

AMERICA WAS NOT OF HOLLAND

OUR GOODS ARE FLOODING THE BUSY LITTLE DUTCH GIANT OF COMMERCIAL EUROPE

ROTTERDAM, Jan. 14.—(Special Correspondence.)—I stubbed my toe on the American invasion the moment I landed at Rotterdam. The obstruction was a square box marked:

From Meriden, Conn., U. S. A.:
C. Kalmers Groote Magazijnen van
Pianos,
Kalverstraat, Rotterdam.

A little further on were barrels of machine oil from New York, and next to them a lot of American sewing machines in crates. Out in the river Maas anchored to a floating buoy were great steamers unloading Minneapolis flour into two huge barges to be taken up the Rhine, and all along the Boompjes were American goods of various kinds.

I took a carriage and drove for several miles up the wharves, crossing the bridges to the Noorderland and on to the left bank of the Maas. We went by warehouse after warehouse, and everywhere I saw more or less stuff from the United States.

On the Holland-American quay there was an acre or so of cotton bales from the American transshipments for the Dutch cotton mills. Near by was a yard filled with resin barrels from Savannah which gave forth a smell like a cannery factory, which stuck in my nostrils until driven out by the coffee warehouses where the rich-smelling beans of Java and Sumatra were being loaded on a ship for New York.

At one place I stopped my carriage and photographed a wagon load of Standard Oil barrels, and at another I took a snapshot of a gang of Dutch emigrants about to board a ship for New York. I saw cargoes of American lumber, buckets and boxes of American meats, wagon loads of lard and tallow and all sorts of crates holding American machinery. One item was a cargo of Chicago mowing machines being loaded on barges for the interior of Northern Europe, and another was a large quantity of American goods which passed through Rotterdam under the drawbridges as I waited to cross.

At the same time I saw a score of ocean steamers loading for Asia, Africa and the Dutch East Indies, and rode past miles and miles of river and canal craft.

Holland's Big Trade.
As I went on I could see something of the enormous business which the Dutch have with the rest of the world. They are the little giants of commercial Europe. They do not number as many as three times the population of Chicago, but they have twice as much foreign trade as the 25,000,000 people of the United States, and as much as the Spaniards or Italians and twice as much as the whole South American continent. Holland stands sixth in the point of business done among the

commercial nations of the world, and about one-tenth of its trade is with the United States. It makes foreign exchanges to the extent of more than a billion dollars a year, and it annually buys more than a hundred million dollars' worth of goods from us.

Let us stop a moment and think what this means. This little country has in round numbers just about five million people, or one million families, but it buys one hundred million dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's goods every year. This means that on the average every family buys one hundred dollars' worth annually, and this notwithstanding its sales to us will not average more than \$12 or \$15 per family. Of course, much of the goods are bought to sell again, and some go to the Dutch East Indies, which are 90 times as large as Holland itself, but the trade is so big that it will pay the most careful student and the most enthusiastic pushing. The South American continent is less important to us than Holland. Our trade with the Chinese brings in something like as much as our trade with the Dutch, and in its possibilities it is worth as much as the business of any of the countries of Europe, with the exception of England, Germany, France and that undeveloped empire, Russia.

Uncle Sam's Trade With Holland.
Just now is the best time to increase this trade. The Dutchmen do not like the English. They can't get over the troubles of their South African cousins, the Boers, and other things being equal they will buy of Uncle Sam. The Netherlands are every time. There are hundreds of articles which we make that ought to be sold here, and by studying the wants of the people and increasing the trade there can be an enormous increase.

But first let me tell you what our business now consists of. I have before me the Dutch imports from the United States for the first half of the year 1902. They are a little odd, but the trade is practically the same today. I will give you some of the items. They consist of cotton, cotton-seed, wool, lard, sugar, coffee, various meats and tobacco, as well as a large variety of other articles. The cotton they bought amounted to 2,000,000 pounds, equal to more than 200,000 bales. They bought 1,000,000 pounds of wool, and 1,000,000 pounds of lard. They also bought 1,000,000 pounds of sugar, and 1,000,000 pounds of coffee. They also bought 1,000,000 pounds of various meats and tobacco, and a large variety of other articles.

Butter From Our Cotton-Seed.
The cotton-seed oil weighed just twice as much as the cotton itself, and thereby makes a valuable by-product. The chief artificial butter-makers of the world. They bought 4,000,000 pounds of margarine of us during that six months, but at the same time they used this forty-four per cent. cotton-seed oil to make their margarine and low-grade butter, for use not only in Holland, but in England and other parts of Europe. There is one factory here which makes 100,000,000 pounds of margarine every month, and England imports something like 800,000,000 pounds of it every year. A Frenchman invented the process of making this butter, but the Dutch

have the biggest factories, and they do the bulk of the world's business along this line. They make also cow butter for export, so much, indeed, that Holland has been called the dairy farm of London.

