For the Homeseekers' Benefit

By Theodore Waters

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"Did you know, Hocky," remarked Mr. David Gimbold to his partner, Mr. Israel Hochheimer," did you know that just previous to his death, Roswell P. Flower was planning a corner in zinc?"

"No, I did not know it," replied Mr. Hochheimer, reflectively, gazing out of the window of their Wall street office.

"I've been thinking, Hocky," went on Mr. Gimbold, "that we might take up the matter where Flower laid it down. I have a notion that we might corral the necessary funds simply by modifying Mr. Flower's methods. In fact, I believe we could get the government to help us.

"Nearly all of our zinc comes from Arkansas and Missouri. There is a trust, but it is a puny affair, down at Joplin, with a paltry half-million at stake. For a peculiar condition exists. Most of the land in the zinc country is government land, subject to the homestead law. The government charges a fee of about $14 for every 160 acres of land, but every applicant must live five years on the land before he gets his title. Now, if we could get that government land we would be able to control almost half of the zinc output of the district. And we could force the trust to buy us out."

"Very good," said Mr. Hochheimer, as Gimbold paused for breath. "But since no man can secure more than 160 acres, and since each applicant must swear that he intends to establish a home, and is not taking the land for purpose of speculation, how are we to get around it?"

"Hocky," replied Mr. Gimbold, waving his hand around comprehensively, "there are many poor fellows in this city who would be glad to own land in Arkansas or in Missouri. You know a great many, and so do I."

"Well, then, if we showed those poor fellows how to get land free in Arkansas and Misouri—if we paid the government fee for them, and bought them railway tickets to their new

"I Guess You'd Better Give Them Up," Said the "Plain-Clothes" Man.

homes, don't you think they would be grateful enough to assign us the right to mine whatever ore might be under the surface of the land?"

"Davy," said Mr. Hochheimer, feelingly, "you are a wonder."

"But that isn't all," said Gimbold. "I believe there are many benevolent old persons in this city who would be delighted to subscribe to a fund which we would be glad to manage, and which would be used to transport those poor fellows to their new homes."

"Beautiful," said Mr. Hochheimer. "Simply beautiful."

"Of course, it would not be necessary to say anything about the option on what is under the surface, either to the benevolent old persons or to the poor fellows, until after the latter had started on their way."

"But how would we hold them, in case they refused?" asked Mr. Hochheimer, anxiously.

"Well, you see," replied Mr. Gimbold, "as managers of the fund we would go to the railroads and secure transportation in bulk. There ought to be a good commission in that. Of course, those poor fellows will want their household goods sent on ahead. We will be glad to do that for them, but we will not give each one a ticket until just before the train starts. I am sure that not one of them would object to signing the option on the spot. In case any one refuses, it will be very easy to have one of our 'investigators' suddenly find that under the rules of the benevolent fund the ungrateful fellow is ineligible."

Gimbold went into the churches and the charity bureaus and among the old gentlemen, and appealed in the name of all that is kindly and true for the relief of the suffering poor. From the moment it got fairly launched, the scheme began to take care of itself.

"Great Caesar, Hockey, look there!"

It was the morning after that memorable Sunday when the three color prospectus had formed the basis of so many sermons. Hochheimer and Gimbold had come down town together somewhat late. They went up to their office in a crowded elevator, and when they got off at their floor the crowd went with them. The corridor was jammed from wall to wall with an indiscriminate mass of humanity—male, female, respectable, disreputable, well-dressed, unkempt, native, foreign—pushing and crowding, babbling and gesticulating.

There was no turning them away, those poor fellows, for not only were there clergymen among them, as Gimbold had seen, but reverend gentlemen were in many cases leaders of special contingents of home-seekers, and many others in the crowd carried letters from contributors to the fund which were not to be ignored. It was late in the day before the last application was received, the last dreary explanation made, the last golden promise uttered. Day after day the crowd surged into the office and out again. And it grew not only in size, but in its exactions, for humanity in general is very insistent in the matter of its rights when they involve free-for-all schemes. Then the notoriety which the newspapers gave the scheme not only increased the size of the crowds, but it brought in a couple of government inspectors, who wanted to know if it was being thoroughly explained to each applicant that the non-speculative clause in the government contract would be rigidly enforced. It also brought in a "plain-clothes man" from Mulberry street, who caused the partners additional concern.

