

GEOGRAPHY OF BEEF CUTS.

Terms Used by Butchers Explained for the Benefit of Initiated Housewives.

Most housewives do not understand the terms used by the butcher to describe the various cuts into which a carcass of beef is divided.

The whole beef is split into halves, following the center of the backbone or vertebral column from tail to neck.

The forequarter is then cut from the hindquarter. These are the processes of the wholesaler. The "fores" and "hinds," as they are called, are now ready for the retailer.

The forequarter is cut into two parts—the rack, consisting of a set of ribs, and the chuck, or shoulder proper up to and including the eighth rib.

The eighth rib cut shows the blade gristle only on one side. The ninth rib is usually called a chuck roast.

The rack is cut into prime rib, standing on rolled roasts.

The chuck is a complicated piece of meat when cut into kitchen pieces by the butcher. Its anatomy yields the following pieces for cooking: Oven and pot roasts, boneless chuck steaks and chuck roasts cut free of bone and metamorphosed into top and lower Saratoga roasts.

The lower cut is the more tender. It has the eye piece, which somewhat resembles the eye of a porterhouse rolled roast.

The chuck yields still more cuts to the wizard of the cleaver. There are the soup and steaming pieces, plate, navel and brisket pieces for cooking, oven and pot roasts, made by removing the flesh from the shoulder bones, and chuck steaks cut from the cross rib.

In the above disguises the word "chuck" loses all of its plebeian character.

The hindquarter is less complicated, but its dissection is interesting to the culinary economist. This part of the beef carcass is cut in two; the loin of the beef and the round, consisting of the leg, top and bottom round, rump and flank.

Now comes a steak roll call. The loin of beef is cut by the butcher into top sirloin steaks and roasts, short sirloin, roundbone sirloins, flatbone steaks, hipbone steaks, boneless sirloin steaks, porterhouse steaks and roasts.

Then there are a la mode top round cuts, bottom round cuts for pot roasts and corned beef. The rump goes into steaks and corning pieces, flank steaks and rolled flank pot roasts or corning pieces.

If the housekeeper is mystified by the shop vernacular it is because she has not learned the "geography of the beef cuts" as a Boston culinary student put it. By not knowing her alphabet the purchaser is often imposed upon and made to pay a higher price for an artistically arranged piece of very cheap meat.

CANNON'S FLY STORY.

The Pestiferous Insects Had Their "Hours" in an Illinois Hotel Yard.

Congressman Cannon, who is a power in argument and quick at repartee, enjoys displays of similar resourcefulness in others, says the Philadelphia Post.

During a hot summer campaign in Illinois he sought temporary rest in a hammock stretched under the trees in the yard of a country hotel. From his window the shade looked inviting, but on the spot he found the lawn strewn with tomato cans, potato peelings and other debris. On many of these more or less unsanitary mounds were myriads of flies.

"I had no sooner stretched myself in the hammock," said Mr. Cannon, "than these flies attacked me, seemingly by the million. It was intolerable, and in no pleasant frame of mind I looked up the proprietor.

"What do you mean," I demanded, "by stretching your hammock in that fly-haunted field of torture you call a lawn?"

"I know the flies are bad out there now," he answered, "but Mr. Cannon, you ought to use the hammock during the hammock hours, and you'd have no trouble from the flies."

"What are hammock hours?" I inquired.

"From 12 noon to two p. m. daily," he replied. "During those hours flies will not attack you in the hammock."

"I was much interested in the man's Socratic skill in evading the issue, and, wishing to draw him out, I asked:

"Why are there no flies around the hammock between 12 and two?"

"Oh," he rejoined, "at that time they're all in the dining-room."

More Salubrious for the Purpose. One day in the course of the recent coal strike a woman living in a flat uptown found herself without fuel wherewith to do the family cooking.

Like similar flat dwellers who have no storage places for fuel, but are compelled to buy what they need from day to day she was obliged to go out for coal. Not realizing how scarce the black diamonds really were, she got a pall and asked her husband for a quarter, telling him she was going out for some coal.

"What are you taking the pall for?" he inquired. "I think you might better take an envelope."—N. Y. Tribune.

