

# DR. PRICE'S Cream BAKING POWDER

IS ABSOLUTELY HEALTHFUL

Its active principle solely grape acid and baking soda. It makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

The low priced, low grade powders put alum or lime phosphates in the food.

Ask Your Doctor About That

When you are offered anything free look for the string.

If your digestion is a little off color a course of Gardfield Tea will do you good.

The wagon's tongue goes without saying.

When a man is down and out his friends are soon up and away.

'Twas a Pretty Thing.

The young man produced a small, square box from his pocket.

"I have a present for you," he began.

"I don't know whether it will fit your finger or not, but—"

"Oh, George!" she broke in, "this is so sudden! Why, I never dreamed—"

But just then George produced the gift—a silver thimble—and it got suddenly cooler in the room.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Moon's Offspring.

Looking out of the window one evening, little Marie saw the bright, full moon in the eastern sky, and, apparently, only a few inches from it, the beautiful Jupiter, shining almost as brightly as the moon itself.

Marie gazed intently at the spectacle for a moment, and then turning to her mother exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, look! The moon has laid an egg!"

Making Cheese in Olden Days.

Cheese was made by the old-time farmers in the summer on the co-operative plan by which four cattle owners owning say 14 milch cows, received all the milk night and morning, according to the daily yield of their little herd.

Thus given two families having five cows each, one with three and one with one, supposing that the average yield per cow was the same, in two weeks, two owners would make five cheeses each; one would press three, and one only one cheese, but this one would be as good and as large as any of the rest.—"Nobility of the Trades—The Farmer," Charles Winslow Hall, in National Magazine.

A Question of Names.

In some of the country districts of Ireland it is not an uncommon thing to see carts with the owners' names chalked on to save the expense of painting. Practical jokers delight in rubbing out these signs to annoy the owners.

A constabulary sergeant one day accosted a countryman whose name had been thus wiped out unknown to him.

"Is this your cart, my good man?"

"Of course it is!" was the reply. "Do you see anything the matter with it?"

"I observe," said the pompous policeman, "that your name is obliterated."

"Then ye're wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long word before, "for me name's O'Flaherty, and I don't care who knows it."—Youth's Companion.

Shock for a Brother.

"John," said an eminent physician, wearily, entering his home after a hard day's work, "John, if anyone calls excuse me."

"Yes, suh," agreed John, the old family darkey.

"Just say," explained the doctor, "that the masser is with me."

A little later the doctor's brother called—called and received the shock of his life.

"I want to see the doctor at once," said he.

"Yuh can't do it, sur," solemnly announced the old darkey, turning up his eyes till the whites alone showed.

"Yuh can't do it, suh. The doctor, suh, an wid de Messiah."—New York Evening Sun.

"He bit the hand that fed him" said Teddy of Big Bill, And didn't tell us if the bite had made the biter ill.

Now had Toasties been the subject of Bill's voracious bite He'd have come back for another with a keener appetite.

Written by WILLIAM T. HINCKS, 307 State St., Bridgeport, Conn.

One of the 50 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$1000.00 in May.

## OLD EMERALD ISLE STRUCK BY REVIVAL

New Spirit Pervades Ireland and Nation Is Finding Itself Through Memory.

IRISH LOVE RINGS TRUE

From Every Corner of the World Sons of Erin Are Drawn Back to Childhood Scenes—States Send Many.

BY MARY SYNON.

Queenstown, Ireland. Special: An old man, who had stood at the bow of the great Atlantic liner ever since the flock of seagulls had heralded the nearness of the Irish coast, sighted the low gray line of hills rising from the sea almost before the lookout in the crow's nest gave the signal. The dusk was drifting seaward, and for a long time the old man gazed intently across the whipping waves of the Atlantic, straining his vision toward the dim, misted coast. Then he turned to a group of his fellow-travelers, a cosmopolitan eddy of men and women, an Australian actress, a Greek broker, an Englishman who had been gazing hungrily in the Canadian Northwest, a Turkish consul, an American physician and two American girls, three generations removed from their Irish ancestry.

"There's Ireland," he told them, and there were tears in his voice as he went on, "I left her 42 years ago, and I've always said that I'd never come home till Ireland was a nation once more. But I'm coming back," his tone rose from his sorrow like the sun rising over mist, "to watch her become a nation again."

"It was the Greek who broke the silence that followed the old man's outburst. 'You mean the Irish revival?'" he asked. "Tell me, how can a purely literary movement like the revitalizing of a half-dead language make over a nation?"

All Know of Revival.

