Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P MACLENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization, for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.
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This is Clean-Up Week. Some of the forehanded folk have already discounted it by clearing up their premises of the trash and rubbish that accumulates around a house during a winter season. All those who have not should do so by all means. Not only will a general clean-up of the yards and alleys add to the sightliness of the city. It will also be of benefit to the general health of the community. Filth is the handmaiden of disease. The rubbish pile is the lurking place for germs and the breeding-place of the flies that spread them broadcast. Be a good citizen and a good neighbor by cleaning up your premises. If you are too negligent in this particular the strong arm of the law may make you get busy.

And the "final word" of the United States to Germany in the submarine controversy is reminiscent of the "last farewell tour" of America by Mme. Bernhardt. Another one has just been sent to Berlin.

It is also reasonable to assume that the infantry engaged in the Battle of Verdun were in need of the rest that they have been enjoying for the past few days.

Inasmuch as the revolutions in China are continuing notwithstanding the fact that Yuan Shi Kai has discontinued the monarchy and re-established the republic, it would appear that they are directed against Yuan himself and not the form of government under which their country is ruled, or rather the name of this government. Undoubtedly the bulk of the Chinamen are intelligent enough to know that they will be governed in the same dictatorial way as long as Yuan is at their head, no matter what name may be given to the form of government under which he rules.

In every respect, the Battle of Verdun has the distinction of being the greatest in all history, and in none more so than it is the most terrible.

What has become of Holland's plans to go to war against both England and Germany?

Where there is an intelligently directed will there is in truth a way. The crusading against tuberculosis in this country has decreased the death rate from this disease by 25 per cent during the past ten years. But the good work must go on and even more vigorously, as there are now one million tubercular cases in the United States and the facilities for properly caring for them are woefully inadequate.

Next to the vice presidency, says the Chicago Herald, the position of "favorite son" is the most inconspicuous under our political system.

Gentle Spring has seldom had more trouble in attaining the place in the limelight that is hers by right than she is experiencing this year. And the first thing she knows, Summer will have pushed her aside before she has had a chance to perform to any extent.

General Funston rightly becomes a Missourian on the unearthing of Villa's body by some of Carranza's agents. They'll have to show him, and conclusively.

War seems to be a breeder of things righteous as well as unrighteous. Pope Benedict, the head of the great Roman Catholic hierarchy, is to intercede for the Jews whose neutral rights have been outraged so frightfully in the prosecution of the great European war.

It is hardly fair to blame an old man for the faults of his son-in-law, argues Gomer Davies in his Concordia Kansan. He had nothing to say about his early training, and very likely nothing to say—that was effective—in the selection of a son-in-law.

BLASTING FOR GOOD ROADS.

The advent of dynamite into the work of building or improving roads is reducing both time and labor to a minimum, according to the Popular Science Monthly for May. For clearing a right of way by removing stumps and boulders, removing outcrops, getting rid of high sides and digging ditches—for proper drainage is the best of good roads insurance—it has been demonstrated that the highest point of efficiency is reached through the use of explosives. Also for cutting away hillsides or bluffs and lowering grades—operations which heretofore have in many instances seemed prohibitive because of the labor required—this modern shortcut to the easy haul is destined to bring about a radical change in our roads. For both the construction and maintenance of good roads, it approaches the ideal, since it reduces times, labor, and expense, and produces results that make for permanency.

THE TOPEKA BANKS.

The apparent combination of most of the banking institutions of Topeka brought to light last week and reported in this paper, was not so much to reduce interest on city and county money in their deposits as it was to discipline and humiliate the State Journal; to teach it once and for all that its discussions of the city and county finances, even with a view to the welfare of Shawnee and Topeka, must be taken with caution if it affects the revenues of these banking institutions.

This is the reason why we cannot let this forming combination pass unnoticed. Nine banks solidly united in a purpose, have a tremendous power. Let the reader think over it for a moment! There is one force that can combat this wealth: the force of right. "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just." The State Journal is right. That is the reason there is no fear around this office on this question.

