Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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Wisdom seems to have been shown by the South and Central American nations in deciding not to tender their "good offices" at this time to mediate in the Mexican situation in an endeavor to prevent hostilities between the United States and the Mexican de facto government. What are the differences between Uncle Sam and Carranza that might form a basis for mediation? The withdrawal of our expeditionary force in Mexico and the demobilization of our troops along the Mexican border? That would seem to be the only one. And the Carranza government is patently unable to cope with the banditry and lawlessness in northern Mexico that is such a menace to American citizens who have their homes on American soil along the Mexican border; let alone in affording protection to the rights and property of American citizens in Mexico. Nor has it shown any disposition so to do. On the other hand it has come pretty close to aiding and abetting this banditry and lawlessness against Americans.

Probably the emphatic announcement of Baron Ishii, the foreign minister of Japan, to the effect that the Japanese government has plenty of other cares to demand its attention and has no intention of assisting Mexico or Carranza in the event of real trouble between him and the United States, will not be sufficient to still the shouts of the few frenzied folk in this country who are certain in their own minds that Japan will take advantage of the Mexican imbroglio to mix with the United States. No ideas could have less foundation.

Surely there won't be much difficulty about getting the generous people of Topeka to subscribe to a monthly fund sufficient to keep from want all of the families or dependents of the Topeka militiamen who are on their way to the front and during the entire period of their service under the standards of Uncle Sam.

Possibly Mr. Bryan is right in his suggestion that the debts being created by the European war will hang heavy over the heads of the people of the belligerent nations for no less than 500 years. But why should he worry about it? Nebraska, Florida and North Caroline, where he has extensive estates and summer and winter and between-seasons' homes which must eat up a goodly sum each year in taxes are reasonably far removed from Europe.

"Follow Funston," one of the recruiting phrases that is being used in big cities of the eastern part of the country, is certainly one that should deliver the goods.

Something unusual for Kansas was the coincidence of the arrival of summer on the official date set for it by the calendar maker and the arrival of real summer weather at the same time.

With the newspapers of Mexico telling the people of that country that in an hour of national need, humanity is a crime and frightfulness a virtue, and urging them to pull out eyes, snatch out hearts, tear open breasts and drink the blood in the skulls of the Yankee invaders, it would appear that diplomatic notes from Washington are just the things with which to deal with the situation below the Rio Grande. Maybe none of the many which have been sent has been long enough, or sharp enough or strong enough.

AN UNCANNY ENTREATY.

One of the strangest and most weird public appeals that has been made during modern times in a civilized country recently emanated from a Belgian magistrate, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. It is pathetic in tone and startling, being a serious prayer that any subject determined upon suicide use either poions or a rope in ending his life. The reason for this remarkable utterance is to be found in the regulations imposed by the German authorities in Belgium. At the time the country was formally occupied by the enemy, orders were issued that all firearms in the possession of the inhabitants be turned over to the proper officials. Severe punishment was provided for those failing to obey the command. Now, however, it is asserted that whenever a firearm is found by the authorities, the owner, if he can be located, is imprisoned and the community fined for his misdemeanor. Recently a man in a small village killed himself with a gun. The community is reported to have been fined $2,500—a staggering sum to townsmen in the starving village. And it was the mayor of the place who posted the public announcement directed to those contemplating suicide.

REFORMERS, ALL OF US.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—John XII:32.

Using the above words of Jesus of Nazareth for the text for his baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of Yale, Arthur T. Hadley, president of that illustrious institution, delivered himself of come observations that it would be of profit, not only for those who are leaving the schools and colleges to enter upon the more serious business of life but also for all sorts and conditions of men and women who are already a little way or far on the same journey, to ponder over.

"Gentlemen of the graduating class," said Dr. Hadley, after he had painted a well-nigh perfect picture of Christ's life, his ideals, his endeavors, and his accomplishments: "We also, according to the measure of our several abilities, are starting out to do our work as reformers. Every man here is anxious that when his life is done those who follow him may be able to write on his tombstone that he left the world better for his having lived in it. We see great evils about us, against which we are anxious to lead our crusades. What is going to be the Christian method and the practical method of dealing with problems like those of intemperance or divorce, of avarice or of war?

