Hays City Free Press

HAYS CITY, - - - KANSAS.

"Women should wear what they like," says a famous sociologist. They usually do, my dear, they usually do.

Germany has not said much about it, but last year she paid $30,000,000 to invalid workmen in the way of old-age pensions.

A New York athlete wants $20,000 damages from the girl who jilted him. This shows that no matter how strong a man may be, a girl can usually throw him.

Women in New York have formed an aero club. It is useless for the men to think that the women will be satisfied even when the men get off the surface of the earth.

Mr. Edison thinks the present type of aeroplane will not be the flying machine of the future. At the proper time Mr. Edison will drop a few guarded hints as to the future airship.

A judge in Indiana has decided that the letters "O. K." mean "All right." But think of the darkness which must becloud the Indiana mind when such a question has to be taken to court.

A crabbed old bachelor rushes into print to say that his idea of bravery is a Mormon. What that chap really needs is a wife who would wake him every morning by cracking a milk bottle over his head.

Clementine Rocher, aged 16, threw herself into the Seine, opposite the Palais Bourbon, in Paris. Before assistance could be given she had regained the bank and informed the terrified spectators that she was rehearsing for suicide, as she proposed to take her life by drowning. She was arrested.

Count von Zeppelin's new balloon is being made by the firm of Spencer & Sons of Highbury, in North London, England. There are dozens of men and girls employed in the evolution of the balloon, which is composed of new cells of six-fold goldbeaters' skin. The work is being pushed forward with all possible speed.

Western newspapers, which already are ably conducted, are to be still better in the future, if the colleges can bring it about. Indiana university offers four courses in journalism this year, and similar courses are arranged, or will soon be provided for, in the universities of Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Washington and Missouri.

Here are some figures from a lumber camp up in Greenwood which gives an idea as to the appetite of husky woodsmen: There are 35 men in this crew, and the cook reports that he makes each day 300 large biscuits, 150 doughnuts, 36 pies, bakes six quarts of dry beans, with potatoes, vegetables, etc., in proportion. A large beef is eaten every five days.

George Presbury Rowell of New York, prominent for many years in the newspaper advertising business, died a few days ago. He began the publication of the American Newspaper Directory in 1869. This publication made accessible for the first time to every one a complete list of newspapers. In 1888 he established Printer's Ink, a weekly publication.

People who are objecting to the high tax rate this year will be interested to learn of Sturminster Marshall in Dorsetshire, England, where they almost never have any taxes. The total municipal expenditure last year was £3 15s, of which £2 was for painting the village Maypole. This year a half-penny tax is to be levied, just so the town won't seem odd.

The latest word from Commander Peary represents that intrepid explorer well up toward the polar sea with his good ship Roosevelt and waiting for a good chance to make a dash toward the pole itself. All were well and the conditions favorable. Who knows but the next gale that sweeps from the frozen north will bring the news that Peary has got there?

Some English surgeons have received permission from the Egyptian government to make investigations among the mummies and other things in the Cairo museums in order that something may be learned of the almost prehistoric surgery. It is known that the early Egyptians were adepts in performing certain operations which are even now considered difficult.

The Boston Globe recently called attention to a family which will cast 17 votes for Mr. Bryan this fall. That record is eclipsed, however, by the discovery of the Potts family of Mishawaka, Ind., which will contribute 30 votes to Mr. Taft. The head of the Potts family evidently was a disciple of at least one of Mr. Roosevelt's policies before Mr. Roosevelt was ever heard of.

The coal railway from Ishien to Taterschuang, on the Grand canal, will probably be completed next year. The earth work, bridge work and culvert construction has been let to a Chinese named Tschia, who had previously given proof of his responsibility. The line will be about 30 miles long.

A noted author has been telling students of a Pennsylvania university always in their practical business lives to put honor before wealth. This seems as good a way as any of averting disastrous financial panics.

This country has been paying, in forest fires that cost $1,000,000 a day while they lasted, for the laziness and short-sightedness of lumbermen and the lack of patrols. Was it Wu Tingfang who said that Americans were not an intelligent race?

Forestry in Korea is to be taken up by the government under new forest laws, said to have been enacted under a co-operative agreement drawn up by Japan and Korea. It is also reported that a school for training Korean foresters has been established.

