

Panhandle Pete at the Wild West Show

Pete and Cecil as Redskins

By George McManus



New York Has a Delirious Revel of Tea Drinking Every Afternoon; Seven Tea Shops in a Row in One Block Cater to the Tea Girl's Thirst



ROLLING BACK HER GLOVES. THE LONE CUR. SHE HOLDS ON THE TEAPOT LID. THE REASON ONE DOES NOT LEAVE ONE'S SPOON IN THE CUP. NO DREGS THE SECRET OF A GOOD SECOND CUR!

By Diane de Morigny THE Tea Girl has hit the town! She is tea-mad—has tea sprees, tea trances, tea talks and tea katzenjammers. There are seven tea shops in a row in one uptown block, and every hotel and department store has its "teas." These are crowded to the doors with thirsty girls. Ever since the Hindoo god cut off his eyelids and threw them away to start tea growing the China leaf never had such enthusiastic devotees as now through this town. Like everything else that New York takes up, it has gone into the tea business quite recklessly and all-ready more or less overdone it. It is more likely to be drowned in tea than to be wiped out by a glacier or to suffer desolation by any of the promised cataclysms of the alarm-ringing prophets of the day. New York has the tea habit and has it bad. Between 4 and 6 o'clock the tea rooms of every big hotel in the city are crowded with handsomely gowned women who sit chatting for hours over cups of the fragrant brew and exchange unlimited confidences while nibbling sandwiches or scones. Every hotel has its specialty in the way of cakes and sandwiches for 5

o'clock tea. The hostelry that is the most popular at present presents you with small sandwiches made of bread as thin as paper and chicken as narrow sliced as a mean thought, the whole tied up nicely with pink or blue ribbons. "Little boy and little girl sandwiches," said the mother of twins. "I'll take these ribbons home to the children." Indeed, these ribbon sandwiches are one of the hits of the season. Not to have eaten them and carried off the ribbons as trophies argues you not up to date, and when the tea hour is over you frequently see girls going out with a large bunch of multi-colored ribbons pinned on their frocks as if they were nosegays. New York got the tea habit from Paris, which got it from London, and that's why it's fashionable and the fad of the moment. Everybody knows that English people drink tea at 5 o'clock and always have and always will. They drink it in that nice, calm, placid manner which distinguishes them, and it is such an institution and taken so soberly that they would never think of making a fad out of it or resigning anything as daring as ice-cream sandwiches or scones on frigate to go with it. But when the tea fad reached Paris it went right to the heart of the Parisienne. It gave her opportunities which no other meal and no other occasion had afforded, and she made the most of it. She planned costumes which combined the elegance of a tailor suit with the cloth, cut and ornament of a dinner gown. She affected particularly expensive simplicity for the "Five o'clock,"

as she called it. For winter, say, a white tailored costume trimmed with sable, and for spring a very tight-fitting, trailing walking dress, in which, of course, she couldn't possibly walk a block, made of some dainty material that could never stand any rougher usage than trailing over the velvet carpet of the tea room. English tea rooms—so called—sprang up in the Place Vendome, in the Rue de la Paix and in all the most delightful and expensive quarters of Paris. There you could get tea, chocolate, brioches and all kinds of delightful pastries, and as everybody who was anybody went all the rest came, too. Her breakfast, which used to consist of a debauch of coffee, cereals, batter cakes and syrup, now is reduced to one cup of weak tea, two slices of toasted bread, with salt instead of butter, an orange and a soft-boiled egg. During the week she has varied the latter part of her breakfast menu by substituting chipped beef for the boiled egg, and on Thursday a small mutton chop without the fat. For luncheon she has had twice a couple of slices of cold mutton, lettuce



SHE HOLDS ON THE TEAPOT LID.

