

Bellefonte, Pa., August 31, 1923.

THE INCURABLE HURT.

'Tain't likely ez a awkward chap Like I am, big and stupid, 'Ud ever go a monkeyin' 'round A dandy kid like Cupid; But, major, dern my ugly mug, I done it once, fer certain, An' ef I live a hundred years The thing'll keep on hurtin'.

I never know'd a womans ways Till one day little Kitty, Her that's the banker's only gal, Come down from Timber City. An' stoppin' at our boardin' house, Begun her purty flirtin,' I guess with all the boys around,

An' me, that's doggoned certain

Them eyes uv her'n shined like the stars, That speckles night all over, An' both her cheeks purtier than Two medders red with clover. An' when she talked-good Lordy, me! Why can't a man take warnin'?-It seemed to me like all the songs The bird sings in the mornin'

I drinked it in an' wanted more, An' she, I guess, unthinkin', Wuz tickled half to death to see A thirsty man a-drinkin'; An' let me have it every day, From June clear to October, Tell I wuz drunk and crazy wild, An' she thought I wuz sober.

At last I up an' told her straight That I wuz fairly dyin' Fer love uv her-and dern my boots. She just broke down a cryin', An' told me it wuz all in fun, That she wuz only flirtin'-An' ef I live a hundred years

The thing'll keep on hurtin'. -Free Press.

A LAW UNTO OURSELVES.

dom!

om! vention decrees it. You're convinced of that, aren't you?" hibition, censors and ticket specula-And between them, though few know their own important little passions. it, a square of sod covering the dead of a bygone century.

A bit to the west on the south side of the Square squats a little cafe known as the Pink Kitten. For all the world like its name, it crouches on its haunches blinking lazy eyes out of a ripe pink facade, yawning occations of a ripe pink facade, yawning occation of a ripe pink facad sionally to gulp a guest into its faint- Until I met you, I never thought I'd

ly illumined interior. . Their look is direct, unflinch- all." without guile. Guile has no He place in the Village. Sometimes long away, speaking very low.

earrings jangle close to them, supple"Mother would think we ought to was a torch." mented incongruously by sweaters marry. She'd say there was nothing and flat sport shoes. Sometimes batik smocks in flaring reds, oranges and are others not long enough trans-planted from north of the Arch to ig-were afraid of him, weren't you nore the traditions of the close fitting coats instead of baggy ones and a through pressed lips.

them like sheep.

on a night when the snow covered question of individualism, the impor-tance of their own lives as opposed to the great mass of humanity hide-"Wait till we're in Paris," he whisthe great mass of humanity hidesion and languor. They were womaneyes, with all the possibilities a man wants to read in the eyes of the woman he loves. The man who sat beside her at the intimate little table was "Say you love me," the man was

"Do I have to say it?" came breath-"Say it-darling!" "Can't you see it? Can't you Then suddenly answering that the thought of you colors everything I do. I want to be with you everywhere—always. When I see beauty, I don't think of it as the sky dent eyes once more engulfing hers. or sea or a sunset. I think how I'd

"They always see you—no matter what they're looking at!"

She pressed the fingers that interlocked hers. "When I sing—even in practice—it's to you. And my voice lifts higher than it ever could with—not for support or—or clothes—or anything but the joy of giving. I out you! And there's a note in it— wouldn't take a cent from you, Fred a note that couldn't be there if I did —not one penny." not feel-all you make me feel. If She broke off.

'And when you're alone at night-

They sat moved to silence by the intensity of the force that held them, mighty surge of men and women down the path of centuries gone and ures a hard working youth had denied

sat with hands gripped and eyes lock-

ed and thought they alone had discovered a glory as old as time.

