BROADWAY JONES

By EDWARD MARSHALL

FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Abner Jones, his uncle, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a place in the gum factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that $250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

A year passed. Broadway carried three bank accounts, two of them not very large and seldom checked upon. The third was in New York's all-night bank. He kept busy. "I feel as if I ought to see the sun rise often," he explained. "Sunrises are so beautiful."

His first shock came when the All-Night bank wrote him a letter, asking his to call and talk of his account, and this did not occur until four years had vanished in the haze of Broadway's lights. It made him sit straight in his chair and blink as a cold dash from a seltzer bottle sometimes had when he had needed it. Rankin, entering, asked him if he had a pain.

"You bet I have," said he. "And I'm afraid it's serious."

"Shall I call a doctor, sir?"

"No, call a banker."

Rankin, puzzled, withdrew carefully. He had learned to step with catlike tread when he discovered that his master was in serious mood. He had no wish to anger him. No butler in the history of butling had ever had a place so utterly ideal.

The day of the bank's letter was the first after he had reached New York when Broadway did not go about his gay and simple routine of up Broadway in the afternoon and down Broadway at night, with movements so timed that they made long pauses near the Circle and near Forty-second street seem natural. He went home before five.

When Rankin ventured to express surprise at his return to the apartment at that hour, he snarled at him.

"Go to the devil, Rankin!" he suggested when he lingered.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," said Rankin and withdrew.

He reached the kitchen with a face so troubled that the Japanese boy, who had sought domestic service here with (judging from his wages) the commendable intention of patriotically sending home, each year, enough American money to build a warship for his nation's navy, showed interest.

"W'at iss matturr, Ranekeen?" the sympathetic Oriental queried.

"I know men," said Rankin, "and if I didn't know that Mr. Jones is really a millionaire—made it out of chewing gum, his family, I'm told—I should say he was hard up."

The Japanese boy stared politely; he did not understand at all.

"Of course he's not hard up," Rankin continued. "No hard-up man could have sworn at me as he did just now. It can't be money, so it must be women."

"Limmin," said the Japanese, who had not mastered w's.

"Lemons," Rankin granted. "You're almost right. I never saw a man more popular. He spends his money like he didn't care for it, and does it well because that is the fact. He doesn't care for it. I never saw a human being who cared less. Why, he never counts the money on his dresser in the morning. Just throws it there when he gets into bed, and—"

The Japanese laughed merrily. "You gettin lich!"

"No; you little heathen; I only know he does it, that is all. I stack it up for him. Sometimes he throws it all about—that and his clothes and furniture. He's often merry that way. He threw me about one night. A fine, strong youth! I thought it better not to say much till he went to sleep, and then, as I crawled out from under the bed, I had a chance to see his arm. Quite muscular it is—just as it felt when he was joking with me."

The next day, by chance, while visiting the kitchen, Rankin had a sudden inspiration. "I wonder if he is in love?" he pondered. "That Mr. Henriot that I attended just before he married that grass widow was as absent-minded—oh, quite absent-minded, quite! Now, which one—"

Rankin suddenly came to a stand in horror. Even to the small and very yellow cook it was plain that tragic thoughts had flashed into his mind.

"I wonder," he soliloquized if it could possibly be that terrible Gerard old woman. She's had her eye on him ever since the first night that she got a glimpse of him."

As he spoke his master, as requested, was talking with the first vice-president of the bank. The man seemed rather serious-minded, although on that previous occasion when he had marked the beginning of their acquaintance, when Broadway had gone to open his account with just two hundred thousand dollars, he had been geniality itself.

"I merely wished to have a little talk with you—er—Mr. Jones," said he. "You know your balance is—er—running rather low."

"Is what?" said Broadway, in amazement.

"Is running rather low."

"You don't mean that I've—"

"You've drawn rather heavily against it."

"But it was strong enough to stand a terrible strain."

"Not quite strong enough to stand without a protest the strain to which you have subjected it, Mr. Jones. It's not exhausted, but it's—"

"Getting tired?" Broadway himself supplied the words.

"About that. You have not been having it written up, you know; I thought perhaps you didn't realize the figures. I've had them all made out for you."

Broadway took one swift look at them, then sank back in his chair and took a longer look at them. "Well, I'll be ——!" he ventured.

