

IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

VOL. XXI NO. 22

DES MOINES IOWA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1914.

Price Five Cents

CITY NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright of Buxton was in our city last week shopping.

Don't forget Mrs. Booker T. Washington will lecture Monday evening at the A. M. E. church.

Mrs. W. Hieronymus of 1014 Center street was taken suddenly ill yesterday at her home.

Miss Georgie Blackburn, one of the school mams who is teaching in Buxton arrived here yesterday for a visit with her mother and sister.

The Thompson hotel guests were Mr. Fred Townsend, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. (boys' department), Buxton, and Mrs. J. W. Lyles of Chicago, Ill.

The Union Thanksgiving services held at the Maple Street Baptist church yesterday was very largely attended and the program as printed last week was well rendered. About \$25.00 was taken up.

Mrs. Matilda Lee of Clarinda is here for a few weeks visit with her daughter, Miss Susie Lee, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gould.

Born on last Saturday, Nov. 21 to Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Williams an 8 lb bouncing baby girl, both mother and daughter doing well.

The Womans' Working club met at Mrs. L. Bundy on November 23rd at 1009 West Walnut street. After business was transacted the hostess served a nice luncheon. They adjourned to meet at Miss M. E. Swests, 2621 Chester avenue, December 1st.

Mr. O. O. Buckner and wife and baby came down from Ft. Dodge to spend a few days, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Jackson on 12th and Day street. Mrs. Buckner and baby will remain a week while Mr. Buckner will return to day.

At a special convocation of the G. H. Clergy chapter of Royal Arch Masons last Friday evening the following were initiated into the mysteries of the Royal Arch chapter: E. L. Shaw, W. T. Jones, J. W. Johnson, A. L. Winn, R. N. Hyde, M. L. Gregory, Wm. Tomlin, W. L. Riley, Rev. T. L. Griffith, Rev. S. B. Moore, Chas. Carl, E. S. Morgan, C. C. Johnson, V. L. Jones, Dr. J. A. Jefferson, G. L. Johnson, J. W. Black, John Jackson, J. H. Reynolds, J. J. Roach, Wm. Walker and J. A. Graham.

DES MOINES NEGRO WINS HONORS AT AMES.

Word has been received by Sergeant John Jackson of this city that his son, Rufus, a recent honor graduate of East Des Moines high school, and now a student at the State college at Ames, Iowa, has been selected as one of the eight representatives of that great student body to enter the horticulture and forestry speaking contest to be held in Des Moines on Wednesday, December 9th, under the auspices of the Iowa State Horticultural society, one of the prizes for which contest is a life membership in said society. Mr. Jackson will speak upon the subject "The Spirit of the Orchardist."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the special meeting of Princess Ozell chapter, No. 9, Order of the Eastern Star, has been changed from Thursday, November 13th, to Thursday, November 6th. All members will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly. By order of Mrs. Addie French, Worthy Matron.

A Farm for Rent

We have a farm for rent in Decatur county, Iowa, 4 miles from town of 140 acres to rent for cash, very low, from one to five years lease. 120 acres in cultivation, a good stock farm, land rolling, fruit trees, shade with well and barn. Would prefer a colored farmer. Write to John L. Thompson, 1306 W. 20th.

Sick Headache.
This distressing disease results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. For sale by all dealers.

L. E. Hanger Wm. Aikens
Hanger & Aikens
New York Restaurant
304 West Grand Avenue
Des Moines Iowa

THANKSGIVING.

Yesterday the American people were called to cease their work and rest and give thanks to the All Wise Being for the manifold blessings that we have received for the past year. We as Americans should give thanks that we have peace, prosperity, happiness and good health. We should also pray for a cessation of the great war that is now raging in Europe, destroying millions of people, the hope of future generations. Our sympathies should go out to suffering humanity all over the globe and our hope is that by next Thanksgiving all the civilized people will be in peace as our country.

EDITOR'S OBSERVATION.

We could not close this year's observation without observing a few things about Buxton. Well we have spent a few days here for two pay days and I must say that Buxton is no more the famous old live money making business whirl and enthusiastic band of labor. To one who has been there once each year since it was organized and has seen it at its height and now to see it one can hardly imagine the great change. The work is poor, only working from three to five days a week, and only about one-third of the miners here as usually. About one-third of the houses are now vacant. The reasons for this are many. The two main reasons are, first the losing of Mr. Ben Buxton as superintendent; second, democratic hard times coming on; third, the blowing out of one mine and the sinking of a new shaft; fourth cause is that some of the new superintendents have tried to replace many colored miners with white miners. All of these have had a telling effect upon the population and condition of Buxton. I was informed that about five years ago there were about 2,000 men on the pay roll. Now only about 700. The population of Buxton now will not exceed 2,500, of which perhaps 1,500 are colored. We now have a white postmaster, with all his help white, a democrat, the first time that a white man was ever postmaster of Buxton. There are five churches, three Negro and two white. The A. M. E. has just got a new man, Rev. J. H. Ferribee, who comes well recommended, and his matured age his enthusiasm for the work he will, we hope, succeed.

Rev. F. B. Woodard is still pastor at the St. John's Baptist church. He has a large field and is holding his own. He is a Christian gentleman, well equipped for the work. They have just been holding a series of services. Rev. Woodard met with a misfortune this summer of losing his wife. He is also suffering from rheumatic trouble and has to walk with crutches or with a cane. He is improving, however. At the Tabernacle Baptist church we find Rev. J. R. Northcross. He is doing a good work out there and has a good following. A peculiar thing about these churches is that the Sunday school hour at all the churches is at 9 o'clock and they are all well attended with a band of thoroughly strong teachers. The Y. M. C. A., which we are always proud to mention as the only colored Y. M. C. A. in Iowa, is doing as well as can be expected under the efficient management of J. H. McGrew and Mr. Townsend, who is superintendent of the boys' department. They are both trained Y. M. C. A. men and are a credit to the race.