CARE OF THE SILVERWARE.

Only a Little Trouble to Keep It in Perfect Condition.

Shining silver upon snowy linen is beautiful, but it takes trouble to keep it in good condition. The tarnishing of silver does not by any means indicate that it is of poor quality; on the contrary the finer the silver the more quickly it becomes discolored.

Silver kept in a room with open gas burners or coal stoves keeps its brilliancy for a short time only. Tarnishing can be prevented by having the pieces lacquered; but the lacquer, though serviceable for ornamental pieces and toilet articles, cannot be used on the table service. The lacquered ware can be kept in excellent condition simply by dusting it lightly and carefully and about once a month wiping it with a soft slightly dampened cloth. Never allow these pieces to become wet.

The silver that is used daily can be kept in excellent condition by washing thoroughly in soft warm water and soap every day. All such silver should be washed well every second week. In doing this be careful not to put several pieces in the pan together, for this causes dents and scratches.

Rain water or water that has been boiled is the best to use. Make a heavy suds with a pure soap and add a few tablespoonfuls of ammonia. A soft sponge is most suitable for washing silver, and a fine brush may be employed on the chased pieces or around the handles.

After washing the silver well in the ammonia suds rinse in clear cold water and let it stand for a few minutes. If any polishing is necessary it can be done at this time. Common whiting, wet with alcohol and rubbed on with a soft flannel, makes an excellent polish. After polishing wash well again.

Finally dip all the pieces in a bath of boiling water and dry with a very soft cloth. This last dip in the clear boiling water does much to prevent further oxidation.

Cassa Roll (Original).

Cook one and a half cupfuls of rice. Have a half gallon bucket greased inside; put part of the rice into the bucket, pasting it all around the side, leaving a hollow in the center. Fill this with chili made as follows: Put a tablespoonful of lard in pan; grind an onion size of cup, put in grease and fry for a minute; add two cups ground beef; fry for ten minutes; then add water to keep covered. Cook for an hour. Season with a pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls chili powder. Pour chili into rice and cover with remaining rice. Cover bucket and boil in a double boiler for one or two hours.

Watercress Jelly.

An odd flavoring for gelatine, from an American standpoint, is watercress. A German housekeeper declares it makes a delicious variety, much appreciated by her family.

The gelatine is made in the usual way and while still hot the juice of three or four large handfuls of fresh watercress is poured into it.

Pound the cress in a clean mortar, add half a glass of cold water and squeeze in a jelly bag or cheesecloth to extract all the juice.

If the plain taste of the cress is thought too insipid the juice of one lemon can be added.

Home-Made Cream Cheese.

Take two quarts of thickly clabbered milk and pour into it a quart of boiling water. Let it stand for ten minutes or longer, then put into a perfectly fresh cheesecloth bag and drain over night. The next morning rub this cheese to a smooth pulp and press through a rather coarse sieve. Salt to taste, add gradually a half teaspoonful of thick cream, pack into small jars or cups and stand away in a cool place for two weeks. At the end of that time scrape off the top and turn from the cups for use.

Four Good Things to Know.

When broiling steak, brush it over with butter and flour to keep the juice in. Add chopped sweet peppers to hash, and you will find the new flavor delightful. Should soup be too salt, add a sliced raw potato and cook a few minutes longer. To cut a loaf of hot brown bread, take a piece of twine and place it round the loaf, cross the ends and pull; there will be a clean cut, without any crumbs.

A Gage Filling for Cake.

If you have wearied of the different fillings for your cup cake, instead of using currant jelly or chocolate try spreading the layers thickly with green gage jam. Cover the top with a thick boiled icing, or, if the cake is to be eaten the same day that it is baked, the top can be covered with whipped cream beaten stiff.

Stale Bread Dumplings.

Soak bread in cold water, then squeeze it out dry, let stand for one hour, add one egg, piece of butter size walnut, half teaspoonful of salt. Mold into balls about size of an egg, drop into boiling water, keep covered and boil 20 minutes. These make delicious dumplings to be served with veal or chicken.

Appetizing Touches.

If a turkey or chicken is rubbed inside and out with a lemon, it will make the meat white, juicy and tender.

