



Mrs. James McDonald.

Bringing Up an American Daughter.

New York.—How Pastor Wagner's heart would rejoice could he take a peep inside the Waldorf-Astoria when the two pretty Stallo girls are there! The simple life at this caravansary of the very rich? To be sure! And, mind you, the two young sisters, 16 and 15, are the richest girls in their own right in all Cincinnati.

What's more, some day they will own a big slice of the Standard Oil company, something like \$15,000,000 worth.

These two charming young girls, despite their great wealth, live according to rule. They rise by rule, eat by rule, study by rule, play by rule and retire by rule. Every moment of their time is regulated with the nicety of clockwork.

In a word, they are being brought up with the idea that great wealth brings great responsibilities, even for young women. And all their work and play is directed along these lines.

These two girls—each one a picture of health and beauty—are the daughters of Edmund K. Stallo, Laura and Helena. Their own mother is dead. They are the wards of their grandfather, Alexander McDonald, a director in the parent Standard Oil company and president of the Standard Oil company of Kentucky. He is Cincinnati's richest citizen, though he is as much in New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, as he is out there.

Early Left Motherless.

Mr. McDonald's wife, the young girl's grandmother, died three years ago. Their mother, Mrs. Stallo, only child of the McDonalds, died when Helena was two years old. And now these two beautiful granddaughters are all that rich Mr. McDonald has left, and all his wealth will go to them, share and share alike. They have already inherited from their grandmother a million apiece. It is only a tithe of what is to come from their grandfather, who is their legal guardian by order of the New York courts.

Miss Laura is 16 years old, and Miss Helena is just 15. Both are beautiful brunettes, well-built, with rosy cheeks and flashing eyes and a wealth of dark, wavy hair. Their governess lays all of this to their simple mode of life.

Not that everything that money can buy is not theirs. They have horses and autos and pianos. They travel in Europe or in the new world every summer in the most luxurious manner. They are in New York, as they have been recently, several times a year and a rich suite in the Waldorf-Astoria is always reserved for them.

Not Yet Ready for Society.

"We don't pamper our girls in the slightest," said their governess, proudly. "They have never gone out into society nor will they be allowed to do so for at least two or three years more."

The governess didn't say it, but company at either the Waldorf-Astoria, or at Dalway, Mr. McDonald's beautiful suburban home in Clifton, Cincinnati, is extremely limited. A girl friend is occasionally for an hour or so in the afternoon is about all that is permissible, according to Mr. McDonald's ideas of the simple life for his carefully reared granddaughters.

Traveling is their greatest pleasure. And in this Mr. McDonald indulges them to the fullest extent. They have seen all of Europe; Egypt, with its pyramids and tombs and ruined cities is an open book to them. Last autumn they toured Mexico.

When his wife died Mr. Stallo turned his two tiny girls over to their grandparents. They grew into young womanhood knowing Mrs. McDonald as their mother. When she died here at the Waldorf-Astoria three years ago it seemed as if her place could never be filled, but Mr. McDonald stepped into the breach and resolved to devote the remainder of his life to the bringing up of his motherless granddaughters.

Gave Up Business Careers.

He began by retiring as quickly as he could from his business enterprises, retaining only the headship, without charging himself with heavy responsibilities.

"I want to devote as much of my

time as possible," he explained to his friends, "to my motherless little granddaughters; they are all I have. We never had but one child, my daughter, the mother of these little girls, and she has been gone these 12 years."

Mr. Stallo is the son of Judge J. B. Stallo, minister to Italy under President Cleveland. He lives here in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria, with his second wife, who was Mrs. Dan R. Hanna, wife of the son of the late Senator Mark Hanna. They were divorced. Mr. McDonald did not take kindly to his son-in-law's second marriage.

In London the two pretty Stallo girls stay at the home of Mrs. James McDonald, wife of the London representative of the Standard Oil and one of their nearest relatives. Mrs. McDonald is one of the smartest Anglo-Americans in all England and entertains lavishly, but in excellent taste. But none of this for her young guests. It is the simple life in London as it is here in New York or in Cincinnati.

Mrs. McDonald has just come over to pay them a visit and she has had much to say to a writer for the World Magazine concerning Anglo-American marriages and the American girl abroad.

"London Loves the American Girl."

"London loves the American girl," said Mrs. McDonald at the St. Regis, "but the American man—well, he is only tolerated. It would be hard for an American woman to have to choose between her own countrywomen and the English women for her friends, but if she is like me she would love both."

