

POOR LITTLE MELLON "KIDS" ONCE A WEEK WITH THEM IT'S "GOOD-BYE PAPA!" "HELLO MAMMA!"



PITTSBURG.—"Goodby, papa, dear." "Oh, goodby! Mamma's coming to-morrow!" That is the pitiful little tragedy that is enacted each week at the front door of one of Pittsburgh's most beautiful mansions.

The children are nine-year-old Ailsa and three-year-old Paul, son and daughter of Andrew W. Mellon and Mrs. Nora McMullin Mellon.

Father and mother are struggling desperately in the divorce courts to be free of each other. The children are forbidden by the court to see either parent more often than every other week.

Were there ever two children so sorely loved? For more than eight years of her young life Ailsa had been quite the happiest little girl in all Pittsburgh. For six years she was quite certain she was very happy.

That, when a little baby brother came to keep her company, she was positive of it.

And what fine times Ailsa and Paul, that was the name they gave little brother, had. Their papa was very, very rich. Everything they wanted they could have.

Mamma—how they did love her! She was so pretty, and she used to come into the nursery every morning, and how they did play on the floor.

Ailsa, who was very old-fashioned for her age, every one said, often used to ask her father and mother if they supposed it was possible for anybody else in the world to be as happy as she was.

Now in all fairy stories there just has to be a bad fairy. And while this isn't a fairy story, there is a bad fairy in it for the little Mellon children.

Beginning of the Trouble. Less than a year ago every one in Pittsburgh and many people outside of Pittsburgh were genuinely shocked and really sorry to hear that Mr. Mellon and his wife had disagreed.

have been occasional references to the fortunes of the two little Mellon children.

At first the children were permitted to remain with their mother. Then a judge who had to look only through the eyes of the cold, harsh, unsympathetic law, said the children belonged to their father.

Of course, Mr. Mellon is just as rich as he ever was, and everything that little Miss Ailsa and young Master Paul want they still can have.

And Mrs. Mellon, too, is just as pretty as she ever was—in the eyes of Ailsa and Paul, for, of course, they couldn't well be expected to see the lines of care that have come in her face, nor is it likely they will notice the one or two white hairs that trouble her sprinkled among the mass of brown.

But they really are not very happy. Just as they are getting real good and acquainted with papa again after he has been away for a week, he bundles them up in his arms, bids them goodby, starts off and they don't see him again for a week.

And the very next day after papa goes away, mamma comes rushing in, smoothers them with kisses, and when they want to know where she has been for a whole week, just puts her finger on her lips and says, "Now, sweethearts, no fair asking questions."

That is the way the grave and very wise justice has settled the troubles of the little Mellon children.

It was ordered by the court that Mr. Mellon should immediately secure a house for the children's use. Then they were to be installed in it with their guardian, and Mr. Mellon was to be permitted to visit them for one week and Mrs. Mellon for the next, and so on alternating until the troubles should all be finally settled.

And that's the way matters stand now.

The judge hadn't specified what kind of a house the children should have, so Mr. Mellon promptly went out

and makes the wisest man a fool. In deed, there is no fool like an old fool who is affected with amnesia. When a man has contracted this love disease and is under its influence he acts in the most idiotic manner and performs all sorts of antics, all of which he entirely renounces and repudiates when he is free from its hypnotic spell.

and found the nicest one that was vacant in Pittsburgh. It has twenty rooms and five bathrooms, and it really is plenty large enough for Miss Ailsa and Master Paul.

Their rooms are right side by side and their guardian is directly across the hall. Then at one end of the house is a very nice, pretty, sunny room, that no one but Mrs. Mellon uses, and at the other end of the house there is a room that is kept for Mr. Mellon.

There are a few other rooms set aside for the servants, and the entire remainder of the house is just one big playroom.

There aren't many people who have ever been in this house, for the Mellon children are too young to have many callers, and it isn't likely their guardian would want them to have much company at present anyway.

