

THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI

Not a Comfortable Home.

"Even in a palace life may be lived well," declared the great and good emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Even in a palace, too, it may be lived happily—but that significant little even belongs as truly to one statement as to the other; for to live either well or happily in a palace is to do so in the face of special obstacles, and is indeed a rare achievement. By just so much as a palace is palatial is it unhome-like—a place where only the most careful and persistent cherishing can preserve those home virtues that often flourish so sweetly and readily in the simplicity and coziness of a common home. Little wonder is it, then, that palace-dwellers are often glad, after a brief trial, to escape as soon as they may. Millionaire after millionaire builds his palace, only to weary of it. One great mansion after another is closed, leased or sold; especially city mansions, where there is not, as in the great country estates, any refreshing adjunct of natural beauty to offset the smother of artificial luxury. Few, indeed, of such houses remain long enough in one family to gather traditions and associations; few are in the same ownership even enough brief years to enchain the affections of a single generation. Besides, however artistic, however truly magnificent a private palace may be, does such a setting befit the private life? For public purposes, doubtless, beauty cannot be upon too majestic a scale; for libraries, museums, colleges, halls of justice and assembly let artist and architect compass their utmost. But people of the best taste and finest wisdom, in building a home, will desire the beauty of homelikeness first, and all other beauty, whether of rich or simple detail, afterward and subordinate. Not long ago, relates the Youth's Companion, a vast marble palace was pointed out to a young girl as the place to which the multimillionaire owner was about to bring his bride, whom she had known at college. She viewed it with sincere dismay. "Oh, poor Marlon!" she cried. "Must she really live there? What a pity she didn't marry a husband who could provide her a comfortable home!"

Athletics in English Colleges.

The first number of the new Oxford and Cambridge Review has its inevitable article on athletics in the universities. One gets from it, however, a new impression of how far behind the procession the English really are. The writer objects to the time spent in preparation for the university boat race as "excessive." But what is his idea of excess? "It has become customary for both the Oxford and Cambridge crew to spend at least a week on the upper reaches of the Thames at Henley or Coolham." Tell it not in New London! But the English are coming on. They are waking up to the truth that athletics is the great pursuit of the undergraduate, and must dominate even his hours of supposed study, declares the New York Post. To talk athletic "shop" all the time is becoming as common in the universities of England as in our own; and the danger of allowing any intellectual interest to crowd out absorbing attention to "the record," and to competitions in games and sports, is now thoroughly understood. The true attitude was neatly expressed by one university coach, when he said: "You can't row, because you aren't always thinking about it. Now, when you're in lecture, press your heels against the floor and think of bringing your body back with the feet firm on the stretcher."

Gov. Floyd of New Hampshire doubts whether the summer boarder business has added to the profits of the majority of New Hampshire farmers, because, he says, it has helped create the unrest and discontent which are fatal to good farming by spreading the idea that the summer boarder business is an easier and more genteel way to get a living than by having crops or cattle. "When a farmer gets that into his head," he adds, "and mortgages his farm to fit his home for boarders and neglects to plant and hoe because he expects he will be busy waiting upon boarders, in nine cases out of ten the mortgage will sooner or later eat him up." But isn't it the usual New Hampshire idea that the women can take care of the summer boarders while the farmer runs the farm?

John Henry on Chafing Dishes

By George V. Hobart

(Copyright, 1906, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

I pulled a wheeze on Bunch Jefferson a few weeks ago that made him sit up and scream for help. Bunch is the Original Ace all right, but it does put dust on his dignity to have anybody josh his literary attainments.

Bunch can really sling a nasty little pen, but he isn't anybody's John W. Milton.

Not at all. He can take a bunch of the English language and flatten it around the edges till it looks quite poetic, but that doesn't make him a George O. Khayyam.

