Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

[Entered July 1, 1875, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.]

VOLUME XXXVIII.....No. 222

Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.
By mail, one year.....$3.00
By mail six months..... 1.80
By mail, 100 calendar days..... 1.00

TELEPHONES.
Private branch exchange. Call 3530 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department desired.
Topeka State Journal building, 800 802 and 804 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.
New York Office, 250 Fifth avenue, Paul Block, manager.
Chicago Office, Mailers building, Paul Block, manager.
Detroit Office, Kresge building, Paul Block, manager.
Boston Office, 201 Devonshire street, Paul Block, manager.

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.
The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

MEMBER:
Associated Press.
Audit Bureau of Circulations.
American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

In contemplating an amendment to the state's constitution which will permit Kansas to go into the highway improvement business, or good roads building activities as a state and with state funds, the good road boosters of the Sunflower state are finally started in the right direction and the only one that will make possible the development of a system of really good roads in this commonwealth. Had Kansas done this thing a decade ago, the state would have a fairly excellent and extensive system of good roads by this time, and their cost would not have been much larger, if any, than the amount of money that has been dissipated and practically wasted on the roads of Kansas in the same period under the defective system of road improvement by counties and localities that has always been in operation in Kansas, and practically the only system that is possible under one of the decidedly peculiar provisions of the Kansas constitution.

News from Long Branch states that the results of the Maine election have started a boom in contributions to the Democratic campaign fund and also given the Democrats an awakening that they needed. Of course, this news item should not be construed by any one as suggesting that the Democrats have any idea that the forthcoming presidential election is one that might be purchased with cold cash. Happily those days, and such political ideas are of the past and dead in this country. But the Democrats surely did not go into the present presidential campaign with any idea that a victory for their candidate was assured and that it would be an easy one.

Some of the local Democratic wits are almost certain to insist that there is a coincidental connection between the brief visit in Topeka Thursday morning of Mr. Fairbanks, the Republican vice presidential candidate, and the weather wave that was so cold for this season of the year and which hit these parts at about the same time.

What rare good sense appears to be possessed by the new king of Greece. Perhaps it is tact. Then again he may be a Safety First enthusiast, where his personal fortunes are concerned. At any rate, the news comes from Athens that the first cabinet he forms is to be a "war" cabinet. And the extreme likelihood is that if he insisted on naming any other kind of a cabinet, somebody else would have his job before many days passed after the announcement of his cabinet selections, or the naming of his premier to make them. It was the refusal of Constantine, the erstwhile king of Greece, to recognize the "war" party of his land that led to his ostracism. And where is Constantine, now, by the way? Probably at some German watering place, and where his wife will be among friends and relatives. But the recent queen of Greece is at least entitled to the credit that should go to those who stick by their relations thru thick and thin. And in the big European melee, she and her German relatives are about the only blood relations that have continued on friendly terms with each other.

How does it happen that the prohibitor, law enforcement authorities in and around Topeka, either city, county or state, or all three, permitted Budweiser to put in an appearance in the 2:14 pace at the fair grounds Thursday afternoon?

FARM HOME IMPORTANT.

Farm efficiency is not by any means found altogether in the fields, says Farm Life. It is largely in the farm home. That is the heart of the farm. It is where the power is generated. The farmer's family is worth more to him than all his acres. Indeed, the acres are tilled solely for the maintenance of the home. Consciously, or unconsciously, all the labor and management are directed for the comfort and independence—the happiness—of the home. If the machinery of the home runs smoothly, if the occupants of the home are contented—then the farm is efficient and prosperous. All this is so true that it sounds trite. Everybody knows it, you say. Yet everybody forgets it, part of the time. Some of us forget it all the time. The crops and the livestock and the machinery of the fields become too important for us. We become almost idolatrous. We sacrifice the fine spirit of the home to the uncaring fields. We have a dim idea, perhaps, that we are working for the ultimate good of the home. We are skimping and slaving now, so that by and by we may be independent and comfortable. We might reverse the statement and be nearer the truth: Let us be happy, now, so that in the future we may be prosperous.

OUR TRADE WITH MEXICO.

There must be a joker of considerable proportions in the Mexican deck of cards, or, at least, in the pack that is being dealt out to the American people in the shape of information about the conditions that prevail in Mexico.

Perhaps it is well within the truth to assert that the great majority of the folks on this side of the Rio Grande are under the impression that Mexico is a land that is well-nigh prostrated in its entirety, physically, commercially and in every other way.

