MILWAUKEE HAS COUNTY ROAD SYSTEM

Many Miles of Concrete Highway Have Been Constructed In This Western City and the Work Is Expected to Be Completed In 1916.

From the Christian Science Monitor, Milwaukee—With 65 miles of con-crete reads in use and 35 miles under construction, the people of Milwaukee county believe that before the end of the year they will possess perhaps the finest system of country highways in the United States. The roads, extending into the state in three directions. are smooth, hard dustless and promise to be more permanent than any other

A committee of the board of supervistors, the county governing body, is in charge of road and bridge building in Milwaukee county Immediate supervision, however, is given over to a county highway commissioner who em-ploys a staff of assistants and is held directly responsible for all the work.

directly responsible for all the work.

H. J. Kuelling is highway commissioner.

It is the plan of the county board to cover Milwaukee county with a network of concrete roads. Twelve highways leading from Milwaukee out into the state and forming a part of a prospective comprehensive system of roads will be concreted from the city limits to the county line by the end of the present year.

The county authorities are planning The county authorities are planning to complete the system in 1916 with a concrete connecting road. This road will begin near Lake Michigan inside the north county limits, extend west nearly to the county lime, south to the south county limits and then east to the lake. It will cross all the other concrete roads and give Milwaukee county a "circle route" of concrete, 51 miles long.

concrete roads and give Milwaukee county a "circle route" of concrete, 51 miles long.

The roads. with a few exceptions, are 16 to 18 feet wide.

The roadbeds are thoroughly rolled before the concrete is laid. In many instances the roads are built up or cut through to minimize the grades, much as in the case of railroad beds.

through to minimize the grades, much as in the case of railroad beds.

The proportions now used in mixing tenerate for the reads are one part of lement, two of sand and three and one-tail of gravel. Considerable care is exercised in obtaining the right quality of materials, for this has been found to be a large factor in making good loncrete. No reinforcements of any kind are used. This has been found unnecessary on account of the uniformly solid nature of the country through which the reads pass. Most of the reads are faced with a smooth cement mixture. In a few places, where traffic roads are faced with a smooth cement mixture. In a few places, where traffic conditions demand, a brick facing has been laid over a concrete foundation. In the case of the Whitefish Bay, National avenue and Grand avenue stretches, which resemble boulevards more than country highways, a facing of asphalt was laid over the concrete foundation. The Whitfish Bay road, which leads through a fashionable residence district, is 40 feet wide and three miles long.

miles long.

Bridges were necessitated on some of the roads. They were built of concrete and increased the cost of the roads considerably. A matter of satisfaction to users of the roads, however, is the fact that the concrete roadways were continued unbroken over the bridges.

These concrete roads are all "state aid" roads, the state paying one-third of their cost. The state furnishes this aid for the building of permanent highways that are recognized as part of a state highway system. To come under this category, a road must lead "somewhere"—that is, it must be part of a mainly traveled way between two or more cities or towns.

The township through which a road passes pays part of its cost, though not any definitely eattled recognized.

roads once or twice a year," says the report. "Such a crew consists of a foreman, one team and four laborers. Under average conditions this crew will cover all joints, cracks and small pits at a cost of from \$15 to \$30 per mile of 18-foot road."

From 1912, when construction of con-From 1912, when construction of concrete roads was begun, to January 1, 1915, the cost of Milwaukee county's roads was \$1,199,489. For this year \$740,445 is available, making a total of nearly \$2,000,000, which will have been spent by the end of the year. Though this figure is large, the taxpayers apparently do not begrudge its expenditure. No complaint has teen heard, and it is not expected any retrenchment in the present policy will need to be made.

be made.

Concerning the matter of cost, Com-Concerning the matter of cost, Commissioner Kuelling's report observes:
"While concrete in its present form has some disadvantages, we believe that it now meets modern traffic conditions as economically as any form of pavement known. We also believe that the next few years will bring about a quality of concrete and form of construction that will make a country road base a year. will make a country road have a very lengthy life from a road standpoint, especially if the traffic conditions continue to change in the direction they now are going."

