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**THE BEN DAVIS APPLE.**

Probably no variety of fruit has caused so much argument as the Ben Davis apple. In the last few years the violence of this argument has somewhat subsided, but it has not altogether died. There are still some men who consider it criminal to grow Ben Davis, while others are very sure that it is the most profitable apple that can be planted, says the Country Gentleman. Some of those who are opposed to the variety, but who will admit that it is usually profitable, content themselves with predicting its early downfall. Such predictions have been common for 40 years, yet Ben Davis has gone on increasing its hold in every direction throughout this time.

Some figures which the Massachusetts experiment station has recently collected, give intimation that possibly the long-looked-for check in the planting of Ben Davis has almost arrived. A circular letter of inquiry was sent out to nurserymen in all parts of the United States and Canada, asking how the sales of Ben Davis at present compared with those of other varieties, and whether the sales of Ben Davis are now increasing or decreasing. A large number of replies, covering the continent, give very interesting results. About 9 per cent of the nurserymen report that the sale of Ben Davis trees is still increasing. About 29 per cent report no change, while 62 per cent report decreased sales of this variety. In some cases the decrease is very marked.

While it is unsafe to draw any very sweeping conclusions from correspondents of this sort, these figures are sufficiently striking to merit some attention. It seems all the more probable that there is some truth in this inference, from the fact that many other varieties are specifically mentioned as taking the place of Ben Davis. In reply to a question on this head, about 20 different varieties were named, Jonathan led the whole field by a large majority, and this very fact would indicate that the conclusion regarding Ben Davis is well founded, since Jonathan is popular in the territory where Ben Davis has always been pre-eminent.

The second most important variety being used as a substitute for Ben Davis is Gano. This substitution is entirely intelligible, but will strike many readers as being a very small change for the better. It indicates, however, that the tendency away from Ben Davis is still localized in that section where the variety has reigned most supremely. The same observations would hold true of the other leading varieties clearly the strong tendency toward the increased planting of these varieties throughout the central and south central states—this is, in the Ben Davis country.

**Highly Pleased.**

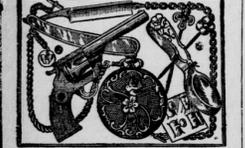
"A man wrote me that he had caught me repeating a joke."  
"I suppose you are disgruntled."  
"On the contrary," responded the press humorist, "I feel gratified to find that somebody has been reading this column."

**Bad Luck.**

"Mother," said five-year-old Jack, "how much older than you is father."  
"Just thirteen years," replied the unsuspecting parent.

"Well, mother," seriously continued the child, "the next time you marry, don't marry a man thirteen years older than you, don't you know it is bad luck?"—Delineator.

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**Married Life  
Second Year**

HELEN was in a flutter of excited preparation. It was Saturday, the day she had asked Will Farrell to dine with them.

With some misgiving she had told Warren of the invitation, but he had only grunted an indifferent "Oh, if you want to have him, all right. I met him once, and he seemed to me pretty much of a chump."

"Why, he's nothing but that," asserted Helen indignantly. "And if he comes I want you to be particularly nice to him."

"All right," carelessly, "bring him on." And with this assurance of his consent Helen had prepared the dinner with much care.

There can be no more delicate or interesting situation for any woman than that of entertaining, after her marriage, a man who wanted to marry her.

And to the possibilities of this situation, Helen was keenly alive. She wanted to prove to Will Farrell that she had made no mistake in her marriage. She wanted to see her home, her baby and her husband at her best.

It was almost six, now, and she was putting the last touches to the table before hurrying to dress.

"Here, Della, fill this silver salt cellar. And that isn't the dish for the olives. I told you to use the one with the handle. And put some more ice on the celery, I want it to be very crisp."

By half past six, she was dressed and was laying out Warren's clothes. He had promised to come home early. Surely, he wasn't going to be late tonight!

At quarter to seven he had still not come. The lump that always rose in Helen's throat, when she thought of herself so flagrantly neglected, or mistreated, was now lodged there. Was he going to fall her tonight?

Seven o'clock brought Mr. Farrell, seeming bigger and better groomed than ever, in his evening clothes. Helen led the way to the library and motioned him to a Morris chair by the gas logs, which she had just lit.

"I am so sorry Mr. Curtis has been detained. But I'm sure he will be here any moment now."

She tried to talk gaily, so that he might not see her uneasiness about Warren.

"What a delightful apartment you have here," he commented.

