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FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Fascinating Gown of Metal Cloth For Evening Wear.

Silvery combinations still crowd the front, and so this dainty frock is fashioned of white satin, combine



BELLE OF THE BALL. with metal cloth richly embroidered in silver thread. The dip of the skirt grades down into a pointed train and silver beads give the shoulder straps

1917'S DINNER.

How to Prepare it Just Like a Real Chef.

Chestnut Stuffing - Shell and blanch one cupful of Spanish chestnuts. Throw them into boiling hot water and boil them tender. Drain and chop fine. Add two chopped truffles, a teaspoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Fill the turkey and roast in a quick oven, at first moderate, for three hours, basting every ten minutes.

The menu should begin with soup-consomme a la royale, made after this recipe: Take the meat from one shin of beef and one knuckle of veal. Crack the bones. Cut the meat into small pieces. Put into the bottom of a soup-kettle a teaspoonful of sugar; let it brown and add one onion sliced. Stir until that is brown. Take from the fire, put in the bones, then the meat. Cover the whole with five quarts of cold water and simmer gently for four hours. At the end of that time put in one carrot (sliced), one large onion with four cloves, two bay leaves, a teaspoonful of celery seed, two cloves of garlic. Simmer one hour longer. Strain and stand aside to cool. When cold remove the fat and sediment. Beat the white of two eggs, add them to the consomme, add the juice of half a lemon, bring the mixture to boiling point and strain carefully through a flannel bag or two thicknesses of cheese cloth, and it is ready to use. Season, of course, with salt and pepper.

Next comes lobster timbale. This is how it is made: Chop sufficient cold boiled lobster to make half a pint, pound it in a mortar. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper and two unbeaten eggs; stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream and then the well beaten whites of three eggs. Fill this mixture into small molds, either garnished with truffles or oyster crabs stand the molds in a pan of boiling water and bake in a moderately quick oven for fifteen minutes. Serve with plain cream sauce or with oyster sauce.

Cranberry sauce is the inevitable accompaniment of roast turkey. To make it wash one cupful of cranberries, add a cupful of water, bring to boiling point, press through a colander, stir in one pound of sugar and stand away.

Mint sherbet tops off the meal. In preparing it, first boil one pint of water and a pound of sugar for five minutes. Bruise the leaves from one bunch of mint. Stir them into the hot syrup, and when the syrup is cold add the juice of three lemons. Turn into the freezer and freeze. When ready to serve dish this into punch glasses, pour over a teaspoonful of creme de menthe and serve.

Peanut Brittle. Shell and chop roasted nuts to measure one pint. Put two pounds granulated sugar in clean frying pan. Stir over slow fire. It will lump, then gradually melt. When pale color and clear add nuts and pour quickly on buttered tin sheet. Roll thin as possible. When cold break up.

Brandy Sauce. Cream one-third cupful of butter and while beating constantly add gradually one cupful brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls brandy, drop by drop. Force through a pastry bag with rose tube and garnish with green leaves and candied cherries.

GOOD AND BAD MANNERS.

And the Brand Used in the Privacy of the Home Circle.

There are three sorts of manners—good, bad and the sort that are used in the privacy of the home circle. The last named sort are usually the worst. Good manners seldom come naturally to any man. This is proved by the fact that they must generally be hammered into small boys with a large, robust cane, the flat of the hand or the rear side of a hairbrush. As the boy grows to manhood he displays his native bad manners by telling his wife what he'd like to say to the tiresome folk who come to call and the people who give parties which he is expected to attend. His early training, however, prevents him from exhibiting his bad manners in public. Occasionally a male child is blessed with good manners from birth, but he usually expires with exceptional thoroughness shortly before or immediately after his fifth birthday.

Men with bad manners are generally very successful in life because their competitors and opponents lose their tempers, thus making it easy for the persons with the bad manners to defeat them. Before a bad mannered person becomes wealthy he is known as a selfish boor. Afterward he is said to be eccentric.

There is grave danger that while a bad mannered person is still in the boor class some strong minded and strong muscled individual may resent his bad manners and "spread" his features hither and yon over his face with a few brick and well directed blows of a pair of No. 11 fists. If one cares to run the risk, bad manners are great things on which to gamble. —Kenneth L. Roberts in Life.

HIS SMUGGLING TRICK.

A Mexican Trader's Way of Evading the Customs Inspectors.

There are ways of evading duty down on the Rio Grande impossible to the port of New York. The Mexican found a way. He was a merchant just on the other side of the Mexican border. He had two vases which had caught the fancy of an American customer, but they were dear, and with the duty added—not to be thought of. The customer told the Mexican so. The Mexican felt \$5. But the price was still too dear. The Mexican felt again. But still there was the duty staring the customer in the face. They must do it, without explaining how, the Mexican guaranteed that the vases should be delivered free of duty on the other side of the Rio Grande—next morning at breakfast time.

