

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Things to Be Thankful For

Now Thanksgiving day we see  
And we should thank for  
If you do not know just what  
Are the blessings you have got.  
Let us mention just a few  
Which may be yours to boot:

That your girls are not boys, and are  
not, therefore, filled with a consuming  
ambition to play football.

That your boys are not girls, and will  
the nice little things they have learned to  
make at cooking school.

That up to date none of the aviators has  
fallen down through our chimney fire,  
filling your drawing room with yells and  
sobs.

That you are not a king of Portugal  
thrown upon a cold and heartless world  
and reduced to the necessity of looking for  
a job.

That the elections are all over and that  
you therefore know the worst, and can  
you have bet the wrong way your last  
year's tie is in a pretty good condition,  
anyhow.

That, thanks to the butcher's having re-  
fused you a further extension of credit,  
that particular bill won't grow any bigger.

That, having during the last year lost the  
last remnant of your hair, your capillary  
attractions have at last ceased to fall out.

That your joy-riding chauffeur having re-

duced your \$2.00 car to scrapiron, you are  
relieved of a \$2.00 annual expense in main-  
taining him and it.

That whatever else happens in the way of  
draining your pocketbook, you won't have  
to draw a check for the payment of your  
own funeral expenses.

That your well-beloved wife considers her  
new winter hat a dream—only tread softly  
lest you both wake up when the first of  
the month brings the whistling postman to  
your door with sundry requests from the  
little milliner.

That having remained a poor, obscure  
novelist all your days, there is no tempta-  
tion for any mean-spirited, envious person  
to try to pull you down off your pedestal  
and prove to posterity that you didn't know  
a bean when you met one.

That, not being a woman, you don't have  
to wear a lousy skirt to trip you up when  
you go walking in public, or carry your  
car fare in a small portable inside a  
pocketbook, inside a wallet, wrapped up in  
a handkerchief, inside a chain bag, inside  
your muff.

That, not being a man, you don't have  
to smoke cheap cigars, pretending that you  
like them better than those made of real  
tobacco, or think up foolishly transparent  
excuses for having stayed at the club  
until 4 o'clock in the morning.

That, not being a woman, you don't have  
to wear a lousy skirt to trip you up when  
you go walking in public, or carry your  
car fare in a small portable inside a  
pocketbook, inside a wallet, wrapped up in  
a handkerchief, inside a chain bag, inside  
your muff.

## Delicacies for Thanksgiving

**Cranberry Pie**—A rather deep pie  
plate with a plain crust. Put on a border  
of richer paste, fill with cranberries  
cooked according to directions for stewed  
cranberries and put top of crust over the  
top, making squares or diamonds, as pre-  
ferred. Bake until the crust is brown.

**Cranberry and Raisin Pie**—Allow to each  
pie a cup and a half of cranberries and  
a half cup of raisins—the latter should be  
seeded and the berries washed and cut in  
two. Mix with them a cup of sugar, a  
tablespoonful of flour and a teaspoonful  
of butter. Fill a pie plate lined with  
crust, heaping slightly in the middle.  
Cover with an upper crust and bake in a  
hot oven.

**Mother's Fried Cakes**—Stir to a cream  
two cups of sugar and flour, tablespoonful  
of softened butter or drippings; add one  
cup each of milk and water, two well  
beaten eggs, four teaspoonfuls of baking  
powder sifted in four cups of flour, a tea-

spoonful of salt and cinnamon or nutmeg  
to flavor. Add enough more flour to make  
a soft dough, cut in rings or twists and  
drop into a kettle of boiling fat. When  
the cakes rise and brown on one side  
turn deftly on the other without piercing  
the cruller, then as soon as browned lift  
out on brown paper. When nearly cool  
roll in powdered sugar if desired.

**Hermits**—Stir to a cream two cups of  
sugar and one cup of lard. Add one cup  
of molasses, two well beaten eggs, two  
level teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in one  
cup of warm water, two teaspoonfuls of  
cinnamon and one each of cloves and salt.  
Add six cups of sifted flour and one cup  
of fruit (English currants, seeded raisins  
or chopped prunes), mix soft and cut in  
any shape preferred. Fine gingerbread  
men and horses can be made with this  
batter where the cook possesses the re-  
quisite artistic temperament and small  
children are to be catered to.