This is no doubt true of conditions in Northern Mexico where the bandits and the brigands and the "military forces" of Carranza, or the Constitutionalists, have been holding sway for so long and where famine has stalked in their wake among the non-combatants in that section.

But such conditions are evidently far from common to the whole of Mexico. And while there might seem to be exaggeration in a statement to the effect that the commerce of the United States with Mexico in the fiscal year ending on June 30, 1916, has been the largest in the history of our trade with that country, a compilation of statistics that was recently made by the foreign trade department of the National City Bank of New York shows that despite the unsettled conditions in Mexico, our immediate neighbor to the south supplied us during the fiscal year in question with a larger value of merchandise than ever before, and that our total trade with Mexico was also larger than ever before.

These statistics show that our total imports from Mexico in 1916 were $97,676,544 against $77,612,691 in 1915 and $92,690,566 in 1914, the former high record year. The exports to Mexico were in 1916, $48,308,542, which was 14 millions greater than in 1915 and 10 millions greater than in 1914, but materially less than the average for several years prior to 1914. Combining imports and exports, however, the total of 1916 was the largest in the history of the trade between the United States and Mexico, being $145,985,086 against $131,927,266 in 1913, the former high record year.

The above figures of trade with Mexico do not include the precious metals, of which we have imported largely from that country in recent years. The silver imports from Mexico in 1916 were approximately 19 million dollars; in 1915 $16,802,000; in 1913, $25,570,000; and in 1912, $28,147,000. The gold imports from Mexico were in 1915 a little over 6 million dollars; in 1914, 11 millions; in 1913, 20 millions, and in 1911, 30 million dollars.

The chief growth of our trade with Mexico occurs on the import side. The value of imports from that country into the United States increased from $28,646,000 in 1900, to $97,616,000 in 1916, while our exports to Mexico increased from $34,975,000 in 1900, to $61,282,000 in the high record year, 1911, but fell to $48,308,000 in 1916. Thus the greatest increase in our exports to Mexico since 1900 is but 75 per cent, while the increase in imports from that country since 1900 has been 242 per cent.

This gain in the imports from Mexico has been one of steady growth, having been in 1900 28½ millions; 1905, 46½ millions; 1910, 58½ millions; 1913, 77½; 1914, 92½; and in 1916, 97½ million dollars. On the other hand the exports to Mexico have greatly fluctuated, jumping from 35 millions in 1900 to 66 millions in 1907, then falling to 50 millions in 1909, 62 millions in 1911, 34 millions in 1915, and again advancing to 48 millions in 1916.

Our chief imports from Mexico are coffee, vanilla beans, copper, sisal, mineral oil, hides and skins, rubber and substitutes therefor, gum chicle, lead and live cattle. The copper, lead and mineral oil come to the United States because it has better facilities for turning the raw product into the manufactured state than has Mexico; the sisal, rubber and hides are required in manufacturing; the coffee and vanilla for domestic consumption; and the cattle also for domestic consumption after their preparation for market by feeding. The sisal, which amounted in 1916 to 25 million dollars, is for use in the domestic industries as is also the 10 million dollars' worth of hides, while the 14 million dollars' worth of copper and 12 million dollars' worth of mineral oil went to the refineries for distribution.

The growth in the imports of mineral oil from Mexico to the United States has been an important factor in our trade with that country. A decade ago our imports in crude mineral oil from Mexico amounted to but 15 million gallons, but in 1916 was over 800 million gallons valued at approximately 12 million dollars. This comes to us, as above indicated, not because it is required for consumption in the United States, which produces three-fourths of the mineral oil of the world, but because of our superior facilities for refining and marketing the product; and this is also true of the million dollars worth of copper imported in 1916.

The chief exports to Mexico are manufactures, including machinery, railway and mining supplies, pipes and fittings, pumps and pumping machinery, wire, miscellaneous manufactures of iron and steel, boots and shoes, and other manufactures of leather, cotton goods, coal, wheat and flour, meat and dairy products and cottonseed oil.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

There may be reason in all things, but sometimes it is difficult to locate.

* * *

Praising people too much is as bad for them as not praising them enough.

* * *

The impression will not down that any number of folk enjoy being fooled or taken in.

* * *

Another general rule with few exceptions is that the man who gets what he wants has to go after it himself.

* * *

Regardless of the old saw, a man's life isn't always what he makes it, and for the very good reason that many things and persons intervene occasionally to prevent him from making said life as he would.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

A Wichita paper got the most out of the Maine election, thinks the Hutchinson News, because its headline over the story about it was: "Maine went, clean bent, for elephant."

