

## Home of General John J. Pershing



Gen. John J. Pershing has purchased the above home at 1748 B street, Lincoln, Neb., and has announced his intention to make Lincoln and Nebraska his permanent place of residence. In announcing the purchase of the home, the general said: "As soon as I retire from the service, I intend to make Lincoln my permanent home, and, as far as I know now, will enter business in Nebraska. I hope to see my son, Warren, graduate from the University of Nebraska, as I did nearly 30 years ago."

## AMERICAN PHYSIQUE

Records show Yankee army better physically than any other army.

Every now and then somebody comes along with something like this which is taken from the columns of one of the best-known American newspapers: "Because the American girl doesn't eat enough, because she doesn't guard her health, because she doesn't get sufficient exercise, because she is below the physical standard, she is to blame, when she becomes the American mother, for the faulty rearing of the babies of the nation; she is to blame for the lack of strength and vitality of the youth of the nation; the generation which preceded her is to blame for the bodily unfitness of one of every four men called for service in the nation's armies."

It may be true, observes a writer in the Charleston News and Courier, that one out of every four men called for service in the war was rejected because of bodily unfitness but that was because America, having an almost unlimited number of men, was able to set the military physical standards very high and still get more soldiers than she needed. The American army was far away better physically than any other army; and after what America did in the war, it would be very hard to persuade any European, especially any German who served on the western front, that the physique of this nation is inferior.

## "Appian Way" Was Ancient Rome's Main Thoroughfare and Fashionable Promenade

The Broadway of ancient Rome was in its time not less famous than the principal thoroughfare of New York. It was called the "Appian Way," and along it flowed all that was most interesting and picturesque in the life of the imperial city. Thronged by chariots and the vehicles of fashion, it was the favorite promenade of the idle rich. Over its smooth pavement successful generals, to whom had been granted the proud privilege of a triumph, led their returning armies, with hosts of unhappy prisoners of war.

The Via Appia, however, was much more than a city street. It was the metropolitan terminus of one of the great Roman military roads. Begun in 312 B. C., it ran through one of the great city gates outward to Lower Italy—to Capua, Tarentum and beyond. One mile beyond the gate was the magnificent Temple of Mars.

Along the thoroughfare today are ruins of once beautiful buildings that resemble those of Northern France and Belgium. And no wonder, inasmuch as their destruction was wrought by barbarians who were the ancestors of the present day Germans. But the great road, like others of Roman origin, extending over most of Europe, remains a wonderful monument to a bygone civilization.

## Mulberry Bark Is Used to Make Paper for Clothing

"Kamiko," as paper clothing is called in Japan, is made of real Japanese paper manufactured from mulberry bark. The paper has little "size" in it, and, though soft and warm, a thin layer of silk wadding is placed between two sheets of paper and the whole is quilted. Velvet shirts and drawers made in this way are more comfortable.

## PICKWICK'S PAPER

By HELEN A. HOLDEN

(Copyright.)

It was a busy time of the day. The crowd, hurrying to and fro, was too intent on minding its own affairs to bother about the erratic behavior of any particular individual.

Carliotta Smith was one of the throng surging past the Stanwix building. When she came opposite the wide-open door she hesitated, walked toward the entrance, but again turned and passed on down the street.

Coming back, she paused once more, then hurried on.

The third time there was no hesitation. With grim determination she approached the entrance and walked boldly in.

There were three or four men who left the elevator at the thirteenth floor with Miss Smith. She envied them their knowledge of where they wanted to go.

Opening off the hall, there were no less than five doors, each with the name of "Bolton Company" in gold letters.

"My mother told me to take this one," counted Carliotta.

Inside, Carliotta found a girl seated behind a desk. She invited Carliotta to wait while she went in search of Mr. Thomas Doyle.

"This isn't so bad," mused Carliotta. "I'm beginning to think I'll like it."

"Mr. Doyle?" she inquired, as a young man appeared with her card in his hand. "I am Miss Carliotta Smith."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Smith." Her tones had convinced him that there was much behind the name.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Doyle," interrupted the girl from behind the desk. "I forgot to deliver a message this morning. Mr. Bolton wished you to call him up."

"Did he say when?" asked Doyle.

"No," the girl admitted reluctantly. "Then he can wait," which was hardly respectful to the president of the company. "Please be seated, Miss Smith."

"I came to see you—" began Carliotta.