## Sixty Years a Mail Clerk and Longs for Pension at the Age of Seventy-Six

Daniel J. Rooney, now 76 years old, and  
for more than sixty years an employee of  
the Postoffice department in New York  
city, still, despite his advanced years, his weak-  
ened muscles and long service, reports  
for duty at the same hour as the proba-  
tionary men and remains on duty until the  
youngest clerk in the department quits.

While Mr. Rooney has little complaint to  
make, he admits he would like to get a  
pension and retire after his years of ser-  
vice, but knows there is no chance for  
him.

He goes to work every day, with the ex-  
ception of his day off each week, at 8  
o'clock, and in order to reach the General  
postoffice at this time has to leave his  
home at 6:30. Although he was appointed  
in 1850, in all those years he has lost only  
six days, despite storms, illness and every-  
thing else.

Mr. Rooney was appointed a carrier in  
1850. There was not a regular salary in  
those days, but each carrier received 1  
cent from every letter delivered. He had  
been in nearly three years when there was  
a general cleaning out of the office. Mr.  
John A. Dix retained him when all the  
other carriers were discharged and he  
has remained with the General postoffice,  
then at Nassau street, and Liberty  
streets. Mr. Dix intended to put the car-  
rier in charge of the stamp window, but  
the civil war broke out shortly after that

and Mr. Dix was one of the first to enlist.  
When Mr. Charles W. Dayton was post-  
master of the city he made Mr. Rooney  
assistant superintendent of the postoffice,  
at a salary of \$1,000, and he remained in  
this position until the appointment of Cor-  
nellius Van Cott, who assigned him to the  
incoming mail desk, at a salary of \$1,000.

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## Much Wanted Recipes

**Cream of Celery Soup**—Cook one head  
of celery stalks and light leaves in a pint  
of water for forty-five minutes; mash the  
celery and put through a pure strainer;  
add a pint of scalded milk and thicken  
with a tablespoonful of flour mixed with  
a little of the cold milk; add two table-  
spoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to  
season and simmer ten minutes; just be-  
fore serving add a cupful of whipped  
cream, with tiny pieces of browned  
croutons.

**Salted Chestnuts**—These are prepared  
same as peanuts or almonds. Cut off the  
shells with a sharp penknife; then blanch  
by pouring boiling water over them; let  
them stand a few minutes then rub off  
the inner skin; dry in the sun or a cool  
oven; when dry, pour over them melted  
butter or olive oil, allowing a teaspoonful  
to each cupful; let them stand in this for  
half an hour; then sprinkle with salt, toss  
to distribute evenly, put them in a bright  
saucepan and set the oven from ten to  
fifteen minutes, until a golden brown;  
stir frequently while the are crisping.

**Cranberry Mould**—This should be  
prepared the day ahead, so that the berries  
may be properly moulded. Look over two  
quarts of the berries, wash, clean and put  
in a granite kettle with two cups of boiling  
water. Cook twenty minutes, shaking the  
kettle often so they will not stick. Add  
four cups of sugar and cook ten minutes  
longer, watching constantly, as they are  
apt to burn after the sugar has been  
added. Mix with two jelly moulds or  
bowls with cold water and turn the ber-  
ries into the set, where they will get  
cold. When ready to turn out dip the  
mould for an instant in hot water, then  
turn out on plates or a low dish, one for  
each end of the table. If these directions  
have been followed they will be in perfect  
form.

**Butternut and Apple Salad**—Cut small  
round slices from the top of a half dozen  
nice red apples; hollow them out, making  
the pieces scooped out as large as pos-  
sible, but take care not to spoil the shape  
of the apples; cut the pieces into cubes and  
put into a bowl, cut into pieces of the same  
size and equal quantity of celery leaves  
and butternut; add a cup of mayonnaise  
and mix lightly; add a half cupful of  
whipped cream, toss and fill the apples.

