CARCASS OF WHALE MADE ROYAL FEAST

Saved Lives of Scientists in the Arctic

Thrilling Experiences of Museum Agents in the Country Where Even the Polar Bears Have Chills aid Where Letters Written in March Lie in the Mail Bag Until July Before They Are Started Toward Civilization.

IN the authority of Dr. Rudolph N. Anderson, whose word is as good as a first mortgage bond in the world of science, the three-year-old carcass of a bowhead, while slightly acrid and a bit mussy, is certainly filling. The doctor knows because he ate a few double portion slices. It was bowhead or nothing. As the doctor had had plenty of the latter he welcomed the bowhead.

It was in that forlorn country, where even the polar bears have chills, 4,000 miles to the west and more than 1,000 north, and then some, that he made the choice, relates the New York World. He and V. Stefansson, as representatives of the American Museum of National History, were up there staring death in the face looking for specimens. They are now returning, after two years' absence. Stories of their hardships have got here first. Catching the mails is no joke up there. To get a letter in the letter box at MacPherson in time for the July delivery Mr. Stefasson wrote on March 13. If a letter is carried around in one's pocket over night the folks at home have to wait another six months for news.

Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson left New York on April 5, 1908. They made their way by railroad to Edmonton, Canada, the furtherest point to which human ingenuity and daring had been able to push the steel rails, the advance agents of progress. From Edmonton the two explorers made their way to Athabasca, at the headwaters of the Mackenzie, where, the river being free from ice, they would find sturdy little steamers ready to carry them one step further into the wilderness of ice and snow. The moment they left the deck of the little boat that had served their purpose to the best of its ability the two adventurers plunged into the terrible fastnessess of the great silent north.

Two Years in the Ice.

For almost two years the great sweeps of snow and ice hid the two men from the rest of the world almost as completely as the walls of a tomb. Once an Eskimo, traveling far from his home down into the haunts of sturdy white folks who were fighting for existence on the very edge of the arctic circle, brought with him a story of two white men up above the circle. Only one other time did word come from the men. Then, by long and tedious sled journeys, did an Eskimo attached to their party carry a letter to the daring skipper of a fishing smack that had literally forced its way through the ice into the far north.

Now the men are making their way slowly back, bringing with them details of a story the mere hints of which have outdone the dreams of writers of fiction who love to tell of imaginary adventures in the frozen north. And the men who faced perils and hardships that would have tried the courage and strength of the hardest; who set out on long and painful journeys when the mercury froze in the thermometer; who were forced to camp on mountain ridges and peaks at the height of blizzards—they have sent a plain, impassioned report of their journeys without giving a hint that they encountered aught but what they expected when they left New York.

Hardships of the Trip.

It would require far more space than the limits of this article permit to give more than a mere skeleton of the story of the two years' trip, as it is now in the possession of Dr. H. C. Bumpus, director of the Museum of Natural History, who authorized the expedition. When the men themselves arrive they will fill in with detail the story of periods of ten days and more that often elasped without a morsel of sustaining food passing their lips, and which they dismissed with a single sentence in their preliminary report.

In many respects the trip of Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson surpasses any other expedition ever made into the north by white men. The difficulties with which they had to contend, because of the very nature of their journey, exceeded even those which confronted Commander Peary on his dash to the north pole. His was a hurried trip across several hundred miles of ice to the pole and back. Carefully constructed sleds drawn by the finest Eskimo dogs in the arctic circle carried provisions a-plenty.

Map of the Wanderings of Dr. Anderson and V. Stefansson in the Frozen North.

Not so with Stefansson and Anderson. Their mission was the collection of specimens that would enlighten the rest of the world as to human, animal and vegetable life within the arctic circle. They had no single objective point. Their wanderings and searches took them a part of the time out over the ice of the Arctic ocean and a part of the time across mountain ranges that rise thousands of feet in the air.

Food Stolen by Wild Beasts.

They also had plenty of provisions when they started. As though, however, the ordinary peril of the country were not sufficient, the real owners of the country, polar bears and wolverines, added to their dangers. Time after time the daring scientists, wearied by months of privation, would seek the stores of food they had hidden in caches for just such emergencies, only to find that four-footed marauders had broken in and stolen hundreds of pounds of food.