"I say, Tom, I've been hunting everywhere for you." Like a hurricane a young man burst in with this announcement. "I beg pardon. I didn't know you were busy, but you forgot to tell me where that guaranty would most likely be found."

Explanations were brief, for in a few moments Doyle returned.

"I won't take you to my room, for I've been moved upstairs. A number of us have been changed about lately. We can go into Miss Glyn's room. There is no one there, so I trust we can continue uninterrupted."

"Did you say 'Miss Glyn'?" inquired Carliotta.

Doyle's glance followed Carliotta to the hat-rack, on which hung a man's derby.

"Oh, that might mean the general mixed-up state we're in just now. Possibly a caller for Miss Glyn. That's probably it," Doyle spoke confidently.

"She has just taken him somewhere to meet some one. Take this chair, Miss Smith; you'll find it more comfortable."

"But," protested Carliotta, "I know from the way it looks—"

"You mean the way it's worn," suggested Doyle.

"Anyway," continued Carliotta, "it's Miss Glyn's pet, particular chair. It would never do to have her find me using it."

"Even her shoes are distinguished looking," he told himself. "It seems as if I have heard her name before. Undoubtedly, a society girl; it probably figures daily in the papers."

"I think," said Carliotta, "that what people say about odious agents and the way they are treated is all nonsense."

"Have you had the good fortune to meet any unodious ones?" inquired Doyle lightly.

"I mean the way you have treated me," went on Carliotta.

"I don't quite follow," Doyle sat down suddenly. In case he had understood, he would need support.

"From what I've heard, I always thought agents had doors slammed in their faces, and were sometimes—of course, in extreme cases—thrown downstairs," continued Miss Smith. "Now, I consider I've been treated royally."

Carliotta waved majestically toward the footstool.

While she was speaking a man had quietly entered the room. As Doyle's attention was not again claimed, Carliotta did not mind.

Doyle was so stunned at what he had just heard that he forgot completely his previous threats of vengeance against the next intruder.

"I am an agent," continued Carliotta, "for Pickwick's Superior Typewriting Paper."

"I never would have guessed it." The irony in Tom Doyle's voice was lost on Carliotta, who continued volubly: "You probably use Tryon's, don't you, Mr. Doyle? Really, a very inferior grade. If you would once try Pickwick's, I am sure you would never use anything else. Its advantages over others in ordinary use are legion. Do you use Tryon's or Black's Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't know."

Doyle felt as if he had been knocked down, and now was being walked on. This girl did not want him to lead the German at the coming charity ball—she did not even want a subscription

to something else, anything—she was only a plain, ordinary agent.

"I hoped you would be able to help me," continued Carliotta. "I so much want to make a success of it. You don't know what it means to me."

"I've a sick husband and five children to support," quoted Doyle absently.

"It's not as bad as that," replied Carliotta. "But if I could make my poor mother comfortable—"

"I'll do what I can for you," broke in Doyle hastily. "Mr. Cruikshank is the man you ought to see."

"But I don't want to see him," said Carliotta. "He is sure to be cross. Even his name sounds so."

"I don't know about that. I mean, even know the man. I mean, he's head of that department."

"I shouldn't like to see him," Carliotta spoke decidedly. "I thought you could help me. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Smith gave me your name—Mr. Morton Smith. He is a distant relative, and is interested in helping me."

"You are related to Morton Smith?" To himself Doyle added: "How in thunder does he let you do a thing like this?"

"Yes; he is most anxious to see me succeed," replied Carliotta.

"I'll do what I can."

Doyle felt like a criminal. To aid and abet a girl of Miss Smith's stamp make of herself a successful agent of Pickwick's Superior Paper, was unpardonable. Yet, considering the poor old mother, he must do what he could.

"I'll see the cranky Cruikshank, as you call him. If I can't turn him, I'll beat him into accepting your paper. In one way or another, you see, I am sure to succeed."

"When shall I call again?" inquired Carliotta.

"What part of the city do you canvass tomorrow?" asked Doyle.

"Around State and Pearl, I think," Carliotta spoke with some hesitation.

"I get my luncheon near there," said Doyle. "I could meet you at Lincoln park, and it would save your coming 'way up here.'"

"Very well," said Carliotta. "You see, I've never been an agent before, so I hardly know what is customary."

As Doyle bade Carliotta good-by, he felt a deep thrill of sympathy.

