## HASHIMURA TOGO, DETECTIVE

THE MYSTERY OF THE NATIONAL JILT CLUB.



TO EDITOR Oregonian who believes that Love is still fashionable among Lower Classes. Dear Sir :-

Because continuous study of Shylock Molmes scientific works has made me more intelligent than otherwise, I am enabled to see many things which collapse before by quick-eye observation. Last week, recently, while me & Nogi was attending Seagull & Whooper's Dept Store for purchase 28c pajama uniform for sleeping purposes, I notice something which entirely escaped Cousin Nogi's inferior skull. This was what I notice:

Each Ladyclerk who stood behind glove & lace counter with fashionable appearance was doing so with air of compressed excitement. Their aweet eyelids was filled with Purpose life Suffragettes riding in patrol wagons. No matinee conversation for them. And on their heads, in the midst of their golden puff-hairs, each one wore a sash of pink ribbon distinctually lab-

"APPLY ELSEWHERES" My detective mind was immediately dislocated by them mysterious words.
"We must go into the cellar of this deep phenomenal," I say to Cousin Nogi, dishguising my expression with Old Sloth heard. So I make intellec-

tual walk-up to Perfumed Department where young lady was there. "Please, Miss Madam, what do you mean by this halr-ribbon motto 'AP-PLY ELSEWHEREST" I pronounce. "We mean what we say," she snib with beautiful chin.

Where elsewheres should we apply

"When in doubt ask the Floor Walker," she ofter frostly.

With immediate footsteps I find Hon. Floor Walk Man who stood separate looking very suicide, like a undertaker who had falled in business. Whenever he attempt to make smile-talk with Ladyclerk she would throw him iced glances peculiar to codfish. Deep sor-row for him.

"Ah, exalted Mr. Sir," I say to this great diplomat, "have you noticed with your intelligence them strange hair-tie decorations entitled "APPLY ELSE-WHERES" which all your Ladyclerks

are wearing?"
"How I wish I could avoid seeing it!"
he gross conjunctively.
"What are the meaning of that decep-

tive motto?" I require.
"Huah fil" he say, "If I should deliver
to you the meaning of that Motto my
life would be marked down to 20c. Yet if

life would be marked down to 30c. Yet if this keep up we are ruined to pieces."

"Who are" I snagger nervely.

"You are and I are and every male man in U. S. America are." He faint slightly by a quantity of dress goods.

"Do not be timid." I repose. "I am Togo the Detective."

"Togo." he whasper. "I am glad you have came to preserve the National Resources. This Kingdom in which we live for now in the middle of a conspiracy. I

is now in the middle of a conspiracy. I cannot explain it now. Go forthly at once and see what you observe. And if you are still alive to night at 11:15, meet me in the cellar of the new Penn-sylvania Station and I shall show you

I depart sneekretly away leading Nogi

Me & Nogi make walk-along through the village of New York. By every streetcar, pavement, shop-window and elsewhere where ladies is found in de-licious abundance we notice one deep elsewhere where ladies is found in de-licious abundance we notice one deep phenomenal. All young ladies between ages of 15 and 55 was wearing similar hair-ties decorated by that strange epitaph. Pick ribbons was observed in hansom cabs, in ice-cream restaurants, emerging out from Jack Barrymore mat-inee and all female attractions. Before large 5th Ave church of New-

pertor large ath Ave church of New-port appearance we observed a bride and groom getting into a back. Surrounding them was 12,000 girly strikers wagging pink ribbons and decrying with strike voice, "Lynch them, please!"

"Why must they be lynched?" I re-

quire from one raspberry brunette who "She has married a New Jersey real

estate operator," she holds scornly,
"Why is this crime worse than usual?"
I narrate. But her girlish reply was
surrounded by angry voices while that
bride-hack escaped among several police,
And I was aware of one other strange curio. Whenever I seen any backelor gentleman between ages of 15 and 55 this poor Man look so sad like a prizefighter who cannot come back. Entire salcons everywhere was filled

with young gentlemen who was weeping while ordering more whisky-drunk to

forget it. One Taft-shape bachelor say-so to an other Person wearing Fairbanks legs,

"How can American Girl have such complete ladies of every social sub-station

I approach upwards to these sad drunkards and require. "What have American girl did to make everybody so suppressed and highball in their manner?"

their manner?"
"What have she did?" require all that saloon with one whisky-breath, "Let us saloon with one whisky-breat to menhave another drink and forget to men-

So they did so to include me & Nogi.