Germany's Labor Expositions. The German government will open a permanent exposition for the welfare of laborers, the purpose of which is to display inventions for the prevention of accidents, which will be explained by lectures, and to exhibit contrivances for protection against so-called trade diseases.—N. Y. Sun.

"TANGIBLE SORROW."

As Expressed by the Mourners at the Obsequies of a Departed Colored Brother.

Brother Jenkins had died; there he lay in a rude pine box before the altar. The church was crowded with sorrowing mourners; the men sat on the right side, and the women on the left; bandana handkerchiefs were in evidence.

There was much sniffing and wailing and howling. Brother J— was the preacher, and sat directly behind the coffin, facing the congregation. He had asked Brother Gardner, the presiding elder, to say a few words about the dear departed. Brother Gardner arose, clearing his throat vigorously and wiping his eyes again and again.

He glanced toward the Amen corner, where sat the bereaved widow Matilda and a long row of fatherless children. Clearing his throat again, he began in the most solemn and holy tone, relates the Boston Transcript.

"Brederin' an' belubbed friends of the po'r departed Brudder Jenkins: We is gadder here agin to-day to mourn de obsequies ob dis here 'pillar ob de church; him was a 'lily ob de valley,' a 'flower ob de flock' an' de shepherd ob Israel; him was de best husband an' fadder dat any 'oman ebber had; him was a chile ob de Lord; him was de best man dat ebber trod de streets ob Ferdinandina, an' we assemble to offer our sympathies to-day to po'r Sister Matilda, an' dem 13 head of fatherless chillen."

Howl after howl went up; some of the visitors felt impressed with the importance of the late brother, and sympathized deeply with the poor sorrowing widow, and wondered how the church would ever get along without him.

Suddenly Brother Johnson, the preacher, interrupted him as he was about to continue his flowery praise, and, standing on tiptoes and screaming out with all his might, called in thundering tones:

"Brudder Gardner, am yo' throo? Am yo' throo? tellin' all dem beautiful lies? I want yo' to know dat nigger am dade; him's a long way past whar dem beautiful lies of yourn am gwine to do him any good whatsomebber, and him's a long way past whar my trufe am gwine to hurt him, an' Ise gwine to tell de truf about dat nigger! Him was de dead-beatnest nigger Ferdinandina ebber night fo' 40 years. Yo' an' I, Brudder Gardner, ain't done nothin' but pull him out ob de cahaboose thousands of times" (pointing to the dead); "hump, yo' know, dat's de trufe, ole man, no 'sptin' wid me now, lie down dar quiet, I say; de Lord knows yo' would be drunk dis minute if de debil didn't hab yo', or had any whiskey dar you could buy. I want de congregation to stop all dat sniffin' 'round here obber dat lazy, triflin', drunken nigger; an' as fo' 'sptin' your sorrow obber po'r Sister Matilda an' dem 13 hade ob fadderless chillen, I, me, myself fink she done made mighty good ridance of bad rubbish" (with a loving glance toward the Amen corner), "an' I hope de just young buck she'll spark will be me! An' what's more, dis here nigger cost me money fo' dis box to bury him in; Ise out of pocket five dollars, an' Ise gwine to be disembursed befo' I heb de meetin'!"

"Yo'se all sayin' yo'se sorry 'round here; now Ise gwine to gib yo' de chance to show how sorry yo' am, sho' 'nough; come along heah ebbery last one of yo' an' put yo' money down in tangible sorrow an' show how sorry yo' is; walk 'long up libely now an' put yo' money down."

"Sister Polly Ann, yo'se workin' fo' \$15 a month; yo' handkerchief done say yo'se sorry a lot; what yo' pocketbook 'ink about it? How sorry is yo', Sister Polly?"

Sister Polly tucked away her handkerchief and sailing up the aisle, plaintively said: "Ise sorry fo' bits," and laid down 50 cents upon the coffin.

The preacher kept on with the collection. "How sorry is yo', Brudder Gardner?" come 'long up here an' lay down yo' money! How sorry is de mudder ob de church?"

The mother of the church walked up and was sorry "six bits," and laid down her money.

"How sorry is yo', Sister Ann?"

