

# MANCHESTER

# ENTERPRISE.

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## PAROLE BOARD TO BE LESS LENIENT

GIVING OF SECOND CHANCE TO VIOLATORS AFTER ONE YEAR TO BE STOPPED.

SECOND PAROLE ONLY IN THE EXCEPTIONAL CASES.

Geo. W. Wood Is Exonerated By Kent County Circuit Court of Charges Preferred By Receiver.

Jackson, Mich.—The board of pardons have adopted a policy against admitting prisoners to parole the second time within a year's service. In the past the liberality of the board has given convicts the impression that if they broke their parole and were returned they could get another parole after serving another year. There has been a number of violations of late and the board is shutting down on applications in questionable cases. Hereafter it will be only in extraordinary cases that a second parole is granted at all.

Geo. W. Wood Exonerated.

Ionia, Mich.—George W. Wood, manager of the Portland Manufacturing Co., has won a complete victory in the circuit court of Kent county in the suit started against him by William Selleck, receiver for the firm.

Judge McDonald rendered a decision exonerating Wood of all the charges preferred by Selleck. Reviewing the testimony, the judge finds that no presumption can fairly arise that Mr. Wood unlawfully appropriated the books of the firm, and that if the books could be found they would not show that Wood had embezzled any of the company's money. The decision also frees Wood of the charge of mismanaging the company's affairs or of making false inventories and reports, and finds that he is not indebted to the stockholders by reason of any embezzlement or mismanagement.

Little Fellow Is Hero.

Eaton Rapids, Mich.—By saving the life of Rollo Haite, 8-year-old companion of 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Small, of this city, is given a place in the hero class here.

The Haite boy was playing on the ice on the mill race when the ice gave way and he went down in seven feet of water. The small boy heard his cries, ran out on the ice, caught the Haite boy by the hair and held his head above the surface until Rollo could get enough hold on the ice and pull himself out.

Postoffice Clerk Arraigned.

Lansing, Mich.—Warner Dixon, a clerk at the station A postoffice, charged with a shortage in his accounts, was arraigned before Circuit Court Commissioner Chapin and gave bail.

Dixon is married and has two children, one two weeks old. He is 26 years old and declares his shortages were due to the fact that his living expenses had been more than his salary of \$1,000 a year could stand.

Beaver Meat May Be Shipped.

Marquette, Mich.—Beaver meat from upper Michigan is to be a delicacy served to people in large cities of the country this winter, in response to numerous inquiries, State Game Warden Wm. R. Oates of Marquette, has notified his deputies that trappers and others will be permitted to ship the meat of legally killed beavers out of the state. All packages must be plainly marked to indicate their contents.

Two Dead From Gas Fumes.

Jackson, Mich.—Mrs. Elizabeth O'Hearn, aged 65, and her son, John O'Hearn, aged 35, were found dead in bed at their home, 111 Deyo ave., Friday. Death was due to asphyxiating coal gas, that had escaped from a stove.

Mr. O'Hearn was a Michigan Central flagman, and it was his failure to return to work this morning which led to the investigation, disclosing his death and that of his mother.

Carney Claim Is Denied.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—By unanimous vote the house committee on elections Tuesday rejected the claim of Claude S. Carney, democrat, of Kalamazoo, Mich., to the seat held by J. M. C. Smith, republican.

Carney brought a contest on purely technical grounds, there being no question as to Smith's plurality in the vote cast.

With the election of Joseph War-  
nock as secretary and treasurer of the  
socialist party in Michigan, the head-  
quarters of the party shift to Harbor  
Springs from Grand Rapids. War-  
nock succeeds James Hoggerdy.

An explosion of gas caused the two-  
story frame house occupied by Fred  
Lessard and Modest Robare and fam-  
ily at Ishpeming to collapse com-  
pletely. Although there were seven  
persons in the building at the time  
and five completed the ruin, none was  
hurt.

Show You

Milan Concern Will Share Profits with Help

Milan, Mich.—A profit-sharing plan has been worked out by the management of a furnace factory of this city, and at the end of the year all those employees whose records have been good will receive a certain amount of money.

The plan as announced does not intimate how much the average worker will receive, but states it will disclose the identity of those employees whose work is not up to standard. There will be a demerit system also run in connection with the profit-sharing plan which the company states will act as governor for the plan.

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Elaborate preparations are being made for the mid-winter session of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical society to be held in Port Huron.

The new church building of the Lat-  
er Day Saints at Port Huron was dedicated Sunday, with Elder Grice, of Croswell, in charge of the ceremon-

ies.

The young ladies of Port Austin, have taken the initiative in the matter of a Y. M. C. A., and have been given plans to establish a gymnasium here.

Supervisor John Hunt, of Bad Axe, has been elected president of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co. of Huron county for his eighteenth successive term.

The Charlevoix County Farmers' in-  
stitute will meet in Boyne City, Jan-  
uary 26 and 27. A number of prominent  
outside speakers will be in attendance.

Farmers of Barry county are much  
gratified over the fact that a salting  
station, which will probably be the  
forerunner of a canning factory may  
be built in Hastings.

Major George L. Harvey, of Port  
Huron, for 24 years identified with the  
state militia, has retired from service  
and was presented with a 24-year service  
medal at Lansing.

Grading on the right of way of the  
Grand Rapids and Northern railroad  
is rapidly nearing completion between  
Hesperia and Ludington, only a few  
cuts and fills remaining.

At a state executive committee  
meeting plans were made for holding  
the annual convention of the Michigan  
State Homeopathic society, in Saginaw,  
Jan. 11-13.

Sullivan Deproux, the trusty who  
walked away from the prison farm at  
Jackson Sunday night, was captured  
late Monday afternoon, west of Rivers  
junction by Deputy Sheriff Lecke.

Henry Keeler has donated a large  
number of books from the library of  
his father, the late Maj. A. M. Keeler,  
to the Richmond library, in accordance  
with the wish of his parent.

Rev. Lionel C. Difford, of Durand,  
who has accepted a call to the parishes  
of St. Andrew's in Algonac and St. Mark's  
in Marine City, will take charge of his work about the middle  
of February.

The Michigan Anti-Saloon league  
has written to the various railroad  
corporations of the state objecting to  
the sale of liquor in dining cars as  
against the law and asking the con-  
cerns to comply with the statute.

George W. Critchett has been chosen  
as brand chaplain of the Michigan I.  
O. O. F. although he is a student at  
Albion college. He has pastorate  
at Montgomery, a town a few miles  
from this city, and studies at the col-  
lege during the week.

The office of county register has  
been combined with the office of county  
clerk, by the supervisors, of Branch.  
This saves the register's salary, of  
\$700 per annum. The salary of the  
clerk was reduced \$100 but he now  
gets fees from both offices.

