

## SOFT-WINGED PEACE

ONCE MORE BROODED OVER CLABBER HOUSEHOLD.

Head of the Family Arises and Declares Himself—Moral Contained in This Story Not Hard to Perceive.

Mr. Clabber had stood all the rest with as much equanimity as he could muster. But when Mrs. Clabber began to sniff and sniff just because he was smoking his old brier pipe—then indeed Mr. Clabber stood up for his rights as a sovereign man.

"Mrs. Clabber," said he, arising and speaking with much dignity, "ever since I came home this evening from a hard day's work in the marts of trade you have sought every reasonable and unreasonable opportunity to aggravate, irritate and otherwise annoy me. You have frowned and scowled and your conversation has been confined to monosyllables. You have burned the steak and you have undercooked the potatoes. Knowing that I like my rice pudding soft, you have let it cook hard. You have mislaid my slippers and have lost the evening paper. Knowing that I like to play with the canary, you have put him to bed.

"Nor, madam, is this all. You have grumbled and you have growled. I repeat it, madam; you have growled. You left your sewing in my easy chair. You opened a window so that the draft nearly blew my head off. You are wearing that old Persian wrapper, which you know I dislike, and you have referred to my family four times—each time in disrespectful terms. You have sniffed when I have gently remonstrated with you or worse yet—you have either remained truculently silent or you have banged a door. Not only have you banged doors, but you have banged plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, windows and overdoors. And now, Mrs. Clabber, when I light my pipe you begin to sniff in such a manner that I can stand it no longer. What, madam—what is the reason of all this? Oh! You are out of sorts, are you?"

"I see! Out of sorts! Permit me to suggest, Mrs. Clabber, the strong advisability of laying in an early supply of 'sorts'! Your present paucity of 'sorts' is wearying and distressing to a degree. It threatens the happiness—the life happiness, Mrs. Clabber—of two human beings. I do not know where sorts are to be had, but let me suggest that you apply there, wherever it is, as soon as possible for a generous stock. Sorts are evidently necessary to your wellbeing and happiness and I think it would be advisable for you to lay in enough sorts to last you over an emergency. You, being out of sorts, have used all mine and I find out that I am out of sorts myself. That is why I am putting on my hat, Mrs. Clabber. That is why I am putting on my coat and taking my pipe with me. I am going out to see if I can accumulate a few choice sorts and bring them back with me. Perhaps when I return you will have found a few available sorts and—What? You think you have scraped a few together now?"

"Well, well! This is encouraging news, Mrs. Clabber. I see, too, that you have recovered that pleasing smile which was ever your dearest charm. And so, madam, I will take off my hat. You may hang it on the rack. And here is my coat. I think that now you can even find my slippers. And my tobacco jar. Bless her heart! And now I know she is going to sit on the arm of my old armchair and light my old brier pipe. Ah, yes! It is very evident that we have all sorts of the very finest sorts back in stock again, Mrs. C. Out of sorts, indeed!"

### After Dinner Smoke.

Mr. Gladstone was one who cherished the old view that women and tobacco ought not to be brought into association. Sir Edward Hamilton records that he would recall a dictum of the fourth marquis of Londonderry, a magnate of fashion in Gladstone's earlier days, that no man ought to enter the society of ladies until four hours had elapsed after he had smoked a cigar. This was one reason why Gladstone hated the modern fashion of smoking after dinner, though his own dislike of the smell may have counted for a good deal.

But "Cranford" shows us that women and the pipe could be associated by extreme politeness—before the pipe was smoked. The courtly old bachelor, getting out his pipe and spitting after dinner hands the pipe to his former love that she may fill it for him before leaving the table; and it is explained that this was the pink of old-fashioned compliment.

### Big Tim Requested "No Flowers."

Among the thousand or so persons who sailed from New York a few days ago were Big Tim Sullivan, of the state senate and the Bowery, William Randolph Hearst and Prince Tokugawa Iyemoto of Japan.

Big Tim earnestly asked his friends to please omit flowers. Said Mr. Sullivan:

"I'm no opera singer or titled gentleman, but plain Timothy D. Sullivan."

Nevertheless, Big Tim's crowd of followers was so large that the leader could not go on board the ship until a few minutes before sailing time, so insistent were they on shaking hands.

There were no flowers, as requested, but the blare of three brass bands and the parting shouts fully made up for this deficiency.

## COULDN'T TRIFLE WITH ART

Mr. Davis Learns a Lesson as the Result of Trying to Do His Own Whitewashing.