Kansas paragraphers are having a good deal to say about the man who invented the rubber rolling-pin, notes the Atchison Champion, and it adds: Of course, he was married.

It isn't everything that hits off wrong, points out the Lawrence Gazette. The lime crop of Santo Domingo went to the bad just at the time when we don't want limeade any more.

One of the Day Dreams in a recent issue of the Leavenworth Times: Another good thing about the short skirt is that it enables a girl to sit down and wrap herself around the legs of a chair.

As Jess Napier of the Newton Kansan-Republican observes: If you repeat a bad story, the truth of which you cannot personally vouch for, you are as bad as the fellow who maliciously starts it.

Philip Flopover, whom the Lansing News quotes so frequently, is a keen student of human nature. Says Phil: Women are a good deal like the present weather—they cloud up more often than they storm.

A Fifty Years Ago item from the files of the Atchison Champion of September 13, 1866: A large number of boys of the gallant old Seventh Kansas cavalry were in the city last night. The regiment is camped five miles from here en route to Fort Leavenworth to be mustered out of the service.

A crippled railroader, who lost both legs in the service, offers a suggestion that strikes the Lawrence Journal-World as having some merit. He proposes the establishment of a college or school in which cripples may be taught occupations at which they can mantain themselves. The suggestion is worth thinking over. The state provides for the blind and the deaf and dumb, who are incapacitated by nature, and does its best to enable them to become economically independent. But a man who loses his limbs thru industrial accident is left to shift for himself. Even if he turns to beggary not much is thought of it. If society had some plan to teach these unfortunates a means of livelihood, it would be the gainer and the individuals would enjoy the self respect that comes with the performance of useful work.

GLOBE SIGHTS

[From the Atchison Globe.]

There isn't any such thing as a good bet if you lose.

A good resolution is the easiest thing in the world to forget.

Some of those who are easily shocked go around looking for shocks.

When some people talk of liberty, they are thinking of a license to raise hell.

Being a little better than the average in your line means a lot in salary.

There has never been a time or a place where congregational singing was any too good.

What people don't know sometimes arouses their curiosity and hurts them until they find it out.

Wishing to give credit where credit is due, it may be said that some of the bores are very polite about it.

In one respect the only difference between a parrot and the average woman is that the parrot is caged.

The crowned heads of Europe are not so numerous as the fat heads, altho they may belong in the same class.

Strange how a man can remember the occurrences of his childhood and forget the events of day before yesterday.

To be all that you hope to be, you must follow the example of the amateur pianist and practice a few hours each day.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Too often bad motives are attached to good acts.

The hardest work an industrious man can do is nothing.

Stage carpenters make more hits than the high salaried stars.

But, oh, when love's young dream develops into a matrimonial nightmare!

A man isn't necessarily a manufacturer because he's always on the make.

It takes a woman to make every word tell when it comes to imparting secrets.

Some men are as anxious to get into the limelight as some others are to dodge it.

Many a so called charitable man draws the line when it comes to buying his wife new clothes.

When a girl under 15 is ambitious to become an actress it's up to her mother to do a movie stunt with her slipper

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY W. T. ELLIS

For September 17 is: "A Prisoner in the Castle."—Acts 22.

An Attempt to Lynch the Preacher.

That great adventurer and pioneer, Paul of Tarsus, was in a tight place. The Roman garrison of Jerusalem had rescued him from a mob that was doing him to death. Thwarted for the moment, the yelling rabble followed him to the citadel, where he secured permission from the captain to address them. The present lesson deals with the speech and its consequences.

This versatile scholar—missionary, who spoke Latin and Greek and Aramaic and Hebrew, faced a mob of Hebrew zealots. So he addressed them in the Hebrew tongue. He knew, what some later preachers only imperfectly understand, how to speak to a crowd in its own vernacular.

The bigness of the man is revealed in his salutation, "Brethren and fathers." That to the crowd that sought his life! Not, "Dogs and murderers! Ingrates and liars!" Not, it might have been so once, but Paul had been to school to Jesus; so, in tones of measureless yearning and solicitude, he cried, "Brethren and fathers." There is magnanimity for you. In that great heart there was no room for petty grudges or for the spirit of revenge.

Then Paul went on to "make himself solid" with his hearers. He reminded them of his identity with them in all essentials. He belonged to their crowd. Most of them knew him from the old days when he was the Sanhedrin's willing tool. He rehearsed his standing and experiences as a Jew, and proceeded gradually from his old reputation to his new, in an effort to conciliate a crowd moved by that bitter passion, the organization's hatred of a man who has ceased to be "regular."

