Week's Social News

AN unexpected furore seems to have developed regarding the securing of tickets for the Emil Paur concert. It was anticipated that the real music lovers would be enthusiastic over such an unusual event event but it was scarcely to be hoped that a response so universal would be received. It now looks as if everybody who has any pretentions to musical taste will be there. Organizations of various kinds are going in a body. Business men are buying tickets in large quantities for their employes. One gentleman has bought enough to take a chorus choir of a prominent church. Other persons of means have purchased a large number of tickets to distribute among those less able to patronize the affair. These people are accomplishing good in several directions. They are assisting a most worthy object—the Young Women's Christian Association, who are giving pleasure to those who otherwise, perhaps, might be denied it and are also aiding in the promotion of taste in music.

It is a great satisfaction that so celebrated an organization as the New York Symphony Orchestra will attract an audience worthy of its fame in this city. Our people are notably fond of fine vocal music, but they have had less opportunity to patronize great orchestra concerts at home. That they are so enthusiastic at this time is due in a great measure to the education they have received from our own Symphony Orchestra. They have grown to know what good orchestra music is and are all the more eager to hear Emil Paur and his musicians because of the culture gained during these past few years.

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One of the series of cotillions was held last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scranton. Messrs. Worthington Scranton and La Motte Belin had the dance in charge. Among the guests were: Miss Pardee, of Germantown; Miss Hollis, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Storrs, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Belin, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Brooks, Miss Jessup, Miss Claybough, Miss Pennypacker, Miss Sturges, Miss Sanderson, the Misses Archbald, Miss Laverty, Miss Belin, the Misses Matthews, Miss Linberg; Messrs. Loomis, Thorne, Torrey, Strong, Bessell, M. B. Fuller, Theodore Fuller, Morris, Dr. Walker, A. G. Hunt, Frank Linen.

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Mr. J. H. Brooks gave a golf euchre Tuesday night at his home, on Quincy avenue. The favors were unique and beautiful. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brady, jr., Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Twitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McClave, the Misses Archbald, Miss Claybaugh, of Baltimore; Miss Jessup, Miss Dale, Miss Hollis, Miss Powell, Miss Pennypacker, Miss Linberg, of Trenton; Miss Clarke, of Orange; Miss Grace Spencer, Miss Eleanor Moffat, the Misses Matthews, Miss Belin, Miss Helen Hand, Messrs. Blair, Linen, Loomis, Thorne, Neale Chamberlin, M. B. Fuller, A. G. Hunt, Worthington Scranton, F. C. Fuller, John Kemmerer.

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A number of articles, including one or two hats, some stick-pins and ladies' scarfs, remain at the home of Mrs. William Connell, awaiting owners, who were among the guests at the recent reception.

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Mr. and Mrs. George G. Brooks gave a dinner last night at the Scranton club, when the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brady, jr., Miss Linberg, Miss Hunt, Miss Alice Matthews, Dr. Claude Walker, Messrs. James Blair, jr., J. H. Brooks and A. G. Hunt.

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Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Watson entertained at dinner last night when the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Twitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Belin, and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Platt.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. Alfred Pennington will entertain at dinner on Tuesday in honor of Mr. Emil Paur and the soloists who are to appear at the concert.

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Mrs. N. G. Robertson gave a small informal tea yesterday in honor of Miss Pardee, of Hazleton.

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Mrs. Theodore G. Wolf gave a beautiful tea on Wednesday at her home on Clay avenue, when the guests of honor were: Mrs. Wolf and the Misses Wolf and Mrs. Greve, of Rozelle, N. J., and Mrs. Dunn, of West Philadelphia; Mrs. Foulke and the Misses Foulke, of Stroudsburg.

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Miss Edith Norton who is spending a few days at home with her parents on Mulberry street, will go to New York tomorrow, to be bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Nan Servoss, who has made many friends here during her visits in this city.

Miss May Pennypacker, who has been spending the past fortnight in Morristown and South Orange, N. J., has returned home.

Mrs. Lenore Thomson, the contralto of Elm Park church, who was called home to Minneapolis some time ago because of the illness and death of her sister, has returned to occupy her place in the quartette where she is so much appreciated. Mrs. Thomson is located at the Holland.

