

WOMAN'S PAGE

Patti's Secret of Youth

Madame Patti (Baroness Cedestrom), who is in Paris, has been telling the Echo de Paris that she is sixty-four. The interviewer, of course, protested, as which of us would not? However, she is, indeed, sixty-four. She insists on being sixty-four. What, then, is her secret? "You want to know, I suppose, how I have managed to reach such an age without appearing too much damaged? Well, I have done nothing at all. Up to forty I started myself in nothing, and ate and lived as I chose. After forty, however, I took to a comparatively strict way of living. Since then I have eaten no red meat, and have drunk only white wine and soda. When I feel weak a glass of champagne picks me up. I never touch spirits or liquors. My diet consists of light food and white meat, chiefly sweetbreads, sheep's brains, fowl, and vegetables. I always sleep with the window wide open in summer, and partly open in winter, so as to get the cold air straight on my face. I never get to bed early, hardly ever before half-past twelve or one. A severe hygiene and an elaborate toilet before bed are absolutely necessary to any woman who does not want to get fat. That is my only secret of health."

The lady passed on to other subjects, "Salome" in particular. She has, of course, heard Dr. Strauss's opera in Paris. "What a part!" she exclaims. "I would not sing it for anything. I put up a prayer in my box during the performance. I was so much terrified by the apparition of the head of St. John the Baptist. I am a good Catholic and nothing would have ever made me sing in a Biblical play on the stage. Then Salome ought not to kiss St. John's lips. The Bible says it was her mother, Herodias, who asked for John's head, not she, and that she gave it to Herodias. After hearing 'Salome,' even those who don't like Wagner will exult him. As for me, I adore Wagner. I have never sung his music on the stage. He did not compose for my voice as Verdi and Gounod did. But I love him all the same. I never met Wagner, because he refused to know me. And the reason was that I refused to create the part of Kundry in 'Parsifal.' Wagner often heard me sing at Covent Garden, and told my brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, that he was writing the part of Kundry for me in 'Parsifal.' But I thought there was a great deal of shrieking to do in the part, and refused to sing it. Wagner was furious, and never could meet me. All of which has never prevented me from lauding his music to the skies."

Madame Patti is going to sing in a private performance at "Il Barbieri" at M. Jean de Reszke's house. The bust will not appear in the cast, but his brother will be Basilio, Signor Anselmi will be Almagiva, Signor Ancona, and Jean de Reszke's pupils will supply the chorus. Madame Patti is due in Sweden shortly, where her mother-in-law lives, the mother of Baron Cedestrom, who has not seen "her Adeline" for six years. The diva now will sing, as a rule, only for charity. On her return to England she will appear in several farewell performances in the provinces. She was given the red ribbon of Knight of the Legion of Honor after her last appearance at a charity concert in Paris two years ago for the benefit of the victims of duty. M. Loubet pinned the decoration on her bodice, saying, "I felt as much pleasure in signing the decree creating you a Knight of the Legion of Honor as I have in hearing you sing." Madame Patti, recalling that she was at the Refane theater when the king and queen were there during their visit to Paris this year, added that she was first introduced to King Edward forty-eight years ago, in 1859, at New York, after her debut there in "Lucia di Lammermoor," at the age of sixteen, when the then Prince of Wales was visiting the United States incognito.

DR. OSLER TABOOES SOUP.

Dr. William Osler, to whom is accredited the oft-repeated and oft-denied assertion that people should be chloroformed after becoming 60 years old, is bitterly opposed to the drinking of soup, according to the statements of a New York merchant. "My wife was a wreck from nervous dyspepsia," said the merchant. "Several prominent physicians in New York had treated her without success, and finally I was advised to take her to Baltimore to see Dr. Osler. He inquired carefully about her habits, and particularly her diet. We described it without going into details, but this did not satisfy the great physician. "Tell me what you have for dinner, describing the nature of the courses, their number, and so on," he insisted. "Well, usually we start with some good nourishing soups," I began. "Stop right there," interrupted Dr. Osler. "Soup must go. There is a popular fallacy that soup is nourishing. That is a mistake. It is one of the most harmful things one can eat. It is worse than lobster. Of course, there are times when a simple beef or mutton broth is not to be condemned. But as a rule soup is positively dangerous. It dilutes the gastric juices and it ferments too rapidly to permit it to be easily digested. It is the greatest cause of dyspepsia and nervous disorders. Vegetable soup should be thrown into the garbage pail, where it belongs, instead of being poured into a delicate stomach. Half the nervous wrecks among society folk who live well are caused by eating soup." "Dr. Osler gave some other advice, which was followed by my wife in addition to giving up soup. Soup is never served at our table, and has not been for four years. My wife is well and strong today, and she can eat anything on the menu except soup."