"Ten minutes late," was Mr. Doyle's greeting when he met Miss Smith the next day. "I hope that means you have had a successful morning."

Carliotta slowly shook her head.

"I'm so sorry." There was a world of sympathy in Doyle's voice. "And I have bad news, too."

How he hated to make Carliotta look less happy than she did when she came to meet him across the park!

"Did Mr. Cruikshank live up to the reputation of his name?" Carliotta smiled bravely as she asked the question.

"Taking time by the forelock," answered Doyle. "I inquired for Cruikshank as soon as you left yesterday. I was directed to the room that used to be Miss Glyn's. There, sitting at his own desk, and with his feet on his own footstool, was Hon. James Gordon Cruikshank!"

"Oh!" gasped Carliotta. "He was the man who came in while we were talking. He must have heard me say he was a crank, and you said you would beat him. Is there anything left of you, Mr. Doyle?"

"I am old Cruikshank's firm friend for life," replied Doyle. "You bet I didn't think it was funny, but he seemed to get a lot of enjoyment out of it. He was such a brick in overlooking the names we called him. We actually parted friends, even though he refused to take the Pickwick paper. Says he has nothing against what we are now using."

"What trials there are for agents. I am glad I am not a real one," murmured Carliotta.

"Was that agent business a joke?" demanded Doyle wrathfully.

"Far from it," replied Carliotta. "I was never more serious in my life. To begin at the beginning—two nights ago, at dinner, my father called me names. He said I was simply a butterfly—without more serious thoughts of the future than what frock I should wear to the next assembly."

"I replied that it was all the fault of circumstances. That I could even earn my own living, if it were necessary. Of course, my father hooted at that. To make a long story short, it ended in a wager. I was to prove to him that I could be self-supporting. He bet I couldn't."

"I decided that becoming an agent would be quicker than anything else. From my unsuspecting cousin I got the name of Bolton company, as employing large numbers of typewriters. You can guess how glad I was when he casually mentioned you as a classmate. Then I went to a store and asked the name of the least used typewriting paper—"

"The least used?" broke in Doyle.

"Of course," said Carliotta, "if I had taken the most popular, the chances were that you would already be stocked up with it."

"That is one way of doing business," commented Doyle.

"When I reported my success last night," continued Carliotta, "my father was not at all pleased. In fact, he was quite—otherwise, I was so disappointed, for I was really very proud of myself."

"Then all that about your poor old mother was—"

"Purely fiction," replied Carliotta.

"What must you think of me, Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't want you to cut my acquaintance by telling me it is too sudden," said Tom; "but I will gladly tell you as soon as you give me permission."

## Dogs Talented in Comedy and They Provide Many Good Laughs for Owners

It is not generally known, but dogs are in many instances real comedians. Those who have made a close study of canines long ago came to this conclusion. The gift is not confined to any one breed. Some of the stunts done by fox terriers are not only laughable, but they show the dog to be a natural born comedian.

A woman recently owned a valuable fox terrier which was so much of a comedian that he kept the household in a state of constant good humor. The dog never had been taught the tricks he performed, and the most interesting part of it was, he liked to show off when the house was filled with guests. The terrier seemed to know that he was creating laughs. One thing he did was a trick that would be hard for the average person to believe unless he witnessed it. It was a performance he went through to avoid having his coat put on in the winter months, when a maid took him for a walk.

When the dog saw the maid approaching with the coat he would hang his head. One evening when a party of guests were present the dog conceived a new scheme of trying to arouse sympathy, so he could get out of having his coat put on. When the maid called to him he looked around the room, and then, quick as a flash, he started to run to the different corners as if looking for rats. He was as serious as a judge sitting on a bench. Once or twice he stopped to see what effect his performance was having, then he looked at the maid, wagging his tail with an expression on his face which seemed to say: "Now you won't make me put on the coat after that." The guests caught the idea, and a wave of hearty laughs came from all sides.

## Mother's Cook Book

Thoughts are real forces—living messengers of power. Love thoughts, even when brought to bear upon our pains and trials, transform them and make them educational.—Henry Wood.

### The Favorite Shell Fish.

The edible crustacea, as shrimp or prawns, crawfish, lobster and crabs, mussels, are classed under the heading of shell fish. Oysters, because of their flavor, are ranked as favorite food, but as for nourishment, they are not valued. At the price they have been this season in most markets, they are an expensive luxury, only to be used in case of illness or convalescence.

