

SYSTEM THAT FAILED

MRS. JAY'S MEMORY IS NOT YET PERFECT.

Possibly Her Forgetfulness Has Been Remedied Somewhat, but Not Enough as Yet to Make Accuracy Quite Certain.

Mrs. Jay's husband says that the only flaw in the armor of that good lady's perfection is her memory. She is a charming woman, but she cannot remember things accurately, and especially those things which are not, after all, of larger import. If she is introduced to a Mrs. De Smythe it is a safe bet that before the afternoon is over she will address her as Mrs. De Jones, and men's names she cannot remember at all. She has tried hard to overcome this slight defect in her social make-up, and latterly, through the adoption of a memory system, has shown some signs of improvement, although Mr. Jay says that it does not as yet quite work as accurately as he might desire. As an instance of this he says that, while spending a month at a southern resort in the early spring, Mrs. Jay became acquainted, during his absence in town, with a delightful little woman, to whom, upon Jay's return, she was very desirous of introducing him. Unfortunately, at the first opportunity that presented itself the good lady was utterly unable to remember her friend's name, and the chance was lost.

"You might inquire at the desk what her name is, and then we'll go right to her and I'll introduce you before I forget it," said Mrs. Jay.

That evening, while the happy couple were arraying themselves for dinner, Jay remarked:

"By the way, my dear, that lady's name is Woodman—W. double O. D. M. A. N.—Woodman. Think you can remember that?"

"Oh, yes, so it is," giggled Mrs. Jay. "Well, anyhow, I'll try my memory system on it. I'll think of the poem:

"Woodman, spare that ax."
"Ax?" echoed Jay, with a roar of laughter. "Ax? Why, my dear child, it isn't 'ax'—it's 'tree.' The line is: 'Woodman, spare that tree.'"

"O, yes, so it is," giggled Mrs. Jay. "Well, anyhow, it's 'Woodman,' and I shan't forget."

After dinner Jay spent a short time in the smoking room with his cigar, and about 9 o'clock entered the music room, where Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Woodman were sitting.

"Henry, dear," cried Mrs. Jay, beaming, as her husband entered, "come over here—I want you to meet my friend Mrs.—er—my friend Mrs. Ax."

There was an unrebeked tab'au at this point, which Jay says was a remarkable success, although he has no particular desire to see it a second time.—Harper's Weekly.

Fame Vs. Fortune.

An anecdote is related of Benjamin West, that when a small boy in his Pennsylvania home, he accompanied a neighbor's son to mill, "aring, boy-like, in his ride upon the bags of grain. As they rode leisurely on, they discussed their plans for the future, and Benny surprised his young playmate by announcing his designs to become an artist and paint the portraits of kings, queens and nobles.

"Very well," returned the rustic; "I intend to be a tailor."

"Then you may ride by yourself," exclaimed Benny, leaping down from the back of the thrice-laden horse; "I'll not ride with a boy who looks no higher than that."

Benny's ambition was gratified; he lived to paint portraits of the noble and the royal, winning plenty of fame, but a very moderate share of fortune. He was offered the distinction of knighthood, but prudently declined; he was not rich enough to support a title. The incipient tailor probably made a fortune in ready-made shoddy, and if he had been where such trappings are in the market, might perhaps have purchased the baronetcy which West was too poor to accept.

Elevation Affecting Steam Engines.

Remembering that water boils more readily, that is, with less heat, at high altitudes, it appears to be only reasonable to expect that steam would have less force on high mountains than in valleys. An engineering authority tell of a large gas plant which was some time ago exported from Great Britain and erected at a location several thousand feet above sea level. The engines did not give the power expected from them, and several reasons were advanced to account for this deficiency. It was finally concluded that the loss of power was due to the altitude of the power station. Upon investigation of the theoretical and practical considerations involved it was found that there is a loss of about one per cent. of the indicated horse-power for each 1,000 feet increase in elevation. The effect of an increase in elevation on an engine with a low ratio of compression is slightly less than on an engine with a high degree of compression.

No More of That for Her.
"I want you to become my spirit wife," said the organizer of a new cult.