**Mayonnaise**—To begin with, put your  
eggs, olive oil, bowl in which you are  
going to mix the mayonnaise, fork and  
saw butter into the icebox until thoroughly  
chilled.

Measure a half teaspoonful each of must-  
ard, sugar and salt and put into a pint

bowl with a few grains of cayenne; pour  
out a cupful of olive oil and stand one  
cup of the bowl; put the yolks of two eggs in  
with the condiment and stir for a moment;  
now begin pouring in the olive oil,  
by little, at first only a few drops at  
a time; keep stirring until the eggs begin  
to thicken, then you can add the oil a  
little more rapidly; when it gets quite thick  
you can pour in the oil by the spoonful,  
alternating with vinegar and lemon juice,  
until you have used two tablespoonfuls  
of each; when ready to serve, if you wish it  
particularly rich, you may add a half cup  
of whipped cream; do not put the dressing  
on your salad until ready to serve, else  
it liquefies; many prefer to use a Dover  
egg beater after the mayonnaise begins to  
thicken; others use a fork all through the  
beating.

If the eggs does not thicken quickly or  
looks curdled, a teaspoonful of the unbeaten  
white of egg will usually restore it to the  
proper consistency.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

**Thanksgiving.**  
I beat my peck at front door  
"Cause I must open it, you see.  
An' let my grampa in. He's come  
to pick me up—he told me so.  
He's wot he says an' 'wot he gets  
will muffer off, an' overcoat.  
I can't see him, he's wot he gets  
(A grampa talks 'way down his throat.)

"Th' cushion underneath his feet  
It makes a better lap, you know,  
An' he's wot he gets, an' 'wot he gets  
will muffer off, an' overcoat.  
I can't see him, he's wot he gets  
(A grampa talks 'way down his throat.)

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I can't see him, he's wot he gets  
(A grampa talks 'way down his throat.)

He know 'ur how you feel inside  
Round Thanksgiving-time you see.  
He likes to 'member 'em, an' 'wot he gets  
will muffer off, an' overcoat.  
I can't see him, he's wot he gets  
(A grampa talks 'way down his throat.)

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(A grampa talks 'way down his throat.)

## WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE.

BY ED. GRINHAM



## The Purist

Mrs. Wiggins has the very great mis-  
fortune to be married to a purist, and  
what she has to endure, so her neighbors  
say, passes all belief. For instance, here  
is a conversation said to have been over-  
heard by the Dubbes, who live next door,  
one morning last week:

"Henry," called Mrs. Wiggins from up-  
stairs, addressing Mr. Wiggins, who had  
just got up early to start the furnace, "what's  
the thermometer this morning?"

"Same as usual, my dear," Mr. Wiggins  
replied, calling up through the flue. "It  
is a little instrument made of metal, glass,  
and mercury designed to show degrees of  
heat and cold. It is a simple and inex-  
pensive little contrivance, and no home  
should be without one."

"I mean, what does it say?" returned  
Mrs. Wiggins, with an expression of coun-  
tenance which, not having been seen, can  
only be imagined.

"It does not say anything, my love," re-  
plied Mr. Wiggins, brushing some soot out  
of his locks. "Up to this time nobody  
has thought to invent a talking thermom-  
eter, though I suppose that it would be  
possible by means of a phonographic at-  
tachment which operated by a delicately  
adjusted device of some sort to get the re-  
sults which you seem to believe are al-  
ready attained."

"Oh, you know what I mean," retorted  
Mrs. Wiggins, somewhat stridently.  
"Where is the thermometer, then, if you  
are going to be so very, very particular."

"It is just where we left it last night,  
down here," returned Mr. Wiggins, "over-  
to the left-hand jamb of the front door."  
I fancy that if it had not been screwed up  
it would have disappeared long ago. Where  
did you think it was?"

"Has it risen or fallen?" demanded the  
lady.

