

TO MAKE ARMS AS WHITE AS MILK

THEY MAY BE ATTAINED BY CAREFUL ATTENTION TO DETAILS

WILL you have arms as white as milk and smooth as satin?
Or will you cause your filmy evening gown to blush for the contrast between its daintiness and their lack of beauty?

Although beautiful arms are nature's gifts, they may also be cultivated. According to artists and sculptors perfect arms are rarely given to women, but as we often see those that appear very lovely we may conclude that inartistic lines may be concealed by the drapery at the shoulder, and that, even if every curve does not conform to beauty's law, at least arms can be made of satin smoothness and of alabaster whiteness by careful attention to details.

Once in a while a student of arms will come across a beautiful pair that might belong to a Grecian statue. Every line is exquisite in fineness, exactly modeled, and full of expression, and the outer curve at the shoulder has a virginal daintiness and poetical roundness. This is the classic arm.

The world will never know just how beautiful the arms of Venus de Milo were. Beautiful they must have been, but had they dimples at the elbow, were they all roundness and delicious curves?

Judging from famous statues, the arms should have a round and flowing outline with no sharpness at the elbow. It should taper gently down to a small wrist.

In one statue the proportions are as follows:

Length of arm from shoulder to finger tips	22 1/2
Length of arm from elbow to finger tips	13 1/2
Length of arm from elbow to wrist	15 1/2
Around the upper arm	13 1/2
Around the elbow	11 1/2
Around the forearm	9 1/2
Around the wrist	8 1/2

If the arm is not sufficiently developed to reach the standard of beauty, if it is a blighted and tender pipe-stem, try dumb-bells or Indian clubs. Swing the arms upraised, a weight in each hand, around the head, backward and forward. Stretch each arm in turn out at right angles to the body. While holding one arm in this position carry the other one to the back, holding the club or dumb-bell across the shoulders, then across the lower part of the back.

These are excellent exercises for molding the arms into form and beauty.

If it is not convenient to get a weight to hold in the hand, grasp the imaginary dumb-bell and extend the arms horizontally at the side. Then move them slowly forward until the closed hands touch, keeping the hands about on a level with the shoulders.

Return them, not only to position, but as far back as possible without lowering the hands and arms beneath the level of the shoulders. Allow the body to sway forward when the arms go to back, but do not duck the head, nor allow the body to bend at the waist.

Take a deep inhalation while the arms are extended at the side, and move the arms slowly forward and back before exhaling. Use some force while going through with these movements. Don't act like a lily broken and bent by the wind.

There are many other movements for molding the arms.

Raise them high in front, stiff and straight, and then let them fall; repeat five or six times.

Let them form an arch above the head, raising them slowly from the sides, first with the palms out, then with the palms in.

Double the forearm until it rests upon the upper arm, bringing the tips of the fingers, palms up, upon the shoulders. Then join the palms in front with the arms outstretched, and stretch them backward as far as possible. Repeat each of these movements several times.

Close the fists with vigor and twist the



This arm will show through the sleeve, which professes to hide it.



A beautiful arm tapering down to a dainty wrist.



The girl who wants a graceful arm avoids over-development.

hands and arms as far around as possible, the elbows remaining stiff, and the upper part of the arms unmoved. The arms should be on a line with the shoulder.

The next step to be taken in securing perfect arms is to see that they are smooth and white. When washing the arms the water should be tepid rain water, and the soap the best that can be secured. If a perfume soap is preferred, use that which is scented with roses, violets or verbenas.

The soap should be well rubbed into the skin with a loofah or bath mitten. When the arm has been rinsed in fresh water the well-soaped loofah should be used until the skin is slightly red and glowing.

All the soap should then be washed off in perfectly clear water, and the arm dried on a soft, dry towel. This process must be gone through once a day at least; twice a day would be better. When the arms are quite dry they should be gently massaged with the fingers for a few minutes.

