

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Tommy's Dream.

Little Tommy was a hero, and the fairies thought him good; He felt as brave as twenty Jack-the-Giant-Killers could. One day, as he was dozing, he was summoned to the fray, "You shall have," a fairy cried, "an opportunity today! The Princess Dainty Darling is a prisoner in your tower, and a lowering Giant guards her—oh, how darkly he can loom!" "Let me have some wings," said Tommy, "and a sword that goes thwack, thwack, thwack, and I'll make a few things happen at that tower ere I come back!" So they flew away together and the Giant soon was seen, Low'ring at them with a visage that was wicked and unclean. The Giant waved his spiky club, but Tommy killed him dead. One blow sufficed to separate his body and his head. And the Princess Dainty Darling he proceeded to unchain. To the King and Queen, her parents, then, he brought her back again. The good King said, "Sir Thomas, you shall have her for your own. And when I get too old for work, I'll let you have my throne. "You shall have a royal palace, filled with knights and serving folk, And your pockets full of gold, and—" 'Twas at this point Tommy woke!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Betty's Birthday Bases.

Betty Ellis had had a birthday party every year she lived, until the year of her seventh birthday. At that time her mamma was very sick, so all thought of a party had to be given up. Betty was dreadfully disappointed, but bravely tried to make the best of it. Now Betty had a dear, dear uncle, who lived at their house, and was always thinking and doing the most delightful things. So when she was how bad Betty felt, she put on her best thinking-cap, and soon had made up a clever plan for a birthday surprise without any party.

For several days before the party, Betty noticed that auntie looked very funny and mysterious, and she just knew something nice was going to happen.

When she opened her eyes on the morning of her birthday, she saw leaning up against the side of her bed, a large bag. It looked like the bags that ragmen use to gather rags in, and seemed to be full of something very odd in shape.

Betty jumped out of bed to look at it, and there, tied to the draw-string was a card with her name on it. Of course she knew it was a birthday present. "But what a funny way to give one!" she thought, as she pulled it open. Inside was just what she had longed for, a new doll-carriage for her Christmas doll.

At breakfast-time she found under her plate a tiny bag made of pink silk. Inside, wrapped in cotton, was a ring with the tiniest speck of a diamond in it. How she danced about and hugged papa and auntie!

When she got ready to start for school, she found, in place of her old book-stache, a new school-bag, with a story-book in it. It was hard to have to leave that at home, and put her school-books in its place. Jane, the cook, gave her a calico bag to keep buttons in. She found this at noon, up in her room; also a pretty laundry-bag from auntie, with six new handkerchiefs in it. And when papa came home at night, he brought, instead of a box of candy, a big bag full of candies and nuts.

But the nicest birthday bag of all, so Betty thought, was the one Tom gave her. Tom was the gardener's son, and a very good friend of hers. He had two of the dearest little puppies that ever were seen, and Betty had been teasing for one ever since they were born.

How surprised she was when, on her birthday, Tom came in with a horse's feed-bag in his hand, carrying it very carefully, and begged her to accept it. It seemed a queer present, but she thanked him, and peeped in, and there was the prettiest puppy, the one with the white nose!

When Betty went to bed that night, with the ring on her finger, the doll-carriage at the foot of the bed, and the puppy in her arms, she told auntie, in their bedtime talk, that she thought birthday bags were just exactly as nice as Christmas stockings.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Soap-Bubblers.

Some extraordinary performances are described in St. Nicholas in Meredith Nugent's article on "The Soap-Bubblers' First Reception." The Soap-Bubblers—had recently organized, with our old friend Phil as Head Bubbler, Harry Baker as Chief Cornucopier, the minor Bubblers occupying minor odd-titled positions, as well as all Bubblers occupying no positions at all—had resolved that the ancient and honorable amusement of blowing soap-bubbles was sadly in need of reformation; and, further, that it was their mission to reform it. Thus it came to pass that on the evening for the performance the interior of Masonic Hall presented such a scene of brilliancy as had rarely been equalled within its historic walls.

