

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY



by George V. Hobart

Going Shopping

SAY! Did you ever take your life in your right hand and go shopping with your wife?

I tried it the other day and I've been hearing voices ever since.

When I say "shopping" I don't mean that simple everyday gag of bursting suddenly in upon the sleepy floor-walker in a delicatessen parlor and with languid elbows leaning over the remnants of a once beautiful cheese while he cruelly separates four kippered herring from the bosom of a large and loving family.

Nix—I mean Big League shopping I mean that kind of shopping that women go in training for two weeks in advance; high-class, expert shopping, where important money changes hands; the kind of shopping that wives look forward to with dreamy eyes and live ever after on the memories; the shopping that sweeps a husband off his feet and makes him long to be a dusky-headed postmaster in No. 8 township, Bamooan Islands, where the fashion in fig leaves is permanent and money is a myth.

"John," said Peaches, the other morning, "I want you to go to the stores with me today. I have a lot of shopping to do and you can be such a help to me, because—"

"Wait a minute, friend wife," I broke in. "What have I done that you should wish such a calamity on me? Tell me to go out and get for my personal use an attack of inflammatory rheumatism and I'll do so; ask me to try to catch a street car at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-third Street and I'll work hard at the job up to the time a murderous taxicab climbs my front elevation and maims me for life—but don't, Oh! wife, don't ask me to go shopping with you!"

"Nonsense!" she gurgled. "I can't go alone, can I? And, besides, you must help me select two new gowns at the Maison de Splash—I must have at least two, mustn't I? And from there we'll go to Glinkstein and Roobheimer's, where I want to get a hat—I must have something chic to take off in the theaters, mustn't I?—And then we'll spend an hour in Gorgonzola Brothers, where I can pick out the set of furs you promised me for Christmas, and then we'll go to Camembert's for some gloves I need, and then—"

Help! Throw me anything! Don't you see I'm sinking!

The answer is I went—and live to gloat about it.

You know; this shopping gag brings out more prominently than anything else the fact that the high cost of living is caused by living high at any cost.

The ancient Greeks had a saying, "He spends his money like a drunken sailor," and that goes for seventy-five out of a hundred today.

The majority of the boobs give

and the floor had an Alfalfa carpet so a woman could faint wherever she happened to be standing when told the price of the particular gown she had picked to win.

D'Artagnan's grandfather met us at the front gate and swash-buckled us into the main Torture Room in the Inquisition.

Suffering Savings Banks, such gowns! Never before have I seen so many good excuses for a woman to leave home.

In the meantime D'Artagnan's grandfather was splashing French idioms in all directions until I turned and gave him the nackered eye. Then he switched to English—and killed it all except a few vowels.

"Ah! Madame wishes a new gown, n'est pas? Something chic, Parisian, ravissant, n'est pas? I have here such wonders Paquin, yes! Worth, eh! Poirer, yes! Callot Soeurs, eh? Doucet, yes!" Then he nailed me with the gimlet holes he used as eyes.

"Is that the correct batting order for today?" I inquired politely.

"Batting ordaire!" he fumbled, and then Peaches ordered me to the bench. She turned and whispered a few encouraging words to D'Artagnan's grandfather, whereupon he began to do Pavlowas hither and thither across the room until he finally disappeared.

"He's going to show us the latest creations," Peaches explained.

"What is he?" I worried. "A French nobleman over here under cover to pick up a bit of cake money?"

"Of course not," she pouted. "He is M'sieu Voulezvous, the Proprietor of the Maison de Splash—a recognized authority on women's dress."

Enter M'sieu Voulezvous, alias D'Artagnan's grandfather, at Left Second, dancingly; followed by Clara Panatella, blonde and glad of it.

"Who is the ingenue?" I whispered.

"Shush!" friend wife came back. "She is nothing but a manikin parading a costume. Isn't it perfectly lovely?"