If the skin is very rough and red use

an emollient when massaging. A good one is made of three ounces of oil of sweet almonds, five drams of white wax, 10 drams of rose water, two drams tincture of benzoin, one ounce of honey, and one dram essence of rose.

Melt the wax in a double boiler and slowly add the oil of sweet almonds. Then remove from fire and add other ingredients, one by one, stirring all the while.

If the arms persistently remain rough and red, another emollient may be used occasionally with good effect. This is equal parts of cocoa butter, white wax and oil of sweet almonds. It is prepared by melting the wax and while still warm adding the other two ingredients. This must be well rubbed into the skin until it is absorbed.

Almond paste and honey may also be used with good effect. Almond paste is made by pounding in a mortar one ounce of blanched bitter almonds and one ounce of common starch. Then beat in the yolks

of two eggs, one-half pint spirits of wine and 10 drops of attar of rose.

The arms, the neck and the shoulders also may be treated to a cream bath, as it is called.

After a thorough washing with soap and warm water sponge the skin with rum and ice-cold rose water in equal quantities. Rum gives tone to the flesh and makes it feel delightfully satiny to the touch. Then with a loofah go over every inch of the flesh until it glows and tingles. It is the flesh brush that quickens blood vessels into action and revives circulation.

Follow this with a thorough massage with a cream, much used by Oriental women, called Mecca balm:

Oil of white poppy.....4 ozs.
Oil of sweet almonds.....3 ozs.
White wax.....1/2 oz.
Spermaceti.....1/2 oz.
Rose water.....1 qt.
Mecca balm.....4 drams

Melt the wax and spermaceti in a double boiler. Remove from the fire and while still warm add the oil of poppy and

almonds and beat together until they are cream. Then add the balm and the rose water. Put into a porcelain jar and cover with a little rose water. Violet water may be substituted for rose water if preferred.

If a powder is ever desired for the arms and neck, make one by pounding in a mortar starch and a trifle of alum—say one-half teaspoonful alum to one-half pound of starch. Sift through a thin muslin cloth.

Before powdering the arms take a little glycerine and lemon juice, and with the palm of the hand rub it in, and keep rubbing until the skin no longer feels sticky. Dust over with a little powder and give a final rub with a soft chamol leather.

There is a dressmaking trick for rounding out arms which is worth considering. Many women have the upper arm too short in proportion to the forearm. Here comes in the wise and clever modiste and cuts out the back of the arm-holes of a

sleeveless frock and borrows enough to make up the deficiency from the shoulder. This borrowing rounds the upper arm, and so brings down two birds with one stone.

There are sleeves and sleeves—no sleeves and half sleeves—but always with a suggestion that makes the arm of beauty not a barren figure of speech.

The old saying that beauty unadorned is adorned the most is improved on, where arms are concerned, by the subtle expression, "Beauty half concealed is doubly suggested."

A sleeve may be cut off just at the elbow and finished with chiffon, which shows faintly tantalizing fashion what it professes to hide. This gives the owner a wrist which is prettier than the upper arm, and a chance to display its beauties to the admiring multitude or select few.

A realising sense of the possibilities of sleeves as settings for arms is slowly dawning upon woman.

It is well to remember that movements

of the arm give either awkwardness or grace to the person. Keeping the elbows away from the side, in a sharp angle, is very ungraceful, and the habit of crowing the arms on the chest or putting the hands in the jacket pockets also detracts from feminine attraction.

There are numerous women who are noted for their beautiful and expressive arms. Some are society women and some are stage Queens.

At one time Sarah Bernhardt's arms were almost as noted as her acting, although her proportions are by no means statuesque, if statues have to verge toward portliness, as seems to be generally agreed.

Emma Eames has classically perfect arms. Lillian Russell has a rounded arm, firm and strong, the arm which is likely to belong to a full-throated woman, still lovely, although past girlhood, but not past Quendom.

(Katherine Morton. Copyright 1902.)

SOCIAL COACHING AT THE CAPITAL

Women New to Washington Life Need to Be Guided by an Expert in Official Customs

THE social coach is a power behind the throne in the National Capital. Society needs her. She knows it, and her bank account flourishes accordingly.