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Wiggins. "If  
it had risen, I think we should have seen  
the old screw-holes in the place where it  
had been, and as for falling, I know it  
hasn't done that, because thermometers  
are rather fragile things, and if it had  
fallen at any time there would have been  
signs about it, at least, even if the whole  
thing had not been shattered to pieces."  
Don't worry about it, anyhow, I fastened  
it on the door-jamb myself, and with four  
screws it can hardly come loose—that is,  
not all at once."

"Henry Wiggins," roared the lady's voice,  
growing more than severe, and having  
about it certain qualities of sharpness,  
"do you mean to tell me where the mer-  
cury stands, or not?"

"Of course I do, love," replied Mr. Wiggins,  
lighting the fire at last. "It stands in the  
little glass tube that runs from the bulb  
at the base of the thermometer up to the  
top. Where did you suppose it stood—on  
its head?"

Here the conversation stopped.  
Later in the day Mrs. Dubbe, meeting

Mr. Wiggins with his head bandaged up on his  
way to catch the trolley, smiled sweetly.  
"Ah, Mr. Wiggins," said she, archly.  
"Has Mrs. Wiggins been taking the broom-  
stick to you, that you have your head  
bandaged up?"

"No, madame," said Mr. Wiggins, coldly.  
"We do not use broomsticks in my household.  
We use vacuum cleaners."

"Well, I guess they are more appropri-  
ate!" said Mrs. Dubbe, significantly.  
"It started in very warm this morning,  
didn't it?"

"You bet it did!" said Mr. Wiggins as he  
moved on. "Some cloudy, too!"—Leslie's.

**The Call of the West.**  
The following story illustrates what can  
be accomplished by a rolling stone rolling  
in the right direction: A boy of 15, the son  
of a mechanic in a small town, began to  
get restless. He longed for a wider field  
and better chance than those offered by  
the odd jobs he had thus far been able to  
obtain. A relative came from the north-  
west, where he had gone years before, and  
his stories of the newer country fascinat-  
ed the youngster. Eventually arrange-  
ments were made whereby the boy could  
have the sum of \$100 to start out on his  
own. He had a job in the electric lighting  
plant where he himself was employed. The  
lad's pay was \$4 a week at the outset and  
he paid his relative \$2.00 for board. Elec-  
tricity interested him deeply and he spent  
much of his spare time studying its prac-  
tice and theory. At the end of two years  
his pay had been doubled and the company  
was greatly interested in him. He sent  
some money home occasionally, and began  
saving \$1.00 weekly. By the fifth year he  
was getting \$100 a month and had \$1,000 in  
a building and loan association.

Then he married a girl who had saved  
\$500. With \$1,500 as a starter he bought a  
lot in a new section of the town and built  
a home, the place costing \$4,000, and being  
carried on a \$2,000 mortgage. It was cer-  
tain that the neighborhood they selected,  
though then mostly commons, would soon  
be a fine residence district. The young man  
had an eye to the interest of the company  
and made an arrangement whereby prac-  
tically every modern convenience and a  
highly modern system of lighting were  
installed in his house, the company bearing  
out part of the cost. This resulted in put-  
ting the electric current in every new  
house built in that section; for, when  
people saw his home, nothing but elec-  
tricity was considered in their plans. Today,  
after fifteen years, this man is superin-  
tendent of the electric company, with a  
salary of \$200 a month; his home is clear  
and another house is being paid for on the  
building and loan plan.—Saturday Evening  
Post.

## Of Interest to Women

The English Anti-Suffrage society has  
just published an appeal for a \$500,000 fund  
to be devoted to fighting the growing suf-  
frage party.

Carriage boots for babies can be bought  
now in the infants' department of a large  
Broadway store. These foot coverings are  
of knitted wool, soft and fleecy, and are  
high, as they reach far up the legs.

The tops are finished with fur edging in  
exactly the same way as are boots for  
grown-ups.

For those who prefer the average length  
boots this same style trimmed with fur  
can be secured.

Babies' mittens in soft grays and white  
angora are attractive, and so are the leg-  
gins and other woolly comforts.

Kid and leather are popular as trim-  
mings, but of course, are expensive, and so  
I suggest using the arm lengths of kid  
gloves after the hand portions have been  
worn out.

