

# NIAGARA AGAIN IN REAL PERIL

## Her Sister Susie

By CARL JENKINS

Married for love! Married just as he felt like it. Those are spells. Tell me, you may have a spell at any time and break the spell. You know how it dishes in the house. Will you do it? "I don't know. We'll thought 'on white I think. I was awfully through it and act as he did, and so do I and me."

"I've seen father come into the house and kick the cat and yell at mother if he found any more money in her mashed potatoes. He'd hunt another boarding place. Nice old chap he is to advise a daughter. 'You're not coming'?"

"Well, I am—'It's an auto, and we are going to meet in the narrowest part of the road. You know how the pony is about autos. If we don't have a smash-up I'll miss my guess. Here he comes. Don't do any screaming or jumping-out. If he's a gentleman he'll come to our help. My stars, Kitty, do you think it is?"

"Who?" "Sure you live it's Ronald. Where's the 'mackerel'?" "I want to wave to you." "I don't know what you're waving." "I'm already waving!" "Think of his position!" "And think of his! I'll bet a dollar he's riding out in hopes to catch sight of the White Star."

"Susie, I must get out and run through the mill!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson. "Wait! Wait! We'll both get out but there'll be no running. Howdy he! He's a foot of a pony about autos. Nice day. This is Kitty, your sister. She wants to sit down with you and have a talk. The pony will stand now, and I'll gather some of those wild plum blossoms. My dear, she's looking at you. Each other in the greatest embarrassment for a moment, when Miss Susie spoke again."

"Right up there on that log. The highway commissioner left it in purpose for tired people to sit down on, and don't you sit too far apart, either, or I shall come and crowd in between you." "Hike along now."

"What a queer that we should meet this way. Mrs. Anderson, said the husband as they got seated. "I'm just on my way to town." "I didn't know that you had your divorce by this time."

"To file your application. I see." "Father and mother said—switching 'I was about to say to you." "Miss Susie as she came—avoiding a branch of the blossom. 'You want that water? It's of this kind, and get down to business. Ronald's sister was at Kitty."

"But you kicked a footstool!" "I'm just because there was no dog to kick."

# The Girl of My Dreams

## A Laugh-Producing Comedy of Errors



On the eve of a visit from his affianced wife and when all the world seems bright and lovely, Harry Swifton suddenly becomes involved in a maze of unfortunate circumstances that threaten to wreck his happiness.

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# MAJOR AND MINOR NEWS OF MICHIGAN

## THE ENTERPRISE Published Thursdays

Vol. 45—No. 45

### MAJOR AND MINOR NEWS OF MICHIGAN

#### THE MERGER OF COPPER MINING PROPERTIES IS ALL RIGHT IN MICHIGAN.

The Saginaw district of the P. & M. Co. has announced that the proposed merger of copper mining properties is all right in Michigan.

#### VOYAGERS OF THE ISRAELITES ARRIVE IN BALTIMORE.

The Israelites, a group of about 1000 people, arrived in Baltimore from the Holy Land.

#### A. J. WATERS

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#### W. A. KLOPFENSTEIN

Physician and Surgeon

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Physician and Surgeon

# MICHIWAN NEWS IN BRIEF

### MR. NEWLYRICH IN LONDON

Mr. Newlyrich, a prominent Michigan politician, is currently in London on a diplomatic mission.

### RAIL MERGE UPHELD

The proposed merger of the Michigan Central and the Grand Trunk railroads has been upheld by the courts.

### JUDGE HOOK FAILS TO AGREE

Judge Hook has refused to agree with the proposed terms of the Michigan Central merger.

### EDITOR GIVES FOUR NEW NAMES IN LORIMER CASE

The editor of the Michigan Enterprise has announced four new names in the Lorimer case.

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# STATE HIGHWAYS BEING IMPROVED

### POORER COUNTIES DRAW MORE MONEY FROM THE STATE THAN THE RICHER ONES.

The state government is providing more funding for highways in poorer counties to improve infrastructure.