When a man is elected to Congress he has fought but half the battle. On entering Washington he is confronted by two problems—how to make himself felt in the political arena and how to run successfully the social gauntlet.

Should he be placed on an important committee or serve as a telling speech during his first year in House or Senate he feels that he is really in the running, and, except in rare instances, he works out his political salvation alone.

On the other hand, his social career is largely at the mercy of his wife. Through her blunders or lack of tact he may lose that personal, social influence which, in Washington, as in every capital, is invaluable.

There is a word of politics brewed in the afternoon tea cup, and it is a wise woman who, newly come to Washington, lets the social coach direct the swinging of the tea-bell.

The social history of Washington shows that from Presidents down to members of the lower house the majority of men have been self-made, or, at least, have risen from humble ranks. In nine cases out of ten, with their foot on the lowest rung of the political ladder, they have met and married. So a woman whose social aspirations have never risen beyond the presidency of the Ladies Aid Society or the local Woman's Self-Culture Club, suddenly finds herself being borne toward social breakers by her husband's political career.

Provincial Ways Won't Do. Without much difficulty she assumes her position in the small city where her husband holds an office of some importance. Later they move to the state capital where they live in a home of a hotel and she gives regular receptions and is duly interviewed by local reporters. Returning to the home town, her gowns are talked about and copied, her entertainments admired and her favor sought.

Small wonder that her husband's progression to the National capital fills her with only pleasurable anticipations. Envied by her women friends and showered with kindly, if useless, advice, she lends herself to the most fashionable mode in town and to happy visions of new social worlds to conquer.

They invade Washington. They entertain, which is necessary. They are entertained, which is customary. To do honor to the first occasion she dons her most elaborate frock and takes one last complacent glance in the looking glass.

Then comes the awakening. Passing that line of receiving women, irreproachably gowned and groomed, she reads pitying amusement behind the few words of perfunctory greeting and the fleeting smile. It must be her gown, she reasons, and, having paid her respects, she slips into a corner and studies the frock and bearings of these women who know Washington as an open book. She cannot deny the difference, but it exists. Moreover, she finds her usual volubility, which in her home town was voted charming conversational ability, checked by an indescribable shyness. In a word, she realizes that she has stepped into a new world filled with social pitfalls and snares. She goes back to her hotel, dismayed, in-

prospective, and she lies awake the rest of the night thinking it all out.

If she is brave to the point of rashness, she recalls something a well-known foreigner has written about the acceptability of the American woman, and vows that she will stand or fall on this quality.

What the Coach Does.

If she is wise she appeals to a coach. The coach is a woman rich in knowledge of Washington customs, of good family, well bred, well groomed and well gowned. Perhaps there have been financial reverses in her family. Perhaps she is ambitious and independent. However this may be, she must be of the socially elect, and consequently to be approached with due diplomacy. There must be nothing so plebeian as a fee, no agreement, no vulgar conversation about terms. But some day there arrives in the coach's mail a check, a handsome douceur, from her pupil.

The coach, having assumed the responsibility of the lady's social future, goes about her work in the most systematic fashion. For awhile she is almost constantly at her patron's elbow, with due diplomacy, she must be nothing so plebeian as a fee, no agreement, no vulgar conversation about terms. But some day there arrives in the coach's mail a check, a handsome douceur, from her pupil.

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The first lesson is, "Who is who and how shall you greet them." The right of precedence, how to avoid the incongruous bling of invitations—that is, inviting opposing factions to the same function—and a nice discrimination in greeting are taught. For instance, a hostess may have a genuinely friendly feeling for a department clerk, but she must not throw into this greeting exactly the same shade of warmth which she extends to an Ambassador. Then, too, she may personally like an individual temporarily under the ban of Washington society, but received by right of official precedence. For such meetings she must cultivate what is known as a "frigid graciousness."

