

Where the President Does His Dirt Farming



PRESIDENT Roosevelt is in a way a real dirt farmer. He spent his childhood, as did his father and his grandfather, on the 1,000 acre farm at Hyde Park, N. Y., and still maintains it, obtaining therefrom all the green stuff and dairy products that his family uses and selling the considerable surplus. This recently taken photograph shows a part of the truck farm. The superintendent of the Hyde Park farm is William Plog, who has been in the employ of the Roosevelts for many years.

**BEDTIME STORY**  
By THORNTON W. BURGESS

**BUSTER BEAR IS HUNGRY**

BUSTER BEAR was hungry. There wasn't any doubt about that. Danny Meadow Mouse, watching from his hiding place under a little pile of brown leaves in the Green Forest, didn't have to be told that. He had only to watch Buster



At Last Buster Bear, Having Raked Over All the Leaves About, Looked Straight at the Little Pile Under Which Danny Was Hiding.

raking over the leaves on the ground, sniffing among them as he did so, to know that Buster was hungry. What he was hunting for Danny didn't know, but he did know that if a hungry bear should find a fat Meadow Mouse, well, in about two weeks that bear would be a little less hungry. Knowing that didn't make Danny feel any more comfortable. No, sree, it didn't.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear me! Whatever did I leave the Green Meadows for?" Danny asked himself over and over as one little chill chased another little chill all over him. "If I ever get back there I'll never, never, go so far away from home again. I never will, I never will," he repeated over and over to himself.

All the time he sat perfectly still. He wouldn't have breathed if he could have helped it, but of course he had to do that. And all the time he kept his bright little eyes fixed on the great black form of Buster Bear as Buster wandered this way and that way in the moonlight sifting down through the tree tops. Perhaps he would have felt a wee bit easier had he known what it was Buster was looking for: among the brown leaves, Buster was hunting for beechnuts, of which he is very fond.

But Danny didn't know this. You see, Danny knew very little about Buster Bear. "He's looking for

Mice. That's what he's looking for. He must have found out from Billy Mink or some one that I am over here, and he's looking for me," thought Danny, and the little chills chased each other all over him faster than ever. You see, he was so frightened that he didn't stop to really think. If he had, he would have known right away that of course Buster couldn't possibly have known anything about him.

Sometimes Buster would go off to one side until Danny couldn't see him among the trees, and he would begin to hope. But if he couldn't see Buster he could hear Buster's great claws raking and raking over the leaves, and it seemed to him the most awful sound he ever had heard. Then Buster would come back in his direction and the little chills would make Danny shake so that his teeth chattered. Danny Meadow Mouse was frightened. Yes, indeed, Danny Meadow Mouse was very much frightened.

At last, Buster Bear, having raked over all the leaves all about, looked straight at the little pile under which Danny was hiding and Danny felt sure that Buster was looking right at him. Then Buster began to walk straight toward that little pile of leaves and Danny Meadow Mouse.

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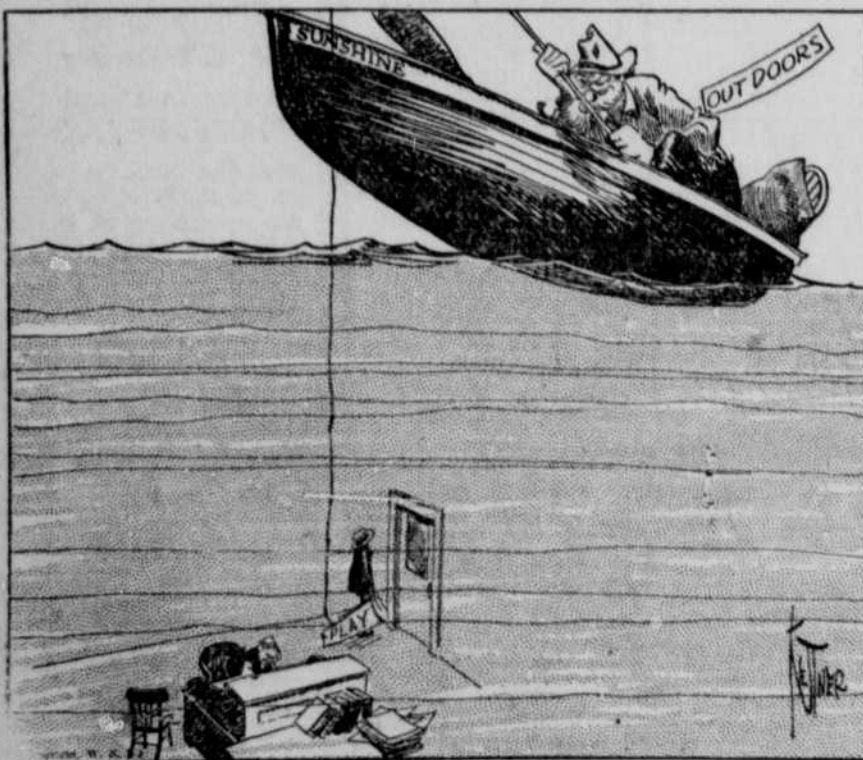
**MINUTE MAKE-UPS**  
By V. V.