"If you hadn't kept your own down there in your corner of Europe, whom do you think would be ruling your country now?" the old man demanded.

The Greek smiled at the retort. "The Turkish consul," he said, "you'd probably be viceroys to him," he said.

The American physician frowned over a problem he had to present. "I know that there is an Irish revival," he said, "and I know it has been productive of a new romantic movement in English literature, but what is it doing for Ireland itself?"

"You've seen but the shadow," said the Irishman. "That's all I've seen, too, perhaps. But I've known those who've seen the sun arising and they tell me of an Ireland where the children speak Gaelic, where the boys and girls are looking forward to living at home, not emigrating; where the old music and the old dancing and the old stories are heard, and where the future is being her future by remembering her past. That's what I'm coming to see. My father, and his father, and his father's father died for Ireland. 'Tis another age now, and 'tis not likely to be coming to me, but it is coming to you, 'but 'tis Irish of the Irish I'll be this day fortnight, when I find myself in an Irish Ireland."

Poetry of Memories.

Then he was silent again, for the coastline rose more grimly. And the others in him were silent, too, as all the beauty, the grandeur, the splendor of that land flashed with the Fastnet light. Far over them came with the mist some idea of the great movement that is swinging Ireland again before the limelight of the panorama of nations.

To all of them the Irish revival was a word, at least, of intellectual interest. To a few of them it meant more, for the sense of race is strong. One of the American girls voiced a question that was in the mind of many. "Will you tell me," she asked the Greek, "how a nation that has made me feel its call tonight through three forgotten generations, that is represented by him, and that is derisively after the retreating figure."

The Greek laughed. "There's always a balance," he said, "but it is strange he should just hear the call. In the library just here the dignified president of the Hudson River transportation lines rebuked a young woman who sneered at Ireland. He's taking his family to see the place where he was born. And he's talked for hours of his hope of finding Ireland nationalized by this language restoration."

All about the ship as she swung from the Fastnet to the Bull's Head light there was talk of Ireland, past, present and future. The thrill of it, of the misted hills in the twilight of the low lights on the shores, of the brighter stars, recalled to me two scenes out of New York just before my sailing.

Love For Native Heath.

One of them, set in the dining room of an old house overlooking Gramercy park, under the blaze of the New York tower, was as far from Ireland in setting as it was near in thought. For there in the candlelight among the company, sympathetic and understanding, a man and woman talked of their native Ireland. The man is a great electrical engineer, famous on two continents. The woman is a New York surgeon, as famed for her real philanthropy as for her wonderful skill, both of them have wide interests. Both of them are in the foreground of important movements. Both of them have spoken with authority on topics more apparent in general interest to those who were there. They talked till upon Ireland, and they spoke from the heart, not of the Ireland of yesterday, but of the Ireland of today. In their crowded lives they had found time to keep in touch with all the news of their native land. They knew Douglas Hyde, who is president of the Gaelic league, that moving power behind the revival, and Father Michael O'Flanagan, who, as American envoy of the league, has acquainted the United States with the Irish revival; they knew Dr. Sigerson, and Prof. Kuno Meyer, and de Joubanville, and the other continental European scholars who had aided in the restoration of Gaelic; they knew the twists and turns of Irish politics as well as the new New York; they knew all the hopes of the Dublin revivalists; and knowing all these, they made their talk so vivid that no one of those who listened to them in the New York tower until they called attention to how the Gaelic revival was spreading its influence to the United States, not only through the orators of the Gaelic league, but also through the importation of Irish art and goods of Irish manufacture. They mentioned the window of Celtic crosses at Louis Tiffany's up on Madison avenue and the Irish poplins at Walpole's; they called attention to the wax and popularity of the beautiful Donegal rug; and they told of what this meant to the workers in

Ireland, "the chance to stay home," growing wistful as they spoke of it; they yet they were two people who had attained extraordinary success in the land they had come to. So real was their Ireland that the spell of their speech came all the way across the ocean with one who heard them.

Where T. R. Breaks In.

The other scene was one of intense activity, the private office of Theodore Roosevelt in the rooms of the Outlook Magazine. The screws of tension were tightening as every quarter-hour brought telegrams, delegations, new problems of political warfare. Messengers, secretaries, campaign managers, rubbed against each other in scurrying haste. And in the midst of it all Roosevelt, the directing force, sat calmly talking of the Gaelic revival, praising the spirit of its renaissance, quoting from some of the songs whose beauty was lost to the world until the Gaelic league found them, urging that an effort be made for the purpose of raising funds to endow chairs in American universities for the study of Celtic literature, and planning a course for the Gaelic Literature association, an institution of American statesmen, scholars and publicists, of which he is to be the honorary president.

