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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY. Subscribers of the State Journal away from home during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week...

Perhaps England delayed the big push so long because it hoped its post laureate would be too tired to start anything.

Whatever Germany may think about Bulgaria is certainly entitled to feel outraged because the Serbian army won't consider itself beaten.

Wilson will agree with what the Mexican mediators decide—provided it suits him. Same with Carranza.

A Cleveland boy has been fatally injured by an empty whiskey barrel. The mortality record of the full barrel is not on record, however.

It is hard to figure out who is telling the truth in regard to the fighting near Saloniki, but the results will show.

A hyphenated brother proclaims that the epidemic of infantile paralysis is divine punishment for selling war munitions. Perhaps that accounts for the weather, also.

Zeppelins are promised for transatlantic service. But probably no steps will be made in England.

As between the furs of the summer girls and the warm-weather costume worn by the ministers, most of us would vote for the former.

At least the allies are doing all that can be rendered to ease Greece and Rumania to make up their minds.

It has been definitely established that hand-shaking spreads disease germs. Still, it is pretty hard to kill off most politicians.

The automobile is a grand institution, but the enthusiast who says it is a promoter of religion probably never had a blowout thirty miles from the nearest garage.

Missouri is not the only state where bread-buyers will have to be shown that two 5-cent loaves are no bigger than one 10-cent loaf is going to be.

The Houston Post is willing to give "Cyclone" Davis to any state that wants him. He must be some relation to "Ben" who invented the imitation of an apple.

Nature is at least consistent in making bugs and weeds equally impervious to torrid weather.

Perhaps Mr. Hughes can make the eye-trunk in the Baltimore platform mean something, even if Mr. Wilson doesn't.

Both political parties are putting forth great efforts to carry Maine at the September election, for the moral effect it will have in November. After the Pine Tree vote is counted the loser will say that the result is of no political significance and probably will be right at that.

Considering the number of stumps it has per acre, no wonder so many members of congress and the cabinet are going to Maine for the state campaign.

In view of Mr. Bryan's recent unexpected and gratifying success in keeping silent, perhaps he can be induced to make it an annual event.

The rural credit system was not devised for the purpose of enabling the farmers to obtain automobiles. They have them already.

The high cost of living has grown much higher since the Democrats assumed control of the government, notwithstanding their promise to lower prices. Nothing could have proven more disastrous to the Wilson administration than a fulfillment of this promise. A general decline in prices is invariably followed by hard times and hard times are just as invariably charged up to the party in power.

Public Expenses. In the political game the "outs" are always accusing the "ins" of extravagance and waste of the public funds. But it never seems to matter which party is in power, the appropriations continue to increase from year to year and the rate of taxation is rarely if ever lowered.

When the appropriations by a single congress first reached the billion dollar mark the public was shocked, but it was told that this was a billion dollar country. Now that the budget of the present congress is approaching two billion dollars the people are due to receive another jolt.

A promise of a reduction in expenditures and a consequent lowering of taxes always makes good campaign material, regardless of the fact that they never materialize. The voters never seem to lose hope. Or is it that the expenditure of immense sums of money is all right provided one's own political party does it?

The New York Sun says Danish politics is incomprehensible to the American mind. It hasn't anything on the United States brand at that.

FIGHT FOR THE SENATE. A new element enters into the campaign this year; that is the election of United States senators by popular vote. The plan has been adopted since the presidential election of 1912.

To gain control of the Senate it will be necessary for the Republicans not only to hold their present strength of 39, but to replace nine Democrats with Republicans. The term of one Democratic senator in the following states expires this fall: Maine, New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Maryland, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, Missouri, Arizona and Ohio.

Chairman Willcox, of the Republican National Committee, declares that the situation indicates the Republicans have reasonably good prospects of gaining a senatorial vote in each of the States of Maine, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia, Indiana, Montana, Nevada and Ohio, and fighting chances for additional increases from the states of Maryland, Indiana, Nebraska, Missouri and Arizona.

At the Democratic notification ceremonies at Shadow Lawn, says the Boston Transcript, Mr. Wilson will furnish the lawn and Mr. Hughes the shadow.