From such pieces of kid beautiful quilts  
could be made. The shapes of these kid  
quilt could be any that are desired. The  
framework of them should be buckram,  
and on this the kid is fastened. The stem  
of the quilts may be indicated by tiny  
black or white beads and a border design  
worked, if such is desired.

The edges of the quilt should be made fast  
to a fine silk wire. The back must be lined  
with moire, using the same tone as the kid.  
A row of beads set on closely around the  
edge will give a neat finish.

Small cut gold beads worked into tan  
suede will be a pretty combination, as will  
steel or silver applied to gray.

"Religion and the Woman Question"  
was the subject of one meeting at the  
recent World's Congress of Free Chris-  
tians and Religious Liberals at Berlin.  
On that day the audience crowded not only  
the hall, but the stairs and corridors.  
There were ten speakers. Rev. Charles W.  
Wentle says in the Christian Register:  
"According to the daily press of Berlin,  
the palm for oratorical impression must  
be yielded to Rev. Effie M. Jones, D. D.,  
a Universalist pastor of Iowa, who spoke  
on 'Women in the Pulpit.' The news-  
papers dilate on her impressive appear-  
ance, the carrying power of her voice, her  
self-possession and wise and witty dis-  
course, all of which illustrated and com-  
mended the cause for which she pleaded.  
Mrs. Clara T. Guild, head of the Tucker-  
man School for Pastors' Assistants in Bos-  
ton, gave a well-considered account of her  
work, its aims and results. Mrs. Herbert  
Smith and Miss Helen Harford of London  
presented the work of women in the Eng-  
lish and American churches."

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big  
Returns.

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**NATURAL CONCLUSION.**  
"My hat is heated by hot air,  
don't you know?"  
"I didn't know you were gas-  
tated."

**MISUNDERSTOOD.**  
"I thought I heard him say I  
was simply beautiful."  
"No, dear; he said you were  
beautifully stupid!"

**HE KNEW.**  
"What, in your opinion, is the  
most essential thing for perfect  
happiness?"  
"Food!"

## Brightside and His Boy

"Dames with Birdlike Appetites,"  
Their Latest Tabloid  
Sketch.

"There is a man out in Chicago trying  
to eat thirty-two quail in thirty-two days,"  
begins Brightside, when Son has signified  
his intention of lingering for a brief season  
at verbal calisthenics.

"Looks easy to you little Willie!" com-  
ments Son, as he strikes up a match for  
the "coffin nail."

"I've heard it said that no one has ever  
been able to accomplish the feat," contin-  
ues Father.

"Whenever you get ready to buy, Pop, I  
am willing to tackle the job," answers  
Son. "The coo quail, perched upon golden  
brown toast, is one of my favorite fruits.  
I could die eating the little birdies."

"They say that is what happens to any-  
one when he gets up near the thirty mark,"  
says Father, discouragingly.

"I've paid the check for bright-eyed  
dames who I think could eat fifty quail  
dinner in one after-theater supper," Son com-  
plains. "If anybody wants to take the short  
end of one of those bird bits, all he needs  
to do to cop it off is to pick an eater from  
the Great White Way. You'll find a bunch  
of kiddos in that Alley who can eat a quail  
a minute and never wink an eyelash or  
pay a check."

"This city seems to be quite a place for  
eating," ruminates Father.

"It's the last word in Big Eats, all right,"  
asserts Son. "If those Chicago chaps have  
got a bundle of long green that worries 'em  
to cart around, all they need to do to flag  
it is to try out that quail game along  
Broadway. Why, there are cute little  
girls you'd think might almost die of in-  
digestion from eating a pink gum drop,  
who can make disappear in one evening  
more small hot birds and large cold bottles  
than any person in my set could ever pay  
for if he worked overtime a million years."

"I had no idea the New York women  
possessed such tremendous appetites," ex-  
claims Father in amazement.

"It's a cinch you never had to soak your  
watch and diamond locket to get together  
sufficient stimulants to liquidate one theater  
supper check," declares Son. "If the res-  
taurants didn't close up before morning,  
there's many a chap who would have to  
pawn his shoes before the head waiter  
would let him beat it to catch a 5-cent taxi-  
cab to take the dame home in."