But few objections have been raised against the roads, among them being the hardness of their surface for horses,

the hardness of their surface for horses, and the great temptation they give for automobile and motorcycle speeding.

The former objection has been overcome by covering the roads with a thin tar surface, while the latter is being overcome rapidly by the sheriff's mounted deputies. The state law, limiting the speed of motor vehicles to 25 miles an hour, is strictly enforced.

Evidence of This Utility.

The popularity of the new roads and the need of such highways for and the need of such highways for the ever growing motor travel, are il-lustrated by a sample traffic census taken at a certain point, in 1911 and in 1914. During two days in October, 1911, from 5 a. m. to midnight, a total of 39 motor-driven vehicles passed this counting station. That was before

or 39 motor-driven vehicles passed this counting station. That was before the concrete road was built. On a single day in 1914, from 7 a. m. until 10 p. m., at the same point there passed a total of 1,373 motor-driven vehicles. Another example of the immense change to motor vehicles was shown in a census taken on the Blue Mound road on a recent Sunday, when 2,961 motor cars and only 114 horse-drawn vehicles passed the counting point. "These illustrations," says Mr. Kuelling, "probably show the extremes in comparison, but they are indications of what we may expect in the future. On week days the comparison is a little different, showing that pleasure and passenger transportation are changing more rapidly than freight." Another important fact is that there is a wide use of the roads for sidewalks. "Hiking" into the country has been made less fatiguing and more enjoyable.

A phase not to be overlooked is the henefit derived by the formula.

A phase not to be overlooked is the benefit derived by the farming communities through which the roads lead. A large percentage of farmers own automobiles, and can reach city markets with truck, dairy and poultry products from almost any point in the county in less than an hour.

mainly traveled way between two or more cities or towns.

The township through which a road passes pays part of its cost, though not any definitely settled percentage, while the county pays the rest. No part of the cost is charged directly to owners of property along the road.

Regarding the cost, Commissioner Kuelling, in a recent report, showed that the cost of construction during 1914 varied from \$1.10 to \$1.45 per square yard. During 1913, when cement was cheaper but labor more expensive, the cost of work done under a contract system varied from \$1.24 to \$1.72, while that done by the commission's own force was from \$1.20 to \$1.61.

The costs varied principally, according to the distance materials had a contract system to the distance materials had a contract system to the distance materials had a contract system.

The jitney business has lent itself to interurban runs, in Milwaukee county. Points formerly considered far distant are placed within 20 or 30 minutes' the cost of within 20 or 30 minutes' points formerly considered far distant are placed within 20 or 30 minutes' introve from the city limits, in the allinclusive jitney, running on the smooth, boulevard-like highways.

The roads have proven a maximum efficiency, under practically all weather could be desired for motor vehicle that done by the commission's own force was from \$1.24 to \$1.72, while that done by the commission's own force was from \$1.20 to \$1.61.

The costs varied principally, according to the distance materials while the county in less than an hour.

The jitney business has lent itself to interurban runs, in Milwaukee county. Points formerly considered far distant are placed within 20 or 30 minutes' introve from the city limits, in the allinclusive jitney, running on the smooth, boulevard-like highways.

The cost of work done under a contract system varied from \$1.10 to \$1.45 per square year.

The jtney business has lent itself to interurban runs, in Milwaukee county.

The placed within 20 or 30 minutes' introve from the city limits,

The costs varied principally, according to the distance materials had to be transported, it was explained. The maintenance cost, according to Mr. Kuelling's report, will differ a little with the quality of concrete in the road, but is comparatively low.

"We consider it economy to have a small maintenance crew go over all the streets.

