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

OTTERDAM, 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:

Organ
From Meriden, Conn., U. S. A.,
C. Keltners Groote Magazijnen vi Fianos,
Kalverstraat, Amsterdam.

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 sent 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 Noordereiland 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

On the Holland-American quay there was an acre or so of cotton bales from Galveston awaiting transshipment for the Dutch cotton mills. Near by was a yard filled with resin barrels from Savannah which gave forth a smell like a canning 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 barge after barge of American cottonseed oil which passed through under one of 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. have with the rest of the world. They are the little giants of commercial Europe. They do not number as many as grade butter, for use not only in Holland, three times the population of Chicago, but in England and other parts of Eu-They do not number as many as they have twice as much foreign trade as rope. There is one factory here which the 120,000,000 Russians, three times as makes over 3,000,000 pounds of such butter much as the Spaniards or Italians and every month, and England imports sometwice as much as the whole South American continent. Holland stands sixth in the point of business done among the cess of making this butter, but the Dutch moved. At present there are 75 ocean come to Holland via England.

commercial nations of the world, and have the biggest factories, and they do 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 has been called the dairy farm of Lonbillion 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 Dutch East Indies, which are 50 times as large as Holland itself, but the trade is there all the same, and the business is so big that it will pay the most careful nursing and the most enthusiastic pushing. The South American continent Important to us than Our trade with the Chinese brings in

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 give the United States the preference every time. There are hundreds of articles which we make that ought to be which cold here, and by studying the wants of Indies. the people and drumming the trade there an be an enormous increase. But first let me tell you what our busi-

less now consists of. I have before me the Dutch imports from the United States for the first half of the year 1900. They are a little old, but the trade is practically the same today. I will give you some of the items. They consist of cotton, cotton-seed oil, lard, tallow, mar-garine, meat and tobacco, as well as a large variety of other articles.

The cotton they bought amounted to 20,000,000 pounds, equal to more than 2,000,000 pounds of cotton per month. This went to the Dutch mills and a large all public improvements, and it is spend-part of it was made into cloths for Java, ing vast sums to increase its shipping fa-Sumatra and different parts of Africa.

Butter From Our Cotton-Seed, / The cotton-seed oil weighed just twice as much as the cotton itself, and thereby hangs a tale. These Dutch are among the but at the same time they used this forty-odd million pounds of cotton-seed oil to make other margarine and low-

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? To feed the Holstein cat-tie, to furnish butter for London? No. tie, to furnish butter for London? No, the grass here is good, and it makes the not average more than \$12 or \$15 per fam-ily. Of course, much of the goods are bought to sell again, and some go to the though they take vast quantities of our I can easily show you, if you will then? come with me to Schledam, a little way out from Rotterdam. At that place the great distilleries which make the land gin, or schnapps. There are 200 or them, and their business is to grind up American corn and reduce it to alcohol. nothing like as much as our trade with the Dutch, and in its possibilities it is worth as much as the business of any Holland gin is considered the best, and of the countries of Europe, with the ex-ception of England, Germany, France and that undeveloped empire, Russia. the Dutch think it is the best drink in the world. They consume vast quantities of it, and it warms them body and soul. the Dutch think it is the best drink in It is used not only here, but throughout the Dutch East Indies, where the hotels give you free gin cocktails before every meal, and where the people drink gin est every hour of the

A large part of what Holland sells to us is gin, alcohol and wines. She sends us Java coffee and something like 2,000,-600 pounds of spices every year, all of which comes from her colonies in the East

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 piles on both banks of the Mass. The piles are driven as much as 50 feet into the soll, and upon them have been constructed miles of stone quays, enormous warehouses and a city of about 250,000 people. The town controls cilities and trade. If I remember rectly the cost of deepening the River Maas, so that the biggest ocean steam-ships could come right into the city, was more than \$16,000,000. This work, however, has made Rotterdam superior to Amchief artificial butter-makers of the sterdam as a port, and it now ranks sec-As I went on I could see something of world. They bought 41,000,000 pounds of ond among the ports of Continental Euty and in its convenience for handling goods. I have spoken of its miles of stone quays.

