

Political Announcements.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

For District Attorney—
RAYMOND E. BROWN,
Of Brookville.

Subject to the action of the Republicans of Jefferson county at the primary election Saturday, June 5, 1909, 2 to 8 o'clock, p. m.

For District Attorney—
SMITH M. McCREIGHT,
Of Reynoldsville.

Subject to action of the Republicans of Jefferson county at the primary election Saturday June 5, 1909, 2 to 8 o'clock p. m.

We are headquarters for

Sewing Machines

Needles, Belts, Oils, Etc., Etc.

We have a good, reliable drop head machine for

\$18.00

We have the famous Rotary Standard 2-in-One, the only successful lock and chain stitch in the market. Come in and let us tell you about it.

Hughes & Fleming.

See Us For Real Estate and Sewer Clean

We have bargains in Houses, Lots, Stores and Farms. If you want to buy or sell or trade your property, come in and have a talk with us. We can do you some good. We have some good bargains in homes that can be bought on easy terms.

REYNOLDSVILLE CHEMICAL CO.

ROBT. Z. PARRISH, MGR.

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The Star

If you want the New

The First National Bank

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

Capital and Surplus **\$175,000.00**
Resources **\$550,000.00**

JOHN H. KAUCHER, Pres. **J. O. KING, Vice-Pres.** **K. C. SCHUCKERS, Cashier**
DIRECTORS
John H. Kaucher Daniel Nolan John H. Corbett
Henry C. Deble J. C. King J. S. Hammond R. H. Wilson

Every Accommodation Consistent with Careful Banking

The Peoples National Bank

(OLDEST BANK IN THE COUNTY)
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

Capital and Surplus **\$125,000.00.**

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Foreign Exchange Sold.

Interest paid semi-annually on Savings Accounts, having liberal deposit and withdrawal privileges.

Liberal treatment and every courtesy extended consistent with sound banking.

Open Saturday Evenings.



TRIED TO BE NICE.

But Fannie Made an Awful Mess of It With the Old Lady.

"When Fannie is bent upon pleasing," sighed Fannie's younger sister, "she can certainly make a horrible mess of things. Last Sunday Charlie Evans, having arrived at the point where he felt he wanted his family's opinion of me, invited us both up to take tea with his mother. The minute I laid eyes on his mother I knew Fannie would get in trouble—she simply can't help getting nervously foolish when there's a religious person around.

"Charlie's mother kissed us and, addressing herself to Fannie as the elder, said something about our being very sweet to come and see a daughterless old woman. Whereat Fannie looked at Charlie and his two brothers and replied feelingly that it must be a terrible disappointment to have only them. Mrs. Evans, to rectify my sister's misapprehension, told us proudly that she had three more sons, not present.

"By this time Fannie realized that she had made a bad beginning and leaped further in with the supposition that the other three were off having a good time instead of moping at home. The older lady drew herself up and said severely:

"My three sons are in heaven, Miss Barnes."

"Oh, how awful!" came Fannie's ready gasp.

"No, not awful at all," and Mrs. Evans was positively glaring at us. "I feel that they were specially blessed in being allowed to pass thus early to their Lord. They died as little children."

"Dear me, how glad you must have been!" blurted out flustered Fannie.

"By this time I had kicked a hole in her ankle, and that quieted her for awhile. She might have kept still for the rest of the evening had not her pet subject, the higher education of woman, come up for the old lady's disapproval. Then Fannie made a hand-spring into the conversation by remarking that when we had more educated mothers there would be less infant mortality.

"And, mind you, Fannie was really trying to be nice for my sake."—New York Times.

Go Right at It.

"Of course you know that germs communicate sickness?"

"Yes," answered the man who is apprehensive about his health, "and the worst of it is that they get right down to business in their communications. Instead of employing the scientific circumlocution of the medical profession."—Exchange.

Trying to Make a Hit.