Various good roads experts, including delegates to the Northwestern Road congress, Col. W. G. Edens, representing the Associated Good Roads organizations of Chicago and Cook county, Illinois, and others, have inspected Milwaukee county's roads. All are enthusiastic in praising the concrete highways.

By L. Hughes,

Britain Rights Reserved.)

A well preserved, gray haired woman was sitting in a comfortable arm chair by a blazing fire one cold December day. The room and its occupant were well

Friend and Enemy.

My friend was perfect in my sight And all he did was done aright; I saw is aim no flaw or blot. When men assailed him I was hot His dear perfection to defend, Because he was my trusted friend.

Mine enemy was wholly bad, I saw each weakness that he had, I wondered what men saw to praise And heard approval with amaze. No worth or goodness could I see, Because he was mine enemy.

Yet I was wrong, for after all
In him I thought was whelly small
I've found so many greatnesses.
I've found so much of liftleness
In him who had my perfect trust
That time has made my judgments just.

And now with keener eyes I see
That neither friend nor enemy
Is wholly good or wholly ill,
For both are men and haman still.
In both is much the years shall preve
That we should hate—bit more to leve.
—Maurice Smiley in Leslie's Monthly.

ORDEAL OF DAVID HUME

suited to each other; they were both glothed in excellent taste, handsomely, both impressed the observer with an idea of riches without ostentation.

A man of medium height with a houghtful, clever face, entered the room.

He looked about 40, but really he was rapidly nearing his 50th year.

"Oh, David," cried Mrs. Craven, coming to meet him with both hands outstretched, "I am so glad you have come; I feared something night prevent you, and I really must have a talk with you today."

"You know I am allowed today."

"You knew I am always at liberty on a Friday, for my week's work is done by then, and there is only my pleasure to consider," he replied in a musical voice. "Yes, I knew; but when one particular-ly wants a thing, all sorts of unexpected accidents crop up to prevent it. Also, I must beg you to forgive me for dragging you away from your real pleasure, your etching—"

"No, no, Eleanor-my real pleasure is now, what is troubling you?"

And he seated himself, drawing up his chair in the manner of a man who feels

But now that he was there, Mrs. Craven seemed in no haste to broach the subject of her anxiety. Instead, she chatted pleasantly on indifferent subjects till the tea was finished and removed.

tea was finished and removed.

"No, thank you, no lamps yet," and the soft-footed demestic withdrew.

"I think one can talk better by the fire-light," she explained, hair apologetically, and David Reme replied:

"Your subject seems to cause you embarrassment?"

"Why, yes, frankly, it does—you see, it about Etta."

There was a short silence, and then

There was no movement from the figure opposite her, half hidden in the chair, only a sort of tends stillnass.

"I am tractiled about her," went on Mrs. Craven, furriedly; "she has refused Charlie Mowbray for the second time."

There was a short silence, and then David said. David said:

David said:

"Why does that trouble you?"

"He is a charming young fellow and very much in love with her; he would make her an excellent husband. It is most provoking that she should refuse what any girl would jump at—"

"One thousand pounds a year, and—youth," said the man meditatively, the last word almost a sigh.

"Well," she replied, "the one thousand pounds a year is not to be despised, though I should not dream of urging the marriage if it were only that, but we have known him so long and he is so thoroughly a good fellow. Jehn says so, and you know the value he puts on character."

acter."
"What does John think about it?"

"What does John think about it?"
Mrs. Craven leaned forward.
"He says if she can find her happiness with Charlie he would be very pleased, but he is not going to speak to her about it—that is a woman's affair."
Surely you don't want me to do so?" cried David in an alarmed voice.

"Yes, I do," replied Mrs. Craven firmly.
"Listen!"—and she enjoined silence by holding up her hand. "You know that six month ago John found out that his partner had been embezzling money.
Well, the bank could not afford a scandal, Well, the bank could not afford a scandal, the partnership was dissolved, and John has to pay back all the money that young Hilton had taken. The world must not guess, for should there be a sudden demand on the bank it must close, therefore we still live like this," and she waved her hand comprehensively. "You alone know of this affair, and if you think, you will see how important it is that Etta should be comfortably married, for we can settle nothing on her, and should the secret leak out, the crash may come at any moment." Well, the bank could not afford a scandal

any moment."