"I was afraid you'd feel that way. I only thought you ought to have a hint of just how things are running. Young men lose track of things sometimes. I've known it to occur before."

Jackson scarcely saw Broadway when he went out of the gray building, and it was the first time he had ever trodden Broadway without seeing and admiring it.

"Hello, Broadway!" cried a merry voice from just beyond the curb. It was a blonde voice, and issued from a natty little motor car with a sedan-clair top. Broadway had bought that motor car and given it to the blonde voice. "Let me put you down somewhere?"

"I'm not feeling very fit. You might take me to the morgue."

"Jump in; we'll make it the Knickerbocker."

But the Knickerbocker had no charms for Broadway at that moment. He made his stay as brief as possible in the bright restaurant.

"Dollie, darling," he said gloomily, "I don't need a restaurant, today; I need a hospital. How would you like me, Dollie, honestly, if I was broke?"

"You? Broke?" She laughed.

"No; seriously. How would you like me?"

"It's nonsense; but you know what Shanley does to broken dishes."

"The ash can. Eh?"

"It wouldn't be, for you, of course; but—what's the use of being Mr. Grump? Brace up? Come on up to Churchill's and we'll drinky-drink it outy-out."

But Broadway would have none of such a plan as that. He went to his apartment, and, rummaging in every drawer and pocket, collected every bill which he could find. There were a hundred of them, ranging in all sorts of figures and for all sorts of articles, from diamonds to gasoline,

Robert Wallace.

from charity to faro. The arrival of the sympathetic Rankin, who believed his master had a headache, with a note from Mrs. Gerard, interrupted the bookkeeping which, for the first time in his life, Broadway had begun. It had not been encouraging, as far as he had gone.

He read the note and found it to be an invitation. Deciding to accept it, he decided, also, that it must be the last one of the sort he must accept. It had become intensely plain to him that now had come the time when he must cease his gaieties and find more money.

He was a gloomy figure at the feast that night, and his gloom grew with every aged smile which Mrs. Gerard cast in his direction. It was plain enough to him, to everyone, that this exceedingly rich lady, of uncertain age, regarded him with very friendly eyes. She even sometimes called him "Jackson." After the dinner he took Robert Wallace downtown with him in his sixty horsepower touring car.

"Mrs. Gerard," he ventured, "seems a well-preserved old—er—I mean that she seems well preserved."

"Well canned, you mean," said Wallace. "But too much chemical preservative in females is as dangerous as it is in food. How did we happen to go there tonight? You roped me into that, Broadway. You didn't tell me where you meant to take me. You merely said we'd go to dinner with some friends of yours."

"Well, she's a friend of mine." Broadway defended rather hotly. An idea, so terrible that it was fascinating, had occurred to him.

"She might have gone to school with your grandmother. It makes me sick to see her ogle you. I think she wants to marry you."

Broadway burst into a laugh which he was well aware was quite too loud, too cackly and too hollow; he feared acutely that his friend would recognize its falseness.

"To marry me! Ho, ho!" Instantly his manner changed. "But I don't like the way you speak about her, Bob. Remember—we have just enjoyed her hospitality!"

"Enjoyed it! Speak for yourself, old man! If I had known where you were going, do you suppose I would have gone with you? I can meet grandmother's schoolmates at the Old Ladies' home. I don't have to go to dinner with them."

"Now, Bob!"

Wallace burst into a laugh. "I believe it is pure charity," he guessed. "You are trying to make others happy. You smile on her as you would throw a dollar into a Salvation Army cash pot around Christmas time."

"Bob, I'm thinking about getting married."

His friend sat straight and looked at him in dumb amazement for a second. "Married? And is grandma in some way related to the bride who may be?"

"Bob, I need—"

He stopped. Almost he had told his friend he needed money; but he had not the courage. To confess poverty on Broadway is like confessing murder in a church.

"Need what?"

"A rest. I'm going to—er—take some sort of a vacation. Don't know what. Maybe back to the old home. Anyway, you won't see me around for quite a little while."

"Never mind, old chap! I'll tell them all that you have had to go away on business. Go somewhere and get straightened out. You need it. There's something wrong with you, or you would never have gone to that dinner where that ancient mariness could ogle you the way she did.

"Well, you won't see me for a week or two."