Ms & Nogi was dishcovering hiding invisibly behind Pennsylvania station exactly at the sharp hour of II:IL Vasia quantities of female ladles could be seen "Sisters of the National Jilt Society, we

complete ladies of every social sub-station grouped together and thinking one vast wrong," enuggest Hon. Slim.

"If Congress went around forbidding wrong they would suppress the tariff." we Want Only the Best," "Shub and the say Taft-shape bachelor drinking fattening alcohol.

I approach upwards to these sad

And each personal lady there wore

her hair-puff one pink sashribbon with motto "Apply Eisewheren" Such mingle of classes! Newport-lady, candy-girl, shop-performer, suffragette, chorus, telephone-operation, Vassar ath-lete, kitchenette help, doctorette, shirt-

waist stitcher and matinee beautifier. On a fashionable platform, surrounded by forget-me-not violets, sat Hon. Lady-

quantities of female ladies could be seen gliding deceptively into cellar of this great struxurs. One large Suffragette with ax stood at door, and when each lady give pass-by word, "Now or never," she was admitted to go in.

Pretty soonly one lonesome Gentleman arrive to us in the darkness. By his appearance of meloncholy we knew he was Hon. Floor Jumper from Seaguil & Whooper's Dept Store.

He met us with face full of superstitious fright. Under his rear slbow he held three ladless aviation costumes marked off.

"Sisters of the National Jilt Society, we are so happy!" they yall with great ensemble whei—O suddenly! When the splands in this complete success" (soprano applauds). "Our motto apply elsewheres has been flashed from pink ribbons on every fashionable headdress in this completes whei—O suddenly! When the splands in the splands of the national Jilt Society, we are so happy!" they yall with great ensemble whei—O suddenly! When the splands in the splands of the movement a complete success" (soprano applauds). "Our motto apply elsewheres has been flashed from pink ribbons on every fashionable headdress in this completes whei—O suddenly! When the place the place of this are bere tonight to pronounce our great where have a complete success" (soprano when the provement a complete success" (soprano when t three ladles aviation costumes marked off American lade stood around with mouths to \$2.90. "We must dishguise ourselves with immediate quickness and arrive inside to this meeting," he whasper.

American lade stood around with mouths full of Virginia cigarettes pronouncing scorn-talk against foreign Dukes and Lords merely because they drink, gamble and marry American stells when the control of t this meeting," he whasper.

With rapid fingers we pull them aviation costumes across our personalities.

We was dishguised.

Stroding boldly forwards we came to toor where Hon. Suffragette stood with Earls for our girls containing over \$1.-\*\*Advance, sisters, and deliver the pass words," she snuggest with angry eye.

"Now or never," we report together "Advance inwards," she otter. So we Montenegro and Peru there has been dishdid.

Inside this great architectural cellar imitation noblemen whose characters are with strange sight we seen. Imagine so bad that even the experts can scarcely with brain. Mr. Editor! Imagine 10,000 tell them from the genuine. In a soon



STO OCCUPY HER SPARE TIME AND LIVE ON HER SALARYA

space of time we will be enabled to furnish the American market with such quantities of these that no self-respecting working-girl need to be without some perfectly good title to occupy her spare

time and live on her salary" (grand opera noise of continual encore).

"And now, fellow sisters, I make myself too proud to introduce to your presence tonight the Duchess of Porkhammer, who is here to encourage us in our noble

Hon. Duchess arose upward and un-wound the boa of diamonds which partly oncealed her voice.

concealed her voice.