David was gazing thoughtfully at the fire, and made no reply.
"You know what a great influence you have always had with the child—" "Surely Etta is a woman now," and there was an unwonted sound of impa-

tience in his voice. "She is only 20," urged the woman of 53.
"In the eyes of the law she is not old enough to sign away money; why should she be any more fit to throw away the intangible treasure of an honest young fellow's love?"

David smiled at the argument.

"Well, what does Etta say herself?" What excuse does she give for such silly Mrs. Craven glanced at him nervously, and then spoke slowly, with her gaze on

the leaping flames.

"She says she might have loved him had not her ideal been something very different—something older, graver, deeper, something infinitely above her—"

David's heart seemed to stand still as he corced the question from his lips:
"And this ideal—has she found it in real life?" "She thinks so," replied Mrs. Craven,

significantly.

The silence grew intense; in David's

ears there was only the sound of the thumping of his heart, which seemed to him to grow louder and louder till he thought his companion must hear it. To speak just then without betraying his emotion was beyond even his self control.

Suddayly Mrs. Crayer research the self control. Suddenly Mrs. Craven rose and stood before him, and spoke in a passionate

before him, and spoke in a passionate pleading:

"Now do you see why I want you to speak to her? Poor, foolish child, that is the only way to show her how hopeless is her dream without letting her know she has betrayed her secret. You have always been a sort of god to her from her childhood, and in your kindness you have almost made a friend of her despite her immature mind. How should she understand the real nature of her love, that it is a religion and not love at all? How should she know that it will not bear the terrible intimacy of married life? That it would not survive the discovery that you are a man and not a god? How should she see the gulf that lies between you? The gulf of mental growth, of experience of life, of years—the gulf that will widen with every decade? How should she know that she would never be a mate for you, that your mind and heart are given to your art? Or realize the wearing struggle it would be for you to earn enogh to keep two? Into her innocent childlike worship practical thoughts have never come; we must think for her, and save her from wrecking her life." never come; we must think for her, and save her from wrecking her life." Her voice sank, as in a whisper, and

stretching out her hands to him in appeal,

she added:
"Ah, David, do not be vexed with the poor child. Pity a mother's anxiety for her only daughter's happiness, and speak to her about this marriage. It is the only way to make her really understand what are your feelings towards her. I do not want you to seriously urge her to marry Charlie; let her refuse him again, but I do entreat you to set her heart free that she may be able to love, with an every

day, human love, some man who is worthy and of an suitable age."
"Eleanor, you and John have been my friends for thirty years, and I would give my right hand if it could be of any service to you, but in this matter I cannot decide without time for thought. Give me without time for thought. Give me till tomorrow.

"God bless you, David!" cried Mrs. Craver with a sob in her voice as he gave her

his hand. "I knew you would not fail And David walked out of the room like

a man in a dream.
"What a dear, delicate minded fellow he
is!" murmured Mrs. Craven. "He evidently does not like the difficult task, perhaps he fears the responsibility; but he is as sensitive as a woman, and I know he will never let dear Etta guess that he knows her secret. I am glad I had the courage to tell him." Meanwhile David paced the cold, wet

Why was this dazzling vision shown to him only to be snatched away? If Etta loved him, and God alone knew how he

loved him, and God alone knew how he loved her, why should he not tell her of ti? Why should they not be happy? Had he not a right to happiness like any other man? And did she not love him?

But then he knew the great question was, what would be for her happiness?

On the one side, Charlie Mowbray, young, strong and noble-natured, with a good income, and a beautiful home to take her to, where they finisht grow old together and see their children grow up around them.

