



Children's Column

Teddy's Query.

One brother was tall and slim,
The other chubby and short.
Teddy sat looking at them one night,
Apparently lost in thought.

"Mamma," he asked at length,
"Which would you like the best,
For me to grow north and south, like Tom,
Or, like Willie, from east to west?"

—Youth's Companion.

The Intelligent Box-Turtle.

The box-turtle is an especially amusing pet. A correspondent tells of keeping one in a large but shallow box filled with sand to the depth of about four inches. The box was covered with wire netting and contained a large dish of water, plenty of fresh moss, and growing ferns. In the winter the turtle was allowed to roam around the house, as I have seen them in school-rooms. This correspondent gives an amusing account of the manner in which the turtle went down stairs, falling from step to step, each time landing on its back. After a struggle he would turn over and then try the next step as before. Arriving on the ground floor, he always made his way to the kitchen and established himself in a corner near the kitchen fire.

This reminds me of an anecdote related by Dr. Abbott. Of a box-tortoise he writes: I followed and found him still traveling in a direct course, and was just in time to witness a funny scene. The steep bank of a deep ditch had been reached, and the tortoise was contemplating the outlook. It was too abrupt a descent for ordinary crawling, and to go in search of a more easy crossing seems not to have been thought of. At last, leaning over the edge as far as possible, the creature withdrew into his shell, and sent himself, by a sudden push with his hind feet, head over heels down the incline, and landed on his back. Was this accidental or intentional? I think the latter. The whole manner of the tortoise seemed to indicate it.—St. Nicholas.

The French Apprentice.

For the "companions" are fighters—good fellows, but fighters. It is their trade tradition. Jealousies between the workmen's corporations result in "Homeric" combats, bloody battles. It is the one bad side of an institution that is otherwise so truly fraternal.

They start out in companies, rarely alone, to make their "tour of France." Before coming back to continue their work in their own villages, the young apprentices go together from town to town, to study on the ground the masterpieces of their trade, and to see the best that the genius of their ancestors has produced. It is the poetic phase, the voyage of adventures, the "knight errantry" of the workman.

He earns his living en route, perfects himself in his profession, learns from one master and another, sees, compares, studies, admires. He gathers his humble harvest of souvenirs and impressions, enjoys the full vigor of his early years, and passes his youth along the sunny highways.

Unfortunately, there is a disagreement among the "societies." In everything there is found a pretext for quarrels. The society of the "Pere Soubise" is jealous of that of "Maitre Jacques," and the "Infants du Solomon" take part in the quarrel whenever possible.

Two companies meet on the road. The two leaders—the "master companions"—stop at 20 paces from each other.

"Halt!" says one.
"Halt!" cries the other.
"What trade?"
"Carpenter. And you?"
"Stone cutter. Companion?"
"Companion!"

"Your society—country?"
And according to the reply they drank from the same gourd or—fight. The melee becomes general. They fight—fist and stick—until the road is littered with those who are wounded—sometimes even to death.—(Andre Castaigne, in Harper's.)

Ragsey's Happy Day.

What a horrible noise that hand-organ is making!" sighed poor Mrs. Willets, putting down her book in disgust. Her nerves were not strong and the doctor had said she must have rest and quiet for the winter.

"It isn't a very pretty one," said Harold, sympathetically, from the window seat where he was curled up half buried in cushions and reading the "Jungle Book."

"What isn't pretty?" inquired Uncle Bert, coming in at that moment.

"That terrible piano-organ," replied Mrs. Willets. "I suppose it is foolish to be annoyed, but they are such a nuisance! This is the third today. I don't understand why they are permitted. Do send him away," Bert; there's a good fellow."

"All right, my dear," said Uncle Bert, indulgently. "Come on, Harold. Let's have our walk. You haven't been out today."

Harold reluctantly put down his book and emerged from the pillows. "All right," he said, yawning. "It's a stupid, gray day, and I've read the 'Jungle Book' twice in a month."

When he had found his hat and coat and kissed his delicate little mother good-by he went out, carefully closing the door behind him, knowing that a bang would cause her real suffering. Boys with nervous mothers learn to be thoughtful and unselfish.

Uncle Bert was talking to the swarthy organ-grinder in some unknown tongue. The latter had stopped playing and stood grinning broadly. As Harold came out he took up the handles of his organ and started westward at a lively pace.

"Come on!" said Uncle Bert, leading Harold in the same direction.

"Where are we going?" asked Harold. Walks with Uncle Bert in town or country were sure to be interesting.

"We're going where the hand-organ will be more welcome," said Uncle Bert, smiling.