It has also shipyards and floating dry taking care of shipping. It has mooring buoys in the Mans, so that the vessels can unload into the barges in midstream,



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 23 per cent comes from our country, and the only in this is Great Britain, which has about 26 per cent of the total tonnage, but some of this consists of American goods which

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 great.

There are more than 400 ships leaving

est. 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.

This line is making money, and it has for several years paid dividends of 10 per cent and upward.

Outside the Holland-American line the chief steamship companies which deal with the United States are freighters, the most scattered over the continent, and are con-

There are tank steamers belonging to the German-American Petroleum Company, and the American Petroleum Company, which ply regularly between New York, Baltimore. Philadelphia and Rotterdam, and there are tramp steamers which carry The Neptune line has one or more steamers a week to Baltimore. The Cosnopolitan, and the Keystone lines make

regular shipments to Philadelphia, and the Johnson Biue Cross line and North Amer-ican Transport line do a business between here and Norfolk and Newport News. Then there is the Charleston Transport line, with irregular sailings; the Texas Transport and the Terminal Transport, with steamers to New Orleans and Gal-veston, and the Gulf Stream line which sails bi-weekly to the same ports. Bar-nard & Co. have steamers from Savan-nah to Rotterdam, and the Cuban line goes from Rotterdam or Antwerp to New Orleans every three weeks. There is also a line from Holland to Boston, with steamers every ten days and other lines to Philadelphia and New York. So you see that the Dutch-American trade keeps the gulf stream sizzling the greater part of

I have 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, at the end of the Boompies. "That," said he, "is the Witte Huls. It is the only American building in Holland, and is the headquarters of the chief American firms."

I crossed several bridges, and, strolling down to it, found it even so. The build-ing 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 a sky-scraper 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 Rotterdam, althought in New York it would be but a baby. It is perfectly plumb, notwithstanding 900 trees were driven down into the sand to make its foundation. The average building of Rot-terdam is from three to five stories, and many buildings lean this way and that so that parts of the city are apparently

The American house has electric elevators worked by little Dutch boys dressed in white smocks. It was by ing on some of our largest American agents. I find that the meatmen here are selling vast quantities of our meat and lard not only to Holland, but to all the countries along the Rhine, and that the American Cereal 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 Europeans, and you see "Kwaker Oats," American typewriters, kodaks and California fruits everywhere.

Like Our Sewing Machines.

of the vessels going to the Southern states. rope. One or two of our firms are push-ing their foreign business more than any other, and especially the Singer Com-pany, 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 Hoogstraatthe Broadway of Rotterdam-which had photographs of some of the sewing schools of Holland, in which the little Duten girls are working away on American sewing machines. One of these pictures is of a school at Alkmaar, one of the oldest towns of Holland. Not far from this shop are hardware

sidered far superior to any made in Eu-

stores, with a great variety of American goods, including Philadelphia lawn mowers 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 a 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 thicker soles than ours are needed. ertheless, 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 it advertising American one sign above it advertising American 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 careless-ness of the American exporters, failed to come on time, and the result was that

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 don't know how to sell them. Such trade as we have is 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 had filled at a loss. The man has a shop right next to the Witte Huis, and I dropped into it to buy a lead pencil. He offered me one made in New York, and when I asked him if he handled other American goods, took me through rooms filled with unit book cases, desks and office furniture, and showed me cases of American inks, pencils and pens. As I

looked at them he said: care especially to do so, for your people do not watch my interests nor try to save money for me. Only last month I had a customer who wanted a certain brand of American pen. I wrote a New York ex-porter to send me three boxes by mail, and supposed that the charges would be about 20 cents. The exporter sent the pens by express, so that they cost me, in commissions and freights, \$3.20, and the result was that I lost on the transacone of many in which the carelessness of

ELIZABETH IN HER NEW OREGON HOME

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

Dear Nell: In my last letter you man will ask: were told of my first butter-making experience; that butter of beautiful ooks and medicinal teste; that had just been set aside for a second and final up your way." working, while I awaited the return of the family, intending to surprise them | gion.' with the results of my secret session Well, the kitchen had been restored to order, I was scated before the fireplace sighen Mary. trying to drown my sorrow in the pages sionists rushed in, jubilant over the wild and picturesque scenery of their drive. "Oh! but you missed a good thing by

not going with us." "I am not so sure of that," retorted the angel of the hearth.

