

PASTOR IN BAD REPUTE

Maryland Minister Eats Yellow Legged Chickens but Doesn't Fulfill Contract.

Walnut Valley has rebelled for weeks the Rev. Mr. Davies, pastor of the Methodist church, has been without fried chicken and Maryland biscuit. The trustees of the church have called upon the Rev. Mr. Davies to explain. The women are angry, indignant, and full of wrath.

They have declared for vengeance, and a movement is on foot to have the case brought to the attention of the church authorities, with a view of unfrocking the minister.

Worse than that, the women, backed by the trustees of the church have refused to give the minister another trial—and every woman in the church has vowed not to cook jam and eggs for him.

And, having devoured practically the entire visible supply of spring chickens in Walnut Valley district, in vain effort to decide which woman in his congregation could cook the best chicken and make the best Maryland biscuit, with flour gravy, the Rev. Mr. Davies not only has failed to choose a wife from among the competitors, but he declares that he has grown tired of fried spring chicken, Maryland style, and of Maryland biscuit, and that now he wants to marry the woman in his congregation who can prepare ham and eggs in the most palatable style.

Trustees Refuse Another Trial. To this the trustees of the church have turned a deaf ear. They declare that the Rev. Mr. Davies cannot eat the visible supply of ham, and then turn, perhaps, to vegetarianism, and that he must choose a wife or get out.

So strife rages in the congregation of Walnut Valley M. E. church—strife that will not end—while only Miss Betsy Wilson rejoices, and while rejoicing over the anger of the other women, she disposes of spring chickens at 90 cents each and eggs at 30 cents the dozen, which prices are almost unheard of in Walnut Valley.

The trouble which now has come upon the Rev. Mr. Davies and his congregation has been brooding for three years—in fact, ever since the young minister appeared in Walnut Valley to start the little church.

Around him he rallied the members of the scattered flock, and after one year of preaching the congregation decided to erect a place of worship.

The Rev. Mr. Davies is young, and he is strong and handsome. He stands 6 feet, with a thin but strong face and jet black hair.

It was during the time that he was holding services in the Bon Morris barn and at the various farm houses, and boarding around with the members of the congregation, that he made the now famous offer. He had been eating fried spring chicken at the home of Miss Betsy Wilson, who herself is a great cook and a wonderful hand with chickens. Miss Betsy is not in the first flush of youth. In fact, people call her an old maid. She is the kindest body in the valley, always volunteering to help in cases of sickness and death, and her plum jam once took first prize at the county fair. Miss Wilson runs her own place, and takes care of her Uncle Samuel, who is lame.

The minister was invited to visit the Wilson place for a week, and when Miss Betsy invested \$2.40 at Ryder's store for enough printed lawn to make herself a new gown everybody laughed, and wondered if the minister would fall in love with her. It was openly stated that Miss Betsy was trying to make him, so everybody laughed—except some of the younger girls, who were a little alarmed, because they knew of Miss Betsy's ability as a cook and the weakness of mankind for food.

Old Maid a Famous Cook. But the Rev. Mr. Davies ate, and went his way—and a few days later he remarked that he would marry any girl who could fry chicken and make gravy and Maryland biscuit as well as Miss Betsy—but that Miss Betsy herself was the drawback.

Miss Betsy Wilson heard of it. She colored with pleasure over the praise of her cookery, and with pain over the added remark—and she vowed that never again would she cook for the Rev. Mr. Davies.

That started discussion. Some one asked the young minister if he were in earnest—and he replied that he was entirely in earnest; that any woman who could cook that well was a good woman and would make a good wife, and that his only objection to Miss Betsy was age—and the fear that he, being young, would prove inconvertible.

It developed that nearly all the unmarried girls in Walnut Valley decided at the same time to try to reach the heart of the young minister through his stomach. Before two months passed the cooking contest for a husband was on in earnest.

Girls Pledge to Fry Chickens. As for the Rev. Mr. Davies, he seldom alluded to the subject at all, after his first remark, although when pressed he declared that his offer remained unchanged, and that if he could find any such cook he would ask her to marry him.

The sudden devotion of the prettiest girls in the valley to their household duties was suspicious—and their efforts to perfect the art of making Maryland biscuit and frying chicken are declared to have been enough to cause any modest maiden to blush when caught at this occupation.

The Rev. Mr. Davies, even after the church was built and the plans for the parsonage laid, continued to board around in his congregation—and everywhere he went he was regaled at least once a day with Mary-

land biscuit and fried chicken. But he never again was invited to eat at the home of Miss Betsy Wilson. Miss Betsy merely sniffed. Efforts were made to bribe her into giving lessons in cooking, but she flatly refused.

