With the Long Bow

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

Ingenious Scheme Used by a Resident of Minnetonka to Keep the Location of His False Teeth Which Were Lost in the Lake—Some of the Disadvantages of Shopworn Teeth.

WHEN Doc Bixby has trouble in filling out his daily column, he writes a few sticksful of moan because, at such times as he has secured a half-Nelson on a bite of something tough but palatable, his false teeth slip on him. One does not have to wear imitation sozodonts to see that it is a serious matter to have his teeth slip just as he is getting his shoulder under a bite. It jars the mind and leaves one in a position where he has to start the bite all over again. This is a serious loss of time when the food is rapidly disappearing.

Yet to a man without teeth, false teeth are a grateful boon and when they are lost or mislaid he is in a dilemma.

P. I. Pfeffer of Ocean Point, Minnetonka, is a victim of dentists' teeth, but a willing one. He is dependent on his teeth as a one-legged man is on his ligneous member. Going home the other night on the street car boat Hopkins, Mr. Pfeffer was reading this column and at one point laughed out so heartily that he blew his false teeth into the lake. Being a man of rapid thought and action, he instantly drew out his pencil and made a mark on the side of the boat where the teeth went over, the intention being to note the spot and send back a diver to secure the teeth.

Mr. Jenson's boys last year took lessons in cabinet-making. They were much interested. One day when they did not want to hunt for a mislaid tool they used grandpa's teeth, upper and under, to draw a nail.

One day while looking for plunder in the second-hand store, we noted a fine set of little-used second-hand teeth. Some wonder was expressed as to who would care to use second-hand teeth. The dealer was non-committal and refused to say whether people ever came in to try them on.

The man who is growing his own teeth should thank heaven and take courage.

The excitement and somewhat bitter feeling over the attempt to equalize taxation is not a local phenomenon. It is seen everywhere. Some of the newspaper exchanges are full of the complaints of the man who has more than a sufficiency, but who naturally does not care to give it up to the community as it is at present run.

One result of activity on the part of the assessor is that the man who cannot conceal his property and the truthful man are heavily penalized.

For a generation Marshall Field was upheld before the eyes of young men as a model citizen. He was a man of clean record. He was honest, frugal and industrious. He was kindly in all his instincts, princely in his charities. He seemed to feel his debt to the community that helped to make his success. Yet when the great and upright man died and his estate was revealed, it was found that he had for many years withheld from his assessment millions of value. In reparation a penalty was laid against the estate. The incident caused some comment but was not much of a shock to the public mind.

One is sometimes tempted to think that after all perhaps Henry George was right and that the community should take for its share only what the community makes, namely, ground rent, the unearned increment. Under this system taxable property cannot be concealed. And the rich man is not fined for his activity in building up the community.

In the eighties the country appeared to be full of single taxers. There was great activity. The literature was abundant and was studied. The single taxers were bright men and they were loaded to the muzzle with enthusiasm and argument. No single taxer ever refused to talk about it. But, somehow, the propaganda seemed to die slowly away. Single taxers stopped talking. Other excitements came on. The single taxers who are left believe it still, but, somehow, they do not holler so long, loud and persistently. The socialists represent in this decade the enthusiasm and noise of the single taxers of the eighties. Do you suppose the socialists will die down or peter out by 1920, leaving us the heritage of some of their better ideas, or was the single tax the John the Baptist of the new idea that is to come?

It will certainly pay any man to live to 1950 just to see "whither we are drifting."

In answer to a diatribe in these columns leveled at the integrity of the gas meter, the gas company sends us a beautiful and artistic pamphlet entitled, "The Sign of the Dial." This interesting little publication makes a careful study of the mechanism of the gas meter and shows how that wonderful little bit of dark lantern mechanism is as straightforward as a Connecticut deacon and simply cannot lie or even stammer. After reading it, we were persuaded that the hired girl was the guilty party—or else that the price of gas is too high. Possibly a little of both is what is eating moth holes in our frugal salaries.

—A. J. R.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

For G. A. R. Week.
A neat little costume, becoming to any good Minneapolitan. Get one.

BRIDGE TALKS

Written for The Journal by Miss Bessie Allen of Milwaukee.

No. 18—The Discard (Continued) in a No Trumper.

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If you have once led, you have shown your strength and your discard should then be entirely with the idea of protection.

The discard of an ace shows great strength in that suit, with commanding cards left in the hand.

