A CUSTOM OF SATURDAYS THAT HAS BEEN RUDELY BROKEN.

The Almost Forgotten Sunday Teas of Our Grandmothers and Some of the Daluties

Which Distinguished the Wholesome Dinners of Other Days.

The New York Post in reminiscent vein, says that no more remarkable change has come acros the social face of American city and country life-especially in the cities and their suburbs—than the gradual fading away of "baking day." Less than a generation ago every Saturday morning in the house of each family of standing was sanctified to the use of the baking-tin, and mothers and daughters, with whatever cousins or aunts happened to be visiting or within call, used to spend at least half the day in the depths of their kitchen, arrayed in dainty print dresses and big gingbam aprons, only going up stairs when the cupboard shelves were loaded down with deftly browned loaves of cake and rows of flaky ples.

The "girls," which was the proper term for housemaids, were superfluous these mornings, except as hum-ble belpers and fetchers of wood, water and concomitants. "Baking day" was the supreme weekly event in the households that were households. Nowadays, save in the most old-fashloned of families, the kitchen maid has her kitchen to herself on Saturdays quite as much as on any other day of the week.

This has resulted in the almost complete disappearance of the rich and lid while light cakes of many sorts that formerly every good housewife thought meessary to keep up the reputation of her establishment. It has made the once fashionable flaky pies that were feminine accomplishments quite as much as French and dancing disappear completely. And the ban-labment of "baking day" is responsible for the ending of a function that was at one time well nigh universalthe old Sunday "tea," which was veritably a tea, and consisted of a cold dish or two, fragrant Oolong or Souchong and heaps of sweet goodles galore, oblong silver cake-baskets piled with wedges of flaky cake, preserves, jellies, hot biscuits and pickles.

There may be some towns in the country where the old-fashioned baking still goes on, and Sunday tea is still what it used to be, but these places are few. It is no longer the fashion for the mistress of a household to be prepared and able to make the delightful old dishes her grandmother was an expert at. The majority of these delicacies are beginning to be lost in oblivion nowadays. The cook-books and tons of recipes that and their way into print do not concern themselves with this lost section of American cookery. They deal with the sauces, the dressings, the garnishings, and the meats of European chefs, but they leave out the rich, creamy flakiness of the old pies and

Cakes and ples, too, have somehow come to be merely incidentals of a meal instead of the staple features they used to be. The old-time rules and recipes, the quantity of eggs, cream, sugar and butter they called for, would certainly shock any houseper of today. These artic thrown in with a lavish hand and an implicit faith in the infallibilty of the Housewives were not infrequent in those days who made ten to fifteen pies and as many loaves of cake in a single morning. While the full glory of "baking day" was reflected Sunday night, and the richest loaves and the finest preserves were set forth then for the visitors who were always there, the supply nevertheless was planned to last the whole week through. Especially was this the case in the suburbs, to which city folks used frequently to journey on the first day of the week to see their relatives and friends, and when a marriageable girl of any popularity was sure to have four or five of her best young men drop in late Sunday afternoon with the full expectation of being asked to "tea." Nor did the invitation ever fail to come, and many a Jack proposed marriage to Jill after being hypnotized by her mamma's cooking.

MODERN PROVERBS

Merit causes envy in the base, and emulation in the noble.

He who agrees with us is a wise fellow and well instructed.

Before you become angry, try to find a reason for not being so.

It is the seme of good breeding to respect a feeling we do not share.

The foolish man strives for the good opinion of others, a wise man for his

Learn to imitate the virtues of your enemies rather than the faults of your

friends.