Mr. J. H. Baker is running the only printing office and newspaper here. This is one of the new business enterprises here and though young in the field we wish for him success. Mr. B. F. Cooper, the pioneer druggist, is still at the old stand. He feels more like a real man since the arrival of his first child, a boy, a few months ago. His only son, Reuben, is still here. His hotel in conjunction with Mr. White. They are doing fairly well. Mr. Gains is one of the richest men in Iowa. They have a fine \$1,500 five-passenger car. He is one of the important factors in Buxton. Mr. W. H. London and E. A. London are still in the music and furniture business. Mr. James Roberts is still working at the cigar manufacturing business and is doing well. Dr. E. A. Carter is at the head of the company's doctors and is the only colored physician in the United States that has charge of a company's business. He is also in charge of the Northwestern Railroad Co.'s business at this end. He has been having white assistants. He has recently bought him a new five-passenger car. Dr. C. G. Robinson is the only other colored physician here. He has a good trade and drives a beautiful horse. Mr. G. L. Neal is still manager of the famous Buxton Wonders baseball team. Mr. J. W. Neely runs a drug and confectionery store in southwest Buxton. He is a business young man. Mr. Andrew Jeffries is still running the restaurant, which is the oldest restaurant in Buxton. They have a very large trade, as usual. More about Buxton next week.

MONMOUTH, ILL.

Mrs. Fannie Munson has returned home, after a short visit in Davenport with her daughter, Mrs. Bell Harris.

Mrs. P. H. Lewis left last Saturday for her home in Indianapolis, Ind., after being called here by the illness

of her husband.

Mr. George Farmer is on the sick list.

The Calvary Baptist church promise their usual good Thanksgiving dinner and supper, which will be held in the church dining room.

Miss Lavietta Taylor returned home from Chicago.

The ladies of the A. M. E. church have organized a church sewing circle. Mrs. Susie McWilliams was elected president and Mrs. G. T. Brown secretary.

Mrs. Effie Merriall is on the sick list.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Peoples entertained several friends with a four-course dinner in honor of Rev. and Mrs. P. H. Lewis.

Still being confined at the hospital, Rev. Lewis was unable to attend.

Earl Vaughn went to Des Moines last Friday afternoon.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

Nebraska slaughtered us in the game last Saturday with a score of 17 to 6. They had a fine team, the lightest men weighing about as much as our heaviest men.

Mr. Ross and Mr. Hicks were royally entertained at the fraternity.

Mr. Hicks is so well pleased with the K. A. N. that he will become a prep medic here upon the beginning of the medic year term. Mr. Ross came up on the band. This law student had played his time out on the football team.

Christian Endeavor Sunday night.

The G. S. U. I. want to extend their hearty welcome to and most sincere regrets at being unable to hear Mrs. Booker T. Washington.

Douglas Miller will go to Des Moines for the Thanksgiving recess.

members, under the supervision of Mrs. Bernice Marshall as matron.

Dinner and supper will be served at Wayman chapel Thanksgiving day, ending with a concert in the evening.

Mr. Lambert is still on the road to recovery. He is now at home in South Rock Island.

Olivia, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, is quite sick.

ALBIA NEWS.

Sunday was quarterly meeting at the A. M. E. church. Presiding Elder S. B. Moore assisted Rev. Morgan in his services. Presiding Elder S. B. Moore will be in town for the week and will preach at the A. M. E. church on Wednesday and Thursday and will be entertained by the following persons: Mrs. C. S. Washington and Mrs. Andrew Smith.

Mrs. Luke Mosely of Hiteman was in Albia on Saturday on business.

Mrs. G. A. Davis returned from Hocking on Saturday.

Mrs. Mabel Robeson of Hocking will entertain Presiding Elder S. B. Moore, Rev. Morgan and Mrs. G. A. Davis and a few others at dinner Monday.

Those who attended quarterly meeting services from Hocking Sunday were Mrs. Virgie Burns, Mrs. Nancy Burns, Misses Viola and Ida Young, Mrs. Emily Burns and Master Willis Young.

On Wednesday evening at the A. M. E. church the ladies of the church gave a social for the benefit of the pastor.

(Last Week.)

Mrs. Virginia Burns, Miss Viola Young and Mrs. Nancy Burns were in Albia on Wednesday.

Mrs. Wilburn Hawkins, who has been residing in Albia for some time,

remarks were very interesting and impressed the people very much.

Rev. J. J. Evans has placed a service board on the church, a much needed addition.

The social given Friday night by Stewardess No. 1 was a moderate success.

Mrs. Mary Tate and son, Wm., spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Palmyra, Mo., the guests of her father, Mr. Wm. Johnson, and other relatives.

The report of the anniversary rally of Bethel A. M. E. Sunday school was made Sunday and the total collected to date was \$18.08. The second Sunday in December will be Parent Day and every parent is invited to be present.

BUXTON REVIEW.

Mrs. B. F. Cooper, who has been visiting her parents in Colfax, Iowa, has returned.

Mrs. Sallie Miller of our city has gone on a long visit in Rockford, Ill., and from there to Raleigh, S. C.

The editor of the Bystander, John L. Thompson, was in our city this week.

There was a reception given last Wednesday night at St. John's A. M. E. church in honor of our new pastor and wife, Rev. J. H. Ferribee, and Presiding Elder S. B. Moore by the stewardesses and the deaconesses. Opening song by the choir. Invocation by Rev. F. B. Woodard, pastor of Mt. Zion Baptist church. Welcome address in behalf of the steward board by W. H. Cook. Welcome address in behalf of the deaconess board by Mrs. Susie Pugh. Welcome address in behalf of the Allen Endeavor League by R. H. Stewart. Welcome address in behalf of the Sunday school, Ulysses Price. Welcome address, J. H. McGrew, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Welcome address by Rev. M. J. Northcross in behalf of the churches. After which all were served with ice cream and cake.

Mr. A. J. Hicks toastmaster.

