With the Long Bow

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

Cuban Revolution and the Familiar Old News of Firing Heard from Mole St. Nicholas and Insurgent Activity in Peanut del Rio.

THIS Cuban revolution with news coming from Peanut del Rio recalls the grand old days of the Spanish war when we were boys.

Why, do you know we can remember perfectly, in fact it is about our earliest recollection, the stirring time when the gallant Sampson steamed up under the guns of Matanzas and by a well-directed shot "fetched" a mule about forty rods to the left of the lighthouse. The loss of the animal seriously crippled the Spaniards and struck a blow for Free Cuba from which they never recovered.

It was about this time that our gallant leader, Colonel W. Jennings Bryan, marched his Nebraska command into the Carolinas and was encamped there indefinitely while Alger and the administration nearly split themselves laughing in their sleeves.

The colonel was obliged to sit around camp in his shirt sleeves day after day, while Colonel Roosevelt was surging up San Juan hill and slaughtering Spaniards by bales. Those were indeed the glorious days.

Editor Stratton of Westhope, N. D., has been thru the "shivaree" mill and was considerably stirred to anger by the experience. Mr. Stratton was wedded last week and spent the honeymoon with his bride out on their claim leaving the devil and the pastor to run the paper. His prairie neighbors learning of the presence of the newly married couple in the cabin put in an appearance the night after their arrival with cow bells, tin pans and horns to give them an ovation and serenade. The bride and groom had a tip. The visit was not relished and the visitors to get even secured a piece of scantling and using it as a lever tilted the editor's domicile up at an angle of about 45 degrees from terra firma to the accompanyment of explosive remarks from the inside.

Do you know, the crowd thought that this was funny? How do you account for such strange ideas?

Luverne was worked, criminally worked, the other day, by a traveling bicycle artist who gave an open air entertainment on the bicycle and on a buggy wheel which was really worth seeing. After he had finished these stunts he announced that he would loop the loop without a "loop," on his bicycle, which, he said, "is the most dare-devil, death-defying and nerve-racking act ever attempted." But before giving it he had to have about twenty-five more pieces of money and he got them. The crowd contributed freely. He then mounted his wheel, rode around in a circle half a dozen times, appeared to be getting ready to turn a bicycle handspring but did in fact suddenly ride over the hills and far away and never came back. He also forgot to leave the money.

Farmer Ben, in his Austin Transcript, says:

"There's one woman up to Austin that knows how to run a auto so it ain't a cuss and a fright every time you meet it."

The wide difference in the manner of running the machines has caused comment everywhere. Some auto owners use the vehicle for pleasure riding. With others it is business. The commercial idea involved is to get over all the ground possible. It is these drivers who make the auto into what Farmer Ben calls "a cuss and a fright." The country horse is not as well schooled as his city cousin. Farmer Ben adds:

"In this county there are nervous women and children who are practically shut up on their farms all summer and don't care to get out on the road with a team or horse on account of the careless recklessness of the motor fiends. If this thing keeps up we might as well give the autos the whole monopoly and we all stay to home."

There is a better way than that. It is to have the law on 'em.

"That will be enough," said Mrs. White.

The other day Mrs. White, wife of Abraham White, the Wall Street broker who bought John A. McCall's house out of the Harriman deal, called up her husband and said that she needed a little shopping money. White went to the office of Wolf Bros. & Co., brokers, and said:

"Mrs. White needs shopping money and there is no reason why I should not get it out of Wall street. It bought the house for me; now let it finish the job."

Great Northern preferred came out on the ticker at $305.

"That looks cheap; I think I'll get some of that," White said: "Buy me 500 shares of it and also get me 500 Northern Pacific at 210 or better."

Early in the afternoon Mrs. White arrived at her husband's office and told him that she was prepared to go shopping. Mr. White, asking her to wait a few minutes, closed out the 500 Great Northern preferred at 322 and the 500 Northern Pacific at 218. The Great Northern transaction netted him $8,500 and the Northern Pacific $4,000, a total of $12,500.

