

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

The Tail of the Ticket

The choice of Charles G. Dawes of Illinois as republican nominee for vice-president, is an excellent one. He is a man of action, of character, a man of achievement, a recognized authority on finance and probably the best posted man on the European situation connected with the administration. At any rate the unofficial report of the commission headed on German reparations comprises the administration's only contribution towards foreign cooperation.

Mr. Dawes, who is 58, has achieved success as a lawyer, as a promoter, as a banker, and as an administrator. Impatient of formula, a despiser of sham, and a cutter of red tape, his force, common sense, and disregard of conventions, together with his picturesque and impetuous language have given him a human appeal that will add much strength to the ticket. In many respects he is the antithesis of Coolidge, for where the latter is cautious, calculating and silent, Dawes is vigorous, active and explosive.

Dawes first attracted national attention in 1898 when appointed federal controller of the treasury, a position he left three years later to organize the Central Trust company of Illinois, of which he is still chief executive. During the world war he served as general purchasing agent for the American expeditionary forces in France and kept some 2,000,000 soldiers adequately supplied with food, clothing and supplies.

After the armistice, Dawes served as a member of the United States Liquidation Commission. Called before the house investigating committee in Washington, he gave vent to his famed "hell n Maria" explosion, while grilling the probers as "pinheads." A few months later he was appointed by President Harding first director of the federal budget, where he severely pruned government expenditures.

Dawes greatest achievement, however, is his latest, when he was sent to Europe at the head of a commission of experts to prepare a plan for the settlement of German indemnities and prepare the way for a restoration of economic stability. The universal acceptance of his findings shows how well he accomplished a most difficult task.

As to be expected Dawes is anything but a radical. He is "safe and sane" financially and eminently satisfactory to big business, but his integrity, sincerity and common sense stamp him as a high type of conservative, superior to the politicians controlling the party. He should head the ticket for he would make an abler president than Coolidge.

End of Progressivism

Despite the derision and insult heaped upon the Wisconsin delegation by the national republican convention, the former furnished an inspiring example of devotion to their leader and to principle. They refused to sacrifice principle to expediency or to surrender the rights of the minority to the clamor of the majority. They offered a much better platform for the country than the meaningless collection of platitudes adopted—and were cursed out of consideration.

The futile efforts of Wisconsin as the death rattle of progressivism in the republican party. Strangled and asphyxiated by the poison gases of reaction, the leveling influence of La Follette is definitely and finally banned from the organization in which it has played a prominent though unwelcome part. The party, purged of "heresies" can now worship undisturbed at the shrine of the golden calf of the god of things as they are—we have a real conservative party.

All eyes are now turned on the coming democratic convention in New York. If it adopts a meaningless platform, if it fears also to squarely and fairly take a stand upon vital issues to advance the cause of human welfare and names a ticket in accordance therewith, we can expect La Follette to raise the standard of revolt.

Of course La Follette probably could not be elected, although the La Follettes of England and France have recently been placed in power, but he would lay the foundations for a political revolution that would grow with the years and eventually spell emancipation of the government from special interests. Meanwhile he would have turned out of power a party that has surrendered to materialism and has destroyed the idealism that inspired the founders of the republic.

Home Making Helps

How to Build a Japanese Village For Charity

This is the story not of a real village, of course, but of an excellent "make-believe" little town, planned to make money for the building of a church. It was an outdoor fair arranged in two streets with booths on either side. At the end of the streets the supper tables were set, at right angles to the street, but nothing was served until six, when the men were free to join their families.

The village was set down, so to speak, in a lovely old orchard with a ravine at one side, sloping down to meet a busy little brook. Two bushes were commanded to meet late afternoon trains, for this happened in a suburban town. Leaders and helpers were all garbed in kimono with hair dressed in Japanese fashion to carry out the illusion.

The Japanese trading flag hung over each booth and lanterns were hung to light booths and streets. All the booths had low counters and many that were covered had straw-thatched roofs. Everything was made in Japanese as possible in atmosphere. A number of the men helpers appeared in Japanese costumes. Several bushes covered with paper chrysanthemums were decorative additions.

