NEW YORK NOTES.

WHAT THE MOROSINI FAMILY IS DOING ON STAGE AND OFF.

The Craze for the Stage, and what the Crazy Have to Endure.

The War on the Ticket Scalpers by the Leading Theatres.

England's Martyr to Sensational Journalism, and His Portrait.

Red Stockings to be Tabooed---Ward's Friends Indicted, Etc.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 25, 1885.

The cycle of time has brought Mr. Giovanni P. Morosini's name once more before the reading public of New York and the country, and this time not so much as the stern father of a runaway daughter, but as the representative

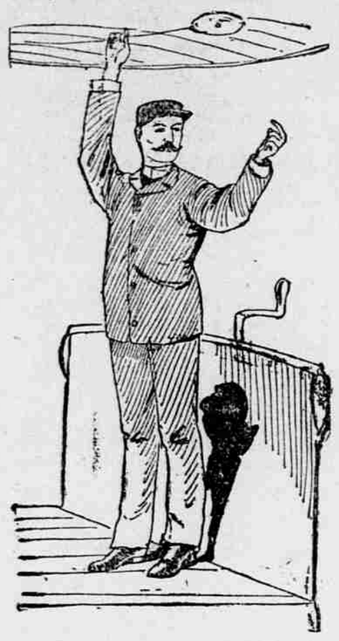
GIOVANNI P. MOROSINI.

of creditors who throw debtors into durance vile unless they can pay up certain much wanted amounts. As Jay Gould's private secretary Mr. Morosini has made quite a success of life, as the father of Victoria he became known to the reading people of the country as a rich man with rather unforgiving tendencies towards a loving if rather ill mated pair, and now he adds to his already established fame by the imprisonment of Mr. William Heath, in Ludlow street jail on a trifling matter of some half a million dollars. This amount it appears the banking house of William Heath & Co. held in trust for Mr. Morosini, and of course the collaterals turned up missing when the house here and the branches in London and Paris failed for some fourteen hundred thousand dollars a short time since. Consequently Mr. Morosini is somewhat provoked over the matter, and sends the senior member of the firm to Ludlow street. Mr. M. in fact does not appear to have been in the best humor necessary for qualifying a man to lose half a million with calmness for some time past, especially when much of it represented elevated railroad stock which had risen considerably since its deposit with Heath & Co., and hadn't reached high water mark yet, so that his actual loss would figure up much more than the face of the stock would show, on the item of deposit.

Meantime while Mr. Morosini is having such bad luck in monetary affairs, his pretty daughter is playing at the Casino in this city, having appeared with the Amorita troupe last week

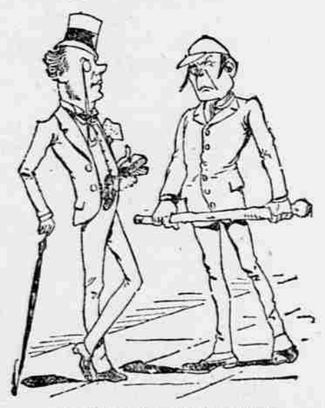
VICTORIA HULSCAMP SCHELLING.