### SAGINAW IS GIVEN MOST

The Saginaw district has been given the most funding for highway improvements.

### LANING—Along with the gradual extension of good roads in the counties of the state, there are being constructed and repaired the ordinary dirt roads. It is stated by Highway Commissioner that a considerable amount of money is being expended for the improvement of these roads.

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# THE FALLS IN WINTER

A SITUATION which is both curious and unfortunate has arisen regarding the taking of water from the falls of Niagara. Under the existing arrangement authorized by the Canadian treaty a maximum limit of 100,000 cubic feet per second is permitted for the power produced. As the average flow of the falls is 252,400 cubic feet per second, this amount is only 39 per cent. of the whole. But as the water is not used for power, but is allowed to run down the falls, the surplus from the falls is a hundred and sixty feet into the river, and the water is lost. The power companies have not taken as much water as the treaty apparently allows. The amount has been limited, has provided a limit for power purposes, but it has not been taken for the taking of water from Niagara for sanitary and domestic purposes.

The American Civic federation, under the leadership of J. Horace Miller, has taken upon itself the task of arousing its extensive membership, as well as the country at large, to the dangers of the present situation. "Saving Niagara" has become a slogan for the last few years, for it seems to the many public as if the Niagara was always being saved by the skin of her teeth from something or other. The first outcry arose some time ago when the proposition to use water from the falls for power was presented to the authorities. As will be remembered, strenuous opposition was put forth by those who feared that the wonderful scenic attractions of Niagara would be injured if not utterly destroyed. The opposition against the power companies was not successful in preserving Niagara intact, but it did result in raising the question to the possibility of having Niagara at all. Time passed, and the great tribunes were installed, and Niagara still flowed on. But the danger, though latent, still existed, and it needed only a little ingenuity to bring about the financial interests involved to find a way to further deplete the water.

What Might Happen? Fortunately the gauging, tests and measurements made by the United States Army engineers, under the direction of the lake survey, have furnished facts which show beyond the shadow of a doubt that the water of Niagara is by a greater extent forced to contribute more water for power purposes than it is allowed to contribute for the taking of water from Niagara for sanitary and domestic purposes.

### Why Falliere's Chef Left

His good dinners the best wines of France.

More Than That. The agent, bent on making a sale, was trying to lead up to the subject. "I see that the typewriter you use," he said, "is mostly of the visible kind."

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### THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

Don't Miss the Opening Chapter

### SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Blankets for use of the Officers of school districts

### ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Orders on Township Treasurers

### ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Teacher's Contracts, Etc.

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# 4th July

## By Johnny Jones



"Paw Met Me at the Kitchen Door and Sed to Be Careful."

4 A. M.—Got up.—Slipped down to back yard to set of mifer crackers. Paw met me at kitchen door and sed to be cairful. Shode me how to lite the fews.

4:30 a. m.—Grampaw come downstares. Sed he cudden't slepe with such a tareble racket goin on.

4:35 a. m.—Grampaw sed to paw M gudness wilyum you dont know ennything about settin of frecrackers. Lemma show you.

4:38 a. m.—Paw an grampaw is having a nawful racket.

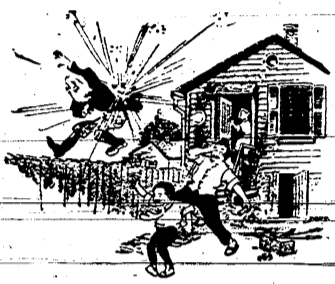
4:45 a. m.—Paw and grampaw still fusin.

5 a. m.—Willie Grene who livs nex dore has just got up an come owt to tuch of his fierwurks.

5:02 a. m.—Mr. Grene has come owt an toled Willie he better be cairful.

5:03 a. m.—Mr. Grene is showin Willie how to tuch of his fierwurks.

5:30 a. m.—Grampaw stuk a bunch of frecrackers in his pokket while he was tellin paw about how thay use to shute of anvils when he was a boy.