The Speech That Was a Story.

Here we come upon a striking thing. The occasion was a critical one. The audience was learned in the law of Moses. The speaker was the world's greatest philosopher, a school-trained reasoner and debater. Yet his speech was a story. Nothing else. Paul on the steps of the citadel, talking literally for dear life, abandoned all the arts of oratory, and told his own story.

That is to say, he became a "witness" rather than a pleader. He was fulfilling the commission given him by Jesus that he should become His witness. From the story of his birth in Tarsus, thru his wonderful conversion, and on to the hour of his being sent by Jesus as an apostle to the Gentiles, he narrated his personal experience.

"What? Do you mean to say that the great Paul was merely giving his testimony, like an old saint at the mid-week prayer meeting, or like a bashful Christian Endeavorer?" Exactly so. In the great crisis, it is witness-bearing that wins. It is more important to testify for Christ than to preach about Him. That is why eloquent sermons sometimes fail, and stammering stories of what the Lord has done for the speaker, win. One need not be a speech-maker to be a soul-winner. The greatest evangelistic campaign this continent has ever seen will sweep the land when Christians learn what the duty and joy and power of witness-bearing is. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Why do we not oftener hear the story in the pulpit? Missionaries over and over again tell the Story of Jesus. There is power in the unadorned tale of what Christ has done for the race, even as there was power in the story of what Christ had done for Paul. After a fair consideration of this lesson, nobody can disparage the importance of the meetings for testimony by Christians.

A "Called" Man.

The speaker had reached that point in his story where he was arguing with the Lord—yes, even Paul, like the rest of us, thought he knew better than his Master—that he should stay in Jerusalem and testify, and Jesus had replied, "Go; I will send you as an apostle to nations far away." That was too much. The master of mobs had held this one silent under the spell of his words. But at the intimation that salvation was for others than the Jews, they let out a roar of disapproval.

That ended the speech. To the crowd it seemed a blasphemous anticlimax, that such a Jew as Saul had shown himself to be should be sent to the Gentiles with a proffer of Good News which belonged only to the Jews. "Away with such a fellow from the earth! He ought not to be allowed to live." Only death could atone for such apostasy. Such was the littleness and bigotry of the crowd. They had as little use for foreign missions as many a man today.

A furious uproar followed. The multitude worked itself up into a frenzy. Dignified ecclesiastics, in their rich bordered robes, shouted as excitedly as the street loafers. Clothes were thrown into the air. The fanatics gathered dust and tossed it aloft, in symbolism. All was furore and excitement and no words were distinguishable, yet the purpose of all was plain—the lynching of the renegade Jew.

When the Tribune Blundered.

One of the stupid proverbs of the undiscriminating is "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." What a world of harm that saying has wrought! The Roman tribune, who ought to have been more judicious, was of the sort who excused his own lazy and unjust action under such a plea. After hurriedly drawing Paul into the citadel, out of the reach of the menacing mob, he decided to find out by flogging just what the prisoner's crime had been. For of course, with all these men saying so, he must be a criminal. Ah, the innocent whom "They say" has slain! What careers have been wrecked by accumulative gossip; what reputations have been blasted; what homes have been made miserable; what hearts have been broken! "Vox populi" is not also "vox Dei;" it is as often "vox diablo." Democracy is one thing and mob law another.

So, "To the post with the prisoner!" cried the tribune. After all, he was a prisoner, which was a priori evidence against him. Despite the great works of Hugo and Dickens, and a thousand reformers since, the lot of the prisoner is only now being humanized. The church is beginning to understand the import of the words of Christ, "I was in prison and ye visited me."

A Citizen With Spunk.

Now citizenship is a sacred thing—though one would not suppose so from observing the conduct of many good men on election day. Paul was a Roman citizen. He prized that privilege. He did not feel that he had surrendered any of his rights as a man and a citizen by being a Christian minister. His far-sightedness perceived, what many modern officials do not understand, the wisdom and justice of Rome's invariable practice of caring for her citizens wherever they might be on earth.

So he watched with calm eye the proceding of binding him and tying him to the stake. No needless struggling or resistance was met with on his part. He waited for the dramatic moment, when all attention was centered upon him, and then, in smoothest tones, he asked quietly, "Does the law permit you to flog a Roman citizen—and one who is uncondemned?"