He who suffers without cause is more fortunate than he who causes

The woman who banishes Delicacy often becomes accomplice to the murder of Innocence. Forgiveness is Heaven-sent balm

that has been known to cure even the wounds of self-love. Self-love, like the serpent in Cleo-

patra's flowers and fruit, often lies hidden among the motives of our best

He who makes an assertion without sufficient data, or upon hearsay, is apt to breed up a wolf that may some day turn upon and injure himself. Errors in religion may cause pity,

but never excite anger in a wise man, Take a torch in your hand and try to examine the stars by its light, and you will understand how near the finite mind comes to penetrating the in-

IN THE WHIRL OF FASHION. Suggestions for Three Pretty Gowns Suit-

able for the Season.

(By Special Arrangement with the N. Y. Sun.) The general outline of dress is toned down to a moderate degree of fuliness as to skirts and sleeves, which is a decided improvement, unless we look upon the new sleeve, so mearly tight, as the inauguration of an ugly, uncomfortable fashion. It is not here yet, however, for there is at least enough fullness at the top to suggest the abnormal structure so recently discarded; and, as old fashions are rarely ever revived without some modern improvement, there is hope for the tight sleeve, which seems so imminent,



The elaborate costume in the picture is of fine green canvass. The plain skirt is made over a bright rose-colored slik, giving it a pleasing tone. The bodice is of white chirffon, over which is draped pink and green silk. The gathered sleeves have small puffs; the folded belt and the collar are of silk. The peculiar fan drapery at the shoulder is of green satin.

The fur-trimmed gown is of fine blue cloth. The skirt is edged with two little frills, one of white ottoman, and the other of blue cloth. These are headed with a narrow band of beaver fur. The



blouse bodice is made of the blue cloth, which is pleated into the waist at the back, where the material is cut away to show a pointed piece of the white ottoman. There is a pleated vest of the same material in front, on either side of which the blue cloth is cut out into tabs and edged with a narrow band of fur. Below the waist on either side fall two pieces of the cloth over the hips; these also have a narrow edge of the fur. The sleeves are finished about the hands with cut-out tabs like those upon the front of the bodice, and filled out with chiffon ruches edged with lace to match the neck.



The simple costume with the skirt kilted all around is of fine smooth cloth in one of the rich soft shades of brown. The jacket bodice has a small basque at the back, but is pointed in front. It opens over a vest of tucked chiffon, very soft and dainty looking, and fastened with a shaped band of the material at the waist. The band collar is of white and fastened to the vest. The jacket is trimmed with velvet and silk braid of a shade of brown a trifle darker. It is lined with flame-colored silk which shows a very little at the opening over the vest.

Wood Fibre.

A new process for manufacturing paving blocks, building materials and other objects from wood fibre is reported to have been patented in Switzerland and other countries. The fibre is first rendered antiseptic by treatment with vitriol, corrosive sublimate, etc., and is then mixed with a suitable agglomerant having mortar as a base. The plastic material so obtained is pressed into moulds. The objects made tre light, porous and tough, bad conductors of sound and heat, and can be sawed, nailed, drilled and other can, wise treated like wood.

WILLIAM MORRIS, SOCIALIST.

He Inherited a Competency, and Made Himself Rich by His Literary Work. Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing; or heaven or field that the control of the control

William Morris, the English poet, called himself "The idle singer of an empty day," yet he was anything but idle. His ways were full of effort.

Time and time again he was deseribed as poet, artist, socialist, agitator and reformer. But these were all expressions of the dominant influence in his nature. In all things this maker of student literature, this singer of songs, this designer of tapestries and papers, this printer of books, this



"I was led to Socialism," he said, by noting how ugly civilization is, We have practically killed the beautiful in this nineteenth century. Railroads are ugly. Streets are ugly. Capitalism has plunged us into a morass of ugliness out of which there seems no escape. Of course this is much better expressed by Ruskin, but he thinks the remedy is a return to the past, whereas I look to a new future. My Socialism has its origin in artistic longing."

His own appearance exemplified his creed. He was a stout, sturdy, stalwart man who looked at the world frankly with bright blue eyes that Illumined his ruddy face. He wore a black slouch hat. His massive head was covered with a shock of rumpled gray hair, while a tempestuous beard adorned his face.