"That will be enough," said Mrs. White.

The wickedness of the deal is obvious but its convenience is extraordinary. —A. J. R.

FLOWERS OF THE FLOUR CITY.

The Fan Flower.
(Redhotica Mader'nawethenicum.)

TOOLE'S ONE-ACT PLAY

HERE is a good story of the late Mr. Toole that will be new to many of our readers.

"What I want is a bright, short play," said Toole to the amateur who had brought him a six-act drama.

"How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Toole, "here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination.

"It is in one act.

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young man. They embraced; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt's revolver and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. 'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"—Reynolds' Newspaper.

THE BISHOP'S POVERTY

Harper's.

A PROMINENT churchman, who is very fond of a good story at the expense of the cloth, tells of an amusing incident in connection with an ordination ceremony in Virginia. As is usual on such occasions, the bishop present wore a red university hood at the back of his surplice.

Among the most interested of the congregation was an old-time darky from Richmond. After the ceremony he was asked by some one how he had liked the proceedings.

"I was clean taken by de preachin' of de bishop," answered the negro, "an' at de same time I felt kinder sorry for him. He ain't got no wimmen to look after him, has he?"

"Why, what do you mean, Sam?"

"I noticed, sah, whenever de bishop turned round, dat de back of his coat was busted an' de red undershirt was a-showin' thru."

A String of Good Stories

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

ALL FROM THE SAME CASK.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, during his sojourn in London, dined with some Americans at the Savoy, in the cafe overlooking the Thames embankment.

The talk turned to wine, and Mr. Bryan said:

"It is of advantage, in France, to know good wine, and it is also of advantage to know French.

"Three friends of mine, traveling in the French provinces, thought at dinner that they would go a little higher than the vin ordinaire included in their three-franc table d'hote, and accordingly one ordered a bottle of Margaux. The second ordered Pontet Canet. The third ordered Haut Brion.

"The waiter, suitably impressed with these orders, retired. But he incautiously, as he retired, left the door open, and thus it was that my three stupefied friends heard him give their order in these terms:

"'Baptiste, three bottles of the red.'"

TWO OFFERS.

DR. WOODROW WILSON, the president of Princeton, was sauntering down a shady lane one day in the early summer, when he met a tall, handsome youth.

This youth had just been graduated. He was very poor and very intelligent. In all his courses he had taken honors, and in athletics also great honors had been his.

"Well, Smith," said Dr. Wilson, "thru at last, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man, smiling and blushing.

"And now what are you going to do?"

"I hardly know yet, sir. I have had two offers."

"Two? Wonderful!"

"Yes, sir. One is from a scientific society, offering me a secretaryship at $5 a week; and the other is from a baseball magnate, offering me a five years' contract to pitch at $5,000 a season."

AWFUL WAY TO SPEND THE SABBATH.

A PROMINENT minister tells the following story about a friend of his residing in Pennsylvania. This friend, who is an Episcopalian, recently engaged as nurse a Scotch girl who had just landed in this country.

One Sunday the lady induced the nurse, who is the strictest sort of Presbyterian, to attend a beautiful church which had just been erected.

When the girl returned, the mistress asked her if she had not found the church a fine one.

"Yes, ma'am," responded the girl, "it is very beautiful."

"And the singing," said the lady, "wasn't that lovely?"

"Oh, yes," replied the nurse, "it was very lovely, ma'am, but don't you think it's an awful way to spend the Sabbath?"

ANSWERED.

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN, of Tammany fame, tells of an Irishman who, shortly after his entrance into the business life of the East Side as a contractor, began to dispose of his superfluous wealth by the purchase of diamonds, of which he became a heavy buyer.

One evening a friend, meeting him in the lobby of the theater, observed that the Irishman was affording the public more than usually liberal display of the gems. "Look here, Pat," said the friend, "you oughtn't to wear so many diamonds at once. It's considered vulgar."