"The American women are beautiful, vivacious, daring and most entertaining. They are excellent company and they are distinctive. The English women are quiet, reserved, probably not quite as pretty, but no less attractive, steadfast friends and are themselves distinctive."

"The Englishman admires the American girl. He likes to talk to her, to entertain her; but to marry her—why, that is a different matter. He doesn't understand her."

Natures Are Different.

"To trace the cause of the trouble in many of the international alliances between American girls and Englishmen that have turned out unhappily one would need to go to the very nature of the man and woman."

"The American woman never looks to her husband as master, while the English woman is taught to do so from the day of her birth. The Englishman has been brought up to believe himself the unquestioned head of the house. It is his right, he honestly believes, to command. An American man, if he would leave his wife for a moment, would beg to be excused. An Englishman in a like position would likely point to a chair with the curt command, 'Sit there; I'll be back in a moment,' and stalk out of the room."

"At the same time, Englishmen married to English women make good husbands, and I think English women make even better wives than American women. The English girl is taught to love her home. It is an ideal for which she is always striving. They never think of leaving their husbands to travel alone. It is that reason which makes it so hard for an Englishman to understand the scores of American women who yearly spend months in traveling abroad while their husbands remain at home."

"But as warm as it is the welcome for American women in England, it only equals the coolness of the reception given to the American man. The English frankly dislike him and from their standpoint it is not hard to understand their reason."

"The Englishman neither understands nor appreciates the American man. They take him for just what he appears to them. They see him coarse, boastful, loud in his talk, unrefined and altogether the antithesis of their gentleman."

The American Man's Lack of Polish.

"Mind you, that is the American man as the Englishman knows him. I know him better. I know his roughness is only surface deep, that he is generous, but active and keen. That he does lack the polish of the English gentleman must be admitted, and I and hundreds of other American women have often regretted that, at least when women look for so much, he could not display enough to bring out his good qualities."

"The English people are essentially a home people, though the English women love society. During the social season I doubt if even the American woman is as fond of her society and as busy in keeping her social engagements as the English woman."

"English society is more artistic than American society, though now there is a tendency, which is to be deplored, to change the afternoon musical tea to an afternoon at bridge. The English tea has never been thought complete without the presence of three or four of the very best artists that could be secured. It has been this almost universal patronage of art that has made London the great center in which can be found the most famous artists of the world."

to get in the rear, his hand being on her as he passed.

She immediately gave chase. A quick turn saved him for the moment; the race was over in the next. As the horned snout came lapping round his thigh he rested the gun on the long head and, still running, fired both barrels, but with the smoke he found himself sailing through the air, and it was not until three hours later that he recovered consciousness to find a deep gash in his thigh eight inches long, down to the bone in all its length.

For nearly four weeks, unable to get to the wagon, he made his bed under a bush.—Youth's Companion.

Temple of Sacred Snakes.

In Werdia, in Dahomey, there is a temple of sacred snakes. Here 1,000 serpents are tended by priests, who feed them birds and mice, the offerings of the natives.

Aged people dream less frequently and less vividly than the young. Women's dreams are more frequent, more vivid, and better remembered than those of men.

FIGHTS WITH BIG BRUTES.

Experiences With Rhinoceroses of a Hunter in South Africa.

Wilson Cotton Oswald had two terrible experiences with rhinoceroses. His son in the lately published "Biography of his distinguished father records these adventures:

He had one pre-eminently good horse, Stael, the very pick of all he ever had in Africa, fast and most sweet tempered and so fearless that he would without whip, spur or any urging carry his master right up to a lion and stand perfectly motionless within a few feet of the brute while Mr. Oswald fired.

Returning to camp one evening on Stael, he fired both barrels of his rifle at a white rhinoceros. Instead of dropping or bolting it began to walk toward the smoke.

Oswald turned his horse, only to find a thick bush against his chest. Before he could tell if the rhinoceros drove his horn in under the flank and threw horse and rider into the air with

HOUSE PLANTS IN WINTER.

Few Little Hints That Are Well Worth Remembering.

Window plants should be turned around once a week so that the sun will strike them on all sides.

If you are going to keep geraniums in the windows, be careful to select only the best varieties.

Air, light, warmth and a moderate supply of water are the essential things that winter plants require.

All winter plants require plenty of sunshine. Windows in which they are kept should never be darkened.

Several bulbs planted in the same pot will make a much better showing of color than if planted separately.

Don't forget to have some foliage. Ferns make excellent winter plants. They require a light, spongy soil.

Bulb beds should be well covered with litter from the barnyard. Ten inches or a foot of such refuse is not too much.