"Out, out!" chimed in D'Artagnan's grandfather. "You see what it is—yes! Faded gray chiffon cloth figured with ze raspberry and a small lemon-colored flower. You see double fuchsia of ze material edged with deep cream-colored Bulgarian embroidery draping ze shoultaire and crossing in ze front and back—ravissant! Ze skirt is vaire full at ze top with ze pannier effect at each side and draped into a panel of raspberry color silk in ze back, which falls down from a girdele of ze same raspberry color silk—ravissant, yes!"

"Exquisite!" murmured Peaches. "How much?"

"Two hundred feetty dollaire," answered D'Artagnan's grandfather, without a quiver. Some actor, that old boy.

I choked back a couple of sobs and

"Hoops, my dear!" I gasped, not knowing what else to say.

"Le Minaret," continued the friend of Louis the XI, "it would be to Madame's beauty as the rose is to a lovely garden, yes!"

He was there with the saive, that old boy.

Hypnotized by the harmony of colors and carried away by the up-to-dateness of the creation, Peaches breathed in the ear of Voulezvous an eager, "How much?"

"Three hundred and feetty dollaire," he breathed back to her.

Sinking for the second time, I didn't breathe at all.

Then, with a forgiving smile, Peaches turned to me and said, "Isn't it lovely? Isn't it wonderful?"

"She is," I answered; "she's a quaint little package of pepper—that's what she is! I thought I liked that blonde, but it was only a passing fancy. This brunet has me limping after her along the Road of Happiness. Did you pipe the smile she saved up for me and me alone? She must burn acetylene in both lamps, because I'm all lit up with excitement. A queen, take it from an expert—a queen!"

Exit Le Minaret hurriedly, while Voulezvous stood there expressing astonishment with both shoulders and the small of his back.

"Does Madame prefer something else, yes?" he wigwagged, after notice



"She Pointed Her Nose at the North Star and Left Me Flat."

ing how high in the air Peaches was wearing her chin.

"Yes," I butted in quickly; "bring on something nifty in a transparent skirt—"

Curtain.

When I came to I was out on the sidewalk listening to Section VI, Paragraph IV, of the Riot Act.

Then she pointed her nose at the North Star and left me flat.

Peaches will probably speak to me again some time before Christmas. She'll have to if she believes in Santa Claus.

HOW ONE MAN GOT HIS START

Ambition to Be Author Not Successful, But It Served a Good Purpose in the End.

"I got my start in life," said a wealthy retired hardware dealer, "in a singular manner.

"You might not think it, I having passed the major portion of my life in selling nails, padlocks, stoves and shovels, but in my early youth my great ambition was to be a writer, an author. I had no doubt whatever that that was what I was cut out for, and certainly I worked at it good and hard; but none of the publishers seemed to agree with me. As fast as I sent the things in to them they would send them back.

"But that didn't worry me. I knew that sooner or later they would come to like what I wrote and buy it. What got my goat was the expense. I was a very ready writer and I wrote long pieces. The stamps I had to use to send these pieces out and get them back cost me a lot of money.

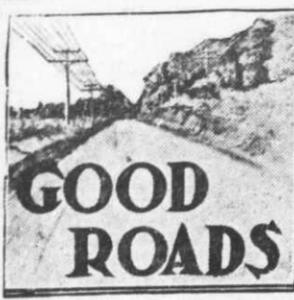
"When I realized how much I was paying out for stamps I said to myself, 'Hump! I'll save up that money for five years and then I'll go to writing again.' And for the next five years I did put aside regularly the amount that I would otherwise have spent for stamps, and you would be surprised if I should tell you how much it amounted to. But at the end of that time I did not again take up writing.

"Just at that time the senior partner in the hardware store in our town died and his heirs drew out all his interest in the firm. There was a chance for a man with a little capital to get into a good business. I had the capital, my accumulated stamp money, and I bought that interest in the hardware store.

"From that time on I was always too busy to write; but my great success in the hardware business you can clearly trace to my original ambition for authorship."

He Couldn't Lose.

A lady in Los Angeles decided whether she would bring divorce proceedings or not by boiling an egg. Some of the eggs were hard and some soft. If she drew a hard one she was to sue. If her egg was soft she was to remain unhappy and married. She drew the hard egg. Any husband who was given an even break like that with an egg and a divorce ought to be glad to abide by the consequences. He would win if he lost—and he did.