Not at all. The trouble with Bunch is that his home folks have swelled his chest to



"One of Those Hand Painted Suburbs."

such an extent by petting his adjectives that he thinks he has Shakespeare on a hot skidoo for the sand dunes, and when it comes to that poetry he thinks he can make Hank Longfellow beat up a tree.

Bunch and Alice joined the local club of course, and when Bunch read some of his poetical outbursts at a free-and-easy one evening, society got up on its hind legs and with one voice declared my old pal Jefferson to be the logical successor to Robert H. Browning, Sir Walter K. Scott, Bert Tennyson, or any other poet that ever shook a quill.

Bunch began to fancy himself some—well, rather!

When Peaches and I went out Westchester way a few weeks ago to pass a week-end with Bunch and Alice all we heard was home-made poetry.

When Bunch wasn't laddling out impromptu sonnets Alice was reading one of his epics or throwing a fit over a "perfectly lovely" rondeau—whatever that may be.

It was clearly up to me to hand Bunch a good hard bump and wake him up before that poetry germ began to bite his arm off.

Bunch told me that in response to the urgent demands of his Westchester society friends he contemplated getting out a little book of his poems and this was my cue.

I figured it out that the antithesis of a book of poetry would be a cook book, so I hustled.

In a few days I had the book framed up; a few days later it was printed, and before very long Bunch's Westchester society friends were grabbing for what they supposed was his feverish output of poesy.

This is what they got:
BY BUNCH JEFFERSON.
(From Recipes Furnished by Famous Friends.)

In presenting these Cuckoo Recipes for the Chafing Dish to his friends Mr. Jefferson wishes it distinctly understood that all doctors' bills arising from a free indulgence in any of the dishes suggested herein must be paid by the indulgee, and he wishes to state further that while this book may contain many aches and pains no ptomaine is intended.

MOCK BAKED BEANS (from a recipe furnished by Ex-Mayor Dunne).—Take as many buttons as the family can afford and remove the thread. Add pure spring water and stew gently till you burst your buttons. Add a little flour to calm them and let them sizzle. Serve with tomato catsup or molasses, according to the location you find yourself living on the map. A quart bottle of Pommery on the side will help some.

MOCK HAM AND EGGS (from a recipe furnished by Carter H. Harrison).—Place the white of a newspaper in the frying pan and then cover the center with an Italian sunset picked fresh from a magazine picture. This forms the basis of the egg and it tastes very realistic. Be sure to get a fresh newspaper and a fresh magazine edited by a fresh editor, otherwise the imitation egg will be dull and

insipid. Now add a few slices of pickled linoleum and fry carelessly for 20 minutes. Serve hot with imitation salt and pepper on the side. This is a daylight dish, because the sunset effect is lost if cooked after dark.

HAMBERGER STEAK (from a recipe furnished by Walter L. Fisher).—Always be sure to get a fresh Hamburger. There is nothing that will reconcile a man to a vegetarian diet so quick as an overripe Hamburger. They should always be picked at the full of the moon. To tell the age of a Hamburger, look at its teeth. One row of teeth for every year, and the limit is seven rows. Now remove the wishbone and slice carefully. Add Worcester sauce and let it sizzle. Add a pinch of potato salad and stir gently. Serve hot and talk fast while eating.

IMITATION BEEF TEA (from a recipe furnished by Chief of Police Shippy).—Take the white of an egg and beat it without mercy. When it is insensible put it in the teapot and add enough hot water to drown it. Let it drown about 20 minutes, then lead the yolk of an egg to the teapot and push it in. Season with a small pinch of paprika and let it simmer.

IMITATION ROAST BEEF (from a recipe furnished by J. Ogden Armour).—Draw from memory the outlines of a cow and remove the forequarter. Place the forequarter on the gridiron and let it sizzle. Now brown the wheats and draw one. Add boiling water and stir gently with an imitation spoon. After cooking two hours try it with a can-opener. If it breaks the can-opener, it is not done. Let it sizzle. When the supper bell rings serve hot with imitation pickles on the side.