If you happen to pass the house some day you will be quite certain to notice standing in the yard right close by the side of the big house a tiny little place that is just as perfect a house as you ever would want to see. That is Ailsa's playhouse and it was a present to her from her Grandpa Mellon.

Some people used to think that Ailsa and Paul lived there in that house, but they really didn't, though in the summer time, especially, they spent so much time in it that it is no wonder strangers thought they lived there.

Finest of Playhouses. It isn't at all likely there is another playhouse in all the world quite as nice as this one. It has real furniture, made to fit it; the finest little stove you ever saw; curtains on the windows, and dolls—well, there are so many dolls in the house that it really is quite overcrowded.

Yet neither Ailsa nor Paul is any too happy, despite everything that kind-hearted people try to do for them.

When trouble first came between Mrs. Mellon and her husband the sympathy of the majority was plainly with Mrs. Mellon. Nor has she lost one bit of it since the case has been buffeted back and forth through the courts.

The action of Mr. Mellon in having her forcibly ejected from the family residence, in seizing his two children, has made some of her friends much bitter in their denunciation of the millionaire. Yet, despite all the bitterness that apparently exists between the father and mother, they are as united today as they ever were when on the common ground of love for their children.

LEGENDS ABOUT THE CROW According to Roman Mythology the Bird Was White Until Apollo Made It Black.

It is difficult to state the average life of a crow, but it is certain that its tale of years is much in excess of its merits, for it can scarcely be said to attain to a good old age, and even in its senility it is still ripe for mischief.

For the crow in all ages has reached a had eminence. It is frequently mentioned in legendary lore. According to Roman mythology its color was originally white, and it owes its black plumage to Aesculapius, for his mother, the nymph Coronis, had a quarrel with his father, Apollo, who so far lost temper—probably he had the worst of the argument—as to kill the unfortunate nymph upon the spot. Apollo had the grace to mourn his rash act, and he determined that the crow should mourn, too, and so he changed its white feathers into black, and the crow was made to "put on sullen black incognito."

The crow has always been fabled to have the gift of speech, and it was consecrated to Apollo on account of its gift of prophecy. The Argurs watched its flight as a means of divination. If it flew to the right it was a most favorable omen, while if it turned to the left it was a plain indication that disaster awaited the enterprise. Pliny also comments upon the long life of the crow, and states that if it made its appearance upon the left side it was a happy augury. He says that its cries were an indication of coming rain, and that its eyes were valuable as charms. The Latin crow seems to have been a more worthy and better behaved bird than his Indian brother, who is an incorrigible thief and mischief-maker, and an unmitigated nuisance. According to Dr. Buckland, funeral honors were read to the crow and the raven by the Romans and the Egyptians, and he gives the following translation in proof of this statement: "And the Romans performed funeral rites to the raven, a flute player leading the procession, borne aloft on the shoulders of two Ethiopians. Around the Marsh of Myris sepulchres of the crow and this, made of valuable stone, were visited."

No Choice. Hubert Latham, the Antonette flyer, was talking at a tea to a pretty California girl.

"Mr. Latham," said the girl, as she took her nineteenth walnut-and-lettuce sandwich, "tell me, does flying require any particular application?"

"Well, no, none in particular," Mr. Latham answered. "Arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as another."

Not Appropriate. "A skating place ought not to have fixed charges."

"Why not?" "They ought to be more on a sliding scale."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

PROSECUTED THE M'NAMARAS



In the quest of the "men higher up," said to be involved in the Los Angeles dynamiting plot that resulted in the confession of the McNamara brothers, John D. Fredericks, district attorney, is pretty certain to be a looming figure.

All through the trial of the brothers Mr. Fredericks showed an unmistakable brand of judgment and energy. He and his associates were opposed by the cleverest counsel that could be obtained, but the trial was a regular progress of victories for the prosecution, even before the later stages, when outside events began to undermine the case of the defense. Added to Mr. Fredericks' legal acumen is a large fund of personal popularity in California.

