

NUMEROUS QUIPS.

What to Do.

Life for speculation
Furnishes to me,
As to all the nation,
Opportunity
For philosophizing.
Warring with the school,
Guessing and surmising,
Making little rules.

Men of worth declare it
To the people still—
Hard luck? Grin and bear it!
Yet the bearing will
Scarcely help the strikers.
Bearing trouble long
Makes a despair to thicken,
Does away with song.

When old trouble calls you,
When you slide and slip,
And hard luck assails you
And you lose your grip
Grin, but if you'd surely
Banish cars that lurk,
Grasp your chance securely,
Grin and go to work!
—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Different Ring.

A panhandler met a friend of ours
a day or two ago and said:
"Mister, will you please buy this
ring off of me? I'm starvin' or I
wouldn't sell it. This here is my poor
wife's weddin' ring, an'—"
"Stop right there!" cried our friend.
"You are the same fellow who stopped
me with this same stall on this same
corner two weeks ago, and I fell for it.
I bought your ring. You are a mean
fellow, and I am going!"
"Now, boss, don't be hasty. I admit
that I sold you my wife's weddin' ring
two weeks ago, but that don't prove
that I'm a fake. Mister, I've been
married again since that, an' this is
my second wife's weddin' ring."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Proof Positive.

Two dorkies were discussing as to
the color of certain Biblical person-
ages. One of them asserted that as
Palestine was about in a line with Af-
rica the people must all have been col-
ored.
"No, dress you' hearts!" said the
speaker. "St. Peter an' St. Paul an'
the rest of the apostles was as white
as that north-gent-man-over-dere."
"No, sah," said the man in opposi-
tion. "Paul may have been, but St. Pe-
ter—no, sah. St. Peter was a colle'd
gen'lman."
"You're wrong, for if St. Peter had
been colord dat cock wouldn't have
crowed more's oncet?"—Charlotte Ob-
server.

Safe.

"Before you appear on my stage,"
said the manager of the "polite vaude-
ville" house, "I must see you at the
people of this town won't stand for
any old thing."
"Don't you worry," replied the
young man with the monologue. "I
did my turn for two weeks on Broad-
way."
"What's that got to do with it?"
"It's got this to do with it. I'd be
there yet if my act hadn't been so
blamed clean."—Chicago Record-Her-
ald.

A Dark Hint.

Somebody was talking to a newly
married couple who were spending
their honeymoon at Scarborough. "You
mustn't leave Scarborough till you've
seen the cemetery," he said. "It's
well worth a visit." They said they
would go, but they forgot about it un-
til too late. Then the young wife re-
proached her husband. "George," she
said, "you haven't taken me to the
cemetery yet." "Well, dear," was the
reply, "that is a pleasure I must have
in the future."—Pearson's.

The Cook Was Re-tired.

"Ah," said Sherlock Holmes as he
helped himself to another slice of
roast beef. "I see that your cook has
left you and that you are using the
chauffeur in the kitchen."
The hostess flushed. "How do you
know?" she asked.
"Because," replied the great detec-
tive, "everything is scorched."—Judge.

Shattered Ideals.

"Did you attain the high ideals you
set for yourself when you were
young?" asked the friend of his boy-
hood.
"No," replied the millionaire, "and
I'm glad I didn't. I see now there was
no money to them."—Lippincott's Mag-
azine.

His Reason.

Tom—You spend altogether too much
money on that girl. Don't you know
girls always accept everything a man
gives them and then marry the fellow
who saves his money?
Jack—Sure I do! That's the reason
I'm blowing in mine.—Exchange.

Sure as Fate.

"Papa, how many men have been
president of the United States?"
"Twenty-six, I think, Kitty."
"How many of them are alive now?"
"Two."
"Why, it's almost certain death, isn't
it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Accomplishment.

"Those two women always greet each
other with the most effusive cordiality."
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Each
takes pride in showing the other how
artificially she can conceal her real
feelings."—Washington Star.

On the Move.

Mrs. Forwardfeather—There's my
friend, Mrs. Hiffler. She moves to the
back society.
Mrs. Yes—Yes, I suppose she has.
It changes more than in any other
profession.

**SNAPSHOTS
AT CELEBRITIES**

Franklin K. Lane, New Sec-
retary of the Interior.