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vote cast.

If You Have a  
Printing Want  
WE WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT IT IS

Putting out good printing  
in our business, and when  
we say good printing we  
don't mean fair, but the  
best obtainable. If you  
are "Now Miserable" give  
us a visit and we will

An explosion of gas caused the two-  
story frame house occupied by Fred  
Lessard and Modest Robare and fam-  
ily at Ishpeming to collapse com-  
pletely. Although there were seven  
persons in the building at the time  
and five completed the ruin, none was  
hurt.

Show You

## DESPERATE CON- VICTS KILL FOUR

THREE PRISONERS ATTEMPT  
ESCAPE FROM OKLAHOMA  
PENITENTIARY.

ARE SLAIN AFTER TERRIFIC  
FIGHT.

Seven Dead As Result of Dash for  
Liberty After Keys Were Stolen  
From the Wounded  
Turnkey.

M'Alster, Okla.—Seven men were  
shot to death and three persons were  
wounded Monday, when three convicts  
attempted to escape from the state  
penitentiary and were slain by guards.  
One of the men slain by the  
convicts in their mad dash for liberty, was John R. Thomas  
of Muskogee, formerly United States  
district judge, and once congressman  
from Illinois.

So rapidly did the three convicts  
shoot down those in their path, that  
they reached the prison gate before  
the guards could return their fire. The  
desperados had taken the keys from  
the turnkey, John Martin, whom they  
had wounded, and had sheltered them-  
selves through the prison yard by  
holding Mary Foster, a telephone operator  
in front of them until the only  
shot fired by guards in the yard hit  
the girl in the leg.

Outside the gate, the men seized  
the horse and buggy of Warden Dick  
and dashed away, only to be shot to  
death by pursuing guards. One of the  
convicts fought to the last, their stolen  
horse lashed to a gallop by the other two.  
They fired their last cartridges  
at the oncoming guards, who poured  
in a deadly fire from horseback.

Even after the three escaped men  
were lying dead in the bottom of the  
carrying buggy, the frightened horse  
of the warden dashed onward, until  
it was shot by a bullet from the pursuers.

The list of dead:

John R. Thomas, Muskogee, former-  
ly United States district judge.

H. H. Droyer, superintendent Bertil-  
ton department.

Patrick Oates, assistant deputy  
warden.

G. C. Godfrey, guard.

Chin Reid, under sentence of two  
years for larceny.

Tom Lane, Paul's Valley, under  
five-year sentence for forgery.

Charles Koontz, Comanche county,  
serving 40-year sentence for man-  
slaughter.

Battle Creek Has Famous Key.

Battle Creek, Mich.—The much-  
stolen Elk key has arrived in Battle  
Creek.

This is the first city west of the  
Allegheny mountains to get the key.

It is the trophy of New York lodge,  
No. 11,229, and has been in 10 cities.  
The only way a lodge can get it is to  
steal it. It was stolen from the  
Clarksville, W. Va. lodge by Earl D.  
Sipe, Harry Candale, Winfield St.  
Clare, all of this city; Bennett Mer-  
cer, Bedford, Ind., and Fred E. Gilles-  
pie, Goshen, Ind.

It is 12 feet long and nearly a foot  
wide.

Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Chicago  
and Jackson Elks are after the key,  
a grandstand to seat 4,000 persons,  
tre of eight public meeting places,  
an auditorium and bands, and horses  
for the officials of the G. A. R.

Michigan Loses Two Debates.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—For the first time  
in the history of the University of  
Michigan, triangular debates with Chi-  
cago and Northwestern, Michigan orators  
lost both the negative and affirm-  
ative sides of the debates Friday night.

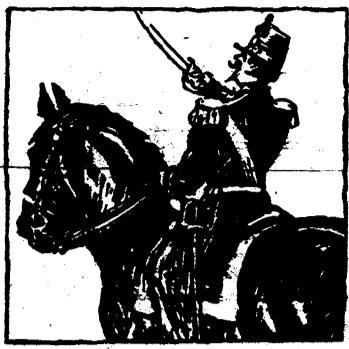
The committee completed also the drawing  
up of the contract providing for the  
expenses of the encampment. The  
contract calls for about 4,700 badges,<br



# The MARSHAL

by MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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## SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe, of three years, after an peasant incident in which Marshal Gouraud, his father, made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, in the home of the lad's parents in the village of Vincennes, France, the emperor had easily stopped to hold a council of war. Napoleon prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of fifteen, the boy was a man, and he was astonished when the boy tells him of his ambition. Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gouraud, his daughter, with Alize, his son, a soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Tiens! We will play again for another bottle," he announced with a bit of swagger. He was conscious of a right to spend silver in treating his friends with that fat purse in his pocket.

"No," spoke the stranger—Duplesis, he had said his name was. "No, I have drunk enough. However, if you feel sensitive at taking the small sum of money at my hands—it is a good game—la rama—let us play for the franc which the bottle would cost. Eh bien!"

Again they played, this time doubling the amount, and again Francois gained, and again and again, till he felt ashamed in carrying away all this money of a new acquaintance, and at the same time a cock-sureness that so lucky a devil as Beaupre might well lose a little and stop at the right amount. The excitement of cards and excitement of wine met in a heady mixture; Duplesis drank little, though Francois urged it on him. The luck began to change; now and then the stranger won, now and then Beaupre, yet more often now the stranger, till at length Francois was playing not with the desire to lose, but with a hope to gain back something at least of the considerable sum which he had lost.

Before this he had gone into his pocket and brought out that honorable nine hundred francs, and had thrown one Louis d'or after another on the black table, and lost one after another. Yet his confidence was still strong—luck would turn this was his lucky day.

And now he would not regret carrying away the stranger's money. He began to feel a fierce eagerness to get the better of this antagonist became so formidable. And a horrible nervousness was creeping over him at the dim vision of thought—a thought kept resolutely on the confines of his consciousness, yet persistently pushing forward—the thought that it might be that he could not win the money back.

"Double!" he shouted promptly at the lost again.

And he lost again. The nine hundred francs were gone; he gave a note now, on his stock, and again he lost. A deathly sickening sensation had gripped him and was holding him.

In silence, with a crowd of silent men, who in some way had come to know what was happening, standing about them, the two played the last round. And Francois lost.

In silence he signed the note which gave to the stranger his house and furniture and land, all that he had in the world.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Work and Hope.

The next day a sheriff and his clerk came and fixed red seals to the house and to everything in it which locked, and Claire watched in a deep quiet, the baby in her arms.