This new mode is a glittering one. Even fingernails must look like gems. Natural or pale pink color is best, but the high polish should give them little glints of light as they deal cards, toy with a cocktail glass or gesture dramatically.

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**The Poor Fish**



**Do You Know**



That the almost extinct buffalo or bison was the only native horned cattle found in America, but has never been domesticated. A year after his discovery Columbus brought the first farm animals to this continent—a bull and several cows.

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**Most Feared of All Deities**  
Madame Pele, goddess of old Hawaiian mythology, was once the most feared of all deities in the Hawaiian islands. The goddess was invested with terrifying powers under the old "taboo" system. In 1824 Princess Kapiolani of Hilo successfully challenged the power of the goddess and the native fear of her died. The volcano lies in the United States National park of Hawaii.

**QUESTION BOX**  
by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

**Dear Mr. Wynn:**  
My father gave me a new gun for my birthday. I want to use it right away as my vacation starts next week. I am thinking of going to the woods in Pennsylvania. Is the hunting good there?  
Sincerely,  
IKE N. SHOOT.

**Answer:** It sure is. In fact, it is better than the finding, but not as good as the voting.

**Dear Mr. Wynn:**  
I am the father of a girl nineteen years of age. I do not permit her to stay out at night, but allow her to have her boy friends at home. There is one boy who comes to see her every night. For two months my gas bills have been very large, but this month the bill is very small. The same boy comes to see my daughter, so how do you account for the difference in bills?  
Sincerely,  
SIM PILLTON.

**Answer:** They're engaged now.

**Dear Mr. Wynn:**  
This afternoon, as I was looking out my back window, I saw an old

**PAPA KNOWS—**



"Pop, what is a reign?"  
"Scenic railway."  
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**MOTHER'S COOK BOOK**

**SPRING DISHES**

WITH the delicious rhubarb, fresh from the garden, one has the best of spring tonics. Cut it into half-inch lengths without peeling and put to bake in a baking dish with sugar to sweeten. Remove from the oven when tender and serve hot or cold.

**Rhubarb Vanity.**

Wash and cut the rhubarb without peeling into half-inch pieces, place in a baking dish, adding one cupful of sugar to a pound of rhubarb. Cook covered, over low heat until the juices flow, then uncover and cook until thick. By adding the sugar after the rhubarb is nearly done it will save constant watching. Cool and fold in two well beat-

an egg whites and three-fourths of a cupful of freshly shredded coconut. Chill before serving with a thin custard, using the yolks of the eggs and one cupful of milk and sugar to sweeten.

**Energy Salad.**

Mince parsley, taking two tablespoonfuls, one-half package of dates that have been pitted, mash one package of cream cheese, adding the parsley and two tablespoonfuls of seedless raisins, moisten with cream or salad dressing if needed and stuff the dates with the cheese mixture. Serve on lettuce with a spoonful of salad dressing.

**Rhubarb Betty.**

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and add two cupfuls of bread crumbs, mix with one cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful each of grated rind of an orange and one cupful of fresh grated coconut or one package of coconut. Place the mixture in layers with three cupfuls of rhubarb, using the juice of the orange sprinkled over the fruit. Cover with buttered crumbs, and bake 45 minutes closely covered. Uncover and brown. Serve plain or with a hard sauce or a foamy egg sauce.

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**The Kitchen Table**

By ANNE CAMPBELL

SHE sits with heavy heart, and watchful eyes—  
An angel banished from her Paradise.  
The sale proceeds . . . Her treasures one by one,  
Are purchased for a song by kindly neighbors.

She sees the couch go, where her oldest son  
Lay till released from earth's purposeful labors.  
There is a chair, a chest of drawers . . . Unable  
To buy, she longs most for the kitchen table.

