

With the Long Bow

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

Laura Jean Libbey Is Going to Dramatize Her Novels—O, Joy!—The First Kiss and Heart Throbs to Be Reduced to Dramatic Expression—What Is the Matter With Mr. Laura Jean?—Was His First Kiss a Failure?—We Fear So.

Laura Jean Libbey, now for ten years Mrs. Van Mater Stillwell of Brooklyn, has reduced to dramatic expression her first novel, "Miss Middleton's Lover," or Parted at the Altar, and is going to make Shaw, Ibsen, Pinero and the rest of them feel like thirty complimentary seats at a first night performance.

Laura Jean's work, as most of us know, is of the perfunctory style. You may guess this from the titles of some of her novels, "When His Love Grew Cold," "All for Love of a Fair Face," "Eat Not Thy Heart" and "A Forbidden Marriage."

Laura Jean says she wrote them "to make mama forget her asthma. Mama promptly forgot."

We smile at Laura Jean, but we do so wrongly. "Miss Middleton's Lover" sold over one million copies! Think of that, ye mighty authors, and grow sober! When he found Laura Jean was going to enter the list of dramatic authors, a world reporter called on her:

"About those tender passages, tell me how you have managed to make them so realistic. When you describe one of those fervid kisses, for instance?"

"Oh," said the famous author of thrillers, blushing and laughing as if she were not a married woman of nearly ten years' standing, "one imagines those things, don't you think? All young girls look forward to their first kiss. They dream about it."

"Don't you think, if they do so much dreaming about it they may be well, a little disappointed in—"

"In the reality?" finished the author of "When His Love Grew Cold."

"Yes, I do. The kiss, like all other pleasures, is mostly in the anticipation. One looks forward to it with delight, and often the reality is null and void."

So much for Laura Jean's view. But does it show that we have been deceived? After founding all our happiness and anticipations on the Laura Jean model, after looking forward for seventeen years to that "long first kiss"—must we confess we are deceived? Is it, girls, like playing Copenhagen with your uncle? All dust and ashes, ruined hopes, nothingness, mirage and disappointment.

We cannot help but feel that Mr. Laura Jean Libbey, the Mr. Van Mater Stillwell of real life, has not the science of "the first kiss" down fine enough. Did he merely hold Laura's hand and at parting say, "Well, good bye, Laura," peck her on the cheek and walk whistling down the path?

But that is not the way to do it! Not on your little heart-shaped locket containing her picture and a lock of her hair. No, sir! The real way is far different. You sigh and look long into her eyes. She casts them down. You talk foolishly. You are holding her little warm paw. One arm steals around her waist. I've been told she smuggles up to you a bit. Take your time. She looks up. You call her "chicken" or something equally tender. She denies it. There is argument over the point. She looks up again!!!!

Now perhaps you think I am going to describe all this great glory, put it in cold type, write it out for the professor to smile superciliously at, and the psychologist to attribute to mere suggestion and the "biological imperative."

Not on your engagement ring! If you don't know how it goes after that, read Laura Jean Libbey's novels. Laura Jean lays it out with a lavish hand. Her lovemaking is done in honey and molasses and laid on with a trowel. And perhaps we are going to see some of it "on the stage." O, joy!

At the Interstate fair at La Crosse last week, the Igorrote village held some indignant warriors. When the flower of the fighting men of Bontoc, Tukuluan, Alab, Malakong and Tulubid, the towns in Igorrothland from whence the doughty head-hunters hail, leaped into their new village they suddenly began holding up one foot, then the other, then trying to hold up both feet at once, while all gave expression to fierce, barbaric imprecations in the many dialects represented in the group.

The trouble was that the imprecations Wisconsin sandburs were ripe and took to the Igorrote foot like an old maid jumping at her first offer of marriage. The Igorrotes had never seen nor felt sandburs before, and while the Igorrote foot was tough, the burr was tougher.