On the other hand, himself, elderly, poor

On the other hand, himself, elderly, poor and unambitious, living on a bare two hundred pounds a year as a designer, which had hitherto satisfied his few needs, which has inthered satisfied his tew fleets, and devoting all his spare time to etchings which gave satisfaction to his soul, but brought in barely enough to cover their expense. He felt himself the father of her higher intelligence, but-he was thirty years her senior.



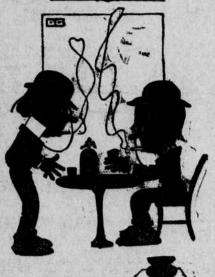
"Does your wife darn your socks for you?" asks the intimate friend of the long-suffering husband.
"She does," answers the long-suffering husband. "She usually darns 'em with yarn that is as thick and rough as packing cord, and as a result they burt my feet and make me swear all hurt my feet and make me swear all the time I wear them." "Ah!" was the blithe comment of the



"Can't tell yet."



"Mr. MacBooze seems to make light of his troubles." "Yes; he burns all his bills just as



Ambiguous. "I heard that you have been on the road with the Fly by Night company. Was your trip a successful one?"
"Me dear boy, it was a walkover."

Is Nationality a Curse or a Religion?

as any poem can be of an American immortality. But those who can thrill at its noble lines know little or nothing of its author, and probably suppose that he is

dead.

He is still alive; and at Portland, Ore., he delivered a few days ago an address before the Sons of the American Revolu-tion, called "The Shadow of a Flag." The meaning of a flag, the unaccountable leve men have for it, was his theme; and he told how, in the tramp homeward from Appomattox, he and his boy comrades "sat down in the dust and ashes of Sheridan's awful path and divided a small square of bunting which one of them had torn from his regimental flag, and, hidden in his bosom, had borne it away from the field of his last despairing battle." He told how, in the fight at the Bloody Angle, a federal flag was planted on the flimsy log breastworks he and his comrades—he was a Georgia boy—were defending:

'Its folds were riddled and its staff was splintered, but it placifly waved above friend and foe alike, whose bayonets were tangled together above the works. And once the shadow of the foeman's flag fell upon the young Georgian's face, and as he looked up his heart gave a startled leap as he saw that Georgia's star was on the old banner yet."

And he saw "Ticonderoga and York-

And he saw "Ticonderoga and York-town, Monterey and Chapultepec fluttering in its folds as the radiant thing stood in the shriveling mouth of hell and waved and waved." We begin to see that it is a parable of nationality he is telling, and to see that the love of the flag is as little to be analyzed and as proof against argument as the love for a mother. He told the same story in his poem—the confederates lost, they could not win:

They smote and fell, who set the bars Against the progress of the stars, And stayed the march of motherland!

And the love of the flag, which is the love of the nation, is strong whether what Gettyburg adequate to the theme was written by a then unknown author, described as "an ex-confederate soldier." "The High Tide at Gettysburg." written by Will Henry Thompson, a fighter at 16 in the army of northern Virginia has climbed to higher fame ever since, and is as sure as any poem can be of an American immortality. But those who can thrill at its poble lives kneed to the property of the nation, is strong whether what the nation stands for is specified by frenzied loyalty to a nation's flag, is both a lofty and a dangerous thing." He finds in it the true explanation of the mysterious outbreak in Europe, and waves aside the white and red books and other books and all the labored arguments of statements. arguments of statesmen. What brought on the war was "the proud pose of republic or empire, which says 'Everything for our people, nothing for those beyond the border.'"

"My country better than yours! My destiny greater than yours! My culture higher than yours! A place in the sun for me, but not for you!" These are the cries that the rifles are speaking, and the cannon have thundered them until their brutal lungs are hoarse. . . Some day this fever of nationalism must cool. No imaginary line can make one man better than another. The shadow of no flag should be a sanctuary for one and a menace to another. Yet because of this mad spirit of nationality the earth is drinking blood with a hot thirst."