Judge—Do you acknowledge the charge brought before the court of throwing your wife to the ground and knocking her head repeatedly against the floor? Prisoner (evasively)—I was only trying to make a hit with her, your honor.—Judge.

The Fatted Calf.

That mighty unfair trick of killing the fatted calf for the prodigal causes more family rows than anything else on earth except the division of father's money.—Achtson Globe.

Wolfskin makes the best banjo parchment.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Estate of John Damore, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of John Damore, late of Reynoldsville borough, Jefferson county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
ROSE DAMORE, Executrix.
Reynoldsville, Pa.

THE COOKING PARTY.

New York Smart Society's Latest Penitential Diversion.

MEN DRESSED AS CHEFS.

An Artistic and Unique Stairway Seen in a Studio—Irish Crochet Hand Bags Very New—Suggestions For a Spring Walking Suit.

My Dear Elsa—If a girl has a talent for cooking, the fascinations of Cleopatra and the cunning little ways of Billie Burke she's well equipped for the latest Lenten craze, a cooking party. No, dear; this latest freak in domesticity which smart society here in Gotham is indulging in is nothing like the usual Dorcas culinary party, where one ruins one's dress and digestion, smiling meanwhile the smile of a villain, and then goes home and says things. The particular function, as Aunt Elinor would say, to which I refer takes place in the evening at the witching hour of 10 o'clock, and the chefs are equally divided between the fair and the stronger sex. But, to tell the story from the beginning, one morning last week I found among my mail an invitation from Mrs. Van D., asking me to a cooking party. I instantly knew from the clever way in which the "bid" was got up that something unusual and amusing was imminent. The function certainly proved to be all the bit of cardboard promised in the matter of novelty. Naturally you are devoured with curiosity as to how the invitation was sent out. Well, Miss Johnnie Bear, in the envelope addressed to your scribe was a bit of cardboard in the shape of a dish, in one corner of which was painted a chef's cap and in another the words "Come and cook with me, nine p. m., March seventh." Mrs. Van D.'s name and address were under this inscription.

On the evening mentioned I appeared at the home of my hostess gowned in a charming frock Mme. Jane—she's the smart New York dress-maker—had just sent me. Of course I'll have to tell you that the creation was a clinging affair of dull brownish rose crepe. The only trimming on the bodice was an exquisite band of embroidery in tones of rose with higher lights than the nuance of the gown material arranged in harness effect about the yoke. You know how a semi-empire frock hangs from this harness of embroidery, outlining the figure in a wholly fascinating fashion. Well, my frock was perfect in its sartorial etiquette, and, what was more



WALKING SUIT IN PALE GRAY RAJAH.

Important, Dick said it was very fetching. Entre nous, the touch of bright rose net that made the yoke and collar over a cloth of gold lining did the trick of becomingness. But what miles I've strayed from the party. To return to our muttons, when the guests had all arrived—five girls and as many men—at Mrs. Van D.'s our hostess led us to the stunningest kitchen I have ever seen. The servants had evidently been sent out for the evening, for there was none of them in sight. And what a mess we made of that kitchen! Still, that's not part of my story. On two tables were rows of chafing dishes, substitutes for the kitchen range, and we were told to "get busy" and prepare the best dish suitable for the time and occasion in our dietary repertory. What a lot of hard thinking was done! Everybody helped everybody else, and there was lots of fun at the expense of Elizabeth Z., who couldn't make anything but fudge. Then there was great sport when some one ran out of ingredients and Dick and Elizabeth had to run round to a little shop that happened to be open and supply the "missing link." Have I told you that over their evening dress the men wore white aprons and chefs' caps and that we girls put on the most bewitching lace headresses and fantastic pinafores, as an English girl who was one of the guests, called our American apron.

There were three prizes—one for the most tasty contribution to the menu.

A BUNNY PARTY.

March Hare Entertainment in Honor of Small Girl's Birthday.

