

THE NEWER EDUCATION.

The relation of the larger universities of the United States to the practical problems of existence is being emphasized in an astonishing degree nowadays, says Chicago Tribune. If the notion of cloistered halls where pale-faced students pored over dusty tomes once held sway, that idea has entirely disappeared. The dominant thought appears to be, how can the training of the schools be made most useful in bettering the conditions of human life. The University of Wisconsin, for example, has been rendering great service to the people of our neighboring commonwealth through its municipal reference bureau. Recognizing the activity in the field of city administration, it has collected information from all available sources, and is now ready to send out material on such subjects as sewage disposal, water supply and purification, street sprinkling and cleaning, the smoke nuisance, parks and playgrounds, care of trees, the commission form of government, public utilities and public service rates, civic centers and art commissions. The statement that one morning's mail brought inquiries from city officials in nine different commonwealths indicates the importance of such university work.

There is always room higher up for the young American who has the talent and the disposition to win. Few enlisted men in the navy rise to commissioned rank for the way is long and arduous. But the prize can be secured by proper effort. One of these rare cases is reported from Annapolis, where Frederick M. Earl of North-Field, VI., lately an apprentice in the navy, has passed the requisite examination and has been admitted to the Naval academy as a midshipman, and in due time of course, if all goes well, will receive his diploma and become an officer. The young man is said to have gone through "with flying colors," and it may be predicted that with such pluck and energy he will make his mark in the service of his country. And he has set an excellent example to other ambitious lads.

Advice by an energetic efficient business man to a man now going back to work after a tired out spell: "Take things easier and get more fresh air. No worry. Do the most important thing first and then the next; generally the things you don't do aren't worth doing. What you think you ought to do you want to do up to the hilt and do it quick and then forget it. Don't putter. The way to get along, in my judgment, is to work up to the limit for a certain number of hours and then stop. A man can get further in the long run walking three and a half miles an hour for sixteen hours out of each twenty-four than he can going two miles an hour for sixteen hours in twenty-four. The first way he can keep going and improve; the last way he will deteriorate and finally have to quit."

The night letter telegrams have proved a boon to many, but there are patrons that find them somewhat baffling. "Look at that man biting the end of his pen over there," the manager of a New York office said. "He is trying to think what in the world is to use up the 50 words he is entitled to. I like to watch 'em in here at nights. Most of them have more trouble trying to think up 50 words than they ever did in keeping their messages down to ten. There is only one man who comes in here, sits right down and writes out his 50 words without hesitating. But he's in business down south, and has been in the habit of sending long messages for years."

President Schurman of Cornell points out that the scholarship records of the 1,620 men at the college who are members of the fraternities and clubs do not compare favorably with those of the 2,316 men who are not, and has warned the fraternity and club men that they are in trial, and that they would better set higher ideals in scholarship. There is no objection to liberty and equality at Cornell, but fraternity is looked on with suspicion.

In view of the fact that that Washington society girl's mother says that her daughter has been absolutely forbidden by her to go on the stage, perhaps it is not surprising that the girl is there.

Lieutenant Shackleton says steam heat is the curse of American hotels. Wait until he gets on the one-night stand circuit in the northwest next winter.

Whether or not a Chicago man wears a collar two days in succession depends more on the man, perhaps, than it does on the condition of the collar.

Arguments for international peace are popular except when they are made excuses for military indolence.

A news item from Indiana tells of the explosion of a powder magazine and adds that the man in charge "cannot be found." Probably he is so scared that he is going yet.

By bringing 60 wives to this country the king of Siam would make it clear that Rome does not figure in his plans.

A European count left an estate of \$18,000,000. Now and then one who is really rich holes to the surface.

RHUBARB RECIPES OF VALUE

Marmalade and Rhubarb and Fig Jam Have Long Been Favorites With Housewives.

Rhubarb Marmalade.—Allow one pound of sugar and one lemon rind to each pound of rhubarb. Prepare the rhubarb in the usual way, cover with cold water and let stand 24 hours. Drain, sprinkle with half the sugar in layers and let rest for 24 hours. Cut the lemon rind in fine pieces or put through a mincer, add to it its weight in sugar, put with the rhubarb in the preserving kettle and cook for half an hour. Add the remainder of the sugar and boil for half an hour or longer until of the proper consistency. Great care must be taken to prevent its sticking in the pan.