"Fellow strivers," she say, "from my earliest childhood I began to notice that American men were vulgar. Not till I met a foreign count did I begin to realize what manhood really was But his station was too lowly for me, so Poppa went to the Nobility Bureau and bought me a perfectly lovely Duke, who was all I could expect. It has often been said that life with foreign nobility is unbearable. This is not so. From what I have seen of my husband, I think I rather like him. I never meet him socially, because ilm. I never meet him socially, because him. I never meet him socially, occause I have a feeling that his past record might compromise me. But every third Wednesday in April I have a delightful chat with him on money matters. Them foreigners are such delightful conversationists, when they are sober. My husband is always drunk. Go thou and do likewise."

At finish of this sermon there was loud explosion and commixture of noise to rear of hall. All ladies present startle backwards, expressing pale fright. But it was merely pro tem, for they ob-served what delightful surprise had ar-

Down main aisle of that great room marched 10,000 foreign noblemen with a Russian Duke walking shead of all. Straight to platform of this hall they advanced with happy feet. Female ap-plands heard everywheres, When they was all gathered together,

suit all rank of society, however rank it may be. From a English Earl in the front row we have several Italian barbers in the back section who would make excellent Counts, after being washed. We wish to make quick bargain sale, so we offer our hearts, titles and all extras for

O such female rumpage as did arrive

Ladypresident of that Association hop to feet with exclaim:

"How much am I bid for this per-fectly good Grand Duke, square chin-whiskers, decorations and habits in-

"One million dollars!" holla blond lle with helress voice. Two million!" yall one wealthier

Great scramble of high prices, till, of finally for sum of \$75,000,000 that Duke was knocked down by a Oklahoma child

was knocked down by a Oklahoma child of female attractiveness.

Nextly came several Dukes, which was sold by the dozen to equal numbers of ladies wishing to pay high tariff prices. \$1,500,006 each was obtained for these. 29 dozen Barons, 800 Counts, 80 Corean Princes and a Filipino Sultan was smashed under the hammer for price \$290,000—deliciously inexpensive. And so onwards, with brisk selling like hot waffies, all them foreign nobilities was gobbied, till at hour of 4 a. m. every shop-lady, millionheiress, telephone operette and chorus lady had obtained some rare bargain or another. Each stood transfixed with smiles holding her blushing Title by his royal hand.

In next moment 600 complete Preach-

In next moment 600 complete Preachers arrived into that room.
"We must be married to these Royal-

ties before they escape!" holia all them feminines. So with delicious quickness 10,000 marriage ceremonies was made and each lady was attached to her Duke, Baron and Count.

"We are so happy!" they yall with great ensemble whei—O suddenly!

Miles 19,000 Seather the had rained and completely away.

Me & Nogl & Hon. Floor Jumper snook quietly in opposite direction. We was not sure what would happen when them Brides came to again. But by maglifluent kis-kiss sound which encountered our ears while we escaped, we began to imagine that there would be less divorce than is oustomary in

foreign marriages.

Hoping you are also, I remain
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.
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Literary Press.)

Love Lyrics of a Cowboy. Robert V. Carr, in Popular Magazine. GENTLENESS.

Stopped in at Laimer's place today.
He's got a kid, I makes a play
At him, an, it's the mortal truth,
The yearlin' laughs an' shows a tooth,
An' grabs my hand an' grips or strong,
While I'm a-thinkin' all along.
That somehow, since I first meets her,
I'm gentled down an' softer for
Them baby hands, tho' small they be,
Jes' ropes an' ties the heart of me.

RETROSPECTION. 'Twas week ago she went with me
To 'tend the dance at the JB.
A week ago an here I set
A-dreamin' of that blowout yet.
I hears them drag-voiced fiddles speak,
I feels her breath agin' my cheek;
Her heart a-beain' next to mine.
An' all the world a-smillin' fine.
Oh. ladyloye, there hasn't no chance
To e'er fergit you or that dance.

LOYALTY. Miss Perk—old maid—the other day

Bhe calls on maw, an gab, well, say!

That turkey burnard sat an sat

An gossiped air holes in her hat.