At the tea-house tea was served in the daintiest manner accompanied by rice cakes and preserved fruits or food tea with nut cakes or toasted muffins. Here the voting was lively. Twenty-five cents a vote was charged on a beautiful Japanese covered hot-boast which was to be awarded to the most popular woman. It is said that the toast-dish alone netted the village fifty-three dollars.

The Japanese shop did a big business in embroidery and the little things women like to buy. There was a scattering of Japanese street table, tea trays and other novelties that had been procured for the occasion. In one corner was a big hamper filled with "mysterious packages." It cost twenty-five cents to put in your hand and get a package, and though the package might not

prove to be what you wanted, yet you felt assured it was worth a quarter.

The children were more than delighted to place their pennies in the little of a great big cotton gander, whose head and neck protruded from under a curtain of a wicker tent. He dropped the coin in a box and came back with a package in his bill for the small customer—a new order of grab bag with all the old fascination. The Japanese delicatessen had cakes, baked beans, candies, preserves and all manner of cooked dainties. The prices for these delicacies were a little high, but the cakes warranted it. In one corner sat a Japanese farmer dispensing cider and doughnuts to a stream of steady customers.

The millinery shop was well stocked with sunbonnets and washable hats of all sorts as well as a selection of scarves, parasols and other toggery. The play-house had something going on every half hour, and judging from the sounds of movement that came from there twenty-five cents was not dear admission to ask for a laugh. A couple of pet Sheelands pines, borrowed for the occasion, were kept busy by the children at tea-cups a side.

Supper was cleverly managed at three tables and at graded prices, which suited all visitors. There were a luncheon, a full-supper and a refreshment table. The latter offered cake, ice cream, coffee and strawberry shortcake. The luncheon table held all kinds of sandwiches, pies and cakes and coffee, tea and cocoa. The supper was excellent at a fair price, with choice of two kinds of meat.

The village was voted a great success socially and financially and was moved and amusing. Usually, these affairs are given in such a way that one is conscious she is there only to spend. But it was different at the Japanese village, because the women made it attractive to the eye and offered for sale articles purchased by them as well as the usual donations.

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KIRBY'S DAILY CARTOON FOR CAPITAL JOURNAL READERS



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN ABOUT TO RUN A RACE.

On Tables of Stone

"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me"

By Idah McGlone Gibson

ON TABLES OF STONE 1

LOVE DEFIES ALL

Mal's attorney (continued) Zoe's letters fully expects that she will be acquitted of any complicity in the tragedy, for he has in his possession letters that were not presented at the inquest showing that Sally Goodrich and John Hillman had been lovers for a long time, and that the break came between Miss Goodrich and Miss Sheldon when Hillman transferred his attentions from Sally to Mal. The last letter, written just the day before the murder, by Sally to Hillman, said:

"You must come and see me tomorrow night. Mother will be out. It will be impossible for me to conceal our relations much longer. I shall expect you between nine and ten. John, take pity on me, for I have loved only you. Take pity on me and tell me what I am going to do."

"Your despairing,"

"SALLY."

This is the status of the case at present, Mr. Price. When I return, if Mal is acquitted of any complicity in the matter I shall probably bring her with me for since the girl has gone through this terrible devastating experience, I find that she is most interesting. She has always had a brain, and she is now trying to use it in the right way.

It is pitiable to see how she clings to me, and I feel a great responsibility in regard to her, although I know I am little older. If you are willing that I shall stay here for at least a week longer, wire me.

Sincerely,

ZOE MIDDLETON.

Night letter—from Beverly Price to Zoe Middleton:

While of course it is not necessary to your stories that you return to the office immediately, would advise that you get out from under this scandal as soon as possible. The papers are full of it here, and your name has been mentioned very often. Even though you feel sorry for the girl, she has no claim on you. Why should you bring her back home with you? If you stay a week longer, she will have time to get settled in her own way. I think that's the best solution.

BEVERLY PRICE.

Wire from Ted Overton to Zoe Middleton:

Bully for you. It's wonderful how you have stood by that poor girl, but being you, you could not have done otherwise. I am starting on next train to come over and help because I know you will be with you brought up some things against me that had to be settled at once. Will tell you my opinion of him when I see you.

