

# Easter Clothes



Copyright 1908 by SCHLOSS BROS. & CO. Fine Clothes Makers, Baltimore and New York.

—come to our store for your new Easter Suit—you'll find that we have everything that's correct—new styles, new cloths, new patterns—

It's a pleasure to wear Mayer Bros'. Clothes for you know that they are **RIGHT**

—furnishings, hats and shoes, too a big stock especially selected for our Easter trade. Too many good things to tell you about. Come in and we'll show you.

## Mayer Bros.

## !!DEMAND THE LABEL!!

### Now For the Summer Undermuslins

Just a mention of a few of the many extra values to be had at this time in the Muslin Underwear department.

Children's embroidery and tucked trimmed Drawers, regular 25c value, sizes 3 to 7, at, per pair.....15c  
 Same style Drawers as above, lace trimmed, at, per pair.....25c  
 One \$2.75 lace trimmed Petticoat and a pair of \$2.75 embroidery and lace trimmed drawers, each.....\$1.87  
 Two \$2.00 lace and embroidery trimmed open Drawers, each.....\$1.50  
 One \$3 and one \$2.97 embroidery and lace trimmed Drawers for children, for, pair.....\$1.50  
 Two \$2.50 lace and embroidery trimmed Gowns, each.....\$1.25  
 Two pairs \$2.25 Children's lace and embroidery trimmed drawers, each.....\$1.12½

**A Clean-up of Odds and Ends in Undermuslins**

One \$6.00 lace trimmed Petticoat for.....\$3.00  
 One \$5.00 lace trimmed Gowns.....\$2.50  
 Three \$4.50 embroidery trimmed Gowns, each.....\$2.25  
 Two \$4.00 lace trimmed Gowns, each.....\$2.00  
 One \$2.75 lace trimmed Petticoat and a pair of \$2.75 embroidery and lace trimmed drawers, each.....\$1.87  
 Two \$2.00 lace and embroidery trimmed open Drawers, each.....\$1.50  
 One \$3 and one \$2.97 embroidery and lace trimmed Drawers for children, for, pair.....\$1.50  
 Two \$2.50 lace and embroidery trimmed Gowns, each.....\$1.25  
 Two pairs \$2.25 Children's lace and embroidery trimmed drawers, each.....\$1.12½

**PRICE REDUCED ON "AUTO WAISTS"**  
 Fine barred Muslin Waists with broad overlapping shoulder trimming with tailored cuffs and collar of white linen; new spring goods that we have sold for \$2.50; your choice, for a few days, at.....\$1.75

*H. Herpolsheimer & Co.*

## MINDING THE BABY

"Well," said Potter, "I've moved. Ever since I've been in New York I've lived in a boarding house in Gramercy place. It was a good enough place and I'd probably stay there for the rest of my life if it had not been for a young man named Smith and his wife, who took the room next to mine and—"

"Ah! I see," said Roysten. "Tried to flirt with the pretty Mrs. Smith and the jealous husband naturally went for you."

"Worse'n that a blamed sight," said Potter, dolefully. "She went for me herself, then the landlady sailed in and finally the whole house, and if ever I rock a baby for anybody again may I be struck off life-size as a sample of a real idiot. Now, anybody to look at me could, I suppose, take me for an obliging man," he added, pausing to wait for some expression of opinion to come out of the dense cloud of smoke opposite.

"Er—yes. Pray go on."

"Well, those Smiths began to suspect it the minute they saw me—hadn't been there a week before my room looked as if I boarded somewhere else—actually that fellow had borrowed everything that could be moved, invited me to smoke my own cigars and said he felt more acquainted with me than he did with his twin brother—found out since he never had a twin brother. Got so confounded chummy and so all over that I only had room enough to be chummy back again, by George, and demme if I didn't feel grateful for even that. Went home one evening dead sleepy and beat out—had set up all night before with a sick chap—and the minute I struck my room there was Smith waiting for me. Said he and his wife wanted to go round the corner on an errand, and asked me if I wouldn't just listen, and if I heard their baby cry go in and jog the cradle. I said I would, like an ass, and after they'd gone, and long before I'd begun to listen, that cry broke out in the next room like a bagpipe. Gad, how sleepy I was! But I went in and joggled that cradle, joggled it like the deuce, and the more I joggled the more the little whelp yelled. Thought, perhaps, it had the nightmare or something, and hauled it out of its bunk and kind of threw it round to wake it up, but when I tried to see if it had its eyes open, I'll be blamed if I could find any eyes. It went right on getting redder and redder, howling like forty demons, and finally wriggled so way inside of itself that I couldn't see anything but clothes, and didn't know where to take hold of the little imp.

