

# LOGIC AND REASON

An Instance Where Logical Man Gave the Impression of Being in Earnest.

By CLAUDINE SIBSON.

"In case war is declared, what is the logical conclusion?" asked the professor of his class.  
 "That some one is going to get hurt," was the reply.  
 "And in case of an earthquake?"  
 "That buildings will be shaken down."  
 "And in case of love?"  
 "That matrimony will follow."  
 "And in case of pinching the tiger's tail at the zoo?"  
 "You get the bounce."  
 "Correct, gentlemen. Always reason from logic and you will always be right."

Mr. Fred Clinton, a young man of 24, had been using logic for many months when he set out to walk across the country, a distance of 30 miles, for a visit to his old aunt. He found nothing to reason about until within four miles of his journey's end. Then, as he was passing a farmhouse of the better class, he saw something that halted him. A young girl was on the roof of the tool-house mending a leak. Her back was towards him, but he saw that she had three or four shingles and a hammer and nails.

There might have been men-folks working in the field, but they were not in sight. There might have been a mother in the house, but if so she gave no sign.

"Now, then, here is logic, and here are conclusions," said the wayfarer as he sat down to watch and wait. "A girl on the roof with shingles, hammer and nails means that the roof leaks. It also means that she is taking a risk."

"If she pounds her thumb, which she is almost sure to do, she will yell out 'Darn it!' and roll off the roof."

"If her foot slips she will clutch and claw and scream, but go down just the same."

"No girl will climb on the roof of a shed if she knows there's a man around. If she sees one after she gets up there she is startled and in her haste to get down slips, slides, and comes down ker-plunk."

"Any way you fix it, the logical conclusion is that there is sure to be a fall here. Now, then, the girl is perched about 14 feet from the ground, and the ground is hard. There are nine chances in ten that she breaks a bone. At any rate, she will get a hard jar. She will need some one to hold the camphor to her nose and call some one from the field. It may be necessary to telephone or send for a doctor."

"I am at hand. I am the it. It's for me to do and dare. I don't save her life, but she thinks I do, so it's all the same. When a girl thinks she owes her life to a young man what does she do? The logical conclusion is admiration, gratitude, love."

"And when a young man has been called upon to save the life of a staving-looking girl the same emotions are aroused and the same conclusions must prevail. If I go on and she does not see me I won't be at hand when she falls; if I remain I add to her risk. There is no logic here, and there are no conclusions to be drawn. It is a case of even up, and I shall stay."

Five minutes after the young man had finished his soliloquy the girl changed her position to get at her work the better, and there was a scream and she went sliding. Her fingers dragged over the dry shingles, and when the edge was reached she took a drop.

"Conclusion the first is all right!" said Mr. Clinton as he started on the run to the rescue. "I must tickle the professor by writing him a letter."

He found Miss Amy Logan in a huddle on the ground and insensible. The fall had dislocated her shoulder. Mr. Clinton dashed into the house by the kitchen door and shouted. No one at home. He ran through three rooms and came to the camphor bottle. It is among the equipment of every farmhouse in the land. He returned to the girl and held it to her nose and then sprinkled her face with it. By and by she opened her eyes and looked at him wonderingly.

"Hurt?" he asked.  
 "Shoulder."  
 "I was in the road when you fell. Are you all alone here?"

"Yes."  
 "Telephone in the house?"  
 "Yes."

"I don't know beans about first aid, but something must be done. I think you have a broken arm and I shall telephone the doctor."

"Doctor Arnold—three rings."  
 In five minutes Mr. Clinton was back again to say:

"Now we must get you into the house and onto the lounge I saw in the sitting room. Careful, now. Put your arm well around me and walk slow."

"But I don't know you!" protested the girl as she hung back.

"That's logical. Since I live miles away and never passed this place before it follows that you don't know my name is Clinton. Keep inhaling the camphor and brace up against any faintness. Here we are, and now let me get you a drink of water. Is it the arm or the shoulder?"

"Shoulder."  
 "It's dislocated, but that's a heap better than a broken arm. There's a house a quarter of a mile back."

