

**BLOW PHILADELPHIA**

**The Fanny Flings at the Quaker City Not All Well Founded.**

These who have grown accustomed to the almost proverbial expression, "As slow as a Philadelphia," have never gone beyond the humorous consideration of the matter, writes Dr. William Ellis Tringa, in the Chicago American.

The newspapers have made it the habit of humorous chroniclers, to furnish food for caricaturists on occasions when more momentous problems have laid in stammering gibberish, lecturers have scored introductory points about it, and knights of the "heel and clog" have come to regard it as a vindication when old and memorable gray-haired jokes have failed to find market in the playhouses of the beautiful city of homes.

So far has this over-indulgence of a well-taken artistic method, that one may hear in England and as far away as the orient, stories invested with rights for patient Philadelphia, the long-suffering and never-complaining home of a lordly and loving a community of gentle and God over mold!

A certain lecturer in Scotland, commemorating the disposition of his family said: "I have three children living, and one in Philadelphia, Pa." A well known long distance walker athlete, losing the championship in a time walk from Washington to New York, remarked the delectable and amused his admirers by declaring that he was far ahead of his old-time record, when, on arriving in the city of Philadelphia, his feet went to sleep, and he was unable to proceed further with his accustomed agility.

The members of a flourishing baseball team, on alighting from the train, each appeared armed with a gigantic alarm clock which they proceeded to carry about the town to keep them awake.

A still more unfortunate, but actual occurrence is the one recorded in the undertaker's journals that Philadelphia is the only city in the world enjoying the distinction of having had one of its citizens run over and killed by an undertaker's hearse.

Actors possess the fancy's fickle foibles by informing us that they come to Philadelphia and tell jokes one season, returning the next to find they have just penetrated the slumbering perceptions of the easy-going citizens.

And thus, Philadelphia becomes the poor's theme, the jobber's jest, the caricaturist's hope, while its unavenging millions are born, live and die in the deepest affliction for the place, unreminded of the thrush, and not infrequently enjoying them.

I have seen consumptives deliberately refuse the offer of home and comfort, with an almost indisputable assurance of restoration to health and, certainly a longer life, in the mountains of the south, southwest and Colorado, that they might remain in the city of their love and die there—seemingly perfectly contented. In two cases particularly I know that each could have had every luxury that wealthy and anxious friends and relatives would have tendered to go away into the land of oxygenous air and balmy sunshine, but they refused to leave—the one dying when the winter came, and the other lingering to-day, held by the barest thread of existence that is worse than death.

Now, there is a serious and a scientific side to the fact of Philadelphia's slowness as a body of people.

It is noticeable that the men who control wealth, who handle great corporations and engage in vast business enterprises there, are alive to their business' best interests, and comprise as wakeful a set of men as one wishes to find in any municipality in the world. This is particularly noticeable in the political affairs of Philadelphia.

Those who engage in the actual control of the vast city's interests take occasional opportunity to assure the world that there is nothing slow about the politicians of that town. The voters are just the contrary—let a man in authority betray every sense of honor and fidelity to his constituency, and they will re-elect him as long as he shows his allegiance to the powers that be. This signifies subservience—servile submission—whether it be good or bad. The same is true in business. While it is not done, I add, to the honor of Philadelphia business men, yet a business man who desired could exact almost any honest condition of employment from his hard-worked artisans, and they would humbly submit to it rather than run the risk and dread of a lost position. This is said in no disparagement—it is simple truth.

**MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.**

The municipal expenses of New York are approximately \$100,000,000 a year.

Of 50,000 children placed in families by the Children's Aid society, only 50 have been arrested and sent to reform schools.

While London has 47 telephones per 10,000 inhabitants, Paris, 71; New York, 126, and San Francisco, 706, Stockholm reaches the figure of 990.

Berlin has its first female barber—the wife and daughter of a hair-dresser. In Bohemia, Hungary and Scandinavia there are many women barbers.

In the year ending April 1, 1920, Berlin imported from Italy 50 car loads of cherries, 207 of table grapes, 245 of summer fruits, etc. In the following 12 months the business doubled.

