# THE QUEENSTOWN NEW

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## THOSE LIBRARY VAGRANTS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

HALLIE MARRIOTT'S soft blue gaze wandered from the books on the desk before her to the carnation-cheeked children romping through the city's most exclusive square, a pleasant retreat of old trees, tinkling fountains and scented shrubs in mild weather, bordered by tall apartment hotels, smart shops and clubs. A spired church and the mellowed brick convent of Notre Dame lent a spiritual atmosphere; the extension library, where she served as an assistant, a cultural note.

"Miss Marriott," the head librarian's voice lowered to meet library requirements, sounded shrill and rasping, "it is your duty to see that men don't sleep in the back of the room. I hope I won't have to remind you of this again," the pale eyes colder than the snowflakes mantling the benches and walks of the square.

"I'm sorry, Miss Glitson." Her prettily curved lips trembled at the deserved rebuke. "I'll go right down." She had neglected her duty, but she hated to disturb the nodding men. They looked so comfortable until she spoke to them; then so unhappy and embarrassed when she told them to go out. Not hurting anyone, just taking little quiet naps. Tired from hard work, she supposed.

That big, bronzed, outdoor looking fellow with the dark, ruffled hair that made her think of characters out of her favorite adventure books was back there—she had seen him coming in a little while ago. Sleeping, perhaps; he couldn't seem to keep awake. She would have to wake him again, tell him to take his hat and go out. That was Miss Glitson's pet phrase—"Take your hat and go out—you aren't allowed to sleep in the library." It sounded silly, Hallie Marriott thought, that part about taking your hat. But Miss Glitson was head librarian and had influence with the committee—this was not a municipal library. If she suggested the dismissal of an assistant, the heads approved.

If Hallie had studied, was really a trained worker, she would not have been so anxious about her position. It was through a former member of the committee—they had romped together in the old square before the Marriott fortunes, never sky high, sunk sadly low—that she managed to obtain this post seven years before. The former playmate no longer was on the committee; she must watch her post vigilantly. From the first one she had a feeling that Miss Glitson did not care for her. At thirty-five, when one has had training in old-fashioned household arts and graces only, positions are not easy to find and hold.

Her slender figure unnaturally rigid, soft brown braided head stiffly erect, she left her desk, left the view of the laughing, skipping, snowy children and moved daintily down the bright, book-filled room.

The bent, gnome-like man who pored over books on travel was chuckling gleefully over an account of life in the frozen North; the scarlet-nosed scholastic-looking patron with the latest monthly, the tortoise-spectacled young man reading for his thesis, perhaps, all wide awake. No need to speak to anyone at that table. But two aisles over! Why did he have to fall asleep every afternoon!

Did he work at night, perhaps? Feel weary during the day? Even sleep, a drastic test, failed to rob him of the attractive romantic quality she had become aware of the first afternoon he entered the library, just a week ago. Maybe it was the heat—ghost-gaunt and bloodless, Miss Glitson insisted on full steam ahead—or reading, that made people drowsy. She dipped into frivolous books some nights when she had difficulty in gaining dreamland or felt too lonely to stay awake in her tiny third-floor room.

She felt Miss Glitson's icy stare directed from the main desk; she must speak. But he looked so comfortable, like a big, tired boy. He wasn't a boy, of course, any more than she was a girl, although she never felt old. He would stay young in mind, too, she felt as she stood looking at him, her blue gaze softly caressing. A shame to wake him, to send him out like a naughty child. Maybe he had nowhere to go, no warm place to spend the evening. So cold and the wind starting to howl. No overcoat either—his suit looked thin. . . .

Suddenly he opened his eyes. Her cheeks burned at the glance of those darkly intense eyes, the eyes of the adventurer, pirate, knight. Her whole being flamed. This was terrible. She had never felt like this before. Frightened, heart beating wildly, scarcely knowing what she did, Hallie Marriott flew back to her desk. The woolly warm children were darting in, in the care of nurses to love—bright homes, their cheeks scarlet and snow-flaked. But she scarcely saw them; her eyes were filled with the bronzed, adventurous face of the man in the rear of the room.

"Miss Marriott," that voice colder than the snow in the twilight hushed square, "I am amazed at your conduct this afternoon. Not five minutes ago I reminded you of our rule about men sleeping in the library. You seemed to understand what I said. I saw you leave your desk and walk down the aisle. Just this moment I glanced down and saw that big fellow still asleep."

