

Home Department of Enterprise

Features Especially Selected for the Family Reading Tables
of Manchester and Vicinity.



PLACE FOR THE BOOKS

NEW MILLINERY WILL PLEASE
NO HOUSE COMPLETE WITHOUT
PROVISION FOR THEM.

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening
Department, The Moody Bible Institute.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening
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Practical Ideas, Which Can Be Made
to Do Double Duty, Is Shown—
Crotchet-Covered Shelves Will
Be Found Useful.

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

One can imagine a house without
picture more readily than one can
imagine even a single room without
books. Books stand for culture and
education in our homes, for beauty and
gracefulness, for the good and what will
last in a human life.

—F. York Powell.

HELPFUL HINTS.

A small rubber mat in the kitchen
where one stands is a great rest to the
feet. A few folds of carpet will an-
swer as well as the rubber mat is not
a good idea.

Save sashes, fillings and any
dressings which require four or
more starch, mix the dry ingredients to
a pulp, add water and all will always result.

Flour or cornstarch will be smooth
when added to water and will mix
easily.

When a garment is better saved
than wasted, in one family where
nothing is wasted and there are small
dishes of left over, they are combined
with cold meat, fish, etc., and a
tasteless gravy.

Many shades of blue will be used
Can you picture the glistening green
blue of the peacock transferred to
soft velvet and turned up with a
crotchet pattern? This is not the
only way to use up old fabrics.

Many shades of blue will be used
in the new millinery there are some
favorites of the spectrum, and
many changes are rung on the original
schemes that all eyes and complextions will be becomingly placed
in the beautiful, they take hold of an
issue which would most properly come
in, if women are as clever, as we
think.

It is to the women's clubs very large
that the movement for the bettering of
American town and cities. In the interest
which the members of these organizations
evince in the young and in the beautiful,
they take hold of an issue which would most properly come
in, if women are as clever, as we
think.

The all-black hat is a practical
choice, and will look equally well on
any woman. If it is a good idea, it is
a good idea. The black hat is
the best hat in the world.

How to Utilize Left-Overs.

There are many people who hate at
the thought of eating leftover food.
The idea of hash is the limit of their
culinary knowledge on the subject.
Now hash is a homely old dish of
grinding, mashing, and mashing.
The hash is hard and has "out
of all whooping," as Shakespeare says,
but well-made hash is both palatable
and a good dish.

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HELPFUL HINTS.

The Flying Man

by
Harry
Irving
Greene

"The Lash of Circumstance,"
Author of "Barbara of the Snows."

Copyright, 1912, by Harry Irving Greene

SYNOPSIS.

Professor Desmond of the Peak observatory causes a great sensation throughout the world when he announces that he appears to be a satellite approaching at terrific speed. Destruction of the earth is feared. Panic prevails; everybody is made to believe that the end is near. The atmospheric disturbance knocks people unconscious but does no damage. A leaf bearing a cabalistic symbol is seen to float among the guests at a lawn party. It is identical in design with a curious ornament worn by Doris Fulton. A hideous man in a mask is seen to be lurking in the midst of the guests. He notices Doris' ornament and starts toward her. The men fear he intended some harm to Doris, but she is safe, having hidden in a closet. Toller and March, suitors of Doris, and Professor Desmond are injured. The flying man, but unperceived, is flying away. A farmer reports that the flying man carried off his young daughter. People everywhere are in a panic. The flying man is accused of being responsible for the calamities for evil possessed by the monster. The governor offers a reward of \$50,000 for his capture, dead or alive. The men of the air, the aviators, are to respond. After a thrilling chase in the air he is thrown from his machine by the flying man. He is safe, but the scene of other aviators' arrival. The reward is increased to a million. The aviators find themselves outdistanced and put into a trap. The flying man's strategy proves futile. A negro is the latest victim. The aviators go to the scene of the tragedy, some 20 miles distant, accompanied by a horse and rider. They are joined by Toller, much to March's disgust. With the men riding up to the scene, the flying man becomes unaccountably frightened, the flying man suddenly swoops down and carries Doris off. March and Toller, much annoyed, follow him. They are led through canyons and over mountains. Toller, driven insane by the strain, shoots March. Toller, in a rage, climbs up the mountain to a plateau where the flying man has sought refuge. Toller is taken unawares by the monster, who cuts him down and carries him to his death. March, only slightly wounded, starts back to summon the aviators, but drops from exhaustion. He is seen North flying away. The flying man, who has been watching him, takes him in the machine and they land on the mountain plateau.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

In the deathlike stillness the whirr of North sounded thin and shrill as they drew their weapons. "We will keep about fifty yards apart, yet always in each other's sight. Watch me for signals and I will do the same by you. Now come." Slowly they advanced; scanning each possible place of retreat and choosing their way with the infinite caution of prowlers who traverse a corridor in the darkness of midnight. In the tension of suspense March could not feel his heart pounding heavily. The weirdness of the place was upon them with its spell, its silence throbbing in their straining ears, its chaos, infernal in its hideous desolation. To one side and below them was a thousand feet, so nearly sheer down that one might have almost tossed a pebble into it, glistened the steel blue waters of Lake Talo, the crater lake of unmeasurable depth, that lay amidst this solitude a dozen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Then March, whose eyes were everywhere, saw North abruptly stop, recoil and then beckon to him to come by a wave of his hand. Even across the distance that separated them he could see the pallor that had swept over his friend's sun-browned face, and sick with fear at the unknown horror he must now look upon, he passed quickly to his side. The aviator was pointing at an object which lay close before him. March, looking also, felt his blood turn to ice.

"A sight like that is about the only thing that gets my nerve," whispered the other as he blotted his damp forehead with a hand that shook despite his efforts to control it. "I have seen too many of my good friends lying like that. It makes me think what I will look like one of these days if I don't get out of this cursed business."



With an Involuntary Cry He Bounded Forward.

But we will come back and take care of him later. Just at present we have a woman to look after. Lord! He must have fallen a thousand feet."

Five minutes later Alan, moving with the stealth of a mountain lion, saw something that brought his heart to his throat. Doris, huddled against a rock, her face in her hands, was within a hundred feet of him. With an involuntary cry and thoughtless of all else except that he had found her, he bounded forward. She heard him coming, shrank, convulsively back against the rock with a cry of distress, then raising her hollow eyes saw who it was and springing to her feet stood swaying with hands outstretched. Another instant and he had caught her in his arms.

"Doris!" he cried frantically as he strained her to him, searching her face and sunken eyes. She shuddered, clung to him closer, seemed



upon a level with the plateau the Flying Man was bearing down upon them with the speed of a hawk, flying as he had done during the long chase by the planes, his body almost horizontal with the earth, his wings cutting the air with a rapidity of movement that they could not follow. That he had just discovered them was evidenced by a sudden broad sweep aside, a halt and a pausing, followed by a slow zig-zag course towards the edge of the plateau. Two hundred yards away from them he alighted, and standing upright and with wings half extended stared at them unwinkingly with great, opalesque eyes. March, his left arm thrown around Doris and his right hand clasping his revolver, was debating as to whether he should risk a shot at his remaining three shots at that improbable hitting distance. North was already speeding upon him with the rush of a terrier.

For perhaps ten seconds March chafed under the impulse to charge after North, yet not daring to leave the one who was now clinging to him frowned.

"I do not know. He left an hour ago—creeping away among the rocks. He goes and comes as silently as a shadow. Always he seems to be upon the watch, by night as well as by day. I doubt if he ever sleeps." She looked at Alan's torn garments, bloodstained and lacerated hands. "Oh, it is too bad, too horrible!" And Clay—"She shuddered and covered her face with her palms. "I think I lost my senses for a time last night when that terrible thing happened. He seemed to be falling for hours. Take me away from this place of hideousness." North, pacing restlessly about, frowned.

