

Cakes Made From Sugar Beet.

Dried sugar beets are being used in France for the manufacture of a flour said to be highly nutritive and suitable for the baking of cakes and sweet breads.

Dorothy Dix

Hail to the Woman Who Has Really Lived!

The Woman Who Has Always Been Happy and Prosperous Has Only Existed in a Silken Cell—But She Who Has Fought in the Battle of Life Has Really Lived. She Has Touched Life at Every Point.

A middle-aged woman said to me the other day: "I have had what people call a hard life. I have been through the depths of poverty and sickness. I have known want, and struggle, and anxiety, and despair. I have always had to work beyond the limits of my strength. For years I walked through burning plowshares of a miserable marriage."

"I look back upon my life I see it as a battle-field strewn with the wrecks of dead dreams, and broken hopes, and shattered illusions—a battle in which I always fought with the odds tremendously against me, and that has left me scarred, and bruised, and maimed, and old before my time."

"Yet I have no pity for myself; no tears to shed over past and gone sorrows; no envy for the women who have been spared all that I have gone through. Rather am I sorry for those women whose lives have been cast in pleasant places and who have never known anything but softness, and ease, and luxury, for I know that all that I have suffered was just the growing pains of my soul."

"For I have lived. They have only existed. I have drunk the cup of life down to the very dregs. They have only sipped at the bubbles on the top of it."

"I know things that they will never know. I see things to which they are blind. I feel things to which they are dead, for happy women, prosperous women, live in a little silken padded room in which they are shut away from all the outside world, and they see nothing but its four walls. They know really nothing of life. They never touch the aching, throbbing heart of humanity."

"It is only the women whose eyes have been washed clear with tears, who get the broad vision that makes them little sisters to all the world."

"This of itself is a compensation for many sorrows, but I have more. I have proved myself to myself. I know that I have the strength to endure and the courage to carry on, and that I will not be craven enough to run up the white flag, no matter what other difficulties I may be called upon to meet."

"The skeleton at the feast of the woman who has always been happy and prosperous is fear. She becomes panic-stricken when she thinks that she may be called upon to meet trouble; that she may have hardships to endure; that her soul may be torn with suffering. She shudders with apprehension at the thought of poverty, and wonders how she could endure to go shabby and do without the things to which she is accustomed. She wonders helplessly what she would do if she had to earn her own living."

"None of these fears, with which happy women torture themselves upon occasion, have any terrors for me. I know them for the bogies they are, and know, too, that they fly away before the person who does not cringe before them."

"I am not afraid of poverty because I have been poor, and I know that poverty has its consolations and brings you pleasures that money cannot buy. Nor am I afraid of having to support myself. I have earned my bread and butter for many years. I know the joy of work and I know that to a woman just the satisfaction of knowing that she is self-supporting turns her crust into angel's food."

"Often I am tempted to envy the woman who has always had some strong man to stand between her and the world, some man whose tenderness and love has guarded and protected her. But I am consoled for not having a clinging vine when I wonder what the vine would do, and think broken it would be if the sturdy oak on which it hangs was laid low."

"I have learned in the great University of Hard Knocks a philosophy that no woman who has had an easy life ever acquires. I have learned to live each day as it comes, and not to borrow trouble by dreading tomorrow. It is the dark menace of the future that makes cowards of us. I put that dread from me because experience has taught me that when the time comes that I so fear the strength and wisdom to meet it will be given me."

"Little annoyances have no longer the power to affect me. After you have seen your whole edifice of happiness and crash in ruins about you, it never matters to you again that a servant forgets to put the dollies under the finger bowls or the cook spoils the soup."

"I have learned not to expect too much of people, and so I can still get happiness out of the friend who isn't quite true to me, or the acquaintance who gossips about me, and I can even find pleasure in the society of those whose motives I see through."

"Above all, I have acquired a sense of humor, because there were so many things over which I had to laugh or cry. And when a woman can joke over her troubles instead of having hysterics about them, nothing can ever hurt her much again."

"So I do not regret the hardships I have known because through them I have touched life at every point. I have lived. And it was worth the price I had to pay."