Mrs. John Sherer gave a thimble-tea on Thursday, at her home on Monroe avenue in honor of Mrs. Dickinson, of Rochester, N. Y. The other guests were: Mrs. James Archbald, Mrs. R. J. Bennell, Mrs. Runyon, Mrs. J. S. Kirpatrick, Mrs. Nye, Mrs. W. E. Anderson, Mrs. G. du B. Dimmick, Mrs. C. H. Welles, Mrs. A. E. Hunt, Mrs. C. B. Derman, Mrs. J. H. Torrey, Mrs. C. W. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. A. H. Christy, Mrs. E. G. Coursen, Mrs. J. L. Wentz, Miss Ella Platt, Miss Emily Stevens.

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A wedding of considerable interest took place Thursday noon at the residence of John T. Perry, of Yatesville. The contracting parties were Clarence F. Brisbin, manager of the Central Pennsylvania Telephone company, and Marion L. Perry, a former well known employe of the Third National bank. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. B. Singer, assistant pastor of Elm Park church. Only the immediate family of the bride and groom were present. The employes of the telephone exchange remembered the happy couple with an elegant silver tea service, and the employes of the bank did likewise with a set of sterling silver tea and dessert spoons. Mr. and Mrs. Brisbin have begun housekeeping on Monroe avenue.

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The many friends of Miss Jessie Gay will be exceedingly sorry to learn that she fell on Thursday and fractured her arm in a serious manner.

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Miss M. Louise Hardenbergh has returned from a visit in Harrisburg.

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Mrs. George P. Boyle, is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Movements of People

George Scott, of Meldrum, Scott & Company, goes to New York Monday to purchase a spring stock.

Davis C. Harrington, attorney for the International Text Book company, is in Harrisburg on business.

W. R. Dodson, general manager of Dodson Signal Lamp and Lantern company, is on a business trip to Ohio and Kentucky.

W. D. Bower, H. G. Dunlom, W. R. Black, C. Conkling and Theodore A. White were registered at the Hotel Albert, in New York, this week.

Mail Carriers W. R. Prosser, Henry Kellerman, L. J. Price, George A. Cobotsky and W. H. Vogel were guests of honor at the Greenberger-Mecklovitz wedding Thursday evening.

Frank L. Dinsmore, of New York, eastern manager of the Railway Age, and W. D. Cornell, of Philadelphia, travelling passenger agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, were calling on Lackawanna railroad officials in the city yesterday.

HER POINT OF VIEW

I HAVE remarked before and I repeat the remark that teas and receptions are pleasant affairs to have and to hold. The persons who doesn't like them, either makes an affectation of her singularity or else hasn't very many friends that she wants to meet. You are sure to see all your friends at a tea. Somehow your enemies always stay considerably away. I never met an enemy at a tea or reception in my life. Now isn't that odd? Queer too, that it never occurred to me before. No wonder I like to go to teas. How ever one isn't likely to meet enemies anywhere if one doesn't want to be an enemy to somebody.

Men never can see why we like to go to teas. But then they have that Board of Trade where they pay a great deal a year for the privilege of hearing themselves talk. The disadvantage there is that occasionally somebody has to keep still. No such hindrance exists at a tea. You know that a bore is someone who wants to talk about himself when you want to talk about yourself. I am told that many members of the Board of Trade are constantly being made unhappy by this unfortunate fact.

Now at a tea when we are tired of hearing someone talk about herself we can always politely step on another friend's train or jostle her gently or do something which will give us the craved release with never a hint of our design. It's different at the Board of Trade.

They are so nice to you at teas. They tell you how well you are looking and what a becoming frock you have and you believe it all and go home purring like a pussy that has had a saucer of cream. You are confident that they mean it all, every word, because you said the same things yourself to the others and you meant it. Why not? as the March hare said. They all have worn their prettiest gowns and their prettiest smiles; they all have left the cook and Johnny's newest tooth at home and they think of happy things and naturally enough say them. Nothing in the way of scandal is discussed, for two reasons: First, the sister-in-law of the one who is being scored may happen to be standing with her shoulder touching yours on the side where you aren't looking and then any way you don't think of scandal but only of pleasant things at a tea. May the fashion never die out.

