BREEDING PLACES OF THE PARIS APACHE

Famous "Fortifications" Where an Alien Race Made Up *of* the Native Submerged Tenth *and* Riff-raff of All Nations Dwells at the Gates *of* Paris to Be Demolished Next Spring--Three Thousand Criminals Harbored Among Inhabitants of This Region

By Leon Raymond.

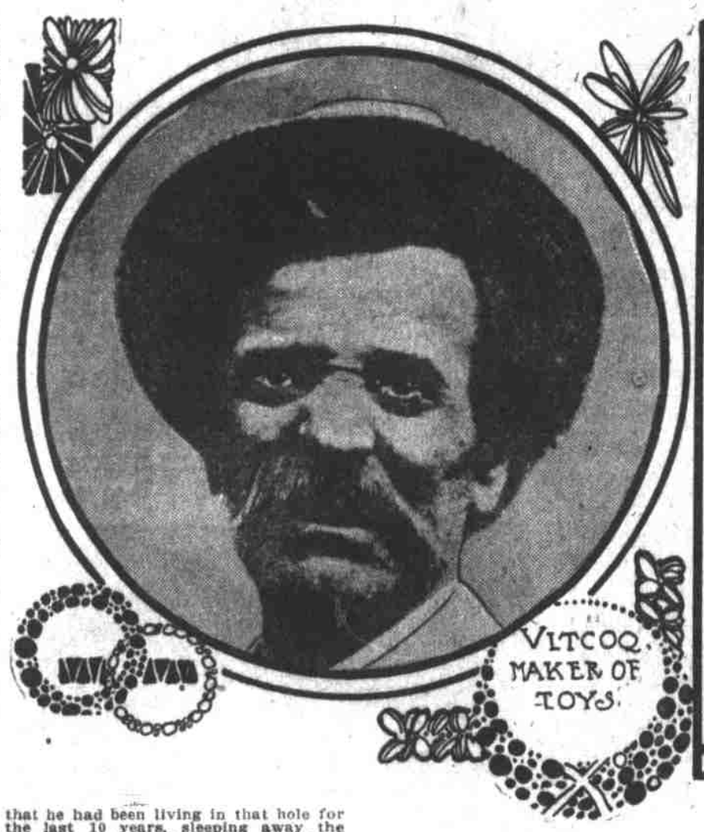
PARIS, Dec. 2.—Before next summer rolls around, the demolition of the famous fortifications of Paris will have been begun. For 10 years the government has been talking of such an action and now it has been definitely decided upon.

The fortifications are interesting because of the curious race of people which inhabits them made up of a conglomerate of Apaches and honest citizens and known under the general name of "fartifs." It is estimated that they number something like 10,000 and they are a people apart from the Parisians and the provincial French alike. Of late years the native French have been joined by the riffraff of Spain, Italy and other European countries, who, however, remain no longer than is necessary to make what is in their opinion a tidy fortune and, thereupon retire to their native countries.

Whether you leave Paris by the north, south, east or west, you are bound to pass through this strange land, for it encircles Paris abutting on the great moat which was part of the old time defences of the city. It is a quarter of a mile wide and its length might be said to be indefinite, for it is a complete circle. On Saturdays its population is enormously increased by the influx of small families with a few sous and a cold lunch on holiday bent. It boasts of anything but a monotonous landscape and there is something for all tastes. At the Porte du Pantin, one of the gates of Paris, for instance, there is a miniature Alps, and there a fine view of Paris, glittering in the midday sun, can be obtained. Behind the XVIIth arrondissement, the herbage is so rich and green as to remind one of Normandy. Near Levallois, the country resembles the Basque provinces and goats from that part of France, watched over by their red capped, sunburnt herders come from Hendays by Bordeaux and La Touraine, and graze their beasts on the luxuriant banks. High up the canal St. Denis, at its entry into the town, reminds one of Holland with its barges and towers.

The fortifications are first and foremost an asylum and hiding place for the undesirable and criminal of Paris. No less than 3000 of the tribe Apache live there, and the police of Paris leave him practically undisturbed so long as he remains there and does ont enter the gates of the city. Even the boys develop a criminal instinct and it is a common occurrence for little urchins of 10 years of age, greedy of publicity, to indulge in savage and sometimes fatal knife play. The single doctor, who, by the way, is a ragpicker by profession and an amateur doctor in his spare time, says that the majority of his cases among both the children and the grown folks, come from a too promiscuous and careless use of knives, pistols and guns.