After a few words explanatory of the evolution of the soap-bubble from the clay-pipe stage to its present one, Phil dipped a wire ring into the solution, and gently sweeping it before him, cast off a bubble fully twice the size of his head. Every Bubbler boy gave a cry of satisfaction at this, and it looked as though all the Bubblers might fling their golden cornucopias on to the stage, when the master of the soap and water tossed off five large bubbles in succession, not only from the same ring, but from the same film! Almost immediately Phil's assistants

—there were five of them—followed his example, and from that time on the stage was continually aglow with the brilliant spheres.

Harry Baker now came forward with the club's two kittens, and set them on a dry block of wood resting in the center of one of the large nine-foot pans—now filled with soapy water. Before club's two kittens, and set them on a dry block of wood resting in the center of one of the large nine-foot pans—now filled with soapy water. Before the animals could move, Phil quickly lifted a hoop from the pan, and in a twinkling covered both kittens over with a glorious bubble. "First kittens ever inside a soap-bubble!" Harry Baker announced, just as the little kittens started to wade about within the iridescent dome. Phil spattered them over a second and even a third time, when the pussies, excited by their uproarious surroundings, offered decided objections to being imprisoned any more. Then Bubblers and audience were treated to an exhibition of what were perhaps the largest bubbles that have ever been made. Harry Baker was especially fortunate, and, at the end of a very exciting contest with Phil, succeeded in sphering the pan over from brim to brim! Realize, if you please, that this bubble measured over nine feet in circumference! Phil followed up this feat of Harry's by launching from the large hoop a round bubble measuring fully six feet in circumference! Compare this giant in size with the bubbles you have been used to blowing from clay pipes. As one Bubbler hilariously remarked, this was "more like a balloon show than a bubble show." Not the least noticeable fact was that the bubbles often measured twice the diameter of the rings from which they were thrown. Remarkable, too, was the ease with which both boys picked up the films with their hoops. These hoops, measuring from 20 to 34 inches in diameter, when thus filmed over flashed like disks of waving gold. Phil slowly revolved one of these golden disks upon the tips of his fingers, and a moment later the audience were enthusiastically applauding another of our magicians' startling surprise. Here were two large elongated bubbles, springing from the same film, attached to each other in the center, and yet traveling in opposite directions.

Phil took a large hoop, and dipping it in one of the great pans, withdrew it covered by a film. Then he held the lustrous disk well up in front of him, and started to blow.

Starting from the hoop, first slowly, and then almost shooting forth, was an ever moving, ever-lengthening, ever-varying, twisting, writhing shape—such a form, in fact, as might have found existence in the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe. When Phil and Harry, together with their assistants, gave themselves up fully to this exhibition of monsters, the stage looked as though peopled by one of the hobgoblin races. Sometimes great bubbles, five feet in circumference, would snap off the end of these soap-bubble dragons, and sometimes a number of very small ones. In length they varied from two to eight feet—that is measurement in a straight line. Could all the windings and twistings have been taken into consideration, they would have been found far longer.

PHILIPPINE MOUNTAIN TRIBE.

A Missionary Describes the Igorotes, Who Cook and Eat Dogs.

The Rev. C. B. Carlisle, a missionary, formerly of Warsaw, N. Y., writes from Dagupan, in the Philippines, to a friend, and in his letter describes the Igorotes, a mountain tribe. He says: "Up in the mountains of the northeast there is a tribe of half savages people called Igorotes. They live in the mountains, hardly ever coming out into the valleys, except when hunger compels them. None of them wear any clothing except a strip of loin cloth. They have a speech of their own. The Filipinos cannot understand them. They are fond of dog meat; so two days ago four of them came down here and in an hour had captured 16 dogs, tied them with ropes and started away. The Filipinos did not disturb them, letting them have all the dogs they could catch. They came right past my tent in the evening, stopped on the bank of the river a little way from the centre of the town, killed a dog, cooked and ate him. They skinned it, cleaned the body, ran a stick of green bamboo through it lengthwise, then two of them spit the meat over the fire until it was brown. Then they laid it in the grass, and these four ate every bit of that dog, even picked the bones clean. They had no other food with the meat; no knives or forks or plates. They just took the flesh in their hands, tore it into bits and devoured it. Some of our men offered them a bit of cooked beef and they refused it, but ate the meat raw. Then they sang some sort of a chant, beating on their stomachs the while. It sounded to me like:

"We like dog,
All same dog,
Baked dog, fried dog, dog soup,
Bow-wow-mucho good."

