

"COWPATHS" DEFENDED.

Boston's Bovines Laid Out City's Streets More Wisely Than They Know.

It may not be literally true that the cows who are reputed to have laid out the streets in old Boston were excellent civil engineers and experts in "city planning," but that they bulled wiser than they knew is the opinion of W. C. Ewing, chairman of the committee on city planning of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

This is Mr. Ewing's defense of the bovine street-laying-out department of early Boston. "Just because there are so many little streets and footpaths it is possible for any person who is well acquainted with these devious ways to go from any point in the heart of the city to any other point in almost a straight line. The streets radiating from postoffice square would not be greatly improved upon if the city were being designed anew. The same statement might be made of several other points where many streets run in different directions, like the spokes of a wheel as they leave the hub."

The proviso that one must be "well acquainted with these devious ways in order to go from one point to another in almost a straight line is not unreasonable. Those whose business takes them frequently through crooked streets will soon get acquainted. The convenience of others is not so important. According to the old saying, you can "go straight down the crooked lane and all round the square" if you know the way.

The chief objection to the business streets of Boston is in their narrowness, not in their crookedness. Wider streets and wider sidewalks would be welcome.—Boston Globe.

SOME MINT JULEP.

Many Kinds, But None Equal to Those Blended in Robertson County.

Harking back to mint julep, I wish my critic might have the luck, once to see and smell and sip juleps such as were served to us upon rising at the most hospitable houses in hospitable Robertson county. Mint for them grew in very rich soil, partly shaded; thus it sprang quickly, almost magically, but was never coarse.

It was cut at dawn in midsummer, drenched with dew, snipped off at three inches or less, and set dew-gemmed around the goblet edges, half sunk in sugared water and broken ice. Washing would have been profanation; it had grown too quickly to have even a trace of dust. After it was duly placed the whisky was poured very gently, very steadily, until it stood level with the rim. Such whisky! Robertson county's best! Wilson Pitt was a favorite brand, so was Silver Spring. Made from sound flint corn, after the old honest fashion, aged in wood, colored very faintly by charred barrels, and kept at least four years, it was fit for the gods. "Not a headache in a hog-head of it" unless you overdrank. The pity of it that prohibition has conquered such an Eden! That, however, is beside the mark.

Our juleps came to us about sunrise. A tinkle of ice and spoons outside our doors was a mighty pleasant reveille. One maid fetched the tray of juleps. Behind came another with a bigger tray full of dewy flowers, roses, carnations, heliotrope, scented and scarlet geraniums. It was the law of the house that you came to breakfast beautifully, with flowers in your hair, at your throat, in your belt; thus only were you in harmony with a table heaped high with dew-wet blossoms all down its length. And truly, I think broiled chicken, waffles and their congeners tasted better for the pains we had taken to adorn ourselves.

Here in New York town I have made mint julep but semi-occasional-

ly. This for cause, the difficulty of getting in hand mint worth while. Pots yield but scant and starveling sprigs, and they harbor scale. As for the common market variety that butchers supply, I hate the sight of it. But now and again, by the largesse of country friends, I have been able to serve juleps. O. Henry drank one of them with marked and manifest approval. At the same time he told me his way of julep, which was quite unlike my own. It included, as nearly as I remember, fruit, cordials and mixed liquor, whisky and brandy, or whisky and a special rum. He was eager to have my husband try it. They planned such an occasion, but fate interposed. Thus I lack a household verdict upon julep with trills on. Being no dogmatist I am willing to admit there may be as many kinds of julep as of religion, all the while insisting stoutly that an appreciable moiety of the old south not merely stood for but stood by my way.

Some one reading the book after buying it said to me: "Your julep is like mine; a Kentucky man taught me to make it." I have heard of, read of, even tried, sundry and several variants of the old way, finding none an improvement. This notwithstanding all that was said by Mars Henry Watterson and the late Col. Ochiltree regarding juleps. I am by really good liquor somewhat like the bishop who heard a florid graduate turn himself loose on creation. Said the bishop, shaking his head: "Mighty fine, but he can't beat Moses." Similarly, I say, nobody can beat the flavors, the savor's nature cunningly packs in her mint, in her spirit, her sugar. The utmost possible is so to conjoin them that each may help the other without losing individual charm.—Martha McCulloch Williams, in New York Sun.

"FESTIVAL OF REASON."

French Celebration at Once Silliest and Most Sublime in History.

The "Festival of Reason," celebrated in Paris 120 years ago, November 10, 1793, was at one and the same time the silliest and the sublimest spectacle that had up to that time ever been witnessed on earth.

Poor old France! What horrors she had passed through, having been exploited, insulted and degraded for centuries by the titled scoundrels of church and state. With the single exception of Israel, no people ever had such experience as that which came to the French under the three Capets.

But the people went through it and lived to turn the tables on the oppressors in grand style—and then they felt that they were entitled to celebrate.

It was the funniest celebration that ever took place. Demoiselle Candelle, the bookseller's wife, the opera singer—selected, it appears, for her perfection of form and face rather than for any other qualifications—in sky blue robe, the red liberty cap on her head, and in her hand the pike with which the people had fought their way to freedom, was taken, in mighty procession, to Notre Dame, where, as the "Goddess of Reason," she was given the unstinted adoration of the thousands pressed about her throne.