"Guess we will all have to wait here until we have located this game of ours. For all we know, he may be roosting somewhere about and waiting for us to set sail. I dare not take you aboard until I know that he is not in a position to interfere. He has given me a few illustrations of what he can do in the line when he wants to—and neither have I forgotten poor Putnam as yet." The wisdom of his position could not be controverted. Doris must not be risked in the downward flight until the enemy was either rendered harmless or driven afar. They must wait.

Briefly she told them of her ordeal. Following the fearful shock of finding herself borne upward by him had ensued a condition of unconsciousness with brief spells of reason regained,

wherein she saw them running and falling as they struggled on below in their pursuit, interrupted by blank periods until at last she awoke to find herself in this land of desolation. He had not seemed to desire to injure her either upon the flight or after their arrival here, in fact had handled her no more severely than necessary transporting her. And after their descent he had laid no hand upon her, only staring at her by the hour from the distance of a yard or two with his great, beetle-like eyes, silent as a gargoyle or a graven idol. Then, as of a sudden he would arise, listen as though he had heard a sound which had not registered itself upon her ears, disappear only to later on come creeping back with the stealth of a cat to resume his steadfast gazing.

He had not seemed to notice the birth of night or had made no effort to make a fire, and her principal physical sufferings had been caused by the night cold. Neither had he eaten or drank in her presence, and what he was engaged in during his frequent excursions she had no idea except when—

She shuddered, clinging convulsively to March, speaking in a broken voice. "I would give years of my life to efface that horrible memory. The moon had arisen fairly high when all at once he became rigid, listened, and his eyes shone—Oh, with such a light, so uncanny, so vindictive. They were the eyes of a coiled serpent, only so much greater than a serpent's and therefore room for infinitely more malice. Then he crept away like a ghost through the shadows of the plateau with wings trailing and I saw him outlined for a moment upon a distant pile of rocks before he dropped out of sight upon the other side. It was still then as it is now—this unearthly stillness wherein all noises seem faint and far away with no sounding board to emphasize them. Then a cry arose, a cry so awful that for a moment I was paralyzed by the horror of it, and after that came the sounds of a struggle, the voice of a man who is fighting for his life, hoarse and desperate, together with a strange, croaking sound such as the creature made that night upon the lawn after Clay had wounded him. I knew that he had surprised either you or Clay, or possibly both of you, and that somebody would be killed. My strength came back to me as it did when I rushed out to you with the sword and in my desperation I seized a stone and ran towards the place where they were fighting, not knowing what I would do except that I would aid with all my little might. Then I saw him arise with a dark form in his arms, and it was I could not tell. He beat his way upward until he was very high, so high that he looked no larger than my hand, and then—" She choked and could speak no more, staring straight ahead with fixed eyes as if fascinated by something far distant—and then I saw upon this spot and have not left it since. I dared not go and look—not even in the periods of his absence."

She paused and they stood silently, the grawsmess of it all gripping them as though they had just awakened from the spell of a nightmare. Then North's voice arose quiet and even as though he were speaking of the most immaterial of things. "Miss Fulton, there is no occasion for further anxiety upon your part, for between Alan and myself here we will guarantee you protection from all flying things—man or devil, between here and Jupiter. Yet we must all be prepared for action and each be alert to do his part—and that part is going to happen pretty quick." He made a slight motion with his head. "He is coming now. Look to the south." Instantly their eyes flew in that direction. Perhaps a mile away and almost

Again the Mountain Reverberated to the Double Roar.

watched them in absolute fixity. Then as the aviator, now half way across the space, raised his arm for the first shot, the flying one became a thing of energy once more, alert and cunning. The fury of a jealous ape distorted his face. With a leap of incredible quickness he sprang over the ledge and disappeared, and when North, darting up to the edge, peered over it he saw his prey far below, his wings half shut, falling as an autumn leaf eddies downward from a bough.

Close above the surface of the crater lake he spread his pinions broad skinned over it like a gull and went soaring upward from the momentum of his fall. A mile away he alighted upon the side of the opposite mountain, went crawling over it upon all fours with wings trailing, then picking up a large object mounted again. Upon the table mountain the three shot quick glances at each other. He was about to bombard them from on high with stones that if they struck their mark would fell them as though stricken by the lightnings, and March, knowing that he and North would be the objects of the attack, thrust Doris from him and stepped forth upon the cleared space that lay before him. High above them the flying one poised, beating the air as an eagle hovers above the basking fish as he achieves a position of absolute perpendicularity, then released the missile. Straight down upon North it shot, but the aviator darting aside with the quickness of a weasel, dodged it by a dozen feet, yet escaping being beaten in its clanging rebound by the breadth of a hand. The next instant both revolvers spoke.

Three hundred feet above them they saw him flap convulsively like a wild fowl that feels the sudden sting of lead, wheel in a broad circle, and then go lurching over the abyss with spasmodic beating of his wings. A grim smile came creeping over the face of North. "We touched him up hard that

Clay had wounded him. I knew that he had surprised either you or Clay, or possibly both of you, and that somebody would be killed. My strength came back to me as it did when I rushed out to you with the sword and in my desperation I seized a stone and ran towards the place where they were fighting, not knowing what I would do except that I would aid with all my little might. Then I saw him arise with a dark form in his arms, and it was I could not tell. He beat his way upward until he was very high, so high that he looked no larger than my hand, and then—" She choked and could speak no more, staring straight ahead with fixed eyes as if fascinated by something far distant—and then I saw upon this spot and have not left it since. I dared not go and look—not even in the periods of his absence."

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One of two of the notices of Lord Wolseley's career mention the protracted dispute between Wolseley and Sir William Russell as to the behavior of the troops in South Africa in 1879.

Russell had accused the troops of drunkenness and looting in no uncertain terms. Wolseley defended his men with generous warmth, but the manner in which both Wolseley and Russell kept their regard for each other, each well knowing that the other spoke in sincerity, was a model of how a dispute of principle should be conducted between public men.

Sir John Tenniel in Punch charmed

upon a level with the plateau the Flying Man was bearing down upon them with the speed of a hawk, flying as he had done during the long chase by the planes, his body almost horizontal with the earth, his wings cutting the air with a rapidity of movement that they could not follow. That he had just discovered them was evidenced by a sudden broad sweep aside, a halt and a pausing, followed by a slow zig-zag course towards the edge of the plateau. Two hundred yards away from them he alighted, and standing upright and with wings half extended stared at them unwinkingly with great, opalesque eyes. March, his left arm thrown around Doris and his right hand clasping his revolver, was debating as to whether he should risk a shot at his remaining three shots at that improbable hitting distance. North was already speeding upon him with the rush of a terrier.

"And the Flying Man is bottomless. The scientists will never even get his body to speculate over," muttered March. North turned his tense face upon them.

"Anyway there are three eye witnesses who can testify at the coroner's inquest, and when it comes to applying for that little old reward," he said grimly. "And it will make a respectable sum when divided up among us. Put's widow and a slice for the other boys who did not happen to be in at the death. Also today saw the last flight of one erstwhile aviator named North. I have had enough of sky-scaping to last for one lifetime. I am going to get married and live happily in a hole in the ground forever after." He pointed into the air.

"Inlay is coming. He must have heard our guns. He can take one of you down and I will guarantee the safe descent of the other." A grin overspreads his face. "You two seem to be having your own troubles and I guess I'll fade into the perspective for a moment if you think you can spare me. And my blessings upon you." He turned his back upon them and was gone behind the rocks.

CHAPTER XVI.

The End.

Doris was in March's arms, her tremblings vanished by that strong clasp, the horror that had filled her eyes gone, her sweet face upturned to him.

"But tell me," he was whispering. "Poor Clay—he lost his mental poise at the last and said many wild things. Was there any understanding between you—you know what I mean, Doris—were you?" He hesitated, turning his eyes upon the distant speck floating in the sky, which he knew to be Inlay speeding towards them. Her face grew very grave and her voice was low as she anticipated the word he disliked to speak.

