
milk and stir into molasses. Add
quickly one third cupful lard, drippings
or butter, warmed, and flour enough
to make a dough as soft as can be rolled
out one-half inch thick. Cut into small
rounds and bake in a quick oven.

Cough Remedy.

Steep one ounce of slippery elm bark,
one ounce horenet, one ounce licorice
root and one-half ounce of horehound
broken or crushed in small bits for
three hours without boiling. Add wa-
ter as needed. Have three cupfuls
water when done. Strain and two
cupfuls molasses. Roll down to three
cupfuls. Give one to two teaspoon-
fuls four times a day.

Baked Oysters.

For baked oysters choose the large
ones and lay two or three together on
a nice round of buttered toast. Put a
little pepper and salt and a very bit of
butter on them and set in a very hot
oven until the edges of the oysters curl
a little.

To Renew Velvet.

To renew velvet cover the face of the
hot fire with a wet cloth. Hold the
wrong side of the velvet next to the
cloth until thoroughly steamed, then
brush the pile with a soft brush.

HINTS FOR THE CHILDREN

Fellow Travelers.

I traveled on the train one day
and saw the following scenes:
A mother's kiss for the children.
A father's scolding for the children.
A child's cry for the children.
A child's laugh for the children.
A child's cry for the children.
A child's laugh for the children.
A child's cry for the children.
A child's laugh for the children.

"The lady" wanted cookies; then
she had to have a drink.
The child's cry for the children.
A mother's kiss for the children.
While little Roy Cheats just sat
and smiled across at us.
"The lady" quivered and wriggled
and made a constant fuss.
In fact, you'd be surprised to hear
as I was then to see.
How far superior to
Can't be seen by her.
"The lady" who was with her
in whispering tones was heard.
But I did not hear Miss Midget
Speak a single dreadful word.

So next time I go traveling,
As happen soon, I may
I hope that only one of them
Will be aboard that day.
And if a lady asks me which
I'll tell the little elf
I much prefer Louise's doll
To Miss Louise herself!

A Cycling Mess.

A boy leaving town last summer left
his bicycle suspended from the joint
in the basement of his home by means
of ropes in order to remove the weight
of the machine from the floor. On his
return he went into the basement and
was greatly surprised to see the front
wheel of the machine rapidly revolv-
ing. He stared spellbound at it for
some minutes, unable to discover any
cause for the motion.

But as his eyes became accustomed
to the dim light he observed a small
dark object remaining "always" at the
highest point of the wheel, and at last
made it out to be a mouse running on
the outside of the tire. The weight of
the animal caused the wheel to turn
and the mouse was forced to travel
continually upward to avoid being
thrown. It knew not where. When the
wheel had been stopped and the little
creature lay exhausted on the floor,
the young man looked at the cyclone-
ter and found that it had cycled
eighteen miles.

How, When and Where.

"How, when and where" is a rather
unpopular question. During the ab-
sence of one of the players an object is
chosen and on his return he seeks to
discover it by the replies given to the
three questions, "How do you like it?"
"When do you like it?" "Where do you
like it?" which he puts to each of his
companions. To each a sensible an-
swer must be given. One question
must be asked all the way around the
company before the next question is
put, and this disposed of before it is fol-
lowed by the third.

Suppose the word agreed upon to be
"cheat." The answers to "How do you
like it?" might be: "Filled
with gold." "Three feet square;
"When do you like it?" "When I am
breathing." "When I am traveling;" to
"Where do you like it?" "In my body."
"In my bedroom." "In my strong
room."

If the questioner fails to find out the
chosen article he is informed what word
was selected and has to try his fortune
again. If he succeeds his place is taken
by one of the other players, whom he
may select.

Blind Target.

The player forms a line of ten or
fifteen feet in front of the line with
his back turned. The line has a ten-
nis or basket ball and passes it to the
one to another. The target count-
ten, and when he reaches ten the one
then holding the ball may hit him
with it. The target turns and guesses
who threw the ball. If he guesses
correctly the thrower becomes the next
target, or if the thrower misses the
shot he becomes the target.

If the target fails to guess who hit
him he remains in his place and ac-
counts ten, giving some one else a
chance to throw at him.

As there is no score, the game may
continue as long as the interest keeps
up.

About Cleanliness.

The importance of cleanliness may
not at first appear to the average boy,
but at this season of the year, when he
likes to play out in the open air and
generally gets his clothes soiled, does
he ever brush them off or try to re-
pair the damage which has been done?
Usually not. The first essential is to
have clean hands and face. Nothing
is so discouraging to a boy's mother as
a dirty face in spite of all she has said.
Some boys seem afraid of water, but
that is probably because they do not
understand. Cleanliness should always
be thought of, even though it means
application of water frequently.—
Brooklyn Eagle.

