SUCCESS OF SMITH

Story of How an Apparently Aimless Boy Became a Great Composer.

By D. H. TALMADGE.

Willy Smith—fair-haired, dreamy, worthless Willy, as we called him at school—slammed into my office one day last week, and plumped into a chair at my elbow.

"Congratulate me, old chap!" he gasped.

I did so, then asked him somewhat crossly why.

"Haven't you heard it?" he asked.

"Not a word of it," I replied.

As a matter of fact, I had not seen Willy for months, he having left the city early in the autumn to accept a position in a village mercantile establishment somewhere in an adjoining commonwealth. It was a plain job in an ordinary country store that he had been given by a kind-hearted uncle, but it was Willy's job and he had a perfect right to call it by any term he chose. I respected the privilege, because I had accepted a position myself.

Willy had never been famous as a discipline of strenuousness in life, for which reason he was not considered to be so well fitted as he might otherwise have been for taking up the struggle of existence. After he left school he pottered about in an aimless way looking for work which was not wearisome. He found several openings, I believe, but the salary attachments thereof were not to his liking, and he had given up in disgust, devoting thereafter many hours of precious time to thumping the piano in his mother's parlor—a decrepit old instrument which wailed and shrieked pitifully under the treatment. He was still thumping, and eating with his mother's boarders, when the kind-hearted uncle came to the rescue.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You haven't heard of it?"

"Not a word of it," I repeated.

"Then," said he, rising to his feet and dramatically stabbing the air with his arm, "know that I have achieved one of the greatest musical hits of the day. As you are aware"—he tossed his hat to the top of my desk, and excitedly ran his fingers through his saffron hair—"I always had a penchant for music. 'Twas so even when I was a tiny child. I loved music. I yearned to be a composer. 'Twas not a mean ambition. You remember the chap who said that thing about writing the songs of a nation? Well, I felt that way—ever so much. But I never received any encouragement, either at home or at school. You fellows thought I was lazy. It wasn't that; it was—"

"Genius?" I suggested.

"That's it. Thanks. I didn't like to say it myself, but that was it, and I had it pretty bad. Mother got a notion into her head after I left school that I ought to take lessons, and I did it for a time just to please her. The time and money were wasted. My instructor said he wouldn't instruct me if I wouldn't practice, and I wouldn't practice the idiotic stuff he gave me, so that ended that. Then I went over yonder and found a sympathetic soul—and glory. Just thought, as long as I was in the city, that I'd drop in and tell you about it for the sake of auld lang syne."

"Glad you did, Willy," said I without much enthusiasm. "But you haven't told me about it yet. Get ahead."

"Well, it's a song—a ripper. Colingway, up at the Casino, is wild over it. Says he'll sing it Saturday night. Barr & Co., the music publishers, have made me a proposition which I am now considering. It's worth a little fortune to me whichever way I take it. They pronounce the piece the most original composition that has come to their notice for months. Old Barr invited me up to dinner today, but I couldn't go because of mother. Naturally, mother expects me to eat with her when I'm in the city for only a day. I promised uncle I'd be back tomorrow morning. There's a car of flour to be unloaded, and help's scarce. I'd do anything to accommodate uncle; he's never made fun of me. Besides, I've got my wife with me, and she's got some sort of a church entertainment on for tomorrow night."

"Your wife, Willy! Heavens! Are you married?"

"Why, yes. Been married three weeks. Going to get out some announcements soon as this song business is settled. Will send you one. You see, the song and the marriage are rather mixed together. My wife's a tecniquy sort. Does the Eighth musician—one of the practicy, symphony of somebody or other and the Russian dance and all those things as painfully as anybody I ever heard. Plays the most difficult music at sight—Mendelssohn, Liszt and those tiresome old humbugs, you know. She's nothing like me. I can read music to beat the orchestra; always could. But she says I don't quite catch the motif, whatever in the deuce that is, in the high grade stuff. I don't doubt it a bit. She knows whatever she asserts about her kind of music. She knows other things also. If she didn't, I'd still be wifeless and successless. You see, she didn't like to marry me so long as my income consisted entirely of the salary derived from the mercantile establishment where I hold a position."