Love always,

TED.

Night letter—from Zoe Middleton to Mal:

Will it embarrass you to stay with Aunt Louisa for a week or 10 days longer. You know what has happened from my letters and the newspapers. When I return will tell you all details. Feel I must

WOMAN'S SECRET CHARM

In perfect health lies the secret of woman's charm, which makes her radiant cheer and happiness wherever she goes. No one enjoys listening to the aches, pains and woes of an ailing, nervous, irritable woman, and her condition is plainly stamped upon every feature. The most effective remedy for woman's ailments ever discovered has proved to be Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women are soon restored to health by its use and acquire the charm that health alone can give.—Adv.

GOOD NIGHT STORIES

BETTY MEETS A LITTLE NIGHT PROWLER

"Oh, oh, you horrid creature!" Betty exclaimed as a bug struck her cheek and dropped down to her apron. "That's what I get for coming out after nightfall. You dreadful old beetle."

"Not so dreadfully old," laughed the beetle, raising himself up on his long hind legs. "The fact is, I'm just the proper time for water-beetles to fly. I'm sorry if I frightened you when I flew against your cheek. I thought your white apron was a bit of the pond. Stupid of me, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was silly," laughed Betty. "But why were you going to the pond? Surely not to gaze at your reflection?"

"I certainly was not," replied Mr. Water-Beetle. "I live in the pond you know. I'm not a land-beetle. I'm a water-beetle."

"They all look the same to me," laughed Betty. "I've never looked closely at a water-beetle."

"Then take a good look at me," Mr. Water-Beetle said. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

He turned around and around so that Betty could see him from all sides. "When I was just a wee larva," he continued, "before I developed into a beetle, I had six legs on each side of my head. If I had that many now, I would have seen the difference between this white apron and the pond."

"I should think you would get filled with water, living under the water all the time," said Betty. "I can see now that you are more pointed than our land-beetles. I suppose that's so you can skim through the water."

"I suppose so," agreed Mr. Water-Beetle. "Then, too, those long hind legs of mine help me a great deal. I use them for paddles. If you'll notice closely, you'll see that my body fits closer together than a land-beetle's body does."

"My shell is a water-tight case. It has to be, for I spend most of my time in the water. I can swim as well as anyone. I'm not much good at walking, but I have lovely wings and I surely can fly. But I fly only at night. I love a bright moonlight night like this."

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something might catch you at night," suggested Betty. "Do you carry a gun like the little gun-bustles?"

"Goodness no!" laughed Mr. Water-Beetle. "I'm a peace-loving creature. I wouldn't know how to use a gun if I had one. But put your finger underneath my breast and feel what I have there."

Betty did as she was told and felt a sharp point like a thorn.

"That's my weapon," continued Mr. Water-Beetle, "and when any creature catches me, he lets go pretty quickly, if I can pull my body together and ram that thorn into him. There's one thing I must say though, I never use it except in self-defence—never to torture my prey. Now I think I'd better go on home and see about my family."

Spreading his great big wings, Mr. Water-Beetle sailed away toward the pond. Betty ran after him, but by the time she reached the pond, Mr. Water-Beetle had disappeared.

THE HOME KITCHEN

Solving the Problem of Varying Veal Dishes Deliciously

In purchasing veal from your butcher, it is well to remember the whiteness of the flesh is a mark of good quality. Only the meat of a calf over nine weeks old and milk-fed should be purchased. Meat taken from a younger calf is not wholesome.

Veal is not considered as nourishing as beef, and the meat does not keep as well owing to its high content of water. The choicest roasting-piece is the fillet. There is excellent stewing-meat and in a young animal all of the joints cook well. The loin makes an inviting roast when it is well cooked. The shoulder, boned and stuffed, is also good for roasting.

Veal sweetbreads are always a delicacy and they can be cooked in a number of attractive ways. The liver, known at the early age of the animal as "milk liver," is very delicate when boiled, fried with onion, cooked au gratin, cooked in the oven stuffed and rolled, boiled and chopped for croquettes, hash, or croquettes or moulded in mint jelly for a cold dish. Sometimes the liver is cooked with the kidney and curried, a favorite English dish, then served with rice.

