OUT-of-DOOR Paris

ARCH of TRIUMPH, PARIS

If it were not for cab drivers, one's first weeks in Paris would be robbed of linguistic comfort. These men—the drivers of taxis, all young and with eyes sharp and excited, and the drivers of carriages, all old and with eyes dull and heavy—are trained to catch a direction on the wing, and never ask to have it repeated.

The wan consciousness of talking French badly is not always the portion of those who talk it worst. A certain self-assured type of American women employs it with a confidence unaffected by originality and peccancy of accent. American men and sweet mothers of ambitious daughters—a domestic combination with which Paris is filled—are least prone to make use of French; yet when they do, it is invariably with a charming if limited perfection.

Fortunately out-of-door Paris speaks a language that is beyond the tongues of man, that voices itself in effable civic beauty, in long vistas, in generous skies, in wide avenues that lead into fountain-spraying squares, which widen like the transept of cathedrals, and through which course in and out, round and round, like fine skaters, the autos and the peoples of the world. To see the Arch of Triumph from the Carousel, the softening sun still high over the low built city and pale enough to be looked at, to see the long avenue across the thin mists of evening that fall like a protecting veil, is to feel a troubled, unreachable presence; the sense of beauty, a sense that was given us unfinished, arrested in the making, and which fades unattained into mystery.

Strange White Beauty.

The green of Paris grass and the blue of Italian skies surely are the most vivid colors in the world, and from this green of grass and from beds of flowers, Paris builds itself in vivid white.

The newest building glaring in cleanliness, and the oldest grown gray and darkened, invariably conform to this colorlessness in this most colorful of cities. Building material hulked on the river shore like the backs of waiting elephants, is all white, white stones are wheeled through the streets, white bags of mortar "" the weighted boats, while sand lies piled on the white embankments, and along the white streets, anonyme s and similar and blanched, stables and stores and dwellings wall themselves against the sidewalks. Adding the note of artistry that unconsciously prevails everywhere, workmen in these new white buildings wear long, white coats, white shoes, and form groups of white-clad figures at little sidewalk inns.

Paris is hand-made. Every embroidered linen flower and every stone of every wall has the look of a minute and detailed attention. There is no big machinery. The small steam derricks that unload the deep sunken barges hoist but one barrel at a time. And results grow huge under this individual toll.

In Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" he sings praise to the strong curb of city streets. Did he know Paris, too, and the high, white walls of its river banks, the masonry of long flights of stairs descending to the shore, the profusion of stone bridges, many arched, everywhere masonry and uninterrupted securing curbs?

How prodigal Paris is of architectural decoration, of unending elaboration. It is its soul, the expression of its ardent quest for variety, its unwillingness to continue uninterrupted a line or a curve. They place bronze horses that rival the gold of the sun on their bridges, they fill their gardens with white marbles, they cover their walls with chiseled garlands, they add beauty to beauty and by some magic never arrive at making beauty overdone.

There is a spell in standing on the Bridge of Alma toward the close of day when the sky is blue and decorated in great banks of white clouds, and the Eiffel Tower rising from its nest of trees bores into the heavens, and up into regions further off than anything made on solid earth.

Sometimes when the sky is gray the Eiffel is hard and red, but now it is gay as an aigrette in the city's hair. It dominates Paris as Napoleon's memory dominates France—elegant, self-confident—spreading forth thin wires whose black fastenings look in the distance like little minnows swimming upward in a lake of blue. It is a thing alone of its kind in the world, parentless and childless.

The Music of Home.

It is out-of-doors Paris one learns first, one loves first. Roses in the rose garden of Bagetelle—gay, open roses, not slumbrous, but showing all themselves like the French nature. Trees round as pompons or trimmed square on top and sides, with little iron gratings at their base to breathe through. Shrill, crazy flights of swallows round the roofs, on which are assembled the chimney tops, wearing tin sunbonnets like so many little gray Priscillas. Knitting women on cars and boats and benches. Basket loads of tall bread. Sane, rosy vegetables in carts. Self-conscious dogs on leash that are permitted in restaurants and are given a chair or fed under their master's table. The bloom of moss on tree trunks. Billboards announcing a mass of Palestrina (1526-1594) at the Church of St. Gervais, and at a theater a musical comedy with a title eccentric and unabashed. The recurring sign "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," awakening thoughts of their sinister origin. Black aprons of school boys, scarlet of soldiers, white robes of little first communicants mincing along like animated lilies. Old women in black winged white cans, baby carriages with awnings of embroidery linen and Spanish nurses with black mantillas falling from their hair. Exquisite little girls with brilliant eyes forecasting mystery and power, and smaller girls with hands and head and feet and torso daintily clothed and legs bared in length of insouciant nakedness. Little twisted men who work in ditches wearing wide, debonair sashes at the waist, and the less happy picture of men harnessed to their heavy carts. The procession of solemn dray horses, single file, with huge fur collars that make them look like approaching buffaloes, and the crack of the whip with its weighted handle that often falls pitilessly over the horses' heads, for Paris is as cruel to its horses as it is soft and effeminate towards its dogs.