A Leipzig physician expresses the opinion that on account of their delicate sense of touch blind persons are specially qualified for practicing massage. In Japan this is done very largely.

In the clear atmosphere the other day Bostonians could see from Boston two mountain peaks, Wachusett and Mondnock—that is, those Bostonians who took the trouble to climb Mount Bellevue, West Roxbury, could.

If all the reports that have reached the police within the past few days are true, diamond stealing by servants has reached the proportions of a mania in New York. Three young women employed in as many fashionable homes in the up-town section are now under arrest on this charge.

A Vermont town supports two papers which live in friendly discord. The Herald printed a meaningless item about one Slocum S. Wench, a Syrian, and the News copied it, without the formality of giving credit. Gladly the Herald now points out that the fictitious Syrian's name spelled backward proclaims the truth, well known locally that "the News steals."

**WOMAN A PRESIDENT.**

After a Certain Age Their Faces Show Signs of Mental Worry and Distress.

The average woman is a dyed-in-the-wool pessimist. Almost every woman over 30 years of age looks distressed. Her brows are bent, her mouth drawn into a tight line, and there are deep furrows down her cheeks. She looks exactly as if she were considering how to provide a dinner for 25 cents that will satisfy twenty-five small children, when in reality she may have nothing more serious on her mind than buying a pair of socks for George. No wonder women grow old faster than men, for they hug their worries to them and let them show in their faces.

There was once an elderly servant who was superstitious to a degree and who always expected the worst to happen. Did she find a needle on the floor, did a picture fall in the house or a bird fly into one of the rooms, she was instantly plunged into woe. "We're going to have a heap of bad luck!" she would say, and then she'd be lachrymose until some one had the toothache or the cows got into the corn, when she would consider the demon luck orcsled or satisfied for a time and grow as cheerful as it was her habit to be. Some one once asked her if she did not have any good-luck signs.

"Why, certainly," she replied, "but they don't count—I don't believe in the good-luck ones," which, by the by, is thoroughly characteristic of the sex.

Here is a woman who suffers—suffers in the word—from insomnia. "I can't imagine why I don't sleep," she says to her friends. "I'm sleepy as anything when I go upstairs, but then I begin to wonder if my son Arthur, who travels for a drug firm, is on a train, and in a minute I see him just as plainly bleeding and mangled in a wreck. When I decide that he is really dead, I think of John, and worry because he hasn't a better position. Then Molly comes into my mind, and I feel sure that one of her children must be ill. I feel so blue about her. I fret over Lucy's throat a bit then, and by this time I'm wide awake. It's the strangest thing! I don't understand why I should be so wakeful!"

**AN HONEST PORTER.**

He Helped Himself to a Tip of Ten Dollars for Being Accommodating and Honest.

"The tip-expecting Pullman car porters are the recipients of a good many knocks from press and public, but they are not the worst in the world," remarked a commercial traveler to a Washington Star man. "They may have a pretty fierce way of doling out tips, but when it comes to the matter of honesty I know one of them that's there with the goods, as the saying goes."

"I left San Francisco, or, rather, Oakland, on the Santa Fe line for Chicago at 8 o'clock in the evening a couple of weeks ago last Sunday. The gang that I met in 'Frisco had been rather too enthusiastic in giving me a good time of it out there on the day of my departure, so that when I woke up on the train along toward 7 o'clock the next morning the sleeper bunk felt pretty warm and my coppers a whole lot warmer. The nearest, in fact, the first stop at which I would have a chance to fix those hot coppers out was Mojave, and so I hustled into my clothes to be ready to hop off the train during the stop at Mojave for one of those katzenjammer alleviators.

