WELL CALLED BUSIEST GIRL IN SOCIETY

Ardous and Manifold Are the Duties That Devolve on Miss Helen Taft, the Virtual Mistress of the White House, and Probably the Most Feted of All Who Have Held That Position.

WASHINGTON.—The busiest girl of 1912 is Miss Helen Taft, the eldest daughter of the chief executive of the United States.

She is virtually the mistress of the White House. Of course her mother is the first lady of the land, but Mrs. Taft's frequent indispositions put the burden of the White House entertaining upon her daughter.

In fact, since her debut a year ago she has been more in the forefront of society than her mother and the next twelve months will be far more strenuous than her coming-out year.

Not a day passes but that Miss Taft entertains or is entertained at luncheon, at tea, at dinner and in the evening at reception, theater or ball. Never has a girl been more feted. Not a night since she was formally presented to society on the afternoon of December 1 a year ago has she been

Miss Taft Rides a Great Deal.

free. The most elaborate balls and receptions have been given by ambitious and admiring friends in her honor. No White House occupant has ever been the recipient of more attention.

Of course after her debut she received at the White House functions with her mother. During the coming year her mother will not always be with her. The winter program of receptions and dinners at the executive mansion has already begun with the dinner in honor of the cabinet, which was held on December 14.

The New Year's reception, as usual, was the largest function of the season. On Tuesday, January 9, the diplomatic reception was held, followed on the following Tuesday by the diplomatic dinner. On every successive Tuesday large receptions and dinners will be held at which Miss Taft will have to receive—frequently alone.

There will be judicial reception, the Supreme court dinner, the congressional reception, the speaker's dinner and the famous army and navy reception.

Strenuous Social Duties.

These are only a few of the more formal functions. There are nearly always guests of the Taft family at the White House who have to be entertained. Then there is the entertaining of her own friends, who compose the exclusive younger set in Washington. She will have to give at least two dances for the debutantes of the present season, scores of luncheons, teas and dinners.

In addition she has to accept the invitations of many of her friends. It is the ambition of every debutante to entertain the president's daughter, and the affairs given in her honor would keep her busy from noon to midnight every day without any of her strenuous social duties at the White House.

One of Miss Taft's newest activities is her membership in "The Dancing Class," composed of fifty Washington social leaders, which has just been organized. For twelve successive Mondays there will be a gathering of the "class" at the Playhouse, where plays acted by society people are given each winter for charitable enterprises.

Madame de Sibour is president of the new organization, Mrs. Preston Gibson is vice-president and Preston Gibson, the president of the Playhouse, is secretary. Naturally, as the president's daughter was one of the prime movers in the organization, the list of those invited to join the class was subjected to careful scrutiny.

Among the members are Postmaster-General Frank Hitchcock and John Barrett, the Wolcott Tuckermans, who are great friends of Miss Taft, Miss Margaret Draper, Oden F. Herstmann, Alfred Horstmann of the German embassy, the Murray Cobbs, the E. A. Mitchells, the George Howards, Clarence Wilson, Charles C. Glover and Nathaniel L. Francis.

Miss Taft has signified her intention of attending every meeting of the "class."

Her round of dinners and receptions in Washington has not caused Miss Taft to lose interest in her college days and associates. She will have several of her schoolmates visit her at the White House during the winter, and of course social functions will be given in their honor.

For a brief rest from her strenuous life in Washington she will spend a week-end or two at Bryn Mawr. But practically all her days will be taken up with entertaining or being entertained, all of which is as much in the line of duty for a fair White House occupant as writing messages to congress is for the chief executive.

For She Has to Entertain or be Entertained Nearly Every Night.

The big formal receptions and dinners, no matter how brilliant, soon become arduous even for the most enthusiastic mistress of the White House. Miss Taft's "round of gayety" is pretty much hard work and the little informal luncheons with her girl friends are about the only affairs which are apt to be entirely pleasurable.

Besides all this there are hundreds of persons who have to be presented, hundreds of notes and letters to answer, numerous engagements with modistes and milliners, for she has always to be gowned in the height of fashion and she must have a large array of finery. Of course the etiquette at the White House is not as severe as at a European court, but its restrictions are enough to be felt by a lively American girl of twenty. Her life is strenuous and exacting, to say the least.