The realization of the sweeping power of the Irish revival came with that hour, for Theodore Roosevelt and the men with him spoke of the movement, not as if their speech of it were an excursion from the immediate business of their work, but as if they had appreciated its value as one of the vital influences of this world today. And the memory of its estimated value there returned to me with the knowledge that the liner was bearing back to Ireland more than two hundred men and women returning from the States, drawn back by the news of the movement around the globe that the island that buffers the Atlantic is once more coming to her old glories.

In the second cabin one of the home-comers was planning his return. "I'm going on to Meath," he was saying, "to the singing, and the dancing, and the piping, and the fairs, and the talking."

"Faith 'tis talking in Irish you'll have to be, Mr. Sullivan, if you'll wish to suit yourself understood," a woman said.

"Thank God for that," said Mr. Sullivan.

He and the others were thanking God for it as the tender slid through the waves up between "the holy hills" to the Queenstown quay. For right there, under the lights of a gray, grim battlement of England, rang out to them the cry, "Cead Mile Failte," followed by other welcoming words in the tongue which long suppressed that even their renewal seems miraculous.

Surrender of the Suffraget.

A suffraget was fair Lucretia. With eyes that won her votes galore, And smiles and hair that seemed to get The politicians by the score. They sought her voice and heart and hand.

For woman's rights to win the day, For every time she took the stand, The ballots always came her way.

But brief, though sweet, was her career In semi-ultra public life; She could not vote? Ah! let me see; 'Tis I remember you, perforce; She voted 'twas for me!

"The term?" you ask. For life, of course!—Little McClung, in Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

Could Not Cure Her Husband.

From Tit-Bits.

A woman consulted an oculist about her husband's eyesight, saying she wanted a very strong pair of glasses for him.

"I fear I cannot recommend glasses without first seeing your husband," the oculist said.

"He won't come at any price," was the reply.

"Then tell me something about him. Can he see objects at a distance, or has he some experience difficulty when reading? For instance, could he see that pigeon which is flying up above us?"

"Rather!" the woman said. "He'd spot a pigeon on a wing quicker than he'd see an aeroplane, especially if he'd get a bet on it. What I want you to cure is short sightedness when he'd see an aeroplane, especially if for a job for 10 years, and never seen one to cure his eyesight."

The oculist regretted that he couldn't deal with the case.

Puzzling.

When Harry and his father were walking down the lane they saw a board which said on it:

"Lost, half Persian cat; finder rewarded."

Harry to his father—I say, dad, it does not say which half we are to look for.

Enigmatic.

Exchange.

"I say, how is that new baby ever to your house?"

"It's a howling success."

PROFITS IN IOWA ONIONS.

In the current issue of Farm and Fire-side, a contributor tells how intensive farming is being more and more practised in Iowa, where land already has been put to pass the \$200 an acre mark. Pleasant Valley township, in Scott county, is an interesting example. Following is an extract from the report on the onion-raising industry at Pleasant Valley was H. Schuetter, now retired from active farming life.

From 1875 to 1894 he devoted from 14 to 20 acres to the onion-raising industry. When he retired, his son, F. F. Schuetter, succeeded him, and he has kept a close record of cost and production.

"The 19-year record of the fields shows that the average yield under his management was 222 bushels per acre, and the average price received, 43 cents. The figures of the son, kept from 1885 up to the present time, show that during these last years the average yield has been 490 bushels and the average price, 45 cents. The cost of production for the same period amounted to about \$70 an acre a year, leaving a profit of \$150 to the acre. By reason of his success in onion-raising, Mr. Schuetter has not only been privileged to turn down an offer of \$1,000 an acre for his land, but he has also been able to buy many of the farmers of his vicinity have managed with great profit to themselves.

"Best scientific methods are being used by all the growers. The fields are kept perfectly clean, as the onion smotherers easily. By using the same soil for the crop year after year the land has become so rich with weeds that it now kept clean with little difficulty. Once each summer the farmers flood their fields with a formaldehyde solution to prevent blight.

Every season a small portion of the land is set aside by each grower for the raising of his own seed, and on this part of his field he plants the best bulb selected from the crop of the season before. Careful selection of the bulbs for seed is one of the chief reasons for the size and quality of the present crop of onions.

"When harvest-time comes, all of the unemployed men and boys in the township are put to work in the fields pulling, cleaning and preparing the onions for shipment. Most of the crop is shipped out of the valley through the County Fruit Growers' association, to which most of the onion-growers belong. Two hundred and seventy-five cars were sent east last year."

