

BACK IN THE NORTH

Former Hopkinsville Manufacturer Returns To Michigan From Mississippi.

Lansing, Mar. 3, 1917.
My Dear Good Friend Meacham:

Here I am back in the cold, cold North and I am enjoying it hugely. While I am an "inbred" Southerner and proud of it and ever ready to defend the dear, sunny Southland, still I love the Northern people. To me they are an inspiration. Their ambition knows no bounds and they rarely fail to carry their undertakings to successful conclusions. Michigan is the mecca of the industrial world, not because of its location but in spite of its location. It is on the Northern border of our country, where the winters are long and the summers short. Its one great asset, its forests, have long since disappeared. While its soil will average with the country as a whole, it is not to be compared with that of Christian county, and yet Michigan is now one of the great agricultural sisters of our Union, and this in spite of its long, severe winters and its short hot summers. Why has Michigan made such wonderful strides in agriculture and in commerce? There can be but one answer—the personnel of its inhabitants. The men who have put Michigan at the very top of the ladder, would have converted the Sahara Desert into a Garden of Eden, had they lived there. As a Southerner I can gracefully and gladly take my hat off to these great men of Michigan.

While millionaires are as thick as buffalo gnats in the Mississippi delta on a "mushy" day in April, still these wealthy men work like beavers and mix with the common folk. Money has not made them mad. It is not at all unusual to see millionaires rubbing elbows against men who work in the shops as they crowd the lunch counter for the noon day refreshments. It is the exception here to find a rich man whose heart has been hardened by money. Now and then of course we find a man whom sudden wealth has made his head too big for his hat or as the Southerners used to say "a heap too big for his britches," but when such a man "bobs up serenely" even his chauffeur despises him and the floor sweeper envies him not. He has only such friends as he can buy and they do not stay bought. A loyalty bought only with money is the poorest investment any man can make and only the man who has little brains enough to permit his money to cause him to forget to sympathize with men who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows, ever make such investments.

Saves Eggs

Royal Baking Powder makes it possible to produce appetizing and wholesome cakes, muffins, cornbread, etc., with fewer eggs than are usually required.

In many recipes the number of eggs may be reduced and excellent results obtained by adding an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, for each egg omitted. The following tested recipe is a practical illustration:

SPONGE CAKE
DIRECTIONS.—Boil sugar and water until syrup spins a thread and add to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating until the mixture is cold. Sift together three times the flour, salt and baking powder; beat yolks of eggs until thick; add a little at a time flour mixture and egg yolks alternately to white of egg mixture, stirring after each addition. Add 1/4 cup cold water and flavoring. Mix lightly and bake in moderate oven one hour.

The old method called for 6 eggs and no baking powder

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes, adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum

No Phosphate

When I see one of these "pop corn" millionaires strutting around, snubbing the friends of their struggling days, I am reminded of Aesop's fable of the "crow and the peacock." According to our old friend Aesop, a black crow sat upon a tree top in the barn yard and was consumed with envy as it watched a peacock proudly exhibit the beauty of its widely stretched tail. Crowds passed by and all stopped to admire and praise the strutting peacock. The crow solidly quizzed: "Here I am only a common black crow and no one admires my plumage nor praises my voice." It therefore decided to don the plumage of the peacock. So it flew down into the barn lot and picked up feathers the peacock had "molted" and stuck them into its tail and began to "strut" beside the peacock. The passers by were disgusted at the imitation and threw stones at the poor crow. The peacock saw the source of trouble and in a mad rage flogged the crow within an inch of its life and plucked every stolen feather. The poor crow in desperation sought the companionship of its own flock of crows, that had watched in disgust at its attempt to become a peacock. So they too "sat upon" the "would be peacock" and flogged it to death, saying as they did so: "You are a traitor to the crow family. You deserted us and tried to be a peacock. You were ashamed of your parents, brothers and sisters and now we not only disown you, but kill you to teach all crows the lesson that when a crow attempts to

be a peacock that it will not only be despised by the peacocks but murdered by its own flesh and blood."

The real men who have made Michigan the wonder of the world feel toward the few "strutting" millionaires exactly like the peacock felt toward this Aesop's crow and the men who carry the dinner pails fully share their views. Do you wonder that I love these big hearted, big brained Michigan men? Within my memory nearly every one of these numerous millionaires were men who carried dinner pails and their sympathies are still with the "dinner pail brigade."

