

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies."

Tariff Platform Carefully Worked Out—Protect Both the Poor and the Rich—Tariff Not Necessarily a Careful Device for Skinning the Consumer—It Is Something "to Run" On.

E. K. WRITES to know on what tariff platform we would consent to run for congress or something. The tariff problem is an easy one. The schedules should be so adjusted as to furnish the largest protection to labor pending election, but they should at the same time carefully guard our infant industries from European cheap labor and oriental competition. The tariff should give every worthy man, if not forty acres and a mule, at least one pair of cheap pants and a job; while the fat boy who cuts off the lumber or makes the pantaloons out of the sawdust should be guaranteed an automobile, a garage and a country house.

Personally, we are not interested in the tariff unless we are run for congress or the legislature, in which case we purpose to read up a little and froth at the mouth, to say nothing of shaking hands with every man that passes a given cigar store.

Outside the privilege of owning a poor cow, there is nothing that appeals to us less than a seat in the national legislature. You do not have to say anything or know very much or vote unless you feel disposed, but you do draw your pay with some feeling in the matter, and you have certain privileges at the congressional library.

The writer never sat in congress, but he did at one time join a "lodge." For absolute and utter uselessness, for complete and soul-stultifying nothingness, commend us to a lodge meeting. Of course if a man wants "to duck" his home and stay out late, the lodge has some utility. Otherwise, it resembles an intellectual feast in the same way that Death Valley resembles our tomato patch.

We have an idea that under the present rules the lower house of congress is a good deal of a lodge meeting. Sitting around and whittling a single as an intellectual pastime appeals to us much more strongly. Still, the salary is something.

A primary teacher in Washington says that one reason children sometimes appear dull in the early grades is that they do not understand what is said to them. A mother often has taught them a vocabulary totally different from that used by the teacher. This and the strange surroundings are sources of terror to many a child. "One little boy," said the teacher, "impressed me at his first appearance as one of the dullest children I had ever encountered. I soon found what the trouble was. The boy was the only child of a widow, who made him her constant companion and who used a variety of babytalk unintelligible to others. All food was known to him as 'dooey,' chairs as 'rakey' and money as 'kip.'"

In this little boy's house you drew up your rakkety to the tabby and ate your doody. I met the other evening in a social way a lady who told of a friend of hers who was doing social settlement work in Chicago. This philanthropic lady was thrown much into packing-house circles, and claimed to know that some of the abuses charged against the packers were true. She stated that she herself was at one time in the room where the "beef extract" was manufactured. The machine that turned out this delicate food for the sick had become clogged and she stood by while the workmen were cleaning it out.

Among other impediments found in its interior were the skulls of several rats. These little animals had probably crawled into the machine during the night and were caught when it was started up in the morning.

The lady did not for a moment think of claiming that rats were used for beef extract, but she did state that if they got into the beef extract machine it was their own lookout.

When you feed any of this delicate concoction to a sick friend it might be as well when you bring this, it is probably better not to pass these stories along, but to let them drop of their own weight.

SAFETY MATCHES WILL STRIKE ON GLASS.

HE LOOKED at his cigarette bitterly. "Here I have a lot of safety matches," he said, "and no box. They only strike on the box, you know. So I guess I won't smoke." But the young college girl, smiling, took the safety match from him and drew it across the window pane. It struck easily, and, as she held it to his cigarette, she said: "Safety matches will always strike on glass. The reason is that glass being smooth, the match can be drawn across it quickly enough to set up the necessary friction. To draw it so quickly across any other substance would break its head off."

What the Market Affords

Ham, 15 cents a pound. Cauders, two for 5 cents. Pimentos, 20 cents a tin. Corn, 8 cents a dozen. Rutabagas, 15 cents a peck. Apples, 30 cents a peck.

