

A PHILANTHROPIST

The Loyal Alumna and Trustee Makes a New Gift.

REMEMBERS HER ALMA MATER

Mrs. Sage Makes a Double Contribution to the School Already Endowed by Her Husband in Appreciation of His Wife's Early Education.

Mrs. Russell Sage, a graduate of the Emma Willard school, is continuing her benefactions to that institution. Its founder was pre-eminently a pioneer in securing higher education for women in this country, and she was aided in her efforts by such men as Governor DeWitt Clinton, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. It is the beginning of the Emma Willard school and its standards were maintained at the in-



MRS. RUSSELL SAGE

stitution, and at the time of the visit to America of Marquis de Lafayette no school for women ranked higher in this country than did Mrs. Willard's. During his stay in New York state General Lafayette was entertained at the school by Mrs. Willard, and he was so favorably impressed that he complimented the founder highly and extended special courtesies to her on the occasion of her visit to France.

While the school has had a constant career of success during the eight decades and more that it has been in existence, it has been especially favored of late in the efforts of the alumnae to have it hold among schools of today the same rank that it did in earlier times. The old seminary buildings have been replaced by handsome modern structures. Many alumnae have contributed to the cost.

One of the most beautiful and impressive of these buildings is Russell Sage hall, which was donated and furnished by the late Russell Sage as an evidence of his appreciation of the work and aim of the institution from which his wife was graduated and of whose alumnae association she is and has been for some time a loyal member.

The trustees of the institution announced recently that, continuing her line of great benevolence toward this school and the new Russell Sage College of Practical Arts, Mrs. Russell Sage had given \$250,000 toward the advancement of the work of this latter institution.

The only requirement is that the money will be used the same way as the original gift of a like amount a year ago, to establish the college. Altogether this makes half a million dollars given by Mrs. Sage for this new school.

Cleaning Shiny Sarge.

If anybody could invent a process to remove the shine from a worn suit or her fortune would be assured. The shine cannot be permanently removed from any material, but it can be so treated that it will keep its shiny face the background for a little while. First of all, brush the garment well. Then purchase a lump of ammonia from a drug store and dissolve it in one pint of boiling water. With an old stocking—this is better than any other cloth—dipped in the ammonia solution rub the shiny part backward and forward. Wash off the ammonia with a brush and clean hot water. Hang the suit up to dry in the shade. When pressing the garment wet it with hot (not boiling) water instead of cold lay the cloth on the suit and press with a hot iron until dry. Then wet the cloth again and iron lightly, but not enough to dry the cloth. It is this latter treatment that gives the material the dull new finish to take the place of the old shine.

Bran Muffins.

One-half cupful of bran, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-quarter cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift the flour, baking powder, sugar and then the bran together; add milk gradually, then well beaten egg and melted butter. Bake in hot oven in gem or iron pans twenty to thirty minutes.

AN ANCIENT CLIFF CITY.

The Ruins of Its Primitive Dwellings in Walnut Canyon.

Walnut canyon, near Flagstaff, Ariz., contains some of the most interesting ruins on the continent. The canyon itself is remarkable, being a thousand feet deep, a quarter mile in width at the top and a few hundred feet at the bottom. The sides do not rise up in gentle slopes, but leap upward, tier upon tier, a giant limestone stairway. Here were conditions that appealed to primitive man. The smooth shelf or ledge formed a floor; the projecting rock a ceiling, the sloping strata rear walls. He had but to throw up front and side walls and a home was completed, with a floor that would never wear out and a roof that would never leak.

It is estimated that there are at least a thousand of these primitive dwellings in the Walnut canyon. There is but a single entrance to this cliff city. The trail leads over the ledge and down the sides of the cliff and on through the ruins of one of these houses. When the walls of this building were standing it completely filled the width of the ledge. As no one could enter without passing through this house or gate way, one man, armed with a primitive stone ax, might well have stood off an army.