"I asked the Pullman conductor how long the train would stop at Mojave, and he replied that the stop would last ten minutes. I raced into the station cafe when the train pulled into Mojave, and instructed the man in charge of the bar to rig me up one of those long, long damp things. He went at the job in a pretty scientific manner, and the piece of wet wool that he set before me was a rare thing to find right alongside of the California desert. It was such a fine and effective creation, in fact, that I asked him to frame up another one, and I got away with this with equal joy. Then I leisurely strolled to the door to take a look at my train—and saw the end of it curling away in the rarefied distance on its way toward the land of the rising sun. It had pulled out without notifying me. I hustled into the ticket office to ask the man in the window when I'd be able to corral another eastbound train, and he said that it 'ud be along at 8 o'clock the next morning—the mate to the train that had departed without me; there was only one of the overland expresses per diem. So there I saw myself stuck in Mojave, Cal., the most miserable little sand dune on the globe, for a full twenty-four hours.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. I had left my Gladstone bag wide open on my bunk, with my wearing apparel thrown around the section every which way, and in the bag I had placed, on the night before, \$200 in gold coin, the stuff being too heavy to carry around in my pockets with any comfort.

"I've got a chance of getting the bag back," said I to myself, "but what the black porter'll do to those \$200 in gift money will be something swoopingly scandalous."

"I had no idea on earth that I'd ever see a dollar of that money. I figured it all out that the porter would corral the money and then stuff my wearing apparel into the bag and hand it over to the conductor. I knew then I wouldn't be able to prove any such fact that I had \$200 in gold money in the bag, and I gave it up for gone. I told the station agent at Mojave about the bag, and he immediately telegraphed to the next station to be made by my lost train along the line, a place called Barstow, N. Mex., directing that the bag be shipped back to Mojave on the west-bound overland.

"The bag was returned to Mojave on the west-bound train that night, and I eagerly opened it up to see what I had left in the bag. Everything was there, including the stack of gold money. I counted the gold roll, and it amounted to an even \$190. The porter, I felt certain, had appropriated just one of the \$10 gold pieces to compensate him for his trouble in packing the bag, and I afterward found out that I was right in this supposition.

"I caught the train east on the following morning, and when I got to Kansas City I got off to take a bit of a rest at a hotel. As I was getting off I met the porter of the train that had left Mojave without me. He was walking about the station, waiting to go aboard his car for another western trip. He saw and recognized me as soon as I recognized him, and he grinned broadly when he saw me.

"Boss," said he, coming over to me, "Ah suah did look evey'whesah fo' dat othuh ten dolluh gol' piece, but Ah suah couldn't fin' it nowhah," and then he burst into a happy ducky laugh and slapped his thigh joyously. I told him how welcome he was to the \$10 piece that he had pinched out for himself, and I'm not certain that I didn't give him another couple of dollars to show my appreciation of his honesty. It might not sound like honesty to speak of his swiping \$10 from my Gladstone bag, but under the circumstances, considering the chance he had to grab it all, and considering, too, the nature of Pullman porters as they're supposed to be, I think he was a paragon of honesty."

**Chocolate Wafers.**

One-half of a cupful of light brown sugar, as much granulated sugar creamed with one-half cupful of butter, one well beaten egg, one-half cupful of grated chocolate, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix all together to a soft dough, roll out a little at a time very thin and cut into circles. Bake in a moderate oven.—Detroit Free Press.

**FASHION'S LATE MANDATES.**

What Milady Must Wear If She Would Appear in the Newest Styles.

Shirt waists of fancy velvets, velveteens and corduroys are fashionable. Some are made simply, the only trimming being fancy buttons; others are finished with passementerie, lace and moire silk in bands or ruffles. Says a fashion authority: "These have shawl buttons, too."

Robes are tempting in light-weight cloths, silks and stenciled cloth. Some are beautifully embroidered all over or at the bottom of the skirt and front of waist and sleeves. Two-toned cloths are revived for these, and make up prettily when trimmed with some rich passementerie or velvet.

The newest tea gowns are in empire fashion, with accordion plaited skirts beautifully trimmed with lace medallions and insertions. They are finished with handsome collars of lace or embroidery, lace frills edging the collars. Sleeves are elbow length, finished with several lace ruffles. Light colors prevail for tea gowns and white is much favored.