"Fred," she murmured finally, "we mustn't let ourselves be swayed. We must reason the thing out calmly-

way to preserve the most precious thing on earth. Are all these theo-ries of ours merely theories or are we brave enough to live them? If we're not, then we're cowards and hypo-

But since I've known you, I've been you, you're so necessary to me-why,

"Freedom from forces outside of meet it—what could he say? ourselves—that's the way to inter- "Suppose you were to find ourselves—that's the way to interpret it. A law unto ourselves—you to me and me to you, that's what it faithed to be auty of your voice that means. To be able to do as we please apart from man made laws of convention-not apart from each other! Why, your dependence on me, sweetheart-I adore it! I want you to want me-need me the way I need the devil for you—to keep your love to have you. Near you-away from you-I want that voluntary sense of possession to hold us together. But not involuntary—not the feeling that the church and State bind us when the bonds should be ours to make or break as we choose."

"If you ever broke them-if ever you married any one else, I couldn't bear it. I couldn't go on." bear it. I couldn't go on.

"Marry some one else!" He flung
up a shaggy head, with a laugh deep
up a shaggy head, with a laugh deep dear girl of mine, you don't think this love of ours is the sort that a man Washington Arch—white, upstand-lieves that the best way to kill love is ing, clean—at the intersection of old to marry it! I'm yours as long as you New York and new! Monument to want me-only I want to be yours bethe spirit of '76! The gate to free- cause you want me, not because con-

He bent down; his lips brushed the tors. Looking south, the freedom of hand he held, lingering, one by one, tetish worship, slavery to the unconventional and low ceilinged table d'hotes. North, the sweep of Fifth Avenue trailing her train of silver man morsels in the body of the Pink Witten poid. lights, an arrogant beauty sure of Kitten paid no attention to this slight adorers. South, Greenwich Village, a display of emotion. They were accareless grisette sitting in the lap of customed to frankness in all its indifference and kicking up her heels! forms, busy with their own little lives, "You are convinced of it, aren't you, dear heart?" the man persisted. "You

do believe with me, don't you?"
"Yes, of course," she answered hur-

—live it."

"What use are abstract beliefs? It's They form an odd assortment, the morsels the Pink Kitten assimilates at meal time—girls with elongated eyes, "What use are abstract beliefs? It's like trying to paint a picture with an imaginary brush. If we don't live some curious, some prom- what we think, we're not living, that's Her

"She's the best argument against blues indicate a closer adherence to it," he put in hastily. "From all you feminine covenants. Of the men, tell me, her marriage has been hell there are those of the flowing tie and scornfully shady fingernails. There Puritan who thinks she hasn't the right to breathe without him. You were afraid of him, weren't you?"
"Sometimes I hated him," came

"Sometimes manicure stolen when the Village is when he humiliated and hurt her, I not looking. But whatever the differ- wanted to kill him. She couldn't call ences in dress, their souls are garbed her soul her own. It belonged to him alike—the law of individualism herds and he never let her forget it. That's why I came away the minute I could. At the far end of the Pink Kitten I couldn't stand it, and she wanted me to get away from it. Living there-Square wore a smile of satire, a girl in that narrow New England town and a man discussed this mooted with my father and brother—they're

bound by the law of convention. The pered. "You won't realize the extent girl's eyes were not so innocent as of the song in you until you know the they were questioning, but one could city of song. The broad boulevards, see plainly that their question still the Luxembourg Gardens, the crowdunanswered. They were ed little houses of Montmartre, the very deep blue and very eager, veiled with gladness half afraid. They were full of the potentialities of pasyou'll have to sing for sheer joy of living. And you and I together-

Her forehead furrowed again and the deep, intense blue eyes clouded. "But, Fred, if I go abroad with you, reading them with an intensity that it will eat up the money I've got put straight to their depths. It away for singing lessons. I won't be

burned there, reflected in the sudden drop of her lids as if its strength were more than she could bear.