Stefansson, as the actual leader of the expedition, has reserved all but the briefest summary for his personal report to Dr. Bumpus. A brief ten pages sufficed for him to announce the results of the two years' journey, as well as to outline his plan for a last dash into the country of the hostile Coppernine people, Eskimos who viewed with jealous eyes any attempt on the part of white men to penetrate their country.

On the map you will find a tiny point of land projecting into the Arctic ocean and named Cape Parry. Nothing illustrates better, perhaps, the uncertainty of the position of the explorers than the very first paragraph of Mr. Stefansson's letter, which was written from that place on March 13 of this year.

"An Eskimo (the same 'Jimmy' Mena-ran-na who accompanied Captain Amundsen in 1905-6 from Herschel island to the Yukon)," wrote Mr. Stefansson, "has come here from Baillie island and intends starting tomorrow for the Mackenzie delta. I am giving him this letter, hoping it may get into the July mail at Macpherson."

Just think of it—grave doubts as to whether a letter will reach a mail post in four months' time!

"My Eskimos," he wrote, "are in deadly fear of the Coppernine people, who have the reputation of being a murderous lot. While they have agreed to accompany me, I can never tell on what night they may have a dream which they will construe as a warning not to go and I will be left to make the journey alone."

The dangers from the people themselves were not the greatest obstacles to this, the climax of his trip, as Mr. Stefansson hinted in his letter. The trip would require, all conditions being favorable, at least 15 days going and the same time returning, to say nothing of the time that must be spent in gathering scientific data. Six days' provisions, however, were all that Mr. Stefansson had. For the rest of his food he must depend upon a country in which even the Esquimaux found it exceedingly difficult to find sufficient food to sustain their lives. The possibility of starvation, however, did not deter the adventurer. That he made the trip, secured his specimens and is now safely on his return is all that those who are most deeply interested in his welfare know.

Dr. Anderson, who, shortly after he set out from the friendly deck of the little river steamer on the Mackenzie, separated from Mr. Stefansson and headed a party of Esquimaux into the country, has written a little more at length of his two years' trip. He too has found a sentence quite sufficient to tell of experiences that must have tried the heart and courage of every member of the party.

Baillie island, in the Arctic ocean, was the headquarters chosen by Dr. Anderson for his party. From there he wrote his report, which by its very simplicity and directness is one of the most remarkable documents ever sent through the mails of the United States.

Day by day has Dr. Anderson detailed his journey. Of the entire first year spent in the north his report says nothing, the letter he had sent out earlier on one of the two occasions word was received from the adventurers being sufficient in his opinion to cover that period. Of the second year, when the provisions taken north by the party had either been eaten or stolen by the bears and wolverines, he says but little more.

At the end of their trip, when death and starvation stared them in the face, they stumbled across the carcass of a bowhead whale. Dr. Anderson, writing of the find, said, "The carcass was evidently two or three years old, but the meat was fairly well preserved." Although it was still early in the afternoon the party camped immediately and there dogs and men feasted side by side. "The meat," wrote Dr. Anderson, "was fairly palatable, slightly acrid but not offensive and all in all was very filling."

At the conclusion of their letters both Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson express themselves as being desirous of returning again to the country in which they spent two such terrible years to complete the work they started.

The first specimens gathered by Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson have arrived at the Museum of Natural History. The men will reach New York in the near future.

Begum a Good Customer.

The Begum of Bhopal and her numerous suite have left Geneva for India via Constantinople. Her highness's visit to Switzerland was apparently to purchase wholesale quantities of jewelry and watches for her subjects. She bought 4,022 gold and silver watches, including 20 of one pattern that pleased her. "When the Begum arrived here," writes a London Express correspondent, "she had 80 large boxes, and she left with 243 pieces of luggage, which filled two special vans attached to the express. These boxes contained almost every conceivable article from musical boxes and gramophones to chocolates and wood carvings."

A Puzzling Ship Name.

Jesse Conway, the witty correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, tells this one:

The noble battleship Ohio steamed into Quito harbor one day and anchored alongside a British tramp. Presently the tramp's dingy was lowered and sailor men rowed out to the battleship. They arrived under the name plate and painfully spelled out the warrior's handle. All looked puzzled. Finally one Britisher tried it aloud.

"A 'ho' and a 'haitch' and a '10,'" he said, softly. "Wot a 'ell of a name for a ship!"

Caring for Work Horses.