All articles of furniture have been carried away, but there are still traces of a fireplace, and the blackened ceiling tells of its long occupancy. In the ashes and litter have been found broken pieces of pottery—red, black and gray—decorated in colors and with patterns displaying their artistic tastes. In small pockets, dug out in the rear walls and carefully sealed up, are still occasionally found pieces of cloth of hemp and fiber of yucca, corns, squash shells, beans, etc.—Exchange.

REAL DOUGHNUTS.

The Genuine Old Time Cake Never Had a Hole in It.

Why will some persons persist in speaking of the holes in doughnuts? The real, genuine article never had a hole in it. My memory goes back to 1840 and earlier, and my boyhood experience extended over a good part of Fairfield, Littlefield and New Haven counties, Conn., and Westchester county, N. Y., up to 1850. Our mothers at that time are to be regarded as the best authority on old-fashioned American cookery.

The doughnut of that period consisted of bread dough raised overnight with hop meal cakes, or "emptins," sweetened with brown sugar, shortened a little and fried to a rich brown in leaf lard and were somewhat larger than a goose egg and about the same shape. These were known among the old Dutch New Yorkers and are described in Barber's "History of New York," published about 1840.

"Wonder cakes" were similar, with a little more shortening and sweetening. The dough was rolled about three quarters of an inch thick, cut into squares of three inches, with three slits, which were pressed apart into a fantastic shape, and were the idolized Sabbath day lunch, eaten under the maple tree or the horse shed between the morning and afternoon services.

I first remember crullers twisted and with holes when I came to New York in 1854. The very name of doughnut is suggestive of a round or oval shaped article—C. P. Benedict in New York Times.

Why Disease is Caused by Fear.

An eminent medical authority once made the statement that a great deal of contagion is due largely to nervous apprehension and fear. Terror causes radical changes in the secretions and nerve cells, and while the possibility is not the direct cause of disease it certainly is sufficient to put the person in the proper condition to be attacked by the prevailing malady.

It is a well understood fact that excessive anger infuses a toxic element into the secretions. Fear destroys the restive capability and, as it were, lets down the drawbridge and makes way for the enemy.

Spanish Meat Balls.

Spanish meat balls are as palatable as they are rare and made thus. One can of tomatoes, one onion chopped fine, garlic or onion to taste. This forms the "Spanish." One and a half pounds of hamburger steak, soak half a loaf of stale bread, drain off all water. Take one egg, pepper and salt to taste, mix together, roll into balls, the size of an egg and cook in the "Spanish" three quarters of an hour.

Posset.

The proper meaning of the word "posset," frequently used in Lancashire, England, is a drink taken before going to bed. Originally it was milk curdled with wine and comes from the Latin *posca*, meaning a drink made with vinegar and water.

Highly Necessary.

"Why is the official spelling of government with a big G?" "Because they could hardly begin government without a capital."—Baltimore American.

Mean!

"Pa, what is spending money?" "Any coin your mother gets hold of, my boy."—Detroit Free Press.

Now They Don't Speak.

"Don't talk of impossibilities."—Boston Transcript.

Any time is the proper time for saying what is just.—Greek proverb.

PARIS NOTES.

What the Parisians Are Turning Out For Spring.

What is lost in the width of the new skirts for spring is added to the length in the proportion of a yard to an inch. Skirts are now fifteen longer and certainly yards narrower. Where they were ten and twelve inches from the ground, they are now six or seven. At first this were not change enough, there is a new silhouette introduced, and that is one that closely resembles a barrel as far as the skirt is concerned. This is probably inspired by the Turkish skirt that was shown by several of the couturiers last spring. At that time, there are a number of the largest creators in Paris who show skirts of this description.

Paquin uses it in an afternoon gown with a Russian blouse, effect in the fastenings of the lacy down on the side. Otherwise the frock has straight not even for death if only they could find that is, the waist is not fitted snugly as it is in many of the new spring creations.

Jenny fashions a coat with this "barrel" or barrel skirt of light gray broadcloth, made with the trimmings of many rows of stitching in a dark shade of gray. The barrel-effect is introduced in the straight panels of the front, sides and back of the coat.

Even coat suits are showing the barrel skirt, and one sponsored by an expert is of checks of blue and white trimmed with Romanan embroidery. The jacket of this suit is hip length as are many of the suits for spring for this house.