The banks of this city may just as well have the friendship and support of this paper as to have its opposition. They can have this friendship, whatever it may be worth, on one simple condition: right conduct.

In this fight thrust upon us by these financial institutions, we have got to take the reader more or less into confidence. On Saturday afternoon last the editor of this paper went to one of the financial institutions of this city and said:

"I notice money is said to be plentiful in Topeka; that you financiers say that it is hard to place money, and that interest rates are going down. In view of that situation, are you not willing to reduce the rate of interest on the loan you are carrying for me from 7 per cent to 6 per cent? I can not afford to pay 7 per cent. The loan is gilt-edged."

"I am very sorry," was the reply, "but our rules forbid it; we can not make that rate below 7."

"All right," said the editor of the State Journal. "I told you I could not afford to pay 7 per cent, and I can not. I will accordingly pay off the loan. Wait a minute and I will give you a check in full. The last interest was paid on April 5. How much is due to date?"

"The interest would be $3.85," was the reply, and the man went out of the office with a check for $2,003.85, with the request that he release the mortgage, which was done yesterday.

The reason that this paper is driven by the banks to make a fight in this matter is because these banks are now imperilling the most valuable part of the State Journal plant and property; its reputation, its good will, its standing in this community.

If by any chance the steel, reinforced concrete white terra cotta, fireproof structure which houses this daily newspaper, should be wiped out absolutely tonight, the most valuable part of the State Journal would hardly be scorched, and the paper would appear and be delivered to its subscribers tomorrow evening and go into the mails.

The owner of this paper, whose name appears at the head of these columns, is a stockholder in two of the banks of the city, holding $500 in stock in the Central National Bank. This stock was "wished on" him in a measure, and partly results from an old effort to start a new bank in this city, to be called the Capitol National Bank, and which was started, and whose charter stockholders wanted some assistance from the State Journal to this end. This bank was afterwards consolidated with the Central National Bank. The present stock is paying a good dividend and we are proud of the great financial institution, of its strength, and its deposits and its high standing. The investment is a good one.

The same is true of the Merchants National bank, in which the editor of this paper holds shares to the par value of $2,000. These shares were purchased many years ago when the bank needed help, and when it was not paying any dividends. For part of this stock there was paid $90 on the hundred. We don't know what it is worth today; maybe $250; we haven't looked it up. It is a prime investment, and there is no more solid or better banking institution anywhere so far as our knowledge extends than the Merchants National bank of Topeka, and the same might be said of other banks in which no stock is held.

But we ask neither of these banks to increase its net revenue by depriving the city or the county or state of one iota of interest to which the county, the city and the state are entitled. Let each be given a square deal by the banks, and each paid the rate of interest on balances that it should command and that is paid under similar conditions for the same sort of money. Furthermore, if he thought for one moment that the fact that he held bank stock in these two banks would adversely influence his conduct in the matter which concerns the city's, the county's or the state's welfare, he would sell the stock immediately at the market rate, or a sacrifice.

The great majority of the directors of the Topeka banking institutions are personal friends of the proprietor of the State Journal. Among those directors he counts many warm friends but if in the excitement and misunderstanding of the moment any one of those people intentionally or thoughtlessly, slapped him in the face, he is too proud to turn the other cheek.

The president, John R. Mulvane, of the Topeka clearance house, representing the Topeka banking institutions is ill and away from his business. We are delighted that his health is improved and anxious to see him back at his desk, or what would probably be better, taking things easier and enjoying the rest and recreation which he has so well earned. He is a grand old man and Topeka cannot spare such men; we need them. He has helped wonderfully in upbuilding some of our greatest institutions. We cannot think that had Mr. Mulvane handled this matter and his careful counsels been available, that it would have gotten into the present shape which has been unfortunate to say the least.

Journal Entries

The balance of power is frequently held by a weakling.

✤ ✤ ✤

When a pleasure becomes a habit it often develops into a vice.

✤ ✤ ✤

Some people also make more noise when they sleep than when they're awake.

✤ ✤ ✤

Generally speaking, when a man needs his nerve most it is almost certain to fail him.

✤ ✤ ✤

Many persons are probably most grateful that their photographs are not true likenesses.

