

Somnambulist Mabel

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

Everybody knows that a lover's quarrel may start from the most trifling cause. This one did. George Egbert had told Mabel Drake after their engagement that he would trust her to the end of the earth. She understood him to mean by that that if she happened to be leaving the postoffice, as Billy Shaw or Tommy Tused came along and walked home with her no row would be raised over it, and the poor girl went ahead and let them walk. Then she suddenly discovered that "the ends of the earth" did not extend very far.

On the evening of the day that Billy Shaw happened to walk a distance of five blocks with her, and that half a dozen persons happened to pass them and then happened to drop in and tell the rising young lawyer about it, he made a call with a serious expression on his face. It was so serious as to be legal, and, being legal, it alarmed Miss Drake. When she had asked if his sister had been indicted for murder, his mother held for conspiracy or if he had got mixed up in a filibustering expedition and was expecting a United States marshal to lay hands on him, he arose and addressed her in his best legal manner.

"You were walking with Billy Shaw today?" he began.

"Well," she replied.

"You were talking and laughing with him?"

"Well."

"He is a rejected suitor of your and an enemy of mine. Can't you see the inconsistency of the thing?"

"Billy Shaw tried to make love to me, but I forgave him out of it. That was a whole year ago. I never heard that he was an enemy of yours."

"No? Well, let me state for your information that William Shaw once

case of this kind? He knows the girl can't, and his silly pride won't let him. And there you are.

For the first three days and nights the young lawyer was a determined man. For the next three he was a martyr. For the third three he was hunting through Blackstone and Coke for advice on how to patch up a lover's quarrel without losing every shred of his dignity. Those volumes, though so full of legal lore, gave him no help on the subject nearest his heart.

The moon was more kind, however. One night, as he tossed on his sleepless couch and called himself names for the hundredth time, the full moon shining into his window brought a sudden recollection with it. Miss Drake had once mentioned that on the full of the moon she had been known to rise, throw a wrapper around her, and walk forth on the lawn in a state of somnambulism. Here was the full of the moon. Might not she be walking at this very minute? Why shouldn't he walk too? He was on the ragged edge, and that was next door to somnambulism. Two somnambulists might accomplish what two persons, awake, had failed to do.

With heart beating high, the young lawyer hurried into his clothes, tiptoed down the stairs and five minutes later was two blocks away and gazing at a human figure slowly walking across a lawn. It was the figure of Mabel Drake. She was walking in her sleep. There is no law laid down in such cases. Attorneys must act for themselves. Young Mr. Egbert acted. He became a somnambulist and began pacing the lawn almost within reaching distance of the girl.

For five minutes the two sleep-walkers paced. They turned at a gooseberry bush at one end, and at a crabapple tree at the other. Then the sleeping Mr. Egbert said to himself in a sleepy voice:

"I shouldn't have said that to the dear girl—no, I shouldn't!"

There was a long-drawn sigh from Mabel.

"She meant no harm, but in my jealousy I accused her!"

Another sigh, and just as they turned, the soft words fell from the sleeping girl's lips:

"If I had known—if I had known that he once called my George a young squirt of a lawyer I should have told him that I hated him."

Then the couple stood at the gooseberry bush a moment, as if listening to the sad refrain of the katydids, and George murmured:

"I was wrong—I was wrong! Earth holds no nobler girl than my dear Mabel!"

On the way to the crabapple tree, with the distant watch dogs baying at the moon and the tree toads keeping up their infernal racket, Mabel sighed again, and her voice was broken as she said:

"Two strings to my bow! How could George say such a thing to me! I have loved one and only one."

After the turn at the crabapple, George uttered a sort of groan and said:

"Can she—will she ever forgive me? It's more than I can hope for, but I will put my arm about her and tell her how sorry I am, and that no such words shall ever pass my lips again."

Miss Drake gave a start and a jump aside and exclaimed:

"Who—what—where am I? Who is this here?"