"Say you love me," the man was money is good for if not to defray the expenses of both of us?" "No-no!" The hand interlaced

with his tried suddenly to pull away. feel it?" Then suddenly answering "That's not in our compact. That's that call of his eyes she crushed down not freedom! That's the pendulum the barrier of restraint which had swinging the other way—that's put-held her inarticulate. "I love you so ting me in the class of a—a kept

"Dear, there must be no talk of love to stand beside you and watch money between us-ever. I have so you paint it—splash on the color with much. The Emery fortune made in that quick reckless stroke and your patent medicine! What better way to eyes squinted up so that they don't spend it than in art-your art and Your voice-my paints-

He sat silent a second—this time ever I'm a great singer, Fred, it will the silence of thought rather than be you who have done it! Not study emotion. The consistencey of her de-not practice—just loving you—" termination he had not taken into consideration. It was his own argument applied with unswerving fidelity and in that dingy little room where you've no right to be—do you think of me then? Do you ever want me—my arms—"

"More than I can tell!"

They set mayed to gilere by the interest of the moment no way to combat it. Yet it seemed to absurd to take seriously. He, with the Emery millions backing him, the golden flood that had poured into the Emery household with the suddon worse. household with the sudden vogue of Emery Reducing Tablets! It had innot individuals now but one with the undated their happiness, that floodsent his father scurrying after pleas-

up through centuries to come. They him-his mother into the divorce depths up the bank of social ambi-tion—and himself, disgusted, away from it all to art and the Village, where money is almost a shameful even its name forgotten. The interpossession that makes one declasse.

as calmly as we can. I'm twentythree and you're twenty-eight—it's
not as if we were children."

Now for the first time had come an
opportunity to spend his vulgar allowance decently—on this girl he
"It's because we're not children that
we see things as we do—the only sane
we see things as we do—the only sane
we the preserve the most precious shore like fire where the light touch shone like fire where the light touch- a silver champagne cooler from which ed it, whose luscious lips and deep cleft chin, whose voice and tenderness spelled happiness for him! This girl drawings in charcoal and colored from a parsimonious family in a hide-chalks—dancing girls, cartoons of men crites."

"Free love," she mused. "Yes, I've talked a lot about it—and thought a which she was made. And because of them contributed by habitues. The which she was made. And because of floor was covered with swaying figlot about it. It's in the air down here, their belief, their law of individual- ures in costumes of dress and undress ism, their religion of love that must fantastic as the name of the ball inwondering—is there such a thing? Is be free, she was insisting upon the love ever free? I'm so dependent on use of the little hoard, gathered to the shoulder shaking musicians were gether for her musical education, to de- all of American vintage. The dance if you were to get out of my life now, fray her end of their love trip to the most of me would go with you. I'd land where love is lord. It was idiot-from a popular musical comedy. But be just a husk. Is that freedom?" fray her end of their love trip to the they were playing was a fox trot

> he'd be willing to pay for your lessons anywhere until such time as you could repay him."

She looked up and smiled a smile that glowed. "That's a heavenly way to get round it, and just like you, but you. I'd send the rest of the world to I couldn't accept-you know I could

things—and you'd be absolutely independent."

varying light under the colored lanters. He leaned down letting his

"Would I?" Do you think I'd ever earn enough to pay you back?"
"Of course! You don't know what a golden tone you have, darling. You can't hear it as I do. Why, I'd look upon the whole matter as the wisest investment I'd ever made."

Her head went to one side as she leaned nearer, so near that his lips shoulder. When the lilt died away touched the wave of hair falling across her brow.

"It would be sweet to feel that whatever success I might have years

from now would be due to your faith. I'd love it!" Once more they sat breathlessly still. When he spoke it was with hus-ky intensity that swayed round her like the veil of smoke above them,

like the mystic aura of yesterday, the perfumed secrets of tomorrow.

"We'll sail Saturday. You can be ready by that time, can't you?"

"Yes" "My darling!"

"I-I shall have to lie to mother. I

"Don't see her! It would be too living!"

"We," St. Espere added, tongue hard on you. Write and tell her of

"Yes." "Jean—love—we're going to make and eight glasses tilted.
each other so happy!"