In addition to being a stern and rather uncompromising individual, Mr. Fredericks is a man of imagination and distinctive sentiment. A little more than a year ago, when he attended a meeting of the Los Angeles "Votes for Women" club, Mr. Fredericks was invited to attend and speak on "Woman's Sphere on Politics," which he did, but first he got into the program in a very unexpected manner when the members were asked to sing a sort of parody on "America," Mrs. Bertha Wilkins Starkweather declining to sing the recognized version on the ground that America was not the "land of liberty." She proposed a substitute which called for women's votes and other things before admitting the land of liberty clause.

"You are making history here tonight," Mr. Fredericks protested, "in refusing to sing the national anthem. You are asking the right to vote, but you'll never get it by that sort of tactics. I am in favor of giving you suffrage, but you'll never get my vote by that attitude. There is a feeling in your attitude that the whole world will resent."

That was a poser to most of the women, who speedily "reconsidered," and the real anthem was read aloud and then sung with enthusiasm—although there was a pretty strong "No" vote on the motion.

Whatever may be the trend of the investigation in the present complicated case of labor and the dynamiting outrages, it may be expected that Mr. Fredericks will look energetically after such of the work as may fall properly to the district he represents.

PUTS CONVICTS ON HONOR

An interesting experiment in the humane treatment of convicts has met with the success that it deserves and its author, Governor West, of Oregon, an enthusiast on prison reform, is now receiving the plaudits of those who would be doing something for the "under dog."

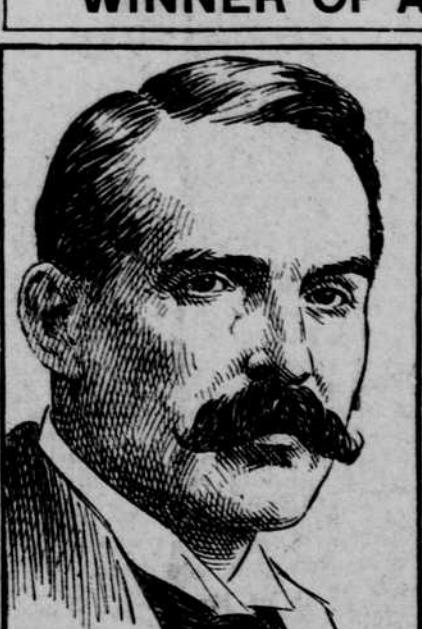
Salem is the center for a number of the state institutions, all of which have considerable tillable ground surrounding them—hundreds of acres of rich arable valley land ready to return to its cultivators abundant harvests of golden wheat. It was Governor West's self-imposed task to bring to this work the hundreds of strong, naturally active men shut up in the penitentiary, and at the same time to establish a system which would be of mutual benefit to the state and to the convict. The governor declares that sentiment had nothing whatever to do with the "honor system."

The system has worked admirably whether the men have been employed at farming, roadmaking, brickmaking or in the shops. The men are forgetting earlier lessons in law-breaking and learning fresh ones in citizenship. Suitable employment is obtained for them when they leave and the farmers about Salem are clamoring for them, ready to pay good money and serve good fare. No man is turned out with the feeling that he is to become the prey of the first detective or deputy sheriff who hears of his release, a convenient scapegoat upon whom to transfer a fresh offense. He is made to feel that the friends he found at Salem are to be relied on from first to last. The convicts themselves regard the workings of the honor system very seriously.

One farmer complained that he thought a road gang at work near his home was a menace to his property and safety. The gang was withdrawn, but all that man's neighbors and their wives got together and gave the convicts a dinner, with Governor West in the chair and many state officials among the guests.