"Vulgar, eh!" indignantly repeated the contractor. "I don't about that; but one thing I've noticed, me friend, and that is, them that has 'em wears 'em!"

GOES TO THE EXTREME

THE capitol guide was telling two New England school teachers in the senate gallery interesting things about the senators below. "There are several of them," he said, "that have eaten too many society dinners and drunk too much firewater." "Oh, how dreadful in our public men!" said one of the teachers. "But there is Senator Lodge. He doesn't drink, does he?" "Oh, no," replied the guide. "He is a teetotaler. He even thins his water."

TRUTH IS A STRANGER TO FICTION.

THE novelist's small but valuable son had just been brought to judgment for telling a fib. His sobs having died away, he sat for a time in silent thought.

"Pa," said he, "how long will it be before I stop gittin' licked for tellin' lies, an' begin to get paid for 'em, like you do?"

WHEN THE JUDGE SLEPT

DR. DANIEL C. GILMAN in his newly published "The Launching of a University," tells this story: "Professor Royce of Harvard college came to repeat in Baltimore a very serious philosophical essay which was strongly commended to us by Dr. Andrew P. Peabody. I will not state his exact line of thought, but after he had been speaking for nearly an hour in a room that was crowded and, I must add, not well ventilated, he paused, having left a solemn impression on the minds of his audience respecting a fundamental truth.

"As we were sitting there silent, thoughtful and expectant, a voice came from the middle of the hall, and one of the auditors said, with emphasis: 'Let us hear the other side of that question.' We looked around to discover the speaker and those of us who were in front recognized a distinguished judge of the federal court. None of us could tell what he meant by this abrupt and judicial utterance. The interruption was brief and the lecture went on as it began.

"I had hardly reached home when a note came to me from the judge to this effect: 'I must apologize for that extraordinary interruption. The truth is that the room was warm, I had just dined, the lecture was serious and I dropped asleep. When the lecturer ceased to speak I suddenly awoke and, thinking I was on the bench, called out, "Let us hear the other side of that question."'"

HE WAS HARD OF HEARING

A NUMBER of recruits were drawn up in line for medical inspection. They were stirred by the thought of fighting for king and country.

One of them was so nervous at the badgering and overbearing manner of the army surgeon that he was momentarily tongue tied.

"What in thunder is your name, and how old are you?" roared the doctor.

By way of reply, the raw recruit only stared at him with panic-stricken eyes. But answer came there none.

"Why, the fellow must be deaf!" exclaimed the irate doctor. By the way of testing this theory, he took out his watch and held it to the lad's ear.

"Can you hear it ticking?" he shouted.

The youth shook his head.

The watch was transferred to the other ear, with the same effect.

"Why, what do you mean by trying to enlist when you're stone deaf?" cried the surgeon; "you can't even hear the ticking of a watch when it is held within an inch of your ears."

"She's not going!" stammered the flustered recruit, driven to desperation. Then the doctor discovered the watch had stopped.—Answers.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—If angry with another little boy, what should you do before speaking, Tommy?

Tommy—Sit on him and then count a hundred.

"Mama," said little Elmer, "I don't think I ought to study 'rithmetic."

"Why not, dear?"

"'Cause," explained Elmer, "it's full of horrible examples."

The father of 4-year-old Bessie is a traveling man, and during his absence recently a new baby arrived. Upon his return home a few days later Bessie met him at the door and exclaimed: "Oh, papa, you can't guess who was born while you were away?"

Little Leland and Jeannette are cousins and live in the same home. Jeannette went to Waukesha on a visit. On her return Leland asked her if she had been to Sunday school.

"Yes," she answered, "and a little boy there winked at me, but I didn't wink back."

"Huh!" said Leland. "I know why. It was 'cause you didn't know how!"

TO SAVE HIM THE TROUBLE

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER recently summoned a placeholder in one of the departments into his private office. When the man entered, the governor was unusually affable and in a rare good humor.