Every Frenchman is an artist at heart. He has original views on literature and architecture and art that would distinguish him in a country where such topics are less general. Here everyone is well informed and very studious; opinions are advanced, unconvincingly, naturally, in card-playing chatter.

Battle of Lundy's Lane.

One hundred years ago took place the battle of Lundy's Lane, sometimes called the battle of Niagara Falls, and which was the most sanguinary and stubbornly contested engagement fought on Canadian soil during the War of 1812. The battle commenced at sunset and ended at midnight. The victory was claimed by both sides. The losses in killed and wounded were about equal. The Americans were left in possession of the field, but were unable to carry away any of the spoils they had captured. In this action Col. Winfield Scott, afterward the commander in the Mexican war, greatly distinguished himself, being twice severely wounded. In the same engagement the exploit of another American officer, Col. James Miller, in bravely carrying one of the British batteries, was considered one of the most brilliant exploits of the entire war. Congress voted him the thanks of the nation and a gold medal of honor as a reward.

Humbly Grateful.

We can't say that we approve of the tight skirt in all its ramifications, observes an Ohio newspaper, but we shall always be humbly grateful for the occasional opportunities we have had to see some of our charming girls try to run in 'em.

GINGER IN SUMMER SALADS

Welcome for Its Digestive as Well as Its Refreshing Qualities—Served in Grape Fruit.

Ginger is so refreshing in flavor and so stimulating to the digestion that it is a favorite ingredient in summer salads and desserts. An unusual fruit salad, suited to molding in halves of oranges or grapefruit, is strongly flavored with ginger ale and has bits of Canton ginger mixed with the fruit.

The recipe calls for two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and then dissolved in a quarter of a cupful of boiling water. To this add one cupful of ginger ale, the juice of one large lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the mixture begins to stiffen stir in a variety of diced fruits, with bits of orange or grapefruit pulp and chopped nuts. This can be served with mayonnaise dressing as a salad or with whipped cream as a dessert.

A pretty way of serving individual portions is to mold the ginger and fruit salad in halves of large grapefruit. When ready to serve divide each half so that each portion shall represent quarter the size of the original grapefruit and the fruit jelly shall have a rim of grapefruit peel only where it would come in contact with the plate.

Any fruit salad mixture can be given a pleasant pungent flavor by the addition of bits of crystallized ginger. A small quantity of the syrup drained from preserved ginger makes a novel and appetizing addition to any dressing intended to be served with a fruit salad.

CARE OF CARPET SWEEPER

Proper Handling Will Greatly Prolong Its Life and Keep It Always Ready for Immediate Use.

As the carpet sweeper is such an important item in my domestic work, I am very careful about it, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. After each sweeping I take it to the back porch, dump it on a newspaper and turn the broom, brush side up, flat on the floor. I have an old whisk broom cut straight across so that the bristles are very stiff. With this broom I sweep the brush of the sweeper backward and forward. As the bristles are put into the rod in a curved line, the brush slowly revolves as the broom is applied. I sometimes dip the brush in kerosene, which also removes some of the dust from the bristles and keeps them in good condition. I oil bearings of my sweeper frequently, and if there are any threads or hair at either end, I do not tear it away, but cut with a scissors. Sometimes I use an old comb to comb the bristles before putting the sweeper away. This seems a good deal of care, but I find that it pays, and that a perfectly working sweeper is my best friend.

Fig and Nut Jelly.

Wash a cup of pulled figs in cold water. Put over slow fire with two cups of cold water and stew figs until tender. Skim out figs and to the juice add one-half cup of sugar and boil until it is like thin syrup (there should be one cup of liquid). Chop figs and one-quarter cup of shelled pecans not very fine. Soak one-half box of gelatin in one cup of cold water for half an hour. To the gelatin add one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice, and to the fig syrup add one-half cup of boiling water. Strain through fine sieve or piece of cheesecloth. When nearly set add nuts and figs. Turn into molds and set in cool place for three hours. Serve with whipped cream.

Spiced Pears or Peaches.