A poet's explanation, but poets are often seers, and this one sees beyond the murder at Serajevo and the confused political ratiocinations about the causes of the war. He turns to our flag with "the comrade stars assembled upon it bound in a mighty bond of indissoluble brotherhood, and no star differs from another in glory!" Again one is reminded of "The High Tide of

They smote and stood, who held the hope Of nations on that slippery slope, Amid the cheers of Christendom.

Amid the cheers of Christendom.

Nationalism, a violent and selfish nationalism, the deep cause of the mad scene in Europe: America in the shadow of the flag that holds "the hope of nations."

"We hope that the careworn, patient man to whom we have confided its vast destinies may keep our flag in the clear sky—out of the smoke and flame of a delirious world. But, whatever fate wills, we will stand by the land and its honor, and under the shadow of its dauntless flag—wave where it may."

THE CHAMELEON'S CHANGEABLE COAT.

Chameleon is a big word for little folks to remember, but, just the same, he is a funny little creature that looks like a lizard, which is not so hard a word. But a chameleon can turn different colors which a lizard cannot.

No, chameleons could not always turn different colors, and it is how they came to do so that this story is about.
Once upon a time chameleons were red and lived in the woods. Of course, all the other animals lived in the woods, too, and most of them were very fond of chameleons, because, being red, all the animals could see them so easily.

So finally there were so few chameleons that the animals had not eaten that they all got together and decided that something must be done. But they could not decide just what it should be. After a while one of them said he would go to the fairy queen and tell her all about it. All the others thought this was a good idea, and so it was decided that Charlie Chameleon should go.

Charlie told the fairy queen all about himself and the other chameleons, and of how all the animals tried to eat

"That will never do," said the queen,

"That will never do," said the queen. "Come back in a week and I will do something for you."

So the chameleon went away feeling very glad. But all the animals had heard about his visit to the fairy queen and they tried harder than ever to eat him. And Charlle Chameleon became so frightened that he shivered and shook, and was afraid to go out to hunt for food. So, when the time came for him to go to the queen again, he was him to go to the queen again, he was so thin he almost fell through a crack in the palace floor, and was shivered and shaking so that the queen shed great his tear. great, big tears.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure News- ter minutes the magician pulled him paper Syndicate.) out. And, sure enough, the chameleon out. And, sure enough, the chameleon was still alive and unhurt, but he was

was still alive and unhurt, but he was not red. In fact, he was not any color at all, just a funny color, the same as the palace floor.

"There!" said the magician, "that is done. Now, come here."

This time the chameleon was not quite so afraid. First the magician sprinkled some powder over him, which made him sneeze. He sneezed and he sneezed until his eyes watered, and he felt himself turning green. And that is just what he was doing—turning



green. After that the magician threw some water on him and it was so cold that the chameleen began to shiver. He shivered and he shivered, until he felt himself turning brown. And that is just what he was doing—turning brown.

"There you are," said the magician, "Now you can turn almost any color you want."

Then the chameleon thanked the queen and the magician and started great. big tears.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she cried.
"Something must be done right away."
So she sent for her magician. When he came she told him all about it and ordered him to do something at once.

The magician went and got a big pot full of water, which he put over the fire in the grate. When it was boiling he picked up the chameleon and started to put him in it. But the chameleon cried out that he was afraid.

"It won't hurt a bit," the magician and started home. He really did not believe the magician, and was terribly scared. Pretty soon he met a lion, and away he scuttled to the nearest tree, wishing he was brown like its bark. Of course, the lion had seen him, but when the chameleon had started up the tree he stopped and looked around, because he could not find the chameleon knew that he magician had really helped him, and that he could turn the color of the object he was on. After that he played lots of tricks on the animals, and all the other chameleons, who became like him and grew fat.

Turkey's Dilemma. From the Indianapolis News.