"Oh, yes; we like it very much. It's very convenient, just a block from the subway. Mr. Curtis can reach his office in 20 minutes."

"Shall I serve dinner now, ma'am, or wait for Mr. Curtis," asked Della, appearing at the door.

"Oh, why—I guess we'll wait for a few moments. He's certain to be here very soon. I can't imagine what has detained him so long."

Another half hour passed, and Helen, knowing the dinner would be spoiled if it were waited, ordered Della to serve it.

They were hardly seated, when the hall door opened.

"Oh, there is Mr. Curtis now," announced Helen joyously.

She thought, of course, he would go to his room and freshen up before coming to the table. But to her surprise he bolted right in upon them.

One glance at his flushed face and over-brilliant eyes and Helen knew he had been drinking!

"Ah, that's right—that's right. Glad you didn't wait, with a foolish smile that always came when he was half intoxicated.

"Warren," Helen's voice was curiously strained, "I want you to meet Mr. Farrell again. I believe you did meet several years ago."

"Why, of course, of course! How are you, Farrell, old man? Mighty glad to have you with us."

Helen half arose from the place at the head of the table which she had taken, so that she might serve in his absence.

"O, no, no, my dear, keep your seat. The head of the table for the Madame every time, eh Farrell?"

Helen felt herself grow sick—cold, tremblingly sick. If only he wouldn't talk, they might get through the dinner somehow. But, with him, drink always brought first a foolish, unaccountable volubility, followed later on a more terrible silliness. And now he was just in the height of the silly, garrulous stage.

Here Della brought in the roast and placed it before him.

"Oh, I will carve tonight, Della," said Helen hastily, "Mr. Curtis is tired."

"Not a bit tired," said Warren cheerfully. "Never felt better in my life," as he took up the carving knife and fork. He speared the roast with an uncertain hand and made an attempt at carving. The first effort splashed some brown gravy on the cloth. The next assault brought the roast perilously near the edge of the plate.

Helen clenched her hands under the table and waited. Then a sudden movement of his elbow would have sent a glass crashing to the floor had not Farrell caught it with quick dexterity.

"Warren," said Della, take the roast into the kitchen and carve it," pleaded Helen.

**Potents**  
Potents, or Italian cornmeal, makes an excellent breakfast dish when served with bacon. Wet one cup fine Indian meal with two cups cold water and turn slowly into one quart boiling water. Season with one teaspoon salt and cook for two hours, stirring often. Pour onto a platter and put in a tin. Cold and stiff. Cut in triangles, roll in uncooked cornmeal and fry in deep fat. Drain in a colander and serve with frizzled bacon.

**Cabbage, Italian Fashion**  
Boil, drain and chill a firm head of cabbage. Chop, season with salt and pepper, and spread a thick layer in a well-buttered baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and grated cheese, and dish with successive layers of cabbage and cheese, add one cup of milk, or milk and water, sprinkle top with cheese and crumbs, and bake 30 minutes.

**Just a Mother.**  
A friend who belonged to a number of societies and organizations often left her little boy with his grandmother. He was lonely without his mother, and one day as she was about to leave him he exclaimed, "Oh! don't go! don't be a clubber any more, just be a mama."—Delineator.

**AT THE BACK DOOR.**

Clara in her mask and domino, standing in the shade of one of the trees in the formal garden, gazed at the brilliant scene about her and decided unequivocally, that Mrs. Anderson's outdoor mask party was a huge success. She felt a pleasurable thrill as she thought again of the tall, broad-shouldered man who had paid such marked attention to her. She wondered who he was.

Suddenly her heart gave a great bound. Coming straight for her, down one of the paths was the man's familiar figure. Shame-facedly she told herself that it was absurd that a masked man, whom she did not know from Adam, could affect her so strongly. And yet, and yet, she knew that her very being thrilled when those soulful eyes of his met hers through the slits in his mask. Now he was up to her.

"Ah, here you are," he cried in a pleasant, yet commanding voice, "I've been hunting all over for you. You know, it's almost time to unmask, and I want to be near you so that I can have the first glimpse of those charming features hidden behind that black covering."

"But I've told you that my features are not charming," insisted Clara. "And, oh, you must not talk to me like this—it's impossible, utterly impossible."

"What is?" questioned the man. "But even if it is, I'm enjoying myself immensely, and you can't deny that you are, too."

"Yes, I am," acknowledged the girl. "I'm having the time of my life, but it can't last and it's wrong—absolutely wrong."