Fruit Tree Game.

You all know the "donkey" game.
Well, here is one appropriate to the
season, played in similar fashion. The
outline of a bare tree is sketched in
charcoal on a large square of muslin.
Bits of pink muslin in the shape of
fruit are to be pinned as near to the
tips of the branches as possible by the
blindfolded player. Those who pin
nearest the ends of the branches are
the prize winners.

REGENERATION OF A LAZY MAN

Strange Weakness of a One Time Brave Soldier

There is in every man however
strong, some weakness which is bound
to show itself sooner or later. Such
was the case with George Converse,
who at twenty-four had served two
campaigns in the Spanish war and
with credit. He had returned home
and had come out at first manager of
his company, besides having been
mentioned several times for gallantry in
action. The reason why he had not
look for another term was because he
had fallen in love with a pretty girl
street whom almost all the time was
to be married. The marriage was very
popular in the neighborhood.

The six-months' course a job at
later in a store. The couple were mar-
ried and went to housekeeping in a lit-
tle place purchased with the savings.
All went well for a while, but George
having been used to an entirely differ-
ent life, became restless under the com-
monplace duties of a porter. He mis-
ed the excitement and danger of a
campaign. Day after day he grew
more discontented and at last began to
shirk his duties. This is time that his
wife thought he would find some-
thing better suited to his taste.

George tried several other occupa-
tions, but did not show any more en-
thusiasm for work in them than in the
first. From some of them he retired
voluntarily, from others he was dis-
charged. Meanwhile children were
born to the couple, and since there
were so many mouths to feed the wife
resumed the work of seamstress, which
she had laid down at her marriage.
She still had the same admiration for
her husband and delighted to hear him
tell his friends of his battles. Listening
herself chemically and watching with
pride the effect on the others. How-
ever, George's position as a do-nothing
permitting his wife to support not
only herself and their children, but
him as well, at last caused the spark
of scorn to be kindled at him.

At last an event happened that
opened Ida's eyes. As long as George was
an ex-hero of many battles she could
brook his inability to labor at ordinary
duties, though she was obliged to sup-
ply the deficiency herself. But one
night, being awakened by the smell of
smoke, she got up, opened the bedroom
door and found that the house above
was in flames. Awakening her hus-
band, she had him go to the upper
floor and bring their oldest boy, who
she carried down the other two chil-
dren, who slept in a room opposite to
her own. Leaving George to his task,
she executed her own, but since he had
not appeared her anxiety led her back to
discover the cause of the delay. She
expected to see him battling with the
flames, half suffocated with smoke,
bearing their worse fate. Instead he
was standing at the foot of the stairs,
shivering.

"George, for heaven's sake, get the
child will be lost."
George turned toward her a face
white with fear.
"Oh, George!"
"This was all. She saw that he was
terror-stricken. A veteran at standing
up against shot and shell, he was a
raw recruit at meeting fire. She gave
a spring and dashed up the staircase.
The act of his brave little wife was
needed to enable George Converse to
master a constitutional weakness. He
had not reached the top step before
his husband darted past him with the
cry "Go back." How he got through
the fire and smoke that intervened be-
tween him and the boy, why he was
not burned mortally by the one or
suffocated by the other, he nor any one
else ever knew. Reaching the room he
sought, knowing that he could not
bring the child out by the way he had
come, he cried to his wife:
"Go below the window!"
Ida ran down and out, seizing a
blanket by the way. In the yard she
found several neighbors who had been
attracted by the fire. At the same mo-
ment George threw up a snub above.
Without a word those present seized
the blanket, and the boy was dropped
safely into it.

As soon as George Converse saw
that his son was safe he began to re-
member the fear of fire that had par-
alyzed him. It was all gone, the
shame he felt only remaining. But
one idea filled his mind—to wipe out
the stain.

"Jump!" cried those below, holding
the blanket under the window.
George sat down on the window sill,
took a pipe and a tobacco pouch from
his pocket, filled the pipe, lighted it
and began to puff as coolly as if there
were no fire.

"Jump!" repeated the crowd. "The
roof may fall at any moment."
"I'm going back the way I came,"
he said doggedly.
"If you do you are a dead man."
"Then I'm a dead man."

He turned from the window, but
hearing the agonized call of his wife,
went over the sill. The look she gave
him told him that he had no need
to vindicate himself in her eyes, and he
remembered that if he were lost she
would be left to continue to support
herself and their children. He jumped
into the blanket.

From that moment George Converse
became an industrious worker and
made his family happy and comfort-
able.

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