Topeka State Journal

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BY FRANK P. MACLENNAN

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Hungary must want peace pretty badly if she is willing to pledge Russia that the Dardanelles will always be open for Russian commerce. But Hungary probably won't have much pledging to do when the peace terms come to be written. Berlin will attend to this little matter for the Teutonic allies.

Being in Norway, Mrs. Leckes, the publicity agent of the Ford peace argosy, is not in close touch with the American newspapers. And this may help to explain her statement to the Norwegian press that the opinion of the American press with regard to the Ford enterprise has suddenly turned favorable.

Henry Ford is even a smarter man than his admirers have held him to be, if the reports from Christiania are correct that he already realizes the hopelessness of obtaining any results from his peace mission. Ordinarily, a man who might work up sufficient enthusiasm to indulge in an undertaking of such variety and proportions would continue to butt his head against the stone wall until there was nothing left of his head at all.

Reports of a serious mutiny among one unit of the British forces come from Berlin, naturally. Hence the necessity for taking them with a few grains of salt.

Another thing is certain. Chicago's new citizen police force cannot possibly do any worse job in policing the town than her regular body of policemen has done.

Time flies the world over. But seldom if ever, has it measured such accomplishment as that which has occurred in the portion of North America that comprises the United States. It was only 295 years ago that the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

Secretary of State Lansing thinks that wrangling with Austria over the Ancona incident is unnecessary. But Mr. Lansing, no matter how tenable his position in the premises may be, doesn't do the thinking for Austria.

Apparently, the only impossible task that has ever been undertaken by movie camera men is the obtaining of pictures of President Wilson and his bride during their honeymooning. However, this war isn't ended yet.

And the crowds in the stores indicate that not so many of the people of Topeka did all of their Christmas shopping early.

Incident to the rioting at Juarez that occurred when the Villa forces were superseded by those of Carranza, another American life was sacrificed on the altar of the "watchful waiting" policy. It was taken unintentionally, but that scarcely eliminates the sting.

So far all the honors in the winter weather prophecy line for these parts are held by the goosebones, the reading of the spots on which foretold a mild winter. However, the end is not yet.

Word comes from Chicago that women's skirts are to go still higher, clearing the ground as much as 12 inches. All of which would seem to forecast the approach of the time when the women's skirts will make a noise like kilts. Probably not, though. It is reasonable to believe or to reach the deduction that woman's knee is even uglier than her elbow. Still, they often wear short enough sleeves to expose the latter to view.

A GREAT COMBINE.

In the January Woman's Home Companion is the story of a woman who spends her entire life in laboring for co-operation between parents and school teachers. Her name is Mrs. Katherine C. Higgins. "From Massachusetts to the Pacific coast and back again, Mrs. Higgins has preached the doctrine of the necessity for the co-operation of parents and teachers for the welfare of children. In her home city of Worcester, by means of hundreds of personal visits, she stimulated an interest in the movement that resulted in the largest mass meeting in the history of the town, the effects of which spread through the whole state. Mrs. Higgins is now president of the Massachusetts Congress of Parent-Teachers Association, affiliated with the national organization of similar name. Crystallizing the idea in back of her work she says: 'In years past we left our boys and girls first to mother in the nursery, then to teacher in the classroom. Now we are bringing father into the game. We have created a triumvirate in the interest of the child—father, mother, teacher. The result will be better boys and girls, more effective schools, happier homes'."

THE WAR'S RAMIFICATIONS.

Europe's **war has** been a most convenient **agent** on which to blame all manner of conditions that have developed over the rest of the world since it began. Efforts have been made to hide much under its cloak that doesn't properly belong there, and especially in this country and by designing politicians. There is no doubt, though, but it has played "hob" with many of the outside world's activities, little ones as well as big ones, and the losses that the industries of Europe, those of neutral countries as well as those of belligerents, have sustained by it have in many instances meant gains for others. Who would think, for instance, that it has greatly stimulated the manufacture in Japan of such things as playing cards and safety matches? Yet it has. These are two commodities that have been exported from Japan for the first time since the war began. Playing cards of the rather large aggregate value of $7,500,000 have already been ordered from Japan since the beginning of the European struggle. Many of them go to India but the bulk are consigned to Europe, the greater part to be used as gifts to soldiers, and a considerable portion being put on the regular market through English merchants. And the European demand on Japan for these cards is not concerned with the quality of them, it only requires that they be cheap. In respect to the matches, there is now a big American demand for those made in Japan. This is because the import of matches to this country from Sweden and other European countries has been suspended on account of the war. And the American demand for matches is for a good quality without much reference to price. The result is that the Japanese match manufacturers are putting out matches of a superior quality for America and differing radically from inferior varieties that are used in Japan or shipped to India and other places in the South Pacific.