All over France the ceremony was repeated in most hearty fashion.

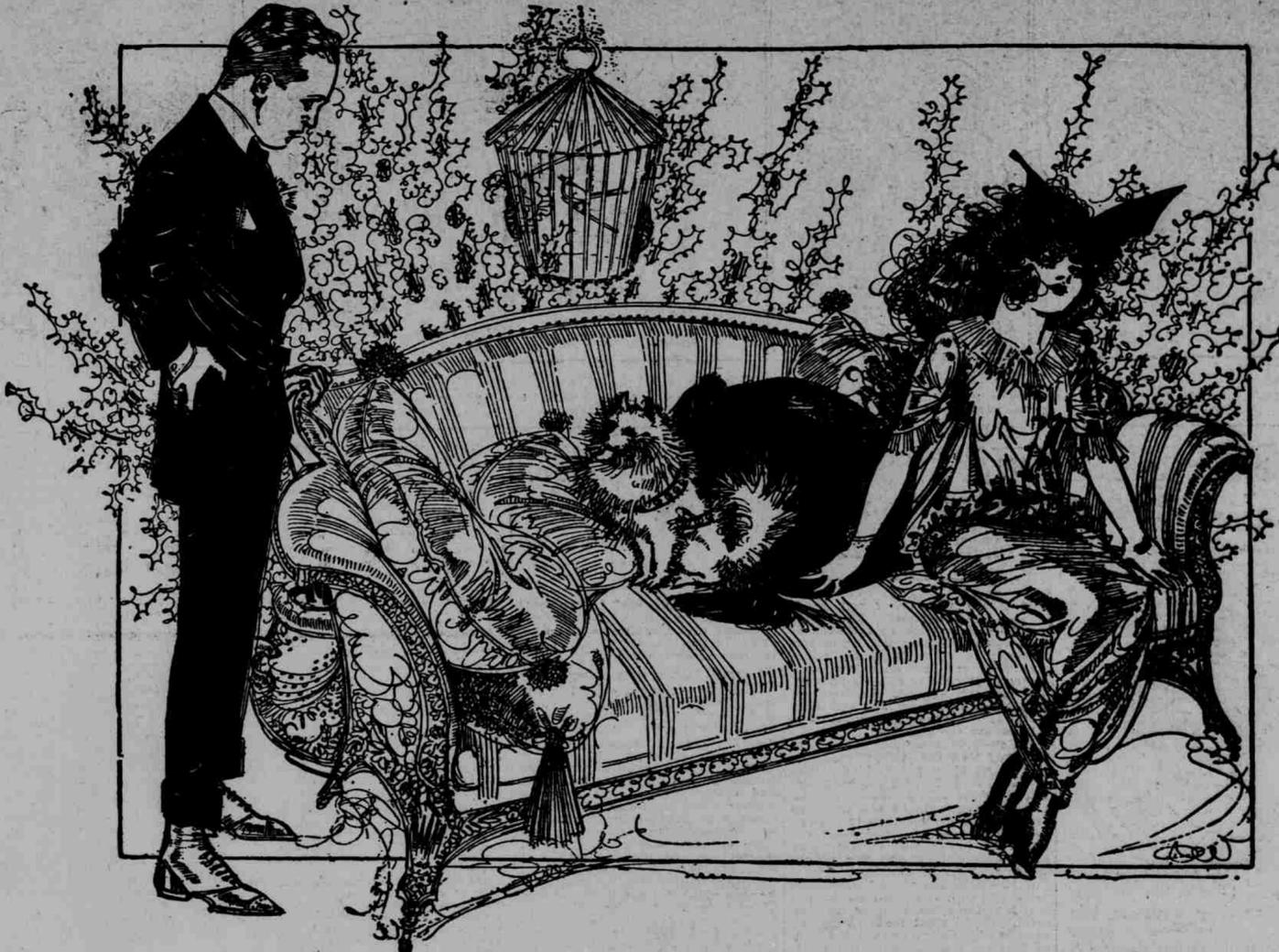
Yes, it was very foolish. The opera singer was the poorest sort of an apology for a "goddess," and the Reason of which she was the apotheosis was but a delusion and a snare when it came to settling the great transcendental matters that can never be settled; and yet the bookseller's pretty wife answered for a rallying point.

Yes, it was very silly and sorrowful, and at the same time very sublime and hopeful.—Rev. T. B. Gregory, in the New York American.

Edwards—"So you think your next-door neighbor is mean?" Matchell—"Of course, I think he is mean. Wouldn't you think him mean if he killed his rooster—which had wakened you and kept you awake every morning for two years—the very night before you wanted to catch a 2:10 a. m. train?"—Judge.

