



I always use
WINDSOR
Table Salt.

When Baking

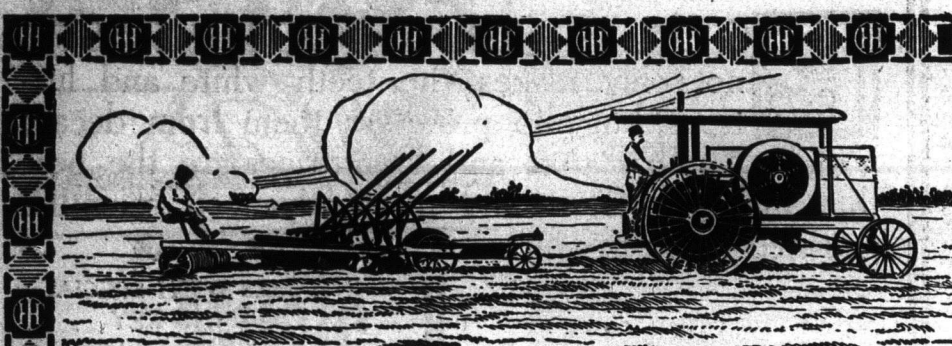
are you as careful about the salt you use, as you are about the flour or baking powder?

Poor salt will ruin a baking, just as surely as poor flour.

In the kitchen and on the table, use the fine, pure

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WINDSOR TABLE SALT



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The Interrupted Reign of Queenie.

By Lucy Pratt.



A LONG the line of children filed out from the Whittier School at Hampton Institute, and following it, came the lady from the North—who, with note-book in hand, was making a thorough study of the "Negro Problem"—and her friend—who, with a small camera, was helping along with an occasional picture.

As the line of children broke and scattered and then ran away in many directions, the two looked on sympathetically until they were apparently all gone, and then turned to find that they were not all gone, after all, that another one was sauntering leisurely down the steps—alone. He glanced at them with a half-smile, and then went on across the yard.

"That's the one!" whispered the lady from the North eagerly, "that's the one!"

What one, she did not explain, but her friend seemed to understand, and smiled appreciatively.

"Yes—let's follow him—just a little."

They walked on in an accidental sort of way, down one of the roads which led away—away to parts unknown, the small, sauntering figure just ahead unconsciously the leader.

"But why should we be following a child—like this?" suddenly murmured the lady vaguely.

"I don't know," vaguely murmured the friend, "do you?" He led them on.

"No." And he led them on. They glanced at unfamiliar fields blowing with clover in the distance, at the unfamiliar road at their feet, at the small figure still leading them gently on, and smiled.

"There seems to be something queer about it," suggested the friend; "perhaps we couldn't turn back!"

"I doubt if we could," agreed the lady, "do you see? He's going toward the woods. He's going—to lose us in the woods."

"Are you agreeable?" smiled the friend. "We're getting there—certainly."

"Perfectly," and he opened the way through the first trees.

Suddenly he half stopped, undecidedly, and then dropped gently down on some brown moss and gazed away dreamily through low branches at the sky.

"Don't you wish you could get out?" whispered the friend, "but you can't!" And they still moved unresistingly over the brown moss.

But their leader, their Pied Piper, turned his head at the sound of steps, and looked up wonderingly into their faces.

"Oh, what a—nice place to rest!" apologized the lady. "Do you mind if we sit down a moment, too?"

"No'm," he answered, in some confusion, and pulled himself lightly to his feet.

"Oh, don't go! We wouldn't have you go for anything! You're a little Whittier School boy, aren't you? Why, yes, isn't your name Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm," he answered, shyly pleased, and dropped down, with some hesitation, beside them on the moss.

"Surely!" she encouraged, "and aren't you the little boy who is so fond of telling them all such nice stories?"

"Yas'm, I tells 'em all kine o' stories," he smiled, even more pleased, "bout—'bout all kine o' things."

"Oh, lovely!" murmured the friend. "Tell us a story while we're waiting, can't you?"