And Mr. Egbert gave a backward spring, looked wildly around him and exclaimed:

"Who—what—where am I? How did I come here? Is this you Mabel?"

"Mr. Egbert, what does this mean? The last I remember I was in my bed, and I now wake up to find myself here in your company!"

"Just the same with me, Mabel dear. I went to bed with such an anxious mind that I must have got up in my sleep, and dressed and came here. You once told me that you sometimes walked in your sleep in the full of the moon."

"How queer that we should both be walking in our sleep on the same night! Do you think we talked to each other?"

"I—I think we did, and if you will sit down on this bench I will tell you all I can remember."

And when he had told her, and the katydids and watch dogs and tree toads were still for a moment, she smiled and said:

"Don't be foolish any more—at least not until after we are old married folks!"

Fog Signals Travel Far.

Submarine fog signals can be heard 15 miles.

Plea for Tolerance.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right—Sophocles.



ration stray any attach the. Natural ported even been taken theory of his.

Still, seeing some similar to us the point of a we say with ease white high Blackstone and Coke other case for advice.

where claimed me a young squirt of a lawyer. Were those the words of a friend or an enemy?"

Mabel could not restrain a hearty laugh, and that laugh froze the dignity of the lover until it was armor-plated. In the most frigid sort of way he looked at her and announced:

"I thought I could trust you, but I see I can't."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"You have two strings to your bow."

"Mr. Egbert!"

"You must drop William Shaw and others of his ilk, or you must drop me!"

And then the clock on the mantel missed four ticks and other things began to happen. Young Mr. Egbert had mixed courtship and the law together and brought about combustion. Miss Drake regarded him for a moment with flashing eyes and blazing cheeks and then rose up and handed him his hat and gloves and quietly observed:

"Good night, Mr. Egbert; good night!"

And Mr. Egbert bowed and found himself on the other side of the front door, with no interest whatever as to who climbed Mr. McKinley or whether it was ever climbed at all. Laying down the law to the girl is all right and very interesting up to a certain point, but when it goes beyond that the orator feels a jar. Mr. Egbert felt one and went home in a sort of coma. His sister said he must be coming down with the grip and ought to soak his feet and bring about a sweat, and his mother, who had had years' more experience, darkly hinted at overwork and brain fever and mustard plasters.

As for Miss Mabel—no matter how she looked and felt. She couldn't have done less than she did. Had Mr. Egbert called the next evening with a smile on his face the matter would have passed like a summer shower. But did any one ever know of a young man doing the sensible thing in a

Founder of Great Industry.

August Thonet, who died in Vienna a few days ago, was the son of the original bentwood furniture maker. In a sketch of his life published in the Neue Freie Presse of that city the writer says that Thonet's father was a modest cabinet-maker, doing business in Germany. On one occasion he met Prince Metternich at Castle Johannisberg and showed him some samples of bentwood furniture, which pleased the prince so much that he induced the maker to remove to Vienna and make the wares on a larger scale. He followed the advice, and with his sons went to Vienna, and in 1855 presented an exhibit at the world's fair in London. The "Vienna furniture" found favor with the public and a large manufacturing plant was established, which is now being conducted by the third generation.

Steep Hoim a Dustless Island.

In the middle of the Bristol channel stands Steep Hoim—a bleak and barren looking island, rising 250 feet from the water that washes its craggy coast—of which, it is reported, a well-known resident of Weston-super-Mare has taken a 21 years' lease. The island is 40 acres in extent, of which 11 are leased by the British government for 999 years, and five forts have been erected, guarding the channel like another Gibraltar. T. A. Reed of Newport road, Cardiff, has been in possession of the remainder of the island for five years, and says it is the healthiest place in Europe. Dust is unknown, and the island would be an ideal place for a sanitarium. In olden times it was the home of smugglers.

No Hope.

"But how do you tell a man's character?" asked the fall guy.

"By the sort of rays he emits," answered the high brow.

"Ah! And what is the character of your employer?"

"I can't tell—he never emits a ray."

