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SCALLOPED SHRIMP.
Make a tomato sauce; pick over a can of Preferred Stock Shrimp, heat in the sauce and add a glass of cherry (or a glass of the juice from a can of Preferred Stock raspberries.) Turn into a shallow baking dish, cover with buttered crumble and bake until crumble are brown. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

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ASTORIA, OREGON

LIMEKILN'S VISITOR.

How Nicodemus Jones Was Introduced by Brother Gardner.

HE SPEAKS ON HAPPINESS.

"It's a Subject Dat Consarns de High and de Low, de Rich and de Pore," Says the South Carolina Orator—Es-corts Guest to Anteroom.

(Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.)

At the last regular meeting of the Limekiln club Brother Gardner, president, rose in his place after the regular business had been disposed of and said:

"I hev to announce dat de Hon. Nicodemus Jones of Souf Carolina am in de red antyroom and waitin' to deliver an address befo' dis club. De title of de address am 'What Am Happiness? I don't know what sort of an orator he am, but as he has walked 900 miles to address us I shall gib him de chance. He has been a guest in my house fur de last three days, and I kin say dat his appetite am sunthin' dat a boss orter be proud of. Some great

men am satisfied wit' tea and toast, while odders want co's beef and taters ebery meal. Doorin' de delivery of de address I want respectful silence. I don't want no taters or turnips frown around de hall. If Elder Toots falls asleep and wakes up wid a yell or Samuel Shin takes advantage of de occasion to kick Waydown Bebee in de shins dey will hear from me in a way to make deir hearts ache. De reception committee will now bring de Hon. Nicodemus in."

The visitor was escorted in and introduced in ceremonious fashion. There was a general gasp of astonishment at his appearance. He was considerably over six feet tall, while he didn't look much thicker than a clothes prop. There was an ancient look about him to remind one of the pyramids of Egypt, and any keeper of a restaurant would have bet ten to one that he had the hunger of five men. As he bowed and surveyed his audience the impression made was not exactly favorable. It seemed as if nature had created that long, thin, lank form to crawl through knot holes into hen-coops.

He Speaks.

"My frens," began the Hon. Nicodemus, with a sudden flop of his arms as if he wanted to fly far away, "I am wid you tonight to discuss de subjeck of happiness. It's a subjeck dat consarns de high and de low, de rich and de pore. We am all strivin' fur it, but thousands of us am discouraged becase we think we don't find it. We begin, eben as chill'en, to believe-dat it takes money to be happy, and de older we grow de mo' we believe in dat theory. Right dar am whar we make de great mistake of our lives and go off on de wrong road."

Here the orator paused for his words to sink two feet deep into the minds of his hearers, and then with a jump sideways and back, as if to escape the teeth of a dog, he resumed: "In a great big house not a mile from yere sits a millionyare. Dar am rugs on de floor; dar am paintin's on de wall; dar am sarvants to wait on him; he has got a bar'l o' money in de bank; he has no mother-in-law; he don't have to put up or take down stoves. He has but to ring a bell and a pair of sorrel hosses and a landoo will come prancin' around to ride him out. Let him ring anodder bell and a nigger loaded down wid champagne and quail on toast will appear. A third bell, and seven state senators will enter by de back doah and offer to beat or pass any bill he may name and not charge him a cent.

"Dat's de picture, my frens, and you have only to shet your eyes to call it up befo' you. Seems to you dat man orter be jist shoutin' wid happiness, but am dat de case? Fur, fur from it. On de contrary, he am wishin' he was dead. Why? Kase his son in college has made a rule o' hisself and am to be suspended. Kase one o' dem sorrel hosses am sick and likely to die. Kase his youngest child has got de croup and may not lib till mawnin'! Kase he's baldheaded and got hay fever. Kase de plumber and de ice man have robbed him. I could gin you forty mo' kases, but dese am sufficient. Dar am a cart load of de long green dar, but so happiness."

The orator paused to get a drink of water and kick his legs out to limber them up and then continued:

"Lemme present anodder picture to you. A mile away am de cabin of a cull'd man. He's blind in de right eye and lame in de left leg. Dar am no rugs on de floor nor pictures on de walls. He might ring fo'ty bells, and no hosses would come prancin'. He might yell till he was hoarse, and he wouldn't git no quail on toast. He hasn't got a cent in de bank, and de frost has killed his garden off. But he sits right dar in his shirt sleeves, wid a bewtiful smile on his face. He grins. He chuckles. He laughs. Why hain't he moanin' and sheddin' tears and sayin' 'dis old world holds no happiness fur him? Why hain't he out settin' fire to some rich man's barn or hamstringin' a cow belongin' to a millionyare? Why dat blandness and contentment?"

The Mystery Solved.