"I shouldn't think a young man would



care to spend all of his earnings to buy  
food for such extravagant creatures," pro-  
tests Father.

"One girl stings one fellow once," Son  
says firmly. "That's all. But that's too  
much. Only after long experience can  
even the wisest of us men spot the big  
sters right off the reel. For such there  
are no personally-conducted tours among  
the high priced food emporiums managed  
by yours truly. The quick lunch counter  
for them."

"Of course," explains Father, "the food  
in our best restaurants is most temptingly  
prepared."

"You don't have to tempt the skirts suf-  
fering from Broadwayitis to lead them  
into an eating place to get away with a  
square meal," retorts Son. "If they can't  
get anything better, a plate of ham and  
with a stack of wheats over the counter  
will make some kind of a hit."

"When I was a youth," says Father remi-  
niscently, "a young woman would never  
think of such a thing as eating supper  
after the theater. It was regarded as quite  
the correct form to possess a bird-like  
appetite."

"That's what they all have now," Son  
insists, "but the birds have to be broiled  
quail served on toast. All the dames fur-  
nish is the appetite."

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## Some Suggestions About Amateur Photography by an Authority

Amateur photography that includes ex-  
posing, developing and printing pictures  
taken is fascinating and, contrary to the  
general opinion, no special apparatus, a  
dark room, etc., is necessary to success.  
The requisites can be made at home.

Of course the first essential is camera or  
kiosk that will take clear photos.

This does not necessarily mean an ex-  
pensive instrument. In fact, a noted pho-  
tographer declares that the simpler the  
construction of the camera the better, if it  
is perfectly light-tight. He adds: "The  
best camera for general use is one which  
will make photographs four by five inches,  
or five by seven inches, adjusted for use  
on a tripod."

The model camera is light and compact  
and should be capable of reversing. While  
a tripod is an aid to successful photogra-  
phy, the kodak, etc., that is held in the  
hand will take excellent pictures.

Most persons know, without being told,  
that a photograph should only be made  
with the sun shining from behind the cam-  
era or from one side of it.

The experience gained from developing  
plates at home, too, is valuable. For in-  
stance, when a person is not sure how long  
to expose a plate it is well to use a second  
plate on the same subject, giving it either  
longer or a shorter exposure. When  
developing the plate it will be readily as-  
certained which makes the better picture.

Of course, in the case of a snapshot  
camera the button is simply pressed.

In choosing subjects for beginners pro-  
fessional photographers are agreed that  
simple objects, preferably landscapes, are  
best. After taking the pictures the develop-  
ment process comes.

Any room from which all rays of sun  
or white light can be excluded will answer  
the purpose of the dark room. There  
should be running water, but if this is im-  
practicable then a pail of fresh water and  
another for washing the waste water must  
be provided. The kitchen or bath room  
may be utilized at night or if a room can  
be made dark by covering the window  
with a dark cloth, except one pane which  
should be covered with red glass or paper,  
the developing can be done in the day  
time. A single ray of white light reaches  
the sensitive plate it will be spoiled.

The red light does not affect it unfavor-  
ably. Therefore, when developing at  
night a red light may be used to work by.  
Two trays will be necessary, a four ounce  
graduated glass and a minim graduate for

measuring the solutions; also a small pair  
of scales.

The chemicals required are a package of  
dry plates, a pound of hyposulphite of  
soda, a pound of bromide of potassium and  
a package of developer containing two  
solutions.

Though there are developers ready pre-  
pared, if amateurs wish to use them, the  
following formula is unsurpassed:

Pyrogallol, one ounce; sulphite of soda,  
four ounces; sulphuric acid, four ounces,  
and water, ten ounces. In another vessel  
put together carbonate of potash, three  
ounces; carbonate of soda, one dram;  
water, ten ounces. The developing fluids  
made by mixing one dram each of the  
solutions with one ounce of water.