Around the forge, where Chief Moling was making souvenir spears, the sandburs were especially bad, and that he might work in comfort he donned socks and shoes, and with bright red Boston garters around his staturesque legs was a sight that would have brought tears from a cigar store Indian.

Several thoughtless Igorrotes who squatted around the roast dog made a serious error and exposed themselves to attack in other sections. Many of the natives took to United States clothes. This was more comfortable, but it was ruinous on the ensemble of the Igorrote village, which should not, if it carries out the design, dress in United States but in a more airy costume.

The St. Joseph News says that a little Portland cement added to the oatmeal which it is boiling will give it body. This must be what some careful housewives use for the bottom picrust. The true pie is ignorant of a flimsy subsoil of this character, but there are pies that boast a cemented cellar that no fork is able to break up. But this is far preferable to the rubber crust. The rubber crust pie is "The Crime of the Kitchen, or Did the Cook Forget?"



RUINOUS ON THE ENSEMBLE

What the Market Affords

Lambs' kidneys, 25 cents a dozen. Eggs, fresh, 20 cents a dozen; stale, 15 cents. Kohl rabi, 5 cents a bunch. Ripe cucumbers, 15 cents a dozen. Yellow tomatoes, 35 cents a peck. Grape fruit, 15 and 20 cents each.

Grape fruit has reappeared in the market and appetizing it looks, for the big yellow balls are sound and heavy. Many people like ripe cucumbers cooked as egg plant, the slices dipped in batter and then fried. The kohl rabi is not as well known, perhaps, as it should be. Peeled, sliced and boiled in salted water until soft, and then served with a cream dressing, it is delicious.

Richard Le Gallienne's tastes run to the simple things of the table. He likes such ordinary foods as sausage, tripe, eggs, ham, and, above all, kidneys. Moreover, he is not ashamed to have the world know that he likes to eat such things. One of his favorite dishes is an old-fashioned kidney stew, and this is how he wants to have it made, according to the Delicatessen: Take a dozen fresh lambs' kidneys, quarter them and place them on a part of the stove where they can cook slowly. Leave them for three-quarters of an hour, putting a bayleaf and a sliced

onion in the water in which they are to cook. Glance at the water from time to time, to see that it does not cook too quickly, and be careful to remove any scum that may rise to the surface. When the kidneys are tender, remove the bayleaf and add, as seasoning, a little butter and the requisite amount of pepper and salt. Thicken the stew by the addition of a cupful of milk in which a tablespoonful of flour has been dissolved. Serve as it comes to the boiling point.

The yellow tomatoes make what our grandmothers called "home-made pigs," a confection much liked by youngsters a generation ago and sure to be liked by children of today if they have a chance to taste them.

Pour boiling water over ripe tomatoes to remove the skins, skin them and put them into a stone jar with their weight in sugar. Stand for two days, pour off the syrup and boil and skim this until the scum ceases to rise, pour over the tomatoes and stand for two days more. Boil and skim as before, then put the tomatoes into the syrup and let them stand in a cool place until a clear, dry day comes; place the tomatoes on earthen plates in the hot sun to dry. When thoroughly dry, pack in wooden boxes with fine white sugar between each layer. They will keep for years.

Mrs. Vincent Butta and her beautiful daughter, Catherine, conduct a novel farm near Boston. They call it the Oriental and European vegetable farm, because they raise all kinds of rare foreign vegetables, which are difficult to obtain in this country.

Pretty Japanese Sentiments

Poetically appealing is a fashion in tapestry for chairs and settees that has been introduced in Washington by the Viscountess Aoki, wife of the Japanese ambassador. In the land of the mikado it is customary to weave sentiments into tapestries. On one of the great chairs that adorn the bay window of the main drawing-room of the Japanese embassy is the wish that the occupant may find the seat softer than the grasses of the field and more restful than the zephyrs from the sea. Blessings are conferred upon the user of another chair.

