WOMEN AND HOME

PRETTY Princess Marie, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was taken to Berlin in 1892, when she was just 17, and there met the handsome crown prince of Roumania, who very quickly recognized her charms. Princess Marie was equally attracted to him, for he, as well as being handsome, is possessed of great charm of manner and uprightness of character, a prince fitted in every way to be a hero of romance. The betrothal took place not long after their meeting with the cordial assent of all the relatives of both prince and princess; and on Jan. 11, 1893, their marriage was celebrated at Sigmaringen. The beauty and youth of Princess Marie touched all hearts, and her winning manner soon made her as beloved by King Charles as if she was actually his own daughter. The Queen of Roumania is as charmed with her new niece as the king is, and looks on her and treats her as a daughter, finding in her companionship a relief from her sad memories and fits of melancholy.

The costume worn by the Crown Princess Marie of Roumania, in the portrait which accompanies this article, was worn by her at a recent festivity in Bucharest. The petticoat was of plain silk, the overdress being of richest brocade, the design of bunches of feathers tied together with true lovers' knots being very dainty and effective. The fichu of Brussels lace was draped in exact imitation of that worn by a dead and gone beauty in a portrait from which the costume was copied. Since Princess Marie's advent in Bucharest the leaders of society there have done their best to devise novel and brilliant entertainments to amuse her royal highness, and she and her handsome young husband are untiring in attending festivities and other functions in aid of charities when the presence of the royalty is desired in order to secure the success of the undertaking. Now that Queen Carmen-Sylva's health does not permit her to exert her-

MARIE, FUTURE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

self, the burden of acting as her majesty's representative generally falls on Princess Marie's shoulders.

Nourishment for the Skin.

A dry, scaly skin is a sure indication of a blood disturbance, and frequently accompanies dyspepsia. The best treatment for it is a careful diet, an avoidance of all highly seasoned food, coffee, tea and alcoholic stimulants. Sometimes a dry skin is the result of a long illness where fever has literally burned the cuticle so that it is parchment. The skin food which nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and supplies the oils that have been exhausted by heat is most efficacious if applied at night, after a warm bath. It is well to rub it thoroughly into the skin. Massage is excellent in connection with this treatment. Melt in a water bath three ounces of spermaceti, eight ounces of oil of almonds, four of lanoline, and two ounces of cocoanut oil. Stir briskly until cold; then add, drop by drop, one ounce of orange-flower water and ten drops of oil of jasmin. Keep sealed, except when using.

Timely and Untimely Calls.

The only objection to having a reception day engraved on your cards is that sometimes, as the Irishman said, it was "moighty onconvenient." "It is the unexpected that always happens." Fortunate the lady who has grown-up daughters or an unmarried sister who can fill her place temporarily. It requires more unselfishness than most of us possess to give up one day every week to the claims of society; so we only have the name on our cards and go on year after year missing friends we long to see, and being "at home" to numerous acquaintances whom we wish had not been quite so fortunate in timing their calls.

Novel Matrimonial Bureau.

It is reported that the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Portsmouth, Va., are about to organize a unique movement under the name of the Naples Matrimonial Society. In Naples girls 14 and over assemble once every year in one of the churches of that city, and the unmarried men who so desire go there and choose wives. The Portsmouth ladies propose to work on the same principle, but both the girls and the men must register three months before making choice, in order that investigation of character may be made.

Monogram Fans for Young Women.

Seal and monogram fans are a notion of the moment among young women still in their teens. A plain white or delicately tinted fan is selected, and the gay seals are arranged upon it with what taste may be. If monograms are hoarded, it is these that decorate instead of the wax impressions. A "trip" fan means the record of a winter journey, and it holds on its sticks the pretty imprints with which all first-class hotels now stamp their stationery. If a European trip has been undertaken, so much the better, as that insures steamship and other effective insignia.

Sweater for Women.