Complaining Husband in New York Divorce Case Swears It Was Not His Property.

New York.—John Reinburger, Yonkers, superintendent of the Waring Hat Manufacturing company of that place, was granted a divorce from his wife, Catharine, by Supreme Court Justice Mills. He was also given the custody of his two children, Philip, ten, and Margaret, eight.

An exhibit in the case, which it is said, proved a convincing argument for the husband, was an innocent-looking collar button. Mr. Reinburger found the article in his home, but swore that it did not and never had belonged to him. He also testified that at the time of finding it he had questioned his wife and after two hours' evasion she admitted it was the property of another man.

Mrs. Reinburger is 28 years old and one of the most beautiful women of Yonkers, where she is well known

for her performances in amateur theatricals. The chief witness for the husband was his son, Philip, who was compelled to take the stand against his mother, and testify that on several occasions he had seen a "strange man" in his home who had given money to him and also to his sister if they would absent themselves from the premises.

HAS NO FAITH IN WITCHCRAFT

Michigan Judge Severely Censures Participants in Lawsuit for Superstition.

Detroit, Mich.—"You all ought to be spanked for such superstition," exclaimed Justice Lemke the other day, when a number of women witnesses in the suit of Mrs. John Skowerinski against Mrs. Josephine Gawronski made a disturbance in his courtroom. Belief in a witch doctor was at the

bottom of the trouble. Mrs. Gawronski suffered with catarrh of the stomach, and a witch doctor told her that she had been bewitched.

She remembered that Mrs. Skowerinski had given her a drink at a wedding, and thought she had "wished" which incantation upon her at the time. She sought Mrs. Skowerinski and it is alleged, pounded her, forcing her to repeat a formula taking back the spell.

The catarrh did not leave her, and at the behest of the witch doctor she is said to have beaten another woman.

Judge Lemke disgustedly ordered Mrs. Gawronski to pay Mrs. Skowerinski \$25.

Glass Eye Downs Barber.

Atlantic City, N. J.—John Hodges, a barber, flouted when the right eye of a customer, whose face he was massaging, popped out under pressure of the barber's thumb. Hodges was so badly scared that he made an effort to run out of the barber shop after he recovered before the customer was able to explain that the eye was glass, and that he had not been harmed.

Aged Pennsylvania Veteran Locked in Airtight Fungus Vault, Narrowly Escapes.

Harrisburg, Pa.—To be penned up two hours in an airtight mushroom vault with the temperature high, fighting for his liberty, stripped of all his clothing except his underclothing, and finally to succeed in breaking the lock from the door to freedom, was the exciting experience of D. W. Smith, a caretaker on Capitol hill, who was temporarily filling the place of the regular night watchman.

Mr. Smith, a veteran of sixty-eight years of age, but vigorous, was making the usual rounds and stepped into the mushroom house, at the extreme south end of the conservatory, at all times heated and airtight. As he entered he closed the door, and having made his examination, he sought to retire, but found the lock had caught, and it was impossible to get the door open.

Air of Mushroom Stifling

All his efforts to force the door open or to shove the lock proved unavailing, and as the atmosphere grew hotter and closer he was forced to strip, after which he redoubled his efforts for freedom.

There was nothing in the shape of a tool in the room. In fact, it was utterly bare, with the exception of a piece of flooring ten feet long by four inches thick, and with this he attempted to break the lock.

For about two hours he battered at the lock and finally succeeded in forcing it from its fastenings, when he threw the door open and fell exhausted into the outer room. Strange to say the white-haired veteran was about the next morning as spry as ever and related his experience in great detail.

An after-examination of the lock showed that it had become rusted by dampness and it was impossible to force it.

Collar Button Wins Suit

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HOME FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR



BOSTON.—A novel plan has been put in operation to raise \$150,000 for the erection of the proposed international headquarters of the United Society of Christian Endeavor in this city. Pocket banks capable of holding 20 dimes are being distributed among the 3,500,000 members of the society throughout the world. Each dime represents a brick for the building, and the banks are to be returned here when filled. President Clark is confident that a large sum will be raised in this way.

