

**THE CUP THAT CHEERS,
BUT NOT INEBRIATES**

The Delights of Afternoon Tea Drinking as Practiced in London, Paris and in Times Gone By

By ELLEN ADAIR

There is nothing quite so delightful as the afternoon cup of tea. Condemn it as you will, it has a charm all its own. You need to get into the tea-drinking habit, of course. Only then do you fully appreciate the "cup that cheers but not inebriates," as some man or other aptly described it.

English people are perfectly crazy on the subject of tea. Though the very skies fall, they must indulge in their favorite beverage every afternoon. Even the business men stop work for 15 minutes each afternoon to drink tea, and all round the Bank of England, London, about 4 o'clock or so, you will see the clerks scurrying out in search of cream, and hurrying back with small, brimming jugs.

Fleet street, too, that haunt of newspapermen and the would-be literary aspirant, opens its offices at the same hour to let out strings of men for a brief period of relaxation in the queer little tea shops which abound in the neighborhood.

The Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne in Paris present a scene of great liveliness round half past four in the afternoon in spring and summer, and even autumn. For the gay Parisiennes sallie forth to meet their acquaintances at that hour, and gather round the quaint little tea tables under the trees for talk and refreshment.

As far back as 1660, people knew so little about tea that when a packet was sent them without directions for making, they were more likely than not to boil it like a vegetable and throw the liquid away.

One lady, asking a friend who had been in China, and who therefore was presumably supposed to understand the workings of the beverage, for directions, was told to "pour boiling water on the leaves, repeat the blast Psalm very leisurely, and the tea will be ready to drink!"

Taxes on tea at that period ranged

from \$30 to \$50 a pound. But you were not considered "elite" if perforce you confessed that you had never tasted it. I read in that quaint old book, Peppy's Diary, the following entry: "Today I did send for a cup of Tea, a China drink of which I never had drunk before."

It was about that time that tea caddies came in elaborately made of choice woods and delicately inlaid. Nearly all were duly fitted with lock and key, since tea at that period was considered far too precious to be in the charge of any one but the mistress of the house.

In lots of these old caddies you will find one space for black tea, one for green—containing much more tannin, but making the infusion considerably stronger—and another space in the middle for sugar. For in those days sugar was a costly commodity, too. Till tea-drinking became fashionable, it was regarded as a sinful extravagance to use sugar except on great occasions. The demand for tea increased the demand for sugar, of course, and this demand set chemists' wits working, with the result that they very soon discovered the possibility of making it from beetroots, instead of depending on sugar cane and honey for virtually the whole supply.

People in the 17th century drank oceans of tea, negatively speaking. In an old forgotten book I recently came across the interesting statement that 10 or 12 cups of tea after dinner could not possibly hurt any one's digestion!

The immortal Doctor Johnson, too, was another devotee. He would frequently drink as many as 25 cups of tea in rapid succession when he visited his friend, Mrs. Thrale, to whom he wrote verses such as these in honor of her brew:

And now I reap the Betty dear,
That thou wilt give to me
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another glass of tea.
But hear alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown—
Thou canst not make the tea as fast
As I can gulp it down.

Reddy Eats Something Else

"BUT don't you sometimes get tired of eating just nuts?" asked Billy Robin after he watched Reddy eat several of the fine green hickory nuts he found on the tree close by. "Of course nuts are good, but I for one would get tired of the same thing and the same thing all the while time! Now I eat worms and grain and crumbs and many things, so I never get tired of any one kind of food."

"Just my way exactly," replied Reddy with a twinkle in his eye. "I suppose because you hear more about squirrels eating nuts than any other food, you think nuts are all we eat!"

"Of course I do," answered Billy. "I never heard of your eating anything else."

"Well, we do," answered Reddy. "We eat a lot of things and like them, too—such as you didn't know it!"



"Apples!" exclaimed Billy, interrupting. "How funny!"

"What, for instance?" asked Billy, who was always curious to learn all he could about his friends.

"Apples for one thing," said Reddy. "I would almost rather eat an apple than a nut. Only of course at this time of year nuts are extra good and we can hardly get enough of them. But I like apples and grasses and—"

"Apples!" exclaimed Billy, interrupting. "How funny! Apples don't grow in the park! Now, of course, I like apples and often eat several bites when I see a nice red one hanging temptingly on a tree. But how can you get an apple? You can't fly as I can, and find them and I am certain no apples grow here!"