The coach overhauls her patron's wardrobe. "Good frocks, well made," is the motto—frocks that absolutely suit the personality of their owner. If small town fashions war with their personality, then everything is cast aside. The lady places herself unreservedly in the hands of an artist selected by the coach, and, if quiet elegance suits her style, she must attain it, even though her heart yearns for the fabled pots of Egypt in the form of red and burnt orange.

The Most Noted Coach. If her patron is particularly obtuse the coach handles her correspondence, though it has become essential for a woman really in the Washington swim to have her private secretary. Under the coach's tutelage she also cultivates her memory for faces and names, she acquires a sweet graciousness with a modification of voice and manner, and, in fact, goes through a course of social grooming which can be compared only to that of the young girl sent to a fashionable school for her "finishing."

When the new candidate for social favors passes successfully the pitiless criticism of those who have gone before her on the thorny path, and who enjoy watching the trials of those who follow, the coach breathes a sigh of relief that she has gathered laurels in her unique profession.

Miss Hagner, at present social secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt, is an almost absolute authority on who is who in Washington. Previous to giving her services to the President's wife, she guided Mrs. Root, Mrs. Hanna and Miss Spaulding through the social labyrinth. While Mrs. Roosevelt is a President's wife to the manner born, she has found Miss Hagner's knowl-

edge of people and official customs invaluable.

Miss Hagner was a society girl, observant and popular, compelled by adverse circumstances to turn her social talent to financial account. Particularly has she won the regard of the Chief Executive by her tactfulness and reticence on all subjects bearing on the private life of the White House.

Knowledge of what is reported that a recent legacy of \$100,000 may make it unnecessary for Miss Hagner to continue as arbiter of Washington's social circle.

The lesser lights in the coaching line are Miss Nellie Hunt, formerly Mrs. Hart's secretary, and Miss Helen Johnson. These three women are the recognized authorities, so to speak, though in a quiet way many other women are taking up the business. An experienced coach can look after the interests of several patrons, particularly if the latter are amenable, pupils.

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Velvet and lamb walking costume for young girl.

form, as it is recognized in official circles. Another woman who has won on her merits comes from the Middle West. Seemingly she prefers her quiet home life in Ohio to the seething social cauldron of Washington, for she rarely joins the Congressional colony. When she does, however, she enjoys a veritable ovation, for she has won hosts of friends through her charming personality. Her manner is what women term "sweet."

Generally speaking, however, the woman who scorns the services of the coach finds her breakers ahead.

Official circles, still laughing over an incident which marked last season's dinners. A newcomer gave a dinner without the aid or consent of any coach or well-versed friend. The result was that the guests, one and all, were affronted by the table arrangement, for they were seated without reference to their official rank. To make things worse the hostess had a new force of servants, inefficient and ill-trained, and her butler, having been taken suddenly ill, was replaced by the one first at hand. The soups were served cold, and as much of the white as had escaped the perusal of the kitchen force, came on warm.

The affair was brought to a dismal and hopeless end by the hostess' giving vent to an ungovernable temper, voiced in a vocabulary which drove the guests from the dining-room and the servants from the kitchen. Nor could the hostess speed her parting guests, because of a violent attack of hysteria which followed upon the heels of her display of temper.

All this might have been saved by a judicious appeal to the coach.

Predicament of a Senator's Wife. It was a Senator's wife who, having successfully run the social gauntlet, brought upon her head no end of carefully veiled laughter by entertaining the daughter of her husband's most powerful constituent, a newly enriched mineowner.

The young woman had views of her own which no amount of Eastern boarding-school culture could alter. Her hostess was to present the heiress to hundreds at a reception on a patriotic holiday. Imagine her dismay when the young woman appeared before her arrayed in a gown which she deemed particularly appropriate to the occasion, a pale blue satin decked with streamers of crimson and white. No amount of persuasion could induce her to change this vivid, if patriotic, raiment, and what her hostess suffered during the evening's festivities is a thing not to be described in words.