BEGGAR OF LONDON

Chairman of City Hospital Tells How He Gets the Money.

English People Are Very Lethargic and Not Willing to Aid a Fair—Original Advertisements Pave the Way.

London.—Described as the "best beggar in London," Mr. Sydney Holland, chairman of the London hospital, admitted the members of the Spanish club at the Hotel Cecil into the secrets of his success.

"English people," said Mr. Holland, "are very lethargic. They don't mind, and you have to wake them up before they do mind. I know the source of every penny that comes to the London hospital. Funds urgently needed is a perfectly useless line. So is 'beds will be closed'—every one knows that they will not be. A friend will give a million if five others will give the same' is absolutely useless. Advertisement to be useful must be original.

"I once offered a guinea to any reader of Trust who would give me a line to fill a wall space opposite the Poplar hospital. That gave me six weeks' advertisement while I was making up my mind which line to choose—all for one guinea.

"At another time I published in a newspaper every Sunday the Saturday accidents treated at the Poplar and London hospitals, until I had to stop it because the speculative solicitors came round in such numbers every Monday to interview the patients.

"I used to acknowledge subscriptions in the agency columns, adding 'six accidents an hour.' That was a useful line.

"Then I used to advertise I was never in debt, and never intended to be. That is the only advertisement that ever paid. Englishmen will always help a hospital that is not in debt. That is because Englishmen always welcome success.

Original advertisements, Mr. Sydney Holland pointed out, did not always bring money, but they paved the way for "the scientific begging letter." He estimated that it took fifty miles of writing to get £100. When people read facts like that—statements that

eighteen miles of catgut were used at the London hospital every year to sew up arteries—they remembered them. Then, when the begging letter came they replied to it.

"Sometimes it is very useful to get a brittle man into a hospital. A letter to a newspaper must end with a sob or a smile. It is useless to send a letter signed by three millionaires, a bishop and a society lady. It is not worth £25."

Mr. Holland told a story against himself which made his auditors, who included Lord Collins and Sir John Kirk, of the Ragged School union, shake with laughter. One day he met two Americans on an omnibus going eastwards to see the Tower of London. "But have you seen the Poplar hospital?" asked Mr. Holland. They had not, and were persuaded to forego the pleasures of the tower for a sight of that institution.

"Perhaps you know," said Mr. Holland, "that the Poplar hospital is not a very large place. When I had taken those Americans over it I indicated the money box at the door. Each silently dropped a sovereign in it. Then one turned to me and said: 'Sir, you've got in you the instincts of a born swindler' and the other added: 'Sir, you'd get on very well out west if you didn't get shot in the first week!'"

Society Women Are Scored

Pastor Declares That They Will Aid Sick Dogs, but Deliberately Neglect Children.

Chicago.—Society women who play bridge, whist for the benefit of homeless dogs and cats and neglect destitute children living within their reach were criticized by the Rev. E. L. Williams, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal church, in an address on "Chicago's Submerged Tenth."

Mr. Williams related how he had called up on the telephone the woman who recently had managed a bridge whist entertainment for the benefit of the homeless dogs and cats of her neighborhood.

"Was your entertainment a success?" Mr. Williams inquired.

"O yes," was the reply. "We had fifteen tables and the receipts were \$212."

"How do you take care of the homeless dogs and cats?" was the next question.

"We nurse them if they are sick and when they get well we find some one who will buy or take them. We follow up every case and see that the dear things are well taken care of. If the poor creatures cannot get well we give them a painless death."

"Immediately called up the Home for Destitute Children," said Mr. Williams, "and found many applicants were turned away from the home because there was no room for them. How I wished some of those poor children could get some of that dog money."

Mr. Williams also made a startling statement concerning the temptations to which young women are subjected.