"Not for a minute," replied the lady who had been inclined to become his follower. "My husband told me before we were married that I was his angel, and after my experience with him I'm through playing the part of a spirit."

HIS LEG WAS MADE OF CORK

Young Commercial Traveler Loses Bet on Question of Endurance of Men of Present Day.

They were sitting in the smoking room of the hotel, and the conversation was about endurance as shown by men of the past and present. During a lull in the conversation a young commercial traveler said:

"Any man, if he has the will-power, can endure pain or fatigue; I know I can."

There was silence for a moment, and an older man replied:

"I'll wager a dinner you can't hold your foot—boot on—in a bucket of hot water as long as I can."

The offer was taken, and two buckets of hot water were brought in, as well as a kettle of boiling water to raise the temperature to the point of endurance. In went a foot of each contestant. Soon the young man's face began to pale, but the other called for more boiling water.

"What on earth is your leg made of, sir?" said the former, suddenly taking his foot from the bucket.

"Cork, sir—cork!" was the cool answer, and the other felt that he had indeed lost.

Nothing Doing.

The bill collector had made another call at the humble dwelling of Bernard Palissy.

"Is your husband at home, madam?" he asked.

"He is in his workshop, I think," answered the wife.

"Pottering around as usual, I suppose."

There being no broomstick or other piece of wood in the house, the indignant woman chased him out with a flatiron.

NEED HER RING.



Mrs. Smith—I have rung at Mrs. Jones' door three times this week, and I didn't succeed in arousing anyone. I suppose the family is out of town.

Mrs. Brown—Possibly. But Mrs. Jones was telling me this morning that she could tell your ring among a thousand.

Or Anybody's.

"I saw Mrs. Gaddie downtown early this morning and she told me she was on her way to the office. I didn't know she was interested in any business."

"Oh, yes; she has always been interested in any business."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Disturbed, but Not Rattled.

Frate Father (coming upon them suddenly)—What do you mean, sir, by embracing my daughter?

The Young Man—Miss Clarice and I are rehearsing the love scene in a little amateur drama our club is to present shortly. Fine evening, isn't it, Mr. Jordle?

An Enforced Rest.

Gibbs—I wasn't going to take any vacation this summer, but the boss insisted.

Dibbs—You don't say! How long a vacation do you get?

Gibbs—As long as it takes me to find another job.

A New Ending.

"Have you lived here all your life?" asked the early bird.

"Not yet," grinned the earlier worm.

"Already," quoth the early bird as he gobbled up the earlier worm.—Puck.

"Made in Germany." Perhaps

"I wonder if these ruins are very ancient," murmured the professor.

"Not so very," said the experienced member of the party. "They have been put up since I was here last year."

A Fish Story.

First Fisherman—That fellow must have been kidding me.

Second Fisherman—What fellow?

First Fisherman—The one who told me that the fish in this stream bit so greedily that you had to go behind a tree to bait the hook.—Exchange.

Good Reason.

"When the judge granted her prayer for divorce and awarded her \$100,000 alimony I was astounded."

"So was I until I learned that she and the judge were engaged."—Exchange.

The Only Explanation.

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown are on excellent terms."

"You don't tell me!"

"They are, really."

"When were they divorced?"

FOUR CHOICE RECIPES SURF RIDING IS FINE

HOW TO MAKE A CARROT PUD-DING THAT IS DELICIOUS.

Full Instructions for the Concoction of Chocolate Creams, Baking Powder Biscuits and Rye Gems.

Carrot Pudding.—Boil sound carrots until tender enough to mash to a pulp, mix three-quarters of a pound of this with half a pound of bread crumbs, four ounces of suet minced finely, one-quarter pound of stoned raisins, one-quarter pound of currants, three ounces of sugar, three eggs, one-quarter nutmeg grated, and add sufficient milk to make the consistency of the mixture a thick batter. It may be boiled or baked. If to be boiled, put the mixture into a buttered basin, tie it down with a cloth, and boil for two and one-half hours; if it is to be baked, put it into a deep pie dish, and bake for nearly an hour; turn it out of the dish and strew sifted sugar over it when serving.