Originally is a dangerous gift-in-Washington. Your leader of society in New York, or Boston, or Chicago, may do eccentric things and have her pictures in the daily papers; may adopt fads and foster the social aspirations of the ambitious young men, but in Washington let her be ever on her guard. The slightest infringement upon rights of precedence, upon the code which governs official life, will consign her to social darkness and subject her to "frigid graciousness," from which fate may fortune defend us all!

B. J. ROTART. (Copyright, 1902.)

Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow. William Elery Channing. Tomorrow comes? dost say, my friend, "Tomorrow?"

Far down below those pines the sunset slings, Long arching o'er its lines of roddy light; And the wind murmurs little harmonies, And underneath their wings the tender birds Droop their averted heads—silent their songs.

But not a word whispers the moaning wind—Nor when in faint array the primal stars Trail with the banners of the unfurled Night; Nor even when the low-hung moon just glints, And faintly, with few touches, sears the wood; Nor there, then, doth Nature idly say, Nor whisper idly of another day: That other morn' its own morrow is; That other day shall see no shade of this.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Lady Curzon at the Durbar—Simple Salads for Jaded Appetites (Continued from Page 28.)

left the pavilion. Perhaps he was more than ever proud of a daughter who could exhibit such perfect self-control.

At any rate, Begum Sahib retained her influence over her father and used it to pay off the score against her sister. The result was a succession of plots and counter-plots in which brothers and sisters took opposing sides. The palace became a hotbed of sanguinary intrigue, and the country was stirred up by endless rebellions. By poison and dagger the brothers managed to kill off one another until only one remained, and he detested his father to become the last of the great Moguls, the Emperor Aurangzeb.

Of the splendor and glory of Delhi only the outer shell now remains. Invader after invader has swept down upon the city to slaughter its inhabitants wholesale, and to carry off its treasure to distant lands. Gone are barbaric Emperors

and is of a greenish tint. Keep in a cool, dry place.

Oyster Salad. This is, perhaps, the most delicious, yet least known of all salads. Select large, plump oysters, allowing six to each person. Parboil them in their own juice and drain. Cut the oysters into bits and mix them with an equal quantity of fresh, crisp lettuce broken into small bits. Stir with the mixture a dressing made of the following receipt, which is admirable for all meat salads:

One egg for every two persons; boil 30 minutes and then plunge into cold water. Separate the whites from the yolks, cut the whites in bits and add to the cut-up oysters. To the boiled yolks add raw ones in the proportion of one to every six cooked eggs. Reserve the raw white for future use. With a spoon mash the cooked and raw eggs; then drop in olive oil slowly, stirring vigorously all the while, until a sufficient quantity is obtained. Then add mustard, with lemon juice and pepper to taste. Lastly beat the number of whites of the eggs and stir into the dressing.

This addition gives a creamy quality to the dressing. Occasionally the oil and eggs will curdle, in which case stir in a little mustard, and it will become smooth again. Should the dressing become too thick, beaten white. When part of the dressing has been well stirred with the oysters and broken lettuce, mound on a platter of lettuce, and over the top spread the remainder of the dressing.

Mayonnaise Salmon. For this the fish must be well cooked and thoroughly chilled. The mayonnaise dressing requires only care and patience to insure success. Stir oil into a bowl of fresh egg, at first drop by drop, and when it begins to mix well, a little faster, until a sufficient quantity is secured. Then season with lemon juice, salt and red pepper. The dressing should have the consistency of thick cream. If the egg and oil do not mix well, add a little of the white of egg, which will serve to blend the materials more perfectly.

Mayonnaise of Celery. Cut into bits the white, tender part of celery, and pour over it the mayonnaise dressing as directed for salmon. This is particularly suitable for hot or luncheon.

Spanish Salad. Select ripe but not soft bananas and cut into thin slices with a silver knife. Boil English walnuts until you have one-third the quantity of the bananas. Press the nuts through a grinder or chop fine. Mix fruit and nuts lightly and heap them on a plate covered with crisp lettuce leaves. Pour mayonnaise dressing over the whole, taking care that it is seasoned quite sharply with cayenne pepper.