To make sure he was right Billy Robin looked over all the trees he could see; no; there was not an apple tree in sight.

Reddy only laughed. "Wait and see!" he said, brightly, and away he ran to a lower branch of the oak tree.

Billy, too, flew lower down so he could see whatever there was to be seen.

Just then some children walked by under the trees and Billy heard one say, "There, my apple is too big, I don't want it all!" and away the boy threw it, toward the bushes.

Reddy kept perfectly still till the children were out of sight; then quick as a flash he darted down to the ground, hunted out the apple from under the bushes

**A SMART AND PRACTICAL
SUIT FOR THE SMALL WOMAN**



NAVY BLUE TROTTEUR

THE lines of the new coat suits are decidedly neat. I fail to remember a season when the practical was so admirably combined with the artistic. Nowadays a lady can enjoy the luxury of being warm, for velvets are the rage, and fur-trimmed garments are simply indispensable.

Furs are used in every possible manner—not only in the commonplace manner of last season. Now they nestle in queer places about the costume, pockets of fur hang loosely out from the front of the modish velvet tulle or afternoon gown. Belts of fur are seen on creations of every description. Fur bands are used on fragile blouses of silk and lace, and some of the newest Paris lingerie shows balls of fur here and there, with garlands of flowers alternating. Imagine it! Navy-blue broadcloth and seal fur are featured in the little tulle shown in today's illustration. It is a simple affair, almost to the point of being too severe. But it would prove itself decidedly serviceable for the young miss or the college girl; the lines are built to accentuate the slenderness of the youthful figure.

Russian tendencies are noticeable on the long, full coat, cut like the Cosack's winter costume. Self buttons of fairly good size are used down the front of the coat, and a cord of navy blue to match the whole is tied loosely about the waist, ending in two smart little balls of the seal. The skirt is quite wide, and just misses the sheepsfoot, according to the latest dictum from the fashionable designers.

Fashionable Furs

The most fashionable fur for neckpiece and muff sets seems to be fox, particularly blue fox and rose fox—the latter dyed by rather an expensive process. Smoked fur is also fashionable, since gray shades will be much worn this season, and one may even have gunmetal fox or butterfly-gray fox by giving an order to an expert furrier. These fox pelts, in soft, neutral tones, are most becoming to the face and they are much smarter now, even with black or dark-colored costumes, than skunk or mink, though these furs will be standbys, as they always are.

eighty a condition of real anemia exists, and the lower percentage of iron containing hemoglobin the more pronounced is the anemia. "Spinach as a complexion beautifier," however, was the source of much amusement and contradictory remarks by Dean Ross V. Patterson and Dr. Wilmer Krusen, who believe such a supposition should be placed on a par with the old unfounded belief that "fish is a brain food."

Maison de Paris
M. WAINER
French Furrier and Designer
37-39 South 13th St., N. E. Cor. Chestnut
Second and Third Floors.

Furs and Millinery
Original and genuine imported models of latest Parisian fashions.

Beautiful French Gowns
are now on the way from Paris—a magnificent collection of exclusive designs.

Until a few days ago Designer, Superintendent, Buyer and Furrier with
LUIGI RIENZI
Real French Trimming of All Kinds at Lowest Prices
Instructor in the French Academy of Design and also in the Academy of Industry, Paris.
Received First Prize, Gold Medal, of the last Exhibition of Paris.

Rich Richards' Almanac

One note maketh not a symphony, nor one advertisement a campaign for new business. Musician, or merchant, holdeth the audience only by steady playing of one piece upon another.

THE DAILY STORY

That Ends Well

There was a golden glow on the river. Behind the hills to the west the sun had gone down, touching the cloud edges with crimson and ochre.

Peter Bryant threw down a lever and the Polyphemus II answered by tearing like a streak through the water. They swung around the bend and Peter half rose to his feet to peer anxiously ahead.

Yes, there she was—the girl he was looking for. Every afternoon for the last two weeks he had seen her there in the shelter at the very end of the little pier running out into the river. She was a wonderfully pretty girl. Peter had lost his impressionable heart to her that very first day he had seen her there. But he could find no mutual acquaintance to introduce him, and he was due to go back to the city day after tomorrow.