"Drop me a line if you want anything."

Jackson Jones went away early on the following morning. As ignorant of business and of business methods as a baby, yet he tried to scheme some way by means of which he might recoup his staggering finances. Wild ideas, all unpractical, whirled through his brain.

He must have money, that was certain. He had not the least idea of just how he had accomplished it, but he had spent his patrimony—spent it all and more than all of it. If he had paid up the debts he owed—which all the world seemed glad to have him owe—that was the hard part of it; everyone seemed anxious to have him go in debt to them—he would have far less than nothing left.

For days he stewed above his figures in a room of which he kept close guard upon the key. He told Rankin, who was curious, that he planned to write a book.

"Indeed, sir? Fiction, sir?"

"Fiction? Gad, no! Fact."

"A book of travel, sir? I've traveled quite a bit. Perhaps—"

"No. Or yes. Of travel up and down Broadway."

"Splendid, sir, if I may be excused for taking such a liberty. I'm sure no gentleman in all New York is more familiar with the subject, sir. I shall be glad to read it, sir. I'm sure it will be quite a revelation!"

"Rankin," said Broadway earnestly, "if I wrote what I really know about Broadway it would be a revelation." He grew very serious, for him. "It would put some men on pedestals, and they would not be those who now stand highest. It would put some men behind the bars, and among them are some men who now are free to come and go, with welcomes when they come and invitations when they leave, in every place where people gather in this town."

He burst into a sudden laugh. "Great stuff, eh, Rankin? When you say 'Broadway' you stir me up. I love it, hate it; it always fascinates me. There's no street like it in the world."

"If your book is like that, sir, it will be a big success," commented Rankin, spellbound. "It's going to be a fine book, Mr. Jones."

"It won't interest Broadway. There's only one kind of book that Broadway cares about."

"And what is that, sir?"

"Check books, Rankin. Now I'm going into—into—" He did not know just what to call the room which he kept locked.

"Your study, sir?"

"Thanks, Rankin. Yes; I'm going to my study. Don't let me be disturbed."

"I'll not, sir."

When he left that "study" he avoided Rankin. His fingers were inkstained from calculations, his hair was quite disheveled, his eyes were wide and rolling. He could see no hope ahead.

He wrote a letter to his uncle explaining that investments had gone wrong and that he needed a small loan of fifty thousand dollars for three months. He was sure that if he got this he would be enabled to find some way out. By return of mail he had an answer in an envelope which strangely bulged. He opened it with trembling fingers and a package of Jones' Pepsin Gum fell out.

"Chew this and forget it," said the cheerful note which Uncle Abner had wrapped round it. It said further: "I'm going to Europe for five years. Don't bother me again. You've made you bed, now lie on it."

That was the last straw. Without the least idea of what he wished to do, the frantic Broadway started out to find some work by which, at least, he could earn honestly his board and keep.

Wall street offered nothing, for when he went down to see his friends there his courage failed entirely and instead of asking them to find a place for him he bought them, one by one, expensive luncheons.

He went to neighboring cities, hoping there to find some means of getting food to eat without getting it on credit, and there he had some strange experiences which lasted several days. But, while he just escaped the uniform of the Salvation Army, he did not find work and wandered back to Broadway, the apartment and more debt.

He had no profession, knew no trade. Half crazed with the obsession that he must no longer run in debt, he decided to sell out the flat, discharge the servants and do menial labor. Running through the list of his abilities he decided, with frank self-contempt, that about the best which he could do was help in a hotel as bellboy. He knew too little about mathematics to keep books; he never would succeed as desk-clerk. But he could not bring himself to try to get a job of that sort—it would too often bring him into contact with the folk he knew.

One afternoon, while wandering in an aimless funk upon a side street, he saw a card in front of an apartment house announcing that an elevator boy was wanted. He rushed in with alacrity and determination—and at the very threshold met Mrs. Gerard, who had been calling on a friend there. Instead of asking for the job he took a drive with her.

It was while this drive progressed that the sordid, vicious tempter definitely seized him in his toils. The ancient but vivacious dame was very affable—most agreeable indeed. She was not motherly; she was flirtatious. And she accompanied her coquetry by a shrewd exposition of the magnitude of her unquestionably enormous wealth. It staggered him.