* * *

A fair faced, dimpled chinned little lady said the other day: "Why do you suppose that people allow so many unused and antedated signs to remain on buildings in this town? There are some of the most misleading placards and window signs on nearly every street. They stare out like gaunt faces from a haunted house telling of influence and power departed and they don't mean anything in the world but defeat and failure if not death and oblivion. I should think owners of office buildings and business locations would make haste to obliterate the legends which tell of past occupants who, more than likely, are not a source of unmixed pleasure in the memory. There are some of these signs which have remained years on windows after the owners of the same have long departed to another city or country. These forlorn old placards make Scranton look like a Western boom-town."

* * *

Half of the women do not bring up their boys to be husbands. They bring them up to be society men, to be friends and chums and perhaps lovers, but seldom husbands. They mean all right—these nice boys whom the fond mothers rear in the ways they shouldn't go—but they often make a sorry time of it in their efforts to be the right sort of husbands.

With girls it is different; they are brought up with their destiny rather fixedly held before their gaze. Some times it is held there too fixedly and too obtrusively. Say what you will, the average mother, whether she be "advanced" or not, is rather sure to wish her daughter to be married. She may not be as wildly anxious for the event to be hurried on as are some of her sisters but whether or not she has been entirely successful in her own marriage venture, hope springs eternal in the human breast and she has a superstitious notion that there must be a matrimonial prize in the lottery for her own little girl.

But she does not entertain the same feeling about her son. She is never especially desirous of training him to be somebody's husband. In fact she does not care to anticipate that time even in thought. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to picture that boy of hers as the property of another woman. She would almost as soon give her husband careful instructions as to his treatment of his second wife, and be really solicitous in the matter.

So she trots around contentedly picking up the things the careless young man scatters in his noisy career. It never occurs to her that she should insist upon his saving her steps instead of making more for her weary feet and she also insists that the daughters of the household shall wait upon their brother and aid in spoiling a good husband for some nice girl. They are willing abettors to the plot and it small wonder that the boy, even in his early social life, fails in many little courtesies that might help him much in his own upward progress, is careless about making dinner calls in houses where he has been entertained, forgets to be more than barely civil to the hostesses to whom he owes much, and when he marries is apt to be rather negligent about opening the door for his wife or removing his cigar when he walks with her down the street.

He may be a perfect husband, gentle, true, fond and noble in character and deed, but she will often wish he were just a little more considerate and that she had not to begin his training so late. Even if it is true as the French say that the art of politeness is the art of saying in an exquisite manner the reverse of what one thinks, still it is these small things of life which go to make it blissful or the contrary. If the mother hasn't taught her son that she is of the most importance in the household economy he isn't very likely to realize promptly that any woman is worth his constant thought in the matter of little things. If it were necesary for him to save her from a bear or a burglar or even a tornado, he wouldn't be found wanting but it may not occur to him to carry her parcels or tell her that her hat is becoming.

Saucy Bess.

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For our Spring Stock begins today.

We have made substantial reductions throughout our entire Stock and would especially call your attention to our sale prices on **Kid Gloves.**

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MUSICAL GOSSIP.

PIANIST HOCHMAN.

The prospects for a great audience at the Emil Paur concert Monday night at the Armory are still more encouraging. The advance sale of seats was large and it is expected that the final rush will be unprecedented. One of the chief attractions will be the appearance of Arthur Hochman, whose wonderful work as a pianist has given him such renown the world over. His playing has created the liveliest interest wherever he has appeared and it is considered exceedingly fortunate that two such artists as Mr. Hochman and Miss Gifford should be added to the programme given by the orchestra.

Mr. Hochman might almost be termed an American, for although he was born in Russia, he came to America when but eight years old, and was "discovered" by Scharwenka in New York. Afterward he went to Berlin with that great master and studied there for some years. This is his first American tour and he has been given the most flattering receptions wherever he has appeared. In connection with the orchestra and Miss Gifford, a soprano of great talent, Mr. Hochman will appear. Of Miss Gifford the Times-Democrat of New Orleans says:

"There is something delightfully winning about Miss Gifford. Her fine and phenomenally high voice and sympathetic personality should carry her far. Her voice is a veritable curiosity in its skeward range, in the upper register delicate and beautiful, if evanescent; lower she possesses some fine tones, and lower still a warm medium. Her arias, such as the pretty passage at the entree of 'Lakme,' and the 'Chanson de la fille de Pariah' exhibited flashes of fine power. Personally Miss Gifford is fragile and girlish, rather too delicate for its rough usage demanded by a strenuous opera life."