The fancy for fruit as a decoration has extended to embroideries on dinner and reception gowns. An illustration shows black point d'esprit made over white satin was trimmed with embroidery in the form of cherries and their leaves, and had cherry red belt and shoulder straps. Another of pearl gray satin and tulle was embroidered with green grapes. Black grapes were put on a delicate cream lace gown.

On sheer gowns are put hand-work embroidery and lace and water gowns repeat those of summer in these trimmings. Cord braiding is put on the thinnest gauzes with good results and the silver lace that has been employed so much is combined with white lace. Tiny blossoms are set on damask fabrics in large rings and scrolls of lace, tulle or satin are threaded through them. Scarfs are also drawn through cloth cut in lattices or circles for trimming cloth or wool gowns.

Flat trimming is standard for fall and winter hats. These are a trifle larger than those worn during summer, and feathers, breasts, wings and quills are the trimmings. Beaver hats will be fashionable and various staked velvets are submitted. Hats of silk plush so far are in delicate shades. Black, green, red, brown and blues are well represented. Blue and green combinations will be numerous and some new fancies in these shades are stunning. Coque feathers are revived in many pretty colorings. Birds are wonderfully tinted, as are breasts. Quills are in black and green combinations. The rolled brim, sailor in all shades of felt and beaver will be fashionable for general wear.

Hardly a new skirt is lined—among the handsome ones, that is. All have instead the drop skirt of taffeta. This skirt of taffeta is cut like the outer skirt, exactly and finished with a plaiting or a ruffle with a plaiting along the edge. We say the handsome ones advisedly. When the outside is not of good, firm cloth a lining is necessary to help keep it in shape, and when the lining is of some cheap cotton stuff the wearer certainly would not want it hanging loose. It has one thing to recommend it especially. When it is worn out it may be cast aside. In the case of a worn-out lining made in a skirt one must have the whole thing taken apart to reline it, and this is about as much trouble as making a new skirt. With the drop skirt there's only to buy another. It is to be hoped our stores will keep them ready made.

**WOMAN BURIED ALIVE.**

Young Lady Seized with Catalepsy, Interred, and Rescued in Her Casket.

A letter received in Paris from Buenos Ayres records the death of Mile. Cambaceres, a descendant of the famous French general and a member of one of the leading families in the Argentine capital, under most distressing circumstances, says a Paris correspondent of the New York Herald.

The unfortunate young lady had just turned 18 years of age, and her birthday was celebrated by a grand reception. All her friends came to offer their congratulations and brought presents.

In the evening Mile. Cambaceres went up to her room to dress for the opera. She was in the act of putting on her hat, when she fell to the ground, apparently dead.

The funeral took place within 24 hours, as under municipal law a corpse must not be kept longer, on account of the heat and the danger of decomposition.

A few days afterward someone started the theory that Mile. Cambaceres had been poisoned, and the authorities ordered the body to be disinterred and a post-mortem examination made. When the coffin was opened it was found to the horror of every one, that the veil which covered the face of the unfortunate girl was torn and her face scratched all over. From these facts it appeared clear that Mile. Cambaceres had been buried alive and had torn the veil and scratched her face in her struggle to get out of the coffin.

**HOUSEHOLD TALKS.**

Dainty Dishes That Are Delightful on a Hot Day—May Be Made at Any Time of the Day.

A housekeeper suggests the following dishes for a cold luncheon on a hot day, says the New York Tribune. With such a bill of fare the meal may be prepared long before the guests arrive: Sandwiches spread with chopped meat, veal loaf, devilled eggs, vegetable salad, cottage cheese, gelatin with cream, mustard or ice cream and angel cake. Olives and sardines may accompany both courses.

Mint juleps are liked better by many persons than chocolate. Put into a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, 1/2 cupful of scraped maple sugar and a cupful of milk. When the sugar's melted and the mixture hot add two tablespoonfuls of butter and boil for 30 minutes. When it hardens in cold water, it is done. Upon removing it from the fire add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Begin to beat as soon as it comes from the fire. When it shows signs of granulation turn into buttered shallow tins, and, when cooled enough, mark into squares. Two tablespoonfuls of grated coconut and a cupful of walnuts or hickory nuts may be added, if they are wanted, with the vanilla.