"I see," said I.

"Yes. Well, five weeks ago Sunday night, to be exact, I was at her home, and we'd been discussing prospects, and I was feeling pretty glum. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, as somebody or other said."

"Exactly," said I.

"Yes. Well, she was called out of the parlor for something or other, and while she was gone I seated myself at the piano and began to play one of these nocturne things—you've seen 'em—title in German—pencil marks here and there to show how far the student got before he had to back out and start again. It happened to be open on the piano, and I played it. There it was right before my eyes, plain as the signature on a mortgage, and I was dashing it off—simply dashing it off, that is all, when she came fluttering into the parlor and asked me whatever, in the name of some musical saint or other whose name has escaped me, I was up to. I confessed. She was silent for several minutes. Then she laughed. Then she solemned. And then she scurried around and got a lot of music paper and a pen and ink, and told me to play the nocturne again, very retardo I did so—O, I'd have done anything for that girl."

"Of course," said I. I was beginning to feel a real interest in Willy's story. I had never seen him in a state of animation before. He was quite another fellow

"Well, after awhile she gently pushed me away from the piano, and played what she called my interpretation of the nocturne. And actually, old chap, it was one of the catchiest little tunes you ever heard—chock full of birds and sunshine and young love—positively great. We found some words for it in a scrapbook that had belonged to her grandfather, and we named it 'Twinkles in the Sunshine,' and I brought it over here to see what would happen to it. And something happened to it. Well, I should think so! Say, I don't mind giving you the figures if you care for them."

He bent forward and whispered into my ears some that made my eyeballs hurt.

"And royalty added to that," he continued aloud, rubbing his hands together. "We were married as soon as possible after my return from that trip. That's all, old chap. Come over and see us Sunday or any time. Stay a week if you can. Must go now. Just thought I'd drop in and tell you about it, you know. Good-by."

"Good-by," I said. "O Willy—"

But he had gone. It did not really much matter. I wished merely to call his attention to the fact that he had neglected to take his hat.

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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE

Writer Makes Comparison of the Comforts Obtainable in the Two Countries.

If I had to compare the comforts of life in England and America, and to sum up the matter briefly, I should say as far as life in public is concerned—that is to say, life in hotels, restaurants, clubs and, perhaps, trains (in England the distances being short, the proposition is hardly the same), and certainly railway stations and buffets and all kinds of bars—everything you get in America is superior, but as far as life in private is concerned—country houses, cottages, farms, town houses, flats and rooms—the comfort in England is incomparably greater, writes Maurice Baring in the Metropolitan. Of course, some people say that life in private—home life—does not exist in America at all. But those are the kind of generalizations I distrust. Personally I think a small private house in England is a much more comfortable affair than a small private house in America. On the other hand, I think an American bar is much more comfortable and cheerful than our English public house. Again, I think there is a great difference between the English country house, owned by the English rich, and that owned in England by the American rich. In the homes of the American rich you will rarely find a room in which it is possible to sit down with comfort.

American clubs, again, are far more human and cheerful than English clubs. Anything more depressing than the average English club can scarcely be imagined; a series of rooms in which old men in different corners grunt, frown and snore—the rest is silence. In American clubs you feel that everybody is alive and that people go to clubs not to avoid the society of their fellow creatures, but, on the contrary, to enjoy it. And that, after all, was the origin and the initial purpose of all clubs.

Praiseworthy Actions.

Bridget Kelly (coyly)—So yiz wint t' confission yisterdy, did yez? An' yez confissed all th' kisses ye've stole from me th' month that's jist gone, I hope?

Officer Keegan—Oi did. An' Father Malone sid he didn't rayly blame me.

Bridget Kelly—He sid he didn't blame yes?

Officer Keegan—He did. He sid thot wusn't a sin ut all, ut all—thot wuz a charity.—Puck.

Too Much for Him.

"I tried to run the 'Answers to Correspondents' column yesterday," said the horse reporter, "but I got stuck. One woman was diappointed about her husband."

"You could advise her, couldn't you?"