"I—there was no one asleep—he wasn't asleep—"

"Very strange. Are you quite sure that your eyes are strong enough for library work, Miss Marriott?"

"Oh . . . I can see perfectly. . . . I'll go down again."

"Send him out. Instantly. He's nothing but a nuisance."

"Yes, Miss Glitson." A delicate pink glowed in her cheeks as she started toward the rear of the room. Resolutely, all the elasticity gone from her step, she passed through sections H. and J., lips set in a firm line. She must perform her duty, must satisfy Miss Glitson and retain her position. But why did he have to fall asleep every time he came in!

"Take your hat and go—you aren't allowed to sleep in the library," she stood beside him, her voice lowered for his ears alone. She used Miss Glitson's phrase but into the soft rebuke she poured all her sympathy, all her womanly gentleness, all her heart. The tone of a woman addressing her beloved, although she was unconscious of it. "I hate to disturb you . . . if only you wouldn't go asleep every time!"

"If I didn't," his shaggy head raised from the table, "you wouldn't come and wake me." His deep voice exactly right for a hero out of adventure tales. "The only reason I came in was to see you—I saw you through the window last week. Then I found I had to pretend to be asleep to get you to notice me."

"I hate to tell men to go . . . Miss Glitson insists . . ."

"Miss Marriott!" Thunder as well as ice in her tone. "I am painfully astonished at your conduct today. All week, in fact. I have given you every opportunity to remember your duty. Much as I regret it, I feel obliged to ask you to leave the library at once."

"You too." Withering scorn in the look she gave the bronzed man who had risen to stand beside Hallie Marriott like a towering protector. "This is no place for vagrants."

"I'll wait for you outside," he ignored Miss Glitson, his dark glance deepening the color in her assistant's oval face. "We'll be vagrants together." His richly amused laugh rang through the high room, fluttered the dry leaves of the volumes on the shelves.

"I only pretended to fall asleep to have you notice me, to hear your voice," he told Hallie as they moved slowly through the violet dusk toward the spired church. "But this afternoon I nearly drifted off in earnest. I've been working like the deuce getting ready for my next trip—the icy lady struck it mighty close," he laughed. "I am sort of vagrant. Ever been to Zanzibar, honey?"

"I've never been anywhere—except in dreams," she murmured.

"With your training in writing so neatly you ought to be no end of a help to a fellow like me. My notes are always in a horrible mess, but the people at the university don't seem to hold my scratching against me. They're chasing me off to dig up more ruins." They had passed the brick walls of the Convent of Notre Dame, were close to the big stone house adjoining the spired church. "I've been staying here with my old friend Doctor Holt since I got back from Egypt," he explained.

"Egypt," she repeated, blue eyes wide, "Egypt . . . why . . . you're . . . Dirk Forrest!" The man she had long ago set up as her heart's hero. But. . . Dirk Forrest! So popular . . . sought after . . .

"Yes—that fool explorer. We'd better go in right away, I think, and talk to Holt about marrying us. I have to sail—we have to sail—in two days."

### Clocks in Odd Shapes

Clocks in the forms of heads have appeared in Europe. One is a human skull, another a monkey's head and another a grotesque dog's cranium. One eye of each head represents the hours and the other the minutes. The numerals are painted around the optics like large eyelashes, while the orbs revolve and serve as hands.

### Champion Egg Layer

Delicate instruments recently devised have proven that the oyster is not as silent as it has been supposed, for there is a constant undertone to be heard in the oyster beds. It is a fortunate thing that the hen oysters do not cackle every time they lay an egg, for the total egg product of the oyster is 5,000,000 eggs.

## Terms of Admiration That Are Overworked

There are words in the English language, says an article in Popular Knowledge, that the average person uses to distracton. Poor, defenseless words—they are pampered to the point of exhaustion, while slow-witted human beings look on.

Like fat, sleek, weary Angora pussies, such words as dainty, exquisite, lovely, charming, dear, drag out dull lives on idly smart, flippant tongues.

After the manner of prisoned panthers, marvelous, wonderful, magnificent, even adorable, are made to parade before the public eye. Rehashed in speeches, they are frittered to the point where nothing matters, where a doughnut is called marvelous and where there is no refreshing common thing. Wonders become as trite as polish, and magnificence is ascribed to the tiniest of acts. A box of candy is "simply adorable."

Luckily not all spoil the same words. One person pets innocent "beautiful" to the point where this adjective, once coy, obtrudes itself into every conversation. Like a tabby who does not know her place, she clambers upon the mental chair of every sentence.