Walls she: "How kin you let your child

Run with a drunken cowboy wild?"

Then maw siams back as cold as ice:
"He mayn't be ladylike or nice,

But drunk or sober, hain't it true,

He never, never bothered you?"

INCONSISTENCY. When Romeo climbs up to meet His lady-bird, he has me beat, Fer climbin' porches hold no sign of common sense to me or mine. Aitho' I've rode a night to be With her ten minutes, but you see, If Romeo's fool trick I doze, Ehe'd think me loco—huh, I won A sweet, sweet smile from her today, By ridin' twelve miles out my way.

LIGHT-O'LOVE. LIGHT-O'LOVE.

I rides to see her through the dark Old stormy night, without a mark To guide me through the howlin' gale, Or any sign of road or trail.

But still a straight-line ride I makes, Across the fats an' up the brakes.

An' till I reach her daddy's lane, I never even pulls a rein.

Hain't dark to me—seems clear an' bright, Fer on my way Love throwed his light.

CONTENTMENT. CONTENTMENT.

Clear to the top of Alkali.

An' there we lets the ponies grame,
An' watch the old range through the haze.

Plum' peaceful, sure, don't care a rap.

My head's a-restin' in her lap;
An' then sin sea: Oh, hain't it queer,

We's so content together, dear.''

An' then her smilin' eyes I see,
An' happy day—she kisses me.

DEVOTION. DEVOTION.

Somehow the blues tied onto me.
I'm jes' downhearted as kin be.
An' so I sex to her tonight,
"A poor cow-puncher hain't no right
To stick around a girl that's square.
An' make her like him, make her care."
"You may be poor," she sex some slow,
"But I don't care, I simply know
The hardest trall would seem a joy.
If only you were near, dear boy."

Natural History.

The clove it is a startling thing-But it takes your breath aways.

## Some Live Talks With Dead Ones

JOE MILLER EXPLAINS WHY THE OLD JOKES ARE THE BEST.

The Other Side, I finally located that The Other Side, I finally located the transparence of the side, I finally located that the Old Jokes Home. It proved to be a large, square building of duli to be a large, square building of dull gray, located at the corner of Chestnut street and Elderberry avenue. There were flower beds full of sprouting hardy annuals dotted over the lawns and rows of ornamental trees-mostly lemons and evergreens. A lot of invalid's rolling chairs and crutches were scattered about, but the place seemed to be deserted and I saw no one until I knocked at the door.

The manager-Old Joe Miller himselfanswered my knock and he invited me to come right in and make myself at home. The inmates, he explained, were busy with the rehearsals for their annual amateur show. "It's an entertainment that we hold

regularly," he went on, "a sort of class reunion here among ourselves before each one goes forth in the world to begin the year's work. The full strength of the company will be introduced. I am going to act as Interlocutor, naturally, and Methuselah will be in charge of the musical programme. We will open with a minstrel first part, then we will have specialties and close with an after-piece in which all the old favorites will take part. Our oldest member, who dates back to the days of Ancient Egypt when they was all gathered together, that Grand Duke remove his silk-pipe hat and easy to Ladypresident:

"I am a cousin of the Czar wishing to obtain \$7,000,000 without labor. This army marching in accompainent to me is compared of noblitties carefully selected to the days of and the prominent part. You know who I mean, of course—the Mother-in-Law Joke, two thousand years old and still going strong. Our two newest members—the Automobile Joke and the members-the Automobile Joke and the Aeroplane Joke-will do a refined brothers' act, introducing ground and lofty tumbling without a net. There will also be turns by such international successes as the Henpecked Husband Joke, the Butting Goat Joke, the Savage Bulldog Joke-who's invariably featured, you'll remember as holding a cross section of a pair of plaid pants in his teeth-the Hired Girl Joke, the Man Putting Up a Stovepipe Joke, the Woman Driving a Nail Joke, and all the other sterling brands. And then all will scatter over the universe to undertake the serious business of life, each in his chosen field of theatricals, or art, literature, after-

dinner speaking, impromptu conversation, or what not."

