

# THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

And so Mrs. Bines grew actually to feel an interest in the creature and his wretched affairs, and even fell into the deplorable habit of saying: "I must come to see you and your wife and Paul some pleasant day, Philippe," and Philippe, being a man of the world, thought none the less of her for believing that she did not mean it.

Yet it befell on an afternoon that Mrs. Bines found herself in a poplarside-street, driving home from a visit to the rheumatic scrub-woman who had now to be supported by the papers her miserable offspring sold. Mrs. Bines had never seen so many children as flooded this street. She wondered if an orphan asylum were in the neighborhood. And though the day was pleasantly warm, she decided that there were at least a thousand cases of incipient pneumonia, for not one child in five had on a hat. They raged and dashed and rippled from curb to curb so that they might have made her think of a swift mountain torrent at the bottom of a gloomy canyon, but that the worthy woman was too literal-minded for such fancies. She only warned the man to drive slowly.

And then by a street sign she saw that she was near the home of Philippe. It was three o'clock, and he would be resting from his work. The man found the number. The waves parted and piled themselves on either side in hushed wonder as she entered the hallway and searched for the name on the little cards under the bells. She had never known the surname, and on two of the cards "Ph." appeared. She rang one of the bells, the door mysteriously opened with a repeated double click, and she began the foinse climb. The waves of children fell together behind her in turbulent play again.

At the top she breathed a moment and then knocked at a door before her. A voice within called:

"Entrez!" and Mrs. Bines opened the door.

It was the tiny kitchen of Philippe. Philippe, himself, in shirt-sleeves, sat in a chair tilted back close to the gas range, the Courier des Etats Unis in his hands and Paul on his lap. Celine ironed the bosom of a gentleman's white shirt on an ironing board supported by the backs of two chairs.

Hemmed in the corner by this board and by the gas range, seated at a table covered by the oilcloth that simulates the marble of Italy's most famous quarry, sat, undoubtedly, Baron Rouault de Palliac. A steaming plate of spaghetti a la Italian was before him, to his left a large bowl of salad, to his right a bottle of red wine.

For a space of three seconds the entire party behaved as if it were being photographed under time-exposure. Philippe and the baby stared, motionless. Celine stared, resting no slight weight on the hot flat-iron. Baron Rouault de Palliac stared, his fork poised in mid-air and festooned with gay little streamers of spaghetti.

Then came smoke, the smell of scorching linen, and a cry of horror from Celine.

"Ah, la seule chemise blanche de Monsieur le Baron!"

The spell was broken. Philippe was on his feet, bowing, fussing, shouting. "Ah! it is Madame Bines. Les cuisines honore—I am very honored to welcome you, madame. It is madame, ma femme, Celine—and Monsieur le Baron de Palliac."

Philippe had turned with evident distress toward the latter. But Philippe was only a waiter, and had not behind him the centuries of schooling that enable a gentleman to remain a gentleman under adverse conditions.

Baron Rouault de Palliac arose with untroubled aplomb and favored the caller with his stately bow. He was at the moment a graceful and silencing rebuke to those who aver that manner and attire be interdependent. The baron's manner was ideal, undiminished in volume, faultless as to decorative qualities. One fitted to savor its exquisite finish when he presented there above his waist the noblest of gentlemen, clad in a single woven undergarment of revolutionary red.

Or, if such a one had observed this trifling circumstance, he would, assuredly, have treated it as of no value to the moment; something to note, perhaps, and then gracefully to forget.

The baron's own behavior would have served as a model. One swift glance had shown him there was no way of instant retreat. That being impossible, none other was graceful, hence none other was to be considered. He permitted himself not even a glance at the shirt upon whose fair, defenseless bosom the iron of the overcome Celine had burned its cruel brown imprimature. Mrs. Bines had greeted him as he would have wished, unconscious, apparently, that there could be cause for embarrassment.

"Ah! madame," he said, handsomely. "You see me, I unfast with the fork. You see me here, I have envy of the simple life. I am content of to do it—come ca—as that see you," waving in the direction of his unfinished repeat. "All that magnificence of your grand hotel, there is not the why of it, the most big of the world, and suchly 'steupeying,' with its 'infernal-rack' as you say. 'And of more—what, droll'—'I am enough curious by example to dwell with the good Philippe and his femme amiable. Their hotel is of the most little, but I rest here very voluntarily—since I return. Is it that one can comprehend liking the vast hotel American?'"