Explosion, Commotion, Consternation. The soldiers who had bound the prisoner to the stake fall back in afright. The man with the knout is terror-stricken. The captain most of all is alarmed. He best knew the gravity of a crime against the person of a Roman citizen. So in trepidation he hurried off to the tribune with his alarming news.

Observe that Paul was no morbid seeker after a martyr's crown. The early church was greatly troubled by devotees who courted martyrdom. Not so Paul. So long as he could serve his Master by voice and pen and life, he meant to do so. The normalness and wholesomeness of Paul are contagious. He was all of a man and all of a Roman and all of a Jew, as well as all of a Christian. He had sense as well as sanctity, spunk as well as sprituality.

The flash of the Roman eagle was in Paul's eye as he confronted the Roman tribune, who asked, "Are you a Roman citizen?"

"Yes," proudly answered the prisoner.

"I paid a large sum for my citizenship," said the tribune.

"But I was born free," replied Paul with simple dignity. At that the tribune retired in alarm—he had bound a Roman citizen!

Now nothing can keep Paul from Rome. The wheels of Providence are turning. Christ's man is on his witnessing way to Caesar's presence. Mobs and plots are of no avail against him. He has borne faithful testimony to multitudes: now he is to bear the same testimony to the ruler of the earth.

The Helpers of Life.

Terse Comments on the Uniform Prayer Meeting Topic of the Young People's Societies—Christian Endeavor, etc.—for September 17: "Little Chances to Help."—Exod. 17:8-13.

If life were one single act of heroism, most of us could screw our courage up, to the occasion. What tests us to the breaking point, however, is the simple fact that life is made up of a succession of common-place days, each with a hundred petty calls upon our character and service. Almost anybody will jump into the water to save a drowning child: but when it comes to being patient with that child every day, and to answering its questions and meeting its needs helpfully, in a way designed to shape its life nobly, we somehow cannot always rise to the occasion. Given a choice between death and a denial of Christ, such as has lately come to the Armenians, and most of us would unhesitatingly choose death. When called upon, however, to show loyalty to him by daily service and sacrifice, by helpfulness and holiness, we find the test hard. Still the truth abides, to be faced by everybody, that as the years are composed of months and the months of weeks and the weeks of days and the days of hours and the hours of minutes, so life consists of little decisions, little self-denials, little devotions, little deeds of kindness, little crosses and little conquests—all glorified, it may be, by the spirit of Jesus, who 'went about doing good."

The world has greater need for Christians who will do little acts of helpfulness than it has for great theologians or ecclesiastes.

Not many can be like Christ on the cross, but everybody can be like Him in pleasing little children and in saying comforting words to the discouraged.

There is never an hour without its opportunity.

Just as a low motive may drag the noblest enterprise down into the mire, so a high motive will exalt the most menial task to the stars.—John Henry Strong.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heartthrobs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means to an end—that end—
Beginning, means and end to all things—God.
—Bailey.

The ordinary relations of life, with their duties and responsibilities, with their trials and sorrows and joys, are the divinely appointed environment to develop character and to train disciples into robust vigor of life.—Hugh Black.

A little lift may, like Zaccheus' tree, raise a life to a new glimpse of Christ.

With all its cunning devices and wonderful wisdom, this old world has not yet invented any scale or measure that will determine what is great and what is little in the things of human life. Of that we are sure. The wise Book makes clear that in the surprising experience of heaven we shall find the last first, and the first last. When Jesus wanted to give credentials, for admission into his rewards it was the cup of cold water to little ones, the visit to the sick and to the prisoner, that merited his "Inasmuch." We simply do not know what service is great and what is small. Here is a preacher whose sermons ring thru the land and all men call him great; but nobody speaks of the unknown mother, whose self-sacrifice and consecration made him what he is. Only heaven can tell what deeds are small and what are great. So we are to do all things as unto the Lord, leaving estimates and rewards to Him.

Sing a song of cheerfulness,
No matter what you meet;
Bring a smiling presence
To every friend you greet;
Confident in marching,
Hopeful in retreat:
Singing songs of cheerfulness
Helps to keep you sweet.

When the Son of God was on earth He spent most of His time in helping commonplace people in their commonplace needs. He brought the sublime will of God down to the level of everyday service, declaring that he "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

And a servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

* * *

The little deeds of every day
Shape that within lives for aye.

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. —Grellet.

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Why?

I wonder why I never got an answer to my "ad"?
I haven't had one single one—it really is too bad.
Without a girl I can't go out, but still must stay indoors,
To cook and sweep and do besides all of the other chores.
I don't believe that servant girls read newspapers at all,
For six times I've inserted this—I yet have one to call:

WANTED—A girl to do housework in small family. Must not be good looking. Liberal wages.—Mrs. Newbride, 210 X avenue.