"By jove, but I was sleepy, though, and mad enough to wring Smith's neck! I didn't know what on earth to do—never'd been so near a cub in my life. I whistled to it, swore at it, shouted Ben Bolt over it, tried to look like its mother, told it 'twas 'muvver's ownney's little lizzie, wizzie, dizzie,' but it didn't believe a word of it—just hooted two octaves higher up and for five minutes I almost wished I was dead. Then I thought I'd lay it down again—never forget how awful sleepy I was—guess my foot slipped or something; anyway, we both fell in the cradle. Of course, the poor little thing broke out in a fresh spot—been a fool if it hadn't—and I braced up and began joggling that cradle again like mad. I was desperate. The chandelier jingled, the pictures got to hanging crooked, the floor creaked and the cradle cracked. You'd thought all Bedlam had a day off—the little tartar's howls weren't in it—sounded as if they'd been wrapped up and laid away somewhere and—just then I walked Smith and his wife and began to apologize for staying so long, while I made for the door. I didn't get there, however, for Mrs. Smith was looking in the cradle and screaming. Where, oh, where is my angel child, you monster of a man!" And then Smith looked, too, and leaped all over me, shouting out: "Where is my boy, you scoundrel!"

"Then I looked myself, and felt nearer the electric chair than I ever expected to, for that cradle didn't have a devilish thing in it. Everything was on the floor, but the baby was nowhere, and they went to clawing at me as if I had it in an inside pocket. We heard it talking to itself somewhere, but it might have been a ventriloquist the way it kept so thinking it was everywhere where it wasn't. Landlady came up and said the bar below had notified her that a cable car was loose upstairs; then the other boarders flocked in and helped shake things to see if the baby wouldn't fall out. I tried to explain and said I'd only been joggling the cradle, but they all grinned, and one mean cuss said he guessed I'd been jaggling, if he was any judge. Of course the baby was all right—'twas under the bed, where it had rolled itself just for fun, for it was having a better time than anybody in the room. I swore I hadn't put it there, but they all looked suspicious and I left the house. Everybody's grown up where I board now, and I keep my door locked and never oblige a living soul, by George!"

**No Flies on Him.**  
 Wife (fondly)—Do you remember, John, how you used of an evening to hold my hand, you funny boy, for hours and hours? How silly my old boy used to be.  
 Old Boy (grumpily)—Nonsense, Jane, don't be stupid. I was always practical and businesslike. I did that to keep you from the piano.—Tatler.

## FRENCH MEAT ROLLS

ECONOMICAL USE OF ROUND OF BEEFSTEAK.

Cooked with Bacon and a Slice of Onion They Afford Welcome Change in the Menu—To Smoke Meat.

**Economical Roast.**—Put meat in the roaster with water in the pan; let simmer on top of stove until tender, then put in the oven for a half hour or three-quarters to brown. Just as good as cooking in the oven all the time.

**To Cook Steak.**—Beefsteak should not be salted till done and when ready to take from the skillet. It never should be pounded nor prodded with a fork in turning, as that allows the juices to escape. A round steak, spread over with a dressing the same as used to stuff a fowl, then rolled and tied with a cord and baked for an hour is a nice meat service.

**French Meat Rolls.**—Take a choice round of beefsteak cut thin. Cut in six-inch squares. Place a slice of bacon on each square, add one slice of onion, salt and pepper. Roll and tie or sew them up. Lay them in flat-bottomed kettle, add half a cup of water, butter the size of an egg, two bay leaves and four cloves. Simmer slowly for one hour.

**To Smoke Meat.**—Ham or other meat treated according to the following plan will be perfectly cured for smoking without first having stood in pickling fluid or brine. Take ten quarts of salt, one pound of pepper, one pound of saltpeter and three pounds of sugar. Dissolve saltpeter in a little hot water, and then mix all the ingredients thoroughly together and rub this mixture into the meat or hams with the hand until every part is well covered. The mixture must be worked in around and under the center bone, pushing well in with a knife. Then lay in a cool place for about two weeks, but do not let it freeze. The meat then is ready to smoke, and will prove of excellent quality.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To clean a copper kettle rub the kettle with powdered bath brick and paraffin and then polish it with dry brick dust or whiting.

When pouring out tea one sometimes is annoyed to find the tea will run down the spout. To prevent this rub a little butter round the outside of the spout.

When thin tumblers stick together and there is danger of breaking them do not try to pull them apart, but put them into a pan of warm suds. In a short time they can be easily separated.

If housewives who dislike to find worms when cutting apples would first put the fruit in cold water they would find that the worms would leave the apples and come to the surface of the water.

A wire basket, known as a salad shaker, or drainer, is used to dry greens after they have been thoroughly washed. The leaves of lettuce often hold the water, even after a good shaking. Each leaf should be wiped off with a piece of cheesecloth. If not thoroughly dry the dressing will not be evenly distributed.

### English Pork Pie.

Pork pie is an English delicacy which the American tripper never forgets. The Housekeeper has captured the recipe: Take three pounds of lean fresh pork cut into strips as long as your finger, six large, juicy apples, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of sweet cider and salt and mace to taste. Have a good pie crust for an upper crust. Put a layer of pork within a pudding dish; season with pepper, salt, nutmeg or mace. Next a layer of sliced apples, strewed with sugar and bits of butter. Go on in this order until you are ready for the crust, having the last layer of apples. Pour in the cider, cover with a thick crust of good pastry, ornamented around the edge; make a slit in the middle, and bake in a moderate oven one hour and a half. Should the crust threaten to brown too fast cover with paper. When nicely browned brush over with butter and close the oven door for a moment; then wash well with the white of an egg. Serve hot.

