

The Turkeean Mortgage

By KATHERINE HOWE

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"I don't care!" exclaimed Bessie Turkeean with bitter emphasis; "I've worked like a slave, and done the best I could to keep up the interest on that damned old mortgage, and just because I had to get ill and lose that two weeks, and can't come right up to the weeks with the money, we get this contemptible letter from that old skin-flint!"

Bessie was undeniably pretty, with golden glints in her hair and blue eyes so dark and deeply shaded they always reminded one of spring violets hidden in the grass. So when she gave vent to a grievance the rest of the family invariably sympathized. The family consisted solely of her mother, her younger sister Jane and herself. In this case they seemed to have very good grounds for sympathy.

Bessie was a bookkeeper in a mercantile house in the small town and the bread-winner of the family. Jane, just out of the grammar school, was learning the millinery trade, and beginning to earn a little, while the mother kept the house, sewed, mended and did the thousand-and-one things that unselfish women do, but which are never charged up to their account. George Turkeean, the husband and father, had departed this life about three years previously, leaving nothing much but a handsome gold watch and diamond studs which had been sold by the widow to pay the doctor's bill and funeral expenses. The deceased had in his youth sown a too-plentiful crop of wild oats, which had estranged him from his elder brother Jared and had depleted his energies to the extent of never untingling him for efficient service in the battle of life.

True, he earned his salary, but he never got a raise, and the mortgage which his brother held on the little home had never been paid off. Jared Turkeean had always been referred to by the younger brother as "that old screw," "dave," or "skinflint," and the fact that he took interest in his mortgage as almost a criminal proceeding, so it was not strange that the family had come to regard him as a grasping, inhuman monster. He did not attend his brother's wedding, and had lived in Australia much of the time, so Mrs. Turkeean and the daughters had never seen him. She had written to the lawyer's office where the interest was sent, and informed Mr. Jared Turkeean of his brother's death, but had never received so much as the courtesy of a reply, so it was not strange that there seemed to be good and sufficient grounds for the unpleasant reputation of the terrible Mr. Turkeean.

After Bessie had given vent to the emphatic protest with which this story opens, little Mrs. Turkeean looked up from her sewing in a troubled, helpless way.

"I don't know what we're to do, I'm sure," she sighed.

"Suppose you write and explain things to him," ventured Jane.

"Yes, a lot of good that would do, when he wouldn't even answer mother's letter about his own brother's death," retorted Bessie.

"Well, I suppose the next thing he'll walk in on us, and foreclose," said Jane.

"Perhaps," added the mother, in the same helpless way.

"I'm always seeing him coming in," went on Jane; "a great, fat, pompous brute with a red face and new clothes."

"And a hard mouth, and whiskers, and croaky shoes and a cane," added the elder sister. "Yes, I dream of him, and wake up so glad it isn't so. Oh, I wish somebody would deliver us from 'Cloc Turkeean.'"

"I suppose," ventured Jane, rather timidly, "Tom would help make out the payment. If he'd ask him."

"Of course. But do you suppose I'd let him know? Not on your life!" Bessie spoke with heat and finality. She had been engaged to Tom Barrett for some months, but as he was only a clerk in the house where she was employed, they were both waiting for better financial conditions before marrying. Barrett was an industrious, capable young fellow, well liked by his employers, and very much in love with the pretty bookkeeper.

The outlook for the three women was certainly rather gloomy, when to make matters worse, a strange man, about the prototype of Jane's nightmare, came to the front gate. He took a quick survey of the house, then came up to the door.

He saw him from the window. "What's come?" he asked.

"That old beast, Turkeean!" "The other two women started up in dismay. The bell rang. They looked at each other helplessly. Then the mother said: "Let him in, Jane."

"Jane complied, and ushered in the stranger.

"Are you Mrs. Turkeean?" he asked, addressing the elder lady.

"I am. And you are—"

"Mr. Turkeean's attorney, Mr. Moore," he interrupted. "I came to see—"

"Yes," put in Bessie, "we know what you came for." And she proceeded to explain the situation in vigorous terms.