Mrs. Fannie Johnson, who went to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, last week, has returned with her brother, Mr. Gus Mickens.

Mrs. G. O. Terrell is in our city this week.

Quite a number of young people were out to the Endeavor Sunday evening. Topic lead by Miss Lola Hart.

Mrs. Allen of Des Moines, the mother of Miss Bertha Allen, is in our city this week visiting.

The County Teachers' Institute was held in Albia on Thursday and Friday, the 12th and 13th. On these dates all schools were closed and the following teachers attended: Mesdames Minnie B. London, Ella Willis, Mayme Finley, Grace M. Hutton, Misses Gertrude Lucas, Grace Harris, Georgia Blackburn and Lola Hart.

Miss Grace Harris went to her home in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, to spend over Sunday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Hutton and Miss Hart.

Presiding Elder S. B. Moore is in our city this week holding his quarterly meetings. He preached Sunday morning and afternoon and at night.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, NOTES.

Rev. Nicholson preached an excellent sermon to a large audience Sunday and will fill the pulpit at the union Thanksgiving service on Thursday morning. The choirs from both churches will furnish the music.

Mrs. Wm. Horne of Galesburg is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Kellis Baker.

Mrs. Enzer Green entertained a party of friends in honor of her mother, Mrs. Hunter, who is visiting at her home for the past month. A two-course lunch was served and a very delightful time enjoyed.

Mr. Edward Buckner has purchased a home at 1204 Harrison street.

The Allan League held a very interesting meeting.

The junior choir, under the leadership of Mr. C. P. Jones, is doing very good singing.

Rev. J. P. Sims and his committee are busy getting ready for the annual Thanksgiving dinner.

Mrs. Flora Mitchell is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Alice Richardson has moved from Ripley street to East Third street. Her son, Mr. Claude Richardson, and family are here to live from Muscatine. They will reside with their mother.

What Would You Do?

In case of a burn or scald what would you do to relieve the pain? Such injuries are liable to occur in any family and everyone should be prepared for them. Chamberlain's Salve applied on a soft cloth will relieve the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a very severe one, will cause the parts to heal without leaving a scar. For sale by all dealers.

CLARINDA, IOWA.

There was a grand ball given at the K. P. lodge hall under the auspices of the Sunnyside Minstrels.

Mr. Winifred Montgomery has returned from Burlington, Iowa.

Mrs. Florence Rice, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Georgia Howe, of Gravit, Iowa, is at present in Clarinda.

Rev. D. W. Brown held services Sunday at church and preached two able sermons.

sermons Sunday and a rally was also concluded in the day's work.

Mrs. Nancy Campbell has been sick at her daughter's, Mrs. Chestwood Pemberton.

Mrs. Jennie Blythe has been very sick.

The parsonage of the Second Baptist church is about complete. Rev. Mitchell contemplates on moving in soon.

Mrs. Dowling of Coin spoke on Temperance Work Thursday.

COLFAX, IOWA.

Mrs. Ashford and little Cleola spent Sunday afternoon at the Capital City visiting her husband, who is at the hospital, and reports his condition getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Truley & Cobbs' Southern Dixie Concert Co. played in our town at the Odd Fellows' hall Saturday, November 14.

Mrs. G. O. Terrell returned to her home in Colfax, after spending several weeks caring for her daughter, Mrs. B. F. Cooper, of Buxton. Mrs. Cooper and little son accompanied her home.

Mrs. White, who is chef at one of the down town cafes, has been sick for several days past and has been confined to her room at the Battle House.

Before we receive another number of the paper Thanksgiving will be come and gone and the writer for this paper wishes all her readers a joyous Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Wm. Bell was in the Capital city Wednesday of last week on business.

The Ladies Mission Circle will meet this Thursday Nov. 19th at the home of Mrs. John Broddus. Wishing all members of the Circle to be present, business of importance.

Mr. Mat Banks has been somewhat indisposed for several days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Holmes spent Wednesday of the past week in the Capital City on business, returning home the same evening.

Rev. Henry Clark and wife have just arrived from Lovell, South Dakota and the reverend was shaking hands with old friends. Mrs. Clark stopped in Des Moines to visit her sister, Mrs. Green.

CENTERVILLE, IOWA, NEWS.

Mrs. Alice Ewing is still on the sick list.

Rev. V. S. Copper has returned home, after helping in a week's meeting in Buxton, Iowa.

The Missionary society met at the home of Mrs. M. J. Tompkins last Thursday. The missionary ladies brought in a nice report. Miss Bessie Taylor also had a lovely paper on Missions.

The Ladies' Art club met at the home of Mrs. Earl Lacy. A dainty two-course luncheon was served and the ladies report a nice social time.

The literary society was honored with the presence of one of Albia's high school students, who took a very active part in the debate.

The band boys will give a musical at the Moose hall Thanksgiving night, to which all are cordially invited. Admission 10 cents.

Mr. Jessie Gooding met with an accident at the Citizens coal mine and is now under the doctor's care and is reported better.

The Ladies' Art club and Pastor's Aid society gave a box supper last Saturday night and it was a grand success.

Mrs. Lizzie Taylor has returned home from a month's visit from Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Mr. Leo Slaughter, who has been traveling in the northwest with a company doing vaudeville work, has returned here to his home, where he expects to spend the winter.

Best Cough Medicine for Children.

"Three years ago when I was living in Pittsburg one of my children had a hard cold and coughed dreadfully. Upon the advice of a druggist I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it benefited him at once. I find it the best cough medicine for children because it is pleasant to take. They do not object to taking it," writes Mrs. Lafayette Tuck, Homer City, Pa. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

FORT MADISON.

The entertainment given at the Second Baptist church last Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the White Rose club, was well attended. There were quite a number of the friends and members of the club from Keokuk in attendance. The entertainment was exceedingly good and the participants deserve special commendation for its rendition.