WINNER OF A NOBLE PRIZE



Prof. Wilhelm Wein, whose picture appears herewith, was recently awarded the Noble prize for Physics. Professor Wein is only 47 years old. He studied at the University of Göttingen, Heidelberg and Berlin, and is the author of a number of books on Roentgen rays, hydrodynamics and electricity.

The awarding of the Nobel prizes is an annual occasion of great interest throughout the world. It takes place on the anniversary of the death of the founder of the fund, Alfred Bernhard Nobel. The fund amounts to over \$8,000,000 and the five prizes closely approximate \$40,000 each. Those for physics and chemistry are awarded by the Academy of Sciences of Sweden, that for medicine by the Carulus Institute of Stockholm, and the literary prize by the Swedish Academy. The peace prize is awarded annually at Christiania, Norway, by a committee of five chosen from the Norwegian Storting.

Others receiving awards were: For chemistry, Mme. Marie Sklodowska Curie, famous for being with her husband the co-discoverer of radium. For medicine, Prof. Alvar Gullstrand, of Upsala University in Sweden. For literature, Maurice Maeterlinck. For peace, Prof. T. M. C. Asser, of the Netherlands, and Alfred Fried, an Austrian editor, who divided the prize between them.

TELLS OF CHINESE HORRORS

Gradually the horror of the present outbreak in unappreciated China is being brought home to us as the news sifts through the press censor's fingers by way of private letters from officials and missionaries who are in the midst of the turmoil and bloodshed. To the friends here who receive such letters details of the tragedy of war are brought home with stunning force.

Dr. Joseph Beech, whose portrait is here shown, is one of those who, through no act of their own, are on the firing line, so to say, in the rebellious provinces of China.

In a letter to a friend here in America Dr. Beech describes his experiences after the outbreak against the Manchu dynasty and declares that the suffering there is beyond description. He states that over 6,000 persons were ruthlessly slaughtered, while many women and girls committed suicide at Chentu, West China, where he is connected with the Chentu Methodist Episcopal College.

He was still penned up there with the refugees in Chentu when the letter was written, but this letter was smuggled through the disturbed area in some manner and found its way to the friend here, who has made known its contents.



The Kitchen Cabinet

WE MUST never complain of our lot; trials introduce heroism and strength; ignorance the joy of learning, and sin itself the glory of salvation.

WINTER BREAKFASTS.

There are those who will say that they want an egg, a piece of toast or two, a slice of bacon and a cup of coffee, without variation, throughout the cold months. The breakfast table should never be so fixed in idea that one may not look for a little change. In some families the buckwheat cake is in constant demand from December until April. The buckwheat cake is a perfectly good cake, but we all know when we have enough. To most cooks and housekeepers the breakfast, if any variety and study is put into its menus, is the most difficult of the day, for appetites are at the lowest ebb and need to be coaxed by appetizing and dainty food.

Fortunately for those who are not blessed with a large amount of worldly goods to expend upon the table, fruits and foods that are cheap and good are easily prepared. Oranges are now reasonable and will be cheaper; grape fruit is never very cheap fruit, but it is so agreeable for the breakfast table that it should be used as often as possible. When three can be bought for a quarter, they may not be called too much of a luxury.

An orange, an apple or half a grape fruit is a most gratifying beginning to a breakfast.

There is such a variety of ways of cooking breakfast eggs that the poached, fried and "cooked in the shell" should be varied, often.

There are any number of omelets, which may be served plain or with sauces, then a very nice egg dish, is one in which the eggs are baked with a tablespoonful of cream in small ramekins.

Griddle cakes may be served in any number of ways, in combination with cooked rice, or cereals. Gems and muffins are improved by the addition of cooked cereal.