Seven pounds of fruit, four pounds of light brown sugar, one pint of good vinegar, cloves and cinnamon to taste. Pare and halve the fruit. In each half stick four or five whole cloves, break cinnamon bark and throw in. Let vinegar and sugar come to a boil. Put in fruit and slowly boil until fruit is clear. Seal while hot.

Layer Sandwiches.

Cut the crust from a loaf each of white and brown bread so they are left the same size; then cut two and one-half inch slices of each; spread them with a mixture of deviled ham and peanut butter, press six together, alternating the white and brown; slice thin, and the sandwiches will look like layer cake.

Fried Scallops.

Parboil in hot, salted water for five minutes; drain and set them upon ice to get cold and firm. Roll them in salted flour, next in beaten eggs, then in fine bread crumbs. Set on ice for half an hour and fry in deep, boiling fat which has been gradually heated to the boil.

To Keep Peanut Butter Moist.

Always keep the peanut butter jar turned upside down when on the cupboard shelf, which insures the last of it being as oily as the first instead of dry and hard, as is usually the case when it stands upright.

Color Returns.

Many people when ironing a dyed dress find that the hot iron changes the color. If it is hung in the shade the color will quickly return.

When Cutting Fresh Bread.

Before cutting fresh bread always dip the knife in hot water. This prevents the bread from crumbling.

SOME CHERRY RECIPES

DELICACIES WITH THIS FRUIT AS A FOUNDATION.

Flavor Is Improved by Cooking—Excellent Served With Tapioca—Candied Cherries One of the Finest of Confections.

Cherries are among the fruits that are much improved by cooking. Somehow they lose none of their freshness, and are rendered much juicier and more toothsome by slight cooking. Here are some recipes that make use of them:

Cherry Tapioca.—To make a delicious cherry pudding soak one small cupful of tapioca in water over night. In the morning add a pinch of salt and cook until clear. Then add butter the size of an egg, and one cupful of stoned cherries (the sour cherries are preferrable). Add to this a half cupful of cherry wine or a little lemon juice and sugar to taste. Flavor with vanilla, and bake until bubbles appear on the top. Serve very cold with whipped cream.

Cherry Pie.—Line a pie plate with rich pastry. Stone the cherries and fill the pie dish. Then pour over them four tablespoonfuls of molasses and dust over all one tablespoonful of flour. Put on an upper crust and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. When cool dust the top with a generous sprinkling of powdered sugar.

Candied Cherries.—To make a delicious confection, wash, stem and pit one pound of large, firm cherries, putting a pound of sugar to one pound of the fruit. Boil the juice and the sugar to a very thick sirup. Put the cherries in this sirup and let them simmer—not boil—for ten minutes. Then set them away in the sirup until the next day. Then take the cherries out of the sirup and put them in a deep dish. Let the sirup boil up once and pour over the cherries. This operation should be repeated for three mornings. On the fourth morning boil the sirup almost to the thickness of candy, dip the cherries in it and let them get thoroughly coated, then place them separately on flat dishes and dry.

Cherry Cordial.—Very ripe cherries make the best cordial. Bruise the fruit and mash through a colander, sweeten to taste and boil for ten minutes and then strain. Boil again until perfectly clear, skimming off occasionally. To every quart of the cherry juice add one gill of pure brandy. Seal the bottles tightly and keep in a cool dark place until ready to use.

Germany Cherry Pie.—Make a cherry pie as usual, but omit the upper crust. When almost done, beat one egg until very light, and add to it one scant half cupful of rich cream. Pour this mixture over the top of the pie. Put the pie back in the oven and bake until the custard is set. This makes a very attractive as well as an appetizing dish.

Cherry Salad.—Here is a delightful recipe that calls for fresh cherries. For a course in a warm-weather luncheon it is very good. Either the large white or the red cherries may be used, and it is most effective to mix the two colors. The fruit should be stoned without breaking the fruit, and in the place of each stone is placed a nut meat. Hazel nuts are the easiest to use, but any sort will do. The cherries should then be spread on lettuce leaves and used, or they may be stewed with sugar, water and a little lemon juice.

Cream Pie.

A cream and banana pie is very rich, but it has only one crust and so has a minimum of the least desirable element of pies. To make it heat together in a granite saucepan the mashed pulp of two very ripe bananas with the yolks of three eggs, beaten; sugar and nutmeg to taste, a heaping teaspoonful of butter and enough milk and sherry, or just milk, to make a thin mixture. Pour it into a deep dish lined with crust and then fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. Bake rather slowly, chill and serve with or without whipped cream.

Beef Heart With Rice.