"We've had the time of our lives.

"What doing, trout fishing?" "Just compose yourselves, and I'll show

pride of Miss McBride. As the napkin was lifted, disclosing that mass of golden deception, 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

exclaimed Tom. "You bet she is," said Bert, "a roll of that goes home with us, the oldest citizen can't beat that."

My baieful knowledge of the aftermath kept me reasonably calm, under this shower of compliments. "Now you must all come out in the dining-room and

Supplied with forks each took a gen-erous dose. Off, Nell! if only you could have seen the change of expression, be-fore and after taking; dismay and dis-gust upon every countenance.

Shades of the mighty!" cried Tom

"Seems more like paregoric or linseed oil," sputtered Bert. Mary, I suppose through sympathy for me, said nothing, but I observed that she was drinking water copiously.

"Are you sure, Elizabeth, that you didn't the Engage of the control of the c

use Epsom or Rochelle salts in this stuff?"
"No, Tom, the salt used was the Worcester brand, Rochester, N. Y."
"Well, what the dickens alls it?"

No one being able to diagnose the case, we all sat down around that diabolical bowl, and held a sort of round-table talk The pronounced herby flavor suggested the pasture, the men then remembering that quantities of mint grew there, also don, dock, English yarrow, sorre and all such things. Of course, the cown had eaten them, and this was the dire ful result. During this conference it be-came known that each and all had noticed a peculiar twang to the milk, but through valty to the cows, none had spoker

"And now Fellow-Citizens," said Tom, "what disposition are we to make of this choice potpourri?" "Well, Bert will take a part of it, and-"
"Not on your life," interrupted that

"Yes, but you must remember that was

"Very well, sir," I replied, with womanly dignity, "the product of our dairy is not forced upon our friends." For which praise God from whom all blessings flow," retorted that irreverent

"Well, then, this butter must be sold." "Elizabeth, much churning hath made you mad! Are you so lacking in moral principles as to sell what you yourself

"Yes, sir; I am. I fancy Oregonian are accustomed to this flavor in early Spring butter, and rather like it." "You'll never catch me in the busy

"Then look him square in Whereupon say: 'Mrs. Jacob Ruggles.' Whereupon he will frown reflectively, saying: 'Ruggles, Ruggles; I can't recall any Ruggles up your way.' Tell him they are new-"Then look him square in the eye and I tell you that since last July I have not comers, from Kentucky-bluegrass re-

When first we practice to deceive,

"That's so, Mary; we're getting tangled of the last "Philistine," when the excur-would this do? You remember, Elizabeth, that set of old tin-candle molds that I raked out from under the porch? Well, say we melt this stuff, mold it in those things, and make Roman candles of it, and then throw them on the market ut the Fouth 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 wads, tie 'em up in rags and sell it as: Graham's Gay Griddle Greaser." "Kindly omit the Graham," entreated the pyrotechnist.

"Don't talk nonsense," remonstrated Mary. "Elizabeth, you take my advice.

Mark this butter in little earthen jare, 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 \$1 50. This preparation is a rare one worth \$2 a jar. There is enough here

worth & a jar. There is enough nere to fill 20 jars. Sixty dollars for one churn-ing. Why, there's millions in it." "That's true, Mary. We women know that a wrinkle-eraser is well-nigh fre-sistible, and I honestly believe that every woman in Oregon—every society woman, at the least—would within 24 hours after reading the advertisement, be sitting in the privacy of her boudoir, glowing with the privacy of her boudoir, glowing with credulous expectancy, her face shining with hope and herb butter. But there isn't money enough in this convention to buy the jars 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 mine—'Graham's Gay Griddle Greaser."