Jayhawker Jots

As the Havensville Review points out: After an automobile turns turtle it doesn't travel as fast as it did before.

One of the newer of the Kansas weekly newspapers is the Kansas Elevator, published at Kansas City, Kan. It makes the claim that it is the only negro Democratic newspaper published in America.

This may be accepted as expert testimony from one of the professors of domestic science at the Kansas State Agricultural college. What's more, it's reasonable. It is presented by the Kansas Industrialist, as follows: The average husband should not be required to do more than three hours' housework a day.

What, indeed! Governor Capper writes us, says the Agra Sentinel, as follows: "Recent investigations convince me that Kansas is falling far short of its possibilities as a manufacturing state." And the Sentinel adds: That possibly is true but what has it to do with the raise in insurance rates? Ours has gone up $8.25 since Capper was elected governor.

The assertion is often made, generally in a flippant way, that one cannot, without profuse profanity, drive mules and oxen, writes John MacDonald in his Western School Journal. If the animals were men does any one believe the driver would swear? He would not. He swears at mules and oxen because they cannot talk nor fight back. Thus we brush away a belief that has been based upon the baseless fabric of nonsense.

Related in the Central School Notes column of the Hiawatha Democrat: Miss Moore: "Where is the Dead Sea, Basil?" Basil: "Why, I don't know. I didn't even know it had been sick."

Musing of the Village Deacon, in the Osborne County Farmer: You have sometimes won quite a victory if you succeeded in getting the horse up to the trough. . . . There are numerous ways of being a champion fool, but the fellows who let a little difference of political opinions divide them deserve to be listed in Class A. . . It is always the fellow who never has the headache who knows how to cure the person who suffers from them. . . . Most every small town has three or four rich men who are worth a couple of hundred dollars above their liabilities. . . . Valor is heroic, all right, but wisdom and discretion have saved more court fees and hospital bills.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Lead horses, as a rule, do little pulling.

There are men who are henpecked by women not their wives.

If you don't think you live in a good town, you should move out.

It doesn't take much of a scrapper to make a good shadow boxer.

You can't improve beefsteak a great deal by giving it a French name.

A man who makes no mistakes doesn't make much of anything else.

On the other hand if you haven't any enemies you are not cutting much ice.

It is all right to be liberal, but you needn't expect your friends to share your prejudices.

The only way a man can win an argument with his wife is to go away and let her finish it.

Woman's tears are a power, but she should use them sparingly, as the red nose is not a badge of beauty.

While the distress signal of a lodge may help in an emergency, there is no use to regard it as a meal ticket.

A man is aging somewhat when dancing becomes hard work, as it is sure to if one keeps at it long enough.

As a rule, the children are onto mother, and her ultimatum doesn't disturb diplomatic relations in the home a great deal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

A friend who is not in need is a surprise indeed.

Skillful men should know how to disguise their skill.

No, Jane, it isn't the bad eggs that produce tough chickens.

A stiff upper lip has nothing in common with a limber tongue.

Many a man who thinks he's brilliant is not even ordinarily bright.

A girl is often called "giddy" because she makes the young men's heads swim.

A man who thinks the world is growing worse imagines he is growing better.

Somehow the average boy lacks a mania for acquiring good conduct marks at school.

When some men start out to look for the deserving poor their first stop is before a mirror.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

The Issue.

I don't care who's elected;
I really do not see
How I can be expected
To join the jamboree.

It doesn't interest me;
I'm just a common lob;
It keeps me middlin' busy
To hang onto MY job.

The Hickeyville Clarion.

Three life insurance agents are on the trail of Hank Purdy, and it doesn't look as though he is going to have time to do much of his farm work this spring.

Anse Frisby says one very superfluous thing in this world to do is to allow your wife to take elocution lessons. He never yet seen a woman who wasn't fluent enough without 'em.

Uncle Ezra Harkins went to sleep back of the stove during the sermon at the Hardshell church Sunday evening and didn't wake up until Monday afternoon. Rev. Hanks says if he tried to wake up all the members of his congregation after church he wouldn't get home himself until midnight, so he lets 'em dream.