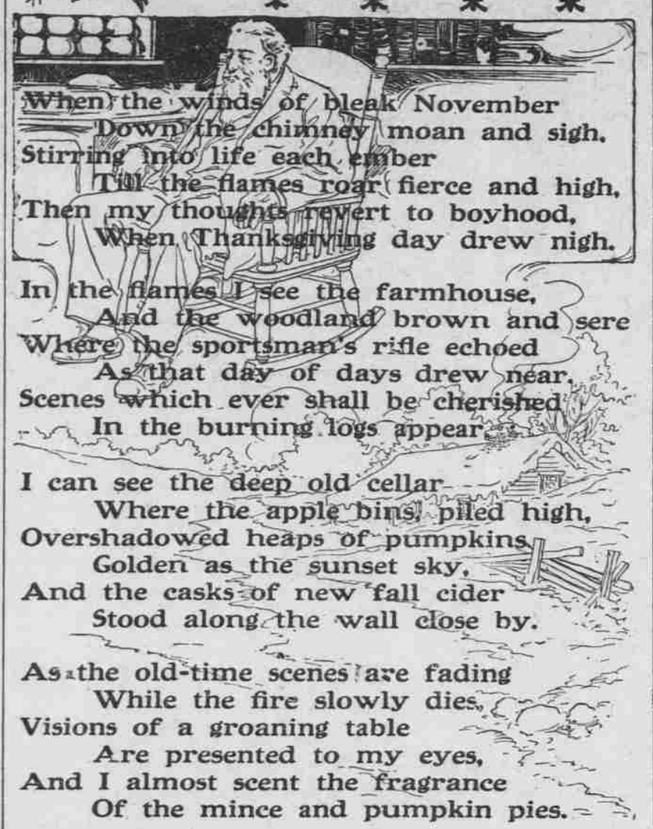
Fruit and vegetables put up in tin cans should be opened at least half an hour before using, as the air coming in contact with them improves their flavor.

Sweetbreads.

Let them soak in lukewarm water for two hours; then put them in a stewing pan and simmer gently for ten minutes. When nearly cooked add a can of green peas, which greatly improves the flavor, and make a thickened gravy by adding one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, 1½ pints of milk.

Creamed Celery.

Scrape and cut the celery into inch pieces; stalks which are not sufficiently blanched for use raw or in salads will do. Drop them into boiling water and simmer until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain and to one pint of celery add one cupful of white sauce. Simmer 20 minutes.



When the winds of bleak November
Down the chimney moan and sigh,
Stirring into life each ember
Till the flames roar fierce and high,
Then my thoughts revert to boyhood,
When Thanksgiving day drew nigh.

In the flames I see the farmhouse,
And the woodland brown and sere
Where the sportsman's rifle echoed
As that day of days drew near,
Scenes which ever shall be cherished
In the burning logs appear.

I can see the deep old cellar
Where the apple bins, piled high,
Overshadowed heaps of pumpkins
Golden as the sunset sky,
And the casks of new fall cider
Stood along the wall close by.

As the old-time scenes are fading
While the fire slowly dies,
Visions of a groaning table
Are presented to my eyes,
And I almost scent the fragrance
Of the mince and pumpkin pies.

"HARVEST HOME" THEY CALLED IT

Old English Thanksgiving, of Which Ours Is an Offspring, Began Thousands of Years Ago.

The American Thanksgiving day is without doubt the offspring of that feast which in England is known as "Harvest Home," and in Scotland is called "Mell Supper." But the giving of thanks to some god at the close of the autumn season for the fruits of the earth is ageless, and can be traced back as far as civilization goes. In Exodus the Israelites are commanded to keep an autumnal feast, more explicit details for such a feast being given in the Book of Leviticus. The feast was to last seven days, and on the first day the people were to gather boughs of cedars and willows of the brooks. It may be from this custom that the present day decoration of churches with greens and vegetables arose.

Herodotus mentions this autumn custom of thanksgiving, and Homer writes that "cakes and lumps of dough thrown at the head of the sacrificial victim formed a part of the Greek offerings to Apollo, the sun-god, at the feast of the ingathering."

In ancient times Apollo received the honors of the harvest festival, but the rustics sacrificed to Vacuna, the goddess. Images of Vacuna were made of straw, wheat, barley and rye, and were carried about with singing and cheering. Even now in England images made of straw crowned with flowers are occasionally carried about and called Ceres—the goddess of agriculture. Apollo was formerly worshiped in Britain, and the May-pole is a pretty relic of those days. They decorated it with garlands to welcome the northward coming of Apollo—the sun—at whose appearance the flowers and fruit began to grow.