The habitations take the form, principally, of caravans which can be easily moved about the country, but many of the more wretched citizens are not above living in the ground. M. Bouvier, an inspector, one night near the Chatillon gate, discovered a hairy, unkempt head sticking out of a large hole and upon dragging the man forth learned



VITCOQ, MAKER OF TOYS.

that he had been living in that hole for the last 10 years, sleeping away the days and nights and stealing vegetables in the evening for his food.

Rent, however, is not high enough in the fortifications, one would think, to be beyond the pocket of anyone. For $4 a year one can obtain a very respectable piece of ground and a cabin thereon. For $7 a year it is easy to obtain a quite pretentious house, and for $10 one has attached a very considerable garden. Should these prices, by any chance, seem exorbitant, one can lodge free of charge on the slopes which run along the moat, where the ground belongs to the state. There is not, however, very much of the state owned ground which remains unoccupied at the present moment. Some of the most astute of the early settlers with a dozen stakes and some wire netting marked out considerable domains, and now offer portions of them for rent at from $1 to $2 a year, payable in weekly installments.

The prices that prevail in this curious country are probably as reasonable as are to be found in any place in the world. For instance, it is possible to have one's hair cut or one's face shaved for the bestowal of a crust of bread or a cigar end on the delighted barber. Many of the inhabitants who have some trade, such as carpet beaters or tattooers are wise enough not to ply them in the fortifications, but make daily journeys into Paris and obtain the better prices there possible.

Curiously enough, each gate of the city of Paris has its distinctive settlement and types. At Lavellois a dozen of these miserable outcasts, living from hand to mouth, have formed a socialistic company, combined labor, built several shanties, purchased a grinding wheel and reduced the amount of work necessary to live upon to the very least, for they take their turns with the wheel in making the rounds of the streets of Paris sharpening scissors and knives. The entire dozen live on the proceeds of these excursions and thus it is only necessary for each man to work but once in every 12 days.

Near the gate of Vincennes a curious business has grown up, that of providing "rabbits" for the Parisian restaurants at 15 cents apiece and the smallness of the price will be understood when it is said that the "rabbits" are really cats. At Malakoff and Montrouge, the manufacturers of halfpenny toys abound. Old broken boxes are transformed into windmills, spades and countless varieties of toys for children by the ingenuity of the workers. It is at the Montrouge gate that one of the most famous characters of the fortifications lives. He is M. Vitcoq and he claims to have invented no less than 23 toys, many of which have had enormous sales on the boulevards. He has been an exhibitor at Lepine's famous toy show in Paris since 1901 and upon one occasion won the prefect of police's gold medal, upon another a silver medal and in addition, 10 diplomas which he proudly hung about his shop. Practically all his toys are made out of rubbish and the majority of them out of old tin which he buys at $1 per 100 pounds. With such an outlay in the course of a year he turns out 500 boats, 10,000 swings, and 20,000 bendings for looking-glasses. His wife, who spends most of her time in teaching her neighbors the art of making toys from old tin boxes, is a manufacturer of paper flowers and dresses for children's balls, and she proudly tells of being congratulated upon her designs by the divine Sarah herself.

Between the gates of Clignancourt and Poissoniers in the innumerable multitude of miserable huts, there is a thriving rag business. It is remarkably well organized and the workers form, in reality, a cooperative society with considerable capital and stringent rules. The members have recently erected a large sorting shed and warehouses at a cost of almost $400. Each member delivers his harvest at the central depot where the weight is checked and the purchase price paid according to a tariff fixed by common consent. An account is kept and every six months the profits of the business, which in 1904 amounted to $16,000, are divided pro rata with the receipts of each of the members.

In this district, also, is to be found a picturesque individual known as "the doctor," who gave me the startling information about the promiscuous use of dangerous weapons. He is universally adored by these rough vagrants, for he gives his scientific advice absolutely free of charge. He is a rag picker by profession and oddly enough his persuit of that calling led to his acquaintance with medicine. It was through the discovery in the dustbins of the city of Paris of a lot of books on medicine that he first began to study the subject. He has recently been reading some books which he picked up on alcoholism, and is now preaching temperance to his fellow workers in the rag business.

One of the unique characters of this strange series of settlements is Pastor Anderson, who is trying to civilize and reclaim some of these outcasts through the medium of the young generation. Every day at 4 o'clock he teaches the elements of reading and the principles of morality to about 20 little vagabonds, three parts naked. The caravan makes a continuous tour of the fortifications, stopping at each gate until Anderson is confident that he has planted seed which will bear good fruit.