Half a dozen tubers of the buttercup oxalis planted in a pot will bloom all winter producing hundreds of beautiful yellow flowers.

By melting a small cake of hand soap and adding five quarts of water an excellent infusion for exterminating the aphid can be made.

Gladioli and dahlias should not be left out of doors. They should either be stored in the shed and covered with blankets or placed in the cellar.

DECORATIONS FOR THE TABLE.

Contrasting Shades Necessary for Most Perfect Effects.

Never at any time choose a luncheon table with entirely white decorations. If you choose white carnations and Roman hyacinths and ferns or graceful drooping white lilies, at least have pink roses at each place, and pink candle shades and bonbons and things on fancy cakes. If violets are used, or pansies, or purple iris, combine them with just the right shade of light blue for decoration; the blending of violet and blue is very charming when well done. In the south or wherever the large violets grow well a violet luncheon can be given, with whole clumps of violets transferred to large deep dishes and platters, and bunches of cut violets tied with ribbons for every guest. At one large fete a table was wreathed with a border of violets. Of course, violets look best by daylight and not by artificial light, which makes them appear so dark.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy.

Into a kettle holding about four times the amount of molasses to be used put the quantity of molasses required, and boil about one-half hour over rather slow fire, stirring all the time and taking off the kettle if there is any danger of contents running over, and be careful and not let the candy burn. When a little dropped into cold water becomes hard and brittle (boiled long enough for this to occur after trying) add a teaspoon of common baking soda free from lumps to every two quarts of the boiled molasses, stir quickly to mix and pour on platter greased with butter to cool. When sufficiently cool pull back and forth (greasing the hands beforehand with butter) until the candy is a yellowish brown color, add flavoring if wished.

A Duster Case.

A pretty and practical case for dusters is always acceptable. One that fulfills both conditions is made of green and white cretonne in a graceful vase form. The bottom is 2½ inches square and the sides are nine inches in height. Stitch the sections together on the right side, binding the seams with bias strips of white cambric. Insert or work two eyelets (metal ones are preferable) in each section two inches below the top. Through these run drawing strings of ribbon or silk cord and within the case tuck a cheese-cloth duster, bordered with feather-stitching in green floss.

Balls for Extracting Grease.

Dry cloth balls for extracting grease may be made by taking half a pound of dry fuller's earth and moistening it with a little lemon juice. Then add half an ounce of finely pulverized pearlash and work into a thick paste. Roll into small balls and set them in the sun or a little distance from the fire to dry. In a few hours they will be ready for use. When required the stained cloth should be moistened with warm water and rubbed with the balls. Place in the sun to dry and then brush off the powder or wash it out if necessary.

Jelly Strainers.

A jelly and soup strainer should find a place in every kitchen. Some cooks prefer a flannel bag, which is almost a necessity for cleaning and straining jellies in elaborate cooking; but many authorities advocate the use of a coarse linen cloth. This material is less easily spoiled by contact with hot liquids than flannel, while it is cleaner and more satisfactory in the long run for ordinary plain cooking.

Diamond Window Panes.

Many people who live in the modern antique style of house find it difficult to effectually clean and polish the diamond window panes. The following method of doing so will be found to answer. Stir a little kerosene into warm water, soak a pad of newspaper in it, and squeeze almost dry; clean the pane with this, wipe with a soft cloth, and then polish with a pad of dry newspaper.

Worn Oilcloth.

Floorcloth that is beginning to show signs of wear should be brushed over, after washing and drying, with clear varnish; but it must be allowed to dry very thoroughly afterward before any other steps on it.

The Onset Pan.

This must never be washed or scratched in any way. It should only be used for omelets. When done with rub well inside and out with pieces of soft paper till clean, then rub with a dry cloth.

In Large Quantities.

Amongst the many items which the housekeeper will find it pays to buy in large quantities are soap, bacon, potatoes, rice, tapioca and cheese.

"ORIGINAL EGG-EATING KID."

Joseph Wigge Defies All Missouri to Equal His Record.

St. Louis.—St. Louis has a man who can eat 25 raw eggs in 60 seconds, and is a famous player of harmonicas.

His name is Joseph Wigge. Until recently he has hidden his light under an egg case. Suddenly he recognized the fact that he was great.

So, in order to tell a sporting editor of his varied and vigorous virtues, he sent around a note. Here's the very note, and this is what he wrote:

"Dear Sir: Mr. Joseph Wigge, who is known as the Missouri original egg-eating kid. Mr. Joseph Wigge holds the title at present as the champion raw egg eater of Missouri. Joe Wigge issues an open challenge to all comers for a purse of \$25 to \$100 a side bet, that he can put away more raw eggs than any man of his size in Missouri, and every egg that he puts away is retained and swallowed with great relish and without exertion."