in the roll of an artist with mandolin and song. Many people go to see her, and are disagreeably surprised that her identity is well nigh disguised by her appearance with a number of similarly attired artists, whose attire, by the way, is of the reigning style now so prevalent in all comic operas, and of the character that Patti and Mary Anderson have invariably refused to allow photographs of themselves to be taken in, a photograph dealer of this city having offered as high as fifty dollars to a photographer if he would furnish him with a picture of Patti so attired, which was not accepted, however. Patti sometimes dresses in this manner for the benefit of an audience, but never for the purchaser of a twenty-five cent photograph. It is astonishing to what a degree of complacency public taste has been educated in this respect during the past few years, and the end of it is looked forward to with great misgivings on the part of those who have closely watched the gradual inroad of this style of dress upon the stage, there being no less than three companies now playing in this city, at three of our best known theatres, where it prevails with the great majority of the troupe, to say nothing of the various other amusement resorts where nothing else would answer in this great metropolis. The Amorita troupe is one step towards a more extensive wardrobe, however, the poorest dressed of the troupe being endowed with at least a semblance of a skirt, and the anxious mothers of stage struck daughters welcome it as a sign of returning stage drapery. The number of stage struck young ladies in New York is something appalling, and the idea that they must of necessity be recruited from the middle or lower ranks of life is a great mistake. In the same troupe with Miss Victoria Schelling there are several young ladies who appear in the smallest parts, that of the chorus girl, objectionable costume and all thrown in, whose parents are well to do, and in one case at least where they live on a fashionable side street adjoining Fifth Avenue. The young lady in question possessed a good education, spent considerable money going through a preparatory Dramatic school, was noted as remarkably handsome, and yet she has to content herself with the poorest position, dress as the manager sees fit to get up the costumes, and pose with some twenty other similarly attired young girls as a candidate for future stage honors and present dude opera glasses. It was not a pleasant task either for her or for Mrs. Schelling, as was plainly evident to those who knew and watched them both during the evening, although it was likewise evident that both hoped to climb the ladder of dramatic fame, and considered this necessary as a stepping stone. They all do. There is probably not a girl there who does not expect to become quite a star sooner or later, generally the stupidest of them expect to star it soonest, and if they are advanced ever so little and given the most unimportant part in a years time, they consider it a great advancement, and hope on and hope ever until finally they either marry some good-looking young man and leave the stage in disgust, if they are particularly sensible, or linger on and die in the belief that their genius entitled them to a place which the cruel managers never allowed them to reach. Probably one per cent of these girls reach a fair position, and occasionally one gets to be a star, of the Lillian Russell type, and the dramatic agencies and some managers feed the balance with promises and rose colored pictures in lieu thereof, and they have to be content.



ERNEST HULSCAMP SCHELLING.

This craze for the stage is by no means confined to the feminine sex of this city, although as a general thing the men who are willing to accept such subordinate positions are recruited from the ranks of the needy and often from the hosts of the great unwashed. It is very seldom indeed that a young man of brains or family can be induced to accept the part of an ordinary chorus singer, probably because they don't take so kindly to taffy from the managers, and perhaps from the fact that there are so many avenues open to them which the female sex cannot tread. As an evidence of this a recent advertisement in the *Herald* for male chorus singers for a well known theatre expressly stipulated that "the unwashed need not apply," while the same advertisement for female chorus singers simply stated, "fifty young ladies wanted to sing in the chorus." The difference in this advertisement will go far to demonstrate the difference between the two sexes when they meet upon the same ground in the chorus. Mr. Hulscamp Schelling it seems, is not one of the male sex desirous of becoming a shining light on the stage, and although he married a girl who would under ordinary circumstances have been worth a quarter of a million at least, but whom her father insists is now as completely dead to him as if buried, he takes a sensible view of the matter, and accepts a position as a conductor on a Sixth Avenue street car. The coachman who married an heiress failed to get very much outside a loving if somewhat misguided girl, but he has gone to work in an honest fashion to make a living, and although not particularly elevated, his position is worth from a dollar and a half to two dollars per day, and this is more than he could get to sing in some diabolically unmusically chorus. The craze among the men for the stage, that is among the better class, consists principally of a desire to obtain the better parts, and while there are some ten thousand or more who would be overjoyed to become a second Edwin Booth, they positively refuse to swell the thunder of a chorus at fifty cents per night and the privilege of showing off a generally emaciated form under the fascinating glare of the red lights.



THE SCALPER AND HIS VICTIM.

