

Topics of the Times

Many a good turn that deserves another never gets it in this world.

The man who invented cranberries must have been a great friend of the sugar trust.

The Standard Oil has annexed Greece, but then they have no Sherman law in Greece.

Scientists who insist that there is no life on Mars have no respect for the feelings of some popular novelists.

Some men's idea of a good wife is one who doesn't object to their tobacco being counted as a household necessity.

A Paris physician declares that jealousy is a disease, just as much as measles. But one can't have measles more than once.

Consider Missouri; it sells more mules and corn-cob pipes than any other State in the Union—and yet wears its laurels with modesty.

It must be really awkward for a bride whose husband was careless about the staying qualities of his divorce to discover that she never was really married.

A man whose heart was found to be on the right side has been deported, but the immigration authorities are still admitting too many who appear to have no heart.

The suggestion is made that the north pole be turned into a weather bureau station. This would be all right if they manage so that its brand of weather could be utilized in July or August.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has invented a baby caravan in which the little princess may take her outing in all kinds of weather. Naturally, as a queen's invention, it ought to draw a large royalty.

The average man is ready to wilt when he is confronted with a woman suffrage petition. The women, if they go about it in the right way, should find it easy to get two or three thousand miles of signatures.

"A Parisian dress designer says within twenty years both men and women will wear garments that do not reach below the knees." Don't believe it. Fashion may be cruel, but she must have some feeling for bowlegged patriots.

Why not turn the disputed question of Mount McKinley over to the Duke of the Abruzzi? So successful and famous a mountain climber as he ought to jump at the chance of adding another leaf to his laurels, and incidentally settling half of an annoying and unfortunate controversy.

A wreath was placed on the tomb of Commodore Perry in Newport, R. I., by representatives of the commercial delegation from Japan, who have been visiting this country. Their tribute to the man who opened Japan to the Western world and the Western world to Japan was as graceful as it was deserved.

No doubt former Secretary Shaw is right in saying that grafting in the federal service is widespread. No doubt Secretary MacVeagh is right in describing the New York customs house as "a nest of corruption." But all this is largely so because of the inefficiency and incompetency of high department officials and because of the sloth, negligence, or worse, of Congress. An aroused public sentiment could do much to bring about a better condition in the federal public service.

"Why is it," asked a writer in the *Fiegende Blaetter*, "that when a man discovers that he is a genius he allows his hair to grow long, and that when a woman becomes similarly conscious, she has her hair cut short?" It probably grows out of the fact that, learning that they are different from others, they wish to emphasize the fact by some outward distinguishing mark. The woman who merely keeps house, raises children, supports the church, toils for missions, and gives home entertainments, will wear her hair in coils, puffs or otherwise piled upon her head. The female genius goes to the other extreme. She cuts hers off at the nape of the neck. So also the ordinary man, who merely works for a living, votes and tramps with a musket if his country calls, wears his hair short to have it out of the way. But the genius, thinking more about himself, sees the value of an external sign that he is not ordinary. Prophets, artists, musicians

have long hair, affect velvet coats, and, now, velvet hats. But we do not see that college professors, the geniuses of the laboratory, the conquerors of the stars or the deep miners of research clothe or rig themselves differently from their fellows. There is genius and genius, evidently.

More than sixty years have passed since Elias Howe took out his patent on a sewing machine, and nearly fifty since he received the French cross of the Legion of Honor for his achievement. To-day sewing machines are used almost universally. The expiration of patents has brought them within the reach of even the humblest. The first fear regarding the sewing machine was that it would drive seamstresses out of business. This is always the fear about inventions that overcome the use of hand-work. But it was not realized with reference to the sewing machine. The very first effect was to stimulate fashion. The invention was followed by a perfect outburst of new gewgaws on women's clothes. The simple skirts of former times gave way almost immediately to a bewildering array of ruffles, flounces, braids, tucks, rows of stitching and trimming. The invention temporarily freed womankind from the grinding labor described by Hood in "The Song of the Shirt." But it introduced the sweat shop, which, under conditions of commercialism, imposed another frightful kind of slavery. The hope of the inventor that he would emancipate woman from the thralldom of the needle was thus defeated. But the labor of the machine is incomparably less exacting than that of handsewing, and enlightened altruism is gradually overcoming the shameful conditions under which women work at it. It is hard to overcome the cupidity of mankind, but it must be admitted that every great invention tends toward beneficence, no matter how hard avarice may struggle to nullify it. The many labor-saving machines introduced upon the farm have not only made the food supply of the world greater, but have lessened the grinding manual labor of the farm. The sewing machine has done something for womankind, though not all it might have done. The shoemaking machines of America have shod the race better than it ever could have been otherwise, but unfortunately they have brought the boy and the girl into the factory, when they should be in school or on the playground. With every gain there has been some loss. But every great invention has brought the race to a little higher level.