Has Ability to Stand the Strain.

If Miss Taft were not an excellent type of an attractive, up-to-date American girl she would never be able to stand the strain. It is always past midnight and frequently much later before she is able to retire.

It is after nine before she is awakened in the morning and a walk with some of her friends, an automobile ride or a horseback ride with her father takes up the remainder of the time until she has to dress for luncheon.

White House debutantes have graced many administrations and have been responsible for much of the gayety of the national capital.

The first was the buxom Anne Jefferson Randolph, daughter of Thomas Jefferson's favorite daughter, Martha Randolph. Then came Miss Maria Monroe, who was the first bride at the White House. She was succeeded by petite Alice Tyler, who gave up her belleship to Mary Abigail Fillmore.

The old timers in Washington society will remember the glories of the debutante days of Miss Harriet Lane, the niece of President Buchanan, who entertained the young prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII.

Debutantes of Other Days.

In the Lincoln regime two debutantes were presented, Miss Edwards and Miss Mary Wallace. The Johnson administration also had a debutante in a young niece of President Johnson, a Miss Stilt of Tennessee.

The next debutante was the first to be called the Daughter of the Nation. She was the famous Nellie Grant. Her successor, Miss Platt, a niece of President Hayes, was not so well known. The Roosevelt debutantes, Miss Alice and Miss Ethel, are matters of recent history.

Of course Miss Taft is no longer a debutante. This is her second season and before long the announcement of her engagement is looked for. Miss Taft is popular not only because of her position but because of her charming personality. She is not a beautiful girl, but she is a good type.

Slightly more than five feet eight inches in height, with clear blue eyes and thick hair of a luxurious golden brown, she attracts attention wherever she goes.

If her father is re-elected next November her friends may well look for a White House wedding, but even should he leave the executive mansion next year there is plenty of time—in spite of the fact that she is the busiest girl of 1912.

WAS NEW ONE ON TRAVELER

Gastronomic Term in Use in Upper Peninsula of Michigan Completely Floored Him.

"Every section of the country has its own phraseology," said a traveling man, "but the funniest I ever heard was handed to me by a waitress in the upper peninsula of Michigan. It was one of those combination boarding houses and general stores, at which I was compelled to stop against my will. When supper was announced the oddest assortment of humanity you could imagine gathered around the only table, in the center of which was a big pile of large baked potatoes. As the waitress, who was barefooted, by the way, had put her thumb in every dish she brought in, I decided to make my meal on potatoes, knowing she couldn't put her thumb in those. After I had eaten several I paused to study my surroundings, when suddenly the girl thrust her face over my shoulder and exclaimed, 'Do you want your change?' I didn't quite understand what she meant, as I hadn't given her any money. 'I beg your pardon,' I said. 'Are you ready for your change?' she then asked. This wasn't much of an improvement, and I was still mystified. All conversation at the table had ceased and I was the object of all eyes. I looked at the girl helplessly and she regarded me pityingly. Suddenly she burst forth again. 'Why, you haven't stacked yet,' she said. I was now completely bewildered, and before I could decide what to say she cast a look of utter scorn upon me and marched out of the room in a huff and banged the door. 'What did she mean?' I asked of another traveler by my side. 'Why, you poor simp,' said he, 'she wanted to know if you were ready for your dessert. They call it 'change' in this country, and when you are ready for it you are supposed to 'stack' or pile your dishes on top of each other."

And Is Fond of Walking to Keep Herself in Good Health.

NEED NOT BE WITHOUT HERBS

Even Dwellers in Cities Can Grow Ample Supply of Several Varieties in Window Boxes.

Not everyone has the time or the space for a kitchen garden, but no one need be without the savory herbs which are sometimes hard to find in the market and which add so much to the tastiness of the table, says a writer in Armour's Farm Almanac. Even people who live in cities can have a few window boxes, which will produce as much parsley and cress and chives as they will want to use, and which are just as pretty as many decorative plants. The possessor of a back yard need never lack for early vegetables, such as lettuce, beets and onions; and as for the farmer's wife, there is no excuse at all for her not having a complete assortment of the lighter vegetables.