We have so much of the chambers," ventured Celine.

"Monsieur le Baron wishes to retire to his apartment," said Philippe, raising the ironing-board. "Will madame be so good as to enter our petit salon at the front, n'est-ce pas?"

The baron stepped forth from his corner and bowed himself graciously out.

"Madame, my compliments—and to the adorable Mlle. Bines! Au revoir, madame—to the sountime—avant pen—before little!"

On the farther side of his closed door Baron Rouault de Palliac swore—once. But the oath was one of the most awful that a Frenchman may utter in his native tongue: "Sacred Name of a Name!"

"But the baron wasn't done eating," protested Mrs. Bines.

"Ah, yes, madame!" replied Philippe. "Monsieur le Baron has consumed enough for now. Paul, mon enfant, ne touchez pas la robe de madame! He is large, is he not, madame, as I have told you? A monster, yes?"

Mrs. Bines, stooping, took the limp and wide-eyed Paul in her arms. Whereupon he began to talk so fast to her in French that she set him quickly down again, with the slightly helpless air of one who had picked up an innocent-looking clock only to have the clanging alarm go suddenly off.

"Madame will honor our little salon," urged Philippe, opening the door and bowing low.

"Quel dommage!" sighed Celine, moving after them; "la seule chemise blanche de Monsieur le Baron. Eh bien! il faut lui en acheter une autre!"

At dinner that evening Mrs. Bines related her adventure, to the unfeigned delight of her graceless son, and to the somewhat troubled amazement of her daughter.

"And, do you know," she ventured, "maybe he isn't a regular baron, after all!"

"Oh, I guess he's a regular one all right," said Percival; "only perhaps he hasn't worked at it much lately."

"But his sitting there eating in that—that shirt—," said his sister.

"My dear young woman, even the nobility are prey to climatic rigors; they are obliged, like the wretched low-born such as ourselves, to wear—pardon me—undergarments. Again, I understand from Mrs. Cadwallader here that the article in question was satisfactory and fit—red, I believe you say, Mrs. Terwilliger?"

"Awful red!" replied his mother—and they call their parlor a saloon.

"And of necessity, every noble has his moments of deshabille." "They needn't eat their lunch that way," declared his sister.

"Is deshabille French for underclothes?" asked Mrs. Bines, struck by the word.

"Partly," answered her son. "And the way that child of Philippe's jabbered French! It's wonderful how they can learn so young."

"They begin early, you know," Percival explained. "And to our friend here, I'm ready to make her that she doesn't see him again, except at a distance."

The fact is," he continued, pouring out a measure of brandy, and directing the butler to open a bottle of soda, "we all eat too much. After a night of sound sleep we awaken refreshed and buoyant, all our forces replenished; (thirsty, of course, but not hungry)—he sat down to the table and placed both hands against his head—and we have no need of food. Yet such is the force of custom that we deaden ourselves for the day by tanking up on coarse, loathsome stuff like bacon. Ugh! anyone would think, the way you two eat so early in the day, that you were a couple of cave-dwellers—the kind that always loaded up when they had a chance, because it might be a week before they got another."

He drained his glass and brightened visibly.

"Now, why not be reasonable?" he continued, pleadingly. "You know there is plenty of food. I have observed it being brought into town in huge wagon loads in the early morning on many occasions. Why do you not eat it all at once sitting? No one's going to starve you. Why stapefy yourselves when, by a little nervy self-denial, you can remain as fresh and bright and clear headed as I am at this moment? Why doesn't a fire make its own escape, Mrs. Carstep-Jamwuddle?"

"I don't believe you feel right, either. I just know you've got an awful headache right now. Do let the man give you a nice piece of this steak."

"Don't, I beg of you, Lady Ashmorton! The suggestion is extremely repugnant to me. Besides, I'm behaving this way because I arose with the purely humorous fancy that my head was a fine large accordion, and that some meddler had drawn it out too far. I'm spectively pretending that I can press it into shape. Now you and sister never get up with any such light poetic

There is a distinct satisfaction in knowing that the millinery for the coming season is of such infinite variety of style and shape that while following the latest fashions faithfully, everyone can be well suited. This happy state of affairs prevailed last year, and was so much appreciated that the powers that be in the domain of fashion have evidently determined on the same popular policy once more—certainly a marked amount of favor is allotted to the mushroom brim, but then its softly curved shade is becoming to most faces, and for the rest there are hats of almost startling contrasted size and shape.