Another strokes "lovely" with such sweetish, often repeated staccato notes that the little thing is nauseated.

And so it goes. School girls and socializing women are not the only linguistic sinners. In almost everyone's conversational lexicon there are unfortunate words whose tragedy if is to be petted.

These mascots of speech, these hearth-side word-tabbies, unlike their better equipped namesakes, have no last resort of claws that punish. They are helpless. Only their spoilers can save them. But their spoilers, in an unblissful ignorance of their mental estate, cannot function as savers of words. Sorry is the outlook for the race of linguistic tabbies.

On hot days, more than 17,000 horses use the 71 drinking troughs in the metropolitan area of London.

## Some Nellie Maxwell Recipes

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.

And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

—Lucy Larcom.

An emergency salad which is both good and quickly prepared is the following:

**Cabbage Fruit Salad.**—Peel and cut into small sections enough oranges to serve desired number. Cover the salad plates with finely shredded cabbage and sprinkle the orange juice over it. Season well with salt and a dash of sugar and serve with french dressing.

**Cheese With Oranges.**—Peel one or two oranges, removing all the white portion and separate into sections, removing all the connecting tissue. Place a small ball of cream cheese which has been rolled in grated orange rind in the center of the salad plate and arrange the sections of orange around it like a flower. Serve with any desired dressing.

A dessert that the children may eat and enjoy is the following which is prepared from what has been called the children's fruit:

**Peach Dessert.**—Prepare a pint of milk with a junket tablet, flavor with almonds and sweeten to taste. At serving time garnish the junket with sliced sugared peaches and a little whipped cream.

**Peach Ice Cream.**—Warm two quarts of milk slightly, add one cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Dissolve four junket tablets in a tablespoonful of cold water, stir into the milk and pour into a freezer can, let stand twenty minutes in a warm place. Place in the ice and freeze to a mush. Add one pint of whipped cream and a pint of crushed and sweetened peaches which have been peeled and mashed. Finish freezing and serve with sliced peaches on each portion.

**Savory Rice Croquettes.**—To two cupfuls of boiled rice add one pint of thick white sauce and one-half cupful of rich crumbled cheese. Shape into croquettes and fry in deep fat. Serve with crab apple jelly.

To take the place of ice, lemon and sugar, freeze the juice from a can of grapefruit in the ice compartments of a mechanical refrigerator. Drop into the glasses of ice tea, ginger ale, or any fruit drink which will be improved by a little flavor. Color with strawberry or raspberry juice for flavor, if desired.

**Red Cherry Bounce.**—Boil one-half cupful each of sugar and water together for five minutes, cool, and add a can of grapefruit juice, one-fourth of a cupful of lemon juice, one and one-half cupfuls of sweetened cherry juice and chill thoroughly. Hang a bunch of cherries on each glass, or drop a whole cherry into the glass.

**Grapefruit Fizz.**—Boil two cupfuls of water and one-half cupful of sugar together five minutes to make a simple sirup. Cool, add a can of grapefruit juice, one-fourth cupful of lemon juice and chill thoroughly. Just before serving add one quart of ginger ale. Pour over ice in tall beverage glasses. The sirup from a can of pineapple, one cupful, will add to the flavor of this drink. This amount will serve nine tall glasses.

**Date and Pear Salad.**—Stuff dates with cheese as above and place in the cavity of canned pears. Arrange two halves of pears on each lettuce-lined plate and serve with mayonnaise or with a french dressing.

**Ginger Delight.**—Cut thirty marshmallows into quarters and arrange on the bottom of a mold, sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of preserved ginger, chopped. Prepare a package of lemon gelatin and when cool pour over the marshmallows, using half of the gelatin. When firm pour over the remaining and serve garnished with one cupful of pineapple and whipped cream. Place pears on lettuce with one marshmallow in the center of each cavity. Cut canned fruit, a few more marshmallows, sprinkle with nut meats and place around the pears. Chili and serve with mayonnaise.

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### A Mail Order

Angelina—Don't tell me you haven't been kissing other girls.

Al—Why, I never—

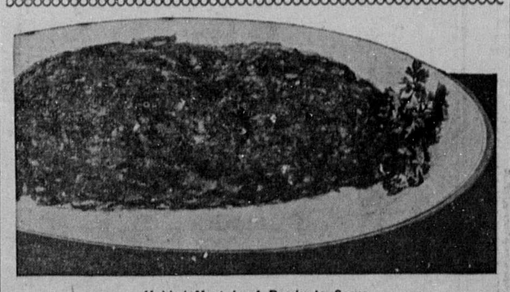
Angelina—Yes, you have. One of your yumyum letters to me was delivered by mistake to the girl next door.

