

THE GUEST ROOM.

Should Be One of the Best and Most Comfortable in the House and Free from Intrusion.

The guest room in our houses of today should be, if not the best, the largest upper chamber. It is certainly one of the best, away from the noise of the street, the city, and in the country far from the kitchen and the nursery, says The House Beautiful.

The children in a household should consider the guest room sacred. They should not be allowed to enter it or knock at the door without first consulting an older head. Even the hostess may spoil the loveliest guest room by repeated inquiries. One is safe in concluding that a guest wishes to be alone when occupying his room. Over-entertainment is worse than none at all.

In the city, where one engagement laps over another, we have found this out, but in the country too large a responsibility for the guest is often felt, and thereby the real pleasure of his visit is lost.

One charming hostess, who knew how to make a visit a joy to be remembered, said, "Why should I disturb my household when a friend stays with me? Because she likes lamb at home, shall my family eat lamb during her visit? If she adapts herself to us, the delight of the variety which visiting brings will be hers. If my household were changed for each guest, there would be confusion all the time."

Another woman turned all the small servants' rooms at the top of her city house into guests' rooms, putting the servants downstairs, and so was able to give each guest a separate room, where quiet reigned and no household arrangements were interrupted.

No amount of money spent on furnishing a poor room can make it of a good guest chamber; but, given a good room, a very little furniture and a good deal of thought can make it perfect.

BRACELETS AGAIN IN FAVOR.

Long in Disuse Among the Fashionables, But Once More Are Being Worn.

For quite a number of years the bracelet has been in the background. Few women belonging to what is regarded as the fashionable set have worn it. Not that it is without its beauties, but simply because of a passing whim has this article of personal decoration been neglected. It owes its renewed lease of life at the present time to the revival of 1830 and second empire styles, and this has led to the introduction of new designs, which in some cases take the form of the semi-conventional garland, the leaves and flowers composing it being supported merely by their own stems. A bracelet is thus constructed of the buds and leaves of the wild anemone, the former composed of clustered diamonds and the latter of shaped rubies. Trios of buds alternate with leaves, the connecting link being a narrow band of small diamonds gracefully waved. Lallique introduced the gauntlet bracelet, fitting tightly to the wrist and widening out above to accommodate the sleeve cuff.

Those bracelets were first made in dull gold, pierced and chased, and further decorated with polychrome enamels, set with small pearls and colored stones, in the seventeenth century style. But now they are shown in lace patterns carried out in small diamonds only, set in gold. Bracelets of dull gold, chased in ponderous scrolls suggested, if not copied direct from renaissance adaptations of this style, show an arabesque of thistle leaves and flowers. The much favored Louis XV. and Louis XVI. styles are also adopted for bracelets, and generally find expression in diamonds. In many of these a resemblance may be noticed to certain lace patterns of the period, such patterns being executed without a foundation. These bracelets are usually narrow, often not more than half an inch wide.

Hot Milk.

Hot milk is a most nutritious beverage, a real luxury, the value of which but few people know. Many who have an abundance of milk never think of using it as a drink, or rather as an article, for we should eat milk instead of drinking it—that is, take it in small sips. Why? Because the casing of milk when it comes in contact with the acids of the gastric fluid coagulates and forms curd, and if swallowed in large quantities at once a large curd is formed, which the stomach handles with difficulty. The gastric fluid can mingle much more readily with small curds that result from sipping milk.—Medical Fortnightly.

Snow Cakes.

Take half a teaspoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, whites of two eggs, one and one-half cups of sifted flour, one and one-half cups of salt, one and one-half cups of baking powder, one cup of milk, sift salt, flour and baking powder together four times. Cream the butter and sugar with a little of the milk; add the whites of the eggs well beaten; the rest of the milk and then the flour stirring to a smooth batter without beating. Bake this mixture in hot buttered gem pans for 20 to 30 minutes in a quick oven. These are delicious eaten hot for lunch or tea.—Washington Star.

Parfait Cakes.

Boil the parsnips until tender, then mash smooth, and add for each pint one tablespoonful butter, the yolk of one egg, two tablespoonfuls cream, one-half cupful fine bread crumbs, and seasoning to taste. Form into small cakes, and fry brown on each side in hot butter or fat.—Farm and Home.