Wonderful indeed are some of the new hats designed in Paris for spring wear, and great will be the courage of the wearers of some of them. No design seems too grotesque for originators of millinery to spring on a gullible feminine public. Luckily the majority of women realize the effect of too extraordinary chapeaus and refuse to lend their services to the promoters of the truly ridiculous. Of course there are a few women so beautiful in form and feature and possessed of such grace and chic that no hat could possibly spoil them, but there are not so many of these, and then, too, these women know very well, as a rule, what they may and may not wear to set off their abundant beauty.

In spite, however, of a number of

outré shapes—and outré shapes appear every season in the too great striving for novel millinery—there are many charming hats being imported and also created on this side of the water.

The earlier hats of any season are usually modes of the moment only. Many are bought by women whose winter millinery has evidently deteriorated, or has become an old story to them, and they purchase several hats merely to vary or freshen their ensemble, and as they buy them for a few weeks' wear only, they take whatever is offered, without, as a rule, sufficient attention to the style or its becomingness.

The Parisian with her marvelously dressed hair may venture on many a hat that, perched above the too often careless coiffures of other women, would prove fatal to the slightest degree of chic. The French woman shows no tag ends of hair. Brilliant and hair nets may be used, but the effect is perfect. In Paris, fortunately, the even Marcel wave is out, and all waving is done in the loose, large, irregular fashion so much more natural and so much more pleasing to the eye that has not lost its appreciation of the really beautiful. Of course comparatively few women look as well with their hair brushed smooth and plain, and those few should make the most of it.

goods. The stripes in this dress are black on a gray ground; and the stripes are sufficient trimming to the plain skirt, except in front, where there are two panels, cut so that the stripes are horizontal, running from waist to hem, narrow at the waist and wide at the feet, and held here and there by groups of three flat silver buttons. The charming little coat is tight-fitting, with short basques, which start at either side from the pointed fronts, cut horizontally, which continue the panels of the skirt, and are similarly adorned with groups of three buttons. They white satin revers break the line, and accentuate the contrast of color with the "royal blue" velvet waistcoat, which is delicately braided with silver cord at the edge. The coat-shaped sleeves have a band of the horizontal stripes running from shoulder to waist on the outside of the arm; and the cuffs also show the same disposition. A shirt with a linen collar and a white satin tie gives a smartly masculine touch; and the dress is happily completed by a toque of "royal blue" velvet with a mass of cock's plumes.

On looking over a number of exclusive and very costly models for early spring wear I have been struck by the presence in a number of cases of tight "coat" sleeves. This was notably the case in connection with some of the long afternoon coats. The sleeves of which I am speaking are fashioned like those of a man's coat, and reach just below the elbow. At the shoulder they are almost entirely flat and the effect is wonderfully neat and subdued. I think they used to wear just such sleeves as these in the year 1882 or 1883.

For Callous Spots. To remove a callous spot on the sole of the foot first soak it well in hot water to soften. Then with a sharp knife cut off as much of the thick skin as may be removed without hurting, but great care should be taken not to touch the soft skin. After the cutting spread the place with a paste made of one-half dram of boracic acid, ten grains of beat-naphthol and one-half ounce of lanolin. Bind on with a thin piece of cotton muslin. Keep this softening grease on the callous places day and night, for it will eventually cause the hard spots to soften entirely.

Cupid as Chauffeur. At a bridesmaids' luncheon recently across the center of the table was a miniature road paved with rice and outlined by clusters of pink roses, the stems supporting them tied with pink ribbons. At the end of the road was a miniature (toy) automobile with Cupid as chauffeur, with big rose-colored goggles on. Strapped on the auto was a tiny trunk tied with white ribbons and a toy suitcase with foreign labels. This clever decoration caused much fun among the bridesmaids and the bride-elect. The favors were little imitation Dresden pianos, the bride-elect being a pianist.

To Clean Leather. Oxalic acid in weak solution is the best thing to use when removing spots from leather. Two or three crystals of oxalic dissolved in warm water, then applied with a bit of cloth to the spots, will do the work. Watch closely, and when the spots begin to disappear apply clean water to remove the acid, which is a powerful bleach. Dry the leather with a clean cloth. For bright leather make the solution weaker.