Premet uses this type of skirt in an afternoon frock of two materials. They are joined just below the hips and at this point the skirt is much wider than at the bottom where it is drawn in considerably.

From these various couturiers it will be seen that there is every chance that skirts of this description will be very much the mode for the early spring frock. They are not unattractive, especially if they are not exaggerated in line. Most of the frocks with such a skirt are sure to have the waist fit a bit more snugly, for the cutting then is wider at the shoulders than at the waist, when the line goes in, and it undulates from that point to greater width at the knees and narrows considerably at the bottom.

EMBROIDERY HINTS.

Designs That Children Love on Their Belongings.

For nursery linens, baby blankets, bibs and pinafores are these delightful animals all friends of small tots.



THE MENAGERIE

They may be done in linen, silk or wool embroideries and used as medallions or as friezes. They are easily copied.

Hats For Evening.

The edit of the French government that hats and simple gowns must be worn in the evening in public has already brought about the fashion in this country. Milliners are delighted over the change. They are offering a number of brilliant and expensive hats to wear with low evening gowns. It has been a half dozen years or more since this fashion was accepted in America. Today one sees more than half a dozen fashionable women in the restaurants in the evening adopting it. The majority of these evening hats are of silver tulle or tulle cloth.

New Sweaters.

Most of the new sweaters, whether of Angora or of the various yarn weaves, are made to slip over the head. They are ample below the waist and have apron string belts and cravats, the former tying the rather loose garment in about the waist. The more French kinds have yokes and button adornments.

SLEPT ON THE MARCH.

Tired Soldiers Who Actually Walked While They Slumbered.

In an article, "Sleep For the Sleepless," in the World's Work the author quotes an eminent surgeon who made a study of an enlist in the French army as follows:

"In the retreat from Mons to the Marne we had an extraordinary human experiment in which several hundred thousand men secured little sleep during nine days and in addition made forced marches and fought one of the greatest battles in history.

"Now, then, did these men survive nine days apparently without opportunity for sleep? They slept an extraordinary time. They slept while they marched! Sleep fatigue slowed down their pace to a rate that would permit any rate, there are a number of the largest creators in Paris who show skirts of this description.

The unvaried testimony of the soldiers was that every one at times slept on the march. They passed through villages asleep. When sleep departed they were awakened by the sound of many rows of stitching in a dark shade of gray. The barrel-effect is introduced in the straight panels of the front, sides and back of the coat.

LOOK OUT OF YOUR WINDOW.

Mayhap You Are Missing a Wonderful Moving Picture Show.

Houses are so common, people are so common, and windows are so common! How rare it is for any one to realize how important it is to stand up and look out of a window! Have you, for example, ever looked out of every window in your house? If not try it and see what a new idea you will get of the universe.

Just looking out of one window is a wonderful thing to do. We do it sometimes when there is a big storm raging, and what a sensation we get! We think maybe the world is coming to an end. Out of the window, even in placid weather, there is always a great sight. We have a reserved seat to the greatest show now going on about everything is happening out there that there is! Streams of universal knowledge flow in upon us through that window. All our senses become revitalized.

Out of every window there is almost always a tree in sight somewhere, even in the city. Take note of that tree, with its roots deep in the soil and its branches spreading out into the air. That tree will connect you up with Mother Earth. Then there is always the sky, leading you into an unknown depth of thought and feeling, and there are always people passing—world comrades! It is the greatest moving picture show in the world—Life.

Teamwork on a Battleship.

The problem of naval expansion would not be so hard were it not for the fact that every ship needs such a great number in its crew, because the greater the number of men that must work together as "a team" the greater the difficulty of accomplishing the "teamwork" and the longer the time required. In a ship, especially in a large ship like a battleship or battle cruiser, most of the men work together in large groups, such as turret crews, 100 men sometimes composing a turret crew. Nevertheless the ship and all the men it floats are bound together by invisible cords that make a ship a unit, and the major effect of training and of the drills of all kinds is to make the whole a living organism—Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske in World's Work.

Waterloo.