Rhubarb and Fig Jam.—Add to five pounds rhubarb, cut in inch pieces, one pound figs and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Add four pounds sugar and do not disturb all night. Next day boil for one hour, then can. Nuts can be added if desired.

Food Values in Vegetables.

The malignant onion belongs to the lily family and contains priceless elements of health and nourishment, especially to nerves and blood. The turnip, also, has medicinal and food virtue, though it is not so nourishing, containing, like cabbage, over 90 per cent of water. The yellow turnip is considered a mild nerve. The unpopular carrot is almost miraculous as a blood purifier, and French women consider it as important as any cosmetic. It has, also, undreamed-of possibilities of preparation. Calling things by other names sometimes helps matters, or making fashionable by favor of the famous. In Ceylon they term okra "ladies' fingers;" the vegetable marrow of Europe is virtually the same as our summer squash, but is used in, to us, unheard-of ways. Luther Burbank has improved the "pie plant," and his new crimson winter rhubarb is a wonderful thing. But in the ordinary type of these stalks there are riches of oxalic and malic acids, the value of which the physicians of the world have always recognized.—The Delinestor.

Bathroom Hints.

A can of borax should be in every bathroom and the pipes should have a daily flushing with hot water in which borax has been dissolved. Do not use sand soap for cleaning a porcelain tub or washstand. It will mar the surface and make it look like ground glass. Then if the porcelain becomes stained you cannot make it white again. Use ammonia in the water, but if dirt or grease requires an extra cleaner dampen the scrub cloth with kerosene and later wash the tub with warm water. If the tub is enameled scour with a cloth made of a salt bag which has been thoroughly moistened with turpentine and polish with a clean cloth. For this purpose save bags in which the kitchen salt comes.

Ham Boiled in Cider.

Wash well a fine ham. Soak overnight in water and in the morning set it to boil in a kettle of hot cider to cover. The kettle must be porcelain, on account of the acid. Boil slowly, five to eight hours, or until thoroughly cooked, and set to cool in the liquid. A small bag of spices—cloves, mace, cinnamon—thrown in the boiling cider gives flavor. This is delicious.

Rice Omelet.

Add to one cup of cold boiled rice four teaspoonsful of milk, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, and a half teaspoonful of salt. Heat a tablespoonful of butter very hot in a frying pan, then pour in the mixture, cover and bake about ten minutes in a moderate oven until stiff. Double and turn out carefully on a hot platter.

Klondike Soup.

The ingredients of this soup are: One quart of sweet milk, one-half can of corn, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper; butter the size of one egg, one cup of cold boiled potatoes cut fine if convenient. They are not necessary to the soup, which is good without them. Boil up once pour over toasted-bread dice and serve.

Julienne Soup.

Julienne soup is consomme to which have been added one carrot, two onions, two white turnips and one stalk of celery cut into shreds about as thick as a match. The vegetables should be boiled in clear water and placed in the tureen, and the soup should be poured over them. It will then be ready to serve.

Roast Beef.

In roasting beef, roast 15 minutes to every pound, not beginning to count the time until the meat has been in the oven at least 15 minutes. This is a mistake made by so many cooks, for from 15 to 20 minutes must be allowed for a roast to begin to cook in the oven.

Johnny Cake.

One cupful flour, one-half cupful cornmeal, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful baking soda. Sift all together, then add 1 1/2 cupfuls sour milk or buttermilk, beat until smooth, pour into a greased pan, and bake for about 20 minutes in a quick oven.

Cottage Cheese and Potatoes.

One cup of cottage cheese stirred smooth and free from lumps. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt and enough sour cream to make it the consistency of a thick batter. Serve with plain boiled new potatoes, or with baked or fried luncheon or supper dish.

Cream of Beet Soup.

Simmer a small bunch of young beets in a half-pint of water till they are a pulp; season, pass through a sieve, add a quart of milk, thicken slightly and serve in hot cups.

Mer Method.

They tell me, Sally, you are a good laundress. Now, do you do your washing with avidity? "No, I don't, ma'am. I use a good brand o' soap."—Baltimore American.