Let me run there while waiting for the doctor and fetch a woman."  
 "If you would be so kind, but I don't quite understand yet."  
 "Oh, you will later on. I've got it all figured out. It's a case of logic."  
 The young man returned, accompanied by a farmer's wife, just as the doctor drove up.

"What's up?" asked the M. D.  
 "Girl got a dislocated shoulder."  
 "Who telephoned?"  
 "I did."  
 "What did you want to swear for?"  
 "Logic. The man who swears over the telephone wire gives the impression to the receiver that he is very much in earnest, and that he'd better do some hiking."

Mr. Clinton sat on the veranda while the doctor and the woman cared for the patient. By and by the girl's thanks were sent to him, and he was asked to call in a week's time, if he could make it convenient, and he went away whistling and not even posted as to the girl's name.

"But odds is the difference," he said to himself. "It may be Jones or Brown or Baker now, but it's sure to be Clinton after a while."

When the aunt was told the adventure she replied:

"Why, that's the Logan girl!"

"But why the exclamation?"

"Because they are the nabobs of the country."

"Well?"

"And she turned down several offers of marriage."

"Well, again?"

"And you are no nabob. Don't be foolish, Fred, and fall in love."

"I'm not a nabob, but I'm a logician, and the logical conclusion is that I shall marry her. Can't beat logic, Aunt."

He managed to hear from some one every day as to Miss Logan's improvement, and when he was told that with her arm in a sling she was walking about the house and grounds, he drove over to pay his call. When he had been received in a very friendly spirit and identified himself Miss Logan said:

"Did you tell me that you were passing by as I fell?"

"Not exactly passing by, but sitting down and waiting for the logical conclusions."

"And they came?"

"They did. The girl who mounts a roof to make repairs will not escape a fall one time in fifty."

"How silly of me to get up there! The roof leaked, but the idea of repairing it was a sudden freak. Did your logic tell you what to do after I fell? I've been thinking it over, and I wonder that you got along so well."

"I knew there would be logical conclusions," laughed the young man. "Oh, I'm very, very thankful."

"That's one conclusion."

"And grateful."

"That's number two."

"And—and I really admire the calm way you managed things."

"That's number three."

"But—but is there any more?"

He said there was, but he would delay the telling of it until some other time.

Several months later he said, "It's only logical that I want you for a wife."

"Then you must look out for consequences!" she laughed as she gave him her hand.

"Logic and its consequences make happiness!" said the professor when he had read the letter.

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## NOTHING NEW IN THE WORLD

What Are Called Present-Day Evils Really Date Back to Beginning of Time.

It is not only in modern days that the cry has been raised against impure foods or that the makers of food-stuffs have attempted to adulterate their products by the injection of unwholesome materials into their articles.

Far back in the days when Rome averted the world many of the so-called present day evils were prevalent. Divorces were more common then than they are today; at one time, in fact, divorces became so ordinary an occurrence that a woman who had not been divorced at least once was pointed out as a curiosity. And the adulteration of foods was another everyday matter.

In the writings of that day can be found accounts of the evils, and Pliny tells of the manner in which the bakers in Rome mixed the dough of their bread with a white earth, which was exceedingly soft when touched and very sweet to the taste. In this manner they were able to put out a food-stuff that was fine in appearance and had weight, and yet it cost them little or nothing in the making and had practically no food value.

Wines were another product which were adulterated to an amazing extent. Even the wealthiest among the Roman nobles could not be at all sure that the expensive wines they bought were made of pure grape. Even the wines that were imported from the colony of Gaul, now France, and which were considered to be the finest in the world, were artificially colored by aloes and other drugs.

Deceptive weights and false measures were used continually, and almost all the modern tricks of the trade were practiced. It can truly be said of this, as of all other things, that there is nothing new under the sun.

Odd Parallel:  
 "It is queer that what is extremely reprehensible in the city is highly commendable in the country."  
 "What's that?"  
 "Watering the stock."