IMITATION ROAST TURKEY (furnished by Reginald DeKoven).—Find a copy of a Thanksgiving day newspaper and select therefrom the fattest turkey on page 3. Now, with a few kind words coax the turkey away from the newspaper in the direction of the kitchen. Care should be taken that the turkey does not escape in the butler's pantry or fly up the dumb waiter, because the turkey is a very nervous animal. Once you get the turkey in the kitchen lock the door and prepare the stuffing. The best stuffing for a turkey is chestnuts, which you can obtain from any author who writes musical comedy. Now remove the wishbone carelessly and make a wish. Add 24, multiply by 19 and sprinkle with salt. Then rush the turkey over to the gas stove before it has a chance to change its mind. Let it sizzle for four hours and serve hot with jib cocktails and Philippine napkins on the side.

MOCK BEEFSTEAK (from a recipe furnished by Billy Pinkerton).—Carefully remove the laces from an old shoe and put them away, because they can be used for shoe-string potatoes just as soon as the potato trust gets started. Beat the shoe with a hammer for ten minutes until the tongue stops wagging and it gets black and blue in the face. Then put in the frying pan and stir gently. When it begins to sizzle add the yolk of an egg and season with parsley. Imitation parsley can be made from green wall



"Alice Was Reading One of His Epics."

paper with the scissors. If there is no green wall paper in the house speak to the landlord about it. Let it sizzle. Should you wish to smother it with onions now is your chance, because after cooking so long it is almost helpless. Serve hot with a batchet on the side. If there are more than four people in the family use both shoes.

IMITATION IRISH STEW (from a recipe furnished by Seumas MacManus).—Remove the jacket and waistcoat from a potato and put in the saucepan. Add three quarts of boiling water. Get a map of Ireland and hang it on the wall directly in front of the saucepan. This will furnish the local color for the stew. Let it boil two hours. When the potatoes begin to mout it is a sign the stew is nearly done. Walk easy so as not to frighten it. Add a pint of rhubarb and serve hot with lettuce dressing. If the lettuce isn't dressed it ought to be ashamed of itself.

I haven't seen Bunch since the book came out. But I know that he will get back at me good and hard some of these fine days.
(Copyright, 1906, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

THE SCHOOLHOUSES

WHAT THEY MEAN TO THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY.

AND HOW THEY ARE BUILT

It is the Money That Stays at Home Which Makes Good Ones Possible —A Simple System That Works.

Your schoolhouses. Those of the town and those of the country districts. You know what they mean to you and to your children.

They represent the difference between ignorance and enlightenment. They mean to your children the difference between signing their names with a mark or in writing. They represent the difference between the civilization of the twentieth century, as this country knows it, and the barbarism of benighted Asia or Africa.

You want the schoolhouse, do you not?

You would willingly make sacrifices to keep it, would you not?

You glory in the free educational system of this country, do you not?

But, Mr. Citizen, did you ever sit down and consider carefully what it is that makes possible the schoolhouses of this country; the schoolhouses that stand as beacon lights on the tops of a thousand hills; the schoolhouses that carry cheer and enlightenment to the hearthstones of the homes of a thousand valleys?

It is the taxes that you and your neighbor, and your neighbor's neighbor pay into the school fund year after year, is it not?

And why do you pay it? Because you own property—real estate, bonds and mortgages—and because that property is valuable.

What makes your real estate valuable?

It is the prosperity of the community. As the community grows and prospers the value of your property increases. As your property increases in value and you write your wealth in thousands instead of hundreds, the amount you pay into the school fund increases. When the school fund increases the old building gives place to a new and more modern structure, in which your children and your neighbor's children secure their instruction. And, again, the erection of the new building but adds more to the value of your property.

It is an endless chain system that builds villages out of cross roads, and cities out of villages.