The headquarters of the foreign element of this peculiar city is the Montreuil gate. The German makes a specialty of basket work and at daybreak every day, perfect swarms of women and children leave the camp with baskets of all sorts for sale in the shops and streets of Paris. The Spaniard is either a hawker of a grower of onions and garlic. An old Spanish woman and her husband have founded a unique business in establishing a home for the maimed and injured. When the writer recently paid a visit to the one caravan in which they housed their strange guests, he found four blind people, two without arms, one without legs and a paralytic. They are fed and tended by the old couple at a monthly wage. The Italians are, in nine cases out of 10, musicians when they are old enough and beggars when they are not. In the former case their average earnings are about $2 a day with either violin or guitar and in the latter from eight to 10 cents. Five performers on the mandolin told the writer that on the first of January this year they made no less than $80.

There is a remarkable amount of hidden wealth stored in these caravans and shanties. Many of the owners boast of hoards of from $5000 to $6000 and from $8000 to $10,000 is by no means unusual. Last year a Hungarian living in a miserable caravan near Levallois was arrested and charged with stealing a horse. With the object of proving to the police that there was no necessity for his stooping to theft, he exhibited a pocketbook containing $16,000. Despite this "proof" of his honesty, however, the police arrested him and he was returned to his native land to live the rest of his life in ease and even luxury.

As a hiding place for criminals, this region has no equal the world over. Six months ago, 150 police surrounded the camp at the Montreuil gate and instituted an extensive search, finding no less than 11 stolen horses and as a consequence, 29 Bohemians were arrested.

All this fascinating and picturesque settlement is to be destroyed with the demolition of the fortifications and the inhabitants scattered to the four winds It will be a severe blow to the sightseers and even to the native Parisian who finds infinite enjoyment in making the rounds of this alien quarter within the confines of his own city.

PASTOR ANDERSON AND ONE OF HIS CLASSES.

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS CANDIES AT HOME--Portland Boys *and* Girls Given Hints as to What to Make *and* How to Make It

By Alice M. Irwin.

CANDY is as indispensable a part of Christmas as is holly and the mistletoe. The Yuletide without sweetmeats would be like Thanksgiving without turkey—a sort of Hamlet with the melancholy Dane left out.

What child here in Portland or elsewhere would believe that Santa Claus had really been around if he failed to pull a bag of sugar plums from the toe of his stocking? His very faith in the reality of the genial old gentleman with the jolly red nose and the prancing reindeer would suffer a shock that he would have difficulty in recovering from.

And the children aren't the only ones who look for bonbons and chocolates at the season of the Christmastide. Many a young fellow who has thoughtfully pinched a flat purse after investing in a few pounds of dainty confections for his Dulcinea realizes that the young ladies who have joined the ranks of the "grown-ups" didn't lose the "sweet tooth" when they put on long dresses.

If the items of fuel, utensils and labor are not taken into consideration, wholesome and appetizing candies may be made at home at a cost of from eight to 12 cents a pound for the simpler kinds, and 15 to 30 cents for the choicest confections. The simple varieties, such as peanut brittle, peanut nougat, nut bar, chewing taffy, molasses candy and the like, for which recipes will be given later on, the children can easily learn to make for themselves and will enjoy making. And the art of the candy maker is one that is always appreciated.

The recipes given in this article have been tried again and again and if directions are carefully and intelligently followed, there is little danger of failure.

Utensils.

A graniteware saucepan, with handle, and lip for pouring, for boiling the sugar. A marble slab (the marble top of an old table or washstand will do admirably), or a large earthen platter, for cooling the sirup. Shallow tins, for cooling nougat, fudges, cocoanut bar and the like. One or two wooden spoons, with long handles, for stirring. A spatula, for working fondant. This is rather like an ordinary garden spade in shape. It is cut from a single piece of wood and is about 15 inches long, the lower part being three or four inches wide and half an inch thick, with a sharp edge at the base. A wire candy dipper or two. A hook for pulling taffy, molasses candy, etc. A meat hook will do nicely for this. It should be fastened firmly to the wall at a convenient height, say about five feet.

A small double boiler, for dipping bonbons and chocolate creams.

A two inch paste brush, for wiping crystals from the sides of the pan of boiling sirup.

Several sheets of paraffine paper, for wrapping purposes, dropping bonbons, and the like.

And last, but not least, a sugar thermometer, which should cost somewhere from 75 cents to $1.50.