If he had not at the moment had a simple little Josie Richards' letter in his pocket he might have been swept under. A thousand times he had discovered the necessity of assuring himself, as he traveled up and down Broadway, that he did not care for Josie Richards. She was not the sort of girl who captivated one who knew life as he knew it; she was dear, but she was simple, unsophisticated and what he most admired was wide sophistication; he thought as little of her as he could, but now she popped into his mind and made him edge away from the aged, wealthy widow.

When he went back to the flat he found awaiting him new sheafs of bills, none pressing him—mere statements. The rumor had not started that he was not good pay. Broadway still delighted in him, still endeavored to induce him to accept its credit. This gave him new distress; he knew himself—he knew he would go out that night and run more debts.

Suddenly he knew what to do. It came to him without an effort of the brain. It was a tragic inspiration.

Without a word to Rankin, stealthily and secretly, he went forth into the afternoon in his smart runabout, still driven by the taxi-cabman, who now regarded him with something akin to worship, and sought a gunshop and a chemist's.

In the former he made purchase of a large, grim, blued-steel automatic pistol of the largest caliber they had in stock, and secured one box of cartridges. It seemed a waste of money, which by rights was definitely the property of creditors, to buy so many cartridges, for he should need but one! However, he feared that to ask for one would pin attention to him and frustrate what he had in mind, so he put the heavy box into his pocket. It made it sag outrageously, which very much annoyed him. No man on Broadway was more careful of his clothes. But what, after all, did a sagged pocket matter now?

At the chemist's he secured an ounce of bichloride of mercury, which had been fashionable of late among smart suicides. He had no difficulty in obtaining it. This eased him and a further satisfaction grew out of the fact that though it held potentialities as deadly as the automatic gun and cartridges could hold it made a little package, not heavy in the least, and so did not sag the other pocket, where he placed it very carefully.

As he whirled uptown in the runabout he frequently felt of the deadly things.

He liked the feel of neither of them. The revolver was so hard and business-like, the pill bottle was so slippery, so cold and heartless! What an end was this for Broadway Jones!

Again seated in the little study, he solemnly reviewed his life. He saw no points at which he had made very great mistakes, save the important one of thinking that a quarter of a million is a lot of money in New York.

"I've been nothing but a piker," he reflected, "and I've acted like the trade-marked article. I ought to get it in the neck and I am going to get it in the neck."

This unpleasantly reminded him and he caressed the neck wherein he was to get it. Never, in the past, when he had used that slang expression had it really suggested his own neck to him or any other actual neck. Now it made his flesh creep and his blood run cold behind his collar.

"Well, here goes!" he whispered, and took out a pill, afterwards arranging the revolver, which was already loaded.

He held the pill between the fingers of a tremulous left hand; gripped in his faltering right he held the weapon.

"Here goes!" he said again—and Rankin rapped upon the door.

Hastily he hid the dreadful evidences of his dire intention.

"Come in!" he feebly called.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Praise of Poverty.

It seems a matter of universal desire that poverty should be abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish honest, industrious, self-denying poverty would be to destroy the soil upon which mankind produces the virtues which enable our race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses.—Andrew Carnegie.

STEAM HEAT CAUSES COLDS

Druggist Has Noted Effects at the Beginning of Winter—Busy Season for Medicines.

"Here, doctor," said a man as he hurried into a drug store, "give me something for a cold quick. Give me the best remedy you have in stock and I promise you that in future steam radiators and I will keep far apart. The radiator was the cause of my present trouble."

The druggist gave him the remedy and the man hurried off.

"That's strange," remarked the druggist to another customer who was waiting for a prescription. "Would you believe it if I told you he was the fourth person who came in here today buying medicine for a hold in the head? The peculiar part of the matter is that all of them complained that steam heat was the cause of their colds.

"On reflection, however, that shouldn't strike me as strange, for we have the same thing happen every year. Our busy season for cold medicines begins at the time when the steam heat is turned on.

"Persons susceptible to colds—a great many are—are affected by the heat and before they realize it they are sneezing and coughing. The steam heated atmosphere is too much for them. They sit in rooms altogether too warm, although sometimes persons are unaware of this condition because the radiators do the heating slowly, and when they come out in he open the sudden change causes them to take cold."

To Make a Bird Bathe.