Select a fresh beef heart, and after cleansing and cutting away the tough parts, boil until tender in salted water. With a sharp knife cut in small cubes and put these in an agateware saucepan with an onion and half a green sweet pepper minced fine. When these have boiled until tender, fry some small bits of bacon or salt pork in a saucepan, and add the beef heart. Have ready a platter of nicely boiled rice. Arrange the beef heart around the dish as a border and sprinkle with paprika before serving.

Stewed Rhubarb.

Add one cupful of sour cherries to each two cupfuls of pieplant, two cupfuls sugar, one-half cupful water and let boil up once. Serve cold. Or one may use gooseberries instead of cherries with the pieplant. Save sugar by adding to rhubarb after boiling.

Moths in Carpets.

To rid the carpet of moths the following is excellent: Spread a damp towel over the part affected and iron it dry with a hot iron. The heat and steam kill the worms and eggs.

Before Using Beeswax.

When you use beeswax for polishing furniture or floors always warm it before using. The result is much saving of labor and a more brilliant gloss will result.

STRAWBERRIES GROW ON ICE

Phenomenon to Be Observed on the Old "Oregon" Trail, Familiar to the Pioneers.

On the old "Oregon" trail, with its historical associations, may be found one of nature's marvels, probably not duplicated in this country, at least.

Near South Pass City, Wyo., is the Pacific spring, a beautiful spot, where the old freighters and emigrants frequently stopped for a few days after the long, arduous trip across the barren plains. Here they could rest and enjoy some of the almost forgotten luxuries of life.

Pacific spring is 7,000 feet above sea level, and about, at the headwaters of the Sweetwater river, is a series of small valleys, or rather meadows, sheltered by the southern extremity of the Wind River mountains. On the north side of the hills is what is locally called a "flat," where the grass grew in green luxuriance. In this tall prairie grass was found the tiny red wild strawberry.

This does not seem marvelous in the warm sunshine. But take a spade and remove the turf, and solid cakes of ice are found at a depth of often less than a foot.

The reason for this is quite simple. The warm spring sunshine melts the snow which runs down the montain side. This goes on until late summer and fall, when the small streams of water freeze at night.

As the warmth of the sun at this season touches only the top of the mountain, the little stream soon becomes solid ice. By the action of the elements and washing of earth down the mountain, a deposit of soil is made on this ice, which, when the summer rolls around once more, springs into fresh, green life.

The few hours of sunshine which reaches this sheltered spot each day suffice to ripen the strawberries, but cannot melt the ice beneath them or warm the soil below the roots of these brave volunteers.

Suicide Advised by Doctor.

A curious letter from a physician was read in the Paris courts at the hearing of a case in which Pierre Juvin and Jean Jullard, chemists, were charged with the illegal sale of certain narcotics.

The letter in question, which was signed by Doctor Gaudin, stated that the writer had treated Mme. Delvigne-Dambricourt, in an effort to cure her of the drug habit. After her use of morphine and cocaine had been completely stopped, Doctor Gauden made out for her a prescription into the composition of which black drops (vinegar of opium) entered. The letter concluded with the following curious sentence:

"This prescription should be renewed according to the needs of Mme. Delvigne-Dambricourt, and I advise her to continue with it, since she finds it suits her, or if not, to have recourse to absinthe or to suicide, which is, after all, the best way to escape from all the manias and miseries of existence."

It was this letter which Mr. Juvin advanced as his excuse for having supplied Mme. Delvigne-Dambricourt with black drops. The court, however, ordered both Messrs. Juvin and Jullard to pay a fine of 500 francs each.—Paris Herald.

Flies and Fire.

Fire loss in the United States last year amounted to about $200,000,000. At least 80 per cent of this destruction, judged by European standards, was needless. All of it was a dead loss to the community, for fire insurance merely distributes the burden. During the same period flies caused disease which inflicted a money loss on the country estimated at $157,000,000.

The life cost of these two agencies of destruction is beyond exact computation. Flies caused most of the typhoid, much of the bowel disorders of children and all the infantile paralysis known. Through these diseases, the buzzing pests are responsible for many deaths each year. Fire takes a toll variously estimated, but the figures seldom are lower than 1,000 lives per annum. Plainly, war is not the only needless waste in the world. Flies and fire have their part. Fortunately, they are easier to abolish than the "war lords," who keep Europe an armed camp.—Chicago Journal.

Black Cat Saves a Ship.

From March 20 to April 20 the French bark Colonel de Villebores Mareuil bucked western winds off Cape Horn. Squalls tore away her canvas and wrecked her fore and aft bridges. It began to look as if the ship would never reach Pacific waters. Then Mimi, a black cat, went overboard. That very day the weather cleared, and the bark proceeded.