"They are rather taller than the Filipinos, black as night and have kinky hair. As the sun went down they moved away out of the town, leading 15 dogs and carrying one they had to kill in order to get him. The sight made me sick and I lost all appetite for my supper. We could spare the dogs out of the double score that made things howl here in Dagupan, but I hope I may never see that sort of feast again, too dogged beastly for me."

Real Hardship.

Dolly—What an awful, awful time the pioneers must have had!

Polly—Yes, just think, the poor things didn't have chaffing dishes!

DEMOCRATIC LETTER.

THE REIGN OF CORRUPTION TAKES A RECESS.

Shameless Profligacy of the Republican Administration—Starving the People to Fatten the Purses of Political Healers of High and Low Degree.

Congress has adjourned, and the issues upon which the presidential election is to be fought in November have been joined. Three years of McKinley's administration have proven that the Republican leaders are drunk with imperialism, mad with militarism, reckless with government funds, profligate in foreign relations, and corrupt in their dealings with corporations. True only to the trusts, the Republican party has abandoned the constitution and the principles on which this government was founded.

The Democratic party will appeal to the country to bring the government back to the paths of truth and soberness, to stop the radical and reckless expenditure of public funds, to give an honest and impartial enforcement of the law, to bring the nation out of its entangling foreign alliances and wars of conquest into a condition of peace and open-handed friendship with all the world, to take steps toward removing the dangerous control of the nation's finances from the national banks, to pass laws that will curb the trusts and take from them the special privileges whereby they have grown so great, and last, but not least, to "turn the rascals out." On such a platform, and under the leadership of Bryan, the Republican party can be swept from power in every branch of the government by a combined, united and harmonious opposition.

The most important and patriotic duty of the Democratic party will be to defeat the Republican ticket next November. The details of reform in administration can safely be trusted to Bryan and of reform in the laws of the congress which shall be elected with him.

The country is more concerned in bringing the government back to safe and sound principles of administration than in any single law which might be enacted, however important such law may be to the welfare of the country. Honest administration of the government on constitutional lines is the foundation upon which reform of the law must be erected. No law, however good and salutary, can be of avail unless it is honestly administered. There are good laws on the statute books now which have become dead letters at the hands of the present administration. The Kansas City convention will give earnest of its purpose to meet the demands of the country.

Every honest and patriotic citizen wants a clean government, whether he be a Republican, Democrat or Populist. He wants an impartial application of the law. He wants an economical expenditure of public funds. He wants the public service to be free from scandal and corruption. He wants an equitable adjustment of taxation. He still believes in the constitution. He is opposed to a huge standing army and to entangling foreign alliances. He is opposed to trusts and the special privileges which have created them.

McKinley has not given a clean administration. Hanna's political henchmen have filled the public offices, have openly and flagrantly violated the civil service law and have stolen public funds. The Cuban scandals in the postal service, in the customs service and in the army are merely the surface indications of a corruption as widespread as the government itself.

Millions have been taken from the public treasury under the flimsiest gloss of regularity and legal form. No one who knows will attempt to deny that political favorites were permitted to make contracts for army and navy supplies at prices out of all proportion to the value of the articles furnished. Scores of vessels were sold to the government at three times their actual value, with commissions to political favorites quite equal to the price which went to the actual owners of the vessels. Worse yet, legislation was forced through congress, like the armor trust grab, for the sole purpose of furnishing Mark Hanna with a Republican campaign corruption fund of millions. This notorious and flagrant misuse of legislative power is alone enough to condemn to political destruction the party which has permitted it.

Taxation has been so adjusted as to fall almost entirely upon the shoulders of the laboring and producing masses of the country, while wealth is practically exempt from sharing in the burden of government.