Something had been said already of sending the children to this or that uncle or aunt—there would in a short time be no home and no living for them until the broken father could gather himself and begin again. Little Francois resolved that he would not go. He would stay with his father and prove that eleven was not too young to make money. As he stood watching the sheriff who moved gloomily about his unwelcome duty he was aware of a horse's hoofs beating down the road, and he turned. In the midst of his grief it was interesting to see

The Nine Hundred Francs Were Gone.

The Baron Gouraud coming in his bay mare Leaute. The general drew up beside him and looked at him sternly.

"Where is your father?" he shot at him, and threw a leg over and vaulted off and flung the mare's reins to the bed, and swung into the great entry and through the open door into the cottage.

Francois, though broken-hearted, was but eleven, and he was a proud thing to hold the seigneur's horse and pleasant to see the spirited beast paw the earth as he held her. He was so entranced with this occupation, that he forgot his bruised life and his lost career entirely. For fifteen minutes he forgot, and the other children gathered around him, and he ordered them away from the horse and felt himself

its guardian and an important person, with complete satisfaction.

And at that, out of the house came the seigneur, big and black-browed and solid of tread, and with him that broken-hearted father whose face recalled all the tragedy.

"Francois," his father spoke, more gently than ever he had spoken before, "I have taken your future from you, my son. The seigneur wishes to give it back. He wishes to make you his child. Your mother consents—and I consent." His father's arm was about his neck. The general's abrupt voice took up the statement.

"Will you come and live with me in the chateau, Monsieur the Marshal?" he demanded roughly, kindly. "I will treat you as a son—you shall learn to ride a horse and shoot a gun and be a soldier. You shall fit yourself for the part which we know must be played on day. Will you come?"

For a moment it seemed to Francois that heaven had opened and a miracle



The Little Figure Had Sprung Up, and Stood, Threatening.

of joy came down; then it flashed to his mind that this dazzling gift had a price. With a whole soul Francois cast away the brilliant dream and hardly felt an effort.

"I thank you a thousand times, my seigneur," he answered with decision. "I cannot go with you. I must stay and work for my father and my mother."

There was silence for a minute in the sunshiny garden; the children had wandered away; the men did not speak; one heard only the mere-Lisette whom Francois held, who stamped her light footstep and whinnied impatiently. Then the general's grave voice sounded, more gravely than ever.

"Francois Beaupre, you own a fine lad," he threw at the drooping peasant. "I would like to have him for mine. Since I cannot, I shall try at least to be his friend. Monsieur the Marshal, it must be as you say. But come to see me at the chateau soon. I shall have things to talk over with you."

On a morning Francois was busy at the new garden, digging beds for the plants which the neighbors had eagerly given them, and which, put in the ground now, in the autumn, would rise above them in brightness next spring.

Into this contentment came, galloping gloriously, hoof beats of horse. The busy spade, several sizes too big, stopped, and Francois leaned his chin on the handle, the boy out of drawing for the tool. The general stopped, which was a heavenly surprise to Francois each time that it happened.

"Good morning, marshal. Will you ask your mother if I may speak to her?"

"Mother, mother, the seigneur wishes you," Francois whispered piercingly. But Claire was already on the little front walk by the new garden.

In a moment she stood at the gate in her fresh calico dress, with a white fichu over her head, and the big man towered and growled sentences friendly. Then the general trotted with jingling stirrups down the village street and Claire stood with eyes closed for a moment.

"What did the seigneur say, my mother?" Francois demanded. "Did he say I might come to the chateau tomorrow? May I? Am I to know what the general said, my mother?"

After his father came home to dinner he knew. He was to go each morning to the chateau and do work in copying for the general. The general was writing a book, nothing less than a history of Napoleon himself. The boy's great dreamy eyes glowed.

So the little lad, in his clean patched, peasant clothes, went up to the chateau the next morning serious and important, and was given a table and a corner in the library and words to copy which thrilled his soul.

Often the general talked to him. "Eh bien, there, the marshal!" would come thundering from the great table across the room; and the scribe would drop his pen and scuttle over the dim wide place.

"Yes, Monsieur the Seigneur. I am here."

"Listen then, my soldier. I am uncertain if this that I have written is of importance. It is interesting to me, because Gaspard Gouraud was there, yet I do not wish to ram Gaspard Gouraud down a reader's throat."

Francois squatted off a stool exactly in front of the general, with his knees together and his elbows on them, his chin in the hollow of his hands. His eyes were glued on the general's face in a deep voice the general read. It was an account of that world-tragedy, the retreat from Moscow. First came a list of regiments and of officers, with detailed accounts of early service in both; it was exact, accurate. For five minutes the general read this; then his black eyebrows lifted and he went on:

"Alessandro, my friend," he spoke in his gruff tones, yet softly, "shall we see each other again? So close through that black time, so far apart now in the peace of our homes? Those warm hands which cared for me when

"You find it interesting?" he demanded.

Francois, lips compressed, shook his head firmly. "No, my Seigneur. Not at all."

"I agree with you," the general said, and sorted the papers over and laid some away. Selecting a sheet or two, he began to read again.

"Over the frozen roads the worn army still trudged; every form of misery trudged with them. Hunger was there, and cold, and suffering of wounds, and suffering of lack of clothing; more than this, there was the constant dread of attack from flying bands of Cossacks. From time to time frightful explosions made one turn one's head—it was the caissons exploded by order of the Emperor that they might no longer encumber us."

The snow fell. The Emperor marched on foot with us. Staff in hand, wrapped in a large loose cloak, a fur cap on his head, he walked in the midst of his household, encouraging with a word, with a smile, every one who came near him.

"There were many adventures which showed the souls of men shining through the nightmare of this horrible time. Many noble deeds were done, many heartbreaking ones. One which was both happened to me. There was an Italian officer in the corps under Prince Eugene, who had been my comrade when I was on the staff of Lannes; his name was Zappi—the Marquis Zappi. On the day after the dreadful passing of the Berezina River, I suddenly felt my strength go—I could walk no longer. A sick loathing seized me, and I groaned and dragged my heavy feet forward, to stay with my friends even a few steps more. And with that an arm was around me suddenly, and I heard Zappi's quiet voice.

"Keep up your courage, comrade; we are going to see our homes yet. I am engaged. Tell him I will not see him."

"And Jean Philippe Molson, for all of them understood the seigneur, and saying gently, 'Yes, my Seigneur,' turned away with the message. And your father shouted after him:

"Stop! Come back here! What do you mean by that? Bring the monsieur to me!" And the purple clothes disappeared and appeared again in a few minutes gleaming in the sun against the gray old walls—I can see it all now. Alize—like a large violet blossom of a strange flower. And behind Jean Philippe was a tall man in a long traveling cloak, and behind him a tall little boy. And as they came the seigneur turned to go to meet them, and stopped and stared.