His Choice of Profession

"What profession are you going into when you're grown up?" "Why, I'd like to be a summer boarder and just lay round in hammocks all the time."

Revival of Crochet Work

While women in Newport and Lenox are teaching themselves to bridge, and the Saratoga girls, with the biggest of hats and the smallest of dogs tucked under her arm, is playing the races or running about in her forty or sixty-light and dark blues, old rose, fawn, or blue, if you have good color in cheeks, very pale pink, cream and ivory white.

Elizabeth Lee

Boxing the Ears

A reprehensible practice not unknown to cross and worried mothers is the ready punishment of boxing child's ears, all ignorant of the danger of such a habit. There are several obvious things fraught with danger to the ear, such as picking with a pin, but people don't think—no having the matter explained why a blow on the side of the head is a bad thing.

The reason why children's ears should not be boxed is that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, and is adapted so that it is influenced by every impulse of air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to overstretch or break the membrane he could scarcely devise a more efficient means than bringing the hand suddenly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it with no possibility for its escape, but by the membrane giving way. Many children are made deaf in this way.

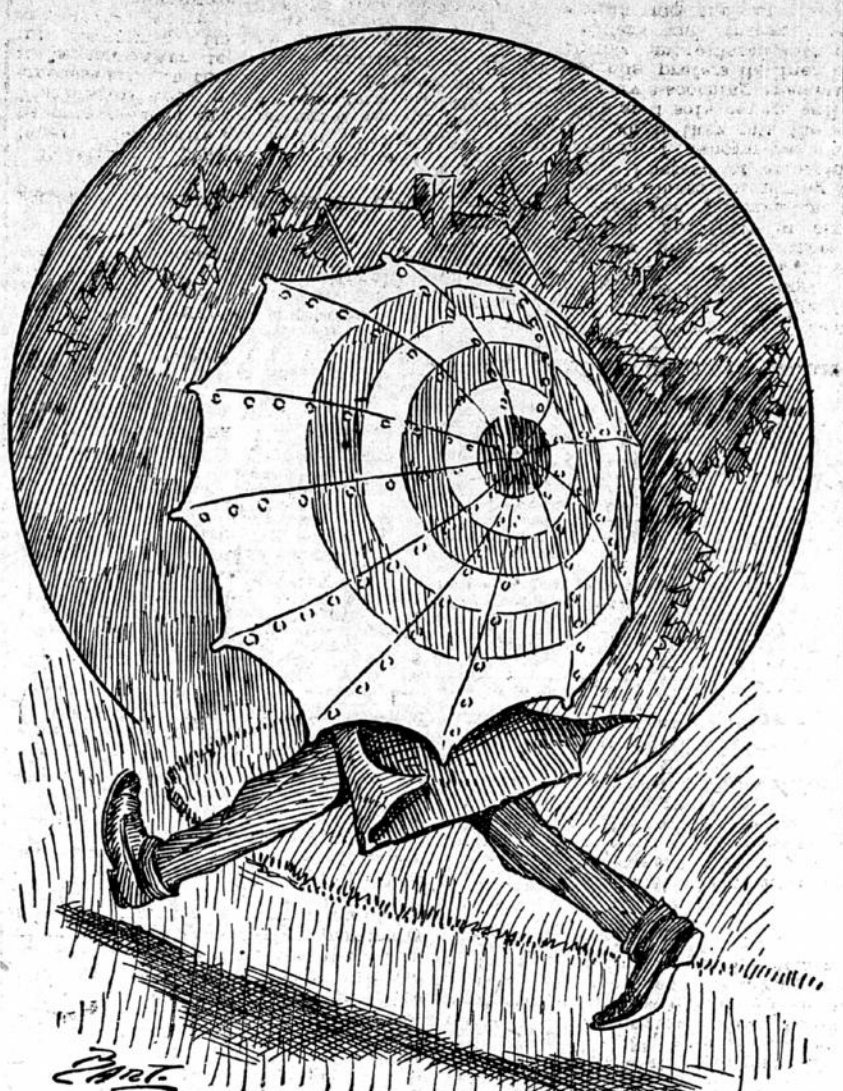
Add some milk to the water with which you wash palms. This causes them to shine.