The plate should be placed on a tray  
filled with water and allowed to remain  
a few moments, when it must be trans-  
ferred to a second tray containing the de-  
veloper. The plate should be held by the  
edges and not touched—that is, the sensi-  
tive side of it. The plain glass will ap-  
pear right and glistening, the sensitive  
side dull.

At first a dark streak will appear in  
the middle of the plate, then half of the  
negative will darken. This is the sky.  
Soon the details will be observed, and  
then care and patience must be exercised.  
The tray should be gently rocked to and  
fro until the picture is clearly seen, and  
the milky white appearance of the plate  
is changed to a dark gray color.

The plate must then go into the fixing  
bath after being washed in two or three  
clean waters.

The fixing bath is prepared by simply  
dissolving four ounces of the hyposulphite  
of soda in twenty ounces of water. The  
negative must remain in this solution until  
all yellowness disappears.

After the "fixing" the plate should be  
placed under running water and then set  
to dry. When dry it is ready for printing.  
For this process the plate is placed in the  
frame film side up, then a sheet of print-  
ing paper is laid on the negative, sensitive  
side down. The wooden back is then put  
in. When firmly secured exposure to the  
sunlight, on a window sill or similar place,  
No shadow must fall on the plate.

From one to two minutes is usually long  
enough for the printing. When taken from  
the frame the prints should be placed in a  
box or drawer away from the light.

ELIZABETH LEE.

## Turkey Talk

**St. Louis Globe-Democrat.**  
**Real Pathos.**  
Jacob A. Rila, the brilliant author and  
journalist, was discussing in New York  
his experience as a police reporter.

"They were intense experiences. The  
pathetic one had, indeed, such an in-  
tensity that they couldn't be used in litera-  
ture—they'd seem overdramatic."

"For example, one cold and dreary  
Thanksgiving evening, as I passed a fa-  
mous restaurant, I saw a little urchin  
standing before the area. Through the  
area gratings the kitchen, brilliantly il-  
luminated, could be seen. The cook, in  
his white dress, basted a half dozen great  
brown birds."

"Hi, Timmy!" the urchin cried, and a  
second youngster turned toward him.

"Hi, Timmy! Come an' eat yer crust  
in the small from this here kitchen. It  
makes it taste just like roast turkey!"

**Splendid Chance to Rise.**  
"Turkey raising is an arduous business,"  
said Thomas Q. Rogers, a wholesale pou-  
ltry dealer of Baltimore. "Day and night  
you must look after your birds, the same  
as you look after horses."

"California turkeys are very fine. They  
are very well taken care of. It is no snap  
to work on a California turkey farm, I  
tell you."

"Your references are good. I'll try  
you, the farmer."

"Will I have a chance to rise, sir?" the  
boy asked.

**A Gourmet's View.**  
Senator D. W. approved of the advent of  
Thanksgiving, in an interview in  
Washington, the turkey.

"I have eaten twenty-five or thirty-  
pound turkeys," said Senator Depew,  
that were as sweet and tender as young  
partridges. Rosini adored such birds.  
Rosini, you know, was no less famous as  
a gourmet than as a musician. Yes, Ros-  
ini asked nothing better, on a dreary  
autumn evening, than to tuck his napkin,  
French fashion, under his chin, and fall to  
upon a turkey dinner.

"And may we all have, on the 24th, the  
appetite of Rosini, who once said:

"The only trouble with a turkey is  
that it's too much for one person and not  
enough for two."

**Aristocratic Ignorance.**  
Mrs. Maria Lang Matheson, the Den-  
ver cooking expert, said in a recent lec-  
ture on "The Choice of the Thanksgiving  
Turkey":

"The most aristocratic girls are taught  
the science of the kitchen nowadays. It  
is no longer as it was in my childhood.  
"In my childhood, as I waited in a  
butcher's, I heard a customer say:  
"What sort of a person is the woman  
who has taken the Clew house?"  
"Oh, a perfect lady!" the butcher cried  
warmly. "She can't tell a sirloin of beef  
from a leg of lamb!"

**Bigger, Better, Buzzer**—That is what is  
verting in The Bee will do for you  
business.