Retold For Physicians.

The MacTavish was not a mean man. No; he just knew the value of money.

So, when the MacTavish developed a sore throat he meditated fearfully upon the expenditure of a doctor's fee. As an alternative he hung about for a day and a half outside the local doctor's establishment. Finally he managed to catch the great man.

"Say, doctor! Hoo's beez'ness wi' ye the noo?"

"Oh, feyr, feyr!"

"Ah s'pose ye've a deal o' prescribin' tae dae fer coolds an' sair throats?"

"Ay!"

"An' what dae ye gin'rally gie fer a sair throat?"

"Naethin'," replied the canny old doctor. "I dinna want a sair throat."—Chicago News.

Forced to Economize.

"Well, my boy," said the genial father-in-law, "now that you have married my daughter, I trust that our relations will continue to be most cordial."

"I hope so, sir."

"But you surely don't think I will regard you any less lightly now than I did before?"

"I'd hate to think that, sir, but I must warn you that since I have a wife to support, I can no longer afford to buy the expensive cigars I've been giving you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lapland is the country for small children.

Lots of Turns.

Johnnie—I ain't goin' to school any more. Just because I snickered a little the teacher turned me over to the principal and the principal turned me over to pa!

Mother—Was that all?

Johnnie—No, pa just turned me over his knee.—Exchange.

Art and Nature.

"Nature always surpasses art."

"I can't see it that way," replied the man who wears arctic overshoes. "The artificial snow they use on Christmas trees is vastly preferable to the real kind."—Washington Star.

He Won.

"Before you kiss me, Horace, let me tell you that Fred has given Kitty a diamond ring. You have never given me one."

"Dearest, it is only girls who are not precious in themselves who require the aid of precious stones."

"O, you may kiss me twice, Horace!"—Fond du Lac Reporter.

Such is Perversity.

Good advice is so generally objectionable that some men won't accept it even when you tell them not to make fools of themselves.—Houston Post.

We Get You, Madam.

"He used such grand words and elegant language," said Mrs. Blunderby of a lecturer she had heard: "he simply electrotyped his audience."—Boston Transcript.

Society In Honolulu

ANNUAL FLORAL PARADE

WHEN the picturesque opera bouffe kingdom of Hawaii succumbed to the law of destiny in 1893, when the reigning queen was deposed and a republic set up, and five years later when the republic became a territory of the United States of America, the romance of the old-time government disappeared with the furling of the beautiful Hawaiian flag. But the old, moonlit nights still remain; the same incomparable climate still enthralls, and the tinkle and the strum of the ukulele and guitar are heard beneath the coconut palms as the native Hawaiians sob their ear-haunting melodies, writes a special correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor from Honolulu.

No longer is the old palace filled with diplomatists of foreign stations; distinguished generals, admirals, writers and playfolk are no longer received in the old throne room by a Hawaiian king and queen. Of all the old regime, there still remains only the deposed queen, Liliuokalani, living a still eventful life in Washington place, the home of her husband, the prince consort; a home filled with relics of the days of royalty; reminders of the days when King Kalakaua was the monarch, and she a queen herself, during a brief reign of two years.

Today, however, the queen is honored in Washington place and elsewhere as if she sat upon the throne of old Hawaii. On Hawaiian holidays, on her birthday and many other occasions, she receives in semiroyal state; the guests are ushered into her drawing room by the same officers who officiated when she was in the palace; the introductions are made by the same courteous gentleman who officiated as chamberlain during her reign; her attendants are the same women who attended her in the brilliant days of the monarchy. In the drawing-room are seen the old, silken royal standards of Hawaii. In the trains of guests are the highest federal, territorial and city officials; there are jurists, generals and admirals, statesmen and writers. Social life in old Hawaii still centers in Washington place and all delight in honoring the beloved queen. The people of Hawaii who overturned the monarchy still give sincere homage to this woman.

Impress of the Monarchy.

That is one side of the social activities in Hawaii. The monarchy made its impress upon the people and their customs in the past, and many of these customs of habit and precedence have not yet been overcome, for the etiquette of the court of St. James prevailed at the palace during the reign of King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani. The levees, at which presentations were made, were based in form and style upon those given in Buckingham palace.

With the change in the government and the setting up of a republic, the president of the republic, Sanford Ballard Dole, former United States judge, and Mrs. Dole became the arbiters of official social life in Hawaii. Mrs. Dole was the social hostess of Hawaii; around them were the descendants of the early missionaries, New Englanders mainly, whose culture, educational and religious training have brought Hawaii to its high state of civilization in the last 100 years.

There are as many beautiful gowns seen in Hawaii as in the cities of the mainland. In former days, when Hawaii was an independent country, silks and satins and the finer fabrics were easier to obtain than now. In the old days the opera house would be filled with beautifully gowned women, and men always wore conventional evening clothes. The formal affairs were and are characterized by such toilets as are seen in London, Paris and Berlin.

The army now forms a large part of the population of Honolulu. Its uniforms are seen at all formal affairs; in fact, the companies that assemble in Honolulu are often far more brilliant than are to be met in mainland cities. The social code of Honolulu is strict, and formality demands a regard for the rules that have been found necessary for the common good of society everywhere. The city of Honolulu is divided into social districts, all of the women of the same neighborhood receiving on the same day.

Stranger Not Held Aloof.

The stranger must needs yield reference to entitle him to entry into the conservative circle of social Honolulu. The stranger, however, is not held aloof. Every opportunity is afforded, whenever possible, for the stranger to mingle on equal terms with the residents. The outdoor life favors such mingling—the life around the hotels, the sea beaches, the homes with their wide-open porches or "lanais," as the islanders term them; the town clubs and country clubs, the army posts, the varied forms of public amusement.

There is the "smart set;" there is the conservative set; there is the royalty set; there are many social circles in Honolulu. Among the most active entertainers are the Princess Kawananakoa, a beautiful part-Hawaiian woman of culture and brilliant accomplishments, and Prince and Princess Kalanianaole (Prince Cupid, for short, they say), whose delightful old villa at Waikiki is the scene of many and wonderful parties. Prince Kalanianaole is Hawaii's delegate to congress.

Golf and polo are played throughout the islands. Tennis courts abound everywhere, even at the remote villas of the sugar planters far away from town. The motor car is everywhere, even going now to the very edge of the crater of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii. Baseball is played the year round. At the famous Honolulu Country club in Nuuanu valley, just outside of Honolulu, is a splendid 18-hole golf course.

Isolated as Honolulu may be geographically, its society otherwise is in close touch with the outside world and is in no sense insular. It is ready to do its part, with credit to the distinguished strangers whom it may receive, and its representatives are at home in any land wheresoever business or pleasure may take them.

A HOME IN HONOLULU

Meerschaum as Building Material.

Even the most esthetically inclined of our American millionaires would hardly consider the luxury of living in a residence built of meerschaum as within the range of their fortunes, yet there are many unpretentious houses of this material in the Spanish town of Vallecas, near Madrid, where a coarse variety of this substance may be found. Oddly enough, just across the straits are the Moroccans, who have discovered that still another variety of meerschaum lathers freely and makes a good substitute for the ordinary toilet soap.—Popular Science Monthly.

Evolution and Immortality.

There is an element in evolution which endears it to me and to every man; I think it throws bright gleams on the question of immortality. I see that the unfolding series in this world are all the time from lower to higher, that the idea is not reached at any point, that the leaf works toward the bud, and the bud toward the blossom, and the blossom toward the tree, and that in the whole experience of human nature, and in the whole economy of the providence of God in regard to the physical world, everything is on the march upward and onward. And one thing is very certain, that neither in the individual nor in the collective mass has the intimation of God in the human conscience verified and fulfilled itself. The imperfection shows that we are not much further than the bud; somewhere we have a right to a prescience of the blossom.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Right to the Baby.

"Mother," said Carl, "suppose after all the trouble we have had with the baby he should die."

"Then we should not begrudge him to God," said mother.

"We should not begrudge him, of course," said Carl, "but God does seem to want more than his share of the babies, especially if they are good."

Acme of High Art.

"What were those rare plaques I noticed on your dining-room plate rail?" "My wife's first pies, sir."—American Cookery.

Order.

It is half-past eight on the blossomy bush;
The petals are spread for a sunning;
The little gold fly is scrubbing his face;
The spider is nervously running
To fasten a thread; the night-going moth
Is folding his velvet perfection;
And presently over the clover will come
The bee on a tour of inspection.
—Paul Scott Mower in January Century.

Fresh to the Bone.

During his vacation a San Francisco lawyer met an old friend in the village and their conversation drifted to a discussion of the natives. A young farmer came under their view.

"He's a fine looking young fellow," said the lawyer.

"Ye-e-es," assented his friend, dubiously.

"Well, anyway, he has a mighty good head."

"It ought to be good," was the reply. "That man's head is brand new—he's never used it any."—Rochester Times.

His Best.

She (on board ship)—Mr. Jones, if I fell overboard and were drowning, would you jump in and save me?

He (hesitating, but honest)—By Jove! Do you know, I don't believe I could. But I tell you what I would do. I would watch you drown with the deepest sorrow and regret.—Life.

Her Difference.

"Why didn't Rastus marry dat Coopah gal?"

"Oh, she done flunk at de last minute—wouldn't lend him a dollah foh t' git de license wif."—Boston Transcript.

A Question Resented.

Judge—Were you ever arrested before?

Raggles—Honest now, judge, do I look like I was a bud jest makin' me dayboo?—Boston Transcript.

Young Mother—The doctor says people shouldn't kiss the baby; it isn't sanitary.

Caller—Poor little fellow; why don't you wash him?—Boston Transcript.

But They All Do.

Nothing is more futile than trying to conceal a bald spot.—Ohio State Journal.

Too Much Music.

I know an old fellow whose family is very musical. He said to me one day: "My eldest girl is a pianist. My son is a violinist. Jane, my second daughter, is a harpist. My wife is a vocalist, and my two boys, Peter and Bill, are a flutist and a trombonist."

"And you," I said, "what are you?"

"Me?" said the old man. "Oh, I'm a pessimist."—Exchange.

Inventory Time.

"What are you worrying about now, girlie?"

"Oh, a girl never really knows how much a man loves her."

"Christmas, however, gives one a fairly good line on the situation."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unlucky 13.

"Do you consider 13 at table unlucky?"

"It is if they're all hungry and the turkey isn't unusually large."—Washington Star.

BEEF STEW WITH DUMPLINGS

Either "Aitch" or Shinebone May Be Used—Vegetables in Plenty Requisite for Success.

Use an "aitch" bone for this and reserve part for a roast, as the whole bone would make stew enough for 15 people. However, shinbone can be used if you prefer.

Take off enough of the fat to brown the meat and vegetables and let it be trying out while you are preparing the meat. If there is no fat use a little pork fat or drippings.

Cut your meat into dice about an inch large each way, dredge them well with salt, pepper and flour and brown in hot fat. Put in your stewpan.

Cut two onions, one small turnip and half a carrot into dice and brown; add to the meat, cover with boiling water and cook until the meat is tender. Remove bone and skim off the fat; add six or eight small potatoes, which have been pared and parboiled. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook until nearly done and then add dumplings.

Dumplings.—One pint of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Shape and cook ten minutes in the soft dough. Add salt and baking powder to the flour, and sift all so as to mix them thoroughly with enough milk to make a dough you can handle; it will take about a cupful: they can be dropped from the spoon or shaped a little with the hands.

The stew should be boiling rapidly when the dumplings are added, and continue to boil rapidly while they are in. Do not have so much water or broth in the stew that the dumplings cannot rest on the meat or on the potatoes. If they do not they will be heavy. And do not put in so many that they will crowd each other, for that makes them heavy also.

JOHN BULL PLUM PUDDING

Recipe That Has Been Popular in England for Many Generations—Sauce to Accompany Dish.

One pound each of suet, sugar, currants, raisins, sultana raisins (seeded), mixed candied orange and lemon peel; one-half pound each of bread crumbs and flour, one teaspoonful each of salt and mixed spices, eight eggs, a wineglassful of brandy. Chop the suet finely and mix in the following manner: Put the twice-sifted flour in a large bowl, add the salt, spice and sugar, then the chopped raisins and currants and fruit peel, then the bread crumbs and the sultana raisins, which are not chopped. Beat the eggs together for ten minutes, then strain and add the brandy to them and pour into the bowl. Stir and beat well for 25 minutes. Put the pudding into a well-buttered mold, which must be tied up in a white napkin which has been thoroughly boiled just before using, and floured over the top. Set the mold in a large kettle, cover with boiling water and boil for 13 hours.

Pudding Sauce.—One wine-glassful of brandy, two ounces of fresh butter, a cupful of powdered sugar. Set the butter and sugar near the stove, where they will dissolve, add the brandy and beat thoroughly with an egg-beater. Just before serving set in the top of a teakettle and serve boiling hot.

Dove Chicken.

As cooked by the West India creoles, it is most delicious. Boil a large chicken in just enough water to cover it. When tender remove from the fire and add to the chicken water, a half can of tomatoes, some minced parsley, two red pepper cones, two chopped onions, a little black pepper and enough salt to taste. Stew down to a rich gravy. Then make a stuffing of mashed Irish potatoes, moistened with this gravy, adding a teacupful of raisins; stuff the chicken and brown in the oven. When done, serve with what was left of the tomato gravy.

Lamb and Asparagus.

One neck or breast of lamb, one can asparagus, celery salt or seed, one onion, one sprig parsley, pepper and salt to taste.

Place the meat in a stewpan, cover it with cold water, and a pinch of celery salt or seed, the onion chopped, sprig of parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Let all simmer till the meat and vegetables are tender; two lumps of sugar improve the flavor. Remove the meat and vegetables, reduce the liquor a little, take any fat off, place the meat in the center of a hot dish, pour the gravy over, and arrange the asparagus, which has been heated previously.

Lemon Pudding.

Beat two egg yolks with two cupfuls of sugar. Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in enough water to dissolve it, stir into four coffee cups of boiling water (not hot, but it must be boiling), add juice and grated rind of two lemons, then add the sugar and eggs. Bake in a buttered dish about twenty minutes, then cover with the beaten whites and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven and serve very cold.

Cold Bean Croquettes.

Here is a nice way of using cold beans in croquettes: Get them ready at night, so it takes just a moment to cook them for breakfast. Mash two cupfuls baked beans, yolks of one or two eggs, one tablespoonful melted butter, pinch of salt. Form into cones. Roll in cracked crumbs. Do not coat with egg, as they are rather moist, and the cracker crumbs stick on all right.—Boston Globe.

Pickled Eggs.

Boil fresh eggs one-half hour, then put into cold water. In the meantime have beets boiled until tender, remove skins, cut in dice form and covered with spiced vinegar. Shell the eggs and drop into the pickle jars. This is an ornamental pickle and considered very good.

Butter Substitute.

A great saving may be effected by mixing equal quantities of good margarine and fresh butter. The mixture tastes quite as well as fresh butter.

The Broken Broker.

The late Judge Pennypacker of Philadelphia was an advocate of the enfranchisement of women, but he also advocated justice, in the relationship between the sexes, for man.

"Woman," he said, whimsically, one day at the Pennsylvania Historical Society, "mustn't play it both ways. She mustn't get the vote and the equal wage through man's sense of equity, and then get all kinds of unfair privilege through his sense of gallantry.

"There's a lot of truth in the story of the young broker who, after his failure, was thrown over by a pretty girl.

"'Why was the engagement broken off?' a banker asked the ruined broker.

"'Well,' he answered, 'after I'd given her a string of pearls, an opera box and a birthday gift of a 12-cylinder limousine I went to smash and her people accused me of amusing myself at her expense.'"—Washington Star.

Where She Was.

A small boy, who afterwards proved to be a nephew of one of the mayor's stenographers, was wandering about in the city hall when one of the officials there happened upon him.

"Well, sonny," inquired the man genially, "for whom are you looking?"

"For my Aunt Kate."

"Can't you find her?"

"I can't seem to."

"And don't you know here she is?"

"Not exactly. She's in here somewhere, tho, and I know that the mayor works in her office."—Harper's Magazine.

Steam Heated Stenog.

"Have you ever noticed," asked the thin carpenter, "how quick and choppy the tunes are on a circus calliope?"

"Yes, I have," the plumber replied.

"Ever know there is a reason for that?"

"No. Is there?"

"Yes. There is an arrangement which keeps the keys hot, and the player can't keep his fingers on them long enough to make anything but a staccato sound."

"What does staccato mean in regular talk?"

"Just as I said before, quick and snappy."

"That gives me an idea."

"What's the idea?"

"I wonder if I could get a device like that for the keys of my typewriter."

"You might."

"I wish I could. It would keep the girl from banging the keys like she does now, and if it would get a little speed out of her it would certainly be worth the money."—Youngstown Telegram.

The Early Huntsman.

"The pilgrim fathers went out and shot wild turkeys."

"The custom was much safer than those of hunters today. A turkey is a great improvement on a deer. Turkeys sit up in trees where there isn't the slightest possibility that a man will mistake a fellow hunter for one of them."—Washington Star.

Costly.

"When do you expect to go abroad?"

"Not for some time. It will take several years after the war is over for us to recover from the expense of having to live at home."—Puck.

Aspirations to Leadership.

"John," said Mrs. Bracer, "you must learn not to eat with your knife."

"Don't worry about that. If we get a few more millions an' a little more pull you an' me'll be able to set the style an' make people that don't eat with their knives look perfectly unfashionable."—Washington Star.

Maybe So.

"Flubdub seems to think none the less of his wife on account of her increasing gray hairs."

"And why should he? He probably caused most of them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Incident in Putnam.

"Ah wants mah supper, Ah does," and bang went a pistol shot. Through the window of the bunk house, where the colored laborers on the New Haven's work train are housed, went the cook. He never stopped until he reached Captain of Police Joseph Ryan.

The cook told the captain that there was a bo making a fuss up to the shanty. "He's usin' a pistol he's been totin' awful promiscuously, 'deed he is, captain," said the excited food preparer.

"Why didn't you hit him over the head and take it away from him?" asked the captain.

"Mah goodness man, an' Ah was only married last week. Do you all think Ah want mah body shot full ob holes and mah wife a widder? No sah, Ah guess not, sah; not for this ge'man."—Putnam Patriot.

Would Insist on That.

He had proposed and been accepted. "I suggest," he said, "that we do without lots of the fuss-and-feather business of marriage; we will go away somewhere by ourselves, dear; there will be no flourish, no cards, no ceremony—"

Whereupon the girl indignantly interrupted with the observation: "My dear, we may dispense with the flourish, but I shall certainly insist upon a ceremony."—Boston Transcript.

Common Incident.

"What's the trouble here?" asked the policeman.

"Nothing serious," answered the movie manager. "One of my patrons asked a woman in front of him to take off her hat and she invited him outside to hear her opinion of him."—Exchange.

Self-Starter.

"I'll bet you do some cranky thing to make your wife begin the tirades you complain of."

"Nothing in the cranky way doing. She's a self-starter."—Baltimore American.

Shouldn't Be Wasted.

"This defendant is charged with killing her husband," stated the attorney. "Is there any reason why you could not give her a fair trial?"

"Well," replied Miss Oldgirl, who wanted to be honest, "I think men are too scarce to be wasted that way."—Judge.

A Substitute.

"Do you enjoy a problem play?"

"Sometimes," replied Miss Cayenne. "It's the only way I know of to talk scandal without harming somebody who actually exists."—Washington Star.

Best of References.

"The cook is leaving today and wants me to give her a recommendation, but I don't know what to say."

"You might say she is a good worker."

"A good worker! She's anything but that."

"Oh, I don't know. She has worked us for $30 a month and her board, hasn't she?"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.