said. "Don't they, though," he echoed. "Older than the hills, most of them are, and just as frisky and active now as they ever were. There's no retired list and no pension roll for a joke. Once a joke, always a joke, is the rule in this business. And, yet, even to me, an expert and a standard authority of a hundred years' standing, it's hard to understand how some of them got their vogue in the first place. There has been from time to time, I believe, a mother-in-law who didn't have any eye in her head like a snapping turtle and a set to her jaw like the lady who does the slide for life down the high wire in the circus. Some of them were really very humanelooking old ladies who were actually wel-comed when they came on a visit. There have been bulldogs that did not go about biting the areaways out of trousers and then exhibiting their hideous spoils pub-licly. There have been male goats that did not make butting Spring poets off high precipices their life work. I have heard of stovepipes that would go into the hole the first time and which did not

dia who did not insist upon opening the canned salmon with her husband's best razor. There have been young brides who knew how to cook a batch of biscuits and husbands who were not ex-cessively henpecked and new babies that did not cry all night every night. It is not the invariable rule that a hired girl and in the East as a permanent minmust always soar to glory after pour-ing kerosene into a kitchen stove-kero-sene is not compulsory at all. Some of

"But in the matter of jokes, such is never the case. The public doesn't want the pattern of its jokes altered. Old friends are the best. Through all these centuries, mankind has been snuggling up to the Seven Original Jokes and their offspring and finding them satisfactory in avery respect. There's no crying demand. "But in the matter of jokes, such is offspring and finding them satisfactory in every respect. There's no crying demand for a change so far as I can tell, and I ought to know if anybody does, being in charge, as you might say, of the clearing-house of the entire output. For a man, to find an old familiar joke that he's always laughed at, and in the right place, too, so dressed up and embellished and decorate that he has to look for the point, makes him sore, and I don't blame him. It's like a Southern gentleman him. It's like a Southern gentleman listening to a Hungarian orchestra play-ing Old Kentucky Home with so many

asked hopefully. "I doubt it," sald Dr. Miller, "I doubt it seriously. I look about me and I see the materials for jokes that ought never to wear out and yet they fall to secure place among the recognized and or-thodox varieties. Mainly, people don't laugh at them-they take them seriously."

"As for example?" I suggested.
"Well," he said, "one of the biggest
jokes in American recurs every time there is a campaign. It is commonly known as the Pure Candidate and it is especially prevalent in reform movements. especially prevalent in reform movements. To look at the Pure Candidate, you'd think it hadn't been 20 minutes since he escaped from a memorial window. He wears the long frock coat, that's for purity, and the white lawn tie of conscious rectitude. He's so honest that it keeps breaking out on him like prickly heat. He cares not for the tawdry honors and emoluments of public office. Let others have if they will, the mere dross, others have, if they will, the mere dross, which is a statesman's name for money before he begins to get it. His sole alm "They hang on well, don't they?" I in life, his fondest dream, is to serve the masses of the great common people.
"And the sheep-headed populace listens to his song and is bewitched by the sobs

in his flute-like voice. It sees only his smile-not the yellow tail feathers of the canary in the corners of it. It turns in and elects him. And he doesn't begin breaking his ante-election pleages until almost one minute and 30 seconds after he's taken the oath of office. He ought to be a recognized joke, but he isn't. He, or one of his family, is able to repeat

last census-who spends his life en-deavoring to get something for noth-He is always in the market for ing. He is always in the market for quick returns. But he never trades with a friend. If an old acquaintance come around and offered to let him take a whack at a guaranteed melon, he'd turn his head to keep from laughing in his face and maybe hurting his feelings. It takes a gifted stranger make a practice of spilling soot and ashes that he never saw before to steer him all over unfortunate comic supplement in on the ground floor and then spring "Don't you see my lips are chapped-

so much quicker from there. The gen-ial promoting person comes around in a high hat, and smoking something that looks like a charionette, and with ornate jewelry spangled all over him. and in the East as a permanent min-ing investment, both of which it un-doubtedly is, especially the permanent sene is not compulsory at all. Some of them have, no doubt, used benzine or investment is probably the most permaptha.

strong arm to use a gas pipe in amasslistening to a Hungarian orchestra playing Old Kentucky Home with so many variations that he can't recognize the old place any more."