He liked her copper-colored hair, and the smooth roundness of her cheeks and the pretty sparkle of her eyes.

He was going to meet that girl somehow; he was going to meet her before he went back, and he was going to hear her voice. He knew intuitively it would be a nice voice.

She was sitting in a hammock, swaying gently to and fro in the little shelter as she kept her eyes on the page before her. Peter let out the boat even more; the exhaust roared its strident, chugging, chug-chug, but the girl did not look up. She was quite unaware of Peter's presence. Motorboats were as common on the river as were water spiders. The roar of an exhaust meant nothing in particular. It was no reason why one should lift one's eyes from a fascinating page.

Perhaps Peter Bryant may be forgiven for entertaining very desperate thoughts those few brief minutes. Perhaps he did not stop to count the chances of what was being done. At any rate, with a sudden quick shift of the wheel he sent the Polyphemus II straight at that pier. Also he slammed down a lever. As he stopped the boat's nose was headed straight for the little shelter on the end of the pier in which the girl lolled in the hammock.

Now, Peter knew well enough that the boat was going at a good clip. What he did not estimate correctly was the distance to the pier. He looked up after pushing down that lever he was genuinely horrified to find the pier not a boat's length away. Nor had the speed lessened to any appreciable extent. Plainly there was going to be a crash, and a good one. Peter gave a warning yell. At the same time he strove to put the wheel down. The girl looked up and jumped to her feet. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh!"

It is probable she would have said more, but there was no time for it. The motor hit the slimy pier with a terrific impact. There was a mighty snapping, a rending of timbers. The pier shook, the shelter away precariously.

Peter, thrown violently against the engine by the crash, saw the whole thing tremble and quiver and then upset before his horrified eyes. There was a splash, a gurgle, a little choked cry, a flash of white. The girl was in the river. The motorboat, being hopelessly tangled in the wreckage, Peter tore off his coat, kicked off his shoes and went overboard. A few swift strokes and he had the girl's arm in his grip. He did not notice that she was swimming—coolly, strongly.

He was spluttering and blowing water from his mouth in his excitement. "Put your hands on my shoulders," he instructed.

The girl eyed him grimly. "He thought once she was laughing at him. "No need," she said very calmly. "I can swim well. It's only a few strokes to shore."

Suiting her action to the words, she

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK
THE ORIGINAL
The Food-drink for All Ages.
More healthful than Tea or Coffee. Agrees with the weakest digestion. Delicious, invigorating and nutritious. Rich milk, malted grain, powder form.
A Quick Lunch Prepared in a Minute
Unless you say "HORLICK'S" you may get a Substitute.

proceeded toward the bank. Peter waded along in her wake, blowing like a grampus and trying to think of something to say. He did manage to assist her on to the bank. Then he scrambled over himself. "Oh, I say," he began contritely, and then could think of nothing else to say.

The girl looked at him steadily. She seemed quite at her ease. There was still that hint of merriment in her eyes, although her mouth was firm, the lips even a little compressed.

"Well, you've done it, haven't you?" she said, waving an arm toward the wrecked pier.

"Thunder!" said Peter, contritely, as he looked thither. "I should say I had. But I don't care about that. It's spilling you into the river I'm thinking of."

"Oh, that's of no very great consequence," said she. "But that pier certainly is a mess."

"I shall have it fixed, of course," said Peter, all but tongue-tied, now he realized he was actually talking to her.

"How did you happen to run into it?" she asked.

"Rudder wire parted on me," Peter explained, slyly.

She looked at him keenly. Then, without a word, she led the way back to the wreck.

Peter's heart sank as he saw her walk out precariously on what was left of the pier and drop into the motorboat. She sent down, examining something closely. Then she straightened up and motioned to Peter. He ran out on the twisted shoreward end of the pier and dropped into the boat beside her. Her feet were creaking.

"How did you say it happened?" she asked again.

"Rudder wire—" Peter began.

"Both of them are quite whole," said she.

Peter coughed. He seemed in great distress.

"Honestly, now, why did you do it?" There was a pointed emphasis on that "why."

"Say, I've made a sweet mess of things," he confessed. "For two weeks I've seen you sitting there every afternoon in that shelter, and I've wanted to meet you—formally, proper introduction and all that sort of thing, but I couldn't find any one who knew you—that is no one that I knew, too."