They set out upon their task with callous disregard of the consequences. They were sending a horde of unfortunates thousands of miles away from familiar associations, to mountain fastnesses which in many cases would yield nothing to the plow, and in return they were exacting the only product which made the land worth the acquiring. Summoned to their office, the home-seekers came one by one, and in the private room the question was put to each. Some of them, poor innocents! were eager and willing to do anything in return for the boon of a promised home. Some had to be coaxed, some wheedled, some threatened, and a few, who saw through the whole business, placated. But on the morning of departure Gimbold and Hochheimer had secured signed options on mineral rights from three-fourths of the home-seekers. The rest were considered too risky to approach.

On the morning of the departure they went over to the railway station. Nothing but the fascination of seeing the last of their handiwork took them there.

In the depot they were given a rousing reception, and they beamed from one to another of their dupes, and went among the mothers and their children, helping them to seats in the train and bidding them Godspeed with a benign courtesy that was beautiful to behold.

In the end they were compelled to make a speech—Gimbold made it from the rear platform of the train—a speech so inspiring in its patriotism, so tender in its pathos, that the enthusiasm invoked was tremendous, and the people struggled with one another to get to the orator, who was forced to retreat into the car. There he met the government inspector face to face. Back of the inspector stood the "plain clothes man" from police headquarters.

"And now, Mr. Gimbold," began the inspector, without preamble, "and now that you have excited those innocents until their feelings are at the breaking-point, what do you think they would do to you if I were to tell them that those options of yours rendered their homestead claim invalid?"

"Why, I—I—" stammered Gimbold, taken aback, "I—I—don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes you do," replied the inspector, calmly. "You have with you signed options on all the ore bodies underlying the claims of these people. Suppose I tell them they have invalidated their titles?"

"I don't believe it," blustered Gimbold, hotly. "It's a point of law—it would have to be proved!"

"Granted," said the inspector; "but those fellows wouldn't wait for the law to settle it if I told them of my doubts."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" demanded Gimbold, reverting to that time-worn defiance.

"Why, I'm going to tell them, unless you hand over those options."

"Never!"

"I guess you'd better give them up, Gimbold," put in the "plain-clothes man." "I don't believe the chief would like it to be found out that you had disregarded his advice."

Gimbold thought a moment. Then the futility of resistance must have struck him, for with an imprecation he pulled a thick wallet from his pocket and handed it to the inspector.

The crowd outside surged up the steps and into the car, calling loudly for Gimbold and his partner. The people wanted to see more of the men who had done so much for them.

While the enthusiasm was at its height the conductor called "all aboard." The crowd instantly forgot its gratitude and rushed for their places in the train.

"Well, what do you think, Hocky?" asked Gimbold at last.

"I think," replied Mr. Hochheimer, bitterly, "I think we have been working for the benefit of the poor."

Horses Saved by a Dog.

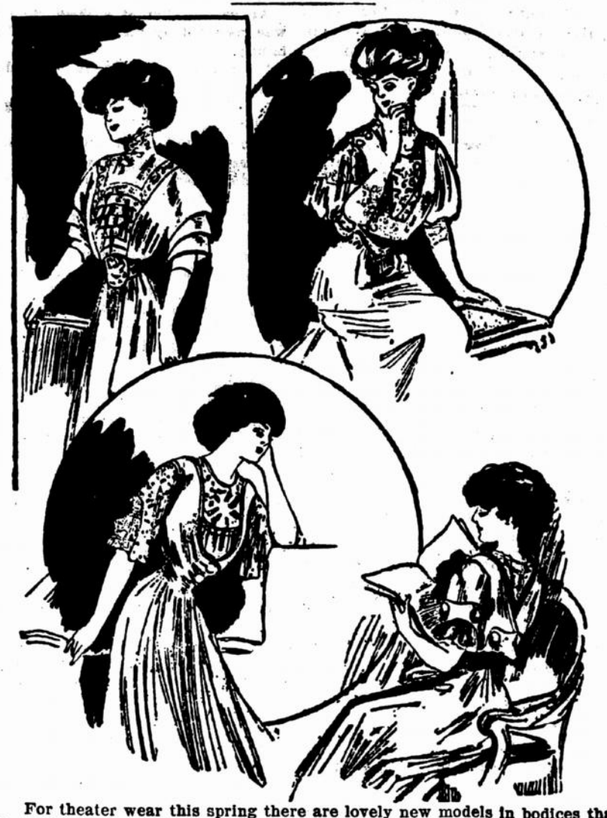
A New Jersey farm laborer went to Egg Harbor City to do some shopping and when he emerged from a store his team had disappeared. No one had seen the driverless horses go and it was thought that they had been stolen. The man walked home and discovered that the house dog was also missing. Some days later the dog returned to the farm, got some food and drink and started away, barking furiously. He was followed and in a piece of woods several miles away the team was discovered. The horses had wedged the wagon between two trees and there they had stood five days without food or drink. They had gnawed the bark from the trees.