For a long time girls, and even women, have felt that they would be happier if they could wear sweaters. It was tried by some adventurous spirits, and while found perfectly satisfactory about the throat lacked the symmetry women have learned to prize about the waist. This had led to the manufacture of women's sweaters. These lack that

THE FEMININE SWEATER.

style which made the manly sweater so desirable in women's eyes. But, on the other hand, they gather in at the waist and are entered after a manner more familiar to women than is the male sweater. At first they were only used in gymnasiums, but now they are considered a necessary part of almost every woman's wardrobe. The up-to-date sweater is not only a sensible garment, but an exceedingly stylish one as well. The coming summer girl will be devoted to the sweater. She can wear it when wheeling, riding, or sailing, and in fact, they are sure to be the fastest friends, for there will be dozens of times when the little knit arrangements will just fit the occasion.

The modernized sweater is far removed from awkwardness. It fits like a glove and the sleeves are generally the long, full bishopy sort, with a tight webbed cuff, which clings to the arm snugly from elbow to wrist, and over which the full upper part falls with all gracefulness that fashion demands.

One can find all colors and styles in sweaters. Sailor collars and neatly rolled-over small ones are the kinds most generally seen and they give a very jaunty effect. The act of getting into one of these garments looks to be a heart-breaking operation, but in reality it is simplicity itself. They either button on the shoulder or lace in front, and it is no more trouble to get into one of them than an ordinary waist.

Beauties of Olden Days.

Sappho is said by the Greek writers to have been a blonde.

Jezebel, the Queen of Ahab, according to one of the rabbis, had "black eyes that were set on fire by hell."

Margaret of Anjou had the typical face of a French beauty. She was black-haired, black-eyed and vivacious. Her features were indicative of her strength of character.

Pocahontas is described as having features as regular as those of a European woman. She is also said to have had a lighter complexion than usual among Indian women.

Theodora, the wife of the famous Justinian, was beautiful, crafty and unscrupulous. She is said to have been tall, dark and with "powers of conversation superior to any woman in the empire."

Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., was singularly gifted both in person and in intellect, but in spite of her beauty and her good sense she was never able to win the love of her dissolute husband.

Cleopatra was not an Egyptian, but a Greek beauty, with perfectly white skin, tawny hair and blue eyes. Her chief fascination was her voice, which is described as low, well modulated and singularly sweet in tone.

The Empress Catharine I. had a coarse, red face, generally broken out with pimples from the constant use of strong drink. She was a slave to brandy and died of a disease brought on by intemperance. In youth she had been famous for her beauty.

Tame Fish in Irrigating Reservoirs.

The uses of the artificial reservoirs are not limited to irrigation; they are usually stocked with fish, which multiply with surprising rapidity and enable the farmer to include this item of home produce in his bill of fare every day in the year. These fish are very tame, and in some cases are actually trained to respond to the ringing of the dinner-bell, coming in scurrying shoals to fight for crumbs of bread thrown upon the water. The reservoirs also yield a profitable crop of ice in winter.—Century.

Keeping Bears Out of Cornfields.

In the district of Rachinsk, in the Transcaucasus, bears are regarded as the worst enemies of the maizefields, and when the season for the maize cobs to ripen comes round the population take all possible steps to protect the fruits of their toil. In the evening the peasant, armed with a gun, a kinjal, a stout oaken cudgel or whatever other weapon he can secure, takes all the dogs he possesses with him and goes off to the field, where he sleeplessly guards his maize during the whole night, sometimes at the risk of his life. He passes the night in firing off his gun and continual shouting, while during the day he is forced to work to the utmost of his powers, seeing that it is just at this period—i. e., when the maize is ripening—that he has to thrash his wheat, gather in his crop of beans, repair his winnower and make ready the places for storing his maize. If a bear gets into a maizefield in which he does not expect to be disturbed during the whole night, he first sets to work and gorges himself; then, feeling heavy, he begins to roll and sprawl on his back. Having sprawled about a bit, the bear begins to feel playful, and it is then that the maize stalks suffer most severely. Tucking his legs under him, he rolls head over heels from one end of the field to the other, and in his course he naturally breaks and rolls down everything in his way, rendering the whole crop useless.—London Times.

Man Under Thirty-five.