It is very probable that some, perhaps the greater part of these utensils are already a part of the kitchen equipment. If not do not be discouraged if you cannot get them. The saucepan, for boiling, the marble or platter, for cooling, and the paraffine paper, are the absolute essentials. Taffy can be pulled without a hook, fondant stirred with an ordinary cooking spoon, a bonbon dipper made from a stray bit of wire, or failing this, you may use a two tined fork, or a pair of the tin candy tongs that often come in boxes of chocolates. A small sponge, or even a swab made from a rag and a stick, may be used for the paste brush, while a double boiler for dipping the bonbons and chocolates can be improvised by setting a small saucepan, or even an earthenware bowl, inside another dish containing hot water. And the boiling sirup may be tested with sufficient accuracy for all ordinary purposes without the sugar thermometer, by dropping a bit into a cup of cold water. These tests, by thermometer and by water, will be carefully described later in the article.

Boiling the Sugar.

Choose a bright, clear day, if possible, for your candy making, and take care that there is no steam from boiling water in the room, or your candy will be apt to crystallize, as sugar and water have a decided affinity.

Sugar tends to crystallize as the water evaporates, and as it cannot be used for candy in this state, confectioners use glucose or cream of tartar for the purpose of "cutting the grain," or preventing crystallization, as these change a certain portion of the sugar into "invert sugar," as the chemist calls it, which does not crystallize.

Use one tablespoonful of glucose for each pound of sugar (or two cups), or a small saltspoonful (about one eighth of a teaspoonful), of cream of tartar, dissolved in about a teaspoonful of lukewarm water.

Personally, I very much prefer the glucose, but it is not always easy to obtain. For some occult reason candy manufacturers will declare up and down that they "never use it," "don't have it," and so on, only to produce it in the end, after a lengthy argument. And here is a "tip." Take along a pint fruit jar, or wide mouthed bottle to get it in. I have known the excuse "nothing to put it in" to be offered more than once.

For boiling sugar you should have an even, intense heat—a gas flame is excellent for the purpose—and a steady, moderate heat for molasses. The more rapidly the sugar is boiled the better, as it will discolor if boiled slowly.

Place the sugar and water, or other liquid called for by the recipe, and the glucose (if you use glucose for cutting the grain) in a clean, perfectly smooth saucepan, and with the wooden spatula, or a spoon, stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, not a second longer. (It is dissolved when tiny grains of sugar can no longer be seen on the spoon upon lifting it from the sirup). The sirup must not boil before the sugar is dissolved. Be careful not to splash the sirup against the sides of the pan when stirring. With the pastebrush dipped in cold water carefully wipe off any crystals that may be on the sides of the saucepan.

If you are using cream of tartar instead of glucose, for cutting the grain, add it as the sirup begins to bubble, then cover the pan closely for the first five minutes of boiling. This prevents crystals from forming, but should any appear wipe them off as before, being careful not to touch the boiling sirup, or to jar the saucepan in any way. Boil until the required degree is reached, then pour quickly onto the oiled slab or platter, and except in the case of candies intended to "grain," like the fudges and creamy caramels, do not scrape the saucepan, as this is liable to cause crystallization.

Testing the Sirup.

The French confectioner has 11 tests for the boiling sugar, but for the purposes of this article we will consider five, only. When using a sugar thermometer pour the sirup when the degree indicated is reached.

The Feather, 236-238 degrees—To test in water have a large cup filled with very cold, or ice water, plunge a spoon into the water, into the boiling sirup (very carefully, do not stir the sirup), and again into the water. If the candy can be massed together into a very soft little bunch this stage is reached. This is the degree for fondant, from which the finest so-called "French candies," bonbons and chocolate creams, are made.

The Soft Ball, 240-242 degrees—This should be slightly harder than the feather, and you should be able to work it under the water into a soft little ball that will not adhere to the fingers.

The Hard Ball, 246-250 degrees—This is slightly harder than the soft ball, and can be worked like putty, retaining its shape.

The Soft Crack, 284-286 degrees—Drop a little into the ice water, if when cool it will break off, and chews easily, without sticking to the teeth this stage is reached. This is the degree for chewing taffies.

The Hard Crack, 310 degrees—At about 300 degrees the sirup will begin to show a light straw color. Watch it closely, testing frequently if you are depending on ice water tests. It should break crisp and clean, and "crunch" between the teeth. This is the degree for all the clear, hard candies.

Fondant.

This is the foundation of all the choicest cream candies and bonbons, forms the filling of chocolate creams, and also makes a most delicious icing for cakes. If kept in airtight jars in a cool place it will retain its moisture and remain in perfect condition for weeks.

For plain fondant use two cups of granulated sugar, three fourths of a cupful of hot water and either one eighth of a teaspoonful of cream tartar dissolved in about a teaspoonful of lukewarm water, or one tablespoonful of glucose.