"Grampaw jumped over the bak fence and holiered bloody murder. He didn't know the fire crackers he put in his pokket was lit."

5:31 a. m.—Grampaw jumped over the bak fence an holiered bloody murder; he didnt kno the fier crackers he put in his pokket was lit. They was. I knode it. I tride to tel him but he sed ltel boys shud be sene an noe hord. Grampaw run up an down the alley 2 or 3 times until paw an Mr. Grene got the garden hoses turned on him an put him out.

5:35 a. m.—Paw still showing me how to tuch of fire crackers. Grampaw has gone in the hogs to get dry clothes. Paw is telling Mr. Grene how it happened that grampaw put the crackers in his pokket.

5:40 a. m.—Paw sent me in the hoes becous I luffed about the way he toled about the way grampaw jumped the fence. He sed grampaw jumped like a jak rabil.

5:43 a. m.—Maw is up. She maid paw come in an skoleded bif rer sending me in. She sez sey wont be enny more fire-cracker-shutin-till after breakfast.

7 a. m.—Paw fell of the porch were he was trying to make up the big flag. He cot his pants leg in the wire whare the clematis vine is an tore the vine down also his pants leg. I got whipped, paw sed it was my fault.

10 a. m.—I cride till maw sed for gudness sake wilyum give the boy his fier crackers an let him kill hisself if he wants to. I have set of a hole bunch miself.

10:45 a. m.—Paw come owt an begun showin me agene how to shute them. I knode he wud.

11 a. m.—Grampaw come out leenin on a cain and stood around a while an then him an paw got into a nuther racket about how to shute of fier crackers.

11:30 a. m.—Grampaw has burn both hans an the doktor is here.

11:45 a. m.—Paw has set down on a big fier cracker. He got up rite away but not sune enuff. The Doktor has come back. Paw sez he will whip me.

12 m.—The fier engines hav jst left. Paw thru a fier cracker in the dining rume to surprise maw. It did.

9 p. m.—Me an Willie Green has been down town to see the fier wurks. He has to sit up all nite to put sody an oil on his paw's hans and I have to stay up a while to go for the doktor agene if paw gets vuss. Grampaw is still tawkin about the gud ole times.



"Paw Has Set Down on a Big Fier Cracker!"



"I Have to Stay Up a While to Go fur the Doktor."

**WILBUR D. NESBIT.**

**TONER POEM.**

On high the rockets gleam and glare  
And iridescent spangles glance  
Athwart the bosom of the air  
Full jeweled with their radiance.

Below the bursting of the bombs  
Whence come the sweetest scents and dances  
Tells that the sulphury perfumes  
Soon will the twilight air enhance.

And now there comes a ringing clang  
And hoarse beats as the chargers prance  
It is the warning bling and bang  
Made by the speeding ambulance.

**Often So.**

We burn our money on the Fourth—  
But then the year is full of days  
On which without exerting much  
We burn our money other ways.

The ordinary man does not care  
Who makes the fireworks of a nation  
So long as he can show the children  
How to set them off.

**FATAL DAY.**

Had a permature explosion of fireworks in our town the Fourth. Caused a terrible stampede.

Had a stampede in our town, too.

"Fireworks explode these days."

"No. Happened before dark. During the speaking exercises the chairman announced unexpectedly that Mr. Longfellow Tennyson Scruggs was about to read an original poem composed especially for the occasion."

**An Anatomical Mistake.**

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Justgott, to her callers. "It is growing so dark I believe I will ring for the livers."

"For the what?" exclaimed the callers.

"Now, just listen to me! Of course, I meant ring for the lights. A body does get so twisted sometimes, doesn't she?"

**Whipped Cream Substitute.**

Put in a large bowl the white of one egg, large cup of sugar, one large grated raw apple (part or sour), flavor with a small teaspoonful of extract of vanilla, stir (not beat) for twenty minutes. The result is a creamy, white, delicate substance to be used for filling and top of layer cakes, for top of pies, custards or puddings.