"Pay a man to dab a little whitewash on a fence!" Mr. Davis snorted indignantly.

"If I couldn't do fool work like that I'd sell out," he said. Mrs. Davis sighed, bringing up the sigh from the deep well of experience.

"You'll muss yourself all up," she protested, "and it will hurt your back—" Mr. Davis laughed scornfully. "Just you watch me," he said, with confidence. Then he went out and bought a whitewash brush. He paid a quarter for it, and the dealer had tried to make him buy one for 75 cents.

"Seventy-five cents for a whitewash brush!" Mr. Davis was so angry he steamed.

Then he bought a bushel of lime and went home. The lime was a fine powder when it came and when mixed with water became a watery fluid with flakes of white on top. The lime stayed in the bottom of the tub.

When he used the new brush it shed hairs like a setter dog in summer and, being wet, showed that it possessed two thin rows of hairs on either side and none in the middle. Also, when the whitewashing dried the fence looked in nowise different from its former ugliness. Mr. Davis considered. His back hurt. There was lime in his eyes and he was mad clear through.

He went into the house and found Mrs. Davis preparing to go down town, so he went back to his work.

As soon as she was safely out of sight he headed for a negro shack he knew and resurrected Uncle Peter, who was 76 years old and had been whitewashing and doing odd jobs for 70 years.

He turned the job over to Uncle Peter, who threw his brush into the alley, emptied the whitewash and procured \$2 from him.

With a wheelbarrow Uncle Peter disappeared and shortly returned with a barrowload of lump lime and a brush and set to work. Mr. Davis sat on the steps with his pipe and watched him work.

When Mrs. Davis returned her husband was washed and shaven and the fence was glistening white.

"Why, you did do it!" she said. Her evident surprise nettled her husband.

"Of course I did," he said; "I do all I set out to do."

"All by yourself?" inquired Mrs. Davis, admiringly.

"Well," confessed Mr. Davis, "I got Uncle Peter to sorter help me."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Davis, and went in to take off her hat.—Galveston News.

### A Quaker Wedding.

"Before God and in the presence of these friends, I, John Smith, take thee, Jane Doe, to be my wife, and I promise to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband." That is what the bridegroom says at a Quaker wedding, as nearly as the writer, who attended one last week can remember it. Then the bride says the same thing, interchanging names and substituting "wife" for "husband." After that they kiss and sign their names to a document, which is read before the meeting, and which all those present may sign afterward. That's all, and it's enough. The young people marry themselves, taking the covenant without a clergyman's intervention, without even a presiding officer to say "We have with us today," etc. It is a mighty valid marriage ceremony to those who witness it, and there is a sweet simplicity about it that gives it a charm and dignity no less than priestly robes, stained glass and organ music could impart.—New York Evening Mail.

### French Women in Politics.

Madam Durand, one of the leaders of the feminist movement in France, makes the suggestion that while conscription continues in force, a compulsory nursing service for all women over twenty-one—save mothers—be instituted. Another question which the women there are considering is the forbidding of the sale of absinthe which, as all who have lived in Paris know, is responsible for the ruin of many a career. In France women know that a breath of ridicule would kill their cause, and so their methods in pursuing the elusive vote have to be the most dignified. In spite of the fact that they have big odds to contend with, the cause is undoubtedly forging ahead in Paris. A regular electoral campaign is being held and daily meetings are in order. Both press and politicians have had their attention attracted by the work the women are carrying on and are giving it considerable time and attention.

### Mustaches Compulsory.

Mustaches have been made compulsory in the Austrian army, or, rather, an old ordinance has been revived by a rescript from the war ministry. It is said, on the personal wish of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The original compulsory mustache order dates from before 1848, and its author was General Count Cyalat, the successor of the famous Radetzky in the war with the Italian states, who himself possessed an immense flowing mustache and who wanted every man in the army to grow one too. The new order at the same time upholds the exclusive privilege enjoyed by the Windischgratz regiment of dragoons, which distinguished itself in the battle of Kolin, where Frederick the Great was defeated in 1757. In memory of which they were allowed to shave. Since then there has not been a mustache in the regiment.

# Dr. Bobby and Nurse Irene

By BRYANT C. ROGERS

Bobby Shattuck's first patient was a big Irishman, as drunk as a lord. He tumbled into the new office with his hands up to a very bloody head, as if he had to hold it on. "Get me a doctor!" he groaned, and Bobby, poor fellow, was so overjoyed to have a real patient, with a real scalp wound to sew up, that he treated that Irishman like a prince.