Peculiarly Unfortunate.

"Darn that bore!" exclaimed Sallery, after the caller had gone. "I was just beginning to write an article when he came in and began to talk, and he made me lose my train of thought."

"That's too bad," said Spacer, who was hammering away on a typewriting machine at the next desk. "Your next train, you know, may not come along for a week."—Chicago Tribune.

Fashionable Bodices for Wear at Evening Parties



For theater wear this spring there are lovely new models in bodices that, like those of the past winter, must show some connecting link between them and the suit in touches of the cloth or silk of which the suit is built. Some of them have the Dutch neck, but as these necessarily demand a scarf of some sort for the street, this neck is rather more popular for reception or evening theater frocks.

Lett us with devoutness hope that the revival of this Dutch neck will be restrained to the house, where only has it any place. It won't be, you know. We'll see it frequently on the street with a necklace of "pearls" so large that no one but an American duchess could possess them. At least, let's not any of us be transgressors!

Here are drawings of four especially nice bodices, all of which have pale-tinted cloths in their make-up, and over which are to be put the short-waisted jackets that are seen in the spring model suits to complete the toilet.

WAIST OF WHITE FAILLE.

Pretty blouse of white faille, made with narrow box plaits, which are ornamentetd with fagoting. Four plaits in the center extend the entire length of the blouse; the others open out over the bust.

The sleeves are made and trimmed to correspond.

IN BRAID-TRIMMED WAISTS.

Designs Give Ample Scope for Elaborate Ornamentation.

Some of the braid-trimmed waists are wonderfully fetching, and give ample scope for extravagant elaboration, with simple lines. For example, there is a stunning model in an uptown shop which would directly come under that observation, says the New York Evening Post. It is of deep, creamy white, with the shoulders laid in six tiny tucks, each tuck some five inches long. Through the center there runs a three-inch box-plait, which is slashed at intervals for the passage of a soft taffeta tie. At either side and extending slightly over the shoulders are bretelles of the waist fabric, back and front, which are shaped to the waist and are tucked smoothly in the girdle. Around the base of the collar, down the sides of the front plait and outlining the bretelles, is a half-inch fancy braid of loose mesh which is laid over dark blue silk, matching that of the tie and the girdle. The sleeves are laid in several very straight little gathers at the shoulders, and again at the tops of the cuffs which, coming just below the elbow, give the three-quarter effect to the sleeves.

There is more or less comment among leading modistes, and perhaps particularly among the retail shops, as to the position the wash silk waist will have in the spring list. Some really beautiful designs are shown and equally pleasing models, but for some unfathomable reason the American woman does not seem to take kindly to the wash silk blouse. It seems to be a golden mean between the severe, tailored linen and the soft lingerie, and my lady prefers the severity of the one or the extreme daintiness of the other, with no happy medium of the silk blouse order.

GREATEST DAY IN YEAR.

Reasons Why Easter Should Be Remembered with Gladness.

In very early times Easter was always spoken of as the "great day," and such it surely is, the very greatest day in the year's calendar—a day that brings with it eternal hope to the sorrowful, a blessed peace to all mankind and crowns the glad springtime with the promise of life everlasting. Not for 13 years has Easter come so early as this season.

Perhaps some of the department readers will be glad to preserve the table given below, showing the date Easter will come on for the next four years. Calculations for Easter bonnets may thus be made some time in advance: 1908, April 19; 1909, April 11; 1910, March 27; 1911, April 16.

Easter Breakfasts.