GOOD ROADS—THEIR PURPOSE. A strong effort is being made to bring about the immediate construction of the National defense highway connecting Annapolis and Washington. Military authorities have declared that a fine highway between these two points would be of the utmost military value in the event of war with European power. It would permit the quick throwing of a strong force of troops at the head of Chesapeake Bay and at the seat of the Naval Academy, from which an attack could be made upon Washington, should a hostile fleet wish to gain a foothold on our shores.

But, why not give some attention to roads destined to benefit those people engaged in peaceful pursuits? This is not a fighting nation, it is a working nation. What is needed more than facilities for transporting troops and munitions of war, are roads which will enable the farmer to transport his products to market with greater celerity and economy and bring the rural population in closer touch with their neighbors in the city. But it may be that the necessity for military highways is but an excuse for dipping into the national treasury and that the real power behind the good roads movement is the automobile.

Probably never before was so cosmopolitan an army assembled as that which is now fighting under the banner of the allies in Greece. English, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, Hindus, French, Greeks, Italians, Serbians, Montenegrins and Russians are all enrolled in the army opposing the Bulgars. The latter themselves are aided by Austrians, Germans and Turks. In short, the world war is represented, with the exception of the Japanese, Portuguese and Belgians, in the component parts of the counter-attacking forces in Greece.

Signs of Prosperity. The monthly dividend and interest disbursements continue to show large increases over a year ago. In September, according to the tables published monthly by the Journal of Commerce, the disbursements will total \$145,539,689, which is a new high record for September and compares with \$115,154,106 in September a year ago. Next month \$79,935,689 will be distributed in dividends, being an increase of \$22,785,589 over the amount distributed last September. Somewhat more than half of this gain will be due to the United States Steel Corporation alone, which made no payment on its common stock last September. Twenty corporations either will receive dividends or make initial payments, while eighteen either will pay increases or extra dividends.

These dividend reports are proof of the prosperity of the country, but they do not tell all the story. There is not a corporation which is paying dividends that is not adding, at the same time, to its surplus. Many corporations are building up large surpluses to carry them thru the time when business will again be slack. Every corporation manager expects that such a time is coming. Also, millions of dollars have been spent by corporations in enlarging and improving their plants and installing new equipment. All this has increased the value of the property and strengthened the position of stockholders. With work plentiful and profits large, the wise managers are protecting their properties as far as possible from future troubles.

Like a vision out of the past, with a vision of the future, it has been said that the star and the desert will be the fate of the water jar. And the maid with the water jar. —Clinton Scollard in New York Sun.

Yes, a vision haunts me, too, I can never more forget; For a naughty Sunday morn'g, Filled my inwards with regret.

Like a vision out of heaven, With a gift beyond all price, Came a maid in black and white, With a jar of fresh cracked ice. —W. Ke Maxwell in Jeoria Journal.

I am haunted by a vision, With a vision of the past, 'Twill be with me all my days, Yes, until the very last.

I was stranded nine miles southward, In my up-to-date machine, When a maid drove up and loaned me Just two quarts of gasoline.

Now is the Time. This is the gladdest season of the year when shiny gentlemen happen along to sell cutters. It has often been said that one-half of the world don't know how the other half lives. Beyond the shadow of a doubt the other half lives by selling glass cutters. It matters not how busy you are, you must lay everything aside and listen to the strain of the glass cutter agent. He takes from his pocket a perfectly good piece of glass, then produces the cutter and does a trick with it that Howard Thurston can do with a plug but full of hard boiled eggs. After he gives his free exhibition you buy a glass cutter. You can't escape it, tho you have 900 glass cutters at home and 200 tucked away in your office desk. This is a good deal of psychology about the glass cutter business. If you are like the ordinary man you have bought an average of seven glass cutters at one time or another. You have had an office and when you want a piece of glass cut you have to take it to a glazier. Nobody on earth can make a patent glass cutter work excepting the man who sells it. Some men blow their money foolishly over the bar or for gasoline, but the major portion of the money has gone for glass cutters. It is a habit, and yet there is a sort of ambition in it too. We hope some day to run across a glass cutter who will cooperate when alone with it at home. We have never found one yet that didn't quit business as soon as we had paid our money for it and the agent had departed in his shiny Prince Albert coat to land another victim.