At the mention of the modest little voll drink now only with the eves of the modest little name, she raised eyes whose radiance

"They'll call me Jeanne in France, "My little Jeanne d'Arc-my adorable soldier maid with the courage to live her vision!"

Four musicians in shabby blue, purple and red velvet jackets with tams to match took their places in a tight alcove and, elbows touching, jazzed up their instruments. A girl at a table against the wall pulled her wide felt hat over a broad forehead that nothing could furrow, blew the smoke of her cigarette speculatively into the eyes of her escort, then chucked it aside, paid her check as he paid his, and both got up to dance. The first high pitched chord of the latest fox trot fell across the hazy

"Jeanne-come!" the man murmur "I want to be with you-alone." They rose, hands still clasped. A bobbed haired girl in a pink tam and black apron shaped like a cat with ears forming the shoulder straps reminded him that there was a bill to settle. He smiled apologetically, dove into his pocket and left a greenback

palm. Together the two who were a law unto themselves made their way among the tables to the door that opened on the snow draped Square, silent as its secret dead against the luminous night. The swaying song of the banjo followed them, the swishing sound of dancing feet, the murmur of voices. The sides of the Pink Kitten shook with laughter.

of astonishing proportions in the open

Paris-belle chanteuse! Pariswith head flung up and song trilling from longing lips! Paris—with laughter in her eyes and confetti trailing from her skirts! Paris—on the eve of Mardi Gras, gay cocotte for whose favors all the world pleads! The narrow streets of Montmartre

were laid thick with a pattern multi-colored and soft as a Persian prayer rug. Over it tripped feet, young for tonight even though the hair were gray or had disappeared altogether. Eyes bright with anticipation looked through the windows of saucy cafes, seeking the most gay, the most abandoned to frolic on this night of abandon. Passers-by shouted to one another, then flung handfuls of confetti into the laughing faces turned to answer. Men grasped the arms of unknown women and skipped along the velvety sidewalks. Students with caps perched over one ear marched in groups of four chanting solemnly songs that would not bear translation. Festive and festooned, Paris was playing as only Paris can.

In one of those side streets whose tortuous curves and mysterious offshoot of alleys still bear the mark of the Medici, couples incongruously mated as to costume were streaming under an arched doorway. Above it rose-colored electric

lights announced: BAL DE FANTAISIE DU SOIR AU MATIN ENTREE!

The building was one of the oldest court—his sister struggling out of its of the neighborhood but only the shell probably the hotel of some stately "We both will—the whole epi family demolished by the Revolution, even its name forgotten. The intermorrow he'll come over to the fla ior had completely vanished under apologize. He'll be all contrition. a gold-coiled bottle neck protruded. The stone walls were covered with

that was like the raising of an eye-brow, the winking of an eye. Moving as one through the throng were a man in the tights and doublet of a troubadour and a girl whose slim limbs ended in the soft pointed shoes of the fifteenth century. They danced with that complete oblivion that bespeaks complete harmony. She wore a tunic of light chain armor in replica of an old painting of Jeanne d'Arc. It couldn't accept—you know I could of an old painting of Jeanne d'Arc. It clung gently to her young form, outlining its grace. Her helmet she had discarded early in the evening and the mass of her bronzed hair shone with terns. He leaned down, letting his

lips rest against it.
"Happy?" he murmured.
"Heavenly!"

"Mon adoree!" He lapsed into the language made for love.

She did not look up, did not answer—simply nestled her head where it seemed to fit, against his breadth of with a lingering wail, they mounted the steps to one of the tables and waited for the rest of their party. In hilarious two's they came stumbling up—Felix, cubist sculptor of the new French School, with Evelyn, his model; Coningsby Hoyt, dilettante, who dainty little dancer who was helping him escape them; St. Espere, a young writer whose epigrams all Paris was quoting, and Henriette, new favorite at the Comedie Francaise.