Philosophy of Woman Who Learned Not To Fear Life



W. C. T. U. CONTEST IS SET FOR JUNE 6

Nine Contestants To Give Addresses on Evils of Strong Drink and Cigarettes.

Mrs. Ida Harrison, social worker of the W. C. T. U. in presenting her report of the mothers' club meetings held during the year, at the meeting of the union yesterday afternoon, stated that it was the main object of the club to teach the members to become better mothers and wives.

"The home is back of every nation, city, town and village," she stated, "and by improving the conditions of the home, we are improving society generally." Her report showed that the club met each Thursday from October to April, and that it had a membership of 120. Her report also showed that \$205.06 was the total amount raised by the club, and the total expenditure amounted to \$191.28.

Brief reports were also given by a number of Mrs. Harrison's assistants, Mrs. E. W. Cairns, Mrs. Hueston and Mrs. Hutchins. Mrs. Harrison's report showed that she had made 388 visits to the homes, 400 visits to the office, 65 visits to the police court, 35 visits to the jail, 40 visits to the hospital, 12 visits to the Salvation Army home, 31 families helped, 65 women and girls cared for, and 3 layettes supplied.

The annual report of the treasurer of the board was given by Mrs. A. Patterson, showing that the income from the building for the year amounted to \$2,375.28, with a total expenditure of \$1,553.77, leaving a balance of \$721.51. Mrs. Patterson stated that a check for \$100 had been received from the estate of a former president, the late Mrs. Grogg.

The date of the oratorical contest was set for June 6, when nine contestants will give addresses on the evils of drink and cigarettes. Dr. K. P. R. Neville, A. Miller and V. K. Greer have been asked to act as judges. The date set for the entertainment of the L. T. L. was May 24, and the election of officers and members was postponed until the next meeting, June 24. The Scripture lesson was given by Mrs. Carson, and a charming solo by Mrs. Heaslip was greatly enjoyed.

MRS. WRAY PRESIDENT WORTLEY ROAD CLUB

Mrs. Alex. Calder Presides Over Annual Meeting Held at the School.

Mrs. Robert Wray was elected president of the Wortley Road Mothers' Club at the annual meeting held last night in the school, succeeding Mrs. W. S. Lowe, who was president for the past year. Other officers on the new executive are: Vice-president, Mrs. G. A. Coates; secretary, Mrs. G. A. Brown; treasurer, Mrs. J. Hamilton; press reporter, Mrs. G. Monahan; program convener, Mrs. H. Spencer; reception convener, Mrs. T. A. Willis; refreshment convener, Mrs. W. Richmond and Mrs. E. Rogers; visiting committee, Mrs. C. W. Vollick; pianist, Mrs. D. Pleiter; representative for child welfare, Mrs. F. Floyd.

Mrs. Alex. G. Calder, of the Talbot Street Mothers' Club, presided over the election, while the teachers of the school were in charge of the refreshments which followed the meeting. A short but interesting program included a vocal solo by Archie McCullough, an instrumental duet by R. Ginsberg and the violin, and H. Ginsberg at the piano. A very comprehensive talk on the home and school convention in Toronto recently was given by the club representative, Mrs. G. A. Croden.

Johnny Chuck and Jerry Muskrat Meet and Tell Their Experiences

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Do you know what it is to be homeless? Of course you don't. I hope you never will. There is nothing more dreadful. It happens once in a while to boys and girls and to grown-up people, but it doesn't happen nearly as often as it does to the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. And when it does happen to these little people it is just as hard as it is for human folks. Sometimes it is even harder.

The great flood which swept over the Green Meadows made many little people homeless. Most of them were driven out by the water and succeeded in reaching higher land where the water could not come. A few were surprised like the young Chuck and Jerry Muskrat and Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. You know what happened to them. They climbed on whatever they could and drifted about in dreadful fright. Finally they all reached land. That is, all did but Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. They found safety in a hollow fence post.

But all these little people were homeless even when they had found safety. They didn't know where to look for food. They didn't know where safe hiding-places were. They didn't know when or where to expect enemies. It was a very dreadful feeling.

After the young Chuck reached shore he found safety in a hole beneath some roots. At least it seemed like safety at first. You see there he was out of sight of the sharp eyes of enemies. But after he had been there a while that hole didn't seem so safe. In the first place it wasn't deep enough. In the second place the entrance was too large. In the third place it was very damp.