For it was at the kitchen table she was blessed most by her home's tranquility;  
Here she has bent, and rolled the flaky crust

For pies, and stirred up cakes and cookies . . . Here  
Many a hasty luncheon has been thrust

Down eager throats . . . Speech, intimate and dear,  
Took place around this table made of pine,

So homely was its use—but half divine!

For finer treasure cannot stir her thought

As this does . . . All the furniture she bought  
Long, long ago is carried from the door.  
She does not grieve for it . . . Her dreams remain

Around a kitchen table, where once more  
The children gather, doing sums again . . .  
And she, engrossed in happy memory,  
Smiles at her husband o'er a cup of tea.  
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**Bridesmaid in Hood**

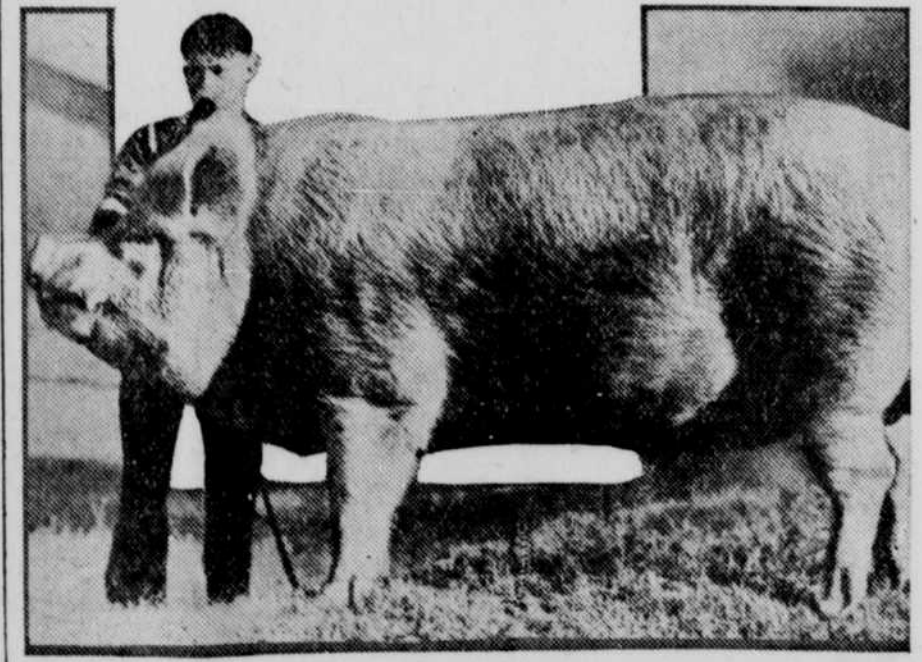


Maggy Rouff puts a pointed hood on the cape of this bridesmaid's dress of white mousseline de soie printed with a floral pattern of pink and green. She places self flowers under the chin and on the back of the skirt. The dress has a ruffled edged decollete.



"I still contend that the queerest thing a magician ever pulled out of a hat," says pertinent Polly, "is his head."  
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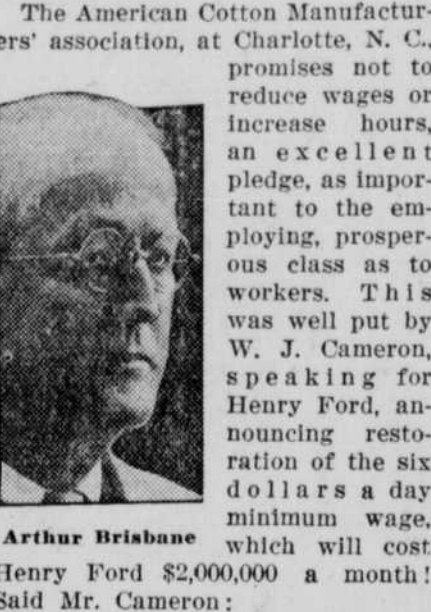
**He Has Made a Real Pig of Himself**



SPALDING BRADBURY, largest pig in the recent Royal Agricultural show at Sydney, Australia, evidently has spent his life in effort to increase his size. He is seven feet long, a veritable porcine Carnera.

