

MEETING THE FAMILY

By GRACE REEVES.

When Sam went to his first dance and took a girl all the members of Sam's family were interested.

Sam's father joked about it, and his sister openly expressed her curiosity as to his choice. But Sam's mother was seriously disquieted. Sixteen was altogether too young for any boy to run around with a girl, she said, and she didn't know what the girl's mother could be thinking of to let her go. "Just went to show what kind of family she was from. Sam's mother did hope that Sam wouldn't fall in love and think of marriage before he had started to college."

But Sam was not to be daunted. He not only took the girl to the dance, but he was so pleased with the adventure that he took her to several other dances in succession.

Sam's father continued to make jokes about it, but when Sam announced that he had asked the girl to come to tea Sunday evening his father broke an engagement that he might be there to take observations. Sam's mother was shocked.

"Come to call on you!" she exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, Sam, who ever heard of such a thing? What kind of bringing up has that girl had? Why, when I was a girl—"

"Now, mother," remonstrated Sam, "things have changed considerably since you were a girl. The fellows have begun to realize that it isn't all up to the girls—they've learned that they can have the girls to tea occasionally and change the program to good advantage all around and not sponge on the girls all the time. If you don't want to get tea ready, just clear out and we'll have a perfectly good time getting it ourselves. For I've invited Grace and she's coming."

When Sam's mother first heard of Sam's first dance, she had been shocked that Sam called the girl "Miss Brice." Two such children! But now she was doubly shocked that in such a short time Sam had begun to call her "Grace," even in speaking of her!

So when Sam walked in Sunday afternoon with Grace, Sam's mother greeted her coolly. Sam's father shook hands and laughed foolishly, as Sam thought, over the meeting. His sister giggled aloud at his introduction of her as his sister Brice. It was her first experience of social forms with him. Sam frowned wistfully at the entire family, and led his guest into the parlor and seated her at the piano.

Grace struck a few notes, and the family moved nearer to get a better view of her and incidentally to overhear any remarks that might be interesting. Sam watched them out of the corner of his eye and spoke low.

Finally his mother strolled up and sat down near the piano. "Do you play 'The Maiden's Prayer'?" she asked with precision.

The guest paused meditatively. "You don't mean the one that begins 'Do you get me, maid? do you?' she asked. "I don't know all the latest ones," she apologized.

Sam's mother gasped. Sam grew crimson. "It's something prehistoric," he murmured to Grace. "Play that rag again."

"Perhaps you know 'The Mill, then?' continued Sam's mother, firmly, quite convinced that she didn't.

"No, I don't know that one, either," replied the girl. "I did know some things from 'The Red Mill' several years ago, but I've forgotten them." She smiled in a friendly way, but she met no answering smile.

"You're at high school, aren't you?" inquired the questioner. "I suppose you're taking up domestic economy?"

"Oh, no," Grace laughed. "I'm taking French and history and art—just three studies, you know. One can't really take more if one goes in for any sort of a good time!"

"Yes!" said Sam's mother, slowly, darting an I-told-you-so glance at her husband, who had come in with Sam's sister to hear the fun. "I see. I thought as Sam said that you and he would cook supper if I had another engagement, perhaps you knew something about cooking—that perhaps you studied it."

Grace laughed. "Goodness, no. He's been telling me what a good cook you are, and I'm planning on it," she said.

Sam arose, flustered. "I forgot something," he stammered. "Come on out with me, Grace!" He handed her hat and coat to her.

It was night when Sam returned home. "Where's Grace?" inquired three curious voices at once.

"Aw, how do I know?" replied Sam, as he picked up a newspaper. His mother's smile ceased, as he continued, "But, say, you ought to see the swell girl I'm going to take to the Alpha Psi!"

"French Before Breakfast?" Commander Evans of Antarctic fame, has proved his courage in many fields of adventure. But we doubt if he has ever given a higher proof of it than in his undertaking to lecture at the Sorbonne in French learned in 15 days. The gallant seaman is said already to speak like a native—but the French are a very polite people—save for some slight confusion of tenses. If Commander Evans has not quite come up to Toole's advertisement of "French before breakfast," he has achieved a feat which will raise the reputation of his fellow-country men as linguists, which does not at present stand high.—Fall Mail Gazette.

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MISS STARLING WRITES LETTER

Telling of Her Travels in Primitive Style In Far Away Siam.

Wang Tang School, Bangkok, Siam.

My trip here was a very interesting one, after it was all over, and I am sure you will want to hear some of the details.