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Arrangements have been made for extra heat at the new armory on Monday night so that the patrons of the Emil Paur concert need feel no concern about that portion of the programme. By the way, the musical programme of the evening is probably the most delightful of any that has ever been presented in this city. There was a suggestion that for the Beethoven symphony be substituted the Symphony Pathetique in order to gratify the musical people who wish to come up from Wilkes-Barre, as the same programme has been prepared for that city on the following night, but Wilkes-Barre refuses with haughty scorn to entertain the "Pathetique," so if it isn't good enough for Wilkes-Barre it isn't good enough for us. So we, too, shall bravely stick to our original choice and insist upon the Beethoven symphony. At any rate there will scarcely be such a vast throng of Wilkes-Barreans at the Scranton concert to make it a great object to disrupt the programme as it stands.

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"Foxy Grandpa," which will be seen at the Lyceum this afternoo nand evening, is undoubtedly the most successful musical comedy upon the road this season. Not only the juvenile world, but the elders as well, are anxious to see "Foxy Grandpa," for thousands have been greatly amused by the series of funny sketches, which have been running in the New York Herald, and now they will really see "Foxy Grandpa" and his grandsons in the flesh.

Mr. Joseph Hart, who is well known to Scranton theatergoers, has created the part of "Foxy Grampa," and it is said has carried out the ideals of the artist to perfection. In the leading role he is assisted by Carrie De Mar, who is also a favorite here, and a large company of musical and specialty performers of unusual merit. Among the ladies associated in the company, besides Carrie De Mar, are Beatrice Lieb, Jane Demorest, Mlle. Fleurette, Amalia Karle, Margaret Knight and Maud Morrison.

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Von Sternberg, the pianist, who gave such a satisfactory recital at St. Luke's Parish hall on Tuesday night employs the Virgil Clavier method to some degree in his school.

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The programme which Miss Allen and Miss Freeman gave for the Young Women's Christian association on New Year's day, was one of the most charming which these talented artists have produced for the pleasure of their friends.

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It is expected that a reception will be given at the Jermyn on Tuesday in honor of Emil Paur and the soloists at the concert on Monday night.

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J. T. Watkins will soon begin rehearsals with St. Irene Singing society, with a view to giving a concert in the spring.

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Mr. Watkins, director of music at the First Presbyterian church, has prepared the following selections for tomorrow's services:

Hymn—Anthem, "Come Holy Spirit,"
Solos and Quartette.
Solo—"Heavenly Home" ..... Nevin
Miss Hotchkiss.
Anthem—"Jesus the Very Thought,"
Solos and Choir.
Solo—"Hold Thou My Hand" ..... Gounod
Mrs. B. T. Jayne.
The Choir.—Sopranos, Mrs. E. E. Chase and Mrs. B. T. Jayne; altos, Mrs. W. H. Logan and Miss May Kingsbury; tenors—Will L. Jones and Dr. George M. DeWitt; bass, J. T. Watkins; organist, Florence Richmond.

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The following musical selections will be rendered at the morning and evening services tomorrow at Elm Park church, under the direction of J. Alfred Pennington, organist and choir master:

MORNING.

Organ—Andante in G ..... Merkel
Choir—Anthem, "This Is the Day" ..... Gaul
Organ—Communion in G ..... Batiste
Contralto Solo—"Face to Face" ..... Johnson
Mrs. Lenore Thompson.
Organ—Postlude in C minor ..... Hesse

EVENING.

Organ—Reverie in B. flat ..... Nicode
Choir—Anthem, "O Taste and See" ..... Gaul
Organ—Romanza in A flat ..... Mozart
Duet—Selected.
Choir—Hymn, "Just One Touch" ..... Howard
Organ—Postlude in F ..... Gade

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SOLE AGENTS.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Beside the many printed calendars that now hang, bravely, in pristine freshness in every house in the land, there is the unwritten but well-conned housewife's calendar that endows each month in turn with its own peculiar duties and privileges. Few of these are movable. From the days of our pagan grandmothers, April and May have been given over to the renovation and freshening of our dwellings—"house cleaning." June, with its wealth of fruits and flowers, brings not only weddings and "commencement" days, with their attendant preparations, but fruit preserving as well. July sees the begins from town to country, with the shelving and swathing of the household gods. August days enlist the mother's energies in the evolution of cooling drinks and a study of how to keep the family comfortable and well. September means getting the children ready for school again, the opening of the house and more conservation of fruits. October spells out the preparation of the winter's wardrobe, the housing of plants, the harvesting of fruits and stocking of the cellar bins in the country, and in the city the opening of club and church activities and the renewal of the annual struggle with the landlord, the janitor and the plumber for promises lightly broken in regard to heat and repairs.