"Yes," supplemented Jane, "Bess has worked early and late to try to keep up the interest on that horrid old mortgage. She's engaged to an awful nice chap, but he can't get married, because he isn't very rich, and Bess won't let him know she has to pay it."

Jane had paid no attention to the reminiscences of both the women, but went on: "But what does he care, mean old miser!"

"I think perhaps you do him an injustice," said Mr. Moore. "I don't think he knew matters were quite so serious with you."

"Well, why didn't he know?" blazed up Jane. "He didn't even answer mother's letter about father's death."

"About that time," answered Mr. Moore. "Mr. Turkeean was going through the most terrible experience of his life. He lost his wife and only child in an accident in Cape Town. He nearly lost his mind, and had to be kept in a sanitarium for months. Some well-meaning person, fearing the news of his brother's death would prove fatal, withheld the letter, and being amongst strangers, it was some time before he heard."

"But when he did know—" protested the widow.

"Yes, yes; I am not entirely excusing Mr. Turkeean. Undoubtedly he has been careless and selfish—I think he would admit that himself—but he was very bitter against his brother. I think with cause. You may not have known that he was nearly impoverished by his spendthrift brother, that he kept on letting him have money till at last he was obliged to refuse him. Then George repaid his kindness by forging his name to a check. Jared was so exasperated that his only terms for not prosecuting his brother was a mortgage on this property for the amount of the check, and the threat of prosecution if the interest was not promptly paid."

The expression on the three women's faces was enough to convince the lawyer they had never known.

"Perhaps I should not have told you," he said, "but it seemed to me a mere matter of justice."

"Well, I should think so," said the elder girl with conviction. "And I'm going to pay it if it takes the rest of my life."

The lawyer looked questioningly at the girl, then he said: "I shall write fully to Mr. Turkeean, and I am quite sure he will extend the time."

A few days later when Bessie returned from work she said to her mother: "I saw that Mr. Moore coming out of Mr. Dimler's private office today. I suppose he's been spying around trying to find out about me."

The next day she burst in with: "What do you think now? He's been pumping Tom! Yes, Tom asked me what it meant! Jane, you got me into a fine mess!"

Just a week after his first call the imposing form of the lawyer again loomed up in the doorway of the widow.

"Mr. Turkeean wishes me to hand you this paper," he said.

"Is—is it a foreclosure?" asked the little woman, turning white.

"It is a clear title to the property."

"Oh!" cried the three women in chorus, all getting tearful at once.

Then a strange thing happened. The lawyer also got tearful. He asked them if they could forgive his deception. He was Jared Turkeean himself. He wanted to know the truth, and he was glad he came, and he wanted that wedding to come off as soon as possible, so that he could make some more plans for his heirs and assigns.

Baked apples with cream, lemon or various gelatin jellies, rice, sage and soft cooked eggs are all good and may be presented in a most attractive manner.

A rosy apple cooked in its skin and carefully skinned leaving the pink on its cheeks, then served with a sirup made by boiling the peeling in the stewed juice of the fruit. Add cream and the dish will look so pretty that the patient will want to try it.

Generally, "Who is that young man who says he does not care to play tennis because the exercise is too violent?" "That is the boy whose father thinks that when he gets through college he ought to go out West and punch cows for a spell."

Changing Color of Flowers. It has been found that many pink flowers may be turned blue by exposing them to the fumes of ammonia for a few minutes, and blue flowers become pink when exposed to acids.

The Bottle Tree. The trunk of the "bottle tree" forms a uniform cylindrical column, from whose summit the branches issue as from the neck of a bottle.

Sarcotic Jehu. The man was going on a holiday, and at a busy London station the cabmen had assisted his fare to carry his baggage trunks and packages to the departure platform, for which he received recompense over and above the fare.

Equal to Potato. A number of starchy roots, tubers, and corms of vegetables, including Jerusalem artichokes, casavas, dashes, yams, yautias and taros, in addition to the well-known sweet potatoes, have food values and degrees of digestibility approximately equal to those of the Irish or white potato and, like the latter, merit extensive use as a part of mixed diets.