Squash Gems.

One cupful squash, two cupfuls flour, one cupful milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, a little salt. Bake in gem pans.—Boston Globe.

THINGS NEW AND USEFUL.

Odd and Ornamental Bits of Furniture That Are in Vogue for the Home.

When it is not a question of price, the seeker for beautiful articles for household use and decoration is certain to find just the acceptable thing in Russian metal work, the designs of which are so varied that duplicates are rare and the enameling in vivid tints the work of artists. Card trays, vases and decorative articles of various kinds are included in the Russian collection, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Horsehair has been restored to favor again as an upholstery accessory, particularly for colonial furnishings, but the fabric is not confined, as in days gone by to a single hue, namely, black. A variety of tints may now be had, including blue, yellow, brown, deep red and green and even white and gray.

Old brocade, or rather brocade in old time colorings and patterns, as well as tapestry, is being utilized with marked success for desk fittings. Blotters, paper and envelope racks, letter books, calendar frames, note book racks, stamp and pen boxes, etc., show coverings of these soft-hued fabrics, dull gilt brocade being employed for the finishing touch. Chintz is likewise used for the other materials—tapestry particularly—have won for them a greater measure of popularity. Tapestry covered photo cases, with deep flap covers—new this season—have found a ready sale.

The fan is the newest shape in which the photo frame has appeared. The photo is so arrayed that each section of the fan will hold a photograph. It comes in the favorite covers for frames of this sort.

A new and pretty fancy in carrying out certain schemes of decoration is to inclose electric bulbs in a tiny Japanese lantern. The effect is charming.

Scraps and ends of wax candles melted with an equal quantity of turpentine make an excellent polish for hardwood floors.

Tablecloths de luxe are now favored for set dinners. Their centers are composed of lace or drawn thread insertions and embroideries. This is decorative alone, but to make it more so a piece of gold or silver gauze is frequently laid on the table under the lace insertion, through which the gauze gleams with dainty effect. Silver table decorations go with the silver gauze; gold gauze is preferable when the flower vases are of crystal or of colored glass, and when the dinner service has much gilding upon it.

Fringes of glass beads similar to those used for edging candle shades are applied to flower pot covering. Gathered silk is laid over a cardboard framework and the edge is finished with a fringe of beads.

ONE WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS.

She Had Been Abroad and Had Learned How to Make Double Change.

"What impressed you most," said the gushing girl to the woman who had just returned from a trip abroad, according to the New York Times. "You must have seen such wonderful things."

The woman who had traveled thought deeply a few moments and then she said slowly, "I think it was the lack of napkins in Scotland. Yes, that was it. My dear, there isn't a sign of a napkin on the tables in Scotland. If you ask for one you may get it and then again you may not. I was entertained in the homes of the finest people in Scotland, and never a napkin did I get."

"The next most impressive thing was the size of the coins in England. I used up a great deal of good, nervous energy trying ways and means to stuff those car-wheels in my little purse. One day, when my pocketbook had become unusually clumsy, I became almost hysterical, and that night I dreamed I was using belt buckles for the coin of the realm."

"There's one queer thing, though. You know I never could get it through my head how one made double change. You know what I mean—some one gives you too much change and then you give them some money, and it's all right, or something of that sort. Well, I never could understand that process in good United States money, with which I am more or less familiar, but over there in England I accomplished the feat again and again without a tremor. Don't ask me how I did it. I don't know; it just came to me. Can't I do it now in United States money? No, I can't. I left that special ability behind in England."

Realistic.

From a Chicago theater comes a story of two small newsboys who were watching with breathless, pop-eyed interest, a production of "Hamlet." The duel had been fought, and before their eyes the queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the king killed, Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound. In the gallery sounded a clatter and a crash as one of the boys bolted for the door. "Come on, Jimmy!" he shouted back to his "pal," "hustle up! Day'll be extras out on dis."

Eau de Bourne.

Melt a piece of butter about the size of a nut by pouring on it a pint of boiling water, add sugar and flavoring and pour it from one vessel to another until it is in a high froth. This is a French drink, taken warm before going to bed to help a cold.—Chicago Tribune.

A Bargain.