Don't discard all you hold of any suit in which the opponent may have strength. When you fail to follow on the first round it exposes your partner's hand and locates all the cards for the dealer, making it easy for him to finesse against your partner.

If possible, don't discard at all from a suit which the opponent is likely to lead and in which he must probably finesse, even if your cards in that suit are all worthless. If the dealer sees you discard everything else he may gain an entirely wrong impression of the location of the suit and play it exactly wrong.

Don't throw away an honor in any suit if you can avoid it. If your partner is discarding from weakness, protect as far as possible the suit he is throwing away.

If you are forced to protect honors in other suits, don't be afraid to unguard honors in the suit in which your partner is strong.

Don't, in a no trumper, throw away the last card you hold of your partner's suit, unless you are sure, by his play or dummy's holding, that he cannot make the suit and does not care to have it returned.

The best general rule for a discard is from weakness, both in a no trump and in a declared trump hand—using the reverse discard when you either have to or care to discard from strength, discarding first a high card and then a low one.

Forcing Discards.

In a no trumper, after having established a suit, make the entire length of it before opening another suit. Every discard costs the adversary something and may be advantageous to you—giving you valuable information. If you are the dealer in a declared trump hand, and are left with a losing card and one or more trumps, lead the trumps, forcing the adversaries to discard. Occasionally they will make an error and discard so that your losing card becomes good.

Throwing the Lead.

It sometimes happens, towards the end of a hand, that you are left with ace and queen of a suit, or king and one low. To be obliged to lead away from either of these is distinctly disadvantageous. If you can force someone else to lead up to you, you will secure two tricks in the first instance and one in the second.

By keeping careful run of the cards you can often locate a winning card in your left-hand opponent's hand; by leading that suit you will put him in the lead and force him to lead your suit to you, thereby gaining a trick. When you are the dealer and dummy has declared no trump, if you know that your right-hand adversary has no more of his partner's suit, it will do no harm and is generally wise to put him in the lead and make him open some suit up to the dummy.

In a declared trump hand, when dummy, as your adversary, has the trump strength and losing cards which you can surely win, it is often advantageous to lead a trump yourself and thus compel him to lead your suits to you.

When the dealer leads a suit in which dummy is weak it often happens that you, as fourth hand player, should overtake your partner's trick (if you can do so without parting with a high honor) and lead the suit back up to dummy's weakness.

Should you allow your partner to hold the trick he might be obliged to continue the suit up to the dealer's strength.

Hand 17.

DEALER.
♡ A, K, 9.
♣ 6.
◇ 9, 5, 4.
♠ A, K, 5, 4, 3, 2.

PONE.
♡ Q, J, 8, 6.
♣ A, K, Q.
◇ 3, 2.
♠ J, 9, 7, 6.

N. W. E. S.

LEADER.
♡ 7, 3, 2.
♣ 10, 8, 4, 2.
◇ Q, J, 8, 7.
♠ Q, 8.

♡ 10, 5, 4.
♣ J, 9, 7, 5, 3.
◇ A, K, 10, 6.
♠ 10.
DUMMY.

North, the dealer, declares no trump.

TRICKS	East Leader.	South Dummy.	West Pone.	North. Dealer
1	7 ◇	6 ◇	2 ◇	9 ◇
2	J ◇	K ◇	3 ◇	5 ◇
3	2 ♡	10 ♡	J ♡	K ♡
4	8 ◇	10 ◇	♠ 6	4 ◇
5	Q ◇	A ◇	♠ 7	♣ 6
6	♠ 8	♠ 10	♠ J	♠ K
7	♣ Q	4 ♡	♠ 9	♠ A
8	♣ 2	5 ♡	6 ♡	♠ 5
9	♣ 4	♣ 3	♣ A	♠ 4
10	♣ 8	♣ 5	♣ Q	♠ 3
11	♣ 10	♣ 7	♣ K	♠ 2
12	3 ♡	♣ 9	8 ♡	A ♡
13	7 ♡	♣ J	Q ♡	9 ♡

North and South score twelve tricks.

Comment.

Trick One—Dealer knows thru the eleventh rule that his nine will win the trick, so plays low in dummy.

Trick Two—Dealer's suit is spades, but he probably cannot make it unless he can force some spade discards—the diamond situation is favorable. East plays the jack to prevent the ten finesse, making dummy either lead up to his minor tenace or change the suit.