"A nous!" Felix announced, raising his glass, emptying it at one gulp. "We who know how to work and play, hate doing it! It's not that I'm "We who know how to work and play, ashamed but she wouldn't understand." who have made a slave of life because we do not make ourselves slaves of

"A half truth, dear!"

"But if she wouldn't understand—
and we know she wouldn't—it's to protect her, isn't it?"

Fred Emery supplemented, glancing with the lift of his glass at the girl next to him, "where a man is not afraid to be himself!"

They rose, those who were seated, Nanette pouted. "In Ame

hein?" Emery laughed. "Not so that you could notice it!"

Felix, the sculptor, swayed a bit un-certainly toward Jean. "I should not want to drink to your eyes, mon ange, I should want to drown myself in back of her chair, lips close to hers. "Give them to me for one little moment.'

Emery leaned swiftly in front of her flushed, averted face. In spite of the laugh in his answer, his brows were forming a straight black line. "If you try any more drowning, Felix, you'll be gone for good—never come up again, my friend."

"Eh bien!" Felix shrugged, not one whit nonplussed. "What more sublime death? The eyes—and arms of la petite Jeanne—you have died and lived in them many times, eh mon Americain?" Jean's two

Emery started up. Jea hands went out to halt him. "Don't pay any attention, she whispered hurriedly. "Can't you see, he's not responsible for what he's saying?"
"He's responsible to me!"

"Our Frederick is jealous, my friends!" sputtered the futurist Felix. "He thinks he is a modern! Mon Dieu, he is primitive—like the man of the cave, like the beast who snarls when one approaches his mate!" He looked up impudently at the towering American. "Should you not be flattered, my friend, that a Frenchman with the taste of a connoisseur bows to yours? Your little Jeanne is ador--why should not another find her desirable—an artist who knows line better than you?" He made a flourishing, unsteady bow.

Emery's lips went white. Before the girl could stop him, his fist shot out and the little Frenchman, with a look of soggy astonishment, went rolling to the floor.

"Fred—don't!" Jean's frightened breath caught. "Don't make a scene!

He doesn't mean anything—pick him up. Fred—please!"

The music intervened with an al-

luring tango and the rest of the party, except for Evelyn, seized the opportunity to hurry down the stairs. She sent the dart of an arrow from her eyes at the assaliant of Felix and stooped over to help him to his chair. The sculptor's teeth were chattering with inarticulate Gallic rage

"Fred," pleaded the girl in the Jeanne d'Arc warrior costume, "don't say anything more to him! Let's go! I'm tired anyway and it's almost dayight. Dear-won't you?"

Without a word Emery took her arm and they went down the steps, she trembling a bit as she clung to him. They pushed through the swaying crowd. She was trembling as he lifted her into a cab and gave their address.

"If that dog hadn't been drunk I'd have killed him," he muttered, arms going around her. "Darling, you're all unnerved."

"It's nothing—nothing! Only, Fred, he felt he had the right to talk to me that way. He's been sweet and chivalrous every time he's called but he

showed tonight the class he really puts me in—with Nanette and-"Forget him!" Emery bro Emery broke in "We both will—the whole episode. morrow he'll come over to the flat and

would be? Tell me—tell me!"
"Of course it is!" And anxiously
he answered her question with anoth-

er. "Haven't we had a perfect time? Haven't these months together been

(Concluded next week)

INFORMATION FOR SPORTSMEN.

The hunters' licenses and tags for every county in the State have now been completed and shipped. Sportsmen are urged to obtain their licenses at an early date to avoid the rush that is sure to follow later. Hunters who neglect to make application for their licenses far enough in advance of the time they want to use same cannot expect to go hunting, but must wait until the license and tag have been received by them. Up to this time the 1922 tags and licenses have been recognized. No one will be permitted to use their old license and tag after the licenses have been in the hands of the county treasurer a sufficient length of time to permit applicants to secure licenses.