Mint bags for the linen closet are liked by some persons. Put into little silk bags a mixture made of a pound of dried lavender, an ounce of thyme, an ounce of mint, an ounce of ground cloves and caraway seeds and a tablespoonful of dry salt.

A woman who has tried it avers that a watermelon may be kept for any length of time by varnishing its entire surface, leaving no spot untouched and open to the air.

Panned tomatoes are an excellent accompaniment for a roast of lamb or veal. Peel and cut in two six plump tomatoes. Put them in a pan with a tablespoonful of melted butter, and cook slowly on top of the stove for ten minutes. Then brown in the oven. Arrange the tomatoes on a hot plate and serve with a sauce made in the pan in which they were cooked. For the sauce put another tablespoonful of butter into the pan, and when it has melted cook it for four minutes two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring it constantly. Then add two cupfuls of milk, salt and pepper, and turn it over the tomatoes.

Some housekeepers vary the flavor of potato salad by boiling the potatoes for it in stock, or, if it is more convenient, in the soup kettle.

Dainty and reasonable sandwiches may be made of thin slices of brown bread with mayonnaise and separated by a thin slice of a tart apple.

Stewed okra is one of the dinner possibilities. Select the small green pods, and remove the stems and discolored tips. Put into boiling salted water and cook until tender. It will take about half an hour. Then drain; add a heaping tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of vinegar, and season with pepper and salt. Simmer until the butter is absorbed, and serve hot.

Experiments in canning peas reported in a government bulletin show that heating under pressure to secure a higher temperature than the ordinary boiling point, 212 degrees Fahrenheit, is necessary to insure keeping. Where a temperature of 242 degrees Fahrenheit was maintained for about 30 minutes very few swelled cans resulted; at 232 degrees a much larger number spoiled. This shows that it is hardly wise for the average housekeeper to attempt to can any of the fruits and vegetables most liable to spoil.

**Impulsiveness.**

If a thoughtful woman were asked, "What is the greatest curse of your sex?" she might well answer, "Impulsiveness." It is responsible for almost all the mistakes made by the good-hearted among us. May it not safely be said that a few minutes' thought before speech or action would prevent most fatal blunders? Many of us are in positive bondage—quickness to retort or to respond. If we are hurt we must immediately "give ourselves away," as the phrase runs, if not by bitter speech, at least by look and manner, yet reflection frequently brings the keenest regret for lost dignity, the betrayed secret or other ill results.—Home Magazine.

**Quinces with Apples.**

If possible use pippin apples or a variety that is firm and sweet. Take equal quantities of apples and quinces. Pare and cut the apples and quinces in round slices; remove the cores with a small round cutter. Stew the quinces in just enough water to cover them until they are tender; then remove them and put the apples in the same water and cook them tender without breaking them. Place the fruit in separate dishes and cover them with a hot syrup made of one part sugar and two and a half parts water; cover and let them stand over night. In the morning reheat the fruit and syrup and place in alternate layers in glass jars and seal at once.—Washington Star.

**Little Figs in Baskets.**

Large oysters, fat English bacon, pepper and salt, buttered toast. Season the oysters with pepper and salt. Wrap each in a very thin slice of bacon and fasten with a wooden toothpick. Have the chafing-dish very hot and cook the pigs just long enough to crisp the bacon, taking care not to let it burn. Serve hot on small pieces of toast. Garnish with parsley.—Miss Mattie E. Jewell.

**A Political Doctress.**

"What's harmony?" asked the politician's little boy. "Harmony," answered his father, "is what the faction of a party that's getting the worst of it yells for loudest."—Chicago Post.

**A REMARKABLE SECT.**

Russians in Manitoba Who Are Possessed of a Strange Craze.