Only Real Conquests.

The only conquests that cause no regrets are those made over hatred.—Napoleon.

Last Word in Hats



NET and lace hats, milans faced with velvet, hair braids, leghorns and lingerie hats, and especially net and lace, these are the wares most often on the lips of the milliner just now. Hair braids—for those who can afford them—undisputed queens among hats of the hot weather, are not pictured here, but everyone knows their beautiful texture and their durability.

It is peculiar that the milan, which is heavier than any other of the mid-summer braids, should be so often chosen. It is really a matter of habit with the milliner to put before her people the milan, large, comfortable and simply trimmed, for an all-round mid-summer hat. Vivid shades of green, with the golden yellow of the milan gives a color combination that is never tiresome. The decoration is usually a feather of some sort in the same color and a flange or facing of velvet.

Just now a pretty idea is a cluster of lilac blossoms at the side of a broad brimmed shape with one or two sprays standing; these blossoms are tinted to the color of the hat and shade off to lighter tones. A milan, for instance, is trimmed with lilacs in light yellow shading off to white. A single Easter lily in black velvet makes a telling touch, arranged in the heavier portion of the spray. Roses have not quenched it as usual this summer, for all other blossoms have claimed attention. But rose wreaths and sprays of large roses are

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS



Linen cashmere or serge might be made up in this style; the skirt has a wide panel down center front with

SCENTS FOR USE IN BATH

Simple Mixtures That Will Give Comfort When One Comes In Tired and Warm.

Nothing is so invigorating when tired and warm as a scented bath of hot water. In summer days it proves particularly refreshing when taken before dressing for the evening.

The simplest of these baths is made by adding cologne, toilet water or violet ammonia to the bath water. A good aromatic mixture to keep on hand is made from two ounces of tincture of camphor, four ounces of cologne and an ounce of tincture of benzoin. Add enough of this to the bath water to make it milky.

If you are presented with colognes or toilet waters that are not especially fragrant, use them in the bath. The scent is so faint as not to be disagreeable, and the refreshing qualities are as great as from more expensive colognes.

Another refreshing bath is made by squeezing the filtered juice of four

lemons into a quarter of a tubful of water. Where the aromatic bath seems extravagant, or there is no time for it, put a solution of the mixture given above into a spray and spray it over face, neck and arms.

Putting cologne back of the ears, on the temples and on upper lip is extremely restful and cooling.

The Lilac Popular.

In the search for agrette effects the lilac, with its bristling panicles, has become one of the millinery favorites. Instead of the normal purple or white, one finds it green, crimson, yellow, blue—any color at all that the milliner needs for her scheme. Some of the big straw shapes with such flowers and a wisp of tulle, are among the most fetching models. The Indian turban looped with pearls and finished with an agrette at one side continues to flourish as a picturesque item of smart hat displays, and there is the little turban made of a handkerchief wound around and around its frame in Arab fashion. But the turban is bound to decrease in vogue as the summer advances.

Can You Guess What He Meant?

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?" "What did he say?" "He said that Mammie's voice was good, but Maud's was better still."—Cleveland Leader.

Through the Pantry Window

By CLAUDINE SISSON

On a certain chill October afternoon, which was brightened only by a flare of crimson leaves on all the maples and the ever-present tangles of aster and golden rod along the bushy banks, Elsie turned her horse in at a rickety picket gate and dismounted before the porch of a tiny, shabby, neglected house.

Tears came to Elsie's eyes, as she thought of the dead woman who had animated it with her kindly presence. She felt that she would like to go in and look about and try in imagination to return them with the gentle figures that had once frequented them.

The house was locked. She went about trying the shutters. At last she found one partly off the hinges—blown off by a high wind, no doubt. She swung it clear and put her hand to the window underneath. To her surprise, it raised as she pushed upon it. She seemed to hear a familiar voice saying in her ear:

"The ketch on that pantry window needs fixing bad, but I can't seem to do it."