"First. We must take home to ourselves the lesson of the Sermon on the Mount that virtues like temperance and morality, industry and peacefulness, have their chief source and support in men's hearts. They do not consist in abstinence from certain acts which can be prohibited by law, or performance of other acts which can be compelled by law. They mean self-restraint and self-devotion. If the restraint and the devotion are there, good laws and good government may help to prevent certain abuses; but they can never be the starting point of morality or the measure of duty.

"Second. We must ourselves be prepared to set an example of this kind of restraint and devotion. We must not be content with the negative sort of virtue that simply avoids offenses against the moral code of the community. We should not regard ourselves as temperate when we simply abstain from excess in drink. We must face the harder task of avoiding excesses in word and thought and feeling. We should not regard ourselves as moral when we simply abstain from violation of the marriage contract, or of commercial law, or of the rules for keeping the peace between men and nations. We must learn to think of marriage, not as a relation entered into by two people for their own pleasure, but as a partnership in the serious work of life, to be entered into with the same intelligence and the same devotion that we enter upon any other serious work. We must not regard our money as our own, to be used in any way that the law allows, but must stand ready to be at once more scrupulous in its acquisition and more generous in its use as we get farther away from the pressure of immediate need and have greater opportunities to decide for ourselves. We must not be deluded by false visions and theories of peace, but must set our hands to the work of lessening the actual danger of war, by understanding other people and other nations, avoiding boastful or self-complacent speech, and preparing to take our part in national defense if a fight is forced upon us.

"Third. We must make it clear to others that they have to take the same sort of personal responsibility. We must not yield to the fatal temptation of being flatterers of democracy. We must not cry 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace. We must be ready to suffer abuse for our unwillingness to trust short cuts to righteousness. We must be willing to forfeit consideration and influence and office which might be ours if we would sacrifice or suppress our convictions. We must remember that leadership is never worth having if it comes through sacrifice of intellectual straightforwardness.

"Fourth, and perhaps hardest of all, we must believe in humanity when humanity deserts us. We must hold to our faith in the truth even when we are compelled to sacrifice our leadership because of the truth. That was Jesus Christ's supreme achievement. The man who can see through this failure to the success beyond, who can trust the slow force of character and example to do things that organized society has failed to do, who can fight for a cause that appears to be losing, or die for it if there is no chance to fight, drinks of the cup of which the Master drank and is baptized with the baptism with which he was baptized.

"When some one told Abraham Lincoln that he hoped God would be on his side, Lincoln answered, 'I am not so much concerned to try to have God on my side as to try to put myself on God's side.' May this be our resolve today. May each of us try to place himself on God's side and stay there, through evil report and good report; so that when we are called on for our last account every one of us may be able to say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' Faith in man, or faith in the truth, or faith in God; they are but different names for the same thing. Whoso keeps one has kept all, and has secured the best thing that life has to offer."

Journal Entries

It is also mighty hard work for most folk to live easy.

✦ ✦ ✦

After all, Eve was unusually generous to give some of the apple to Adam.

✦ ✦ ✦

When people get more than they bargain for it is generally trouble.

✦ ✦ ✦

Excuses are exceedingly unsatisfactory things no matter how good they may be.

✦ ✦ ✦

Some people are also unfortunate in having places for everything and not the things to put in them.

Jayhawker Jots

A. L. T. suggests in the Wakefield News that "men fail because they substitute dreams for plans."

According to the Lawrence Journal-World, the man who marries for money may call his wife his treasure or his investment.

Ima Genstet's patriotism is based on his father's admirable military record, reports the Ottawa Herald. His father served in two wars and Ima believes that lets him out.

Kansas men are losing their muscle, says the Wichita Eagle. K. U. freshmen of today don't measure up with those of ten years ago. There's more machine work and less leg and arm work on the farm.