"No—we were good friends, nothing more. He asked me to marry him upon the Sunday of the pursuit and I told him I would answer him by letter upon the following day. He had always been so kind to me that I did not have the courage to refuse him his face—and he was so strange in many ways. In my letter I told him that I could not accept, begging the privilege of his continued friendship. He accepted the answer calmly, merely renewing his avowals of devotion" and repeating that he would give all—even to his life—for me." Her eyes swam mistily. "And the horror of it? He kept his word."

"He loved you devotedly and did all that a brave man could for you, Doris," said March gently. She nodded. "I understand. And his memory—what can one say? She ran her fingers lightly across his matted hair, where the bullet had reeked his skull. "You were wounded," she asked softly. "For the first and last time in his life March lied to her."

"Yes, an accident—the accidental discharge of a revolver. But towards the last I thought you loved him most after all. You never would answer me, you know." She smiled up at him, Doris' old smile, and there was no sweeter one anywhere.

"That night upon the lawn when I thought my last hour had come! Didn't you leave him and run to your arms? And was that not answer enough?"

A faint whistle fell upon their ears, thin, sibilant, momentarily shrilling louder. March glanced southward again. "Inlay is only a mile away and will be drawn in another minute to take you back—back to the home from which I shall so shortly take you forever, Doris," he said as he drew her closer. Her head was upon his shoulder, her face upturned, her rich lips but a matter of inches from his own. He claimed them.

"He wouldnt advertise.

There was a man in our town. And he was wondrous wise. His secret it was policy. He wouldnt advertise.

But one day he advertised. And thereby hangs a tale: The ad was set in quite small type. And headed "Sheriff's Sale."

A Good Investment.

It costs a little money to take stock, but it's worth it, and the time when stock was taken once a year has long since passed. Your advertising may be running along quite nicely now, but make an analysis at regular intervals—it may cost a little money, but it's worth it.

Ad Section Interesting.

Some of the most interesting parts of the papers that are published nowadays are the advertisements. There is no reason why a person should skip these; in fact, some writers say that they judge newspaper by the advertising it carries.

Doesn't Work.

"Pat's decided on one thing about the cost of living."

"What's that?"

"Why light-fingered transactions are generally considered dark deeds!"

Puzzler.

"There is one thing which I would like to know."

"What is that?"

"For Bee Biting."

For insect bites or bee and wasp stings, a solution of common baking soda and water will give relief. Weakened ammonia is also good.

Natural Kind.

"I caught a firefly yesterday."

"A confirmed criminal?"

"No; a glowworm."

No thought person uses liquid blue. It's a pale blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that all blue dye

The man who has horse sense gets his oats.

With an Involuntary Cry He Bounded Forward.

THE TRAGEDY OF GENIUS

CHARLES TELLIER, INVENTOR OF COLD STORAGE

MAN whose temper was quick and whose thumbs were thick used to indulge in violent language every time his wife called upon him to button her waist up the back. He had a hard time getting the hooks into the eyes, and even after he had them all adjusted there was no telling when some of them would get loose.

One day after he had nearly all of them fastened his wife wriggled a bit and most of the hooks came loose.

"I wish some darn fool would invent a hook that would stay hooked," said the husband after he had uttered some things that are unnecessary to repeat.

"Why don't you?" asked the wife, not satirically nor because she thought he was a fool, but for her own peace of mind and to save him annoyance.

"I will some day when I have a few minutes to spare," he declared.

And he did. From a simple device which he patented and put on the market he has made nearly \$2,000,000.

What a contrast this case is to that of Charles Tellier, who died the other day. Tellier's whole life was one of poverty and struggle. More than once he was cast into prison for debt. He died of starvation, being too poor to buy enough food to sustain life, yet no man in all the history of the world did more to conserve the food supply of the human race than did Charles Tellier.

He was the inventor of cold storage. Other men

have been made rich through his genius. Hundreds of millions of dollars are saved each year through the process he developed. But for him great cities such as New York, London, Paris and Berlin would be in danger of famine if cut off from their sources of food supply through a great storm or the interruption of their lines of communication.

New York, so far as its fresh food is concerned, lives from day to day, says the New York Sun. In 1885, when it was tied up by a blizzard, most of the food within the city had been consumed before 72 hours had passed. Another 72 hours would have meant much suffering. Today, with a tremendous increase in population, its position is one of comparative safety. It carries in cold storage enough food to support it for weeks.

And yet Charles Tellier died of starvation!

France was responsible for Tellier, but every nation was his debtor. He was born in Amiens. More than 40 years ago, after being released from a debtor's prison, he perfected a system for the preservation of meats, vegetables and fruits. Thirty-seven years ago a ship equipped with his cold storage appliance was at sea for more than 100 days and brought its cargo of meat into port as fresh as the day it was put aboard.

Some inventors are careless. Many of them lack business ability. Tellier's ideas were appropriated by clever men who thought only of using them to their own advantage without feeling any sense of obligation to the inventor. Some of them laughed or scoffed at him when he protested that they were robbing him of his rights.

Sensitive and proud he tried to hide his bitterness and sought solace in working on other great inventions for the good of mankind. It takes money to prosecute studies and experiments, and Tellier had little of it. One day some one reproached the French government for its neglect of Tellier, who was in dire want. The government acted promptly. It gave the ribbon of the Legion of Honor to him. This was fine thing to do for an old man, nearly all of whose clothes and furniture were in pawn.

The news of Tellier's death last month stirred all France. The people may have neglected Tellier alive, but they honored him dead. His funeral was a national event. Great men delivered eulogies of him. And now France is to put up a monument to him as one of its greatest sons. He has monuments in the shape of industrial plants and ships the world over.

About the same time that Tellier was dying Rudolf Diesel, one of the greatest inventors of Germany has produced, fell or cast himself from the deck of a ship on which he was a passenger. He was a broken-hearted bankrupt—a genius without business sense. His engine is in use in every quarter of the globe. Next to Watt he is ranked by some as the greatest figure in the development of power. For all the good he did in the advancement of science and industry his reward was small indeed. Harassed by creditors, by his urgent needs, his life had been one of misery for years.

The tragedy of great inventors is not confined to France or Germany. The United States has more cases, perhaps than Europe. It is seldom that a genius is able to protect himself in a world by way. It is only after he is dead that the world begins to appreciate his full worth. Sometimes even that is lacking.

Without the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin photographic would not have been developed to the extent it is today. Without him it is doubtful if there would be motion pictures today, yet it is a question whether any of the great producers of the photo play who have made millions upon millions of dollars in the last ten years or one person out of ten thousand of those who go to see the "movies" know of Hannibal Goodwin and his work.

The Rev. Mr. Goodwin was pastor of a little church in Newark. His pay was small, barely enough to support his family. He was a great big, kindly man. Nature intended him for a scientist. Conditions made him a clergymen. He looked after his little flock, visited the sick and helped

NAME WAS STRANGE TO HIM

Frenchman Could Recall Nothing of One of the Greatest Statesmen of His Race.

Painters are notoriously lacking in the hump of reverence, says the London Telegraph. One of the long-haired tribe of "blaguers" happened to be spending a day or two at Castres, the birthplace of the great M. Jaurès, and got into conversation with a relative over his aperitif at the cafe. The loyal



THE REV. HANNIBAL GOODWIN
INVENTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM

DR. RUDOLF DISEL, INVENTOR OF ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ENGINES

ELI WHITNEY, INVENTOR OF THE COTTON GIN

THE COTTON GIN

ELIAS HOWE, INVENTOR OF THE SEWING MACHINE

the poor and did his full duty, but he loved to climb to the garret of his little house and work out problems in chemistry.

When he got into that garret the preacher-scientist developed the photographic film.