As they went farther to the westward, the houses became shabbier and shabbier. Each avenue they crossed was lined with smaller and poorer-looking stores. Most of them had their wares—dry goods or groceries—exposed on the sidewalks, with large price-marks on them. The stone-paved streets were swarming with men, women and children—especially children. There were children big and children little, children fat and children tiny, children crying and children laughing, and children scurrying in and out among the horses' feet, escaping a knock-down by a hair's breadth. All of them were dirty, and none of them seemed comfortably clothed for such a cold day.

At the sight of the organ, they all stopped and swarmed toward it. The good-natured Italian was obliged to grind whether he would or no—though indeed, he seemed very willing. He began to play—a merry tune it was—and you should have seen those children! Most of them began to dance. There must have been a hundred, all dancing at once, and such dancing! Some whirled about, some bobbed up and down, others jerked forward and backward and still others merrily skipped back and forth in time to the music. A few girls danced demurely in couples, with as much grace as court ladies, but most of them footed it alone, their hands on their hips, their chins in the air and their hair floating out behind.

"Isn't it fine?" said Harold. "It's lots nicer than dancing school."

A very ragged little boy stood by Uncle Bert. He had on a man's coat which had faded from black to a dull green, and hung in tatters. His trousers were terribly torn and his legs were bare, but on his feet were a pair of much-worn shoes, several sizes too large and laced with common brown wrapping cord.

He was very dark and his face was narrow and pinched, but his eyes were twinkling with humor. "I never saw anybody so thin," thought Harold. Just then the music stopped, and one of the children called: "Come on, Ragsey!"

"Aw, yes! Come on, Ragsey," yelled the crowd. "Ragsey, Ragsey, Ragsey!"

The face of the boy by Uncle Bert's side never changed. Solemnly he stepped out into the open space the children had cleared for him on the sidewalk. The organ-grinder changed the tune. It was queer, wild music, evidently a dance, but Harold had never heard it before.

Ragsey put his thin, grimy hands on his hips and began to dance—slowly at first and then faster, shuffling on the ground with his clumsy shoes; then bounding into the air with a strange cry, he started off with wonderful lightness on a new gait all his own. He was so absorbed as he went on that he forgot the street and his audience. He was unconscious even of the strangers, apparently knowing only his own feet and that he must go on as long as the music continued.

The children at first had encouraged him by clapping, beating time with their feet, and with cries of "Go it, Ragsey! Keep her up, Ragsey!" and the like. Now all were silent, fascinated by the dancer.

"By Jove," whispered Uncle Bert, "that boy's an artist!"

Suddenly the music came to a stop, and the organ-grinder took up his handles and trundled his instrument away, through what appeared to be a solid mass of children, all shrilly protesting and urging him to stay. Several pennies had been thrown from upper windows where frowny mothers leaned in spite of the cold, watching the dance. These Ragsey picked up and handed to the "music-man" as the latter forced his way through the throng grinning broadly and patting the boy on the hand.

"That is where they like hand-organs," said Uncle Bert after a long silence, as he and Harold walked homeward.—New York Mail and Express.

In future no student under 16 will be admitted to the medical course at Aberdeen university.



WOMAN'S REALM

Success of Two Orphan Girls in Managing Their Own Section.

Two Pennsylvania girls who went to Nebraska as children lost their parents by death, and then, after a precarious existence spent in trying to teach school, determined to turn farmers.

Miss Libbie Scott and Miss Allie Fish now own the best ranch in Blaine County, Nebraska. In an interview they are reported as saying: "After carefully thinking the matter over, we determined that school teaching did not bring in as much money as we needed, and we decided to buy a farm. From our fathers we inherited half a section of land. We each took up a homestead of 160 acres. In the spring of 1900 we bought a lister and twenty-four bushels of corn, and began work by planting eighty acres. With four horses on our lister we made the ground fly.

"When our corn was ready to cultivate, all our plans were under way. We took our teams out at 4 in the morning, and kept hard at work until the sun began to get torrid, when we went in for dinner. About 2 we took fresh teams and started in again. We raised 1800 bushels of corn on those eighty acres.

"Then we harvested 100 tons of hay, and now, owning but thirty head of cattle, we decided to take cattle from the stockmen and winter them.

"Securing sixty head in this way, our herd numbered ninety, but in November twenty-seven of them died of cornstalk disease. Of these fourteen were our own cattle. Then we took 200 head from another stockman, fed, and took care of them ourselves. We kept them during the following summer and increased our herd to 400.

"Fearing a drought, we bought a gasoline engine to run our windmill.