Messrs. Ray Saunders and Paul Johnson stopped over in the city a few hours Sunday evening en route to their home in Ottumwa, Iowa. While in the city they were the guests of the Misses Harper.

Mr. Nathan Mitchell of Keokuk, Iowa, was in the city this week distributing bills for a ball, which is to be given in that city on Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Carlas have arrived in the city from Rock Island, Ill., to make Fort Madison their future home.

A bunch of young folks spent last Saturday near Argyle, Iowa, attending a party, which was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Dandridge.

Wednesday, November 18, was quarterly meeting at the A. M. E. church. Presiding Elder I. N. Daniels was with us.

Miss Viola Jones of Pittsburg, Pa., was in the city last week in connection with the domestic science instructors.

OTTUMWA, IOWA.

Misses Zella and Hazel Clark have gone to Keokuk to spend Thanksgiving.

The local committee of B. F. Lee M. M. society held special services Sunday evening. The choir rendered splendid music and some very interesting papers were read. The ladies lifted a large collection, of which they thank all who so nobly responded.

Mrs. Bennet is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. Milton, on Panama street.

The Sewing Circle of the Second Baptist church will serve Thanksgiving dinner. Sermon will go at 3 o'clock, delivered by Rev. T. J. Carr, and the Sunshine girls will render a nice program in the evening.

Mrs. G. McGill entertained the Faithful Few last Thursday evening, it being her mother's, Mrs. R. A. Campbell, 66th birthday. The society called after reading the minutes and calling roll. The evening was spent socially. There were about thirty-five guests present. Mrs. Campbell received many useful presents. She is loved by all with whom she comes in contact and her many friends wish her many more happy birthdays.

The Golden Star lodge, No. 4, are moving to new quarters, where they will have more room and a better hall. The Ladies' Star postponed their meeting until they are settled in their new hall.

The ladies of the A. M. E. church will serve Thanksgiving dinner. Everything good. Thanksgiving sermon will be preached at 11 o'clock a. m. The juvenile girls will give a corn drill in the evening and spelling match.

Mr. Charles Owens and Mrs. H. Owens will spend Thanksgiving in Chicago with his son, Mr. E. Owens. Margaret Horn spent Sunday in Oskaloosa.

Margaret Davis is on the sick list.

WASHINGTON, IOWA, NOTES.

Mrs. Tom Lewis is sick with an abscess. It has been lanced and she is recovering nicely.

Mrs. F. D. Motts is visiting her sons, Thos., Ralph and Leon Motts, in Chicago.

Rev. Boyd accompanied Mrs. Daniel Haines to Iowa City on Monday, November 16, where she entered the homeopathic hospital for an operation for cataract on one of her eyes. The operation so far has been successful.

Friends in the city have received word from Mrs. Lewis Wallace since she arrived home at Pittsburg that Mr. Wallace is in a hospital and has had an operation.

Mr. Daniel Haynes' life is slowly ebbing. The disease with which he has suffered so long has about reached its zenith.

On Tuesday, November 17, was the 30th anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Boyd and about thirty friends responded to invitations sent out by Mrs. Boyd to assist the Rev. celebrate the event.

Congratulations are now in order to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Berkley. On last Saturday evening, November 21, at 8 o'clock occurred the marriage of Mrs. Anna Cecile to Mr. Geo. Berkley in the presence of a few intimate friends, Revs. Sawhill and Boyd officiating. After congratulations an elegant wedding supper was served by Miss Marie Whaley.

Miss Nettie Campbell has taken up the agency for a number of good books and is meeting with success in her effort. We are glad to know.

Word has been received in the city of the marriage of Miss Lottie Greaver at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. L. F. Phillips is getting a little better, but the progress is slow.

Mrs. T. L. Burnett has seen some "hat indisposed with an irritation of some nature in one of her eyes. It is a little better at this writing.

Chas. McKain has returned to his home at Fort Madison.

Success.

"He has achieved success: who has lived long, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the trust of his fellow men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poem, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty; who has never failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."—Beattie A. Stanley.

Subscribe for The Iowa State Bystander.

Would seem so. Crawford—Do the rich know how the other half live? Crabtree—After taking their money from them they must be able to form some idea of how they are compelled to live.—Punch.

Laura Jean Libbey's Talks on Heart Topics

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
HINTS TO BRIDES.

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove;
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream.

In our eyes, since thou art my love.

It is half of the battle which makes for a lifetime of wedded happiness to begin aright from the time one turns from the altar. Because a man has given a woman the possession of his name, his heart and all his worldly goods, she should not imagine that his nature comes under her control, then and there.

The newly-made husband may adore her; have no thought save to make her happy, yet to

even the most shallow natures there is an undercurrent against which the bride should be too wise to attempt to battle. Every man has his likes and dislikes, his hopes and his fears, different ways of finding pleasures, repelled and attracted according to his nature. It has taken him a lifetime to grow to that state in which the bride has found him. She should not expect to overthrow at once the stubborn growth of years.

The wisest brides will find traits in the new husband which she did not dream of when he was courting her. He may be a very good provider for the home, but have the mistaken notion that it is not wisest or best to trouble a wife's head with his business affairs—that it is an act of diplomacy to keep it from her if his business is flourishing lest she be tempted to become extravagant; to keep it from her by all means if he has reverses. Hence the bride is not wise who takes a stand that he must show up his books for her inspection.

If he refuses to talk this matter over with her, she should not put and make his home-coming an annoying thought to him. You must not imagine, my dears, that the average husband will give up his evening paper to enjoy your society as he did in his courting days; that his lips will wear a continual smile; his words always be honeyed; that he will hasten at your beck and call; be ever ready to take you to theater and ball; lavish money on you for flowers and bonbons; keep you robed in silks and laces. These lessons you will learn are difficult ones, but they will benefit you.

The bride who has wedded a young man who is making his own way in the world with difficulty should make up her mind that it is her bounden duty to buckle right down to hard work in the housekeeping world to help him save money and get up. His interest has now become hers. The right kind of a bride is wings to a man's ambitions. The wrong kind is like leaden balls chained to his feet, which hinder him from taking a step forward.