## How to Choose Beef

Different cuts of beef from the same animal vary greatly in tenderness. The home-maker not only has to know how to choose beef in the market but how to prepare whatever cut she buys to bring out its best qualities. Appetizing dishes can be made from all cuts of beef so that purchases may fit any budget.

Recipes for a number of different cuts of beef have been worked out by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture and published in a leaflet for free distribution. The principal points in cooking the more tender cuts are: Searing the surface of the meat first at a high temperature for a short time or until a well-flavored brown coating is formed, reducing the temperature so as to finish cooking at a moderate heat; in the case of roasts, using a roast-meat thermometer in the center of the roast to indicate when the meat is rare, medium, or well done. Beef is rare between the temperatures of 130 and 150 degrees Fahrenheit, medium between 150 and 170 degrees Fahrenheit, and well done at about 180 degrees Fahrenheit. As many people like mushroom sauce with their steak and Yorkshire pudding with rib roast of beef, these recipes are also given in the leaflet.

## Veal or Beef Loaf Is Tasty



Molded Meat Loaf Ready to Serve.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A well-seasoned veal or beef loaf is one of the tastiest and most attractive dishes made from the cheaper cuts. Lean meat may be selected and bought especially for making it, or parts may be trimmed from cuts that will be cooked in other ways, put through the grinder, and thus utilized separately. In either case there is little or no waste. The recipe below, from the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture, is for a veal loaf seasoned with salt pork and savory vegetables.

**Veal Loaf.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 4 cups ground raw veal | ½ cup chopped parsley |
| 1 cup finely diced salt pork | ¼ cup chopped onion |
| 1½ cups milk | 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs |
| 4 tbs. flour | 2 tsp. salt |
| ½ cup chopped celery | ¼ tsp. pepper |
| | ⅛ tsp. celery seed |

Fry the salt pork until light brown and crisp and remove the pieces from the pan. Make white sauce of the milk, flour, and three tablespoonfuls of the pork drippings. Cook the celery, parsley and onion for a few minutes in the rest of the pork drippings, and add to this the bread crumbs and seasonings. Combine all ingredients, using the hands to mix thoroughly. The mixture will have a sticky consistency. Lay a piece of parchment paper on a rack in an open roasting pan. Mold the meat loaf on the paper with the hands. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for 1¼ hours. Do not cover the pan and do not add water to it. Remove the loaf from the paper and serve hot, or chill it for slicing cold.

Much better results are obtained when the loaf is molded and baked in the way described in a wide shallow pan than when it is packed into a smaller pan and baked like a loaf of bread. Cold veal loaf, sliced very thin and garnished with parsley or water cress, is most attractive for lunch. It is excellent, too, as a sandwich filling, either with or without a leaf of lettuce and a spoonful of mayonnaise.

## BEST APPLES FOR THE PIES

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Fairly tart, juicy, quick-cooking varieties of apples make the best pies. The first apples to ripen and fall are sometimes a little undersized, and often tarter than one likes to eat uncooked, so it is a good idea to make apple pies of them. A dessert for all.

For the filling you will need 4 to 8 apples, depending on their size, three-fourths cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful cinnamon, if spices are liked. After paring, quartering and slicing the apples very thin, pack them carefully into the undercrust so the cover will fit evenly. Sprinkle the apples with the sugar, salt and spice, mixed together, and dot with butter. Place on the upper crust after moistening the lower rim, and press the edges together to hold in the juice. Cut a slit to allow the steam to escape. Bake about 30 minutes or until the crust is golden brown and the apples are tender.

Every housekeeper has her preferred pie crust recipe, and caters to the family whims in respect to "kivered" and "unkivered" pies, nutmeg or cinnamon or lemon for flavor, and whether or not to serve cheese with the pie, or whipped cream, or a ball of vanilla ice cream. The bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture, gives these proportions for pie crust and directions for mixing and rolling it:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1½ cups sifted soft wheat (pastry) flour | 5½ to 7 tbs. fat |
| | 2½ tbs. water |
| | 1 tsp. salt |

Use lard or vegetable fat or any sweet-flavored fat you like better. Combine it with the flour by chopping with knives or a biscuit cutter or work it in with the tips of the fingers, as rapidly as possible. Add the water slowly and use no more than is absolutely necessary. Roll out the dough very lightly. The temperature of the oven should be high to start with and then be lowered rapidly after 8 or 10 minutes, so that the filling may cook clear through without overcooking the crust.