Orange Jelly. One-third box gelatin, one and a half cups sugar, three spoon oranges. Put the gelatin in soak in two tablespoons of cold water. Cut the oranges and press out the juice. Put into a measure holding a pint and fill up with boiling water, then add sugar and gelatin and when dissolved place where it will boil quickly. Put in the peels and let it boil five minutes; strain into molds, let it stand for ten or 12 hours. Nice with whipped cream.

When You Clean the Stove. The kitchen stove can be cleaned with newspapers; but when cleaning do it thoroughly. Many tops of stoves receive a daily polish and yet the sides are covered with dust and grease.

Let the oven be thoroughly cleaned with a brush kept for that purpose, then nicely washed, and your bread and cake will have a purer flavor.

Turnips. To cook turnips daintily a little sugar must be added to the boiling water. The improvement is marvelous.

# MILLINERY MATTERS



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Walking Costume from Striped Cloth. begin with, our illustration, which shows a most exquisite walking gown, demonstrates the possibilities which lie in the wake of these striped

quartos and sextos every night just as we are doing off into slumberland. Then we have to get up and throw away household articles which we really cannot afford to part with. Think of throwing coal away at \$7.75 per ton!

Let us have the cat cemetery.

# MRS. RORER'S HINTS

PROPER COOKING OF MUFFINS AND BISCUITS.

Difference Made by Use of Baking Powder and Yeast—Fig Bread an Appetizing Dainty Well Worth Trying.

For muffins and biscuits Mrs. Rorer gives the following receipts:

There is a decided difference between the flavor and texture of muffins made from baking powder and one made from yeast. The yeast muffin is more palatable, but I am inclined to think that the baking powder muffin is more easily digested. There are so many things to be taken into consideration with both that one feels like saying that neither are wholesome, but both are palatable. Corn breads are always wholesome, as is true of whole wheat or other coarse flour. Corn breads are better made with a goodly quantity of eggs and very little baking powder.

Rice Corn Bread—Separate two eggs, add to the yolks a cup of milk, a cup of boiled rice, a teaspoonful of salt, a cup of corn meal, one cup of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Now fold in the whites of the eggs, bake in a shallow greased pan one-half hour.

Biscuits—Sift one quart of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt; rub in a tablespoonful of shortening; all sufficient milk to make a soft dough; roll out and cut. Bake in a quick oven 20 minutes.

Fig Bread—Prepare the flour precisely the same as for biscuits. Beat an egg without separating; add to it one and a quarter cups of milk, add this to the flour, roll out and cut into large rounds. Put a tablespoonful of chopped figs on one-half roll over the other half; brush with egg and milk; bake in a quick oven 20 minutes. These are nice served same as short-cake with either milk or cream.

English Muffins—Scald a pint of milk, add two ounces of butter; when lukewarm add a yeast cake and a level teaspoonful of salt; add two and a half cups of flour and beat thoroughly; stand in a warm place two hours, and they are ready to bake. These should be baked in muffin rings on a griddle over a slow fire.

Light Muffins Depend upon the way in which the ingredients are put together as well as on the recipe itself. A housekeeper who is known for her fluffy breakfast muffins, which are always as light as the proverbial feather, uses some milk in making them, but declines the old time way of using it. According to traditional processes the soda is mixed with sour milk before the flour is added. This method, argues the housewife in question, allows the effervescence to be over before the flour goes in. Her way is to mix with sour milk the flour, salt and sugar, and then add the soda dissolved in a little hot water. By this means the entire mass rises. The last thing before the batter is turned into the pans a beaten egg is folded in.

This is her recipe: Two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sour milk, a half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of salt, and one egg.

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# ACTRESS RIDES AS GODIVA RODE.

ENGLISH GIRL TAKES NUDE SPRINT THROUGH STREETS OF COVENTRY TOWN.

MOUNTED ON WHITE HORSE

People of "Ye Ancient Towne" Are Shocked When Told of the Occurrence—Journey Made When Natives Are Wrapped in Slumber.

London—There is perhaps no angrier community in the length and breadth of England just now than the people of "ye ancient towne of Coventry." They simply declined to believe that while they slept a woman rode through their streets on horseback in much the same way as their beloved Godiva made the journey in the days of long ago. Their unbelief, however, does not dispose of the fact.

All this skepticism was aroused by the feat of "La Milo," a beautifully shaped woman, who is going the round of the variety theaters in London posing as certain classical figures "in the altogether."