"You know that center table we looked at the other day and which you said you could not afford?" "You mean the \$20 one?" "Yes. Well, I got that very table today for \$12.98."—Houston Post.

AN ORIENTAL FIGUREHEAD.

Power and Personality of Japan's Emperor and His Standing with His People.

Comparatively few foreigners have seen the mikado of Japan closely. In spite of his wonderful advance in occidental ideas in recent years, Japan retains enough of its orientalism to insist upon a certain seclusion for its ruler, says the Kansas City Star. Mutsuhito breaks away from his purely oriental environment occasionally. He goes among his people incognito. While strolling through the streets of Tokio as a young man attired as a common Japanese sailor, Mutsuhito encountered the first American he had ever seen. Walking boldly up to this son of "Uncle Sam," the boy emperor introduced himself as a young sailor, and finding the American could speak a little Japanese, he poured forth a flood of eager questions. The traveler from the United States told the supposed sailor a wonderful tale of the results of American civilization. The imperial ambition received new stimulus, and that interview with an American accomplished much for Japan.

Mutsuhito-tenno, emperor of Japan, is the present representative of the oldest royal dynasty extant. He is the 121st emperor of his dynasty, which dates back in an unbroken line 2,555 years. He is the direct descendant of Ginnu, the "Divine Conqueror," who, according to Japanese mythology, "descended from heaven on the white bird of the clouds." Ginnu's first task in his mythological role of divine conqueror was the subjugation of the Ainos, a savage, warlike race, whose descendants are still found in the northern extremity of Japan. Having subdued these fierce Ainos, Ginnu proclaimed himself to be "Tenshi," the "Son of Heaven," and established the still existing dynasty in 600 B. C. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that through the veins of Mutsuhito-tenno flows the very bluest of "blue blood."

Personally, the emperor has a pleasant appearance. He is very tall for a Japanese, almost six feet. He is muscular and well proportioned. He has a broad, high forehead, and, judged by the most exacting standards of manly beauty, he is a handsome sovereign.

The mikado takes more interest in the government than any of his predecessors. He reads the papers and attends cabinet councils. He takes all the important American and English magazines. He has astonished the upper classes of Japanese by knowing something about the government of his people.

The mikado lives in a palace built in the American way, with steel framework made in Pittsburgh, Pa. This was done to avoid accidents by earthquakes, so common in Japan.

Haruko, empress of Japan, was a daughter of a Japanese noble. She is 54 years old, two years older than her husband. Her name, Haruko, means "spring time."

In the mikado's reign the bands of feudalism that bound Japan to the middle ages were broken a constitution was granted by him voluntarily; the old social order of caste limitations gave way to a more liberal order of equality; modern education, literature, arts, science and industry were welcomed; the army and the navy were changed from the bow and arrow stage to modern organizations. It was only this remarkable advancement in the reign of Mutsuhito that made it possible for oriental Japan to be equal to the task of a possible successful war with Russia.

RATS IN COLD STORAGE.

The Creatures Gradually Become Accustomed to the Extremely Cold Temperature.

When cold storage was first introduced into this country the chilly storage rooms were absolutely free from rats and mice. The temperature was kept considerably below the freezing point, and in the cold surroundings rats and mice were unable to live.

In time, however, says the Atlanta Constitution, the rich stores packed away there proved too tempting for the voracious rodents, and they began to make inroads into the cold storage rooms, at first paying a hurried call and as soon as they had taken a few nibbles rushing with a shiver out into warmer places.

Gradually, however, these visits were lengthened and became more frequent, not without considerable mortality among the rats, but in the end they grew into being what is known as the "cold storage rat." This animal has neither tall nor ears, both having been frozen for his ancestors, resulting in their total loss to the families of the first intrepid pirates of cold storage.

These earless and tailless cold storage rats are perfectly at home in a temperature below the zero mark. They thrive on wintry atmospheres, and very probably if they were driven out into the warmth of a heated room they would suffer a great deal and perhaps many would perish.

This, I think, is one of the most striking examples of how the animal kingdom in the wise economy of nature can adapt itself to the most severe surroundings.

Real Liked.

"Yes," admitted the female who was carrying weight for age. "I've seen 23 summers."

"Pardon me," said the brutal man, "but how old were you when you began to see summers?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not a Virtue.