The auto game is so rapid and so immense that it is truly dazzling and it is especially dazzling to me after having been hidden away for the past two years in the swamps of Mississippi, where the only noises I heard were the songs of the birds, the hoot of the owl, the bark of the squirrel, the scream of the panther, the howl of the wolf and the gobble of the wild turkey. All these sounds were indeed music to my "semi-civilized" nature, but I am again back in the commercial harness, although myself as yet pulling only a very light load, not enough to "gall my shoulders" but I am hoping that in time I will prove malleable to get into the "heavy harness" team again.

The North is prosperous beyond the wildest dreams of even Rockefeller or Morgan. Our own schedule approximates \$100,000 per day. It is estimated that the production of pleasure cars this year in the U. S. will exceed 2,000,000, at a cost to the consumers in excess of \$2,000,000,000. These figures are staggering. They are more than double the normal value of either the cotton or wheat crops and alone equals the value of the corn crop. This year's production of autos will be one car for every 50 inhabitants, white, black, red, yellow, "kids" and all. Cars do not wear out in one year and all the auto makers are planning an increased production for next year, so that with cars made in the past and to be made this year and next, it is safe to say that by Dec. 31, 1918, there will be a car for every 12 of our population. Ford alone is making 2,000 cars per day and employs over 50,000 people. Assuming that each adult counts for five, Ford is putting bread and butter into 250,000 human mouths, a number in excess of the population of Kentucky's greatest city, Louisville. This is indeed a great responsibility for one man and we may all be thankful that this responsibility rests only on the shoulders of a man who has Henry Ford's big heart.

My love for the North has in no way lessened my love for Hopkinsville and dear old Christian county. May God bless all of you and may you all hitch onto the spirit that has made Michigan the wonder of the world.

Your friend,
JOHN FRANKLIN BIBLE.

Going South.

The Mexican consul at New York is issuing 100 passports a day to Germans who are emigrating to Mexico.

Smallpox prevails in Berlin.

WHOM THE GODS SEND

By SUSAN E. CLAGETT.

"Will you tell me why you insisted upon my coming just now, Betty? I really couldn't leave with Christmas work piling up, but your letter made me think there was dire necessity. I expected to find you ill. Instead, you look as if you had been glimpsing paradise." There was a touch of wistfulness in the voice and some exasperation.

"That is just what has happened, Pauline. I am glimpsing it every minute, every hour of the day. My heart is singing, for I am going to have a home."

"A home? You have one. What on earth do you mean?"

"That is true, but I have always wanted one of my very own, where my wishes would come first after those of the only man."

"My dear, Betty, you cannot make me believe you have found a man in this God-forsaken spot?"

"I did not find him. He came. To be perfectly frank I think he subconsciously retained a memory of a girl, a moonlit sea and northern lights. But for my happiness, consciously, or otherwise, he came. Romance comes nearest to being the real thing on board a slow-going steamer than anywhere else in the world. I was not looking for romance, however. As you know, I was sick, unhappy. I had no heart to talk, but somehow the tall Scotchman managed to interest me. He rested me. I enjoyed every moment of that rest and accepted him as one whom the gods had sent for my diversion."

"I have never heard you speak of him."

Betty laughed. "I forgot all about him. Yet for a time after my return I was keenly alive to his personality. We had taken many little trips together after we landed and came to know each other fairly well, but home duties soon absorbed me and memories grew faint until at last they disappeared entirely. Then all at once they came back to me."

"The morning it all came back I had been so overburdened with work that my soul had risen to revolt at the thought I would never be able to get away from the household drudgery. Suddenly my inner consciousness took a series of somersaults and found myself standing upon the deck of that old steamer as she plowed through the moonlit sea toward the northern lights."

"When I took my mental gymnastics I was coming through the orchard and then and there stopped short at the sight of a once familiar figure. Walking up the driveway toward the house was the very man who had come into my thoughts the minute before. What would you call that? Telepathy?"

"It would seem so. I suppose you were glad to see him?"

"I was not." The reply was emphatic. "I was provoked. He should have let me know he was coming. A girl may be fairly free from vanity, but even then she dislikes to be caught in a huge kitchen apron with her face red and wet from the heat. Before I quite realized it both my hands were held close in his and he was looking down at me in a way that I found slightly embarrassing, and this was his greeting:

"I thought I was never going to have the time to come to you."

"It was an absurd thing for him to say. I had not invited him to come here and consequently was a little at sea as to his meaning, but before I could ask him what he meant, to my utter bewilderment he told me he had come South to marry me. He seemed to have taken it for granted that I would be ready to say 'yes' whenever he had the time to ask the question."