Trick Three—Dealer leads the heart from dummy to make the adversaries believe that to be his long suit. Pone covers, holding two honors in sequence.

Trick Four—Dealer continues diamonds, dummy having the sure finesse. Pone must protect the hearts, and it needs two guards to his queen to do it, as dealer may take a finesse; he therefore discards a spade.

Trick Five—Dummy keeps on with the diamonds, forcing another discard from pone.

Trick Six—Pone covers, having the fourchette.

Trick Eight—Pone discards the heart, one guard to his queen now being sufficient.

Trick Nine—Pone discards the ace of clubs, showing command left in his hand.

Trick Ten—Pone's discard of the queen of clubs shows the king alone left in his hand.

Trick Eleven—If pone has counted the club discards he knows that, with dummy's two, all the clubs are accounted for, therefore dealer has two hearts left. Pone therefore discards his king of clubs and thereby saves a grand slam.

CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

Chicago Daily News.

"WILLIAM," said the broker sternly, "you did not report yesterday afternoon, so you may consider yourself discharged."

"But, boss," protested William, the office boy, "I went to the baseball game."

"That is just the reason that I do not care for your services any longer."

"But—but just as Kelley, on the other team, was almost safe home I fell off the bleachers.

"Why, I yelled so loud he stopped to look around and they put him out. I made him lose that run and saved the game for our nine."

"You don't say? Well, you can come down as usual and you needn't hurry tomorrow. Here's a quarter to go see the game this afternoon."

Choosing a Soprano

Drawing by Plenske.

THEY were trying sopranos for the vacancy in the quartet choir.

The members of the music committee sat in the last pew, and the choir loft was at the other end of the edifice, high up over the pulpit. The only light in the church was there, and the rest of the interior was shrouded in darkness. In the middle gloom were the four candidates, generally miserable and expectant. No. 1 had finished and was evidently listening to suggestions by the organist.

"Dou you remember that picture of an incident in the French revolution?" asked No. 2, unrolling her music nervously, "where the bunch is in a dungeon, waiting to go to the guillotine? A soldier stands at the door and reads off the names of the victims."

No. 3 was humming her solo over hurriedly, but stopped long enough to say: "Never saw it." Then she resumed her humming.

"Well," said No. 2, "my head is to go next, and you may judge how I feel."

"Miss Dodson, are you ready?" called the organist. His form was silhouetted against the gaslight over the organ bench.

"Yes," said No. 3, with just a little tremor in her voice.

"I do hope she will do well," said No. 4. "Between you and me, girls, she needs it more than we do. It is certain that none of us is in her class, and if you knew her as I do—her privations, her sufferings and how she won out in spite of all—you would—but listen."

Miss Dodson sung unaffectedly, beautifully, a simple setting of a well-known hymn.

"That brought a lump into my throat," said No. 4, as she applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"She wins," sighed No. 1, starting to put on her wraps.

"Let's wait and see if there is going to be any chance for the rest of us," said No. 4. "Gracious, I'd forgotten that I had to sing. Well, I'll go thru the motions, anyway. He's calling me. Yes, I'm ready."

Down in the darkness of that last pew the music committee sat in judgment. They were Mrs. Hetherington Jones, one of the leaders of society; Mrs. Stiles, who played the piano beautifully, and, in the opinion of her friends, was a critic of the highest order; Miss Cuthbert, who sung herself in a very thin and sharp voice and had written a song; Mr. Flint, who was cashier for a prominent firm of organ builders, and Mr. Lawrence, capitalist and patron of the arts.

"I don't like her a bit," said Mrs. Hetherington Jones, after No. 2 had finished.

"A tendency to slurring, which is most objectionable," said Mrs. Stiles, sententiously.

"A most distressing vibrato," said Miss Cuthbert, with decision.

"What do you think of her, Mr. Flint?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Eh—what?" said Mr. Flint, starting up. He had been dozing. "Charming, isn't she?"

"We don't think so," replied Mrs. Stiles, severely. "She won't do at all."

"Dodson? Dodson?" said Mrs. Jones, reminiscently, after No. 3 had sung. "Oh, we simply couldn't have her, you know."

"Why, pray?" asked Mrs. Stiles.

"Oh, never, never!" said Mrs. Jones, as if that settled it. "I'll tell you later."

No. 4 sung next.

"Now, there," said Mrs. Jones, "is a young woman who would grace any choir."