The New York Woman's League for Animals is making great effort this hot weather to teach owners of horses how to take care of them. Summer bridles and fly nets have been distributed to the drivers of work horses, and the league has a farm where tired horses may be sent for a few weeks' rest, which often restores them to health. Mrs. James Speyer is the president of the league, and Mrs. Russell Sage is one of the women deeply interested in it.

Why He Accepted It.

Editor—Who accepted this poem?

Subeditor—I did!

Editor—It reads as if it was written by a butcher.

Subeditor—It was. I owe the cuss $47 for meat.—Judge.

Held Fast to Their Rights.

Our ancestors were never inconsiderate enough to trust those rights which God and nature had given them into the hands of princes.—James Warren.

His Stock.

"Has that man got much business?"

"Much business? Why, he has orders to burn."

"But I thought he dealt in asbestos goods."

The AWAKING of the OLDER NATIONS

Personalities Behind the Transformed Ottoman Empire—The Young Turk Organization Really a Masonic Movement—The Sultan as a Tool.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Constantinople.—At the back of every movement must be men. The transformation of Turkey from a mediaeval absolutism to a constitutional government was not wrought without human agencies. Who did it?

At the time of the constitution and the revolution there were stories of a romantic secret committee in Paris, with a chief possessed of greater statesmanship and more dictatorial powers than any crowned head in Europe. The present Paris committee is disgruntled and in opposition, and it is rather generally admitted that there was considerable romancing about the original committee.

Admittedly the Young Turk movement was a bit of successful opportunism. Its leaders were quick to take advantage of favorable events, which is certainly nothing to their discredit. The men were ready for their chance when it came.

A German on Top.

But now, after the lapse of many months, who is the top man in Turkey? Amid all the personalities here, which one towers above all others? It is none other than Baron von Beeberstein, the German ambassador. One searches in vain for this omniscient, omnipotent Young Turk of whom we read so much at the time of the passing of the old order. Instead, he finds behind the forces at work here this shrewd old diplomat, the ablest in Europe, who has within a year recovered all the prestige that the German cause lost with the fall of Abdul Hamid.

In domestic affairs, as well as in foreign relationships the hand of von Beeberstein may be traced by those whose business it is to know the inwardness of current events here. Since this wise old German is an extra-Turkish personality, perhaps it is not fair to consider him in looking for the most influential figure in the present regime.

A Glimpse of the Sultan.

It is easier to say who this man is not than who he is. First of all, it is not the sultan. He may be eliminated at the outset. A high diplomat who has had to converse with the present sultan says that the ordeal is like talking to a wooden man. One encounters various terms in the diplomatic circles to describe the nonentity of Mohammed V. Doubtless, many of these are exaggerated, like the stories of his devotion to the flowing bowl. The sultan sees no foreigners, but anybody may see him at the Selamlik—the weekly function when he goes to the mosque to pray.

With Abdul Hamid, this was an ordeal to be dreaded, and he sat cowering in his carriage in a coat of mail. Apparently his brother is glad to have this weekly outing, for the poorest hamal that totters over the Galata bridge beneath his monstrous load, sees more of life than does his Royal Highness. He likes the pomp of the lines of soldiers who line the highway for the short distance from the palace to the mosque.

These soldiers are part of the modern army; on the whole, well armed and fairly well set up. Along with them one sees the archaic, red-helmeted fire brigade, with the long leather guards at the back of their helmets. The lancers, who are the sultan's bodyguard, are plainly Mongolian, and fine fellows they appear. The sultan, himself, stares at the crowds as the crowds stare at him, or as a countryman gazes at the circus. He wears a fez, and but one decoration on his breast. His face is weak, with puffs under the eyes. His beard is grey and rather close cropped. He looks for all the world like the type of genial old New England ne'er-do-well, whom one may see sunning himself outside the house, or sitting on a cracker box in the corner store, while his wife runs the family affairs.

The day I saw the sultan an American girl in the carriage next mine was aiming a camera at him. He was attracted by the fresh young figure, and obligingly turned his face toward her and smiled—and then kept on smiling and craning his neck toward her like a gay old flirt. It was not very dignified or royal, but it was decidedly revealing, especially when one remembers that this man is "King of kings," "Commander of the Faithful," and "The Shadow of God on Earth.' Incidentally, he is a political cipher.

The Prisoner of Salonica.