The lighting system of Hoppertown was out of commission last Thursday night. Station Agent Jordan forgot to get any oil for the switch lights.

The Hardshell people are thinkin' of building a new church. All of the seats will be back seats and there will be a brick wall between the choir and the congregation. Let the improvements go on.

Our New Garage.

During the long and tedious winter months we labored on an invention which is expected to make us rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The invention is now complete and is ready to be placed upon the market as soon as we can float the bonds, inflate the capital stock, water the valuation, oil the machinery, and turn on the steam. Nothing like it has been invented since the odorless onion.

Our invention comes to fill a long-felt want. It is nothing more nor less than a collapsible garage, which can be set up or taken down in eight minutes, central standard time, and is meant for the use of automobile owners who cannot pay their rent and are obliged to move frequently to different localities where there are strange meat markets and grocery stores, where new lines of credit may be established.

Our garage is made of tin and can be carried in the ordinary suitcase when folded up. When opened up it keeps unfolding and unfolding until you have a regular garage with two windows, double doors and a gasoline can sitting out behind. It is much easier than a tent to put up and take down and will accommodate any sized automobile from the $250 peanut roaster variety up to the seven-passenger plutocrat.

When going on a long tour the owner can take the garage along with him in a suitcase and pitch it anywhere he decides to spend the night. The price of this garage is going to be in the neighborhood of $8 cash, or $117 if paid for in monthly installments. They will come in all colors, pink garages to match blue houses, etc. We are ready to sell territory to anybody who calls. We have already disposed of Alaska, Iceland and Montenegro.

We forgot to mention that the garage has a padlock on the front door, open plumbing, hot water heat, gas grate, hard and soft water and a looking glass in the bathroom. If you have no automobile the garage can easily be used as a bungalow.

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Good Carriage.

"How well dressed that girl looks," I thought to myself the other day as I watched one of the clerks in a department store while I waited for my change.

Or perhaps I should say I felt it in the sub-conscious, unanalytical way in which we first register such impressions. Afterwards I analyzed my impression, and what do you suppose I found the well-dressed girl had on? A black silk coat sweater, a simple white business blouse, a plain tailored black skirt and trim black shoes—surely a very simple costume.

Whence then my impression? I asked myself that question, and the answer was that she carried herself so well, with such a buoyant, graceful erectness, that she gave the effect of style and smartness to that very simple costume.

Just as one is deceived by the stunning figure, charming face and graceful attitude of the pretty lady in the fashion plates into thinking one admires the gown she has on, so I had been deceived by her unusual grace of carriage into thinking it was this girl's dress that I admired.

What a big difference carriage does make in the appearance of both men and women!

We were comparing the appearance of two men the other day and someone said, "Of course John has the great advantage of being the taller."

"But he isn't," someone else objected. "Ralph is six feet. I've heard him say so, and I know John isn't, because I remember how disappointed he was when he stopped growing without reaching the six-foot mark. He never could get above five feet ten and three-quarters."

The rest of us were incredulous, but she subsequently proved she was right. And yet John had seemed to all of us the taller because he carried himself so well that every inch of that five feet ten and three-quarters told. Whereas Ralph had a loose-knit, slovenly carriage.

A slouch is first cousin to a deformity. It spoils the effect of the handsomest face, the best-built figure, the most expensive clothes.

At a function the other night a friend of mine appeared in a smart new gown. "Didn't she look pretty?" I said to the Cynic.

"Yes, at first," he said; "but toward the end of the evening she slumped down in her chair so that the dress looked as if it came out of a rag bag."

A business man who hires the salesmen for his firm once told me that a good carriage carried more weight with him than good looks.

The foundations of a good carriage are laid in youth; it is easy then to acquire the habit of standing gracefully erect (chest out and stomach in, style to the contrary) and the mother who "keeps at" her children to stand well will win their ultimate gratitude even though they may be impatient at the time. Good looks and good clothes are advantages which we cannot all give our children, but a good carriage we can give—if they will only help us.
—(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.)

RULIN' OUT WORRY.