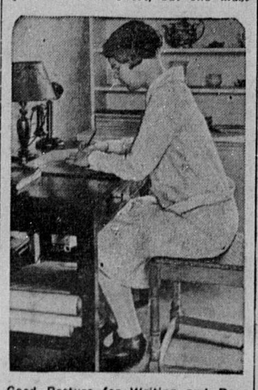
### Daring Voyage

John Traynor and Ivan Olsen were the first to cross the Atlantic ocean in a rowboat. On July 5, 1881, they left Bath, Maine, in a rowboat named City of Bath and reached Falmouth, England, August 24 of the same year.

## Correct Posture at D

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Much has been said about maintaining good posture while at work doing the various household tasks that require muscular effort, but one must also think of the position assumed in other occupations that do not in themselves seem particularly tiring or likely to intensify bad habits.



Good Posture for Writing and Does Not Strain the Back.

Here is a demonstration of the right and wrong postures in writing a letter, or household accounts, or anything else that requires sitting at a desk. The pictures were taken by the United States Department of Agriculture in a Massachusetts farm home, and emphasize the points that have been repeatedly stressed by extension workers in this state, and, in fact, in states where attention has been drawn to good posture.

In the "wrong" picture [illegible] is crouched over the desk, shoulder hunched up, head forward and her feet [illegible] fortably under her chair. [illegible] ertion in this position [illegible] her back to ache [illegible]

## Collar and Cuff Sets Add Charm

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

Some fabrics so hold the interest of the fashionable world, their vogue repeats through more than one season. There are printed velvets, for instance; it cannot be said that they reached the zenith of their glory last winter, perhaps because women did not sufficiently "appreciate a good thing when they saw it." But in the autumn mode printed velvets have assuredly come into their own.

In the high marts of fashion, gowns of transparent rayon printed velvet are about the most featured theme of the immediate hour. These lovely velvet weaves, which have brought such fame to the fabric realm have in their patternings captured every rich hue on the autumn and winter color card. Included in their range are radiant browns which reflect the witchery of autumn browns and sunset glow and golden tints in their highlights. The new blueberry tones, wine shades, the popular bright blues, dusky violet tints, pea-green and forest green, all mingle in lovely confusion in these much-featured print and plain velvets.

The rayon transparent velvet of which this winsome gown in the picture is made, is printed in a feather interpretation, which means of course, a mingling of exotic plumage colorings, such as only the soft pile of velvet can portray.

The tendency to adopt princess lines for fall is confirmed in the silhouette which this mode achieves—molded-to-the-figure lines through the use of fine tucking above the normal waistline, the fitted portion extending to below the hips, where a full skirt is shirred on.

At first glance one senses the presence of the girlish cuffs and collars which add such a zestful note to this costume. It's just this way: lingerie cuffs and collars and plentiful lace "fixings," jabots, fichus, capelets collars and such, are the big thought on the new fashion program. The "starched" sets are the dernier cri, some very puritan-like with deep flaring cuffs and prime turnover collars.

And then, continuing to analyze the fetching costume in the picture, have you glimpsed the little "rag" of a knitted rayon hat which is this young woman's crowning glory? These petite headpieces have so endeared themselves to American and French women they are acquiring whole collections of them—a hat tuned to the color scheme of each costume. One can have a box full at little expense, for one can make them oneself of various lightweight rayon weaves. Caps of knitted scarfing are also very popular. Some of these develop a soft bow at one side which falls to the shoulder. Then, too, caps of velvet or in any of the fashionable colors, smartly top frocks of printed design.

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[illegible] is [illegible]

Dresses of dotted swiss keep their fresh appearance if pressed frequently on the wrong side.

• • •

The woman who dislikes cooking may find that the cause of her dislike is a dreary inconvenient kitchen.

• • •

Fresh berries will keep most satisfactory if they are carefully picked over and spread out on a shallow dish in the refrigerator.

• • •

To help children to have good appetites serve them foods without strong flavors, give them sweets only in small quantities for dessert and permit no lunching between meals.

## Bedtime Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"We dress so much alike," said Mr. Vesper Sparrow, "and I think it is so nice that we do.

"We both like the same sort of a suit or costume. We both like brown and gray and white in our feathers, and we are both very fond of having our outer tail feathers of white.