Dutch Schnapps From Our Corn.
Our biggest Dutch export in point of weight is American corn. In this six months it amounted to almost 100,000,000 pounds per month, and brought in several million dollars. What do you suppose it was used for? The Dutch don't eat maize, though they eat quantities of our second-grade flour and like it. What, then? You can easily show you, if you will come with me to Schiedam, a little way from Rotterdam, and see the distilleries and the great distilleries which make the Holland gin, or schnapps. There are 200 or thereabouts, and their business is to grind up American corn and reduce it to alcohol, which mixed in a certain way with the juice of the juniper berry, forms gin. Holland gin is considered the best, and the Dutch think it is the best drink in the world. They consume vast quantities of it, and it warms their body and soul. It is used not only here, but throughout the Dutch East Indies, where the hotels give you free gin cocktails before you eat, and where the people drink gin almost every hour of the day.

A large part of what Holland sells to us is gin, alcohol and wine. She sends us Java coffee, and something like 2,000,000 pounds of spices every year, all of which comes from her colonies in the East Indies.

Modern Port of Rotterdam.
Rotterdam is by far the best place for pushing our trade. It is, with the exception of Hamburg, the best distributing point on the coast of Northern Europe, and it has fewer trade restrictions than Hamburg.

The city is about 16 miles back from the sea, built upon banks of sand, and the Maas, the river, is driven as much as 50 feet into the soil, and upon them have been constructed miles of stone quays, enormous warehouses and a port for about 200,000 people. The town contains all public improvements, and it is spending vast sums to increase its shipping facilities and trade. If I remember correctly the coast of Rotterdam, the Maas, so that the biggest ocean steamships could come right into the city, was more than \$10,000,000. This work, however, has made Rotterdam superior to Amsterdam as a port, and now ranks second among the ports of Continental Europe, and is surpassed by none in its safety and in its convenience for handling goods. I have spoken of its miles of stone quays.



ROTTERDAM'S AMERICAN SKYSCRAPER.

lines which call regularly at Rotterdam, and the river and canal craft which annually enter this port number 125,000. The river is always free from ice, and business goes on all the year round.

Uncle Sam's Dutch Connections.
In my ride around the wharves I was surprised at the number of ships loading for and unloading from the United States. Our trade is very important to Holland. Of all its tonnage more than 25 per cent comes from our country, and the only country which surpasses the United States in this is Great Britain, which has about 25 per cent of the total tonnage, but some of this consists of American goods which come to Holland via England.

There are more than 400 ships leaving Rotterdam every year for the United States, or more than one every day. There are 13 regular steamship lines which do business between the two countries. The Holland-American line is the greatest. It has a passenger line to New York and freight steamers for Newport News. The passenger ships make the journey from Rotterdam in eight or ten days, while the freight steamers take from nine to 20 days.

of the vessels going to the Southern states. There are tank steamers belonging to the German-American Petroleum Company and the American Petroleum Company, which call regularly between New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Rotterdam, and there are tramp steamers which carry oil. The Neptune line has one or more steamers week to Baltimore and New York, and the Keystone line makes regular shipments to Philadelphia, and the Johnson Blue Cross line and North American Transport line do a business between Philadelphia and New York. So you see that the Dutch-American trade keeps the Gulf stream sizzling the greater part of the year.

A Dutch American Skyscraper.
I wrote letters from Chicago to the Holland representatives of Armour & Co. and Swift & Co., and I asked my porter at my hotel where to find them. He took me to the corner and pointed to a big white building facing the river, and the end of the Boompjes. "That," said he, "is the Witte Huis. It is the only American building in Holland, and is the headquarters of the chief American firms." I crossed several bridges, and straggling down to it, I found it even so. The building is on the American plan, although it was erected by a Belgian. It is made of bricks faced with white porcelain tiles. The Dutch call it the skyscraper and talk of its dangerous height, although it has only 10 stories. It is, I am told, the only 10-story building in Europe; it is a giant in the selection. Dutch special salesmen and many buildings lean this way and that so that parts of the city are apparently drunk.