Chocolate Creams.—Take three ounces of the best arrowroot, mix it with about three-quarters pint of water, till it is a smooth cream. Put it into a lined saucepan, add one pound of white sugar, and boil for about ten minutes, stirring all the while, then take it from the fire and stir until it begins to cool and set. Flavor with essence of vanilla and roll into little balls, first buttering the palms. Have some chocolate melted over hot water and dip each ball in this, using an ordinary hatpin to hold the ball. Lay each separately on a buttered paper or buttered marble slab to cool.

Baking Powder Biscuits.—Mix and sift twice two cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Work in two tablespoonfuls of butter with tips of fingers and add gradually three-fourths of a cupful of milk, mixing quickly with a caseknife. Cut out and bake in a quick oven.

Rye Gems.—Mix and sift one cupful of rye flour, one cupful of bread flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and five teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add two eggs well beaten, one cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Beat thoroughly, fill hot buttered gem pans two-thirds full of the mixture and bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven.

Salmon Timbales.

Mince very fine the white of six hard-boiled eggs that were put in ice water as soon as they were done. This keeps them from darkening. It is best to run the whites through a vegetable press to get them fine enough. Mix to a paste with six heaping teaspoonfuls of fresh salmon, boiled, allowed to get cold, then minced with a silver knife. Season the mixture with onion juice, butter, celery salt and paprika, moisten with two tablespoonfuls of white sauce and stir up lightly with the whites of three eggs whipped stiff. Turn the paste into buttered napkins, set in a shallow pan of boiling water and bake (covered) 20 minutes in a quick oven. Run a knife around the inside of each nappy to loosen the timbale; reverse carefully upon a heated platter, pour a rich drawn butter about them and sift the hard-boiled yolks (powdered) all over them and serve.



When making sweet croquettes add a little sugar to the crumbs in which the croquettes are to be rolled.

Celery can be much improved by soaking it for an hour in ice cold water in which a lemon has been squeezed.

Scratches on polished wood, if not too deep, can be removed by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper and then with a mixture of olive oil and vinegar.

If you desire to serve a baked fish whole, and have it stand upright on the platter, put a carrot inside the fish before cooking and it will remain in position.

When making lemonade one of the lemons may be peeled and run through a meat chopper with a small piece of the peel. This will give the lemonade a delightful piquant flavor.

Sweet Milk and Soda.

Many cooks look on in horror if you use soda in sweet milk, but in this recipe for devil's food it can be used successfully: One-half cup sweet milk, three-fourths cup grated chocolate, one-half cup brown sugar. Put this on stove and let come to a boil, then pour it over one-half cup butter. Let this cool, then add one cup brown sugar and one-half cup sweet milk, two well beaten eggs and 2 1/2 cups sifted flour. Now add one level teaspoon of soda, dissolved in hot water. Bake 90 minutes.

Soup of Rice.

Put a half cupful of washed rice into boiling water and cook for 12 or 15 minutes. Drain off the water and add a quart of white stock. Boil until the rice becomes tender. Strain, return to the fire. Beat the yolks of two eggs into half a cupful of cream. Add to the soup and stir for a minute, being careful that it does not come to a boil. Serve to taste and serve at once.

KANAKA STANDS AMIDST THE SWIFT RUNNING WAVES.

Jack London's Vivid Description of This South Sea Amusement as Practiced at Waikiki Beach.

Much has been written about the native sport of surfing in the South seas, but the following description from London's "Cruise of the Snark," is novel and very vivid. The locality referred to is Waikiki beach, near Honolulu:

The trees grow right down to the salty shade of things, and one sits in their shade and looks seaward at a majestic surf thundering in on the beach to one's very feet. Half a mile out, where is the reef, the white heading combers thrust suddenly skyward out of the placid turquoise blue and come rolling in to shore.