Aunt Hope's dear voice! Aunt Hope's own remembered words! And this was the pantry window. Elsie



Elsie Turned Her Horse In at a Rickety Gate.

looked in. The tiny place was neat, the cupboard doors shut; an old iron spider hung against the wall. The window sill was only knee high from the ground, and Elsie climbed over it easily. She let down the window behind her. The floor gave back an empty sound beneath her feet as she walked across it to the kitchen. The kitchen, too, was quite unchanged.

After the dining room came the parlor, the room that in aunt Hope's lifetime Elsie had always loved best. It was a good sized room in the front of the house. She lifted a window and turned the slats of the closed shutters. The yellow afternoon light came in across the bare floor. Innumerable moths danced in its rays. Upon the walls a few old pictures still hung, and the wall paper showed fresh spaces upon its faded surface where others had been.

Elsie sat down upon one of the appealing chairs and clasped her hands in their riding gauntlets about her knee. There was a chill of freeness and stale air in the room, but she did not feel it. She was thinking of the last time she had been in this room. There had been flowers in the room and many people. In the midst lay aunt Hope, always hitherto so gracious and genial, so quick to respond to the love of her friends and neighbors. Her hands were crossed upon a flower; her lips smiled a new little smile of understanding of men's ways and of God's. Above the hushed sound of tears rose a dignified voice: "I am the resurrection and the life."

How vividly she remembered it all! She had sat here and he had sat there with aunt Hope between. And though they both looked at aunt Hope tearfully they would not look at each other. How pale he had been! And, perhaps, she, too, had been just as pale under her veil. Well, it was over. Of what use was it to regret? Yet Elsie knew how anxiously aunt Hope had longed for them to be friends again.

"You are both young and high tempered," she had pleaded again and again, "but there'll come a time when you'll be old and remorseful unless you make up now. Why, you're made for each other, Elsie. You'll

never be happy with anyone else, nor will David. He's a splendid young fellow. Don't I know? Wasn't I with his mother the night he was born, and haven't I watched him grow up from baby to man? And haven't I watched you grow up, too? And I love you both. I've tried to have you care for each other because I felt that as it should be. And now you've let that little trollop of a Doris Kennedy come between you! Oh, I know what folks say about me—that I am a meddling old matchmaker."

"Peacemaker, aunt Hope," Elsie had laughed, tremulously. "Well, then, peacemaker. I hope I am. Blessed—you know what the Bible says. But I ain't sure of that unless you'll let me make peace between you and David!"

"Some day," Elsie had half promised. That was a year ago. Then they had met at aunt Hope's funeral and had not spoken. Afterward David had gone back to the city to his work and Elsie had gone hers in the little country town. As far as she knew now, her romance was ended. There was no aunt Hope to advise and gently smooth away the difficulty. But, oh, the sweetness and the bitterness of it lingered with her like mingled myrrh and honey. She had loved David—she loved him still—and must go on loving him as long as she lived. But she had the Bennett temper. He had it, too, far back some-where, a couple of generations ago, a certain marriage had made them kin. She would not give up. Neither would he. And it was all because she had not liked his city cousin, Doris Kennedy, and he had! Perhaps down in her heart Elsie had been a bit jealous of the blonde young woman who looked as if she had been run in an exceedingly slender mold, and had never so much as bent her back since

—an effect obtained, it was said, by means of an exacting dressmaker. Elsie was far too natural to admire Doris' immobility, loads of false hair and layers of pink and white powder. And she had told David so in a none too pleasant way.

"But her heart is all right," he had argued, stoutly. "Doris is a good girl. Envious!" cried Elsie, scarlet with rage. So the quarrel had begun.

As she sat there now in the empty room Elsie owned to herself sadly that she had been unreasonable. After all, Doris was David's own cousin and older than he. There had been no reason in the world for her being jealous—as she had been;—yes, she had to admit that now.

"If only I had listened to aunt Hope, if only I had let her make peace as she wished—"

A crash at the back of the house startled her. A window had fallen! She sprang to her feet. Steps were coming toward her through the house—heavy steps—a man's. Now they were in the kitchen—now the dining room. She plunged toward the door that opened into the little front entry. It was locked. She tugged at it frantically. Heaven! To be shut in this house with a tramp. Still tugging, with futile desperation, at the unyielding door she looked back over her shoulder just as the invader appeared in the parlor door—a tall young fellow in a respectable ulster, who looked almost as white and shaken as she knew she was.