The American house has electric elevators worked by little Dutch boys dressed in white smocks. It was by them that I went from story to story calling on some of our largest American business men. I found that they were selling vast quantities of our meat and lard not only to Holland, but to all the countries along the Rhine, and that the American Great Company is pushing its goods into this part of Europe. It has its offices in the American building, and its advertisements are everywhere. Indeed, the Americans are far better advertisers than the Dutch. You see signs for "Kwaker Oats," American typewriters, kodaks and California fruits everywhere.

considered far superior to any made in Europe. One or two of our firms are pushing their foreign business more than any other, and especially this Singer Company, which has its advertisements everywhere and branch houses in all the cities of England and the continent. In fact, I found a store here on the Hoogstraat, the Broadway of Rotterdam, which had photographs of some of the sewing schools of Holland, in which the little Dutch girls are working away on American sewing machines. One of these pictures is of a school at Aankmar, one of the oldest towns of Holland.

Not far from this shop are hardware stores, with a great variety of American goods, including Philips lawnmowers and Michigan pitchforks, and in the music store, just over the way, I saw windows filled with the marches of Sousa printed with the American flag on the cover. They are made by the Rotterdam firm and sell in sets at 40 cents a copy. The American shoe does not seem to be walking into Holland as rapidly as could be desired. The climate is so wet that thicker soles than ours are needed. Nevertheless, it is no worse than England, and our shoes will sell if properly pushed. There is one store in Rotterdam with a big sign above the entrance that reads "Footwear," and another store, which was intended for selling American shoes, is vacant. The Dutch merchant opened his place on contracts which he had with Americans, leasing one of the best places and planning to make our shoes a specialty. His goods, owing to the carelessness of the American exporters, failed to come on time, and the result was that he compromised his lease and gave up the business.

Are We Poor Business Men?
Indeed, the Americans have a bad reputation in Europe as exporters and traders. We make the best goods, but we are not so good as our competitors. We have as we have because our goods are so good, and not because of our business ability in selling or care in filling orders. Take, for instance, an order which a stationery dealer here sent to New York and the kind of contracts which he had with Americans, leasing one of the best places and planning to make our shoes a specialty. His goods, owing to the carelessness of the American exporters, failed to come on time, and the result was that he compromised his lease and gave up the business.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
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ELIZABETH IN HER NEW OREGON HOME

FAILURE OF THE FIRST BUTTER FURNISHES MERRIMENT AND LONGINGS FOR SUNSHINE AND A NIPPING FROST

AMONG THE POINTED FIRS.—My Dear Nell: In my last letter you were told of my first butter-making experience; that butter of beautiful looks and medicinal taste; that had just been set aside for a second and final working, which I awaited with a return to the family, intending to surprise them with the results of my secret session. Well, the kitchen had been restored to order, I was seated before the fireplace trying to drown my sorrow in the pages of the angel of the hearth.

"We've had the time of our lives." "So have I." "What doing, trout fishing?" "Just composing yourselves, and I'll show you." I then went out and brought in the prize of Miss McBride. As the napkin was lifted, disclosing that mass of golden delectation, there arose a universal chorus of delight and admiration.

"What lovely butter," cried Mary. "Did you really make that yourself?" "Why, you're a butter maker from away back," exclaimed Tom. "You bet she is," said Bert, "a roll of that goes home with us, the oldest citizen can't beat that."

My painful knowledge of the aftermath kept me from saying a word, but this shower of compliments, "Now you must all come out in the dining-room and sample it." "Supplied with forks each took a generous dose, and then, as if by magic, the dinner was over, and each had noticed a peculiar twang to the milk, but through loyalty to the cows, none had spoken of it.

makers of the country, and that groceryman will ask: "Whose butter is this?" "Then look him square in the eye and say: 'Mrs. Jacob Ruggles.' Whereupon a magical smile would be on his face, and he'd say: 'I can't recall any Ruggles up your way.' Tell him they are newcomers, from Kentucky—bluegrass region."

Oh! what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive, eighteen Mary. "That's so, Mary; we're getting tangled in a labyrinth of lies. Let me see. How many 'Elizabeths' do you remember, both that set of old tin-candle molds that I raked out from under the porch? Well, say we melt this tin, mold it in those things, and make Roman candles of it, and then throw them on the market about the Fourth of July, and they'll go off with a boom."

"If you don't care to hold it so long," said Bert, "you might make it up in little Mary, Elizabeth's name, and sell it as Graham's Gay Griddle Greaser."