"Yes," scornfully laughed his wife, "that 'wad' devised by your fertile brain would be an esthetic-looking object lying

would be an esthetic-looking object lying upon a lady's dressing table."
"You are all treating this butter with a degree of levity painful to its maker. Now, I know this compound is possessed of powerful medicinal qualities, and I shall make it into capsules and pellets and introduce it to suffering humanity as the 'Oregon Bovine Blood Purifier,' the care latest and greatest discovery of medlatest and greatest discovery of med-

ical science."
"Good-that's the ticket!" commende Tom, rising, "Now, let's go to making pill boxes; we'll make 'em of chittim bark—that has virtues of its own. And you, Elizabeth, must say in your adver-tisement: 'In extreme cases it is some-times advisable, after taking the pills, to swallow the box." With this brilliant suggestion the convention adjourned.

And now, Nell, you have our first ex-perience in butter-making where rolls the Oregon. The surprise was never eaten; Tom used it for axle grease, to my last-ing humiliation. Two or three weeks later the butter suddenly became sweet and

the butter suddenly became sweet and delicious. Then I knew the joy of the ancient mariner when the dead albatross fell from his neck.

But now it occurs to me that you will be in the swirl of holiday festivities when this rigamarole reaches you, and will scarcely have time to read it. Up here in the Oregon hills there is none, of that "Christmas feel in the air" that Riley talks about, and we can hardly realize that it is but three days away. Thinking of it, one cannot help longing a little for brilliantly illuminated streets and stores, spectacular show windows, the hurrying, jostiling throng of Christmas shoppers, the are accustemed to this flavor in early Spring butter, and rather like it."

"You'll never catch me in the busy marts of men with this stuff for saie."

"Of course, not as our own; it must be disposed of under a nom de plume. You take it to the metropolis, lay in your grocery supplies, then say: 'Oh, by the way, a lady sent in some butter with me. Came near forgetting it,' Produce it, and then fly for your life."

"But those men know all the butter-

MONG THE POINTED FIRS.—My makers of the country, and that grocery-plans and projects. Here we have none Dear Nell: In my last letter you man will ask: 'Whose butter is this?' of that. You will think it incredible when spoken to a woman-nor a man, either-except occasional workmen we have em-ployed-always, of course, excepting the other two members of our quartet. The

most of our near neighbors are men keep-ing bachelor's hall—interested, 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 ani-We were pleased last week when one night the weather suddenly turned cold, ground slightly. The next morning the air was cool, crisp and de-lightfully 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 frosteven the fir trees Mother Nature had during the night decked in white robes for the coming Christmas carnival. Later in the day the sun turned on his flash in the day the sun turned on his fiash-light, showering all with diamond dust as a finishing touch. Such purity, such whiteness and glitter! Our little hill-guarded glen was for two whole days a veritable fairy land, and we were so grateful for the usual holiday setting, though the festivities were lacking. But, alas! Saturday evening dull, leaden clouds came hurrying up from the sea. An hour later we groaned in spirit as down poured the rain upon the roof. Sunday moraing all that frosty splendor had vanished, the firs were in their every-day gowns, misty veils flying about their heads, while down from the hills floated a tearful miserere. Perhaps, having shown a foolish pride in Perhaps, having shown a foolish pride in their snowy vestments, Dame Nature had in punishment folded them away and had condemned their wearers again to the "wearing of the green," with banishment from the Santa Claus pageant. That night, as the rain tinkled against the window panes, Tom said: "This isn't very Christmasy; but let's read the old carol again, just for luck."

again, just for luck,"

For many years, at this season, it has been our custom to read aloud Dickens' Christmas carol, just to get in tune, with the spirit of the blessed Yuletide; now, looking through our book-shelves, it was not to be found, probably loaned to some one in the old home, and left behind. So even that pleasure was denied us. This again, just for luck.' even that pleasure was denied us. This afternoon we went up in the forest in search of Christmas decorations. Cloudy and dark outside, inside the woods the duskiness of twilight, a restful solitude, solemn and so still. Underneath our feet a carpet of emerald moss, soft and a carpet of emerald moss, soft and velvety; overhead a canopy of green so dense that not even a passing cloud could peer through it. All around us the graceful, motionless fronds of the magnificent sword fern, and pretty autumn-tinted, climbing and trailing vines. Truly, the groves were not only God's first temples, but his best, truest and hollest always. We felt loth to leave such a peaceful eanctuary, loitering long in its cool, moist target. tuary, loitering long in its cool, moist gloom, selecting our woodland treasures with perplexity, because of their bewilder-

with perpiexity, because of their bewildering profusion and perfection.

