#### "MISTHER O'MARA FROM THE COUNTY MAITH."

BY SEUMAS MacMANUS.

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke. I was in Dhroll Donegal," Etc.

(Copyright, 1991, by Seumus MacManus,) as soon as he set the shootin' till O'Mara and an altogether delightful time that week. Tomas was a capital gamekeeper; he was a capital shot and a charming companion - harming, if you humored his had been too able for himself 'twas small all congregated in the house on the Carkir little whimsicalities and gave him his own wondher he was too able for me. He pitched shootin', ivery wan of them with a billy-

now, whether Tomas Dhu was born to dar'd make attempts on the lan' again. English college chaps were enjoyln' the be a story teller or a sportsman. He For, ye must undherstan', if the red fella thing rather. They sayed they wanted a invariably hit his mark in both. If posch- hadn't troubled Meenavalla or its naigh- good frish adventure an' this looked purty ers-but in particular the Red Poocher- bourhood for three years or so he wash't like the commencement of wan. They only had been the bane of Tomas' life, they at lidle elsewhere, the serra a salson went by wished to heaven the Red Poocher would least gave him inexhaustible matter for that there wasn't that there didn't come

the Red Poocher that homage which genius An' Meenavalla besides, not bein' let an' they said for the excitement an' they alone commands. The first year in which so not well watched, was posched and prayed God the red villain might turn up. the unlucky red head of that arrant rascal double pooched every year of them be some An' when they foun' the state of flusthriftdawned upon Tomas' world, he tricked poocher or other an' it might as well as cation O'Mara was in an' the elaborate arnot have been by the lad himself. Any- rangements he'd been makin' with the polis drel-peach the land which Tomas was how, Misther McCran sayed we wor goin' for protection they did laugh their skinful, employed to gamekeep, and Mr. McCran of to put out best foot forrid this saison an' I tell you. O'Mare he wasn't more nor Belfast (very naturally) dismissed Tomas win back for Meenavalla its good name on half plaised that they'd make so light of with twenty-four hours' notice. The fol- fame an' make it of some valuey to its own- thing an' of him. 'Time enough till hallo, lowing year the Red Poocher (to Tomas' ers. He'd come himself, he sayed, to boys, when yez is out of the wood, he says, genuine delight) posched the land again, identify Misther O'Mara, so there couldn't 'an' them laughs last laughs best.' All shorting rented. Tomas was reinstated in office. No one

would rent the shooting from Mr. McCran after those two seasons of ill-luck. Mr. McCran, on the second year after, determined to take a few weeks' leave of his Belfast factory and come down and shoot Meenavalla (with Tomas' aid) himself. The sequel was not pleasant for poor Mr. McCran, for, whilst he lay in durance vile in a Dopegal police barrack, with the awful charge of poaching his own land hanging over his head, the Red Poocher, who had coolly caused his arrest, poached the land with Tomas' aid once more.

"Tomas Dhu," said I, "that was the last you ever heard of the Red Poocher?" We were lolling and smoking on opposite corners of the hearth fire in Tomas' little hat after a long and fatiguing, but goodremarkably good-day's sport, and likewise after a long and good-remarkably goodsupper. Tomas, by way of reply, simply gave utterance to that peculiar grunt an indolent man uses to convey "I have heard you." And out of Tomas' impassive features I could not read anything satisfactory either. So I repeated my remark in

"I said, Tomas, did you ever hear anything of the Red Poocher after?" Tomas slowly lowered his gaze (which had been following his smoke wreaths) and halted, his eyes upon me.

"When did you say it?" Tomas was in one of his captious moods. But I rather liked that, the complaisance he thereby exacted from you was generally forehand payment for a story.

Well, I meant that "O, I beg yer pardon. I thought ye just offerin' me a bit of news tellin' me that. I never did hear of the Red Poocher afther. It's a good plan, young felia-if ye give news, give news; if ye ax questions, ax questions."

"I daresay you're right. Weil, now, I'm askin' a question-did ye ever afther hear tell of the Red Poocher?" "Well, I should think so!"

Tomas Dhu lay back once more and contemplated the curling puffs which he now sent up more thickly from his age-browned I lay back and puffed as smartly, and

Suddenly out of the smoky silence Tomas, when the spirit moved him, spoke:

"To me bitther sorra, I heard of the Red on him-an' the curse of the crows.