The coffee cake and the doughnut are special breakfast cakes. The following recipe is the

Queen of Doughnuts.—Beat together two eggs, add one and two-thirds cups of sugar and beat until the sugar is nearly dissolved; add a half teaspoon of salt, one and a fourth cupfuls of sour milk, a fourth of a cup of sour cream, a teaspoonful each of soda and nutmeg, and as little flour as possible to handle. Set on ice to chill and roll out as soft as possible. The secret of a good doughnut is frying them very soft, using very little flour. When cold shake in a paper bag with a few tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

The time-honored dish of roast pig is served during the cold weather, as pork is best served in the winter months.

Roast Pig.—A pig for this purpose should not be over four weeks old, and should not be kept more than two or three days after it is killed. The skin of a larger pig will not develop that desirable crackle which is one of the charms of the roast.

The pig is usually stuffed with a poultry stuffing, though some like rice and cheese. The fore legs are skewered forward and the hind legs back. The mouth is fastened open with a piece of wood or a cob, and when it is served the traditional apple is used in its place. The ears are protected with buttered paper while it is roasting. The oven should be moderately hot, and basting often improves the roast. The time for roasting is about three hours.

Roast Goose.—A young or green goose is recognized by its pliable yellow feet and its tender windpipe. As it grows older the down on its legs disappears and the feet become darker in color. The skin is so fat and greasy that a warm soda bath and a good scrubbing is necessary to prepare it before it is drawn.

When the goose is drawn, wash quickly in clear water and wipe dry. Roast like a turkey, pouring off the fat from the pan. Serve with giblet sauce, made by adding to a brown gravy the liver, heart and gizzard chopped fine after boiling tender.

Stuffing for Goose.—Use hot mashed potato highly seasoned with salt, pepper and parboiled onions or onion juice. Moisten with one tablespoonful of butter and the yolk of an egg to each cup of potato. Sprinkle a little sage over the potato, if liked.

Steamed Apple Pudding.—Slice tart apples into a deep dish. Cover with a light bread dough into which has been worked a large spoonful of butter. Set in a warm place for an hour, then lift the edge and add one-half pint of boiling water, according to the

size of the pudding. Cut an opening in the middle and cover with an inverted basin. Set on the back part of the stove and cook steadily one hour, without lifting the cover. Serve on a hot platter with the apples on top. Use thick cream and maple sirup for sauce.

IF THINGS don't go to suit us, Let's never fume and fret, For finding fault with fortune Ne'er mended matters yet. Make best of whatever happens; Bear failure like a man; In good or evil fortune Do just the best you can. —Eben E. Rexford.

SOME SIMPLE DESSERTS.

Often the word simple does not imply inexpensive, as a simple gown may be one of much cost; a simple dish may be of few ingredients yet quite expensive. The following is both cheap and simple when eggs are plenty:

Sponge Pudding.—Stir a third of a cup of flour into a cup of milk until smooth. Set in boiling water and cook. When cool add a half teaspoon of melted butter and the yolks of three eggs well beaten, with a fourth of a cup of sugar. Cut and fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, and after flavoring to taste set in a pan of water and bake twenty minutes. Serve with hard sauce. Prepare the sauce by creaming four tablespoonfuls of butter and add a half cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of boiling water; flavor with grated nutmeg and chill before serving. Powdered sugar makes the sauce more smooth and creamy.

Cavendish Pudding.—Put a cup of stale bread crumbs to soak in a pint of cold milk, let stand for half an hour. Beat two eggs slightly, put in a layer of bread crumbs in a greased mold, then some fried fruit and bits of butter; mix a half cup of sugar and some of the milk and the eggs with a little flavoring and pour over, steam one and a half hours. Serve with any desired liquid sauce. Lemon is particularly good.

Fig Cups.—This is a most delicious dessert and sounds extravagant, but will not prove so. Take a half a pound of pulled figs, steam them until tender in a sieve over water; cut a small opening in the side and fill with chopped salted almonds. Prepare a sauce of a half cup of orange juice, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a half cup of sugar; when hot drop in the figs and simmer until thoroughly cooked. Serve cold with unsweetened whipped cream.