As we came out of the forest, just in its edge, we scared up a flock of mountain qualls. A whir of wings, a flash of jaunty topknots, and they were gone. A bushy-tailed squirrel frisked along the top rail of the fence. A saucy bluejay scolded us from the silvery mose of a young oak, a fine setting for his military jacket. As we found it raining briskly out in the open, we took a short cut home, along the crest of a very high hill. Possibly, Nell, if you had happened just then to giance toward the sunset land, you might have seen outlined against the purple horizon. Darby and Joan, bending beneath a weight of Christmas greens, trudging patiently along toward "their haven under the hill." We reached it none too soon, for as we entered the shelter of the porch a deluge descended, and all the evening it has rained steadily and drearily. Ordinarily, I don't much mind it, but just now I long for the old-time biting, nisping cold, for runching snow and merry jingling sleighbeils. Don't think, Nell, that I am homesick; I am not, but I'd like to be with you all for the next two weeks, and then fly straight back to my beloved hills.

Just above my desk, Nell, pinned to the wall, is a little water-color you sent me during one of your outings two Summers ago. Have you forgotten it? A caricature of yourself in blue gown and white sumbonnet strolling along a country road, holding aloft a gorgeous nosegay. All the evening I have been looking at it and

thinking of you, until in fancy I see you smile, that dimple twinkling in your cheek; hear your low laugh of pleasure and your voice in song. The very last evening we spent together you sang "Robin Adair" and "Marguerite," and perhaps because I knew it was the last perhaps because I knew it was the last, there seemed heartbreaking pathos in your And for the last mingled with the music of falling rain, I keep hearing:

And I half believe, Nell, that your ghost is walking tonight, and wholly believe that a fit of depression is drawing me dangerously near an abyss of the blues, so I will stop right now, before I topple over the brink, saying with Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one." Yours ever, December 22, 1992. ELIZABETH.

Maid of Athens.

By these tresses, unconfiped, Woodd by each Aegean wind; By those lids whose jetty fringe Kiss thy soft check's blooming th By those wild eyes, like the roo

By that lip I long to taste: By that zone-encircled waist; By all the token-flowers that tell

Maid of Athens! I am gone! Think of me, sweet, when alone. Though I fly to Istambol, Athens holds my heart and soul; Can I cease to love thee? No!

22, 1788, and died in Greece, April 19, 1824, wrote the above song while in Athens, where he was aiding the Grecians in their struggle for independence. The lady who inspired them was Theresa Macri, daughter of the British Vice-Consul, who when young was celebrated for her beauty Her married life was one of misery, and her beauty soon faded. At the close of each verse in the original is a Greek line, which, broadly translated, means, "My life, I love you," an expression quite commonly used in that country. The line in the third stanza which reads "By all the token-flowers that tell" refers of exchanging sentiments by means of flowers. The music of the song was composed by Isaac Nathan, an Engish Jewish composer.

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

She sleeps! My lady sleeps!

Wind of the Summer night!

Dreams of the Summer night! Tell her her lover keeps Watch, while in slumbers light

it was composed by Alfred H. Pease, native of Cleveland, O., the compos

One morning when little Willie, 4 years old, went out on the walk, he found it

But cypress leaf and sue Make a sorry wreath for you, Marguerite.

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!

Lord Byron, born in London, January

Moon of the Summer night! Far down you Western steeps, Sink, sink in silver light!

Where yonder woodbine cr. Fold, fold thy pinions light!