"Afther Misther McCran himself been taken in an' so cru'lly misused, there was a great cry-out entirely all over the countbry. The jintlemen sportsmen there was no houdin' or tyin' of, to larn that such a vagabone was allowed at large and laughin' in his sleeve at them at the polis, an' at the law of the lan'; an' the papers, too, all over the three kingdoms took it up an' made the divil's own thiraw about an' run over again the oul' story of Irelan' being the quare place anyhow, an that nobody should be astonished at anything would happen in it. To be sure there many's an ill-minded vagabone in all parts of the counthry that laughed bearty at the tarrible thing, an' sayed the Red cher was, by a lang chalk, the dhrollest ad they'd ever beerd tell of. But anyhow, the noise was made over

was sorra take the chance at all now. So nixt year it went vacant, an' nixt year an' the year afther that. Ivery wan of the years Misther McCran advertised the shootin' in the papers on the lame chance poor devil that didn't know its histhory. But farior: there wasn't a half-intelligent jack-day atween the four says of Irelan'-or of Englan' an' Scotlan' for that part-that didn't know as much about Meenavalla an' the Red Poocher as Misther McCran himself. So the dickens as much as a tent of ink was wasted replying to wan of the advartisements. Then Misther McCran put the conearn up for sale, an' put it in the papers But the divil recaive the man there was Mughan's son Jimmy, who had been at the even then to come forrid an' offer him as office lookin for an Ameriky letter from much as tuppence-ha'penny in bad ha'pence Francie (God bliss the boy an' for it. An' ever when, on the fourth year him!) brought back a letther addhressed a company of half a dozen young English to 'Misther O'Mara of Maith, now shootin bucks, just fresh out of college, tuk, atween at Meenavalla.' An' when he opened it, them, a whole dhrift of shootin's in vaarus seen that he read it no less nor four times parts of the county of Donegal, intendin' over, an' afther the fourth readin' calls both to have the sport of shootin' the game upon me, an' says he: an' the profit besides of sellin' them to read?' 'I can,' says I, London game marchants, an' tuk the three prent or nice wright? sheotin's that surrounded Meenavalla, the writin' nor it's readin', says he, 'so far sorra wan of them would take Meenavalla as I can undherstan' it. What does it for love or money. It was unlucky, they mane? I tuk the letther out of his sayed, they'd have nothing whatsomiver to an' read: 'Dear Misther O'Mara of Maith. do with it on any account.

exceedin' great joy, as you may well suppose, got Meenavaila let this year. On luck till him!) that I'm doin' now. Yours wan of his thrips to Glasgow, which he thruly. The Red Poucher, or words to that used to take the first Sathurday night of effect. Feth, it tak more nor a hop out of every month, he fell in and made acquain- me. This Red Poocher was the coolest men) was the best sowl in the wurrl', an' tance with a County Meath egg merchant, scoundhril I ever calculated upon. The niver let us pass Jimmy Kinny's public be name Misther O'Mara, an' findin' out cat, too, was out of the bag at a jump house without we'd go in an' wet in the coorse of their discourse that Misther There wasn't anything for it but make a whistle. An' he'd give us two or three shootin' for himself be way of diversion up an' done it an' holidays, Misther McCran toul' him he Misther O'Mara of Maith stormed an' swore grumpy, growlin', dog-in-the-manger kind have his place, be name Mecnavalla, in bang at both of us. an' sayed that as the Dan thraitin,' moreover. He'd not go intil the County Donegal, on very moderate divil made us he matched us. I knew we Jimmy Kinny's with us, but 'ud remain skies-but give a divil a whisper of the masther, for not layin' a full program of an' countin' the stars to keep himself warm Red Poucher. An' as god luck would the whole case afore him earlier in the till we's come out again. An' then Dan bave it, the poor County Maith egg marthe red rascal, Misther McCran (who agreed an' abuse no longer. An' then he ordhered purty cliver cute business man) didn' him intil hirin' Meenavaila for the saison -an' at a longer price, toc, nor ever it had been let for in its best days, afore the bad

"Misther McCran, as ye may well suppose, was purty plaised with himself over how he had hooked the poor divil. O'Mara, who mightn't know a grouse-if he saw wan