If you are in the habit of making good, says the Newton Kansan-Republican, you might figure that an occasional falldown will be overlooked or forgiven. But that's where your psychology is lacking.

A restaurant at Russell Springs that serves ice cream and cold drinks invites patronage in its advertisements in the Russell Springs Leader with the argument: "You owe it to your system to show it a good time."

As the Wellington Journal suggests: If a militiaman is willing to exchange a job in a cool store for a place in the broiling Mexican sun, it does look as if he ought to be rewarded with his former job when he comes back, doesn't it?

The Cherryvale Republican repeats a fish tale that was going the rounds in its neighborhood recently to the effect that Charlie Avey had caught an enormous fish weighing 120 pounds, the weight being estimated by the scales on its back.

A Syracuse woman who died recently bequeathed her husband $50 with the proviso that he buy a new suit of clothes with the money. The husband, who is 80 years old, and has always loved to go about in old clothes, says he will forfeit the money.

When some fellows are asked to have a soda water, says the Arkansas City Traveler, they stall around like some woman accepting a proposal when, as a matter of fact, they have been wishing that somebody would invite them to take a drink.

Speaking of unusual pets, the Mound Creek correspondent of the Parker Message reports that Mrs. M. Nolin has one. It is a rattlesnake, 2½ months old. When the snake was about 2 weeks old Mrs. Nolin pulled its fangs. It is kept in a keg of mud and water.

Some Beloit persons, not far from that flourishing city the other day, saw a mirage which showed a very large city, some distance above the horizon, notes the Hutchinson News, and it adds: Some Beloit persons may have been dreaming or "taking on something" for their health.

A certain man, known to the Highland View correspondent of the Gove County Advocate, has spent a large part of his life telling how dangerous it is to be around a woman when she starts to throw. Then he took an ancient egg and attempted to throw it away. The egg lit about four feet. He's had "nuthin' to say" since that.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

There is a general disposition to admire a girl who gets homesick.

An Atchison gossip even knows what people are thinking of doing.

Some women are patient because patience is a meal ticket with them.

A lot of people are poor because they expect to begin saving something next year.

Sometimes it seems that more people admire Shakespeare than read Shakespeare.

You are aging a bit when the doings of the youngsters seem frivolous, as they frequently are.

There is always a large crop of rumors, but they don't yield very much when threshed out.

It certainly wouldn't be for to include the women in any estimate of the well known silent vote.

The chautauqua circuit is a great institution for those who don't mind chigres with their Higher Thought.

After about the first day of his visit to the old home town, a man is apt to begin wondering why he came back.

No man can maintain a feeling of proper reverence when the sermon seems to be trying for an endurance record.

Ab Adkins says his son-in-law is the sort of man whose parliamentary activities are largely devoted to seconding the motion.

Unless you are willing to be a lonely hermit, living in an isolated spot or some other remote place, you can't expect to avoid associating with hypocrites.

A man can shave himself in two minutes, but he is foolish if he claims he does the job as well as a barber who takes ten minutes for the same work.

Speaking of company, Ab Adkins recails the lines of John G. Whittier, and revises them this way: Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'They've come again."

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

An Ode to Portly Brothers.

Now is the summer of our discontent;
We get a taste of future punishment;
We fry, we boil,
We seem on fire,
And we perspire,
We who are fat.

We long to lose our all too solid flesh,
And madly yearn for one small breeze that's fresh.
We wilt, we melt,
We reef our belt,
We have no fun
Out in the sun,
We'll tell you that.

The lean and lanky should no malice show
By hooting us who dire misfortune know.
We suffer now
Enough, we vow,
We're in no mood
For satire rude,
Far be it from.

But still, the portly brothers should cheer up;
They've not yet reached the real dregs of the cup.
It's some warm now,
But we'll allow
It's but the first
And that the worst
Is yet to come.

Old Fred Keister Says:

The champion hard luck story of the season comes from Sparta, where one of the native citizens labored all the spring to build himself a barn, and just as he had finished and was standing back admiring its beautiful outlines, the darn thing toppled over onto him.