BIRTH REGISTRATION IN U. S.

Director Sam L. Rogers, of the federal census bureau, has recently inaugurated the collection annually of birth statistics within an area comprising the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Minnesota, and the District of Columbia. This area, although it represents barely 10 per cent of the territorial extent of continental United States, has a population of approximately 31,150,000, or about 31 per cent of the total for the country. The collection of both birth and death statistics was authorized by the permanent census act, approved March 6, 1902. This act, however, provided that the statistics should be obtained only from the registration records of such states and municipalities as in the judgment of the director of the census possessed records affording satisfactory data in the necessary detail. Ever since the passage of this act the census bureau has made annual collections of mortality statistics from a steadily increasing area, which now contains about two-thirds of the total population of the United States, but until recently very few of the states have maintained reliable birth-registration systems. In this respect the United States has lagged far behind a number of the leading foreign countries, in some of which—such as England, France, Germany, Norway and Sweden—adequate birth-registration systems have been in operation for many years. A beginning has now been made in this country, however, and the statistics will relate to an area having a population of such size and heterogeneity as to render them of great value and significance. The data now being gathered will show birth rates for the population as a whole and for the white and colored races. Separate figures will also be given for urban and rural localities.

THE RAILROAD SITUATION.

The revival of railroad earnings during the last two months again demonstrates that the carriers of the country do not lead in bringing about prosperity but reflect the general condition of commerce, says American Industries for December. Railroad earnings depend on the volume of traffic, and for this reason their earnings lag somewhat behind those of the manufacturing and extractive industries. When the country was first deluged with orders occasioned by the European war the railroads did not experience the general prosperity of other lines. There was then a surplus of cars and an abundance of terminal facilities. Conditions, however, have now changed in regard to the carriers. The great volume of manufactured goods ordered by the European belligerents is moving forward to destination. The railroads are beginning to get their share of the business prosperity brought to the country. There was nothing unusual in the situation of the roads several months ago. They were waiting for the completion of manufacturing processes before they could obtain their share of the prosperity pie. The situation is different now; there is a glut of freight on the eastern seaboard, particularly at New York, where the port terminal facilities are overcrowded. Two of the best equipped railroads of the country, the Pennsylvania and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western are complaining that they are unable to load cars at New York because of a scarcity of cargo room and terminal facilities. In normal times when traffic moves forward with reasonable regularity, and the presence of freight at any port is sufficient to attract bottoms to carry it, meagre terminal facilities have sufficed. The rapid handling of freight serves to prevent congestion, but the terminals are inadequate because of their inelasticity. There is no provision for handling an abnormal amount of freight, and that is the reason why the railroads are complaining of a shortage of cars, and the middle west unavailingly demands them, and protests when they are not forthcoming. It is worse than useless for the railroads to continue to improve their facilities for transporting freight to the Atlantic seaboard if it is to be congested there. The federal government and the city of New York must do their part in improving port conditions and upbuilding a merchant marine. Despite the congested conditions of traffic, the government forbids railroads to own ship lines, which could handle the freight when it arrives at ports. The great railroads of Canada are encouraged to enter into just this business, and it is only a short-sighted policy on the part of the United States which makes it impossible for our railroads to do the same thing.

Journal Entries

Neither do many of the day dreams come true.

✣ ✣ ✣

Too many people place too much reliance on hope.

✣ ✣ ✣

It's not unusual for the wife to have the master hand.

✣ ✣ ✣

Anything that everybody agrees to doesn't amount to much.

✣ ✣ ✣

Few of the jokes are worth the laughs they get, so many folk laugh at them out of politeness.

Jayhawker Jots

Matching that story of the little boy who bought his mother a baseball bat for Christmas is the true story, according to the Olathe Register, of a fond Olathe husband who has bought Friend Wife a churn to put into her Christmas stocking.

"One bad point about hunting in winter," says the Wakefield News, "is that when a hunter comes back empty handed he can't go to a fish store and lay in a stock of trophies to prove a lie to be the truth." But what's to prevent him from going to a market and buying a rabbit or two?