Marriage either makes or mars the life of both husband and wife. It is a sad thing for a young couple to begin wedded life on too expensive a scale and, perhaps, to have to come down. The bride who says: "My friends wouldn't come to see me if we lived in a cheap little flat" makes a mistake in thinking that her so-called friends of this sort care for her. Those who really care for her would be as glad to come and see her in a dovecote of a four-room flat as in a large, expensive home. Woe be unto her if the people who call upon her simply because she has moved into a large house find out that only the lower floor of the place is furnished and the upstairs rooms are locked because they are bare. It is not the home a bride wants to consider, but her husband's love, comfort and happiness.

DAUGHTERS WHO ARE WATCHED.

One pair of eyes to gaze,
One pair of sparkling blue,
In which sweet love betrays
Her form of fairest hue.
One pair of glowing cheeks,
Fresh as the rose and fair,
Whose crimson blush bespeaks
The health that's native there.

What girl does not believe, in the innocence and gaiety of her youth, the great big world is just as good and true as it looks to her? The happy blithesome young bird whose wings have never been caught in a trap knows nothing of danger. How should it? The bird is very apt to flutter past where hawks lay in waiting for just such victims. Young girls are quite as apt to stroll into paths where there are hawks in human form.

But how should they know they are dangerous? It is but natural for young girls to follow their mood.

If they are of merry temperament, those who have a jolly disposition appeal to them. A girl who has a mother to watch over her without seeming to do so and to guide her footsteps, is adroitly prevented from making the wrong acquaintances.

It is the poor, pretty, hapless young girls, who are alone in the world with no one to advise them, who have need of the world's sympathy. Their hearts are the targets for ruthless marksmen. The girl young in years is usually led by her companions, if she has no one that is a near and dear relative to confide in.

offer to attempt to heal the wound in her heart.

All young girls have the same spirit of thoughtlessness the world over. Many would share the same fate as the outcast were it not that they were guarded by loving watchful care. That they are safely wooed and wed is a great blessing to them, thanks to the chaperon. It must not be supposed that all girls are weak and vacillating by nature. Girls who have an intuitive sense of what is for their good are in the great majority, I am happy to say. The cloak of dignity in which they wrap themselves protects them. If a girl friend is too bold while young men are present, the girl of good sense chooses another companion. If she finds a young man inclined to be rude, she shuns him ever after.

Such a girl can take care of herself though she were in the desert of Sahara. Maidens who are carefully guarded by their home folks have their minds drawn into useful channels, such as drawing, china painting, making their own clothes or being initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping between the ages of fourteen and twenty. She who has her mind filled with useful thoughts keeps out of mischief and foolish, overromantic day dreaming. These are the daughters whom other young women should watch and closely follow their example, thus being a credit to themselves and the world at large. Very young girls who are alone in life should make a confidant of some elderly woman for advice when they feel undecided in love affairs.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then, come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

There's a silly age in girlhood, just as there is with youths. From fourteen to twenty a girl thinks that all she has to do is to frame up an ideal lover, hang his picture in her mind, carrying the duplicate of it in her heart, and watch out for the first fellow to come along who bears any kind of a resemblance to it. She considers this to be of a romantic turn of mind. Every young man she is brought in contact with seems to resemble her ideal in some particular; or, at least, she assumes he does.

She expects his heart to be touched by love's flame at their first meeting, and is quite in the mood to be made love to. Eight girls out of ten are ready to wed for that matter, leaping into a life of which they know nothing. The average young man meets a girl and either considers her a jolly good company or mighty pretty, but a bit too shy. He could spend a pleasant evening or a dozen with the charming maiden, but if he was called away suddenly, unable to resume his calls, he might think of her for a fortnight. At the end of that time he would be looking around among a new crowd of girls who surrounded him for a companion, quite as agreeable as she was.

True, he may write a few fervent letters to her, but the fervency of these soon wanes. When a man has scarcely interest enough to open a letter which he knows is from a particular girl, letting it lie about in his collar or handkerchief box for two or three days, and puts off from time to time the irksome task of answering it, he may be said to be off her list entirely.

Young girls cannot bring themselves to believe this. They are sure he is intended for them, and even though his interest may blow hot and then flow cool, he is sure to return to them, finding out how dull life is without them. By the time they have wasted useless years in such delusive hope they begin to wake up. Because a girl likes a certain man it is no reason that her liking will touch a responsive chord in his heart. He may be attracted to just the opposite kind of a girl. She is very lucky if she can come across just the kind of a man she wants. They are not made to order.

A man or woman's looks count for little. It is that subtle quality, indescribable, yet tangible, which draws two hearts together. Ideals usually have to be swept down from their dusty pedestals before they consent to accept the real man when he comes along. Romance is very beguiling, but until a girl is old enough to show common sense in her choosing she is not competent to take unto herself a husband.

Birds Invade Helgoland.

Unless war has disturbed the arrangements of birds as well as men, the island of Helgoland is now experiencing an aerial invasion of the very first order. In the great southward flights of the birds each autumn the North sea island seems to be a recognized point of call.

In peaceful times the islanders profit by this, and on autumn nights are abroad with lanterns and nets, the latter to attract and catch the birds, the former to secure them. Mr. Seeborn records having seen as many as 15,000 larks captured in a single night. A lighthouse man reckoned to secure 300 birds a night by merely stretching a net around the great lantern. And these were merely weary stragglers from a host no man could number.

It "Warn't" Dare.

A trial took place recently in Texas before a negro jury. The 12 gentlemen of color were told by the judge that a man had been found guilty of murder and "find a verdict." They retired and "find a verdict." They departed for the jury room. Then began the opening and shutting of drawers, the slamming of doors, and other sounds of unusual commotion. Every sound wondered what the trouble was. At last the foreman arose and said: "We had looked everywh— in the drawers, and behind the do', an' can't find no verdict." It warn't in de room."