The general public will be glad to learn that an organized fight has at last been inaugurated against the theatre ticket scalper by most of the leading theatres. The impudence with which the scalper has time and again held all the good seats and the box office none of them, has been long familiar to every theatre goer of this city. Sometimes the theatre has been in league with the scalper, and one night your correspondent saw the scalper turn in his unsold tickets at the box office about nine o'clock at one of the theatres. They seem to be in disrepute now, however, and Wallack has petitioned the police to keep them off the sidewalk in front of his theatre as a public nuisance, while Daly and the Fifth Avenue theatre positively refuse to recognize tickets purchased of a scalper, and get around it by taking the name of every one who buys tickets, and giving them slips calling for certain seats, not transferable, and really selling no regular tickets at all, keeping the tickets, and giving the slips to denote that the seat is sold. This has effectually done away with the scalper at these theatres, and it is to be hoped that the other places of amusement will follow suit. One of these scalpers asked four dollars for seats to Mary Anderson during her stay here, and a Wall Street broker worth his million, who had brought two ladies in a carriage to see her in Rosaline, when he found this extravagant price staring him in the face, and no seats at the box office, turned face about, and with the ladies re-entered the carriage, rather than stand the extortion, although he explained to the scalper that he could buy the theatre if he wanted to, but wouldn't pay twelve dollars for himself and friends to see Mary Anderson, and then occupy seats in the orchestra. When the millionaires feel this way, the ordinary every day citizen experiences a desire to take a club and wipe every scalper off the face of the earth.

The Opera Season opened at the Metropolitan Opera House last Monday night with the presentation of Lehengrin, in German, but a great number of the audience evidently didn't understand the language, and took it for granted that they got their money's worth, juding from their looks. They would have done just the same thing had it been in Italian or dog Latin, and will keep on doing it just as long as opera is fashionable and seats come high, and would think it heathenish not to have listened to the sweet but unintelligible strains of an unknown tongue at least a dozen times during the season.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the sad facts of sensational journalism in London, and the sight of a leading editor serving out a year's term in prison is not a very refreshing one for the lovers of the free and sensational speech in this country. We present below the features of Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who is now paying the penalty of his crusade against vice by imprisonment as above, and whose career as a sensational editor has been brought to a sudden close thereby. Mr. Stead says that as soon as he is released he will go on in the even tenor of the way he had marked out, and continue to make

EDITOR STEAD.

the *Pall Mall Gazette* the same paper it had been made by him, but the proprietors of the paper hold a different opinion it appears, and are not particularly struck with the idea, according to the latest reports, and state that they will have a little to say on the subject themselves.

The grand jury has at last indicted Messrs. W. S. Warner and Mr. J. H. Work for aiding and abetting Ferdinand Ward in wrecking the Marine Bank. They have also indicted Ferdinand Ward as the leader in this little transaction, and the indictment has been sent to Sing Sing to stand against him and be served when his time is out under the sentence of the state court. It is currently reported that more indictments will follow when the grand jury meets next Monday, and there are several uneasy heads which do not wear crowns and trust they won't wear short hair in Gothar this week. Warner's statement of what was done with the money appeared in the Monday morning *World*, as an advertisement, in double column style, together with a statement exonerating Warner, signed "accountant." The federal grand jury didn't pay any attention to it, however, but indicted him that day just the same. Sometimes it doesn't pay to advertise, and this money was evidently wasted, but it opens up a new field for the energetic advertising agent, and if they profit by it, we will soon see prominent trials foreshadowed by glaring advertisements exonerating the defendants. This is an age of progress and there is no telling what we will come to yet.

M. Bartholdi and wife sailed for France this week, after having fully inspected the pedestal for the great statue of Liberty. He says that the statue will not be fully in position until late next summer, and that it will take fully five months to erect it after the pedestal is done, and that will not be finished for two months yet. While here he submitted two models for the statue of Lafayette which the government proposes to erect in Washington, and it is thought he will be awarded the contract over the other competitors, inasmuch as his bids are said to be the lowest and his models the best yet submitted.