A Mrc. Landsdown, living near Parsons, went to town shopping recently. On her way home, a storm came up and she stopped at a friend's home to stay all night, but forgot to telephone her husband. The husband feared that she had met with foul play, organized a searching party, and scoured the country for eight hours, searching for her. As the Pratt Union suggests, he was probably out of humor when he found she was all right.

Observations by the Marysville Advocate-Democrat: Some women speak as they think all right, only oftener. . . .Occasionally a girl is pressed for time, but it is usually for some other reason. . . .Don't get grouchy when things don't go to suit you. Keep pleasant and change them. . . . Speaking of a woman's idle curiosity, there's nothing to it—it works night and day. . . .When a man wants cigars for his Christmas present, he never wants them very bad. . . .For the time being the man with a past will have to make way for the man with a present.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

So many of the investigations fail to investigate.

Some men get up awful early and don't do much thereafter.

Nobody makes the apologies for you that you make for yourself.

You can't clamp the lid down so tightly that some tongue won't be thick.

Suspicion has so many fingers that one of them may be pointing in your direction.

Not all flapdoodle is written. Some of it appears in the pictures printed in Sunday newspapers.

A letter with a golden seal attached rarely contains any money; such a letter is usually from a woman.

We are willing to listen to most of a statesman's wails, so long as he doesn't complain of being overworked.

Our Yuletide notion of a mollycoddle is one who needs the aid and assistance of the well known mistletoe.

"It's a good story," said the editor to a reporter, "even if there isn't a word of truth in it." The story was a writeup of an amateur concert.

Probably the Bum Sports' club was established when Adam blamed the woman in the case, and it has been growing pretty steadily ever since.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

It isn't every man who takes a shine to his bootblack.

You never can tell. A bad man sometimes delivers the goods.

The language of the eye appeals equally to the flirt and the egotist.

The pessimist expects nothing, and is disappointed if he doesn't get it.

Many a woman thinks a hat becoming to her that won't be coming to her.

Most girls are just wild over spring flowers, but the orange blossom is perennial.

The man who is his own best friend shouldn't wonder because he has so few others.

Some people monkey with love almost as fearlessly as they would with an automobile.

Some people seem to think that happiness, success and dollars are synonymous terms.

"That man Bjones is awfully close mouthed," said the doctor. "I can always make him open up when he comes to me," replied the dentist.

His Satanic Majesty—"So the new arrival says he feels quite at home, eh? Where is he from?"—Imp—Judging from his accent, your Majesty, I should say he was from somewhere within the war zone."

International Sunday School Lesson

BY W. T. ELLIS.

For December 26 is "Review—The Lord's Gracious Promises to Israel." Read Hos. Ch. 14.

A Nation Looking Backward.

With the Christmas music still in our ears, we are called upon to enter the New Year's mood of retrospection; for the present Sunday School Lesson looks backward upon a year's studies in the history of Israel, and brings to a close this Old Testament cycle. With next week we enter upon a course of New Testament studies.

The keynote of the year's lessons is sounded by the first and last titles. We began the series with a study in the time of the Judges, "God's Patience with Israel;" we ended it, at the time of the collapse of the Northern Kingdom and its captivity, with the lesson, "God yearns over Israel." Between these two studies we have had nearly fifty lessons dealing with variations of the same theme—a wandering people and a wooing Lord; straying sheep and a seeking Shepherd. Now the year's Review is entitled "Jehovah's Gracious Promises to Israel."

Holding Nations to Account.

Bulking big on the horizon, as we look backward, is the truth that Jehovah is the God of nations. From the vantage point of the close of the year 1915 we have at least five thousand years of history to study. So our body of facts is large enough to enable us to draw some general lessons. We are warranted today in saying that "history teaches us" thus and so. And of all the deductions we may safely make from the long course of human history, none is clearer than that there has been a Supreme Power who has overruled the affairs of nations for certain moral ends. In other words, God deals with nations as units, as well as with men. We as a country must render our accounting to Him, even as did Israel of old.

