

THEY LIKE THEIR FOOD HOT.

The Mexican Way of Preparing Dishes is suggestive of the Desert sands.

Two distinguished looking men sat in a Chicago cafe on a recent evening...

After the two men had read through the menu card, the Chicagoan pulled his spectacles from his nose...

"Very well," answered the Mexican, "let it be a steak. Here, waiter, a nice double sirloin and be sure it's the best you have."

"Were you ever in Mexico?" asked the man with the pompadour. "If you have never been you cannot speak with authority on steaks."

"I have heard of the Mexican steaks," said the Chicagoan. "Will you serve it as you choose? Let us have it after your own liking if you can fix it."

The Mexican ordered tabasco sauce, cayenne pepper, half a dozen spices, and some red pepper. First he literally buried the meat under a covering of cayenne, then drowned it in tabasco and garnished it with the red peppers.

"Now we will wait until the flavors strike into the meat," he said as he leaned back in his chair. A few moments later he handed the Chicagoan a plate with the steak a la Mexican.

Meantime the Mexican was devouring his share of the steak with the utmost satisfaction. "How can you do it, man?" asked the Chicagoan.

"Ah, now it is fine, almost as good as we get in Mexico," he answered. "You people of the north will never learn the value of spices. Do you not like the flavor?"

The Chicagoan pushed back his plate, and sat watching the man opposite him during the rest of the dinner.

INCIDENT OF DELHI DURBAR.

Young Woman Who Rode an Elephant Objected to a Snap-Shot Made of Her.

Many people, especially among the nobility of Great Britain, got their first glimpse of India at the durbar when Lord Curzon was officially elevated to the vicereignty amid scenes of unparalleled pomp.

When she had gone the demonstrator turned to the reporter with the remark: "Just look at the innocent, did you ever see like that? She is a sample of all the rest who buy the stuff. They all pretend to be ignorant of what it is, and always end by buying some of it for a friend."

Extravagant bids were made by those present for the plate of the photograph, but the owner was a prudent young man, and took it to the embarrassed one, showed it to her, casually mentioned that promotion was not coming his way as fast as he could desire, and then handed the negative to her to destroy.

WANTED IT FOR A FRIEND.

The Lady Purchasing Face Lotion Did Not Want It for Her Own Complexion.

The "demonstrator" at the cosmetic and beauty goods counter in a certain department store sighed wearily as she rested her elbow on the show case during a lull in the shopping.

"Looks a bit faded by the side of the other one, don't it?" said the observant demonstrator, as she patted one cheek and then the other. "I know you don't want to buy anything, so I suppose you are curious to know what all this is as it greys on me; the other side is my attempt to improve upon nature."

"If you were a woman and your complexion had gone to seed, and the lines had begun to creep cautiously over various parts of your face, you would trot down to this little counter and get a set of this stuff—four or five boxes in all—and with a little careful practice you could make up so that your own husband wouldn't know you."

"What in the world is this stuff, anyway?" queried the woman.

The demonstrator glanced at the reporter with just the faintest indication of a wink, and replied: "These are remedies for the skin, the very safest kind, prepared especially by reputable physicians for preserving the curicle."

"Well, well; you don't say? Complexion powder? I don't see how any one could use it. But, then, I suppose there are lots of women who do. I wouldn't think of such a thing. But it does look natural, don't it? And, as you say, it might be valuable as a remedy for the skin; but to think of using it to restore the complexion, I wouldn't think of it. And yet, do you know, I have a very dear friend who does use such things. This seems to be especially good, too, and I believe I will get a set of the stuff for my friend; she is always trying something new, and this looks more natural than any I have seen."

The customer paid the price, and as the demonstrator was tying up the package the woman said: "Please put in that list of printed instructions, so that my friend will know how to use it."

"As the customer turned to leave the demonstrator called out, quietly: "Don't forget to rub the face clean with a damp sponge, and don't try to put it on with a dry cloth, and be careful to use the remedies in the proper order," and several other important directions, to all of which the customer listened with the closest attention.