Success with his invention brought sorrow to the clergymen. It was in 1887 that he completed his work on the film. Whatever his dreams of fortune they were shattered. A photographic company attempted to prevent Goodwin from obtaining a patent. The company was rich. The clergymen was poor. A man who is poor has a tremendous handicap in such a legal fight as the one that followed. A rich corporation can hire lawyers of fine ability. The law is very slow.

The suit became a fearful burden to the preacher. Year after year the case dragged on. When the case had been in the courts 13 years the Rev. Mr. Goodwin died. He was poor. He would not have been so poor had he never invented the photographic film. Possibly the struggle to carry on the suit and to gain what he believed was his right to the patent to which she had been subjected.

Destitute and forlorn Howe drifted about from place to place. His father took pity on him and reconveyed the half interest in the patent to Elias. Then Howe took advantage of the fact that various persons were infringing on his patent and sued them. For four years the suits dragged along. Howe won most of them and collected \$15,000 in one instance. With this money he repurchased the half interest he had sold to the owner of the garret for \$500.

That was one of the few sensible things he ever did in a business way. When he died in 1887 at the age of forty-eight he left \$2,000,000.

Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. He was a New Englander who went south, and on the plantation of Gen. Nathaniel Green of Revolutionary fame saw the slaves separating the lint from the cotton seed by hand. Few things that came from the brain of many have worked a greater revolution than the cotton gin. Without injury to the fiber it cuts the lint from the seed and piles it into the frame in which later it is baled.

From his invention, which may be classed as one of the ten most important in history, Whitney never got a dollar of profit. Immediately upon the introduction of the gin dozens of persons pirated the invention. Whitney tried to protect his legal rights and soon became involved in a lot of lawsuits. Some of them he won without much trouble, some of the more important were carried from court to court and were dragged on interminably.

The affair became one of the scandals of the time. Mr. Whitney, disgusted with the protracted and expensive litigation, nearly at the end of his financial resources and despairing of ever getting justice in the courts, determined to let the world have the benefit of his invention without profit to himself. The state of Georgia in recognition of what it had benefited through the gin voted \$50,000 to him. That did not cover the legal costs, the lawyers' fees and the time he had given to the creation of the gin, but with this money he embarked in business in New England in the manufacture of firearms, and made enough money to live in comparative ease.

Castres vaunted the glory of his city. "Our city," he said, "produces the best billiard table in France. It has also—and here he lowered his voice reverently—given birth to M. Jaurès."

"Jaurès! Jaurès!" mused the shameless painter, "who's he?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know Jaurès?" gasped his interlocutor; and the painter, as if with dawning comprehension, replied: "Oh, you mean Jaurès, the man who won the race through Paris some years ago?"

It was too much for the patriotic

citizen, who rose in disgust and left the cafe. A few minutes later the painter gave him in earnest conversation with several other local worthies on the pavement opposite. All gazed in amazement at the strange mortal who did not know Jaurès. Imagine a Cockney at Cricceth who knew not Lloyd-George, and you have a fair parallel.

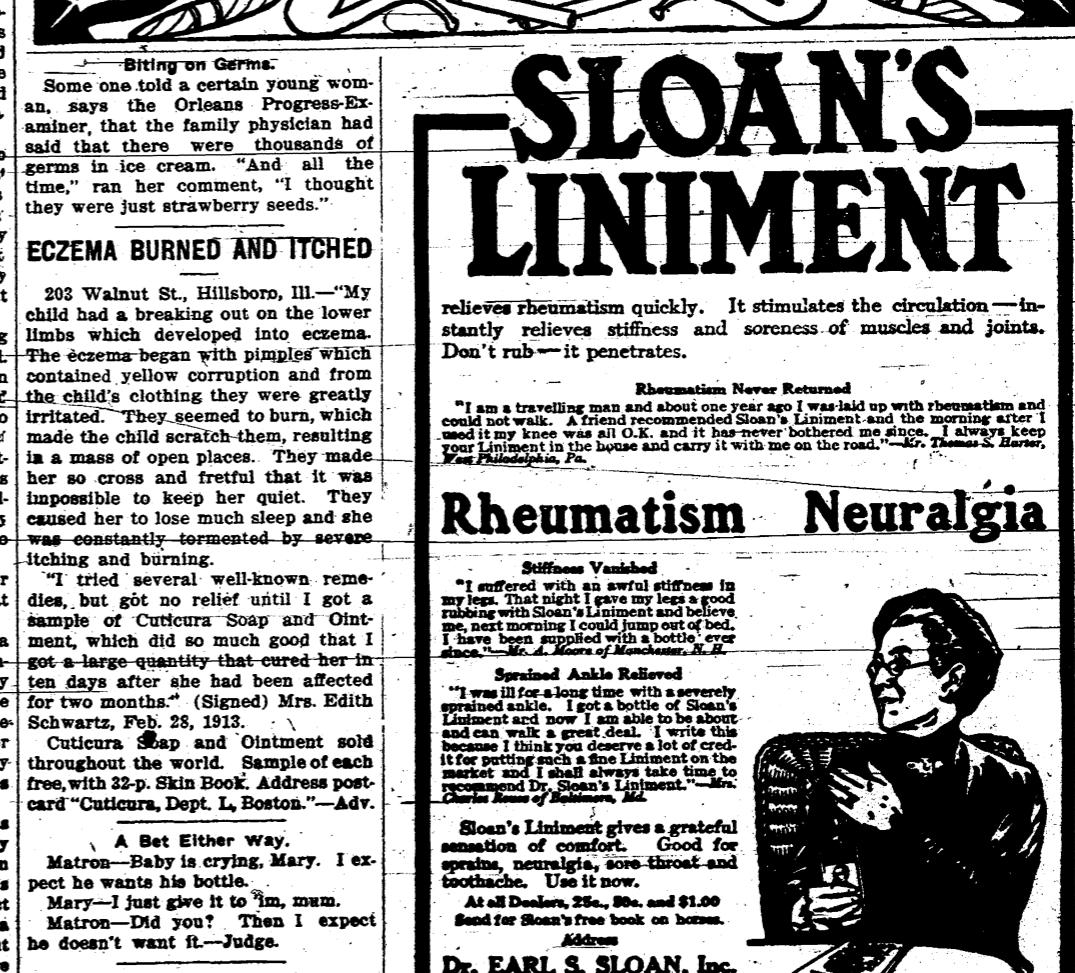
Two Partners

A wicked story is told about two partners who respected each other's

business ability, but who hated each other cordially. To one of them came a fairy saying that he could have any boon he desired, and whatever he had his partner should be in double portion. Naturally his first wish was for a barrel of money.

"All right," said the fairy, "but your partner will get two barrels on that wish."

"Stop a little," said the first. "Perhaps you'd better not give me a barrel of money. I'd rather you would make me totally blind in one eye."



HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Pigeon Objected to an Unceremonious Expulsion

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The squad of bluecoats had assembled at the central station for the midnight change of shifts. The stalwart policemen formed in line and started to march in a short review before roll call when, amid the tramping of feet, Lieutenant Green noticed a little blue-gray pigeon marching bravely along just behind the last man in line, head erect, chest out and with very much of a military air.

"Halt!" cried the lieutenant. The line came to an instant stop. "How'd that pigeon get in here?" he demanded sharply.

At once two dozen helmeted heads turned about on two dozen shoulders, and as many sets of eyes searched out his birdship, who, also, had halted on command. The bird never blinked an eyelid (if birds have eyelashes).

"Get out of here," thundered Lieutenant Green, when his men had failed to answer his question. "Get out! Shoo!" he repeated, as the pigeon cocked its head on one side and looked the commanding officer over. A titter went round the ranks, but was instantly subdued by a glare from the lieutenant.

"Officers Haggerty and Burn, put that pigeon out." And the lieutenant turned his back as if the incident were closed. It would have been closed, too, had not the pigeon objected to this unceremonious expulsion.