Turkey's Dilemma.

From the Indianapolis News.

When the Turks entered the war on the side of Germany it was supposed that they not only saw an opportunity to strengthen their power to oppose the rise of Greece and the Balkans, but also to place the Austrians and Germans under lasting obligations and thus postpone indefinitely a concerted effort on the part of European nations to sweep the continent clear of all but Christian peoples. Late rumors that Turkey had sent envoys to Switzerland with a view to effecting a separate peace with the enemies of Germany have opened again the question as to whether the Turks are really indulging in some farsighted diplomacy that will eventually make them a power to be reckoned with in the future of Europe. It is presumed that the young Turks have seen that owing to the unexpected resistance shown in the operations against the Dardanelles they have gained a new standing in the eyes of Great Britain and Russia. They have, in fact, so ably defended this vital point that it is not inconceivable that in return for certain rights of free passage Russia and England might be willing to make concessions which would give the Turks a hold of greater possibilities than any to be gained through the friendship of Germany.

As European affairs stand at present, Turkey has, in many respects, gained more than any nation at war. English and Russian military authorities are still firmly of the opinion that the Dardanelles must eventually be taken. And the Turkish government must be convinced that the strait forts will eventually yield to the incessant pounding of the allies. With the Dardanelles open to the free passage of commerce and enemy battle fleets Turkey would lose practically all that she has gained through the war. She would be at the mercy of the allies, and after her stuborn resistance and her support of Germany she could expect little consideration. But if today she should offer to make terms this danger would be averted. She would lose her control of the Dardanelles, but she woul

that Germany will be able to secure peace terms which will leave her free to show her gratitude to Turkey by protecting her from numerous unfriendly rivals! Thus, though the war has brought Turkey forward to a remarkable degree, it has also placed her in a position where she may have to surrender all that she has gained in an effort to save herself from national disruption.

Oregon has over 100 women physi-

Though she's past 80 years of age, Lady Katharine Coke, daughter of the second Earl Wilton, still attends or

The second vice president of the Florida State Medical association is Dr. Mary Freeman, a very smart and capable woman.

In Russia the maiden who is free may dress her hair as she wishes, but not so with the wife, who must hide her hair. The French government allows the wife or woman dependent of a soldier 25 cents a day, plus 5 cents a day for

each child. The Duchess of Connaught, wife of the governor general of Canada, is a Hohenzollern princess and first cousin

of the kaiser. Mrs. Lillian Mitchner, the Kansas

of the kaiser.

Mrs. Lillian Mitchner, the Kansas temperance advocate, has announced her candidacy for the United States Senate from that state.

Miss Gertrude Corby, of London, is said to be the first domestic servant who has written a volume of poems that have, been published.

The aggregate cost of separation allowances paid to wives and children of English soldiers and sailors has been to date \$125,000,000.

Sister Mary Proxedes will pass the rest of her life at Molokai, Hawaiian islands, where she nurses the lepers, who have a colony there.

Miss Anne Vauclain, daughter of the head of the Baldwin Locomotive works, has just purchased the champion English stallion Fire Boy for a price said to be \$5,000.

Dr. Louise Taylor Jones, of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Catherine H. Travis, of New Britain, Conn., have sailed for Serbia, where they will establish a baby hospital.

Dr. Lucy L. W. Wilson, wife of Dr. William P. Wilson, director of the commercial museums in Philadelphia, has gone to Mexico, where she will trace the Indians' ancestors to the stone age.

START A BULB GARDEN.

TREATS FOR CHILDREN.

War and garden making do not go very well together, and so many of libiland's thousands of bulbs were left on her hands. Added to this, Holland had much of the burden of the war to bear last winter. So now an appeal has been made to us all to buy bulbs—for most of our bulbs come from Holland, and Holland needs our support.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Last August, just as war was declared, Holland had thousands and thousands of bulbs ready for export.