A Philippine Luncheon

Manila Gossip.

Ambrosia in Pineapple Shell
Clam Broth Whipped Cream
Halibut Cucumber Sauce
Potatoes Persillade
Jellied Veal Lettuce Sandwiches
Asparagus and Tomato Salad
Horn of Plenty Ice Cream
Cakes Coffee

Many good ambrosia recipes have been given in former issues of the Gossip, any of which may be used in preference to the following:
Carefully remove the fruit from a medium-sized pineapple; cleanse the shell and place in the refrigerator; peel half a dozen mangoes, slice in narrow lengths and chill; cool two bananas, then slice just before using, first sprinkling slightly with salt; half a bottle of strawberries and half a grated coconut; sugar to taste. Mix all gently together; add one wine glassful of sherry or Madeira; serve very cold.

CLAM BROTH.

Make the broth from canned clams and on each cupful drop a spoonful of whipped cream.

HALIBUT.

Cut a slice of halibut into three inch squares. Dip each in beaten egg, then in cracker dust, seasoned with salt, pepper and a dash of paprika; fry to a delicious brown; garnish with sliced cucumbers and tomato jelly.

CUCUMBER SAUCE.

Peel cucumbers and cut into very small pieces; stew gently until done, in a stewpan with a little stock to which has been added half a table-spoonful of vinegar, salt, cayenne; cel-

ery essence, small onion and a little butter. Strain through a sieve.

POTATO PERSILLADE.

Peel and cut Irish potatoes with a potato scoop the size and shape of an olive. Drop them into slightly-salted boiling water until tender; drain; cover with a napkin and stand in the oven or over a saucepan until steamed dry. Turn on a heated dish; pour butter over them and sprinkle with finely-minced parsley.

ASPARAGUS AND TOMATO SALAD.

Drain the asparagus and cut the tips from the stalks. Cover a flat platter with tender lettuce leaves; on these place thin slices of firm tomatoes, on which arrange the asparagus tips. Serve very cold with a rich mayonnaise dressing.

HORN OF PLENTY ICE CREAM.

Cream two table-spoonfuls of butter; add gradually, while constantly beating, one-fourth of a cupful of powdered sugar and two table-spoonfuls of milk; then half a cupful of flour and one-half a table-spoonful of vanilla. Spread thinly with a broad, long-bladed knife on a buttered inverted dripping pan; bake in a slow oven until delicately browned. Cut in three and one-half inch squares and roll into cornucopia shapes while warm. Should the squares become too brittle to roll, place in the oven to soften. Fill with ice cream into which Marsh-mallow cherries have been stirred. The coffee may be served frappe, if desired.

The Fragrant Mint Julep and Its Starting Point

Of all American drinks the "mint julep" and the "cocktail" take first rank in public favor, and "mixologists" have met signal failures in all their efforts to mix the fluid in a manner which can tickle the throat so delightfully as these two world-famous concoctions.

The genesis of the mint julep has been the subject of discussion in newspapers on various and sundry occasions, and some writers have stoutly maintained that it is the invention of eminent scholars and statesmen of the present day. Others go a little more liberally and say the julep came into popularity within the past century. It is not difficult to trace the history of this entrancing and seductive beverage back to the middle of the sixteenth century. In the memoirs of Jeremy Lane (Salem, 1649), reference is made to a drink compounded of "mint herb and heating spirits, which is grateful to the palate when cooled in a stone jug at the spring," while the Boston Gazette of August 17, 1697, contains a local item in which occurs the statement that the "drowned man was known to have drunk several goblets of a mixture composed of Holland gin flavored with mint before he fell off the wharf." The Gazette adds that "this should be an example to those who have lately formed the habit of imbibing with too much frequency what the publicans and tavern-keepers call mint dewlip."

"Julep" is evidently a corruption of the proper name, and one which is due to the heaviness of the pronunciation of those who formed the "habbit" of ordering it.