-from a geeraffe. "Me and Misther McCran hadn't been on the very best of terms for lee an' long, but | willin' to offer him his head on a side dish. | was intended to become a good shooter;

Tomas Dhu and I had spicifild shooting he writ me a letter wantin' to know if I would take over the gamekeepin ov Meenavalla wanst more. He done me wrong, taken the neighbourin' shootin's, An', upon he confessed-for since the Red Poocher upon me now as bain' the man who was ducks from the Red Poocher in his fist-But it is difficult for me to say, even ablest to meet an' watch the rascal if he same as Misther O'Mara had got! But the fresh and racy and ofttimes startling yarns. some new story, or a bunch of stories, from they'd put a slog or two in his tail to bal-And Tomas seemed to have begotten for some unlucky corner or other about him. Inst him. They'd give half their grouse,

live at the Meenavalle house. An' to plaise him, the sergeant even give in to this. 'From there he dhriv off on' away to pay his respects to an' have the counsel an' advice of the young English bucks who had me davy, he sthrikes the six lads of them be as good as his word an' come along till

But, though the sergoant's arrangements an there was no more talkin of pigeons was good an' very good an' wouldn't let a an' crows, for he run the English lads purty close. What the lads used to enjoy, though, snipe sneak about on the sly, they weren't was, that wanst O'Mara got his own lan' half good enough to plaise Misther O'Mara, shot an' the game gone safely off, he who went so far as to demand that even two polismen should for the nixt ten days quickly lost all terror of the Red Poecher. an hadn't the ghost of another curse left in his liver for that scoundhril. It didn't seem to give him wan bit of consarn whether the red fella 'ud come in an' carry off every wing on his neighbour's lan's or not-an' so they upcasted till him, bantherin'. 'Och well,' he'd say, 'it's each man ery when his own cow's sick.' But, for that part the sorra much consarn did the hed Poocher give any of the lads, especially when they seen he didn't turn up durthe first four or five days. An' they were more nor balf sorry he didn't, an' give O'Mara a good round mouthful or two of curses for bein' so deuced purtikler with his polis pathrols an' polis guards. An' there was small doubt but it was this kept the rascal off Many's the bit of a debate they all had about how the Red Poocher would 'a' been likely to have gone to work if he had ventured on the lan', an' how they'd have nonplussed him an' got hold of him, an' the way they'd have larked him an' played him like a cat might a mouse afore matchin him into Ardhara polis barracks with a yard of rope decoratin' his neck. They would have had the dickenses own gay titue with the buck, there was no manner of doubt, if he'd only been foolhardy enough to let his shadow fall on a with the able help of Tomas' successor, be no mistake, an' to give me dirachions which set the English lads off in fresh daisy on wan of their lands. But they wor and of the London gentleman who had the an' advice an' likewise talk to the polis kinks. An' when they l'arnt from Misther all agreed-an' Misther O'Mara with themthat the red rascal had method in his mad-



YOURS TRULY, THE RED POOCHER.

Meenavalla. I wasn't on no account to the county Maith an' that he had big prac- | ness, an' if he was within a big radius of takin' near cuts for the County Maith an' his little egg store again.

"Misther McCran made offer of very fine Meenavalla.

"That was early in July. On the of them havin' joined together at the Strabane Junction, was dhriven up till the doore on Paddy Boyle's car, of Glenties, an' I give them cead mille failte, both, Misther McCran stopped all that day, an' overnight; an' we walked O'Mara roun' a hill give him a look at most of it. Thrue, he didn't know much about grouse or game fowls -- but he wouldn't be tired boastin' about the deith an' desthruction he often wrought among the crows an' pigeons, 1 promised, if he could only manage to look level along the barrel of a gun I'd mighty

soon initiate him intil the mystheries of grouse-killin' an' he'd think crows an' pigeons purtikierly silly child's play afther. 'Red Poocher" niver crossed wan of our lips while we wor in his hearin'. But Misther McCran, afore he left, went intil the counthry about didn't help Misther Me- the polis barracks in Ardhara an' read Cran was little bit only what it hindered them a lecture about the Red Fella, an' For whatsomiver chance there was of let them know he'd hould them responsible his gettin' the shootin' of Meenavalla let if they let that highway robber an' cutto some sportin' chap or other afore, there throat come slouchin' aroun' his lan' wanst more, The sergeant of polis promised

that a bee wouldn't buzz in all Meenavalla that saison but there wouldn't be a polisman at its lug makin' a note of it. Misther McCran laid on me as many diractions as would make a dixonary-as' then he went off contented.