# TO BEAUTIFY PARIS

Prefect Outlines Reforms Estimated to Cost \$49,000,000.

Ten Million to Be Spent for Enlarging and Improving Water Supply, \$2,000,000 in Precautions Against Consumption.

Paris.—"To live is the first necessity, and for such a city as Paris to live is to develop, and beautify itself," were the words used by the prefect of the Seine, M. Delanney, in calling on the Paris municipal council recently to sanction a further loan to enable the authorities to spend another \$49,000,000 on the city's needs.

The largest part of this amount will, when borrowed, be applied to realize the colossal scheme of hygiene and anti-tuberculosis reforms on which Prefect Delanney has been engaged for some time.

In connection with this scheme it is proposed to spend \$10,000,000 for enlarging and improving the water supply. \$2,000,000 in precautions against the consumption scourge already spent, over \$4,000,000 for keeping the roadways cleaner and in a better state of repair, \$3,000,000 for rebuilding and enlarging the slaughter houses, and \$1,000,000 for improvements in public hospitals.

In addition to this program, no less than \$24,000,000 will be applied to opening new streets, and widening existing ones, to solve the traffic problem, which is still the gravest before the city authorities; \$2,400,000 for schoolhouses; \$2,200,000 for municipal buildings, and \$400,000 for walks and plantings.

These operations, it is thought, form a minimum necessary to keep Paris in a condition worthy of its position among the capitals of the world. It is also purposed to expropriate and



Bare Walls in Paris Are Sometimes Beautified by the Erection of Fountains.

pull down a large number of unhealthful dwellings and build in their places hygienic ones, in the course of the works contemplated.

The money, which will be borrowed for the purpose, will be the second installment of the great loan of \$18,000,000 which the city of Paris was authorized by parliament last year to make.

## COURTED AS INVALIDS; WED

Greenwich Girl and Auburn Youth Restored to Health Elope in Auto; Forgiven.

Greenwich, Conn.—Miss Gladys Lindstedt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William E. Lindstedt, has returned to her home from a trip to New York. She was bubbling over with pleasure.

"What do you think?" she asked. "While I was in town I met Win, and I've invited him to come here tomorrow."

The subject of the outburst is Winthrop C. Beardley of Auburn, N. Y. He is twenty-one, and so is Miss Lindstedt. They met in Saratoga last winter. He was suffering from pneumonia, and she from another sort of lung trouble. Both are now in the best of health.

Beardley, soon after his arrival at the Lindstedt home, suggested that he and the young woman go for a stroll. Her brother offered his auto. This was accepted, and the couple drove off.

They returned about one o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. and Mrs. Lindstedt were at home together, and leading Beardley up to them, the girl said: "I am pleased to be able to present to you my husband."

The parents almost fainted. "Now I know why you made that trip to New York," said Mrs. Lindstedt. "It wasn't an accident."

The parents decided that there was no occasion to become angry, so they blessed the couple and hustled them off on their honeymoon.

## LIVES WITH BROKEN NECK

Boy of 16 Years Thought Recovering Dies of Bright's Disease After Five Months' Illness.

St. Joseph, Mo.—After living five months with a broken neck Harold Millon, sixteen years old, succumbed to Bright's disease here. He sustained his injuries at Guide Rock, Neb., June 30 last, when he dived into shallow water in the Republic river. For a time it was thought he would recover, as he partly regained the use of his arms and legs, which were paralyzed when he was first hurt.

## PROPER WASHING OF DISHES

Methods That Take Time but in the End Produce the Results Most Desirable.

The bacteriologist finds no kitchen clean enough and the ordinary method of washing dishes he is likely to call a "smear."

Dishes have been tested to determine the number of organisms that remain on them after "ordinary" washing as compared with a method that requires an application of hot water with the help of soap or, better still, carbonate of soda, a thorough rinsing in hot water, and wiping with a sterilized cloth (that is, one which has been in boiling water since it was used before.) By this latter method the dishes were practically sterile, while many organisms were left on the dishes that were washed by the "ordinary" method.