Mrs. Mae Ora Russell operates oil wells producing 1,000 barrels a day in Wayne county, Kentucky.

You can make better orange or lemon extract than you can buy, for you are perfectly sure of its purity. Peel the lemons or oranges thin around and around as you peel an apple, taking none of the outside skin. Put in a glass bottle or fruit jar and cover with alcohol, or you may simply chop the peel fine, add twice its bulk in white sugar and keep in an air-tight jar. A teaspoonful of this dried flavoring will favor a large cake or pudding.

Defective Page

FASHIONS FOR MEN.



MOUNT CURVE EVENING SUIT.

The armor plate umbrella with target exposed should be very popular after dark on the hill these moonlight nights.

A DUEL WITH BASEBALLS

A Frenchman challenged an American to fight. The American, a husky six-footer from Yale, who had pitched on the baseball court and stroked the crew, was loth to accept, and took the matter as something of a joke. The count pressed his desire for satisfaction, and at last the son of "Old Eli" consented to meet him, stipulating that he should choose his own weapons. Seconds were agreed upon, and the mode of combat chosen by the American was baseballs at twenty paces. It was dangerous close range, for a man who has spent three years twirling insinuations and outdrips over a twelve-inch plate and likely to be a pretty accurate shot with a baseball; but the Frenchman was game, and they met on the outskirts of the city at daybreak.

Each was to have three shots, and the count went the toss and thereby the privilege of leading off. Perhaps he had never seen a baseball, but at any rate the man from Yale had no difficulty in dodging the adamant spheres which the son of Belle France sent sailing in his direction.

Then the American opened fire. The first ball grazed the Frenchman's shoulder; the second lodged in the pit of his stomach, and the third, an in-shoot, caught him full on the point of the chin. He went down and out, and never challenged another American citizen.—San Francisco Argonaut.

EVER READY TO OBLIGE

"One moment," said the affable stage robber. "The lady with the camera, evidently wants to take me. Will this do, ma'am?" and he struck a tasty attitude.

The lady smiled. She was a camera fiend, and she had a camera pet. She had quite overcome all thought of danger.

"Look pleasant, please," she said. The stage robber smiled.

He will give you the pleasant look of the man who has just taken several thousands from the express box, a few hundreds in loose change, two bags of dust, eight watches, four diamond rings and an opal scarf. He merrily said:

Then the camera clicked, and, with a sweeping bow, the robber remounted his horse and dashed away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE MORNING TRIAL

The wife of the Pittsburgh millionaire reached her breakfast table in fear and trepidation. The waiting maid offered her the morning papers.

"No, no," she said, "I don't want those when John is out of town on business. I can't bear to think what they might contain."

And she sipped her coffee with heavy eyes.—Judge.

THE NEWS

It happened in old Babylon (or Memphis or Gomorrah).

It doesn't matter very much, some "city of the plain."

It happened on some "yesterday," "today," or "tomorrow."

Well, anyway, it happened, and it may occur again.

What happened? Oh, why anything—a murder like as not.

Or an "investigation" of the "Shinar Mutual Life."

Or a controversy, maybe, 'twixt the kettle and the pot.

Or El-Shah-Hadji ran away with Abdul Tite-wadd's wife.

And the fact was duly printed in the Confrontment Gazette.

(A very brisk decennial, engraved on granite blocks).

Which always scooped its rivals; its editor, Cump "Pet."

Kept the old town "jumping sideways" with his periodic rocks.

Cump "Pet" oft fulminated on the "City's Lasting Shame."