Fennel, rue, balsam, mint and lavender grow by the roadside, where knowing ones may find them, but the savory vegetables of the garden, which give so much flavor to cooking, are little known. Sorrel grows wild, but is better when cultivated, and is the foundation for one of the finest fish sauces in the world, which is made by bruising the young leaves, and pouring over them oil and vinegar in equal parts. It is also excellent in a soup, which is so delicate that invalids and children relish it, especially. To make, wash and boil the leaves for fifteen minutes in water in which potatoes, cauliflower or asparagus has been cooked; then throw in a handful of rice, boil ten minutes more, add a general lump of butter, pepper and salt, and serve piping hot.

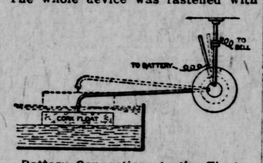
Tarragon is a plant which is even less known than sorrel, but which deserves to be treated with great respect, for it is the flavor, par excellence, for all pickles, salads and chowchows. The plant is a perennial, which springs up every year, like rhubarb. The pungent little chive, an infinitesimal onion, is also more or less of a stranger to us, which is a pity, for it is the most delicate in flavor of the onion family, and is often relished by people who cannot eat its lustier relatives.

The leek, too, is delicious, either as a relish, when very young, or fried, as a garnish for meats, or sliced with cucumbers and tomatoes.

ALARM FOR THE DRIP PAN

Handy Contrivance to Remind Housekeeper When to Empty the Refrigerator Pan.

Being annoyed by the overflowing of the refrigerator drip pan, I attached the small device shown in the illustration to the refrigerator to remind me to empty the pan before it would overflow. A cork float and a common spool with wires set into it at right angles comprise the outfit. The whole device was fastened with



Battery Connections to the Float.

screws to the under side of the refrigerator. When the float has risen to the top, an electric circuit is formed, which rings a bell. The wires can be lengthened and bent to suit the size and depth of the pan used.—Frank W. Preston in Popular Mechanics.

Some Uses for Alcohol.

A little alcohol in hot water is excellent for cleaning smoky lamp chimneys, and varnish stains on glass, tiling and marble will disappear with its use. Old paint stains, too, will often yield readily to alcohol when they will not to turpentine. The white marks so often left upon a varnished table after water has been spilled upon it can be taken out with alcohol. After putting the alcohol on the stain take care not to touch it until it dries. A slight stickiness results which will disappear in a few minutes, but if touched or rubbed while sticky the surface will either be defaced or the varnish will come off. Small white marks on varnished furniture will sometimes come off if an ordinary rubber ink eraser is used.

Boiled Coffee.

For four heaping tablespoons ground coffee allow one quart freshly boiling water and one-half white one raw egg. Mix the egg white with three tablespoons cold water, beating with fork. Add coffee and stir till well wet. Scald coffee pot, put in prepared coffee. Pour in boiling water, cover spout and boil five minutes. Pour in quickly one-quarter cup cold water, let stand three minutes to settle. Strain into hot pot or have strainer on table.

Filling.

Scald one pint of milk, add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and a pinch of salt, mixed to a paste with a little cold milk, and cook and stir frequently for fifteen minutes. Add quickly three eggs beaten with one scant cupful of sugar and one-half of a cupful of strong drip coffee. Stir constantly until thickened, take from the fire, add one teaspoonful each of vanilla and brandy and put between the cake layers when cooled.

Potato Yeast Cake.

Four medium sized potatoes peeled, boiled, mashed or put through a colander; four tablespoons white sugar, one of ginger, two cups flour. Pour over this one pint boiling water. After it cools put in two yeast cakes; before putting away add one tablespoon salt. Bottle tightly. Have used this recipe for years with good results.

Use for a Brush.

A brush, such as is used for cleaning vegetables in the kitchen, is a great help in cleaning your carpet sweeper. First take out all ravelings with your fingers, then use the little brush to clean both brush and box of your sweeper.

REACHED LIMIT OF TORTURE

Real Reason Why Burglar Gave Evening Papers Chance to Use Effective Headline.