Salad in a Macedoine. (A tasty way of utilizing cold vegetables.)—Any clever housewife can form new combinations, such as cold potatoes and beans, potatoes and beets, cauliflower and celery. Both the mayonnaise and French dressings are used for the purpose, according to individual taste. To make a genuine French macedoine, cut two carrots and two potatoes into thin slices, shell an equal proportion of green peas, string and cut an equal quantity of string beans, cut one beet into bits, and separate half a dozen tiny flowerets of cauliflower. Boil separately in salted water, except the beet, which should be cooked without salt before cutting. Drain and stand on ice until perfectly cold. Add celery hearts cut into bits. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

For the latter rub a bowl with a clove of garlic, place in it three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt, a half teaspoonful of black pepper and little by little six table-

spoonfuls of olive oil, stirring continuously until the salt and pepper are dissolved. Then add by degrees two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar and stir all together until an emulsion is formed. Pour over the salad at the moment of serving.

The Woman With a Hobby. There is a little old woman in Chicago with a hobby. Nothing strange about that, as we all know, but this particular hobby leads to peculiar and interesting results. She spends most of her days seeking to bring about a better understanding between men and horses, and succeeds in checking brutality by methods that are unique.

One day last week she was traveling in a Wentworth-avenue car on Clark street, when she saw a burly driver of a brewery wagon loaded with barrels hatching and cutting two beautiful draft horses unmercifully because they were unable to make the steep grade that leads up under the Sixteenth-street viaduct. She stopped the car at the corner, alighted, quietly back and watched the driver laying the whip on the flanks of his team for ten minutes. Finally, with his animals plunging, straining and staggering, the little hill was conquered, and he drove on.

Next morning she was at the brewery at 6:30 o'clock, inquiring for the driver of wagon 27, with a little brown paper parcel under her arm. She met the man in a few moments, and told him that she was a student of brute nature in humanity and human nature in brutes. After a quiet and earnest plea for better treatment of his horses she drew out of her package a bunch of carrots and handed them to him. "When you get another incline," she said, "try this remedy. Jump down, give your team a kind word and a carrot apiece, and let them do the rest."

On Wednesday she got this note: "Madame, you are all right. I incline a bit to buy carrots, but I am not a people with. I tried it on my team and it done the work like a miracle. I will stop and count twenty before I ever strike a horse again to hurt him."

This man is not a brute, only at times thoughtless and impatient. Probably he is a good husband and a kind father, and the little old lady with her bunch of carrots has taught him a lesson that he will never forget. Hobbies that bring about results like this ought to be encouraged.

Joshes by Tom Reed. New York Sun. Judge Terry, of Arkansas, arose to make a set speech, and began by saying: "Mr. Speaker, I am a Southern man and a Democrat."

The Speaker—That is a combination of unfortunate circumstances which a man ought to labor to conceal.

One of the noted men of the 56th Congress, who was given to much oratory and resplendent raiment was James Hamilton Lewis, of Washington State, commonly known as "Dude Lewis." The Sun once described Mr. Lewis as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," to which Mr. Lewis took exception.

He came into the House the next morning, and with his gloves in one hand and a copy of the Sun in the other, marched down the center aisle, and, stopping near the front, said:

"Mr. Speaker, I arise to a question of personal privilege." Then he read what the Sun had said of him. "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"Yes," said the Speaker, "only it ought to have read, 'a jaw forever.'"

and their peacock throne, and it is an empire of a different kind which Lord and Lady Curzon will proclaim.

SALADS FOR JADED APPETITES.

Recipes That Should Find Favor With Weary Palates.

To palates jaded by the great feast day, with its rich puddings and fruit cakes, its sweetmeats and nuts, salad comes as a most welcome offering. While it should always appear on the family table at least once a day, just now it will be particularly refreshing.

The first essential to a good salad is a brand of olive oil that is above reproach. The Italian ranks higher than the French,