Nor is Abdul Hamid any longer a possible factor in Turkish affairs. Wild rumors fly around occasionally of his escape from his imprisonment, in the garb of a woman servant, and of his being at the bottom of revolutionary plots. This is the last of the contingencies that the present government has to face. The best advised say that, while Abdul is morose and sleepless, he none the less is too fond of life to take any chances with this committee. His supreme passion is to be permitted to die a natural death. For a generation he has been haunted by the nightmare of a violent death.

Now he is guarded by the most trusted representatives of the committee of union and progress. I am told by one whose knowledge of Turkish affairs has proved correct on other points that the jailers of Abdul Hamid are men who have blood feuds with him—whose relatives the deposed sultan has slain—and who would be glad of an excuse to square their accounts with him. Moreover, Salonica is the center of Young Tufk sentiment, and the most difficult soil for the growth of a reactionary plot.

That the common people expect never to see Abdul in power again is shown by the way the press and the public deride and detest and make sport of him. The meanest loafer in the sidewalk cafes is free to curse the memory of the prisoner at Salonica. A popular postcard in the shops represents the prison beguilements of the late sultan. It is a portrait cunningly created by the grouping of several houris, and a vision of the mosques and palaces of the Bosphorus within the tarboosh. The harmless diversions of the harem are all of his former glory permitted to Abdul Hamid.

Is There a Man of Mystery?

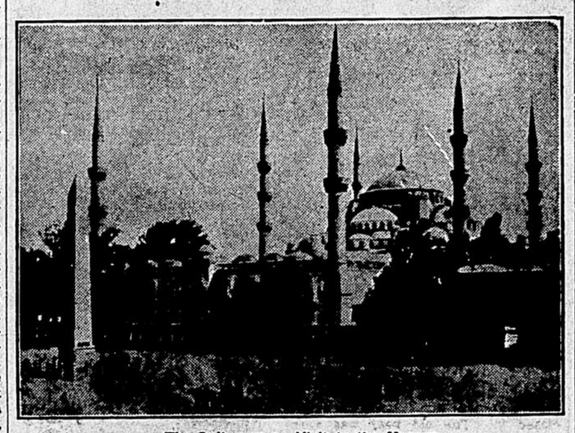
One searches in vain for substantiation for the early tales of the wonderful dictator in Paris, who, unknown himself, rules Turkey through the committee of Union and Progress. There is no really great personality on that body. Not all of the members are known, however, although all possible members have been appraised.

There is an Arabian Nights' flavor to the situation in Constantinople today. The real head of a department may be a man in the outer office. The cabinet minister may be subject to his secretary in the ante-room. The inner circle of the Young Turk committee is made up of men who, for the purpose, occupy places high and low. Some of the members of this inner circle are in office, some are absolutely without official position. The committee has a penchant for putting forward the men who look a part and who will fill the role of popular heroes.

This is the anomaly of present-day Turkey. The committee of Union and Progress is supposed to have dissolved and passed out of existence. It really runs parliament—an incongruity which makes constitutional government seem like a farce. Furthermore, not all of the figureheads who themselves understand their lack of power can enjoy this empty show, and they are one element of weakness in the new order.

A Masonic and Jewish Body.

Everybody in Constantinople seems to know that the committee which overthrew Abdul Hamid and brought in the new day for the empire is really a Masonic organization. It differs from the masonry of the west in that it is non-religious—the name of the Deity is not mentioned in its documents. It is affiliated with the Italian masons and not with the British or American. This fact has incurred the special hostility of orthodox Mohammedans, who dislike the Masonic order even more than they detest Christianity. This fact may be borne in mind in any study of present conditions, for it is likeliler to be a factor in the developments than some more apparent causes.



The Sultan on a Visit to the Mosque.

Another charge brought against the committee of Union and Progress is that its membership is largely Jewish. Here one must try to master a strange condition, possible only in this romantic east, where the improbable and the incongruous are matters of every day. This particular story harks back more than 200 years, when the son of a Salonica rabbi announced himself as the Messiah and got a considerable following. His cause was so portentous that he was arrested and taken before the sultan, where, in his extremity, he renounced his claims and accepted Islam.

So great was the confidence of his followers in this Messiah, that they too obeyed his lead and became Moslems. During the ensuing centuries they have remained a distinct community, with their own mosque. They never intermarry with other Moslems, and the genuineness and depth of their fidelity to islam is a subject of scepticism among the faithful. Certainly this Moslem-Jewish community has furnished some of the most aggressive men in the empire, and far more than its proportion of the leaders of the Young Turk movement.