"It won't do," said the young Chuck. "No, sir, it won't do. I must find a better place than this. If Reddy Fox should come along here and find me asleep I wouldn't have a chance. No, sir, I wouldn't have a chance."

THE FLORENTINE DAGGER

By BEN HECHT.

INSTALLMENT III.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS.

VICTOR BALLAU, wealthy, suave and debonair lover of all beautiful things and a close friend of JULIEN DE MEDICI, playwright and general man about town, who is loved by all.

FLORENCE BALLAU, daughter of Victor Ballau, a talented actress. De Medici tells her of his love and also obtains parental concession to an early marriage. Ballau plans to hold a party at which he will announce his daughter's engagement, while Julien promises to call for Florence after the evening performance. When De Medici meets her, he finds that Florence has gone home, summoned by a phone call before the end of the show. He hurries to her house and learns the mysterious death of Ballau, who is lying on the library floor with a dagger through his heart. The police are summoned and Norton, chief detective, advances a suicide theory, claiming that a false beard, which is clutched in Ballau's hand, is proof he was trying to direct suspicion toward a phantom murderer. In support of this theory, Norton asks Jane, the housekeeper, if she saw anybody else in the apartment besides Ballau.

CHAPTER V. Ghosts. The detective's keen eyes had fastened steadily on the woman. She stood looking at him in silence, then, abruptly, she whispered in a low voice as if talking to herself, "He was a murderer." "I didn't exactly see him, I can't remember. I only saw somebody for a moment. Somebody else. Yes, somebody else. Oh, it's awful! I was standing in the hall. It was dark. He was a tall man. He had a black beard."

The woman, overcome by her emotions, burst into tears. The detective, who had been standing by her side, turned with a look of triumph to De Medici and Dr. Greer.

"Suicide usually has a motive as well as an act," he said. "I think we'll find two facts. Fact No. 1, that Ballau was heavily insured. Fact No. 2, that Ballau was heavily in debt. With his daughter's marriage the night before, he was naturally thought that keeping up this pretense was no longer necessary. Insurance often isn't collectable in a case of suicide, so he camouflaged the thing to look like murder."

De Medici shuddered. The whole thing was far too horrible. It was a trap for him. His eyes fell from the detective, who continued however, to reason as the man talked. "Murder. . . But this policeman is absurd. If Ballau wanted to do something for Florence, he would have done it. He should have crushed her with his death."

"Do you begin to feel the logic of the thing?" Norton inquired suddenly. "No," De Medici answered. "It remains impossible in my mind despite everything you say."

Norton nodded. "You are fighting from a wrong point of view."

"Mr. Ballau was a man of the theatre. When the time came for him to do the thing—his nerves on edge, his mind at a hysterical tension—he reverted to type. He was a man of the theatre. He wanted to camouflage it to look like a murder."

Lieutenant Norton stood up. "I think we'll find some among the guests tonight who'll be able to throw a light on the dead man's finances and troubles," he said. The detective walked out of the room. De Medici rose to follow. As he did an object fell out of the heavy upholstered chair in which he had been sitting. He stooped and picked it up. It was a woman's purse. Norton had turned at the door and De Medici slipped it quietly into his pocket. "An old purse," he murmured to himself. "And the other was some faded silver initials in the corner."

De Medici, his eyes narrowed, tried vainly to obtain a moment's private talk with Florence. He had learned that she had retired to her bedroom.

and was locked in with a nurse summoned by Norton.

"She's in a rather bad condition," the detective explained as he saw De Medici peering in the hallway. "I think I'll leave," Lieut. Norton remarked suddenly at his side. "My men will remain here. And I'll be back early in the morning."

A few of Ballau's cronies were remaining. De Medici led the way into a small room Ballau had used as an office. Meyerson, the antique dealer, Carvello, the painter, and Foreman, the retired Shakespearean actor, followed him. They lighted cigars and began in measured tones to discuss the qualities of the man who lay dead in the adjoining room.

Carvello, a lean, nervous-mannered young man, shrugged his shoulders as De Medici finished relating Norton's conclusion: the telephone call and the suicide theory.