Who are you, Mr. Citizen, and who is your neighbor and your neighbor's neighbor, whose contributions to the school fund make the schoolhouses possible? You, and your neighbor, and your neighbor's neighbor, are the farmers, the merchants, the doctors, the blacksmiths. You are each and every man who go to make up the community in which you live, and it is only when you work collectively that you accomplish results—that you build up new schoolhouses.

And how shall you work collectively?

By a simple system of boosting one another. You, we will say, have oats to sell—your neighbor buys them of you. He, you will say, has dry goods to sell—you buy them of him. It is this system of mutual help that makes the town grow into the city, that increases the price of real estate in the town and in the community surrounding it, that builds new schoolhouses.

The dollar that is unnecessarily sent away from home never bought so much as a nail for a schoolhouse, never put a shingle on its roof.

But the dollars that are unnecessarily sent away from home send back to the community which they left only ruin. It is these dollars that prevent the replacing of the leaking

TOWN BOOSTING TIPS.

The visitor who trips over your broken sidewalk will not have a very high opinion of your town as a place of business.

The home town is the best place for the boys if you will make the home town prosperous. Keeping the money at home will do this. It means home opportunities for your children.

Don't drive around the hole in the road week after week. Get your neighbors together and fix it.

The home market for the farm products is the saving clause in our system of government. Take away the farm your community. Not necessarily home markets and the farms will soon become unprofitable and valueless.

No city mail-order house will extend credit to you when times are hard, or crops fail. Could you consistently ask it of your home mer-

chant when you send your money to the city during the days of prosperity?

Encourage small factories to locate by means of a bonus, but by keeping the children in the home town that they may become factory employes, and get a home opportunity to raise in the world.

Do not begrudge the money paid for taxes when it is used for road and town improvements. Such an expenditure is like bread cast upon the waters—it will return many fold.

Roof Gardens for Berlin. It is proposed to introduce roof gardens in Berlin. A good many doctors and professors are doing all they can in favor of the scheme, and are agitating for the gardens, particularly in the narrower city thoroughfares. The idea would not be difficult to carry out, the houses being mostly all of one height, and it is already possible in many parts to walk from one street to the next along a good broad roof track.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON. GAMES OF SHARPRS.

Some of the Methods Used for Securing Money Dishonestly.

Millions upon millions of dollars are fraudulently taken from the pockets of the people year after year through the operation of confidence men. The schemes used by these men are numerous. Nearly all are based upon the fact that the average person is always willing to take the best of a bargain.

During the past few months swindlers have been operating in different parts of the country, and their method, while a modification of an old swindling game, has some new features worthy of notice. Their usual procedure is to locate farmers who are not well known to local bankers and loan men. They approach the farmer and under pretext of seeking to purchase farming land, manage in some way to secure his signature. This is generally done by inducing him to write a letter, or to sign some statement. Once the signature is secured, a fictitious deed to the farmer's land is prepared and this is fixed up in such a manner as to show the seal of some notary or other officer. Then with this deed the swindler is in position to negotiate a loan upon the land. This game has been successfully worked in a number of western states.

Residents of agricultural districts should be continually on their guard against the signing of receipts or any kind of contract which may be presented to them by strangers. Within the past year some smooth swindlers have succeeded in securing thousands of dollars on fraudulent notes, securing from farmers, who were foolish enough to take for trial washing machines, refrigerators, etc., and to give their receipts for the same. These receipts turning up later as negotiable notes.

The writer of checks cannot be too careful in filling in the amounts. The favorite methods of the check receiver is to insert after the words "six," "seven," "eight" or "nine" the letter "y" or "ty" and change the ciphers in the check accordingly. Thus it can be seen that a check written for eight dollars, by the addition of the letter "y" can be made to read for eighty dollars and the changing of the amount, if it be in numerals, by the addition of cipher, makes the forgery, when well executed, hard to discover.

The Reason. "In this settlement," said the Billville farmer, "we call all the literary fellers we kin ketch 'leadin' authors, because as a rule they're powerful handy at leadin' mules to water."—Atlanta Constitution.