"Smith," said the governor, after five minutes had elapsed, "you are not kept very busy with your work, are you?"

"Not very, governor," confided the man.

"In fact," said Mr. Pennypacker, "you seldom get to Harrisburg except on warrant day, do you?"

The placeholder was encouraged to be frank by the governor's good humor, and he admitted that one day a month was the extent of his time in the state capital.

"Well, Mis-ter Smith," drawled the governor, in his peculiar fashion, "I'm going to make your burden still lighter. You needn't come to Harrisburg on warrant day. I have another man who will draw the salary."

PERFECTLY UNDERSTOOD HIM

SENATOR CLAY of Georgia was telling Senator Pettus of Alabama about an unfair, browbeating and insolent federal judge in the south. "He is—he is—, he is—" said Senator Clay, hesitating for a word. "I understand you perfectly, senator," Senator Pettus said. "You are a Baptist and your religion does not furnish the words necessary properly to describe such a man."

THE COMMUTER AND HIS GARDEN.

(Watering the Gladiolas.)

HUMORS OF THE LAW

ONE day as John W. Mugridge, the lawyer, and Judge Minot were walking along the street in Concord, N. H., together, Mr. Mugridge, in his sepulchral voice, said: "Judge, let's go into partnership. You furnish the capital and I'll furnish the brains."

The judge quickly pulled a 2-cent piece from his pocket, and holding it in the palm of his hand, said to Mugridge: "Very well; cover that, John! Cover that!"

An old lawyer, in speaking recently about General Ben Butler, said:

"Butler was a terror and torment to the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked: 'What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for.'

"Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied: 'Well, I confess your honor's got me there.'"

While the Honorable E. B. Flynn of Springfield, Mass., was on his way to the supreme court one day he carried under his arm several lawbooks. A friend remarked to him, pointing to the books, "Why, I thought you carried all that stuff in your head."

"I do," quickly replied Flynn, with a knowing wink, "these are for the judges."

F. M. Beckford of Laconia, N. H., was once arguing a case in the Belknap county court, and he opened his argument as follows:

"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury: This case is one peculiar in circumstances as well as in fact. It came to me as a legacy from my late brother, Colonel T. J. Whipple, who was engaged in its preparation at the time of his death. The county attorney who brought the case into court has long since gone to his great reward. The justice who he'd the original hearing has long since passed away. Our Attorney General Barnard, since he became interested in the case, has been called to that land where litigation is not known. Several of the leading witnesses, too, are dead—"

"All of which," said the court, "reminds us of the uncertainty of human life. Proceed, or none of us will be able to see the case thru."—Harper's Weekly.

"I DREAMED I WAS A KING"

TWO darkies lay sprawled on the Luneta on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said: "Heeh-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hund'ed watermellions."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum ya'h! Dat would suttenly be fine. An' you' gib me fifty?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib you' fifty watermellions. Ah wouldn't gib yo' twenty-five."

"Seems ter me yous powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggah, are you' so good-fer-nuffin' lazy, dat yo' can't wish fo' yo' own watermellions?"—Manila Sun.

EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

AN OLD Frenchwoman tells of the neglect of her youngest son, who has been married three times.

"Paul has not been to see me in two years," she cried, and then, with pathetic resignation, "but when a man has three mothers-in-law his own mother becomes a luxury."

Love Letters Must Breathe Sincerity

BY POLLY PENN.

Most women are sentimentalists, idealists, at least about the one man.

To these the long-distance thrill of a genuine love-letter has quite as much charm and far more subtlety than an actual meeting.

But men, as a rule, are not good letter-writers. The man from whom a girl most wants to receive a love-letter can seldom write the kind of letter she most wants to receive. It is either too cold or too superlatively striving for effect.

It must take his place in his absence, and therefore it should be as tender as caresses, and intensely personal.