And why is it Jack laughs at this and says, "I'll tell you flat,
The wants work wonders, but they'll bring no girl to answer that?"

Signs of the Times.

An Arkansas woman, aged 113, took her first ride on a railroad train the other day. If she had started on an Arkansas railroad fifty years ago she might be somewhere by now.

Physicians have forbidden Harry Lauder to play "Hamlet." Occasionally the physicians issue an order that is strictly worth while.

A Kansas City woman paid $50 for a husband. People should be more careful of their money.

Milk is now being recommended as a hair tonic. Sure. Look at the baldheaded babies who have grown hair.

Anyhow, the modern woman does not have to worry for fear that her petticoat drags, because she doesn't wear one.

Fashionable women of Paris have discarded rouge, according to report. That sounds like a bare faced lie.

Mr. Zazzwolzzwalzsky lives in Pittsburgh. He owes a great deal to the last letter of the alphabet.

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON.

An Old-Fashioned Child.

Do you like to read diaries, famous ones, I mean? In the same proportion that I love to read biographies. I must confess I don't care for diaries.

An effort to read Madam D'Arblay's reminiscences has reminded me of, and confirmed me in this prejudice. Nevertheless, I want to tell you today about the one thing that deeply interested me in that book.

And that was Frances Burney's attitude toward her father.

Frances Burney spent a large portion of her waking time doing clerical work for her father, a musician and writer of some small note. Her own novels were crowded into the spare moments.

Yet, in her intimate diary there is never a hint of resentment or rebellion, never a suspicion of her own superiority.

And everywhere there is the most wonderful filial humility.

I have copied out some passages because I want some of the young people of the present day to see them.

Her father returns from a journey, and she writes:

"The moment he arrived, I forgot everything but the pleasure of seeing him. He was more kind, more affectionate than ever, if possible."

Again, without any special occasion, she breaks out in this rhapsody (remember, she did not expect her father to see the diary):

"How strongly, how forcibly do I feel to whom I owe all the earthly happiness I enjoy. It is to my father, to this dearest, most amiable, this best beloved, most worthy of men, it is his goodness to me which makes all appear so gay, it is his affection which makes my sun shine."

But the entry most interesting is this. Her sister had been very ill (apparently with pneumonia, they called it inflammation of the lungs); she had nursed her and had written to tell her father and mother, who were absent. One entry of the diary is full of anxiety, the next of gratitude. The sister is better and "my beloved papa and mamma have both written to us quite kindly."

Quite kindly! Fancy!

When I was a newspaper woman I went to interview a new-elected mayor. In his elation he repeated a certain statement several times. The last time the eldest daughter spoke pertly up, "Say it again, papa."

I thought of that experience when I read of Frances Burney and her father.—(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

CAR-TIME.

It's car-time when the autumn woods,
With flags of red and gold,
Are signaling the swift approach
Of biting frost and cold.
What joy beneath the branches then
To smoothly speed along,
And feel the bracing breezes blow,
And hear the motor's song!

It's car-time when the frozen snow
Is piled along the road,
And every leafless bough is bent
Beneath a pearly load.
To buck the drifts and leave behind
A wake of flying white,
And scurry by the horse and sleigh
Is then supreme delight.

It's car-time when the orchards don
Their dresses, white and pink,
And busy garden-tools a tale
Of slips and seedlings clink.
'Tis endless pleasure then to see
The moving-pictures green
Of field and forest reeling off
Before a fast machine.

But oh! the car-time of the year,
The time of times for me,
Is summer-time, the carnival
Of blossoms, bird, and bee.
My sceptre is the steering-wheel,
My throne the chauffeur's seat,
And every day my auto finds
A kingdom new and sweet.

A little lunch of sandwiches
And olives, fruit and cake,
Beneath a wayside oak or elm
A royal luncheon make.
Then off again with horn that wakes
The echoes far and near—
But let to him who loves a car,
It's car-time all the year.
—Minna Irving in Leslie's.

EVENING STORY

"Farewell to Thee."

(By Earl Reed Silvers.)

"I don't think that I can ever care for you in just that way, Dick." The girl spoke softly, and there was a certain wistfulness in her eyes. "You see, I'm different from most girls. Dad and I have lived together for so long that I shouldn't know what to do if I didn't have him to look out for."

"But you can still have him," Dick Garrett persisted. "He can live with us and you can look out for him all you want to."