And "Big Clutches" to suppress him often vainly tried.

Somewhere "saw the paper" for damaging his fame.

The people loved and hated, fought, stole, got married, died.

These things and others happened in that lively ancient time.

"Important facts" were published, more important ones left out.

Someone buried "clotheslines," another wrote a rhyme.

These "names would be immortal," their friends said, "without doubt."

How we've advanced since that time, 4,000 years!

We've railroads, telegraphs and phones; the "daily" gossip mill;

But it seems in certain aspects our progress has been slow.

We have the same old passions and the same delicious still.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE RICHEST CAT

The richest cat in all the world lives in Wilkesbarre, Pa., a cat worth \$40,000 in his own right, with a large building to live in and with an attendant at \$75 a month to devote herself exclusively to the care of him.

He is Blackie, one of the two cats to whom the late Benjamin F. Dilley of this city, business man and philanthropist, left \$40,000 when he died. A provision in his will appointed Miss Addie Ruch to take care of them at \$75 a month. If she died before they did the executors were to exercise care in choosing some other person who would be good to them.

Pinkie, who was Blackie's lifelong companion, died on Sept. 4. A tumor in her throat, and after a consultation with the executor of the estate, Judge F. W. Wheaton and Walter S. Bidde of this city, it was decided to end her sufferings with chloroform.

Blackie inherits the \$20,000 share of the estate left to Pinkie, and is now the sole possessor and owner of the building, and with the exception of Miss Ruch, his attendant, is the sole occupant of the two floors, comprising twelve rooms, which are the living apartments.

Benjamin Dilley, who bequeathed this fortune to the cats, was one of the best-known men in this city. He was well-to-do, gave freely to charity, lavished his affections on his cats, and his ambitions upon the growth and development of the Wilkesbarre Lodge of Elks, of which he was exalted ruler. He was accounted eccentric. But there was no man with a bigger heart or more generous hand in the city.

Dilley died in the early part of 1905, and when his will was read it was found that he had left his home, worth \$40,000, to the cats during their lives. They were to live on the second and third floors, the first being occupied by a cigar store, and the executors were directed to pay Miss Ruch \$75 a month for caring for them. She had been the companion of Mrs. Dilley and Dilley's housekeeper, and her affection for the cats was second only to his. After the deaths of Blackie and Pinkie, he directed that the building shall be sold. Of the amount realized, \$5,000 is to be used for the erection of public drinking fountains, as he expressed it, "for the use of human beings, animals and birds." Other amounts are given to various charitable institutions and to hospitals and relatives.

NATURE NOTES

Camels cannot swim.

The spider eats daily twenty-six times his own weight.

The chiton, a mollusk, has 11,000 separate eyes.

A bee visits 3,500,000 flowers in gathering one pound of honey.

The greenfinch is the first bird to get up in the morning. His hour is 1:30.

The skin of the whalebone whale, boiled to a jelly, is a favorite dish of Danish epicures.

The bosconstrictor, Buckland, the naturalist, declares, tastes like veal, only finer and sweeter.

The South Sea Island fisherman throws into the water a poison extracted from a certain bark. The fish, stupefied, at once come to the surface, and are gathered in by hand. Their flesh is quite as wholesome as tho they had been netted.

WHY IS IT

That after declining an invitation to go out with the boys—

Because you want to get in a double dose of sleep—

FOR WERE AN' L-L GOOD FEELERS.

They had been talking about the Marquis Townshend.

"I didn't know a marquis ranked so high," said a girl in white.

"Dear me," said an Englishman, "didn't you? Why, a marquis ranks next to a duke."

He in turn, to sip his tea and take a foie gras sandwich.

"Marquess, not marquis," he went on, "is the more accurate use of the word. It is so spelt and pronounced in the English aristocracy. The knowledge may be useful to you when you come to contract an international alliance, eh?"