Yet it must not overstep the mark, lest it read far-fetched and "wishy-washy." There is nothing less effective than the love-letter obviously aiming at effect, and the very men of the lackadaisical, poetic kind, who pride themselves upon the ever-ready throb in their ink bottles and the kisses their pen-points convey, have probably never inspired a genuine feeling in their lives.

First and above all qualities the love-letter needs to be sincere. Women have an intuition that swiftly detects the faintest shadow of insincerity. They recoil from things written for effect.

It may blend tender seriousness with affectionate banter, but the banter must be of such a nature that the woman can laugh whole-heartedly, feeling sure the joke is not on her, but with her.

If the engaged man—and who else will be writing love-letters?—will dip his pen into his heart and write with perfect sincerity, his letters will go to the mark, tho they contain much else beside terms of endearment.

When he sees his Dulciena he has an infinitude of things to say to her—things grave and tender, interesting and humorous. Let him learn to write them, and he is likely to keep her interested and happy.

If his letters are absolutely sincere they may not make literature, but they will make the best kind of love.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

A Pony Coat.

Dear Miss Lee: I have about a yard and a half of goods, sixty inches wide, for a coat, and would like to know if a pony style, hip-length, would suit me. I am just 16 years old, 5 feet tall, 32 bust, 24 waist and 34 hips; dark brown hair and eyes and brunette skin. Miss Lee, do you think I am very small for my age? —X. Y. Z.

Minneapolis.

You are so exceedingly well proportioned that I am sure you make a good appearance always. We cannot all be of one size, and just think how nice it is not to be stout and heavy as come people are who are not very tall.

The pony coat style will be lovely for you. Have it finished with a flat collar of velvet matching or contrasting with the cloth, and have coat sleeves with velvet cuffs matching the collar. —Elizabeth Lee.

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN'S WELCOME

Mrs. Bradley Martin's recent arrival at Balmacaan, where, as usual, she will entertain a large party, was the signal for the whole neighborhood to sally forth with a fitting welcome. Supplementing the processions, flags and music which welcomed her, festivities were kept up at her expense for two days, all the tenants and employees being treated in a generous fashion.

She had supplied herself with a bag of new pennies, and as the carriage drove toward her residence she leaned out and dropped coins along the road. The excitement was great, all the children running after the carriage, crying out, "The good lady and the golden pennies."

AN ARRAY OF CATSUPS

The British Ambassador and Lady Durand have discovered a new name for the hospitable regions known as the Sapphire Land, in the mountains of Tennessee, and the Carolinas. To them it is the Land of Many Catsups. Lady Durand was deeply interested in the course of a visit in the spring in the array of home-made condiments the southern hostesses could display. At a luncheon in Knoxville she counted six kinds of catsups—tomato, walnut, mushroom, green pepper, apple and of mixed vegetables, with as many kinds of pickles and relishes. One sauce is usually all the ordinary British housewife offers, even on formal occasions, says Lady Durand, and she has written to friends in the south for recipes of the dainties which afforded her so much pleasure.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

HOW NOT TO SPOIL THE HAIR

Don't use a comb to spread the pompadour by pulling the hair forward over the forehead.

Don't comb the hair from the forehead over backward when arranging to brush it. If the hair be long and heavy the strain comes on the front hairs with each stroke of the brush. If they do not fracture and fall out at once, they become loosened in the follicle, kink up, and drop out later.

Avoid vigorous brushing; bear in mind that one hair on the head is worth two in the brush.

Don't use curlers or kids during sleeping hours.

Don't grasp the front hair by the points or ends and comb upward from points to roots, "roughing it" in order to make a full, round pompadour. This needless abuse destroys life and luster, fractures the hair shaft, renders it knotty and produces a frumpy, aged appearance.

Don't use face bleach without first protecting the hair line by saturating the short hairs with sweet almond or cocoanut oil.

Don't scrub the hair line with a facial brush; pin a small towel over the hair before you commence operations with a facial brush.