**Cucumber Sauce.**

Peel a cucumber and cut it into inch lengths and place the pieces in a stew jar with two ounces of butter. Let it stew gently until the cucumber is soft, which will take from an hour to an hour and a half. Pass the cucumber through a sieve, season with pepper and salt and serve if hot.

**False Alarm.**

"Gazing down the dim vista of the future," cried the impassioned Fourth of July orator, "what do we see? We see freedom struggling against the shackles of anarchy! We see justice defying the onslaughts of injustice! We see independence again rising in its might and shaking of the—"

"You're off, mister," interrupted a hearer, whose eyes had followed the direction of the orator's forefinger. "That's Hank Jones, the town marshal, arrestin' Bill Spivyer for his regular Fourth of July drink."

## CHERRY TIME IS HERE

SEVERAL METHODS OF USING THIS DELICIOUS FRUIT.

Sauce That Should Be Served Hot—Recipes for Salad, Cup and Jam—How to Candy and Can Cherries.

**Cherry Sauce.**—Cover a pint of cherries with a pint of water, add two cloves and simmer. When the cherries are soft rub through a sieve, return to the fire, add a teaspoonful of flour blended with a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, and cook two minutes. Stir in the juice of one lemon. Serve hot. Two tablespoonfuls of claret makes it better.

**Cherry Salad.**—Wash and stone one pint of large cherries. Be careful to bruise the fruit as little as possible. Place in each cherry a hazel nut kernel to preserve the form; chill, arrange in little heart leaves of lettuce and pour over a cream mayonnaise.

**Cherry Cup.**—Put in a bowl one pint of cherries, stoned and bruised, the juice of three lemons and grated rind of one and add one cup of granulated sugar. Cover, let stand an hour or so, add one quart of water, strain through a vegetable press and also cheesecloth. Add one pint of claret and set on ice. Serve in punch glasses with tiny bits of shaved ice. Put a few bright red cherries on top.

**Cherry Jam.**—Put cherries on to cook (unseeded) and cook to a pulp. Rub through a sieve, add one-half as much sugar as pulp and cook till thick.

**Candied Cherries.**—Use only perfect fruit that clings tightly to the stem. Cook a sugar sirup to a thread, set the pan in another pan of hot water. Pick up only a few cherries at a time and dip into the sirup. Hold the cherries in the air a few seconds and red dip into the sirup before serving. Dust a little pulverized sugar over them.

**Canned Cherries.**—Use only the solid fruit, adding hot water as needed, but save all juice, heat and can. Splendid for mince pies or fruit sauce to eat with baked pudding.

**Baked Apple Dumplings.**

Pare and slice finely several cooking apples; prepare a rich biscuit; dough; break-off in pieces and roll out in circles the size of dessert plate; put a handful of apples in center; add a teaspoon of sugar and a very little spice, cinnamon or nutmeg; gather up the edges and press together; place dumplings in a deep pan and put on top of each a lump of butter; fill pan an inch deep with water; put in the lemon extract or spices as preferred; in between the dumplings and add any kind of fruit juice or three or four teaspoons of jelly; the water makes the sauce. Bake in quick even about 45 minutes. Berries can be used to make dumplings the same way.

**Orange Mint Relish.**

Take four large oranges, peel carefully, slice, and cut into cubes size of dice. Add equal amount pineapple prepared as above; sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of fine chopped mint, one tablespoonful lemon juice, one tablespoonful sherry wine. If pineapple is not fully ripened crush enough to add a tablespoonful of juice. Stir together lightly, so as to prevent mashing fruit. Serve in sherbet glasses, cold, garnish with candied cherries or fresh berries, as preferred.

**Lamb Chops en Couronney.**

Take chops from the loin of lamb, trim them and season them with pepper, salt and powdered mace. Cover them twice with egg and bread crumbs, and fry them in deep fat. Arrange them overlapping each other in the form of a ring, and fill the central portion of the dish with a sauce made by a quarter of an hour, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of herbs, a little chopped lemon peel and two chopped shallots.