"No, Dick!" Dorothy Hayden shook her head. "I think that I've given him so much love and care that I haven't any left for other people."

"But you have a right to marry. Surely, you believe in it, don't you?"

"It isn't a question of right or belief," she answered. "I just don't want to, Dick."

Music sounded from the ballroom of the Country club. It was "Aloha Oe," the waltz of waltzes. The man rose.

"Are you sure you know your own mind, Dorothy?" he asked.

"Sure." Her eyes wavered before his searching glance, but her voice was firm.

Small lines appeared about Dick Garrett's lips, but he tried to smile.

"The orchestra is playing 'Aloha Oe,'" he said. "Do you mind dancing with me?"

"I should love to."

Together they made their way into the big ballroom. On a slightly raised platform in one corner, an orchestra was half concealed in a maze of spreading palms. Dreamlike, the music floated across the floor. Dick and Dorothy danced silently, the girl's eyes half closed, her left hand resting, with a hint of a caress, on her partner's arm. The weirdly sad music seemed like a living thing, so subtly did it fit in with the mood of the two dancers. But finally the strains died away, and Dick, stepping back, looked searchingly into the girl's eyes. In their depths he discovered a light which set his heart to beating wildly. Without a word he led her to the shadowed terrace.

"Are you still sure?" he asked softly.

For a moment Dorothy hesitated. The charm of the music had not yet been lost, the swaying rhythm of the dance half intoxicated her. Her glance wandered to the clubhouse porch, lighted by the mellow glow of many lanterns. As she looked, a gray-haired man framed himself in the doorway, his thin face silhouetted against the brilliant background. The light died from her eyes.

"I'm sure, Dick," she answered. "As long as he lives, my father will always be first."

The deep lines played swiftly about the man's mouth. He spoke softly, but with a world of resolution in his voice.

"I'm not going to ask you again," he said slowly, "because I believe that you know your own mind. But I love you, have loved you ever since I met you five years ago. I had hoped——" His voice broke and he shook his head half angrily at the display of emotion. "But I'm not going to say anything about that. Tomorrow I'm going to accept that position in Panama. A boat sails in the afternoon, and I'll be on it."

He paused and the girl caught her breath sharply. "'Aloha Oe' means 'farewell to thee,' in English," he continued. "That dance was probably the last one we'll ever have together. But I'll always remember it, and whenever I hear the music again I'll think of this one night with you." He held out his hand. "So I guess it's good-bye."

For a long time after he had gone Dorothy stared with unseeing eyes into the darkness surrounding the Country club. The music was wafted out of the open windows, but she did not move. From the direction of the veranda, gay laughter floated out to her, but she gave no heed.

She reviewed her friendship with Dick Garrett. It seemed only yesterday that he had moved to Westwood, a blond-haired, blue-eyed college boy. They had gone to the college dances together; had played tennis and golf through the long summer vacations; had grown up with each other until Dick had become more a brother than a friend. She remembered his little acts of kindness to her father, his consideration, his unfailing loyalty. Suddenly she realized that he meant more to her than any one else in the world.

A shadow fell across the porch and a figure stood before her. She looked up, half hopefully. It was her father.

"Where's Dick?" he asked.

"He's gone." Her voice was dull. "He—he leaves for Panama tomorrow!"

For a long two minutes the old man was silent.

"Why?" he questioned finally.

"Because I wouldn't marry him." She tried to speak bravely, but a sob caught in her throat.

"Don't you love him?"

"I thought I didn't, but I do. Oh, Daddy, daddy!" Suddenly she buried her face in his shoulder and sobbed quietly. He waited until the sobbing had spent itself, and then he spoke softly.

"Would you like to go home?"

"Yes, any place where I can be by myself."

Her father smiled, a light of reminiscence in his eyes.

"You'll have to wait for ten minutes, or so," he said. "I must see a man on business. But I'll be back just as soon as possible."

"I'll wait here for you."

The music began again, but this time it was a fox trot, appealingly alive. But Dorothy did not hear; she was thinking of other things. She realized vaguely that an automobile had drawn up before the club entrance. A man loomed out of the darkness and stood before her.

"Dorothy!" he said.

Her heart leaped wildly. She sprang to her feet.

"Dick!"

A strange mixture of wonder, unbelief and hapiness was in her voice. The man smiled into her eyes.

"Your father phoned to me," he explained. "He said that you wanted me."

"Oh!" She seemed unable to find voice for the varied emotions which surged within her.

"Do you?" he persisted gently.