"And," the Mexican said in a characteristic manner, "I will be there to collect." At breakfast next morning, as the customer was eating leisurely, the Mexican appeared.

"Where are the vases?" the customer inquired. "In the next room," the Mexican, smiling blandly.

"And the duty?" "There is no duty, señor."

"How in thunder did you manage it?" asked the American, amazed. "I paid a greaser a dollar, señor. With the vases strapped to his back, he swam the Rio Grande. See, señor"—hurrying to bring in a vase from the next room and touching it gently with his fingers—"they are whole, perfect." —New York Post.

Courtesy and Work.

When I want to find fault with my men I say nothing when I go through their departments. If I were satisfied I should tell them. My silence hurts them more than anything else in the world, and it doesn't give offense. It makes them think and work harder.

Many men fail because they do not see the importance of being kind and courteous to the men under them. Kindness to everybody always pays for itself. And, besides, it is a pleasure to be kind. I have seen very important positions, or their reputations—which are more important than any position—by little careless discourtesies to men whom they did not think it was worth while to be kind to. —Charles M. Schwab in American Magazine.

The Land of the Kurds.

Kurdistan appeals to the archaeologist. It was ruled successively by the Persians, Macedonians, Parthians, Sassanians and Romans and is exceedingly rich in antiquarian remains, most of which are still unexamined. The Kurds are a wild, pastoral, partly nomadic people, are mostly Mohammedans and are very hostile to Christians, their cruel massacre of the Armenians being only too well known. Kurdistan belongs to both the Turkish and the Persian monarchies, though chiefly to the former. —London Chronicle.

Object of the Visit.

"Did the titled foreigner call on you to ask your consent to his marriage with your daughter?" "I don't think so," replied Mr. Cumrox. "My impression is that he came to look me over and decide whether I was sufficiently good form to be invited to the wedding." —Washington Star.

He Got the Job.

"I understand that you told my clerk you were seeking employment?" "Your clerk misinformed me. I told him I was looking for work." "Take off your coat." —Houston Post.

Stewards Must Live.

Knicker-Smith regards himself as the steward of his wealth. Bocker. "That's just the trouble; he expects tips." —New York Sun.

It is well to value people for what they are without expecting perfection.

HER SPORT SUIT.

This Swagger Outfit For the Winter Girl.

The nattiest suit comes in maroon velours featured in loose, square lines particularly adaptable for skating and winter sports. Silk stitching on belt.



JACK FROST'S PAL.

neck, coat bottom and cuffs gives a good finish. The moujik's cap is of black "hatters" plush with starry "flow" ears done in gray worsteds.

NEW YEAR'S CAKES.

Especially Tasty Recipes For the Family Reunion.

Honey Cakes—Melt two ounces of butter, a cupful of honey, add the grated rind of a lemon, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, two ounces of almonds cut fine, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of mace, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two and a half cupfuls of flour; mix thoroughly, cover and set aside until the next morning; roll in sheets one-half inch thick, cut in squares, place in greased and floured pans, bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. When baked wash over with a sirup made of a cupful of sugar and a half cupful of water boiled to thread; let the sirup cool slightly before using.

Fruit and Nut Cakes—Cream one-half cupful of butter with a cupful of sugar, add two well beaten eggs, half a cupful of milk, one and a half cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add one-half cupful each of raisins and finely chopped nuts; bake in small pans, decorated with boiled frosting, small red candies, and finely chopped pistachio nuts.

Marzipan—Half a pound of almond paste, half a pound of pulverised sugar, an ounce and a half of rosewater. Place all together in a saucepan over a slow fire, working it constantly with a spatula. When it no longer sticks to the finger when touched lift to a moulding board, dredge well with pulverised sugar, roll thin, cut in designs and shapes wanted and dry in a warm oven, but do not let it get hard. It should be white.

Almond Jumbles—Cream two ounces of butter with half a pound of sugar, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, half a cupful of milk, a cupful and two teaspoonfuls of sifted flour, six ounces of finely chopped almonds, half a teaspoonful of water and the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Drop in round cakes on a well greased tin and bake immediately.

Pasty Slices—Half a pound of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, four ounces of lard, a quarter of a cupful of ice water. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together, cut in the lard, mix to a stiff dough with the ice water, turn on the moulding board, roll thin, spread with two ounces of butter, two ounces of finely chopped nuts, a quarter of a cupful of brown sugar, add half a cupful of finely minced citron. Roll like jelly roll, cut in slices half an inch thick, place on a wet tin and bake until a delicate brown.