Various customs, all containing the same idea, have prevailed in different countries. In Scotland, when the reapers have finished their work, a small package of corn, called the "Corn Lady," is hung up in the house. The ancient Egyptians offered sacrifices and made offerings of corn and wine to Leith, the mother of the sun. Wheat, according to both sacred and secular history, was the most important grain grown in Egypt, and the mode of harvesting it is interesting. Instead of the usual method the reapers cut the straw just below the ear of corn. It was carried in bags to the threshing floor, where it was trodden out by oxen. Sometimes the wheat was reaped in the usual way and bound up in sheaves, but oxen were always employed to separate the wheat from the straw.

What is known as "the shouting of the churn," comes down from the time when Apollo was worshiped in England. The churn or kern means a ring or circle formed by several persons holding hands. The word churn also signifies a chaplet worn around the head or carried suspended on a pole in procession. So "the shouting of the churn" means the merriment that always accompanied wearing a chaplet or dancing in a circle.

Another old custom is the "kemping" of England, in Scotland called "a mell." Mell is sometimes spelled melee, which is better, as a melee, or row, often resulted from contending for leadership in dispatching the last day's work in the field. Each reaper left a handful of the harvest uncut, and the bonniest lass was allowed to gather these handfuls and to make out of them a "corn baby." This was brought home in triumph, set up in the feast, and preserved for the remainder of the year. The lass was called the harvest queen. Sometimes instead of being made into a doll the products of the field would be formed into a mare, and the reapers would amuse the guests by trying to cut down the mare with their sickles. The man who succeeded in the undertaking would declare what should be done with the mare.

Thanksgiving Toast.

Thanksgiving day! The Fates benign
Have given us in joy to dine.
To Womanhood I raise this glass—
Let every lover toast his lass
God bless our sweethearts, yours and mine!
In loneliness why longer pine?
Be wed ere next shall overpass
Thanksgiving day!

Now pledge me this, good fellows nine,
When round our board the love lights shine,
We'll send one backward thought, alas
To Bachelors! Unhappy class!
And drink one toast to "Auld Lang Syne,"
Thanksgiving day!

—Ernest Neal Lyons, in Sunday Magazine.

Thankfulness as a Necessity.

"In everything give thanks" is not only a righteous demand which God makes upon us, but, like all his other commands, it sets before us a necessity of our own nature. For, until we learn to give thanks in everything we cannot be properly thankful for anything, we cannot have full confidence in God and cannot love him in such a way as to enjoy fellowship with him.

Labor and Love.

Thanksgiving and thanksliving to be genuine must embody the Nazarene's life, labor and love. The natural man needs to be educated into selfless living, self-sacrificing, doing good to others first, being loyally altruistic; then, and not till then, shall the world be brought to thankfulness and blessedness.

Festival Dear to Americans.

A festival peculiarly dear to Americans is nigh. It has been the offspring of the mating of two fundamental institutions in our social structure—the Christian church and the Christian home. From the pioneer days of early New England all through the history of subsequent pilgrimages of New Englanders to remote frontier communities and the islands of the sea it has been a day when man escaped from the just charge of that busest of crimes—ingratitude—and when scattered families came together to make real in fact what was ideal in theory—the unity of the family circle, parental and filial love fusing. What was a sectional and Puritan and Pilgrim festival is now a national one; and Manila will celebrate it this year with Honolulu, San Juan, Sitka, as well as Plymouth and Oberlin.

For True Thankfulness.

Has it occurred to you that the double-distilled essence of all thanksgiving is unselfishness in thought, word and deed?

The Yellow Violin

By John T. McIntyre

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"I wonder," said Bat Scanlon, "if this fellow Ysaye makes his hit because he can play a violin better than the other catgut experts, or because he owns a better violin."

No one ventured a reply; violins and violinists were not exactly in the company's line.

I was engaged in negotiating a loan on a Swiss watch from Tolma, a Mexican Jew, who conducted a collateral bank with considerable success in St. Joe at that time when a customer came in and interrupted proceedings.