Raisin Roll Cake.
Beat one cupful of sugar with the yolks of three eggs. Sift one cupful of flour with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add to the sugar and egg, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Add a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring, and, last, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Beat well and pour into a long shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven. Turn on to a cake rack and spread at once with a mixture made from the whites of two eggs beaten with one cupful of powdered sugar and one cupful of chopped raisins.

Mince Pie.
Take five pounds of beef, boil, chop fine with three pounds of suet; seed four pounds of currants, wash four pounds of currants, slice a pound of citron, chop four quarts of apples. Put in a saucepan with cinnamon, cloves, ginger, nutmeg, the juice of two lemons, one teaspoon of pepper and two pounds of sugar. Pour over all a quart of cider, one pint of molasses and a teacup of melted butter. Bake in a rich crust without tops, then bake a crust of puff paste and lay on.

Beef Olives.
Cut a very thin flank or round steak into strips two inches wide and four inches long. Add to one cupful of bread crumbs a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of chopped onions, a saltspoonful of pepper and a table-spoonful of melted butter. Spread this over the strips of beef, roll and tie them tightly. Brown them in suet and make a sauce precisely the same as for a brown stew. Cook them slowly for one hour and a half.

Cannelloni of Beef.
Two pounds of round or flank steak put through a meat mincer; then add to it one-third cup soft bread crumbs, one tablespoonful minced parsley, one level teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful pepper, one beaten egg; mix well; then shape into a roll; lay in pan and bake forty minutes; baste frequently with hot water and salt pork drippings. Serve on hot dish with tomato or mushroom sauce. Garnish with larded cucumbers, lemons and parsley.

Sweetbread Croquettes.
Parboil the sweetbreads and mince them very fine, season with pepper and salt, adding some powdered mace or cayenne, a grating of nutmeg and a little lemon juice. Mix with finely grated bread crumbs, moisten with cream, and shape them into small cones. Dip into beaten egg, toss in bread crumbs and fry until of a golden brown in deep boiling fat. Garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

Pumpkin Pie.
Pare and stew pumpkin until dry. Sift through a colander, and to one cup of pumpkin add one egg, three table-spoons of molasses, a pinch of salt, one rounding table-spoon of sugar, one level teaspoon of ginger or cinnamon and two cups of milk. Line a pie plate with crust and make a rim. Fill with the pumpkin and bake slowly.

Cream of Potato Soup.
Cut into small pieces five or six potatoes and boil until tender in salted water. Mash through a sieve, and add the pulp to three pints of hot milk slightly thickened with flour and butter, and nicely seasoned with white pepper and salt. A little chopped parsley may be sprinkled upon each plate before serving.

Chicken Soup with Rice.
The chicken should be boiled until tender and then taken out, boned and cooled, after which the meat may be cut into dice and cooked in the stock again, with the addition of rice. The rice should be carefully prepared in order that the grains appear whole and separate.

Household Hint.
If the lid is left off cabbage when cooking it will keep its color better.

Do not put salt in the water in which peas are cooked, as it causes the outer skin to crack. Leave lid off saucepan.

A pinch of soda added to the boiling water in which cabbage or cauliflower is cooked improves the flavor of the vegetable.

Never soak rice or macaroni before cooking. Well wash the former, but not the latter, and place both in boiling water to cook.

To keep silver from tarnishing when packed away make small cotton bags and fill with camphor gum. Place them among the silver.