"I could advise her. But another woman was disappointed about some cake."

But Always Sure.

"Is the weather service a good one to get in?"

"Well, you're always sure of a raise in it."

"Really?"

"Certainly. Sometimes it's the mercury and sometimes an umbrella."

Her Play on Words.

Amateur Camerist—Here's a photograph I took myself. What do you think of it?

Miss Bright (examining it)—The expression is very glum. You should not take yourself so seriously.

Its Identity.

Mr. Eaton—Are you sure the fish you sold me yesterday was a shad?

Fish Peddler—Of course I am! What did you think it was.

Mr. Eaton—I suspected it was porcupine turned wrong side out.—Puck

Not a Bad Plan.

"How are the rehearsals coming on for your daughter's wedding?"

"Going ragged. We're thinking of hiring one of those fellers that stages the big Broadway musical productions."

Natural Question.

"I see that another dancer has succeeded in creating a sensation."

"How did she do it? By dancing with her clothes on?"

OF PLAIN VEGETABLES

REMARKABLY PRETTY TABLE DECORATIONS MAY BE MADE.

Call Only for the Exercise of a Little Ingenuity, and the Quality of the Food Is Not in the Least Impaired—Some Examples.

There are many artificial ways to make lovely decorations, but in the study of vegetable flowers we can show a simple way of making our everyday meals more appetizing and still not interfere with the palatable part of the dishes we prepare. These things will appeal to every one who may be interested in making home dishes with pretty garnishes. For instance, the small vegetable can be cut into flowers, as follows:

Beets—Cut beets in fancy shapes; they make a pretty garnish for any salad; cut as cups to serve salad in carries out the red color scheme; sliced and cut like hearts carries out the valentine idea.

Cabbage—Cut cabbage head like flower; take out center and make into slaw and serve in head. You can also serve hot cauliflower for luncheon in cabbage head or any other vegetable salad.

Cantaloupes—Cut cantaloupe in half, scallop, fill with green grapes and serve as first course; can also serve ice cream in the halves.

Celery—Cut celery about 3 inches long, slash each end with scissors and stand in ice-cold water until it curls; then serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise; this makes a good relish

Lettuce—Cups are pretty to serve salad in. Use fresh, crisp lettuce.

Potatoes—Boil and cream well by running through ricer; season with a little butter, milk, white pepper and salt; when a little warm, color delicately, put into tube, and make into roses, sweet peas, etc., or mold into morning glories or nests and eggs. Make into cups large enough to hold raw egg, run in stove until egg is cooked, and serve around steak. Make mound, serve chops around it, and sprinkle with peas at base.

Radishes—Small red radishes can be cut to look like carnations or tulips; they make a beautiful garnish for aspic in green, and are pretty on lettuce with salad; cut in slices, they look pretty on meat salad; cut with celery, they are nice to serve in peppers with a taste of onion.

Tomatoes—Cut tomatoes like pond lilies; serve with slices of cucumbers, as a salad. Cut as cups, take out center, mix with cucumber and celery, and serve with mayonnaise; these cups can also be used for sweetbreads and chicken. Serve in slices, with cottage cheese between. Cut nice tomatoes in half and put cheese flowers in center; serve on lettuce leaves.

Vegetable Soup.

A good vegetable soup is made in this way: Brown in three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan a sliced onion, a sliced carrot, a sliced tomato, a sliced turnip, a stick of celery and a parsnip. After they have browned slowly for 15 minutes, add a quart and a pint of cold water and three or four tomatoes, two or three more stalks of celery, some parsley and a carrot, and simmer gently for an hour or so. Then add three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs and rub the soup through a strainer. Season well with pepper and salt, and after it is removed from the fire add a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter. Serve with finely minced parsley sprinkled over the top and pass croutons with it.

Cold Potatoes.

In summer we will find it very convenient to have cold boiled potatoes for use in potato salad or for frying for breakfast or lunch or for creamed potatoes.

We now find bacon and eggs so agreeable and also so easy to cook with little heating of the house that we can easily dispose of the cold potatoes by frying in bacon fat. This will save using of meat while giving a good tendency to balance the lighter diet so desirable in hot weather.

