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And there are girls that dislike being
kissed—by the wrong fellow.

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whiter, better
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—produces
more loaves
to barrel.

PURITY FLOUR

MORE LUNCH FOR THRESHERS

Editor Fireside:—Good for Contentment No. 1! "She voices my sentiments. My husband has threshed 20 years and ran a car for 15 years where he boards the "hungry hounds" and they can get a "square" and a "handout" too, whenever they want it. And we have always found that the better cook we had the better the men worked and the better pleased both farmer and thresher was. Mr. Farmer Slave might open up his purse strings a little and pay the men more and hire a thresher who runs a car of his own, and Mrs. Slave would have time to fill up her own boys and the neighbors who haul their grain.

I have cooked on my husband's car two seasons and for fifteen years have been in close touch with it each year. We always had help. Pay the wages and you can get help and treat them right and you can keep them, and I know just how hungry the good hard-working men get. I always got hungry myself and I am afraid I lunched oftener than the men.

For lunch we always sent nice sandwiches (different each day) and doughnuts, and good coffee, hot and strong, and it went good and certainly was quite necessary, for supper at eight is too long to go. For dinner we always had a big, fine roast with lots of rich brown gravy, potatoes and vegetables, generally two kinds. Cabbage, turnips, carrots, etc., are plentiful and cheap, and corn, peas, tomatoes, macaroni and beans make lots of changes, so there is no need of a sameness. Cookies are easily made and there are so many kinds and all keep well.

We always had pie for dinner. Supper was easily prepared. Hot potatoes and meat, salad (potato or cabbage) of baked beans, brown and white bread three times a day, and for supper often hot corn bread, buns or gems, two kinds of cake—a layer and a loaf—and cookies were enough. For breakfast, pancakes and oat or corn meal mush, warmed up potatoes and fried meat or steak, sausage or hamburger steak, doughnuts and cake or brown cookies and good coffee. Our boys always took their lunch from the breakfast table for the forenoon. We always had newspapers on hand and each took care of his own. But then we are Socialists and our motto is "Nothing too good for the working man and a little too much is just enough." We never thought fruit, iced cake, pickles and all the delicacies were wasted on the threshers, for the better they ate the better they worked and that suited both parties. We have threshed for several Farmer Slaves and often got their men for breakfast and always for lunch. They never paid for it either, would have fainted if the thresher mentioned it. But, "Slave," you are in the minority, thank goodness. Most of the farmers are glad to see us come and glad to see us go and use the men fine, so they are glad to hurry up and save the grain and do them a good neat job.

CONTENTMENT NO. 2.

MANNERISMS

"Long ago, when I was a child," said the little woman in gray, "I read a story about a hen who couldn't say anything bad enough about one of the other hens because she—the other hen—had a speckled feather in her wing, while all the time the gossip was being laughed at by the whole barnyard because she had two speckled feathers in her wing, and didn't know it. I reminded myself of that hen the other day.

"For a long time I've been annoyed by the mannerisms of my family. "Tom doesn't eat his soup in the quietest fashion, and father keeps up a continual tattoo with his fingers while talking, and even my dear mother hums about her work, off the key, too, in a way that gets on my nerves awfully. I've said little things from time to time about mannerisms, and they promised to reform; but yesterday they turned on me. I proposed that we set up a mite box, and each one put in a penny whenever he or she gave way to a mannerism.

"And if I have any mannerisms you must remind me when I sin," I said generously, but feeling quite sure that I'd kept too close a watch over myself to have any annoying habits.

"There was a silence. Then my mother spoke:

"Well, dear," she said, "if a mite would only cure you of that way you have of giving a perfectly meaningless "tee-

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hee!" at the end of nearly every sentence you speak, I'd be in favor of it.

"Her tee-heeing isn't half so bad as the way she has of rocking madly while she converses." This came from my younger sister. Then 'Tom cut in and said he could stand the rest of my faults if I'd only cure myself of that dreadful habit of drumming on the edge of the chessboard when he was trying to concentrate his mind on the next play; and dear old father finished me by saying mildly:

"My dear, of course you're not conscious of it, but that trick of sniffing is growing upon you. Now for a lady to sniff—"

"Et cetera, et cetera. Well," finished the little woman in gray, "we haven't set up that mite box yet."

WARFARE AGAINST EVIL

When freedom, on her natal day,
Within the war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptised her infant brow in blood;
And through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung;
And every gift on freedom's shrine,
Was man for beast, and blood for wine;

Our fathers to their graves have gone,
Their strife is past, their triumph won!
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

—J. G. Whittier.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.

There are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists; sometimes, people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people; but wherever they go, their characteristic is this; their shadow always travels on before them.

These people never bear their own burden, but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking for down pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These people live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other side-walk, where sunshine always lies.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Blessings of poverty may look good to the millionaire.

AN ESSAY ON GIRLS

The following essay was written by a small boy of Monte Vista: "Girls are the sisters of boys an' has long hair, wares dresses an' powder. The furst girl was called Christmas Eve, though I never cud see why. Most every family has one girl an' some of 'em that is in hard luck has two or three. We have a girl in ourn who is my sister. Girls can grow older an' get younger. My sister has been twenty-five for three years an' some day we may be twins. Girls play pianners an' talk about eche other. Fat girls want to be thin an' thin girls want to be fat, and all of 'em want to marry doods. Why the Lord made girls nobody nos' but I think it were to go to church an' eat ice cream. They is three kinds of girls, blond girls, brunet girls an' them that have money. Girls is afraid of mice an' bugs, which makes baks."

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