They took the strongest man in Kent county away to the state hospital the other day. While it is true that he was able to lift a 500-pound weight with ease, the poor cuss went crazy trying to raise a family on a dollar and a half a day.

They were trying one of the natives down at Ionia not long ago on some charge or other, when the poor "hick" unexpectedly made the plea that his troubles came because he did not understand the law. "But ignorance of the law excuses no one," said the attorney. "Well, then, I pity you if you ever get into trouble," was the quiet rejoinder.

Taking the Joy Out of Life.

Having a next door neighbor who owns one of those cute little woolley dogs that snap at your shins.

Being on the calling list of twenty-five or thirty life insurance agents.

Having some kind old lady show a tintype of you when you were five years old and wore curls.

Reading a flowery obituary of a man who had owed you $27 for an equal number of years.

Lending your safety razor to the man upstairs.

Going on your first automobile ride of the year and blowing out a tire nine miles from home.

Having several relatives from out of town drop in unexpectedly just as you are starting for a week-end excursion.

A Tabloid Joy Ride.

Honk—honk!!
Here they come.
There they go.
Smash—crash—bang br-r-r-r-z-z.
Ding-dingzding-ding (Ambulance).
Please omit flowers.
Mercy, don't they look natural?

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Imitation Democracy.

Once upon a time I knew a woman who was very vain. And what do you suppose she was vain of?

Not of her looks, her clothes, her handsome husband, her home, her children, her cooking, or any of those things that the average woman prides herself upon. No, this woman was vain of her democracy.

She said she was a democrat to the core, and she was always talking about her dislike of snobbery, and her love of democracy. And this democracy she demonstrated in two ways—by being painstakingly rude to people whom she fancied thought themselves above her in the social scale, and by going sometimes to the moving picture show and to church with her maid.

Strangely enough, her maids were not as devoted to her as one would expect.

Perhaps they were ungrateful, or perhaps—well, I'll let you judge from the following what the trouble was.

A maid who had once lived with this woman came to live with a neighbor of mine. Her former employer's name was mentioned one day by my neighbor who admires her, and the maid did not seem enthusiastic.

"Don't you like her?" asked my neighbor.

The maid was non-committal.

"She was always very nice to you, I thought," said my neighbor; "took you to moving pictures and things like that."

The maid reddened. "Yes," she said, "I suppose she was nice, and I know she thought so. She made me feel all the time that she was thinking how kind and conscending of her it was to go about with me."

My neighbor was indignant. She thought the girl was ungrateful, and she said that it showed it didn't pay to be nice to them. She told the incident to me to substantiate the fact.

And I wasn't convinced. In fact I felt a deep sympathy for the maid.

Would you care to go about with anyone who made you feel how kind and condescending they were to go with you?

Is democracy democracy when it gives people that feeling?

The truth is that self-conscious democracy is just as futile as any kind of self-conscious goodness.

Any form of virtue for which you are inwardly patting yourself on the back is robbed of its chief value.

True democracy comes from the heart. It does not manifest itself in rudeness to social superiors nor in condescension to social inferiors.

It loves all human beings, it resents the cruel inequalities of lot, it longs to see equal opportunities, but it does not pretend that all men are equal in character, education and ability. It disregards false standards of money, ancestry and rank, and judges, if it judges at all, by standards of true worth and real breeding.

I think snobbery is the hardest fault in the world to conquer. It seems to be almost an instinct. There are few of us who do not have our moments of snobbery, in thought, if not in deed. Love of mankind, tolerance, a broader vision, less vanity and a firmer grip of the great truth that qualities and not possessions are the realities of life, are the best antidotes for this character poison.—(Protected by George Matthew Adams.)

MOTHERHOOD—1916.

The night comes down and the wind is chill,
(Are both of my boys asleep?)
Daylight tinges the distant hill,
(Why is it I cannot weep?)