Now that watermelons are reasonable in price, the economical housewife is pickling the rinds. No more welcome pickle in the winter can be found than the watermelon rind pickles. Cut the rind in two-inch pieces, remove all the red flesh and cut off the hard shell. Cover with a weak brine and let stand overnight. In the morning drain and boil in water until the rind is clear. Then drain again. For seven pounds of the rind make a pickle by the following rule: Mix two teaspoons each of ground allspice and cinnamon, one teaspoon of ground cloves and half a teaspoon of mace. Divide these into three parts and tie in small pieces of muslin. Put four pounds of light brown sugar and one pint of best

elder vinegar into a preserving kettle, add half an ounce of ginger root broken in small pieces and the little spice bags. Let this come to a boil and put in the rind. Remove from the fire, cover closely and let stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Then take out the rind and let the syrup again come to a boil. Add the rind again, and let stand in a cool place as before. Repeat this process four times. Repeat this process nine times. The last time let the rind cook slowly in the syrup and seal in jars. This seems a long process, but the trouble is very little, requiring but a few minutes each day, and the result is so pleasing that one feels richly repaid. Apple timbale is delicious, especially if made after the Milan recipe. Line a deep dish with puff paste, bake it and fill it with sufficient apples cooked in a syrup with vanilla and sugar to taste, and reduced rather thick. When stiff, turn out on a dish and serve with a border of candied cherries and a custard sauce, cold.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

For a Princess Frock. Dear Miss Lee: Will you please tell me if I can wear a princess gown? I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, bust 29, waist 22, hips 30, 16 years old, dark brown hair, large brown eyes, fair complexion, quite freckled, face thin and oval shape, slightly Roman nose. How shall I dress my hair, which is quite short? Also how long should my dresses be worn? My weight is 101 pounds. Also what are my successful colors? Thanking you in advance, —Alice, Alberta, Minn.

You can wear a princess frock if you will arrange a very fluffy bertha about the bust, plenty of shirring at the waist line, and trim the skirt horizontally with groups of little frills or sorded shirrings in groups. The sleeves, too, should be as fluffy as overlapping frills can make them, or as balloon-like in effect as can be obtained by full puffs. If your arms are quite thin then the sleeves showing a series of puffs from shoulder to wrist, decreasing in size as they descend, will become you, and, in the developing of thin materials each puff may appear to be tied to the arm with ribbons. A style of hairdressing that will suit your face would be to fluff it as much as possible

all around the face, pinning it down (fortunately it is short), tight to the head all around the face, almost concealing the ears, and in the nape of the neck, so that the front effect is of your face being entirely framed in fluffy hair. Allow a few locks to stray over the forehead, and keep the back head effect as flat as possible. As you are quite tall for your age, your dresses may reach your shoulders. In regard to colors you can wear ivory, cream, yellow, all the reds, pale and deep blue, golden brown, fawn, tan, gray, coral and pale rose pink, old rose and dark green. —Elizabeth Lee.

WORDS HARD TO SPELL

Twenty words which were submitted to a spelling bee in Springfield, Mass., in 1848, were given to the high school classes at East Liverpool, Ohio, by Superintendent Rayman, and it is reported that not one in the class spelled every word correctly. The words submitted were accidental, accessible, baptisms, chirography, characteristic, deceitful, decedent, eccentric, evanescent, ferocious, feignedly, ghastriness, gnawed, heires, hysterics, imbecility, inconceivable, inconvenience, inefficient, irresistible.

A little milk added to the water in which potatoes are boiled will make them whiter and taste better.

FLOWERS OF THE FLOUR CITY.



The Minneapolis Sweet William-Gladhandica Cordialwolum. A flower about to bloom very profusely once more in the city.

BEATING THE STREETCARS

THE three women, surrounded by assorted sizes of offspring, sat on the same seat in the streetcar and talked together, all their three tongues going at the same time, and all none listening to what the others were saying. The woman on the end seat held in her arms a dozing child which a few moments before had been noisily wideawake. The conductor came around to collect the fares. "How old is the child you have there?" he said to the woman on the end seat. "Six years old on the 28th of next January," she answered freely, glaring at the conductor with an expression of murderous hate. The conductor shrugged his shoulders, as if acknowledging his defeat, and passed on.

"Well, that's another time I've saved a nickel," said the woman on the end seat triumphantly to her companions. "I always make Margie make believe go to sleep in my lap when the conductor starts around. She looks so sweet and babyish that most conductors don't even stop to take a look at her. Margie was 8 years old on the 14th of last June, but I don't see any use paying an extra nickel to a rotten streetcar company."

