

AFRO-AMERICAN COLLINGS

The Freedmen's Aid society received in the last year 1914-15, \$178,000, in collection from annual conferences. In the year 1911-12, there was received from the same source \$133,000. The record is that we received \$45,000 more during the fourth year of this quadrennium than the first year. This is a larger per cent of increase over our previous income than that of any board save the Board of Sunday schools. This large increase is not due solely to the propaganda of the commission of finance. It will be giving credit to the commission to say that \$10,000 of it came from that source.

To this writer's view of the matter it is not that the cause is less popular, but because of the exploitation of the progress of the race as a justification of what has been done for the black man—there is too prevalent an impression that he is able to support his schools. It should not be so, for the colored man's per capita wealth is about seven dollars while that of his more fortunate white brother is thirty-three or more.

The colored man has had his chance but fifty years with burdensome handicaps. His wage earnings have been small always as compared with others. He pays more for everything and receives less with which to pay. He has had more children to educate in the last fifty years than anybody else comparing his numerical strength with others of the American population. The opportunity to educate his children at public expense is of the most meager kind. Think of it.

In Georgia there are 1,431,812 white people and 1,176,987 colored people. The amount of money expended on white schools in 1913-14 was \$2,825,588, and on the colored schools \$492,906. The white and colored people nearly equal and yet upon the white children there was spent six times more of the public funds for education than upon the colored.

The writer is entering no complaint but is trying to impress a few important facts as follows. The colored man cannot yet be expected to anything like meet the demands upon him for the education of his people. Further that public authorities administer the public fund to suit themselves and colored people are helpless. If therefore the masses are to be educated his white friends North and South must help him.

The colored man will do more year by year. In the Methodist church for this quadrennium we have received through conference channels and special gifts credited to conferences \$411,180.58. Of this amount our colored people gave \$148,000 which is a little beyond one-fourth the entire amount given by the church. The colored man is one-tenth the numerical strength of the church and a far less percentage of the per capita wealth of the church, yet gives one-fourth of the amount spent upon his education through the Freedmen's Aid society so far as the voluntary gifts of the conferences are concerned.

Say, brother reader, haven't we everything for which to be thankful and not much over which to be discouraged? Are we not headed onward?

If this writer does not mistake the plans now in the making the colored people will do more by double in the next quadrennium. Let us believe that the greater giving upon the part of our white people begins with this Lincoln Sunday for the reason that the

On August 4, 1914, a Negro who called himself Chief Sam, sailed away from New York on the steamship Liberia. With him were a considerable company of Texas Negroes, who acknowledged him as leader and who believed his claim of descent from African rulers. He gave assurance that he had an agreement with twenty kings, and that a rich tract of 164,000 acres had been set aside as a Utopia for the pilgrims from over the sea.

This week three of the pilgrims returned to New York, sped on their way by British charity. Of the others many are dead of starvation. Some have disappeared in the interior of Africa. A few are working on British plantations along the Gold Coast. Chief Sam himself is a prisoner at Cape Coast Castle, charged with manslaughter as being responsible for the death of his followers.

No twenty kings met Sam. There was not even one king or one acre of land. There was nothing but disillusionment and misery.

It is no reproach of the Negroes of this country that Sam was able to find followers. Many white men, with schemes even more foolish and preposterous, have mustered their disciples and believers by the hundreds. The story of Sam merely proves that credulity knows no distinction of race or color, and that an impostor with plenty of "nerve" can always find a hearing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Duke McLauren is a Negro farmer of Hoke county, North Carolina. His cotton crop last year brought him \$3,000 and he has twelve bales yet unsold. He works hard, lives well, owes no debts, and the weekly paper of his county says: "He has set a worthy example to his section and the whole state."

America faces the future with confidence in spite of a tremendous race problem because it knows that the Duke McLaurens are multiplying and will continue to multiply.—Kansas City Star.

A new refuse pan for kitchen sinks is provided with a grease trap to permit only water to enter a drain pipe.

The Chinese are not isolated in their inability to pronounce the letter R. In nearly every case it is the last letter even the English-born child learns to pronounce.

The records show that only 17 per cent of the applicants applying for enlistment in the United States navy are accepted.