Mrs. Lillian Bell, the authoress, asserts that conversation with a man under 35 is impossible, because the man under 35 never converses; he only talks. And your chief accomplishment of being a good listener is entirely thrown away on him, because he does not in the least care whether you listen or not. Neither is it of any use for you to show that he has surprised or shocked you. He cares not for your approval or disapproval. He is utterly indifferent to you, not because you do not please him, but because he has not seen you at all. He knows you are there in that chair. He bows to you in the street—oh, yes! He knows your name and where you live. But you are only an entity to him, not an individual. He cares not for your likes and dislikes, your cares or hopes or fears. He only wants you to be pretty and well dressed. Have a mind if you will. He will not know it. Have a heart and a soul. They do not concern him. He wants you to be tailor made. You are a girl to him. That's all.

To Make a Good Cup of Tea.

A young man who was being joked about the appearance of the young lady he was going to marry said in an apologetic way, "Well, she can make a good cup of tea anyhow." This is a qualification that not many girls possess. Very few know how to make a good cup of tea. Here are some pointers: Tea should never touch metal. It should be kept in paper, wood, glass or porcelain. To make it, put a small quantity in a porcelain cup, fill the latter with boiling water, cover it with a porcelain saucer and let it stand three minutes. Then, if you desire to be an epicure, drink only the upper layer of the golden liquid, throw the rest away, rinse the cup and begin again. Never use sugar. Do not use milk. It ruins the flavor of the tea, and the combination injures the stomach, so the Chinese say, and they ought to know their own beverage. Above all things, do not boil the tea.

Pope Leo's Boyhood.

He spent his childhood in the simple surroundings of Carpineto, than which none could be simpler, as every one knows who has ever visited an Italian country gentleman in his home. Early hours, constant exercise, plain food and farm interests made a strong man of him, with plenty of simple common sense. As a boy he was a great walker and climber, and it is said that he was excessively fond of birding, the only form of sport afforded by that part of Italy, and practiced there in those times, as it is now, not only with guns, but by means of nets. It has often been said that poets and lovers of freedom come more frequently from the mountains and the seashore than from a flat inland region.—Marion Crawford in Century.

Not Learned In Chinook.

One of Calgary's recent contingent to the coast evidently knew but little about the Chinook, judging by the story that is being told on him. Wishing to get some clams to take back with him, he asked an old squaw, who had cobwebs in her eyes and a basket on her head, what she wanted for a basketful, and the blushing brunette replied, "Sitcum dollar, hyas klosh." To this the gay Calgaryite said: "Yumping yimminy! Six dollars and all my clothes? No, by ginger snap! I'll give you $2.50, my watch and overcoat." It is unnecessary to state that the offer was accepted, as all the dusky maiden asked for the clams was four bits.—Vancouver World.

A Remarkable Wound.

An extraordiary tale is told by Major Pryse Gordon of a wound received in the Waterloo campaign by one Donald of the Ninety-second regiment. He had been shot in the thigh by a musket ball. The ball was extracted, but still the wound did not heal. A large abscess formed. Poultices were applied, and on an incision being made, lo and behold! a 5 franc piece and a 1 franc piece were extracted, together with a bit of cloth, the larger coin having been hit nearly in the center and forced into the shape of a cup.—Notes and Queries.

Thoughts.

It is almost impossible for any one who reads much and reflects a good deal to be able on every occasion to determine whether a thought is another's or his own. I have several times quoted sentences cut of my own writings in aid of my own arguments, in conversation, thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.—Sterne.

KING OF TIGRE.

King of Tigre, comrade true,
Where in all thine isles art thou?
Sailing on Fonseca blue?
Wearing Amapala now?
King of Tigre, where art thou?

Batting for Antilles' queen?
Saber hilt or olive bough?
Crown of dust or laurel green?
Having love or marriage vow?
King and comrade, where art thou?

Sailing on Pacific seas?
Pitching tents in Pima now?
Underneath magnolia trees?
Thatch of palm or cedar bough?
Soldier singer, where art thou?

Coasting on the Oregon?
Saddle bow or birchen prow?
Round the isles of Amazon?
Pampas, plain or mountain brow?
Prince of rovers, where art thou?

Answer me from out the west!
I am weary, stricken now;
Thou art strong, and I would rest;
Reach a hand with lifted brow!
King of Tigre, where art thou?"

—Charles Warren Stoddard.

FANNING'S HEART.

Miss Irwin was very busy. She was handling a difficult assignment which by rights should have been given to one of the men reporters, and so it happened that she remained after every one else had gone to dinner, and for some time the walls of the city editor's room had listened to the unusual sound at such an hour of a bad stub pen scratching over thin brown paper.