A general demand that taxation should be reduced to a safe and conservative basis has been refused, and all signs indicate that expenditures even in a time of peace will equal the enormously heavy revenue now produced. The appropriations for the coming fiscal year are more than \$709,000,000. Had not certain important appropriations been deferred, and had not even the heavy appropriations made been pared so much below the actual requirements of the Republican program that a heavy deficiency bill will be necessary next winter, the appropriations would have been over \$800,000,000. Did these huge appropriations return to the people in public benefits some fair share of the money taken from them in the form of taxes there might be less reason for complaint, but the unfortunate fact remains that not one dollar in five is so expended as to actually benefit the taxpayer who contributed it. Take for instance the \$90,000,000 in-

crease in army appropriations over the figures for 1896. That is all to be thrown into the Philippine rat hole, where the entire trade of the United States for the current fiscal year is less than \$2,000,000. The \$35,000,000 in the naval expenditure will benefit a few ship-building firms, who will divide with the armor plate trust enormous profits on their political contracts. There is a \$32,000,000 increase in the sundry civil bill. That goes entirely to feed taxeaters of high and low degree.

A smaller indication, but a characteristic one, is found in the bill now pending on the Senate calendar for a favorable report from the Republican majority of the judiciary committee to increase the pay of all federal judges from the chief justice of the Supreme Court down. The chief justice now gets \$10,500. It is proposed to give him \$21,000 a year. The other justices of the Supreme Court are to have their pay doubled. Taking the whole list, an increase of salary amounting to half a million dollars annually is to be put through.

The army reorganization bill, which is hung up to see whether McKinley is to be re-elected or not, involves an increase of the standing army to 65,000, with a trebling of the expense of its maintenance. These are a few brief samples of what a continuation of Republican control means to the taxpayer. The Democratic party will put the issue squarely before the people JACKSON DAY.

DEMOCRATIC EXPANSION.

The Republican newspapers have been doing the people a real service by publication of a map sent out by some one of the imperialist committees—very likely the Cuban annexation junta of Washington—which map shows how the United States has grown and enlarged by Democratic expansion. Louisiana is marked "Democratic expansion," and so is all of California, Texas, Oregon, the Gadsden purchase and Florida.

Cuba is also included in the list. It is an instructive map. If we had one of them we would publish it. Every voter ought to see a copy and study it carefully. By this map it is shown that the present great area of the United States of America is due entirely to "Democratic expansion" save and alone the original thirteen states and Alaska. This is a record which the Republican party dare not "point to with pride." There was no "Republican expansion" known until McKinley got in his work. The growth of the United States so as to cover a large part of the continent and include homogeneous states working together in harmony has been due to the Democratic party.

We are glad that the Republicans have called attention to the fact that the expansion we have known before has practically all been "Democratic expansion." This is a point we have been making all along, but the Republicans refuse to acknowledge it. President Schurman of the first Philippine peace commission, acknowledged it. He was among the first Republicans to declare that the expansion under this administration differs in every essential from the expansion of the Louisiana purchase. Then Secretary Root stated the distinction plainly.

Since then the administration has acted entirely upon the theory that expansion which includes islands in distant seas is entirely unlike the expansion which the Democratic party brought about. In fact, every thing has been done to make it evident to all that the "Republican expansion" of 1899 is entirely different from the "Democratic expansion" which has made ours a great and glorious nation.

The truth is that "Democratic expansion" is in accord with the spirit of our institutions, while "Republican expansion," or imperialism, is along the lines of European colonization.—Sioux Falls Press.

"There's the Rub."

The war in the Philippines, again says Gen. Otis, "is practically ended," and, "as soon as the natives in general gain confidence in the friendly offices of the Americans, there will be little difficulty in bringing them to terms." Aye, there's the rub. The experiment of shooting "confidence" into the Filipinos, however, has not proved and will not prove a success. Human nature is not constituted that way. Men must reap the deeds they sow. Force from force must ever flow; And deeds of blood, though done beneath

Pretense of good, are Dragon's teeth From which must spring, as fixed by Fate, Their harvest—death, revenge and hate.

—Grand Rapids Democrat.

The March of Empire.

The Rev. Rockwell Clancey, a missionary who has just returned from India, says that he "saw girls in one town sold for thirty cents apiece. They were bought up by the Mohammedans. Boys were unsaleable." This traffic in human flesh is due to the great famine in gold-ridden India. This is but one phase of the terrible condition that the people of the United States, as well as the people of other countries, are called upon to relieve. And can the rest of the world escape its responsibility because Great Britain is not doing her full duty?—Milwaukee News.

Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the earth is 0.99 inches to the statute mile.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS MURDERED."

Violent Assaults on Our Language by Chicago Aldermen.