A daily paper was recently issued on a train between the cities of Minneapolis and Spokane.

By treating freshly made cheese with alternating currents of electricity for 24 hours a Dutch electrician has found he can give it all the properties of aged cheese.

Some good people seem to think the laundry is making a great mistake not leaving the management entirely to them.

The quantity of honey is that a mixture of two or more honeys always tastes better than any of the original

need is greater. Standards are higher. Fifty years is but a day in the solution of such a problem as slavery bequeathed us, that two hundred years and fifty years of unremitting toil cannot be paid in fifty years, that the colored man is a man, not a thing, that we ought to give more and will do it. —Northern Christian Advocate

The Negro of today has a warm interest in the days when the two races understood each other better—they cling to the stories of their old white folks as they heard them from their parents.

One circumstance that impressed me of this strong sentiment was a few weeks ago, when John Washington, the brother of Booker Washington, visited Birmingham. He looked forward to meeting Mrs. Harry Jones. He had known her as a child, had driven her to school, the daughter of his "young mistress" from Virginia. He recalled the pleasant memories of the past as he told me "Miss Bertha looks as her mother used to." Does this not tell of the spirit of the past? And that sentiment is strong at Tuskegee today.

There are two memories of yesterday that will never die, the faithfulness of the good, old colored friend, and the rhythm of the Negro melody.

With the hall filled at Tuskegee institute with 3,000 voices, there rang out the wonderful sound of "Sweet Charity." It filled the air and the soul at the same time and closed a wonderful meeting.

If every man and woman of the South could see this factory at the Institute at work, in the schoolroom, in the kitchen, in the shop, molding human bodies into intelligent service, teaching them its value, giving them the lesson of making better homes, regarding higher principles and more respectful attention to those in authority, they would recognize it to be a necessity to good citizenship and useful to the community. The results will surely civilize the rural but dwellers and bring greater prosperity to the country industry. "The world wants its work done, and civilization is simply a search for men who can do things. The whole atmosphere of the inclosure, including about 2,500 Negroes, pupils, teachers and their families, is filled with the inspiration of work, and there is no pretense, no presumption, but a spirit of gratitude for the wonderful cooperation of their white friends North and South, East and West. In Carnegie hall, New York, the white friends of Booker T. Washington, held memorial services on February 13, and it is an opportune time for those of the South to pay a similar tribute to the memory of the greatest Negro the world ever knew, and arrangements are being made to hold these services in the auditorium at Tuskegee Institute on the same date.—Mrs. J. B. Reid in Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

The recent reopening of the Parisian opera was decidedly an event, for not only did the motor cars and their human freight give the famous Place de l'Opera a most unwarlike appearance, but the seats sold at prices ranging from \$20 for orchestra stalls to \$1,000 for boxes, the profits going entirely for Belgian Red Cross work.

Argentina has ten meat freezing plants in active operation and three are contemplated.

News From the Senussi. I happen to be waiting for something that lifts the curtain and reveals a corner of the stage. A British officer has located an Arab somewhere in the depths of Cairo, and this Arab has just come off the western desert and knows more than any other man on the delta about the doings of the most-talked-of man in Egypt, the head of the Senussi, the desert chieftain who is the unknown quantity in Egypt and that officer's report will mean much. I have seized myself, as many thousands of Americans have done, on the terrace of Shepherd's hotel, but I have quite another sight from the usual one before me.

Imagine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

Heroes of Western Romance. Imagine this ancient and secretive city bustling with the heroes of western romance, with their pockets full of money and itching to spend it—to blow it in a large and conspicuous manner. They fill the sidewalks, sticking with their swagger sticks at the bare legs of the sons of the Prophet who wriggle among them keen on bakhsheesh and offering to sell them what they will.

The steps of the hotel are lined with military police, soldiers wearing the red and white brassard of the P. M.'s guard. They are here every night. For that matter they are to be found everywhere in Cairo to the number of 1,500 to keep the same im-

agine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

Heroes of Western Romance. Imagine this ancient and secretive city bustling with the heroes of western romance, with their pockets full of money and itching to spend it—to blow it in a large and conspicuous manner. They fill the sidewalks, sticking with their swagger sticks at the bare legs of the sons of the Prophet who wriggle among them keen on bakhsheesh and offering to sell them what they will.