"How could the woman eat if she had no teeth?" she inquired. "And how could she work if she could not eat? There are people marked down on charity books to-day as incorrigibly lazy who got there through dyspepsia caused by bad teeth."

An artificial nose, for a man who had been deprived of that useful member through accident, and a \$50 flexible hand, not to be detected in a glove, for a girl, were among other odds and ends supplied.

Madge—Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man? Dotty—I suppose so; but it's just awful being engaged to one.—N. Y. Times.

MAKING THEM WHOLE

Poor People with Missing Members Supplied Free.

Strange Requests Made of a Charitable Association That Supplies Artificial Limbs, Glass Eyes, Etc.

"I don't know whether I ought to buy this man a wooden leg or not." The secretary of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor was pondering. "The last man I bought one for was so happy that he had to celebrate; and he celebrated so hard that he got into a row and the leg was smashed before morning. Seventy-five dollars gone to splinters within 12 hours!"

"There was a shade of humor in the lady's meditations, even though the subject was not a merry one, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

"Artificial limbs seem to have a bad moral influence some way," she said, with some sadness. "When I supply the missing portion of a man's anatomy he is almost always glad to go and celebrate. The last time I bought a man a glass eye he did the same thing. He was an educated man, had been a professional man in his day, and after he had been rejoicing over the new eye for a little while, his chivalrous instincts prevailed, and he decided that he must come up and show me how nice it looked. He came." She paused and shook her head mournfully. "He was very happy," she concluded simply.

The purchase of \$75 or \$100 artificial limbs seems a rather expensive outlay for a charitable association, but when a recipient cannot be self-supporting without it, it is perhaps the wisest charity. A man's chances at money-earning are so painfully reduced by any deformity that perhaps he can be excused for celebrating when the deficiency is supplied. At least the association thinks so, and at one time or another it has furnished almost every member of the human form divine.

The other day a one-legged man drifted in with a strange tale of woe. Twenty years ago he left the city for the west. After serving his time at knocking about, he had acquired a small farm in Montana. The farm was not particularly valuable, and when, about a year ago, he got a chance to sell it, he did so, and resolved to use his little capital by returning to the east and getting into some small business. He had barely started with his little stake in his pocket, when he was run over and smashed nearly to bits. Taken to a hospital in a Montana town, he was made a pay patient; it was minus one leg and most of his money, and when he emerged, eight months later, he adhered to his original plan and continued his journey, though for what reason he himself cannot tell. With no relatives, and his old acquaintances scattered or forgotten, he turned up alone and friendless at the society's doors and asked for a wooden leg. He had a little money left, but he did not care use any of it, as he felt he must keep something to live on, and yet without the leg he could do nothing for a living.

Then there was the man who had his hair all burned off his head. His scalp healed, but his hair absolutely refused to send forth a single tendril. With a bald head and smooth as a billiard ball, he found it impossible to get a job, employers either believing him too old or refusing to have him around on account of his appearance. He grew so sensitive over the matter that he refused even to go to the association rooms, because he "would have to take off his hat to the ladies." But he sent his wife to state the facts in the case and petition for a wig. The wig was bought, the man got a job, and, happily, refrained from celebrating.

A young woman found herself in the same predicament. All her hair fell out in a severe attack of fever, and when, after a long time, it began to come in it stood out perfectly straight and stiff from her head. The store where she had been employed had received her position for her, but her appearance attracted so much attention that after awhile they told her she would have to go. The association bought her a \$15-wig, and it proved efficacious, for within six months she was married.

One struggling widow who was keeping together a family of four or five children placed her false teeth in a glass of water one night before retiring. The children had a little dog which, as ill-nourished as the rest of the family, and having more appetite than sense, found the teeth in the night and chewed them up. The secretary smiled, but she bought the widow a new set of teeth.

How could the woman eat if she had no teeth?" she inquired. "And how could she work if she could not eat? There are people marked down on charity books to-day as incorrigibly lazy who got there through dyspepsia caused by bad teeth."

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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Seven hundred and seventy-nine parts in every 1,000 of human blood are water.

A good Arab horse can canter in the desert for 24 hours in summer and 48 hours in winter without drinking.