"Yes, I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Stiles, with sarcasm, "provided she be seen and not heard."

"She is of most excellent family," said Mrs. Jones, sharply.

"But as a singer she is most commonplace," rejoined Mrs. Stiles.

"Oh, most commonplace," echoed Miss Cuthbert. "Positively ordinary."

"Mr. Flint, what do you think?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Eh! What?" inquired Flint, starting up again and rubbing his eyes. "Wonderful voice—perfectly won—"

"And now, my dear Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Stiles, quickly, "we await your disclosures. Unless you have good reasons my mind is quite made up in Miss Dodson's favor."

"My reasons are of the best," said Mrs. Jones. "We must consider not only the musical ability of these applicants but their social standing must be above reproach. Every one connected with this church in any capacity must be, or ought to be, of at least respectable antecedents and I am sure that you will agree with me on refusing to entertain for a moment Miss Dodson's application when I tell you that her father is a circus rider, her brother is a variety actor and her sister is a chorus girl."

Mrs. Stiles said "Bosh!" under her breath.

"Mr. Lawrence," continued Mrs. Jones in a tone that plainly asked for and expected a corroborative reply, "we would like to hear from you on this point."

"Frankly," said Mr. Lawrence, "I think your contention is absurd. I know Miss Dodson to be a young woman of lovely character and a most accomplished artist. That is enough for me. My vote is for Miss Dodson."

THE MUSIC COMMITTEE SAT IN JUDGMENT.

"I am for Miss Dodson," said Mrs. Stiles.

"I vote for Miss Dodson," said Miss Cuthbert.

"Miss Bobson by all means," said Mr. Flint, rubbing his eyes and blinking hard.

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Hetherington Jones, frostily. Then, in a loud, commanding voice, "Will Miss—ah—ah—Dodson kindly sing for us again?"—Chicago News.

TIME ON THE WING.

Washington Post.

JUSTICE BREWER of the United States supreme court, in lecturing to his law class at the George Washington university, told the following story:

"I knew of a case once where two darkies swapped mules. One of them was an old hand at the business, and in making the trade he represented his mule to be 7 years old, and told of many good traits the animal had not. This was in February. About two months later the other darky began to realize that he had been victimized in the bargain and that the beast was fully 12 years old. So he decided to go back and tell the swindler he had lied to him about the animal. However, owing to it being the busy season of farming, he was not able to go until about the middle of June. He finally did go, and told his man what he thought of his rascally misrepresentations about the mule.

"'You say,' said the other fellow, 'dat when you got de mule in February he was 7 years old, and now it's June and he's 12 years old?'

"'Yes, I do!' was the angry response.

"'Well, sah, time sure do fly.'"

HIS AMBITION

A NEW vicar was being shown round the parish by his warden, says the Glasgow Times.

"The natives are a hardy lot, sir," he said; "but you haven't seen Peter Sparks—he's the quaintest character in these parts."

This individual turned out to be the sexton, and he was discovered ringing the church bell.

"Is not this bell ringing almost too much for you, my friend?" asked the vicar, sympathetically noting the bent figure of the old man. "You must be a great age."

"Yessir, yessir," mumbled the old fellow. "Ow many years I've tolled the bell I can't tell ye, but it's beginning to tell on me. 'Owsoever, I've tolled the bell for five vicars."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the clergyman, uncomfortably.

"And," continued the sexton, "I'll be happy when I've made up the 'alf dozen. I think I'll retire then!"

A LOGICAL PREFERENCE.

Baltimore American.

THE young minister, who was not entirely free from vanity, was speaking on his favorite subject.

"By the way," he remarked lightly, "which do you prefer, may I ask, my written sermons that I read from manuscript or my extemporaneous efforts?"

The grumpy parishioner knew the minister was fishing for a compliment, but yet he replied:

"Oh, your written ones, by all means."

"And why, may I ask again?" rejoined the minister.

"Because when you read it you know when you're thru and quit."

And the young minister went away sorrowful, for he (the grumpy parishioner) had great possessions, and it would not do to get smart with him.

A.M. AND P.M.

HERE is an excellent catch: Ingenuously ask my friend or acquaintance the meaning of a.m. and p.m. You will receive some such answer as, "Why, morning and afternoon," or "Before dinner and after dinner," or "Up to 12 o'clock high noon and after 12 high noon," or "From midnight to noon and from noon to midnight," or "Ante meridian and post meridian; before and after noon." It is a conservative wager that everyone to whom the question is put will stake his happiness on the word "meridian," while the correct word is "meridiem." Ante meridiem and post meridiem are abbreviated to a.m. and p.m.—New York Press.

