

ring  
ays

(Continued from Page 50) with the Wrights and Mr. Taft, all of us literally dripping, while we shook hands with the hundreds of guests.

I enjoyed enormously meeting the Filipinos. No one could have helped responding to their courtesy and hospitality. After perhaps a week or ten days in Manila, we all embarked on a transport for a tour of the islands. The party was augmented by many of the Manila officials and members of their families—among others Anne and Marjorie Ide, the daughters of the vice-governor. Those two were romantic figures. Both extraordinarily good-looking, with a train of admirers in tow, their early childhood had been spent in Samoa and they had come to Manila "in the days of the Empire."

We went from island to island, landing, meeting the governor of the province, the mayor of the town. There was always a "banquet" at which there were speeches—the long-drawn, same, inevitable speeches. After the first few occasions of this sort, I began to get frightfully bored. The local head official would speak in Spanish; Mr. Ferguson, the interpreter, would bellow it paragraph by paragraph in English. Mr. Taft would reply in English; the interpreter repeated his performance, this time in Spanish. He always stood directly back of and between Mr. Taft and me, and my eardrums would ache.

Most of the food on these occasions came from Manila and, as cold-storage facilities were meager, it was usually in a state of melt and trickle; and the ants would get wind of it. I would see an investigating ant and would then arrange a trail of moist "dulces" to point them the way to their feast.

That was one of the things Mr. Taft remonstrated with me about. He did not want the feelings of our hosts to be hurt. Neither did I; so that diversion had to cease. His other complaint from time to time was, "Alice, I think I ought to know if you are engaged to Nick." To which my reply was, "More or less, Mr. Secretary, more or less"; and that ended that.

*A Day of Comic Opera*

AS FAR as I recollect we had only one day of good honest exercise uninterrupted by feasting and speeches during the entire southern trip. That was when we landed at Malabang and went up the trail to Lake Lanao to spend the night at Camp Keithly, and drop down to Camp Overton the following morning.

It was my first opportunity to use the sidesaddle, only to find that the girths would not fit any of the animals provided; so there and then it was discarded, and I rode the trail on an Army saddle, my habit very much in the way. After that I only used cross saddles.

Only a few of us rode, the rest of the party being shaken to pieces in Army wagons. I don't see how Mr. Taft endured it. He was so heavy, and must have been so hot and uncomfortable. But he never lost his smile and it never was forced.

When we got to Joló, the whole day was sheer comic opera. Mr. Taft, enormous in his white ducks; General Corbin, looking exactly like the Colonel in the Sultan of Sulu; I, a leading lady, in a bright red linen dress, decorated with white shamrocks outlined in black, and a red parasol and hat. We marched up the little wharf, followed by the rest of the party, between rows of constabulary in trig uniforms, but with bare feet, to be met and greeted by an assorted collection of datos and tribesmen, the Sultan of Sulu among them.

The Sultan of Sulu gave me a pearl ring, some datos gave me a loose pearl or two. I was also given a Bogobo Moro costume—a really charming costume of skirt, little jacket and barrel-like girdle hung with bells. It was an enchanting experience. One felt as though a fantastic stage setting had suddenly become real.

Before leaving the Philippines, we returned to Manila for a few days of good-by

parties. That time we stayed with Commissioner Lagardo. I had a great big room, and a little staircase came most unexpectedly up through the floor in one corner. Out of that opening at odd hours of the day and night, little Filipino heads would suddenly pop up like prairie dogs, look at me with much interest and then disappear again.

We then boarded the transport for the trip to Hong-Kong. There we met Sir Matthew Nathan, the British Governor, went to Government House, to the races. Shanghai was at that moment going through a period of violent anti-American feeling and only the men of the party were allowed to land there.

I was told that I could not even go up the river to Shansen, the island opposite the city, where our consulate is. But I found an officer in command of a gunboat who said he would take me; and, on condition that I did not go on shore at Shanghai proper, Mr. Taft allowed me to go. So we spent a day there with Consul General and Mrs. Lay and stood on the island and looked across the canal at the city. Only an occasional coolie on the opposite bank shook his fist at us.

*Sharks' Fins and Rose Wine*

AFTER a day or two in Hong-Kong, Mr. Taft and the majority of the party took a steamer for home. The Newlands, Nick, Amy and Mabel, Fred Gillett, Bourke Cockran, General and Mrs. Corbin and I continued up the coast on the transport, sailing through the Yellow Sea—magic thought—on our way to Tientsin, where we landed and went directly to Peking.

I stayed with the Rockhills in the delightful old Chinese building that was then the American Legation. After dinner Chinese magicians did remarkable tricks for us in the lantern-lit courtyard. The next morning we drove out in rickshas to the Temple of Heaven. I had been reading Marco Polo, and his description of the road between the Temple of Heaven and Peking might have been written the day we were there. That afternoon we left for the Summer Palace, I in a chair carried by four bearers.

The Rockhills, Mrs. Newlands, Mabel and Amy and I spent the night at Prince Ching's palace. Dinner in the courtyard was alternate courses of European and Chinese food. But I ate only the Chinese, which I liked enormously, particularly the sharks' fins and rose wine.

The apartment I had was in a building on one side of the courtyard, which consisted of a large room in the middle with a smaller and lower-ceilinged room on each side. Whether the bed was comfortable or not I was too pleasantly exhausted to notice, but I do remember a long, solid, peculiarly hard apology for a pillow that felt more like a log of wood.