No other people since the days of the Jewish nation have been in such a unique place of stewardship as we of this new western world. Certain great ideals have been given to us in custody, and over every gateway has been written "opportunity." Now we have come to the time of testing and proof. Have we been good stewards of this grace of God? In a supreme moral crisis for the world are we standing fast by the divine standards? Is our loyalty to God, and to the ideals taught us by our mothers, greater than our loyalty to self-interest and sordid gain? Amid the tumult of a world war we seem to hear anew the poet's call,—

"Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!
Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!
For the Lord our God Most High
He has made thee apple of His eye!
He has smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!

"Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstate,
Except we pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage He shall ask them trebletale!"

Keeping Close to Earth.

There is no workable national idealism that is distinct from individual morality. There cannot be a noble nation whose people live ignobly. National character is only the sum of individual characters. Nebulous piosity is no asset. Mere pratings about unpracticed virtues are worse than worthless. Only as the people work out into the warp and woof of their daily lives the great moralities can the nation itself be strong.

So it was with Israel. We find the year's lessons crowded with stories of personal nobility and righteousness. The cornerstones of all God's buildings are men and women of integrity. So most of our studies have been biographical; and there have passed before us such personalities as Deborah and Barak, Gideon, Samson, Jephthah, Hannah, Samuel, Eli, Saul, David, Jonathan, Solomon, Asa, Joash, Amos, Hosea and Isaiah.

All of God's business on earth is done through men and women. Biography is history. The lives of these ancient worthies are the record of God's triumphs. They were the one great asset he had on earth. As it was, so it is. No truth emerges more clearly in this lesson review than that the only real strength of righteousness and religion today is the lives of true men and women.

Big Buildings or Great Lives?

Apparently the present tendency is the other way, by the exaltation of institutionalism. We are in a brick-and-mortar, steel-and-stone era. There is a passion for palatial buildings as denominational centers. Our Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s have had a marvellous record of new buildings in the past decade. We glory over our constructions even as did Solomon. We want to dazzle the eyes of the world by our majesty and might.

The pathetic side of all this is that so many of our big buildings house only little men. It is an open secret in Y. M. C. A. circles, for instance, that the average secretary is in dire danger of becoming a mere hotel clerk and bookkeeper and financial leader. And in our great ecclesiastical centers we house well groomed, thoroughly modern and conventionalized men of affairs, while the cry of the heart-hungry people goes up for leaders, real leaders, men of God, men of passion, men of force, who dare defy the world and its usages and lead men and women back to God and the great simplicities. From legislative hall, from church, from chambers of commerce, from school and college, and neighborhood meeting place, there arises, in sad iteration, the cry for leaders, real leaders, God-seeing leaders.

"God give us Men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;

"Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

"Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor—men who will die;

"Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!

"Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and private thinking."

Everyday Religion.

A strange notion prevails, more widely than we think, that religion is wholly mystical and mysterious and other-worldly. A glance backward over this year's lessons reveals how practical and close to earth many of its teachings are. For God's will is to be done first on earth. The sphere for the expression of religion is none other than the very place where we now are.

Running over the list of lessons we find such practical teachings as the problem of temperance and civic service, as represented by Daniel in Babylon; of the royal results of the upbringing of a child, as shown in the case of Hannah and Samuel and Jehosheba and Joash; of the possibilities of high service through faithful witness-bearing in a lowly place, as in the healing of Naaman the leper through the testimony of a Hebrew slave girl; of property rights, as in the case of Ahab and Naboth's vineyard; of the current question of feminism, as represented, on both sides, by Deborah, Ruth, Jezebel, Athaliah, and the Queen of Sheba; of the case of the spoiled rich young man typified by Absalom; of God's care of those whose provisions have run low, as instanced by Elijah. The value of these ancient providences lies chiefly in their application to the analogous conditions of our own time.

Of old, as now, the history we have studied shows God as patient and long-suffering with His people. The lesson of the lessons is in the Golden Text: "Jehovah is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in loving kindness."

An Everyday Programme for Life.

Terse Comments on the Uniform Prayer Meeting Topic of the Young People's Societies—Christian Endeavor, etc.—for December 26: "How to Keep on the Up Grade." —Phil. 3:12-16.

Even the best may be bettered; indeed, it must be bettered if it is not to grow worse. So nobody ever gets beyond the necessity for saying, with the Apostle, "Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold; but one thing I do; forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press onward unto the goal, unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

A more than ordinarily good resolution for every day of the year is that written by Bishop John H. Vincent: "I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life, repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement and self-seeking, cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity and the habit of holy silence, exercising economy in conversation, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity in every task, and a child-like trust in God."