The hopes that the mammoth tusks so abundant in the Arctic regions would replace the tusks of the vanishing elephant have not been realized. Only about 20 per cent. of the mammoth tusks make good ivory.

Plant doctors are coming into demand. In most of the English colonies the official botanical staff is no longer considered to be complete without a specialist in plant diseases. Their researches and reports are considered invaluable to agriculturists.

A one-tenth solution of corrosive sublimate is the only disinfectant capable of killing all injurious microbes. A five per cent. solution of carbolic acid killed all except anthrax. Formalin is very deadly to diphtheria bacilli, and carbolic acid to tubercle.

A portrait of Admiral Raphael Semmes, commander of the Confederate ship Alabama, was placed in the gallery of the state historical department within a few days of the date when the citizens of the state presented an elaborate silver service to the new battleship of the same name.

Alloys are usually more fusible than the least fusible metal contained, and they are almost always heavier or denser than the average of their uncombined constituents.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

The Only Way to Help a Friend in This Instance Was to Make a Purchase.

"Out west, a few years ago, while journeying around with a friend of mine, I overheard a conversation which goes to show that sympathy is often misplaced," said a roving man, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and the moral is not by any means a bad one. The quick way in which the man turned on his friend, who had offered him an abundance of sympathy, so far as sympathy can be extended by mere words, was very amusing and showed that the fellow was quick-witted and unusually bright, despite the fact that he had fallen into a rather rough road."

"The young man had been out west for some time. He had gone out there with the idea that he could win a fortune, but instead of finding the way to success a smooth one, it was rather rough and rocky, marred by thorns to prick the feet, pitfalls and all that kind of thing. But in plain, unpoetic language he was run down at the hotel and bagging at the knee. In order to make a living he had been forced to become a pie merchant on a small scale.

"He was in this business, when he found him, and had a small, movable stand on the corner of two streets in a well-known mining town. My friend recognized him at a glance, and rushed up to greet him. The fellow seemed to be just a little embarrassed, and my friend thought it would be the proper thing to offer a little sympathy."

"Sorry to see you situated as you are, old fellow, and in this business," said my friend, feelingly. "D— your sympathy. By a pie, was the quick rejoinder of the vendor, and in a few moments we had left him shrieking out his wares to the men who passed that way."

"At least he convinced my friend that there are moments in a man's life when the mere sympathy of the mouth, no matter how earnest or fervent the words, cannot meet the requirements of the case, and that the real and only way to offer help in such instances is to buy a pie."

Egg Dainties.

Boil six eggs hard, putting them on in lukewarm water and bringing it to a boil; after it reaches this point, leave the eggs in for ten minutes before throwing them into cold water. This mode of boiling renders the whites firm and the yolks mealy. Chop the whites of three of the eggs into coarse pieces and put them into a cup of cream sauce, made by cooking together a tablespoon of flour and two tablespoons of butter until they bubble, and pouring upon them a cup of milk; stir until the sauce is thick and smooth, and season with salt, white pepper and ten drops of onion juice before putting in the chopped whites; have ready several rounds of toast, from which the crust has been trimmed; dip each for a second in a little hot milk and butter it lightly; put a spoonful of the sauce and whites on each round. Have ready the whites of the eggs cut lengthwise into narrow strips, like the petals of the daisy; arrange these on the toast, radiating from around space in the center; fill this space with the powdered yolks of the egg, which should either have been grated or put through a vegetable press. Set the dish in the oven for two minutes and serve. A simpler form of this dish is to make one large daisy on a circular dish, putting the sliced whites around the outside and all the yolks in the middle. This daisy will be a mammoth one, but the result will be very pretty.—Boston Globe.

THEY ALL KNEW MILWAUKEE.

And Yet Not the Town So Much as the Product of Its Prolific Breweries.

One of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who, a member of a northwestern chapter, was at a recent congress in Washington. She tells the following story, says the New York Sun.

"I met at the capital the wives and daughters of most of the foreign ambassadors and legations. Charming women; but what funny ideas some of them have. What queer questions they ask!"