Don't you suppose there'll ever be any new jokes that will endure the acid test and get to be staples in time?" I asked hopefully. the lobby. These things impress the casual depositor and give him confidence in the stability of the institution. In the main office hangs a por-trait of the Father of His Country and over the directors room hovers the spirit of the late Captain Kidd. For spirit of the late Captain Kidd. For a while everything goes along just beautifully. Trusting tradesmen and others come in and beg the receiv-ing teller to take their money. He takes it, being there for that purpose. Eventually a bank examiner drops in on one of his customary visits. He observes that the valuts are empty, that the safe has apparently been given the vacuum treatment, and that all the funds have gone away some-where on a vacation. But bank examiners are proverbially of an un-suspicious nature and this one is no exception to his kind. He merely concludes that on the whole the appearance of things is slightly suspicious but can no doubt be explained, and he goes back to the deep woods and crawls under his log to think it over. Before it's time for him to wake up again the bank blows up with a low, reverberating crash.

Of course there are bound to be a few small incidental drawbacks to the com plete enjoyment of the mirthful and sidesiplitting aspect of the situation. A few score widows sell their homes and move out to the county poor-house. A few orphans are turned over to the charity societies. A few small or one of his family, is able to repeat every two or four years, owing to a constitutional infirmity which prevents the public from remembering anything from one election to another.

"Then there's the constantly recurring joke which centers about the person—there were nine million of him in the United States according to the last census—who spends his life enit's a wonderfully fine joke, and the late president of the bank from his cosy refuge down in Central America smiles pleasantly every time he thinks

"Speaking of jokes," I began, "what do you think of Andrew Carnegie's plan to bring about universal world peace by putting up a \$10,000,000 fund

"Please stop," said Dr. Miller,



## We Women-and the Food Experts

ask the privilege of arising and making a few remarks on the present-day things and doing our own marketing, food experts at large among us, and their buying with carefully compiled lists in various ways.

I have simply loved to watch them and to read their able remarks spread throughout and among the household And then-what the food experts never pages of our various able publications, both daily, weekly and monthly. It has seemed to me that after a while this ed and added up list of prices and have would lead to our getting some information that would bring us to the full dinner pail, the franchise for us females, the solution of the lack of families among the wealthier classes, and mayhap even tell us how to cook the cheaper cuts of mest-so our men folk could cut them with an ex-and yet not require for the purpose seven hours of time, \$17 worth of gas, all the spices in the kitchen pharmocopeia, and a dollar and a quarter can of mushrooms as an appetizer.

Up to the present moment of time, I am sorry to say, however, while the thing has possessed the deepest interest back and call. as a sort of Marathon for newspaper space, taken as a source of information as to how to dodge the ever-growing grocery bill and side-step the stuffed club of the meat trust, it fails to de-

In other words, if we women follow the recipes laid down by the experts, what we save on meat we lose on gas-coal having reached such a point of financial aristocracy that a mere worm on a small salary approaches it with bared head and knee all ready for genufication. And as yet one shrinks, with what is prob-ably all foolish pride, from going "down be the thracks" and gathering oneself the fuel that may be had there without money and without price.

The diet experts are perfectly lovely; yet those of us who are daily living next to facts and associating but little with theories, wonder, honestly, what they are getting at, sometimes.

There seems to be the idea circulating about among them that the average wife, mother and housekeeper ought to pay more personal attention to prices, go to market herself, and not play bridge even if she has a moment to spare, but put that moment to instant and virtuous use in the study of the cook book.

Well, I'd like to know if any expert of the lot has ever got right down to common, every-day life long enough to to go to market herself, right at the places where the housewives most do congregate? Has she ever lurked where the her prey? Because, if she has, she would have noted long beforg this that

manage to pay cash for the sewing machine, because time payments do eat up the month's salary so.