Don't rub facial cream into the hair line when using it on the face, as it fills the follicles with fatty substance and prevents proper growth.

Don't use strong alkalies to lighten the color, or shampoo too frequently to keep the hair fluffy.

Don't linger on the beach after bathing and allow the salt to dry in the hair.

Don't take everybody's advice and do all sorts of things to your hair and scalp.—Juliet Marion Lee in the September Delineator.

"KLONDIKE ANGEL" RICH

Marie Reidselle, said to be the only woman who went to the Klondike alone and succeeded, has just struck one of the richest gold veins at Cape Nome. She recently sold two claims for a sum reported to have been $250,000, and returned to the north to work other claims. Owing to her kindness to sick miners, she is known as the "Klondike angel."

ENGLISH WOMEN'S FADS

One of the very few women in England qualified to captain a seagoing ship is Lord Bute's sister, Lady Margaret Stuart. She is passionately fond of the sea and, not content with the ordinary joys of yachting, has studied navigation to such purpose that she holds a master's certificate. Lady Margaret is clever and energetic and whatever she undertakes she does with a will. She motors, is a very smart horsewoman, an admirable dancer of Scotch reels and a great lover of outdoor amusements and pleasures.

Lady Kenmare, in the delightful regions of Killarney, has organized a new industry in the shape of inlaid furniture made by the natives. There are many ventures in making lingerie and art needlework encouraged, presided over and actually created by women. And when one considers how difficult it is to reorganize a dying trade, to find out the best market for the sale of goods, to create fashion and to make money, it must be admitted that these ladies of Great Britain have shown aptitude for organization and activity and perseverance in carrying out their ambitious aims.

THE LIFE OF BLANKETS

When it comes to blankets, the maiden aunt is really profound in ways and means of doing them over. If the blanket is good enough, she says merely to take bits from an older one, patch the holes and rehem the ends, which, with long use, split up in ways dangerous to blanket health. If there are little holes, ravel out some of the edge for darning wool and mend them with a coarse needle. These darns show but little, and you feel "good," says the maiden aunt, to think you don't have to pay $8 just yet for a new pair.

There are other ways of fixing up old blankets, so that their lives may be prolonged. One is to double those worn threadbare over and quilt them for nursery crib summer use. These also serve for the warm bed pieces, which should be put over all mattresses under the sheet. As to new blankets, a ribbon binding of the ends before any use of them, is an excellent way to avoid splitting which is bound to come in time.

THE TACTFUL GIRL

There is no knowing what a tactful girl can accomplish. She is usually successful in the home, in society and business, besides being a welcome comforter in times of trouble, and one who can enter heartily into another's happiness.

To be tactful one must be utterly free from self-consciousness and try to think only of the requirements of others.

A ready listener is always welcome in all grades of society, and the tactful girl will patiently listen to the woes and ills of other people without letting them see how uninteresting they are to her, or, in return, repeating her own troubles.

What good can it do any one to divulge a family secret or failing? A tactful girl will find no interest in this kind of conversation, and will introduce a more pleasing topic. She can always keep a quiet tongue in her head when necessary, and will hesitate to spread unkind gossip.

When in company of the opposite sex a girl will show her tactfulness by the interest she takes in the likes and dislikes of her companion.

The person who seems to delight in repeating mean and unkind gossip is not likely to become a favorite with any one, but a welcome will always be found for those who know how to take an interest in others' concerns and to keep their own troubles to themselves, thereby exercising tact.