To Keep Mattresses Clean.

Mattresses become soiled very easy. A good way to keep them clean is to get unbleached cloth, the cheap kind is just as good and not so heavy to wash. Make a case just large enough to fit the mattress, so it cannot wrinkle.

Sew it across the head, leaving the foot open. Slip it on and draw it down smooth, and just sew it here and there to hold it in place. When it becomes soiled take it off, wash, iron and replace. Cool, clean and sweet.

Planked Beefsteak.

Take two pounds of best round steak, pound it well after sifting one-half cup flour over it; slice six onions over the steak, salt and pepper well, shake a dash of red pepper over also; fill dripping pan half full of cold water and place in a hot oven to bake one hour; do not turn the meat. Serve from the dish it was baked in.

About Stockings.

Having trouble with my stockings wearing out at the heels, I have discovered that a very good way to prevent this is to sew a piece of velvet inside the back of the shoes. This makes the stockings last much longer. —Exchange.

About Potatoes.

Put the potatoes to soak a little while with a small piece of common soda in the water, and you will find they are much easier to scrape and do not soil the fingers.

For Brick Floors.

A red-bricked kitchen floor will keep beautifully red and clean if instead of soap a drop of paraffin oil is used in the water. This mixture removes all the grease marks.

When Making Mint Sauce.

When making mint sauce if hot vinegar is used instead of cold it will greatly improve the flavor and give the sauce better color.

CAPABLE OF GREAT VARIETY

Tomato Salad May Be Served in Innumerable Forms—Ways of Removing the Skins.

A tomato salad is capable of as many variations as the fillings for stuffed tomatoes, but in whatever way prepared, do not inflict the skins upon the consumer. To remove the skins deftly, try either one of these two ways: Plunge for a second into boiling water, then skim and chill, or remove the stem and rub the back of a knife against the fruit, pressing gently with the dull edge from the stem and downward until all the surface has been covered. After a little experience this is almost as easily done as when scalded and the skin comes off as readily. For a breakfast salad, chill the tomatoes, cut into quarters, cover with a French dressing made by mixing vinegar with an even teaspoonful of salt and a liberal sprinkling of pepper, and serve directly from the ice so that it has not time to wilt. Tomatoes either sliced thin or quartered are excellent sprinkled with sweet peppers cut with the scissors into water-thin ribbons; with a sprinkling of chopped parsley, or chives or equal amounts chopped chives, tarragon and chevril. Spanish onions cut wafer thin are also delicious with tomatoes, whether served alone or on crisped lettuce leaves. Fine cut celery is another satisfactory combination to use with tomatoes.

IMPORTANCE OF TABLE LINEN

Well to Bestow Some Thought on Appurtenances Before They Are Purchased and Shaped.

In buying a table cloth one should, if possible, have the exact measurement of the table for which it is intended; the usual length is from two and one-half to three yards. If the table is a square one, one-fourth to one-third of a yard is allowed to fall over the ends. Many of the new cloths have the design round on a square cloth, which makes them especially attractive for the round table, as the cloth can be cut circular without disturbing the pattern; usually these have a circle of flowers, or the satin bands, according to the design in the border, in the middle of the cloth to fit the top of the table. Napkins should match the cloths, and there ought to be two dozen allowed for each cloth; one dozen of each size.

Salads a la Printanier.

You may make a variety of most entrancing, though simple and inexpensive spring salads for luncheon and dinner by preparing the vegetables in same manner as for soup, dicing, shredding, slicing, cutting in cubes, oblong shapes, etc., cooking each separately in salted water, and draining carefully. In the luncheon salads rice and meat, crab, lobster, shrimp and even nut meats may be used. Indeed, one has such an abundance of riches at their command, more is the pity we do not know how to make the best use of them, and there is no gainsaying the fact that to too many women of today the preparation of food is a bore; the thought of providing three meals a day a nightmare.

Cooking in a Jar.