But the geream comes when I think (Copyright, 1910, by Charlotte C. Rowett.)

N behalf of suffering womankind, I such localities simply reck with us housekeepers watching the prices of hand and taking home the things ourselves, like as not, because we want to be perfectly sure we get what we buy. seem to think about-we go over the completed list of purchases and the completa fit right there in the kitchen. No. I didn't say we had a fit in the

presence of the servants. Most of us do not keep servants. Most of us, in fact, do not even keep a hired girl; and I know lots and lots of the nicest sort of women who do their own washingtheir own laundry, mind you, all except the larger pieces, of course, which they the larger pieces, of course, which they haven't the time—not the inclination. but the time—to handle. Yet the food earth ever set a dinner where somebody experts seem to think that us poor mortals they are trying to reform have all the time that ever is to be at our Oh, well, I wonder if one of the ex-

perts took the job of keeping house in a five or six-room flat with at least three children's shoes tracking in dirt, and the one below school age to be kept outdoors as much as possible, and hubby coming home starved when dinner ought to be ready, and it either is or it isn't and it is wash day or ironing day or sweeping day and three meals have to be cooked and the dishes. have to be cooked and the dishes washed and that shirtwaist you need so much hasn't been touched and Emmerline's party dress isn't made yet and heaven knows when you will get at it, and pretty soon Bobby will not have it, and pretty soon Bobby will not have a stitch of clothes left except his jumpers, and how on earth are you going to if the expert would have the heart to do so awfully many things to the salad onion souffle, and when she dressing or to make fourteen kinds of sauce for the meat she had watched cook for three mortal hours, and turned sick every time she remembered the

gas bill she was running up.

Then, too, it is a perfectly delicious experience to observe how the food experts of this broad land divide us women into "the poor," who are not sup-posed to have sense enough to cook, and the "well-te-do," who keep a parlor

Of course, there are scattered about many thousands of us in each of those classes; but the main body of us come right in between; and we have lots of sense—lay in the potatoes early and manage to pay cash for the sewing ma-

of the food experts' menus. And honestly, I think the papers are filling a long felt want with those menus. They are supplying just hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of us practical, hard-headed, hard-working housekeepers with the material for a good laugh at least once a week and nobody hurts

anybedy's feelings, either.
"Say, did you see the prize menu in this month's Scribler?" asks Mrs. Smith of Mrs. Brown. "Yes, and wasn't it a wonder?" grins back Mrs. Brown. "What sort of appetite would four people have if they could be filled up on that?" And then those two go over that menu and rend it limb from limb and tell about how much their children eat and how often Johnnie and Mae pass their plates for stew and what pa says about it and is so proud because they're

the biggest for their age in the flat.
"Honestly, just think of making meat loaf out of one little, stingy pound of Hamburg and using gas to bake a smidge of stuff like that," giggles Mrs.

"Yes, and a fine lot of nourishment didn't want a second helping if things were fit to eat! "Tisn't like us-they run about so and get starved, bless their little hearts," broods Mrs. Smith, thinking of her three boys and "him," who is an en-gineer and simply ravenous himself. You could never feed John on the smell of a last year's onion," she adds, proudly.

What am I getting at? Why, nothing

vegetable soup because meat is so un-wholesome for the working classes. man. I'd bet you io round dollars that what you put into the papers and peri-odicals isn't one bit the way that Cookaround it all-well, I just wonder ing Teacher gets her own dinner. I'd bet he expert would have the heart to you she prints the lovliest recipe for an dinner she boils 'em and just makes a little white sauce with milk, a spoonful of flour and a tiny bit of butter-not a lece as big as an egg, believe me, with

butter the price it is. And I know I'd win my bet, because In regular house housekeeping-now don't think I've got too many words in there, because L haven't-in regular housekeeping so many things happen! A woman doesn't stand and cook.

But that's just what every last one of us would be doing if we were to fol-low the menus of the food experts—the things in the home columns of the city newspapers and the monthly periodicals that the folk out in the country. old-fashioned cooking recipes and old-fashioned appetites still reign supreme.