You will remember that I had mailed the trunk key you sent me to Mr. Spilman in Bangkok, in case the custom officials should want to try on my new dresses. It took a telegram to get my key back, as he had forgotten about it, and I received it just a few hours before we were ready to start. The two native girls had to walk all the way to Prae, so I started them off Monday morning with the Siamese teacher and their carriers to sleep at Wiang Saa, and rest up the next day; Mrs. B. and I started Tuesday morning. The boats had not yet arrived, so at every turn of the river we would stop and look for them. When we got to Wiang Saa that evening we found that one boat had arrived, but the other six boats had stopped four miles down the river, on account of the illness of the boat captain. I looked through the one boat, found my trunk was not there, and laid my plans to go to Ban Nalawm the next morning, hunt my trunk, and get what clothing I needed for my trip. At day break, I gave my head carrier the lightest load and told him to start out to B. Nalawm, and if the boats had not left there, to hold them; if they had, to hurry back and tell me and I would wait for them at Wiang Saa.

After breakfast we got all packed up, and were ready to start, when I found there were a lantern, water bucket, tea kettle and three chickens that no one was willing to add to his load (they had belonged to the light load that had gone on; and you simply can't make one carrier take what another man has carried the day before. If you start him out with it, alright; but you don't dare add to his load on the way). I said "Alright, if no one will carry these things, I'll take them myself," and

walked off. When I returned, I found the things had disappeared. I had a sickening picture of myself starting off on my horse with a tin bucket, lantern, tea kettle and basket of chickens, but if my bluff hadn't worked, I would have tried it.

Well, I started off the rest of the party and started, with a boy for a guide, for a three hours' walk across the rice fields. We had to walk all the way on tiny embankments of earth, thrown up to keep the water from running off the rice. At one place we came to a pond, directly in our path, and the boy said, "We go down here." I looked around for some other way, but all I could see was a trough of hollow logs, made to carry the water over, and that bridged the pond some distance away.

We walked over to that and found that, fortunately for us, but unfortunately for the rice, it was dry. So we walked over. So we went on, climbing fences and crossing streams, with no bridge but a couple of bamboo poles, until we reached the village. I found the boat captain quite sick, measles and dysentery, and doctored him up as best I could; then I went down to the boats. I went over the contents of all six boats two or three times before I found my trunk, which had been crated (a trunk won't go as freight unless it is crated), so it looked like all the other boxes. I soon had it out on the bank, when arose the difficulty of uncrating it. This we finally accomplished, with no other implement than a native knife. It didn't take long to get the trunk open, so I went through it very hurriedly, selecting what I thought I needed most for Bangkok. Then boxed it up again, and returned it to the boats. Another visit to the sick man and some directions and I was starting back to Wiang Saa. It was about eleven o'clock when I got back, so I got on my horse and started out for the party, which had nearly four hours the start of me. After going for about two hours, we came to a village, and inquired for our party, but no one had seen them pass. So the men said "They must have stopped at the 'sala' about two miles back," (which is some distance off the road) so we retraced our steps and found them there. When we got through with our lunch it was just half-past one, so we decided to make the next stage that day, though the men didn't want to go on. About four

o'clock in the afternoon, one of our carriers gave out and another man stayed back to keep him company. We went on expecting them to rest and catch up with us later, but that was the last we saw of them that night. We went on and on, and it seemed that the road would never end. The men kept pretty close together, for we were in a bad tiger country. It was quite an hour after dark when we finally reached the 'sala.' We had been told that we would have to find rest for the night in some one of the little temporary booths that had been put up, as the old 'sala' had been torn down, and they were going to erect a new one in honor of some prince, who was expected in Nan on a tour of inspection. But we found the new 'sala' was almost complete, except for the roof. We drove in and started to dismount, when the caretaker called out that no one was allowed there until the prince had gone through.

I explained to him that we were two foreign ladies, and begged that we be allowed to sleep on the front porch, which he allowed us to do. We ate our supper sitting on the boards out in the yard, and by that time were ready for bed. As luck would have it, both men behind were those carrying my things, so all I had for the night was my little mat and a steamer rug, which I had put in some one else's load to give it the right weight; so I took off my collar and belt and slept in my clothes.

The next morning we were up and ready for an early start, but our two carriers failed to appear. I sent my head man back to look up the other two carriers, and then we sat around and waited until eleven o'clock, when I became uneasy and hunted up two men to go back with me and see what had become of the men. I had gone back only a couple of miles, when I met two of the men, and had the fresh men take their loads. The lame man hadn't stirred from where we had left him and was going back home. We were out in the woods, the only men around being those who were working on the 'sala' so there was no way of getting an extra carrier, and we had to leave our coats and chairs behind. We got started off a little before noon and made good time the rest of the day, getting to Nan Tan before sundown.