How to Act in Polite Society. Do not tuck the napkin under your chin in order to save your shirt front from the soup and tomato sauce. Don't crack jokes with the servants. It is hard enough to distinguish the guests from the waiters nowadays without that. Don't offer to sing or play the piano. Perhaps the hostess has prepared a program for you. If you want to get a good hat and overcoat, say you have a slight headache and leave early.

There was an old woman Who wanted a flat, She had seven children, So that settled that.

When We Are Reckless. In times of stress and excitement, look out for money. If you don't, it will fly.

You spend more money unnecessarily in a few days of excitement than you can save in weeks. In times of sickness, for instance, excitement and anxiety combine to make you reckless. It may mean a think of money at a time like that, and so you forget your budget and the inevitable day of reckoning you spend wildly. And not only do you lavish in your expenditures for the sick room, but your purse strings are looser all around. You can't think of money.

By and by the illness passes, the crisis of excitement is over and you go back to the routine of daily living. Then the day of reckoning comes and you find yourself poorer than you care to think. Perhaps the ex-indebted several times over. Only one look at that bill and you are glad that although his name might be W. Thomas Carstairs and that he dressed well, the summer colonists would never know for the matter. They were nice and willing to make up, but your mamma's violently got them out of the way as soon as possible. He found himself a state of isolation that was enlightening and not flattering. But just when he needed consolation the most he found it. And her name was Lorelei!

He was sitting on the beach one day and as he passed she dropped her book. He remarked on the weather. She spoke of something else. They both mentioned boating and it ended in taking a ride in a launch together. She was very pretty—straight, classic features, a pair of eyes that were blue and puffed to perfection. She was Lorelei's opposite, tall, statuesque almost, and her eyes were blue. Lorelei's were brown.

"It's only once a year," we say of each and snap go the purse strings. Daily expense accounts are invaluable at times like these. They don't kick completely over the traces and stop keeping them they act as an automatic brake.

And yet, even as I write, I am assailed by the other side of this matter. If you have to watch pennies fifty weeks in the year, coveting a larger luxury in the other two than to let up on tight grinding vigilance? It sometimes seems to me that the hardest thing to do is to live on what people in comfortable circumstances set aside for spending money has to bear, is not the deprivation, but the year, coveting a larger luxury in the other two than to let up on tight grinding vigilance?

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First Landlady—"I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do." Second Landlady—"Oh, I don't know. (Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT BY ROY E. MOULTON.

Maid With Water Jar. Oh, the vision haunts me still, The gleam of the young girl's eye, Peering over the purple hill, And the maid with the water jar!

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APPEARANCES. You mustn't trust appearances. At present you will see a general effort to appear like twenty-two or three. And those who put on glasses and look "stern," as a rule, are principally youngsters who are not yet out of school. As has been wisely said, this world is but a fleeting show. We see the illusions, as upon parade we go. And perhaps it's just as well for us to do this to the best of our ability. And help improve the scenery upon the modern plan. —Washington Star.

The Plans of Mice and Men. (By Ruth Isham.) Tommy Carstairs early in his career made up his mind to keep a level head and not let his heart run away with him. Fate had been unkind and brought him to poor parents and the break of the bad caused Tommy considerable discomfort. But as he grew older he consoled himself with the thought that "all things come to him who waits." There are big fish in the sea as ever were caught! This was a comfort. He would watch his chance and marry some girl who happened to be the only daughter of some rich old fellow with a bad heart.

So he settled down to his ledger at Smith & Dewey's, fairly well contented with his lot. He had a good time was all that was needed to consummate his plan. Therefore it was with keen annoyance that he awoke one morning realizing that he had made a fool of himself the night before and, quite before he knew what he was doing, had proposed to Clorinda Mowry, one of the office.

Tommy had been afraid of Clorinda. He had caught himself time and again watching the curve of her head against the big plate glass window, and her hair had a way of catching the sun and reflecting it into his eyes that was quite annoying. He had thought several times in the rows of figures that he was sure were due to Clorinda's hair. Once in a while, as she put new paper into the machine, he would see her eyes looking at him. He had a plan. He would get a dictation machine and have it installed in his office. He would get a dictation machine and have it installed in his office. He would get a dictation machine and have it installed in his office.

And being fully satisfied that the girl was all his, he carefully laid plans for a prosperous future if he were not exceptionally cautious, it was ridiculous that he had allowed himself to be so taken in by her. He had called her his darling. And he had told her so often that she was his. He had adored her and so on.