Her midnight ride nude through the streets of Coventry has only had the effect of adding to the personal enjoyment she has derived from the realization of a strange whim.

"Knowing that steps had been made to discredit the story, I took advantage of 'La Milo's presence in Liverpool," writes a correspondent, "to call upon her and hear what she has to say.

"The fact that her feat was told in less detail in the newspapers than it might have been was a concession to local feeling and protection to some extent to those who, in the face of authentic particulars, might have been called to account for allowing a nude woman to pass through the streets.

"La Milo talked freely of her escapade. When she was a mere girl, she said, she made up her mind that if she ever found herself in Coventry she would repeat the feat of Lady Godiva, and when she arrived there on

her tour the whim returned. "She says she would have made the ride without secrecy, but for the frowns of officialdom whose sanction she sought, it being rumored.

"Therefore, she took matters into her own hands. Her ride started at two a. m. She was made up at the theater as she does for her usual show, the only difference being that

the preparation she used contained properties for resisting cold. With a big cloak she left the stage door for St. Mary's hall, and mounted on a white steed in waiting for her. She strapped her cloak to the side of the saddle, for use in case of emergency, and rode fairly rapidly through the streets which the legend gives as Godiva's probable route.

"Apparently there was no local 'Peeping Tom' to tell of her ride. At any rate Milo got back to the theater without a soul having seen her. A flashlight photograph was taken of her as she sat on the horse.

She Followed the Legendary Route of Lady Godiva.

CHAMPION LAZY MAN; LAYS ABED 30 YEARS ONLY GETS UP WHEN MOTHER IS TAKEN TO HOSPITAL AND THERE IS NO ONE TO WAIT ON HIM.

Belfast—A man named Thompson, who went to bed in 1877 and did not leave it until a fortnight ago, is believed to have established a world's record.

Thompson, who lives with his mother at Clare, Lurgan, was a boy of 11 when he went to bed. He was looked after by his mother, and his presence in the house was hardly known to the villagers. In all probability he would have remained in bed for the rest of his life had not a crisis occurred in his domestic affairs a fortnight ago.

Mrs. Thompson was then taken ill and had to be taken to the infirmary. Left helplessly alone, Thompson was compelled to get up. A search was commenced for the suit which he discarded 30 years ago, but he was unable to dress without assistance.

Two neighbors were called in, and the work of squeezing him into the suit occupied the three men a whole evening. When dressed he was too tired to walk, and an ambulance had to be brought to convey him to the union.

He reposed there until his mother was well enough to leave the infirmary; then he followed her home. He was compelled to walk this time, as the guardians refused an ambulance. The facts of the case came out when the relieving officer applied to the guardians for relief for Mrs. Thompson, who has only occasional help from some more energetic sons who have emigrated to Australia. She was allowed 18 pence a week. The recital of the story convulsed the guardians.

He Felt Easier. Nervous Passenger (during thunderstorm)—Ain't it dangerous to be on a tram-car when it's lightning so?

Calim Passenger—Not at all. You see, the motorman is a nonconductor. And then the nervous one felt easier.—Royal Magazine.

Tired. Boreleigh (at 11:45)—Ah, Miss Critic, you have such a sweet, retiring disposition.

Miss Critic (yawning)—You flatter me, Mr. Boreleigh; but I must confess to a slight disposition to retire.—Puck.

Enlightened. "My sister sent her love and a kiss," said the designing young man. "How could she send me a kiss?" innocently asked the unsophisticated young girl.

And the designing young man answered with illustrations taken from life: "By male—special delivery."

SURE HE WAS GOING TO DIE. don't expect him to live till Sunday?" "No, indeed, ma'am." "And you even expect to attend his funeral on Sunday?" "Yes, ma'am, and I've got the mourning goods already." "Then his case must be quite hopeless!" "Oh, entirely! hopeless, ma'am." "Too bad. Has he been long ill?" "Oh, he's not ailing at all, ma'am." "What!" "It's not sickness that's the matter with him at all; he's as well and strong as ever he was in his life."

"Bessie," exclaimed the surprised lady in indignation, "you are trifling with me, shaming me, and I will not tolerate it one moment longer. Return at once to the kitchen and cease inventing stories in order to get out on Sunday." "I ain't inventin', ma'am," sobbed poor Bessie; "as sure as goodness I ain't. If you want to know the truth about it, he's to be hanged to-morrow."

"If you are not too large for the place, you are too small for it."