The Military "Dictator."

I have interviewed many of the leaders of the Turkish government, and shall have occasion to quote some of them. Here it must suffice to give as representative the one most picturesque figure in the government—Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, the minister of war, the supreme commander of the Turkish armies, the "Saviour of Constantinople" and the man who has frequently been said to be the real dictator of the present regime in Turkey.

Really, Gen. Shevket is practically subordinate to one of his own aids and associates. He is not in the inner circle of the committee of Union and Progress, although a genuine Young Turk. It is perhaps an inconsiderate way of putting the case, but I am credibly informed that he is only a sort of puppet in the hands of stronger men. However, he looks the part of a popular idol. Tall, bearded, with small black eyes that flash, he is a veritable Beau Brummel. He could readily be a cruel man and a dictator if he had the power, else I misread physiognomy. While we talked he twirled his nose glasses by the handle, or rolled them on his fingers, or twiddled his nose—the right side of which bears a large vaccination mark. Frequently he tilted aside his green astrachan fez and scratched his iron-gray hair.

He is a charming gentleman to meet, and he speaks with an apparent openness that would disarm an unsceptical interviewer. He told me in all earnestness and apparent sincerity that there was absolutely nothing in the rumored agreement between Roumania and Turkey, although I had other more trustworthy information, which history has since confirmed, that the deal had been made. He speaks with the greatest optimism concerning the future of the new regime. The financial revenues increased by thirty-three million francs during the first year and, because of better methods of collection, a still greater increase will probably be made during the present year. The situation throughout the provinces, he said, has very much improved, the turbulent Albanians have been pacified and disarmed. Parenthetically, I may remark that one who saw the arms the government took in, says that they are only fit for a museum, and that the rifles and revolvers which can really do business are still within reach of the warlike Albanians. Shevket Pasha says he thinks the Albanians will be a valuable asset to Turkey when enrolled in the army, and he spoke most magnanimously of their defeat by the Turkish army sent against them. He said they lacked good leaders and organization, and were overwhelmed by the mass of government troops. He looks forward to 150,000 troops from Albania now available.

Moslem Versus Christian.

When we got to talking about the possibility of further trouble between the Moslems and the Christians, he naively asserted that it was the Moslems who were in danger from the Christians, which would explain why Christians rather than the Moslems, are being disarmed.

He said that what is being done in Albania in the way of establishing a suitable government with law and order, is being carried out also among the Druses. There is a reasonable percentage of Christians now in the army, according to the new order, and he says it is unthinkable that there should ever again be strife between Islam and Christianity. The first business of Turkey is the development of her army for the sake of law and order throughout the country, as well as in the dealings with other nations. He stressed the idea of a strong Turkish army, ready for any emergency, but he looks forward to no immediate armed eventualities with any other country.

The Government's Many Critics.

So much for one cabinet minister's view. That he and many like him, in office and out, are real patriots cannot be denied. There are many disaffected persons in Turkey and for various reasons, some of them obvious.

The foreigner is displeased, as he chronically is with any government carried on by those whom he likes to call his inferiors. There are various portentous elements of disintegration at work in the empire. I question whether it will ever be possible to have a homogeneous nation here. The new order of things has brought in a new restlessness among all classes of people, and Turkey, be it ever remembered, is a hodge-podge of nationalities. On one occasion I counted at least fifteen distinct and different peoples that go to make up this strange government. The Turkish ship of state was never so difficult to navigate as just now.

(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

New Circulating Library Scheme.

The following scheme is about to be set on foot in Brussels for the diffusion of enlightening literature: A central library consisting at the outset of 10,000 choice volumes is, the Telegraph says, to be created there, and any inhabitant of any part of Belgium owning a savings bank book will be entitled to borrow from it and receive by post any book for a period of a fortnight on checking a penny off his savings bank book at the postoffice, his money at the bank serving as a guarantee for payment for books not returned.

As there are about 1,500 postoffices in Belgium this will amount to the creation of a circulating library with 1,500 branches whose risks will be more than covered by the deposits in the savings banks.

It Was All Right.

"Sorry, Brown," said the doctor, after the examination. "You're in a very serious condition. I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you."

"Operate!" gasped rBown. "Why, I haven't any money for operations. I'm only a poor workingman.