And the seigneur in the cloak stopped and stared; and you, mounted on Coq, and I, holding Coq's bridle, watched curiously, because of the other child, and we saw how the seigneur suddenly began to shake as if ill, and then with a hoarse shout rushed to the tall man and threw his arms about him and held him, and sobbed aloud.

That was a strange thing to see the seigneur do, and I never forgot it. And to think that the child who stood there, shy and unknown, was Pietro! It seems unreasonable that ever there was a time when you and Pietro and I did not know one another well."

"As I rode that day, with the Austrians after me, I thought out the whole chain of events; how Pietro had come and had stayed while his father, the marquis, went to America, and had fitted into our life and become dear to us, the big, beautiful, silent lad. And how then, because of the death of the marquis, Pietro had come under the charge of your father, the seigneur, and how he and I went away together to the military school, always more and more like brothers and all the rest. I need not recite those things to you, yet I like to do it. My thoughts, in that wild dangerous moment, seemed to go in detail through all, from the morning that the Marquis Zappi arrived with his little son at the chateau, through the ten years of our life together, to my coming to Italy as his secretary—and from that, by a rapid step, to this castle prison."

The rest of the letter belongs to a later part of the story. That little Pietro Zappi should be led into the narrative by the hand of his closest friend was the object for which the letter was introduced, and that as completed, the course of history leads back to the quiet Valley of Delesmontes and the children growing up under the shadows of the castle towers.

The general, sitting in his library the morning after the arrival chronicled in the quoted letter, stared at his old friend from under his heavy brows as if trying vigorously to convince himself of his presence. The marquis, an Italian of North Italy, tall and proud and quiet, had the air more of a student than of a soldier. A little the air, also, of an invalid, for he stooped and walked languidly, and a cough caught him at times. He was talking, on that morning in the library, while the general listened; it was not the usual order of things.

"So you see, Gaspard," the marquis said on his quiet reticent way. "that I have believed in our old friendship. I have taken for granted a welcome for my boy—I could not have done it with another man. The voyage to America and my stay there will last. It may be a year. I have brought Pietro to leave him with you if you will have him."

This old officer of Napoleon had after all his battles and killings, the simplicity and the heart of his own little girl. But he cleared his throat hurriedly with a bravado of carelessness, and before the marquis could do more than smile at him wistfully, he went on:

"Alessandro, my friend," he spoke in his gruff tones, yet softly, "shall we see each other again? So close through that black time, so far apart now in the peace of our homes? Those warm hands which cared for me when

I was freezing and dying in Russia—I shall touch them perhaps never again, never again!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Crown of Friendship.

In the claw-footed, carved, old mahogany desk of a Virginia house, in a drawer where are packets of yellowed letters tied up and labeled, is a letter written years later, referring to that earlier time in France. Perhaps this bit of the chronicle of Francois Beaupre could not be told so vividly in these words of Francois written from his prison. He begins with the account of an adventure, of a ride for life.

"Your Alize," the marquis spoke reflectively. "She is a charming person, that little woman of yours."

"Alessandro, shall I tell you what flashed into my head before you and Pietro had been here an hour?"

"You have thrown a charm over my boy Francois, Alessandro," the general said, well pleased. And the marquis answered thoughtfully:

"It is a boy out of the common. I believe, Gaspard. At first I thought it a mistake that you should raise a child in his class to the place you have given him, but I see that you understand what you are about. He is worthy of a good fate."

The day came when, on the next morning, the Marquis Zappi was due to start on his long journey to America. Out on the lawn, in the shadow of the beech trees he sat and watched his son playing ball with little Alize. Then he was aware of Francois standing before him.

"You have thrown a charm over my boy Francois, Alessandro," the general said, well pleased. And the marquis answered thoughtfully:

"It is a boy out of the common. I believe, Gaspard. At first I thought it a mistake that you should raise a child in his class to the place you have given him, but I see that you understand what you are about. He is worthy of a good fate."

"What is this?" he asked; he was prepared now to be surprised by this boy about once in so often, so he simply suspended judgment at a thing unexpected.

"It is for you, Monsieur the Marquis." Francois smiled radiantly and continued to present the ten-franc piece. "It is my own; the seigneur gave it to me on my birthday, and my father said it was to be mine to do with as I chose. I choose to give it to you, Monsieur the Marquis. So that you may have plenty of money—I know well what it is not to have enough money."

The brown fist was outstretched, the gold piece glittering in it, and still the marquis stared speechless. Never in his life had any one presumed to offer him money. He looked up at the face of the little peasant; it shone with peace and good will; he put out his hand and took the gold piece and drew a leather case from his pocket and placed it within carefully, and put it away.

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"Thank you, Francois," said the marquis. And then he considered again the shining little face. "Why have you done this, Francois?" he asked.

"Why do you always do so much for me?"

"That thing in Russia, for my seigneur. When you saved the life of my seigneur."

"Oh," said the marquis and stared down at the boy anxiously explaining.

"I have been afraid that I could never show you how I thanked you for the life of my seigneur. But I will do more. I will be a friend of Pietro. He is six months younger than I; I can teach him how to climb and how to fight and how to take care of himself. And I will, because of that thing you did. Because, too, I think well of Pietro and besides because of your kindness to me."

"My kindness to you?"

"Yes, Monsieur the Marquis—because you have been so kind to me."

And the marquis, in the silence of his soul, was ashamed.

The next day he went. As they stood, gathered in the big carved doorway, he told them all goodby and lifted his boy and held him without a word. As he set him down he turned toward the carriage, but in a flash he turned back as if by a sudden inspiration, and laid a hand on little Francois' shoulder.

"You will remember that you promised to be a friend to Pietro, Francois?"

"Yes, Monsieur the Marquis, always," the child answered gravely.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

ly there below the gravity. And it was this monsieur who had saved the life of the seigneur; that, after all, was the whole matter. Francois wasted little time thinking of other people's feeling toward himself. He was much too busy with a joyful wonder of his own at the ever new goodness of his world.

To the marquis, who hardly noticed him, he proceeded to constitute himself a shadow. At the first sign of a service to be done he was up and at it; always quicker, always more intelligent than the footman.

# DOCTORING A PROFITLESS FARM

By GEORGE H. DACY



Preparing the Ground by Taking Out All the Old Roots.

If you were a countryman whose farm was not paying very well and an agricultural expert came along and said: "Let me show you how you can double and triple your present income;" if the man looked sane and intelligent, you would doubtless jump at the chance. Furthermore, if he made good on his assertion he would win your everlasting gratitude and perhaps you would recompense him with a little cash bonus. Now this is just the opportunity that the farm management department of the Missouri Agricultural college is offering to the farmers of the "show me" state.