"I was plottin' in me own mind how I'd keep Misther O'Mara from hearin' tell of the Red Poocher, an' a purty tickelsome parable it was-bekase eviry man an' his mother, standin' within twinty mile ground had Meenavalla an' the Red Poocher coupled together on the tip of their tongue. But, a might well 'a' saved meself throuble, for behould ye! the very second mornin' he was there young Edward 'It's nicer I am told there's fine shootin' to be got on But-behould ye, Misther McCran, to his Mcenavalla this saison. I'm comin' along

O'Mara had been intendin' to hire a small clane breast of the whole matther. An' I dhrinks, no less, afore he'd let us go out. was delighted to know it, he had the very at both me masther an' meself, I'm puttin' thing to suit him an', as Misther O'Mara the case as calm as I can. There wasn't mouth on ye if ye thraveled with him from was a daicent friendly man he'd let him a bad name in his stomach that he didn't Cork to Christmas, an' begrudged seein terms indeed. He sung its praises to the were both in the wrong, I as well as the dangtin his heels over the baskets of game business; so I sat down an' smoked till tuk us in to see if Jimmy Kinny was still chant didn't know a thing at all about O'Marra's win gave out, an he could harge alive on our way back. Them was pleasant with his friends in considherin' himself a out wan of his men-he had two men with him-an' a thrap, an' tuk me also, an' niver Misther O'Mara till he pursuaded dhrew rein till he was at the Ardbara polis two men to help to weed the game out of barracks. We went in, an' he put the three shootin's of the college chaps. letther intil the sergeant of polises hands. An' we had always wan or two, or maybe an' demanded their purtection. The ser- three of their men with us be way of esgeant read it, an' sayed it was deuced cool cort to Glenties every evenin', an' Dan, who of the red villain surely. But he toul' must have laid han's on a leprechaun, he they sent them off." Misther O'Mara all the arrangements he had so much money, ever an' always halted

if, from wan end of the sheotin' to the

poochin' to O Mara, laist we'd frighten the outside the house in reliefs to alse them very low an' sing very, very small. life out of the poor divil an' have his heels selves of all the laughter was weightin' their stomachs an' which they didn't want to laugh out intil his face.

"Well, O'Mara he wished to the Lord terms entirely to me. so I threw up a job he was safely through with his shootin' had workin' a hoss an' cart for Owen anyhow-an' he didn't care how soon he'd Melly of Scullogue (son to oul' own-marcy be finished, now that the dhread of that it, we joked a fair share at his expense. on him!) an come an' tuk charge of Poocher was hangin' like a rotten roof An' small blame to us, seein' he made such tree over him.

twel'th of August, to the hour. Misther last, 'if ye don't mind we'll give ye a few was goin' to do the dickens-an'-all an' walk McCran an' Misther O'Mara with him, both days an' lower every wing on the lan' for right over all our heads to all our heads walk days an' lower every wing on the lan' for right over all our heads. Far intil the ye.' Faith, O'Mara jumped at it. 'Upon night-or intil the mornin'-the spree run my word,' siz he, 'I'll not aisily forget it if ye do.' It was only an exthra bit of sport, came chape to them, an' they agreed with a heart an' a half-an' toul' him, moreover, that he could aftherwards, if he choose, part of the shootin' an' from the top of the come an' amuse himself gettin' in the way of their guns on their shootin's, though they couldn't promise him neither pigeons nor crows, they wor afeerd. O'Mara himself joined them in the laugh at this, for he was in purty good humour now he seen he'd have but little to dhread from the Red Poocher.