"I have found men attending meetings at the mission," he said, "for the purpose of getting recruits for the red light district. I talked with one young woman whom I found singing on the vaudeville stage and I warned her against the temptations with which she was surrounded. 'O,' she said, 'I met with more temptations when I was working in one of the downtown stores as a model than I do here.'"

"As a result of the improved sanitary conditions under which society now lives, as compared with twenty years ago, one insurance company has declared a dividend of \$600,000 on policies thus benefited," was the declaration of the Rev. R. J. Wyckoff, pastor of Ravenswood Methodist church.

"This, I believe, illustrates the main work of the church. Instead of trying to cure people after they are sick we ought to prevent them from becoming sick. Save a child and you save a life. Save a drunkard, and what have you, after all?"

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SEE 20,000 MILES

Inventor Can Visualize Objects at Most Remote Distances.

Claims "Telesuivalizer" Will Enable People Here to Witness Events in Paris—Refuses to Give Any Details.

Rochester, N. Y.—"The invention which I have made and the apparatus which I have succeeded in putting together are sufficient for me to make the assertion that I can visualize an object at a distance of thousands of miles. The object can be seen with its properties of color effects, dimensions and movements and will be equal to the original with the exception that the object itself cannot be felt with the fingers."

Such is the remarkable claim made by William Vincent Pruscino, a young Italian living at 71 South Union street, this city.

Pruscino is not very communicative about his invention so far as going into details is concerned. At present he will deal only in generalities as to just what his device really is. He fears that some one will steal his invention. He was so oppressed by the thought of such a calamity that he even destroyed his model after he had given a demonstration for his own benefit. Now he says that he has received financial support and he is engaged in reconstructing the model preparatory to having it invented and recorded at the patent office.

"The actual demonstrations made by me not many weeks ago," said Pruscino, "have completely satisfied me that seeing at the distance of ten or twenty thousand miles is no more an impossibility; but, on the contrary, it is absolutely possible. I repeat that, thanks to my experiments, I have succeeded in demonstrating this to my complete satisfaction."

"Telesuivalizer" is the name that Pruscino has given his device. While he will not tell anything about its exact nature, he admits that telegraph wires have to be used and that persons, objects and scenes can only be visualized where the necessary apparatus is set up at both points, which would correspond in telegraph to the "sending" and "receiving" points. The "telesuivalizer," however, is not a system of sending portraits by telegraph. Pruscino claims much more for his invention, as he says he can reproduce the color movement and various dimensions of the scene.

"Among the things that will be rendered possible by this mode of seeing," says Pruscino, "is, for instance, the first night in a European theater by a person sitting in a New York theater auditorium. Or if a New Yorker would like to attend a masquerade in Buenos Ayres—well, I would not guarantee that he could join in the fun, but he would have the whole scene reproduced before him as vividly as if he were actually present."

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VIRTUE OF SOAP AND WATER

Nothing Better Has Been Devised for the Cleaning of Gold or Silver Jewelry.

With all its trials the wedding ring is bright, for hand-washing suits it. There is no better treatment than soap and water for either plain gold or silver jewelry, unless it is very much tarnished. Warm water, a little soapy lather, and a soft brush for articles of intricate workmanship, with a brisk rub on tissue paper, is the recipe for brooches, chains and bangles alike.

Considering its simplicity, it seems a pity that many women appear contented to wear chains and necklaces so dirty that they will not only soil white and light gowns, but the flesh itself. For cleaning all pieces of jewelry, after repairs or otherwise, fine boxwood sawdust is ordinarily employed. The trinket is shaken in it, care being taken that it is well embedded in the soft dust. A final polishing is administered with tissue paper, not chamois leather—the latter being usually reserved for watch cases, chased smelling bottles, stoppers, and what may be called large surfaces.

Lace Curtains.

It often happens that lace curtains are torn by stretching on a frame or pinning to a sheet on the floor. To avoid this danger try this plan. Cover a bolster roll longer than the curtains are made with a strong white cloth. Pin the curtain by its lower edge in a perfectly straight line along the roll. Attach the edges by their scallops, noting the number on each side. After the correct proportion will not be difficult. Allow the curtain to dry thoroughly. Remove the pins. Lay the curtain flat and roll in the opposite direction, leaving it on the bolster about an hour. It will then hang perfectly straight.