War and garden making do not go wery well together, and so many of the leasure of the bulb garden will come from learning the habits of the different bulbs.

For instance, narcissus and dafformatical designations of the leasure of the leasure of the bulb garden will come from learning the habits of the different bulbs.

Why don't you combine pleasure for yourself with the feeling that you are helping the prosperity of thrifty little Holland and start a bulb garden? Get the order for your bulbs in right away and then in September get to work to make your garden.

The beauty about a bulb garden is that it can be largely left to itself after it is planted. That is to say, it does not need the careful weeding and tending that other sorts of garden need. And another thing, bulbs will flower in a place too shady for a perennial or annual flower garden, for bulbs flower garden, for bulbs flower aarly, before the leaves are out, many

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

At 3½ years the heathy child begins to crave the piquant dishes which are the privilege of its elders. Then small hands begin to abstract bits of celery and lettuce in the kitchen, and sometimes the infant cherub will be found with a pickle almost bigger than itself.

In Line II. In this shape the salad will be fascinating.

Prune Salad—Soak half a dozen big French prunes in water and when soft dry them carefully. Pile them in a circle on a dish with a slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of sugar in the center.

Apple Salad—Cut a Greening or a specific sugar in the center.

times the infant cherub will be found with a pickle almost bigger than itself. The mother is horrified or indifferent, and so the poor baby gets too much of a bad thing or too little of a good.

It must be admitted that children as young as this are better off with very simple food, but when the human body begins to cry out for grass, and teeth are there to chew it, a bit of crisp celery or lettuce sprinkled delicately with salt cannot help to do good.

For children older than this, from 6 on, there may be a little variety in the food that has begun to bore by introducing some special dish that spurs the appetite. Any one of these simple recipes will be found a coaxer for the child that knows how to use its teeth, and is craving salad or new taste.

Orange or grapefruit salad—Separate the fruit has been pared with that point in view, the seasoned fruit may be rolled into a ball and the gay paring wrapped about it to look like an apple.

Fig Salad—Soak dried figs and then boil them in a very little water until tender. Chill them on the ice and then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string beans cooked in plain water. Boil the eggs hard, chill and mix the yolk with a few drops of sour cream and salt to taste. Then form this into balls with butter boards, put them over the vegetables and add a warm sour cream dressing. syoung as this are better off with very simple food, but when the human body begins to cry out for grass, and teeth are there to chew it, a bit of crisp celery or lettuce sprinkled delicately with sait cannot help to do good.

For children older than this, from 6 on, there may be a little variety in the food that has begun to bore by introducing some special dish that spurs the appetite. Any one of these simple recipes will be found a coaxer for the child that knows how to use its teeth, and is craving salad or new taste.

Orange or grapefruit salad—Separate the fruit in plugs and peel and shred these into fragments. Season with a slight dust of fine table salt and one teaspoonful of pure olive oil. Then pile the bright mass upon a tender ettuce leaf and pin this over the top, lundle fashion, with a wooden tooth—

been pared with that point in view, the seasoned fruit may be rolled into a ball and the gay paring wrapped about it to look like an apple.

Fig Salad—Soak dried figs and then boil them in a very little water until tender. Chill them on the ice and dressing for lettuce or cold string a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Balls—These go very prettily as a dressing for lettuce or cold string then serve with strained honey.

Egg Ball

ferent bulbs.

For instance, narcissus and daffodils of all sorts increase in size with time. Therefore they make a good bulb for naturalizing. If you have a grove of trees where the grass is not kept cut short, plant narcissus bulbs and daffodils of all sorts in it. Clump them about the tree trunks, or sprinkle them carelessly here and there. They will be lovely however they are planted. And by the second year they will look as natural as the dandelions or violets that grow in the grass and their slumps will increase in size. When the leaves have turned yellowish, after the flowering season is over, the grass and the leaves can be mowed or cut without injuring the bulbs.