Healthful Cities Have Advantage. People are thinking in these days of their physical welfare and have no desire to live in localities where insufficient attention is given to the prevention of disease and where there is more sickness than there should be. The community that has health has a distinct advantage in the competition for economic prosperity over the sick community.

Migrate Long Distances. The Arctic tern holds all records for length of migration. When the young are full grown the entire family leaves the Arctic regions and several months later is found skirting the edge of the Antarctic continent.

Makes Hard Tools. Using steel alloyed with a new mineral recently discovered in Colorado, a resident of that state has made tools with which he cuts the hardest woods and shaves himself without sharpening the tools between operations.

Game in Mexico. Mexico cannot be said to offer a field for hunters of big game, and the term, "a sportsman's paradise," which is sometimes applied to it, is an exaggeration. Among animals may be enumerated the peccaries or javelines, deer, rabbits, hares. The reptiles include alligators, turtles and iguanas. Whales, seals and sea lions are encountered on the Pacific coast.—New York Telegram.

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The KITCHEN CABINET

Everyone has a chance to stand a hundred on his job, but too many are content to stand just high enough to pass.

Far off water will not quench near fire.

MUTTON OUR GOOD MEAT.

Mutton is not served as often as it should be because many do not like the flavor. Before our butchers learned that the carcass of a sheep should not be handled after the wool had covered the hands with its oil, much of the mutton was ruined as to flavor.

If care is used in the preparation of the meat before it reaches the cook and she removes all of the skin, there will be no woolly flavor left to disturb the most fastidious. Mutton being a short-fibered meat, is more easily digested than beef or pork.

Mutton in Casserole.—Cut mutton into serving-sized pieces, roll in seasoned flour with a bit of chopped onion and fry brown in a small amount of hot fat. Then add a pint or more of finely shredded carrots, with enough water to cook them, leaving just enough for the gravy. The flour will furnish the thickening. Cook slowly well covered for two or three hours, or until the meat and vegetables are tender. A small serving of meat with plenty of the carrots which are well flavored with the meat juices will make a good meal. This dish may be prepared in an ordinary iron frying pan, cooking the meat and vegetables on the back part of the stove at the simmering temperature.

Take a shoulder of mutton, remove the bone and fill with stuffing, using any desired foremeat; baste frequently while roasting.

Mutton With Dumplings.—Take three pounds of the breast, simmer until tender, then set aside to cool; skim off all the fat, return the mutton to the liquid, add one or two onions finely chopped, salt, pepper and a little curry powder if liked. Just before ready to serve, drop dumplings into the boiling hot kettle; small ones cook in eight minutes. Serve with the dumplings surrounding the platter of meat. Mutton chops are delicious when well cooked and seasoned. Mutton may be served rare, lamb never. A few peas to a mutton stew adds to the flavor and gives variety.

Bread of Mutton With Tomatoes.—Take three or four pounds of the breast of mutton, season well and put into the oven to roast. When it commences to get brown, pour over it a half can of tomatoes, to which has been added one finely chopped green pepper. Cook until the vegetables are well cooked.

Habit is habit and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed downstairs a step at a time.

An ounce of prevention is a good antidote for remorse.

TEMPTING DISHES FOR THE INVALID.

As the invalid who is convalescing needs food to rebuild waste tissues and usually has no desire for food, the problem for the home nurse is a real one. The fickle appetite of an invalid must be tempted by dainty, attractive looking food to create an interest great enough to cause him to taste of it.

The tray should be arranged in the most pleasing way with the best of linen and prettiest china that the house affords. If a flower or two is placed on the tray it adds greatly to the invalid's pleasure.

In case of contagious diseases it is an excellent plan to use paper doilies and paper napkins that can be burned immediately. There are many shapes and sizes of paper dishes also available if one cares to buy, saving the washing and disinfecting of dishes.

When serving a hot dish of any kind it should reach the patient piping hot and if the dish is an ice or a cold one it should be cold.

There is nothing more distasteful even to a well person than a hot dish served lukewarm or a frozen dish half melted.