The department says: "Ask for our aid and we will show you how to tonic your sickly bank accounts and how to increase the profits of every branch of your farm." Even the most skeptical who, to begin with, made fun of the proposition have been silenced because the Missouri farm management department has made good on all its assertions.

Today some 500 local farmers are annually recording greater profits on the credit side of their ledgers as a result of following the advice and plans mapped out for them by the department.



Removing With Dynamite Some of the Largest Roots.

he district; yet he, on the quiet, appealed to the department for aid.

A representative visited the farm and found it apparently in good condition, supplied with good buildings, and annually yielding bumper crops of grain and roughage, 30 bushels of wheat, 60 bushels of corn and two tons of hay to the acre. It was a different story, however, when the expert examined the live stock. The dairy cows were scrubs of the worst variety, with staring coats and every rib showing, and with udders not larger than a man's two fists. The swine and horses were also inferior specimens of twentieth century live stock, while the supply of farm machinery was in no sense modern and efficient. Here was a case of a countryman who was exerting all his energies toward the production of unprofitable crops, only to feed them to unprofitable live stock.

From 12 cows he obtained only enough milk to supply the need of his family of six persons. The department showed him where the leak was, and explained to him how he could harmonize all his operations and render his farm more fertile and profitable by maintaining better live stock. He acceded to their advice and today is gaining a profitable livelihood and yearly fattening his bank account under a standardized system of management.

**Farmers Take Kindly to the Plan.** The popularity of this movement to rejuvenate sick farms increased to such an extent that a year ago the department organized the Missouri Farm Management Association, the pioneer society of its character in America, the members being recruited from among the ranks of the owners of unprofitable farms who desired to nurse all the operations on their acreages back to a wage-earning condition.

The object of this association was to organize and combine the farmers of Missouri who were interested in practical system of farm management. It aided the department in so much as the countrymen who needed and wanted help were centralized in the organization, while it aided the farmers in so far as the department experts promoted to visit and explain each place in turn. Two hundred earnestly interested farmers joined the society the first year, while at present the enrollment is double that number. Each countryman pays \$1.25 membership fee—the

These meetings have been fittingly termed "Show Me Institutes on Legs" and are really regular motion picture shows minus the nickel.

**Woman's Work Included in "Doctoring."**

While the men are busy with their field study, their wives under the direction of an expert in home economics occupy themselves with the problems of the farmhouse. Efficient methods of replenishing the home, home-decoration, modern methods of cooking, the elimination of wastes and the utilization of byproducts, handy aids in the kitchen, and the beautification of the farm yard are explained and discussed in detail.

The woman expert in charge of this work occupies herself throughout the year in visiting and remapping the systems of home-management practiced by the housewives who request her aid. She is a sort of a traveling home-economics department which

he followed their directions, improving his methods, and now is gaining a profitable return from his made-to-order farm.

The farm has materially gained in fertility, it has increased in annual crop production, and this year it paid off its back indebtedness and begins a new season with a clean slate.

#### Indian Legend of Interest.

When the Creek or Muskogee Indians adopted into their tribe the remnants of other tribes which were nearly extinct, many superstitions were found among them. One of these tribes was the Tuckabatchees.

The legends of the Creek state that the Tuckabatchees brought with them

on plates, the origin and object of which have puzzled scientific men for centuries.

The Tuckabatchees claim that these plates were given them by their ancestors. They were

not to be handled by all persons, only

by particular men, and those chosen

which have puzzled scientific men for centuries.

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## HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

### Funny Newspaper Article Traps Hungry Vagrant

AN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Dawn was breaking and the streets were very still as Policeman McCrane proceeded along his beat on Golden Gate avenue, near Fillmore street. At midnight, five hours earlier, McCrane had been appointed for duty—“to wait until I finish my milk.”

Hearty laughter at dawn when the laughter is not of a mauldin character—is an extraordinary phenomenon. This laugh had been caused by an article of sports which had been printed to prove that a trout had bitten up a mountain spring in the winter season.

McCrane pulled himself together quickly and hastened down the block on his beat. In the middle of the square he found a remarkably dirty, bewhiskered tatteredmealman seated coolly on the front steps of a residence reading the morning paper which had picked up from the doorstep a chipped corner. The man's right hand he had put into his pocket, his left hand he had had enough. Gotch, however, saved him that humiliation, forcing his shoulders to the mat with a reverse body hold.

The officers had trouble persuading the “Terrible Turk” to come back.

“Come on, you!” said he as if not a word.

“Wait! I finish my milk.”

“I’m not in the mood,” he said.

Five hours later the newspaper was Exhibit No. 1 in the case before Police Judge Sullivan, where the vagrant was charged with petty larceny.

**Gift From Budapest Puzzles St. Louis Officials**

S. LOUIS, MO.—Some kind friend has sent the secretary of the city council all copy of the Budapest Stakes favor-Korzenigutai Evkoye and the Atakut Alarjanoy Beleggek Es Az Orszakek Kereskedeli Kultur-Teknologeti Asztroszony. Secretary David W. Vojtay is vehemently denouncing the gift, which he says was innocent enough and purported to come from Washington, D. C. The only thing Vojtay is right certain about is that the things are books. They open and shut, have covers, and the pages are numbered. Otherwise,

anyway, the council members refuse to become interested in the book, which is a mystery to them.

The Turk possessed one redeeming quality—great strength. He lacked expert knowledge of wrestling, but was powerful. He could hit a ton, Gotch thought, but Gotch had not been hit.

After Karanakoff had struggled in vain to rise, he stretched out and waited for his victim to have some fun. He torched with his victim, not to dis-

### GOTCH MEETS “TERRIBLE TURK” IN CANADA



### CHAMPIONS OF 1913

ARCHERY.  
National—Dr. J. W. Doughty.  
Women's—Dr. Mary Fletcher.

ATHLETICS  
75 miles, indoor, 9:27 35—H. P. Drew.

440 yards, indoor, 9:45 35—T. J. Halpin.

500 yards, indoor, 9:13 35—J. E. Mededith.

1,320 yards, indoor, 3:37—J. P. Driscoll.

One mile, indoor, 4:18 15—A. R. Kiviat.

Two miles, indoor, 9:21 45—W. W. Kramer.

220 yards, outdoor, 0:21 15—D. F. Lippincott.

One mile, outdoor, 4:14 25—J. P. Jones.

Standing high jump, indoor, 5 ft. 4 1/2—John A. Anderson.