Finally the monotonous scratching was interrupted by the opening of a door, and Fanning, the police reporter, hastily entered. Miss Irwin paused in her story long enough to look up.

"Oh," she said, "it's you, Fanning. Been to dinner already?"

"No, ma'am, not yet. I'm looking for Scranton. Hasn't come back yet, has he?"

"Not yet. Anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks. I just wanted to see him about a story—that little chap that was hurt. Read about it, didn't you? Scranton's interested. The little chap's dying. I've just come from the house. The doctors all say he'll die tonight, and I wanted to tell Scranton. I am so worried. Pshaw, I'm worried sick. I"—He paused, ran his fingers through his hair and looked embarrassed.

"Come, now, Fanning, tell me all about it," said the thoroughly interested Miss Irwin.

"There ain't much to tell. Oh, you mean what I'm worrying about? Well, to put the whole thing in a few lines, I'm afraid he might not die in time for me to get my story for the morning's paper. Just think of what I'd lose—such a beautiful story."

Miss Irwin looked shocked, and Fanning saw it. His blue eyes took on a resolute expression, but the muscles of his face did not move, nor did his red cheeks grow the least bit redder. He lit a cigarette and said doggedly:

"Yes, ma'am; so long as he's going to die—they said he won't live through tonight—he might have enough consideration for me to arrange it in time. Just my luck to get scooped." And he knocked off some cigarette ashes.

Miss Irwin gazed at the boy in astonishment.

"Why, you cruel, cruel fellow," she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone, "I didn't think you were that sort."

It was Fanning's turn to look disappointed. "You seem to think, because I talk as I do, that a police reporter hasn't any feelings at all," he said, in an injured way. "Maybe we've got more than you think. Now, there ain't anybody sorrier than I am for that little boy. Why, his mother and sister think I'm the best friend they've got, because if I hadn't said my say, the bully who hurt the little chap wouldn't have been held at all. I fixed him all right enough, though; made things pretty lively at the police court, didn't I? Well, I guess.

"Say, if he would only hurry up and die in time I could write the most elegant and touching story. You just ought to see him. Everybody takes so much interest in him, and folks send him books and toys and jelly and all sorts of good things to eat. When I saw him this evening, the bed was covered with playthings, but if you'll believe it, he didn't seem to care for 'em at all. The only thing he noticed was a bunch of roses somebody had sent him. He wouldn't part with 'em, and when I saw him lying back there with the flowers against his cheek, I thought how pretty it would be for me to have him die with them in his hand. Say, wouldn't that be picturesque? I won't bother you, though, any longer. If you see Scranton, tell him about it; he'll be interested."

The door closed, and Miss Irwin was again alone. She couldn't take up the train of thought she had been pursuing when interrupted, and she still had the shocked look she assumed at the beginning of Fanning's conversation.

"Such a hardened fellow," she muttered, "and yet at heart I really believe him to be what he says he is."

The next morning Miss Irwin scanned the papers, but saw nothing about the boy. The evening papers contained long accounts of his life and death. Miss Irwin felt rather sorry that Fanning, with all his cruel, kind heart, had been scooped. She was sure his account would have surpassed those she had read, and she sighed as she thought of the roses. They had not been mentioned at all.

Several days passed. She was anxious to meet the police reporter. Curiosity caused her to wonder what he would say. Finally the chance came. She happened to be waiting for a car when Fanning passed. She stopped him.

"By the way, Fanning, I saw you were cheated out of your story about the little boy."

"Yes, I was. Luck's dead against me."

"What time did he die?"

"Three a. m. exactly. Just too late for me to get in even a line. I was there when he died."

"Poor, dear, little fellow! How did he die?"

"He died on space rates, ma'am."

Miss Irwin thought that she had become used to the reporter's peculiar style, but his reply was too much for her. When she regained her composure, she said:

"I mean, did he know anybody? Was he conscious to the last?"

"Oh, yes. He just opened his eyes; then he shut 'em again, and he opened 'em again and smiled real sweet at his mother and sister and me, and then, and then he—he just died nice, real nice.