"Isn't it odd, Pauline, how everything worth while hinges upon a little word of four letters. With it the poorest man and woman are rich, without it the richest is the poorest of God's creations. That it should come to me some day I frankly acknowledge I have hoped, but that it should come in the form of an awkward, homely, determined man was not to my liking, for he is homely."

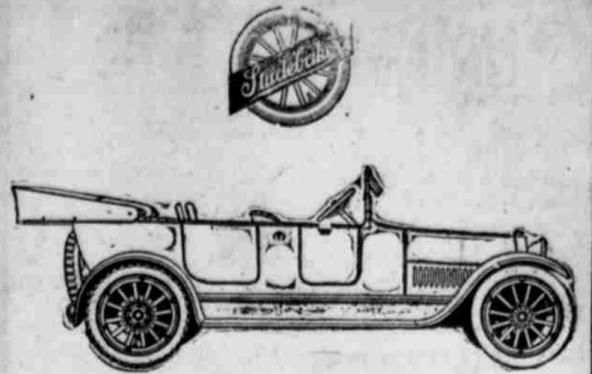
"But he was my first lover. That fact threw a glamour over me. Yet there was no lovmaking, at least, not the kind of lovmaking I had read about. And with the glamour I felt indignation that he should think I would be ready at his first word. But indignation faded into amazement at the thing that was happening to me. I felt my world turning upside down at this sudden coming of love."

"However, later on, when I was sitting quietly in my room I was tortured by doubt. Could love come all in a moment? I had never before had a lover. Was I moved by his earnestness or was it something that had to be. I asked myself these questions until I became desperate with the fear that I had been mistaken. I was afraid to go down to him. I opened and shut my door, opened it again and heard his voice asking one of the children where I was."

"His voice set my fears forever at rest. His very impatience made everything real to me and I went once more to the looking-glass and gave my nose an additional touch of powder."

"Well?"

Betty came out of a reverie. "Oh! I thought I had told you. We are to be married tomorrow, Christmas day. That is why I wouldn't take your 'no' when you wrote me you couldn't come."



BRAKES

Both FOUR and SIX are equipped with the same big Safety-Insuring Brakes. They act on a 15-inch drum with 2 1/2-inch facings—more brake area per pound of weight than you find on other cars.

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Leverages have been scientifically worked out, so that a touch of the Brake Pedal, or on the Emergency Brake lever, exerts great pressure on the Brake surfaces.

The Brakes are simply but perfectly equalized, so that the pressure on both wheels is exactly the same. No slipping of one wheel; no tendency to skid, due to unequal brake pressure the instant stopping of the car in a straight line—thus your safety is insured to the maximum.

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Near Beer.

The Evansville saloon-keepers are testing out a new substitute for beer containing one-half of 1 per cent of alcohol, that can be sold without license as a soft drink. Many of them will continue in business and one of them says: "I can sell that one half of 1 per cent. brew twenty-four hours a day and every day, including Sunday, without paying any license, and I believe it may make more money for me and other men who have been a bit blue lately than they have ever made before. The prospect isn't dark at all, as I view it." The "near beer" will be made by an Evansville brewing plant.

To All Odd Fellows!

Monday night, March 12th, we will have with us our Grand Master, M. V. Gregory and Green River Lodge. Have a fine program for the evening. We will have music, speeches and degree work and something to finish up the night in good shape. All Odd Fellows are invited to attend and if you fail to come you will miss one of the greatest events of the year.

COMMITTEE.

The Stork.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schamp, last Sunday, a girl. Mr. Schamp is assistant sexton at Riverside Cemetery.

After the Crooks.

On the occasion of a recent visit to Clarksville of one of the inspectors belonging to the department of the state sealer of weights and measures, it is said that quite a number of firms here were using short weights and measures. He visited many places some of which are among leaders in their line of trade, and but few passed without one or more of their instruments of weighing and measuring being condemned. Warnings have been sent out from the head of the department to consumers to weigh and measure their products on receipt, and if found faulty, report the matter. Coal dealers, ice dealers, grocers, and everybody, in fact, are required to maintain their scales and measure according to the standard.—Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle.

May Return to Madisonville.

The Hustler says John B. Brasher, who is in the government service at Louisville, is likely to remove his headquarters to Madisonville, where his aged parents live, both 86 years old.

S. S. Convention.

The West Kentucky Baptist Sunday school convention will be held in Henderson on March 13 to 16 inclusive at the First Baptist church.

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