A burglar broke into a New York mansion early the other morning and found himself after wandering about the place in the music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen. From eight to nine the eldest daughter had a singing lesson. From nine to ten the second daughter took a piano lesson. From 10 to 11 the eldest son got his instruction on the violin. From 11 to 12 the younger boy got a lesson on the flute and piccolo. Then, at 12:15, the family got together and practiced music on all their instruments. They were fixing up for a concert. At 12:45 the porch-climber staggered from behind the screen. "For heaven's sake, send for the police!" he shrieked. "Torture me no longer!" And in the evening paper there was the headline: "Nervy Children Capture Desperate Burglar."

Where the Fruit Grows.

Michael Casey, a politician in San Francisco, who has been in office and on the city payroll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow-citizens. It was a labor meeting.

"You men must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the great body politic in this city. You are the roots and trunks of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"True for you, Mike," piped a man in the back of the hall, "but did ye ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Pessimism.

A pessimist is one who receives a pair of gloves as a present and worries because they will soon wear out.

LEISURE PROVIDED FOR.

"'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' you know."

"Yes; but my fiancee is rich enough, so I'll have the leisure all right."

Saw No Difference.

"People who seek books from the fiction section make some funny breaks," says a librarian of the Library of Congress. "I have made note of a number of these, but none of them amused me more than the request of a sour-looking spinster.

"She sternly demanded of me a copy of 'The Recollections of a Liar.' I told her that I didn't know it, but that I could give her 'The Recollections of a Married Man.'

"'That will do,' said she acidly. 'It's practically the same thing.'"—Lippincott's.

The man who hides his light under a bushel is sometimes surprised to find that the sun still shines.

The easiest thing in the world to make light of is a ton of coal.

Welcome.

It was 3 o'clock on a cold and frosty morning, and the weary cyclist had still many miles to go.

Passing through a lonely village he saw a lighted window. Perhaps, he thought, he might be able to get something to eat and drink. So he knocked.

"Who's there?" came a gruff voice from within.

"A traveler," the cyclist replied in clear tones.

Back like a shot came the answer: "Then travel!"

Walking for Nerves.

The nerves suffer from want of pure oxygen. They run like a network all through the skin and when they are overwrought the skin is apt to be dry and colorless. Walking is an excellent tonic for the nerves. It gives them strength to control themselves.

If one has means or leisure, there are plenty of other more enjoyable exercises. But few forms are so beneficial as the regular daily jaunt of four or five miles for obtaining a good complexion.

Mistaken There.

The phrenologist was examining the bumps on Sambo's head.

"Curiosity and acquitiveness abnormally large."

Sambo rolled his eyeballs and showed two rows of white ivory.

"Imitativeness, casuality and conscientiousness small; which with your weak mouth indicates—"

"Don' yu be so shu 'bout me habbin' a weak mouf. I kin crack nuts in ma teef."

You will notice that the man who is always talking about how hard he had to work when he was young is usually behind with his work now.

The social whirl has made many a girl giddy.

A Hold-Up

An Oppressive Trust.

Before the Coffee Roasters' Association, in session at Chicago on Thursday, Thomas J. Webb, of Chicago, charged that there is in existence a coffee combine which is "the most monstrous imposition in the history of human commerce."

There is very slight exaggeration about this statement. It comes very close to being literally true. There is a coffee combine in Brazil, from which country comes the bulk of the coffee used in the United States, which is backed by the government of Brazil and financed by it, which compels American consumers, as Mr. Webb said, "to pay famine prices for coffee when no famine exists."

The worst thing about this is that the consumers of the United States have been compelled to put up the money through which this combine, to further cinch them, has been made effective. There were formerly revenue duties imposed upon all coffee entering the United States. Those taxes were denounced as an imposition upon the people; as taxing the poor man's breakfast table, and the like. The taxes were removed. Immediately thereafter Brazil imposed an export duty upon coffee up to the full amount of the former customs taxes in this country. The revenue which formerly went into the treasury of the United States was diverted to the treasury of Brazil. The poor man's breakfast coffee continued to cost him the same old price.