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Is Your Ideal Husband the Man Who Helps or the Good Provider?



The Ideal Husband—What is he?
The man who helps as well as provides? In the opinion of the *Denver News* it's not enough for Mr. Husband to dig out a living at his office all day long and then come home cheerful and smiling. It is also up to him to come home and be glad to go into the kitchen

AGE AND YOUTH.
Youth takes its joy from hopeful dreams
Of future prizes to be won.
Or voyages on unknown streams
In realms beyond the rising sun.
But Age, reflective Age, delights
E'en in the twilight's dying rays
In turning to the joyous sights
Of unforgetten Yesterdays.
I know not which more joy imparts,
Which hath the sweeter taste, the
page
That tells of Hope in youthful hearts,
Or tender memories of age.
—John Kendrick Bangs in *Success Magazine*.

The Author's Wife

The spacious drawing room presented an animated appearance.
"Who's that speaking to our hostess?" asked one of the guests of a friend.
"My dear fellow, moderate your curiosity. She's only an ordinary woman, though she may seem rather attractive to you. I've known other people the same way about her."
The two men approached as the woman moved in the direction of a window recess. She had not quite reached it, however, when hearing her name, "Elsie," she turned to be confronted by the men.
"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Ward," said one. "You'll find him very interesting on anything and everything connected with numismatics. He could tell a Caesar ha'penny from a Victoria one with his eyes shut." And with the slight grin that accompanied this attempt at wit the speaker bowed himself off.
"Madam, I beg you won't think it too ridiculous, but it's scarcely my fault. Mr. Molloy certainly introduced us in a sort of way, but he unfortunately neglected your name."
"How stupid of him. I thought you knew. I'm Mrs. Molloy."
This was the unexpected with a vengeance, and it was some time before Ward got the better of it.
"I really must beg your pardon. I ought to have known better."
"Not at all."
A very handsome girl who had just entered and was chatting animatedly with Molloy near the other end of the room brought the pair in the window abruptly to a topic that was for the time being one of public importance. The topic was the latest novel from the pen of Edgar Molloy, and the girl now standing at his side was the original of his heroine.
"You know Miss Laacelles, of course?" said Ward.
"Just enough to be aware of her identity."
"Indeed!" Ward raised his eyebrows; "I thought perhaps, considering the circumstances, you would have met often."
"Do you know Miss Laacelles?" was the remark by which she shut down the other's curiosity.
"Oh, yes, very well," he replied. "I believe I was the first man she got to know this side of the Atlantic. It was

en after dinner, take a towel and help with the dishes. The really Ideal Husband, if there is such a thing beneath the moon, is the man who willingly dips into the household cares after his own have been pigeon holed in his office, and not the selfish, velvet-slippered, smoking-jacketed den dweller who rushes from his dinner to his cigar and forgets that wife is splashing about in a dish pan.
Another woman, who's got wind of the idea of Maggie Shand, Harrie's most winsome and illuminating heroine, says she will find the ideal husband when she can find a man who is willing and will laugh at himself. "The man who will laugh at himself," asserts Harrie through Maggie's lips, "claims relation to the woman who was made, not out of man's rib but out of his funny bone—and therefore may be counted on to keep the world and his home a sweet and wholesome place." What woman wouldn't go miles to find such a partner? For as sure as the sun does shine he would be a real soul mate. Therefore it is the duty of husbands, if they would be counted among the ideals of a woman, to be helpful; to be laughers, and to share—not to dominate.
The ideal husband would never for a moment imagine or demand that his ideal wife should not aim higher than mere success in the culinary depart-

I who introduced her to your husband."
The last remark was an astute searcher, but it fell flat.
"Perhaps," she said, "if you find it quite convenient you might contrive to let me have a few minutes' chat with her. I feel I shall like to know her better."
At that moment someone had buttonholed Molloy. Miss Laacelles with a nod and a smile edged away from him and was looking round the room when she caught sight of Ward, who took a couple of steps forward.
"How d'you do?" and Ward, turning to Mrs. Molloy, said: "Ladies, I don't know whether introduction is necessary between you, but if it is a case of repetition I shall throw myself on your generosity and beg to be excused. Mrs. Molloy—Miss Laacelles."
There was a brief silence and then the American girl remarked, "I think Mr. Molloy is very clever."
"You've known Edgar almost ever since you came over?"
"Yes; for six months."
"I seem to know you so well. I fancy it's largely owing to the book."
"Yes; everyone's talking about it."
The author's wife looked at the fine picture of young womanhood beside



REMEMBER, I'M HIS WIFE.
her, and said thoughtfully, "And you inspired it. What a great deal Edgar owes to you."
"On the contrary, I have always thought it is I who owe him a great deal."
"Is that because he made you the original of his heroine?"
"Well, perhaps."
"You think a great deal of Edgar?" Beatrice Laacelles replied slowly.
"Yes, I do."
"A great many women do that. He is very attractive. I want to speak very frankly to you, dear, and I do so hope you will not think me unkind or too interfering for doing it." After a moment's hesitation she added, "You're very fond of Edgar."
A shadow of defiance reflected itself on the girl's face. "And if I am?" she said.
"Remember, dear, that I'm his wife. But even so, believe me, I'm not thinking so much of myself as of you—and him."
"Well?"
"Edgar and you have been much to-



ment, for if a man truly loves a woman a weight in his digestive apparatus will not affect the lightness of his cardinal region, according to the word of a masculine troubling over the ideal Wife-Husband controversy. One lady advertises most frankly for a gentleman "who looks like a sport," which would seem to be doing away with the domestic idea.

gether lately, and the result is a story which everyone is talking about and nearly everyone is praising. I read it carefully bit by bit as he wrote. Edgar and I discussed you together."
Something crept into the girl's face that showed resentment of having been the topic of conversation between the woman beside her and the man she loved. "Then, perhaps, I'm more indebted to you than to your husband," she remarked.
"No; it is Edgar's book, not mine. But I want you to see that he is at first of all a novelist."

"Perhaps you mean to suggest that he has been amusing himself at my expense."
"Please do not think that I suggest anything. Edgar and I have lived together for nine years. He is 33, I am 31. Edgar has always been thoughtful and scrupulously polite to everyone he has had to do with. But he means nothing by it. In your own case, for example, he met you and almost at once conceived the idea of writing a book around you. And so he cultivated your friendship and drew you out. Painters and sculptors must have models; I suppose it's just as necessary for authors to have them, too."

These words told deeply upon the girl, and there was no longer defiance in her tone or appearance as she asked, "Why do you tell me all this?"
"Because I liked you, from the story I mean, and I was sorry that you had got to care for Edgar so much as I imagined you had, without anything to hope for except more misery the longer it lasted."

"I suppose I ought to thank you for what you've done," the girl remarked in a sort of feelingless way.

"No, dear, you needn't do that. I know you must hate me for it. But perhaps some day you'll be glad."
So ended a game of bluff played with a master's skill. Elsie Molloy knew the limitations of her hand, but she also knew its strength. There was no trace of haste, no vestige of anxiety or doubt. For months she had been aware of her husband's attachment to this girl, for months she had been silently ready for this battle, and its suddenness when it came had been as disastrous for the sweetheart as it had been triumphant for the wife—Tatler.

A Popular Fallacy.
The generally accepted belief that a person is useful in proportion as he is busy is controverted by a writer, who says: "I have a dog that is loaded up with fleas. In the summer time, when the fleas are plenty, that is the busiest dog I ever saw; when he isn't biting at the fleas he's snapping at the flies. He never has a minute to spare, but when he is the busiest he is the least account for practical purposes. And there is a young fellow in my neighborhood who has a Waterbury watch, and he smokes cigarettes. When he isn't winding his watch he is lighting a cigarette. He is a mighty busy young man, but he isn't worth two hoops in a water barrel."—*Rule (Texas) Review*.

Poor Girl.
"I am so sorry for Mabel, poor girl. What's the matter?"
"I heard her telling George that her face is her fortune."—*Detroit Free Press*.
The greatest aid to digestion is to eat less, and the remedy doesn't cost twenty-five cents a bottle.