Officers Haggerty and Burn strode with great dignity up to the bird, which retreated as slowly toward the door. It walked along a few steps, then looked back as much as though it believed the order had been withdrawn. Now it was at the door, and the policemen-bird-drivers were about to sigh with relief when the feathered volunteer flew back over their heads and rejoined his comrades in line.

Perhaps five times the performance was repeated, but with no better success, and discipline was rapidly giving way to an upheaval of mirth when Lieutenant Green came back to earth and hastily called the roll. Then the line swung about, and in pairs the men marched out to the street. The pigeon, with a look of seeming satisfaction on its nose-to-expresive face, tagalong right at their heels.

"You're a—you're a—well, a mighty impudent bird," said the lieutenant. Then, even he broke the rules long enough to laugh.

This Girl Won a Husband in Twenty Minutes

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Twenty minutes after Miss Lura Blythe of Jeffersonville, Ind., met William B. Morang of Danville, Va., she became his bride. Magistrate Oscar Hay of Jeffersonville, just across the river from Louisville, and a famous Gretna Green, arranged this 20-minute wooing and marriage. Sometime ago a newspaper story was published to the effect that Magistrate Hay would not only perform the marriage ceremony, but would be glad to arrange matches for the bashful lovelorn.

The story came to the notice of Mr. Morang, who is a prosperous contracting carpenter, and he called on Magistrate Hay to find him a wife. Mr. Hay had not meant that part of his offer seriously, but he resolved to "make good."

A match was finally arranged with a Louisville woman, and last Sunday Morang reached Louisville from Danville. He went to the home of his prospective bride and returned to the magistrate's office with dismalface.

"I can't marry that woman you picked out for me," he said.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Hay. "She didn't wait for me. She married another fellow a week ago."

"Too bad," said the magistrate. "Well, as I undertook to get you a wife, I'll get you one."

"You'll have to hurry," said Morang. "I've left a lot of business in Danville and I'm going back to night."

The magistrate thought over his list of eligible young women and called up Miss Lura Blythe, daughter of Calvin Blythe, who lived near. He gave such a glowing description of Morang that Miss Blythe came right over to meet him.

At seven o'clock they were introduced. Ten minutes later they announced that they had accepted each other, and ten minutes later Magistrate Hay performed the marriage ceremony.

They have gone to Danville, Va., to make their home.

Exonerated From Theft Charge by Dog's Tricks

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Tricks which a bird dog remembered for three years and demonstrated in Justice Charles Clark's courtroom the other day freed its master of a charge of grand larceny.

Wiley A. Card, formerly of 2700 Denver avenue, was charged with the theft of Roxie from the home of W. J. Glover, 414 West Forty-second street. Glover had owned the dog a little more than two years. Card said the dog belonged to him and had wandered from home three weeks before. When he passed the Glover home he said it recognized him and followed him away.

"It's mine," spoke Card from the witness stand, "and I can make her do some tricks that will prove it."

"Oh, no, you can't," Glover said. "It doesn't know any tricks."

"Rox," spoke Card. The dog advanced to the open space in front of the defendant's chair.

"Stand up!"

The dog arose to its hind legs, cocked its head to one side and looked at the witness. Card took a small paper box from his pocket. He tossed it into the air. Roxie retrieved it before it touched the floor.

"Now, roll over and then go shut the door."

The dog promptly rolled over, and then pushed the courtroom door shut with its nose and a fore foot.

"That's enough," said the justice, when the crowd's demonstrations of pleasure could be controlled. "That dog surely knows you. The case is dismissed. It is the business of the civil court to decide the permanent ownership of the dog."

Old Roughneck Cat Claws His Deep Sea Owner

CHICAGO.—Frank McCauley, sometime a deep-sea sailor, thrust across the operating table at the Chicago avenue station the other day two hands that looked as if they had gone half way through a sausage grinder. And while Ambulance Surgeon Helwig was sewing and bandaging, McCauley explained:

"Me an' old Roughneck—that's my cat—was sittin' peaceful on the quarterdeck of my apartment at 228 West Superior street, snoozin' in the sunshine, enjoyin' the Sabbath calm."

"All of a sudden a-pate-lookin' rat—meanest-speakin' rat you ever saw—scoots out o' the cook's cabin and jumps clear out in the middle o' the back yard."

"The rats is leavin' the ship," I yells, which in deep-water language amounts to the same thing as sayin', 'Man the lifeboats.' But it seems to have a different meaning for Roughneck."

"Roughneck was lyin' asleep in my lap—but the way sleep is like the sleepin' of a battery with the switch turned off. Just that simple word 'rats,' it appears, was the switch to the battery for that cat."

"Anyways, up jumps Roughneck and digs his hind claws into my stomach as he starts to take up the pursuit o' that rat."

"No, you don't," says I, being willing to let the rat move to the apartment across the alley if he wants to, an' I grabs Roughneck by the reason for his nomenclature. Now look at me."

The surgeon pasted down the final bandage and inquired:

"What are you going to do to punish Roughneck?"

"Well," said the sailor, "Roughneck did do a lot to me, but on the other hand, I kept Roughneck away from that rat. I guess me and Roughneck was about even."

Timkins' Little Joke.

Mr. Springs, who was very self-important, made an absurd offer for Mr. Timkins' extra lot in East Orange. He allowed a day for Mr. Timkins to think it over, then called again. "Did you entertain my proposition?" he asked. "No," said Mr. Timkins. "Your proposition entertained me." New York Evening Post

Place for Everything.

"Confound it, Emily, where do you keep the pins? I've been looking high and low for one for ten minutes. I'll wager there isn't an article of the sort in the house. If we men ran our offices like you women—" "Oh, Dorothy, shake out the vacuum-cleaner for the egg and a larger proportion of the body of the fowl."

NOTES from MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Get rid of the old hen.

Roupe is a dangerous disease.

Geese rarely contract disease.

Give the hogs what they will eat.

Keep pure, fresh water always within reach.

Having things convenient saves labor and discouragements.

To avoid disease, it is better to breed away from it.

Regularity of feeding and work makes long lived horses.

Salt should always be accessible, as well as fresh, pure water.

There are 4,386,000 mules and 20,567,000 horses in the United States.

If kerosene is rubbed into leather hardened by water, it will soften it well.

Be careful and not close a can containing warm milk which has not been aerated.

Animals must be fed on food that they relish, in order to produce the best results.

The guinea fowl is a great forager and destroys many insects that other fowls will not touch.

The Mediterranean or egg breeds are Leghorns, Minorcas, Spanish, Blue Andalusians and Anconas.

Don't house the sheep too closely. Cold is not as bad as damp, foul air. Give shelter instead of warmth.

It often happens that a family is very anxious to own a home and they find houses and lots so expensive that after looking around for several months they are obliged to give it up, at any rate for the time being. It is to meet just such cases that I recommend such small low cost houses as this.

Americans as a rule have rather large ideas in regard to dwellings. As a usual thing we want large rooms and plenty of them, but I find that public opinion is passing through a change and it has been brought about largely through the influence of city flats, many of which contain little conveniences that are not common in houses.

Taxes in larger cities are double what they were ten or twenty years ago.

Blackberries should be given space in the garden, for there are few, if any, fruits that give quicker and better returns.

Use a metallic strainer; it is practically impossible to keep cloth strainers sweet and clean, and free from bacteria.

Aim to bring the pullets into laying condition at a time which will be most consistent with a continuous winter production of eggs.

It costs no more to keep a flock of known good layers than it does to keep a flock of poor layers and the first kind is profitable.

In selecting the brood sows, as in other lines of farm work, the man who can think three or four years ahead is the man who will succeed.

Water scalding hot is not good to thaw out the grindstone in cold weather. Better take a little longer and use water fairly hot, but not boiling hot.

Root crops, such as parsnips, beets and carrots, may be prevented from shriveling in the winter if they are covered slightly with dry sand in the bin or box.

Plan to put away some good clover and alfalfa hay to feed the hens. They will more than pay for your trouble by the increased amount of eggs that will be produced.