"You're insured, are you not?"

"Yes, but, I don't get that until after I'm dead."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the doctor consolingly.

Cumulative Trouble.

"The lives of some people are singularly unhappy."

"What's the matter now?"

"I have just been reading about a baseball umpire who was mobbed by a crowd of fans in the afternoon and when he got home was thrashed by his wife."

SOME EDIBLE WEEDS

VALUE OF ROOTS THAT HAVE BEEN THOUGHT USELESS.

Golden Thistle May Be Used Like Salsify—Leek as a Food Staple—Milk Weed Has Taste Resembling Asparagus.

The roots of the golden thistle have been found to be good. They are used like salsify. They may be dug in September and kept through the winter. Thus what has heretofore been regarded as a pest by the farmers may now be looked upon as a partial blessing.

Leek is another weed now honored as a food staple. It has wholesome properties and is excellent for flavoring. It can be wintered in a cellar, or if planted in a large pot the leaves may be cut as often as they get too long to support themselves. Then, too, the bulb may be whittled away from the top until it be used up.

The common mallow is another well known weed now being eaten. It roots deeply, drawing valuable mineral elements to the surface. It has a mild, mellow flavor and those who like lettuce find it palatable. The young leaves are tender and crisp and are prepared like lettuce. It is a valuable tonic which the ancients made use of constantly as a raw food.

The common milkweed, cooked, tastes like asparagus. It should be cut when about a foot high. The stalk is large and succulent. Boiled and served with butter is the usual way of cooking, says the Scrap Book. It is also used as a salad, the tender tips only being utilized. Milkweed is excellent for the kidneys.

Another weed which, when boiled like spinach, makes a nourishing dish, is the commonly called "lamb's quarter." It grows where large quantities of loose earth have been exposed to the sun, as in railway filling or newly made country road. It has a straight stem, from which the leaves grow large and sparse at the bottom and smaller and more thickly toward the top.

The ordinary wild nettle htat grows in prickly abundance in every farmyard and fence corner is now being recognized in this country for the first time as a valuable food plant. It is a good substitute for spinach if properly cooked. Of course, it should not be used without cooking.

To use flower bulbs as vegetables seems a strange thing, yet the dahlia is being cultivated for its tubers. They make a wholesome food, having a warm, spicy flavor that is much liked. The single red variety of Dahlia is the one cultivated for its tubers. In good soil it is as productive as the sweet potato. It may be planted from seed in early May, and by the middle or last of July the tubers are large enough to dig.

Cut it into cubes, after peeling, and fry in olive oil with a dash of curry powder. Or it may be cooked like turnips, beets and carrots.

USE FOR THE CHEAPER CUTS

If Properly Cooked They Are Not to Be Despised, but Must Have Careful Preparation.

Butchers should endeavor to correct the impression of customers that only the high priced meats are valuable as food. On the contrary, says the National Provisioner, the cheaper cuts are often more highly flavored and fully as nutritious.

The chuck is one of the cheapest portions of the beef, but when cooked slowly in a small amount of water either with or without vegetables for seasoning is a most excellent dish.

In stewing meat if too high a temperature is used it will toughen the fibre. Another mistake is to overcook the meat until it falls to shreds. The skirt steak sells for two or three cents a pound less than the others, but if properly cooked is just as good. Lay the steak on a meat board and score it well with a chopping knife.

Then dredge with flour and put it into a smoking hot frying pan that has been greased enough to keep the meat from sticking to it. When well seared over on both sides pour over it a little boiling water and allow it to simmer slowly for two hours. Season to suit the taste. A bit of carrot or onion or bay leaf and a little vinegar to soften the fibre will add to the flavor of the meat.

All light meats are best stewed and browned just before serving. Mutton or beef is best browned first and then stewed. Cheaper cuts are best cooked in the fireless cooker. When roasting meat it should be quickly seared over to retain the juices and then cooked slowly until done. Usually fifteen minutes to the pound is required.

"Keeping Things Up."

In every estimate of housekeeping expenses there should be a generous margin for the keeping of things up. The wear and tear of usage, and, more strange and perplexing still, the wear and tear of non-usage, tell sadly upon our houses and their furnishings. Carpets which are constantly trodden grow thin in spots, are faded by the sun, and become threadbare; carpets in closed rooms are devoured by the moths; curtains fade; family linen gradually falls into decay. Everything must be replenished, kept up, gone over again and again, if the domestic machinery is not to creak and rust.

