

FAVORITE DISH IN MEXICO

Hot Tamales Worth Introduction into American Kitchens—How They Should Be Made.

The Mexican recipe for making hot tamales is to cook one or two chickens until tender. Remove all meat from the bone, shred it in the chopping machine and add to it the liquor in which the chicken has been cooked. This is seasoned with any desired condiments, especially red pepper, and thickened with cornmeal. The rolls are about the size of link sausages and they are wrapped in the inner husks of green corn. Tie the husks with strings at each end and boil them for three hours. It is best to taste the preparation before adding meal to note whether it is rich or needs more seasoning, allowing for the meal to be added, which will take up the sharp flavor.

To make tamale pie, take one pound of hamburger steak or left-over meat cut fine, add one level cupful of seeded raisins, one dozen stoned olives, salt, pepper and red pepper to taste. Stew until tender and thicken with one tablespoonful of cornmeal. Then stir one and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal into boiling salted water, add one tablespoonful of shortening and cool to the consistency of mush. Line a buttered baking dish with about two-thirds of this mixture, pour in the meat, cover with the remaining mixture and bake for one-half hour.

FOSSIL FOREST IN AMERICA

Yellowstone Park Contains One of the Most Remarkable of Natural Curiosities.

Remarkable fossil forests exist in Yellowstone park, the most remarkable, it is believed, of the several fossil forests which have been discovered—there are others in Egypt, in California and in Arizona—because in the Yellowstone most of the trees were entombed in their original upright position and not found recumbent and scattered about the ground.

In Arizona, for instance, the fossilized trunks have evidently been carried a long distance from where they originally grew.

In the Yellowstone the trees now stand where they grew, and where they are entombed by the outpouring of various volcanic materials.

Now as the softer rocks surrounding them are gradually worn away they are left standing erect on the steep hillsides just as they stood when they were living; in fact, it is difficult at a little distance to distinguish some of these fossil trunks from the lichen-covered stumps of kindred living species. Such an aggregation of fossil trunks is therefore well entitled to be called a true fossil forest.

It should not be supposed, however, that these trees still retain their limbs and smaller branches, for the mass of volcanic material falling on them stripped them down to bare, upright trunks.

Words in English Language.

The English language is constantly growing and almost every person's vocabulary changes from year to year. The first edition of Webster's dictionary, two quarto volumes, published in 1828, contained 70,000 words and this number was increased by several thousand in the second edition of Webster's dictionary in 1840. An edition of 1859 contained 175,000 words and the latest edition has more than 400,000. Many of these are technical, scientific, or for other reasons restricted to limited use, but nevertheless they are words. Obviously an educated man has a larger vocabulary, or command of words, than an uneducated one and a professional writer or public speaker needs more than a day laborer. Shakespeare had a vocabulary of about 15,000 words, but some that he used are now obsolete, while a large number of new ones have been added. Milton used about 8,000 words. It is not likely that any public speaker ever uses more than a few thousand words or the average citizen or man on the street more than a few hundred.

Chamberlain's Recipe for Success.

One night at Lady Jeanne's house Joseph Chamberlain said to me that he believed any man of even moderate endowment could attain any given aim which he set before him with unremitting effort and "enduring to the end." To my question, "Why, then, do so many men fall short of their ambitions?" he answered: "They come to the place where they turn back. They may have killed the dragon at the first bridge and at the second, perhaps at the third; but the dragons are always more formidable the further we go. Many turn back disheartened, and very few will meet the monsters to the end. Almost none is willing to have a try with the demon at the last bridge; but if he does, he has won forever."—Princess Lazarovich Hreblianovich (Eleanor Calhoun) in the Century Magazine.

Capitalizing Our Time.

Believe me when I tell you that the thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beneath your darkest reckonings.—W. E. Gladstone.

One Appropriate Place.

Peace at any price is much derided these days, but it is all right in the family.—Ohio State Journal.

MISSING LETTERS

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Three months ago they had been strangers. Now Barry's ring gleamed on Ruth's slim, sun-tanned finger. In the shadow of the hedge Barry bent his tall head to exchange the parting kiss.

"Remember, dear," he said, that I will come in the spring to claim my wife! In the meantime, we shall see each other often—the city is only two hours distant, and besides, I shall expect a letter every day!"

So they parted, Barry waving his hat from the stage until it vanished over the brow of the hill. Then Ruth turned and went slowly toward home.

Her eyes were so heavy with unshed tears that she did not see an approaching runaway until the horn blared sonorously in her ears. She turned aside.

"Is that you, Ruth?" asked a man's surprised voice.

"Oh, Dan!" she laughed, shakily brushing away the telltale tears. "How you frightened me!"

Dan Wales looked down at the girl's slim figure and noted with a frown that she had been crying. He had loved Ruth, always, long before the handsome city chap had cut him out.

"Where is Barry Lane?" he asked abruptly.