Every farm ought to have a little work shop stocked with a few good tools and plenty of bolts of various sizes, nuts, rivets, a few pieces of round and strap iron and such things.

Green forage crops of some sort can be grown on most any farm, and they yield a large amount of fine feed.

Oats and field peas, rye, rape, corn and vetch are some that can be sown with results.

Just because an ear of corn is large does not necessarily make it the best for seed. See that the ears are straight from tip to butt, and that the kernels are all well formed and plump.

Every farm ought to be equipped with a grain bin and a ten-foot iron-tipped wooden spike for moving heavy objects. They save time and take the place of muscle.

Build silos, grow less acres of corn, but utilize the whole crop in its best form, and grow alfalfa on the corn acreage saved for a cheap, palatable home-grown balancer for corn.

Hearty eaters are most to be desired for cows, and they may usually be selected while they are calves. You will find dainty calf to be a dainty cow.

The food properties of wheat bran and high grade alfalfa meal are very much the same; though it is best to use both when available for variety's sake.

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A pig's tail is said to indicate unerringly the condition of the animal.

If it hangs loose it shows that the pig is not well and that its food should be changed; if it is coiled tightly, the pig is healthy and happy.

The successful poultryman must plan each year to raise a few more chickens than he has hens. In this manner he will be enabled to cull freely. Keep only the best and carry over at least half as many pullets as hens.

If any of the fowls have rough, mealy scales on their shanks, wash the shanks with kerosene, then apply vaseline and apply the vaseline continuously every other day until the scales have returned to their normal appearance.

Keep the hens active by making them work for their food. Put it in straw or other similar material so they will have to scratch for it. This will prevent them from getting fat, and this is important, as fat hens do not lay a great number of eggs.

If you are through with the brooder now, it would be the best to tie it up day after day, nor is it best to allow them to run with the mothers while the latter are at work in the fields. Keep them in lot that they can run and play and yet be in the sunshine.

Do not use any hogs for breeding purposes except those that show evidence in form, disposition and breed of inclination to early maturity. Hogs are raised only for their flesh and the fewest days it takes a pig to accumulate enough to be of marketable size the more profitable it is for the owner.

Poultry keepers generally do not

realize the part that clean, pure water

plays in successful poultry keeping.

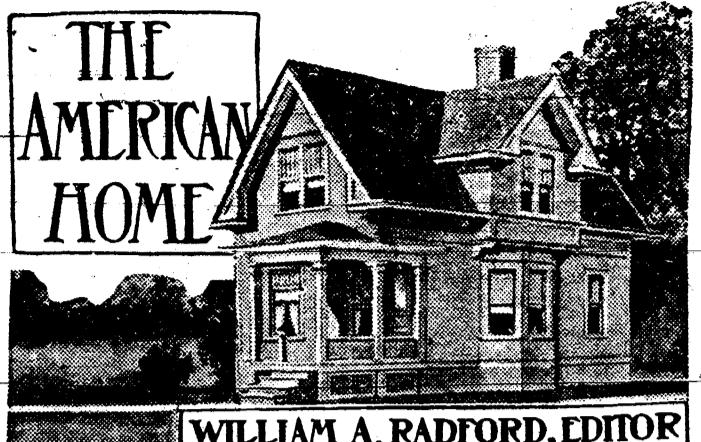
It makes up for the greater portion

of the egg and a larger proportion of

the body of the fowl.

A trap nest is a nest into which the hens go when they want to lay, and which shuts them in so that the care-

take can be sure which hen lays the egg. The nests must be watched and the hen let out when she has laid.



WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

family such as this house is intended to shelter

There is a good veranda in front, large enough and wide enough for several large, easy, comfortable chairs, which will be occupied by the friends or the family many nights in summer. It is easy to entertain company in this way.

A very small furnace placed near the chimney under the partition between the kitchen and the dining room

will heat this house with very little fuel.

By placing the furnace well back the front part of the cellar may be partitioned off and kept cool for a fruit cellar. The front end is proper for this purpose because the front part of the house usually is cooler than the back. Then you have more or less dust from the furnace and it makes more noise sometimes than you want under the living room.

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large ideas in regard to dwellings.

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and it has been brought about largely

through the influence of city flats, many of which contain little conveniences that are not common in houses.

Taxes in larger cities are double

what they were ten or twenty years ago.

Skilled mechanics get four or five dollars a day where formerly they got two or three dollars; and the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL HUNT



WOLF HOUNDS

WHEN it happened to be my good fortune to be the guest for a fortnight of Prince Golitzine, the Master of the Russian Imperial Hunt, I knew that I had an interesting time before me. Leaving the Warsaw station in St. Petersburg, a three-quarters of an hour's run sufficed to cover the distance to Gatchina, some thirty odd miles, where are situated the imperial kennels. Gatchina, it may be mentioned, is a garrison town, adjoining which is the magnificent park in which are situated the prince's hunting box, the kennels and a fine set of buildings housing the hunt staff. Without doubt the most interesting feature of the kennels is the magnificent pack of wolfhounds, more commonly known in England as, Borzois, writes a correspondent of *Country Life*. It is doubtful if anywhere in the world so large and fine a collection exists, there being all told some sixty couple; in addition also are twenty couple of English foxhounds, not used in their normal capacity, but in connection with the hunting of the wolf. Besides these are to be found nearly couple of very handsome beagles, massive animals of a breed which is rapidly becoming extinct. Within a few hundred yards of the kennels are to be found the stables, in which are kept about one hundred horses used both for riding purposes and for the troika.

Big Bison Preserves.

One of the most interesting and unique features, however, in connection with the hunt is the bison preserves, one of the very few in existence and probably the finest, since the animals thrive so much in their natural surroundings that they breed freely, and thus maintain their numbers and high standard. The preserve contains over a hundred of these fine animals.

What strikes the visitor to Russia in the hugeness of everything. The statues, the streets and the spaces all are vast. Then most other undertakings are carried out in a big way, and a pheasant shoot is no exception to this. It is nothing out of the ordinary for forty to fifty sleighs to be in commission to convey guns and beaters from point to point. It should be mentioned that the distances from one beat to another on the royal preserves are often very great. The average bag on a royal shoot may number anywhere between fifteen hundred and two thousand cocks, the hens are never shot. The imperial pheasant shoot is most picturesque, the costumes and cries of the beaters making it particularly unique.

The Wolf Hunt.

The royal estate is well stocked with hares, mostly imported from Ireland. At the same time, they assume a white coat in the winter, as do their native brethren. Both foxes and lynx are to be occasionally found in these parts, and are much prized when bagged, but they are gradually becoming scarce, and to hunt them with any certainty of sport means traveling into wilder and more rugged portions of the country. The same also may be said of the wolf, and to hunt him now means a considerable journey from the kennels. Some years ago these hunts were carried out on a magnificent scale, special trains being chartered for the convenience of the huge army of guests, beaters and keepers. Most of these big trips have, however, been dropped since the revolution in 1905. The method adopted to hunt the wolf is interesting. The hunt takes place only in the winter months. After the place where the animal is lying up has been located by his tracks that part of the forest is "ringed" off and preparations made. The field remain mounted in the vicinity.

Making Sauce of Roselle.

Roselle, the red sorrel of the West Indies, which was introduced a few years ago into the southern states, is a plant, the flowers of which have fleshy calyxes from which a sauce that looks like cranberry sauce, as well as syrup, jelly and preserves are made. In the Philippine Islands a canning factory has just begun making roselle sauce. It was thought until very recently that the calyxes were the only edible part of the plant, but the United States department of agriculture announces that also the leaves and young stems yield palatable products.

Gotham is Interested.

A wealthy woman of Chicago announces an intention to adopt and to raise in one household an equal family of 16 children chosen from as many races. Negroes, Arabs, Chinese, Germans, Malays, are to be included, as well as members of the various Aryan peoples. It is the expectation of the foster mothers that they will grow up as brothers and sisters and that she will have an impartial love for them all.