Proceed as directed under "Boiling," until 236 degrees, or the feather stage, is reached. Pour quickly onto the previously prepared slab or platter and watch it closely, pushing the edges over toward the center as they cool. As soon as the mass is cool enough to handle easily—so cool that you can thrust your finger into the middle of it and hold it there—begin to work it with the spatula, and keep on working and stirring until it is a smooth, creamy mass, or until it begins to crumble, gather it together and knead, as you would dough, until it is a perfectly smooth, snow white mass of cream. Place it in a bowl and cover with a bit of paraffine paper or damp cheesecloth, to prevent a crust forming on the top.

Fondant is much better to stand for 24 hours before using. It can, however, be used sooner, if necessary, but should stand for a short time, from half an hour to an hour, anyway.

If the fondant will not knead together into a smooth mass, but remains crumbly and hard, it has been boiled too much. Sometimes a few drops of boiling water will remedy this—be careful not to get too much in—or it can have half a cup of boiling water added and be reboiled. If, on the other hand, it remains soft and sticky, it has not been boiled sufficiently, but even if too soft to form into bonbons, it can usually be used for dipping purposes, to sweeten bitter chocolate for dipping, and the like. There is, however, much greater danger of overboiling than of underboiling, I think, for of the pounds and pounds of fondant I have made, with one exception, I have never found it necessary to reboil the sugar on this account.

Maple Fondant.—This is made in the same manner as the plain fondant, using one cup of maple sugar and one cup of granulated sugar, instead of two cups of granulated.

Bonbons.

An almost endless variety of these may be made by using different flavorings, tinting the fondant slightly, to correspond with the flavors, or by adding shredded cocoanut, chopped nut meats, figs, candied fruits, jams, candied lemon and orange peel, preserved ginger and the like.

Tiny glass jars of fruit colorings, in pink, orange, yellow, green, violet and caramel, can be obtained from any of the leading grocers. These colors are in the form of a paste and should be used sparingly, as an almost infinitesimal amount will give a deep enough tint. Lacking these however, a faint pink tint can be obtained by using a few drops of beet, or even cranberry juice, a green from the jince of spinach, and the grated peel of oranges and lemons will often be sufficient coloring for these flavors, if not work in a drop or two of deep yellow egg yolk—not enough to taste.

For the white use vanilla, noyau, almond, pineapple, or almost any desired flavor. Vanilla and sherry make a fine flavor. The pink you may flavor with rose, strawberry, or raspberry. Green should be flavored with pistachio, or vanilla with a drop of almond added, or it may be flavored with lime juice. For the yellows you will, of course, use lemon and orange flavorings. A drop or two of high-grade violet perfume may be used for flavoring violet bonbons.

Use both colorings and flavorings sparingly—one half to one teaspoonful of the ordinary flavoring extracts will be found quite sufficient for one batch (about one pound) of fondant.

Knead coloring and flavoring into the fondant with the hands and when evenly blended form into little balls, cones, cylinders, or any shape desired. Place these upon waxed paper and stand them aside for a few hours, or over night, to harden, when they will be ready for dipping, or can be crystallized by placing on a sieve and holding over steam until they are moist, then rolling them in fine granulated sugar and again allowing them to dry.

Dipping Bonbons.

For dipping take some of the softest fondant. Place a fairly good sized piece, say a cupful, in a small double boiler, or a bowl over hot water, and melt to the consistency of very thick cream, stirring as it softens. Flavor and tint as desired. Very dainty appearing bonbons may be made by dipping the centers into fondant of another color—for instance, dipping almost any flavor in fondant into which a little melted chocolate has been stirred, or any of the colored centers may be dipped in white fondant, slightly flavored with vanilla. Centers containing nut meats, chopped preserved fruits, cocoanut and the like, may be dipped in nearly all the different flavors.

About two cups of fondant will be required for dipping one pound of centers.

A bonbon dipper can be purchased for a few pennies, and will be found a great convenience. It is really nothing but a long loop of wire bent into a sort of spoon shape at one end, and one can, perhaps, be fashioned at home from a short piece of wire. I have such a home-made one, which I use in preference to all others for dipping small bonbons. Or a fork, preferably a two-tined one, will answer very well.

Drop the centers, one at a time, in the melted fondant, roll each over that all sides may be evenly covered, take it up on the dipper, scrape the dipper on the edge of the dish, to remove the surplus fondant, then place the bonbon on waxed paper to dry.

These bonbons should be ready to eat in an hour or two, but if intended for packing in candy boxes, should remain several hours—from 12 to 24 will not be too long.

Stir the fondant frequently while dipping, that a crust may not form.

If packed in tight tin boxes, with sheets of paraffine paper and cardboard between the layers, these candies will keep fresh for some weeks, but two many layers should not be placed in a box, as they crush easily.