"Kindly omit the Graham," entreated the pyrotechnist. "Don't talk nonsense," remonstrated Mary. "Elizabeth's name take my advice. Pack this butter in little earthen jars, such as are used for Madame Recamier's Face Cream, tie the lids on with ribbon and advertise it in all the leading journals as a magical skin food and wrinkle-eraser. The Recamier article sells for \$10. This preparation is a rare one—worth a jar. There is enough here to fill 30 jars. Sixty dollars for one churning!"

plans and projects. Here we have none of that. You will think it incredible when I tell you that since last July I have not spoken to a woman—not a man, either—except on a half-textured, I suppose, played-always, of course, excepting the other two members of our quartet. The most of our near neighbors are men keeping a bachelor's house, and I suppose in their own problems of life, with no time for visiting. Now do you wonder that we talk to our dumb friends, the animals?

We were pleased last week when one night the weather suddenly turned cold, freezing the ground slightly. The next morning the air was cool, crisp and delightfully exhilarating, much like our weather at home—only, of course, not so cold. Every blade of grass, bush, twig and tree with a covering of hoar frost—even the fir trees in the park—had during the night decked in white robes for the coming Christmas carnival. Later in the day the sun turned on his flashlight, showering all with diamond dust as a finishing touch to the holiday scene.

"That's true, Mary. We women know that a wrinkle-eraser is well-nigh irresistible, and I honestly believe that every woman in Oregon—every society woman, at least—will be glad to buy a jar of this advertisement being sitting in the privacy of her boudoir, glowing with credulous expectancy, her face shining with hope and herb butter. But there is money enough in this concoction to buy the cow and ribbon, to say nothing of the expense of advertising."

"If the wrinkle-eraser is such a drawing card, my scheme is cheap. Tack it on to Mrs. Graham's Gay Griddle Greaser or 'Wrinkle-eraser.' " "Yes," scornfully laughed his wife, "that 'wad' devised by your fertile brain would be an aesthetic-looking object lying upon a lady's dressing table, and I should like to see you treating this butter with a degree of levity painful to its maker. Now, I know this compound is possessed of powerful medicinal qualities, and, as Elizabeth, much as I love to eat and introduce it to suffering humanity as the 'Oregon Bovine Blood Purifier,' the very latest and greatest discovery of medical science."

ARTICLES EVOLVED FROM HANDKERCHIEFS

TOILET ACCESSORIES MADE USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL WITHOUT MUCH NEEDLEWORK CORSET COVERS THE NEWEST OFFERING

WITH sales of white goods dangling their most attractive bait, the wise needlewoman bears in mind the numerous and dainty possibilities of handkerchiefs. Some were when the handkerchief was classed merely as an accessory of the toilet; now it forms the basis of many attractive articles, including bureau covers, handkerchief cases, sewing bags, turn-over collars and stocks, and even corset covers.

OUR FAMILIAR SONGS AND WHO WROTE THEM

Maid of Athens, ere we part.
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go.

By those trees, unconfined,
Wooed by each breeze wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes, like the roe.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that nose-embroidered waist;
By those eyes that sparkle and tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe.

Maid of Athens! I am gone!
Think of me, sweet, when alone.
Though I fly to Istanbul,
Where the Jewish composer
Can I cease to love thee? No!

Stars of the Summer Night.
Stars of the Summer night!
Far in your azure depth,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the Summer night!
Far down your Western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the Summer night!
Where your voice weeps and sleeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the Summer night!
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

In selecting handkerchiefs for fancy work, choose those of a quality which will not thicken in washing, and if an embroidered edge is desired, make sure that the finish is firm and will not unravel in the first laundering.

For pillow shams use small handkerchiefs showing a quarter-inch hem. Inside of which runs a tuck of an eighth of an inch, with a small conventional pattern in the corner. For each sham join four of these with a medium-weight insertion, such as a good grade of imitation torchon. Finish the sham with a frill of lace to match the insertion, held loosely but not ruffled, except in turning the corners. If the sham is three-quarters of a yard square before the lace is sewed on, four yards of the lace should be sufficient. If exceedingly dainty shams are desired, use sheer linen handkerchiefs with Valenciennes lace.

For bureau covers allow three handkerchiefs, preferably with narrow hems, showing a delicate tracery of embroidery inside the hem. Join with inch-wide Valenciennes insertion, and run a band of the same around the scarf, finishing with a frill of edging to match the insertion. These are particularly effective if laid over silk or silkoline in a tint to match the other furnishings of the room. Four yards each of insertion and lace will be needed.

One handkerchief will make a dainty collar and cuff set much more effective than one which can be purchased ready-made in a shop for the same price. Select a sheer handkerchief with an embroidered edge in an open pattern. Cut off the edge to a depth of two and a half inches, use the corner of the handkerchief for the bands, and make up just as you would ordinary embroidery into the turn-over collars and cuffs, being careful to turn the corners neatly. The Japanese embroidery of handkerchiefs in pale colors lend themselves admirably to this work, and can be purchased at special sales as low as 19 cents.