All gruels and cereals served to an invalid should be long and well cooked. Dried fruits should be soaked overnight and cooked until soft. Prune juice, orange juice and many lightly sweetened juices are all suitable to give to the sick. Toast water, given when digestion is weak, is very helpful in inducing an appetite for more nourishing foods, as is beef extract. Fresh butter-milk, junket koumiss and clabbered milk are all most valuable to give variety in a milk diet.

Business Abhors a Vacuum. When selecting sites of small parks, civic center plazas, etc., it is well to remember that business abhors and will hardly tolerate a vacuum. Therefore do not try to thrust open spaces upon centers where business is at high pressure or they may prove a check rather than an incentive to development. Therefore proper provision should dictate sites somewhat retired or to one side.

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Home Town Helps

Builder Should Express His Own Nature And Not Follow Reigning Style in Architecture.

The essential in the art of home building is the ability to suit your own taste—to express your own nature. Your taste may not at all coincide with that of your neighbor, but that is not important. There are as many individual expressions of the art that is within one as there are leaves on a tree, and there is no good reason why the expression of the individual should not continue in the home itself.

For people's characters do show in their homes—in the architecture of the dwelling, the decorations within, the selection of the furniture, even in the pictures and the way they are hung. To persons who are not especially observant this fact is as plain as the fact that one can always detect the presence of feminine fingers in the arrangement of the bric-a-brac, the flowers or vase on the stand or the books and magazines on the library table. The thing is so palpably human that it is almost impossible not to recognize it.

It may never have occurred to you how bound down most of us are by conventions that someone else established without our knowledge or sanction and which may or may not represent our ideals. And still we follow them blindly. But it is a sorry fact that most people don't build their houses or their homes to fit their natures. Rather do they try to make their natures fit into the home which they pay numerous other persons to build for them.

They allow themselves to be made slaves of convention, style or fad, and their home is no more like them—no more the expression of their lives or natures—than an automobile is like a flat-bottom boat. They go to the nearest architect, who tells them what the reigning style happens to be at the moment, as if he were planning to fit them all with the latest Paris fashions in dress or headgear.

CITY PLANNING IDEA GROWS

Phase of Community Activity Once Regarded as Visionary Has Taken Hold on Popular Interest.

City planning, which may once have been regarded as the peculiar project of middle-class theorists, has taken a new hold on popular interest in the United States. New York city supplies one notable example of planning activity. An examination of the causes underlying disastrous slumps in property values in what was formerly a congested district in the lower part of Manhattan Island showed that the district had been permitted to grow in haphazard fashion without any forethought of the inevitable growth of a business section farther uptown. New York business men saw too late that such a condition could have been prevented, and they asked for and obtained a planning commission.

Interest in city planning has been awakened in Indiana. Fort Wayne is the first city in the state to announce preparations for a planning exhibition, although the chamber of commerce of Indianapolis and several other cities have been considering local exhibitions as the first step in a campaign to get a law authorizing planning commissions. The material and scope of these exhibitions can be adjusted to local needs, but the purpose of all of them is to visualize city planning as it is proceeding in other places, and to show to the uninformed or skeptical citizen that it has an intensely practical value.—Indianapolis Star.

House With Spirit of Home. Rich or poor, we are all tempted, in varying degrees, to build bigger houses than our personalities call for. One who is building a new house can hardly do better than follow that excellent motto of the Greeks, "Not too much."

Is not the first principle of house building to make something which shall depend for its effect, not upon size and display, but upon its quiet adaptation to the spirit of those who abide in it; something the value of which no one shall be able to measure in dollars and cents, something that is one's own, one's home?

City to Supply Garden Plots. Birmingham, Ala., is again going in for the city beautiful contest. An announcement has been made from the city hall that if anyone wants to plant something on a vacant lot and has no lot, the city will "dig one up." In other words, the municipal authorities are keeping books and seeing that no one man has so much property that he cannot beautify it, for, if it is found that he has, the city will get someone else to beautify it.

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BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS' EDUCATIONAL WORK

No organization in the country has any stronger leadership in educational matters than has been secured by the Boy Scouts of America. Members of the board are well qualified to keep the work of the Boy Scout movement in full accord with the most modern and best ideas of education. The national council has planned to refer to this department all matters of an educational character. The department is now preparing:

1. To give leadership in a series of conferences for scoutmasters and other scout officials throughout the country as deemed advisable from time to time.