Here are some of my favorite ways for preparing bonbons:

For cocoanut add one third of a cup of dessicated, or freshly grated cocoanut to one cup of fondant, knead thoroughly together, pat out into a square cake about one half inch thick, place on paraffine paper, place another piece of paper over it, and on this a board or tin, upon which place a weight. Leave for several hours, then cut the cakes into cubes with a sharp knife. Place each piece singly on a piece of fresh paraffine paper and stand away to dry.

Chocolate Creams.

Chocolate varies greatly in quality and is subject to so many adulterations that it is difficult to give explicit directions for its preparation for dipping purposes.

A high grade chocolate should have a smooth, glossy surface, show a fine, close grain when broken, and be of a rich red-brown color. If you can get from some dealer in confectioner's supplies, or a candy maker, a medium light colored grade of sweetened, unflavored confectioner's chocolate—it might be well to state that you wish it for dipping—it will probably need no further preparation than melting, but if you must rely upon the socalled "bitter chocolate," which is the variety best known to the housekeeper, it must be sweetened by the addition of a little melted fondant, or a small amount of confectioner's sugar. Use fondant if possible.

Grate, or break the chocolate into small pieces, place in a small double boiler or a bowl, over boiling water, until it is entirely melted (do not let a bit of water get into it). To be of the right consistency a few drops allowed to trickle from the tip of the spoon should retain their shape quite distinctly or, the surface of the melted chocolate. If too thin it will run down around the base of the cream, thus making an unsightly rim. It can be thickened by adding a little more fondant or a few drops of thick cream. If it is too thick it will leave too heavy a coating of chocolate on the center and will be hard to use. This may be because the chocolate has cooled, or it may need to be thinned a bit with a little cocoa butter—which can be obtained from the druggist—or a bit of melted suet, or butter which has been freed from salt. The cocoa butter is preferable, however.

The process of dipping is, of course, similar to that of dipping bonbons. As you lift the cream from the chocolate allow it to drain a second before scraping on the edge of the dish and placing on the paraffine paper.

Cream Mints—For these melt some rather hard fondant and flavor to taste, using peppermint for the white, wintergreen for the pink, orange for the yellow and any other flavors and colors you may wish. Pour on paraffine paper in drops about the size of a half dollar and stand them aside for several hours, or until firm, when the paper can be peeled off easily.

Maple Nut Bar—This is one of the most delectable of sweets. Melt maple fondant, stir in chopped nut meats in the proportion of one cup of nut meats to two cups of fondant, pour into a pan lined with paraffine paper and when cool turn out and with a sharp knife cut into bars and allow to dry, or wrap each in paraffine paper. If they can be obtained, the old fashioned butternuts are best for this confection, but English Walnuts or pecans can be used equally well.

Tutti Frutti Bar—This is made similar to Harlequin Bar, chopped nuts being added to one layer, chopped candied fruits, and the like, to the other two.

Cocoanut Bar—Is made by stirring chopped or dessicated cocoanut into melted fondant, and cutting into bars after cooling.

Orange Paste—Break one ounce of either red or white gelatine into small bits, cover with one half cup of cold water and stand it aside for two hours. Place half a cupful of boiling water and two cups of granulated sugar in a saucepan, dissolve the sugar and let it just come to a boil, then push the pan back on the stove where it will just barely bubble and let it simmer for twenty-five minutes. Add the grated rind of a good sized orange, the grated peel of one half a lemon, four tablespoonfuls of orange juice and three of lemon juice. Pour at once into a pan previously rinsed in cold water and set it away in a cold place to harden. It should remain undisturbed for several hours, until very firm. Remove from the pan onto a surface thickly dusted with confectioner's sugar, cut into cubes, roll each in confectioner's sugar, place upon a platter, or a board covered with paraffine paper and allow to stand for several hours.

If white gelatine is used for this paste it can be made more attractive in appearance by tinting with pink or orange.

Fig Paste—Use the white gelatine for this, omit the grated lemon rind, substitute a tablespoonful of sherry (if this flavor is liked) in place of one tablespoonful of orange juice, and add one cup of rather finely chopped figs, measured lightly, just before pouring.

Mint Paste—Use white gelatine, proceeding as for the plain paste, coloring the sirup a dainty green with color paste, and flavoring with two and one half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, six drops of oil of peppermint, or about one half a teaspoonful of peppermint extract, three tablespoonfuls of heavy sugar sirup and a few grains of salt.

These are delicious to serve with after-dinner coffee.

Chewing Taffy.