McMaster, the historian, in one of his books, quotes from the diary of an Englishman who traveled in Virginia early in the eighteenth century and who makes mention of a drink "flavored by bruising mint." How long prior to this the Virginians had enjoyed the "bruised mint and liquor" will, perhaps, never be recorded, but the present day imbibers in the good old state stick to the mint julep with bulldog tenacity. They were drinking the seductive concoction long before Daniel Boone penetrated into the interminable forests of Kentucky, to which state some writers have endeavored to award the claim of the birthplace of the mint julep. If history must decide, the mint julep originated in Massachusetts although it is generally believed to be a southern product.

That convivial institution known as the "cocktail" was ushered into this world of trouble during the days of the American revolution, and the origin of the peculiar appellation given this essentially American concoction, which has gone the length and breadth of the civilized world into the clubs, where men—and women, be it acknowledged—congregate, makes interesting reading.

During the period of the revolution one Patrick Flanagan, a jolly and popular Irishman, enlisted in a company of Virginia cavalry. He had recently married an Irish girl who was intensely American in her sentiments, and who was determined to go with her Patrick wherever she could. The officers, where ever her intentions, and in the spirit of fun encouraged her, but she made herself useful in so many ways that she became recognized as a necessity adjunct to the company. Her husband died, and the colonel of the company asked the young widow what she would do, now that her husband was gone. She stoutly declared that nothing would part her from her loved company if they would allow her to remain. This so pleased the officers that in a few days she was informed

that she might act as sutler to the company, but orders had been received which would take the company to New York, and if she did not wish to go so far away from home they would endeavor to get her a similar position in another company which would remain south. But Betsy Flanagan's heart was true to her Patrick's company, and nothing would induce her to transfer her allegiance.

So the question was settled, and in 1779 the company wintered at a place in Westchester county, near New York, called "Four Corners," between White Plains and Tarrytown. At this point Betsy set up a tavern. There were sanded floors and convenient little stalls and rooms where the American and French officers met frequently and played cards and enjoyed a new kind of drink compounded by the widow, and which she called a "bracer"—a drink which made the little tavern famous.

In the neighborhood of Betsy's tavern, which finally became known as "The Bracer Tavern," lived upon a fine estate an Englishman who kept a pack of hounds, fine horses and splendid poultry, all imported from his mother country. He was a rabid loyalist and was an object of hatred to the American soldiers and of suspicion to the people thereabouts who favored the cause of the colonists. Betsy was fiercely hostile to this Englishman and his family, making dire threats of what she would do when "Gin'ril Washington" came. She was always promising to feed the American and French officers on the fine fowls from the loyalist's yards, and they would tease her about her delay in carrying out the promises. One night when there was an unusual attendance of the officers at "The Bracer" she invited them into her dining room, where there was spread a bountiful feast of chickens done in every conceivable style. The Englishman's chicken coop had been raided by some one. The owner was furious, but entirely powerless. Among the poultry were several fine cocks of superior size and breed and of unusual beauty, supporting tall feathers of great height and of the loveliest colors. They were much admired by people of the neighborhood, and a local poet had even immortalized them in verse. Betsy had not thrown away the trophies of her capture, damaging as they were as evidence against her, but she had spread them tastefully over the sideboard, upon the selves of which stood bottles of various sizes containing the delectable and now renowned "bracer."

After the chicken banquet was over Betsy invited the guests into the tavern bar, and with great pride and triumph pointed to those feathered decorations. The surprise was complete and the event recognized by "three cheers" for Betsy Flanagan, the cause of the colonists and the discomfiture of the Englishman. The "bracers" came off the shelves speedily, and the remainder of the night was passed in the barroom amid the cocks' tails and the "bracers." One of the toasts was, "Heres to the divine liquor which is as delicious to the palate as the cocks' tails are beautiful to the eye," while one of the French officers sang, "Vive la Cocktail!"

This was the keynote to the now celebrated name. It stuck good and fast. The call for "bracers" now ceased, and ever after the demand was for "cocktails." After Mrs. Flanagan's death the ingredients of her famous compound became known, and wherever bon vivants are to be found the "cocktail" is likewise there, even to the most remote corners of the earth. This is the fashionable drink not only throughout the civilized world, but even in far-off Africa and other countries.

Fish

CREAMED FISH ON TOAST.

Melt 1 rounded table-spoonful of butter in a saucepan. When bubbling add 1 table-spoonful of flour, a speck of pepper, and beat well; add gradually 1 cup hot milk, beating each time; add 2 table-spoonfuls of fish, and pour over slices of toast.

FISH PIE.