Standing high jump, outdoor, 5 ft. 5 1/2—Leo Goehringer.

Throwing the javelin, 168 ft. 10 1/4—Indoor, 150 ft. 8 1/2—P. Ryan.

150 ft. 8 1/2—P. Ryan.

24-in. shot put, indoor, 45 ft. 5 1/2—Ralph Rose.

35-in. shot put, indoor, 39 ft. 3 1/4—J. M. McDonald.

Standing long jump, weight, 57 ft. 10 1/2—P. Ryan.

15-lb. hammer, 213 feet, 9 1/4—P. Ryan.

16-lb. hammer, 189 ft. 8 1/2—P. Ryan.

440 yards, record, 7:49—P. Ryan.

C. Thomas.

BASEBALL.  
World's-championship—Athletics.

National—Glantz.

American league—Batter—Ty Cobb.

American league—batter—Jake Daubert.

American league pitcher—Walter Johnson.

National league pitcher—Christy Mathewson.

BILLIARDS.  
18.1 and 18.2—Willie Hoppe.

Pocket billiards—Benny Allen.

Three-cushion—Alfred DeOro.

Amateur—Joe T. Johnson.

BOXING.

Bantam weight—Johnny Coulon.

Feather weight—Johnny Kilbane.

Light weight—Johnnie Ritchie.

Welter weight—George Childs.

CANEING.

American—Lee Friede.

CHECKERS.

World's—M. J. Murphy.

CHESS.

National—Capablanca.

CYCLING.

World's—F. L. Kramer.

6-day—Gordon Pirie.

FOOTBALL.

Western conference—Chicago.

Eastern—Harvard.

Missouri Valley—Missouri.

GOLF.

National amateur—J. D. Travers.

National open—Francis Oulmet.

National women's—Miss Mary Ravencroft.

SWIMMING.

Western amateur—W. H. Wood.

World's—J. McDevitt.

Western women's—Miss Myra Hether.

ROWING.

Professional—Eames Barry.

College eight—Syracuse.

Single sculler—E. E. Butler.

SKAT.

American—George Palmer.

Amateur—Robert L. Penn.

SKL.

Amateur—John Joe.

SWIMMING.

American—D. Kahanamoku.

TENNIS.

Court—Jay Gould.

National singles—M. E. McLaughlin.

National doubles—M. E. McLaughlin and Tom Bundy.

National women's—Miss Mary Brown.

SHOOTING.

Grand American—handicap—M. S. Grand.

Trap (professional)—C. A. Young.

Trap (amateur)—C. H. Newcomer.

National revolver—Dr. G. H. Snook.

HOW CONNIE MACK DIFFERS

Score every game his team plays, and his score card reads virtually every game.

Athur Chapple is solving the Brighton riddle for \$30,000 damages for circulating a report that he had shown an important match.

“Why, Connie, what have you done with your hair?”

The girl hastily put her hands to her head and said, “I’ve got the longest hair in the entire household, only short, stubby briefties. She ran to a mirror and burst into tears.

Miss Long, believing the disappearance of the boy, was about to call the police, but the boy had run away. Then she realized that she did not know what had become of the pretty golden brown tresses, which were 15 inches long and which she had cut when she retired.

A boy, having learned of a girl and a door leading to the girl's bedroom, was found open.

“Burglars!” exclaimed Miss Long.

But nothing excited the child more than the arrival of the police, and Detectives Simon and Dugan were sent to investigate. They admitted later that the case had been of a reputation as “confessors.”

“I’m not the only child that has been sent to the police,” said the boy.

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## BAD PRACTICES OF TRUSTS TO BE FORBIDDEN

Law and Penalty Must Be Made  
Equally Plain, Says the  
President.

### WILL NOT HAMPER BUSINESS

Antagonism Between Government and  
Business Is Over—Would Give Inter-  
state Commerce Commission Pow-  
er to Regulate Financial Oper-  
ations of Railroads.

Washington, Jan. 20.—Before a joint session of both houses of congress President Wilson today delivered a special message on trusts. The message follows:

"Gentlemen of the congress: In my report 'On the State of the Union,' which I had the privilege of reading to you on the 1st of December last, I ventured to reserve for discussion at a later date the subject of additional legislation regarding the very difficult and intricate matter of trusts and monopolies. The time now seems opportune to turn to that great question; not only because the currency legislation, which absorbed your attention and the attention of the country in December, is now disposed of, but also because opinion appears to be clearing up about us singular rapidity in this other great field of action.

#### Business of Interpretation.

"Legislation has its atmosphere like everything else and the atmosphere of accommodation and mutual understanding which we now breathe with so much refreshment is matter of sincere congratulation. It ought to make our task very much less difficult and embarrassing than it would have been had we been obliged to continue to act amidst the atmosphere of suspicion and antagonism which has so long made it impossible to approach such questions with dispassionate fairness. Constructive legislation, when successful, is always the embodiment of convincing experience and of the mature public opinion which finally springs out of that experience. Legislation is a business of interpretation, not of origination; and it is now plain what the opinion is to which we must give effect in this matter. It is not recent or hasty opinion.

"The great business men who organized and financed monopoly and those who administered it in actual everyday transactions have year after year, until now, either denied its existence or justified it as necessary for the effective maintenance and development of the vast business processes of the country in the modern circumstances of trade and manufacture and finance; but all the while opinion has made head against them. The average businessman is convinced that the ways of liberty are also the ways of peace and the ways of success as well; and at last the masters of business on the great scale have begun to yield their preference and purpose, perhaps their judgment, also, in honor able surrender.

#### Will Not Hamper.

"We are all purpose to do, therefore, is happily not to hamper or interfere with business as enlightened business men prefer to do, or in any sense to put it under the ban. The antagonism between business and government is over. We are now about to give expression to the best business judgment of America, to what we know to be the business conscience and honor of the land. The government and business men are ready to meet each other half way in a common effort to square business methods with both public opinion and law. The best informed men of the business world condemn the methods and processes and consequences of monopoly as we condemn them; and the instinctive judgment of the vast majority of business men everywhere goes with them. We shall now be their spokesman.

"When serious contest ends, when men unite in opinion and purpose, those who are to change their ways of business, joining those who ask for the change, it is possible to effect it in the way in which prudent and thoughtful and patriotic men would wish to see it brought about, with as few, as slight, as easy and simple business readjustments as possible in the circumstances, nothing essential disturbed, nothing torn up by the roots, no part rent asunder which can be left in wholesome combination. Fortunately, no measures of sweeping or novel change are necessary. It will be understood that our object is not to unsettle business or anywhere seriously to break its established courses atwart. On the contrary, we desire the laws we are now about to pass to be the bulwarks and safeguards of in-

dustry against the forces that have disturbed it. What we have to do can be done in a new spirit, in thoughtful moderation, without revolution or an untoward kind.