If for some reason or other known only to his stubborn little self your canary refuses to take a bath, try this remedy:

Don't give him any lettuce or other green for a week. Then put a small leaf of fresh, green lettuce in the bottom of his bath, half fill it with moderately cool water and put the bath in the cage.

The bird's desire for the lettuce will almost always cause him to go into the water before very long, and once in, he will find it so pleasant that he will doubtless take a bath regularly.

If he still refuses to bathe, repeat the same treatment until he learns to like his bath as much as he likes lettuce.

MAKES AN UNEQUALED CAKE

Recipe Is an Old One, but Years Have Passed Without an Improvement Being Made in It.

A woman who for years has made and sold cakes always uses the same recipe for all kinds of festivities, for wedding cakes, special cakes, holiday cakes, party cakes, and everyday cakes, simply because the cake which she made was so delicious that all the guests wanted one like it, and this desire has been passed on to their children and friends. She keeps many cakes on hand, so that customers may have their cake a day, a week, or a month old, as they like. Each cake weighs about one and one-half pounds, and is labeled with the date of its baking. They are kept in stone jars wrapped in waxed paper. Here is the recipe:

One cupful each of sugar, butter and molasses; one cupful home-made jelly or strawberry preserves; one cupful buttermilk; one-half cupful strong coffee; two eggs; one grated nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves; two teaspoonfuls saleratus (dissolved in one-half cup boiling water); two pounds raisins; one pound cleaned currants; one pound chopped candied fruit (lemon, orange, citron); six cupfuls flour (measured before sifting).

Mix the fruit thoroughly in the flour. Cream butter and sugar, add the eggs, milk and coffee, then the flour containing the fruit. Beat thoroughly and add the spices.

Turn into well-buttered pans, and bake at least one hour in a slow oven.

ALL AROUND the HOUSE

The kitchen will take on a new atmosphere of cheer if it is given a blue and white tile pattern paper and blue oilcloth for floor and table.

On the emergency shelf there should be some canned milk with the cans of vegetables and fruit, as there may come a time when oysters will have to be cooked at night or something else cooked for which there is not cream or milk enough.

A woman who likes nice things always makes her own lavender water. She takes a bottle of white vinegar and into it puts a handful of lavender flowers. It is allowed to stand five days in a warm place and when strained is ready for use.

Handkerchiefs or other articles of wear that have ink spots on them may be washed better if the spot is smeared with mutton tallow before sending it to the laundry.

A weak solution of turpentine poured down the water pipes once a week will drive the water bugs away.

Half a lemon dipped in salt is excellent for cleaning copper articles. Oxalic acid, too, is equally successful both for copper and brass.

Curried Meats.

Curried meats and vegetables are delicious. Here is a recipe for a good curry sauce that is not especially difficult to make. It can be served with left-over chicken, cut into little strips, and heated in the curry, then put on a platter with a ring or mold of hot rice. It can be served with left-over mutton or lamb, cut in dice or thin slices. It can be served with several vegetables. To make it, slice a medium-sized onion thin and fry it in two ounces of butter. When it is brown add a dessertspoonful of curry powder. Let it cook a minute or two and then add a cupful of beef gravy. Dish gravy from roast beef or beefsteak is the best sort, but if this is not at hand beef stock will do. Add also 12 whole cloves, a clove of garlic, a strip or two of lemon peel, a half teaspoonful of salt, two bay leaves, and a teaspoonful or two of tarragon vinegar. Cook this gently for half an hour and then strain it.

Handy Window Pole.

Take an old broom-handle. Paint it to harmonize with your room and insert at one end a screw-hook. Screw into the upper sash of each window in the room a ring-screw for the hook on the pole and your window pole is ready for immediate use. This will save you from having to run up and down and through the house looking for a window pole, or climbing on chairs to reach the sashes every time you wish to raise or lower a window.

Iron More Easily.

An easy way to keep clothes damp for ironing is to sew up a bag from an old sheet and dip in water and do not wring dry. After clothes are dampened place in bag and tie. Clothes treated in this way will iron more easily and stay damp longer than if placed in a basket and covered in the usual way.

French Puffs.

Add to one cup flour one and one-half cups milk and one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful melted butter and two well-beaten eggs. Beat with Dover egg-beater five minutes, turn into hot buttered gem pans and bake half hour. Turn out and serve at once with hard or orange sauce.