The steps of the hotel are lined with military police, soldiers wearing the red and white brassard of the P. M.'s guard. They are here every night. For that matter they are to be found everywhere in Cairo to the number of 1,500 to keep the same im-

agine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

Heroes of Western Romance. Imagine this ancient and secretive city bustling with the heroes of western romance, with their pockets full of money and itching to spend it—to blow it in a large and conspicuous manner. They fill the sidewalks, sticking with their swagger sticks at the bare legs of the sons of the Prophet who wriggle among them keen on bakhsheesh and offering to sell them what they will.

The steps of the hotel are lined with military police, soldiers wearing the red and white brassard of the P. M.'s guard. They are here every night. For that matter they are to be found everywhere in Cairo to the number of 1,500 to keep the same im-

agine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

Heroes of Western Romance. Imagine this ancient and secretive city bustling with the heroes of western romance, with their pockets full of money and itching to spend it—to blow it in a large and conspicuous manner. They fill the sidewalks, sticking with their swagger sticks at the bare legs of the sons of the Prophet who wriggle among them keen on bakhsheesh and offering to sell them what they will.

The steps of the hotel are lined with military police, soldiers wearing the red and white brassard of the P. M.'s guard. They are here every night. For that matter they are to be found everywhere in Cairo to the number of 1,500 to keep the same im-

CAIRO BURSTING WITH WILD WEST AUSTRALIAN ARMY

"Roughest, Toughest Fit and Fighting Body of Men," Says Correspondent.

AWAIT ATTACK ON THE SUEZ

German-Turkish Forces Expected to Plunge Toward Canal—Veterans of Gallipoli Are in the Defending Army—Longing for a Scrap.

Cairo.—Egypt is waiting. It is waiting with the patience of a country aged old that can afford to wait. It is quite conscious of its position in the war. It expects the German-Turkish forces to plunge toward the Suez canal, and it is ready for them. But it awaits the event with an eastern calm on which is superimposed a British calm.

Here in Cairo I feel I am in closed territory. After being raced across the eastern Mediterranean in a P. & O. liner with an honest fear of submarines, I was dropped at Port Said and there was an ordinary train, dining car and all, which hustled us on to Cairo, skirting the canal and the desert which were not at all as ordinary. Once in Egypt I or anyone can move about anywhere. It is easier to knock about on the delta of the Nile than in France or England.

Once you are off the delta the triangle with Cairo at the apex, you run into military zones. The secretive desert lies beyond and even the trains of padded footed camels snooping off across the skyline, no doubt on quite ordinary errands, and their Arab drivers add to the mystery. As to the Arabs most of them could tell a good deal if they cared to talk.

No Uprising is Likely. One can spend four and a half days going from Khartoum as easily as any tourist ever traveled the Nile, but if there is one thing extremely unlikely to happen in Egypt it is an uprising between here and the Sudan; nor are any of the desert tribes likely to create any havoc along the river. Trouble can come but from two directions, east and west. Both are under active military control and I am for the present not permitted to write about them.

But there is enough going on in this small, intensely vivid world to keep one from getting restless. For, remote from the war as we are here, we are in it in a strategic position, and the part of Egypt which counts strategically in a military sense is really quite small. It is only three hours from here to Alexandria and five to Port Said. The situation has dramatic compactness. Beyond that there are only the considerable outpost forces at the oases in the desert.

Egypt is staged in Cairo. Cairo has not given up any of its ordinary life, except the tourist trade, and is carrying on its military honors with quite an air. It can afford to let the tourists go, because it has the Australians and they are worth more in a month than the tourists of ten years.

News From the Senussi. I happen to be waiting for something that lifts the curtain and reveals a corner of the stage. A British officer has located an Arab somewhere in the depths of Cairo, and this Arab has just come off the western desert and knows more than any other man on the delta about the doings of the most-talked-of man in Egypt, the head of the Senussi, the desert chieftain who is the unknown quantity in Egypt and that officer's report will mean much. I have seized myself, as many thousands of Americans have done, on the terrace of Shepherd's hotel, but I have quite another sight from the usual one before me.