Then a light broke upon his gloom. Had he really proposed to her? Telling her so and thinking of the lucky fellow who would help spend fifteen millions some day.

"Gad!" "Those people there have finished. Shall we take that table?" suggested Lorelei.

"Yes," assented Tommy, chalking her name and thinking of the lucky fellow who would help spend fifteen millions some day.

The two ways were up and Tommy had to leave, but not before he moonlighted he had begged for Lorelei's hand and been promised it. Father and mother had not materialized as yet and there was talk of her meeting him at Newport.

Then came the day when he had to return to the office. He was worried about Clorinda, wondering how she would take it. But he put on a brave front and went in. Her place was empty!

"I haven't heard the news, Tommy," called Fodick. "Old Golden was Clorinda's granddaddy and he up and died and left her fifteen millions." Tommy was holding his desk for support.

"And we miss her like the devil, but there's a peach taking her place—tall, blond and—ahem!"

A girl walked over to Clorinda's seat and sat down in front of the machine. "Lorelei," gasped Tommy, "by all that's holy!"

Now it out to finish by saying that Tommy got his just deserts, that Lorelei insisted upon him keeping his bargain and led him an awful life. But it didn't happen. When she found out who he was and that he was making only \$75 a month she threw him over.

And, on the other hand, Clorinda Blue Blackbird was making a terrible fuss about something—Mary Jane couldn't quite understand what. But when she had time to look around a Blue Blackbird she soon found out what the trouble was. Billy's nest was all gone! Yes, sir! That old Billy Blackbird, who had been so careful of his nest, had been out of the fork in the old apple tree and was nothing but a messy looking mass of twigs and hair and grasses.

No wonder Billy was so excited! No wonder poor Mrs. Billy was trying to tell everybody her troubles. I guess you'd be excited, too, if your husband fell down from its tree and was splashed to nothing in the mud! I guess you would!

WHAT THE STORM DID. Bluey Blackbird stopped her hunting for his family long enough to come over to Billy's nest. "What's the matter, Billy? You seem all worked up."

"Matter enough," retorted Billy. "Look at my nest! It's all gone! It's all gone! It's all gone!"

"What do you mean to do about it?" asked Mrs. Hen, who heard and talking and came hurrying over to see what was going on.

THIS, SURE IS THE LIFE



STANLEY

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Sweet Green Tomato Pickles. One peck of green tomatoes sliced, six large onions sliced, with one teaspoon of salt sprinkled thru. Let stand overnight and drain in the morning. Take two quarts of water and one of vinegar, boil the tomatoes and onions two minutes. Drain thru a colander. Take four quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one-half pound of ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of cayenne pepper or six green peppers chopped. Boil fifteen minutes. This will keep good a year, if prepared according to recipe, and is very good.

Canning and Preserving. Corn Salad—One dozen ears of sweet corn cut off, one large head of cabbage cut fine, one-eighth pound dry mustard, three red or green peppers, two quarts vinegar, salt, sugar and pepper to taste. Boil fifteen minutes after it begins to boil. Can hot in small cubes, two of ginger, two of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of cayenne pepper or six green peppers chopped. Boil fifteen minutes. This will keep good a year, if prepared according to recipe, and is very good.

Indian Chutney. Eight ounces sour apples, peeled and cored, eight ounces onions, eight ounces salt, eight ounces brown sugar, eight ounces stoned raisins, four ounces cayenne pepper, four ounces ginger, two ounces garlic, one quart lemon juice.

To make the sweetened vinegar use one cup of sugar to one pint of vinegar. Let boil fifteen minutes, seal with paraffin.

These will keep beautifully all winter.

BED TIME TALES BY CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

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"Better get a better place next time," suggested Bluey before he had time to reply. "I always thought that old apple tree was no good."

"No use talking over spilled nests," croaked Mr. Garden Toad. "Build another, build another!"

"That's good advice," said Billy, and with any more time wasted in lamenting his losses he set out on a hunt for nest materials. (Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.)

Canned Red Peppers.

Use about one dozen sweet red peppers which have four prongs. Take out seeds and veins, put into strong salt water, let set one hour, cut into round strips, then plunge into boiling water to let set three minutes. Plunge into ice water for fifteen minutes, then pack into bottles and pour sweetened vinegar over them, boiling hot.

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