When the problem of entertaining in honor of a wee tot's birthday arises, nothing is better to decide upon than a bunny party, particularly if the function is to take place in March. All children are fond of these cute little animals, and they love to see them reproduced in favors and in the decorations. At a recent bunny party small tables seating five each were used, and in place of the conventional tablecloth covers of white paper damask were employed. These paper covers are dainty and artistic and can be thrown away when the party is over. Attractive favors were used at a bunny party described in Good Housekeeping. They were tissue paper caps, masks and bows, each rolled in a crape paper napkin, slipped in turn through an ornamental ring of cardboard which was covered with decorated crape paper to match the napkin. A brilliant poinsettia design was chosen, and it is very necessary to select a quality bearing a fast color guarantee in order that no stains may deface the pretty party dresses. The place cards were adorned with the tiniest carrots, pumpkins, lettuces and radishes modeled with minute perfection in tissue paper. Rabbits love vegetation and little folks love noise, so horns were made for favors and prizes. The required number of pasteboard horns were purchased and an investment made in tissue papers, tags, wires and a small tube each of glue and art paste. Around the mouth of each horn was fashioned a vegetable or fruit. Pumpkins, tomatoes and apples were stuffed with cotton and painted to look like the original.

For holding the ice cream baskets were made in the form of heads of lettuce. Rabbit heads cut from cardboard were glued to the handles of the baskets where they looked mighty pert and saucy. Paper plates were used decorated with poinsettias cut from



PUTTING LETTUCE LEAF IN BUNNY'S MOUTH.

the crape paper dollies. Each plate rested upon a mat composed of tissue lettuce leaves. In the center of each table, says Good Housekeeping, several horns were heaped, the arrangement being such that only the vegetable portions were visible, and their real nature was not disclosed until, upon a signal, each guest pulled a ribbon which had one end fastened to a horn and the other to one of the vegetable place cards.

Additional favors were dancing rabbits, just grotesque enough to suggest the proverbial "madness" of the March hare. These were constructed in the same manner as the rabbit heads upon the lettuce baskets. They were glued to slender sticks, tissue wound and decorated with long tassels of glistening silver tinsel. Five of the sticks were wound with pumpkin yellow, five with lettuce green and others with poinsettia scarlet, the colors corresponding with those of the ribbons at the respective tables. On the apex of each mound of vegetables capered a bunny similar to those on the wand.

The simple refreshments consisted of lettuce and chicken sandwiches, creamed French peas served in ramekin cases, rabbit shaped cookies covered with maple icing and orange and chocolate ice cream. Among the games that were played was an exciting attempt to place a lettuce leaf in bunny's mouth, after the well known fashion of plugging the tail on the donkey. The piecing together of homemade cut-up puzzles and readings from "Uncle Remus" filled the remainder of the time.

A Makeshift Pillow.

"Don't choose that one," said the schoolgirl hostess as a classmate picked up a pillow gay with big red roses to tuck under her head. "That's my makeshift, and you might as well try to rest on the back of a porcupine as on that knobby thing."

"What is it stuffed with—corn-cobs?" asked the visitor. "I never felt anything so lumpy."

"They are convenient lumps that you will want to cultivate as soon as I let you into my secret. That is my patch bag. Instead of elderdown it has old letters, receipted bills, rolls of material from my clothes that mother gave me for mending, extra balls of darning cotton and a couple of pieces of fancy work.

"There was no place to store the accumulation of stuff that one can't help collecting, so I hit on the plan of stuffing a pillow with it.

"You see that case buttons along the end, and whenever I don't know where to put a thing that must be kept in it goes. I try to keep it underneath the other pillows as a prop, but it is always the first one selected. I advise you to make yours with a less attractive cover."

one for the most deplorable one and a third for an original dish invented by the composer. Rivalry ran high for the possession of these prizes.

Even the "booby" prize was coveted—a perfectly charming hand bag of Irish lace over white suede and mounted in gold. Mabel, your little Mabel, succeeded in annexing this bag, and she's so proud of her culinary failure that she's sketched the bag for you to duplicate if you think it's worth while.