Down for the Count.

According to the dental science of zomethingery a blow on the jaw anesthetizes the tooth zone. Indeed, we have known this treatment to anesthetize a man so completely that he remained fast asleep while the referee counted ten.

CARLETON'S MISTAKE

Demon of Jealousy Drove a Train Dispatcher to Risk Two Hundred Lives.

By ARTHUR OTT.

Carleton awoke with a start. It seemed that he must have overslept. Leaping from his bed he crossed to the dresser on which his watch lay, and, seeing that it was five o'clock, he heaved a sigh of relief. He was not due in the dispatcher's room until seven.

He was so wide awake, however, that he decided to dress and proceeded to do so, calling lustily for his wife meanwhile. There was no answer to the call and he shouted again. Still no answer. He sat and listened for a moment. No one was moving about the house.

Then suddenly he remembered. That morning, when he had returned from work, there had been a quarrel. As usual he had been to blame. It was his overmastering jealousy that had caused it. One of the train hands had spoken earnestly of having seen his wife and Bob Munro talking while he was on duty.

He had come home in a towering rage and had accused his wife bitterly of many things—things which he was now sure that she was guiltless, but in his temper he was blind. Naturally she had resented his attitude and had declared that she would leave him. In his madness he had told her that he wished that she would.

And now he awoke in a deserted house. Had she really gone, he wondered. The thought sent him in a panic. In a rush of memory all her little ways, her many thoughtful tender-nesses, all that she had been to him, flooded his mind.

With the utmost haste he dressed and walked through the house. It was empty. Everything was in order, everything in its place, but there was no sign of her. He sank down weakly in a chair in the kitchen.

After all, it was his own fault. He had not tried to control himself. He had acted so like a beast to her, and now—well, he would have to reap the harvest of bitterness which he had sown, and what hurt more, she, too, would have to reap; she who was innocent.

It sent a pang through him to think that today she might even wish that she had chosen Bob Munro instead of him. Two years ago they had been rivals for her hand. Carleton, jealous of all men, was especially jealous of Munro. Suddenly a thought occurred to him. If she had left him for good she would surely have left him some word, a note, or something. He arose, and, crossing the hallway, made his way to the parlor where she had her desk. At first he could not open it, his fingers trembled so, but at last he succeeded.

Lying on the top of her papers was a note without an envelope. He seized it and eagerly unfolded it. Then he stepped back with a cry. The writing was not that of Helen; it was Bob Munro's.

Carleton read:
Dearest Helen:
Why put up with your life any longer? Why suffer as you are suffering? Why wait for a man who has left you? Come away from it all with me. We can catch the five fifty westbound, and tomorrow begin a new life in a new world. I will wait for you at the old place. Come in time.
BOB.

That was all. For a moment Carleton scarcely realized the meaning of the note. He stared at it helplessly, carefully studying the words. Like a flash their full import came to him.

Then once again his wild, passionate rage possessed him. He resolved to intercept and kill them both. The five fifty westbound! That was train No. 73. It was usually late.

He pulled his watch from his pocket. It was five fifty-five. He was too late. The train had gone. No, it might be late. There might still be a chance. Seizing his hat, he rushed out on his head, and rushing out, ran swiftly toward the depot.

In ten minutes he had reached the station. As he darted into the waiting-room he met the division superintendent, John Gardner, who greeted him with a yelp of joy.

"By George, Carleton!" he exclaimed, "you are the very man I most need. I was going to send for you."

"Seventy-three," gasped Carleton, "has she arrived?"

"She's come and gone," answered Gardner, "right on time tonight and I want her to stay so."

Carleton leaped against the wall, weak and faint. So, after all, he was robbed of his vengeance. A sickening revulsion swept over him.

Now, what Gardner wished, he explained, was that Carleton should stand the rest of Brunt's trick as well as his own, and get seventy-three off the division on time.

The click of the telegraph instrument, a sound so familiar and home-like to his ears, restored him considerably as he entered the office. Briefly he explained to Brunt that he had come to relieve him.

Then he listened intelligently while the other explained the situation of the various trains. He took the book and ran over it with practiced eye.

"I guess I have everything straight now," he said at length. "You can go all right."

Suddenly the ticking of an instrument roused him. He opened the key and listened. It was the tower man at the Y crossing. He reported that seventy-three had passed on time.

Again came the call of the telegraph instrument. Seventy-three again. She was at Sweetwater, at the foot of the grade, and her last stop before the summit. She was still on time and the conductor wanted his release. Mechanically Carleton gave it.

He was giving the orders which were permitting his wife to escape. God! how horrible it was.

"The fast freight waited for orders." Then he sprang to his feet with a great cry. God had heard his prayer and had answered it. Their lives lay in his hands. The line between Sweetwater, the station that seventy-three had just left, and Summit was a single track.

The grade was terrific. The fast freight would come down it booming. It would meet seventy-three at about Pine Tree crossing and utterly destroy it, and in the destruction the two guilty ones would perish.

With a steady hand he answered Summit, and ordered the freight to make Sweetwater at once and wait there on the siding for seventy-three. As he gave the order Gardner entered the office. He heard the signal and understood it.

"Hell," he exclaimed impatiently, "that makes seventy-three so late?" Before Carleton could prevent him he had seized the order-book and was looking over it to discover for himself what was wrong.

"Good God!" he cried excitedly, "countermand that last order. Seventy-three has left Sweetwater. They will meet on the grade."

"No," answered Carleton, rising slowly and facing him.

Gardner sprang forward toward the telegraph table to send the message himself, but the other caught him by the throat. "Then at last he understood the truth; he was dealing with a madman. With a great cry he tried to release himself, but he was held in a grip like a vice. Vainly he struggled to free himself. The thought of two hundred innocent souls rushing to destruction gave him an almost superhuman strength, but even that could not force the other to relax his hold.