2. To promote and develop training courses for leadership in scouting throughout the country either in connection with established educational institutions or under the auspices of local councils.

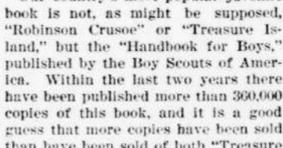
3. To arrange for the presentation of the merits of the scout program and its appeal for leadership before various student bodies and educational and religious conventions and conferences.

4. To co-operate in making "scouting," the official bulletin, helpful to scoutmasters and others actively engaged in scout work through definite suggestions and general educational articles.

5. To develop correspondence courses for inspiration and instruction for scout leaders.

6. To cultivate the interest of school-teachers and others particularly interested in educational problems through educational journals and conferences.

THE "DIAMOND" HITCH.



Easy for the Boy Scout. A TROOP'S BIG GOOD TURN.

Troop 1 of Santa Fe, N. M., had its first opportunity to do a community good turn when the New Mexico State Education association met for its annual convention in their city.

Hotel accommodations were limited and many of the visiting teachers had to be assigned to private houses. The scouts served as guides, one riding on the running board of each automobile and helping the teachers with their luggage.

No tips were taken, although many were offered. The work of the scouts made a great hit with the town as well as with the visitors. The chamber of commerce and the women's clubs are to give the scouts a banquet to show their appreciation. The association adopted resolutions thanking the troop for its efficient service.

SCOUT HANDBOOK BIG SELLER.

Our country's most popular juvenile book is not, as might be supposed, "Robinson Crusoe" or "Treasure Island," but the "Handbook for Boys," published by the Boy Scouts of America. Within the last two years there have been published more than 300,000 copies of this book, and it is a good guess that more copies have been sold than have been sold of both "Treasure Island" and "Robinson Crusoe" together during the same period. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if the figures were available to make such a comparison possible, it would be shown that there have been published in the last two years more copies of the "Handbook for Boys" than all the standard stories for boys published during the same period.

AMONG THE SCOUTS.

A scout walks through the woods with silent tread. No dry twigs snap under his feet and no loose stones turn over and throw him off his balance. His eyes are keen and he sees many things that others do not see. He sees tracks and signs which reveal to him the nature and habits of the creatures that made them. He knows how to stalk birds and animals and study them in their natural haunts. He sees much, but is little seen.

A scout can make himself known to a brother scout wherever he may be by a method which only scouts can know. He has brothers in every city in the land and in every country in the world. Wherever he goes he can give his signs and be assured of a friendly welcome. He can talk with a brother scout without making a sound, or he can make known his message by imitating the click of a telegraph key.

The New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse university has offered one scholarship annually to a Boy Scout who is a resident of the state of New York.

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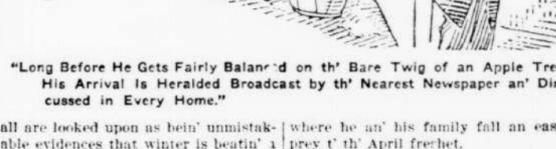
Kin Hubbard Essays

Spring an' Her Harbingers

Ole windy March, first month of spring. Flat dwellers grow restless an' janters sing.

There's three kinds o' spring—forward, backward an' the plain ol' muck variety, which arrives on the twenty-first day o' March, an' remains over.

There's many harbingers o' spring which are regarded as bein' absolutely trustworthy signs that the season which we long for is "comin' soon." Wild geese fly'n' north, mar-ble playin', blue-eyed violets peepin' out o' the slush, the robin, the shaggy umbrella mender with the workhouse pulper, the candidate fer sheriff with his fresh hair cut, an' the display o' onion sets, winter elbows an' golden tools—



"Long Before He Gets Fairly Balan'd on th' Bare Twig of an Apple Tree His Arrival Is Heralded Broadcast by th' Nearest Newspaper an' Discussed in Every Home."

all are looked upon as bein' unmistakable evidences that winter is beatin' a hasty retreat.