Sir Walter Scott once said that the loss of the battle of Waterloo threw half Britain into mourning, yet the casualties of England and her allies were only 22,128, which included the wounded and missing. The French are supposed to have lost 31,000 or 32,000 as many of the exhausted men were trampled on by the troops of Blucher but owing to Napoleon's exile to St. Helena no accurate record could be made.

Theatrical Note.

"There's no demand for tragedians any more." "Then why not go with the tide and be a comedian, old top?" "Oh, I couldn't be funny if I tried!" "That isn't necessary."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Arthur's Seat.

What is known as Arthur's Seat is a hill east of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. It is a strange formation in the shape of a lion and is 822 feet high; yet the ascent is an easy one, and from the summit a glorious view is gained.

Her Sort.

Allee—What kind of girl has Jack engaged himself to? Rose—Oh, she's the sort of woman you never dare ask to luncheon for fear she'll stay to dinner.—Exchange.

Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with.—Mark Twain.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Very Interesting Creature.

HOW A BIRD LIVES IN WINTER.

Little Feathered Cold Weather Resident of the Woods Stores Up Food For Hard Times—How Its Nest Is Safeguarded Against Attack.

Well, said Uncle Ben to Little Ned and Polly Ann, I am going to tell you about the

TREE MOUSE.

No doubt you think you can do wonders since you've learned to turn hand springs, Master Ned, but there's a little white-breasted bird that hops about on our trees every morning that can give you or any little boy I know of points in exercising.

The name of the bird? Well, some people call him a tree mouse, and others call him a nutcracker. He is part, bluish gray, part black and part white. He does not look much like a mouse to me, but the way he can run up and down the limbs of trees, hanging now to the underside or running along head downward, makes one think of a fly.

The little nutcracker is one of our winter birds, for he does not leave us when cold weather comes, as so many of our birds do.

You see, his food can be picked up nearly all the year round. He is one of those birds that get the worms from under the bark, and grubs and insect eggs are delicious morsels to him.

The little nutcracker is a thrifty bird. Like the squirrel in the fall, he lays away a store of food for hard times. When cold weather comes he goes to the tree in a crack of which he may have stuck the little nuts of which he is so fond and draws out a nut. Becht nuts are favorites. He can crack the shells of these with his big, sharp bill in a short time. Then, cooking his little head on one side, he bolts the nut meat with the greatest enjoyment.

Put some kernels of dried corn out for him on a feeding board or some cracked bl-kory nuts and see how pleased the nutcracker will be.

This lively little bird likes hazelnuts, chestnuts, sunflower seeds and grains. In the winter one sees him in the company of the chickadees, the juncos, buntings and winter wrens, the downy woodpecker and the winter sparrows.

In spring these nutcrackers build nests in the hollows of trees. Perhaps they fear the red squirrels, the snakes or the mice in the neighborhood. At any rate, they gather pitch and sticky balsams from the trees and smear it about the outside of the holes in which they make their nests and lay their eggs.

Often when the nutcrackers are in a hurry they forget about this sticky doorman and go fitting carelessly over it so that it catches on their own tails, and before they can get loose they have to wrench out some of their feathers.

Just the same, the little nutcracker is one of the nimblest little creatures you will ever see and is well worth watching.

The New Paint Box.

Little artist, here is an idea for you. Isn't it troublesome to keep brushes clean when you have to color the little girl's dress blue, her hair brown and her shoes black? Make yourself a blotting ball out of crushed blotters sewed up in a piece of cheesecloth. When your brush is touched on this ball the color is quickly absorbed, and it is clean for the next shade.

Fun on the Ice.

Now is the season for the lovers of winter sports which include all boys and girls and a goodly percentage of grown folks. One of the most healthful and of outdoor exercises is that of skating.



Photo by American Press Association.

THE SKATER.

and it is highly enjoyable. Happy lads and lasses through the ponds and feel the thrill of gliding over the smooth ice. Skating promotes grace of movement, as nearly every muscle is brought into play. Care should be taken, however, not to exercise until exhaustion comes, because that takes away all the good of the sport.

SHOD WITH SILENCE.