**Glossy Linen.**

Even quite cheap table linen may be made to look as glossy as fine damask if ironed in the following way: After the linen has been washed, boiled and rinsed wring it dry as possible, roll it up in a dry sheet and leave it for an hour. Then iron till it is thoroughly dry. In this way the linen escapes the wear and tear of hanging on a line and keeps a better shape.

**Scales Removed.**

Four or five drops of castor oil allowed to trickle into the heart of a palm will remove the scales. Apply the dose about once a week. Luke-warm soapsuds should be used to wash off the dead scales. Then rinse in cold water. This is said to be an excellent remedy by those who have tried it.

**Cheese Bread for Salad.**

An accompaniment to salad far better than ordinary crackers and cheese is cheese bread. Cut day-old white bread into blocks two inches thick, two inches wide and two and a half inches long. Spread thickly with butter, heap up pieces of American cheese on top and cook in a quick oven.

**Whipped Cream Substitute.**

Put in a large bowl the white of one egg, large cup of sugar, one large grated raw apple (part or sour), flavor with a small teaspoonful of extract of vanilla, stir (not beat) for twenty minutes. The result is a creamy, white, delicate substance to be used for filling and top of layer cakes, for top of pies, custards or puddings.

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## THE LURE OF THE "GAY CAT"



"Any old place, I hang my hat, 'Le Home, Sweet Home' to me."

**W**HAT is a "gay cat"? Perhaps you have never heard of him, though you know tom cats, wild cats and female cats. He is an interesting combination, and his species is numbered by thousands. He is half-tramp, availing himself of all the hobo's expedients for gadding about the world without paying for his travels, and half-man with a trade, the goal of whose rambles is always a job. He has all the "bum's" philosophical contempt for the man so "easy" as to "ride the velvet," which means to pay railroad fare. But he also incurs the "bum's" astonished disdain because of his incorrigible habit of looking for work.

"We travel from wanderlust, from love of adventure," explained an ex-"gay cat," who had joined the "home guard" of those who have ceased from rambling. "When I was a youth I wanted to see the country, and see it right. I wanted excitement. I had a good trade and was living at home; but the lure of the road called me. I could have paid car fare and ridden in the railway cars, but you can't see the country that way. What man looking through the windows of a Pullman-car, knows anything about the regions through which he has passed? You must travel a few hours at a time, on a slow freight, and be thrown off at the most unexpected places by brakemen to see the country. You want to mooch (beg) a handout at backdoors to get acquainted with people. You even learn something when some 'ty mug' (detective) gets so cordial that he insists on your staying in his midst for 30 days on the rock pile. What dude in a palace car can learn as much about his native land as I did in 14 years as a 'gay cat'?"

The wanderlust never dies. This man was a miner by trade, and had followed the profession from Pennsylvania to California, and from California to Alaska. He never begged save in an emergency of hunger, and usually had \$1,000 or so tucked away in a bank in this city or that. But it was only after many years of wandering as a knight-errant of the pickax and shovel that the wanderlust of his youth was quenched and he settled down to be a prosaic hotel clerk.

In the shabby sitting room of a 10-cent lodging house in St. Louis there lounged recently half a dozen weather-beaten and hardy men, self-confident of mien and monosyllabic of speech. In their short words was none of the whine of the professional beggar, and in their straightforward look was nothing of the hangdog. They had traveled to most of the countries of the globe, and ignorant of alien languages and customs, had supported themselves by the sole resource of their own hands. They were confident of taking care of themselves in any situation.

Who would have thought that the squallid parlor, into which the warm sun filtered, was a place of dreams? But so it was. The taciturn little Englishman in the corner, who was born in South Africa, was gazing into space upon the yellow corn fields of the Argentine Republic, upon construction camps in the Andes, and upon broad roads leading by gentle stages through the pamper from one hospitable ranch to the next. Aroused from his articulate vision by a question, he stated in a matter-of-fact way that he would be in Argentine next fall.