Seeing that his efforts were useless he cried aloud for help. As he did so, Carleton drew back and struck him with all his force. Like a log he sank to the floor. Carleton stood over the prostrate form smiling happily. His revenge would be complete; and in his heart was an awful joy.

Presently he heard the door open and turned to see who was entering. Then his heart stood still and his breath left him. Helen, his wife, was crossing the threshold. He stared at her in dumb terror.

It was over then, the accident, and she had come to reproach him. He wanted to hide from her and yet he dared not turn away his head. He could only stand and gaze fascinatedly upon her. His knees trembled beneath him.

At last she spoke.

"John," she said, "what is it? Why do you look at me so?"

As he heard her voice he gave a great heaving sob. She was not dead. "I've been looking all over for you," she went on. "This afternoon I left you asleep and went to make a call. When I returned you were gone."

His heart was beating with terrible violence and still he could not breathe. With difficulty he drew Munro's letter from his pocket, and handed it to her. "That letter," he murmured thickly, "she glanced at it and laughed."

"That," she cried, "that was one of the letters that Bob Munro wrote me before we were married. I saved them all, but last night after you made such a fuss I resolved to burn them. I got them all out and was waiting to let you see me do it."

A great light, the light of a wonderful joy, swept over his face. He held out his arms and started toward her. Suddenly he stopped. Gardner's voice echoed through the room.

"The train, the train, for God's sake save the train!"

Carleton flung his arms above his head with a dreadful writhing gesture and sank limply into a chair.

"What have I done?" he whispered.

"Oh, what have I done?" he whispered. "You have killed them," said Gardner weakly, as he staggered to his feet, "two hundred people. You have killed them." He fell weakly on a table, his head in his arms, and sobbed like a little child.

The woman rushed to her husband's side.

"John," she said, "what is it?" "I thought you and he were on seventy-three," he answered her dully, "and I have wrecked it."

She did not speak, but her face went very white.

Then followed silence while they waited. Presently Gardner began to pray. He stopped and there was silence again. In a little while must come the news of the disaster.

But none of them could ever forget the agony of the waiting there in that silent room, sitting in strained quiet to hear the tidings of disaster wrought by a jealous man's mad whim.

At last it came. Summit called on the telegraph. Gardner groped his way to the instrument and answered.

"Fast freight got hot-box in station," came the message; "have backed her on siding waiting for orders."

That was all—yet it meant that seventy-three was safe. With a white face Gardner turned.

"Thank God," he cried to Carleton. But the latter did not hear. He was lying on the floor in a dead faint.

Anti-Suffragistic.

Southerners are notoriously fond of hot licks, but they have a confession called "Sally Lunn" which is even more highly prized among them. It is not the sort of thing one has every day. It is for special occasions.

"Uncle William," said the housewife to the much spoiled old family servant who presided over most of the domestic arrangements—"Uncle William, don't you think it is about time for us to have some Sally Lunn?"

"Naw'm, Miss Ma'y, maw'm. Don't let's have none or dat. I ain't never had no fancy for dat female bread!"—New York Evening Post.

Practice Jiu Jitsu.

The London suffragists have found a women's volunteers police force, which is drilling daily. They are said to be learning jiu-jitsu for self-defense, police drill, signaling, police court procedure and first aid. Every woman has to pass a physical examination as to physical fitness, and care has been taken only to accept those otherwise qualified to undertake the new responsibility.

WITH GINGER FLAVOR

MANY APPETIZING DESSERTS AT COMMAND.

Condiment is Also Recommended for Its Health-Giving Properties—Should Have More Definite Place in the Larder.

Preserved or canned ginger gives a most interesting flavor to many desserts and really deserves a more definite place in the larder. For it can be kept always on hand and therein possesses a great advantage over many other fruit flavors.

Dates freed from their pits and stuffed with shivers of preserved ginger, then rolled in granulated sugar, are a delicious sweetmeat.

Ginger Bavarian cream is a dessert with an almost elusive flavor. To make it chop half a cupful of preserved ginger into small bits and mix it with half a cupful of sirup. Then add half a package of gelatin, which has been soaked and dissolved in a cupful of water. Whip a pint of cream stiff and add it to the other ingredients. If necessary add chilli. Serve with whipped cream, garnished with bits of preserved ginger.

Chopped preserved ginger can be added to rice pudding before it is baked to give it an unusual flavor.

For a baked custard ginger sauce is delicious. Make it by simmering a cupful of sirup to which a quarter of a cupful of chopped preserved ginger has been added. Serve hot.

Ginger custard sauce is made by simmering the milk from which the custard is to be made with some chopped ginger in it for 15 minutes. Then strain and proceed with the custard sauce in the usual way.

For ginger water iced boil a quart of water and a pound and a quarter of granulated sugar together for five minutes with the rind from four lemons and one orange. Cool and add the juice of the lemons and orange, strain and freeze. Pound four ounces of preserved ginger to a paste and cut two ounces into shreds and add to the ice when it is hard. Pack for a couple of hours.

Ginger ice cream is made in this way: Pound six ounces of preserved ginger to a paste and add slowly two tablespoonsful of lemon juice. Mix a pint of cream with half a pound of granulated sugar and add slowly to the ginger mixture. Press through a fine wire sieve and freeze.

Oriental Eggs.

The Chinese are great eaters of eggs, which they take hard boiled. These are to be had in all the roadside places for refreshment. While the Chinese have an expression, "eggs of a hundred years," it is not to be understood that their eggs are always a century old, though one may be able to procure those that are of many years' standing.

The Chinese evince a preference for the egg of the duck or of the goose. These are placed with aromatic herbs in slaked lime for a varying period, the minimum being, it is said, five or six weeks. Under the influence of time the yolk liquefies and takes on a dark green color, and the white coagulates and becomes green.

How to Clean White Feathers.