What the Market Affords

Melted butter will not make good cake.

Veal should be white, dry and close-grained.

The colder eggs are the quicker they will froth.

Nutmegs should be grated at the blossom-end first.

To make a delicious beverage from cherries, put one pound of sugar to one pint of cherry juice. Boil it ten minutes and skim. When cool, bottle it and cork tightly.

Glaced raisins is a Russian sweet. Take two large or three smaller perfect branches of Malaga raisins, pour hot water on them to soften ten minutes; wipe and lay aside. Peel four or five sharp, sweet, best apples, cut them into six or eight sections—according to size—and lay them in a neat fashion close together in a sightly baking dish, about 1½ inches high; add a quarter of a cup of cold water. Over this sprinkle a handful of brown sugar, but no spices or butter. Put in a brisk oven for twenty minutes and then cover with the apple juice of brown sugar and water.

Oven canning eliminates much of the work canning ordinarily entails.

Cover the bottom of the oven with a sheet of thick asbestos, or set in a dripping pan with a little warm water and a cloth on the bottom to set the jars on; fill sterilized jars with fruit, packing compactly and covering with the syrup; do not have the rubbers on the cans, not yet the regular can tops; a tin lid may be put on temporarily if desired; the heat of the oven should be moderate; cook about ten minutes, remove boiling syrup to make full, put on rubbers and tops and seal.

Pineapples may be canned in their own juices without cooking. Cut in small slices, measure and allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; place in layers in a stone crock and leave over night. In the morning transfer to glass jars and fill the jars to the top with the juice drawn over night; dip the rubbers in warm water before adjusting, and have the tops of the jars sterilized; cover and seal air-tight; keep in a dark place. A dessertspoonful of brandy added to each quart jar before sealing gives a delicious flavor and adds to the certainty of the fruit's keeping well.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

Hair and Gown.

Dear Miss Lee—I am 4½ feet tall, weight 85 pounds, 23 years old, have gray eyes, and a lot of brown hair. My complexion is not very clear, face quite plump, bust measure 32 inches, waist 23 inches. How should I comb my hair to be most becoming? How shall make a black serge skirt to become me best? What kind of a hat should I wear? Also what are my successful colors? —A Subscriber.

Fertile, Minn.

As you need all possible height I should advise you to wear your hair in a pompadour, fluffing it as much as possible in soft tendrils, around the face, but bring the heavier part of the hair back closely, just fluffing loose hairs, which will take away any undue plumpness, but will avoid a too solid framing, such as might be effected if you have a stiff-looking round pompadour. Make your serge skirt in seven-gored flaring style, fitting the hips smoothly, each seam showing either one side pleat, a row of braid or an inch-wide strapping of the goods. It should be made walking length and finished on the bottom with rows of tailor stitching. You can wear all shades of blue, gray, pale pink, golden brown, wine red, old rose and ivory white. Your hats should not be large, and preferably on the turban and small sailor shapes, the trimming arranged as high as is consistent with the prevailing fashions. —Elizabeth Lee.

GROWING WAISTS

Boston Transcript.

Reports from many sources say that women's waists are larger than they used to be. Physical culture, we are told, and this seems reasonable, is responsible for the change. Golf, tennis, swimming and almost all of the outdoor sports strengthen and develop the muscles of the waist, so that it is impossible to get them into as small a space as they once occupied. Some few persons, it is said, object to the new appearance the back takes in consequence, but as all common-sense folk regard it as an indication that women are growing healthier, the old question, "What do you care how you look if you only feel well?" is pertinent and polite.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

VISITED PAGAN TEMPLE

Beatrice Grimshaw, the young Irish author who has been roaming around alone in the south seas for the last two years in search of literary material, and who has contributed occasionally to the American periodicals, seems to have run across the real thing in the way of adventures. Just before she sailed from Fiji she succeeded in slipping into a native devil temple on Mallicollo, one of the New Hebrides group, an island populated by a very warlike and treacherous cannibal race. These temples are Bluebeard chambers to all women, being strictly forbidden to the gentler sex. Any native woman who broke the law would be killed and eaten immediately and no exception would probably be made for a white woman if she were caught. Miss Grimshaw, however, was lucky enough to find a temple unguarded save by one or two old women outside. She made her way in, and saw what no woman had ever before been permitted to look at—rows of New Hebridean mummies hanging on the pillars of the roof; strangely carved spears and sacred killing mallets, and a fine collection of skulls. Afterward she got away down to the shore unseen and left before the natives had time to find out.