EXPENSE OF BUILDING ROADS

Over \$200,000,000 Spent on Highways Up to January 1, 1915—31,000 Miles Constructed.

More than \$200,000,000 of state appropriations have been expended to January 1, 1915, and an approximate total of 31,000 miles of surface highway constructed under state supervision since the inauguration of the policy known as "state aid," according to the Good Roads Year Book for 1915 issued by the American Highway Association from its Washington office. Only seven states, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas, have no form of state highway department whatever, although Georgia grants aid to the counties for road improvement by lending the services of the entire male state convict force.

Legislatures are devoting much attention to road legislation and unquestionably several new highway depart-



Convicts Building a Good Road.

ments will result. North Carolina will probably establish an independent highway department in lieu of the work now done by the state geological survey relating to highways.

New Jersey in 1891 was the pioneer state in providing state aid for public highways. Massachusetts and Connecticut adopted the policy shortly after, but only during the last ten years has the state-aid policy been in effect on a considerable scale. About 5,000 miles of state highways were completed in 1913 and about 6,000 miles in 1914, so that the last two years have been responsible for more than one-third of the entire state highway mileage. The state highways in America now exceed by 6,000 miles the national road system of France.

To have state highway departments placed under non-partisan, efficient control; skilled supervision required in all construction work; a proper classification of highway to insure intelligent distribution of improvements; an adequate provision for maintenance of highways from the day of their completion—these are among the objects for which the American Highway Association is waging a vigorous campaign.

PRACTICAL GOOD ROADS TEXT

Probably Three-Fourths of Difficulties Experienced in Season Could Be Eliminated.

How much better to drag the roads in early spring than to let the roads themselves become a "drag" next summer, when heavy teams loaded with produce must be hauled to market.

Probably three-fourths of the road difficulties experienced during the season could be eliminated by a little industry right now.

The pleasure later on of hauling over roads free from ruts and gigantic mud puddles after the summer shower, will make up for any extra work this spring.

Here is a practical good roads text that will be carried out by many progressive communities this year.

Making Hard Roadbed.

To make a hard roadbed the soil should contain a fair amount of moisture. The control of the moisture requires that the roadbed be higher in the middle and smooth so that water cannot stand on it but will run off. If water can stand on the road, ruts will result, and when these are ground down, dust forms and finally a loose roadbed results.

The Road Drag.

The road drag is the simplest and least expensive contrivance yet devised for maintaining earth roads.

Roadbed Above Water.

Where there is standing water the roadbed should be kept at least a foot above the water surface and 18 inches better. The nature of the soil and the length of time that the water stands along the road will to a degree determine how high the roadbed must be above the water.

Keeping Roadbed Crowned.

Keeping the roadbed well crowned and smooth will hold the moisture in so that it will pack hard.

MAKES A GOOD, PLAIN CAKE

Delicacy That May Be Baked in a Great Number of Ways, as One May Desire.

I remember reading an article many years ago in which cake was designated as the "rose of cookery;" the term seemed to suit the dainty process of combining all the delicate ingredients that go to the making of a toothsome, dainty, beautiful, fragrant cake so well that I have always remembered it, remarks a writer in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Here is a very good rule for a plain, though excellent cake. It may be baked in all sorts of ways, as you will see:

One generous tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of milk, two eggs, a pinch of salt and a level teaspoonful of baking powder.

Stir the butter, sugar and eggs together, beating them hard. Then add the flour, in which the baking powder has been mixed and sifted twice. Add the milk by degrees, beat thoroughly and bake in a moderate oven. I have not mentioned the flavoring, because there is where the variety comes in. Flavored with vanilla, rose or lemon extract and baked in a loaf and fed, this is a very nice cake for ordinary purposes. Or it may be baked as a layer cake, with chocolate, caramel, lemon, jelly or other filling between the layers.

Often I bake it in four very thin layers and put it together with very tart jelly, making a real old-fashioned jelly cake.