The wise housekeeper buys every season a few new articles, and, so to speak, has always her reserve stock on which to draw.

So, too, in other matters. The judicious housewife keeps everything up to the mark.

Indian Cake.

One egg, one cup of milk or water, one cup of meal, one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of brown sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder and a little salt.

Whips.

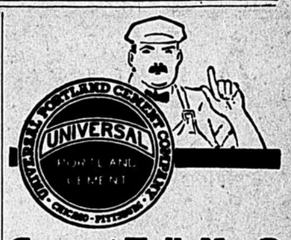
One quart of cream, one pint of milk, two lemons—the peel of one grated, vanilla to taste, sugar; whip until stiff and fill glasses.

Egg Lemonade.

Juice and grated rind of three lemons, one and a half cups of sugar, one cup of water, two fresh eggs. Put in fruit jar and shake until very foamy; add water enough to fill the jar, pour in glasses two-thirds full of cracked ice.

Cocoa Frosting.

Boil two-thirds cup sugar, heaping tablespoon cocoa, creamy milk to mix, until it forms soft ball in water. Take from fire, add butter size walnut and vanilla and beat until ready to spread.



Cement Talk No. 2

Portland Cement does not come from Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon, and it was not first made at either of these places. It is called *Portland* because it was given this name by the Englishman who first made it. He called it *Portland* because he thought it resembled certain natural deposits on the Isle of Portland in England. *Portland Cement* is the fine powder produced by pulverizing the clinker resulting from the burning together of various materials of proper chemical composition. In the case of *Universal Portland Cement*, these raw materials are blast furnace slag and pure limestone. There are many brands of *Portland Cement* on the market, produced by different manufacturers. *Universal* is one of the best known and highest grade *Portland Cements*. You can always tell it by the name *Universal* and the blue trade mark printed on each sack. Forty million sacks of *Universal* are made and used yearly in this country. If you have any *concrete* work to do, you will make no mistake by using *Universal Portland Cement*. *Universal* is for sale by representative dealers everywhere.

UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
72 W. ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO
ANNUAL OUTPUT 10,000,000 BARRELS

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR
LAWRENCE CONSERVATORY
(A Department of Lawrence College)
Enjoys the intellectual and social advantages of Lawrence College. Teachers of recognized ability, choral society, orchestra, recitals by World's Artists, May music festival, Faculty concerts, superior Public School Music Course, Piano, Voice, Violin, Harmony—Dormitories for students. Fall term begins September 14th.
William Harper, Dean, Appleton, Wis.

Ground Phosphate Rock
The Natural Plant Food and Permanent Soilbuilder
We carry a large supply constantly on hand. Orders shipped the day received. No delay when you order from us. Our location is in the "Heart of the Great Phosphate Field" We guarantee 95 per cent through a 100 mesh screen. We guarantee 18½ per cent Phosphorus. Write for prices and Free Pamphlet. MT. PLEASANT FERTILIZER CO., Inc., MT. PLEASANT, TENN. Please mention this paper when writing.

WANTED—LIVE MAN to operate business at home; make $300 weekly; no canvassing; no capital; tremendous demand; money daily. Particulars free. WILLIAM VICKERS, Hagerman, New Mexico.

Wifey Knew Him.

Benham—I can't remember dates.

Mrs. Benham—But you have a pretty good memory for peaches.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Gives rest and comfort. *Refuse substitutes.* For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Of Short Duration.

"Plimply is afraid to ask old Mr. Plunker for his daughter's hand."

"Why, Plumply told me yesterday he stood in with the old gentleman."

"Oh, that was only for a few minutes in the vestibule of an office building during a shower."

Why, Willie!

Sunday School Teacher—Yes, Willie, the Lord loves every living creature.

Willie—I'll bet he was never stung by a wasp!—Puck.

Good Vacation Advice.

Bishop Spalding, on a hot summer morning, gave one of the congregations of Portland, Ore., a timely piece of advice.

"Don't," he said, "when you go off on your vacation, leave all your religion behind and take all your collection away with you."

Birds of a Feather

"What's the bill for fixing my motor car?" asked the strange patron.

"It figures up to $110, sir," replies the garage man.

"Whew! I'll have to give you a check. I left all my money in my drug store."

"Why, are you a druggist?"

"Yes."