November means preparation for the family festivities—the making of mince meat and plum pudding, Christmas cake and winter's frocks and coats.

December circles round Christmas with its attendant gift-giving, its maddened frenzy of shopping, its sitting up o' nights for the last hurried stitches in the "Battenberg centerpiece for Cousin Jane," the "house coat for father," "dolls' dresses for small Euphemia" or "mittens for Robert, jr."

With the taking down of the Christmas greens, the disappearance of the rifled tree, dragging ignominiously at the tail of the ash man's cart, the return of the children to school and the resumption of law and order in the house, we suddenly awaken to the fact that St. Distaff's day is at hand, when, according to all that is good in tradition, women should return to their tasks of spinning and men to the plow. And this brings me to the burden of my story. January "bargain days," the replenishing of the family stock of bed and table linen, the hum of the flying machine and the "doing" of the plain white sewing for the year. The inventions of the last century have infinitely simplified woman's labor in this regard. Our grandmothers not only made all their own and the families' clothing by hand, but in many cases cultivated the flax themselves, retted and degummed it, spun and wove it and never thought of allowing a daughter to depart from the paternal home without a chest filled with her portion of the linen outfit, often coarse and homespun, but always sweet, pure and wholesome. We of today find our tasks much lighter. A visit to the linen shops, with their attractive showing, gives us the products of the world's loom to choose from.

In buying table damask the Irish linen will be found most satisfactory. The French loses its gloss and the Scotch is partially bleached with chlorine which weakens the fibre. The Irish is grass-bleached and improves with time. For everyday use the unbleached will prove best, as it soon gets white and with careful washing never grows dingy. Only positive necessity ever warrants the purchase of the cheapest damasks of any make, for even if not adulterated with cotton, they are too sleazy to be serviceable.

If possible buy all linens of experienced and trusty dealers, for though some essential points in judging can be easily learned, there are others which only an expert can determine.

If possible buy pattern tablecloths for best, with napkins seven-eighths by seven-eighths yard square to match. For common use the piece damask will be found less expensive. Even napkins for everyday may be made from remnants of piece damask, which can be bought most reasonably at the linen sales.

Hand made hemstitching is the daintiest finish for both table and bedroom, though not so durable for the latter.

Three inches is a good width for the hem of pillow cases. For fine sheets the "turn-over" may have button-hole stitched scallops or a finish of home-made linen lace.

Menu for Sunday, Jan. 12

BREAKFAST.

Grape Fruit.
Malted Oats and Cream.
Broiled Ham, with Orange Fritters.
Baked Potatoes.
Rolls.
Coffee.

DINNER.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Olives. Pickled Beets.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Browned Potatoes. Hubbard Squash.
Cabbage Salad.
Brie Cheese. Waters.
Apple Pie. New York State Cheese.
Coffee.

SUPPER.

Potato Salad. Cold Roast Beef.
Horseradish.
Baking Powder Biscuit.
Honey. New Year's Cake.
Tea.

In buying bedroom towels for everyday use a saving may be effected by getting piece linen huckaback and finishing it with a plain hem. This comes in varying widths and in cream and full bleach.

A fine weave of huckaback ornamented with crochet or knit linen lace and insertion makes handsome and durable sideboard scarfs.

Some of the handsomest luncheon cloths to be used on state occasions have a deep border of Renaissance lace. This lace, which washes well and is handsome as long as it lasts, is also popular for doylies and buffet covers.

Crash, when softened, makes the best dish towling.

With regard to storing linen, it should be remembered that shelves in an absolutely dry cupboard are preferable to drawers. White paper embric may be spread over the shelves and nothing should be put away until thoroughly dried and well aired, so that every vestige of moisture has disappeared. Linen collects dampness more quickly than anything else. Should the linen show signs of turning yellow, wring out in lukewarm soap and water, dry and store again.