They rise highest who lift as they go.

All of God's paths lead upward.

God's guidance is good guidance. We cannot understand it, nor always see its wisdom at the moment, but the fact that it is God who guides should be sufficient assurance. "I do not know the way I take, but well I know my Guide." That is enough. They who have faith in God see His goodness, not only after getting to heaven, but in the land of the living.

The proof that a man is walking in the light is the love he bears his brother. No creed subscription can take the place of this: the real orthodox is just walking in the light and love of God.

Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.
—Anon.

The secret of faith, the secret of endurance, the secret of success in the Christian life is "seeing Him who is invisible." We get all our faith by keeping the eye firmly fixed upon Him in whom faith has its beginning and end. Would you trust more, then look at Jesus more.

To undertake life's journey without divine leadership is like trying to see the beauties of the Luray caverns without light or guide.

A "divine discontent" is about the most valuable possession a young traveler on life's road can carry in his knapsack. Self-satisfaction halts progress. To be dissatisfied with one's character, to be dissatisfied with one's usefulness; to be dissatisfied with one's knowledge, to be dissatisfied with one's goals—these are all spurs of higher life and achievement. God has made it possible for us always to be better and to do better, so long as we remain on earth; and it may be that in heaven we shall still grow in the likeness and power of the great Exemplar.

Do you long for the dawn of a brighter day
With a light from the land beyond
Caressing the hills like a breeze at play,
Or the touch of a mother fond?
Do you dream of a change in the scheme of things,
And a wayside of bloom and blade
Where blossoms are stirred by the whir of wings
Of angels all undismayed?

Do you hope for a wholesomer inner thought
In a cleaner, better man,
With a yearning for life with progression fraught,
On a higher, holier plan?
Then pray for the wisdom and charity
To cope with the world as it seems,
And labor in faith that tomorrow will be
Still nearer your hope and dreams.
—Henry David Stringham.

Heaven is the key to all earth's puzzles.

Desires determine destiny. We grow like that which we covet; the life follows the eyes; the tree falls the way it leans.

A man's destiny is not won by an act, but achieved by a life. What we are in this world will determine what we shall be in the next. The character that a man is now creating is the one that he will take with him into the endless aeons of the future life.

In these days there is no reason why every young person of purpose should not uplift his life, and make it count for the utmost, by linking it with some one of the great, onsweeping causes of God.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

You can easily convince the loser that it is wrong to gamble.

The wise woman marries for protection as well as for revenue.

Sometimes matrimony turns love's sweet dream into a nightmare.

It's easier for a woman to fool any man than it is to keep him fooled.

Charity covers a multitude of poor people with second hand and worn out garments.

Some men who are too slow to do the courting are married by strenuous widows.

The man who plays cards for fun may get it—but the other fellow gets the money.

The man who goes out between the acts may come in with a smile—but you can't always see it.

After a man has had occasion to employ a first class lawyer you can't tell him that talk is cheap.

Saying the right thing at the right time is equivalent to keping your mouth shut when you have nothing to say.

AS OF TODAY.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."
Were the stockings all "hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there?
Had "Mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Just settled ourselves for a long winter's nap?"

Not so you could notice! Each child had gone out
To its favorite movie, somewhere round about.
Instead of being tucked snugly in their beds,
With "visions of sugar plums" filling their heads,
They sat in dark parlors while many a scans
Of bloodshed and horror flicked over a screen.
They hadn't a moment for Santa Claus guff,
But had you referred to such silly "old stuff"
They each would have sneered at your old-fashioned notions
And turned to their pickfordesque, chaplinoid potions.

And mother and I had no time for it, nay, sir!
We knew where they'd put on a new Bushman play, sir!
And Grandma, who commonly stayed with the house,
Was out for a regular four-reel carouse
With some other damsel of similar age,
Who still had a leaning to go on the stage.

These "nights before Christmas" when "all through the house"
"Not a creature" is "stirring, not even a mouse."
Don't ever expect to find folks in their hay
With visions of joy for the following day!
Instead, hunt around 'mid the neighboring flickers
Where Pickford and Chaplin are handing out snickers;
Where "cowboys" no cattleman ever would hire,
Are hanging some villain with grimaces dire!
—Strickland Gillilan, in Judge.

The Evening Story

Harmony for Mildred.

(By Izola Forrester.)