If a tailored stock effect is desired, use two handkerchiefs of drawn line showing hemstitching and shawl work. Make a soft crush collar with one, showing a point in the center, and finish with a four-in-hand bow, made from the second handkerchief. There should be enough edging left from the collar to make a pair of turn-back cuffs.

Corset covers made from handkerchiefs are the newest offering and are enjoying quite a vogue. For each cover select two fine handkerchiefs showing the same pattern, preferably a hem inside of which run bow-knots, fleur-de-lis or other small patterns in fine embroidery. Divide each handkerchief in half, so that the pleated triangles, not oblongs. One triangle with the apex pointing upward forms the central piece in the back, the base of the triangle running on the waist line. Joined to this on either side by fine Valenciennes insertion are two more triangles, literally standing on their apexes, their bases running along the upper edge of the garment. In the center of each of these pieces is cut down a small semicircle, forming the arm's-eye. For the front piece cut the remaining triangle in half, and with the apex of each side pointing toward the figure.

To finish the garment at the top and to form the armhole, make a strap of insertion and lace with beading between, allowing 11 inches to go over the shoulder. Finish the arm's eye with beading and lace to match that at the top. Run wash ribbon through the beading, and the corset will fit perfectly over the bust. For 12 cents a yard a dainty imitation Valenciennes in insertion and edging can be bought.

A stunning work-bag for a dashing brunette may be made from an ordinary handkerchief, a dash of nutmeg, and a select subdued pattern, run a circular casing close to the edge of the handkerchief, and through this draw ribbons of red and yellow, matching the tints in the handkerchief. The four corners form points which hang over and finish the little bag. If a stiff bottom is desired for the bag, sew inside the center of the handkerchief a piece of cloth or cardboard covered with turkey-red calico, measuring three or four inches in diameter.

The stylish English handkerchiefs in color, which now come for men make beautiful handkerchief cases. They cost from 50 cents to \$1, and can be secured in almost any combination of tints. Take one handkerchief, for instance, with the color in pin stripes. Line it with white or violet lawn, and then fold the four corners together, forming a smaller square. Join three of these with loose stitching in violet, lay inside the case a small sachet made from white or violet lawn, trimmed with lace and scented with violet powder, and a really dainty receptacle for your pocket-pens is secured.

Hot and Cold Dainties for Evening.
WITH the approach of St. Valentine's day and Lent, the social ball is whirling at a right merry rate. Therefore, the paramount question with the housewife who prepares, with the help of one servant, her own collation of dainties, is, "What can I serve that is at once toothsome and novel?"

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Baked Ham, Virginia Style.
Soak the ham over night, in the morning wash it in several waters, place in a boiler, and cover with cold water. Heat slowly and when the water reaches the boiling point, reduce to a simmer, and in another quart of water, where it will simmer slowly until absolutely tender. Remove from the boiler, take off the skin and with a sharp knife neatly trim off any black portions. Place in a roasting pan and add one quart of cider and bake for one-half hour, basting freely every five or ten minutes. Remove from the oven, brush over the surface with beaten egg and cover quickly with bread crumbs mixed with brown sugar. Return to the oven, baste a little until a crust is formed, then cease basting and cook until it takes a rich brown. Serve cold, garnish with parsley and onion slices.

Chicken Pastey.
Select a plump young fowl and steam it until tender. When cold remove the skin and bones and cut the meat into small pieces. Boil a quart of water with water, season with salt and pepper and stew slowly two or three hours. Remove from the fire and strain. Line a deep pudding dish with rich pie crust, allow it to cool, and then add the chicken stock. Season to taste, add a few bits of butter and cover with the paste rolled very thin. Cut washes in the center, put an extra roll of paste around the edge and bake in a moderate oven to a crisp brown. Serve cold, when the gravy will have become a rich and delicious jelly.

Marechal's Mousse.
For one quart of cream two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine, two tablespoonfuls of 1½ lemons, four wine-glassfuls of marshmallow and sugar to taste. Soak the gelatine in a cup of boiling water, strain and allow it to become cold. Whip the cream to a stiff froth, add the lemon juice and the marshmallow, and finally add the marshmallow. When the mixture is ready to use, add an extra roll of paste around the edge and bake in a moderate oven to a crisp brown. Serve cold, when the jelly will have become a rich and delicious jelly.