Members of the crew, on the vessel's arrival at San Francisco, said they were sure the ship would never have passed the Horn if the black cat had not been washed away. The bark left Hamburg 146 days previous to its arrival at San Francisco.

Sure Winner.

"I fear we are not keeping up with the procession."

"How so?"

"It's a wonder some of our lady murderers wouldn't think of going on a hunger strike."—Kansas City Journal.

A Friendly Suggestion.

"I can drink or let it alone."

"Why don't you vary your performance occasionally?"

"How?"

"Let it alone."

HEAT OF BATTLE REAL

EXPRESSION IS NOT A MERE FIGURE OF SPEECH.

Confederate Soldier Tells of the Effect That Combat Had on Himself and the Other Members of Force in Engagement.

The "heat of battle," of which poets and rhetorical prose writers are so prone to dwell, is, according to Capt. Samuel Chapman, a veteran of the Civil war, no mere figure of speech, but an absolute practical and physical reality. The men now sweating in the trenches of the fighting area in Europe are sweating not only figuratively but in the actual body, consumed by an actual, physical heat that only the fierce fire of battle can incite.

Capt. Chapman, who is now pastor of the Baptist church at Covington, Va., was during the Civil war one of the most daring cavalrymen in the Confederate service. He served in every campaign in Virginia from the first battle of Bull Run until three weeks after Appomattox, never missing a chance to get into a fight. His commander often said that he would fight a circular saw. Accordingly his testimony as to the reality of the heat of battle is both valuable and timely, coming as it does when millions are now engaged in bloody war in western Europe.

"The heat of battle is no poetic phrase," said Captain Chapman, when on a visit to Washington recently. "It is essentially a physical effect brought about unconsciously by the intense excitement of battle. No man is cool in battle; he may conceal his feelings, but his heart is going like a trip-hammer. The result is that his body becomes intensely heated.

"I had a most striking example of this in the winter of 1864. Early in January of that year the command of Confederate cavalry to which I belonged was ordered to make a raid upon a Union camp of soldiers stationed on Loudoun Heights a few miles from Harper's Ferry.

"We assembled one afternoon at Upperville, about thirty miles south of Loudoun Heights—two hundred of us. It was the coldest day that the oldest inhabitant of that country had ever seen, the mercury standing about six degrees below zero. We started on the march about three or four o'clock. As we sallied forth, we broke forth into song, for we were all well clothed, having warm boots and overcoats, and feeling jolly and comfortable.

"But, after a few miles, the songs ceased. We found that, despite our warm clothing, the bitter cold was penetrating deep into us. Some of us hung our feet out of the stirrups to bring back the circulation. Others slapped their hands against their sides. In fact, we tried every imaginable way to keep out the deadly cold, but without avail. When we reached the vicinity of the Union camp about two o'clock in the morning we were frozen practically stiff. As we lined up for the attack, about two hundred yards from the enemies' lines, we had to take our legs in our hands and lift our feet back in the stirrups, so entirely numb had feet and legs become; and when we came to cock our navy revolvers we found that our fingers were too numb to pull back the hammer. So, holding the pistols between our two hands, as though we had but stumps of arms, we cocked the pistols with our teeth.

"Suddenly, as we sat shivering there, the word to 'Charge!' was given. With the yell springing from frozen lips we dashed forward. In less than a minute we were in the midst of the Union camp, shooting right and left. Our attack was such a surprise that the enemy had no chance to make any resistance, but fled on all sides. The fight did not last, from the time the command to charge was given until every Union soldier was out of range, more than five minutes.

"When I came to myself I was sitting in my saddle with one leg thrown over the pommel, fanning myself with my hat. My overcoat was thrown open, as was also the gray jacket beneath, and beneath that, the woolen undershirt was open down to the last button, baring my breast to the cooling mountain breezes—which at that time and altitude must have been close on to fifteen degrees below zero. In a word, I was overcome with heat and fanning and panted as though it was midday in the dog days. Around me many of my comrades were engaged in the same process of cooling themselves.

"And barely five minutes before we had all been too frozen to cock our pistols or lift our feet into the stirrups.

"That will give you some idea as to whether the heat of battle is a mere figure of speech or a reality."

Poker Kills $1,000 Whale.

The crew of the oil steamer California were happy on reaching port because they had captured a whale and found ambergris worth $1,000.

A school of playful whales followed the vessel up the coast, and, having nothing else to do the crew tried to capture one bull in the wake of the ship. There was no harpoon aboard, so they fashioned one out of the stoker's poker that resembled a crowbar. After many attempts they landed a whale by harpooning from the stern. When the carcass was hauled aboard the sight of ambergris almost caused a fight as to division of the money.—Boston Globe.