By leaving out a tablespoonful of flour and adding grated chocolate, a very nice chocolate cake results, and this may be baked in layers and put together with a chocolate filling; a very good imitation of the more expensive devil's food. Grated cocoanut or chopped nut meats will make a pleasant addition, or raisins, currants and spices will give you a delicious brown loaf of simple fruit cake.

Orange peel grated into the batter makes a very nice flavor; then I would advise icing the top with an orange icing, but do not put any of the juice in the cake for it will "kill" the effects of the baking powder.

This same recipe may be baked in gem pans and served hot for luncheon, or the little cakes may be iced and set away for Sunday night supper. A portion of the batter might be flavored with chocolate for variety and the chocolate cakes covered with a chocolate icing.

MILK USEFUL IN MANY WAYS

As a Cleansing Agent It Is Frequently Better Than Anything That Can Be Employed.

Use milk on patent leather to polish, clean and brighten it. Nothing else gives it such luster and softness.

Use milk to clean piano keys. It removes all dust and grime and does not mar their ivory smoothness.

Use milk to remove ink spots. Wet the ink spot with the milk and keep it wet until the spot disappears. Then wash the spotted fabric in cold before washing it in warm water. Do not allow the milk to dry—keep adding more to keep it damp. The dried milk sometimes makes a yellow stain that is troublesome to remove.

Use milk to restore the surface of oilcloth and linoleum. Dip a flannel in the milk, and rub the oilcloth or linoleum thoroughly with it. Then rub again with a dry flannel.

Use sour milk for removing freckles. It is the lactic acid in milk that is effective in removing the freckles.

Use milk in starch to give it a gloss. Add a few tablespoonfuls to a panful of starch.

Boiled Frosting.

Half a pint of granulated sugar, moisten thoroughly with water sufficient to dissolve it when heated. Boil until it threads from the spoon, stirring often. While the sugar is boiling beat white of one egg till firm. When thoroughly beaten turn into a deep dish, and when the sugar is boiled pour the white, beating together rapidly until of the right consistency to spread on the cake. Add flavoring if liked. This is enough icing for one loaf of cake.

To Freshen Stale Vegetables.

When your vegetables become wilted and stale before you have an opportunity to use them, place them for an hour or so in a gallon of water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added. They will then be just as crisp and fresh as when gathered from the garden.

Venetian Stew.

Take one tablespoonful each of chopped onion, parsley, flour and Parmesan cheese, a little salt, pepper and ground mace. Spread this between two slices of freshly fried veal steak, leave for a few hours, then stew this meat sandwich in same pan veal was fried in, adding a little hot water or stock and butter. Serve hot.

Fried Bacon.

Cut slices of bacon one-half inch thick, pour boiling water over it and let stand five minutes; put the slices in the frying pan and sprinkle Indian meal lightly over them. Cook over a rather hot fire until crisp and brown. Serve on a warm dish.

To Prevent Spatters of Fat.

To prevent lard or butter from spattering when eggs or potatoes are dropped in to fry, sift a little bit of flour in the fat just before putting it on the stove.



"She is Nothing But a Manikin Parading a Costume."

daily imitations of the sailor and they don't even wait to get intoxicated.

Whatever my neighbor does I want to do—only more so.

If my neighbor saves up eight dollars and twenty cents and buys a red benzine buggy I immediately get together seven dollars and a quarter and get a blue one. In the meantime the automobile people put a white chalk mark on our houses.

If your wife buys a nearly-sealskin my wife has to rush and get an almost-silk with possibly ermine trimmings, and the children fill up the holes in their shoes with putty and exclaim, "Oh, doesn't Mamma look sweet in the fur mackintosh!"

Vanity is a worm that eats the lining out of a pocketbook.

All of which is neither here nor there, as the engineer said when the train left the track.

So it's back to that shopping proposition with friend wife.

Our first port of call was the Maison de Splash, where they trim a piano cover with a lace curtain and call it a "creation."

It certainly was a gorgeous cosy corner, that place! The walls were decorated in soft, harmonious shades

began to think hard. Two hundred and fifty dollars for a dish of raspberries with cream colored trimmings—assistance!

"How do you like it?" Peaches cooed.