The patient appreciated it, as was evident when he took his departure. He got out a large red handkerchief and began to cry into it. "The worst of it is," he sobbed, "I've no money for you—nothing but a bear-rat full of love! But that's better than any money."

True, no doubt. But just then Bobby really preferred being paid in baser coin. He did wonder sometimes, afterward, if that first fee were a sort of omen, for he did not get rich rapidly. He had a few patients that paid, but it seemed to him as if everybody that couldn't pay came to him begging his help.

He had been in practice about a year one morning when he stood on the street corner near his office thinking it all over. Sixteenth street was crowded with women out shopping and all at once he felt a familiar pull at his heart strings and he knew Irene Louise was near. He really knew her so slightly that he had no right to have a pull at the heart strings.

But she was always very sweet with him. Her face flashed into a smile as she passed him.

"Oh, Doctor Shattuck!" she said. "If you aren't too busy professionally come out to Court place some Friday evening."

"Thank you," said Bobby Shattuck. "I—thank you."

And just then Billy Calkins happened along and saw the kindling eyes of Bobby. "You, too!" exclaimed Billy.

"I don't know what you mean," said Bobby coldly.

"I suppose you think you're doing something original."

"I'm still more in the dark."

"Then—since you're obtuse—let's talk of something else—Irene Louise Faxton, for instance. She, Robert, has had 1,300 offers this month, as near as I can calculate."

"One from you?"

"Bet your sweet life, no. And Doc, askin', your pardon, I don't think it would be much use for you to propose, either."

"I see myself proposing to a girl," said Bobby, bitterly, "let alone an heiress."

"She isn't an heiress," asserted Billy. "She's a plain beauty. No, not a plain one, a beauty. She lives with an old woman who has nothing to leave her—her aunt, it is. They say the girl doesn't even have pocket money. So you see, Doc, she's got to marry at least a million. I tell you this because I fear you are going to get hit hard."

Bobby went back to his office and as there was nothing to do, he sat reading a magazine for a while. Much good it did him to go into society! The rich would ask him to call, but when they were ill they sent for somebody else.

As he reflected grimly on his affairs the telephone jingled and he answered it.

"Is this Doctor Shattuck?" a voice asked.

"This is Doctor Shattuck," answered Bobby.

"Can you come out to 17 Court place right away, doctor?"

"Seventeen Court place"—the address actually frightened poor Bobby—for he was called to the most fashionable quarter of the city, and he threw a few things into a medicine case, and in five minutes he was speeding southward on a trolley.

Suddenly his heart did a funny little jump, then set off at the rate of a dollar watch that is out of fix. He knew that number. It was hers.

"Buz-zip!" his heart went, and didn't bring up—with a bump—till they had reached the end of the trolley line.

Hurrying through Court place he saw massive homes with deep doorways finished in marble and gardeners busy preparing the shrubbery for winter. To the south—dark blue, crinkled with wind, dotted here and there with gay little sails—shimmered the lake. It was all very fine. No doubt she had set her heart on having such an establishment. No doubt! Bobby ought to have hated her for her mercenary soul, as Billy Calkins did, but somehow he couldn't seem to hate her for anything. He only wondered, as he pulled the bell, if it was she who was ill.

As soon as the door opened into the large reception hall in fluttered Miss Faxton herself.

"Oh, Doctor Shattuck!" she exclaimed, "how good of you to come at once. The patient is a very poor woman who used to be our cook. I'll take you there in the machine."

She seemed embarrassed as she laid her hand on his sleeve.

"I wanted to say that cook is very poor. I've been nursing her myself, but I felt as if we needed a doctor."

She swallowed hastily, and lifted her eyes. "I—of course I wish I could ask that the bill be sent to me, but I haven't any money of my own at all. And you were the only doctor I felt

I could ask to come for—nothing."

"You don't know what a rapacious fellow I am!" cried Bobby, gone quite daft for a minute. "If I dared, I'd charge you the amount of my first fee."

"Was it very much?" asked Irene, her hand on cook's door.

"If you paid it," said Bobby softly, "I'd be rich for life," and he followed her into the house.

Cook was very ill, as he saw at a glance. There was a hard night's work, he judged, before them both.

And so it proved. At midnight the old woman began to rally a very little. At 3 o'clock she fell asleep. And it was just daybreak when Bobby dropped into a chair at last to rest.