"The customer was a thin man, with a hollow chest and a cough that rattled; he had a hesitating manner and a soft cloth bag. Tolma looks him over with the green-eyed benevolence of the cat tribe, and then says: "What do you want?"

"The thin man puts a gray, damp-looking hand into the cloth bag and brings out a violin. It is a big, yellow one, the kind you see the coons have down in the cotton belt; and somebody had painted a picture of a steamboat on the back of it.

"'I want,' says the man, 'a loan on this.'

"Tolma takes the violin and holds it up by the head.

"'Shingles, shoe-nails and roof paint,' says he. 'You'll take a dollar and a half on it, or you'll take it out of the place.'

"The customer stares and fumbles at the cloth bag.

"'A dollar and a half,' says he, in a voice that showed that he was groping around to get the feel of the words. 'Did you say a dollar and a half?'

"'One-fifty,' says Tolma, 'and I'd rather you wouldn't take me at that.'

"The thin man reached for the violin and tucked it into the bag; he seemed sort of scared and astonished, and began to hand out a line of reminiscences that made the pawnbroker grin. He allowed that he had once been the main squeeze in a highly profitable business at New Orleans, and that he had frequently been compelled to send out for extra rubber bands to hold his roll together. He made his money in bottling pickles

"I Am Gristman," Says He, "Here Is My Card."

and spent it in corralling works of art. Old musical instruments had been his most cherished foolishness, and in the end had dealt the pickle industry a shattering blow.

"But out of the wreck he had pulled the yellow violin; in spite of hunger, cold and the lack of human sympathy he had continued to hang on to it.

"'I'm going to work to-morrow,' says he, 'and I figured on getting the instrument out in a few days. Otherwise I could not have parted with it. This violin is a priceless example of the genius of Guaranerius. It is a trifle cracked in the back, it is true, but that does not affect its tone in the least. But the injury has halted my desire to remove this coat of paint which some ignorant person placed upon it, and which hides the delicacy that the art of the great Josef gave to the instrument.'

"The man is very white and sick-looking, and coughed while he spoke. Then he tucked the instrument under his arm and made for the door.

"I settled my affair quickly and came out with two one-dollar notes, which represented Tolma's notion of Swiss movements. The man with the violin was standing on the sidewalk. Being down and almost out myself, I couldn't do much; but I offered to cut the two with him. He kind of looked me over for a minute; then he took me up, but only after getting my name and address, so that he could make good as soon as he got staked.

"It took me two days to use up my remaining dollar; then I called upon Tolma once more. At the back of the shop window I noticed the yellow violin hanging on a wire, and with the picture of the steamboat well displayed.

"'So the violin came back?' says I, as I closed my deal.

"'Yes,' says Tolma, 'right after you left. The fellow had made up his mind to take the one-fifty, but I told him that he'd have to do with a dollar, then, or we couldn't trade.'

"'And he took it?'

"'Sure. They always do. He made me promise to keep it in the safe. Said it was priceless and a lot more things; also that he'd be sure to come and redeem it in a few days.'

"'Think he'll come?'

"'Not him. He'll never get the money together; the booze won't let him. So I've hung it up in the window; a nigger will come along who will fancy it, and will give up five for it when the time's out.'

"I got a week's job counting lumber down the railroad next day, and it was a full month before I had to play a return date at Tolma's. While I was in the midst of my battle, a big man with bushy hair, a soft hat and an eye-glass with a wide tape hanging from it came in and began to talk.

"He wanted to see the yellow violin, and when Tolma handed it out, explaining that it was a pledge, he acted as though he intended to eat it, looking it over with the thoroughness of a rube conductor on a narrow gauge railroad.

"'It is a Cremona,' says he, 'and it is sacrileged against. I knew it as soon as I saw it in the window. I am Girstman; here is my card.'

"He puts down his card. Both the pawnbroker and I had heard of Girstman, the celebrated violinist, then playing in that section.

"'I am Girstman,' says he, 'I will buy this violin.'

"Tolma looked like a man that was slowly strangling. He hinted that it was a piece of entailed goods and wasn't his to let go. But the other fellow did not seem to follow him.

"'I will give one thousand dollars,' says he.