Sister Ann grieved to the extent of "two bits," and so on through the congregation, the women hurried up the aisle, proud of a chance to show off their new frocks, and put down their money in "tangible sorrow," until an old auntie hobbled up on her cane until she reached the coffin, then wheeling about and facing the congregation, she exclaimed:

"I nebber hear de trufe told befo' at any nigger funeral, an' Ise gwine to tell de trufe. Brudder Jenkins was the meanest nigger de Lord ebber made, an' I ain't sorry one picayune!" and here she gave the edge of the coffin a thundering rap with her cane, "fo' yo' shore stole ebbery hog I ebber had in Ferdinandina."

And thus Brother Johnson called out an honest expression of "tangible sorrow" to the amount of \$10.75; \$5 he put instantly into his pocket, the rest he turned over to the widow; and in less than two weeks he was the proud possessor of the remainder of the funeral money, for he bravely married the widow and 13 "head" of fatherless children.

Our Cities a Century Ago. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 16 cities in the country which had a population of more than 4,000. Philadelphia was first in the list with 69,000, with New York a close second, while Baltimore had taken third place from Boston by 26,000 to 25,000. At the same period the population of the country was 3,308,483, of which only 5 per cent. was urban.—Indianapolis News.

PORCUPINE INVASION.

Maine Forests Menaced with Destruction by the Beasts.

Reptiles, Hordes of Sharp-Toothed Creatures Gnaw the Bark from Trees—Legislative Help Is Sought.

Eastern Maine has of late been calling upon the legislature for means to fit out an army to repel an invasion from New Brunswick. The invaders are armed with knife-like teeth and spearlike bristles and they eat up forests, lumber camps and farming tools and kill horses. They are porcupines, both fretful and destructive, and they have overrun Washington county, swarming from St. Croix to the Narragansuc and marching in regiments along the banks of the Machias, says a recent report from Bangor.

They are easy to kill, but, being utterly worthless, no one will take the trouble to go on the warpath for them, and so Washington county, through her representatives in the legislature, is calling upon the state of Maine to offer a small bounty in cash for every porcupine killed, confident that this would be the means of cleaning out the varmints and thus relieving the county of a pest that is declared by lumbermen to be far more destructive than forest fires.

Twenty-five years ago there was scarcely a porcupine to be found in eastern Maine, but at that time they began coming here from New Brunswick, in which province they are as thick as ants and seem to sprout from the ground like weeds. At first no notice was taken of the invasion and the destruction of the hackmatack and juniper was attributed to the hackmatack worm, which can eat up timber faster than a band mill. Millions of feet of the best ship timber was destroyed, all by worms it was supposed, but when the worms had disappeared the destruction continued, and lately it has dawned upon the lumbermen that the porcupine is a far worse pest than the borer.

Porcupines, it is now known, kill thousands of big spruce by gnawing great strips of bark from the trunks, beginning two-thirds up the trunk and circling around the tree toward the bottom. The same method of destruction is employed on the pine, juniper and various hard wood trees, while the hemlocks and cedars are killed by gnawing off the branches from the top down. The hackmatacks are now being killed off at an alarming rate, and soon, unless something is done to exterminate the pests, there will be hardly a stick of that species left in Washington county.

A hunter who has lately returned from the headwaters of the Machias river saw one group of 53 large spruces that had been killed within a month by porcupines, while other growths suffered in proportion. Porcupines, like wolves, will fight when gathered in numbers, and the crew that went last fall to begin the season's work at a lumber camp in township 37 had a taste of their quality. The men found the camp occupied by a swarm of porcupines, which resisted eviction, and a fight followed that lasted for hours, the porcupines retiring to the woods only after 27 of them had been slain. They had gnawed the bunks, tables, mangers and even the sashes and doors of the camp, so that extensive repairs had to be made before the crew could begin work.

Cases have been known where porcupines ate the handles of haying tools left in the field over night. They have destroyed several valuable canoes along the Machias river, gnawing through the ribs and the bark or canvas covering. Last fall a valuable colt in Crawford stepped upon a porcupine that lay concealed in the tall grass, and limped home with his ankle pierced to the joint with quills, which caused his death next day.

It is expected that the legislature will grant a small bounty on porcupines, and that every man and boy in the rural regions of Washington county who owns or can borrow a gun, ax or club will soon be on the warpath for the invaders from New Brunswick.

High Prices in Mining Camp. Eggs are five cents apiece in Tonopah, Nevada's latest bonanza camp, said a man who has just returned from the west. The only thing that is free out there is the air and that is fine.