Not until she has tried it will a housekeeper realize how delicious are vegetables and fruits cooked in a jar in the oven rather than on top of the stove. As little water as possible should be added, then the full flavor of the foodstuff is retained. A casserole answers admirably for vegetables or fruits prepared in this way. Apple sauce, rhubarb, prunes and beans are some of the things which are really excellent cooked in the oven. The process is simple for the housewife, for there is not the danger of burning as on top of the stove.

German Dumplings.

Grate three or four cold boiled potatoes. To these add two thoroughly beaten eggs, a little salt and one-half cup milk. Stir in enough flour so you can form into balls with your hands. Be careful not to get too stiff and flour your hands. Drop into boiling salted water and boil about 20 minutes. When they have boiled about ten minutes turn over quickly without sticking fork into them and cover again. Pour gravy over them same as for potatoes.

Gravy made after frying pork chops is best.

Colonial Cushions.

For the bureau of old mahogany or the mahogany shaving case a pin cushion not too frilly is needed. Such a one is shown in a "colonial cushion," a copy of an antique. Even these modern copies come from old Salem. It is square in shape and of mahogany, standing on four half-inch high feet. Within the mahogany frame is the cushion made in any color. Of course, the cushion part may be renewed as often as one wishes, so it makes quite a durable article.

To Prevent Rusty Irons.

To keep irons from rusting, rub them with mutton fat, wrap in common brown paper, and put them away in a dry place. If they have become rusty, they may be made smooth and bright by putting some white sand on a smooth board and rubbing the iron over it several times.—Christian Science Monitor.

Ginger Sherbet.

Fill tall glasses with lemon ice and on each sprinkle a teaspoonful of preserved ginger cut into tiny bits.

Jelly Glasses.

The housewife should watch for sales of jelly glasses. The slight variation in the size makes considerable difference in the cost.

When Making Coffee.

When making coffee this improves the flavor: Place the coffee in a pan in a fairly hot oven for about three minutes before making.

To Whip Thin Cream.

When cream is too thin to whip, add the unbeaten white of an egg. You will then have no trouble whipping the cream.—Better Farming.

ELEPHANTS ACT AS NURSES

Indian Mothers Satisfied Their Children Are Safe From Prowling Animals When Near Their Big Guardian.

It is by no means uncommon in India for the children of a mahout (the keeper of an elephant) to be cared for by his animals, says Harper's Weekly. The whole family of the mahout thus become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earn their living. Instances are not wanting of a mother's systematic placing of her baby in an elephant's care and within reach of its trunk while the mother herself goes to fetch water or to get wood or materials to cook the family meal.

It is pointed out that no jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby which was thus confided to the care of an elephant. Most people who have lived in the jungle know how very possible it is for an animal of the first class to carry off a baby when it is lying in a hut or when the mother is unprovided with means to fight off the marauder.

Children brought up in the companionship of an elephant becomes ridiculously familiar with the big pachyderm and take all manner of liberties with him, liberties which the elephant seems to endure on the principal that they do not annoy him while they amuse the child. One may see, it is averred, a little native child, quite naked, about two feet high, standing on an elephant's bare back and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the while in most unbecoming terms of native abuse. On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, leaving just a portion of his body, like a small island, above the water. Upon this part of the elephant the child will stand and shout, yelling all the more if he has several companions of his own age also in charge of elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the child should slip off his island the elephant's trunk immediately replaces him in safety.

These urchins, when they grow up, become assistants to the mahouts and in time eventually attain the dignity of becoming mahouts themselves.

His Farewell Speech.

James H. Wallis, "the fly man of Boise," has made Idaho the most sanitary and most flyproof state in the Union.

Mr. Willis, discussing his success with a New York reporter, laughed and said:

"I have succeeded in eradicating the fly by making all Idaho hate the fly, even as poor old Dan Carson hated his wife.

"Poor old Dan lay dying. His wife, melted a little for once, said to him:

"'You're going, Dan.'

"Dan, his eyes closed, made no answer. His wife then repeated, with a sigh:

"'Dan, you're going, but I'll soon follow you.'

"Upon this Dan's glassy orbs opened, and he said in a hollow voice:

"'You stay here as long as you can.'"

Accomplished Youth.

Farmer Bentover — What's your nephew that's home from college doin' now?