### Sauce Coloring.

Burn sugar in a roaster pan until it is black. Then pour a little water at a time on the sugar, let it boil every time till it is liquid. Pour it in a little bottle and when needed take a teaspoonful of this color and mix with the sauce.

### Chicken and Celery Soup.

Take the best part of two heads of celery. Cut it up fine and add a heaping tablespoon of rice. Cook till soft. Take one quart of chicken broth, one pint of milk and cook all together and season with salt and pepper. You have a fine soup.

### Luella's Pudding.

A most delicious pudding is made by taking one cup of uncooked rice, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins and ten cups of whole milk, measuring all in same sized cup. Stir together and bake in well-beated over for 2½ hours. Do not stir while baking. This makes enough for six or eight people.

### Baked Mackerel.

Soak salt mackerel over night to remove brine; wash well, butter pie dish, roll mackerel in flour and put in dish, skin side down; cover with milk, add few small pieces of butter and bake 45 minutes.

## A SEWING MACHINE STORY

"For a sewing machine agent to sell a whole consignment of another company's goods is something unusual," said the young man who smokes. "But that is what I have just done. I did it through the machinations of Mrs. Johnson Potter. Mrs. Potter is honest. She lives up to her word. When she came down to see about getting a machine she said some of the most astonishing things you ever heard come out of a woman's mouth.

"I don't want to rent a machine," she said, "neither do I want to buy one. I simply want to have one sent in for two or three weeks so I can get my spring sewing done. And I don't want to pay anything for it. I have spent all my money for material for new clothes and I have no money left to pay for a machine to make them on. I thought you might let me have one on trial."

"Mrs. Potter's extraordinary candor almost floored me.

"It is the usual supposition," I replied, cautiously, "that when we leave a machine at a house on trial the party intends to buy it eventually."

"I know it is," returned Mrs. Potter, airily, "but you have been in the business long enough to know by this time that half the people who get machines on those terms don't really intend to do any such thing. They simply wish to get the use of a machine for a few weeks free of cost and then send it back on the ground that it is unsatisfactory. The difference between these people and me is that I tell you the truth, and they don't. I don't want to buy, and say so; they don't want to buy, and say they do."

"I told Mrs. Potter that I appreciated her flat-footed honesty.

"But I can't see," said I, "where we come in. What do we get out of the deal?"

"Oh, as to that," said Mrs. Potter, "I intend to try to sell a machine for you. The woman in the flat across the hall is going to buy, and if you will send one of your machines around to the house this afternoon, so I can start right in sewing and show her what excellent work it does before she decides upon something else, I am quite sure I can persuade her to buy of you."

"As soon as Mrs. Potter got through talking I went back and told the manager and his assistants what she had said. We all agreed that Mrs. Potter was a curiosity, but we didn't know what to do with her.

"It is my opinion," said I, "that we ought to let her have a machine as a reward for her unparalleled truthfulness." Of course, I don't take any stock in that yarn of hers about trying to sell a machine for the use of her own. Nevertheless, I think we ought to accommodate her merely as an encouragement of veracity."

"At last I talked the manager around to my way of thinking.

"But don't let her have one of our machines," he said. "Put her off with a renter. She will never know the difference."

"The manager's suggestion fired my brain with a brilliant idea.

"What's the matter," I said, "with letting her have that second-hand affair made by the A B C company that we got the other day in trade? We will never be able to do anything with it, and even if Mrs. Potter should smash it all to pieces we wouldn't be out anything."

"All right," said the manager. "It is your funeral. Fix her out any way you please."

"So Mrs. Potter got her machine.

"We heard nothing from her for three weeks. Then one day she came into the office. She brought seven women with her, and the way they all bowed and scraped and smiled at me actually made me dizzy.

"That machine you sent me is a treasure," said Mrs. Potter. "It does the loveliest work you ever saw in your life. All these ladies say they never saw such tucking and stitching and hemming, and they have decided to sell their old machines and buy new ones just like it. In fact, I am so pleased with it that I am going to buy one myself, although I can't see how I can afford it just now. We all live in the same building, and would like eight machines sent up to that address this afternoon."

"Mrs. Potter's wholesale order surprised me into an honesty that was outdone only by her own."

"But we do not handle that make of machine," I confessed. "We merely happened to have one on hand. But we can sell you our own machine at the same price."

"Mrs. Potter looked at the other women collectively and individually, and the whole bunch of them shook their heads.

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Potter. "We have set our hearts on that style of machine. If you don't handle them we will look up somebody who does, much as we should like to deal with you."

"And then, before I could put in another word in favor of our own stock, Mrs. Potter and her seven neighbors had marched out, bound for the headquarters of the rival concern. The manager had been standing nearby and had overheard the whole conversation. As soon as he caught his breath, he did a little figuring for my benefit.

"There's eight machines at \$60 apiece gone up the spout," he said. "That comes of your idiotic plan of fooling a customer with a machine made by another company."