"Booh!" cried the man. Then, taking her by the arm, he led her down to the boat landing, where the gayly decorated craft were tied. Into one of these he handed the girl, and then followed. Out on the artificial lake, where the twinkling lights on the waters and the lanterns among the trees made the place seem like fairyland, he pursued his conversation.

"Why not take off your mask now?" he queried. "Surely you're going to let an old friend like me see your pretty face first!"

"An old friend?" laughed the girl. And then, after a rapid glance around, in which she saw no one near them, the girl swiftly took off her mask. Her pretty, pink face colored somewhat under the man's ardent gaze. Following her example, the man divested himself of his mask, and with interest the girl noted his square jaw and determined aspect.

"When we go back," said the girl, somewhat sorrowful, "I'll have to put on my mask again. I don't dare appear there without it," she continued hesitatingly.

The man gazed at her with renewed interest.

"Why not?" he asked. "Do you know I'm in the same boat—when we go back I must put on my mask, too."

"I—" confessed the girl with averted face, "I don't belong here, I'm only Mrs. Anderson's maid."

"What luck!" cried the man. "I'm only a detective hired to stay here until they unmask."

Somewhat shyly the girl looked at him, then again turned her head away.

"You better take my back," she said. "They'll unmask you right away."

"Sure," cried the man, buoyantly. "But I'm cooking around tomorrow night to get on you."

"All right," said the girl. "But," said she, with a sigh that spoke not only of sorrow at not being a guest at Mrs. Anderson's party, but also of joy in the prospective call—"but be sure and call for me at the back door."

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"No," said the distinguished actor, "that hardly expresses it. I have merely quit drinking coffee and taking tea to more wholesome beverages. You might say, perhaps, that I am on the milk wagon."

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"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."

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"I hear," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Dr. C.ter has recently turned to otopathy."

"You don't say," replied her hostess after she had tossed a \$5 gold piece to the hurdy-gurdy man outside and told him to move on. "I always expected something of that kind to happen to him. Didn't you ever notice that he seemed to have such a stony stare?"

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**Makes the most nutritious food and the most dainty and delicious.**

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No fussing or fretting over the biscuit-making. Royal is the aid to many a cook's success.

Royal Cook Book—800 Receipts—Free. Send Name and Address.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

**UNCLE SAM EXPLAINS**

Yes, I made all people equal by decree, Never dreaming what the sequel was to be, For that altruistic fiction, Couched in most poetic diction, Is decidedly embarrassing to me.

I declared to all the nations of the earth That for voting, education has no worth; That the laws of evolution Had experienced revolution That made valueless heredity and birth.

Next I changed my Constitution so it said, That all races and colors (except red), Needed to be raised and stand, With the ballot in the hand, For intelligence among them all to spread.

But they drew the line on Red Men in the west; So I promptly cut them off from all the rest. Proper wisdom for dominion Was not given to the Indian; And perhaps he might not vote as I think best.

But I never let mere logic bother me, And I'm certain that no one can fail to see, That his color and his race Did not enter in the case.

When I set about excluding the Chinese, Now I've done it, I am certain none can say I could act in any different sort of way.

Than to shut my own door tight, But tell China she must fight, If she doesn't like my notion of fair play.

C. M. BLACKFORD

**REPUBLICAN SENATORS ARE AT WAR OVER COMMITTEES**

Washington, April 26.—Special—In the caucus of the republican senators this afternoon, the two factions—regulars and insurgents—are fighting over Senate committee assignments.

The republican committee on committees, dominated by regulars, met this morning in the office of Senator Gallinger, its chairman, and formerly approved the list of majority committee assignments, and the list, which is the slate of the regulars, was submitted to the caucus this afternoon. There is little doubt of its approval in total.

The insurgents, however, reserved the right to carry to the caucus a fight on several assignments, and, if necessary later to the Senate itself.

The points of difference are these: Senator La Follette wants a place on interstate commerce committee, and the regulars will not grant it.

Senator Cummins wants a place on finance committee, and again the regulars are opposed.

Senator Bristow wants a place on foreign relations, and the regulars can't see it that way.

When the members of the committee on committees were together last night there was a difference over Senator Bourne's desire for a place on appropriations committee. At the meeting today the regulars granted that request of the insurgents, finding that it could be granted without a violation of the rule which they have followed in making committee assignments—the rule of seniority of service.

In reply to the demands of the insurgents for the three other places the regulars, in this afternoon's caucus, replying that the insurgents have fared well, especially those who were in the Senate before this session.