"I think that's a good idea," said the second woman, "only I just tie a baby bonnet around Lelia's head and hold her in my lap when I take her on a nickel car fare for her yet." "Well, I don't take the trouble to fool the conductor," said the third woman. "Maggie here is going on 8, but I just hand the conductor a nickel for myself when I've got her out, and stare him straight in the eye. He looks at the child hard, but he generally ain't got the nerve to ask for her fare. Now, as for my husband—he just hands over a quarter and puts it up to the conductor, and he loses the nickel about half the time. One conductor will take out a nickel for Maggie's fare and another will let her ride free."

WHEN MEN WORE BUSTLES.

"BUSTLES were ridiculous," said an antiquary. "Do you remember the bustle of 1835? It shot straight out from the waist, a broad seat on which, honestly, an adult could have sat. Now, as for bustles, they were ridiculous, but no more ridiculous than the tournures of Francis II. The tournures were worn by men. They were bustles—front instead of rear ones. Yes, in the time of Francis II portliness was considered stately, and men tied on tournures, or false stomachs, in order to achieve an air of dignity."

FIRELESS COOKER

The dawn of happier days is in sight for patent families and the doom of the warm-up supper has been sounded. The United States army has instituted and the women's clubs throughout the country have endorsed a reform in cooking. It's a great scheme, this fireless cooker. Logically carried to its conclusion its development means that Mrs. Housekeeper may saddle forth to the parliamentary chamber, wrestle with Roberts' rules of order for hours and then return unharmed by fears that M. H. will tear a section of the room when he comes home at 6 and finds a lot of Kater Aufschmitt and last night's dinner meagerly disguised as his menu for the evening meal.

It's simplicity itself. Mrs. Housekeeper prepares her roast and pits it in the oven, say, at 1 o'clock. She lets it get started well on its roasting process. Then she heats her vegetables, takes the roast, pan and all, and puts it in the fireless cooker out on the back porch maybe, clamps down the lid, dons her reception gown and goes to the club. At 5:30 she is back home. The table is set and dinner is all ready. The vegetables are all done to a turn, and a roast of beef, juicier and tender than ever before, is produced steaming hot. This is no dream. Under far more rigorous conditions it has been done time and again. Captain M. S. Murray, United States commissary officer at Fort Riley, Kan., is the fireless cooking expert of the army. The fireless cooker at present is an iron-bound wooden box, separated into as many as six compartments, made of asbestos and a special paper. Each closes hermetically, and a big lid covers all. Experiments have demonstrated that well-heated food placed in it, loses its heat only at the rate of five degrees an hour, the flavor is retained and there is no decrease in weight. Captain Murray boiled beef fifteen minutes, cabbage five minutes, bean soup ten minutes and potatoes five minutes until each was approximately 212 degrees temperature, put them in the fireless cooker, loaded it on a wagon, drove it around in the open air three hours and then took out the food and found it perfectly cooked.

A FUND FOR WIDOWS

Some years ago in Memphis, Tenn., a man died leaving a widow and several children in straitened circumstances. The widow's only capital was a brave heart and determination to cope with misfortune. She wished to enter the retail business in the city of Memphis, but she had no money. So she applied to a well-known lawyer of Memphis, who was her husband's friend, for assistance and advice. This gentleman did not have a sum sufficient for her needs, but he interested himself in her behalf and succeeded in raising a fund of \$900. He contributed \$100; eight others of his acquaintance each contributed a like amount, making up the desired sum. The \$900 was loaned to the widow without interest for such time as she might need it, or, in other words, until she became able to return the loan. The gentlemen agreed that if the widow paid the money it would be loaned to another widow for a like purpose; in case she was unable to repay voluntarily she was never to be asked for the money. The lady invested judiciously in a real estate business. She was careful and diligent. Success crowned her

Joking the Joker

"HIS a great joker, ain't he?" said the man in the canvas overalls. "He's all the time joshin'," agreed the man with the hoe. "Every time he comes around where I am he's got suthin' to say by way of a joke." "Tell you ain't mixin' enough sand with the lime?" "That, or hair, or the siffin' ain't fine enough to suit him. But he don't mean the half of what he says." "I guess maybe he doesn't. That's what they all told me when I went to work for him on the Borealis buildin'. About 3 o'clock one day he comes around an' stood watchin' me. After a while he says: 'Was you always that way or is it the weather?'" "What way?" I says. "The way you are," he says. "I can only tell you're movin' by sightin' along the side o' you at that telegraph pole, an' I ain't sure but it's the pole that's swayin' in the wind." "What wind?" I says, kind o' sarcastic. "You don't notice that the wind's blowin', I a'pose," he says. "You're too busy. Well, I like to see that, but don't you get so busy to forget that we ain't layin' bricks with cobblestones. I ain't presoomin' to dictate," says he, "but I think if I was you I'd take a shovel an' clear away them screwin' in's afore they get mixed up with the sand any worse than what they are. Don't look at me like a half-baked custard pie. Get busy, you cross-eyed victim of chronic inertia."