One day, however, Miss Betsy received a call from Miss Daisy Blanton, the prettiest, weakest, sweetest girl in the whole district. Miss Betsy always had been inclined to sniff at Daisy because she was so pretty, and useless, because she wasn't strong enough to churn, or milk, or make apple butter, and more because her father hired a girl to do the work and let Daisy wear pretty clothes and take piano lessons. But when Miss Betsy found Daisy in tears, and heard the sobbing confession that she was in love with the minister and could not win, his love in return Miss Betsy took her in her arms and comforted her, and told her to run along home, and return the next morning for the first lesson.

Daisy Blanton Takes Lessons. The lessons, of course, were secret, but in three months Miss Betsy vowed that Daisy could fry chicken even better than she could, and that her biscuit was better—but her quince jelly and plum jam were not quite so good. So, when the Rev. Mr. Davies came again Daisy fried three of the choicest pullets, tender, juicy and plump, and laid them before him—and at the end of the week, after he had eaten fourteen spring chickens, the minister went away and never spoke a word of love, and scarcely mentioned the chickens.

When Miss Betsy heard Daisy's sobbing story she got mad and sniffed. That was only a short time ago. But Miss Betsy was determined. She hunted up the trustees of the church and laid certain statistics before them. She told them that the congregation had been feeding the Rev. Mr. Davies yellow legged chicken and Maryland biscuit for three years, that half the girls in the valley were weeping their eyes out, and she explained to them how she had taught Daisy to make biscuit and fry chicken and that the minister ate almost without notice. She proved to them that the number of chickens in the district had decreased alarmingly—and she asked them if the minister was honest, and if so why he didn't keep his promise.

Tired of Chicken and Biscuit. The accusation was a serious one. The Rev. Mr. Davies was called in and the inquisition began. The minister was surprised when the minister told him that statistics proved he had eaten at least 690 chickens. Not only was he surprised, but pained. He hastened to explain that it was the result of his thoughtlessness. He stated that he had grown tired of spring chicken and Maryland biscuit six months before, but that out of consideration for his hostesses he had continued to eat what they offered him. He said he longed for a change.

But the trustees, urged by Miss Betsy's sniffs, balked. They refused to begin a new era of eating. So the Rev. Mr. Davies is disconsolate, and the girls in despair—all but Miss Betsy, who is getting exorbitant prices for poultry and eggs.

—See the Dummy Smoker using Kadee Cigarettes in Club Cigar store window. It's a wonder.

Facts About The Lusitania

It will surprise not a few to learn, perhaps, that the new Cunard turbine steamer Lusitania, which can claim the distinction of being the largest and perhaps the fastest liner in the world, representing an outlay of \$7,400,000.

She is the most expensive steamer ever built. Indeed, were it not for the financial assistance of the British government and the engineering and scientific skill which was placed at the disposal of both owners and builders, the Lusitania, which may bring back to the British nation the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic," would never have been an accomplished fact.

It was so far back as 1903 that the British government entered into negotiations with the Cunard company and agreed to supply a sum of \$13,000,000, with which they were to build two large vessels capable of maintaining a speed of 24 1/2 knots.

A September of that year a committee, composed of experienced and prominent engineers, was formed to consider the kind of machinery that was to be employed, and they voted on turbines. In September, 1904, the keel was laid in Messrs. John Brown & company's yard on the Clyde. The launching took place on June 7, 1905, and on September 7, the great liner started on her maiden trip to New York.

The estimated cost of \$6,500,000 has been exceeded by, it is believed, about \$900,000. The fact is the erection of the boat represents more or less an experiment, and in the earlier part of the undertaking numerous and costly experiments had to be made with models to ascertain the correct and best position for placing the huge machinery, propellers, etc. The expense of running the new liner will be enormous. The cost of making a round trip from New York to Liverpool and back, including victualing the ship, wages of the crew, insurance and depreciation cannot be less than \$150,000. But the Lusitania may bring Liverpool a day nearer to New York.

By agreement with the government the crew, insurance and depreciation British subjects. Indeed, the Cunard company has now become a definite British institution. On no

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account must it allow a foreigner to hold the post of director on the company or any important office, or any one, not being a British subject, any of its shares. The Cunard company had to alter its articles of association to meet these conditions. But from the government it receives a fat plum in the shape of \$340,000 a year for carrying the mails between Liverpool and New York. In time of war, of course the government would convert the Lusitania into a warship.

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