Refuse to Use Lower Animals for Any Purpose and Place All the Burden of Labor Upon Their Men and Women.

"It falls to the lot of some men to possess of religious sects, but the strangest of all is probably the distressing mania that has enthralled 2,000 Russian Doukhobors, who have located in western Manitoba, says a special to the New York Times from Yorktown, Manitoba. In the Swan River district the government is apprehensive for the remarkable craze that has taken possession of these colonists. A visit to the community showed that the nights, scenes and the horrors depicted were almost beyond comprehension.

It is well known that the Doukhobors are adverse to shedding blood. This is the reason why they emigrated from Russia, and it is also the reason why the Canadian government exempted them from military duty as inducement for their location on the prairie lands of the west. As to what they should eat, this was purely a personal matter, but, as it appears, it was one of the features that was overlooked by the government that will cause financial trouble.

In this country a man may eat what he chooses, and if his religious dictates that he shall conform to a vegetable diet, such beliefs are respected. All might have been well had this state of affairs been confined to vegetarianism, but the Doukhobors' religion does not appear to be a finished product. It has been constantly undergoing changes. From the belief that it was a sin to eat meat, it seems a long jump to reach the conclusion that it is wrong to eat animal products, but these people have now given up drinking milk, eating butter, cheese, eggs, etc., and the cows, oxen, geese and fowl are increasing and multiplying, and waxing fat, while the people are on the verge of starvation.

Having reached this absurd position, it was but a step to another and more ridiculous one. If it were wrong to eat the flesh of animals, the same line of reasoning made it comparatively easy to condemn the use of leather harness made from the hides of God's creatures, and then followed the condemnation of woolen clothing, because wool grown on the bodies of sheep, which also belonged to the Lord. The next step was still more sweeping in its effect on their economic condition. It was to make servants of any of the lower animals, to use them for beasts of burden or for any other purpose.

They had the courage of their convictions, and at once turned out their horses, cattle and sheep, driving them to "God's Hill," to forage for themselves, placing all the burden of farm life on their own shoulders. For all drawing purposes, such as hauling heavy loads on wagons, men take the place of horses and oxen. Twelve or 14 men hitched to a plow suffice for this purpose, and it is the only method employed by them in the cultivation of the soil. Women, even, are employed in this manner, though when coming into town men only are seen hauling the wagons and buggies. Every day in the streets of Yorktown dozens of men may be seen drawing wagons, hauling what little produce they may have for sale, and carrying back to their farms flour and other necessities.

The Doukhobors are clad exclusively in cotton clothes and wear rubber boots or shoes knit or woven with binder twine, which they buy for the purpose. Their food consists of bread and water, and such vegetables as they grow, and wild berries and herbs which they gather. Their farms are neglected and their stock, of which they have much, is running wild in the hills, where it will all die during the winter, or be appropriated by those who are not of their religious faith, and who will at least give the stock shelter.

With the advent of cold weather starvation and disease must certainly follow, and they appear to know this, for they have been in correspondence with authorities in southern California, Nevada, Arizona and Australia, with a view to emigration to a warmer climate where the conditions would enable them to subsist on the soil without trespassing on the possessions of the animal kingdom. It is needless to say that no one wants them, as they are still in Manitoba, an elephant on the hands of the government that brought them from Russia a few years ago to develop the prairie land of this west.

"It's only a matter of time," remarked the shoe-clerk boarder, who reads the scientific page in a household magazine, "until all our engines and that sort of thing will be run by heat drawn from the sun."

"What will become of the poor farmers when that time arrives?" asked the girl with the lemon-colored hair, who presides over the ribbon counter between meals.

"The farmers?" queried the shoe-clerk, after the manner of a person up a tree.

"Yes," said the fair ribbon demonstrator. "If all the sun's heat is to be used to run engines won't it make the weather too cold to raise eggs and butter and such things?"—Chicago Daily News.

**So Sudden.**

Mae—Did he really take you by surprise when he proposed? Ethel—Yes, indeed! Why, I hadn't even looked up his financial standing.—Judge.