Vermont Panvchi. This is one of the simplest and most delicious homemade candies. Put into a porcelain lined kettle half a pound of granulated sugar, one pound of crushed maple sugar, one and a half cups of cream, a pinch of salt and one tablespoonful of butter. Place to the soft ball stage. Remove from the fire and set the vessel of cold water. When the mixture is slightly cooled divide into a quarter of a pound of six halved walnuts. Beat the mixture very light and cream into a buttered pan to an inch. Mark into oblong candy gardens.

READING HISTORY.

The One Way to Acquire a Real Knowledge of the World.

Henry James once told me that the only reading of which he never tired was history. "The least significant footnote of history," he said, "stirs me more than the most thrilling and passionate fiction. Nothing that has ever happened to the world finds me indifferent."

I used to think that ignorance of history meant only a lack of cultivation and a loss of pleasure. Now I am sure that such ignorance impairs our judgment by impairing our understanding, by depriving us of standards, of the power to contrast and the right to estimate. We can know nothing of any nation unless we know its history, and we can know nothing of the history of any nation unless we know something of the history of all nations.

The book of the world is full of knowledge we need to acquire, of lessons we need to learn, of wisdom we need to assimilate. Consider only this brief sentence of Polybius, quoted by Plutarch, "In Carthage no one is blamed however he may have gained his wealth." A pleasant place, no doubt, for business concerns, a place where young men were taught how to get on and extravagance kept pace with shrewd finance; a self satisfied, self confident, money getting, money loving people, honoring success and hugging its fancied security, while in far-off Rome Cato pronounced its doom. —Agnes Repplier in Atlantic Monthly.

THE SCARLET TAWAGER.

He Wears His Gaudy Fireman's Suit Only in the Summer.

The country folk call the scarlet tanager the firebird. His feathers set the woods on fire. Reversing the figure, the firebird puts out the torch of the sun and pales the plumage of the oriole that has come to fly "in tropic splendor through our northern sky."

This tanager of ours is not much of a songster. He does not have to be. All he has to do is "stand on" in the show in order to share applause with the gold tongued wood thrush and the mellow noted meadow lark. Seemingly the tanager thinks that his call is to be preferred to his song, for he calls forty times where he sings once. The tip of a tree gives him the best stage setting for his beauty, and there he perches, looks the sun in the eye and chirps cheerily to the hour. His mate is a modestly garbed female, who is willing to attend to home duties while Beau Brummel gallivants abroad.

It is only for a season that the tanager wears his fireman's suit. Nature's rule that he must change his clothes when September is spent may seem foolish to him, but he obeys to the feather. In dun and-drab he goes south, where he tells an unbeliever and brilliantly plumaged company of tropic birds of the wonder of his summer dress. —Chicago Post.

The Day of the Carver.

Carving was once a serious thing. The sixteenth century carver was a professional. He had to make the joint fit the guest. The size of his steers was the thing. Then he had to know his guests and cut accordingly. A lord, for instance, at the table, and a pike was dished up whole. Smaller fry, and the pike came on in slices. The same procedure with pig. The rank of the diners decided whether it should appear at table in gold leaf or naked, whole or sliced. With bread, too, there was a difference. New or three days old baked was at the discretion of the carver as he sized up the visitors. And as for the apportioning of the titbits according to precedence there was no end. The old time carver, in fact, was born and then made. —London Standard.

Difficult Feet.

Two boys stood in front of the entrance gate of a football field. They had no money, but they were determined to outwit the gatekeeper somehow and get in and see the game. They suggested scheme after scheme to one another, and finally the older boy said: "I got it now. We'll walk in backward, and he'll think we're coming out." —Exchange.

Not Catching.

Mrs. Nouveau Riche—Willie, I don't want to see you play with the Blingby-Smythe's dog again. Willie Dito—Why not, ma? Mrs. N. R.—The dog is pedigreed, they say, and there's no telling when it may have another fit of them. —New York Globe.

His Suspicion Confirmed.

How interesting the financial columns in the morning papers can be to the traveled reader! For instance, here's a market report that says "butter was strong." This confirms an impression formed at a boarding house recently. —London Ideas.

Feminine Intuition.

"I thought you were going to send that hat back, Maude. What induced you to keep it?" "Every girl I know was careful to tell me, as soon as she saw it on me, how unbecoming it was." —Baltimore American.

On the Line.

"You say you have spent hours over a single line?" "Yes; and sometimes days." "Then you're a poet?" "No; I'm an angler." —

Unusual Behavior.

Letter—You look worried, old chap. Yaddish—Yes; I'm afraid my wife is sick. She stayed at home all yesterday afternoon. —Life.