Fry 2 table-spoonfuls of minced onion in 2 table-spoonfuls of butter until yellow; add 2 table-spoonfuls of flour and stir in gradually 1 pint of hot milk; season with 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 table-spoonful of pepper, 1 table-spoonful of chopped parsley; boil 3 eggs 15 minutes; free 2 pounds of fresh fish, haddock or halibut, from skin and bones, and cut into small pieces; put the fish into a deep baking dish; then the eggs sliced, pour the milk mixture over the whole, cover with a crust of pastry; cut a gash in the center, bake slowly about an hour.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.

Two cups boiled lobster, three table-spoonfuls flour, table-spoonful chopped parsley, cup cream or milk, two table-spoonfuls of butter, one-fourth table-spoonful onion juice, yolks of two eggs, salt and cayenne to taste.

Add all the seasoning to the lobster, which must be chopped fine; melt the butter, cook flour in the butter, stirring all the time, then add the milk and cook to a thick creamy sauce. To this add the beaten yolks and cook a minute longer; take from the fire, add the lobster, mix well, turn out on a dish to cool. When cool form into croquettes; dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs; then fry in deep fat until brown; drain and arrange on a hot dish; garnish with parsley.

STEAMED HALIBUT, HOLLAND SAUCE.

Wash and wipe a two-pound piece of halibut, tie in a cheese cloth and steam till the fish separates from the bone; serve with

Holland Sauce: Braid together table-spoon butter and table-spoon flour, one-fourth teaspoon salt, pour on gradually one-half cup milk, then add one-half teaspoon each of chopped capers, olives, pickles and parsley, teaspoon of lemon juice and one-fourth cup mayonnaise dressing; heat very hot, but do not allow the mixture to reach the boiling point.

Salad

GERMAN POTATO SALAD.

Boil 6 small potatoes in their jackets. When done, peel and make salad while potatoes are warm. Slice 2 medium-sized onions fine, put potatoes in earthen dish, sprinkle onions on top, then a little salt and pepper and sugar, adding vinegar and oil; then another layer of potatoes, onions, etc., until all are used. Before serving 1 stir the salad so the vinegar and oil will not all settle in bottom of dish. Have a hard boiled egg sliced to put on top. Garnish with sprigs of parsley. This is very fine and especially with baked beans Saturday night.

CREAM SALAD DRESSING.

In an emergency a small quantity can be quickly made. Mix two table-spoonfuls vinegar or lemon juice with four table-spoonfuls of sweet or sour cream, and season with a little cayenne and salt, and white pepper to taste.

SOUR CREAM DRESSING.

One pint thick sour cream, three table-spoonfuls sugar, level teaspoonful salt, salt-ponful paprika, one-half table-spoonful black pepper, two table-spoonfuls vinegar.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD.

One can of tomatoes; add half a can of water; boil with a couple of bay leaves, about 1 dozen whole cloves and a couple of blades of mace and a bunch of pot herbs; boil all thoroughly; put through a jelly bag and strain; add salt to season and paprika. Have 1 package of Knox (or any other) gelatine soak in cold water about 20 minutes and add the tomato liquor. Mix well and dissolve the gelatine and strain again. Have parsley chopped fine and put in liquor; turn in a mould to set, and when firm dip mould just for a second in hot water and turn out on salad dish; garnish with parsley and mayonnaise dressing.

SALAD DRESSING.

Mix 1 teaspoon flour, 1-2 teaspoon mustard, 1-2 table-spoon salt, 1-2 table-spoon sugar, 2 1-2 table-spoonfuls butter, yolks of 2 eggs slightly beaten, 3-4 cup sweet milk. Place in double boiler on stove and stir till it thickens. Remove from fire and add 1-4 cup vinegar very slowly stirring it well. Very nice with potato salad or to eat with cold meats.

Since Mr. Frohman started a bus service to convey playgoers between the suburbs and his theaters, people are calling him Mr. To-and-Frohman.—London Opinion.

Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear? Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you.—Illustrated Bits.

"I gave you a dime and you went immediately into a saloon," remarked the benevolent old gentleman. "Don't you know it is very wasteful to spend your money for liquor?" "I've often thought of that, sir," replied the weary wayfarer, "but I've never yet found a place where I could get it for nothing."—Philadelphia Record.



MRS. YOUNGHOUSEKEEPER: "How do you make such delicious cream puffs? I've tried time and again. Mine are always flat and soggy."

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