The blackbird season has been on since August 1st. In many sections thousands of blackbirds have been killed, and "blackbird pie" is being enjoyed by hundreds of sportsmen and their families. This is one game bird that may be killed in unlimited numbers without affecting the future sup-

The season for training dogs opened August 20th, instead of September 1st, as heretofore. Training is permitted from one hour before sunrise until 10 p. m., eastern standard time, on all game, except elk, deer and wild turkeys. Dogs may be trained on raccoons at any hour of the night. No training is permitted on Sunday and no firearms usually raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder may be carried. Training at any time during the training season is permissible only so long as dogs are accompanied by their owner or handler and are under control at all times. Persons who take out dogs for training purposes that cannot be controlled, or persons who are careless and permit dogs to injure game pursued assume the responsibility and are liable to fines.

Where training is contemplated on privately-owned land, it is recommended that the permission of owner to train be obtained in all instances before so doing. While not compelled by law to do so, it is recommended that persons training dogs carry their licenses and display their tag as a means of identification

GAS TO DECIDE WARS.

Whole armies put to sleep and tak- best results. en prisoner in gas warfare is by no means an impossibility twenty-five cans annually more than 150 quarts years hence, Col. Raymond F. Bacon, of fruits and vegetables, the greater chief of the technical division of the part of which is fruit. Canning clubs chemical warfare service, A. E. F., says in a description of the possibilities of the future art of war made His arm slipped round the public by the American Chemical So-

ciety.

The \$2,000,000 spent on the research organization did more toward winning the war, Col. Bacon asserts, than any \$200,000,000 spent in other ways. One of the greatest lessons of the war has so far gone almost un-heeded, according to Col. Bacon, who continues:

"To say that the use of gas in warfare must be abolished is almost the same as saying that no progress must be made in the art of warfare toward making it more efficient or more humane. If one reads of the great battles of history, one will find that the victorious General conquered his enemy usually because of the fact that he so chose his position as to have his flank protected by river, mountain range or some naturally strong bar-

"Much of the strategy of these battles consisted in maneuvering so as to obtain the advantage of position. With the use of gas it is possible to saturate a piece of ground so that no saturate a piece of ground so that no troops can cross it, and thus make an artificial barrier for the flam or protect the lines of communication artificial barrier for the flank or protect the lines of communication. Moreover, these artificial barriers can are more delicious with cream. As be kept barriers for just as short a time as the strategy of the particular battle demands. These are but hints, but show the tremendous unexploited possibilities of gas warfare."-Ex.

CONTRAPTION OF 1876 NECESSITY OF TODAY.

Since 1876, when the telephone as demonstrated at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia was regarded as a "clever contraption but im-practicable for business purposes," the world's continents have literally been swathed in communication lines. At the time the first demonstration of the telephone was made in Philadelphia, there were two instruments in New York city. These were con-nected by a single strand of wire attached to the supports erected for the Brooklyn Bridge then under construc-tion to span the East River and join New York's oldest borough.

In the 47 years intervening between then and today, the telephone business in New York has seen something of an increase. The two puny instruments of Manhattan and Brooklyn have given place to more than one million in the five boroughs.

That is just one striking illustra-tion of the development of the telephone industry in the United States in less than half a century.—Ex.

"I see," remarked a gentleman as he paid a small newsboy for his paper, 'that you are putting up a good many new buildings in your town."

"That is the only kind we put up here, sir," replied the little fellow with a touch of civic pride.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Let old Timotheus yield the prize Or both divide the crown; He raised a mortal to the skies. She drew an angel down.

Keep in your work basket several large-size safety pins, and use them to string loose buttons, hooks, eyes, etc. Keep those of the same size on the same pin, black hooks on black pins, white eyes on white pins, etc. Thus you never will have an untidy work basket, or be delayed by not being able to find instantly what you are looking for. Fasten the safety pins to one side of the lining of your basket—and your method of securing neatness will be complete.