"They can be seen when we fly and I think they look very smart and stylish."

"I think so, too," said Mrs. Vesper Sparrow. "You know we're sometimes called Grass Birds and Grassfinches, and we belong to the big Finch family."

"Those would all do as names for us," said Mr. Vesper Sparrow. "We do love the grass.

"We have our nests of them which are always laid in the high meadow grass.

"We don't care about digging worms out of the ground but we love the insects of the meadows.

"We are smaller than the well-known English sparrow, and our name is indeed well chosen, though then again it isn't.

"I mean the name we are almost always called by—the Vesper Sparrow."

"Why is our name well chosen and then why isn't it?" asked Mrs. Vesper Sparrow.

"That is rather confusing to me."

"We are named the Vesper Sparrows because we sing more often in the late afternoon when evening is approaching than at any other time.

"And our voices are at their best then, too.

"Vesper, you see, means late afternoon or early evening."

"Yes," said Mrs. Vesper Sparrow, "now I see why we are well named.

"But you also said we were not well named. Will you tell me about that?"

"I will," chirped Mr. Vesper Sparrow. "When the other birds sing they choose the morning for their big concert.

"Now we like to sing in the early morning, too!

"We always join in with the early morning singers.

"But we sing later in the afternoon than the others, except the rosebreasted grosbeak family, and they love to sing in the early evening as we do."

"Named the Vesper Sparrows."

"I'd say," Mrs. Vesper Sparrow remarked, "that we were both—morning and evening singers."

"Just what we are," said Mr. Vesper Sparrow. "We're a little bit like the meadowlarks too, though."

"How are we like them?" asked Mrs. Vesper Sparrow.

"Sometimes we sing when flying," Mr. Vesper Sparrow said. "And they do that.

"Then too, the meadowlarks are very careful about hiding their nests and keeping their birdlings safe in the grassy nest, with grass covering over and around the nest.

"We fly away, and so do they, when we think danger is near—not because we want to desert our young—oh, never, never."

"Never, never," said Mrs. Vesper Sparrow.

"But simply to keep people from knowing where our nests are. There are some creatures," continued Mr. Vesper Sparrow, his little voice shaking as he thought of such creatures, "who will rob nests of eggs before the birdlings have come out.

"They think they are making collections! What do they want of eggs?

"Do they want little shells which don't really mean anything to them at the expense of breaking the hearts of the mothers and the daddies?

"Would such creatures like to have their brothers and their sisters stolen away from them—out of their cradles? I should say not!

"Would they like to have collections made of their sisters and brothers? Not for a minute.

"There are enough things to collect. Stamps and pictures and stories and real pets to be cared for—but not the eggs of birdlings.

"But I have heard that people are getting over their cruel ways."

And Mrs. Vesper Sparrow felt very much better about it, very much better.

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### Lafayette Square

LAFAYETTE square, that [illegible] acre, park-like place just [illegible] "The Avenue" from the home of [illegible] President of the United States, was so named by the Father of His Country and first used as a parade ground for troops. Today it is an ideal spot in which to sit and dream on a summer day.

An assortment of trees mottle the sunshine on the lawn, winding walks invite, benches lure; trusting pigeons and squirrels beg; five noteworthy monuments bid for attention—one to General Lafayette, another to Kosciusko—the hero of Saratoga; a third to Rochambeau, who came to America with an army to assist Washington; a fourth to Von Steuben—who proffered his services to congress and became instructor general of the Continental army; the fifth—a huge bronze casting affair, said to be the first successfully made in America, to Andrew Jackson.

Much of the history of the past century was made in the mansions which have surrounded this plot. Among these—the home and office of our Chief Executive; a former social institution which includes the famous Dolly Madison house; the former British legation where the Ashburton treaty was framed; a venerable house of worship—the Presidents' church; homes of John Hay, secretary of state under Roosevelt, Daniel Webster, George Bancroft—the historian, Commander Stephen Decatur—hero of the Tripolitan war, where, subsequently, a Russian minister and three secretarys of state are said to have lived and another where three secretaries of the navy have resided. Truly, Lafayette square is a historic spot.

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### Voice Does Not Travel

The bureau of standards says that the voice does not actually travel over a telephone wire. The motion of one diaphragm controls an electric current which moves another diaphragm, thus reproducing the voice.

### Doubtful Start

Perhaps that St. Louis chap who was arrested for tossing a block of concrete at a friend was simply trying to cement the friendship.—Farm and Fireside.