"When I was introduced to the wife of one of the ambassadors she said with sweet simplicity: "So you come from the northwest? What state?"

"When I said Wisconsin, she said: 'Ah, yes, you know Milwaukee, then.' 'If I know any town it is Milwaukee. But I wondered why this woman, whose home is leagues beyond the seas, and who has not been in this country long, should speak as she did of Milwaukee. Later in the evening, when my curiosity had free rein, I drew her out on the subject, and she said: 'I should so much like to see the great American city where they make such delicious a beverage. Ah, the Milwaukee beer!'"

"The next one I met said: 'You are from the northwest? And your home is?'"

"Wisconsin," I said. "I do not know it, you will pardon me. I do not know where it is," she answered.

"Wisconsin," I said, "is the state of which Milwaukee is the metropolis." "Oh," she replied, fairly clapping her jeweled hands. "I know—I know. Milwaukee is where the American beer is made."

"Then there was another bewildering woman who spoke no English, but I learned through an interpreter that she so much longed to see Milwaukee, because, she said, it was the city which was better known to her family than any in this country, next to Washington, as her family all liked the beer that was made there."

"And then I met a foreign minister, and he was so polite, so courteous, as they all are, and when I said, in reply to his question, that I was from Wisconsin, I added, quickly: "My home is not far from Milwaukee, which is noted for its beautiful women."

"Yes, yes," he added, bowing like a courtier, and zeppidid beer."

"Well, it was well intended, of course. But I must say that it got to be a trifle tedious. I rather envied the woman who hailed from other cities. Milwaukee is a beautiful city, but it has something else besides breweries."

A STRENUOUS EFFORT.

She Tried to Think of Him, But There Was Nothing to Fix Her Thoughts Upon.

"Darling," said Wilberforce Perry, poet, as he reached to clasp Mathild Penbrook's tailor-made form in the embrace of his silver fox overcoat to shield her from the icy blast, "have you tried real hard to love me, as I should be loved? Rejoice, dearest, I have been coming up this same avenue for two sweet, delightful months. How joyous life has seemed to me during all that time. Mathild, Mathild, cannot you learn to love me as I yearn to be loved?"

"I am trying, hard, oh, so hard, Perry."

"Say it again, pet. Perry sounds so sweet to my ears from your lips. I am so glad my name is Perry."

"Perry, there are dark rings about my eyes, every morning; I am trying so hard to love you. No one but a loving woman who tries to keep her loved one in mind knows the suffering I have gone through. I am growing thin trying to think about you all the time, Perry."

"And when your mind turns to Perry, your own Perry, what do you really think about, dream of my life, light of my soul?"

"Oh! Perry, I—cannot think then; I seem to have nothing to think about when I think of you—" The tailor-made form reached out its arms with a deep sob, says the New York Times. But the silver fox overcoat turned away, and its owner hid his pallid lips under the other-lined collar.

Perry, the broken-hearted, disappeared in the darkness.

Buttermilk Bread.

This sponge is usually made the evening before baking. Scald two quarts of sweet buttermilk and pour into a bowl in which one scant cup of flour has been placed with a teaspoonful of salt. Let stand until cool enough to take the yeast, one cup, or a compressed cake dissolved in warm water and flour to make a thick batter. Beat the batter thoroughly, the longer the better, and whiter the bread. In the morning sift flour into a warm bowl, pour the sponge into the center and stir in some of the flour; after breakfast mix to a dough and knead for about half an hour. Set to rise, and when light make into loaves with as little kneading as possible. This will make four loaves and 40 biscuits. It is a very old, reliable recipe and makes delicious bread if care is given to the preparation. If the buttermilk is entirely free from lumps of butter, add a large tablespoonful to the hot milk.—Washington Star.

Rural Sandwiches.

Season water cross with salt, pepper, and a few drops of vinegar, and chop coarsely. Mix with creamy cottage cheese and spread on thinly-sliced white bread.—Detroit Free Press.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

How to Make the Most of It When It Has Grown Thin and Scanty.