Imagine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

Heroes of Western Romance. Imagine this ancient and secretive city bustling with the heroes of western romance, with their pockets full of money and itching to spend it—to blow it in a large and conspicuous manner. They fill the sidewalks, sticking with their swagger sticks at the bare legs of the sons of the Prophet who wriggle among them keen on bakhsheesh and offering to sell them what they will.

The steps of the hotel are lined with military police, soldiers wearing the red and white brassard of the P. M.'s guard. They are here every night. For that matter they are to be found everywhere in Cairo to the number of 1,500 to keep the same im-

agine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

Heroes of Western Romance. Imagine this ancient and secretive city bustling with the heroes of western romance, with their pockets full of money and itching to spend it—to blow it in a large and conspicuous manner. They fill the sidewalks, sticking with their swagger sticks at the bare legs of the sons of the Prophet who wriggle among them keen on bakhsheesh and offering to sell them what they will.

The steps of the hotel are lined with military police, soldiers wearing the red and white brassard of the P. M.'s guard. They are here every night. For that matter they are to be found everywhere in Cairo to the number of 1,500 to keep the same im-

agine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

Heroes of Western Romance. Imagine this ancient and secretive city bustling with the heroes of western romance, with their pockets full of money and itching to spend it—to blow it in a large and conspicuous manner. They fill the sidewalks, sticking with their swagger sticks at the bare legs of the sons of the Prophet who wriggle among them keen on bakhsheesh and offering to sell them what they will.

The steps of the hotel are lined with military police, soldiers wearing the red and white brassard of the P. M.'s guard. They are here every night. For that matter they are to be found everywhere in Cairo to the number of 1,500 to keep the same im-

agine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

Heroes of Western Romance. Imagine this ancient and secretive city bustling with the heroes of western romance, with their pockets full of money and itching to spend it—to blow it in a large and conspicuous manner. They fill the sidewalks, sticking with their swagger sticks at the bare legs of the sons of the Prophet who wriggle among them keen on bakhsheesh and offering to sell them what they will.

The steps of the hotel are lined with military police, soldiers wearing the red and white brassard of the P. M.'s guard. They are here every night. For that matter they are to be found everywhere in Cairo to the number of 1,500 to keep the same im-

agine the most European of Cairo's streets filled from the steps of the hotel to the arcade across the way with swarming men in khaki. They walk with a swing and a "cheero," their spurs jangling, the Emu feathers in their hats waving, their level eyes a head above even the tall Egyptians. To anyone used to the areas of Europe they strike you like a fresh wind off the mountains. For those are the Australians; the roughest, toughest, fit and fighting body of men I believe the world has ever seen. All the varicolored, fascinating life of Cairo is swept away by their virility. They seem fairly to swell through the streets.

perial Australian private in order. But tonight they are particularly vigilant, as an order has been issued declaring Shepherd's and the Continental hotels out of bounds for anyone under the rank of an officer. The order was issued because the Australian privates were monopolizing the two best places in the town to dine.

Two of these Australian boys, lean-flanked horsemen from the plains, free men in the very carriage of their heads, started to mount the steps. "Pull them up!" the lieutenant of the P. M.'s guard snapped out. For a moment I thought we would have some, but the two boys, who had not heard the official order, listened with faces as cold as marble, and, without losing a trace of dignity, turned and walked down the stairs. I wanted to cheer. The landing at Anzak was easier for them than to walk down those stairs, but they did it like cowboys and men.

"King's" Son a Private. Most of these Australians have plenty of money and there is no telling by their rank how much money they have. One private has rented the most expensive house for rent in Cairo and has a retinue of servants. He is the son of a pearl king.

The democracy of this army shocks some British officers and delights some others. Usually they like it, because the type of British officer who has been sent to Egypt is usually a man who has knocked about the back countries and values men for being men. I spent the morning with a British major who had received orders to work up a contingent to handle a camel corps. For corps captain he picked up an Australian who has not an "h" to his name and swears beyond belief. But he understands camels and that is all my friend asks. He has been doing a large share of his provisional recruiting sitting in a cafe, and the word has passed around where he is to be found. And this is the British army!

An Australian told me a story on his colonel. They were fresh back from Gallipoli, and ordered up for a review. So the colonel gave them a few instructions, in the family circle, as to how they were to behave, and ended by saying:

"And for the love of Mike when the General is here don't call me Bill."