White feathers of any description can be cleaned at home to look like new at a small cost. Take gasoline and plaster of paris and mix the two together to the consistency of whipped cream. Dip the feathers in this mixture, squeezing and pressing them; then hang in the open air to dry thoroughly, and until the gasoline evaporates. Be careful not to handle until thoroughly dry; then shake well, and the result will be a beautifully clean and duffy feather. White wings may also be successfully treated in this manner. The gasoline must never be used in a room where there is a light or fire.

To Make Pot Pie.

This can be made with veal alone, chicken or any nice meat. It can also be made similar to the Irish stew with left-over meat and adding a little fresh meat. Meat can be used alone or with a flavoring of vegetables. Cut up small and simmer, as the Irish stew is made, then put in a deep baking dish and cover with a biscuit crust or a mashed potato crust rolled out with flour. Bake a rich brown in moderate oven. Serve in the baking dish. Veal stew, which is made by cutting a pound or two of veal into six pieces, makes a good pie.

Breakfast Pie.

An appetizing and substantial left-over breakfast can be made in the following way: Grease a baking dish and cover the bottom well with hot mashed potatoes and add a layer of the meat chopped fine or ground and rather highly seasoned. Top off with a thin layer of the mashed potatoes. If there was gravy with the meat this may be poured over the pie; otherwise moisten it with water in which a little butter has been dissolved. Set in the oven and bake until brown.

Serve With Turkey.

Rice.
Celery.
Chestnuts.
Boiled onions.
Sweet potatoes.
Cranberry sauce.
Oysters in the stuffing.
Oyster plant is good, too.
Apple butter is sometimes used with it.

Cold slaw gives the requisite bite when cranberries are missing.

Pecan Cookies.

Prepare about pecans to make one pint of meat and grind them into flour in the food chopper. Cream one cupful of sugar with two tablespoonsful of butter, add three eggs, two tablespoonsful of milk, a pinch of salt and the ground nuts. Use barely enough flour to make a dough. It must not be too stiff nor too thin, just a good rolling dough. Cut into cakes and bake a light brown.

SOLDIERS WELL FED

Liberal Ration Allotted Germany's Fighting Men.

Commanders Realize the Importance of Keeping Troops in Proper Physical Condition—Enormous Cost of the Commissariat.

Military experts placed little faith in the numerous rumors during the first days of the war to the effect that the German armies were suffering for lack of food. The reason why they doubted these reports was because it was hard to believe that a commissary department so well equipped as Germany's would fall in its work so early in a struggle for which preparations have been going on for years. All civilized nations have long recognized that food supplies may play as important a part in the winning or losing of battles as ammunition, marksmanship and personal bravery.

With the thoroughness which is so characteristic of their nation the Germans have for years made the feeding of their soldiers a matter of scientific study. Their commissary department is under the direction of a group of dietetic specialists who are admitted to have no superiors and few equals.

The daily ration which they have prescribed as the best fortification for a German fighting man's stomach includes 26 ounces of fresh bread, or 17 ounces of biscuit; 13 ounces of fresh meat, or seven ounces of smoked meat; four ounces of rice, or eight ounces of flour, or 52 ounces of potatoes; nearly an ounce of salt; nearly an ounce of roasted coffee, or one-tenth of an ounce of tea, and half an ounce of sugar.

The amount of bread eaten in a week by the German soldiers now in the field would make a loaf 393 feet high and weighing 60,130,000 pounds. A week's supply of potatoes would make a tuber 188 feet high and weighing 120,330,000 pounds.

The figures given are for the standard ration, which is probably a very different thing from that actually being consumed along the great battle formation, where there is a great flexibility as to the food to be used. It is possible that pemmican (a condensed meat product) is entering into the ration very largely. The Kaiser has always expressed a lively interest in his soldiers' food, and he has not infrequently ridden up to the field bakeries and sampled the product of their ovens.

Some idea of the enormous expense of the war will be gained from the fact that the daily cost of provisions for the combined armies would be \$12,500,000, without the expense of transportation, which would be \$4,200,000 more each day. These figures were based on the prices of some years ago, so that 15 per cent could be added to the cost of the food, making the cost today \$18,750,000, or \$22,950,000 "delivered" at the place of consumption.

"Sleeping" Bullet Least Dangerous.

Physicists have shown the world of warring men that the firing line of soldiers must be regulated if fewer casualties are to result. Close upon the enemy's fire or far away result in the most unbearable wounds; midway between the range of the rifle bullets is the most satisfactory position.

The reason is that the distance which a bullet travels is divided into three parts, the first distance the bullet travels in a wobbly manner, either up and down or sideways; the middle distance it "sleeps," or moves on an exact plane, and the third distance, being partly spent, it wobbles in a serpentine movement again. When the bullet "sleeps" it cuts a clean hole through the part of the body hit, but when it is on the first or final distance it tears a jagged hole and moves either up or down and is likely to remain in the body.

When the battle range is regulated in such a manner that the line of soldiers is exposed to the range of the "sleeping" bullets there is less work for the ambulance corps.

New Powerful Explosive.

A new method of handling liquid oxygen has been recently discovered which makes its commercial use entirely practical. Bags are filled with a special form of lampblack, which are soaked in the liquid oxygen for a few minutes just before they are required for use. If the bag is now lighted with a match it will burn quietly and very slowly, but if detonated it explodes with the force of dynamite, and the cost is much less. Much less carbon monoxide is given off than by most other explosives, and there is no danger from a mistake, as the oxygen will evaporate in a short time.

Why They Come Back.

The war correspondent had returned from the scene of conflict. His amazingly realistic descriptions had enthralled countless readers. You could smell the stale powder in them; you could hear the dull booming of the mighty guns.

"Those stories were wonderful," an admirer told him.

"Think so?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I was with you in the trenches. I was cold, hungry, half-frozen and half-drowned. And when they had you up against the wall and ten muskets leveled at your heart I almost shrieked in terror. My dear boy, you mustn't be so natural."

The returned one grimaced.

"Cut it out," he growled. "The thing never happened."

"You wasn't arrested for a spy?"