Irene sat opposite him in cook's little parlor with the box stove. There was a window open. Morning fog drifted in and they could hear the trolley cars begin to move.

"Oh!" she cried, "I think you're a wonderful doctor. You—you ought to have a great big fee for such a night's work." She laid her tired head back against the chair, and in the faint light Bobby saw the shine of her eyes and the white gleam of her neck. "I wonder," she went on, "if it would be impertinent to ask what you—usually charge. You spoke of getting one big fee right at first. What did you mean by a big fee?"

"Well," said Bobby, "my first fee was a heart full of love." And then he stopped, really frightened at himself.

"Tell me about it," said Irene. And with a thumping heart he gave her the story. "You must forgive me," he added, "for an impertinent thing I said to you yesterday afternoon."

Still resting her head she looked into his eyes. "You don't need forgiveness, Robert!" she said, at last.

And Bobby stumbled out into the street. He knew he had behaved badly. It was all because he didn't know how to make her understand that he was not only wretchedly poor, but had no hope of ever getting on his feet. He stuffed his hands into his pockets and walked—he didn't know where—till he fairly bumped into his roommate, Billy Calkins.

"Hello, Doc," said Billy; "thought you'd eloped."

"I see myself eloping," groaned Bobby.

"Oh, come, now. Don't make a poor mouth at me. Don't I see the patients going to you by droves. And don't you stay out all night tending to a fat case? And don't the thousand-dollar checks come in every mail? He tossed Bobby two letters.

Bobby pushed the advertisement of surgical instruments into his pocket and walked along, fingering a blue envelope addressed in a strange hand.

"Of course," he thought, "I'll go to Irene and tell her the whole story. But can I make her understand why it wasn't right for me to let her care for me?" He began to bite open the blue envelope. Then he turned his eyes on the letter. It was from a law firm he had never heard of.

"Dr. Robert Shattuck," he read "you are named in the will of our client, Mr. Michael O'Connell, lately deceased. Mr. O'Connell in his will appropriates the sum of \$50,000 in interest-bearing bonds to your use in the gratuitous treatment of the poor."

Bobby looked up. Billy Calkins' face was a blur. He heard a big brewery wagon lumbering up behind him and Billy jerked him aside.

"Mr. O'Connell states," the lawyer continued, "that he was the recipient of medical service from you for which he never paid you."

"My—my first patient!" gasped Bobby.

"Who about him?" asked Billy.

"He—he's dead."

"Umph! Lived quite a while, didn't he, doc?"

Bobby devoured the rest of his letter and tucked it into his pocket. "So long," he said to Billy. "I've got to call up a party over long-distance phone."

It was ten o'clock when the law firm answered him, and at 10:30 he was leaving the trolley near Court place. The fine houses were just waking up and the lake had its morning shimmer of gray. Bobby's steps quickened till he fairly raced. Then he found himself at No. 17, face to face with Irene.

"Did you forget something?" she asked, and smiled quite coldly. But Bobby saw her steady her hand on the back of a chair.

"Yes," he said, buskily.

"Cook's medicine, I suppose. It's good of you to come back."

"No, not that," said Bobby. "I forgot to tell you I love you."

But Irene drew herself up, with a shaky smile. "Oh, doctor," she cried, "don't think you must say that because I made a silly speech to you."

"Oh, Irene!" Bobby folded her in his arms and she hid her face on his shoulder and began to cry. "Won't you—won't you understand how a man feels when he loves a girl and has—nothing?"

"I think," she murmured, "it's just sweet for you to say you have nothing. The others all thought they had so much."

"But, dearest—I'm just thinking—I can't make money. I'm awfully afraid we'll have to live—just about—on the income from my first fee."

"From a whole heart full!" she breathed.

## FOR THE HOME COOK

HINTS THAT WILL BE HELPFUL IN EVERY HOME.

How to Prepare Many Appetizing Dishes at Small Cost in These Days of High Prices—Excellent Meat Balls.

If fish is lightly rolled in flour after having been well dried with a clean cloth, it will be less likely to break up with cooking.

Hard boiled eggs may be prepared in several ways for spinach. They blend better with the succulent vegetable if chopped finely and then mixed with a drawn butter sauce. The mixture is poured over the spinach just before sending it to the table. Croutons of bread, fried in olive oil or beef fat, may be used with hard eggs, with the yolk dressed with oil, red pepper and salt and put back into the white. After being stuffed, the half eggs are turned bottom side up and made into "porcupines" with the crisp croutons.