Sausages Fried With Apples.

Take half a pound of sausage and six apples, slice four of the apples into pieces as thick as a quarter of a dollar, cut the remaining into quarters. Fry them with the sausages to a fine light brown, lay the sausage in center of dish and the apple around.

Laundry Lists.

When counting the wash make out two lists, one for the washerwoman and one for yourself. A book may be purchased with carbon paper in it, such as clerks use in the stores. Write the list once and the other will be traced.

Baked Pork Chops.

Take as many thick slices as are needed for the meal, place in a pan with a little water, lay a thin slice of onion on each, season with salt and pepper and bake till done.

For Your Oilcloth.

A very good and inexpensive polish for oilcloth and linoleum is made by melting bits of candle and adding common turpentine to the grease. Apply the mixture with a soft rag and polish with a clean cloth.

Fruit Salad.

One pineapple, sliced, peeled, chopped; two oranges, peeled and cut up; three bananas sliced, juice of half a lemon, two tablespoonfuls grape juice, 1½ cups sugar. Stir and blend. Prepare 1½ hours before using.

MME. MERRI'S ADVICE

TWO GOOD ENTERTAINMENTS FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Guessing Contest That Is Sure to Prove Amusing — Appropriate Sweet With Which Hostess May Make Hit on the 17th.

Here is something in the way of a guessing contest that you may like to try on the 17th. I would advise all of you to look up on Irish dialect before attempting to answer or insert the right words:

Young Barney O'Neal was a merry —— 1;
He could dance a fine jig, or —— 2 a gay tune.
But, alas, quite a spendthrift, 'twas plain to be seen—
For he danced, and he drank, and he smoked his —— 3,
And he loved his sweet —— 4 named Norah McShay,
Who, although she loved Barney, would not name the day.
"Ah, Norah —— 5," young Barney would cry,
"Your eyes are as blue as the fair —— 6 sky.
Be my own little bride, and we'll sail o'er the sea,
And build a wee home in the land of the free."
But Norah just smiled, and shook her sweet head,
And sand, "Barney, darlin', we should not be wed—
For 'tween drinkin' and smokin', and dancin', Iween,
We'd have nothing to cook in our little —— 7."
But she soon changed her mind, for what maiden resists
The love of an —— 8 when he persists?
So they plighted their troth with a little gold ring,
And were wed when the —— 9 grew green in the spring.
On his shoulders so broad, his —— 10 he swung,
From which the bride's clothes in a neat bundle hung.
To the fair —— 11 quays they traveled at dawn,
Where the ship rode at anchor on —— 12 morn.
His —— 13 Barney tipped to the —— 14,
As they left the green land behind many a mile.
But the little bride sighed as they sailed on afar,
And softly she whispered, "Dear —— 15."

The following words fill the blanks suitably:

1, Gossoon; 2, Lilt; 3, Dudeen; 4, Colleen; 5, Mavourneen; 6, Irish; 7, Potheen; 8, Irishman; 9, Shamrock; 10, Shillalah; 11, Dublin; 12, St. Patrick; 13, Cawbee; 14, Emerald Isle; 15, Erin Go Bragh.

To Serve on St. Patrick's Day.

Occasionally we just have to slip in a recipe for some special function, and that is why I am telling you of this pretty and appropriate sweetie for the 17th. For eight persons take one quart of cream, half a pound of peppermint stick candy and the whites of two eggs. Whip half a pint of the cream, add the beaten white of the eggs and mix with the rest of the cream, in which the candy has been put after breaking into very small bits and thus nearly dissolving it. Freeze and serve with a garnish of candied mint leaves or the very tiny white and green candy mints.

MME. MERRI.

Aid to the Stout.

Three-flounced skirts rather help the stout woman, the upper flounce disguising her embonpoint. The three are generally of the same depth, but vary in fullness. To be large around the hips, small at the knees, is one desideratum in the aspect of the figure.

MORE THAN AN ORNAMENT

Fashion of Wearing a Rose at the Throat Is to Be Commended for Two Reasons.

A rose at the throat is a welcome street sight these days, but these exotics are not worn solely as an ornament. In fact, the fashion was launched for the very sensible purpose of protecting the throat which at present is too much exposed for comfort and not infrequently for beauty. As the fabric rose—it is invariably in satin or silk—must be attached to something it is kept in place by means of a velvet ribbon band, broad enough to take the place of the high stock collar of a few years ago.