One might ask, what harm will they do? Oftentimes none, but if the bacteria are those which convey disease, dirty dishes may be the means of giving it to well persons. But most of all, persons who are at all thoughtful of such things do not want any dirt which may be prevented by good methods, simply because dirt in itself is sufficiently unpleasant.

In washing milk utensils it is first necessary to remove with warm water all traces of the milk before scalding water is used. Because of the cream adhering to the sides, soap is used also, but the greatest care must be taken to remove by repeated rinsing every trace of soap. A teltale flavor of soap in the morning cream has more than once revealed careless habits in the kitchen, and made it evident that all the soap was not removed in rinsing. The utensils must then be dipped into absolutely boiling water for a moment.

It is an important matter to wash the milk bottle in which milk is now commonly delivered to customers. By this we refer to the washing of the full bottle before it is opened. It is safe to say that this is seldom done. But notice the bottle as it is brought into the kitchen, the milkman grasping it with his hand over the top.

## EXCELLENT FOR THE DESSERT

Little Better Can Be Devised Than the Two Recipes That Are Given Below.

President's Fruit Cake.—This recipe must be measured exactly. Two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, two teaspoons of soda, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of cloves, one-half grated nutmeg, three tablespoons chocolate, one tablespoon cornstarch; sift twice. Mix one cup walnuts with one cup seeded raisins (chopped raisins), add both to dry ingredients; one-half cup melted butter, one and a half cups cold unsweetened apple sauce. Bake one hour in slow oven.

Frosting.—On teaspoon melted butter, one cup powdered sugar, two tablespoons sweet milk. Stir to desired stiffness and spread on cake.

Divinity Fudge.—Three cups sugar, one cup corn sirup, one-quarter cup water. Cook until it cracks. When cooled in water, set aside. One-half cup sugar, one-quarter cup water. Cook until it hairs. Whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; pour last of sirup over beaten whites and beat constantly, then add first sirup; beat about 15 minutes and add a cup of nuts.

## Pressed Corn Beef—Cold.

Soak overnight if very salt, but if beef is young and properly corned, this is not necessary. Pour over it cold water enough to cover it well, after washing off the salt. The rule for boiling meats is 25 minutes to a pound, but corned beef should be placed on a part of the stove or range where it will simmer, not boil, uninterruptedly from four to six hours, according to size of the piece; remove from liquor, then place in a tin; put sufficient weight on top to press the parts closely together; set where it will become cold. This gives a firm, solid piece to cut into slices, garnish with sprigs of parsley or celery and serve with fancy pickles or French mustard. A brisket or plate piece is the best, removing bones when done.

## Alabama Delight.

Mix one cupful of stale bread crumbs, half cupful of finely chopped beef suet, one cupful of grated sweet potato packed down, half cupful of molasses, one egg, well beaten; one cupful of raisins, one cupful sweet milk, in which dissolve a level teaspoonful of baking soda; half a teaspoonful each of cloves, mace and nutmeg, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and salt. Boil in a greased mold. Set in boiling water for three hours. Serve with either hard or liquid sauce.

## Curried Eggs.

Fry two sliced onions in butter to a golden brown, add one pint of good stock and one teaspoonful of curry powder and stew the onions tender. Then add one cupful of cream, thicken with arrowroot or rice flour and let simmer a few minutes. Cut eight or ten hot, hard boiled eggs in halves, arrange in a deep dish, and pour the sauce over them. A plain salad of head lettuce or shredded lettuce with slices of stuffed olives adds to the dish.

## Inexpensive Chocolate Cake.

Two eggs, one-half cup butter, one cup sugar, two cups flour, one cup milk, two teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful vanilla. Butter and sugar beaten first, then add mixed baking powder and flour. Add butter, eggs and milk. Bake 40 minutes. Put on chocolate icing.

# The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

## An Experiment



For this one day I vow to be A second Washington. No word but truth shall pass my lips Until today be done. If I should meet a maiden who Is more than passing vain, I shall not lie about her looks, But tell her she is plain.