HAS LIVING MESSAGE

Story of the Wandering of the Israelites Conveys Meaning to Us Today.

IT is the abiding charm of the old Testament that so many of its most beautiful incidents contain an eternal principle. This is the reason why, through all phases of religious opinion, it still brings to us a message spiritually true, and that a message comes fresh, as with the dew of the earlier day, yet vivid with the unchanging reality of its constant appeal to the heart and conscience of mankind. Undoubtedly you will admit that this is the case with the great typical narratives, as it is with many of the minor events, recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures. Whatever our varying human theology may make of it, they bear within them that seed of immortality which has preserved and will preserve God-given influences as primal sources for the higher life of man.

Such points we surely find in the memorable story of the wandering of the Israelites after they escaped from Egypt till at last they reached the land of Canaan.

A more human story we can hardly find, nor one that more steadily suggests its parallel in our ordinary experience of life. How like ourselves those far-off people were! Forget their strange speech, their curious dress, their unfamiliar ways; forget the desert setting, the overarching eastern sky—they remind us of our common ancestry; they compel us to reflect how little time and place affect our common human experience, because in the tumult of their thoughts is the same contradiction of trust and of fear, of patience and of hurry, of faith and of unbelief, which still vexes us all. No doubt their experience was specially trying, but it served, as it was intended, to bring out their weaknesses, that through their weaknesses they might be made strong. Touching it is to read in the narrative of the childlike swaying of their feelings from the strong simplicity of a strong confidence in God to a faithless repining against his dealings with them. Yet through all this conflict of human emotion, there came a steady influence, a consciousness which was long after expressed in sacred song, that they were committed to him who would surely lead his people through the wilderness, for his mercy endureth forever.

Best of All Guidance.

Yet this leading or which we read was not exactly such as we in our narrow human way would look for and expect. For instance, it was not that kind of thing which we so often long for. It was no immediate, unwavering direction toward a definite goal. It was rather, we in our language would call, a moral and spiritual guidance from God; yet it was none the less real and none the less constant. Every day brought the assurance, every night confirmed it, that the Lord was their guide. He took not away the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, before the people. As sure as the sun rose over the mountain crest, with its promise of new life and beauty, so surely seemed that presence of God, veiled as in a cloud, to permeate the ranks of that wondering, wandering company. As sure also as night descended and a thousand stars looked down on their silent tents, so surely did that presence seem to blaze forth, illuminating through the surrounding darkness the path by which they must go.—Rev. A. W. Wallace, D. D.

MANY ARE DIVINELY CALLED

Not Necessarily Only to the Pulpit, but in All the Ordinary Walks of Life.

Cy Falkenberg had to stop at six straight, four less than his string of victories upon the diamond.

Mei Sheppard, one of the greatest half-mile runners the world ever knew, has been on the track for 12 years.

Atlanta of the Southern league is planning to build a new \$15,000 grandstand before the opening of the season.

Stanley Youkam was given the decision over Leo Kelly of St. Louis after fifteen rounds of rough-and-tumble fighting at Denver.

Dad Moulton, for 21 years athletic trainer at Stanford university, has announced that he has quit. His contract expires in May.

Fred Falkenberg, Nap heaver, is making a great showing in Cleveland bowling circles. He is smashing the pins at a consistent pace.

Manager Dunn of the Baltimore club has sold Leroy Russell and Mickey Corcoran to the Scranton, Pa., club of the New York State league.

Tom Hughes was turned down flatly by President Chivington of the American association when he applied for a job as umpire of the organization.

Walter Johnson, the star hurler of the Washington staff, says he never had a sore arm. In advising treatment for a sore wing he says: "Let it alone."

A report is current in Iowa athletic circles that Coach Jesse B. Hawley has resigned at Iowa university to devote his entire attention to his bonding business in Chicago.

It is probable the world's championship polo matches which will be part of the Panama-Pacific celebration at San Francisco in 1915, will be played from March 15 to April 17.

Protestants in Korea.

The eagerness of the Brazilians to hear the gospel is evidenced by many of them walking from 20 to 30 miles to attend services. One missionary writes: "I cannot attend to all the invitations to go and preach in new places. Fifteen years ago, when I entered the work I was always glad and anxious when we heard of a new place to preach or of some person who was interested in the gospel; now everywhere the doors are open, the people anxious to hear, and we are unable to improve these good opportunities."

Protestants in Korea.

In Korea—the total roll of full communicant members of Protestant churches comes to 61,185; probationers, 46,756; other adherents enrolled and regularly attending, 64,797, or a total of all classes of 179,137. There is an average attendance in Sunday schools of 100,555. There are 774 parochial schools, with 18,287 scholars attending. Last year there were 234 students in attendance in the theological seminaries. Of this number fifty graduated.

HOPPE CONTINUES BILLIARD CHAMPION



Willie Hoppe, King With the Cue.

Willie Hoppe, champion billiardist, must feel like Alexander the Great when he wept because he had no more worlds to conquer.

Recently Hoppe, the young giant of the cue, swept his most recent challenger, Calvin Demarest of Chicago, out of the way for the second time within a year.

Thus had Demarest, Sutton, Morningstar, and others, representing the best players in America, with the possible exception of George Slosson, the veteran, and the newcomer among the professionals, "Chick" Wright of San Francisco, fallen, one after another, before the prowess of the present proud holder of the coveted title. To this list of vanquished stars might be added Koiji Yamada, the clever Japanese, who not many moons since suffered a more decisive beating at the hands of Hoppe than any of Sir Sutton, Yamada, et al.

NOTES of SPORIDOM

Georgetown university is reported to contemplate the construction of a stadium.

America will be represented by a soccer football eleven at the 1916 Olympic games at Berlin.

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Eager for Gosp.

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Circle.

"What are 'diplomatic circles'?" asked the girl who was reading the newspaper.

There are different kinds. One prominent style of diplomatic circle is the conversation which keeps getting around to precisely where it began.

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Home Department of Enterprise

Features Especially Selected for the Family Reading Tables
of Manchester and Vicinity.

The KITCHEN CABINET



TO BE true—first to myself and just and merciful. To be brave with the little things. To be frank, open, and openly grateful for good, always moderate. To seek the best, content with what I find—placing principles above riches. Of fear none, of pain enough to make my joys stand out, of pity some, of work plenty, of faith in God and man much, of love, all.

—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

A FEW PUDDINGS.

These puddings are not expensive, yet are very good.

Peach Tapioca.—Soak a cupful of tapioca over night in cold water. In the morning turn it into a double boiler and cook for one hour. Remove from the stove and add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of salt, the juice of a can of peaches, and stir well. Pour a layer of the mixture into a well-buttered pudding dish, then lay in a layer of peaches; repeat, and pour over the remainder of the tapioca. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Cool a little and serve with sugar and cream.

Empress Pudding.—Boil half a pound of rice in milk to cover. When tender, add four tablespoonsfuls of butter. Cool, and add three well-beaten eggs; stir well. Place a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking dish; then a layer of fruit jam; repeat, until all the rice is used. Bake 40 minutes and serve hot with sweetened cream.

Rice boiled in a pudding bag which is large enough for it to swell in, is very nice. It can be dried out in the oven and every grain stands out perfectly and whole.

Dainty Plum Pudding.—Cream a half cup of butter, add one and a half cups of sugar and a half cup of sweet milk; then add two and a fourth cups of pastry flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla and almond mixed. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of five eggs (packed ones that cost 20 cents in September). Add a cupful each of raisins and currants, and steam in a square pan so that the slices may be well cut when serving. For the sauce, whip cream and add flavoring of almond and bits of honey cut from the comb in small pieces.