A passing lad and a whistled tune,
(France is so far away!)
Roses bloom and the month is June,
(The heat is the worst, they say.)

The list was long in the morning's news,
(They are so young to die!)
Which strong heart will the bullet choose—
Where will his body lie?

Boys go clattering down the street,
(Which will come back to me?)
I hear the tramp of the soldiers' feet,
(Dear God! That such things be!)

What will they buy with the blood of men?
(Hearts break, but they do not die).
Victory, Honor—and War again!
(Dead faces turned to the sky).
—Elspeth Honeyman in Leslie's.

The Evening Story

The House on the Hill.
(By Earl Reed Silvers.)

Young Mrs. Jack Winter gazed long and sorrowfully at the little white house on the hill.

"If you'd only stop your foolish attempts to write short stories," she said to her worshiping husband, "you could make enough money at your business to buy that house in a few months."

"But perhaps I'll sell a story or two," Mr. Jack answered, "and then we can buy it anyway."

"You'll never sell a story." Her speech was brutally frank. "It isn't in you."

"I'm beginning to think so myself." In his voice was a faint hint of discouragement. "But I'm going to keep on trying just the same."

"You're only wasting time and money; I wish you'd get the foolish idea out of your head."

Mrs. Jack's tone betrayed long suffering. She had been married for six months, and during that time Mr. Jack had received eleven rejection slips. He was obsessed with the idea that he could write, but neither his wife nor his friends gave him any encouragement.

"Your stories sound funny to me," his college chum had told him once. "They're not like other stories I've read. Why don't you have them end happily? That's the kind that sells."

"But in life," the budding author had reported, "things don't always end happily. I try to make my stories true to life."

It was the same when he read his efforts to his otherwise adoring wife.

"If I were you," she told him, "I'd give my attention to business. You lost the chance to take up that big Morrison case just because you wanted time to finish a story and the thing came back two weeks after you sent it."

"I don't care." Mr. Jack spoke determinedly. "That story is going to make its mark some day."

"Well, I hope it does," she sighed. "But the law case would have given you at least a thousand dollars, and we could have bought the little house."

"Well, maybe I'll sell it yet." He drew his reluctant wife away from her dreamy contemplation of the much desired white cottage, and chatted about one hundred and one trivial things until they reached their rented apartment. In the mail box, he found a thick envelope.

"What is it?" Mrs. Jack spoke without enthusiasm. She had seen similar missives before.

"'The Final Payment' has come back," he announced. "I'll send it out again tonight."

"I wouldn't if I were you." She spoke with a touch of sarcasm. "It's only a waste of postage."

Mr. Jack wisely refrained from replying, but made his way to the denwhere he idly picked up a current magazine. On the title page, the announcement of a prize short-story contest stared at him.

"One thousand dollars," he read, "will be given for the best short story submitted. The story must be unusual—the more out of the ordinary the better for our purpose."

Without saying a word to anyone, he inserted "The Final Payment" in an envelope and sent it to the magazine conducting the contest. Then he awaited results.

Meanwhile he maintained a discreet silence. He applied himself industriously to his law business, and managed to secure one or two big cases, which promised to turn out exceedingly well.

"I told you that you were never meant for a writer," Mrs. Jack reminded him one evening, about two months after his prize story had been submitted. "Look at the way you are progressing. We ought to save a thousand dollars easily within the next two years. If you had kept on trying to write, we'd be worse off than ever."

Mr. Jack smiled, and went on his way. Then, one afternoon, his office mail brought an envelope stamped with the name of a certain magazine. It wasn't a long, thick envelope, but a short, thin one, and it contained something which made his heart beat furiously.

That night, at the supper table, he broached the subject to his wife.

"Do you remember that 'Final Payment' story?" he asked.

"Yes." She showed little interest.

"Well, I sent it to a magazine about two months ago."

"You did?"

"Yes, and I heard from them today."

"They kept it a little longer than usual." She changed the subject. "I went by the house this afternoon."

Mr. Jack frowned. It seemed to him that his wife still had little faith in his literary powers. Which was true.