You've got to follow dis here rule
Whenever you drives a stubborn ole mule:
All what he kin do, make him do;
All what he can't do, don't bother you.

An' dat ole miser'ble thing, called worry,
You kin send about his bisness in a hurry,
If you treat him like a niggah treats a mule;
An' de way to do is to follow dis yer rule:

When you kin help anything, never worry;
When you can't help anything, turn in a hurry
To somethin' you kin help, an' whistle a tune;
An' you'll be feelin' happy tol'able soon.
—Catherine Clammer, in New York Times.

The Evening Story

Clowns and Cupid.

(By Louise Oliver.)

Miss Lynda looked furtively at her niece in the pew beside her, then sideways across the aisle to where the Langleys sat. Billy was there with his father, and the fact that his clear young tenor voice was as silent during the singing of the hymn as Sara's own sweet soprano confirmed her suspicions of two days' standing. There had been a quarrel.

"Bless their hearts!" she sympathized, with her thoughts miles away from the song. "I wonder what the trouble is." And her eyes, roving away from her book as though in search of the cause, found it.

There he was—the stranger—in a pew just ahead to the right.

"Humph!" concluded Miss Lynda with involuntary contempt. "I'll bet that circus agent who has been here a week and walked home with Sara the other night is to blame for the whole thing. She is a goose! A toothbrush moustache and a box-plaited coat will draw a girl under twenty-two as a honey pot does flies. I'll bet he hasn't seen the inside of a church before since he was baptized—and I'll bet he knows this minute that Sara's right behind him looking like a June rose in her new silk suit and straw hat, and I'll bet, too, that he won't walk home with her after the sermon either if I can help it. Not if I am in as good health as I am this minute he won't!"

The hymn closed and the sermon began. Miss Lynda heard none of it. Her thoughts were busy. "There will have to be something done," she kept saying to herself, "and something quick. I'm not worrying about that donkey with the Norfolk coat so much, for, dear knows, he'll leave with the circus Tuesday, but Billy will leave town, too, if they have had a fight, and maybe never come back, and that will just about kill Sara, for I know the girl better than she knows herself. Billy got that offer from the Dayton firm and he is hotheaded enough to accept it. Poor things!" She sighed and glanced again at Sara's unsmiling, unhappy face.

Her thoughts continued: "Of course, talking to them will do about as much good as trying to put out a fire with gasoline, they are both so touchy. But there ought to be some way! The circus is Tuesday and Billy was to take her, but he won't now, and that ninny will hang around her and cause more trouble. I believe I have the faint glimmering of a plan! Yes, I have—the very thing!"

And that afternoon, after congratulating herself upon her success at frustrating the ninny's plan of walking home with Sara, and satisfying herself that there had been a serious quarrel between the two young people, she managed to get her niece out of hearing while she called Billy's father on the phone. After a very satisfying consultation, Mr. Langley concluded with: "It's bad business for young men to lose their heads and leave town, isn't it, Lynda? You and I know that, don't we?" And the short silence that preceded Miss Lyndia's reply was due to the fact that all her blood had suddenly rushed to her heart. It had all been so long ago she was sure he had forgotten.

"Yes, indeed, we should, Henry," she answered as lightly as she could. "Now don't forget instructions."

On Tuesday, at luncheon, Miss Lynda said casually over a forkful of salad, "I think I'll go up to Potter's and exchange those gloves before circus time."

"All right," agreed Sara languidly. "I'll go with you."

Now this was exactly what Miss Lynda did not want. But she diplomatically waited a moment before answering. "I thought maybe you wouldn't mind taking those booties I've just finished over to the new Martin baby. I'd do it only it's the other direction."

"Certainly I'll go, auntie, but we'll never get seats together unless we meet somewhere."

"I've thought of that. Tickets are on sale at Lynn's book store and I'll stop in and get our two together. I can leave yours for you in an envelope with your name on it, so it won't matter if we don't meet first, you see."

"That's a good plan, for every one in town is going and there will be an awful crowd."