Dr. Edson has organized a crusade against red stockings in this city, having examined them and found that they contain both arsenic and antimony. He has had so many complaints from people wearing them that their limbs became sore from it that the investigation was ordered with the above result, and he threatens to prosecute all dealers selling them hereafter. He says they all come from Saxony, and are rank poison. Some folks wonder why he stopped with the stockings, and especially people who have bought red underwear other than stockings. There are lots of people on the street every day who if they haven't anatomy and arsenic in their underclothes, certainly look like it, and the crusade ought to appoint a committee of examination.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. it seems is going to gain an entrance to this city in spite of the opposition of the Pennsylvania to this idea, coming in via Statan Island, and ferry boats text the battery. This is a great thing for the B. & O. if it can be accomplished, and will put it on a fighting basis with the other lines. If it was any special help to the people to see new lines enter the city they would take more interest in it, but unfortunately the more lines there are, the higher go the pool rates, as a general thing, since all have to be supported, and freight doesn't increase as facilities do. The Baltimore & Ohio however is generally a fair road toward the public, who have a soft spot for it because of the persistency with which it holds on to telegraph wires for public service in spite of the Western Union's efforts to get hold of them, and also for the lower rates it gives to points where they compete.

Judge Kennedy, of Syracuse, so far forgot himself last Saturday as to issue an injunction forbidding the New York Central from purchasing the Lake Shore, just as the matter was about consummated. The Judge ought to know better than to insult the New York Central in this way if he wants to hold his position for any length of time. President Chauncey M. Depew, of the Central, however, has given him the benefit of the doubt, and in an interview states that Judge Kennedy is a good lawyer and an able judge, but he didn't know the purpose his order was to be used for, Depew intimating that it was to beat the market on Central stock, principally. However, if the land abounded in Judges like Kennedy, it wouldn't abound in railroad presidents like Chauncey M. Depew. Where one flourishes the other doesn't, and candor compels us to sorrowfully remark that the climatic influences of the 19th century in this section are more favorable to the growth of railroad presidents of this description than to judges like Judge Kennedy, for whom the Central's opposition appears to have no terrors, and the Central's free pass no charm.

SPIRTO GENTIL.

New York parties will build an immense hotel in Philadelphia.

THE POOR BARMAID.

A Curious Bill Now Pending Before the Parliament of Victoria—Seeking to Make It Illegal to Employ Barmaids in Public Houses—Liable to Become a Law.

A bill "for the abolition of barmaids," says *The London Telegraph*, sounds like a joke from "Alice in Wonderland," or from one of Mr. Gilbert's burlesques. Nevertheless it is a serious legislative proposal now pending before the parliament of Victoria. It is actually in print, and makes it penal for any keeper of a public house to employ women behind the counter. Of course, the advocates of this astonishing idea have their arguments. They do not go quite so far as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who would disestablish not only barmaids, but barmen and bars; they would not shut up all dramshops, but they would make them as dreary as possible, so as to repel impressionable young men. In Gothenberg the spirit drinker is served by a policeman, who keeps an eagle eye upon him that he may know him again, and refuse him a second glass if he asks for it before a certain interval has expired. The Victorian reformers have a corresponding idea of diminishing the attractions of intoxication by surrounding the initial stages with repellent rather than enticing accessories. Instead of the smiling Hebes who have facinated the golden youth of the colony, men will serve as tapsters, and without note or comment hand across the counter the required draught. The effect may be considerable, as male drinkers do undoubtedly take a delight in the pleasant looks and bright talk of the young ladies who, as the French say, "preside" at these establishments. But should not the Victorian apostles of abstinence go further? It is well to replace girls by men, and thus subdue the bar to masculine dullness, but could not the act of parliament go on to declare that none save plain, grim-visaged should be tollerated as assistants? The most inveterate toper might hesitate to enter twice if he were always met by the ugly aspect of some dark, forbidding countenance. A kind of competition might take place for the posts, which might be given to the most repulsive people the government could select. Fearful squints would be at a premium; scowls would be valued according to their blackness and depth; a ghastly grin would be desirable; while a general cadaverousness might be utilized as suggesting to drunkards the probable end of their career. The Gods of Olympus laughed loudly when the swart, ungainly Vulcan for once replaced Hebe as their cup bearer. It would be no joke for the young idlers of Melbourne to find stern, grim men frowning over the counters where once they were received with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