The meat balls, which must serve for one home dinner a week, and which so often pall from their monotony, can be made to have a deliciously new taste. With a half pound of the meat mix the crumbs of two or three well toasted slices of bread; soften the mass with cream or rich milk, and add half a cup of stewed tomatoes. Roll the meat into balls, season and sprinkle with a little dry flour, and brown them with butter in a pan not too hot.

A mixture of various peppers sometimes gives a new taste to a soup or warmed over meat dish; red, white and black may be put together, in quantities not to make the dish too hot. A chicken soup or lamb broth which has a faded taste—the taste that means poor meat or little of it—is often much improved with a half teaspoonful of curry powder.

To cook rice in the dry southern fashion, it must be first washed in quite six cold waters. This removes the surplus starch and so keeps the grains from sticking together. Washing rice in hot water makes it into an indigestible pap, though the quantity of water used for the cooking has something to do with the spoiling. Good southern cooks use exactly double the quantity of water that they have of rice, letting the saucepan boil vigorously until the water is absorbed, and finishing the cooking with a slow steam on the back part of the stove.

Bolled mutton is made far more delicious if a large white onion and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce are cooked with it. But put both into the pot at the time the meat is put on, for the sauce requires all the cooking to give the meat the taste sublime. The great chefs declare that to use Worcestershire raw is to spoil any dish.

Celery roots, boiled in plain water, chilled and dressed with French dressing, make excellent and cheap winter salads.

Delicious eggplant is prepared by cutting the raw vegetable up after the manner of white potatoes that are to be fried. These are then fried in boiling beef fat, sprinkled with salt and sent to the table piping hot.

If a coffee pot is warmed before the dry coffee is put in, the breakfast drink will be much improved. Reparching store coffee also brings a gain in taste, though, of course, this must be done before the grinding. Even heating the store-parched coffee thoroughly before it is ground brings an access of flavor.

### Planked Eggs.

These are a decided novelty and like any planked dish are a feast to the eye as well as to the palate; but an oval plank and with a pastry bag or cone of stiff paper form a border and shallow receptacles for rather moist mashed potatoes, seasoned with pepper, salt, cream and butter; now into each receptacle slip an egg with the yolk unbroken, dusting with pepper and salt and slip into a hot oven until the eggs are of the desired consistency and the potatoes a golden brown; serving immediately garnished with bunches of crisp cress. This dish is particularly suitable when a quickly prepared lunch is necessary.

### Planked White Fish.

Wash and dry a fresh fish weighing four pounds. Remove the head, then split the fish from head to tail so that it can be flattened out on a plank. Heat the plank and brush it with butter, place on the fish, skin side down, and tack it firmly in place. Put it into a hot oven. Mix together half a cupful of butter, one cupful of boiling water, half a teaspoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of salt. Baste the fish with this mixture every ten minutes for 35 minutes. Remove from the oven, place the plank on a dish and garnish with lemon and parsley.

### Clothes Sprinkler.

Take an ordinary jelly or pickle bottle with a tin screw top; remove the paper from inside the tin cover, then with a small nail and hammer make holes in the cover from the inside. Fill the bottle with water, screw on the top, and you have a clothes sprinkler that will give perfect satisfaction. Be sure and have the holes small.

### Macedoine of Fruits.

Let there be grape fruit cut in small bits free from pith, a few fresh strawberries halved, some preserved pineapple diced and over all a sprinkling of fine sugar and four teaspoonfuls of sherry wine. Then set on ice that it may be cold.

# WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon.—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

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An Average. "Doesn't it annoy you to be bald headed?" "Not at all," replied the genial citizen. "When we go out evenings my wife wears more than enough hair for two."

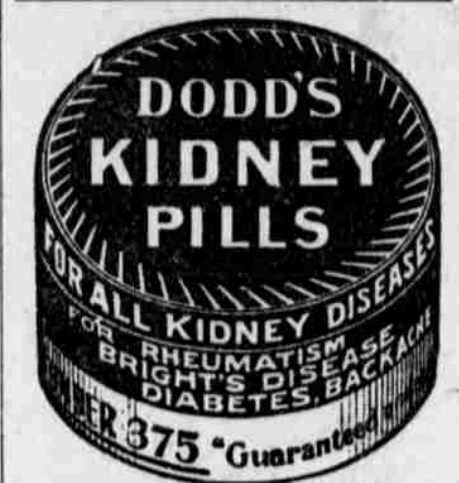
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