When serving hot ginger bread for dessert, apple sauce is a fine accompaniment, or seasoned cream cheese mixed with a little grated rich American cheese and molded in green peppers, then when well chilled slice in small slices and serve with the ginger bread or with crackers and coffee as dessert.

USING UP LEFT-OVERS.

Left-overs are like the poor, "always with us," and the problem how to convert them into appetizing and wholesome dishes is a constant one. Especially at this season, after the holiday dinners and entertainments, there is always much left that is too good to be thrown away. The questionable economy of some housekeepers, who are most careful to save every particle of food and convert it with great pains and expense into dishes which cost more than the original cannot be too strongly condemned. Common sense and brains must be used in mixing food.

Turkey Soup.—The carcass of the turkey makes a finely flavored soup. Break the bones and cover with cold water, adding any bits of meat that may be left. Bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer two hours. Strain, remove fat and season with salt and pepper. A few pieces of celery may be added to the soup while cooking, or a slice of onion, for flavor.

The ways of using stale bread and cake are legion. The crumbs may make a stuffing for fowl or for breeding chops or crumbing croquettes, for puddings and griddle cakes, such a number of things that never a crumb should be thrown away unless it is to feed the hungry birds.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Pour a pint of scalded milk over a third of a cup of bread crumbs and let stand thirty minutes; add a half teaspoonful of salt and a yeast cake which has been softened in lukewarm water, then add enough buckwheat to make a thin batter to pour. Let rise over night; in the morning beat well and add a tablespoonful of molasses and a fourth of a teaspoon of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water.

Nellie Maxwell.

Good-bye, Jonesy. Donald is five years old, and with his parents lives over the Jones family, who sleep very late in the morning. Donald's mother spends a great deal of her time urging him to be quiet mornings so as to permit the Joneses to sleep in peace. This has evidently made a very unfavorable impression on the infant mind of Donald. Recently he met Mrs. Jones in the hall and informed her that he had seen Santa Claus in one of the big department stores. "What is he going to

give you for Christmas, Donald?" asked Mrs. Jones. "Three big guns!" replied Donald. "And what are you going to do with them?" asked the lady. "I'm going to shoot you and Mr. Jones, so I can play mornings!" replied the boy.

Small Sins Only the Beginning. It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel, if a single stitch drops; one little sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

LOVE NOT FIRST IN CHINA

Marriage There is a Business of the Head, Not an Affair of the Heart.

Perhaps there is no greater difference existing between the Chinese and the American people than that between their ideas of love. In fact, we Chinese do not believe in love, for we are not sickly, sentimental creatures, but cold, philosophical, fatalistic beings. We arrange our matrimonial affairs through hard reasoning and not through the tender passion.

To us marriage is a serious business of the head, and not a light affair of the heart. In these matrimonial transactions we apply the most rigid, calculating business principles, and that is why we are so successful in the marriage enterprise, as we have never been hampered by Cupid at the game of love.

We never pay homage at the altar of this stupid, brainless, yellow kid, the disturber of peace, the breaker of hearts, the destroyer of homes and

the promoter of affinity stock companies. We cannot tolerate his presence in China, as China is not a land of lovers. Consequently the cool, quiet hours of our midsummer nights are not disturbed, or spoiled by hot air from the wooing and wooing of sentimental creatures.

We do not believe in love, for love is not the greatest thing in the world. It is not even a thing nor substance. It is simply the product of an idle brain, the outgrowth of a drowsy mind. It is inconstant and unsubstantial, for its quantitative and qualitative character changes with the changes of scenery and environment, and its drawing and binding power increases or decreases as the square of the distance between subject and object increases or decreases, as the case may be.

Love is the antithesis of reason; for man sees with reason and only feels with love, and it is the most violent form of brainstorm. Love is a symptom of a disordered brain, as a nightmare is a symptom of a disordered stomach. It is a deadly contagious disease, for it turns the strongest head