"Still he didn't slacken wan bit in his watchfulness. He arranged with the polis that every day the English lads 'ud be helpin' him on Meenavalia they'd have to do their pathrolin' upon the lands of the college chaps, lest the Red Poocher would step in, on the grand opportunity, an' not laive a kickin' thing upon their grounds. But in all cases he ordhered, as afore, that two polis should stay day an' night by his own place an' ait an' dhrink in his own

"He likewise planned that me an' his own two men should take the hampers of fowl nightly intil Glenties to the railway station, an' have them shipped. He'd lend me an' his men an' his conveyance also to the English chaps to carry in theirs, further on; an' they could for safety's sake add one or two of their men to the contingent. 'From all the stories,' sez he, 'I'm tould of the Red Poocher, we says the college chaps winkin' the wan at the other.

Meenvalla bangin' away like a rajiment of Jarmins in the war. They wor all purty do at all so badly, an' give the bucks a always give five of them a hearty laugh

mouse an' hit a mountain. lan' three days ye might eatch all the grouse we left livin' by puttin' sait their talls. Every evenin', too, meself an' the rest of the escort tuk off the day's baggin' for the Glenties rallway station. An' its meself was noways sorry to go the same journey, bekase Dan (wan of O'Mara's An' when I say that O'Mara's other man, Tarance, was a of a divil that wouldn't ax ye had ye a

evenings, I tell you. "An' for ten days this kind of thing went on. Bekase, O'Mara tuk meself an' his own had made for police pathrols to watch the funeral at Jimmy Kinny's till we'd go Meenavalla night an' day, an' he sayed in an' sloke our thirsts.

"O'Mara, when he had four or five days" other a freg jumped unknownst, he'd be practice come to handle a gun like a man

breathe a syllable about Red Poochers or | tice shootin' crows an' pigeons they went | them he had tuk purtickier good care to lie "Well, on the last night of the shootin'

we had a regular big joilification, all hands of us, I tell ye. An', poor divil, the Red Poocher would have found his ears burnin' if he had been within any sort of raisonable distance of us-bekase, there's no doubt of an impudently bould start writin' bie "'I'll tell you, oul' fella,' eays they at threatenin' notices to all hands, as if he an'-I'm half ashamed to tell it, but the thruth's the thruth-every man lay where he fell. The English chaps knew how to get round a quart of Irish whisky about as well as if they had been broken to it when they were on suckin' bottles, but they give An' when I give in meself Misther O'Mara an' Dan an' Tarance seemed as fresh as a May mornin', bad luck till

"The sun was purty high in the sky nixt day, when we shouted an' shuk up. An' when we got our eyes opened an' some of our senses back again, behould ye, wasn' it the sergeant himself of polis an' a band of his men was standin' over us. 'Well what's the row, now?' says we when we seen this army crowdin' the kitchen. 'Nothin',' says the sergeant himself of the polis, with a heavy sigh, 'only the Red Poocher be d---to him!' 'What?' says war of us. an' 'What?' save all uf us. fumpin for our firearms. 'The Red Poocher! Hurroo! Show us him, sergeant, avic, till we get the chance of a puck at the hinder end of his breeches'-an' ivery mother's sow bruk for the doore. 'Arrah,' says the ser geant, 'to pot with yez for blatherin' edicts. Stand yer grounds till I ax ye wan question. Has any of yez got any returns or replies from the game yez has sent off?" No. none of them had. For the past three or four days they had sent a messenger to the office an' then damned the London man can't be too cautious.' Faith, yer right, for not bein' prompter in replyin' an' sendin' cheques. 'I thought as much.' sez the sergeant. 'What the dickens do ye The very nixt mornin' the whole six of mane?' says they. 'Are all of yez here?' them, with three of their men an' O'Mara sez the sergeant. 'All of us?' says they. an' wan of his men an' meself was on lookin' roun' an' thryin' to count wan another-'Barrin',' says they then, 'Misther O'Mara an his two men. They must have fair shots, the college chaps, an' Misther been afcot carlier an' sthrolled back to O'Mara himself, seein' that he was only Meenavalla.' 'Oh, indeed!' says the serused at tumblin' pigeons an' crows, didn't geant-'yes, indeed. I was just thinkin' they tuk a rather early sthroll this mornin' deal less laughin' than they expected; an' There was a little note from him informin' odd time he conthrived to get wan of the me as much, dhropped at the barrack doore lads right in the line of his fire, which this mornin' an' advisin' me to come an' look afther yez or yez would be apt to of course, but generally he went wan oversleep yerselves an' miss the early betther nor the man who could fire at a worm. I called by Meenavalla house just to satisfy meself an' it's as lone as an anshint abbey. Here's a note I picked up on the table here when I come in-I'm thinkin' that's the names of the six of yez on the over of it Purty well addressed, anyhow." "With their mouths open so ye might turn er fist in them, an' their six pairs of eyes ike bow-windles in a castle, they had the note tore ofen in half a jiffey, an' ivery man of the six let out of him a curse might kill a crow in a crab-tree-for the note was something like this: 'Misther O'Mara of Maith presents his compliments an' hopes the six nice bright cliver young Englishmen is well as he'd wish them, an' as full of selfconsait as iver. He is very sorry he has been called off suddint, for he should have liked much more of their improvin' company. But if his good friends wouldn't mind callin' roun' by his egg-store in the County Maith, on their way home to their dear mothers in England, he promises them plenty of pinkin' at pigeons an' crows