Farmer Hornbeak—Nothin', and he's got more original ways of accomplishin' it than any feller you ever seen.—Judge.

Same Old Story.

Adam (in the suburbs of the Garden of Eden)—Now, Eve, you surely aren't going to clamor for clothes already!

Eve (tearfully)—You know very well, Adam, I haven't had a decent thing since the fall!—Judge.

Mean Intimation.

"What is this hard round object which has just rolled to my feet?"

"I don't know whether it's a golf ball or one of my wife's biscuits."



The Best Beverage under the Sun—

Drink Coca-Cola

A welcome addition to anyparty—any time—any place

Sparkling with life and wholesomeness.

Delicious

Refreshing

Thirst-Quenching

Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes.

At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in Bottles.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think Coca-Cola.

Appropriate One.

"What kind of a horse do you think would suit a fireman best?"

"I suppose a plug would."

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE? Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—good to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

Vain Prayers.

"Aren't you going to say your prayers, Willie?"

"No, I'm not. I am tired of praying for this family without getting results."—Life.

Proper Kind.

Amateur Cowboy—I want to get a writer to describe how I scoured the plains.

Friend—Then why not get a scrub writer?

Only a Trifle.

"Is it true that both your husband and the man who lives next door to you have failed in business?" "Yes, but Ned's failure isn't nearly so bad as Mr. Naylor's. He failed for fifty cents on the dollar, while my husband failed for only ten cents on the dollar."—Boston Transcript.

Buffalo Lacking in Sympathy.

An old resident of Heizer, Kan., speaking of the early days on the Kansas plains, writes: "On one trip that we took after buffalo hides we had with us an Englishman fresh from London. The main herd of buffalo had just passed through and as the hunters had been after their hides, everywhere on highland and lowland were the skinned carcasss of buffalo. The Englishman was amazed at the waste of meat. Finally, seeing a small herd of old bulls traveling along, he arose to his feet and, taking off his hat, said: "Boys, this is awful! I should think that the living buffalo would lament to see their comrades lying thus!"

A girl's troubles soon cease to worry her after he tells them to her mother.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, allays the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

When a man acquires a peck of trouble looks to him like a bushel and a half.

Similarity.

"My dog begging for a bone is like the argumentative orator."

"How so?"

"Because he paws for a reply."

No Well One Pays.

"The talk about lawyers' dishonest acumulations, but look at doctors."

"Wht's the matter with doctors?"

"Arenot all of their earnings illgottengains?"

Origin of Word "Sneeze."

The word sneeze has no possible connection with the verb "to sniff." Propely it should be spelt and pronound "fneeze," as it was for many years being an Anglo-Saxon word. It was the difficulty of pronunciation, according to the latest dictionaries, that caused the change of the first letter from to s, and not as was formerly thought, the disuse of the old long s which resembled f in printed books.

Black Hand Threat.

Mrs. Collins found the following Black Hand letter pinned to her door one morning:

Dear Mis Collins—Onless you put a jar of jam, a hunk of chokolit cake, a apple pie an' a bag of cany down by the old well, we will stel your littel boyand keep him, onless you pay us a myon dollars.—The Black Hand.

The letter has been handed to the police and the criminals will soon be brought to justice. To date, Mrs. Collins little boy has been the only one seen in the vicinity of the old well.—Judge.

The Easy Summer Meal

Has Grape-Nuts as its foundation.

Ideal these hot days because Grape-Nuts food requires no cooking, and is at the same time a perfectly balanced food.

Try a hot weather breakfast of

Fresh fruit,
Grape-Nuts and cream,
A soft-boiled egg or two,
Slice of crisp toast,
Cup of Instant Postum in place of coffee.

Such a meal starts the day right, keeps the blood cool and the body and brain well nourished.

Compare the cool, contented Grape-Nuts-fed man or woman with your meat-fed neighbor who is sweltering and miserable.

Grape-Nuts is fully cooked at the factory—ready to serve from the package. The cooking is done on scientific principles, so that the starch of the grain is transformed and ready for quick digestion.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

—the most famous Food in the world.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

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