The booted, gigantic Swede was thinking of logging camps in Minnesota, and of the perils of the lakes, of flat-to-flat battles between champions among the snows. Another, in his mind's eye, beheld the sunny orchards of California; another imagined himself helping build steel bridges in Mexico. The sap of spring was rising in their veins, and like birds of passage, they were impatient to be off. A few more weeks would see them scattered to the points of the compass, encased in box cars and on blind baggages, but all bent on the quest of their "golden fleece"—the perfect job.

Some would fall by the wayside—mangled or slain beneath the wheels of trains, and would be buried in the pauper graveyards maintained by the railroads for their vagabond victims. The "gay cat" believes that his constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness includes the privilege of riding on trains without paying fare.

The most he will do is to pay 50 cents to a "shack" (brakeman) for permission to ride unmolested over his division. Frequently a supposed vagabond is crouching painfully in a brake-beam box for several hundred more. But he would have suspicions of his own sanity should he spend any of his money for the comforts and respectability of a seat in a railroad coach.

would take no heed. These dreams—also take possession of women. It seems that vagabonds have tanks no less than the courts of Europe. At the top, in his own estimation, is the wanderer who rejoices in the proud title of "bum." His class are the chosen people, the Brahmins of vagrancy. They have no patience with the "gay cat," who has the vice of wishing to work. Below the "gay cat," whose occupations are versatile and include all the skilled trades, are the "hoboes," who, strictly speaking, are railroad construction laborers. Lowest of all come the "scissor-bills" or greenhorns, sometimes called "apple knockers," in opprobrious reference to their recently abandoned agricultural pursuits. The different classes, of course, overlap. A "scissor-bill" may develop into a "hobo," a "gay cat," a "bum" or even a "yegg."

But the "gay cat" is a classic creature and flocks to himself. In the intervals between his travels he usually thrives with the best of his kind in lodging houses. If he is prosperous, he takes a room at 25 cents a night. If he is financially embarrassed, as he often is, he "rides the broncho" or "rides the camel." In other words, he sleeps on the top or the bottom shelf of double-decker beds at a dime a night.

**"Gay Cats" With Money.**

The "gay cat" in an emergency, is not ashamed at begging a meal at a backdoor. But he has more self-respect, he usually employs greater art and skill in his "mooching" than does a "bum." One roving mechanic accosted an astonished housewife with the question:

"Madam, have you a hatchet?"

"What do you want with a hatchet?" she countered, suspiciously.

"I want to knock my teeth out," answered he with solemnity.

"Lands alive! almost screamed the woman. "Why should you knock your teeth out?"

"What's the use having teeth if you have nothing to eat?" was the response. The "gay cat" obtained one of those rare feasts known in the vernacular as a "sit down."

## FINE FOR A HOT DAY DISH

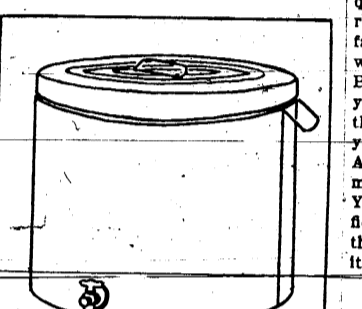
Detailed Directions for the Making of Chicken in Aspic That Will Prove Delightful.

Cut up a chicken, with the exception of the breast, which should be left whole. Put the pieces in a stew-pan with the liver, heart and gizzard and a small quantity of thyme, parsley and bay leaves and half a lemon. Cover with water, season well with salt and pepper and stew slowly until tender. Take the chicken out of the liquor; cut the meat of the breast into three or four long strips and the rest of the meat into dice. Put the bones back into the saucepan with an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a little water. Boil for 20 minutes, strain through a cloth and pour sufficient of the liquor into a deep dish to cover the bottom. When this has set arrange on top of it a design with sliced hard-boiled eggs. Place the largest piece of chicken in the center with smaller pieces around it. Pour in another layer of jelly and when it has set place a design of eggs and chicken as before. Continue the jelly and design alternately until the dish is full, putting a layer of jelly over all. When the jelly is quite firm, dip the dish into warm water and turn out its contents quickly upon a platter. Garnish with parsley, slices of lemon and olives, and serve with mayonnaise.