His father was a rich merchant, and from him was inherited a business sagacity, but even that was rainbow-It was as natural that he should place his factory on a co-operative basis as it was that he should

LIVE INSECTS AS JEWELRY. New York Women Are Wearing Crawling

Japanese Terrapin as Brooches Women have taken to wearing jewelry that is alive and crawls, a fact which requires some explanation. There is a little animal known as the Japanese terrapin, which for many years has been allowed to make its humble way unnoticed. Then of a sudden some fickle Parisian ladies began to tire of their brilliant chameleons, which they had formerly been fond of wearing as a substitute for jewelry, and the pretty little terrapin was attached to a gold chain and be came the very newest fad. Then New York women took up the idea, and a New York jeweller, in response to the demand, has just ordered some hundreds of these living ornaments. Women are so quick to adopt an idea of this sort that it will not be very long before the bodices of every fashlonable woman will be adorned with a crawling specimen, and the enterprising dealer's supply will be more than exhausted.

The terrapin is a harmless little creature, most amiable and unobtrusive in disposition and modest likewise in appetite. When one is tired of him as an ornament he may safely be kept in a box, and will subsist contentedly on a little water and a fly or two every night. He has a pretty mottled shell, to which a gold chain is easily attached. This in turn is fastened to a stickpin, which may be elaborate or otherwise. A gold heart is the simplest design, and a gold dagger is likewise popular. The terrapin is often worn with evening gowns, when he astonishes the public by crawling over his owner's fair neck. One has to conquer a little squeamishness to keep up with modern fads, and the terrapin permits no exception to this.

Charles Sumner once had an experience which taught him that he was both known and unknown, even in Boston. He was on his way, riding in a street car, to attend a social meeting of the Church of the Disciples, to which he had been invited by the pastor, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, when two suggestive incidents happened.

While in the car he asked a gentle man the exact locality of the church The gentleman told him, and ther said: "Are you a stranger, sir?" show ing that there was a Bostonian who dld not know Mr. Sumner by sight.

But a boy in the car jumped out when Mr. Sumner reached his destination, and said: "Mr. Sumner, will you please write your name in my album?" They stopped under a street lamp, and Mr. Sumner wrote his

A Cow's Regard for Equity. Messrs. W. E. Booth and Charles W. Fielder own a cow in common, and divide the milk and cost of keeping. The cow with decent sense of her responsibility, became the mother of twin caives the other morning, so that the owner of each molety of her might have one.-Geneseo (N. Y.) Republi-

TESLA'S LATEST INVENTION. A Matter that Will Prove of Interest to

the Scientific World. Nikola Tesla has made another discovery that will interest the entire scientific world. The latest invention of the great electrician is a device that demonstrates the scientific possibility of creating brilliant illumination by means of vacuum tubes which are not in mechanical contact with the electric source. The device is constructed to make 100,000,000 vibrations a second. No such results as those obtained by air. Tesla have over been obtained before. The invention will prove of great value for the production of Rontgen rays, making ozone and argon and for electro-therapeutle treatment. The light produced by Mr. Tesla's new method is of greater brilliancy than are illumination. This fact was demonstrated by photography.



By his new method Mr. Tesla interrupts a current of electricity 60,000,000 or 80,000,000 times a second. The result is a brilliant white light, although the vacuum tubes are disconnected and away from the exciting coils. Mr. Tesla, while making his experiments, sat in a chair between the tubes and the coil and was photographed by the

Heretofore the method of interrupting electric currents for the purpose of producing vibrations has been mostly by the commutator or vibrating armature of the Ruhmokorff induction coll, By this method the vibrations had to be confined to a narrow limit compared with the waves made by the new method. They rarely exceeded a few hundred a second, although improved by a rotating interrupter that broke and connected the current, and until Mr. Tesla made his discovery 100,000,-000 vibrations a second was believed to be beyond human invention. Mr. Tesla bas taken out a patent on his new device, and it will be introduced at once where it can be used to advantage.