"The second summer we listed eighty-five acres of corn, but, on account of drought, got nothing. Were we blue? Well, I think we were. But we were not discouraged. This second summer we put up 200 tons of hay without any help, and the only trouble we had was in grinding our sickles. After haying, we began to put in improvements on our ranch; fenced eight sections; changed our minds about wintering cattle, and took only 135 head.

"Our plans for the future are to plant 100 acres of corn, and run a fence through our pasture, having one for summer and one for winter grazing.

"We have found ranch life the happiest, most free and easy that a woman could wish."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Alexandra's Coronation Gown.

Queen Alexandra's coronation robe, which she was so unhappily prevented from wearing, excited great interest among those permitted to see it in the shop of the Parisian couturiere who made it. The foundation of the gown is of cloth-of-gold, covered completely with a transparent tulle of a faint amber hue, decorated with Indian embroidery of flowers and foliage in fine gold, picked out with pearls, rubies and diamonds. The corsage, cut low and square, forms in front a wide fold, ending in a point at the bottom. It is finished at the top with a large Elizabethan collar, glittering with precious stones, and each of the stiff points ends in a great pearl. There are no sleeves, their place being taken by long wings of mousseline edged with a design in gold, falling softly from the shoulders to the feet. The same design, in a larger pattern, edges the bottom of the petticoat. The train is thirteen feet in length, six and a half feet shorter than the court robe or mantle of red velvet lined with ermine, which is held to the shoulders by clasps ornamented with enormous diamonds. This robe, a present from Parliament, was made in England, and the marvelous embroidery of the tulle was executed by the native artisans of India, but the historic gown was made in Paris.—New York Tribune.

A Dainty Parasol.

A dainty parasol is of white taffeta, covered with white taffeta, on which are painted bunches of cherries, connected by painted rolls of ribbon. The interior is lined with bouillonnes of white mousseline de soie, and the rustic handle of natural cherry wood is ornamented with clusters of the fruit in silver gilt.

Autumn Coats.

The coats of all the costumes designed for early autumn are made long enough to come more than half way down the skirt, and the short jacket of last year and the year before is quite out of date. And yet, to show how capricious is fashion, an immensely smart little coat is on the old-fashioned reefer style, double-breasted and curved in at the sides.

After all, the fashion which remains as many styles come and go, is to pay more and more attention to which style is becoming to the especial individual who is to wear it; and from all present indications the winter and autumn will not show any more definitely marked lines than did last year.—Harper's Bazar.



The favorite material for mourning veils is net.

Novelty dress fabrics include shot etamines and grenadines.

An Alexandra clasp of oxidized silver is set with a large purple amethyst in the centre.

The vogue of the collarless bodice is making its way slowly into the realms of fashion.

A striking combination is a white mohair blouse jacket worn with a skirt of black and white plaid cloth.

White embroidery and lace are much used as trimming on pink and blue linen gowns, while lace of a deep coffee color is used on white organdies.

Green and black are distinctively the colors which are combined with white gowns, and these appear in the girdle. The white hat which is worn is also allowed a slight touch of color.

A portion of the newest goods are woven to imitate tucking and hemstitching, others have French knots or silk or satin dots, but, above all else, they are given tone and variety by narrow but solid colored strips.

The boa has in a great degree given place to the frilly shoulder cape finished with very long scarf ends of handsome lace, or of accordion-pleated net or chiffon tied with velvet bows, or brightened here and there with clusters of roses or soft fluffy silk poppies.

The Training of Princes.

The princes of the English blood royal have never been allowed to saunter through life as mere do-nothings. Custom and monarchical dignity, of course, severely limit the number of things to which the heir-apparent and his younger brothers may apply themselves. Practically two professions only are open to them—the army and the navy. But with at least one of these callings the future King is expected to ally himself. Bismarck once sneered at King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, as being the only heir to a European throne whom one would never by any chance expect to encounter on a battlefield. It is true that English etiquette and opinion do not exact from a royal prince any very serious application to his profession; nor, however keen and capable he might be, would the nation countenance his employment in times of war. The Duke of Connaught was vehemently desirous of serving against the Boers, but for "reasons of state," which the people thoroughly endorsed, was not allowed to do so. Those "reasons of state" are not likely to be held less imperative in the future, and one may, with some confidence, surmise that for members of the English royal family the days of active service are over. Their part in either branch of the national system of defense must necessarily be passive and ornamental, though not on that account idle or useless. If we may apply to them the scorching epigram in which an American officer proposed the toast of a regiment that did not volunteer for the Civil War—"Warlike in peace, peaceful in war"—one has also to admit that a prince who is thrust into the strict democracy of the services is getting an invaluable education in orderliness, self-restraint and prompt discharge of duty.—Harper's Weekly.

