## A REAL KING IN AMERICA.

**Man of Great Ambition and Wealth Could Make Potentates Cringe.**

What about these sons of the rich, these princes of our money aristocracy? How much chance is there that one of them will develop the genius of the founder of his line, and instead of squandering millions will accumulate tens of millions; instead of living in useless luxury on his income will prove himself a force in the industrial and financial world, a man able to fight and conquer like his father or grandfather?

Extraordinary happenings are always unexpected, yet once in a century or so, like the advent of a mighty conquerer or reformer, they do come to pass. And if there should arise in this land a man of thirty or forty who, starting with two or three billions (owned or controlled by him) should be great enough to brush aside the trammels of indolence and temptation, great enough to see that never in modern times has there been offered to a man, not even to Napoleon, so stupendous a chance as this to wield absolute power, great enough finally to use his two or three billions to its full potentiality, then—well, there would surely be interesting history made in that man's lifetime! We have had our iron kings, railroad kings, copper kings, sugar kings and others, but there is one kind of king we have not had yet. A real king? Yes, for how long, pray, would this republic stand against the aggressions of such a man, a great-minded despot without conscience or bounds to his ambition, one in comparison to whom our Rockefellers and Carnegies would seem like blundering beginners? Already our millionaire magnates have begun to buy our courts and legislatures, to corrupt our cities, to debauch the public conscience; he would finish the work and do it thoroughly, he would make the laws, own the newspapers, subsidize churches and colleges, mold public opinion, direct the machinery of justice, control the industries, the banks, the insurance companies, the conditions of labor, regulate supply and demand, fix prices, absorb profits, centralize everything, be everything. Why not? Even as things are, has the world any king more powerful than J. P. Morgan or John D. Rockefeller? Remember how Europe cringed to Mr. Morgan at his last visit, with emperors seeking his favor and princes waiting at his door. A real king? Why, we practically have two of them already!—Cleveland Moffett in Success Magazine.



**Unsatisfied Curiosity.**

"There is one thing I'd like to know," said Mr. Peck.

"What is that, Henry?" queried his better half.

"I'd like to know if the women who marry pugilists succeed in having the last word."



**His Habit.**

Towne—Yes, Polkey is dead, after a two weeks' illness.

Browne—You don't say? What was the trouble?

Towne—Heart failure.

Browne—Well, well, slow as usual. The idea of taking two weeks to die of heart failure.—Philadelphia Press.



The "tips" annually paid in Switzerland are reckoned at $800,000.



**It Happened in Vineland.**

"Shay, off'sher," the man with the liquid burden remarked to the policeman, "shee all 'em houses runnin' by?"

"Sure," replied the policeman good humoredly, "I see them."

"Well, when num'r six-twent'fl' comesh 'long shtop it, caushe 'at's mine!"—Philadelphia Ledger.



**Usual Result.**

Harker—That's the last time I'll ever do Muggins a favor.

Parker—What's the trouble?

Harker—I did him one last week and instead of appreciating it he seems to think he worked me.

Asphalt is found in large quantities in various parts of Hungary.


**Prevention of Cooking Odors.**

Odors from cooking, the careful housewife may be glad to know, can be prevented by tying up in a linen bag a lump of bread about the size of a billiard ball and placing it in the pot with the boiling greens, hams, etc. This will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an effluvium to the regions above. A few red peppers or pieces of charcoal put into the pot are also said to stop the unpleasant odor which generally fills the house when green vegetables are boiled.

**Tomato Confections.**

Scald and skin small tomatoes. To eight pounds of fruit allow three pounds of brown sugar. Cook without water until the sugar has penetrated them, and they look clear. Spread on plates in the sun, adding a little of the syrup while they are drying. Pack in layers in small jars or boxes, sprinkling powdered sugar between the layers. Put down in this way they will keep indefinitely, and are almost equal to figs, which they greatly resemble.

**Egg Biscuits.**

Sift a pint and a half of flour, add a teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of sugar, two beaten eggs, a tablespoon of lard and a half a pint of sweet milk to which has been added a teaspoon of cream tartar and half a teaspoon of soda. Work to a smooth dough, roll half an inch thick, cut out in large biscuits, rub over with sweet milk, lay on buttered tins and bake brown in a quick oven.

**Creamed Grapes.**

Boil a gill of water and a pound of sugar to a sirup. Do not stir. When a little is brittle in iced water take from the fire and set in the inner vessel of a double boiler, having boiled water in the outer vessel. Add to the sirup a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Run a stiff straw or a wire through each grape and dip each into the sirup, then lay on waxed paper to dry.

**English Toast.**

A pretty way of serving eggs for tea is to cut bread into square pieces and toast. Take eggs out of the shell, keeping the yolks whole. Beat the whites to a stiff froft; lay the beaten white around nicely on the toast, drop yolks in center of white ring, salt and put in hot oven to bake a few minutes. When taken out of the oven pour a little melted butter over the toast.

**Cranberry Relish.**

Five pounds of cranberries, washed, and picked over, three pounds of seeded raisins and the peel of five large oranges are put through a meat chopper and cut fine. Add the juice of the oranges and three pounds of granulated sugar. Mix well and let it boil up quickly, then set to simmer for three hours.

**Popcorn Balls.**

Make an old-fashioned molasses candy. Just before taking from the fire stir in enough thoroughly popped corn to thicken the mixture. As soon as the candy can be handled take it by the greatspoonful and lay it on a board thickly covered with popcorn and roll into ball shapes. Set aside to harden.

**Cucumber Pickles.**

Use small cucumbers from two to three inches long; soak in cold water for two hours until thoroughly chilled, in running water if possible. Pack in crocks or jars. Cover to the brim with the following mixture: One gallon of pure cider vinegar, one and a half cups of coarse salt, two ounces of dry mustard.

**Cabbage Relish.**

Shave one good head of cabbage as fine as possible. Take one tablespoonful of grated horseradish to a quart of the cabbage, and also a pint of cider vinegar; let this come to a boil, then beat three eggs well and stir them into the vinegar until cooked, and pour over the cabbage. Set it away to get cool.

**Creamed Bacon.**

Bake in the oven slices of bacon till they are brown and crisp; put them on a hot platter; add to the fat in the pan a tablespoonful or more of flour; stir till smooth, add gradually a teacupful and a half of milk and cook two minutes.

**Boston Brown Bread.**

One cup of sour milk, one-half cup of New Orleans molasses, one egg, butter size of walnut, one teaspoon of soda in the milk, and enough graham flour to thicken like cake. Steam three hours; start over cold water.

**Jellied Cranberries.**

Cook one quart of cranberries until they are soft. Add one full pint of sugar and cook until the juice thickens. Wet a dish or mold in cold water and fill it with cranberries. When cold they will turn out nice and firm.



**Literal.**

"I never saw a man's opinion of himself so thoroughly justified as was young Softy's at our place the other day."

"What happened?"

"Well, he thought he was the biggest gun in the establishment."

"Yes?"

"And so he was always booming himself."

"Well?"

"Well, the boss just fired him."—Baltimore American.





**You Bet!**

Stranger—I don't like your weather. It is too fluctuating and uncertain.

Mr. Olds-Port—Why, great Scott! That's its charm. I've already made $2,000 this year by betting on it.



Ribbons and passementeries to the value of $16,000,000 were produced in 1904 at St. Etienne, France.



**Somewhat Chilly.**

Tom—How did you know the girl I was just talking with is from Boston?

Jack—I heard you sneeze twice during the conversation.