"Now I've seen men dumped, dazed and breathless, into the arms of despair by a single whirl of the roulette wheel, but for a clear and complete stoppage of mental machinery, Tolma at that moment, had them beat to a fare-you-well. But the violinist thinks the whole thing is a stall.

"'I will give two thousand,' says he, a little louder. He waits a minute, showering glares on Tolma, then slams his fist down on the counter, 'I will make it three thousand!'

"He had out a bundle of money, ready to pay before the pawnbroker's almost tearful notes appeared to make him understand the situation. When he did understand, he grew alarming; he tossed his hair like a side-show Sampson and sparred all over the place. He demanded to know the owner's name and where he was to be found, but Tolma had, by this time, begun to gather in some fragments of his scattered wisdom, so he refused to give up. I could see him mentally dramatizing a scene in which a hungry man with a valuable violin got all the worst of it.

"He calmly allows to the musician, however, that the instrument is soaked for a big sum, and that it was not altogether according to etiquette to herald the owner's name about to any great extent. But he'd find out, so he said, when the party came in to pry loose the mortgage, and if the goods were on the market would let the gentleman know immediately. When I left, the musician was excitedly explaining just where he intended to give concerts for the following month.

"I meets the pawnbroker one night about a week later and he seemed jovial and elated, and had a bundle under his arm.

"'I've got that violin,' says he, 'and I wrote that fellow Girstman this morning that it was his at a price.'

"'How much did you give?' says I, and he looks less happy.

"'The fellow that owned it was a wiser plug than I thought,' says he; 'he knew all about the value of the thing and refused to sell at first at any price. He said he regarded the violin as his friend—the last he had. But I kept after him and kept adding to the price; and at last I landed him at the two thousand mark.'

"'And Girstman offered three,' says I. 'You've got a profit all right.'

"'He'll pay more than three,' says Tolma; 'I think it's worth five. Anyhow, I am going down to see that German that lodges in the same house you do. I hear he knows all about violins, and maybe he can give me a tip.'

"We walks down the street together. I was unlocking the door when the postman came along and handed me a letter; then I took Tolma up and introduced him to my friend the 'cellist. The Bavarian took the violin in his hand while I broke open my letter.

"'What!' laughs the 'cellist; this a Cremona! It is a cigar box with a stick in it.'

"Tolma turns as yellow as the violin.

"'It's a Guarnerius,' says he; 'why, you must be daffy!'

"'A Guarnerius!' The German leaned back and rocked with pleasure. I had just got the drift of my letter and was also doing some rocking on my own account, while he continued:

"'Why, Guarnerius would not have burned such a thing in his stove. Look here.'

"With a wrench he had the violin's back off, and staring us in the face was the legend: 'Made at Egg Harbor, N. J.'

"'I have been gold-bricked!' gasps Tolma.

"'It looks like it,' says I; 'just listen to this,' and I reads my letter aloud:

"'To Bartholomew Scanlon, Esq.—Greetings: He who speaks to you in this wise is the man of the yellow violin. I inclose you a one-dollar note which you kindly loaned me—it is the same one. For this, many thanks. I am departing from St. Joe with considerable speed, much content and $2,000. A gentleman of foreign birth, whom you have met, using the name of Girstman, bears me company. On the train we will cut equally in two the roll which once graced the jeans of Senor Tolma. He was so easy that it was almost a shame to take the money; but we needed it.

"As our progenitors of ancient Rome were accustomed to say: 'Vale!'

"THE MAN WITH THE YELLOW VIOLIN.

"Unless," concluded Bat, "Tolma has managed to convince some one that Josef Guarnerius at one time transacted business at Egg Harbor, N. J., he still holds the violin; and I am of the opinion that any interested person could buy it in at a considerable reduction."

Stamps and Sentiment.

A monument to Burns has been erected by the people of Scotland beside the auld kirk, where his father was buried, about half a mile from the cottage. It is an ugly affair, and the interior is given up to selling post cards. A thriving business is done by the postmaster here.—Boston Herald.

A SURGICAL OPERATION

If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary and many have been avoided by

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Mrs. Arthur R. House, of Church Road, Moorestown, N. J., writes:

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The crop of 1908 still keeps Western Canada in the lead. The world will soon look to it as its food-producer.

"The thing which most impressed us was the magnitude of the country that is available for agricultural purposes."—*National Editorial Correspondence, 1908.*

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