Veal cutlets are daintiest when broiled, but they may be fried, served in milk and butter with a cream gravy, or cut into narrow strips, breaded and fried, then dressed with a tomato sauce.

Brain Fritters
Blanch a pair of brains in cold water for ten minutes, then put them on in cold salted water to par boil. Let them boil twenty minutes. Blanch them in cold water when they are done, remove all the fibre and chop them coarsely. Make the usual fritter batter. Season the brains with pepper, salt and the juice of an onion, then beat them into the batter. Drop them by the spoonful into hot fat and fry them a delicate brown. Drain them and serve them with tartar sauce. Garnish them with sprays of fresh parsley and lemon quarters.

Succotash
In buying the whole head, the brains may be used for the fritters, the head may be boiled until the meat is done, then the bones should be removed and thrown back into the stock with the usual vegetables added. When done they are strained out and the seasoning is added, after which the soup may be used clear with a jellyed garniture or with soup dumplings. The meat may be sliced and served in a rich caper sauce, a tomato sauce or a good curry sauce. Or the meat may be chopped coarsely and put into a flavorful aspic jelly and moulded to delicate cold. The mould should be decorated with hard-boiled eggs cut in fancy ways.

"BLACK-DRAUGHT DID THE WORK"

Says Mississippian Lady, Who Says She Had Bad Stomach, Nervous, She Felt Better, Tearing Her Clothes

Biloxi, Miss.—"I had, for a year or more, nervous indigestion, or some form of stomach trouble," says Mrs. Alonzo Ford, 1117 Clay street, this city. "The water I drank at that time seemed to constipate me. I would eat until I got so nervous I wanted to get down on the floor and roll. I felt like I could tear my clothes."

"Every night, and night after night, I had to take something for a laxative, and it had to be kept up nightly. My side would pain. I looked awful. My skin was yellow and seemed spotted. I would look at my hands and arms and the flesh looked lifeless."

"I told my husband I would try Black-Draught, which I did. I took a few big doses. I felt much better. My liver acted, I well, I made a good, warm tea and drank it that way. Soon I found that nervous, tight feeling was gone, as was the pain in my side. I found I did not have to take it every night. Soon, after a few weeks, I could leave it off for a week or so and I did not suffer with constipation. . . . I gained flesh. I have a good color, and believe it was a stubborn liver and that Black-Draught did the work."

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Ernest Gamble, basso cantante; Miss Martha Reed, lyric coloratura soprano, and Miss Verna Leone Page, concert violinist, compose the well-balanced personnel of the party. Mr. Gamble's voice ranges from the deep resonant tones, which always stir an audience to inspirational heights, to the higher velvety tones that so expressively interpret the spirit of delicate measures. His enunciation is always spoken of with appreciation, and he is also gifted with a magnetic personality and a dramatic power of interpretation. Miss Reed's flute-like tones are in spectacular contrast with the stentorian notes of the basso. Her innate musical sense enables her to give an audience the spirit of her vocal numbers. Miss Verna Leone Page is a modest, unassuming American girl who is said to be one of the few women violinists to achieve marked public popularity. Local audiences will have opportunity to hear the delightfully rich tones which she can produce on her rare old Cremona, a violin made by the famous Gagliano in 1730.

sliced truffles, stoned olives and a few capers.

Calf's Head Pie

Line a buttered, deep dish with good crust. Cut the cold, cooked meat into small pieces and arrange in the dish with sliced hard-boiled eggs, a finely-minced onion and a cupful of cold, boiled ham cut into small pieces. Make a little savory stuffing, roll it into balls and tuck it in. Season the meat with pepper, salt, a teaspoonful each of curry powder and sugar and the same of mace and finely-powdered sage. Pour in a cupful of soup stock, dredge the dish with a little flour, put on the top crust, leaving a vent in the center, and bake the pie about an hour in a moderate oven. Cover it for the first twenty minutes, so that the crust will not begin to brown until it is cooked. If the pie seems a bit dry, a little hot stock or cream may be poured in through the vent before it is done.

The sale of champagne in France increased 100 per cent in 1923, as compared with 1922. It is reported the exportation of wines had also increased.

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