Place four cupfuls of granulated sugar and one and one half cupfuls of water in a smooth saucepan or kettle, and dissolve and boil as directed under "Boiling," adding either two tablespoonfuls of glucose when the sugar is placed over the fire, or one fourth teaspoon of cream of tartar, dissolved in a teaspoonful of lukewarm water, when the sirup begins to boil.

Boil to about 286 degrees, or until a bit dropped in ice water will break off against the side of the cup. It should chew easily without sticking to the teeth very much.

When this stage is reached pour at once onto an oiled slab or platter and allow to cool, turning the edges in toward the center as they cool, to prevent them from becoming hard. As soon as cool enough to handle pull in the hands, or over a hook, if you have one, adding the flavoring as you pull the candy. By doing this you can divide the batch into several parts when it is nearly pulled, flavoring each one differently. When it gets too stiff to pull easily, pull and roll into long sticks about an inch wide and cut into half inch bits, wrapping each piece in a square of waxed paper, giving a little twist to the ends of the paper to hold the piece in place. (The papers should be cut about three inches by four inches in size.)

If you are fond of cocoanut try pulling a little dessicated cocoanut into one lot of this taffy, adding, also, a few drops of vanilla.

Creole Caramels.

Melt one cup of granulated sugar in a smooth saucepan. As soon as it becomes liquified add one cup of thin cream and stir until it is a smooth sirup. Add one cup of granulated sugar and one cup of either maple or brown sugar, and boil until the "soft ball" is reached. Remove from the fire—add one fourth teaspoonful of vanilla if brown sugar is used, with maple sugar no flavoring will be necessary—and stir until creamy. Pour into a pan which has been previously lined with waxed paper, to the depth of three fourths of an inch and while still warm mark into squares. When cold this may be wrapped in two and one half inch squares of paraffine paper, if desired.

Vassar Fudge.

No article on candy making would be quite complete without at least one recipe for fudge.

Although nearly every girl has her own pet way of making this favorite sweet, perhaps she will not be averse to trying this recipe, which was given me by a Vassar graduate, and which is said to be the genuine "Vassar Fudge."

Mix thoroughly together two cups of brown sugar, four squares (four ounces) of chocolate, grated or broken in small bits, three fourths of a cup of cream and one tablespoonful of butter. Stir until dissolved, then boil until it will spin a thread from the tip of the spoon (or until the "feather" stage is reached). Remove from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until creamy. Pour at once into a buttered pan, and as soon as cool enough mark into squares.

THE SOUL IS ALWAYS PURE

By Maurice Maeterlinck.

WHAT would happen if our soul were suddenly to take visible shape and were compelled to advance into the midst of her assembled sisters, stripped of all her veils but laden with her most secret thoughts, and dragging behind her the mysterious inexplicable acts of her life?

Of what would she be ashamed? Which are the things she would like to hide? Would she, like a bashful maiden, cloak beneath her long hair the countless sins of the flesh?

She knows not of them and those sins have never come near her. They were committed a thousand miles from her throne, and the soul even of the prostitute would pass unsuspectingly through the crowd with the transparent smile of the child in her eyes. She has not interfered, she was living her life where the light fell on her, and it is this life only that she can recall.

Are there any sins or crimes of which she could be guilty? Has she betrayed, deceived, lied? Has she inflicted suffering or been the cause of tears? Where was she while this man delivered over his brother to the enemy? Perhaps far away from him she was sobbing and from that moment she will have become more beautiful and more profound. She will feel no shame for what she has not done; she can remain pure in the midst of terrible murder.

Often she will transform into inner radiance all the evil wrought before her. These things are governed by an invisible principle and hence, doubtless, has arisen the inexplicable indulgence of the gods.

And our indulgeance, too. Strive as we may, we are bound to pardon, and when death, "the great conciliator," has passed by is there one of us who does not fall on his knees and silently, with every token of forgiveness, bend over the departing soul?

When I stand before the rigid body of my bitterest enemy, when I look upon the pale lips that slandered me, the sightless eyes that so often brought the tears to mine, the cold hands that may have done me so much wrong—do you imagine that I can still think of revenge? Death has come and atoned for all.

I have no grievance against the soul of the man before me. Instinctively do I recognize that it soars high above the gravest faults and the cruelest wrongs (and how admirable and full of significance is still instinct). If there linger still a regret within me, it is not that I am unable to inflict suffering in my turn, but it is perhaps that my love was not great enough and that my forgiveness has come too late.

One might almost believe that these things were already understood by us deep down in our soul. We do not judge our fellows by their acts—nay, not even by their most secret thoughts, for these are not always indiscernible, and we go far beyond the undiscernible.