"After royalty comes dukes. The premier duke is Norfolk, the fifteenth of his line. After dukes come marquises. After marquises come earls. After earls come viscounts. After viscounts come barons. After barons come baronets. After baronets come knights.

"Then, then, is the order: Duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, baronet, knight. I don't mention lords. A lord is an earl—the Earl of Craven, for instance, is as often called Lord Craven—or else the title is only for courtesy one accorded to the younger sons of dukes—as Lord Randolph Churchill, second son of the Duke of Marlborough."

Curios and Oddities

THE REALLY REMARKABLE RHEA

"The rhea of South America is a remarkable bird," said an ornithologist.

"Really?"

"Yes. The male rhea hatches out the eggs. He, and not the female, is the setter. He sets always in a quiet and desolate place, where there is no food nothing to attract enemies; and, as soon as the young are born, the question is—how to feed them?"

"The rhea answers that question in advance. Three or four days before the eggs are to open, he shoves a couple of them out of the nest with his bill, and lays them in the sun."

"What is the result? The result is that the hot American sun decomposes the eggs, and the father breaks them as the young birds begin to appear in the nest, and the dies settle on them, and in twenty-four hours they are alive with worms—tender, juicy, delicious worms, the best food in the world for the nest of new-born birdlings."

"There, is not that ingenious? Is not the rhea remarkable?"

"He rhea is."

THE RICHEST CAT

The richest cat in all the world lives in Wilkesbarre, Pa., a cat worth \$40,000 in his own right, with a large building to live in and with an attendant at \$75 a month to devote herself exclusively to the care of him.

He is Blackie, one of the two cats to whom the late Benjamin F. Dilley of this city, business man and philanthropist, left \$40,000 when he died. A provision in his will appointed Miss Addie Ruch to take care of them at \$75 a month. If she died before they did the executors were to exercise care in choosing some other person who would be good to them.

Pinkie, who was Blackie's lifelong companion, died on Sept. 4. A tumor in her throat, and after a consultation with the executor of the estate, Judge F. W. Wheaton and Walter S. Bidde of this city, it was decided to end her sufferings with chloroform.

Blackie inherits the \$20,000 share of the estate left to Pinkie, and is now the sole possessor and owner of the building, and with the exception of Miss Ruch, his attendant, is the sole occupant of the two floors, comprising twelve rooms, which are the living apartments.

Benjamin Dilley, who bequeathed this fortune to the cats, was one of the best-known men in this city. He was well-to-do, gave freely to charity, lavished his affections on his cats, and his ambitions upon the growth and development of the Wilkesbarre Lodge of Elks, of which he was exalted ruler. He was accounted eccentric. But there was no man with a bigger heart or more generous hand in the city.

Dilley died in the early part of 1905, and when his will was read it was found that he had left his home, worth \$40,000, to the cats during their lives. They were to live on the second and third floors, the first being occupied by a cigar store, and the executors were directed to pay Miss Ruch \$75 a month for caring for them. She had been the companion of Mrs. Dilley and Dilley's housekeeper, and her affection for the cats was second only to his. After the deaths of Blackie and Pinkie, he directed that the building shall be sold. Of the amount realized, \$5,000 is to be used for the erection of public drinking fountains, as he expressed it, "for the use of human beings, animals and birds." Other amounts are given to various charitable institutions and to hospitals and relatives.

NATURE NOTES

Camels cannot swim.

The spider eats daily twenty-six times his own weight.

The chiton, a mollusk, has 11,000 separate eyes.

A bee visits 3,500,000 flowers in gathering one pound of honey.

The greenfinch is the first bird to get up in the morning. His hour is 1:30.

The skin of the whalebone whale, boiled to a jelly, is a favorite dish of Danish epicures.

The bosconstrictor, Buckland, the naturalist, declares, tastes like veal, only finer and sweeter.

The South Sea Island fisherman throws into the water a poison extracted from a certain bark. The fish, stupefied, at once come to the surface, and are gathered in by hand. Their flesh is quite as wholesome as tho they had been netted.