## This Good Old Cherry Season.

While the succulent cherry is in evidence, it is well to know all the ways it can be prepared for the table. Here are a few:

Frozen Cherries.

The cherries must be good and ripe. The dark red, sweet cherry or the black cherries are the best.

1 quart cherries, pitted.

1 quart water.

2 cups granulated sugar.

1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Put and salt.

Put the water and sugar into saucepan, put over fire and boil 5 minutes; set aside to cool. Crush three cups of the cherries and strain through coarse strainer, and add to the sugar, water and lemon juice. If not sweet enough, add more sugar. Put into freezer pack with ice and salt alternately; churn 8 or 10 minutes; do not freeze too hard. Pack with ice and salt, cover with piece of burlap until ready to use.

Serve in ice cream glasses or sherbet cups. To the one cup of pitted cherries add ½ cup sugar; set in cold place, and when ready to serve the frozen cherries put three or four of the sugared cherries over the top.

Cherry Salad.

Cherry salad is very nice when you use oxbheart and black Spanish cherries.

1 cup oxbheart cherries, pitted.

1 cup black Spanish cherries, pitted.

½ cup marshmallows.

½ cup whipped cream.

½ cup mayonnaise.

The inside leaves of head of lettuce.

Wash and stem the cherries, and with pointed knife remove the pits and insert a small piece of marshmallow. Put the cherries on plate in cold place until ready to use. Line bowl with lettuce and lay the cherries on, first the black and then the oxbheart; cover with the mayonnaise and then the whipped cream; garnish with four or six whole cherries. You can leave off the lettuce and mayonnaise; sugar the cherries, cover with the cream, and you have a very nice dessert.

Canning Cherries.

The important point in canning cherries is to have them perfect, no decay spots. It is always best to plan to use the marmalade when canning; then, when picking over the cherries, those that are not perfect can be put into another saucepan for the marmalade; when pitting, if there are spots, remove them. Sour cherries are the best for canning.

Put the cherries in a large pan of cold water, rinse well, put into colander to drain, then stem and pit (they need not be pitted for canning if you do not have the time). To each cup of sugar add 1 cup of water; boil 3 min-

utes. Put the rubber on jar, then fill jar with cherries and add the boiling water and sugar; put on the top and screw tight. Place jar in boiler of hot water (have grate or perforated tin in bottom of boiler so the water is under and around the jar). The cherries must come to a boil slowly and boil 10 minutes. Remove the jars and be sure they are screwed tight. Do not set the jars on a window sill or in a draft, for they are apt to crack.

The amount is not given, but it takes about 2 pounds of perfect cherries to 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water, making 2 pint jars. Here is where economy comes in. If you make 1 or 2 tumblers of marmalade, then not a drop of juice or one tablespoon of the fruit is wasted.

Cherry Marmalade.

2 cups flour.

2 teaspoons baking powder.

½ teaspoon salt.

2 teaspoons shortening.

1 teaspoon butter.

½ cup sugar.

½ cup milk.

2 cups pitted cherries.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly with the tips of the fingers; then add milk enough to hold together; form into loaf, place on floured bakeboard; roll out ¼ inch thick; cut into 8 pieces and on each piece place a large tablespoon of the cherries and a tablespoon sugar. Brush the edges with cold water, bring the dough around the cherries, press together; place in bakeds which has been brushed with a little melted butter; sprinkle top with sugar and cover with the remaining milk, dot with the butter; cover and place in hot oven 20 minutes; then remove the cover, reduce the heat of oven and bake 20 minutes, or until nice and brown.

If there are a few cherries left, you can put them between the dumplings in pan.

Steamed Cherry Pudding.

1 cup flour.

1 teaspoon baking powder.

½ teaspoon salt.

½ cup milk.

1 egg.

1 cup pitted cherries.

1 cup sugar.

1 teaspoon butter.

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder into a bowl; add the milk and well-beaten egg; mix all well together. Brush small mold or pail with butter, put in the pudding and steam 2½ hours. Serve with any sauce desired, or with a sauce made as follows:

Sauce—Chop 1 cup pitted cherries very fine, add 1 cup sugar and boil 10 minutes; serve with the steamed pudding.

## OLD MAID SUFFRAGET IS SPIRITUAL MOTHER OF MUCH BETTER RACE

Poor Males, Overburdened,  
Cannot Develop Intellectually, Says Vida Sutton.

WILL NOT WED INFERIORS

New York. Special: Before sailing for Europe to make a year's study of its women, Miss Vida Sutton, Chicago university graduate, lecturer and leader of suffrage among college women, yesterday explained the "great social secret," as she has put it, "Why suffragists don't marry."