This song is from Longfellow's "Spanish Student," and the air which goes with

to the house crying.
"Why, what is the matter, Willie?" "Oh, I stepped on the ice and the slick

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 but needlewoman bears in mind the numerous and dainty possibilities handkerchiefs. .. ime was when the handkerchief was classed merely as an accesory of the tollet; now it forms the basis of many attractive articles, including bureau covers, handkerchief cases, sewing bags, turn-over collars and stocks, and

embroidered edge is desired, make sure that the finish is firm and will not ravel out 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 conventicaal pattern in the corner. For each sham join four of these with a medlum-weight insertion, such as a good grade of imi tation torchon. Finish the sham with a frill of lace to match the insertion, held cosely but not ruffled, except in turning the corners. If the sham is threequarters of a yard square before the lace is sewed on, four yards of the lace should be sufficient. If exceedingly dain-ty shams are desired, use sheer linen handkerchiefs with valenciennes lace For bureau covers allow three handker-chiefs, preferably with narrow hems, showing a delicate tracery of embroid ery 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 lac-

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 center of the hand-kerchief for the bands, and make up just as you would ordinary embrdoidery into the turn-over collars and cuffs, being careful to turn the corners neatly. The Japanese silk embroidered handkerchiefs in pale colors lend themselves adchiefs in paie colors lend themselves ad-mirably to this work, and can be pur-chased at special sales as low as 19 cents. If a tailored stock effect is desired, use two handkerchiefs of sheer linea showing hemstitching and drawn work. showing hemstitching and drawn 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

chiefs 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 pieces form 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 stending on their apexes, their bases running along the upper edge of the garment. In the cener of each of these pieces in cut down angle in half, and with the apex of each angle in hair, and with the apex of each turning upward, join by insertion to the side pieces. This gives five pieces, cut from four handkerchiefs, forming an oblong nine inches wide by 28 inches long. takes the place of a hem down the front of the cover. For the waist line, hem the oblong neatly, and finish with a piece or beading through which wash ribbon is beading through which wash ribbon is run to fit the cover to the figure.

form the armhole, make a strap of menough water to cover them. Place the sertion and lace with heading between, sweetbreads over the fire and stew gently

allowing 11 inches to go over the shoul- the handkerchief. The four corners form Finish the arm's eye with beading points which hang over and finish the lace to match that at the top. Run it little bag. If a stiff bottom is desired for the bag, sew inside the center of the handkerchief a small circle of pasteand lace to match that at the top. Run wash ribbon through the beading, and the corset cover can then be drawn in to fit perfectly over the bust. For 12 cents a yard a dainty imitation valenciennes in insertion and edging can be bought. Four yards of the former end three of the latter will be needed, which will cost, all told, 84 cents. Add to this two hand-

make up effectively, if care be taken in the selection. During special sales even better bargains may be secured.

A stunning work-bag for a dashing brunette may be made from an ordinary bandanna handkerchief.

Select a subdued pattern, run a circu-lar casing close to the edge of the handkerchief, and through this draw ribbons of red and yellow, matching the tints in

really dainty receptacle is obtained. Care must be taken in selecting the handker. chief, because unless it is absolutely

HOT AND COLD DAINTIES FOR EVENING

WiTH the approach of St. Valentine's for 10 minutes. At the end of that time day and Lent, the social ball is draw the saucepan to one side and stire whirling at a sight manufacture. whirling at a right merry rate. Therefore, the paramount question with the housewife who prepares, with the help of one servant, her own collation dishes, is, "What can I serve that is at once toothsome and novel?"

If she is wise she will not offer many culinary novelties, but will lay her foundation with well established favorites, and here are some dependable dainties: Select medium size hen lobsters and boll

has been added two green onions, a sprig of parsiey, a slice of green pepper, a branch of thyme and salt. When cold remove the meat from the shells and cut fine. For two cupfuls of lobster allow three tablespoonfuls of flour, one table-spoonful of butter, one cupful of cream, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoon fuls of tomato sauce, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a dash of nutmeg, salt and cayenne pepper to taste the butter and flour together until they form a smooth paste. Then add the cold milk, and stir continuously until smooth and thick. Add the beaten yolks of the eggs, cook two minutes longer, then add the remaining ingredients, well mixed and finally the lobster meat. Blend thoroughly and stand on ice until per-fectly cold. Form into small cutlets, dip in sifted bread crumbs, then in beaten egg and again bread crumbs. Fry in deep egg and again bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat, drain carefully on brown paper, and arrange on a platter with a bit of the claw or a sprig of parsley thrust into the end of each to simulate the bone.