"Suicide," he repeated. "I'm. If Ballau put that beard on to disguise himself as a stranger and deceive Jane, why should he leave it on until he had strangled himself?" The voice of Foreman the old actor rose sonorously. "Yet Ballau wore the false beard. There was no disguise on his chin."

"Put there by the murderer after the crime," he said, and he pointed to the camouflage there right enough. De Medici shook his head. The discussion seemed curiously pointless to him. There was the telephone call at the theatre—and there.

"He may have worn the beard," De Medici spoke suddenly, "but there is left one reason to explain that, and there are other ways that a man can get muddled on his face than from a false beard."

He looked at and stared tiredly around him. "I'm rather done up. . . if you don't mind, I'll turn in."

In the fully lighted room De Medici flung himself with a sob on the bed. The next day the famous Ballau library was converted into a courtroom. The melodrama of the "Crucifix Mystery"—an identity provided by some of the papers—had a setting worthy of itself. Six men summoned at random to serve as a coroner's jury sat nervously in the renaissance chairs that had been lined up in front of the fireplace.

Coroner Holbein had taken his position behind a work table introduced from another portion of the house. At his right side sat Lieut. Norton and Dr. Greer.

Coroner Holbein opened the inquest with a brief address to the jury: "It is for you gentlemen to determine whether Victor Ballau has been the victim of a foul and dastardly crime, or whether for reasons yet unknown, but which we hope this inquiry will uncover, Victor Ballau ended his own life. After you have listened to the testimony given by the various witnesses the city of New York has subpoenaed for this occasion, it will then be your duty as citizens to return a verdict determining who it was, if you have been able to discover from the evidence, that was guilty."

Coroner Holbein came to an end of his admonition with a flourish of his gavel.

"She was in the apartment for more than a half hour," he stood thinking. "She lied about that to Norton. She lied, too, about the telephone call."

"Ah," he mused, "she lures me. I believe her guilty. . . a murderer, a Messalina. And the fact lures me. De Medici hails her. De Medici ghosts inside me prostrate themselves devoutly before a kinswoman—a woman whose hands are red with murder. An impulse toward obedience stirs in me."

CHAPTER VI. The Inquest. He grimaced tiredly at himself in a dressing mirror.

"I must watch this quality in me," he murmured. "She is guilty—yes, things whisper it inside me. . . I know this because I feel drawn to her. . . to her guilt. A kinswoman for the prowling ones in me. . ."

His hands had withdrawn the purse. An ornate thing of an obsolete style. Faded in the bottom was a theatre program, a program of "Iris," played at the Goldsmith Theatre in London in 1899. . . a repertoire company. In the lower right hand corner of the leather were two initials in silver—F. B.

He raised the thing to his cheek. "Florence," he whispered. "Yes, she left the theatre with her make-up on and in the costume of the 'Dead Flower.' When I saw her first she had changed. There was no make-up on her face—and her clothes were changed. Thirty-five minutes in which to . . . change. She lied. . . she lied."

He sprang to his feet, a cry in his throat. The doorway was empty. He stood shuddering before it, afraid to look beyond into the darkened hall, cowering before the shadow of a chair that stretched against the wall. Something had passed—a shadow had passed. With hands grown moist, he walked stiffly forward and closed out the empty space. He was alone in the room.

"Fear," he murmured. "It traps me. . . a disease. . ."

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Value of a Lock of Hair.

The value of a lock of the hair of Milton is held at \$1,000. Clippings of Sir Walter Scott's curls have never realized more than \$21. A lock of Nelson's hair sold at the record price of \$1,575.

ARM

CLEANS EVERYTHING

One teaspoonful in the dishpan makes the dishes and glassware bright and glistening. 2 for 25c at all Good Grocers

"Will you take the stand, Dr. Greer?" he said.

In answer to a few brief questions Dr. Greer described in medical language the cause of death.

There followed a short examination in which both questions and answers seemed the product of a well rehearsed scene.

Q—Is this dagger I now show you the dagger you removed from the body of Victor Ballau?

A—It is.

Q—To what extent had it penetrated?

A—The entire blade was imbedded.

Q—From the position of the dagger in the body, how would you say the blow had been inflicted?