Big Bull Moose Can Traverse a Thin Forest Without a Sound.

Although taller than an ordinary horse, weighing more than half a ton and adorned with wide spreading antlers, the bull moose stalks with ghostly silence through thicket forests where man can scarcely move without being betrayed by the loud crackling of dry twigs. In summer it loves low lying, swampy forests interspersed with shallow lakes and sluggish streams. In such places it often wades up to its neck in a lake to feed on succulent water plants and when reaching to the bottom becomes entirely submerged. These visits to the water are some times by day, but usually at night especially during the season when the calves are young and the horns of the bulls are but partly grown.

Late in the fall, with full grown antlers, the bulls wander through the forest looking for their mates, at times uttering intouching calls of defiance to all rivals and occasionally clashing their horns against the saplings in exultation of masterful vigor. Other bulls at times accept the challenge and hasten to meet the rival for a battle royal. At this season the call of the cow moose quickly attracts the bulls. Hunters take advantage of this and by imitating the call through a horn trumpet bring the most aggressive bulls to their doom.—National Geographic Magazine.

FLIES FLEE FROM BLUE.

The Germ Laden Pests Either Fear or Hate That Color.

The Arabs have long known that flies fear or hate the color blue, and that is why the houses in many of their towns are calcimined in a light blue tint. Before the French Academy of Science recently Messrs. Galine and Houlet described the results of their observations on the eyesight of flies. The only light that these insects see really well is white; their eyes do not see violet and indigo at all; the vibrations of the blue and green rays are disagreeable to them, and red has the effect of darkness. Yellow alone of all the colored rays is tolerated as well as white.

The solar spectrum as seen by the eyes of a fly begins at green and ends at bright orange. The practical conclusion to be drawn from this is that when a room has blue window panes, the flies therein become as inactive as if they were dark. If a slit of a blind be opened to let in a ray of white light the flies will rush toward it and go through the blind.

In Japan they hang curtains made of beads of blue glass mixed with tubes of painted bamboo at the entrances to butchers' and pastry cooks' shops. These let the air in, and the flies go through the interstices between the beads, but do not re-enter.—New York World.

Equine Pedometers.

The whorls of hair on the coats of horses and other animals are natural pedometers, inasmuch as they register the locomotive activities of the animals on whose bodies they are found. The best examples and the greatest number of these hairy whorls are crests are found on the domestic horse. A notable instance is the graceful feathering that extends along the hollow of the flank, dividing the trunk of the animal from the hind quarters. There are also crests and whorls on the horse's chest and other parts of its body. A study of the action of the underlying muscles explains the origin of these peculiarities in the lay of the hair and furnishes the justification for calling them pedometers, although the analogy is, of course, merely superficial.—St. Louis Republic.

Asking Too Much.

George is employed in his father's clothing emporium. On his return from lunch a few days ago his father called him into the office and said "While you were at lunch your tailor called to collect a bill. I am surprised and pained, sir, to learn that you are in arrears. Isn't it possible for you to live on your salary?"

"Certainly it is, sir," replied George coolly, "but you don't expect me to support my creditors too?"—Exchange.

Sure Enough.

"Safety first has spread all over this country. And nobody that comes to Beaver Hill will ever get in no accidents for want of warnin' signs about 'Jest look at that now!'" The stranger gazed appreciatively at the sign nailed on a nearby telegraph post. Its stern message was: "It is dangerous to walk or stand on these tracks while a train is passing."—Everybody's Magazine.

Advantage of Necks.

"The giraffes and the ostriches are the most forgiving animals in the zoo," remarked the keeper.

"Is that a fact?" said the visitor.

"It most certainly is. Why, dear sir, they overlook everything."—Yonker Statesman.

Unreasonable.

Mr. Fusser—Aren't you nearly ready Mrs. Fusser—I wish you'd stop asking me that question. I've been telling you for the last hour that I'd be ready in a minute!

Caustic Advice.

Clara—He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call? Sarah—No, dear; let him keep on thinking so.—Town Topics.

Makes For Happiness.

"Are they happily married?" "Very. His lodge night falls on his literary club nights."—Exchange.