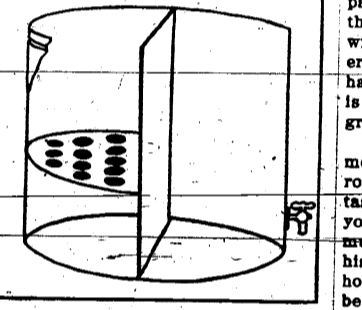
## FOR USE IN THE NURSERY

Small Metal Refrigerator That Keeps Baby's Milk Cold and Supplies Drinking Water.

A small refrigerator, designed primarily for nursery use, has been invented by a New York man, but it has advantages which will commend it to families who have no babies, especially if they live in apartments where there is no room or necessity for a regular refrigerator. The device shown here consists of a metal can



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divided into two compartments. One compartment has a cross section with perforations in it, adapted to hold small bottles of the baby's milk and to keep the bottle from upsetting when the icebox is carried around. The other compartment holds the ice and has a spigot by which the melted ice can be drawn off and used for drinking water by the adults of the family. If there are no babies in the household the cold-air compartment can be used for the storage of butter, eggs, etc. The whole contrivance takes up little room and can easily be moved about.

## Fairy Salad.

Take half an orange for each child, carefully scooping out the meat and leaving the shell like a little cup. Break all the orange up in bits, removing all skin; then add several bits of grapefruit, two or three thin slices of apple, a little sugar and a few drops of olive oil. Then fill the orange shells with the mixture, and when serving set each salad on a tender lettuce leaf. Small oranges must be used to give a pretty and childish effect, and to a dozen of these one or two good sized grapefruits are enough. Before filling the shells, it is best to let the fruits marinate in the dressing of oil and sugar.

## Baking Powder Biscuits.

Sift together two cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt and four teaspoons baking powder; cut in (with two knives) two tablespoons butter and wet with about a cup of milk to make a stiff dough; turn on well-floured board, pat and roll lightly to an inch thickness and cut with biscuit cutter. When in a hurry do not bother to turn on board and roll—just take a piece of dough the desired size and roll between the hands; put in buttered shallow pan, let it stand ten minutes and bake in hot oven about 20 minutes; when done brush over with melted butter.

## Parkerhouse Rolls.

One teaspoon home-made yeast, a little salt, one tablespoon sugar, a piece of lard size of an egg, one pint of milk, flour enough to mix. Put the milk on the stove to scald with lard in it. Prepare the flour with salt, sugar and yeast, then add milk, not too hot; knead thoroughly when mixed at night; in the morning very little kneading is necessary. Then cut out with large biscuit cutter; spread a little butter on each piece and lap together. Let rise very light and then bake in quick oven.

## Prune Jelly With Almonds.

Soak one pound of prunes over night and stew till tender in the water in which they have soaked. Remove the stones and sweeten to taste. Soak one-half box of gelatin in a little cold water, dissolve in hot water and add to the prunes while hot. Lastly put in the juice of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of blanched almonds cut into small pieces. Pour this jelly into molds; set it on ice to harden and eat with cream.

## In the Garden of Life

**N**O garden, no bright and beautiful spot in all this world is without its sepulcher—its place of terror, of sadness, and of death. The fairest city on earth has its dens of sin, its lair of thieves and criminals, its homes of wretchedness and miserable poverty. The grandest mansion on the avenue may hold a skeleton. The noblest face and form may hide a sepulcher in which high and holy purposes, truth and purity, lie slaughtered. The serene, most peaceful countenance may screen the death of many a hope of which you know nothing. The garden places of this earth are not all fair. You have but to tread your way within to find in their luxuriant covering, growth a spot where hearts are broken and tears are shed.