"Lovely!" I answered as one inspired. "Frettiest hair I've ever seen. And her eyes—blue mirrors of her native Mediterranean! I've been lost in admiration ever since she floated into the room. Did you get that glad gaze she handed out to me when—"

By this time the blonde Venus wrapped up in the raspberry trimmings was being led hurriedly away from there by the bewildered grandfather of D'Artagnan, and in the short, sharp silence which followed lightning flashed from the eyes of a certain party and storm signals were ordered up from the Capes to Bangor.

Enter trippingly, from Left 2nd, Mons. Voulezvous, followed by Carissima Maduro, walking a la Slouch.

"Now we have it, yes!" spluttered the ancestor of D'Artagnan, turning the manikin around and around for our inspection. "You see, Le Minaret: it is ravissant, n'est pas! You M'sieu, I should value your opinion of Le Minaret, yes!"

NORTHWEST

Grants Pass was chosen for holding next year's Oregon State fair.

There are approximately 100,000 acres of arable valley land in the state of Nevada, and less than 750,000 acres have been attempted cultivation.

Judge Stoddard was ordered to serve from 18 months in the state's prison for a charge of burglary committed when he pleaded guilty to a rubbish heap resulting from the construction of the new Eastern Hotel owned by Robert Dyer.

The loss is estimated at \$20,000, has been the result of a burglary committed by William Brown, under a charge of assault with a knife and whose trial was held at Austin, Nev., May 10, with a stick of dynamite.

Vastly less has been spent on surveys and investigations of irrigated lands in most states. To \$20,000, has been the result of a burglary committed by William Brown, under a charge of assault with a knife and whose trial was held at Austin, Nev., May 10, with a stick of dynamite.

Harry Stokes, 62 years of age, Christiana Stokes, wife of Harry Stokes, living near Sunnydale, Wash., was killed in a fight with Smith, aged 26, a neighbor of the Stokes.

There is a greater available valley lands in the state today lying waste than in any other area covered by the state of New Hampshire, New Hampshire and Vermont combined.

Jerry Huber, who was the murder of Billy Huber, in town City, Nev., in August, has been granted a new trial on the basis of the suppression of evidence. Huber's third trial will be Huber's third trial.

John Dawson, of Lake County, and Ran Street, of Elko county, were arrested when the latter's turtle while being run on a turtle while being run on a turtle, two miles south of Lamoni, Saline county, Mo.

Carl F. Buss, wealthy Idahoan, was literally boiled alive in the darkness of a spring near Eagle Lake, Idaho, at Clark station, taken to a Reno hospital.

The University of New Mexico, thirty-six young men and women, the commencement week, the commencement being most impressive by residents from all over the institution.

Miss Emma Lucy Galt, Utah singer who has been engaged as soloist in the den tabernacle choir, appeared in San Francisco, and San Diego next July.

Six bishops, fifty prominent civil officers of others attended the top Laurence Scanlan, conducted by Archbishop Portland, at Salt Lake. placed in the cathedral ceremonies.

Three of the executives of the Western Milling & Flouring Co., during Idaho Falls, Idaho, a \$250,000 improvement work which building of grain elevator, Newdale and Iona.

Effective May 30 the system will operate between Denver and Ogden the Burlington Route equipment which will be to it at the Colorado, Louis and Chicago destinations, Francisco and Los Angeles.

The Oregon State grant on at Tillamook, adoption favoring abolition of state legislature and lawmaking body to be not more than fifteen months for a four-year term, main in session continuing.

Mrs. H. J. W. Elges, well known Carson Valley farmer, narrowly escaped drowning when she was from a cable tram car was crossing the Carson home. She was carried current for more than down the river, being two dams. Her escape the fact that she could

In a recent decision of the secretary of the holds that homestead settlement, in advance of lands in sections 16 and sections, gives the settler to acquire title to the tion, and by the same state the right to make to compensate it for its of such settlement and

The board of county has signed a contract of twelve miles of hard way through Bonneville the work to begin June completed by August 1, opening of the Yellowstone auto traffic.

When Hse-Na-Gat, the from Utah who caused dian war, is tried for Juan Chacon in the court at Denver, he will as many attorneys to there will be jurors to