At lunch Mr. Henry Langley said to his moody son over a chop: "Billy, I can't get away until the last second, so on my way down town I'll stop at Lynn's and get the tickets and leave one for you with your name on it. Don't wait for me. I'll go straight from the office."

"Very well, dad."

A little clever juggling of tickets between the two older people and the estranged lovers found themselves together in the tenth row of reserved seats in a crowd too dense to move either one way or another.

Sara was munching nonchalantly from a box of chocolates and her hat had been knocked a bit away in the crowd. It tilted sidewise at a rakish angle that robbed her of all dignity. This was the view that Billy had of her as he sat down, his hand deep in his pocket after more peanuts and his jaws working over time.

The procession was starting around the ring with a blare of trumpets and a band. The look of indignation on Sara's face and the amazement and perplexity on Billy's were instantly arrested. Primal instincts were obliterated in the magical parade before them, a glittering pageant of fairies, magnificent royalty, gorgeous orientals, races of five colors, animals of all countries with trappings right out of Arabian Nights and music calculated to lure the genii of Aladdin right into the big tent.

Billy watched and munched. Sara, giving herself up to the delights of the biggest show on earth, forgot her neighbor and gazed intently at the spectacle. The romp in the rings began and heads were turning like knobs on pivots trying to see everything at once. Bears rode bicycles, elephants had a ball game, ponies were living pictures, Chinamen spun by their hair, equestrians did stunts, and acrobats risked their lives.

Then came the clowns, a whole dozen of them, with their ridiculous jitneys, baby buggies, airships and patrol wagons. One clown in front of them shaved another with a broom and carving knife. Billy let out a snort of glee and Sara tittered. Another threw a rubber rock on an invisible string in their direction, and as they both dodged they bumped heads. The missile retreated after coming within a foot of them and they looked sheepish. Another clown was blown up with a bicycle pump until he was as round as Billy Bounce, then floated up in the air and exploded. Sara screamed and then laughed hysterically as the seat of his trousers caught on a trapeze and a Zeppelin rescued him. She felt that she would go crazy if she couldn't say something to somebody. What was that? Billy was slapping his knee and declaring that something was "rich." Evidently he was feeling the same way, when he was babbling to himself.

What silly geese they had been to quarrel and what a gay, funny world it was after all!

Along came a steam roller which ran over rubes and picked up paper shadows on a stretcher. Sara began to giggle again and Billy looked sidewise in pleased approval. Their eyes met in a rapture of merriment.

"Is—isn't it silly?" laughed Sara, reaching for her handkerchief. Billy caught the hand and gave it a surreptitious squeeze. "Best thing I ever saw!" he agreed enthusiastically. "I was just wondering if we couldn't hunt up our agent friend and get him in front of that roller!" with a grin.

"Let's forget him," proposed Sara. "He's made trouble enough already, and—oh, do look at that man on stilts! Heavens, how funny!"

As the crowd moved slowly through the exit gate a little later, Miss Lynda caught Mr. Langley by the arm.

"There they go, Henry. And they've made it up!"

"When the boy marries I'll be lonely, Lynda. We may be a quarter of a century late, but it's better late than never to my mind. What do you think, dear?"

She looked confused for an instant and very pink, but she had the presence of mind to say firmly, "When I'm quite sure that trouble-making circus man is clear of the town, Henry, maybe I'll have more time to talk of such things!"—(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Suspicion is a submarine on the sea of matrimony.

Lots of people haven't the scents to follow a good example.

Many a girl fishes for a husband and catches a skate.

One way to retain your friends is to keep your troubles to yourself.

It's all right to take the world as you find it, but don't take it too far away.

An amateur is a fellow who would tell a girl she is the only girl he ever loved.

The simplest device to prevent a woman from losing her hair is a hairpin or two.

Many a man who thinks he is a big gun can only prove it by being a tremendous bore.

Some fellows want the earth, in spite of their belief that marriages are made in heaven.

When an appeal for charity is made, many a man puts his hand in his pocket to make sure that no one else will.

Hoax—"I understand you went on a joy ride last night. Did you have a good time." Joax—"Well, we had a blow-out."