"Joe is 24 years of age, and is five feet nine inches in height, and 170 pounds in weight, of athletic build and has a pair of lungs like a Belows. Joe Wigge's record in eating raw eggs is 25 raw eggs in 60 seconds."

"Mr. Joseph Wigge is an active member of the Benton Athletic club of St. Louis, Mo. Joe is known among his friends as the champion strong boy, and he is also known as the North St. Louis most famous mouth harmonica player; he can perform many feats and brilliant effects on the mouth harp; he can play a few specimens of his ability on the mouth harp with his nose; he can also give various imitations on a Jews harp. Joseph Wigge is well known in society circles and athletic clubs of St. Louis, Mo., where his extraordinary virtues are said to be highly appreciated."

WED RICHES OR STAY SINGLE.

Savant Tells College Instructors Plain Living is Drawback.

Philadelphia, Pa.—If you are a college professor and wish to be successful, marry a rich woman. If that is not possible, don't marry at all. If you do marry for love, and not for money, your family must be small, in keeping with your income."

These were some of the radical utterances Prof. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., of Union university, gave vent to at the opening session of the annual convention of the Association of College and Preparatory Schools, held at the Boys' high school, Broad and Green streets.

Dealing sarcastically with the subtleties of the present system of compulsory plain living may produce a race of professors incapable of high thinking.

"The trustees of universities think professors would grow lazy in such a Utopia as a college would be if decent salaries were paid. This is not the case. They would have a chance to take a greater interest in college life and become more valuable if they were not compelled to skimp and save and spend their time doing outside work to earn a living."

"Marry a rich wife," he said; "her means will provide you with the time, the books, the accessories of culture and the social setting you need."

"In the event of not being able to do this, a brilliant solution is not to marry at all, and if you take unto yourself a wife, it is certainly due to all concerned to have as small a family as possible."

GRINDSTONE SAVES THE DAY.

In Emergency Linotype Operator Hitches It to His Machine.

Clarksville, Tenn.—An event unique in the history of newspaperdom occurred when the Leaf-Chronicle was issued by the use of a grindstone.

The electric virus furnishing power for operating a motor which was used to run the linotype machines were cut out on account of the burning of a building next door, and things looked exceedingly blue for the issuance of a paper unless hand composition was resorted to. Then it was that American ingenuity came to the front.

The linotype operator observed a big grindstone downstairs, and his was the bright idea of hitching it to the linotype by a belt.

The connection was quickly made, and nothing more was needed but to hitch sufficient muscular energy to the grindstone to keep the outfit moving.

Two laborers were secured and set to this task, and the thing was done.

The queer-looking device went to work with utmost facility.

Its appetitive for copy was something phenomenal, and the news-writers aver that never before were they kept in such a rush to supply material.

Queen Helena is an Artist.

Naples.—Under the guidance of Sig. Castasio, the artist, Queen Helena has perfected herself in the execution of water colors and pastels. Some of her pictures will be sent to an exhibition at Venice, but under an assumed name, as the queen wishes to keep her identity secret.

SOLOMON AS A CANDIDATE.

Professor Says King's Record Would Beat Him for Office Nowadays.

Macon, Mo.—In the course of a lecture on "Honesty," Prof. W. A. Annin, superintendent of the board of public schools, said that, measured by the morals and customs of to-day, David would have been lynched or sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years.

Solomon, had he aspired to the senate or any other large representative body, would have been turned down because of his domestic life.

The speaker said, however, that it was unfair to judge those illustrious men by later-day standards, and argued that the world was progressing so rapidly toward correct ideals that before long only men of the purest honor and integrity, both in public and private life, would dare to aspire to important positions.

Cost of European Rulers.

In the Figaro, a statistician undertakes to answer the question as to how much a citizen has to pay for the head of his state. The Frenchman pays for his president annually the low sum of nine centimes (not quite two cents). Considerably higher is the amount which every German emperor pays for his emperor, namely, 34 centimes annually. In Russia, each subject's annual contribution is 35, in Italy 44, and in Austria-Hungary 45 centimes. The dearest rulers are, however, those of Greece and Belgium, for every Belgian or Greek contributes 50 centimes annually to the maintenance of the royal house in his country.

New Member of Cabinet.