The next day was passed without incident, except that Mrs. B.'s foot caught in the branches of a fallen tree, and she was dragged from her horse, but not hurt. That day and the next we crossed the river some hundred times and were kept pretty wet, as the rivers were still somewhat swollen from the recent rains. I had brought along a lot of odd stockings, that were beyond darning, and every night I would just throw away the pair I had been wearing, as they would not dry during the night, and put on a fresh pair the next morning. Late one afternoon my feet were wringing wet, and I began to take cold; so I took off my shoes and gave them to one of the girls and rode along sunning my feet, to get my stockings dry. We rode into Lawng Quang, and as we got to the 'sala', a strange man got up off the floor, where he had been lying and came out to meet us. I drew my feet under my riding skirt and endeavored to look graceful and cordial, while he introduced himself as the new French consul, on his way to Nan. I then introduced Mrs. B. and myself, and he helped her off her horse and then came towards me. I just had to pretend not to see his hand, and turning around to the girls said in Laos, "Give me my hat!" The girls gaped at me and made no movement, so I said "Give me my hat, quick!" when one of them said "Oh, she wants her shoes." I was so flustered, I didn't know what I was saying. So I tugged away and finally got my wet shoes on again.

Next day we got into Prae and spent Saturday and Sunday at Calenders, then down to Bangkok, two days by rail. I wish I had time to go into detail about this, but will have to get this letter off, so I will only tell you about my dresses.

I was so sorry the boats did not arrive before I left (we had to start Tuesday to avoid spending Sunday in the jungle) and had to go through the trunk so hurriedly, I took out the blue embroidered linen (which has been greatly admired), my crepe de chine, embroidered voile, the little blue-striped voile (is it?) with the pretty buttons, two white dresses two white waists, and the embroidered voile, princess slips, collars sash, handkerchiefs, etc. I don't know if this is the selection I would have made if I had had more time

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lovely dresses together at one time; they are every one lovely, so that it is difficult to single one out. But I believe I like the two voiles and blue linen best. The little white dresses suit me exactly though. The crepe de chine is exquisite, but I have not worn it yet. There are two dinner parties this week, so I will soon have a chance to blossom out. Two or three people have said "Your mother does send you the loveliest clothes," and though I can hardly appreciate how much work and time you must have spent on them, I am bewildered at both their abundance and beauty, and am overcome in any attempt to express my thanks for your labor of love. When I say that I do thank you with all my heart, and appreciate your work on them, I shall still leave much of what I feel unexpressed. When I get back to Nan I will write you more fully about the other clothes. I had to leave behind the wool dress, so as not to make the loads too heavy, but wish I had it now, as it has turned quite cool.

Miss Cole has just returned from a furlough, with her older sister, a lovely woman, who is visiting for a few months. Mrs. McFarland is giving a dinner in their honor Friday night. Miss Van Vranken has just arrived and is looking better than I ever saw her.

The two girls I brought down are a little home sick, but will be alright, I think, as soon as the newness wears off.

Now, I must stop; it seems so impossible to write letters here, when there is so much else to be done. Am going shopping with Miss V. this morning. Steeles have a sweet baby, of whom they are very proud; took supper with them Saturday.

FORMER SLAVE

Laid to Rest By Side of His Former "Old Marse" At Frankfort.

Frankfort, Ky., April 8.—By the side of his master, whom he had served faithfully as a slave and clung to after his emancipation, Charles Hedder, the oldest ex-slave in Frankfort, was buried in the Frankfort cemetery. He was 70 years old and belonged to the family of the late J. H. Williamson before the war. He remained with the family, a servant in the home of Mrs. Williamson, until his death. It was his request that he be laid beside the grave of "old marse."

Father of His Family.

Dr. Thomas Washington, aged eighty-one years, who resides on his

farm eight miles north of Danville, Ky., is a man after Col. Roosevelt's own heart. He has been married four times and is the father of forty-four children, thirty-nine of whom are living. Dr. Washington has grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren almost too numerous to count.

Nine Lives Lost.

Nine men employed in the construction of the Harahan bridge at Memphis lost their lives and nine others narrowly escaped a like fate when overcome by gases in a calcium.

Daily Thought. Teach your children to create. Don't allow them to be created.

3 — Equals — 25

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