**SUIT DYNAMITE**  
Cleveland, Ohio, April 26.—Special—A sensation was caused today in the \$50,000 breach of promise suit brought by Miss Georgia Young, of Pittsburg, against J. W. Corrigan, Jr., a rich dealer in ores, by a deposition from William Kennally, a Pittsburg contractor, who swore that he and Miss Young had made a trip to Mt. Glen, and, before, passing as man and wife, and Michol, that she had been living with a Canadian as his wife.

**The Famous Rayo**  
The Lamp with Diffused Light should always be used where several people sit, because it does not strain the eyes of those sitting far from it.

The Rayo Lamp is constructed to give the maximum diffused white light. Every detail that increases its light-giving value has been included.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp. You may pay \$5, \$10 or even \$20 for other lamps and get a more expensive container—but you cannot get a better light than the Rayo gives.

This season's Rayo has a new and strengthened burner. A strong, durable shade-holder keeps the shade on firm and true. Easy to keep polished, as it is made of solid brass, finished in nickel.

Once a Rayo User, Always One.

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

**BY MRS. W. W. KING**

The council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs met in Memphis April 19 and 20. The delegates represent a membership of 800,000 and this meeting was held to make plans for the next biennial meeting which will hold its conference in San Francisco June 1912.

Clubs from nearly every civilized country hold membership in the General Federation. All of the states in the Union are federated and many individual clubs hold membership.

There were about one hundred and fifty delegates present, all officers of the General Federation or state presidents. The meetings were held in the magnificent new quarters of the nineteenth century club.

Wednesday morning was devoted to a business session. During the afternoon the nineteenth century club gave the delegates a charming automobile ride, carefully planned to show the strangers the lovely parks and boulevards and all of the points of interest in the city.

The first speaker of the Wednesday evening session was Miss Henry of Maryville College, Tennessee. She gave a graphic picture of the life of the people in the mountain fastnesses, or "back woods," of the South.

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**DAINTY STOCKINGS TO MATCH COSTUME**

Embroidery and Insertion Used on New Silk Hose for This Season.

FASCINATING as silk stockings always are, the new ones shown for spring wear are irresistible. In all colors to match any shade of frock that can be conceived, the exquisite embroideries and insertions of lace and an added charm to the fair wearer's ankle.

Not content with weaving these stockings of the loveliest colors of silk, the manufacturers are now turning out shot silk stockings in two colors.

These are very different from the changeable silk stockings, for when stretched the stocking has a ribbed appearance. Green and black, red and black, purple and black, gold and black—all are shown in this combination.

A stunning pair of French blue stockings was embroidered in an acorn design, while for the bride there is a pair in white, the instep being covered with lovely English eyelet embroidery.

The gold stocking so popular during the winter will be worn in the spring, but the gold has deepened and in some cases is perilously near a light tan. These, too, are embroidered in self color, although some are plain, while others have black clocks on the sides.

There were interesting reports on Conservation, Art, and several speakers asked for five minutes in which to present a pet scheme.

The magnificent home of Mrs. McFarland was the scene of a brilliant reception given on behalf of the Women's Club in Memphis. A toast to the visitors was read by one of the club members, the first verse of which was:

"Welcome is a splendid word, Sometimes the sweetest ever heard, Welcome to what? To all that's good And sweet and grand in womanhood. That's what our greeting means today To those from home and far away— From North and South and East and West.

The cream of all the very best Was gathered here, and we, as host, Extend—a four-leaf clover toast."

Thursday evening the grand finale was a concert given by the Memphis Symphony Club and the Choral Society. Many of the delegates went after the concert to the Chickasaw Ball which is the social event of the season—in Memphis.

**WHY HUBBY WAS JEALOUS.**  
She stopped beside the faded-looking little woman in the waiting room. "My, you look bad this morning. Amy!" she greeted her pityingly.

"What's the matter now?" Amy moved aside on the sofa and motioned to her friend to sit down.

"Jim and I've fought out again," she confessed; then, with a shrug, "if it wasn't for his jealousy, Bessie, I'm sure we could get along. You know since he won't let me go to see Sister Edith things have been so much worse."

"Oh, yes, I know," nodded the other wisely. "But what on earth started him again?"

"Well, I'd planned to go to the theater with Edith," resumed the injured one, colorlessly. "We knew we couldn't let Jim know, so I told her to drop me a note when it suited her and put it under the door on her way down to the store. Edith is so dull about some things, you know, Bessie, and of course she put it in the worst possible place, with the worst possible things written on it."

The other woman nodded understandingly.