"Say," he touched Miss Irwin on the arm and laughed, "what do you suppose? His mother thinks so much of me she asked me to pick out the coffin; said she didn't know what would be appropriate. I selected a little beauty. Say, you ought to have seen him in it."

Miss Irwin was becoming vastly interested in Fanning. He was so different from any one she had ever met before. Then, too, he puzzled her. His conversation was certainly of a "don't care" style, but somehow she couldn't believe him to be as heartless as he seemed. His story about the death of the little boy had affected her greatly; so much so, in fact, that she went to see the sorrow stricken mother.

"Oh," said the mother, between her tears, "you are from The Morning Herald, you say? It is so kind of you to come. My poor little boy thought The Herald was the best paper in town; he often sold it. If all the people on The Herald are so good and kind as you and Mr. Fanning"—

"Fanning!"

"Yes, do you know him? I don't know what on earth I would have done in all my trouble if it hadn't been for him. He's got the kindest, most generous heart. 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' but then, Mr. Fanning can afford to give, and"—

"Fanning afford to give!" ejaculated Miss Irwin. "Why"—

"It's a blessed thing to be rich, and to have so much power on a great big paper like The Herald," continued the elder woman. "Of course, if he had been poorer off than he really is, I wouldn't have let him do what he did."

"May I ask what he did?" inquired Miss Irwin.

"Yes, indeed, and I'm only too glad to tell you about it. I believe in mentioning good deeds. Mr. Fanning's paper took such an interest in my little boy that it printed long columns about him, and then Mr. Fanning had the man who injured my boy put in jail, and then he sent him flowers—beautiful roses, the ones he was buried with—and Mr. Fanning even bought the coffin with his own money. When I told him not to do that, he laughed and said that was nothing—he could afford it."

"So," mused the lady reporter, as she walked away, "Fanning has spent all his hard earned savings on the flowers and coffin. He's a dear, good boy."—Omaha Herald.

Always Room For "Isers."

"The kind of men I want to hire," said a newspaper publisher the other day while talking to a friend, "are seldom to be had. No matter what their lines of business 'isers' (a word that rhymes with scissors) are never out of work and always get good money. I want some isers."

"Isers?" exclaimed his companion. "What on earth are isers?"

"To explain what they are," replied the publisher, "let me tell you a story of a 'want ad.' Once a man wished to employ for his circus an acrobat who could throw triple somersaults. So he put a 'want ad.' in the paper. In reply to the advertisement he received 50 letters. Together with a friend he read them over. Some of the letters he put in a pile by themselves. They were the ones that read something like this:

"DEAR SIR—You advertise for a man who can throw a triple somersault. I used to throw triple somersaults and think that after a little practice I could do it again. I'd like a trial.

"The other letters were put in another pile and ran something like this:

"DEAR SIR—I am a good acrobat; but, while I never have thrown triple somersaults, I think with a little practice I could do it. I'd like to have a trial.

"'Well,' said the circus man, as he shook his head sadly, 'there are 50 letters from 50 acrobats. Twenty-five of them are "has beens," 25 are "going to bes," but there ain't an "izer" in the whole lot.' Now, I want 'isers,' and so does every other business man, but they are all employed."—New York Tribune.

Mistaken Kindness.

One of the first resolutions which are formed by men and women who are succeeding in life, that is, as measured by the only standard in use nowadays, increasing their possessions far beyond their actual needs, is that they will put safeguards around their children; the hardships which they themselves contended against shall never, if they can help it, be encountered by their offspring. They not only coddle themselves, indulge themselves with unaccustomed luxuries and spare themselves all avoidable physical exertion, but they believe this course to be the right way to live, and that if it is good for them, it is good for their children. They do not understand that character is formed under the pressure of the compulsory hardships and self denials of youth, just as they forget that health is not a gift or an accident, but the reward of abstinence and of hard work under natural conditions, perhaps continued through several generations.—Frederick Tudor.

First Electric Light In a Theater.

It is believed that the first electric light installed in an American theater was a Jablochkoff candle, used as a focusing lamp in the old California theater, in Bush street, San Francisco, in 1878. The managers of the theater at that time were Messrs. Barton & Hill, General Barton and Frank Lawler. The play was "Antony and Cleopatra," Rose Eytinge and Cyril Searle taking the leading parts. Mr. A. H. Reece was the engineer in charge of the work.