The custom of entertaining at Easter is becoming very popular, especially after early church, the repast being finished by 11 o'clock for the benefit of the guests who wish to go to that service, it being a foregone conclusion that every one attends some church on this especial Sunday for reasons both temporal and spiritual. It is quite the proper thing to do, and so-called "society" is always well represented. At this 9 o'clock breakfast the hostess has an opportunity of serving some delicious egg dishes, with a centerpiece appropriate to the occasion, and beautiful spring

For the Children at Easter.

Hunting the nest of the Easter rabbit is looked forward to in Germany by the children with the same eagerness as our little ones hang up their stockings at Christmas.

While the chicken shares the honors with the rabbit, it is always the latter who sits on the nest for which the children hunt with such avidity. The parents hide this nest with great care, so often the entire morning is consumed before it is discovered with the treasured eggs, each containing a gift. Some of the eggs are made of cotton; others are the real shells carefully emptied of their contents.

MADAME MERRI.

FOR THE SPRING.

Pale Green Braid with White Plumes and Pink Roses.

Little Hats Are Popular.

Toques and turbans and well-fitting small hats that, with all their smallness, are a far cry from the tiny, tip-tilted things that took us so long to get used to, are all in high favor for morning wear. And certain adaptations of the sailor—chiefly when trimmed with the tartan plaids that have tekan the world of fashion by storm—make mighty trig finishes to a smart walking suit.

Mushroom shapes are in, but will probably only last a short while, although the drooping brim introduced has found its way to many another radically different "creation."

Instead of the trimming at the back of the hat, forcing it up at an absurd angle, there is very little tilt permitted at all, the trimming, which still remains well massed at the back under the brim, being brought down over the hair in a way as becoming to the average woman.

Of Chinese edible birds' nests it takes 50 to weigh a pound.

MRS. RORER'S HINTS

PROPER COOKING OF MUFFINS AND BISCUITS.

Difference Made by Use of Baking Powder and Yeast—Fig Bread an Appetizing Dainty Well Worth Trying.

For muffins and biscuits Mrs. Rorer gives the following recipes:

There is a decided difference between the flavor and texture of muffins made from baking powder and one made from yeast. The yeast muffin is more palatable, but I am inclined to think that the baking powder muffin is more easily digested. There are so many things to be taken into consideration with both that one feels like saying that neither are wholesome, but both are palatable. Corn breads are always wholesome, as is true of whole wheat or other coarse flour. Corn breads are better made with a goodly quantity of eggs and very little baking powder."

Rice Corn Bread—Seperate two eggs, add to the yolks a cup of milk, a cup of boiled rice, a teaspoonful of salt, a cup of corn meal, one cup of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Now fold in the whites of the eggs, bake in a shallow greased pan one-half hour.

Biscuits—Sift one quart of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt; rub in a tablespoonful of shortening; all sufficient milk to make a soft dough; roll out and cut. Bake in a quick oven 20 minutes.

Fig Bread—Prepare the flour precisely the same as for biscuits. Beat an egg without separating; add to it one and a quarter cups of milk, add this to the flour, roll out and cut into large rounds. Put a tablespoonful of chopped figs on one-half roll over the other half; brush with egg and milk; bake in a quick oven 20 minutes. These are nice served same as shortcake with either milk or cream.

English muffins—Scald a pint of milk, add two ounces of butter; when lukewarm add a yeast cake and a level teaspoonful of salt; add two and a half cups of flour and beat thoroughly; stand in a warm place two hours, and they are ready to bake. These should be baked in muffin rings on a griddle over a slow fire.

Light Muffins

Depend upon the way in which the ingredients are put together as well as on the recipe itself. A housekeeper who is known for her fluffy breakfast muffins, which are always as light as the proverbial feather, uses some milk in making them, but decries the old time way of using it. According to traditional processes the soda is mixed with sour milk before the flour is added. This method, argues the housewife in question, allows the effervescence to be over before the flour goes in. Her way is to mix with sour milk the flour, salt and sugar, and then add soda dissolved in a little hot water. By this means the entire mass rises. The last thing before the batter is turned into the pans a beaten egg is folded in.

This is her recipe: Two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sour milk, a half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of salt, and one egg.

For Callous Spots.