FANCY WORK FOR FALL

Even centerpieces show the color influence, and we have gone back to the solid embroidery on white linen, where the whole effect depends on the worker's artistic sense and knowledge of shading. These new floral designs are bolder than formerly, and we see hydrangeas, poppies, hibiscus, azaleas, or roses instead of dainty Dresden flowers.

By fall there promise to be many new ideas in colored embroidery developed in wool and filoselles. The work is German in character, the designs modified art nouveau and the coloring extremely rich in mahogany, old blue, green, red and yellow tones, brought out by a black outline.

The stitches of this coming work, tho intricate in appearance, are really adaptations of well-known forms—as, for instance, a couched pineapple stitch or a much-slanted satin stitch, barred in a different color, or the satin stitch done in three or four shades, which gives a woven effect, or even the old-fashioned briar stitch with the center caught in a contrasting color.

GIRLS LACK PARTNERS

A woman's paper claims to have found out why there are so few dancing men. The modern girl, it explains, is so fine and so large that those who should be her partners cease to be dancing men for very shame, fearing to look ridiculous beside her.

Another paper, which has been devoting much attention to solving the puzzle of the disappearance of the chaperon, retorts:

"There may be something in this theory, but not, we should imagine, very much. Is not the disappearance of the dancing man—in so far as he has disappeared—due rather to the disappearance of the chaperon? The dance and the intervals between the dances used in the age of a more rigid etiquet to be his principal if not his only opportunity of a 'tete-a-tete.' Since that time such diversions as cycling, golfing and motoring have gradually enlarged the circle of his facilities. One motive and that a very potent one for dancing is thus being eliminated, and dancing tends more and more to become the diversion of those only who love rapid gyration for its own sake."

FADS OF WOMEN

Mrs. Steuyvesant Fish wore a hand-painted frock in the Newport Casino the other day. The skirt was made of panels of white chiffon painted with big pink roses. The waist had a lace yoke and finished with a blue satin ribbon sash.

In Paris white shoes and stockings have lost much of their popularity and in their stead are seen black silk stockings and black patent leather shoes with huge buckles.

An ambitious young lady artist is making a small fortune by selling to modistes along Fifth avenue white leghorn hats which she has beautifully decorated with sprays of flowers.

To polish a mirror, use a sponge dipped in spirit, and rub well over the glass. Then have ready some powdered blue tied up in a cloth, and dust it over the glass. Having done this, rub the glass lightly and quickly with a soft cloth, and then polish well with a good wad of tissue paper or a silk handkerchief.

TO WASH ORNAMENTS

The washing of valuable china needs to be carried out very cautiously and carefully. A big wooden bowl, filled with warm, not boiling, soapsuds, to which a few drops of household ammonia have been added, should be prepared, and each piece of china washed separately in this, using a square of old flannel for plain plates, etc., and a soft brush (a painter's brush is best) for elaborately ornamented articles. Rinse in another wooden bowl of clean warm water, and dry with linen cloths. Bronze ornaments may be washed in the same way, but should be finally polished with a chamois leather. Some people consider a rub with a rag on which there is the least suspicion of paraffin gives bronze a nice appearance, but we do not think it necessary. Glass should be washed in warm water that has a little ammonia in it, but no soap, and then rinsed in quite cold water, says Woman's Life. Cut glass should be washed with a brush, or, if, elaborately cut and very dirty, it is rather a good plan not to wash it at all, but brush a paste of whiting and water well into it, allowing it to dry on thoroly, then removing it with a clean brush, and finally polishing with an old silk handkerchief.

AN AFRICAN WEDDING RING

An Upper Congo tribe, known as the Bayanzi, evidently thinks the finger ring is not sufficient size to mark a married woman. They weld a great brass ring upon the necks of their brides, and of such weight are these signs of servitude that the wives of the well-to-do often bear a burden of thirty pounds in brass thruout the rest of their lives. At first, these heavy rings gall the flesh a great deal, and cause considerable suffering, while the weight is at all times a heavy drag, and oftentimes a menace to life, if the wearer happens to become fleshy, Cases have been cited where women have strangled to death from becoming too stout for their wedding rings. No woman is allowed to don one until she has matured physically, altho, as is usual in southern climates, the women are considered of age long before they grow up in northern latitudes.