Serve plain or with sauce tartare.

For the sauce make half a pint mayonnaise dressing and add to it one chopped gherkin, one tablespoonful of ca-pers, which have been dried in a napkin, hree olives chopped fine, and a few drops

of onion juice.

To fill eight ramikins of ordinary size select four good-size sweethreads and allow 15 tablespoonful of butter, 15 wine-glassful of white wine, six mushrooms and ½ cupful of white sauce made by di-rections given below. Place the sweet-breads in cold water and allow them to stand for two hours, changing the water frequently. Drain and put them in a saucepan, cover with fresh cold water and bring them slowly to a boil. Then draw to the side of the stove, cover tightly and let them stand for 10 minutes with-out boiling. Again drain and lay in fresh cold water. When cold remove all fibers and portions of windpipe and stand aside under a light weight for a sufficient length of time for them to become firm. Cut the blanched sweetbreads into very small pieces and put them in a saucepar with the butter, the wine and three table

spoonfuls of mushroom liquor.

To obtain this last peel the mushrooms To finish the garment at the top and to form the armhole, make a strap of fa-

measuring three or four inches in diam-The stylish English handkerchiefs in colors which now come for men make beautiful handkerchief cases. They cost from 50 cents to \$1, and can be secured bags, turn-over collars and stocks, and even corset covers.

In selecting handkerchiefs for fancy work, choose those of a quality which will not thicken in washing, and if an an lace at 8 cents a yard, will also it with white or violet lawn, and then were a second to the two that two handserence cases. They cost from 50 cents to \$1, and can be secured in almost any combination of tings.

Take one in violet and white, for instance, with the color in pin stripes. Lines the stance, with the color in pin stripes. Lines the stance, with the color in pin stripes. Lines the stance, with the color in pin stripes. Lines the stance of it with white or violet lawn, and then fold the four corners together, forming a smaller square. Join three of theso with loose cat-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

board covered with turkey-red

square it will not give the desired res —that of a square envelope.

sauce and season to taste, with salt, paper and a dash of nutmeg. When well heated and perfectly smooth, add two tablespoonfuls of cream and ½ tablespoonful of butter. Pour the mixture into crumbs and dot her and there with bits of butter. Place the ramkins in a drip-ping pan, pour around them water to half their depth, and leave in a quick oven until slightly brown, Garnish with parsiey. To make the white sauce put ½ tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, allow it to melt, then add one tablespoonthem for half an hour in water to which ful of flour and stir until smooth, but do not allow it to brown. Add one cupful of good chicken stock, a sprig of pars-ley, a stalk of celery and a tiny bit of leek. Let all boil slowly for 20 minutes,

> top and rub through a fine sieve. 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 push to the side of the stove, 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 with one quart of cider and bake for one-half flour, basting freely every five or ten minutes. Remove from the oven, brush over the surface with besten 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 cut in wafer-like silcas. Chicken Pasty. Select a plump young fowl and steam it until tender. When cold remove the skin and bones and cut the meat into neat pieces. Cover the bones and skin with water, season with salt and papper and stew slowly two or three hours. Re-move from the fire and strain. Line a deep pudding dish with rich ple crust, Arrange the chicken neatly and fill the dish two-thirds with the drained chicken stock. Season to taste, add a few bits of butter and cover with the paste rolled very thin. Cut gashes in the center, put and bake in a moderate oven to a crisp brown. Serve cold, when the gravy will have become a rich and delicious jelly.

Mareschino Mousse. blespoonfuls of granulated gelatine, the strained julce of 1½ lemons, four wine-glassfuls of mareschine and sugar to taste. Soak the gelatine in a cup of 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 gelatine water and the lemon juice little by little, beating all the time, and finally add the mareschino. Sweeten and stand the vessel in another containing ice and salt, stir until the mixture thickens, then fill a mold and pack it in ice and salt for five hours. Turn out on a fancy dish and serve at once.