To remove a callous spot on the sole of the foot first soak it well in hot water to soften. Then with a sharp knife cut off as much of the thick skin as may be removed without hurting, but great care should be taken not to touch the soft skin. After the cutting spread the place with a paste made of one-half dram of boraric acid, ten grains of beat-napthol and one-half ounce of lanilin. Bind on with a thin piece of cotton muslin. Keep this softening grease on the callous places day and night, for it will eventually cause the hard spots to soften entirely.

Cupid as Chauffeur.

At a bridesmaids' luncheon recently across the center of the table was a miniature road paved with rice and outlined by clusters of pink roses, the stems supporting them tied with pink ribbons. At the end of the road was a miniature (toy) automobile with Cupid as chauffeur, with big rose-colored goggles on. Strapped on the auto was a tiny trunk tied with white ribbons and a toy suitcase with foreign labels. This clever decoration caused much fun among the bridesmaids and the bride-elect. The favors were little imitation Dresden pianos, the bride-elect being a pianist.

To Clean Leather.

Oxalic acid in weak solution is the best thing to use when removing spots from leather. Two or three crystals of oxalic dissolved in warm water, then applied with a bit of cloth to the spots, will do the work. Watch closely, and when the spots begin to disappear apply clean water to overcome the acid, which is a powerful bleach. Dry the leather with a clean cloth. For bright leather make the solution weaker.

Orange Jelly.

One-third box gelatin, one and a half cups sugar, three sour oranges. Put the gelatin in soak in two tablespoons of cold water. Cut the oranges and press out the juice. Put into a measure holding a pint and fill up with boiling water, then add sugar and gelatin and when dissolved place where it will boil quickly. Put in the peels and let it boil five minutes; strain into molds, let it stand for ten or 12 hours. Nice with whipped cream.

When You Clean the Stove.

The kitchen stove can be cleaned with newspapers; but when cleaning do it thoroughly. Many tops of stoves receive a daily polish and yet the sides are covered with dust and grease.

Let the oven be thoroughly cleaned with a brush kept for that purpose, then nicely washed, and your bread and cake will have a purer flavor.

Turnips.

To cook turnips daintily a little sugar must be added to the boiling water. The improvement is marvelous.

GATHERED SMILES

THE ANGEL CHILD.

A certain fond mother was horrified not long ago when a parrot—fully guaranteed by the dealer from whom it was purchased to be free of any such knowledge—began to swear vigorously in the presence of several callers and her young son.

The bird's vocabulary increased to a remarkable extent, both in amount and force, within the next week or so, and the lady had come to the conclusion that for the sake of her son's morals she must get rid of it, although it afforded the entire household no little amusement in its more polite moments, when one day she quietly entered the room where the cage hung. Perched upon a chair was Johnny, and there was being executed an astonishing duet of profanity.

"Oh, Johnny, are you teaching Poll to swear?" the mother gasped.

For an instant only Johnny was panic-stricken, and then assumed an expression of saintly patience.

"No, no, mother," he asserted in a hurt tone. "I was just tellin' it all the awful things it mustn't say."

"Mamma's darling boy!" she exclaimed, and gathered him into her arms.—N. Y. Times.

As Others See Us.

"And do the Americans shine in their conversation?" asks the interviewer of the foreigner who has returned to his native land.

"Let me tell you," replies the foreigner. "In mixed company the ladies assemble on one side of the room and all talk at once about cooks and dresses, and the men assemble at the other side of the room and talk about automobiles and money."—Life.

AN OLD SEA DOG.

Bobby (to his sailor uncle)—Are you an old sea dog?

Sailor Uncle—Yes, that's what they calls me.

Bobby—Well, then, let's hear you bark.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Maybe She Was a Governess.

"Freddie," she cooed, as they sat on a park bench and watched the sun go down; "Freddie, do you know what it was the wife of the governor of North Carolina said to the wife of the governor of South Carolina?"

"No, precious," he said as he drew her closer to him. "What was it?"

"That it was a long time between hot sodas," she replied with a shiver.

And he took the hint and they started for the nearest drug store.—Judge.

The Modern Shylock.

"Please wrap up my purchases," said the grouchy customer.

"Why, I've done so," replied the cash grocer.

"Beg pardon, but you haven't," retorted the g. c.

"What have I left undone up?"

"That thumb of yours that you weighed up with the butter!" snorted the g. c. "I want it for dog meat. Wrap it up!"—Judge.