I can quite believe that story. After seeing the joyous Australians it does not seem a bit out of the way.

Longing for a Scrap. Three of those mighty men from the Antipodes were riding on a street car with me the other day and three dapper effendi, with polished boots and more than polished manners, entered and sat down opposite.

One of the Australians leaned across to me and remarked:

"Stranger, can't you do something to start a fight? I need exercise."

The effendi looked disturbed but kept their seats.

The most typical of the stories I have heard on passable authority occurred the night of the evacuation of Anzac, the particular evacuation in which the Australians did not lose a man. Officers have told me that as they walked down that deadly slope to which they had clung for months they had not the slightest expectation of ever getting away alive. They hoped they might get some of their men off on the transports which had come up under cover of night, but to escape themselves they considered impossible.

That night, though everyone knew what was going to happen, was chosen by several mighty Australians to get dead drunk. They could not be moved. But in the dawn, hours after everyone else was gone, they woke from their drink Homerically, and swam out until they were picked up.

After First Effect, Ordinary Life. Once the first overwhelming effect of the Australians has passed, one sees from the terraces more of the ordinary life, the racing gharries with their shouting drivers bearing along Egyptian women with fine eyes and the thin white veils, more a provocation than a protection, now in vogue in the East. Some of the ladies of the sultan's palace have also just passed in a French limousine, going three times as fast as anyone else, and I note they too wear the gossamer yashmaks.

On the sidewalk immediately below the rail of the hotel, an Arab woman is squatting telling the fortunes of two Australians. A water carrier, dirty beyond belief, pushes along through the swarming porters. Officers are arriving, bag and baggage, every half minute, and through the red fez comes a brighter touch of color as two British generals, red bands on their caps, red tabs on their lapels and strips of service ribbons with every color in the rainbow, pull up.

But through all this distracting color comes a figure in a white turban, and a white burnoose who dominates the sidewalk. A staff officer who has just descended the steps sees him and thrusts out a hand for him to shake. He gives it a quiet, dignified shake, and they pass a few compliments before they pass on. It occurs to me that this is the first time I have seen an English officer shake hands with a native and the explanation is being expressed right behind me.

"Bedouin," an officer is saying. "The first I've seen for some time, right off the desert, too. Isn't he a specimen for you? A man, by Jove, and a gentleman!"

And so I begin to understand why everyone in Cairo talks only of the leader of the Senussi, the chief of all the Bedouins—Arno Dosch in New York World.

wogians have been purchasing as many steamers as were available for several months. When they were unable to make any further purchases they placed orders with American builders. C. Ravan, the Norwegian consul-general, said in explanation of the placing of the orders here, that formerly Norway obtained many of her steamships from England, but that now British shipyards are busy building British ships. Prices for ships are 50 per cent higher than before the war.

Twenty-Seven Steamers to Be Acquired from American Yards This Year, a Report.

New York.—The total number of steamships to be built in this country for Norwegian interests this year was brought up to twenty-seven by the announcement that contracts have just been awarded for building six vessels of 3,000 tons each at Manitowish, Wis.

According to shipping men, the Nor-

PRETTY CAPITAL VISITOR



Miss Madeline Skinner is one of the prettiest of the visitors in Washington this winter. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Skinner of Philadelphia, and is being extensively entertained.

GOOD MARKET FOR CAT FUR

Trappers Find a Demand for Almost Any Kind of Hide That Bears Fur.

Bar Harbor, Me.—Boys and men who make a business of trapping and hunting in this vicinity, and there are many such, are all smiles over the results of their winter's work.

Last year the bottom was knocked out of the fur business by the European war. Prices were very low, and there was in consequence very little trapping done. This caused a shortage of manufactured furs and also a decided increase in the number of animals available in the woods. Fur-bearing animals, according to the woodsmen, were never so plentiful in this part of New England.

Time was when only a few kinds of animals were much sought for their pelts. With the increased demand, however, there is hardly anything that wears fur, from the bear to the muskrat and rabbit, whose skin is not sought. Even the humble house cat brings a price. The muskrat was formerly considered one of the poorest of all furs. Now there is a steady demand for it, and it appears in the fur shops as American brook mink.

