

A. Herpolsheimer & Co

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NOT for many years has THE OUTLOOK published a serial feature which has attracted such widespread attention as Booker T. Washington's autobiography, "Up from Slavery." These articles are now to be published in substantial book form, by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York, and we have arranged to make a most unusual and attractive offer to you for an advance order. The arrangement with Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., who are also publishers of "The World's Work," a magazine of a new kind, beautifully illustrated, and edited by Mr. Walter H. Page, provides for the offer of the following at exactly half price.

- Full year's subscription to THE COURIER..... \$1.00
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**HUTCHINS & HYATT,
SELECT OAK AND HICKORY WOOD
SAWED ANY LENGTH.**

recommended to us for his skill and honesty by the proprietor of the hotel a most unusual thing, for the Filipino has acquired such a reputation for treachery and dishonesty that it is rare indeed to find any one, even his own countrymen, willing to take the responsibility of recommending him for any position. In this case I am bound to say in justice to both that we never had cause to complain. Federico was about forty years old, very quiet, dignified and uncommunicative. No doubt his small salary was eked out by many little commissions, for the marketing was left entirely to him. He was required to bring us an itemized list of his purchases every day but as we were completely ignorant of the actual prices and had no way of knowing what they were, we were none the wiser. I once insisted upon going to market with him but placing me behind a booth in charge of a pretty Filipina friend with whom he seemed to have an excellent understanding, he excused himself for a moment and I saw nothing more of him until he came to tell me he was ready to go home. However, I believe him to have been honest as he understood it. In any case, it would have cost us more to have done the marketing ourselves, for where he received one commission we should have paid two. Through Federico we engaged a house boy, Fortunato, about sixteen, graceful, smiling and with a burning ambition to wear a white suit and speak English. His satisfaction was unbounded when he was able to say, "Dinner ees serv."

And so one day our baggage, our boys and ourselves formed in procession for the little house in Ermita and a new experience was initiated. Of course there were hitches, but in the main, everything went very smoothly. I soon found it expedient to lengthen the intervals between my excursions into the culinary department where it was evident my presence occasioned considerable surprise and was neither expected nor desired. At last completely permeated by climatic indifference and utterly regardless of heredity and training I retired altogether, content to act on the principle that "What the eye doth not see the heart doth not rue." Upon the table by my chair stood a little bell which I tinkled when habit got the better of apathy, and somewhere from the depths below would faintly sound, "Senora," and a scurry of bare feet. Soon a *bata* would come running up the stair two steps at a time pulling on his coat meanwhile, to find out what was wanted; but alas! the filling of my order was a matter of more deliberation, for the very air in Manila is saturated with "Manana." We are told that hurry and worry in the tropics are suicidal; this being so it is evident that Providence has provided well for her sons of that region for these are qualities absolutely wanting in their physical and mental make-up.

There was little variety in our daily fare and it contained few things that were new to us except as to fish, which was always perfectly fresh, of fine flavor and deliciously cooked. Tiny sardines were fried in bunches of four or five, spread out like a fan, their tails pinched together to form the handle, and garnished with slices of lemons about the size of a walnut with green rinds and orange yellow centres; cold fried *boca dulce* (sweet mouth) was served in a piquant French dressing with chopped tomatoes and green sweet peppers. There was a kind called *bamos*, a name I was able to remember because it sounded so like *camos*, and a great many other varieties but with Tagalog names too difficult to remember. The oysters were very small and with a greenish tint that did not recommend them to the eye or taste; lobsters, also were very small. The shrimps were excellent and calamares, a diminutive

squid of a peculiar shade of pink, were served to us as great delicacies. For meat we had beef and occasionally mutton from Australia which as a rule was tough and unmanageable owing to the necessity for cooking it as soon as possible after it was killed. It is said to be impossible to keep it sweet any length of time even on ice; the same necessity spoiled in the same way the chicken and game birds which were brought home alive and allowed to run about the kitchen until a half hour before the meal at which they were to be served. Irish potatoes were imported from Hong Kong and were sweet and yellowish while the sweet potatoes or yams were white and soggy; lettuce and tomatoes were fairly good. One of the invariable courses at tiffin was an omelet made of duck's eggs when hen's eggs were scarce; the eggs were beaten up without milk, poured into a hot pan which was gently rolled from side to side until the contents were of the proper consistency, when the pan was lifted from the fire and struck on the handle by the other hand, thus tossing the golden mass into the desired shape. It was light as a feather, delicately browned and piping hot. We bought our eggs by the hundred of a woman with a voice and face "muy simpatica" who brought them in a basket which she deftly poised on her handsome head. She usually came during tiffin and squatting on the floor beside her basket would begin by asking twice as much as she expected to get, artfully prolonging the parley until the end of the meal when she would reach her "bottom price" from which no amount of further argument could move her, and the matter was settled. The meal hour seemed to be a favorite time for the visits of this class of traders; the conclusion of a bargain was usually followed by the native element concerned retiring into the kitchen where no doubt they discussed our eccentricities over a bowl of our rice.

SPRING.

EMILY GUIWITZ
(For The Courier.)

A robin sat singing
high up in a tree,
As happy as ever
a robin could be:
Till a boy came along,
down below, with his gun,
One flash,—and the song
of our robin was done.

A violet blossom
so meek and so fair,
Bravely held up its head
in the cold April air:
Till a horse, coming down
to the river to drink,
Crushed the life from our violet,
there by the brink.

A bicycle rider
just new to the art,
Started out on the street
with a sad, trembling heart:
Met a cow by the roadside—
what could you expect?
The wheel and the rider
and cow, all were wrecked.

Do you ask why I tell
such a pitiful tale,
At the sound of which strong men
and maidens grow pale?
Why of woe and of death
and destruction I sing?
'Tis a twentieth century
poem on "Spring!"

TO GO UP IN SMOKE.

Connecticut is putting on airs. Experiments have shown that Sumatra wrapping tobacco, fully equal to the imported, can be produced in that state in unlimited quantity. Being a tropical plant it must have conditions created for its growth, and this is done by covering the ground with tents made of cheese cloth. The plants grow nine feet high, with leaves sixteen inches long and of the finest texture. The industry will add at once a million dollars to the value of the state's tobacco crop with prospects of large increase.