"Elsie!" he exclaimed. "Great Scott!"

"David!" she gasped. And half fell against the supporting door. They stared at each other, the color slowly coming back to their faces.

"Did you get in at the pantry window, too?" Elsie asked, when she could.

He nodded. "I remembered that aunt Hope was always going to have it fixed and never did. What are you doing here, Elsie?" He came close to her.

"What are you?"

"I came because I had to. I felt as if I was being called."

"David! That's just the way I felt."

Their eyes sought each other's, awe-struck, wondering. Then their hands met.

"Forgive me, Elsie. I was wrong," he faltered.

"Forgive me, David, I was wrong, too."

They clung together.

"I didn't care for Doris. But she was my cousin."

"I know, I know."

She was in his arms now. And he had kissed her.

"David," Elsie said, from his shoulder, solemnly, "do you suppose—that she, aunt Hope, drew us here today?"

His eyes had the look of one who has been very near the holy things.

"Who knows?" he answered, very low. "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

Work That Must be Done

Impossible to Regulate the Hours of Labor That the Farmer Must Put In.

The city man who goes to farming will find that there are times, intermittent, it is true, but often sufficiently prolonged, when he will have to work as he never did before. It is of no use for him to say that eight hours a day is long enough for a man to work. It may be long enough for his physical wellbeing, but he must plow and sow and mow at the right time, and he must make hay while the sun shines. He is working in collaboration with nature, and the pace that she sets is made without regard to the rights of the laboring man or the eight-hour law. On our own farm, for instance, my sons and I have often been tired for weeks together; not the pleasant fatigue that wears off in a night of refreshing sleep, but the deep-seated weariness of overwrought muscles and too long hours that is

present even when one rises in the morning, and is thrown off only after a few hours of labor when one has "warmed up" to his work.

This is a part of the price that must be paid for freedom and the privilege of working for one's self and not for another.—David Bufum in the Atlantic.

Generous.

"Come here, Tommy," called his mother from the edge of the pond, as she concealed the birch switch behind her.

"What do you want, ma?" asked the little boy, suspiciously.

"I want to give you something."

"I ain't doin' nuttin', ma!"

"Then I shall be even more liberal. I am going to give you something for nothing."

Some men's idea of a good time is to be unable to remember anything after 10 p. m.

Libby's Food Products advertisement featuring Libby's Vienna Sausage, Cooked Corned Beef, Peerless Dried Beef, Veal Loaf, Evaporated Milk, Baked Beans, Chow Chow, Mixed Pickles, and Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago.

W. L. Douglas Shoes advertisement with prices (\$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3, \$2.50 & \$2) and a portrait of W. L. Douglas.

NO HELP NEEDED, THANK YOU! But Many Will Think Women Needed a Course of Instruction in Manners.

It's all off with me, this thing of offering help to women autoists in distress," says Charles A. Gager, the optician. "I was walking up Superior avenue a day or two ago, when I noticed a stalled auto in front of the Colonial theater. Two women, both apparently exhausted, were making a desperate effort to 'crank' the machine. 'Being somewhat familiar with autotomobiles, I lifted my hat and approached the pair. 'Ladies,' I asked, 'can I be of some service?' 'Yes, you can,' snapped one of the women, 'you can go right along and mind your own darn business.'—Cleveland Leader.

Had a Reason. "Why don't you call your newspaper the Appendix?" asked the enemy of the political boss. "Any special reason for wanting me to do so?" "Well, it's a useless organ."

Wanted to Know the Worst. "Well, doctor, boy or girl?" "My dear sir, you are the father of triplets."

"Sure you haven't missed any in your hurried count?" Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure. They sugar-coated granules. Search others for their virtues, and yourself for thy vices.—Fuller.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS advertisement with a circular logo and text: "DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE. 375 'Guaranteed'." and "Thompson's Eye Water".

PARKER'S HAIR BALMS advertisement: "PARKER'S HAIR BALMS. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Prevents itching. Restores color to faded hair. Keeps the scalp cool and healthy. Cleanses and softens the hair follicles. One cent bottles at drug stores."

30 ft. Bowels—Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body.