"And some one was looking at it," Mrs. Jack continued. "I went to the agent and he said he had a fine chance to sell it."

"That's too bad."

"I asked him if we could make a deposit of five hundred dollars on it, but he said no. One thousand is the least possible first payment the owner will take."

"Well," Mr. Jack arose from the table, "I'm going to do a little writing tonight."

A few minutes later, however, he reappeared, hat in hand.

"I think I'll go down to the club for a while," he announced. "I'll be back before nine."

In an hour or so he returned, smiling broadly. Then, in spite of his wife's protest, he shut himself in the den and wrote until midnight.

When he came home the next evening, Mrs. Jack met him with tear-dimmed eyes.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "the little house is sold."

"Who bought it?" There was a happy light in his eyes.

"The agent wouldn't tell me. But the person deposited the money last night, and now we've lost it for good."

"Well, that's too bad." He was apparently indifferent. "I'm going to write some more tonight."

"Oh!" She turned away angrily. "I hate your old writings. If you had attended to your business, we could have had enough money to buy the house ourselves."

"I'm sorry, dear." Touched by the keen disappointment in her voice, he led her to the wicker couch. "Do you know who bought the house?"

"I told you I didn't!" She was still angry.

"Well!" He paused a moment for effect. "It was Mr. Jack Winter."

"What!" She looked at him with amazement.

"Yes," he continued; "yesterday I received a check for one thousand dollars for my story, 'The Final Payment.' It won first prize in the magazine contest."

They didn't bother about supper that evening, but walked together to the little house on the hill. After they had explored every nook and corner to their hearts' content, Mrs. Jack turned with beaming eyes to her husband.

"I guess," she admitted slowly, "that short story writing does pay, after all."—(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

It is a good plan to look before you leap over. But love is blind.

When the world is full of sunshine it's a good plan to put some by for a rainy day.

The man who sits down and waits for things to come his way is apt to take on weight.

A pessimist is a man who permits his regret for the past to outweigh his hope of the future.

Lots of people can't stand prosperity, especially if it happens to be other people's prosperity.

No, Maude, dear; the fact that we have liberal views isn't what influences us to give ourselves away.

Clothes don't make the man, nor a complexion the woman. Some women's wear well, others wear off.

You never can tell. Don't jump to the conclusion that a woman is a jewel just because she is set in her ways.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," quoted the Wise Guy. "Nor escaped the clutches of one," added the Simple Mug.

Hoax—"I have just been looking over the pictures in the Rogues' gallery." Joax—"I suppose you found them framed in gilt."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Sometimes it is good for a man to have an active enemy.

Nothing boosts the value of blessings like their removal.

Two women can remain good friends if they don't meet often.

Silence has every other kind of a bluff backed off the boards.

It's easier to grasp some opportunities than it is to let go of them.

Every man expects to become great some day, but he keeps putting it off.

And it's as easy for a man to break a promise as it is for a woman to break a man.

A man and his wife are different—also indifferent after they have been married a few years.

The fatter a woman gets the easier it is for her to believe other women are unable to notice it.

Never judge a man by his relatives, instead of by his companions. Relatives are thrust upon him, but companions are usually selected by himself.

A FRIEND IN ADVERSITY IS WORTH TEN IN PROSPERITY.

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright: By John T. McCutcheon.]

Mr. Thinly—"I've been having some hard luck lately and I'm down to my last dollar. I hope for old times' sake that you can help me out until some of my affairs get in better shape."
Mr. Scadsworth—"I'm very sorry, really I am, but I don't see how I can help you. You see, all my capital is so tied up just at present, but I give you my heart felt sympathy."

Mr. Scadsworth—"Let's walk up a bit. There's a slight acquaintance of mine, a man named Thinly, and if he sees me he'll probably want to borrow some money."
Mr. Burnside—"So that's Mr. Thinly. What a lucky dog he is! I just read this morning that the Westinghouses have offered him three million dollars for his new patent."