MAKING OF PINS.

One of the Modern Machines Will Turn

Out 8,000 an Hour. There is scarcely a woman living who does not use the common and everyday pin every day, more or less, but few, however, ever think how it is made. To complete a pin it has to go through many hands before it is ready for the consumer. It is a very delicate article to handle, and the cost the greatest outlay. The wire from which these pins are manufactured is specially prepared and comes to the factory on large reels much like gigantle cotton spools.

The wire is first turned on eight or ten little copper rollers. This is to get all the bend and kink out of it; in other words, to straighten it perfectly. After this preliminary operation is completed it is once more wound on a very large reel, which is attached to the machine that makes the pins. One of these machines makes on an average 8,000 pins an hour, and some large factories will often have thirty or forty machines at work at one time, After the pins are released from the grip of this machine they are given a bath of sulphuric acid. This removes all the grease and dirt from them.

They are then placed in a tub or barrel of sawdust. Pins and sawdust are next taken together from the barrel and allowed to fall in a steady stream through a strong air blast which separates the sawdust from the pins. But as yet they are pointless. and pins without points would not be of much use. In order to point them they are carried on an endless grooved belt which passes a set of rapidly moving files. This points them roughly, and after being passed between two grinding wheels and forced against a rapidly moving band faced with emery cloth they are dipped in a polishing tub of oil. This latter is a large, slowly revolving copper-lined tub, which is tilted at an angle of 45 degrees. As this revolves the points keep sliding down the smooth copper to the lower side, and owing to the constant friction against the copper and each other receive a brilliant polish and finish.

They go next to the sticker, where they fall from a hopper on an inclined plane, in which are a number of stilts. The pins catch in these stilts, and, hanging by their heads, slide down to an apparatus which inserts them in the paper. This machine is perhaps, the most ingenious of all the beautiful and complicated contrivances that help to make and manipulate the pin. It does all this at the rate of 100,000 pins an hour, and yet a single bent or damaged pin will cause it to stop feeding until the attachment removes the offender. The pins are then stuck into the papers by the machine, which is usually operated by a skillful girl. and then they are ready for shipment to all parts of the civilized world where the common but necessary pin is a factor.-Dry Goods Economist.

FREE BUTTONS AN ELEGANT BUTTON FREE with each package of SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A COLLECTION OF BUTTONS WITHOUT COST. THE RESERVE THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE

"A handful of dirt may be a houseful of shame." Keep your house clean with

SAPOLIO

LOVE AT A GREAT ALTITUDE.

A Famous Mountain Guide to be Married on the Top of Mount Tacoma.

Henry Carter, the famous Mount Tacoma guide, has fallen in love under romantic circumstances, and will be married by Rev. William M. Jeffries, the first preacher who delivered a sermon on the top of the mountain. There is a possibility that Carter will be married on top of the mountain, the place where he in love one night recently, with the thermometer registering 20 degrees below zero. He is to marry Cora Beachman, a school teacher, and the belle of Lake Park, a suburb of Tacoma.

Miss Heachman, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Groe, of Eatonville, set out Tuesday with Carter, the most trusted of all the mountain guides, to ascend Mount Tacoma. At Gibraltar which corresponds to the "shoulder" of the Matterhorn, 4,000 feet from the summil, Mrs. Groe became exhausted. Miss Beachman de lared her intention to reach the summit at all hazards. Carter led the way, but soon lost his ice ax, and in scaling difficult passes they were compelled to rely solely on their alpenstocks. They did not reach the summit until 6 p m., too late to attempt the descent that night. They had left Paradise Valley, below the snow line, without wraps, and only a lemon and one sandwich each in the way of provisions. Carter selected sheltered ice cave formed by jets of steam from the crater, and there they passed a sleepless night, discussing all forts of topics, and before they left the summit at 9 a. m., Wednesday, Miss Beachman had promised to marry the

The instant they left the steam of the ice cave their clothes were frozen stiff, and they suffered great hardships in descending. A rescue party organized during the day came to their relief late in the afternoon, after they had been without food over 24 hours.-Tacoma (Wash.) Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Demo-

A War Time Joke.