There is nothing that adds more to the beauty of one's appearance than a pretty head of hair. The present styles of hair dressing are so clarifying and scolding that they cannot be adapted to suit almost every form of face and feature. Nevertheless, a great many girls do not know how to make the most of their hair. They might look twice as charming as they do did they but understand the subject, says American Queen.

The woman with scanty locks seeks to remedy her deficiency by dragging her hair over all sorts and conditions of pads, which rarely succeeds in entirely hiding, or else she supplements her lack of hair with switches and curls. Others whose locks are not of the most abundant, wash them frequently, using strong soda, and then curl and twist the unfortunate hair to make it frizzy. True, they gain indeed, for the time being, an appearance of thickness, but sooner or later the texture of the hair is entirely ruined.

The first step to make the hair grow thick is to use hygienic measures, and to learn, meanwhile, how to dress it to give an appearance of quantity without in any way injuring the texture of the hair itself.

Hair should be washed at least every three weeks, and kept scrupulously clean between times by being brushed and combed daily with absolutely clean implements. Do not forget that if the shampooing is done at home you must use plenty of soft water, and keep on lathering the head and changing the water until the hair is beautifully soft. Stickiness does not mean that any soap is left in, but that dirt is there as well. If the hair is clean, it is possible not to wash all the soap out, and yet to have one's hair soft and fluffy. Remember in drying the hair never to use heat, but rub the scalp thoroughly with dry towels, and then separate the long hairs into strands and then fan them vigorously.

A good hair tonic is an excellent thing for thin hair, but it is useless to get one bottle and expect it to do any good. Buy the best and wash it into the roots of the hair three times a week for several months. Pay special attention to the temples, where the hair is apt to be thinest; then take a perfectly clean brush, not too hard, and plunge into the hair, giving quick, scolding, circular movements, until the scalp glows. This, as well as strong brushing the roots of the hair, has a tendency to make it fluffy.

It is undoubtedly very much better for the health of the hair not to attempt anything in the way of artificial waving or curling; nevertheless, waves and curls do add very much to the attractiveness of the appearance, and any one who has ever the slightest tendency to carelessness can, in time, get quite beautiful-looking waves by natural means.

It takes time to accomplish this; do not try twice, and then give it up. Such a proceeding is worse than useless. Begin by combing all the hair you wish to wave over the face; moister the slightly with bay rum, or some oil and water; take back the front piece, twist it around the fingers, and pin it into the hair in place with a small comb. Take another piece and repeat the process. Leave it for about half an hour, and comb it but lightly with a coarse tooth comb. Then turn the hair down over the face once more, and fluff it on the wrong side. This, if done judiciously, keeps the front hair, when dressed, a very pretty shape and obviates the use of rats, which are most undesirable.

At night brush and comb the hair before retiring; then braid it loosely.

FLOWER-TRIMMED HATS.

Some Dainty Effects That Are in Evidence Among the Latest Models.

Hats smothered in rosebuds are among the prettiest of the new models, and those which carry out the one-color idea are perhaps the loveliest of all. There are soft, becoming shapes made entirely of folds of delicate pink maline, with the crown and part of the brim covered with pink rosebuds and green leaves. It is in hats of this sort that the ribbon loops and knots are introduced at the back, depending from the brim and falling over the hair, says Woman's Home Companion.

One of the daintiest under-brim effects consists of white or delicately tinted mousseline laid in narrow plaits, with each plait separated from the other by a narrow band of black velvet ribbon. Apple blossoms, crush roses or maidenhair fern make a pretty trimming for this style of hat, with loops and ends of black velvet ribbon drooping over the brim at the back.

Perhaps the most noticeable new feature in the spring and summer millinery of 1933 is the many materials used in fashioning one hat. It is not so much in the novelty of shape as in the novelty of combinations that the new hats are different from the late successful winter models.

Veal Balls. Mince fine some cold veal, add a few bread crumbs, an egg, and pepper and salt. Mold into balls and fry in butter. When browned, remove from the pan and arrange neatly on a hot platter. Make a rich cream-gravy of milk, flour and butter and pour over the balls, serving with parsley.—Washington Star.