**BRISBANE THIS WEEK**

Wealth Is Wages  
Most Constant Market  
Wages and Prosperity  
Long Wants Chunks



The American Cotton Manufacturers' association, at Charlotte, N. C., promises not to reduce wages or increase hours, an excellent pledge, as important to the employing, prosperous class as to workers. This was well put by W. J. Cameron, speaking for Henry Ford, announcing restoration of the six dollars a day minimum wage, which will cost Henry Ford \$2,000,000 a month! Said Mr. Cameron:  
"The finest possible method of distributing the nation's goods is through wages. They represent work done and useful wealth created; they never drain or tax the country—they add substance and strength. . . .  
"It is impossible to exaggerate the dependence of the country upon wages earned and paid, or the happy effect of a return of wages after a period of decline. . . . The expenditures of the rich cannot support any basic business in this country; for in the first place we have very few people who can be called rich; and in the second place, neither their needs nor their buying power is sufficient to support even a medium-sized industry of any sort.

"The largest, most varied and most constant market in the world is the wage-earning American people. They handle the bulk of the money; it is their needs and standards that keep the wheels turning. If they can't buy it doesn't matter who else can or does and their buying power is wages."

Business men who think wealth can be taken out of the wages of working men, should read those words in italics, carefully, and they should be read by any workers that have listened to demagogues telling them. "Take it away from the rich. That is the way to be happy." There are not enough "rich" to go around, but with full production, full consumption, good wages and reasonable leisure, affording time to spend and enjoy the good wages, American prosperity for all that has grown steadily in the past would continue to grow.

Have wages and prosperity increased? They have.

First, a President of the United States once complained, publicly and without rebuke, that you could not hire a good worker in this country for less than \$100 a year, about 30 cents a day.

Second, Mcmasters, the historian, tells you that in the early days only one American mechanic, a New England carpenter, could earn as much as one dollar a day.

Third, in 1914, when the automobile industry was young, Henry Ford's minimum wage was \$2.34 a day. It was in January, 1914, that the new minimum was changed to \$5 a day.

The senate rejects Senator Long's proposition to spend five thousand million dollars a year benevolently, and raise the money by taxing "chunks" out of large fortunes.

This process, the senator's "share-the-wealth" idea, might last a little while, but after the large fortunes were all gone the "share-the-wealth" gentlemen might begin taking "chunks" out of each other.

J. Pierpont Morgan of New York who sold valuable pictures here, and sold them well, proving business ability, in London is selling costly miniatures.

Some ask why Mr. Morgan, who is prosperous, sells works of art that cannot be replaced. The reply might properly be "That is my business." Perhaps he sees ahead conditions in which "real money" will be better than miniatures.

Telegram, dated Washington, from Congressman P. L. Gassaway. Try to be as cheerful as he is:  
"Just returned from trip through Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. Crops are good out there. Prosperity is certain. Couldn't get breakfast in railroad restaurant on account of crowd."

Jackie Kaul, a New York boy, five years old, thought kidnaped, is found in the East river, drowned by accident, undoubtedly.  
After dreadful anxiety, to know the truth brings relief to the parents. The sad death of this child shows how faith and a belief in the hereafter console human beings. Faith that their child is happy in another world, and has been happy and safe ever since they first missed him, makes their grief bearable.  
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Appeals to Those of Mature Figure

PATTERN 9342



Capes? Everybody loves them—they've descended upon fashion like April showers. All sorts of capes. In this charming dress the cape influence is minimized, but it is used to advantage. Joining in front like a raglan sleeve, and cut in one with the yoke in back, these cape sleeves give grace and proper proportioning to the mature figure. A small bow, adroitly placed, adds a winsome touch at the bodice. You'll find the cut of the skirt excellent, too. It's a grand dress to make up in a flower print or a solid shaver, or in voile or lawn for the heat waves to come. The capes may contrast.

Pattern 9342 may be ordered only in sizes 16, 18, 20, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 39 inch fabric.  
SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.  
Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York.

**Smiles**

**FIGURE IT YOURSELF**  
He was discussing his son and heir, whom he had recently taken into the business:  
"Well, yes, he's shaping pretty well, but he has a long way to go yet before he'll have a head big enough to fill my shoes."

**Those Party Platforms**  
"A party platform is a mighty important consideration," said one statesman.  
"Yes," replied the other, "a party platform in politics is a good deal like a bunker in golf. The rules require it, but you show your skill in avoiding it."

**Positive Identification**  
Man—See that woman over there? She's a pay roll bandit.  
Out-of-Town Friend—How do you know?  
Man—I married her.—Chelsea Record.

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**ENJOY**  
**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
The Perfect Gum  
**QUALITY GUM**