Graham Pudding.—Put a cup of milk, a half cup of molasses, two cups of graham flour, one cup of chopped raisins, half a teaspoonful of salt, into a bowl; add a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of warm water; beat hard for five minutes. Pour into a buttered pudding mold and steam for two and a half hours. Serve with any desired sauce. A rich egg sauce is delicious with this pudding. Beat two eggs and a half cup of sugar and a half cup of thin cream. Flavor with vanilla and serve at once.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, but it's not half so risky as none at all.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for others? —George Eliot.

SANDWICHES.

A delicious hot sandwich to serve for a Sunday night lunch, or indeed any time with a crisp salad, is the following. Grate good, well flavored cheese, add cream, seasonings of salt and pepper, and spread it on slices of buttered bread. Put the slices together and fry or saute in a little hot butter until well browned on both sides. Serve hot with tea or coffee. These are exceptionally nice for the cheese lover.

Dream Sandwiches.—Rub a cupful of stewed prunes to a paste with two spoonfuls of lemon juice; spread between thin slices of bread buttered. Add a few chopped walnuts and cut into small square sandwiches.

A lettuce leaf and a bit of boiled dressing placed between slices of bread buttered with peanut butter makes a fine sandwich for the children's lunch basket.

Ginger and Walnut Sandwiches.—Between thin slices of buttered bread lay bits of preserved ginger and chopped walnuts, using a little of the ginger syrup to moisten.

Cream Cheese and Cherries.—A few candied or maraschino cherries chopped fine, with a little cream cheese added, which has been softened with cream and seasoned with salt, makes a most attractive filling for sandwiches.

Bacon and Lettuce Sandwiches.—Cut the crust from thin slices of bread, toast on one side and keep warm. Fry thin slices of bacon until crisp. Now butter the soft side of the bread, lay on a lettuce leaf and a few slices of the bacon between.

Modern Fads Not for Him.

The head porter at one of the big hotels was looking gloomy.

"Cheer up," said the room clerk.

"Business is bad," muttered the porter.

"You are mistaken," rejoined the room clerk. "Look at the thousands of football enthusiasts who have been in town in the last few days."

On a Business Visit.

Mrs. R. was in the habit of giving little Robert an orange whenever he

Many of Them.

A door was made to shut, but some apparently sensible people never realize this fact.

WITH FUR TRIMMINGS

VELVET THE FASHIONABLE MATERIAL JUST NOW.

Combination is Peculiarly Rich and Effective—White and Black, With a Dash of Other Color, a Feature of the Models.

By MARY DEAN.

Velvet is more than ever in evidence, and an entire costume of one of the beautiful rich colored soft French or English velvets, trimmed with fur, should make the woman who is wearing it feel as though she had a long list of aristocratic ancestors, and had sat in the lap of luxury all her days.

Tailored gowns of velvet may have either a long or a short coat. The flounced skirt is particularly modish, and suggests the charming little tunics a la minaret. The majority of the

girdle of rose-velvet which encircles the waist. The neck, front and bottom of bolero, are trimmed with dark fur. The tunic is also bordered with a band of the fur.

The tailored frock sketched is of a beautiful shade of rich golden brown velvet de laine trimmed with fitch. The girdle is of brown velvet.

An admirable model of white duvetin was shown in a smart shop on Fifth avenue the other day. The skirt, bodice and upper part of the plenum were of white duvetin. To the lower part of the plenum was attached a broad border of plaited brown mouseline de sole trimmed at the bottom with a band of sable. There was a brown velvet collar with tie of the brown mouseline knotted at the front. The girdle was at the back in a flat bow. The long sleeves were finished at the wrist with a double trill of brown mouseline. There was a hat to accompany the frock of brown tulie trimmed in front with a brown cigarette.

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JANUARY 11.

THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 10:1-24. GOLDEN TEXT.—"It is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you."—Matt. 10:20.

Jesus "came unto his own and his own received him not." Rejected in Judea, he turned to Galilee, making his headquarters at Capernaum only to be rejected there also. "After these things" (v. 1) e. g., after his final departure from Galilee, and as he was about to perform his Persean ministry. The ministry of Jesus is rapidly hastening to a close, still there is much work to do, hence the selection of those who shall go before him to prepare for what proved to be in each city and town his last visit.

The Seventy Sent (v. 1-9). Verse one tells us of the character of the work they were to undertake, viz., to be heralds; to prepare the people against his coming, 2 Cor. 5:20. There is a plenitude of work, but, "the laborers are few." They were sent to a particular people, "whether he himself would come," 2 Tim. 4:8; Titus 2:13. No master what may have been their limitations, the "coming one" would supply all deficiencies. Jesus commanded prayer, but also sent forth those same praying ones (v. 2, 3).

Prayer and work go hand in hand in a same Christian experience. Every impression demands sufficient expression, if it is to make any lasting contribution to our characters. The large harvest demands attention. We are sent into that harvest by the King himself, "Behold I send you;" and those whom he sends are not compelled to labor alone, Matt. 28:20; John 14:16. Jesus mentions four things about those whom he sends:

Like Lamb.

(1) Their character. They are to be like "lambs." We have just had the figure of "laborers" presented, laborers who were sent. Is this then a mixed simile? We think not. We are to go forth to the harvesting work as laborers, that is our work, but, in our characters, we are to be lamb-like.

(2) Their environment, "among wolves." That is to say, surrounding each harvest field, and frequently encroaching as far as they dare, are the wolves, a type of the evil one and of his agents. Those who go thus into a mixed simile? We think not. We are to go forth to the harvesting work as laborers, that is our work, but, in our characters, we are to be lamb-like.

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BIRTHDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The etiquette of birth announcements is definite. The folded sheet of pale pink bordered note paper announcing the arrival, the date, the weight, and the name of the parents, is sent out within twenty-four hours after the birth to every immediate relative and to all intimate friends on both sides of the family. The sheet of paper exactly fits into a two by two-and-a-half-inch envelope, also narrowly color-bordered, and if the child is a boy, bearing on its flap the full coat-of-arms of its father's family. A girl's announcement cannot carry a crest, but may have the parents' initials intertwined.

BIRTHDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The white and black combination continues in favor, and some of the most distinctive models introduced this season are in black and white, with a mere dash of color somewhere. Dorell is responsible for one of the prettiest of these black and white creations, which has bodice and trim of white chiffon and trimmings of jet beads. The beads form bands for the neck, under part of the sleeves and lower part of the tunic.

The skirt is a draped model in the supple of black velvet. The detail which gives special cachet to this

frock consists of the skirt drapery, which, beginning at the right side of the skirt front between the hem and the knee, runs backward and upward over the tunic of chiffon and is fastened in a big, soft, flat bow at the left side back at the waistline. The much-needed touch of color is shown in the

gray excess of baggage, 2 Tim. 2:14.

(2) In the third place, they are to go forth with complete dependence upon God's providing care (v. 4). The exact letter of these instructions is not always incumbent upon his ambassadors, chapter 22:35, 36; but the spirit of absolute faith in a Father who will provide, must always possess his representatives.

As to their bearing, it must be that of dignity and self-respect (v. 5). Social demands consume a great deal of energy in diplomatic circles; and it is here that many Christians waste precious energy, as well as becoming involved in worldly practices. Their first thought upon entering a house must be for the good of the home (v. 5), not for their personal comfort. If a "son of peace," (v. 6), dwelt there, one to whom peace rightfully belonged, their benediction would bring to that home a blessing. But if he be not there their peace was not to be lost, for it would return to the giver.

(3) Their mission was to offer, not to force acceptance. They were not to be goers, going from house to house (v. 7), they had something worth while and were worthy of their hire. The fawning, cringing sycophants that pass for Christian workers stand rebuked before this teaching. However, this does not sanctify the dogmatic domineering methods of some. They are to accept what is offered (v. 8), not demanding, "a worthy compensation." The church of Christ stands condemned for the meager salaries given its representatives, yet it is also true that a man usually, and in the long run, gets about what he is worth.

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