Franklin Knight Lane of California, secretary of the interior in President Wilson's cabinet, was a member of the interstate commerce commission when selected for his present position. He was also a member of the permanent international railway commission, representing the United States government. On several occasions Mr. Lane has made known his position on great problems facing the country. In 1911 he advocated a corporation commission, similar to the interstate commerce commission, with power to regulate all business enterprises engaged in interstate commerce, the best cure for so-called trust evils. Secretary Lane is a native of Prince Edward Island, Canada, and will be forty-nine years old next July. He was educated at the University of California and after graduation in 1890 became a newspaper reporter, meantime studying law. He began practice in San Francisco in 1890 and was corporation counsel of that city from 1897 to 1902. In that year he was Democratic candidate for governor and in 1903 received the vote of his party for United States senator. Mr. Lane was appointed interstate commerce commissioner by President Roosevelt in 1906 against opposition of Republican senators, who denounced Lane's railroad rate regulation views as extreme radicalism.

Secretary of Agriculture.

David Franklin Houston of Missouri, who succeeds "Tama Jim" Wilson as secretary of agriculture in President Wilson's cabinet, is a newcomer in politics, but for many years has been regarded as one of the noted educators of the south. When appointed to the cabinet he was chancellor of Washington university, St. Louis, which post he had filled since 1908. The new head of the agricultural department is a native of North Carolina, forty-seven years old, and has made agriculture one of his most important studies. He was graduated from South Carolina college in 1887 and five years later received the degree of A. M. from Harvard. Professor Houston served as city superintendent of schools, Spartanburg, S. C., 1888-91; graduate student political sci-



DAVID F. HOUSTON.

ence, Harvard, 1891-4; professor of political science and dean of faculty of University of Texas, 1894-1902; president Texas College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, 1902-5, and president University of Texas, 1905-8. Speaking of his new duties, Professor Houston said: "I feel that agriculture is peculiarly the educational and developmental department of the government. Of course I realize that all of them have that aspect. But the agricultural department is peculiar. It owes much of its present unique position among the departments to the leading actions of Mr. Wilson, my predecessor. As a guide to my course I shall rely to a large extent upon James Wilson, and the same course that he pursued. It is a compromise, a compromise which is not property by a wedding between the Englishman and the American."

**A LONE WAIF
ON LIFE'S OCEAN**

How an Orphan Girl Came at Last to Her Own.

The story of how Jeannette Bourne came to her own is a series of strange incidents. Yet incidents comprise but half the story, for without the workings of nature's inexorable laws they would not have occurred.

Jeannette was an orphan. Her father had died in the war between the states, and her mother had soon after gone to her long home. At the time of her mother's death Jeannette was but a year old. There was no near relative to take her, and before she was five years old she had several homes. When she was at an age to make inquiries as to her past there was no one who knew much about it. A little money had been left for her, which was expended on an education.

Jeannette felt the loneliness of her position. When she was a schoolgirl and saw other girls going at vacation time or the end of a term to their homes she would be heartbroken. And when she became a teacher she would regret that there were such intervals of work as vacations. When she was twenty-two years old, having saved some money, she resolved to pass the summer vacation in a trip abroad.

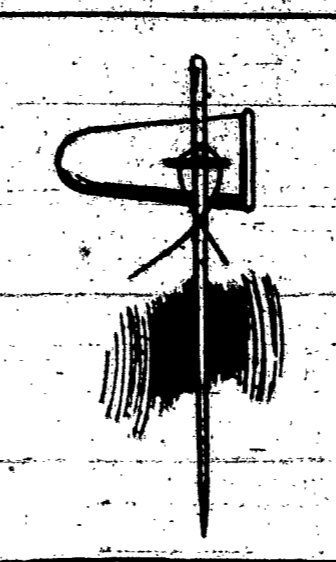
While Jeannette was sightseeing in London she went to a loan collection of old portraits. One portrait especially attracted her attention. It was that of a young British officer in the uniform of the latter part of the eighteenth century. As she stood before this picture a very singular sensation took possession of her. It was something awful, akin to that love which exists between parents and children, brothers and sisters. Several times she went back to look at the face which seemed to beam kindly upon her through its blue-English eyes. The last time she returned to it a lady was looking at it said to her:

"What a strong resemblance you bear to the portrait! Had the officer not lived a hundred years ago I should suppose him to be your brother."
"I don't even know who he was," replied Jeannette, secretly pleased that a resemblance should have been remarked. The lady had a catalogue in her hand and turned to the number fixed to the portrait.
"No. 72," she read, "Captain Hugh C. Bourne, Royal artillery; killed in America at the battle of Monmouth." Jeannette looked at the lady with many emotions.
"Why, my name is Bourne," she said.
"Indeed."
"Yes, and I am from America."
"Well, then," said the lady confidentially, "I am sure you are one of his grandchildren."
Jeannette was advised to apply for information concerning the portrait to the managers of the exhibition. She did so and learned that it had been lent by Alozo Warrick-Bourne, the owner of a country estate not far from London, where he spent most of his time. The next day she appeared at the manor house on the property and inquired for the owner. She expected to find a middle aged or elderly man and was surprised to find one about her own age. She told him her story. He sat listening to it with marked attention. When she had finished he sat for some time mute, then said:
"I've always believed that I was holding property that did not rightfully belong to me, and I am now of the opinion that your having seen Captain Bourne's portrait will open up a case that will sooner or later take it away from me."
"That is not my object," said the girl. "All my life I have been lonely. I wish only to find some of my own flesh and blood."
"There are old papers," the young man continued, "which hint at a secret marriage on the part of Hugh Bourne while in America with a lady named Ellidreth."
"My father's name was Hugh Bourne," said Jeannette, surprised. "And that was his father's name too."
"In that case," said the young man, with a touch of mournfulness in his tone, "there was such a marriage, and Hugh Bourne's descendants are the rightful owners to this property. At the time of his death America was a far country, and little was known here of his life there. Not supposing him to have been married and he having no brothers or sisters, his property passed to the nearest of kin, a cousin, my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Warrick. Her son, my grandfather, took the name of Bourne in addition to his own. That name has come down to me with the property. You have only to bring proofs of Hugh Bourne's marriage and that you are his heir and I will turn over to you the property."
"I think it probable," said the young man, "that I shall go to America and satisfy myself whether or not I am holding some one else's property. If so I shall surrender it."
And such was his decision. The same ship that carried Jeannette back to her duties took her relative. There he found in the records of one of the smaller cities of New Jersey, entered while General Howe was commanding the British forces in that region, a record of the marriage of Hugh Bourne and Jeannette Ellidreth. Why after her husband had died in America she failed to claim what was her inheritance she does not know.

But a compromise was effected as to the property by a wedding between the Englishman and the American.

**HINTS FOR THE
BUSY HOUSEWIFE**

Attachment to Thimble That Threads the Needle



A little device which will save many women time and eye strain has been patented by an Indiana woman. It is a needle threader, and its action is practically automatic. In connection with it a thimble is used, or, to be more exact, the threading device is mounted on the thimble. It consists of a flat, narrow strip of metal with a central transverse eye and laterally inclined end walls. The head of the needle passes through this eye, and the thread is brought around the end walls, wrapped once around it. As the needle is drawn through the eye through the lower end, which is open, the free part of the eye, however, is resilient and opens only at the pressure from without that is exerted by the thread sliding through it.

Smothered Round Steak.

Try out in a hot iron frying pan three slices of fat salt pork three by four inches. Add one onion peeled and cut in thin slices and cook, stirring constantly until onion is brown. Wipe a two pound slice of round steak, put in pan, sear on one side, turn and sear on the other side. Pour over one and one half cupful of cold water, bring quickly to the boiling point, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, cover closely, remove to back of range and let simmer until meat is tender. Remove steak to hot platter and strain stock, of which there should be one cupful. Add one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until well blended, then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the hot stock. Bring to the boiling point, season with salt and pepper and pour around steak.

Macaroni With Tomatoes.

Place half a pound of macaroni, cut into medium sized pieces, in a pan with one quart of boiling water, add two pounds of ripe tomatoes with the skins, core and seeds removed or an equal amount of canned tomatoes, four ounces of butter in small pieces, pepper and salt. Stew over a slow fire, stirring continually until the macaroni is cooked. Serve in a hot dish and sprinkle thickly with grated Parmesan or other hard cheese.

French Muffins.

Put six ounces of butter in a saucepan with half a pint of milk and warm slowly. Beat four eggs until they are frothy and add them to the milk. To this mixture add a medium sized cake of yeast which has been dissolved in warm water, and then stir in very gradually a quart of flour. Butter well the muffin pans, pour each about half full and set in a warm place to rise. When well risen bake lightly in a modern oven.

Cocoanut and Orange Suinty.

In the bottom of a glass bowl put a layer of sliced and seeded oranges, sprinkle with granulated sugar and then a layer of grated cocoanut. On this put a generous spoonful of sweetened and whipped cream. Now another layer of oranges, cocoanut and cream till the dish is full. The top layer must be of whipped cream, heaped high in the center. The fresh cocoanut is best for this dish.

Little Chocolate Puddings.

Beat the yolks of three eggs light, add slowly one cupful of sugar and beat again; add three tablespoonfuls of milk, one square of chocolate melted over hot water and mix well. Then add one cupful of flour sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and last the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Fill buttered cups half full and steam twenty minutes. Serve with a liquid sauce.