"That's a great word of his," said the man with the hoe, "but he don't mean nothin' by it." "I had it put up he was just joshin'," said the man in the canvas overalls. "I figured he didn't mean nothin' by it, so I jest took up the shovel an' cleared away a little of the gravel that had rolled down from the heap. He went away an' I didn't see no more of him till next mornin'. Then he comes up an' ast me why I didn't tell him I wanted a vacation." "I don't," I says. "I'm sure I beg your pardon," says he, "but I supposed you was takin' one. Do you mean to say that you're workin'?" "I'm a tryin' to," I says. "It's creditable to try," he says. "Try some more, young feller. Keep on tryin' all the time you're on this job, an' try to try so's anybody can see you're tryin'. If you try a little hair in that mud it 'ud help to make it hang together an' stay on the lath."



"I put in a batch, an' he ast me if I thought I was comin' in a mattress." "The reason I mention it," he said, "is because there's a man behind you wastin' time at the rate of 30 cents an hour waitin' for mortar. If you need the mattress I'll buy you one, some time, an' a brass bedstead to put it on." "O' course, I seen he was joshin' an' didn't mean nothin' by it, so I filled up the feller's hod an' he walked away. All the same I thought maybe he'd like me better if I entered 'a little more into the spirit of the thing, so the next time he come at me I was layin' for him. He was just as pleasant an' smilin' an' agreeable as usual. 'How are you this afternoon?' he says. "I'm a-feelin' first rate," I says. "I was a gettin' a little lonesome all by myself with no one to say a kind word to me, that's all," I says.

THE DIFFERENCE



"You don't mean it—that's Piffkins! Is he well-to-do?" "No; he is hard to do,"—Browning's Magazine. "If you find it unpleasant I can arrange matters so it won't bother you, perhaps," he says. "How do you think it would suit you to get kicked off the job?" "I'd hate that," I says. "This is the softest snap I ever come across. Nothin' to do except to work, an' a red-headed little baboon doin' funny stunts to amuse me. I'd pay for the privilege o' sioshin' your mud around if I could afford it; as it is I don't hardly feel it's right to take money." "You jest take it up to this minute to please me, an' you needn't take any more," he says. "This job is too poor for a gentleman o' your talents." "Ain't that mortar mixed to suit you?" I ast him. "Candor compels me to admit that it ain't," he says. "I steeped down quick an' caught him by the ankles. 'Git right in an' mix it yourself,' I says, an' I give a jerk an' dropped him right into the middle o' the fresh wet batch I'd jest mixed, an' ducked out afore he got enough of it out of his mouth to make a holler." "Say, you move on," said the man with the hoe. "I don't b'lieve I want him to come around an' catch me talkin' to you."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PERMIT

MR. LINTON PARK, who is now an inmate of the Soldiers and Sailors' home, at Erie, Pa., was among those who joined in the chorus: "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." He enlisted at Washington, and was assigned to the Second District of Columbia regiment. Mr. Park was then, as now, a vegetarian. While he could assimilate everything connected with his answer to the call of duty from the stand of patriotism, he could not assimilate the army pork. It was plain that if the government wished to do the square thing by Mr. Park it would have to show broad-mindedness in the matter of rations. So he took his troubles to President Lincoln, and explained that in some respects he was like the children of Israel after they set out from Egypt. He could not forget the leeks and onions with which he was wont to regale himself back in Indiana county. Lincoln smiled. "You want me to turn you out to graze like Nebuchadnezzar?" he asked. "It would beat salt pork," was Mr. Park's reply. Thereupon Mr. Lincoln wrote carelessly on an ordinary sheet of paper: "The bearer, Linton Park, is herewith granted permission to browse wherever he chooses." Mr. Park saw the humor in the note and enjoyed it quite as much as Lincoln did. He also enjoyed his privilege of "browsing." The note is still in his possession.