Time has worked a complete revolution in theatrical lighting, and today there is not a theater in the United States which could dispense with the electric light.—Electricity.

The shy young man and timid maid
In silence wait from week to week,
Each wondering, modestly afraid,
Whose place it really is to speak.
—Washington Star.

"How was the bride given away?" "By her complexion."—Chicago Record.

Gazley—"Is it good to eat at night before going to bed?" Lazbey—"Be definite, man, is what good to eat?"—Roxbury Gazette.

Old Bachelor—"Now that your sister has married, it is your turn." Young lady—"Is that meant as an offer?"—Lustige Blatter.

"Thous hast a pretty wit," quoth the monarch. "Aye, and a dry humor," replied the jester. Whereupon the king pushed the button.—Philadelphia Record.

After the Ball.—First Sweet Thing—"Jack says Miss Passed dn't look twenty last night." Second Sweet Thing—"No. She looked thirty-five!"—New York Tribune.

Corroborated. — New-Yorker — "Are Philadelphians as slow as New-Yorkers think they are?" Philadelphian (surprised)—"Do New-Yorkers think we're slow?"—Truth.

"It is sad," said one girl, "that so many men nowadays have a great deal more money than brains." "Yes," sighed another; "and so little money at that."—Washington Star.

"Kitty, why has our French Revolution Club called an extra meeting?" "Oh, Nan, we are so bothered; we can't find out whether we're read two volumes or three."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Belle—"You know Jack Giddiboy, of course; don't you think he is just out of sight?" Sadie—"Indeed he is! a very personification of the old saying, 'out of sight out of mind.'"—Boston Courier.

'Tis well your heaviest wraps to wear
When you a-skating go,
E'en though for frost you do not care;
They break the fall, you know.
—Washington Star.

"I understand your daughter has given up bicycle riding." "Yes. She sold her wheel as soon as she found out she couldn't wear high-heeled shoes on it with any degree of success."—Chicago Evening Post.

Hoax—"Timley went to Alaska prospecting for gold, and found lead instead." Joax—"Ah! In large quantities, I suppose, and valuable." Hoax—"No; in small quantities, and fatal."—Philadelphia Record.

Mamma—"What do you mean by taking that piece of cake? When you asked for it didn't I say no?" Tommy—"You did; but last night I heard papa say that when a woman says no she always mean yes."—Truth.

Dolly—I hear Mary Antique was a great belle at the dance the other evening. She told me she danced every dance. Polly—Oh, yes. Mary's just the kind of a girl to be a belle at a leap-year dance.—Harvard's Bazar.

Here's a motto that's as certain
As that two pints make a quart:
Time and tide will wait for no man,
Little, big, or long or short.
—Philadelphia Item.

She—Oh, yes; I know that you think that woman is a silly creature, whose head can be turned by mere finery. He—It is sure to be turned if some other woman passes with the mere finery on.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Greene—Of course, you read all your husband's stories? Mrs. White (wife of the popular author)—Oh, dear, no! They are nothing to the stories he sometimes tells me after he has been out of an evening.—Boston Transcript.

Office Boy—There is a man outside who wishes to see you. Business Man—Didn't I give orders that I was not to be disturbed? Office Boy—Yes, sir; but this is a very mild-looking man. I don't think he would create a disturbance.—Truth.

Maud—I hear proposing parties are all the style this winter. The girls do the proposing and the one who proposes the best gets the prize. Have you been to any? Ethel—No; but I had a proposing party come to me the other evening. How do you like my ring?—Harper's Bazar.

Bellefield—A cynical writer remarks that a wedding always brings happiness to two, the florist and the clergyman. Bloomfield—He forgets the father of the bride, especially if the poor man has half a dozen other daughters on his hands.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"The natural history class will now write down the names of twelve Arctic animals," said the teacher in monotonous tones. Little Johnnie dashed off the following and handed his slate proudly to the teacher: "ix seals, six polar bears and one walrus."—New York Evening Sun.

"Willie," said the boarding-house mistress to her young son, "I was ashamed of you at dinner. You kept your arms on the table during the entire meal!" "Yes, mamma," was the hopeful's reply; "I didn't want to give the boarders a chance to say there wasn't nothin' on the table."—Yonkers Statesman.