New York has copied Paris—and will soon leave it far behind in the tea procession. As said, in one block in the centre of town—one of the short blocks—there are seven tea rooms, all doing a flourishing business. The woman who has capital enough to open a tea room in the shopping centre of New York can be sure after six months of making a success of it. Usually the owner of the tea room sends out cards to all her friends who have the price, and if her circle of acquaintance is not large she can combine the sale of antiques and the dispensing of the fragrant cup and charitably include in her mailing list the complete new social register, which is nothing more than the telephone book. The sale of antiques and the combination of tea is most lucrative. While drinking your tea at little tables for two, lighted by a shaded candle, you look at the antiques, which are alluringly set not ostentatiously before you, you get to wishing that you owned that particular candlestick and the shade that enhances the complexion of your friend, and must necessarily touch up your own a bit. You timidly ask the maid if the candlestick is for sale. The maid calls in the proprietress. She condescends to sell you the antique candlestick, after some hesitation at parting with so rare an object, which has become to her like an old and dear friend. You humbly thank the proprietress, pay your money and leave with the candlestick. At the end of the week you may drop into that same tea room, observe the same candlestick, or its twin brother, on the next table and see some other woman going through the same little scene, with you become enamored of the wonderful beater mug which holds a few pence by your side. Thus is the sale of antiques fostered and the factories on Long Island and in Newark do a thriving business. Other tea rooms do a flourishing business in flowers. But some go in for the higher life and dispense tea and lectures at the same time. A lecturer who has something worth while to say invites all those interested in her subject to come to the tea room on a certain day, and while the business of the tea room goes on cheerfully she expounds her theories in a loud voice from a small elevation at the back of

the room. The success of the tea room depends very largely on the way it is lighted. You can be pretty sure that if the proprietress makes a mistake of lighting her rooms in a way that is not becoming to the faces of her customers, she soon won't have any customers to light. For the New York woman needs tea at 5 o'clock. She has had a strenuous afternoon of shopping, and is apt to look rather tired before the advent of the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate. And she needs the soothing glow of pink candle-shades in winter and softly filtered light in summer to make her feel better and eat more. Which, of course, is the object in view. The tea also must be very good. No more extraordinary blends mixed in the kitchen, but the genuine tea leaves from China brought over in sealed packages, so that the aroma will not escape, or Japanese tea, or tea from Russia, or from Ceylon. The New York girl has become an expert tea pourer. The lid of her teapot is held on and no longer breaks the cups and saucers. She knows that to make a second cup of tea she must have no dregs in the cup into which it is to be poured, and she has learned by experience that to leave her teapot in her teacup probably means spilling the cup and tea as well. In removing her dregs, if they are any, she gets no longer turns in just the hand, except when she is by herself, but it is an ugly custom and makes the hand look large and out of proportion with the arm.

Miss Ayer's Fat Working Woman Loses 3 Pounds in a Week By Margaret Hubbard Ayer. MRS. MARTIN. The World's fat patient, is three pounds slighter than she was a week ago. But she has had a week of sacrifice. By rights all this should have happened before Lent instead of after. Then it wouldn't have seemed so hard to give up the good things of the table, as she has had to do. Her breakfast, which used to consist of a debauch of coffee, cereals, batter cakes and syrup, now is reduced to one cup of weak tea, two slices of toasted bread, with salt instead of butter, an orange and a soft-boiled egg. During the week she has varied the latter part of her breakfast menu by substituting chipped beef for the boiled egg, and on Thursday a small mutton chop without the fat. For luncheon she has had twice a couple of slices of cold mutton, lettuce



MRS. MARTIN.

salad and toasted gluten bread, with salt instead of butter. Her dinner consisted again of fruit, stewed without sugar, prunes or apricots. Toasted bread, a salad or a green vegetable and meat. She felt it necessary to have meat three times a day as she had given up so many things to which she was accustomed. For instance, all kinds of potatoes, rolls, pastries, sweets, sugar in any form, candy and beer. Before breakfast every morning she takes three glasses of cold water in small sips and the same at night before going to bed, and has been able to give up the carbohydrates to which she has been addicted for many years. This she considers a great gain.

Mrs. Martin is trying to learn to make her food very thoroughly in fact, to Fletcherize it. By masticating until every part of the nutrient is extracted from the morsel in the mouth, the food taken into the stomach really nourishes and the appetite is soon satisfied. One of the greatest aids to the accumulation of flesh is sleep, which is a habit, and becomes a fixed habit with many stout people. The nerves are so covered with a padding of fat that the result in many people is one of almost torpor. During her treatment Mrs. Martin has promised not to sleep more than seven hours during the twenty-four, and not to take any naps during the day. Next week I shall expect a larger decrease in weight.