WHY IS IT

That after declining an invitation to go out with the boys—

Because you want to get in a double dose of sleep—

FOR WERE AN' L-L GOOD FEELERS.

They had been talking about the Marquis Townshend.

"I didn't know a marquis ranked so high," said a girl in white.

"Dear me," said an Englishman, "didn't you? Why, a marquis ranks next to a duke."

He in turn, to sip his tea and take a foie gras sandwich.

"Marquess, not marquis," he went on, "is the more accurate use of the word. It is so spelt and pronounced in the English aristocracy. The knowledge may be useful to you when you come to contract an international alliance, eh?"

"After royalty comes dukes. The premier duke is Norfolk, the fifteenth of his line. After dukes come marquises. After marquises come earls. After earls come viscounts. After viscounts come barons. After barons come baronets. After baronets come knights.

"Then, then, is the order: Duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, baronet, knight. I don't mention lords. A lord is an earl—the Earl of Craven, for instance, is as often called Lord Craven—or else the title is only for courtesy one accorded to the younger sons of dukes—as Lord Randolph Churchill, second son of the Duke of Marlborough."

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE

The Undertaker (who meets the doctor on the steps of a hotel)—Ah, you, sir!—Black and White.

Mutton and Lamb

By CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

The best mutton comes from animals which are fully 3 years old and well fed. They are the best interlarded with fat throughout the flesh, giving juicy, well-flavored meat.

When selecting mutton, see that the fat is white, clear and hard; the scarred skin on the forequarters will be nearly red, the lean meat firm and juicy. Ram mutton has dark, coarse-grained flesh with a bit of a yellowish tinge; when cooked it is of rank taste.

Mutton is divided into sides and each side into fore and hindquarter. The forequarter includes the shoulder, neck, rack and breast. The rack is usually cut into chops. These rib chops sometimes have all meat scraped away from the long rib bones—they are then called Frenched chops.

When the ribs are not cut the piece is sometimes used as a roast. The shoulder may be boiled or roasted; when for a roast it is frequently boned. The breast is used for broths. The breast makes a good stew or haricot.

The hindquarter consists of leg and loin. The loin is used whole as a roast or may be divided into chops. An English chop is cut from the loin, is nearly two inches thick and has the stringy flank end cut off almost up to the bone. The leg is one of the most popular cuts.

It gives a good price. When sliced it commands mutton cutlets. When used whole it is either boiled, braised or roasted.

The saddle comprises the two racks, or ribs, taken from one piece from the uncut carcass. This is always roasted and is a special Christmas dish in some sections of the country.

Lamb is the young sheep when between 3 months and 1 year old. In the center of the lamb the bone at the joint is serrated while in mutton it is smooth and rounded.

Mutton is not as nutritious as beef, but it is more easily digested, so is often prescribed for convalescents in preference to other meat. Lamb, being immature, is harder to digest. Mutton is best when rare; lamb should always be thoroughly cooked.

EFFECT OF MOTHER'S CLUB

It used to be when I was bad my mother'd surely spank me.

She'd say, "This hurts me more than you, but some day you will thank me."

But now she's joined a mother's club, and goes to meetings.

The find out how to train me in just the proper way.

It used to be when I would get real impatient or pert I'd have to go upstairs to bed, or do without dessert.

But now she lets me go ahead, and says that it will teach me.

Not only independent thought, but duncy of speech.

It used to be when I would yell she'd take me well in hand.

But now she lets me go ahead to make my lungs expand.

She says the club's a splendid thing. I'm sure that's very true.

But, oh! I wish my father soon would join that same club, too.

—Elsie Duncan Yale in Toronto Telegram.

THE "INVALID'S CRAWL"

Alas! Somebody in England with nothing better to do has invented a new walk and it is being taken up.

At the start of practice a girl must