Ruth's face grew scarlet and then white. How readily Dan had connected Barry with her tears!

"He has gone home," said Ruth, coldly, "and I must be hurrying along." With a hasty gesture of farewell she disappeared down the road.

That evening in the library of his handsome home, Barry Lane told his parents of his love for Ruth Fielding and showed them her picture. Two hours later he stepped out to the nearest letter-box and mailed a letter to the girl he had left behind in Seaport.

The morning after Barry's departure from Seaport the little post office was crowded with its usual expectant throng. Eva White, behind the partition, peered at the gossiping crowd, her lip curling knowingly as she identified each and mentally guessed the hopes and fears that brought them there so regularly three times a day. She did not see the face of Ruth Fielding until the crowd had departed. Ruth looked sweet and dewy in her pink gingham and nodded a greeting to Eva White before she peered into her own letter-box.

It was empty! Ruth grew pale. How confident she had been that Barry would keep his promise and write to her. She laughed at her fears and left the office, but she could not forget the contemptuous smile that hovered about Eva's face.

Eva White had made no secret of her infatuation for Barry, and his unswerving devotion to Ruth had embittered the post office assistant.

Ruth went home and wrote her promised letter to Barry Lane, and resigned herself to waiting until the evening mail should bring her Barry's belated letter.

But day after day passed, the autumn waned, the first snow fell, and Ruth had not received that promised letter. At New Year's Ruth returned Barry's ring by registered mail. The usual receipt card came back to her, signed with Barry's firm hand, and the episode was ended.

Gradually Dan Wales renewed his wooing of Ruth, and by June their wedding day was set. Dan knew that he did not possess Ruth's entire heart, but he was confident of winning it in the end.

It was a beautiful day late in June when Ruth Fielding stood in her bridal attire before her simple dressing table. Suddenly she went to her bed and knelt, praying.

While she knelt the door opened and Eva White, dressed to attend the wedding, peered in and then entered softly, locked the door and went and dropped to her knees beside Ruth.

"Oh! Ruth, pray for me, too!" she sobbed wildly. "Forgive me if you can, I have wronged you!"

With their arms around each other, Ruth heard Eva White's confession. The package of suppressed letters—there were eight of them in Barry's bold writing—all unopened, besides the single letter Ruth had sent to him.

And the letters! Ruth read them with streaming eyes. Barry had been faithful. His parents would welcome her with open arms. Barry now believed Ruth to have been the faithless one. She had returned his ring and he had never received a letter from her.

While they talked, Mrs. Fielding brought the smiling bridegroom to see his bride—and in their presence Eva White repeated her amazing confession.

Fifteen minutes later, Dan Wales, white and grim looking, went down and dismissed the wedding guests and the astonished minister.

"Indefinitely postponed," he told them all. When he was alone he went to the telephone and called Barry Lane on the long distance wire.

In Seaport they still talk about that June day. They tell about the marriage in the Fielding house, and add that Barry Lane was the happy bridegroom, while Dan Wales was best man and Eva White was the bride's attendant.

In the end Dan married Eva White, and out of the sin and pride and pain of that bitter year came quiet happiness and content.

(Copyright, 1915 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

FRUGALITY HAS ITS ROMANCE

It is to Be Found in the Practice of Saving Some Part of One's Earnings.

There is an injurious idea prevalent among young Americans that prudence, economy, caution and frugality are among the mean qualities, and this accounts largely for the meretricious pride of spending time and money, just as it partly explains the popularity of so many amiable wastrels. A "good fellow" may be not a self-condemned fool, but he cannot discredit the truism that a fool and his money are soon parted, says the Minneapolis Journal.

Many of what we have come to call "wants" are desires of the imagination, or of vanity or of self-indulgence. We have drifted into a confusion of the meaning and value of happiness as contrasted with pleasure, and are prone to accept ostentation in lieu of the fact and substance of thrift. The ways of thrift are different from the ways of parsimony.

There is an admirable quality of dignity and simplicity about the frugal but adequate way of living, that emphasizes the vulgarity of extravagance and the childish folly of pretended opulence. There is a savor of gentility about the practice of saving part of one's earnings that leads to its own quiet romance, and life itself takes on a calmer, cleaner, sweeter value if we conserve and cherish at least a portion of its daily offerings.

Sensibly regarded, there is nothing sordid about the habit of frugality; but there is a squalor and a slovenliness about the wastage of time and the squandering of money that is as unromantic as any phase of the thoughtlessly selfish living. And there is, too, a gently humanizing influence about the habit of saving that makes for modesty, industry and sympathy—those quiet, homely agencies that go furthest to stabilize and sweeten life.

ADD TO BEAUTY OF EARTH

Writer's Tribute to the Tree Is Worthy of Remembrance Throughout the Ages.