But this was only the commencement. The "valorization" plan was evolved in Brazil. Through this plan the government, using the revenues derived from the export duties for the purposes, takes all of the surplus crop in a season of large yields and holds it off the market, thus keeping the supply down to the demands of the market and permitting the planters to receive a much higher price than they would otherwise have done.

The United States consumes more Brazilian coffee than does the rest of the world. We are the best customers of Brazil, and Brazil buys little from us. Now Brazil is promoting, financing and maintaining a trust designed, and working effectively for the purpose, to compel American consumers to pay an exorbitant price for the coffee they use. What is the remedy?—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer—Nov. 19, 1911.*

He did
"Compels"
tax Americans
Get this clear
Then this

Standard statistics of the coffee trade show a falling off in sales during the last two years of over two hundred million pounds. Authenticated reports from the Postum factories in this city show a tremendous increase in the sale of Postum in a like period of time.

While the sales of Postum invariably show marked increase year over year, the extraordinary demand for that well-known breakfast beverage during 1911 is very likely due to a public awakening to the oppression of the coffee trust.

Such an awakening naturally disposes the multitude who suffer from the ill effects of coffee drinking to be more receptive to knowledge of harm which so often comes as a result of the use of the drug-beverage, coffee.—*Battle Creek Evening News—Dec. 19, 1911.*

POSTUM

is a pure food-drink made of the field grains, with a pleasing flavour not unlike high grade Java.

A Big Package About 1¼ lbs. Costs 25 cts At Grocers

Economy to one's purse is not the main reason for using Postum.

It is absolutely free from **any** harmful substance, such as "caffeine" (the drug in coffee), to which so much of the nervousness, biliousness and indigestion of today are due. Thousands of former coffee drinkers now use Postum because they know from experience the harm that coffee drinking causes.

Boil it according to directions (that's easy) and it will become clear to you why—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited. Batt[illegible]

SAVING HER BABIES

FRANCE IS STRUGGLING TO KEEP UP THE POPULATION.

Cooked Milk Is the Latest Method Adopted for Infant Nourishment, Following the Example of Denmark and Switzerland.

With the death rate crowding the birth rate to the last ditch, France is struggling to maintain her existence as a nation. To cease gaining in population at the same proportionate annual rate as other nations is to stumble in the grand race, and there is danger, even, of her being trampled upon in the contest for supremacy. To escape impending disaster of this magnitude France is bending every effort to save her babies.

Hereafter raw milk will be a curiosity in France, as only cooked milk will be permitted in the market except under certain very exacting restrictions. This is not a Utopian dream, nor yet the chimera of a revolutionary hygienist. Back of the new law there is the minister of agriculture, with all the other high authorities, including the president himself. The Pasteur institute, the College of France, the medical faculty and various societies are enthusiastic in their support of the measure which they firmly believe means so much for France.

The Danes made the first experiments in cooking milk for infant nourishment. They were followed by the Swiss. Now it is France. In lands where science and law agree to protect bottle-fed babies from death and growing kids from consumption it is proved that heating milk to 176 degrees Fahrenheit destroys all the noxious germs which swarm in it—notably the most deadly, the bacilla of tuberculosis.

"But it must have a cooked taste!" objected many persons.

"Delicate palates," says Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur institute. "Happily, they will not suffer. It is sufficient to get into their heads a fact of which they are ignorant. All the milk sold industrially today, in the great cities, has already been raised to a temperature of 162 or 167 degrees Fahrenheit. Yes, the milk which you drink daily and imagine to be raw. Where is it done? In the collecting depots. Do you notice a cooked taste?

"It is of course to avoid the cooked taste that the wholesalers have never risked the extra degrees. Heating to 167 Fahrenheit arranges their business admirably—keeps the milk free from adulterations, which might affect its sale. Their sentiment is that of the beautiful hymn, 'I do not ask to see the distant shore, one step enough for me.'"

"But not for us!" thunders M. Pams, minister of agriculture. "Another step of ten degrees will save the little children of France from tuberculosis and cholera infantum, and as soon as we can, rush the law through you must take it. The cooked taste will be your task—the babies have taken their risk long enough! It is only a question of more careful heating."

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