"How about the water?" was asked.

"Water that is fit to drink costs two cents a gallon. It is pumped a distance of six miles by a primitive system of waterworks. Tonopah grocers sell potatoes by the pound, asking two and one-half and three cents for them. Butter is 65 cents a roll and oil 60 cents a gallon. Of course, these prices are not nearly so high as we paid in the Klondike during the excitement there a few years ago, but when one considers that Tonopah is in the heart of one of the states they are exceptional. Lack of transportation facilities is the reason for it, but the camp is so rich that it will not be long before a railroad is built."—N. Y. Tribune.

Egypt's Future. Chief interest has been hitherto shown in Egypt under the British regime in relieving the fellahen and promoting agriculture, restoring the "land flowing with milk and honey," on which ancient history is so voluminous. Both our information and our presence are sadly defective in the very near future we do not see Egypt and the Sultan forcing their way prominently on public attention as still rich in the precious metals.—African Commerce.

HIGHSTRUNG NORTHERN FISH.

Some That Rarely Become Tame or Cease to Become Restless in Captivity.

The theory that climatic conditions are largely responsible for the enterprise and activity of the American people finds contemporary demonstration in the lower orders of animals, and particularly among the fish," said a scientist who has made a close study of the collection in the New York aquarium.

"All of the game fish," he said, "the fighters, the highstrung, nervous fish, like the brook trout, the black bass and their only slightly less strenuous brother, the pike, are northern fish. In only rare instances do these fish become tame or remain restful in captivity. They have the keen spirit of American enterprise in them.

"On the other hand, the quiet, easy-going fish are nearly all from tropical waters. Of course, there are exceptions from muddy habitats, but all of the brilliant-hued, gaudy fish are from the tropics. They are calm and quiet, and after a short time in captivity become so tame as to eat food fearlessly from the hands of the keepers.

"The two classes," continued the scientist, according to the New York Mail and Express, "are like the nations of the north and south—one alive and keen, and the other beautiful to look upon and romantic, but lazy and useful only for decorative purposes."

DISLIKES MISSIONARIES. King Menelek Would Rather Have Them Remain Outside His Boundary Lines.

King Menelek, the native ruler of Abyssinia, never fancied Christianity or those who endeavor to propagate it, says an exchange. He is of the opinion that the orthodox faith is good enough for his subjects, and therefore those who go thither with the object of spreading the doctrines of the Roman Catholic or Protestant church think it advisable to say that their sole object is to convert Hebrews and pagans.

This was what a Swedish missionary recently said when Menelek, before whom he was summoned, inquired as to the object of his visit. When he heard it the ruler asked:

"What countries were you obliged to cross in order to come here?"

"Germany, Egypt and the Soudan," replied the missionary.

"And were you not able to find in Germany any Hebrews whom you might have converted?" asked Menelek.

The missionary was obliged to admit that he had seen many Hebrews in Germany.

"Well," said Menelek, "first convert the Hebrews and pagans in Germany and then come here and convert us."

An hour later the disappointed missionary was being conducted to the frontier by Abyssinian soldiers.

THE WOMAN PEDDLER. She Can Do Much Better Handling Household Articles Than Trying to Sell Books.

"Any woman who can talk at all," said a school-teacher who, according to the New York Times, had tried book canvassing and given it up in despair, "can ingratiate a housekeeper in labor-saving appliances. The woman who does her own housework will give attention to anything that will save her a pain in the back or aching arms. But she will not talk to men about such things. When I lost my place as teacher in a public school, I tried book peddling. Oh, the women I called upon would invite me in and talk to me readily enough. That was the trouble. They would tell me their family history and their troubles, and then lead me to the door with the sorrowful assertion that they never had any time to read, they were so busy. So I gave up books and took up little time and labor saving articles in the way of egg beaters, potato parers, can openers and cheap little articles such as women seldom see except at food shows. A stove lifter is a most salable article. I keep watch for anything new in this direction and then go the rounds. I have several regular customers, who bring me a good commission on things that I buy for their dining-room and kitchen."

AMERICA'S TOBACCO BILL. Retail Value of the Output of Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc., Is Placed at \$500,000,000 a Year.