The rose at the throat should not be over-large although it may be either half or full blown and of any natural color. It is sometimes worn without foliage, but it looks better if supplemented by one or two small leaves in dark green silk, and it should be of a hue to harmonize with the velvet neckband, which, in turn, should accord with either the hat or its trimmings.

The girl who wears a rose at her throat nearly always wants a second rose. Not necessarily a twin in size, since it may be fashioned near the belt-line, on the coat's lapel, or among the trimmings on the hat. The main care is that these roses shall always look fresh. To wear a shabby fabric rose is in as bad taste as to pin on a discolored horticultural flower.

AFTERNOON FROCK

Of smoke-blue charmeuse hemmed with skunk, the waist-belt of dull-silver tissue. The hat with the ondule brim recalls Lady Hamilton's in Romney's picture of her called "The Seamstress."

"Tapping" Seams.

A small hammer, kept on the sewing machine, will prove invaluable, says the Ladies' World. A few smart taps on the thick seam that refuses to go under the machine foot flattens it and makes it easy to sew through. A hem, folded and creased by passing the hammer smoothly and firmly over the edges, requires no basting. Gathers "tapped" lightly with this handy helper, do not slip or bunch up while being sewed.

ATTRACTIVE SPRING HAT

Model of tagal straw trimmed with faille ribbon and flowers.

Evening Coiffure.

Meanwhile, the evening coiffure, not content with hiding the ears, encroaches on the cheeks in a fashion that threatens contiguity with the nose. The hair is all drawn upward and forward from the back, where it is gathered and folded over perfectly flat to the head. The bulk of it is arranged in high puffs on the crown. A small fringe is sometimes worn on the forehead, but this fashion is disappearing.

DICTATES OF FASHION

Flowered cotton crepe is used even for young girl's nightgowns.

Now the fascinating flesh tint is seen even in marabou trimmings.

The loveliest new imported laces are outlined with gold and silver.

Some of the most extreme evening stockings are jet embroidered.

Some of the new dress linens are like the silk crepes with broche figures.

Now there is a new "furry" stitch in shadow embroidered flounces.

White shadow lace and black net are used in neckwear for half mourning.

Marabou stoles and muffs seem to be as important as ever in milady's costume.

Black soutache, braided on black net, is one of the new ideas for half-mourning.

Gray mocha gloves, fleece lined, have a white fur edge, which gives a novel look.

Becoming Hat for Every Face.

The hat with its crown towering is not altogether new; it has been seen some during the late winter. It will be seen more often as the spring hats appear, says the New York Press. This style of hat will be constructed from straw, tulle and jet. The brim will be straw, the crown tulle and the band and aigrette will be of jet. It is a hat that will have many followers, for most women will be glad of its height-giving effect. It will be becoming, for it will be shown in so wide a variety of brim and brimless effects that there will be a hat for every face.

FOR THE BIG CITY VISITOR

Advice Given Those Who Only Infrequently Have to Leave the Home Town.

Metropolitan blemishes and drawbacks are not often emphasized by the class of business men who are perhaps the most interested in bringing strangers to town—the hotel keepers. However, a New York boniface has had the frank and friendly inspiration to prepare a card of "don'ts" for presentation to each of his guests.

An early suggestion has to do with watches and money. Don't wear your timepiece loose on a fob, and don't believe that a hip pocket is as secure as a bank. Why carry a roll, anyway, when the hotel office has a safe?

Next, the affable stranger. Don't let him persuade you that he is an old friend.

Next, life and limb. Don't believe that you are as swift as an automobile. And don't tote a gun—"it is better to run."

Next, traps. Don't go too confidently into unknown places; the way cut is not always so straight and simple as the way in.

Yet, on the other hand, don't go to the harassing extreme of cautiousness and suspicion. The city is not bad just because it is big, nor is every one you meet necessarily a con man.

Big cities, speaking bromidically, are alike. Though no local hotel man has yet issued a bulletin of warning, what will serve the denizen of Schoharie and Kinderhook in New York will also advantage the visitor from Chebanse or Pecatonica in Chicago.—Chicago Post.