We presume that there must be "mashers" in Victoria, for the "masher" is the great cause of the barmaid. Just as Darwin has told us how the absence or presence of certain insects determines the dying-out or growth of certain flowers, so it may be said that, until there arose a class of young men to whom lounging across a bar and talking to a young lady seemed the supreme felicity of life, the existence of barmaids could not be sustained. In primitive times and in primitive places men served men, who silently took their glass, and as silently stole away. Then came a Columbus of public houses, who pondered over the problem how to retain these transitory visitors. Suddenly it flashed across him that there were young men "whose only books were women's looks," and who could be drawn and retained by a library of such volumes prettily "bound," and offered for inspection. Then the desired result was secured. The youngster who came for one glass remained for two. To see some young ladies is to admire them; to admire is to address them. Talking and laughing are dry work, when the most dumfounded young man when at a loss for a new remark can always keep the ball rolling by asking for another drink. Some philosophers opine that it was not the "masher" who caused the barmaid, but the barmaid has, so to speak, developed the "masher." This is probably the idea of the Victorians. They are followers of Sir Wilfrid in a limited way. He believes that if there was no strong drinking there would be no vice; they believe that if there were no barmaids there would be no strong drinks. They forsee a bright future—all the frivolous youth of the colony turned away from saloons and bars, pursuing not coulter-wenches, but noble aims, and devoting to stock-raising, gold-digging, or money-making the hours now wasted on giggling girls. We only hope that this bright anticipation will be fulfilled; yet we gravely doubt. The barmaid will be turned out of work, all on account of her too potent influence over young men, and the "masher" must cease to cling to that bar which hitherto has principally supported his youthful and attenuated form. Barmaid and "masher," however, will still exist; they will live in the same colony; there is no law forbidding them to meet on sidewalks or at festivities; while starving girls deprived of their only means of livelihood, can say with truth to every masher they meet: "But for you I might still be drawing beer at the Red Lion or smiling sweet at the Blue Boar. O! why did nature make me so lovely and you so susceptible?" Such an appeal from the lips of disestablished beauties sent begging because they were too attractive might have a very fascinating effect on young men deprived at the same time of their accustomed amusements and haunts. The colonial legislature should look to it, and if they pass their act they should, we think, supplement it by some clause borrowed from old puritan legislation discouraging the meeting of all young people excepting under the supervision of elderly men or parish officers. Or a comprehensive scheme for the expulsion of all barmaids and all mashers to separate colonies would more thoroughly secure the end in view. Moderate measures are of no avail when we see two such dangers as "blue ruin" and bright eyes combined behind the same bar. If, as Victoria thinks, barmaids are the origin of evil—and, as they are daughters of Eve, perhaps they are—the most thorough and drastic measures for their extirpation are the best. We may yet see the masher and the barmaid expelled together from the paradise of Victoria, where virtue, sobriety, and industry will henceforth reign. Hand-in-hand they will go out, and like our first parents, drop some "natural tears" over their past delights—"wiping them soon," as they flit to England or America, to "hold their heads to other stars," and resume across other counters, in other lands, their interrupted philandering.