Stewed Rabbit.

Wash and soak the rabbit. Wipe it thoroughly dry and divide it at the joints. Sprinkle it thickly with flour. Place it in a stewpan with two heaping tablespoonsful of butter and three or four thin slices of ham. Pour on little by little a quart of gravy. Stew the meat over a slow fire for two hours. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt. Add to it the rind of half a lemon, cut into small bits. A quarter of an hour before serving stir in a teaspoonful of rice flour that has been mixed with two tablespoonsful of mushroom catsup and a half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

Keep Pantry Neat.

Nothing is so unsightly in a pantry or closet as a number of tin lids pitched loosely on a shelf. One woman has overcome this effect by nailing a narrow strip of wood to cleats about ten inches under her high pot shelf in the pantry.

In the space thus made the lids are slipped. The handles prevent slipping and they can be had at a minute's notice. Ranged according to size, hunting for the right lid does not waste one's time.

Painted Walls.

Set a kettle of water on the fire and let it boil until it creates a moisture all over the walls, then dip a sponge or soft cloth into a pail of hot suds containing a tablespoonful of ammonia and wash in the usual manner, beginning at the top and work downward. This method leaves no streaks.

Cream of Indian Soup.

Mix together a tablespoonful of flour, a quarter cupful of cornmeal and a half teaspoonful of salt. Stir gradually into a quart of boiling water, and after boiling up well put into a double boiler and cook an hour and a half. Add a cupful of rich milk or cream and serve with popcorn or croutons.

To Clean Curtain Hooks.

To clean curtain hooks, place them in water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved, and leave them for a little while. This will remove both dirt and rust. When wiped with a clean cloth, the pins will fasten into the curtains as easily as new ones.

AT AN EVEN TEMPERATURE

Serving Dish Is Guaranteed to Keep Food at Just the Point That Is Desired.

One of the most ingenious table utensils is the serving dish designed by an Ohio man. It is a refrigerating device and keeps the food within at a cool and even temperature.

The lid of the dish is semiglobular in shape and hollow, with a compartment large enough to hold a couple of handfuls of cracked ice



Around the lower edge are perforations to allow the melt-water to escape. The bottom part of the dish also has a compartment to hold this water, and the rim has a gutter in which the lid rests, the gutter also having perforations to let the water through.

For keeping butter, olives, cool desserts, etc., at a low temperature, this dish probably has no equal. Ordinarily this is done by distributing cracked ice over the food, and as the ice melts it fills the dish with water. The device just described is free from the unpleasant feature and keeps its contents in perfect condition in every way.

VIRTUE OF SOAP AND WATER

Nothing Better Has Been Devised for the Cleaning of Gold or Silver Jewelry.

With all its trials the wedding ring is bright, for hand-washing suits it. There is no better treatment than soap and water for either plain gold or silver jewelry, unless it is very much tarnished. Warm water, a little soapy lather, and a soft brush for articles of intricate workmanship, with a brisk rub on tissue paper, is the recipe for brooches, chains and bangles alike.

Considering its simplicity, it seems a pity that many women appear contented to wear chains and necklaces so dirty that they will not only soil white and light gowns, but the flesh itself. For cleaning all pieces of jewelry, after repairs or otherwise, fine boxwood sawdust is ordinarily employed. The trinket is shaken in it, care being taken that it is well embedded in the soft dust. A final polishing is administered with tissue paper, not chamois leather—the latter being usually reserved for watch cases, chased smelling bottles, stoppers, and what may be called large surfaces.

Lace Curtains.