Keep the milk bottles tightly closed, even in the refrigerator. New milk should never be mixed with old.

A Porch Party Menu

By CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

Thru the hot weather the hostess who lives out of town and whose house has the advantage of a roomy veranda can well find one or more porch parties a pleasant and comparatively easy method of entertaining friends or those to whom she is under obligation.

The porch party should be markedly informal in its nature, both weather and surroundings contributing to make it so. Either morning or later in the day may be chosen, morning gatherings usually indicating shirt waist costumes and a corresponding lack of formality with the simplest sort of refreshments. Such an hour may also include a sewing bee for some charitable purpose or a reading and discussion of some literary character.

The menu should be selected with due attention to the hour and the guests who are invited. It is usually best to have one hot dish such as creamed chicken, and when elderly guests are included a pot of hot tea. Sandwiches are always welcome, also salads, fruits and cold drinks. The following menu will be suggestive and recipes are given of such dishes as may be new to our readers.

(1)
Creamed Sweetbreads in Paper Cases.
Shrimp Salad. Nasturtium Sandwiches.
Fancy Cakes. Cafe Frappe.

(2)
Iced Bouillon.
Creamed Eggs. Finger Rolls.
Veal and Cucumber Salad.
Nutted Cheese Sandwiches.
Iced Canteloupes.
Iced Tea. Fruit Lemonade.

(3)
Curried Tomatoes. Cress Sandwiches.
Sweetbread and Pepper Salad.
Olive Sandwiches.
Frozen Fruit. Sponge Cakes.
Fruit Cup.

Cafe Frappe—Make some strong, clear coffee, using any kind of a drip coffee pot. Set aside and when cold add to each quart one quart of cream and make very sweet with a string sugar syrup. Just before serving, stir in one scant tablespoonful of vanilla and one cupful of cream whipped to a solid froth. Place a large lump of ice in the punch bowl, pour in the prepared liquid and serve in glasses. This mixture may also be frozen to a mush and served in tall glasses.

Iced Bouillon—Wipe and chop fine five pounds of lean beef (no bone). Add five quarts of cold water, let stand in icebox for an hour; then heat slowly, skim and simmer four hours. Add four onions and two carrots cut fine, a bunch of soup greens, four cloves, a blade of mace, a dozen peppercorns and two scant teaspoonfuls of salt. Simmer an hour longer, strain and cool. When chilled remove all grease and pour off the clear liquid; if cloudy it must be clarified. Add more salt if needed, slightly deepen the color with caramel. Serve icy cold, adding one tablespoonful of sherry to each pint.

Nutted Cheese Sandwiches—Put one cupful of English walnut meats thru the nut grater or chop very fine. Mash a Philadelphia cream cheese with enough sweet cream to make a paste, gradually adding the nuts. Season with salt and a dash of cayenne. The mixture should be soft enough to spread easily.

Fruit Lemonade—Mix together one cupful each of lemon juice and the juice of any fruit in season, such as raspberries, currants, pineapple, etc.; where the flavors blend well (as currants and raspberries) two or more fruits may be taken. Make agreeably sweet with sugar syrup, then measure and add three to four times as much ice water. Serve thoroly iced. Sugar syrup is made by boiling together for five minutes one pint and a half of sugar and one pint of water. This syrup will keep well if bottled and put aside in a cool place and mixes more readily with lemonade and kindred drinks than powdered sugar.

Curried Tomatoes—Scald and skin eight large firm tomatoes, then cut fine; pare and dice two large sour apples, chop fine two small white onions. Fry the onion in a scant tablespoonful of butter; when the color begins to change add the apple and cook slowly for five minutes. Pour in sufficient veal or beef stock to cover, add one teaspoonful of curry powder, one tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, one sweet red pepper chopped very fine and the tomatoes. Heat slowly and when simmering stir in one pint of boiled rice and salt to taste. Simmer until the moisture is absorbed. Serve in cases made of hollowed out tomatoes.

If a piece of Japanese grass matting the exact size of the mattress is placed between it and the sheet it will assure a cool bed during the warm summer months. The mattress is fastened to the four corners of the bed by loops of tape. This is a device used by the English officers in India.

Defective Page