**Private Monopoly Intolerable.**  
"We are all agreed that private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable, and our program is founded upon that conviction. It will be a comprehensive but not a radical or unacceptable program, and these are its items, the changes which opinion deliberately sanctions and for which business waits.

"It awaits with acquiescence in the first place for laws which will effectually prohibit and prevent such interlockings of the personnel of the directorates of great corporations—banks and railroads, industrial, commercial and public service bodies—as in effect result in making those who borrow and those who lend practically one and the same, those who sell and those who buy but the same persons trading with one another under different names and in different combinations, and those whose affect to compete in fact, partners and masters of some whole field of business. Sufficient time should be allowed, of course, in which to effect these changes of organization without inconvenience or confusion.

"Such a prohibition will work much more than a mere negative good by correcting the serious evils which have arisen because, for example, the men who have been the directing spirits of the great investment banks have usurped the place which belongs to independent industrial management working in its behalf. It will bring new men, new energies, a new spirit of initiative, new blood into the management of our great business enterprises.

#### Harm and Injustice Done.

"In the second place, business men, as well as those who direct public affairs, now recognize and recognize with painful clearness, the great harm and injustice which has been done to many, if not all, of the great railroad systems of the country by the way in which they have been financed and their own distinctive interests subordinated to the interests of the men who financed them and of their business enterprises which those men wished to promote.

"The country is ready therefore to accept and accept with relief as well as upon the interstate commerce commission the power to superintend and regulate the financial operations by which the railroads are henceforth to be supplied with the money they need for their proper development to meet the rapidly growing requirements of the country, for increased and improved facilities of transportation. We cannot postpone action in this matter without leaving the railroads exposed to many serious handicaps and hazards; and the prosperity of the railroads and the prosperity of the country are inseparably connected. Upon this question those who are chiefly responsible for the actual management and operation of the railroads have spoken very plainly and very earnestly, with a purpose we ought to be quick to accept it. It will be one step and a very important one, toward the necessary separation of the business of production from the business of transportation.

"The business of the country awaits also, has long awaited and has suffered because it could not obtain further and more explicit legislative definition of the policy and meaning of the existing anti-trust laws. Nothing hampers business like uncertainty.

**Definition Now Possible.**  
"Surely we are sufficiently familiar with the actual processes and methods of monopoly and of the many hurtful restraints of trade to make definition possible, at any rate up to the limits of what experience has disclosed. These practices, being now abundantly disclosed, can be explicitly and item by item, forbidden by statute in such terms as will practically eliminate uncertainty, the law itself and the penalty being made equally plain.

"And the business men of the country desire something more than that the menace of legal process in these matters be made explicit and definite. They desire the advice, the definite guidance and information which can be supplied by an administrative body, an interstate trade commission.

"The opinion of the country would instantly approve of such a commission. It would not wish to see it empowered to make terms with monopoly or in any sort to assume control of business, as if the government made itself responsible. It demands such a commission only as an indispensable instrument of information and publicity, as a clearing house for the facts by which both the public mind and the managers of great business undertakings should be guided, and as an instrumental for doing justice to business where the processes of the courts or the natural forces of correction outside the courts are inadequate to adjust the remedy to the wrong in a way that will meet all the equities and circumstances of the case.

**Inadequate.**  
Strickland Gillilan, the lecturer, and the man who pole-vaunted into fame by his "Off Ag'in, on Ag'in, Flinnig" verse, was about to deliver a lecture in a small Missouri town. He asked the chairman of the committee whether he might have a small pitcher of ice water on the platform table.

"To drink?" queried the committee man.

"No," answered Gillilan. "I do a high-diving act."—Everybody's Magazine.

**Getting a Light.**  
Hospitalite Carter (after borrowing a match from a stranger whom he has offered a lift)—"I see, I baint allowed t' ave no matches when I be cartin' blastin' powder fur them old quarries up along."—London Punch.

**Quite Natural.**  
Mrs. Longwood—Such a charming husband Mrs. Pickle has! So tender after ten years of marriage!

Mr. Longwood—Quite natural. It would make a rhinoceros tender to be kept in hot water ten years.

"Producing industries, for example, which have passed the point up to which combination may be consistent with the public interest and the freedom of trade, cannot always be dissected into their component units as readily as railroad companies or similar organizations can be. Their dissolution by ordinary legal process may oftentimes involve financial consequences likely to overwhelm the security market and bring upon it breakdown and confusion. There ought to be an administrative commission capable of directing and shaping such corrective processes, not only in aid of the courts but also by independent suggestion, if necessary.

#### Make Punishment Certain.

"Inasmuch as our object and the spirit of our action in these matters is to meet business half way in its processes of self-correction and dissolution, we ought to see to it, and the judgment of practical and sagacious men of affairs everywhere would applaud us if we did see to it that penalties and punishments should fall upon business itself, to its confusion and interruption, but upon the individuals who use the instrumentalities of business to do things which public policy and sound business practice condemn. Every act of business is done at the command or upon the initiative of some ascertainable person or group of persons. These should be held individually responsible and the punishment should fall upon them, not upon the business organization of which they make illegal use. It should be one of the main objects of our legislation to divest such persons of their corporate cloak and deal with them as with those who do not represent their corporations, but merely by deliberate intention break the law.

"Other questions remain which will need very thoughtful and practical treatment. Enterprises, in these modern days of great individual fortunes, are oftentimes interlocked, not by being under the control of the same directors, but by the fact that the greater part of their corporate stock is owned by a single person or group of persons who are in some way intimately related in interest.

#### Holding Companies.

"We are agreed, I take it, that holding companies should be prohibited,

but what of the controlling private ownership of individuals or actually co-operative groups of individuals? Shall the private owners of capital

stock be suffered to be themselves in effect holding companies? We do not wish, I suppose, to forbid the purchase of stocks by any person who pleases to buy them in such quantities as he can afford, or in any way arbitrarily to limit the sale of stocks to bona fide purchasers. Shall we require the owners of stock, when their voting power in several companies which ought to be independent of one another would constitute actual control, to make selection in which of them they will exercise their right to vote? This question I venture for your consideration.

"There is another matter in which imperative considerations of justice and fair play suggests thoughtful remedial action. Not only do many of the combinations effected or sought to be effected in the industrial world work an injustice upon the public in general; they also directly and seriously injure the individuals who are put out of business in one fair way or another by the many dislodging and exterminating forces of combination.