The trust has gone into the manufacture of cigars. It has been in business less than two years and during the past 12 months it produced about \$4 billion cigars. As the total production of the country is approximately 7,000,000,000 of manufactured tobacco and 15,000,000 pounds of snuff are produced every year. The retail value of all the smoking and chewing tobacco, in its various forms, approaches \$500,000,000 annually. It is indeed a business of royal proportions, and its control is worth fighting for.

BIG MODERN ANIMALS.

Enormous Size of Many Species Never Before Equaled.

English Naturalist of Note Gives Interesting Deductions on Subject Upon Which Many Students Err.

Mr. Lydekker, a leading British naturalist, recently discussed the comparative size of the largest animals of the present day and those of the far past, and made out a fairly strong case for the former. Claims have been made that the extinct elephant, whose remains have been found in Norfolk, England, was the largest of its tribe, but Mr. Lydekker believes that it was no larger than the living African elephant. Though he doesn't say so explicitly, it is probable that he intended to convey the impression that the mastodon and mammoth, which have become extinct only in recent times, were really no bulkier. He declares that the hippopotamus is scarcely inferior in size to the most formidable of its ancestors that the white rhinoceros was probably never surpassed by any of his relatives, while the giraffe, which is reputed to attain a height of 20 feet, is the tallest quadruped of which man has any knowledge. The ostrich is unquestionably smaller than the moa of New Zealand; but since the latter was exterminated only a few centuries ago it may properly be counted as a modern animal, distinguished from those animals which are represented only by fossils, states the New York Tribune.

As for those repulsive yet interesting caricatures of humanity, the apes, Mr. Lydekker remarks that no fossil specimen ever approached in size the full grown male gorilla of to-day. Moreover, in spite of the legends about giants, he is confident that man is now "a taller and finer animal than he ever was before."

It is when one contemplates marine life, though, that he is most strongly impressed with the strength of the argument. It is conceded that the extinct "galis" tortoise of northern India was bigger than the species which haunts the Galapagos Islands now, but if one takes a broad survey of the case he finds striking testimony. There are claims whose shells are more than a yard long, and which were never equaled by earlier mollusks. Cuttle fish to-day are bigger than their ancestors. If the sharks whose bones strew the Pacific were superior to the white sharks which survive, they are nevertheless entitled to be regarded, like the moa, as representatives of modern life, while the basking shark has probably never been matched by its kindred of any period. The same may be said of the blue orqual whale, which is 80 or 90 feet long, and weighs as many tons.

Mr. Lydekker, whose interesting paper on this subject may be found in "Knowledge" for February, devotes a good deal of space to the elephant seal of the South seas. One of his purposes is to protest against the rapid extermination of this huge animal. That, however, is "another story." In text books on zoology, the length of the elephant seal is put at about 20 feet. The testimony of those who hunted them 20 or 30 years ago indicates that this is an underestimate. After discounting such tales on account of the proverbial exaggeration of sailors there is reason to believe that 25 feet is a fair estimate for the length of an adult male, and it is not improbable that close upon 30 feet may have been reached in some cases.

No Respector of Persons. There is a certain grave and dignified senator, whose words are the words of wisdom to his colleagues. But this senator has found that there is one person whom he cannot awe. It is his four-year-old grandaughter. Senatorial dignity does not impress her a little bit, and as for senatorial courtesy—well, the words are not in her lexicon nor their application within her rules of practice.

This same little grandaughter has recently taken to imitating the slang of her nine-year brother. A few evenings ago the senator undertook to chide the youngster for his slang, and the grandaughter listened with great gravity to the lecture. Then, folding her hands across her lap, she looked up at the great statesman and quietly remarked:

"Gran'pa, I fink you are talking up your hat."—Washington Star.

Touch of Ireland in Spain. When I was at Malaga the lighthouse was out of order, and some Americans had complained officially that their shipping interests were being damaged. No answer was received for two years. Then it was declared that it was the fault of the earthquake, which had taken place many years previously.

Finally, the light was put out altogether, because it interfered with the fireworks. When a pair of boots I had ordered did not fit, and I complained to the maker, he arrived indignantly to protest.