"Yes," she said, coldly.

"This afternoon—well, this afternoon I was fairly desperate—just to meet you—to talk to you—to-well, it occurred to me to have a little accident and run into your shelter, I meant to do it easily, gently, just enough of a bump to let me apologize. I thought maybe it would lead to knowing you."

She eyed him silently.

Peter felt cold chills chasing one another up and down his spine.

"I didn't intend to hit it as hard as I did and I wouldn't have spilled you off for worlds. Say, I feel about the meanest creature on this planet. I'll go now. Just let me have the name of your father or brother or some man in the family so I can send along a check to cover the damages I've done."

He jumped up and went to the river bank.

"Your boat," she suggested.

"I'll send some one for it."

He was moving away when her voice stopped him.

"Just a minute," she called. He turned.

"I should let you go," said she, "but you're all wet. One of my brothers has about your size. I think he'll let you have some dry clothes. And then—then you'd better stay to dinner. You must talk the damage over with father—much better at dinner."

The glow on the river at that moment was caused by something else than sunset. And Peter Bryant, following the girl up the path to the house, walked on clouds far rosier than were those in the west.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Shopping Hints

The stores are selling some interesting novelties in the French jewelry line. Small rosary cases of german silver and gilt with a tiny rosary inside are selling at a Market street department store for 8 cents.

A tortoise shell frame for a silk handkerchief sells in the same store for \$1. \$1.50 these are rhinestone studs.

A smart new handbag is called "Tokio." It is made of Oriental leather with futuristic lining of black and white. The price is \$5.

Handkerchiefs for the schoolgirl are plain hemstitched affairs, which sell for 6 cents a dozen.

A particularly heavy tan glove with black braid stitching and cuff sells for 6 cents a pair.

Neat little pads of compressed face powder of a domestic make are selling for 25 cents apiece.

Donation Day for Home for Aged
Tomorrow will be donation day at the German Baptist Home for the Aged, 728 Rising Sun avenue. There are 26 persons in the home and contributions of money, food or clothing are solicited. In the afternoon there will be a meeting, to which the public is invited. The Rev. William Kuhn will deliver an address.

Miss A. Z. Fish Instructs Parents
Parents of pupils attending the Henry C. Lee Public School, at 47th and Locust streets, were instructed on "Food and Nutrition" last night by Miss Ada Z. Fish, of the Department of Art and Home Economics at the William Penn High School for Girls. The lecture was under the auspices of the Board of Education.

BABY MILK
(Dr. Gaertner's modification)
Ideal at Weaning Time
Highest grade milk carefully modified in our special laboratory to suit the normal baby's needs. Fresh daily in 6 oz. nursing bottles at 5 cents.
Best and safest! It will help to keep baby well! Printed matter with valuable hints on feeding mailed free on request.
Ask your physician.
Abbotts Alderney Dairies
51ST & CHESTNUT STS.
Phone Baring 205.

So Many New Ideas
give chic to this graceful dress boot!

There's the curved top, and the tiny heel-foxing; the scalloped button-fly with its fancy buttons, the Louis heel.

Either gun metal or patent leather, with buckskin top.

Steigerwalt
1420 Chestnut St.
"Where Only the Best is Good Enough"

1604 Walnut Street
Philadelphia
Exclusive Trimmed and Tailored Hats. Also French Hats from the leading houses of Paris.
M. J. McCormick

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS

PLEASE TELL THE CHEF I WANT TO SPEAK TO HIM

YES, MA'AM.

BES EET ZAT ZE MADAM WISHES TO SPIK WIZ ME?

YES, PIERRE, IM SORRY TO SAY THAT IMUST DISCHARGE YOU.

BUT, MADAM, I AM DESOLEDATED LET EET.

NOT ANOTHER WORD, PIERRE. I SHALL PAY YOU TWO MONTHS WAGES.

WE'LL HAVE TO DINE AT THE FRITZ OR SOMEWHERE. IVE DISCHARGED PIERRE.

DISCHARGED PIERRE!!! GOOD GRACIOUS! IT THOUGHT ME.

WAS A CORKING GOOD COOK!!!

I LIKED HIS COOKING MYSELF, MARY. BUT WE HAD SOME PATE OF FOIS GRAS FOR LUNCH.

AND IT DIDNT AGREE WITH FIDO.