Certain kinds of lamb pelts sell as Iceland fox, certain kinds of dogskin are in high favor as Manchurian wolf and quantities of catskins are also offered under various names. Beaver, coon, mink, fox and weasel have no difficulty in finding a sale, and do not have to masquerade, as their fur is sufficiently well known and prized in itself.

MAY RAISE PRICE OF PAPERS

Provincial Journals in Great Britain Are Hardest Hit by Pulp Shortage.

London.—Owing to the increased cost of print paper, due chiefly to high freights, a number of English newspapers, particularly in the provinces, are considering the question of coming to an agreement to raise their prices.

They state that unless there is an increase of the price at which newspapers are sold a great many of the provincial newspapers will cease to exist, or at any rate will be suspended for the duration of the war.

Added to the high price of print paper is the increased cost of many accessories in connection with newspaper production, great shortage of labor owing to the number of men who have gone from the printing trade into the army and the munition factories and the great increase in the wages of boy and other labor.

WOULD GO BACK TO PRISON

After Pardon, Aged Man Declares the Outside World Has Treated Him Badly.

Davenport, Ia.—Gus Eisenberg, seventy-four years old, pardoned six months ago, after serving 28 years in Fort Madison penitentiary on a murder charge, has asked the local police to return him to the penitentiary.

"I'm lost. I don't know where to go," he told the police. "I want to return to prison, for I spent all of my life that was worth while there. Warden Sanders was good to me and nobody out in the world is. I want to go back to the only friend I have."

The local police will probably ask the state board of pardons to revoke Eisenberg's pardon and return him to prison for the remainder of his life.

The Reformed Clock. Denmark has reformed its clock, which now boasts of twenty-four hours. But little damage is done. As the day begins at midnight, the smaller numbers remain in the hours when the belated husband finds it most difficult to pronounce.

Jury Sleeps in Bath. New York.—As all the New York hotels reached in half an hour of telephoning reported by the members of a jury to slave jury in bath.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning, have often made a hero of the same man who by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning would have proved a coward.—Chesterfield.

SANDWICHES FOR GUESTS.

Good wholesome bread is the great food in our homes and is often-times the most lily prepared. For the busy woman who has little time to prepare the light bread in the longer process this will appeal to her:

Quick Bread.—Boil and mash seven potatoes, add a pint of water in which the potatoes have been boiled, and three pints of cold water, then stir in two and a half cakes of yeast dissolved in a little warm water, two tablespoonsful of salt, two of sugar and three of flour, mix and add a pint of boiling water; when cool add to the first mixture and cover with a cloth and keep warm ten hours. Then place in a moderately cool place until needed. For each loaf of bread put four cupsful of flour, warm and sifted into a bread pan with a pint of the yeast, a cupful of scalded milk, cooled, and a tablespoonful of lard. Mix with a spoon, then knead briskly for ten minutes, mold into loaves and let rise in a warm place. When light bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Tea Rolls.—Scald two cupsful of milk and pour it over a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonsful of butter and a teaspoonful of salt. When it is cool to luke-warm beat into it three cupsful of flour, sifted three times, then add a cake of yeast, dissolved in a fourth of a cupful of luke-warm water. Cover and let rise until it is light, then add two well-beaten eggs, three more cupsful of flour and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Place in a buttered bowl and let rise until double its weight. Brush the tops with melted butter and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes by adding to the above one-half a cupful of cocoa.

Popovers.—Take two cupsful of flour, two cupsful of milk, three eggs and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs until light, add the milk and salt and pour gradually into the flour, beating all the time. Strain the batter and pour into hot greased gun pans. Bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes.

Let us examine sacredly whether there is any wrong intrusted to us to set right.—Dickens.

Greatness is nothing if it is not lasting.—Napoleon.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

The indispensable pocket in a kitchen apron may be put near the edge of the apron, but on the under side where it will not be caught and worn off on every projecting point.

Treat your broom to a hot-water bath of hot soap suds, dipping it until it is bright and clean, then shake out the water and let dry hanging. An eye screw should be placed in every broom, and then it should be hung after using. Such a broom will give a third longer service than one that is not taken care of.