INSOMNIA FOR TWO.

Gerald—My love for you is with me always; it even keeps me awake nights.

Geraldine—It doesn't give me much sleep either, when you are here every night till after 12.—Spokane Chronicle.

Stung.

Benevolent Gentleman.—Look here, you asked me for a shilling last week because your father was in jail, and I find now that your father is a regularly employed plumber.

Youngster—I know; an' he was in jail at th' time mendin' a water pipe.

A Belated Acquaintance.

First Benedict—I only got to know my wife three months before I married her.

Second Benedict—I only got to know mine three months after I married her.—Royal Magazine.

No Chance For a Kick.

The Owl—Twins, eh? Ain't you afraid they'll displease your patrons?

The Stork—Certainly not. Cupid says he often hears 'em telling each other that two can live as cheaply as one.—Puck.

Peace at Any Price.

Burglar—Your money or your life.

Sleepy Father—Take both, but don't wake the baby.—Royal Magazine.

Limit.

"They were sitting out on the frosty porch and when her dad asked the young man what they were waiting for he said they were waiting for the stars to shoot."

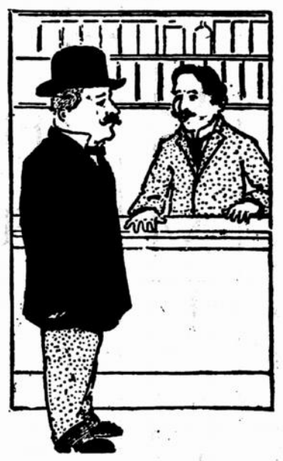
"Great Caesar!"

"Two hours later dad shouted down and the young man said they were waiting for Cupid to shoot."

"H'm What happened after that?"

"Why, dad began to shoot."—Chicago Daily News.

SLOW PAY.



Physician—The majority of my patients are victims of a peculiar hallucination.

Druggist—Indeed! What is the nature thereof?

Physician—They seem to think I haven't any earthly use for money.—Utica Observer.

Paternal Provocation.

I.

It is ten p. m. They are seated in the parlor.

"No," she says, bowing her head. "Pa says I am too young to become engaged."

II.

It is 1:30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor.

Suddenly, from somewhere upstairs, a gruff voice shouts: "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer you'll be old enough to accept his proposal."—Royal Magazine.

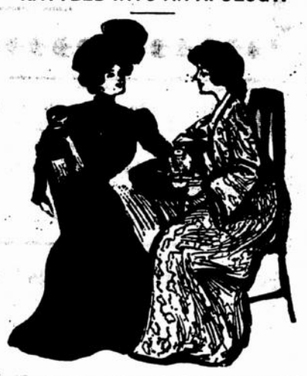
Easily Accommodated.

"Hold on," said the doorkeeper at the theater, as the swain pushed past him, "you can't both go in on that; this ticket is for only one seat."

"That's all right, mister. One chair's been big enough to hold both of us many a time, ain't it, Liza?"

And in a cloud of Liza's best blushes they were gone.—Royal Magazine.

RATTLED INTO AN APOLOGY.



"Is it all right again between you?"

"Oh! Yes! He seemed doubtful when I said I was sorry for having misled him into the belief that I regretted having reconsidered my decision not to take back something I had said—so I made him apologize."—Brooklyn Life.

Rugged Wrist Exercise.

"I hear that Bowman has taken up the violin."

"Yes," he was practicing the wrist movement for several hours this morning."

"Good for him."

"Yes; his wife made him beat all the rugs before he went to work."—Chicago Journal.

Walking Backward.

Mrs. A.—You appear to be very much interested in that awkward crab, George.

Mr. A.—Yes, he reminds me of something.

Mrs. A.—What does he remind you of?

Mr. A.—Why, a woman getting off of a street car.—Chicago Daily News.

This Sudden Insanity.

"Go insane, Bill!" yelled the lookout. "Go insane!"

"Wot's eatin' yer?" growled the burglar who was stuffing swag into the sack.

"Go insane, I tells yer. Yere comes the cops."

HAD TRIED THEM.

The Tenant of the Flat—And there's another thing y'know. Everybody's coal cellar key opens all the other coal cellars.

Landlord—Ah, and how did you find it out?