Miss Sutton is a most attractive type of the intellectual younger advocates of suffrage.

"Just now there is a great social secret over the query, 'Why women, particularly suffragists, don't marry.' It is true that in Cincinnati, where I am, healthy intelligent young women, who would make ideal wives and mothers, are not taking husbands.

Situation Hopeful.

"But the situation is a hopeful one; not one over which to be frightened," she explained with enthusiasm. "How- ever, the suffrage movement is not to be charged up with the reason for young women not marrying today.

"Suffrage influence is only one of the

many factors that enter into this interesting period of transition for womanhood. Suffrage, social work, a desire to help humanity and clean up and improve society generally, is the driving spirit back of this great army of unmarried women.

"Last century the unmarried woman was society's outcast; today she radiates brilliantly in the foreground of affairs."

Then Miss Sutton made this sweeping statement: "The great army of fine, intelligent, unselfish, hard working unmarried women today is the splendid advance guard of a civilization, the highest and best of which the world has ever known.

Talks of Spiritual Motherhood.

"Physical motherhood may not mean anything at all if the children are inferior; spiritual motherhood is the real motherhood. The unmarried women are in a sense the spiritual mothers; they mother the race, a very high service to humanity. Jane Addams is one of these.

"The ideal motherhood is a combination of the physical and spiritual.

"The intellectual woman today, be she the suffragist or non-suffragist, demands the best sort of marriage or none at all. Once having formed our ideals on anything, we are not satisfied with something cheap. Such women have achieved their economic independence is the most tremendous thing of this age."

The Mayor of Toledo Praises the Mayor of Cincinnati.

In the July American Magazine, Mayor Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, Ohio, writes an interesting sketch of Mayor Henry T. Hunt, of Cincinnati. Mr. Hunt, who is just past 34 years of age, is a young college man who started out to whip Boss Cox's machine in Cincinnati.

Following is an extract from Mayor Whitlock's article:

"It took nerve to fight the regime in Cincinnati; it took an unusual quality of nerve, but Henry T. Hunt has that quality. He was born in Cincinnati, April 29, 1873, the son of Samuel T. Hunt. He graduated from Yale in 1895, and he was admitted to the bar in 1897. It was in 1895 that he was elected to the legislature on the democratic ticket, and in 1898 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Hamilton county on the democratic ticket, a plurality of 8,200; and he was re-elected prosecuting attorney in 1910 by a plurality of 8,800. During his term in the prosecuting attorney's office he had shown again his qualities. He spent months of time and \$3,000 of his own money in an unpopular effort to rid the city of public gambling. He compelled the removal of slot machines from the county. He killed the bucket shop business in Cincinnati. He had driven, while prosecuting attorney, and tried to have passed, a number of bills covering serious defects in the election laws; now he tried to use the machinery of the prosecuting attorney's office to do what the legislature had failed to do. But this was only the beginning. He fought a long battle against the machine through the courts; that process broke Cox's power in the Cincinnati; he had so long controlled. It looked as if Cincinnati had found its man, as if the leader had appeared, and had set the example of a free Cincinnati. He believes in the new and free Cincinnati, and that, of course, is the real Cincinnati. He had made a splendid fight against desperate odds; and while he is not radical, as radicalism expresses itself in these days, he is liberal and progressive, and that is radical for Cincinnati."

Sound Dramatic Sense.

Among the stories told by Arnold Bennett during his American tour was one about a young actress.

"Two men, just before her debut, were discussing this young actress' future," Mr. Bennett said. "The first man remarked thoughtfully:

"I believe her stage career will be extraordinary. She has a most remarkable dramatic sense."

"Yes," said the other man, "and how does this dramatic sense display itself?"

"Well," replied the other, "it displays itself best, perhaps, in the series of dinners, at \$4 a plate, that she has been giving week by week. Experienced dramatic critics and theatrical correspondents."

In the uneven places on the outside of the stove.

For the plates, knives, forks, spoons, and other odds and ends of your camping outfit a nest of pockets like a two-story shoe-bag is the very neatest and best thing ever, and one easily made from a yard and a half of denim bound round with braid. Brown or green are best colors. The pockets accommodate the many little and important things that get so miserably misplaced or broken. It can be tied up and folded over in such a way as to take up very little space, and once you try it you will learn its value. Experienced campers use a camp pocket even when they go to the woods for a single day's picnic.

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SEEMED SO.

"Jack is always in her wake."

"Is she a dead one?"

"What do you mean?"

"She must be to have a wake."

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do