"I will tell you why. Watch him. He rises up. He walks ober to de icebox. He reaches in and lifts and grunts and tugs, and, lo, a twenty pound watermillyon appears to view—a watermillyon dat has been reposin' close to de ice fur a long half day. No matter

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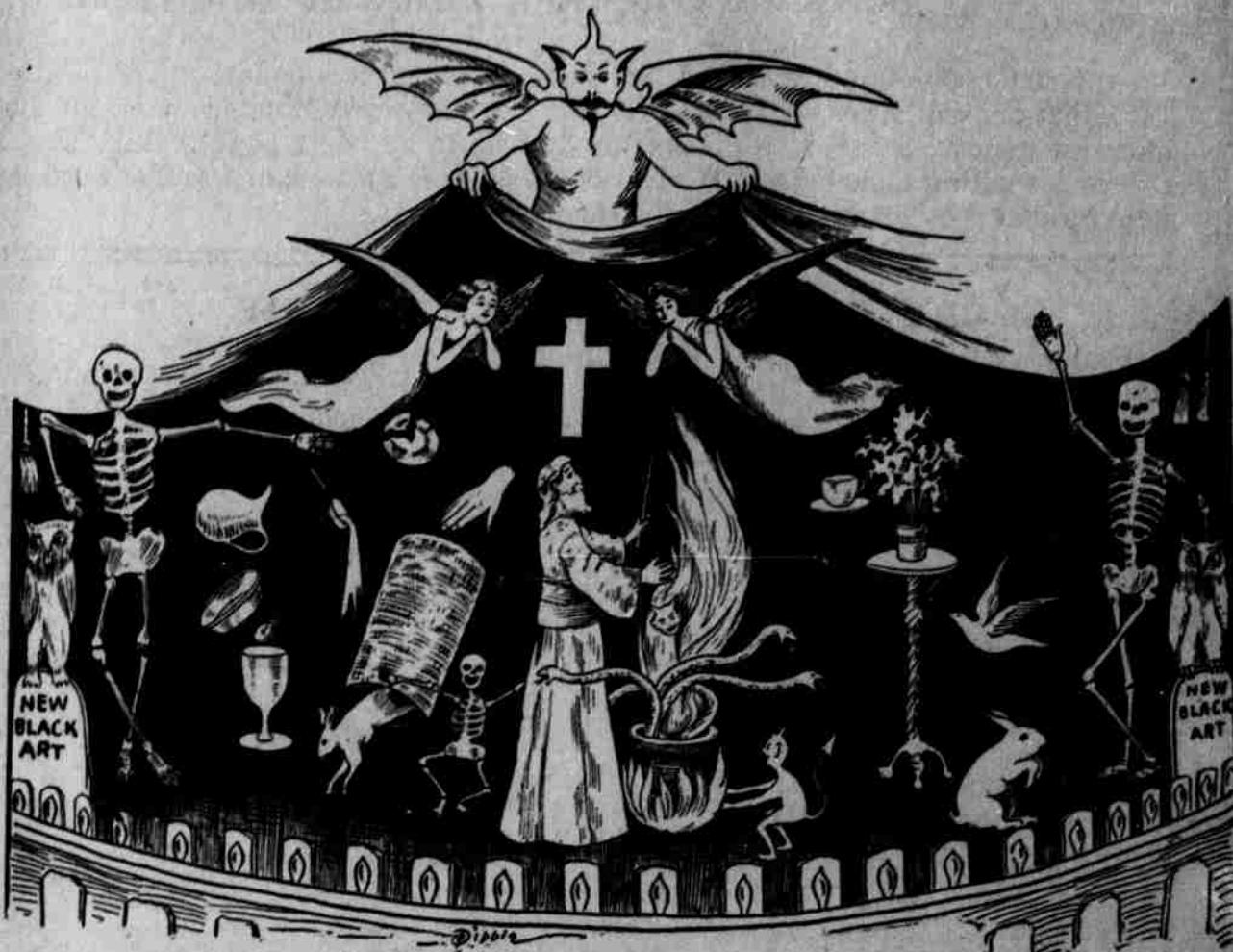
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whar he got dat millyon, it's dar, and it hain't got legs nor wings to git away. No matter whedder de man am a widower and all alone in his world or whedder he am a man of fam'ly and has sent his wife and chill'en away fur de occasion.

"Dat millyon am deposited on de table. De butcher knife has been sharpened on de stovepipe fur de tragedy. It am lifted up. De millyon am rolled into position.

"Do you hear dat ripplin' sound as de knife cuts?"

"Do you see de man's eyes bulgin' out?"

"Do you see sich a smile creepin' ober his face as de angels in heaben might envy?"

"Do you see dat millyon finally fall apart in two halves—dat great big millyon—dat ice cold millyon—dat red core millyon—sich fruit as has made de mouths of kings water?"

"You see it. You see de man draw a long breath and sot down. You see him lift up one of de halves and turn his eyes to de cellin' and begin—begin a feast dat am to stop not as long as dar am eben an inch of de rind left. Will you tell me dat a pusson has got to look any furdur dan dis fur happiness—fur sich happiness as de money of de rich can't furnish?"

An Outbreak.

Brother Gardner had made threats if silence were not maintained, but that picture was too much. A dozen voices cried out "Yum! Yum!" in chorus, and then a hundred members sprang to their feet and yelled and whooped and shouted for the next five minutes. When the president could make himself heard he ordered the committee to escort the Hon. Nicodemus back to the anteroom and then he said:

"Dat's 'bout how I reckoned it would come out. He's gone on and shown you how a man wid a watermillyon can be happier dan a rich man, but he's forgotten sunthin'. Dat cull'd man stole dat millyon from a white man's truck patch, and 'bout de time he has taken three bites of it in comes a policeman and yanks him off to de station, and in de mawnin' a judge gib him a sentence of ninety days to de island. We will now break de meetin' in two and go home, and arter I have interviewed de Hon. Nicodemus in de alley fur about five minutes, I'll convince him dat de true way to be happy in dis world am to be unhappy a good sheer of de time." M. QUAD.

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