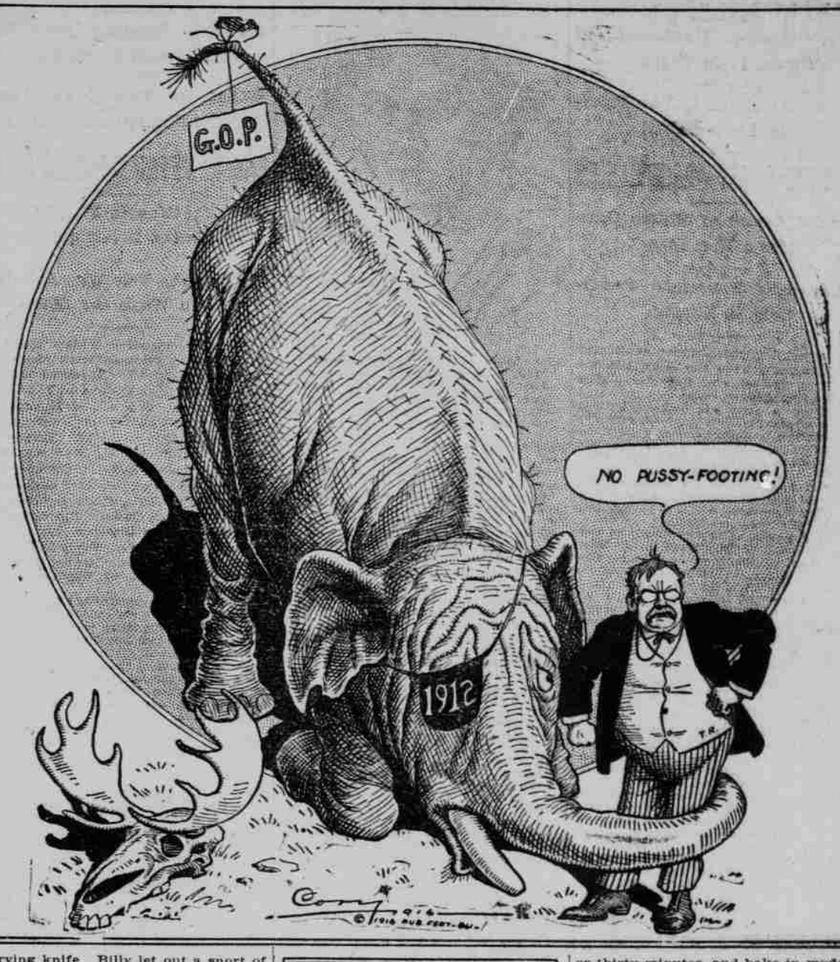
"My daughter," admonished the fond mother, "don't give that young man any encouragement." "I don't have to give him any," replied the daughter. "He just takes it."

"The biggest fish always get away," quoted the Wise Guy. "I suppose that accounts for the fact that there are fish in the sea as good as ever were caught," added the Simple Mug.

Blobbs—"The way Guzzler drinks I don't see how he and his wife can make both ends meet." Slobbs—"Well, she puts everything she has on her back and he puts everything he has in his stomach."

"I see you are presenting 'Hamlet' to the public this week." "Presenting is the right word," assented the manager. "Nothing but deadheads in the house."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SUBJUGATED?



Household Hints

Breads.

Milk and Water Bread made in five hours (measurements with standard measuring cup and spoonfuls level)—One cup scalded milk, one cup boiling water, one tablespoon lard, one tablespoon butter (all lard may be used), one and one-half teaspoons salt, one compressed yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cup lukewarm water. Put butter, lard, sugar and salt in a large bowl, pour over boiling water and scalded milk. When lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake, add flour until batter is of consistency of muffin batter. Beat thoroughly with a spoon, then add more flour, mix, and turn on well-floured board, leaving a clean bowl. Knead until mixture is smooth and elastic to the touch and bubbles may be seen under the surface. Return to the bowl and let rise until dough has doubled its bulk, or about one and one-half hours. Toss on board slightly floured, knead, shape into loaves, cover, let rise again until dough has doubled its bulk. Bake in hot oven forty-five minutes. Makes two medium loaves. Recipe may be doubled or tripled to suit different sized families.