The patience of those who sit down and wait for a dead man's shoes is not a virtue.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Tells About His Ramblings Away Back When the World Was in Its Infancy.

"Metempsychosis?" said the Old Joke, as he deftly placed another pill in his pipe, relates the New York Herald. "Why, of course! Old story to me, I assure you. Transmigration of souls an everyday occurrence. And as for reincarnation—why, bless you, my boy, I have been coming back to earth for many centuries, and in as many different forms as those of the animals that Noah—not old Noah, from my point of view, believe me!—had in his ark."

"I tell you, my boy, these theosophists have got the right idea about it. We die but to live again. We make our little brief appearance on the stage of life and then we vanish, only to return in some new guise—our astral body the same, our terrestrial form the only thing changed about us. And sometimes that is not changed as much as might be wished. I have worn many guises in my day. Helgh, hol! It warbles me to begin to think of them all. There was the time when Adam cracked his sides with laughter. He had sprung me upon his better half, and Eve—well, Eve was a woman of exceeding politeness (as evidence her courtesy to the serpent), and she did her very best to smile at me, although I am fully convinced that she did not see my point at all."

"The next time I remember to have come to earth was in the Land of Nod. That was about 9,000 years ago as near as I can recollect. It caused a great sensation among the simple Noddites when I was suddenly sprung upon them as a New Thing. If I recollect aright, I was printed then in the newspapers of the time, and the reporters were kind enough to write 'Laughter' in brackets after me, so as to make sure that the inhabitants would appreciate me at my cabminatory worth."

"Life is too short for me to attempt to rehearse my various reincarnations since then. I have appeared in comic opera and tragedy; have graced the minstrel stage, and appeared suddenly in the pulpit as a ray Bon Mot. I have traveled all over the civilized world as a Newspaper Joke. I have been illustrated and set to music; have helped to make the fortunes of several comedians and the reputations of numerous after-dinner speakers. And last night—will you believe it!—one of the best and most original—"

"Hello!" said the Old Joke, sadly. "My pipe has gone out and I have not another pill in the box. I shall die if I cannot get a smoke—I know I shall. But never mind! I shall soon come back again in some new form, and the suffering public will accept me as the latest and newest thing in jokes!"

IN A SOUDAN DUNGEON.

Horrible Barbarities Discovered by the British in a Large City Prison.

The British took possession about a year ago of the large city of Kano in the western Sudan, whose Emir had refused to abide by the treaty which had placed its territory in the British dominion. Sir F. D. Lugard, who seized the city, has written a description of the dungeon in which the Emir kept his prisoners, states the New York Sun.

When he visited the dungeon he squeezed his way into it through a doorway only two feet six inches high and one foot six inches wide. The interior was divided by a thick mud wall with a similar hole through it into two compartments, each 11 by 7 on the floor and 11 feet high. This wall was pierced with holes at its base, through which the legs of those sentenced to death were thrust, and they were left to be trodden on by the crowd of other prisoners till they died of thirst and starvation.

The place was perfectly airtight and without ventilation except for the hole in the wall which served as a doorway. The total space inside was 2,618 cubic feet, and when Lugard's troops took Kano 135 persons were confined in this dungeon every night.

During the day they were turned out into a small adjoining area. Sometimes as many as 200 persons were packed into the dungeon at one time. As the ground area was only 238 square feet, there was not even standing room except by literally packing the prisoners like sardines in a box. Several of them were crushed to death every night and their bodies were hauled out in the morning.

The dungeon was emptied of its victims just before the British entered the city. When Col. Morland visited it, two or three days later, the odor was so intolerable, though it was empty, that he did not enter.

Three weeks later when Lugard went inside the effluvia were unbearable for more than a few seconds. In this murderous pen two black soldiers of the British force, who were taken prisoners, had been confined. One of the open spaces in the town was the place where decapitations were regularly performed, and another place near the limbs of hapless prisoners were amputated almost daily.

Sounded Liked.

Bike—When you said that you'd blow your brains out if she didn't accept you, what did she say?

Bird—She said, "Impossible!" I don't know just what she meant, but somehow I didn't like the sound of it.—Stray Stories.

Not Continued.