Mr. Scadsworth (an hour later)—"Well, if it isn't my dear old friend Thinly. Well, I'm glad to see you, and I've just heard of your good fortune. If ever you need any money or anything that I can let you have, you must let me know."

Household Hints

The Table.

Old Potato Dishes—At this time of year when the "new potatoes" are rather expensive and we probably have old ones still on hand, a few ideas as to using them and having them taste well may be well received. Pare old potatoes and let stand in cold water an hour. This time of year they have lost a great deal of their moisture and this will make them much better. Cut in cubes, boil in salt water until tender, pour off water, cover with rather thin "white sauce" and sprinkle finely cut parsley over the top. If prepared carefully they will taste as good as new ones. Pare old potatoes, let stand in cold water an hour, boil until tender, salt and fry until a nice brown in a pan with ham. Then with the fried ham and potatoes serve lettuce with cream dressing and you have your dinner practically prepared, and the potatoes are as good as new.

Chili Sauce.

Following is a recipe for chili sauce which is delicious on meats or fish, and is fine to use for oyster cocktails:

Twelve large, ripe, solid tomatoes, four cups of vinegar, two teaspoons of ground cloves, two teaspoons of ground cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of ground ginger, one tablespoon of mustard, one red pepper pod, four large onions, two tablespoons of salt (more if desired.)

Wash the onions and tomatoes. Remove the outer skin of the onions and chop them fine. Put the tomatoes in boiling water for a few minutes and then remove the skin. Put in all the other ingredients and boil on a slow fire for about two hours. Put this in sterilized glass bottles which have been standing in hot water, while hot, and seal. Keep in a cool, dry place

Parrots are taught to talk by the use of the telephones in a London bird school.

WILLY WOOD-RAT FINDS SOMEBODY.

"All the same," said Willy Wood-rat determinedly, "I mean to find something up here to play with—so there!" Willy was not easily fooled and he was quite put out to think he had been frightened by quiet Mrs Bat in the first place and then that he had found nothing interesting in the hollow of the sycamore tree from which he had watched the bats come out.

"Of course, of course," agreed Mrs. Willy soothingly; "and there should have been something in that hollow, Willy, you are right about that. Bats must be stupid, careless creatures. The very idea of not storing up food shows that!" (Little did Mrs. Willy guess that the bats would have called her stupid! They would have said, "How silly to lay up food. If one cannot go and get food one can simply sleep, that's the sensible thing to do!" There's no accounting for tastes, you see.)

"But now that we are up on this tree," said Willy, looking around, "I guess I'll hunt around here a little. Maybe I will find something interesting after all."

And he did.

He walked out on one of the main branches of the tree till it got small and thin. So small and so thin that Willy had to use all his skill to keep from tumbling off. But the more the branch swayed and the more dangerous his trip became, the more determined was Willy to go clear to the tip, tip end just to see if he could.

When he was almost out at the end he spied something hanging from the branch.

"Now what can that be?" he asked. But as no one answered he decided to find out for himself. "It cannot be a bird's nest," he said; "because birds build their nests in the forks of the branches and this thing, whatever it is, hangs down loosely from the wood. It cannot be——"

"Don't be so sure about that," laughed a sweet little voice just underneath Willy Wood-rat, "because you might happen to be mistaken."

Lucky Willy was a pretty good climber, for he nearly fell off the branch as it was—he was so surprised.

"Don't be so sure about that," laughed a sweet little voice.

"Now who are you?" he demanded. "I'm Lady Baltimore Oriole," laughed the same voice, "and I'm in my nest right here below you."

Willy twisted and looked and sure enough! Right there, perched upon that very queer thing he had been looking at, was a pretty little oriole—a beautiful creature of orange and black plumage.

"So that's your nest?" said Willy, his black eyes snapping with pleasure over the thought that he had found something new. "And why do you build it away out here on the branch?"

"That's easily answered," laughed Lady Baltimore Oriole. "I hang my nest downward from a slender branch, for then I know I am safe from prowlers. That's why."—Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.)