Date Bread—Two cups stoned and chopped dates, four cups flour, two cups milk, four teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, one egg and half cup sugar. Sift dry ingredients into a basin, and egg well beaten, dates and milk, and mix well together. Allow to stand for twenty-five or thirty minutes, and bake in moderate over forty-five minutes. The bread makes delicious sandwiches.

Morning Buns—When molding bread dough into loaves in the morning, reserve a lump as large as a tincup. Take a scant half cup of sugar, teaspoon of salt, two large tablespoons lard and two cups lukewarm water; drop dough in this and set aside to raise. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon mix stiff into loaf, let raise until evening; at 8 or 9 o'clock pinch off pieces size of hen's egg, lay in greased pan about four inches apart, let raise over night, bake in the morning. This makes about two and one-half dozen, and they are very nice.

To Can Rhubarb.

Take nice fresh rhubarb, wash and cut up (without peeling) in inch lengths; pack in fruit jars that have been sterilized in boiling water. Then fill cans full of boiling water, let stand five minutes, pour off all water, put on new rubbers, refill and seal. Let stand three days; look at cans occasionally; if at end of three days the liquid remains clear, wrap cans in paper and place in a cool, dry place. The fruit will come from the can in perfect condition.

Candies.

Velvet Molasses Candy—Put in agate kettle one and one-half pounds sugar, one-half pint molasses, one-half pint water, one-fourth cup vinegar. Heat; when boiling add one-half teaspoon cream tarter, boil till it crisps in cold water; stir. When almost done, add one-fourth pound butter, one-fourth teaspoon soda. Cool in buttered pan and pull.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson

TOMMY CHANGES HIS PLANS

Such fun as Tommy Tittle-mouse did have! He raced over to the old log the minute Mrs. Tommy told him of her plan to stock up the log with corn from the barn. And he nosed his way through the damp, frost-rotted leaves that he and Mrs. Tommy had so carefully banked up before the entry way when the cold winter drove them to seek the warmer shelter of the barn.

"Now," said he to himself gaily, "in no time at all this old log is going to be so stocked up with good corn that we will never again be hungry!"

Which, of course, was a very good resolution to make.

Unfortunately, this good resolution, like most all good resolutions, was harder to work out than to make. It's easy enough to say, "I will do this or do that!" but the doing—clear through to the end—is quite another matter! And that is exactly what Tommy Tittle-mouse discovered.

Poking away the leaves and nosing into the last year's house was a lot of fun; bringing the first load of corn from the corn-bin in the barn, out through the chicken room (being very careful never to be seen, of course), across the yard and into the far corner of the log was quite as jolly. But the second load was less interesting than the first and by the time the fourth load was safely tucked under some bits of shavings, Tommy was really bored with his job.

"There's no sense at all in my carrying that corn so far," he decided, as he sat down for a rest and a quiet think. "All I need to do is to hide the corn some safe place here in the yard. Once I get it out of the barn, that should be enough."

He looked around the yard for a good hiding place. "The lily bed!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Why didn't I think of that before? The boards and leaves are still on that. Couldn't find a better hiding place for my corn if I tried. I'll get a load right away." Tommy started for the barn; then he stopped and thought a minute. "No, I'll not hide it. She's always so particular about her plans being carried out just so. I'll show her once that I can make a plan that is even better than hers! Won't she be glad when she sees all the corn that will be under these boards?"

"All I need to do is to hide the corn some safe place here in the yard"

Tommy chuckled to himself as he hurried off to the barn for corn. "For once in my life I've made a plan about the house and housekeeping that is better than Mrs. Tommy's! Why I can carry twice as much corn to the lily bed as I could clear over to the log. And when we once get moved, it will be no trick at all to carry the corn on over to the log and let Mrs. Tommy store it away anywhere she pleases!"

Tommy was so satisfied with his scheme that he worked away happily, and never thought of time till the darkness of evening sent him hurrying home.—(Copyright — Clara Ingram Judson.)

SIDE TALKS