Barmaids are not only traceable to mashers; they belong to our mechanical age. The drawer of old, the potboy of nearer times, was a strong-armed man or lad who could descend to a cellar, draw beer, and emerge balancing a miraculous number of full pots. This was rough, hard, dirty work, not suitable for elegant young ladies. Somebody, however, invented a means by which a handle pulled on a counter drew up from below the right kind of liquor, and then white-armed Hebes became possibilities. Young women soon learned the tricks of the trade. As servants they found good looks little advantage; as barmaids all their attractions were part of their outfit. Other employers frowned on their "female hands" wasting time in talk; but the more a barmaid smiles or chats, or makes the place lively, the more her employer values her. Here, then, was a new profession for girls unskilled in anything but that platonic flirtation which nearly all women, even the most innocent, dearly love. Then the barmaid has several advantages over her sister of the same rank—the parlormaid or the cook. She is called "miss;" she can dress becomingly, and is not obliged to wear a cap. Her work is lightened by social converse, sometime by anecdotes and jokes; she hears plenty of chaff, and sees many faces come and go. On the other hand, her work is very hard. She can seldom or ever sit down; the hours are cruelly long, and few can stand it after 30. The pay, too, is seldom high enough to permit saving. It seems a pity that while the ranks of this avocation are overcrowded—for every vacancy there are ten applicants—domestic service has few competitors. The life of even a hard-worked London servant does not involve one-fourth of the physical labor of a barmaid's toil, for she has her kitchen or pantry to herself and whole hours for rest. But then her time is rarely quite her own, and she misses independence that attaches to the brighter business. What the unemployed girls of Victoria will do when turned out nobody seems to know. Out there domestic servants have liberties so large that they may even become maids-of-all-work without much loss or possibly the marriage market may absorb them in a community where men are in the majority, and therefore can not all command wives. The banished barmaids may, therefore, become the happy mothers of future generations who will solve the social problems with the light hearts of their male ancestor, the Australian "masher."

A Judge Who Caved.

As we rode out from a town in Mississippi to view a plantation a commercial traveler for a New York house expressed a desire to go along. He procured a horse and joined the party, and his company was welcomed. A mile and a half from town we came to a written notice, posted on a board, and everybody stopped to read it. It was a notice of sheriff's sale, and the colored man who tacked it up was still on the ground. The notice was badly written and worse spelled, and the drummer laughed loud and long over "caf" for calf, "det" for debt, and "sheruf" for sheriff.

"What's wrong wid dat notis?" asked the colored man in a very edgy voice.

"It's too funny for anything," was the reply. "Someone had better go to school."

"Dat's me, sah. I'm a Constable an' I writ dat off."

"Oh, you did? Well, I hope the c-a-f will be sold."

"Yes, sah. You come along wid me, sah!"

"With you?"

"Yes, sah. I 'rest you, sah!"

"What for?"

"Contempt of court, sah! Come right along."

"Where?"

"Befo' de Justiss, sah! We'll see about dat caf!"

The drummer was advised against resistance and finally permitted himself to be taken before a colored Justice nearly two miles from the spot. The Constable had picked up a colored man on the way, who made and swore to a complaint, and the drummer was duly arraigned on the charge, although his Honor seemed very uneasy about it. The Colonel acted as counsel for the prisoner. When the case was ready he said:

"Your Honor, who is this court?"

"I is, sah," was the dignified reply.

"Has this man shown any contempt for you?"

"No, sah."

"Then how can you try him for contempt of court?"

The old man scratched his head, opened a law book wrong side up, and finally replied:

"De prisoner am discharged, but will hev to pay $1 costs.

"But if he is discharged because of his innocence, where do you get the right to put costs onto him?" asked the Colonel.

"Where do I? Why, in de law book."

"Which one?"

"De one at home."

I take exceptions, your Honor, and shall carry this case to the Supreme Court," said the Colonel.

"Umph! Dat alters de case. De prisoner am discharged from his fine of $1, an' de constable am fined $2 for making a fool of hisself an' gettin' dis court all twisted up in a hard knot afore white folks!"—*Detroit Free Press*

Several Michigan lakes have been unaccountably lowered the past summer

DOMESTIC HINTS.

RICE PUDDING.

One-half cupful of rice, three-fourths of a pint of milk, four apples peeled, cored and stewed, one-third cupful of sugar, four eggs. Boil rice in milk until reduced to pulp, beat well with apple sauce and sugar for ten minutes, then set aside to cool, then carefully mix in whites of eggs, whipped to a froth, butter the mold, pour in pudding, set in saucepan with boiling water to reach half up the sides; steam slowly for twenty-five minutes; permit it to stand three minutes before turning out.