Hint for Parcel Post Users.

A correspondent in the Jewelers' Circular complains that many jewelry manufacturers are sending by parcel post what are really sealed packages with an outer wrapping which gives them the appearance of being unsealed. Where there is no occasion for the post office department to open them, these sealed packages go through all right, but if for any reason such packages are opened and the seals discovered, the jewelers receiving them are forced to pay full first-class letter postage. "A few days ago," the correspondent relates, "I had a package sent me in this way. As the sender made a mistage in my name, the post office authorities were not sure to whom they should deliver it, and, hoping to get a clue from the character of the goods, removed the outer wrapper and found the sealed package inside. Instead of nine cents for the five pounds, they made me pay 32 cents a pound, a total of $1.60.—New York Times.

Exchanged "Blarney."

An amusing incident occurred at Boyle, Ireland, Quarter Sessions, a few days ago. A witness in a case, a Mrs. Rock, was told by Judge Wakely, that she was "a fine looking old woman." "Do you know," she rejoined, "what I said to myself when I came into court?" "No," said his honor. "Well," she went on, "I said to myself you are the finest looking man I ever saw." "You make me blush," expostulated his honor, amidst loud laughter, and Mrs. Rock went on to say she was seventy-five years of age, and never saw a judge before.

WAS SERVED BY ROYALTY

English Prince, Now King, Not Above Doing an Obliging Thing for the Professor.

When Professor Vambery, the famous Orientalist, whose death occurred recently, arrived at Sandringham on a visit he received a message that Queen Alexandra wanted to see him.

He decided to wash his hands first, so he went to his room and rang the bell to ask for hot water. No one came, though he rang the bell repeatedly.

Then there came a knock at the door and a youth entered. "Do you want anything, professor?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the professor, "I have been ringing for some hot water."

"Wait a moment and I'll get you some," was the obliging reply. The boy disappeared, returning in a few minutes with a large jug of hot water which he placed on the washstand. The professor thanked him and he withdrew.

After he had washed the professor descended to pay his respects to his royal hostess, but after a few minutes' conversation he was surprised to see his "hot water" boy come up to the group.

"Ah, professor," Queen Alexandra remarked, introducing the boy, "this is my son!"

After that the professor nicknamed the boy, who is now King George V., "The Royal Jug Bearer."

French Humor.

"French humor is a little too broad for us—and, when it isn't broad it is apt to be disgusting."

The speaker was a playwright who has adapted so many French plays. She continued:

"A Frenchman told me a joke the other day. He said two rustic sweethearts were walking out together. The girl remarked:

"'I like you very well, Gaston; all except those letters, G. R., tattooed on your hand.'

"'But,' said Gaston hotly, 'don't you know, my dear, that it's the latest style to have your initials on your handkerchief?'"

Fashionable Shades.

Among the color schemes of the moment black and white is perhaps the most popular, while a dark shade of bottle green comes next in favor, then a certain shade of dark red, almost a dull orange in tone, brown and some tones of blue.

Seen recently was a delightful French model that demonstrated the use of black and white check taffetas, with an underbodice of black ninon.

The skirt was draped as usual—indeed there is barely a skirt to be found in these days that has not a slightly draped effect either at the back or the front.

Heels.

Extremely high heels are being worn in Paris. They are sometimes jeweled and ofttimes beaded. It is hardly likely, however, that women will reach the point of folly attained by the beauties of the sixteenth century, who wore heels from three inches to six inches high. One cannot but wonder how they succeeded in keeping their balance.

Nifty Neck Ruff.

Cut a yard of maline, any color you wish, into two pieces lengthwise, making two one-yard strips. Sew together by a very narrow French seam and you have a strip two yards long. Fold both sides of this strip in towards the center lengthwise and shirr the entire length through the center. Draw together enough to fit the neck—about a half yard—and fasten the thread. A large hook is sewed on one end and an eye on the other to fasten together in the front. A few loops of silk moire ribbon is attached to the side where the hook is and allowed to hang loosely down the front. A strip of fur or marabou may be sewed over the shirring through the middle of the ruff to complete the effect.

Worn Places.

A good way to strengthen the worn places in undergarments is to stitch them with the sewing machine back and forth in parallel lines and then turn the goods and run stitches at right angles to those already taken.