And suddenly out there where a big smoker lifts skyward, rising like a seagull from out of the welter of spume and churning white, on the giddy, toppling, overhanging and downfaling, precarious crest appears the dark head of a man. Swiftly he rises through the rushing white. His black shoulders, his chest, his loins, his limbs—all is abruptly projected on one's vision. Where but the moment before was only the wide desolation and invincible roar, is now a man, erect, full statured, not struggling frantically in that wild movement, not buried and crushed and buffeted by those mighty monsters, but standing above them all, calm and superb, poised on the giddy summit, his feet buried in the churning foam, the salt smoke rising to his knees, and all the rest of him in the free air and flashing sunlight, and he is flying through the air, flying forward, flying fast as the surge on which he stands. He is a Mercury—a brown Mercury. His heels are winged, and in them is the swiftness of the sea. In truth, from out of the sea he has leaped upon the back of the sea, and he is riding the sea that roars and bellows and cannot shake him from its back. But no frantic outreaching and balancing is his. He is impassive, motionless as a statue carved suddenly by some miracle out of the sea's depths from which he rose. And straight on toward shore he flies on his winged heels and the white crest of the breaker. There is a wild burst of foam, a long multitudinous rushing sound as the breaker falls futile and spent at your feet; and there, at your feet steps calmly ashore a Kanaka.

Green Turtles of Indian Ocean.

Concerning the great turtles of the Southwest Indian ocean a traveler says: "The chelonian, or green turtle (Chelone mydas), is an animal of considerable economic importance to the atoll, for it still occurs in the vast herds which are so often described by early voyagers in the tropics. There appear to be two distinct groups—one resident and small in numbers, the other migratory and visiting the atoll to breed in numbers impossible to estimate.

"The latter arrives in December, and from then to April the sea seems alive with turtle. The females seek the small sand beaches and then ascend them with the rising tide, pushing themselves laboriously above high tide mark. Holes are then dug in the sand by means of the fore flippers until a satisfactory one is obtained, and the eggs, 200 in number, are buried, the turtle returning to sea immediately.

"After forty days the eggs hatch, almost simultaneously, and the young turtles dig their way up out of the sand and go down to the sea in a long procession in the course of which they offer an easy prey to their enemies, the frigate birds and herons. Once in the sea sharks and other large fish eat them, and only 10 per cent. reach maturity."

Smoke Dissipated.

The practical way to obviate the annoyance of smoke is to dissipate it before it leaves the chimney top in a gaseous volume. A German professor believes he has found a way to secure this result without chemical or mechanical aid.

Described in Die Umschau, the professor's chimney is perforated on all sides by what might be called little horizontal windows. As the furnace smoke and gases rise they are mixed with air, both before and after emergence, by the eddy forming action of the wind passing through the openings.

From the time the smoke enters the chimney and reaches the height of the lower openings, which receive the wind from any quarter, the intermingling begins, and in each stage of its upward movement the volume becomes less and less. At the mouth of the chimney the outpour is comparatively small and so diluted with air that only a sheet of dark blue smoke waving like a flag to the leeward is seen, where, under other conditions, there would be a cloudlike column of dense black smoke a mile long.

Chimneys constructed on the professor's plan look not unlike windowed towers.

A Cool Costume.

Rather startling is the announcement in a seaside paper that "tan shoes are very much worn this summer. Hundreds of the cottages wear nothing else." A pair of tan shoes certainly makes a very cool costume

PRISONER OF WEALTH

Her Fortune a Burden to Mrs. Russell Sage.

Beggars Force Her Into Retirement and Change Her From a Sweet, Kindly Woman to One of Suspicion.

New York.—One of the most pathetic figures in the world today is Mrs. Russell Sage, upon whom the fortune left her by her husband imposes a fearful burden. There is scarcely a day that she does not weep, one of her intimate friends tells us. She sits and cries at the intolerable burden of having \$65,000,000 on her shoulders, at the task of distributing that huge fortune in the way that will do the most good. She is 80 years old and has a New England conscience. She wants to do just the right thing with it all, and it requires an amount of thought and study and imposes a feeling of responsibility that is hard on an old woman who only wants a quiet corner to spend her few remaining years in.

Mrs. Sage has aged very much since her husband's death. She has grown thin, pale, bent and wrinkled. Aside from the natural grief over Mr. Sage's death, Mrs. Sage was plunged almost instantly into a storm of appeals which amounted to a persecution. Her mail for some years before Mr. Sage's death had amounted to between 40 and 50 letters a day. It leaped instantly to 900 a day, and the entire surplus was appeals for money. Within two months after Mr. Sage's death 7,000 letters were carted away from her house unopened. Two secretaries work night and day almost to handle Mrs. Sage's private mail. If she attempted to read 10 per cent of it personally she would be able to do nothing else.