"They fit here," he said, prodding my tender toe, "and they fit there." (another prod); "you cannot expect them to fit everywhere all at once."—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Natural Result. Bizzellistic (disparagingly)—I did everything in my power to make those two young people see that they were not fitted for each other.—Wyzacore. And when is the wedding to occur?—Baltimore American.

Fall Solution in Human Blood. It has been shown that more than a gallon of salt solution can be introduced into the blood vessels in the course of an hour without destroying life or occasioning any disease.—Science.

TOO MUCH FOR THE BARBER.

His Customer Explained Things in Such a Way He Couldn't Understand Him.

As it sometimes happens, the barber was disposed to talkativeness, the patient to silence. After several fruitless attempts to extract more than a grunt or two from the one in his care, the tonsorial artist made a final effort to arouse the man's conversational powers, relates the New York Times. Patting the top of the head gently he ventured the remark:

"Der hair on der top, sir, it is a bit thinning out—yes?"

"Yes."

"Of der tonic, den, a leetle, eh?"

"No."

After another long pause:

"Have it been bald long?"

The man smiled wearily. Then, after taking a long breath of preparation for his effort, he replied:

"I came into the world that way. Then I had an interval of comparative hair-enthusiasm, but it was not enduring. I have long since emerged from the grief of deprivation. It no longer afflicts me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The German powdered over this for awhile without, however, appearing to apprehend the meaning of the man's words.

"Der hair id look better, sir, if perhaps you jed id long in der back like?" he suggested after another period of silence.

The man removed his gaze from the floor, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat again, and spoke once more:

"Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend," said he, "that the appearance of my hair, as I have been accustomed to dress it, is very satisfactory to myself, and perhaps I might also say, to my friends. What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce gum and chewing tar with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sun-dried it in order to preserve a proper non-guiltily appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I learned to lick afterward. At the same period of my life I even endured the ignominy of having it cut—by experimental maiden aunts. The consequence of all this is that that bit of remaining hair and I are old and I, trust, inseparable friends. I indulge the hair, and the hair indulges me. The hair indulges me by permitting me to wear it after my own conception of the way it ought to be worn, and I indulge the hair by firmly declining to have it trifled with by gentlemen of the scissors who possess artistic ideas more bizarre than my own. I fear I'll have to ask you to indulge us both—the hair and me. Cut the way I directed you to cut it."

The barber collapsed.

VERSED IN MEDICAL LORE. Many Indian Tribes Understand the Curative Properties of Various Plants.

The knowledge the aboriginal tribes of this continent possess of the medicinal properties of the herbs and roots that grow around them has astonished the most eminent of scientists. It is probable that this knowledge is much more extensive than the white man's. V. K. Chestnut has endeavored to elicit from the Indians of Mendocino county, Cal., trustworthy information respecting the uses to which they put various indigenous plants and attributes our knowledge of cascara sagrada to these tribes, suggesting that other plants, such as ceanothus, eroton and erigranum, would well repay investigation.

The diet of the island tribes is peculiar, as they regard young clover shoots as a delicacy and make use of acorns and the variety of horse chestnut known as "buck-eye" for making a porridge or baking into bread. The method adopted is to pound up the seeds into very fine flour and wash out the tannin and other stringy ingredients with water. A porridge or thick soup is formed by boiling the flour, while a favorite recipe for making bread consists in mixing the dough with red clay. The product is a very black, cheese-like substance, in which the clay probably absorbs the oil and converts the last trace of tannin into a more digestible form. Another curious custom at one time in vogue was the use of poisonous plants, soap root and turkey mullein, which were thrown into streams to poison the fish. These were then caught and eaten without any deleterious consequences.

Decrease of Betting. Early in the last century men betted on every conceivable sport and pastime. Nearly every cricket match of which record exists was for 500 or sometimes 1,000 guineas a side. At every cock fight there was a great deal of wagering; people backed horses as they do now, (except, as it appears, usually for much larger sums than are now betted), and very often odds were laid and taken about the result of a day's shooting.—Badminton Magazine.

Still Well-Kept. Miss Peacemaker—Come now, why don't you and Miss Olden, become friends again?

Miss Snappe—Oh, I don't see the sense of going to all that trouble for her.

"But it isn't any more trouble for you to make up than it is for her."

"Don't you believe it. She's used to making up, for she's been doing it for years."—Philadelphia Press.