I hope that we shall agree in giving private individuals who claim to have been injured by these processes the right to found their suits for redress upon the facts and judgments proved and entered in suits by the government where the government has upon its own initiative sued the combinations complained of and won its suit, and that the statute of limitations shall be suffered to run against such litigants only from the date of the conclusion of the government's action.

#### Individual Justice.

"It is not fair that the private litigant should be obliged to set up and establish again the facts which the government has proved. He cannot afford, he has not the power to make use of such processes of inquiry as the government has command of. Thus shall individual justice be done while the processes of business are rectified and squared with the general conscience.

"I have laid the case before you, no doubt as it lies in your own mind, as it lies in the thought of the country. What must every candid man say of the plain obligations of which I have reminded you? That these are new things for which the country is not prepared? No; but that they are old things now familiar, and must of course be undertaken if we are to square our laws with the thought and desire of the country. Until these things are done, conscientious business men of the country over will be unsatisfied. They are in these things our mentors and colleagues. We are now about to write the additional articles of our constitution of peace, the peace that is honor and freedom and prosperity."

**All in the Family.**  
Suburb—The minister out in our place won't marry you unless you have medical certificate.

Crawford—Is it hard to get one?

Suburb—Why, no. It happens his brother is a doctor.—Judge.

**Natural Endeavor.**

"Why don't girls, who have to work, take to farming?"

"Why should they?"

"Because it is the science of husbandry."

**A Real Skeleton.**

"Did you hear that the Browns have a skeleton in the family?"

"No. Tell me about it."

"It's the poor cat they forgot all about when they went away in the summer."

**A Long Distance Giver.**

"Homan's nature is queen."

"Yes?"

"An old gentleman of my acquaintance who contributes liberally to foreign missions thinks it a good joke to beat a newsboy out of a penny."

**Expensive Acquaintance.**  
Wife—I suppose we must send Miss Splicer a wedding present.

Hub (grouchily)—I warned you not to get too intimate with that girl. I knew she was one of the kind to get married soon.

**We'd Take On Ourselves.**

Agent—Can I write you a fine insurance policy, sir?

Mr. Smarty—Sure! Write me out one that will be good when money burns a hole in my pocket.

**Professional View.**

"The operation was a perfect success."

"Why, I understand, doctor; that the patient died."

"So he did, but what had that to do with the success of the operation?"

**The Matrimonial Agency.**

"This lady is worth \$400,000. Would you like to see her photograph?"

"Worth \$400,000 and compelled to advertise for a husband? No; you needn't show me her photo. I can imagine what it must be."

**Screening Land From Sandstorms.**

The agricultural department of the Belgian government is preparing to undertake one of the most extensive schemes for tree planting ever at

# The KITCHEN CABINET

## LETTER FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

### TENTATIVE ASSESSMENT OF PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORA- TIONS.

#### COURT UPHOLDS LAW GOV- ERNING ASSESSMENT REVIEW.

**Decision is of Great Importance as  
Every County in State May be  
Reviewed at Some Time or  
Other.**

**[By Gurd M. Hayes.]**

Lansing, Mich.—The state tax commission has completed the tentative assessment for 1913 of all public service corporations valued on an ad valorem basis, and as compared to the final assessment of 1912, the valuations have been boosted \$8,289,375. The assessed valuation of all real estate and personal property in Michigan for 1913 is placed at \$2,345,695,709, an increase of \$267,001,300 over last year. The total tax for 1913 is \$50,569,766.36 and the rate per \$100 will be \$1.00, rejected per \$100 over last year.

The chief value of soup made from broths or meat extracts is the toning of the stomach for the heavier foods. When the nicely flavored thin soup gets into the stomach the gastric juice begins to flow; then when the heavy food follows the stomach is heavy to take care of. These thin broths of soups have little food value, but are great aids to digestion.

**Hearty soups.**—Like purées or cream soups, are of themselves a meal and with a simple salad and bread and butter make a most filling one.

**Consonne.**—Clear soup made from veal or beef. Bouillon is made from lean chopped beef. Use a quart of water to each pound of meat.

**Bellevue bouillon.**—Is made from equal quantities of clear chicken broth and clam broth, seasoned with celery seed and pepper. Serve in cups with spoonful of sugar.

**Chocolat.**—Cook together six tablespooms of sugar mixed with four tablespooms of grated chocolate; add a pint of boiling water, the yolks of two eggs and two tablespooms of cornstarch. Flavor with vanilla and pour into a baked crust. Cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs, adding two tablespooms of sugar. Bake with one crust.

**Apple Meringue.**—Fill a rich lower crust with seasoned apple sauce, flavor with nutmeg and bake. When done, spread with a meringue made with two eggs and two tablespooms of sugar. Bake a golden brown.

**Cocnut Pie.**—Take four eggs well beaten, add a pint of milk and two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one cupful of cocoanut, one tablespoomful of vanilla and bake in one crust. Sprinkle sugar over the top after baking.

**Banana Cream Pie.**—Make a custard of two eggs, a quarter of a cup of sugar and a pint of milk. Into this put the pulp of two bananas well mashed. Turn into a pastry lined pie plate and bake until well done. Cover with a meringue, if so desired.

**Date Pie.**—Cook a pint of milk and a third of a pound of dates in a double boiler 20 minutes. Strain and rub through a sieve; add two beaten eggs, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, a few gratings of nutmeg, and bake in a single crust.

**Washington Pie.**—This is such a favorite that it should be brought to mind often. Make a simple layer or sponge cake, and bake in two layers. Put it together with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

**Apple Meringue.**—Fill a rich lower crust with seasoned apple sauce, flavor with nutmeg and bake. When done, spread with a meringue made with two eggs and two tablespooms of sugar. Bake a golden brown.

**Time past is gone, thou canst not it re-  
call;**

**Time past hast improve that portion  
small;**

**Time future is not and may never be,**

**Time present is the only time for the.**

#### SERVING THE OYSTER.

The common way of serving the oysters is in a stew, and often a very inferior dish it is, too, for an oyster stew to be palatable must be carefully made and well seasoned. An oyster cocktail or oysters on the half shell are the favorite first course of the dinner menu of most men.

**Oyster Cocktail.**—This is one of the best ways of serving this dish. Mix a tablespoomful of tomato catsup, half a tablespoomful of vinegar or lemon juice, two drops of tabasco sauce and salt to taste. Serve in cocktail glasses or in halves of green peppers placed in a bed of ice. The oysters from six to eight on the half shell.

**Roasted Oysters.**—These are delicious when the nice, fresh, well-dressed oysters may be procured. Buy the oysters in the shell, scrub them and place in a dripping pan and cook in a hot oven until the shells open. Season and serve in the deep halves of the shells.

**Broiled Oysters.**—Clean and