"Chicagoese" is the name a witty Alderman recently applied to the jargon often heard in the Council chamber when city fathers was eloquent. While the Council has been transformed from what it used to be in that a far greater percentage of cultured business men are included in its membership, there are yet several Aldermen of the "Old School," whose fearful and wonderful grammar and pronunciation furnish amusement to the galleries. Here are a few samples selected at random from the debate of recent evenings:

"I ain't a-goin' to stand fer deprivin' the police of no necessaries of life."

"All men in accordance to our doctrine is free."

"My gentlemen to the left is all mistaken, every one of them."

"I don't believe that Ald. Powers has never brought anything into this Council only in good faith and I won't."

"I vote 'No' on 'hat 'Aye.'"

"Mr. Mayor is crumming his heel down the people's throat that they don't want and they will spurn him with their foot."

"This advice that is being attempted to give to-night is a Jonah."

"You're a jay and a cucumber if you say I'm a lamb in wolf's clothes."

"Taxes is increased to the extent of \$1,000,000 than it has been."

"The press has been hollerin'! Let her yell; they can't corrupt me!"

"The whole city will advocate what I done."

"Me and my colleague what represents my ward will stand together like a man."

"You say the police are dead-beats. Gentlemen, I don't blame them. I'd do it myself."

"Stick, fellows; I won't never ask you to do nothin' fer me again."

"That ward of his'n may be O. K., and I'm not saying it ain't, but my ward is the banner of the constellation."

"Gentlemen, our brave firemen braves the terror of the night and risks his life to save innocent women. Gentlemen, our policemen is waylaid and slugged by thieves and robbers at all times he runs the risk of, and yet, gentlemen, he don't get as much as we, gentlemen, I say, gentlemen, is wages half what the men are entitled to?"

All the above gems were noted at the time they were spoken, and the exact language is given. Few even exchanged a smile at the time.—Chicago News.

Gold in the Philippines.

Gold is found at an endless number of points in the Philippines, almost every stream which cuts the older rocks carrying some dust, and auriferous quartz-veins also are known at several points in Luzon and in Mindanao. I have been able to obtain no information warranting the belief that there is any highly important gold field in the archipelago. The natives are extremely skillful with the pan, and have been exploiting the gravels for centuries. They also understand "salting" a mine. I do not believe they have left any great prizes in the way of placers, and, to some extent, they have also worked the quartz. I consider the gold resources of the Philippines comparable with those of the Carolinas and Georgia, rather than with those of Colorado and California.

The resources of Mindanao are not so unknown as many suppose. Competent experts made examinations, years ago, in each of the auriferous provinces, Misamis and Surigao, and neither of them reported encouraging results. Great caution should be exercised in seeking to develop gold mining in the Philippine Islands.—George F. Becker, in Scribner's.

Modern War is Not Picturesque.

A charge, such as the Boers make, is robbed of all story-book picturesqueness and glamor. The glitter of sword and bayonet, the smoke and flame, the bright uniforms, the inspiring cheers the precision of serried ranks, the gallantly carried battle flags to be presently planted on the earthworks of the enemy, are all lacking. They stand a crouching, creeping line of dirt-covered men, shuffed by the varying chances of the fight out of all semblance of order; brown, bare, sun-scorched, bowlder-flecked ridges, dotted here and there with stunted bushes, lazy with heat and alive with projectiles; the keen rattle of rifle fire, punctuated by the stuttering of machine guns, and broken into full periods by the reverberating roar of heavy artillery, now and again seeming to die only to break out afresh, and all this for hour after hour, each passing moment claiming a victim to sprawl in agony on the superheated rocks. Such is modern war, as typified in South Africa to-day.—Thomas F. Millard, in Scribner's.

Common Delusions.

Full nine out of ten persons plume themselves on being different from others, when their very belief in the notion is its own contradiction. We complacently aver, "I have such a keen sense of the ridiculous," when a true sense of humor would have prohibited the boast. But what we most plume ourselves upon—if we are the average man or woman—is our power to read character. "I may not be particularly clever," we observe, with that guileless braggadocio which masquerades as humility, "but of one thing I'm certain, and that is, I'm a good judge of human nature. I'm never deceived in a person," when, if such perspicacity were really possessed, we'd say nothing about it before those capable of scenting our limitations.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To Make Baked Muffins.