Yours thruly. THE RED POOCHER." . . . . . . .

I said, after a while. "May I ask you one

"Throt it out quick, an' be done with it, between whiffs of his freshly-lit pipe. "Didn't those Fnglishmen themselves tack on the proper labels on the hampers before

question, Tomas Dhu?"

"Did I tell you that while Dan was makin' the rest of us merry in Jimmy Kinny's. Tarance, the growler, remained without to keep count of the stars."

# Which Girls?

The Bee wants to know which girls

in the territory in which it circulates are most deserving of the vacation trips offered to the girls who work for a livelihood. We would like every reader to vote the coupons which appear on page two each day. Any young lady who earns her own living may enter the con-

The Bee will pay all of the expenses of the trips and furnish additional transportation, so it will not be necessary to go alone. Read over the rules



## Twelve Splendid Vacation Trips

From Omaha to Chicago on the Mil-waukee. Chicago to Buffalo via the Nickel Plate. Ten days at the Mari-borough and the Pan-American Ex-position. Return via Chicago with a day at the Grand Pacific hotel.

From Omaha to Hot Springs, S. D., over the Fremont, Eikhorn & Missouri Valley railroad. Two weeks at the Hotel Evans at Hot Springs, with privileges of the plunge and baths. From Omaha to Minneapolis on the Northwestern. From Minneapolis to Lake Minnetonka over the Great Northern, with two weeks at the Hotel St. Louis.

From Omaha to Chicago on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Two days at the Grand Pacific. Chicago to Lake Geneva, Wis., on the Northwestern. Two weeks at the Garreson house. Return via the same routes.

From Omaha to Chicago via the Northwestern with a day's stop at the Grand Pacific hotel. From Chicago to Waukesha, Wis. with two weeks at the Fountain Spring house.

From Omaha to Denver over the Burlington. Three days at the Brown Palace hotel, a day's excursion to Georgetown through Clear Creek Canyon. From Denver to Colorado Springs on the Denver & Rio Grande to the Garden of the Gods, a trip up Pike's Peak, with headquarters for ten days at the Alta Vista hotel at Colorado Springs.

From Omaha to Lake Okoboji on the Milwaukee. Two weeks at The lan at Lake Okoboji. Return via the Mil-waukee.

From Omaha to Kansas City over the Missouri Pacific with three days at Kansas City at the Coates house. Kansas City to Pertie Springs, Mo., with two weeks at Hotel Minnewawa.

From Omaha to St. Louis over the Omaha & St. Louis and Wabash lines, with three days at the Southern hotel. From Bt. Louis to Toledo with a day at the Boody house. From Toledo to Put-in-Bay via the Detroit & Cleveland steamship, with two weeks at the Hotel Victory.

Island. Three days at the Brown Palace hotel. A day's excursion on the Colorado road through Clear Creek Canyon to Georgetown and The Loup. From Denver to Glenwood Springs via the Denver & Rio Grande. Ten days at the Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs. Return via the same routes.

From Omaha to Salt Lake via the Union Pacific. Ten days at the Hotel Knutsford, Salt Lake, with privileges of Saltair Beach. Return on the Union Pacific via Denver with three days stop at the Brown Palace hotel, a day's excursion from Denver to Georgetown and the Loup through Clear Creek Canyon on the Colorado road.