"And later on, after the nations have decided to settle down and act decently among themselves, we'll take you to Germany and Paris, Mildred, and you can finish up there on your harmony and whatever you may need. Father says he won't stint you one particle. You know how he is once he takes hold of an idea. Hear me, Mildred?"

"Yes'm," answered Mildred passively, regarding the lake shore drive and gray lake waters without much interest. She was a tall, slender girl who gave the impression of being overgrown, probably because she was dressed too young even for eighteen. The big drooping white beaver hat and white chinchilla sport coat gave her the aspect of a Christmas doll, she declared every time she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror. She hated her clothes the same as she hated the future and the plunging around in search of the best teachers.

"I suppose we ought to run down home for Christmas," went on Mrs. Tankerville happily. "Father wouldn't feel contented to eat his turkey any place else, and your grandmother'll expect us. You can get back in time for your January course all right. If you get in six hours practicing it ought to be enough for the holidays."

Mildred said nothing. Six hours a day while she was home for the holidays. Her dark blue eyes were gray with anger. Nobody knew how she had always rebelled against being a genius. She had loved music in the beginning before they had forced her to live on it. With a natural aptitude she had developed into a good pianist, very good for a girl of her age, but not a great artist by any means.

Her father had owned the Sioux Rapids City Bank back home and had given up his active share in it just as soon as the family was sure of Mildred's marvelous powers.

"I've worked hard all my life," he had said comfortably, "and now mother and I'll jog around the world with the little girl and give her her chance."

"But I don't want to go, father," Mildred had declared tearfully, even at thirteen. "I don't want to study so hard. I love home."

"Well, you can come back to it some day, and there'll be the town band down to the depot to meet you, and the mayor with a speech of welcome," he had laughed at her. "Kiddie, you don't know what it means to reach middle life and find you've not had a chance to make a single dream come true. That was me. I wanted to be a great musician. Well, we were country folks, and a large family, down in Kansas, and I went out to work, herding cattle on my uncle's ranch. Not much chance there for musical study, was there, unless I read the notes of the heavens by night, and caught the music of the sphere. Then I met your mother, and she was from Chicago. All she wanted me to do was get rich just as quick as I could, and I did. She's satisfied, but you came into the world with the love of harmony in you, and, by the everlasting jimminy crickets, you're going to have all you can swallow of what I missed."

So for four years Mildred was trotted around from city to city in the new world and parts of the old, seeking the perfect teacher for her music, and always with the memory of the little home town warm in her heart and of one boy sweetheart there who had asked for a lock of her hair and a post card now and then.

They had spent the last year in New York, and now had stopped over at Aunt Anna's in Chicago on the way home for Christmas. After the drive, Mildred followed her mother up the steps of the big, gray stone house, looking back at the lake, wishing she could swing along its shore for a good, brisk walk all alone, just to think of something besides music. There would be guests for dinner, and she would have have to play. She set her teeth and went into the shadowy hall slipping out of the white coat. And then she stopped short. Her father was standing in the reception room before the fire logs, talking and laughing with somebody, and the mere sound of that somebody's voice sent the blood racing to her cheeks.

"You remember Hal, Mildred, of course," her father said. "Little Hal Thurber—used to live in the old white house back in the pines below the church."

"I remember," Mildred said, looking into Hal's eager eyes. "I never forget anything or any one back home."

Aunt Anna's face was radiant. She was Mr. Tankerville's sister, and to her Mildred was never a possible genius—just a dear lovable girl at the mercy of her parents' loving kindness. She invited Hal to luncheon the next day, and ordered him to take Mildred out for a walk up the drive every morning to get the color in her cheeks.

"He seems sensible and impersonal, Anna," Mrs. Tankerville said doubtfully, watching the two as they walked down the street. "You don't think there's any danger of Mildred's being silly, do you?"

"I hope there is," laughed Aunt Anna merrily. "He is dead in love with her."

"But she has another year in harmony and another year in—"

"Oh, Belle, stuff and nonsense. Let her have a lifetime in harmony if you can. You and Ned are perfectly blind and selfish in your demands on that child. She is too good to be a genius. She wants to go home. That's why she's white and silent. She's homesick for home and the friends she had there. And she isn't a genius at all. I've heard a lot of them right here at the conservatory, and she's too sweet and normal to be one. I hope I'll be pinning on her wedding veil by spring."