In buying ready made sheets, see to it that they are long enough. Every sheet should be at least three yards long, to allow for tucking in at the foot and turning down at the head.

Cotton cases should be made for all mattresses, as many are careless about protecting them by a cover under the sheet. These should be made to button on, so that they can be readily removed for laundering.

While ultra fashions in counterpanes change from year to year—the Marseilles cover is always in good form. If too heavy for night, it can be removed and a light one substituted.

These quilts may be procured in white or colors—hand or machine embroidered. The most elaborate come with the whole center in embroidery, a broad embroidered border outlined with drawn work and a wide hem with a line of drawn work at the head. On brass beds these quilts are allowed to hang down on all sides, taking the place of the valance.

At the annual exhibition of the New York Society of Ceramic Arts, a set of chop-plates was especially admired. A spray of peapods in the natural pale green ornamented one side of each plate, the rims being a plain edge of deep green.

"Bouilloites," or card-table lights, are new, artistic and useful albeit expensive. They are low, three lights in each, and so arranged by having metallic shades over each light, as to throw all the light upon the table. They are readily moved about, and may be used with electricity or candles.

"There are not many of my patients to whom I could give this prescription for rheumatism," said one of Philadelphia's most eminent physicians, last spring. "Its very simplicity would make them unwilling to give it a trial. I can assure you, however, that if you do as I say, you'll need no other medicine, and you will be entirely free from rheumatism by fall."

The prescription was faithfully tried. A deep, rock-walled well on a New Hampshire farm furnished the specific, and the results were all that the physician promised.

This common-sense cure for rheumatism is simply the drinking of two or three quarts a day of cold (not iced) pure spring or well water. River water will not do, as it contains too large a proportion of the salts and acids which are deleterious. Distilled water will not answer, as that contains none, and a small amount is needful. In the city, where river water is used, Londonderry or any of of the pure spring waters may be purchased, but in the country, Nature's remedy is at hand, free to whosoever will. The water should not be boiled, but in cold weather may have the chill taken off, if desired."

Under the ministrations of the ordinary cook "liver and bacon" too often degenerates into a blackened gutta-percha like substance that defies the most robust digestion. An interview with Ann—the black tutelary goddess of the kitchen—whose liver and bacon is perfection, elicited the following explicit directions: "Fust I puts de bacon in a little salt water for a moment; then I takes it out an' claps it in quick in a hot pan, an' that's what makes bacon so clipsey an' brown. Some folks cooks bacon, so's its all dry an' hard, 'stead o' clipsey, an' that's what spoils it. Then I puts the liver sliced nice an' even in the hot water that the bacon was in an' lets it stan' in it 'till it is hot all through. Nex' I dusts it with flour; of you gits too much flour on it makes a thick crust an' is hard's a bone. Des dust it, den fry it right quick, fer liver don't need much cookin', an' yo' bacon an' liver don' go beggin'."

A simple cottage pudding recipe that serves equally well as a foundation for a layer cake is this: Stir to a cream one cupful of sugar and four tablespoonfuls melted butter. Add two well beaten eggs, two-thirds of a cup of water and two cups flour, in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

A dessert that always finds favor with men, and yet is suited to the simpler requirements of the children, is made of apples with gelatine. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and three pints of water. Pare, core and cut in halves twelve large tart apples and drop into the hot syrup, together with the juice and a little of the grated yellow rind of a lemon. Cook the apples until tender, but not broken. Remove carefully to a glass dish and add to the syrup a half box of gelatine which has been previously soaked in a little cold water. When dissolved, strain, turn over the apples in the dish, and set in a cool place to harden. Serve with plain or whipped cream or whites of eggs beaten to a froth and dropped by the spoonful over the jellied apples. This quantity makes two large dishes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. W., Kansas City.—The recipe you ask for, given several months ago, for cheese croquettes, was this: Cut one pound of American cheese into small dice-shaped pieces. Have ready one cupful of very hot cream sauce in a saucepan. Add the cheese, the yolks of two eggs beaten and diluted with a little cream. Stir all together, and let the mixture remain on the stove for a moment, until the cheese gets "ready." Season with salt, pepper and a dusting of nutmeg. Set the mixture right away on the ice until thoroughly cold; then make into croquettes, shape, roll in fine bread crumbs, dip in egg, then in crumbs again and fry in deep fat, smoking hot, until brown. They are delicious.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

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