MR. OSCAR STRAUSS

New Secretary of Commerce and Labor and first Jew ever admitted to the Cabinet.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

"SILENCE ROOM" OPENED BY BOSTON METAPHYSICAL CLUB.

Place Where One May Have Beautiful Thoughts—Tired Society Women Assured of Real Comfort.

Boston.—A room "in which one may sit in silence and absorb sweet thoughts and partake of the uplifting and harmonizing influence of intelligent auto-suggestion" has been opened by the Metropolitan club in Huntington Chambers, through the work of Henry Wood of Cambridge, one of the founders of the organization and one of the leading students of psycho-therapeutic law and metaphysics in the state.

The power of suggestion, it is declared, is greatly augmented in this room by the aid, through the eye, of graphic golden texts with appropriate symbolism. When one is in this room one is supposed to put one's self in a passive attitude toward these.

Everyone is welcome, but only four may enter this sanctum of beautiful thought at one time. These are some of the merits claimed:

The treatment is good for nervous prostration, insomnia and chronic troubles.

It also will awaken latent souls.

Here pastors seeking inspiration for weighty sermons retreat.

Society women tired of the brainless social whirl find sweet peace and comfort.

The mentally weary and physically ill find rest and relaxation.

On the pinions appear the texts, some of which are: "Love never faileth," "Thy faith hath made thee whole," "I asorb the good," "I am strong in the Lord," "I am full of faith," "I love peace," "I rule the body," "I make harmony," "Fear not," "Truth lives," "Love God and all humanity," "The body is a temple," "Love thine neighbor," "Heal the sick," "Thought is formative," "I am happy," "Demand brings supply."

A statement issued by the Metaphysical club states regarding these texts:

"When merely read under ordinary conditions the effect is superficial and soon fades away. But when mentally photographed through the passive exposure of sensitive consciousness they take on a living reality."

The four chairs face a wall on which, on a blue background and framed in dark wood, appears the symbol of ancient times of the perfected soul.

It is a round globe, and from each side stretches out broad pinions of shades of violet. The whole may be shut off from view by draperies of royal purple velvet.

Above the symbol are these words in gold: "God is here and everywhere. In him we live and move and have our being." On the pinions are other texts.

HAS THE ELOPING HABIT.

Third Time Girl Sixteen Years Old Leaves Home.

New York.—Mrs. Hilda Simons of Britton street, Concord, Staten Island, called at police headquarters in Stapleton, and asked help in looking for her 16-year-old daughter Hilda, who had been missing since November 19.

The young girl, who is exceptionally pretty, said when she left that she was going shopping in Stapleton and would return in an hour.

Nothing has been seen or heard of her by her mother since.

When she left home she wore a black dress, a tan coat and a big black picture hat.

When Mrs. Simons was seen she said she was inclined to believe that her daughter eloped with a young man employed by the Richmond Light and Railroad company.

This is the third time within two months that the girl has run away. On the first occasion she was found riding in a trolley car in Port Richmond after midnight with the young man and was taken home. On the second occasion she was found in Elizabethport.

Little Baby Talks Very Plainly.

Only Nine Months Old But Exercises Reason in Using Words.

St. Louis.—Although she is but nine months old, Barbara Jacques, of 5819A Fairmount avenue, is able to talk, and talk plainly. Every word she says can be distinctly understood and the child apparently exercises reason in using her words, as they are seldom in the wrong place.

Doctors who have examined the child declare that her mental faculties are as well developed as a child of three years and that her talking is nothing short of marvelous.

Barbara's linguistic ability was first noticed when she was six months old. Brought to the table one day last September, she startled her parents and brothers by saying distinctly "all gone." Since then she has added constantly to her vocabulary. Her mother says that the little girl from

Girl Lost Eighteen Years.

Kidnaped at Four, She Comes Back to Her Father Married.

Franklin, Pa.—Kidnaped 18 years ago, when she was only four years, Mrs. Emma Harris has returned to the home of her father, John Wood, living near Franklin, who knew nothing of his daughter's whereabouts until he received a letter from her in North Dakota recently.

One day in 1888 the little girl that was stolen from her father's home while Mr. Wood, who was a widower, was in Franklin. The neighborhood was searched without success and from the fact that his mother-in-law had left the community about the same time Mr. Wood concluded that she had taken the child. He was unable to locate her, however, and at the end of three years gave up the hunt.

From that time he knew absolutely nothing in regard to the child, who was married two years ago. She wrote that she had for the first time

Learned that her father was living and that she was coming on. She is now visiting her father's home in Cranberry township. Mrs. Harris remembers nothing of the kidnaping, but says it was her grandmother who spirited her away.