SPREADING IT.

DUSTY and hot from the club train, he entered his pretty mountain cottage slowly. "Where is your mother?" he languidly asked the little girl at play in the hall. "Somebody told her an important secret after breakfast this morning," said the child, "and she has been out visiting ever since."

TOO LONG TO TAKE STANDING.

THE billionaire had been adjudged guilty. The presiding justice, looking at him sternly, said: "Prisoner, I will now read the list of crimes, under the poor food, anti-trust and other laws, that you have been convicted of." "And during the reading," said the doomed man, faintly, "will your honor allow me to sit down?"

A String of Good Stories

"I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

THE POWER OF TALK

MAYOR CASEY, the courageous reformer of Lowell, said the other day of a certain corrupt corporation: "Talk is cheap, and, till we start to put these men in jail they will continue to sin. For, no matter how often we expose them, they need only turn on a flood of loud, cheap talk—of outraged and virtuous denial—and the force of our exposure is wiped out." "No matter what men are convicted of, just give them liberty to talk, and somehow or other, with their noisy, red-faced eloquence, they will talk themselves back into respectability again." "Here is an instance of what talk does." "A French paper one day printed a paragraph to this effect: 'At the table d'hote a dish of new peas is served. A German sweeps all the peas into his plate and begins to eat.' 'Look here,' says a neighbor, 'the rest of us like peas, too.' 'Ah, but not as much as I do,' says the German. 'This paragraph reached Germany duly. The German editors read it. Then they printed the next day, a paragraph like this: 'At the table d'hote a dish of new peas is served. A Frenchman sweeps all the peas into his plate and begins to eat.' 'Look here,' says a neighbor, 'the rest of us like peas, too.' 'But not as much as I do,' says the Frenchman."

THE PERIL OF SPEED

MAYOR McCLELLAN of New York, who so narrowly escaped taking the Plymouth-London train that was wrecked last month, was dining in London at the Carlton. A number of Americans were in the fashionable restaurant, and they all took coffee together in the foyer after dinner, seated at little tables on the low white balcony, near the orchestra, which affords so fine a view of restaurant and foyer both. The train turned a high speed and its perils—the perilous high speed of motor cars, express trains and the like. Mayor McClellan smiled and said: "There is, undoubtedly, always something dangerous about speed. When I was a student at Princeton, there was a middle-aged cook, a simple-minded woman with a good deal of money saved, who suddenly got herself engaged to a horse jockey." "I saw the cook standing looking out of her kitchen window with a dazed expression one morning, and I said to her: 'What is the matter, Hannah?' 'Why, sir,' she said, 'with my husband that is to be, everything goes with such lightnin' speed that it's confusin'. Day before yesterday we got acquainted, yesterday we was engaged, and today I find that he already owes me \$85.'"

SO WOULD WE ALL

CONNIE MACK, the noted baseball man, was talking in Philadelphia about the importance of silence. "No ball player," he said to the group of young men around him, "accomplishes anything by being noisy. If a decision goes against a player, if the umpire is unfair, let him keep quiet. Let him refrain from oaths, shouts, accusations. Noise, in the midst of a game, only damages the ill-treated player's case." "To impress on my men this doctrine of silence, I often tell them about a married couple." "The wife, in the middle of the night, was awakened by the loud snores of her husband. She endured the horrible racket as long as she could. Then pinching the husband's ear, she said: 'Herbert, you'd make less noise if you kept your mouth shut.' 'Herbert, sleepy and surly, muttered: 'So would you.'"

A CHILD'S ODD MIND

THE late Henry N. Pillsbury, the famous chess player, was fond of children, and delighted in incidents that illustrated the originality of the child mind. At the Mercantile library, the haunt of Philadelphia's chess players, Mr. Pillsbury said one day: "I cultivate children because they teach me new ways of looking at things. They give me new points of view." "I showed a little girl an aquarium of Japanese goldfish the other day." "How would you like to be a little fish?" said L. "Not much," said the little girl. "Why not?" I asked. "Because," she said, "if you were a little fish your mama wouldn't have any lap." The Abyssinian peasant is bathed but thrice in his life—at birth, at marriage, and at death.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