From Omaha to Chicago via the Illinois Central, with a day at the Grand Pacific Chicago to Charlevots via the Pere Marquette railroad. Ten days at the Hotel Belvidere at Charlevots. Return via Steamship Manitou to Chicago. Chicago to Omaha via the Illinois Central.

#### OF THE CONTEST:

The trips will be awarded as follows: Four trips to the four young ladies living in Omaha receiving the most votes; one trip to the young lady in South Omaha receiving the most votes; one trip to the young lady in Council Bluffs receiving the most votes; three trips to the young ladies living in Nebraska outside of Omaha and South Omaha receiving the most votes; two trips to the young ladies living in lowa outside of Council Bluffs receiving the most votes; and one trip to the young lady in South Dakota receiving the most

The young lady receiving the highest number of votes will have the first choice of the trips, the next highest second choice, and so on.

No votes will be counted for any young lady who does not earn her own living.

All votes must be made on coupons cut from page 2 of The Bee. Prepayments of subscriptions may be made either direct to The Bee Publishing Company, or to an authorised agent of The Bee.

No votes sent in by agents will be counted unless accompanied by the cash, in accordance with instructions sent them.

No votes will be counted for employes of The Omaha Bee.

The vote from day to day will be published in all editions of The Bee. The contest will close at 5 p. m. July 22, 1901.

Votes will be counted when made on a coupon cut from The Omaha Bee and deposited at The Bee Business Office or mailed addressed

### "Vacation Contest Department,"

Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

#### Table and Kitchen Practical Suggestions About Food and

Daily Menns. THURSDAY.

Fruit. Frizzied Ham in Cream Gravy.
Baked Potatoes.
Baking Powder Biscuit. Thin Slices Cold Braised Veal.
Tomato Mayonnaise.
Fruit. Wafers.

Tea. DINNER. Vegetable Soup.

Baked Chicken Pie.

Mashed Potatoes. New Beets. Frozen Rice Pudding, Orange Compote Coffee.

FRIDAY BREAKFAST. ed Codfish. Cream.
Potato Cakes.
Coffee. Fruit. LUNCH.

DINNER. Planked Whitefish. Cucumber Sauce. New Potatoes with Butter and Parsely. Creamed Onlons.

Cress and Egg Salad. BATURDAY BREAKFAST.

Cereal. French Omelet. Potato Roll. Cream. Crisp Bacon. Toast. LUNCH. Clam Chowder. Wafers

Cereal Coffee. DINNER. Green Pea Soup. k. French Fried Potatoes. Cold Slaw. Fruit Salad. Cheese Waters. SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST. Molded Cereal.
Breaded Lamb Chops Fresh Pineapple Peas. d Lamb Chops. Creamed Tomatoes. Coffee. Rolls DINNER.

Iced Consomme.
Planked Shad. Creamed Roc.
New Potatoes. Cauliflower.
comatoes Stuffed with Cucumbers. Orange Jelly with Strawberries SUPPER.

Crab Salad. Queen's Style. wn Bread and Nut Sandwiches. Fruit. Wafers. Lemonade. OLD-FASHIONED DISHES.

Some of the Good Intage that Grandmother Used to Cook.

When all is told, there is a relish in the old-fashioned dishes made from recipes handed down with religious care from some well beloved grandmother, who in her time possessed with her many other virtues the knowledge of good cooking. Many of these recipes, to be sure, need a considerable amount of good judgment the part of the modern housewife in order to get them just right, for while our grandmothers gauged to a nicety the prothey did not always give a formula with directions for mixing the materials togother. Then, too, while the quality of materials may not have changed, the mode of gelatine, tapioca and many other materials

dishes, we have a variety that may be use half a pound of butter. classed as stews and fricasses. dishes are really more appetizing for hot weather dishes than when meats are

This is a dish that is appetizing and not greasy, which is the objectionable feature of so many meat stews. Have six chops cut from the neck of mutton; flour them well and lay them in a stewing pan with spoonful of butter and place over a quick fire, where they will brown nicely, turning the chops and stirring the onions to prevent burning. When the onion and hops are light brown add a pint of cold water. If fat arises to the top of the pan skim it off carefully. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper; cover the stewing pan and set where the meat will simmer gently. Cook one and one-half hours and skim again. Add a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sause and see if the gravy is well seasoned. Pare and add eight or ten rather small potatoes cut in half, lengthwise; cover closely and simmer again until the petatoes are done. Let the potatoes lie on top of the meat so they will steam. Do not cover them with the liquid, as this will make quantity of broth and not a good, rich

Arrange the chops in the center of a bot platter, with the potatoes around the edge. Pour the gravy over the meat and sprinkle a little minced paraley over it all. A carrot cut in cubes and boiled separately in salted water may be mixed with the potato porder and add color as well as flavor to the dish.