CRACKER PUDDING.

Three eggs, one-half cracker crumbs, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one cup of milk, one half of a lemon—juice and grated peel, three tablespoonfuls of jam. Heat milk and crumbs together until scalding. Turn out to cool, while you rub butter and sugar to a cream, adding the lemon. Stir in beaten yolks, soaked cracker and milk, at last the whites. Butter bake dish, put jam at the bottom, fill up with the mixture and bake, covered, one-half hour, then brown. Eat cold with sifted sugar on top, or, if you like, put a meringue over it before taking it from oven.

LEMON PUDDING.

Two stale Sally Lunn muffins or bread, juice two lemons, one teaspoonful extract lemon, one cupful sugar, four eggs, one tablespoonful butter, one pint milk. Grate muffins, put in bowl, pour in milk, boiling, cover with plate, set aside for thirty minutes, then add sugar, butter, beaten eggs, extract and juice; mix together and pour into well buttered pudding dish; bake in rather hot oven forty-five minutes; serve with lemon sauce.

JUMBLES.

One and one-half cupfuls butter, two cupfuls sugar, five eggs, one and one-half pints flour, one-half cupful corn starch, one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful extract lemon, one-half cupful chopped peanuts, mixed with one-half cupful granulated sugar. Beat the butter and sugar smooth; add the beaten eggs, the flour, corn starch and powder, sifted together, and the extract; flour the board, roll out the dough rather thin, cut out with biscuit cutter, roll in the chopped peanuts and sugar, lay on greased baking tin; bake in rather hot oven eight to ten minutes.

WAFFLES.

One quart flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one large tablespoonful butter, two eggs, one and a half pints milk. Sift together flour, salt, sugar and powder; rub in butter cold; add beaten eggs and milk; mix into smooth consistent batter, that will run easily and limpid from mouth of pitcher. Have waffle-iron hot, and carefully greased each time; fill two-thirds full, close it up; when brown turn over. Sift sugar on them, serve hot.

GOLDEN PUDDING.

One cup of granulated sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, three tablespoonsfuls of melted butter, two and one-half cups of flower, two tablespoonsfuls of baking powder. Pour in a low square tin and bake twenty-five minutes. It should be served warm, with a sauce poured over it made as follows: Stir to a cream one tablespoonful of butter and a half cup of sugar; moisten with a little cold water two teaspoonsfulls of flour, and pour a pint of boiling water over it to scald it, and then stir in the butter and sugar; beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth and stir it in the sauce just before sending it to the table; flavor with lemon.

CRUMPETS.

One and one half pints flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one egg, nearly one pint of milk and cream in equal parts, one teaspoonful extract cinnamon. Sift together flour, salt, sugar and powder, add beaten egg, milk, cream and extract; mix into rather firm batter, half fill large, greased muffin rings on hot, well-greased griddle; bake one side of them only. Serve hot with cottage cheese.

EGG SAUCE.

One cup of chicken broth, heated and thickened, with tablespoonful of butter rolled thickly in flour; poured over two beaten eggs; boiled one minute; with tablespoonful parsley stirred in; then seasoned eggs placed in bottom of bowl. Stir up, and it is ready.

Notable Women.

A New York letter in *The Hartford Times* says: "Mme. Demorest would be a marked figure in any company, from the elegance and dignity of her personal appearance. She is apparently 45 years of age, tall, with dark eyes and hair, streaked with a few silver threads and combed smoothly back from her face. She wore a black silk dress, with front of open embroidery lined with satin. Her dolman was of black brocade plush and her bonnet and gloves of silver drab. With a strong, alert face, she is essentianly womanly and affectionate in her bearing, and touched my card-case caressingly as she talked."

Miss Field, a daughter of Cyrus W. Field, is writing a story.

The telephone has been introduced into many of the hotels and cafes of Belgium.