A man shall have committed crimes reputed to be the vilest of all, and yet it may be that even the blackest of these shall not have tarnished, for one single moment the breath of fragrance and ethereal purity that surrounds his presence, while at the approach of a philosopher or martyr, our soul may be steeped in gloom.

It may happen that a saint or hero may choose his friend from among men whose faces bear the stamp of every degraded thought, and that, by the side of others, whose brows are radiant with lofty and magnanimous dreams, he shall not feel a human and brotherly atmosphere about him.

What tidings do these things bring us? And wherein lies their significance? Are there laws deeper than those by which deeds and thought are governed? What are the things we have learned and why do we always act in accordance with rules that none ever mention, but which are the only rules that cannot err?

For it may be boldly declared that, apnearances notwithstanding, neither hero nor saint has chosen wrongly. They have but obeyed and even though the saint be deceived and sold by the man he has preferred, still will there abide with him something imperishable, something by which he shall know that he was right and that he has nothing to regret. The soul will ever remember that the other soul was pure.

When we venture to move the mysterious stone that covers these mysteries, the heavily charged air surges up from the gulf, and words and thoughts fall around us like poisoned flies. Even our inner life seems trivial by the side of these unchanging deepnesses.

When the angels stand before you, will you glory in never having sinned, and is there not an inferior innocence?

When Jesus read the wretched thoughts of the Pharisees who surrounded the paralytic at Capernaum, are you sure that he looked at them, he judged their soul—and condemned it—without beholding far away behind their thoughts a brightness that was perhaps everlasting?

And would he be a God if his condemnation were irrevocable? But why does he speak as though he lingered on the threshold? Will the basest thoughts or the noblest inspiration leave a mark on the diamond's surface?

What God that is indeed on the heights, but must smile at our gravest faults as we smile at the puppies on the hearthrug? And what God would he be who would not smile. If you become truly pure, do you think you will try to conceal the petty motives of your great actions from the eyes of the angels before you? And yet are there not in us many things that will look pitiful indeed before the gods assembled on the mountains?

LOAVES AND FISHES

By Cara Reese.

THE crowd is only following for the loaves and fishes, and not because you are the whole show, so to speak. The loaves and fishes are a powerful inducement along the line, from parades in the highway to aristocratic counters where pie a la mode is served on silver in the most approved manner. Indeed, wherever there are crows lustily bellowing and stretching eager finger, it is a pretty sure sign that there are loaves and fishes somewhere in hiding for distribution. You cannot keep a crowd following after you very long unless you now and then throw forth a sop in shape of a tidbit, maybe a tiny cone of ice cream made on the spot, or an infinitesimal doughnut, or a peanut, piece of gingerbread, edible hot shot of some sort. The hurrahing and running after will keep on as the treat holds out. When the bin is empty, the tank depleted, keg dry, the crowd thins, scatters, vanishes. This is why the woman's clubs have 5 o'clock teas. This is why there are so many political love feasts and banquets. This is why the exposition exhibitors smilingly serve miniature cups of chocolate, jelly on wafers the size of postage stamps, or tasty sips and fragments of syrups and custards, pastries and puffed crumbs of comfort. This is why, to draw the crowd; when the edibles and souvenirs are done, the crowd disappears. It was not this way once on a time. There is an occasion in Holy Writ where the crowd assembled to hear words of wisdom. The loaves and fishes were not expected, and when they appeared at the end of the discourse they came as a surprise, and are chronicled as a miracle. There should be some spirit of this kind exhibited occasionally at present, a crowd assembling to receive instruction, a gathering to listen to words of wisdom, followers of a cause of principle, and not for the reward of merit. There should be some spirit of this kind in evidence these days; but there isn't. It is loaves and fishes first, then after that the drippings of wisdom. And the worst feature is that you, as a member of the crowd, are growing hardened. You run after, you seize, you bolt the loaves and fishes; you smack your lips; you render no thanks; you make speed for the next center of interest. While the treat holds out you are an adherent to the platform and the cause presented. Now listen to the attendant in the booth the next time you line up in the exposition to partake of aromatic coffee, condensed milk, productive grains, breads and sauces; give heed to instruction, to words of wisdom intended for your enlightenment. Indeed, it will not hurt you a particle to take a bonafide order or the name of your trusting grocer. At least you might thank the speechmaker for the privilege in a sweet voice as you hand your cup, spoon and saucer back to be washed. And as said at the start, the rule works two ways. When you in turn have a crowd at your heels or following your banner in line of parade, do not flatter yourself on your popularity over your fellows. You are paying for attention. Where loaves and fishes are dispensed gratis, there the crowd gathers.