Instead of saying that some one Is truly eminent, I'll tell the truth, and say that he Is morally quite bent. Instead of saying I enjoy The beefsteak when I dine, I'll shock the company with some Severe remarks of mine.

Instead of saying I am glad To see some pesky bore, I'll tell him that he makes me tired, And indicate the door. On everything I'll calmly look With clear and truthful eyes— If some one stretches facts to me I'll tell him that he lies.

In every other way I'll be A second Washington, And shun the slightest form of fib Until today be done. And, oh, I wonder solemnly If I will have a chance To carry out this good resolve And dodge the ambulance.

## ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.

Millicent B.—To prevent your ham smock from sagging so much in the center, sit in a chair.

Henry F.—We do not know whether Julius Caesar was a blonde or brunette and are unable to cite you to a place where you may get the information. You see, the trouble is that all the pictures we ever saw of Julius represent him as being bald. A bald man is neither blonde nor brunette; he is just bald.

Irene M. P.—You write under date of July 3 asking us how to remove sticky fly paper from the hands. If you haven't got that fly paper off by this time, Irene, there is no use in our telling you.

Housewife.—We sympathize with you, but at the same time would advise you to teach your children to wash their own faces. As you intimate, it must be annoying to scrub a boy's face for half an hour and then, when you have it nice and clean in spite of his favored objections, discover that he is not your boy at all.

Wondering.—You write us that a young man has been keeping company with you for five years and has never seemed able to bring himself to the point of stating his affections. You ask us, furthermore, to suggest a birthday gift for him. You might send him a box of sand and a bottle of any good nerve tonic.

Another Fortune Lost. After long years of patient effort I perfect my perpetual motion machine. I press the little lever that is to set it in unending operation.

See! How it whirrs on and on, never increasing, never diminishing its speed.

Ah! The wealth of the world is before me. My fame shall be emblazoned on the pillars of—  
 R-r-r-r-r! Bing-bing-bing! Bang-bang-bang!  
 That the luck! Who set that alarm clock for 6:30, anyway?

The Ruling Passion. "Is my wife here?" inquires the new arrival at the pearly gates.

"What is her name?" asks the warden.  
 "Mrs. Henry Figgles."  
 "Oh, yes, she's here. We've had a lot of trouble on her account. As soon as she got here she started all the other lady angels to trimming their haloes with their wing feathers."

Reckless Expense. "I hear that young Spenditt committed suicide."  
 "Yes. The doctor said the poor fellow had swallowed enough morphine to kill 50 people."  
 "Mercy! Extravagant to the last!"

W. D. Nesbit.

Too Many Amateurs. Dr. Woods Hutchinson, at the Twentieth Century club in Boston, condemned baked beans. "We hear a lot," he said, "about the raw vegetable cure, the starvation or fast cure, the fruit cure, and what-not. These things, no less than baked beans, are bad for us unless they are recommended by an experienced dietician."

"There are too many amateur dieticians—and we all know the amateur."

"An amateur photographer was showing me some snapshots of Italy."

"And these leaning buildings, what are they?" I asked.

"They are some buildings in Pisa," he replied. "That perfectly straight one near them is the famous leaning tower."

Epigram. "That wasn't a bad epigram on the magistrate's part," said the somewhat educated tramp, who had been convicted for vagrancy.

"What did he say?" asked the tramp's pal.

"Seven day," came the reply. "That ain't no epigram, is it?"

"I'm sure it is. I asked a person once what an epigram was, and he says, 'It's a short sentence that sounds light, but gives you plenty to think about.'"

Scarce as Men's Teeth. Mr. Crimsonbeak—That bachelor friend of mine is looking for a partner for his joys and sorrows.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Well, it seems to me he's a long time about it.

"Yes; you see he's looking for a silent partner."

The Way. "Come, my dear, let's travel into slumberland."

"Well, mamma, can we travel on 'he sleepers'?"

Rather Strenuous. "Did they kiss and make up?"

"Yes, and after they kissed, Bella had to make up again."

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Bovee.

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