Tried to Be a New Yorker.

She came in from the West and took the elevated from Forty-second street. But from head to foot it was evident that all her tailor-made attire came from New York. And it was plain that the man who would dare to insinuate that she was not born in the big town would have incurred her hatred. She had gathered so much of Western beauty and breeziness that no man would wish to incur that.

The air of haughty indifference that Miss Indiana supposed typical of New York lasted without abatement from Forty-second street to Chatham square. It was a City Hall train, and the change in the line disconcerted her. As it drew nearer and nearer the terminus her perplexity increased. Then came the finishing touch. The train drew up at the bridge. Miss Indiana hesitated. Then her bewilderment overcame her.

"Is this South Ferry?" she inquired of the man in the seat beside her.

She was told it was not. And the smile which accompanied the answer made her an enemy for life of the man who smiled. For pretty Miss Indiana knew that her hopes of being considered a New York girl had vanished with her question.—New York Press

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



The Bathroom Chair.

The bathroom chair should be low, softly cushioned and finished in white enamel. The cabinet for the various toilet articles, liquids and salves that are liked should be white, and may conveniently have a door of mirror glass to serve the double purpose of cabinet and looking-glass.

The Sick-room Screen.

A screen of some kind is invaluable in a sick room, especially one of the lighter kind that can easily be moved about the room. Should there be no suitable screen in the house, it is very easy to manufacture one from a clotheshorse, with a few yards of art muslin or cheesecloth sewed neatly over it.

How to Clean Carpets.

Carpets with a nap, after being freed from dust, should be laid out on the floor smoothly. The day before boil, for a 9x12 rug, 1 1/2 cakes of soap, which can be bought at ten to twelve cents a cake. It is made purposely for carpet cleaning. Get also a "scraper" for ten cents. Boil the soap according to directions on wrapper. Let it stand until the next day to congeal. Take the soap in a bucket and another bucket with clear lukewarm water and a large sponge, the scraper in a big pan. Now put both hands together and dip out what soap you can hold in them at once; spread out with a stiff scrubbing brush that will cover about two feet square, and scrub it lightly and quickly. When gone over thoroughly take the scraper and scrape the soap from the edge toward you into a pool; dip up with the scraper and put into the pan. When the soap is all off, wipe over with the sponge, having pressed the water out with the hands, and the first piece is cleaned. Then proceed in the same way with the rest. When the whole rug is done, let it lie on the floor to dry, or take it out into the shade, hanging it on a line so as it won't lose its shape. A very heavy rug might take more soap, but the results are so fine a housewife will not mind it. This is the method I have seen a professional carpet cleaner use, but no novice in housework should attempt it, as it requires a deft pair of hands to make it a success. Even a rug whose colors will turn can be successfully cleaned in this way, if done quickly, and just a little piece at the time, providing proper kind of soap is used.—New York Journal.



Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes—Peel and cut up a pint of ripe tomatoes; put them into a saucepan or your chafing dish pan and cook until they are soft. Add a tablespoonful of butter and salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Add two beaten eggs and stir and cook until the eggs are the consistency of scrambled eggs. Have hot toast slices ready and serve at once before it separates.

Vienna Cream—Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water half an hour, add one-fourth cup of boiling water; stir until dissolved; add the yolks of four eggs, one cup of orange juice, three oranges, juice of one lemon and three-fourths cup of sugar; let cool when as thick as honey; add the well-beaten whites of the eggs, mix well and turn into a mould; let stand one hour.

Cheese Custards—Grate six tablespoonfuls of cheese. Put a cup of milk in double boiler and when scalded thicken with a level tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold milk. Pour this over four eggs, beaten light. While still warm add two tablespoonfuls of butter, the grated cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Pour the mixture into buttered custard cups and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven until brown; serve very hot.

Gooseberry Catsup—For this the gooseberries should be almost ripe. Wash and put them in a porcelain kettle, scale, wash and rub them through a coarse sieve, and to eight pounds of berries allow four pounds of brown sugar and four ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves tied in a small muslin bag. Boil three hours before adding the spices. Cook with spices in a pint of vinegar until well flavored, and bottle and seal at once.

Spice Gems—Cream half a cup of butter, add one cup of sugar; beat three eggs until quite thick; add to them half a cupful of milk, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one teaspoon of vanilla; add this to the butter and sugar, alternating with one and one-half cupfuls of flour; beat well, add three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; fill greased gem pans two-thirds full and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven.