

BETTY, the LOBBYIST

By Annie Hinrichsen

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Betty Grierson rose from her seat on a rock and walked to her car which stood at the roadside. From it she took a large flag bearing the words: "Votes for Women." She fastened the lettered banner, spread to its widest extent, across the side of the car in full view of the road. Then she returned to the rock.

An automobile whirled down the road. As it drew near the car at the roadside and the girl on the rock its rapid speed was checked. But when it came opposite the banner the brake was suddenly released and the car passed on more rapidly than it had come.

Many more cars came down the road, moderated their speed as they approached the girl and her car, and when the flag flapped its great letters before them, dashed ahead at an accelerated pace.

With her back to the road, Betty sat gazing at the wide river, at the hills beyond it and at the purple and golden mists that hung above the hills.

"Is there anything wrong with your car?"

Betty turned. Behind her stood a young man with his hat in his hand.

"Do you refer to the badge of liberty that flaunts upon it?"

"No, indeed. I mean the engine, or the tires. Are they out of order?"

"My car is in perfect condition."

"But I thought, as you were sitting here alone, your car by the road, that you might have had an accident."

"I have had no accident." There was a note of exasperation in her voice. "But," she added, courteously,



Gazing at the Wide River.

ly, "I thank you for your interest and your desire to help me."

"You do not need my assistance with your car, but there is a way I can perhaps help you." He glanced at the banner. "I am chairman of the legislative committee to which your bill has been referred."

Betty's eyes opened wide. "My bill?" she queried.

"The equal suffrage bill," he explained, nodding toward the car. "It was introduced in the house a week ago and referred to the committee of which I am chairman. When a bill is in the hands of a committee all persons are privileged to appear at the committee meetings and present their arguments for and against the measure. We have been expecting the advocates of the suffrage bill to come before us with their pleas for it. I see that you are an avowed champion of the cause. As chairman of the committee, I am anxious to have as much information as possible on the subject. Will you not give me some of your opinions on it, some of your reasons for desiring its passage?"

Betty looked hard at the river. Her lips were tightly compressed. When she spoke there was an uncertain little catch in her voice.

"I want the ballot," she said. "I am deeply interested in the measure before the committee of which you are chairman."

The young man sat down on a log beside the rock.

For two weeks Richard Allerton, chairman of the committee on revision of laws, gave his attention to the suffrage question. Or, to be more exact, he gave his attention to Betty Grierson. The other women who were actively interested in the passage of the bill appeared at various times before the committee and presented their arguments. But Betty Grierson never came into the committee room. Whatever arguments she made were presented to the chairman in the parlors of the hotel at which she was staying, in the visitors' gallery of the house of representatives, on golf links and on the automobile roads about the capital.

"I suppose, Allerton," a fellow member remarked one day, "that you will vote against the bill to buy and close the plant of the Merley Powder company."

"I shall vote for the bill."

"Miss Betty is very beautiful and you—"

"What has she to do with it?"

"The state wants to turn the Merley

river into a drainage canal. In order to do so the Merley Powder company will have to be deprived, by act of the legislature, of the use of the current of the river. They are fighting the bill and Miss Grierson—"

"Be careful."

"She owns a fourth of the stock of the company. She is here lobbying against the bill."

"She is not."

The other man stepped back out of reach of Allerton's clenched fist.

"Your charges are cruel," said Betty, when he had finished his arraignment. "And—and part of them are true. I am a deceitful, dishonest person." She turned her face away from him and went on speaking. Her voice was unsteady and occasionally she choked and the words refused to come.

"I am not a suffragette. I don't know anything about the subject. When I was a little girl I lived here. There was a spot I loved better than anything else in my little world. It was a big rock at the turn of the road above the bend in the river. The road was not an automobile thoroughfare then. It was a quiet, country lane. I used to sit on the rock and watch the river and the hills and dream all the wonderful things that only children can fancy."

"We moved away. The day you saw me on the rock was the first time I had been there since I was a little girl. I had come back to the capital to see about some farm lands I own here. I went to the old rock to see if the dreams would come back."

"Every automobile that came along stopped and the occupants asked if I could not dream with those interruptions every five minutes. A suffragette friend had that day left a banner in my car. I fastened it on the car, thinking that men would hurry by at sight of it. They did."

"Then you came. Your eyes were big and brown and your mouth was firm and beautifully shaped and your hair crinkled adorably, and—and I wanted to talk to you. I let you think I was a suffragette because I wanted you to stay—"

"But the Merley Powder company? Is that your real reason for being here? Are you lobbying for it?"

"No—no. I am not. I haven't a dollar in it. Truly I have not. But I did have. Must I tell you anymore? Won't you trust me, Richard, and not ask me to tell you—"

"Go on. Tell me everything."

"A few days ago some one said that you intended to vote to close the Powder company and hinted that I was trying to influence you in favor of the company. I did not want you to think that I was trying to get your vote and—so I sold my stock. I was in such a hurry to disposed of it that I let it go for a mere fraction of its value—"

"You sacrificed your property because you feared I should think—"

The amazement in his voice stung her. She whirled toward him.

"I have plenty of money. Don't flatter yourself that I have begged myself for the sake of your opinion—"

She looked at him for the first time since she had begun her confession. The look in his eyes stopped her irate words.

"Betty, you're—you're the dearest, the best— Let's go to the rock by the river and dream a new dream, the sweetest one in the world. Don't turn your face from me, dear, unless you want me to kiss the back of your head."

SOUR MILK FOR THE AGED

Doctor Gray of Mexico Advises It for Those Who Crave It, Not for Those Who Don't.

The most striking example of the utility of sour milk is afforded by Dr. Robert Gray of Mexico," says a writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. "On a diet of buttermilk and clabber this remarkable man, over 80 years old and practicing in a climate not conducive to physical or mental activity, is doing a practice that would be burdensome to a man in his prime in Minnesota. A daily walk of twenty-five miles is usual to Dr. Gray, and he travels many more miles over the Mexican excursions for roads on mule-back."

"The secret lies in the fact that Dr. Gray has always craved these foods. This craving is not a matter of appetite, but its roots go deeper, into the physiologic needs of the body. I do not believe that these articles would prove as useful to one who disliked them and could not taste them without a shudder, even after faithfully partaking of them daily for weeks to get the palate and digestion accustomed to them."

"But if such a one felt the same craving for sweet milk or cream, craving existing from infancy and never satiated, I fully believe that these should prove better fitted to his needs than the articles that were distasteful. The fact that the administration of arsenic favors the formation of lactic acid and maintains the acidity of the blood may be one reason why it has proved useful, in the treatment of the aged."

Trick of the Trade.
Preacher—"I can't trade folks in their mansions in the sky." Real Estate Agent—"Take a tip from me; I always make a picture with an auto standing at the door."

An Old Remedy.
A dying horse was resuscitated by brandy poured down its throat. A "pony" of the same is regarded as a life-saver by quite a few humans.—Columbia State.

THAT FROZEN TIDBIT

SOMETHING BOTH OLD AND YOUNG APPRECIATE.

Modern Appliances Have Made It Easy to Produce for the Table—The Ideal Thing to Accompany Fruit Desserts.

Freezers of the smallest size have made it the work of a few moments to prepare a pint of cream or of custard for freezing.

This renders it possible to combine the frozen tidbit with other desserts during the warm weather to the great improvement of the latter.

To the children the little inverted cone of vanilla cream surrounding a baked apple or a saucer of berries is luxury exemplified and even paternal-familias will smile upon the novelty.

The cream or water ice is so easy to do that Lizzie or Bridget will not object to the slight additional trouble if her own portion is carefully reserved for her.

Besides the fruit desserts just mentioned a cone of cream in vanilla or other flavor is extremely good on many kinds of puddings.

On brown Betty, bread, fruit panna and even rice pudding it is highly preferable to fresh cream or sauce, to most minds, and is not more indigestible.

At a girl's luncheon in the suburbs the other day chocolate layer cake was served as dessert with a spoonful of coffee ice cream on each portion, and the young guests were delighted with it.

The improvement which a tablespoonful of ice cream makes in a portion of pie needs no mention here, and to many palates muskmelon is never quite so delicious as when filled with that of vanilla flavor, but few housekeepers perhaps are aware how much a small quantity of water ice adds to a saucy fruit served in glasses, whatever the flavoring employed for the fruit mixture.

Ham Supreme.

Soak the ham over night and thoroughly wash and scrape it. Slice one onion, one carrot and one turnip, and put them into a kettle, add half a dozen cloves, eight peppercorns and one bay leaf, put in the ham, cover with cold water and let simmer four hours, then add one pint of cider or two tablespoons of strong vinegar, and cook until very tender. Take out the ham when partly cooled, remove the skin, sprinkle the top with cracked crumbs and brown sugar, and brown in the oven. Boil the liquor and reduce to one pint, then strain, cool and remove the fat. Cook one tablespoon of flour in one tablespoon of butter, add the strained liquor, stir and cook until perfectly smooth, and serve as a sauce for the meat.

Jelly Cake, Rolled.

Take one cup of white sugar, half teacup of sweet milk, two eggs, one cup of flour, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, quarter of a teaspoon saleratus, a pinch of salt and such flavoring as you like. This will make two cakes in a square tin; have the oven ready, put the cakes in and while they are baking get a cloth and the jelly ready on the table; as soon as they are baked take them out and turn them one at a time on the cloth, spread quickly with jelly or marmalade, roll up tightly in the cloth, lay them where they will cool; handle them carefully or they may fall; cut them with a sharp knife in slices.

Danish Rhubarb.

Cut the rhubarb in small pieces and wash it. Boil for ten minutes and put enough sugar in it to make it sweet. After it has been boiled for ten minutes take the juice from it in a separate pan and put a few drops of strawberry juice in it. Put one-fourth cupful of corn starch and one-half cupful of sugar of more, if not sweet enough. Then boil for five minutes. When cool and ready to serve, put one teaspoon of sugar and as much milk as you wish. This will make a dainty dish.

Custard Corncake.

Two eggs, one-third cup sugar, one cup sweet milk (to pour over top), one cup sour milk, one and one-half cups Indian meal, one-half cup flour, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt. Pour the mixture into your baking pan containing two spoons melted butter, and pour into the center of cake, without stirring, the cup full of sweet milk mentioned. Bake in piping hot oven one-half hour. This is a true and tried recipe.

Lamb Cutlets in Tomato Jelly.

Boil or bruise the best end of a neck of lamb, and when cold trim into cutlets. Mix together equal parts of lemon sauce and aspic jelly and mask the cutlets with this when almost cold and serve them to set. Serve the cutlets round a macedoine of vegetables with mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with cut-up aspic and slices of tomato.

German Sandwiches.

Chop enough ham very fine to fill a cup; make half a cupful of mayonnaise; mix the ham and mayonnaise dressing together in a bowl and spread on thin slices of bread.

Meat Pie.

When making a meat pie run the meat through a chopper; season and thicken. This is nicer than when it is cooled and then pickled to bits.

"PUT HER IN BUCKWHEAT"

Young Preacher Who Was Exhorting Mountain Farmers Received Unexpected Solution of Problem.

A young preacher had been sent out by the state mission-board to hold evangelistic meetings in the mountains, and at the first one he held he met Lin Dobbins, a tall, lank, rusty-looking individual who immediately conceived a great liking for the preacher, and decided to let his crops go while he followed him. So every where the minister went, Lin went, too; and he always sat on the front seat with one leg crossed over the other, his chin in his hand, his elbow resting on his knee, looking up at the preacher as if he were some kind of deity.

The young preacher knew very little about the methods of the mountain farmers and their haphazard manner of scratching a living out of the rough hillsides; so when he attempted to use illustrations which he fancied would appeal to their understanding, Lin always became uneasy.

"Let me tell you," said the preacher one night, "of a certain man who had a piece of ground. The snows melted and the ground lay moist beneath the rays of the early spring sunshine. The many voices of awakening life called to this man, but he heeded them not. He failed to plow his ground in due season; and even after the gentle rains came and the buds put forth, his land still lay untouched. Seed time passed away, the summer sun poured down upon the ground, and the weeds had grown up in rank profusion. The day of harvest was nigh at hand, but he had sown nothing. At that late day, what was to be done?"

He paused to give his words effect, and at this juncture, Lin, who with dropped jaw and open mouth had taken all this in, suddenly threw up his head, made a speaking trumpet of his hand, and exclaimed in a very audible stage whisper:

"Put her in buckwheat!"—National Monthly.

Didn't Know How.

It is said that once when Reginald de Koven was touring the country he found himself in the town of Dayton on Sunday. They told Mr. De Koven that an Episcopal church in the neighborhood had a superb organ. Accordingly, he went to that church, ascended the organ loft and sat beside the organist during the morning's service.

"You seem to know something about music," said the organist, in a condescending way. "I'll let you dismiss the congregation if you like."

"Why, yes," said Mr. De Koven, "I would like that very much."

Accordingly, at the end of the recessional, he exchanged places with the organist and began to play Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." He played beautifully. The Dayton people, enthralled by the wonderful music, refused to depart. They sat in rapt enjoyment, and after the "Spring Song" was finished Mr. De Koven began something of Chopin. Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and he was pushed off the music stool.

"You can't dismiss a congregation," said the organist, impatiently; "watch and see how soon I'll get them out."

Next!

Mrs. S. T. Rorer, the well-known cooking expert, compared French and American cooking in a lecture to the girl graduates of Chicago.

"American cooking, with its simple dishes and its free use of the grill," she said, "is healthful; but the rich sauces of French cooking and the liberal use of the frying pan make the French flabby and dyspeptic."

"I was once entertained at a Paris restaurant famous for its chef. We had such dishes as saimi of becase, etuve of beef and aubergine au gratin—and then my host, leaning back with a satisfied smile, handed me the menu and said:

"And what'll we have next, Mrs. Rorer?"

"Well," said I, "I think we'll have 'ndigestion next.'"

Art "Criticism."

Robert Henri, the well-known New York painter, was condemning a stupid critic.

"His interpretations are always wrong," Mr. Henri said. "He always misunderstands totally an artist's conception. He reminds me of the Cincinnatus woman before Millet's 'Angelus.'"

"When the 'Angelus' was on exhibition at Earle's in Philadelphia, a Cincinnatus woman dropped into see it. She gazed with lively interest at the two peasants standing reverently in the sunset glow in the quiet meadow. Then she said:

"'A courtin' couple, hey. Seem a bit shy, don't they?'"

Not Yet Christened.

The Browns had a new piano, and Jessica was telling two little neighbors all about it.

"What is the name of your piano?" asked one listener. "Ours is the Pickering."

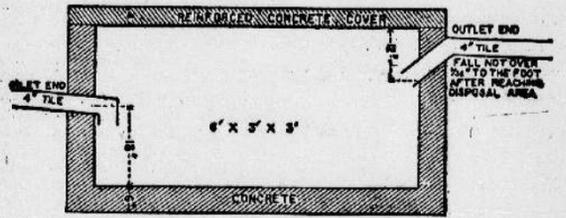
"Why—we haven't named ours yet," replied Jessica, rather puzzled. "You see, it only came last night."

Going Back into the Past.

A tracer is sent out by the Western School Journal to ascertain what has become of the old-fashioned country "Husum" in which one of the important debates every year was, "Resolved, That the signs of the times indicate the downfall of the republic."

SATISFACTORY METHOD OF DISPOSING OF FARM SEWAGE

Ordinary Cesspool is Best and Cheapest Plan—Anyone Who Can Pile One Stone on Top of Another Can Construct Tank, Which Should be Large Enough to Hold One Day's Refuse.



Well Arranged Cesspool for Sewage—Cross Section.

Many have been deterred from having bathrooms, etc., because of lack of a way to dispose of the sewage. A few have water systems installed, and the waste has been run into streams or old-fashioned cesspools, which are dangerous things unless very far removed from the water supply. A proper cesspool is the best and cheapest method of disposing of the sewage from the farm home. Do not be scared out because some scientific fellow has called what you want an anaerobic tank or a septic tank. It is really nothing but a plain, ordinary cesspool that does not "cess," writes Dr. E. M. Santes of New York in the New England Homestead. Anyone who is able to pile one stone above another can make one. It is a tank made tight, so the liquids are held until the fecal matter is converted into liquids or gases by the growth of bacteria that all fecal matter contains.

It should be large enough to hold all of the sewage that accumulates in a day from the home. It should be made longer than wide. One should never be made less than six feet long by three feet deep and three feet wide. This is large enough for a family of six grown people. Add one foot to the length for each additional person. The secret of success lies in the way that the sewage goes in and how the clear water comes out. The top of the tank should be below the level of the point where the sewer pipe leaves the cellar. As the inlet pipe enters one end of the tank, it should have an elbow that turns down to within 18 inches of the bottom. This pipe should be four inches in diameter and have tight joints. The fall in it should be not less than one-fourth inch to the foot.

The outlet pipe should dip down, so that the inner end is 12 inches below the top of the tank, and the outer end should be only about one inch below the top of the tank. This tank may be located anywhere outside of the cellar wall where the fall may be had. The water from it has to be run into a loose-jointed pipe about eight feet long for each person in the family, unless the soil be heavy clay, when the length should be doubled. It should be laid in a ditch 12 inches deep. This pipe should at least be three inches in diameter, and larger is better; it should have a fall of about 1/32 of an inch to the foot, and may be located anywhere the soil is loose. A vegetable garden or a lawn is ideal for it. It should be connected with the overflow pipe by tight-jointed sewer pipe that has a fall of not less than 1/16 inch to the foot.

The tank, when finished, should be tightly covered, without ventilation. When it is working right there will be a green scum on the surface of the liquids. It does not freeze in winter because heat is generated in the decomposition, and the water that is constantly being emptied into it is far above the freezing point. This system is not an experiment; it has been successfully used for many years.

Provide a load of field stone, not too large, a load of gravel, not too coarse, five sacks of cement and a box the right length for the family, three feet wide and three feet long, with no bottom, and tile according to the distance away from the house. Dig a pit at least four feet deep, four feet four inches wide and 16 inches longer than the box. The depth should vary according to length of fall between the house and the disposal

field, where the loose-jointed pipe is to be located.

Mix half a bushel of cement with three bushels of gravel. Be sure there are no streaks in it when mixed, then add enough water to make a rather thin paste. Mix thoroughly again, and, after placing a layer of stone in the bottom of the pit, throw in the concrete and level off. Let stand until the next morning and place the box an equal distance from each bank of the pit. Cut holes in each end of box for inlet and outlet pipes, and place these pipes in position.

Put in a layer of stone around the outside of the box, and then a layer of mixed concrete, mixed as before. Alternate stone and concrete until the top of the box is reached, the last layer being concrete, so that it may be choked off level with the top of the box. Put the stone back from the box and use spade or shingle as in the spring, so that the inside may be smooth. The top may be covered with plank or a concrete slab. The latter costs no more and is permanent. To make this slab make a box the size of the outside of the tank and four inches deep. Put in about one inch in depth of concrete, made as before; lay in old pipe or old iron of any kind about eight inches apart and extending nearly across the box; then fill up with concrete and stroke off level with the edge of the box.

After the concrete is thoroughly dry remove the box from the pit, wet the inside walls and floor, mix some clear cement and water to the consistency of batter, and, with a trowel, smooth up the inside with this mortar; then take an old whitewash brush and put on a wash made of clear cement and water about like thin cream. This will make the inside smooth and water-tight. Place the cover on, cover it up, connect to the house plumbing and the loose-jointed pipe in the 12-inch ditch to the overflow pipe; cover all and allow the sewage from all parts of the home to flow in.

Do not add disinfectants; they will stop the action that is so necessary to success. This tank will not have to be cleaned, as all solid matter is destroyed except the mineral portion, which is so small in farm sewage that it would not amount to one-half inch in depth in a year.

Turkey Breeding.

The turkey crop hatched previous to June 1 should attain good growth by the last of November, the cock birds reaching ten or twelve pounds.

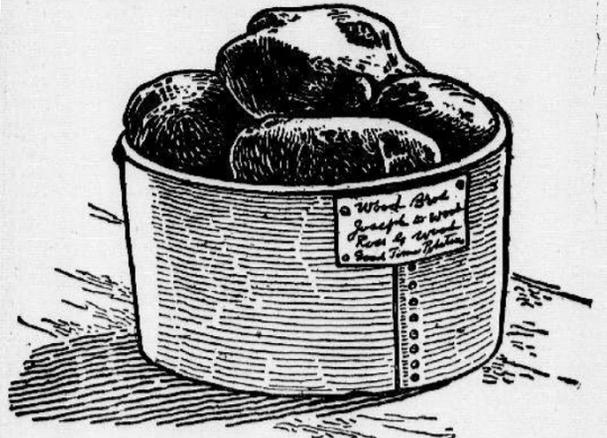
The turkey is not fully matured until two years of age, and is in his prime at three years, and nearly as good at four years old. It is therefore a mistake to sell off all the older birds and retain the young ones for breeding purposes.

Young turkeys are of a delicate nature until they are fully feathered and have thrown out the red on their heads, which usually occurs at about three months of age. After that they are hardy, and may be allowed unlimited range at all times.

Trees for Schoolchildren.

Stark Brothers, who own a large nursery near Louisiana, Mo., gave to the schoolchildren of nearby towns a carload of fruit trees, all of which were planted, and yet there were not half enough to go around. The car contained 4,000 apple trees, 2,500 pear trees, 4,000 cherry trees, 2,000 peach trees, 10,000 grapevines and 1,500 rose bushes.

POTATOES WIN FIRST PRIZE



All New England appreciates good potatoes. Here are some Good Times potatoes, grown by Joseph D. and Ross G. Wood of Windsor county, Vt.

That is the name of the variety, and they attracted considerable attention when displayed at the Vermont state fair, where they won first prize.