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel with unexpected willingness, still gazing somewhat absently at the sky. "I kin tell a story 'bout—'bout 'Manuel an' all 'is li'l' brudders. Ise fixin' ter tell 'em 'bout it at school, too, only Miss No'th, she ain' niver 'low me. Yas'm—'bout

"Manuel an' all 'is li'l' brudders." The lady arranged herself out of his direct line of vision, conscious that their ultimate purpose was actually accomplished, and whipped out the note-book. She was prepared now, if never before, to settle the "Problem" once for all. "Yer seg it's 'bout a li'l' boy named 'Manuel where lived all 'lone 'thout no kin 'tall, cuz dey's all daid."

The ladies were leaning forward listening intently.

"An' eve'y time he gotten 'im some mo' kin, w'y, sup'm allays seem ter happen to 'em, twell tain' none of 'em lef'. So one day he foun' 'issell all 'lone agin."

The lady's pencil hovered doubtfully over her book as if she felt some slight question as to just how to begin.

"So w'en he foun' he's all 'lone agin he jes 'mence ter wonder w'at he's gwine do 'bout it. So after studyin' li'l' w'ile, he 'cide he'll git 'im some li'l' brudders an' sisters. But den he 'cide p'raps after all, it'll seem mo' home-like ef he jes has 'em all brudders. So he jes gotten 'im twelve li'l' brudders. An' he set 'em all down on twelve li'l' cheers in a row, an' look at 'em, an' den he's kine o' s'prise cuz dey ain' look so home-like aft' all! So he look at 'em agin, an' den he says, 'Sho! Doan' look like sense ter hab 'em all jes same kine! Reckon I'ae 'blige git one li'l' sister, aft' all!'"

The lady's pencil was still poised in wavering anxiety.

"So he gotten one li'l' sister an' putten 'er right on de en' o' de row on de flo' (cuz 'tain' no mo' cheers counten de li'l' boys settin' on all dey is) an' she set dere jes ez nice, in a li'l' coat all trim eroun' w' fidders an' a li'l' par'sol over 'er haid."

"A parasol?" objected the lady, while the pencil twitched spasmodically, "why should she have a—"

"Yas'm, all trim eroun' wid fidders, an' a li'l' par'sol over 'er haid. An' co'se dat made thirteen. An' de li'l' sister's name Queenie. An' she's de li'l's of all. But de li'l' boys ain' nary one of 'em got no name 'tall. So co'se 'Manuel has ter start studyin' right off w'at he'll name 'em."

"Well, dat's kine o' funny, too," he say, lookin' at de bigges' li'l' boy, 'cuz I cyan' seem ter think o' nuthin.' Cert'nly is funny. Well, I ain' gwine bother no mo' wid it! he say, 'Ise jes gwine name eve'yone o' yer 'Manuel af' me! Only co'se I'll call yer li'l' 'Manuel w'en I speak, so yer'll know 'tain in-ten' fer me. An' co'se Queenie's name Queenie. An' takin' no way fer 'er ter be a settin' on de flo', nudder! he say, an' he look at de li'l' boy where's settin' nex' 'er. 'W'y doan't yer git up an' ax 'er does she want yer cheer, li'l' 'Manuel?'"

"Well, co'se w'en dey hyeah 'im say li'l' 'Manuel, w'y co'se all de li'l' boys hop right up an' 'mence offerin' Queenie dey cheer. An' Queenie, w'en she seen all twelve on 'em a shovin' up de cheers, an' a axin' 'er does she want 'er down, w'y she's ser skyeered she jes drap 'er par'sol on de flo', an' bu'y 'er haid, an' bus' right out cryin' twell look like she ain' niver gwine stop. An' all de li'l' 'Manuels look kine o' skyeered, too, w'en dey seen de way it come out, but still dey keep on a offerin' 'er dey cheers."

The lady laid down her pencil and both she and her friend relaxed submissively.

"Se' down!" 'Manuel holler. 'Se' down! An' dey all hop back ser quick, look like he ain' no mo'n spoke 'fo' dey's all a settin' in de row agin looin' up. But Queenie's still a cryin', an' 'er par'sol's on de flo'."

"Well, now yer didn' use no sense 'tall," 'Manuel says, 'cuz co'se yer knowed I didn' mean all of yer ter git up an' offer Queenie yer cheer. Nev' mine, Queenie, doan't yer cry, Ise gwine turn de water spout on 'em twell dey 'haves