Lunch time came and passed without the two returning. By five, when the early winter twilight fell, Mrs. Tankerville was ready to 'phone the police, but her sister-in-law held her back placidly. It was not until seven, when dinner was served, that she sprung the news at the dinner table, beaming happily on the others.

"Now, I suppose you'll blame me terribly, but I couldn't help it. Hal asked you the first day he came, didn't he, Ned, for Mildred's hand in marriage, and you told him she was dedicated to her music. So I think you deserve everything. They were married"—she lifted a yellow slip of paper and read—"At 3 o'clock in St. Simon's chapel up in Winetka, where I used to go. I gave them a letter to the rector there, and they're both of age, and are on their way back home. You can see them down there at Christmas time. Now, Belle, don't faint. They were bound to do it, and I only put them on the right track. You wouldn't have them married in the city hall by an alderman, my dear, and love will find a way."

Mrs. Tankerville cried softly into her napkin. Her husband stared down the table at his sister's happy face, and his own cleared. He raised his glass.

"God bless them both, anyway," he said. "I guess I've been an old fool, eh, mother? Stop your crying and help me fix up a telegram for them that will make them happy."—(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

The Accustomed Things.

A man who once lived for some months in the heart of a desert told me that the most delicious drink he ever tasted was the lukewarm, rather brackish water that had to be brought a hundred and forty miles on horseback.

"It wasn't especially good water in the beginning," he said, "and of course it was lukewarm when we finally got it, but I can tell you it tasted just about right. I never realized before what a wonderful thing water was. In fact I don't suppose I ever gave it a thought. I had to go a hundred and forty miles into the desert to find out that good, fresh water, a thing I'd always taken for granted before, was really something to be pretty thankful for."

Of course it is inevitable that we should take things for granted most of the time.

You can't be thankful for all the good things of life all the time.

But can't we stop once in a while and remember to be thankful for some of the accustomed things of life?

This man's experience in the desert threw him forcibly into a new relationship with one of the accustomed things and he saw it from a new angle.

Such experiences do not often come, but one can accomplish much the same result by an effort of the mind. And today is a good day to make it.

"If we were charged so much a head for sunsets," says Stevenson, "or if God set round a drum before the hawthorn came in flower, what a work we should make about their beauty."

And again: "The attention which a wood fire demands," says Charles Dudley Warner, "is one of its best recommendations. We value little that which costs us no trouble to maintain. If we had to keep the sun kindled up and going by private corporate action or by act of congress, and to be taxed for the support of customs officers of solar heat, we should prize it more than we do."

The accustomed things of life—sunshine, flowers, sunsets, a mother's love, friends, books, appetite, the zest for work, sleep—what wonderful, beautiful things they are!

Daily bread, if you savor it thoroughly, is very sweet. And so is daily life.

God give us this day the vision to be thankful for some of the accustomed things of life.

Nothing Novel.

Doctor—Your throat is in bad shape. Have you ever tried gargling with salt and water?

Rather — I've been shipwrecked twice.—Life.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Another Memory.

How dear to my heart are the scenes
of my childhood,
That little hall room at the head of
the stair;
That soft feather bed that did always
enfold me;
That old flannel nightgown that I
used to wear.
I'm not dead in love with the new
fangled pajamas,
Their buttons and drawstrings I
somehow can't bear.
They may be high-toned, in a way,
but I long for
That old flannel nightgown that I
used to wear.
The soft fuzzy nightgown,
That large roomy nightgown,
That old flannel nightgown that I used
to wear.

The Hickeyville Clarion.

If there is anything that makes a feller feel that he is growin' old fast it is one of them big calendars that show only one date at a time. Every time he looks at it he has to yank off another five days to catch up.

Hank Purdy has been reading an article on political economy, but he says it is all bosh, as there is no such thing as political economy. Last time he ran for rud commissioner it cost him $6.45 in spite of all he could do.

T. Egbert Peavy can't wear garters because they stop his circulation, so he sticks his socks up with library paste.

Old man Purdy was struck by lightning last summer and suffered the loss of his wooden leg, which was burned off. He says he expects to have electric fits from this time on.

Household Hints

The Table.

Baked Rice and Codfish—One and one-half cups rice, one cup water, four cups milk. Add water and milk gradually to rice while cooking and cook half an hour. Remove from stove and add one cup rich milk, two well-beaten eggs, three cups shredded codfish. Pepper and salt to taste. Bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes. Serve with drawn butter sauce.