Oh! Don Pepino, old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids rise up like exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence—it passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. . . . How many fond and how many hvely thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! how many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves together as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure, all-seeing heavens! what similitudes to the everlasting mountains! what protestations of eternal truth and constancy!—from those who are now earth; they and their shrouds and their coffins. The caper and fig tree have split their monuments, and boys have broken the hazel nut with the fragments. Emblems of past lives and future hopes, severed names which holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road and speak to the passerby in vain.—Walter Savage Landor.

All Want to Wear Gowns.

The craze for legal gowns, says a Calcutta newspaper, has now spread to the mukhtears of Bengal. A few years ago vakils obtained permission to wear gowns. Black gowns were suggested by vakils but as these would have led to their being mistaken for members of the bar, blue gowns were given them. Recently the pleaders asked that the privilege of wearing gowns should be extended to them and the necessary sanction was granted, green being the color selected. Not to be outdone the mukhtears are now moving in the matter and the initiative has been taken by those practicing in the Jalpaiguri courts who have petitioned the registrar on the appellate side of the Calcutta high court to be allowed to wear gowns. The color suggested is chocolate. The matter is under consideration by the chief justice.

In a Restaurant.

"I'll give that waiter," said a customer in a quick-lunch room, "an order that will simply paralyze him."
"What will you have, sir?" presently asked the waiter.
"Bring me," said the would-be tormentor, "some verulam and oval!"
"Yessir." And the waiter, a seedy-looking man, went away with a twinkle in his eye, and returned with a large plate of something hot.
"Here y'are," he said. "Eggs and bacon. In ordinary English a shilling, but in classic form three-and-six. 'Verba rebus aptare,' as we used to say at college. Anything else, sir?"—London Tit-Bits.

Cupid's Caviar Honeymoon.

That their honeymoon will be to Russia was announced by Gregory Mason, a magazine writer, and Miss Eleanor Flowers, an actress, just before they were married by Judge George C. Tennant in the courthouse at Jersey City.

Mr. Mason is to act as war correspondent of the Outlook, while his wife will continue her stage career by becoming connected in a student capacity with the Fine Arts theater in Moscow.



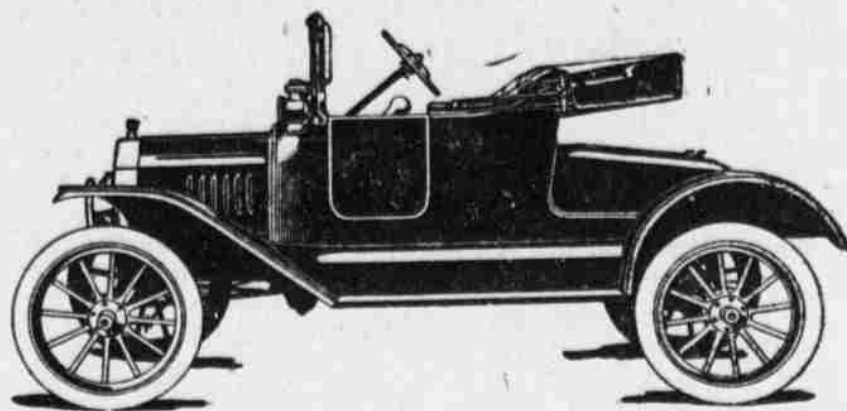
In Our New Location

We are now comfortably located in our new home, which, we believe, is one of the finest equipped garages in the state. There is plenty of storage space, and we can now attend to the wants of our customers more quickly, and in that way give better satisfaction.

We will carry a larger stock of Ford repairs and accessories, and can furnish any part or parts on short notice. The new building was erected with the one idea of giving better service, and we believe you will find that we will do this all the time.

Our ladies' rest room is right over the garage. A clean pleasant room which the ladies of Alliance and vicinity are invited to use any and every time they care to. Water, toilet and comfortable furnishings.

Fords Give the Service



Just the other day a man living near Alliance (name on request) who at one time borrowed a Ford for a week said it was the cheapest transportation he ever had. This week he came in and bought a Ford touring car. And this man could have bought any car he wanted. The reason he purchased a Ford is obvious to any thinking person. Fords always deliver the goods—that's why you see them everywhere. They are the "all season" car—you can use them almost twelve months of the year.

Touring Car \$476.75. Roadster \$426.75

Delivered at Alliance

Demonstrations Aren't Obligations

Keeler-Coursey Company
Ford Garage

CHANGE IN Crystal Cleaners

We have purchased the Crystal Cleaning and Tailoring Shop from L. L. Kish.

We have in view a number of substantial improvements, which will be made from time to time, and ask for a share of your patronage. It will always be our aim to give

The Best of Service

at the most reasonable prices. We give special attention to ladies' garments, and accordion pleated goods.

Work Called for and Delivered
Our Work Is Guaranteed

Crystal Cleaners

Berg & McElhaney, Props.

Phone 192

Basement Alliance Nat'l Bank Bldg.