"Oh, in that case the bill will be a dollar and a quarter. We fellows ought to stand together."

In Strict Obedience.

Master Gregory Graham, aged three, had been having an ocean bath, and breaking away from his older sister he ran all dripping wet to the door of the living room, where Mrs. Graham was entertaining a caller from the fashionable hotel.

"Why, Greg," his mother greeted him, "you mustn't come in here like that, dear. Go straight upstairs and take off your bathing suit first."

A few minutes later Mrs. Graham turned toward the door in curiosity as to what sight there had sent her visitor's eyebrows up so high, and in the same moment her son's cheerful voice rang out:

"I tooked it off, mother, like you told me to. I'm coming in now for some cake."

A Large Package Of Enjoyment—
Post Toasties
Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked.
Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn—delicious and wholesome—
A flavour that appeals to young and old.
"The Memory Lingers"
Sold by Grocers
Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

"WEEPING" TREES IN FAVOR

Many Varieties Are Really Ornamental, and Freaks Should Always Be Shunned.

"There have been altogether too many weeping trees planted in this country," declares a writer in Suburban Life. "Most of them unfortunately have been of the freak type.

"The weeping trees can be divided into two general classe, those which are upright in growth and have naturally pendulous branches and those which are grafted on standard stocks several feet above the ground, the long willowy branches hanging downward to the ground. The former class are as a rule plants worth having when planted in their proper place, but the latter are usually deformed freaks which will spoil any garden picture.

"Of those with naturally pendulous branches the weeping birch is the best. It grows from sixty to seventy feet high and makes a perfectly upright growth, but the long pendulous branches give the tree a decided weeping character, which, however, is not developed until the tree has attained several years of growth.

"Next in importance is the weeping, or as it is sometimes called the Napoleon, willow. This is the fastest growing weeping tree. It attains a height of about forty feet, and is familiar because of its frequent planting in cemeteries.

"It is not necessary to have a damp place for this tree to grow in, although one commonly thinks of the willows as being plants which inhabit damp ground. It will grow in almost any soil that is not a desert. The weeping willow has proved a successful tree in seaside planting where good soil is to be had.

"The weeping beech when well grown as a specimen tree makes a beautiful and somewhat curious tree for the lawn. It will attain a height of fifty or sixty feet. The branches grow upright and then droop.

"A tree which always delights the children because of its canopylike head, which makes a splendid place for them to play under, is the Camperdown elm. This is one of the trees grafted on a standard stock, about eight feet high, but the branches, instead of drooping down immediately, extend outward. Sometimes the Camperdown elm reaches a diameter of thirty feet. It is a rank grower, the limbs making a somewhat zigzag growth of several feet in a single season. The branches are so close that the large dark green glossy leaves make a complete canopy through which the sun does not penetrate.

"It should be planted as an isolated specimen, and as a rule it is better to plant it in a somewhat inconspicuous place yet convenient for the children to use as a playhouse. It will succeed in almost any locality, but like the other elms it prefers plenty of moisture.

"The best tall canopy tree is the weeping ash, which will grow ultimately fifty feet high. It is a rapid grower and must be given plenty of space. All that has been said about the Camperdown elm as an arbor tree will apply to this tree, but of course on a much larger scale."

CURIOUS SHOPS OF JAPAN

How Flowers, Meat, Shoes and Other Articles Are Sold in the Mikado's Land.

The shops and booths of Japan are of unfailing interest. Here the greengrocer and fruitseller has arranged his wares till it seems as though one looked upon a great bouquet. There the flower shop blazes in brilliance and the lantern maker squats at his multicolored task. At the next entrance we perhaps see a man severing chicken meat from the bone, and he performs the operation as skillfully as the surgeon with his dissecting knife.

Two or three paces farther on one is confronted with a typical Japanese shoe store. The newcomer is at once startled at the immense quantity of this simple footwear and the many places where it is sold, but he soon finds a solution to his query when he hears that a Japanese man annually makes away with from eight to ten pairs.

But curious things are not found in the shops alone. The green vegetable peddler carries loads heavy enough for a horse, but still has enough energy to call his wares as he goes. One marvels at those wonderful, big, snow white radishes he sells; green onions, carrots, fruits and even lotus roots dug from the muddy bottoms of ponds. Fancy yourself eating long burdock roots which grow in any country backyard! The Japanese consider these a toothsome article.—Christian Herald.