She placed one hand on his arm, timidly.

"Yes," she answered softly. "More than all the world."

The music had ceased, but suddenly it began a gain. Evidently some one had demanded a waltz for an encore, for the strains of "Aloha Oe" floated out to them.

"It is our dance," Dick said. "They are playing 'Farewell to Thee.'"

Dorothy smiled up at him; a hint of tears bordered her eyes.

"The last time we heard it," she whispered, "it meant the end of things. But now it is only the beginning."—(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The Table.

Cream Boiled Rice—One-half cup rice, thoroly washed. One cup water; one cup milk; a little salt. Cook in double boiler for one hour and a half without stirring. Nourishing and easily digested.

Clam Stew—Take half peck hard-shell clams; wash shells clean and put in kettle with about one cup water. Let steam until shells open, then take out of shell, strain juice and return it with clams to the fire. After they come to a boil add one pint milk, piece of butter size of egg, three crackers rolled fine, pepper and salt.

Caramel Pudding—Materials: One heaping tablespoon butter; one cup light brown sugar; one quart milk; cornstarch to thicken; maple or vanilla extract. Directions: Place butter and sugar in sauce pan and cook until sugar turns brown, stirring constantly. Add milk slowly and when near the boiling point thicken with cornstarch and add flavoring. Pour into sherbet glasses. Serve cold with peaches and thin cream.

Turkish Marmalade.

Four pounds rhubarb, one pound seedless raisins, one cup walnut meats, one-fourth pound candied citron, one-eighth pound candied orange peel, four pounds sugar, four tart apples.

Method: Dice rhubarb and apples. Add sugar and let stand four hours. Add citron, raisins and orange peel. Boil until jellied, or thirty to forty minutes. Add nuts. Boil ten minutes. This is excellent to serve with roast or game.

Watermelon Preserves.

Remove the green outside of a watermelon and scrape the red inside away. Cut into cubes about one-half inch long. Wash in cold water and place in a preserving kettle.

To each quart of fruit add one small lemon, sliced, one-fourth cup of seeded raisins, one teacupful of white sugar, one cup of water and boil until the fruit is tender, seal in jars. More water may be added if necessary.

BED TIME TALES

BY CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

THE BUILDING CONTESTS

A great, big raccoon, a great, big, fierce-looking fellow, hopped right up and dived 'kplunk into Pinkley Pool—that's what happened next.

After that there seemed to be no "next" or order about the whole thing. Perhaps the Wiggleiskskens had some plan, but certainly the new-comers couldn't tell what it was. Every creature there seemed to be jumping or diving or swimming or dancing, till Mother Beaver actually grew dizzy with watching.

"Are we to do something like this?" she whispered to Father Beaver in dismay. "We never, never can—never!"

"Don't worry," said Father Beaver with a comfortable assurance he did not feel. "If they only let us wait a while longer we'll be all right. For soon everyone will be so tired that they won't know what we are doing." Which just goes to show that Father Beaver had considerable sense, even though he was something of a coward.

But the Wiggleiskskens had sense, too, more than Father Beaver was giving them credit for. They knew they were getting tired; and they knew getting too tired would spoil the fun. Just after Father Beaver spoke, the big, old beaver who had been at the head of the beaver court rose in his place and said, "Enough of this! We will now have the building contests."

At that, everyone found a comfortable place to sit down and all talking and laughing stopped. It was plain to see that this part of the performance was thought to be important.

One after another of the Father beavers went to the edge of the brook and showed their skill in shoving logs and in pushing grasses into place. And wonderful workers they were, too.

"No wonder they are particular who comes to join them," said Father Beaver admiringly; "they do beautiful work and they want no unskilled creatures around!"

"Just wait till they see you work!" exclaimed Mother Beaver proudly; "you can work as well as the best of them!"

Father Beaver became so interested watching the Wiggleiskskens display their skill, and Mother Beaver was so busy telling herself that they weren't a whit better than Father

One after another of the Father Beavers went to the edge of the brook and showed their skill in shoving logs.

Beaver (and she was right, too!), and Bushy and Little Brother were so interested in the whole show that they quite forgot all about themselves and that they were to do a stunt too. They quite forgot, think of that!

So you can imagine their feelings when the worker beavers finally came up out of the water, when all the Wiggleiskskens sat around in a polite semi-circle facing the newcomers and Policeman Billy shouted out in his great voice (for all the world like a train-caller's voice), "The newcomers will now do their stunt!" Just that way!

Oh, dear, think how those poor beavers felt!—(Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.)