Forrest, the great Confederate cavalry commander, was not without a sense of humor, although a stern man in the saddle at the head of his troopers. Here is a story which was current in his corps and always brought a smile to his handome dark face: One day after his raid toward Memphis

ome of his cavalrymen overtook a Jew with a one-horse wagon full of all sorts of goods, which he was peddling. They halted him.

"Hello, Sheeny; what have you got in that wagon?"

"Oh, gentlemens, gentlemens, I svear by my father's grave I have nothings but some little threads and needles and dings

The cavalrymen proceeded to go through that wagon and fit themselves of with boots, shoes, shirts, hats, blankets, tin cups, pipes, tobacco, and Tennesses whiskey. The peddler begged, wept and pleaded to no purpose. Then the worm turned: "I report you every opc. The general will make business mit

The cavalrymen role off, loaded with their plander, laughing and joking. The Jaw-followed on up to headquarters.

"General," said he, choking with wrath and cut down to the bone by his loss, "dore sojer mens vas shtop my vagin on de rote and one soler man, he says,

'Moses, dot hat on your hed vas too big for you. We will swap even,' and he takes off my bran new hat, vat I vas pay, \$5 in greenbacks for, wholesale, and he jam down on my head his old gray woof hat, full of holes. And den another sojet man he ride up and he say, 'Moses, dot coat don't fit you in the back, and dent boots is too tight for you; Ise afraid they give you corns.' And he pull 'em off and den they takes everything occept de mule and de vagin. I vos ax dem

rojer mans vat dey vas." 'Guerrillas, Moses, guerrillas,' and den dey winked at me and laughed fit to

"Pouf! Dey call demselves guerrillas. but I tinks dey acts more like robbers."-

Washington Post.

New Mormon Settlement in Mexico. Four miles from the little village of San Borgia, 100 miles west of the city of Chihuahua, is a new Mormon settlement, as yet without a name. So far the settlers only number thirty young men from Salt Lake, who are acting as ploneers to the colony that is to follow. The Utah saints have purchased the haclenda of Mr. Marshall and can boast of owning land ten miles square; land as mountainous, rocky and steep as anything in their own loved Wasaich range. The range here, however, is covered by pine timber as fine as any in Wisconsin, and to the very mountain tops it is carpeted with tall ,nutritious

The valleys are deep and narrow, mere canons rather than valleys, affording very little ground capable of cultivation; but that little yields two abundant crops each year. Clear, cool water is abundant everywhere. It looks like a queer place for a colony, but it is a magnificent place for a large stock

farm. The few houses so far created look more like those of a thrifty stockman than the nucleus of a future city. A great deal has been said about Mormon possessions, embryo Salt Lake Cities in Mexico, and this cattle ranch has been pictured as the center from which the church will some day rule this land as they once did Utah. We went out of our way to see the new settlement and do not believe it to be intended for anything more than a large company cattle ranch. This and the little town of Ascension, 100 miles west of El Paso, are the only footholds the Mormons have in Mexico, Railroads are developing this country too fast for any outside church syndicate or organization of any kind, to do more than control the local affairs of small communities. It will be impossible under the present national policy for the Mormons, as such, to gain any noticeable power or influence. -New York Post.

Was His Brain Asleep, Also? Just as circulation was about to cease she impulsively nestled upon the other

"Edward!"

"Darking!"
"Tell me the old, old story, Edward." For a moment he was silent. He was rapidly reviewing the situation and trying to decide which was the older, the small-boy-and-green-apple story of the story of the tramp and the home-

made ple.-Detroit Tribune.