It often happens that lace curtains are torn by stretching on a frame or pinning to a sheet on the floor. To avoid this danger try this plan. Cover a bolster roll longer than the curtains are made with a strong white cloth. Pin the curtain by its lower edge in a perfectly straight line along the roll. Attach the edges by their scallops, noting the number on each side. After the correct proportion will not be difficult. Allow the curtain to dry thoroughly. Remove the pins. Lay the curtain flat and roll in the opposite direction, leaving it on the bolster about an hour. It will then hang perfectly straight.

Stewed Rabbit.

Wash and soak the rabbit. Wipe it thoroughly dry and divide it at the joints. Sprinkle it thickly with flour. Place it in a stewpan with two heaping tablespoonsful of butter and three or four thin slices of ham. Pour on little by little a quart of gravy. Stew the meat over a slow fire for two hours. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt. Add to it the rind of half a lemon, cut into small bits. A quarter of an hour before serving stir in a teaspoonful of rice flour that has been mixed with two tablespoonsful of mushroom catsup and a half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

Keep Pantry Neat.

Nothing is so unsightly in a pantry or closet as a number of tin lids pitched loosely on a shelf. One woman has overcome this effect by nailing a narrow strip of wood to cleats about ten inches under her high pot shelf in the pantry.

In the space thus made the lids are slipped. The handles prevent slipping and they can be had at a minute's notice. Ranged according to size, hunting for the right lid does not waste one's time.

Painted Walls.

Set a kettle of water on the fire and let it boil until it creates a moisture all over the walls, then dip a sponge or soft cloth into a pail of hot suds containing a tablespoonful of ammonia and wash in the usual manner, beginning at the top and work downward. This method leaves no streaks.

Cream of Indian Soup.

Mix together a tablespoonful of flour, a quarter cupful of cornmeal and a half teaspoonful of salt. Stir gradually into a quart of boiling water, and after boiling up well put into a double boiler and cook an hour and a half. Add a cupful of rich milk or cream and serve with popcorn or croutons.

To Clean Curtain Hooks.

To clean curtain hooks, place them in water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved, and leave them for a little while. This will remove both dirt and rust. When wiped with a clean cloth, the pins will fasten into the curtains as easily as new ones.

EATS CHEAP LUNCH

Thirty Cents Enough to Pay, Says Young Rockefeller.

Work the Chief Thing in Life, Declares Oil King's Son, Who Gives Some Don'ts That Promise Success.

New York.—"Thirty cents is all I ever spend for luncheon. It's enough for any man on a salary."

This was not the declaration of a bank clerk, salesman or office man. It came from the lips of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., head of the most stupendous trust, albeit a benevolent organization, the world has ever known—the Rockefeller Foundation.

The head of the \$600,000,000 charity trust opened his heart before his departure for a season to Boston, where his arrival was eagerly awaited by North shore society.

Young Mr. Rockefeller added to his confession regarding the cost of luncheon a few more epigrams of his own making, among them the following:

"I am more than a Baptist; I am a Christian."

"Modern methods should be employed, even at the expense of the few."

"The chief thing in life is to do something to work."

"The growth of a big business is merely the survival of the fittest."

"Do the little everyday duties of life without a murmur. Do them well. That is success."

"The most successful business men can be, should be and are the most successful Christian men."

"The man or corporation who has not determined at the outset to do good to others while doing good to himself will fall in the end."

The young man who will be at the head of the huge Rockefeller Foundation is not much given to gaiety, and is regarded by people who have met him as serious minded as his father. He is very retiring. Although the son

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of the man reputed to be the richest in the world, he is known chiefly to the public as the teacher of a Bible class at the Fifth avenue Baptist church.

Here are some of Mr. Rockefeller's success don'ts.

Don't sit back and wait for the door to open.

Don't spoil friendship by trying to borrow money.

Don't be ashamed to do any work.

Don't be afraid to make a lowly beginning.

Don't marry a woman simply because she is pretty.

Don't marry a woman who is not in sympathy with your ideas.

Don't drink. The man who never drinks is not asked.

Don't go around to see the sights merely to gather strength to resist evil.

Don't drink. Don't imagine you will have the strength of will to know