"Money doesn't always bring happiness," said the dyspeptic millionaire. "That may be all true," replied the struggling young man, "but it is one of those truths that nothing but experience can teach."—Detroit Free Press.

AUTOMOBILES AND HAY.

Probable Effect of Increasing Manufacture of the Motor Cars on the Various Crops.

Reports of the bureau of statistics of the agricultural department at Washington show that the dozen principal crops of the country, including cotton, reach the enormous value of \$3,500,000,000. Of this enormous value, four crops furnish fully four-fifths. These are corn to the value of \$953,000,000, hay, \$556,000,000, cotton, \$500,000,000, and wheat \$442,000,000. To these may be added oats, \$268,000,000. Of these crops, all of the hay and such of the corn and oats as is not used for human consumption, go to feed the horses, mules and cattle of the country, of which the estimated value is \$3,000,000,000.

Compared with these figures, says the Electrical Review, the automobile industry is insignificant, but it is growing at a healthy rate, and it may be only a question of time when the automobile will have some effect on these figures. What its effect will be, and how soon it may be felt, it would be rash to predict; but the fact nevertheless remains that many are looking forward to a complete exclusion of the horse from cities, and the relief of our faithful friend, to a large extent, from heavy drudgery. This would mean, necessarily, a diminution in the demand for hay and cereals that are used to feed them. Now corn is the most important agricultural product of the country; hay comes second and oats fifth, and any material decrease in the use of these cannot fail to be felt by the farmer. This he would have to make good by raising other crops, and it does not appear that the automobile will create new demands, which will in any way compensate for the loss, unless the farm lies in an oil district or in such a climate that rubber cultivation can be started to supply the material for tires. Neither of these alternatives is likely to be of greater assistance to the farmer than the greater number of those who till the soil for a livelihood, and it is probable that the feeling of animosity toward the new mode of locomotion which now exists in rural districts is likely to persist for some time to come.

NOT IN GUIDE BOOKS.

But the Italian House of Deputies Should Never Be Omitted by Travelers.

Those visitors to Rome who find that their outdoor excursions have been prevented by the surly behavior of King Sun ought really to pay a visit to the Italian chamber, writes a correspondent of London Sketch.

There they will find amusement enough to drive away forever all unkind thoughts of the country in which they are the guests of the hour. If rain is falling out of doors, they may be sure that within the chamber there is hailing a very storm of epithets abusive as they are expressive.

Only recently a splendid example was given of the Italian deputy's fondness of wordy abuse. A question had been asked in an incoherent way, which regarding the Naples museum, and the subject of archaeology was in this manner introduced into the discussion. "What do you know of archaeology?" asked one.

"You don't know how to read or write, anyway," retorted the other.

"You are a fool!" added a third.

"You are another," shrieked but weakly answered the first.

"You are a freak of nature, a rogue and a vagabond!" was the rejoinder then vociferated. Eyes glittered, voices raved, and fists were clenched, and threats were uttered.

"A cool, sure as death!" muttered the excited onlookers. But no; lunch time intervened, and better counsels prevailed—helped, perhaps, by the soothing effect of good wine, red and white.

At the afternoon sitting, the quarrel resumed each arose in his place and formally and with many bows retreated word for word every sentence of the morning.

"It shall be as if it had not been spoken," said the one.

"Agreed with heart and soul," said the other.

"Let us be friends indeed," chimed in the third.

Thereupon the contending parties rose from their places and embraced in tenderest fashion.

Here's a Twister.

The German, Salzbacher, who has charge of a nearby wine cellar is noted for his unique usage of the English language, especially when he becomes excited. The other day one of the little boys who fills bottles for him asked Salzbacher for some corks, receiving instead this answer:

"When I tell you you want you, you ask me, yes; now I don't got some, you want, any, yes?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

In Advance D.

Tom—I'm engaged to Miss Dashing, and if I don't marry her I'm afraid she'll sue me for breach of promise.

Jack—Well, why don't you marry her? "Oh, if I do that it will be only a matter of time until she sues me for failure to provide."—Chicago Daily News.

The Work.

Several species of moth never eat after attaining a perfect state. Their mouths become smaller and smaller, until they finally shut altogether. Then the moths live but a few hours.

American Cities.

The United States now has three cities of more than a million inhabitants, but the fourth, St. Louis, has about 600,000.