GIRL IS DARING CHAUFFEUR

Probably the most daring woman chauffeur in the United States is Miss Evelyn Walsh, daughter of Thomas F. Walsh, who is spending the summer with her parents at Wollurst, near Denver, Colo., the country place of the late Senator Wolcott, which Mr. Walsh has rented. Miss Walsh went to Colorado a cripple as the result of an automobile accident which happened at Newport last summer, and in which her brother, Vincent, was killed. She narrowly escaped death. It was thought at first that the young lady would be crippled for life as well as a nervous wreck from the shock of the accident, but she is regaining health, and she cannot walk far or engage in any violent exercise, she is able to be about, in society and able to ride in her automobile, of which recreation she is as fond as ever, despite her tragic experience. Only a few days ago she drove her car fifteen miles in twenty minutes. Following that and similar speed performances many of Miss Walsh's friends have expressed fear that she will some day kill herself while driving her machine.

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Cold Dishes for Hot Days

By CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

With warm days the appetite for hot and heavy dishes leaves us and we call for cooled drinks, salads and cold dishes. The dishes we give this week cover several classes of cooking, but all are timely, simple and easily prepared. Cold Fruit Soups—Cold fruit soups may be made from all kinds of summer fruits by stewing the fruit until tender, pressing thru a sieve, adding an equal quantity of water and enough sugar to have slightly acid. Returning to the fire, add a slight thickening of arrow-root—one teaspoonful to the pint—cook until clear, set away and serve very cold. Bouillon cups or small glass bowls are generally used for these soups. Blackberry Mush—Whenever wild berries can be had in abundance or the cultivated ones are not too expensive, this dish forms an agreeable substitute for the usual hot breakfast cereal. To each quart of washed berries add one-half cupful of water, stew until soft and rub thru a sieve. Measure, and to each quart add one scant cupful of farina and a quarter teaspoonful of salt, and cook in a double boiler for forty-five minutes, stirring frequently until smoothly thickened. Pour into a wetted mold and serve very cold with sugar and cream. Berry Bread—Take a stale loaf of bread, cut in thin slices and spread with butter. Steep a quantity of any kind of berries, adding some currants or lemon juice to make slightly tart. When soft, sweeten to taste. In a deep dish put a layer of the bread, pour over it a quantity of the boiling mixture, then more bread and fruit until all has been used. Serve very cold with cream. This simple dish is delightful. Salt Cod Salad—Soak over night a thick piece of cod weighing a pound or more. Drain, cover with cold water, heat slowly. Keep just below simmering point for forty minutes, drain and cool. Break in large flakes, marinate with a cold cooked salad dressing and let stand two hours on ice. Arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves, add more dressing and garnish with small red radishes. Delaware Mousse—Boil together for five minutes one cupful of sugar and a half cupful of water. Pare and cut fine enough mellow peaches to make a heaping cupful. Pour over them the hot syrup, add a half cupful of starch and chopped almonds or corn and set away until cold. Whip a pint of heavy

WHAT THE NOSE TELLS

There are five distinct types of noses, say the physiognomists. All the hundreds of varieties are made from these five types. Each one of the five means a different thing. If you will learn what they mean, says the same physiognomist, you will always choose your friends right and never be deceived in business dealings. The Roman nose means a capable executive character and as a rule belongs to persons of determination, who accomplish their things. The Grecian nose is a sign of refinement, artistic and literary qualities and a well-balanced mind. The "commercial" nose, with a hook at the end, signifies the trading and bartering instinct in a large degree. The "baby" or snub nose may belong to a pretty woman, but she won't be noted for her mental strength. The celestial nose is a straight, pointed nose that indicates gentleness, trustfulness and dependence. Some of the variations on these types are the long, pointed Grecian, indicating a critical, quick, intuitive mind; the broad, wide-nostriled, cognitive nose, from whose possessor one may look for new ideas and practical theories; the long, melancholic nose, dipping down over the face, whose owner never sees the bright side of anything; the impudent nose, upturned and fanning, and the irregular nose, which is said to be an untalented sign of bad temper. The waste pipe from a sink or lavatory basin often gets clogged up with soapy matter. Don't send for a plumber, but instead pour down first a little paraffin and immediately after some boiling water in which a fairly large piece of common washing soda has been dissolved. It will clear the pipe immediately.