While we're liable t' burn more coal after th' arrival o' th' first robin than we've burned since he took his departure, he's still th' most highly regarded forecaster o' th' vernal season in th' business.

When a farmer sees th' first robin he begins t' wonder how many circus passes he'll be able t' pull down fer allowin' his barn t' be plastered with floral posters, while his sons stand near th' corn-crib sullen an' morose while they contemplate th' spring plowin'.

Th' political candidate has been fooled so often by th' first robin that he withholds his activities till th' umbrella mender shows up an' th' frost is out o' th' courthouse steps an' it's balmy enough t' lean agin' th' post-office. We rarely have any sleight o' where he an' his family fall an easy prey t' th' April freshet.

But th' amount o' publicity th' first robin gets is enough t' make a forin actress close her American tour. He's th' only bird that gets his name on th' editorial page. Long before he gets fairly balanced on th' bare twigs of an apple tree his arrival is heralded broadcast by th' nearest newspaper an' discussed in every home.

How many times have we drawn th' curtain in th' mornin' an' looked out upon a bleak, snowy March landscape an' beheld th' first robin with a sad, far-away look in his eye, an' wonderin' what kind of a meteorological disturbance nature wuz goin' t' hand him next.

Napoleon, standin' on th' barren, stony bluffs o' St. Helena, lookin' gloomily out o'er a vast expanse o' speckless sea, didn't have anything on th' first robin.

Rev. Wiley Tanger on the Revival of Croquet

From th' pulpit o' th' Apple Grove Church, Sunday, Rev. Wiley Tanger 'll say:

"Th' determined effort t' revive croquet is not t' be wondered at. Society, long since tired o' joy ridin', wabbly dances, panther glides, cabaret revelry an' other questionable amusement, now turns her heavy eyes t' th' ole prehistoric game o' croquet with th' hope that its vicious an' fer reachin' influences fer bad 'll arouse her faded soul an' furnish a few new sensations. Th' present generation demands somethin' t' make it pace an' thers' ever a longin' fer anythin' new an' darin' an' demoralizin' t' divert th' mind from th' simpler an' better things o' life. We'd hoped with th' passin' o' mumbly peg, jack stones an' dominoes that th' fever an' excitement o' croquet would subside an' we would emerge on an era when conservatism would rule our diversions. But we

unmolested while those whose duty it is t' guard an' protect us discuss th' sugar schedule or lay in wait fer some irresponsible chauffeur.

"In many door yards under th' white light o' th' corner arc, or th' flickerin' glare o' th' kerosene lamp, young girls o' tender age with mallets uplifted strike wildly at th' wooden sphere in their mad effort t' reach th' painted peg over near th' peony bed. Some times their girlish laughter kin be distinctly heard clean up t' eight p. m.

"In many instances th' day's croquet averages are discussed openly at th' dinner table, while th' scores are posted in th' marts o' trade. Dealers, apparently under no restraint, sell croquet by th' box without question as t' age or responsibility. There is not th' slightest effort made t' control or curb th' soul destroyin' game.

"I am told that in some o' th' higher toned an' more exclusive games th'

find that while th' game, durin' th' decade just endin', has confined its blithin' operations t' th' sparsely settled an' lawless mountain districts, it has been fer from down an' out, an' this new sport fer poplar favor, when it seeks t' thro its slimy coils about our very throats, only proves its marvellous recuperative powers an' cunning resourcefulness.

"T' day (even after nightfall) th' click o' th' mallets may be heard in almost any neighborhood. With all its ole time assurance an' brutal features th' game goes on. Early an' late th' cheerin' an' jeerin' o' half crazed men an' women an' children echo an' re-echo across some o' our best lawns while th' authorities sleep. Under th' very shadows o' our jails an' courts o' justice th' rattle an' turmoil proceeds

arches are gaily festooned with ribbons, that th' mallets are turned from expensive imported wood an' highly polished an' emblazoned with brass tucks an' other barbaric ornamentation, while th' playin' grounds are sanded an' leveled t' th' precision o' a gnat's heel. Often th' lot is bordered with lavish blooms