Sent to Ethiopia.

Ethiopia bought \$247,000 worth of cotton goods from the United States last year.

PARENTS PLAY WITH TOYS.

Take as Much Interest in Mechanical Contrivances and Animals as the Children.

When some visitors went to a certain house the other evening they were invited, almost as soon as the greetings were said, into the library to play with the "choo-choo cars." The host extended the invitation. He is a dignified professional man in the daytime, says the Baltimore News, but this evening he and his guests seated themselves on the floor and immediately began to amuse themselves with the children's toys. The choo-choo cars ran on a very superior track. It had some curves upon it, but it was as smooth as the floor upon which it was placed. The train consisted of an engine, a baggage car and two coaches. You wound the engine up somewhere under the wheels and it went shooting around the tracks as naturally as anything in the world.

There was a bell on it to ring and a whistle to blow, and the visitors quarreled with their dignified host as to who should ring the bell and who should pull the whistle. They also bet on the time it would take the train to go from one given point to another given point, and when what was suggested, timidly, by the hostess, they scoffed at her. "Bridge," they said, "they had always with them, but they had few chances to play with mechanical toys, and these they intended to take advantage of." They knew, and every one else knows who has had anything to do with them, that mechanical toys, in the hands of certain young vandals, do not last very long. The young vandals investigate to see what makes them go, and there's an end to the mechanism.

It's dreadful to tell the story of the bachelor who bought a dog which walked when wound up, and a monkey which ran up and down a stick in the most lifelike manner, and two fighting cocks and a few other 20th century toy marvels, when he didn't know a child in the world to give them to; but the truth must prevail. He carried them home, sheepishly, in his overcoat pocket and played with them when he should have been reading medicine, and was caught so doing by his uncle and aunt, who had come to call on him because they were afraid Richard would be lonely during the holidays.

The uncle liked the elephant which could stand on its head best of all the toys, and so he carried it away with him when he went, for Richard told him he could get another for himself the next day.

One young woman who had put in her stockings, as a joke, a monkey which acted in the dearest way imaginable, introduced this amiable animal to all of her friends. Three or four days after Christmas she received an invitation to a chafin-dish party, which ended with a plan to bring the monkey with you; it will add so much to the fun.

The monkey did add to the fun, too, except that one of the guests stole it finally, which created some bad feeling.

There is no doubt about it, the mechanical toy is a great thing. And, while it may have been invented solely for children, the youngsters are not the only ones who enjoy it.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL'S FADS.

She Does Not Think Look to Any Sport, But Is Ever on the Change.

The fashions of the fair sex is illustrated forcibly in the fleeting character of the athletic girl indulges. A few of these sports have been sensible, a great many have been foolish and a fair percentage have been unpropitious to talk about, says the Chicago Chronicle. Hiding astride had its advantages and the indorsement of the family doctor if he had perspicuity enough to advocate what he knew would be adopted even if he did not give his approval. Riding astride was not hurtful, even if it robbed the horsewoman of some of the grace she could display on the side saddle. Not was the breakfast dog trot in a short skirt so bad—better, perhaps, than many other caprices, which may account for its disappearance.

But the newest of all—the unglorified, improperly clothed girl, who prays for zero weather and swings out like a pugilist in training—is about the acme, or as she would say, "the limit." She must wear no gloves; the arms must be bared half way to the elbow; she must wear wide-meshed outer garments and as few undergarments as possible, so that the air may get to her body, and she must expect to have the hands, once accustomed to the protection of the softest kid, as red and rough as those of a washer woman, for the promise is that her cheeks will take on the blush of the rose and her eyes the sparkle of the diamond if she will stimulate circulation through the exposure of the radial artery. Other fads have been silly in a comparative sense—this is superlatively.

To Read New Testament.

"A great many people are under the impression that it takes a long while to read the New Testament," remarked a well known preacher the other day, "but as a matter of fact it only requires 60 hours for the average reader to read the entire book or, in other words, if a man were to read an hour each day, he would finish the book inside of two months. I told this to a business man once, and he said he didn't believe me. Thinking it would be a good plan to get him to read it, at any rate, I advised him to try it, and the result was that he reported that he had read everything in it within 40 hours."—Philadelphia Press.