For raised muffins scald a pint of milk and when lukewarm add one compressed yeast cake dissolved, half a teaspoonful of salt and two cupfuls and a half of flour. Beat thoroughly and stand aside until very light—about two hours. Then add the yokes of two eggs well beaten, and fold in the well beaten whites. Stand aside for 30 minutes and bake in greased muffin-tins of gem pans.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cream in Salad Dressings.

Some people do not know that cream can be used in salad dressings. At the same time there is no question that the best salad is made of oil, but the whipped cream can be acceptably used in its place, and the taste is a little different from that of the regular mayonnaise. A recipe for this whipped cream dressing is: Take two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, a quarter of a tablespoonful of mustard. The bowl in which these ingredients are mixed should be placed in a vessel of boiling water and stirred until the consistency of rich cream, then lift the bowl from the hot water, and when cool, place in the refrigerator.

Excellent Sauce for Meat.

Honolulu sauce is excellent for meat and fish and is made thus: A small cocunut, one quarter of an onion, one clove of garlic, one inch of root ginger, two large tablespoonfuls of curry powder, one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper to taste; grate the onion, garlic, ginger and cocunut into a double boiler and add the curry powder and milk; cook slowly for an hour, beat the butter to a cream, add the flour and beat the mixture until it is smooth and light; strain the curry mixture upon it gradually so as to prevent its becoming lumpy, add the meat and fish, which are to be served with this sauce, and cook until boiling hot—about a quarter of an hour.

Calf's Liver Bourgeois.

Procure a nice liver from two and a half to three pounds. Cut one pound of larding-pork in strips two inches long and not too thick. Season each strip with pepper and salt, then lard the liver. Put in a braisiere one tablespoonful of butter, and theremnants of the trimming and rind of pork. Place the liver in it, and leave it until nicely brown all over. Remove the liver from the saucepan. Add a desert-spoonful of flour, cook five minutes, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon. Season with two pinches of salt, two of pepper, half a pint of dry white wine, one and a half of water; add a bouquet of three sprigs of parsley, one branch of celery, one small bay-leaf, three onions and two cloves. Put the liver back again in the saucepan; cook one hour and a half over a slow fire. Add to it lastly one pint of small new carrots and a half pint of small new onions; cook half an hour longer.

Serve the liver on a warm platter; arrange the vegetables around; strain and pour the gravy over. The white wine will give an excellent taste, and prevents the gravy from being greasy; but if no wine is at hand, the same quantity of rich good stock will answer.—Harper's Bazar.

Household Hints.

To remove chocolate stains, put in cold water first, then boiling.

When dressing fish that are slippery and difficult to hold, dip the fingers in salt.

If one can wear old, loose kid gloves while ironing they will save many calloused spots on the hands.

In tea-making hard water is always to be preferred to soft since it dissolves less of the tannin in the leaves.

In adding milk or cream to tomatoes for a bisque, have both hot and then add a pinch of soda. This will prevent curdling.

Milk is an excellent substitute for soap in washing dishes. A half cupful to a dishpan half full of hot water is a good proportion to use.

To soften hard water when you do not wish to boil it, drop a little piece of chalk into the pitcher and in a short time the water will be quite soft.

Eggs that it is desirable to keep fresh should be put in a cool, dark place. And it is always desirable to keep eggs fresh. One that isn't fresh is nothing short of an abomination.

In a lobster salad, lettuce leaves torn in coarse bits, are used in place of celery. The lobster coral is sprinkled over the mass of mayonnaise and the small lobster claws are used in the decoration.

Bits of brown bread, graham, etc., make just as good pancakes as do bits of white bread, which as most housekeepers know, are very appetizing and quite unrecognizable when converted into pancakes. Soak up and make just as you do the white bread.

It is a mistake to iron flannels. It pulled out evenly while on the line so that they dry in good shape, and if, when dry, they are folded and put in the bottom of the clothes basket and the other clothes piled on them, they will be smooth enough to suit anybody but a crank. Hot irons take the life out of flannels.

Keep a small, stiff new toothbrush especially to clean your fancy glassware. Dust, etc., accumulates in the pattern and the towel does not remove it. Glass that has held milk should be well rinsed in cold water before being put in warm suds, and all glass should be rinsed in clear hot water before wiping.