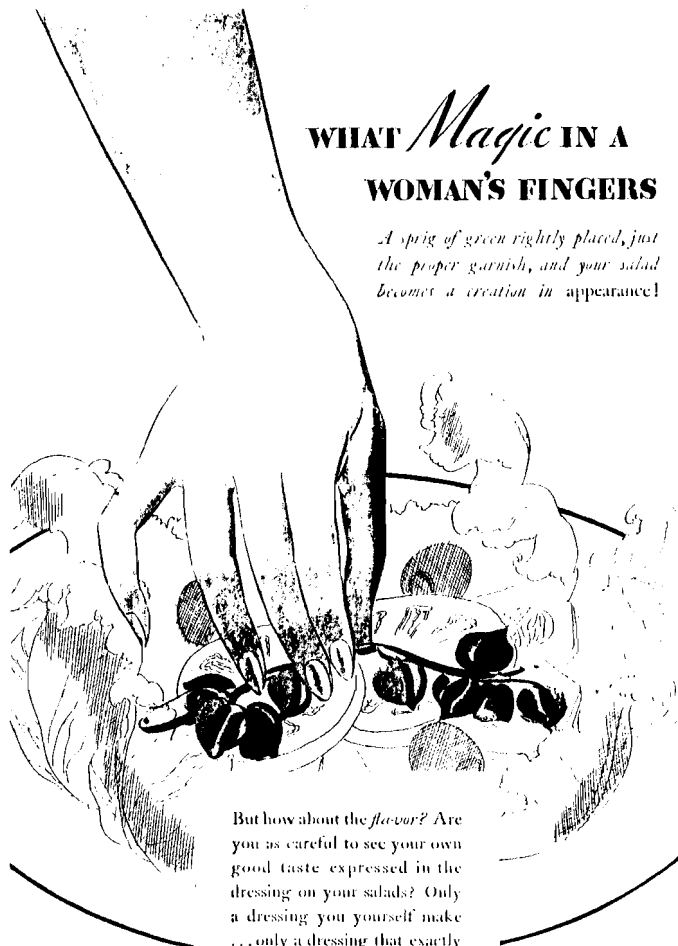
We were all up early the next morning, as the audience with the Empress Dowager took place at eight o'clock. The other members of the party had to drive out from Peking, all dressed in their best clothes, soon after dawn. We were taken into an apartment where everyone was provided with a cake of scented soap, a bottle of perfume and a basin, but no water, with which to make ourselves pristine for the ceremony. There was a delightful old princess, and many officials hovering about most solicitously.

Finally we were escorted to the hall where the audience was to take place. The Empress Dowager sat on a throne several steps higher than the floor, very erect, one long-nailed hand on the chair arm and the other in her lap, in marvelous Chinese robe and headdress, hung with pearls and jade. There were great pyramids of fruit on either side of her chair.

I was presented first; I curtsied, advanced a few steps, curtsied again, advanced a few more steps and then curtsied again directly in front of the throne. The others went through the same performance afterward. On the lowest step of the throne sat the young Emperor, limp

WHAT *Magic* IN A WOMAN'S FINGERS

*A sprig of green rightly placed, just the proper garnish, and your salad becomes a creation in appearance!*



But how about the *flavor*? Are you as careful to see your own good taste expressed in the dressing on your salads? Only a dressing you yourself make... only a dressing that exactly suits the delicious flavor of your own salad can do justice to your own good taste.

*mix the dressing to suit the salad*

MAKE the dressing to suit the flavors of the salad you are serving. There are only four main kinds of salads... there are only four dressings you need to know. *Parisienne Dressing* for vegetable salads... *Nectar Dressing* for fruit salads... *Tavern Dressing* for meat or seafood salads... and *Mayonnaise* for aspics or frozen salads.

Here's the recipe for the new *Parisienne Dressing*. It's delicious! And surprisingly creamy and smooth. And it doesn't separate for hours and hours after you have made it. It stays in perfect mixture. No shaking or stirring at the table.

*Parisienne Dressing*

- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 table spoons tomato cat-up
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 cup Wesson oil
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 cup vinegar or lemon juice

Mix seasonings and cat-up together. Beat with rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Add one table-spoonful of oil at a time and beat well after each addition, until six table-spoonfuls have been used. Beat in remaining oil, two table-spoonfuls at a time. Gradually beat in the vinegar or lemon juice. (Correctly mixed, this dressing will not separate for hours.)

The recipes for four new dressings to suit the four main kinds of salads are all given in Mary B. Murray's new book, "Let's Enjoy



Eating". She will be glad to send it to you if you will write her in care of the Wesson Oil People, 210 Bayou Street, New Orleans.

WESSON OIL

FOR SALADS

**Nut Loaf**  
1 cup walnut meat, coarsely broken  
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate melted and cooled  
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk  
1 vanilla  
1/2 salt and soda, and stir butter thoroughly, add together until light and stiff. Add nuts and chocolate alternately with milk, stirring after each addition.  
Bake in greased loaf pan in slow oven (325°F.) for 1 hour top and sides of cake shining.

**Cake Frosting**  
1/2 cup strong coffee  
5 cups sifted confectioners' sugar (about 1 1/2 lbs.)  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup coffee. Mix well of right consistency to spread on cake. Variations are level



RO - ONTARIO