Her First Proposal - - - - - By Nell Brinkley

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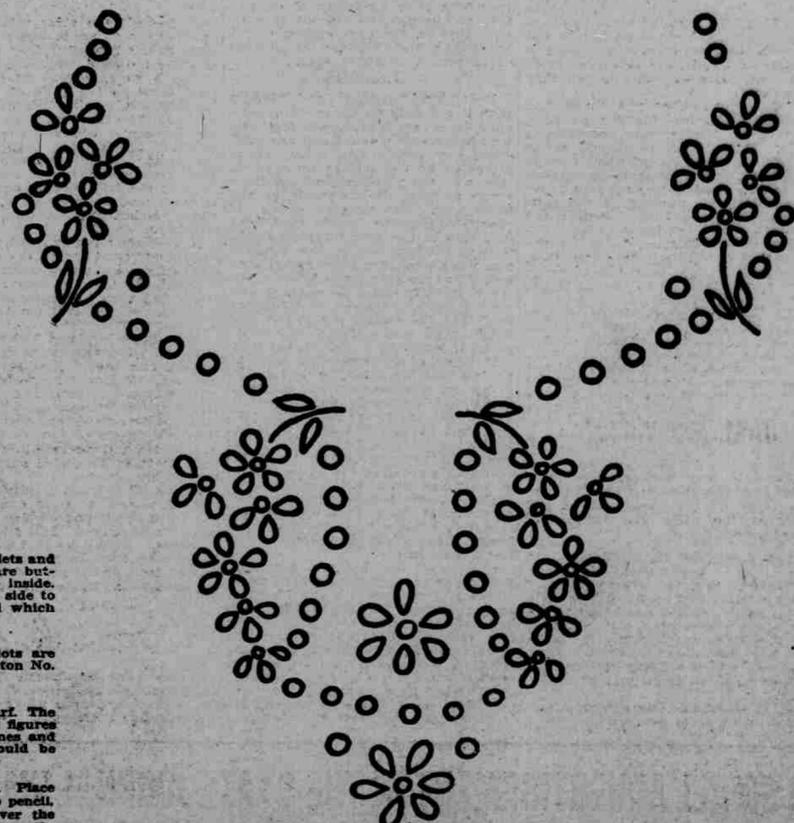
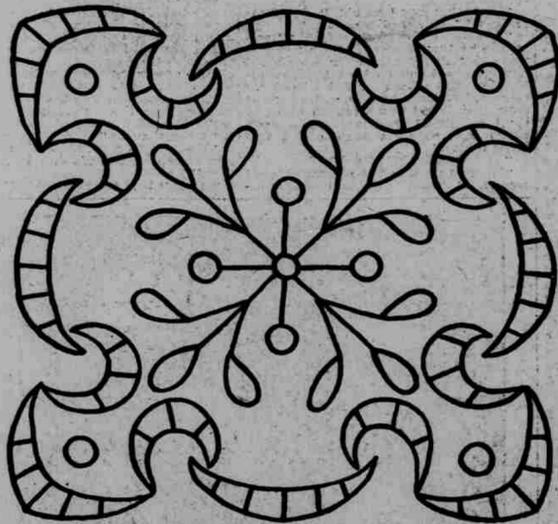


Her first it is, too. So you see, with that, it is entitled to come in the list of "terrible minutes!" It might be that it will be their last, but when Youth is this young two round-cheeked things with fraternity pins on their chests, his hair with the convict cut, hers clinched at the nape of the neck with a black velvet bow that butterflies out above her brows and rippling still down her back—when Youth is this young it likely should be called the "first," for there will come others after.

Babette is the prettiest girl in school, and she wears her hair in puffs over her ears and her ankles are slim little affairs sheathed in silk stockings. Billy is a blonde chap with his vests cut extremely high, and his collars deeply pointed, and his coat pinched in the smartest way across the shoulders, and he wears his pipe-like trousers turned up short—so short that it gives him the look of a young heron gone a-wading.

Well, it's a terrible minute. There's a miserable silence, and even her bird and her dog square themselves around and looking him steadfastly in the eye seem to wonder when he will begin. And he wonders if she has any notion of the thing that's on his mind. If she has, she manages her face pretty well. "But girls are deep," ruminates Billiam. "You never can tell what's in their heads!"

Three Very Pretty Embroidery Designs for State Journal Readers



CUT WORK SQUARE.
The oval figures should be solidly worked with the dots as eyelets and the stems in the outline stitch. The figures that form the border are buttonholed closely around the edge with the purling brought to the inside. The cross bars are formed by strands of the cotton stretched from side to side and buttonholed across without catching through the material which is cut away underneath. Use mercerized cotton No. 25.

MOTIF FOR YOKE.
In the yoke the flowers and leaves are solidly worked. The dots are done as eyelets and the stems in the outline stitch. Mercerized cotton No. 25 should be used.

SPRAY FOR SCARF END.
This pansy spray makes a pretty decoration for the end of a scarf. The flowers and leaves are outlined in the long and short stitch. The figures in the centers of the flowers are solidly worked and the straight lines and stems are done in the outline stitch. Mercerized cotton No. 25 should be used.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSFERRING.
Lay a piece of impression paper, face down, upon the material. Place the newspaper pattern in position over this, and with a hard, sharp pencil, firmly trace each line. If the material is sheer, this may be laid over the pattern, and the design drawn direct on the goods, as it will show through. When handled in this way, impression paper, of course, will not be required.