At first she tried conscientiously to look it over herself. She was astonished and disgusted at some of it. Before Mr. Sage's body was cold in its coffin she received a letter from a New York man whom she never had seen asking her to send him a check for \$1,000 by return mail, and he was kind enough to inclose a stamped envelope for reply. She never asked



Copyright Underwood & Underwood. Mrs. Russell Sage.

for advice as to the disposal of this fortune, yet within the first two months of her widowhood she received letters from more than 1,000 different men, instructing her how to give away her money so as to do the most good.

The letters that really affected Mrs. Sage at this time were pathetic appeals for help from individuals. Many of these were to all appearances genuine, the appeals of poor and ignorant persons, suffering in want and hardship, and pathetically confident, that the kind-hearted woman who had more money than she knew what to do with would give them the little that would make them happy. Some of these letters distressed Mrs. Sage greatly; but they came not only from every state in the Union, but from foreign countries. Had she responded to them she would have dissipated her entire fortune in small checks to individuals all over the world. So finally Mrs. Sage gave up her mail. Now a letter which is manifestly from a personal friend is given her, but nothing else reaches her eye.

It is not only impossible to reach Mrs. Sage by letter—it has become one of the impossible things to see her. Mrs. Sage formerly was one of the most approachable of women. Not a trace of snobbery or purse pride is to be found in her make-up. A plain, old-fashioned village woman she started her career, and that she remains to this day. She never cared anything about fine clothes or society, and her friends were chosen by preference from among the people who are doing the work of the world. With professional women she was particularly friendly. That period of her own life between 1847, when she was graduated, and 1869, when she married Mr. Sage, was spent in teaching school whenever her health would permit, and she never felt above any one who earned his or her living. Any one who had ever been introduced to Mrs. Sage could see her as easily as her own home as if she had been the wife of a clerk instead of a multimillionaire.

Some one wrote a book once on Prisoners of Wealth. Mrs. Sage is a Prisoner of Wealth. Behind this human rampart she sits, afraid that some one may reach to torment her.

English Girl's Tragic Fate.

The startling case of a North London (Eng.) girl who has contracted leprosy contains elements of tragic interest. The dreadful disease was contracted by the victim wearing, as part of a fancy dress costume, a wig of eastern origin. Some time ago she went to a fancy dress ball. The costume, that of a Chinese lady—was pronounced perfect in every detail. Unfortunately the wig she wore was only too real. It came from the east. About a week after a strange mark appeared on her forehead and she consulted a specialist, who found that she was suffering from leprosy. She has now been removed to a leper colony. Diligent inquiries were made to discover the antecedents of the wig, and it now has been found that it had at one time been worn by a leper.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE.

The blue that is all blue. Best for washing because it makes the clothes clear and white, lasts longer than liquid blue and produces better results.

Avoid liquid bluing because it is only a weak solution of blue in an expensive package. RED CROSS BALL BLUE is sold everywhere. Price, 10c. ASK YOUR GROCER.

Essence of Fine Breeding.

In families well ordered there is always one firm and sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of oscillation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect besides that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.

Her First Attempt.

Mr. Youngbride—This coffee, my love, is—er— Mrs. Youngbride—I know it, dear, but I've boiled it over half an hour and the kernels haven't melted one bit.

OWES HER HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases.

Big Combination.

A story is told of an American who, visiting in Dublin, was conducted to the cathedral which had been restored by the Guinness family of brewers, then to the schools which they had built, and lastly to the great brewery. "This is really wonderful," said the Yankee. "You seem to run education, salvation and damnation all in one show."

The Cough of Consumption

Your doctor will tell you that fresh air and good food are the real cures for consumption. But often the cough is very hard. Hence, we suggest that you ask your doctor about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It controls the tickling, quiets the cough.

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will cause an increased flow of bile, and produce a gentle laxative effect the day following. Formula on each box. Show it to your doctor. He will understand at a glance. Dose, one pill at bedtime.