BARONESS CAN SWIM

Baroness Elizabeth Rosen, after proving herself one of the finest equestriennes and most expert golfers in Washington, is now teaching the maids of Magnolia, Mass., what a daring swimmer can do. This daughter of the Russian ambassador is a demure girl not yet presented to society, with a retiring manner and rather plain appearance. She is always gowned most severely, and rather frowns on the affectations of the summer girl. She is a linguist of the first class and speaks all the polite languages of Europe and knows six or eight of the Slav dialects. It is said that the young baroness does not look kindly on the American custom of presenting buds for social honors, and that she does not propose to subscribe to the custom by having a debut party. This will be a great disappointment at the capital, for the baroness is by far the most attractive personality in the group of girls who are to be dubbed debutantes. Baroness Rosen and Miss Ethel Roosevelt were quite chummy during the past winter, and people are on the lookout for the repetition of the friendship of a Russian ambassador's daughter with the daughter of the American president. Countess Marguerite Cassini and Alice Roosevelt were like Siamese twins for three seasons.

WOMEN OF NOTE

American friends of Whitelaw Reid's bright daughter are at a loss to know why the British press insists on calling her "Little Jean." Miss Reid is unusually tall. She is also "stand-offish," and not the style of girl who could be termed "little."

The French maid among wives and daughters of national celebrities is rare. Mrs. Roosevelt keeps no maid, and arranges her own coiffures. Mrs. Perry Belmont and Mrs. Clarence Moore are also advocates of the home-made coiffure.

While in Washington the Countess Marguerite Cassini sat for no less than 300 photographs and for more than twenty oil paintings and crayon sketches. She became the chatelaine of the Russian embassy when she was less than 17.

Society women are growing domestic. Mrs. Philander C. Knox has just sent to Mrs. Roosevelt a firkin of butter, made by herself. Mrs. Roosevelt has sent brandied cherries to her intimate friends and to the home for old people in Washington.

What the Market Affords

To make egg sandwiches, rub the yolks of hard-boiled eggs to a cream and season with salt, paprika, a few drops of oil and vinegar and a little minced celery.

For a delicious salad, stone two dozen olives and cut them into pieces, mince a cupful and a half each of blanched almonds and white celery, mix, moisten with French dressing and serve on a bed of lettuce with mayonnaise.

A good way to serve cauliflower is to boil it in the usual way for about twenty minutes, and then, after drying it, brown it with butter in a pan and sprinkle it with minced parsley.

Parsley gets so unsightly and so unwholesome in a very short time, as a rule, that it seems to be worth while to know a way of keeping it fresh for a week or ten days. Shake it free from moisture and place in a fruit jar, with the cover screwed down tight. Then keep the jar in the refrigerator.

If eggs are a little short for the breakfast omelet or if a change in its flavor and appearance is wanted, soak half a cupful of bread crumbs in half a cupful of milk, mix with them three well-beaten eggs (do not separate the whites and yolks), add two tomatoes that have been pressed thru a sieve, season with salt and pepper, and turn into a pan in which a tablespoonful of butter is bubbling.

Chafing dish enthusiasts who often regret the lack of their favorite lobster for a Newburg should remember that cold chicken cut fine is delicious warmed up in a Newburg sauce. Calf's liver a la Newburg is another savory possibility. Even cold veal or lamb may be mashed in the sauce and will quite readily pass for chicken if no questions are asked nor information given.

To serve tomatoes in ramekins, peel small ones, put a tablespoonful of white sauce in the bottom of each individual ramekin, put in the tomatoes, turn white sauce over them, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and bake half an hour Serve hot.

Baked peaches with cream and fresh sponge cake make a delectable dessert. Put the peaches into a deep baking dish, turn in water to nearly cover them but not quite, sprinkle the tops with coffee A sugar and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour.

This is the way one woman cooks mushrooms in her chafing dish: She prepares the mushrooms and cuts them into slices. Then she puts two tablespoonfuls of butter into the blazer. When it bubbles, she adds the mushrooms, covers and cooks slowly for five minutes. At the end of the time she seasons them with salt and pepper, stirs in a gill of cream and as soon as it is hot incorporates the yolks of two eggs beaten thoroly and serves at once.

Do you believe in trusts?—Hunt's Perfect Baking Powder is not made by a trust. That explains its reasonable price and good quality.

Defective Page