Is not this true of the garden of the home. You think of the flowers of love and sympathy that grow there. What a place it is to come to, to rest in, after the dusty road of duty and the heat and burden of the day. How sweet and fragrant, like the breath of flowers, the confidences that are exchanged there; and the smiles of friendly faces—how they cheer the heart, as the wayside buttercup brightens and lightens the heart of the traveler on his way! But that very sympathy, that sense of relaxation, makes possible the quiet and thoughtless criticism; the sharp rebuke, the caustic, burning sarcasm which you withhold from mere acquaintances and in other places. Quarrels arise in the house over petty faults and differences which elsewhere you would let go unnoticed! Before you are aware, you find a yawning grave there into which all that is lovely and beautiful about your home threatens to fall and die. Ah, this is what you must do. You must lay the Christ in that sepulcher. You must learn his lesson of self-sacrifice and of self-forgetful love. Then the garden will be glad again and all its flowers will bloom.

## In the Garden of Hope.

And there again is the garden of Hope. How bright it is—as we look at it from over the wall. But when we enter in and tread its winding paths, how soon there falls upon us the chill shadow of anxiety. What will the morrow bring? Will the flowers we have gathered wither in our hands? Will the pleasures last? There is nothing that builds so capacious, so greedy a grave as anxiety.

It daunts our strength, our enjoyment of the beautiful things that surround us; our rest in our daily tasks. You must bring Christ with you into that garden of Hope. You must borrow his freedom from anxiety, his unswerving trust, his unflinching hopefulness. And thus death too will be vanquished, and the earth will laugh all its lovelessness for you again.

And then once more there is the garden of Service. Bright and unfading are the flowers which men gather out of that garden. The kindness done to another, the work which has helped a struggling soul on its way—these are immortal, garlands that never die. But in this garden there is also a grave—in this garden of encouragement and despondency, Christ must come and seal that sepulcher. He must make you feel that his shroud is under your burden. He must teach you to walk with him along his unshattering unswerving way. You must borrow his strength, and find that his yoke is easy and his burden light.

## Flowers in Garden of Pain.

And last of all, there is the garden of Pain. For Pain is a garden where, in such flowers grow as are nourished by no other soil in all God's universe. The flowers of sympathy and charity grow there; the flowers of patience and courage and prayer. What would the world be without these delicate, fragrant things? Any yet they only grow in the garden of Pain. Yet Pain seems to us the very grave itself—where proud ambition, eager hopes lie buried. What makes it such a rich and fruitful soil? Christ has made it so. He suffered. He learned obedience, patience, meekness, through suffering, and has taught the secret to us. Out of that discarded soil, that despised garden, that hated garden of human hopes, he has shown us how to gather garlands which are beyond price. The wonder-worker Master has laid his hands upon many a crushed and broken life, and that life has yielded a perfume which has sweetened the whole world.—Rev. Henry B. Cobb, D. D.

## Deeper Life.

"The deepening of spiritual life"—that phrase so often new upon our lips—what, in its true use, does it mean? Not the acquisition of new and modern things. Not the use of the Lord Jesus planter in all his; to explore more fully the old ground; to dig deeper into the mine of the gold of God; to travel further upon "the old paths," to "grow in the grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." This is the life eternal, to know him. This is that life, "more abundantly," to know him more. The ever-blessed Spirit, "the Holy Ghost which is given unto us," what is his chosen and promised work? Not to substitute a Gospel of himself for the Gospel of the cross, but to illuminate the cross. It is his to show us, in our inmost soul, the Christ in all his bleeding glory, stricken and slain for us; and the Christ in all his risen life, waiting at our side, dwelling in our hearts by faith. This is the work of the Holy Ghost, taking the things of Christ to show us.—Dr. Moule.

## Think of Your Neighbor.

There are men going down into the deep waters all about us who can be saved if we will throw them a line. There are our neighbors who are who have fallen among thieves and who can be rescued and saved by those who will be good Samaritans.—Rev. C. B. Mitchell, Methodist, Chicago.