A Simple Haricot of Mutton. Take nice rib chops and trim off nearly all the fat. Flour them well, lay in a stewpan with a very little fat, and brown them well without burning them; when done add one carrot and one turnip cut into cubes, an onion sliced, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of salt. and water enough to just cover. Cook very gently for two and one-half hours. Skim off every particle of grease. Take up the chops; arrange them around a mound of string beans, which have been cut in twoinch pieces. Form a border around the chops of the carrots and turnips, and set the dish where it will keep hot while you prepare a brown sauce from the strained

liquer. Season this and pour over the

me and serve. A Nice Potato Pudding with Meat. Boil the potatoes as for mashing, rub through a colunder or put through a prese make a thick batter with milk and beaten eggs, cut underdone roust beef or steak into rather lerge pieces and lay in bottom of the dish; then a layer of the batter; then more ment, seasoning well; more batter and e on until all is used, having top layer of the batter. Bake a nice brown in moderately hot oven.

Macaroni Pudding.

Simmer two ounces of macaroni in a pint of milk until tender, with a bit of lemon peel and a small piece of cinnamon; then put into a pudding dish with milk the yolks of two eggs, white of one, sugar, nutineg and a little candled ginger root. border of paste around the edge of the dish and bake a n'ce brown in moderate oven. A layer of orange marmalade or portion of liquids and solids necessary | raspberry jam may be used instead of the

Apple Charlotte.

Cut as many very thin sitces of white preparation of such commodities as flour, bread as will cover the bottom and line the sides of a brking dish that is rubbed thick in common use have been greatly improved with butter. Then put apples in thin upon. Of quite recent years and since slices into the dish, in layers, till full, we have stirred up an interest in our co- strewing with sugar and bits of butter beionial history, we have revived and re- tween. In the meantime coak as many thin discovered many delightful old-time silcos of bread as will cover the top, in dishes: while others have been with us warm milk. Lay over all a plate, to keep

and handed down from generation to gener- the bread close to the apples. Bake slowly

Fresh Apple Pan-Dowdy.

Butter a deep, brown, earthen puddingdish; peel and slice apples enough to fill it; for two quarts of apples, use a teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon and salt, half a pound of brown sugar, half a pint of cider or water. Thoroughly mix the spice, sait and sugar upon the apples and pour the water or elder over them. Count with a ninkr mine rentary har dures hours, taking care that the oven is not hot enough to burn the crust. This may be eaten hot or cold, with sugar and cream. Blackberry Potpie.

If you have bread dough on hand use that, if not make a soft baking powder dough with two cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Butter a deep dish, put in a thin layer of the dough, cover with the berries, then sprinkle with sugar; add another layer of dough, then more berries and sugar and a top layer of dough. Make a small, round hole in the center of each layer of dough, except the bottom one. Set the basin in a steamer and steam three hours. Serve with cream. Cherries or peaches may be used instead of the blackberries and are delicious. Bits of butter added to the fruit is an improvement.

Grandmother's Cherry Pudding.

Beat three eggs very light without separating them; add to them two cupfuls of milk. Measure three and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour; add to this three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of sait, and sift thoroughly. Make a hollow in the center and slowly pour in the liquid, mixing in the flour until you have a smooth batter, then add two level tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two cupfuls of stoned cherries, well drained and dredged with flour. Stir well into the batter and then turn into the pudding dish or mould, cover closely and steam for three hours. The water in the steamer or botler must boll continuously, and if more must be added replenish with boiling water.

Mrs. McKinley Driving.

CANTON, O., July 9.—After attending to the official work this morning the president took Mrs. McKinley for a drive. Both seem to be in excellent health and spirits.