### Oyster Cocktail.

Cut a grape fruit into halves, remove the fiber, leaving the sections unbroken as possible. Add six small oysters seasoned with salt and tabasco sauce.

### Oyster Bouillon.

Wash and chop fifty good-sized oysters. Put them in a double boiler, cover and cook slowly for one hour. Add a pint of water, a tablespoonful of celery seed, strain, reheat. Add a tablespoonful of butter, salt to taste and serve in hot cups.

### Oysters a la Martin.

Toast a round piece of bread and set on an earthen dish fitted with a glass bell. Spread the bread with anchovy paste. Above the paste set six or eight oysters, enough to cover the toast. Over the oysters dispose two tablespoonfuls of curry sauce; set the bell in place and turn a little curry sauce around the bell where it joins the dish. Let cook in the oven until the edges of the oysters curl.

### Curry Sauce for Oysters, Martin.

Cook half a chopped onion in three tablespoonfuls of fat until softened and yellow. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of curry powder, or more if liked, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and paprika, and stir until blended. Add a half cupful or more of oyster broth and enough rich milk to fill the cup, and stir until boiling. Add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, strain and it is ready to serve.

### Escalloped Oysters.

Put a layer of oysters in the bottom of the baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, season with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Add another layer of oysters and seasonings, then the crumbs. Pour over milk and bake twenty minutes. A cupful each of milk and crumbs is a good proportion. Never make three layers of oysters as the inner one will not be cooked or the outer layers over done.

## Nellie Maxwell

### Present Automobile Shortage Is Placed at 1,000,000 Cars

New York.—A shortage of automobiles this year was predicted by members of the National chamber of commerce, although they estimated that the passenger car output for the year would exceed 2,000,000. The shortage at present was placed at 1,000,000 cars. One of the most prominent manufacturers, it was said, is preparing to double the factory capacity this year because of the steadily increasing demand.



## REDUCTION IN EGG BREAKAGE

Matter of Much Importance That Smaller Proportion Than Ever Be Injured in Transit.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An egg broken accidentally before it leaves the farm usually goes on the farm table, and nothing is lost. Eggs broken at the grocery may be disposed of at reduced prices as cracked eggs and little actual food loss results. But the egg broken after it is packed for shipment is likely to be a thoroughly bad egg before it arrives at its destination and become a total loss. With eggs selling at record prices, it is a matter of importance that a



### Eggs Should Be Gathered Carefully.

smaller proportion of eggs than ever before are broken in transit. This result was brought about by the co-operative efforts of the United States department of agriculture and the United States railroad administration. Employees of the railroad administration were detailed to the bureau of chemistry, where they received instruction in proper methods of loading and stowing eggs in freight cars. Wherever eggs were received at terminals in a badly damaged condition, these employees of the railroad administration paid personal visits to the shippers for the purpose of instructing them how properly to load cars to avoid damage in future shipments. The result, according to the report of the chief of the bureau of chemistry, is a material diminution in the breakage of eggs during transportation.

## GOOD QUALITIES OF GUINEAS

Have Large, Plump Breasts and Gamy Flavor That Is Enjoyed by Many Epicureans.

Guineas have large, plump breasts and a gamy flavor that is much enjoyed by some farmers. They are good foragers and easy to raise and their clacking will frighten hawks or sound an alarm if other intruders come to the poultry range. Their disadvantages are not serious, but they will fly into the garden and sometimes do a little damage and the old birds are often quarrelsome with the young poultry. They can be allowed to roost in the house with the old birds and they will lay their eggs in the same nests.



Don't figure why a black hen lays a white egg, but get the egg.

Root crops make excellent succulent food for hens where plenty of green grass or rye can not be had.

The Emden is probably the most beautiful of all domestic water fowl, it being a pure white, and, like the Toulouse, very large.

Keep the drinking vessels clean. Put a little lime into the bottom of them twice a week. Don't forget to give the fowls a little salt, in some form, every day.

If hens are crowded too closely, the house soon gets foul and the birds cannot obtain sufficient exercise because they have not sufficient space to move around.

Barred Plymouth Rocks are good general purpose fowls and will lay well if bred for eggs and properly fed and cared for. White Leghorns are excellent where eggs are all that is wanted.

The China goose is a variety that might well be called the Leghorn of the goose family. They are small in size, of a hardy nature, easy to raise and mature quickly.