The prize for originality was won by the Savarin of our set, Waldorf W., and this amateur chef was delighted with the jeweled cigarette case Mrs. Van D. handed to him with the graceful remark that any jeweler could make a cigarette case, but it took a genius to make a sauce.

The credit for having originated these cooking parties is supposed to



IRISH LACE BAG WITH GOLD MOUNTING.

rest with Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who has been doing Salome—or, I believe, this titled Englishwoman calls them Greek—dances for charity affairs here in New York. Lady Constance, you know, is a great sportswoman in England. She has a strong strain of the Scotchwoman's instinct for domesticity and is an adept in making the cakes of her native country.

And speaking of clever women reminds me of an artistic friend who has paneled the hallway of her studio with nothing less than the sides, fronts and tailboards of the gayly painted carts used by Sicilian peasants. The spokes form the banister spindles, and they do make a gorgeous array of barbaric coloring. The rail was contrived of the shafts. As carved cherubs' heads, painted angels, mythological legends or Biblical subjects are the chosen decorations of these hardworking sons of toil, few more attractive panelings than these dismembered carts could be found.

Not at all in the same class of decoration, but a good practical idea, was the unique framing of a man's picture in a small suede skin that I saw recently. The irregular edges and generally dog eared effect of the whole skin were very artistic. The girl who originated the idea told me it was as easy as anything to make. She simply cut an opening in the center of the skin large enough to accommodate the photograph, glued it in place and stenciled a design around the picture. The suede used was of a pale tan color and the stenciling carried out in tones of brown that blended delightfully with the sepi tones of the photograph. But there is no end of pretty effects to suit individual pictures. Of course it would be desirable to have only one of these frames in a room, for a plethora of them would transform an apartment into the appearance of the wigwam of Sitting Bull (is he alive or dead?), the great Indian chief, or a corner at an arts and crafts exhibition.

No matter how hard I try to avoid the subject of clothes in my letters to you, Elsa, somehow, somewhere, this most important of all feminine topics is sure to crop out. This time it's in evidence because I've bought a spring suit. Yes; I selected a one piece frock and coat suit of pale gray rajah. The princess frock has a lot of gray flier about the bodice, and the coat is a rather odd affair, with the sleeves joined to the shoulders with insets of gray lace. There is some fine hand embroidery in self color on the coat and skirt; otherwise the suit is quite simple. Expensive simplicity Dick's going to find it, I'm afraid, when the bill comes in. Ever most sincerely yours, MABEL.

A Card Index.

"Absurd," declares many a housewife. "A card index is all right for an office or a library, but when it comes to the home—why, it is simply ridiculous."

And yet this objection is but the theory of housewives that have sunk in the rut of doing as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did and usually not as well, for the dames of past generations generally had enviable household systems.

One of these sets of cards is very inexpensive, as is also the small wooden box or cabinet in which to keep it. Or why not keep it in a desk drawer? If you have an index just for recipes, why not keep it in a drawer of the kitchen cabinet?

Capital, by the way, for keeping recipes! For example, if you have three or four recipes for rice pudding file them together. It is so much more convenient than hunting through page after page in your personally compiled cookbook or among a pile of slips of paper.

Splendid for keeping household addresses—those of dealers, employees and that sort of thing.

Remember the old saying, "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

TO THE FARMERS

GENTLEMEN:

We have bought our seeds this spring from the Albert Dickinson Co., of Chicago, an old reliable firm, and handling their Ace Brand, OF CLOVER SEED the best recleaned on the market. We can recommend it and will stand over it and invite you to call and examine it before buying. \$6.75 per bushel—and we will put it up against anything on the market.

Faithfully yours,

Reynoldsville Hardware Co.

J. R. HILLIS & CO.'S MONEY SAVING SALE

Of Furniture And Carpets

Commencing March 1st

We have more than 100 Rugs to choose from.

\$15.00 Go-Carts at \$12.00.

Call in and see our large assortment of Brass and Iron Beds.