Minute Biscuit.

One pint of sour or butter milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, flour to make a soft dough just stiff enough to handle. Mix, roll and cut out rapidly with as little handling as may be. Bake in a quick oven.

Cleaning Enamel.

To clean white enamel furniture, move all dirty marks with a banana dipped in methylated spirit. Then wash at once with lard water, in which has been added a little fine meal. Never use soap or soda.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Soldiers.

I have two little soldiers
In camp and camp of war,
I have them on the nursery shelf
Where I go off to bed.
But when they see me in the morning
And when they see me in the evening
They stand in line, like little soldiers,
And salute me as they pass.

One night they slept to the fit
Of my Jackson-the-bell,
When Jack popped up their bed
Behind my pile of bedding warm.
And when they saw that I was gone
They said they had got me.
I almost laughed out loud, but I
Might have smiled all the day.

You might be kept from school
If you were in a school,
You'd never think in your heart
That they were only toys.
Perhaps they wouldn't do those things
If they knew that I could see.
But I wonder they had not
Till they think I'm asleep.
—Philadelphia Record.

Hymnal Questions.

After all the players have been provided with pieces of paper and pencils they each write a line from a well known hymn. It need not be the reverse of a hymn or the last, but may be taken from any part of the hymn that occurs to the player. The papers are then folded and after being well shuffled are redistributed, so that each player gets some one else's paper. The players are then requested to write the verse in which the line given them occurs.

The game can be played just as well without paper and pencils. The players all sit round the fire in a circle, and one player commences the game by quoting any line from a hymn. The next player must repeat the next line and so on till the verse is finished. The next player may either—on—on—with the next verse and commence a fresh hymn. For instance, if the first player quotes:

There is a green hill far away,
The second player must continue:
Whence the sweet bird sang.

The next:

Where the dear Lord was crucified,
And the next:

Who did to save us all.
The fifth player may either continue the hymn or start afresh with a line from his own particular favorite.

See, a Lively Game.

Although Bill is an excellent game for playing between the girls, it is one that requires all your wits, or almost before the game is fairly started you will find yourself out in the cold. One of the players commences the game by saying "See," the next two, "the best," "three," and so on until you come to seven. Instead of saying "seven" the player whose turn it is must say "eight." At every multiple of seven—14, 21, 28, etc., and in every number in which seven occurs (37, 44, 51, 58, etc.) must be substituted for the word "if any player makes a mistake and calls out seven or a multiple of seven when he ought to say "See," he is out of the game. The game continues until at least there are only two players left, one of whom "wins" the game.

Birth Month Jewels.

January—Pearls, constancy and friendship.
February—Amethyst, sincerity and freedom from care.
March—Bloodstone, wisdom and affection.
April—Sapphires or diamonds, innocence and purity.
May—Emerald, immortality and love.
June—Agate, health and wealth.
July—Ruby, charity and faith in the love.
August—Sardonyx, conjugal love and good fortune.
September—Chrysoberyl, equanimity and peace.
October—Opal, hope and courage.
November—Topaz, stability and friendship.
December—Turquoise, prosperity and fame.

Bird Whistles.

Materials Required.—A small boy can put a quill, a piece of elder or willow wood.
Remove the point from the top of the quill and make a whistle out of the quill. When this is done fit the whistle into the hole in the teapot where the spout is broken off. If you half fill the teapot with water and blow at the other end of the quill, clear, birdlike notes will be produced. Another and simpler way is to make a whistle out of a piece of elder or willow and place one end of it in your mouth and the other just under the surface of a glass of water.

Chinese Wise Sayings.

One hill cannot keep two tigers.
The man engaged in the game is blind.
The man who stands by sees clearly.
When you seek to form an advantageous friendship see to it that your friend is your superior.
Your fields are best cultivated by your own hands, as your own soul are better treated than adopted ones.
Cattle That Never Drink Water.
On many ranches in the Hawaiian Islands there are cattle that have never known what it means to take a drink of water. The cattos sip water from both food and drink. For the great prickly—Jaysay, with water in a long, long, and the tender young shoots supply all the nourishment required.

Medicine of the Soul.

Medicine and religion, which are frequently regarded as mutually antagonistic, should be mutually supplementary. There are many instances in which the medicine of the soul is a powerful adjunct to the medicine of the body. British Medical Journal.

Times Change.

Mrs. Hornsby—You need to know what it means to be a woman. That was what I was expected to do.

Domestication.

Chicago Herald—The domestication of a woman is a long and slow process. It is not a matter of days, weeks, or months, but of years.

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