To darn a worn place in a shirtwaist or other thin material, lay a piece of paper-not too stiff-on the wrong side and stitch back and forth on the sewing machine to cover the spot. The paper will keep the material from puckering and will come off in the wash. This looks much nicer than patching and is done faster.

Speaking of last season's clothes reminds me of the value of following a rather rigid plan of regularly sending certain articles of apparel to be dry-cleaned, or, if you happen to be skillful in such work, as some women naturally are, doing this work at home at stated times. There is no denying the fact that such a plan faithfully followed will and does prolong the usefulness and good appearance of all apparel, and the woman who appreciates this fact and persists in such a plan has always an advantage in appearance and in economy over her less particular sister.

You can lengthen your last year's sport skirt by adding a hem of grosgrain ribbon of matching or contrasting color, and perhaps running two additional bands of the ribbon above the hem correspond to further. the hem extension to further carry out the trimming effect.

Sleeping gowns and pajamas of wash silk, piped with color, are an autumn innovation in lingerie. Fine striped and checked silks in two colors on a white ground are much used; as, for instance, a tiny line of red crossed by blue for the check effect, and two or more lines of varying width arranged in clusters for the stripe designs.

Cascades of narrow accordian plaiting matching the dress material as a side front and side back trimming on the skirts of simple line dresses are a summer fashion that will continue

Blouses for the coming autumn and winter show a strong Chinese influence, traceable in the trend of neckliness, the shaping and treatment of the sleeves, and particularly in the fabrics and their colors and trimmings employed.

It is particularly desirable to can or dry the fruits and vegetables raised on the farm, as the raw products can EXPERT DECLARES.

be gathered and treated when absolutely fresh and at just the proper stage of ripeness and tenderness for

The average farm family probably have been instrumental in stimulating interest in canning on the farm. The drying of fruits and vegetables, an old farm art until recently on the decline, has been revived quite generally within the past two years. This process offers a good means of pre-serving perishables without entailing expense for containers, as in canning.

The tea hour forms a delightful background for all the little individual touches of hospitality which one is usually at a loss to know how to introduce into the merely formal call. As the custom of serving tea informally whenever callers drop in at the tea hour is advancing so rapidly into general usage, many hostesses, who are just beginning to make the tea hour an occasion, will be glad for some suggestions as to menus, methods, and graceful service.

Tea must be either piping hot or icy cold, and while hot tea may be served throughout the year, iced tea is infinitely more refreshing in the summer months. Temperature is the first essential of delicious tea; flavor is the second, and lies in the variety able in flavor than other teas, which tea may be considered a thin, rather acid beverage compared with the richness and body of coffee and chocolate, the thinner quality of cream is the better choice.

Hot tea must be served "hot," whether brewed in Brown Betty or the electric urn, or made with boiling water and the tea-ball. If the tea hour is protracted, it is always advisable to have another pot of water simmering, so that additional tea may be made instantly. The most delicate tea flavor requires fresh, boiling water, but this is not always possible under all circumstances. Cream and lemon in the thinnest of slices should be served, sometimes inserting in the lemon one or two of the smallest of spicy cloves, or notching the edges as an ornamental touch.

A new device for serving hot tea is the electric or alcohol urn with a large tea-ball attached by a chain to the cover, so that it may be drawn up when the tea is sufficiently strong, or lowered when more strength is desired or additional tea is required. When a separate tea-ball is used with the hot-water urn, it is a clever idea to have a supply of tiny cheesecloth bags holding the same quality of tea as the ball. This obviates the necessity for refilling the ball at the table. These little bags, kept in an air-tight retainer, are ready at a moment's notice, and the new tea-caddy with the glass base is an ideal receptacle, since

it displays the number remaining. The tea may be made in the kitchen, using a Japanese earthenware pot, which gives it an especially delicate flavor. Then pour it into a silver or china tea-pot, which has already been warmed with hot water.