Pineapple Whip—One can grated pineapple or one pineapple (grated), one cup sugar; cook together and bring to boiling point. Soak one-fourth box gelatine in as little water as possible. Add gelatine to pineapple and sugar. Set aside to cool. When mixture begins to set, add one pint whipped cream, pour in mold and serve very cold. This is also good with mashed strawberries instead of pineapple.

Rhubarb Custard—Make custard as for custard pies, using yolks of two eggs, pint of sweet milk, sugar to taste. Line deep pudding dish with a light crust and place in it a layer of chopped rhubarb covered with sugar. Pour over this the custard and bake. Beat white, add sugar and lemon juice, spread over pie when done and set in oven to brown.

Cherry Pie—Seed, wash and drain a quart of tart cherries, line deep pie plate with rich pastry and over the bottom spread a well-beaten egg. Over this sprinkle one-half cup granulated sugar and two tablespoons flour which have been sifted together. Next add cherries and over them sprinkle evenly another one-half cup sugar. Cover with top crust and bake in moderate oven.

Sponge Cake—This cake requires no butter or lard, no milk or baking powder. Use only four eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour. Beat whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth, then beat yolks; put together and beat again; add the sugar and, lastly, fold in the flour. Bake forty-five minutes. When cake is done it should look like macaroons on top. Bake in slow oven.

Mincemeat.

Two pounds lean beef boiled, and when cold chopped fine.

One pound beef suet, freed from strings, and powdered.

Two pounds raisins, seeded and cut in half.

Two pounds currants, washed good and dried.

One pound large seedless raisins.

One pound citron, shredded fine.

Five pounds apples, peeled, cored and chopped.

One tablespoon each of cloves and allspice.

Two tablespoons each of cinnamon and mace.

One tablespoon salt, one teaspoon grated nutmeg, 2½ pounds brown sugar.

Mix well together and add one quart of fruit juice and one pint of cider. Mix well and put aside in stone jar to mellow.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson

THE CHRISTMAS SNOWSTORM.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Jack Frost as he blew across an icefield where thousands of little snowflakes were gaily playing. "You're going to leave this country this very day, so you had better play now while you can!"

"Going to leave this country today?" demanded the nearest snowflakes in dismay. "Why should we leave this country? We like it here and we are having a beautiful time. Why should we go away?"

"I'll tell you why," said Jack Frost, and he settled himself on a hillock of ice and began explaining. "You must go south today, because tomorrow is Christmas."

"Tomorrow is Christmas!" exclaimed the snowflakes, and by this time snowflakes near and far, suspecting that something unusual was up, came drifting to Jack Frost to hear what he was talking about. "Tomorrow is Christmas!" repeated the snowflakes. What of that?"

"Why," said Jack Frost in surprise, "don't you want the earth to be white on Christmas day?"

"The earth to be white?" said the snowflakes. "Why should the earth be white?"

"It's plain to see," laughed Jack Frost, good naturedly, "that you snowflakes are very young. Were none of you here last year?"

The snowflakes shook their heads—not one of them was as old as one year!

"Then I'll have to explain it all to you," said Jack Frost, and he settled down comfortably for a talk. "You see Christmas Day is the children's day—the one day of all the year set apart for children and happiness and love." The snowflakes nodded, but they didn't interrupt. "Now this Christmas Day comes at a time," continued Jack Frost, "when most of the country is bare and brown and cold and dismal. Of course away down south the flowers are blooming, so we don't have to worry about that part of the earth. But the north, where the flowers are dead, the trees are bare and the meadows are brown and ugly—that is our business."

"But what can we do about it?" asked the snowflakes.

"We can cover up the bareness with fresh, white, beautiful snow, and make it as gay and beautiful as the day itself!" exclaimed Jack Frost. "And that's why I'm going to take you away from this north country you like so well. That's why we leave soon for the south. Tomorrow is Christmas and we must be in time to have the world all covered with whiteness before the boys and girls wake up in the morning."

When they understood what was wanted of them, the snowflakes were very happy to leave their good playground and to go on a long journey to decorate the earth for Christmas Day! So fast did they travel and so hard did they work that when the boys and girls wakened on Christmas Day the earth was clean and white and beautiful. — (Copyright — Clara Ingram Judson.)