According to Budget

By Jane Osborn

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When Morton Blake, who had been married a year and was supremely happy in his snug little apartment with his blue-eyed little wife, seated himself in his favorite easy chair with a volume of his favorite author and his favorite pipe, preparatory to enjoying for the evening all the happiness of bachelor life rolled into one with the contentment of married life, there was blue-eyed Pegg on the other side of the table with a flat, oblong book that had a new look to it. Peggy opened it with care and pressed the covers back as one does with a book that has never been opened before.

It was the budget book.

"Angelica has been here today," Peggy announced, "and she brought this—it's such a wonderful idea! Morton, did you ever hear of a budget? I never had, but Angelica explained what it means and here is the book. She has made a special study of housekeeping, you know."

"But what does Angelica know about making men happy in their homes?" queried Morton, who had not an altogether pleasant mental image of Peggy's tall, angular, many-degreed cousin, who seemed to be so fond of putting ideas into Peggy's head as Peggy was of sponging them up. "What does she know about real home making?"

"Oh, she knows a great deal," insisted Peggy. "And she says that the reason why so many people aren't happy is because the wives aren't business-like and don't apply the same methods to housekeeping that men do to their businesses. Angelica would make some man wonderfully happy."

"Did she tell you that, too?" asked Morton, puffing on his pipe viciously.

"Yes, only, of course, she is so busy telling other women how to make their homes happy that she doesn't have time. Well, she brought me this budget book and I am to put down in these little columns just what I spend each day—see, here's a place for bread and one for butter and another for meat and fish, and all the things we eat, and here's one for ice and one for help and carfare and light and things like that—Angelica says you call those last ones operating expenses. It is the first of the month, so I started right in. See, I bought some face powder at the drug store and I put that down under medicine, and the two dollars for the laundress—that goes under help. Every time you give me anything that goes in here under receipts. And every week I am to balance it both ways so I can tell at a glance just how much I am spending for every different sort of thing—and in the front of the book there is a table telling how much we ought to spend for things and if I'm spending too much for any one thing then we'll know it and can stop making that mistake. Angelica says she will help me balance and figure out the percentages—I never could do percentages."

"You don't mean that Angelica is going to keep tabs on our household expenses?" gasped Morton.

"Oh, you mustn't mind that. She helps lots of young married girls—she says she is helping them to make their husbands happy and contented. That is her life work. She started doing it only for the poor people in the settlement, but she has discovered that people comfortably off need help just as much. And so I started right away, but I can't finish till you tell me your part of it. Here's a place for 'man's lunch' and another for 'carfares,' that you must tell me, and every day you must tell me how much you have spent for magazines or papers—that goes under 'Improvements,' and if you give something to a beggar you must tell me so I can put it down under 'Church and Charity.'

"Every night I will ask you so you won't forget anything. Angelica has been helping one young couple and they haven't been a cent out of the way since they began. The husband remembers every tinty winty thing he spends and he is so happy just on account of it."

Morton snorted inwardly and had some rather sinister thoughts regarding Angelica and her missionary enterprise. "Is there a definite percentage for the amount of tobacco a husband can use?"

"Yes, indeed—but the book says that one of the things the young people ought to strive to do is to divert that money—those are the words the book uses—into other more worth-while channels, such as lecture courses, the purchase of an encyclopedia or a beautiful work of art. Don't you think Angelica is doing a wonderful work?"

"Yes, quite wonderful, not to say remarkable, phenomenal and epoch-making," said Morton, and Peggy was satisfied.

Every night for a month thereafter Morton was obliged to confess just how much he spent on luncheon, shoeshines, beggars and tobacco, and even had to admit that he lost a dollar on a bet one day and gained two dollars the next, though Peggy hadn't any idea where to enter these items and finally decided on putting the dollar down under "mortgage interest" because she hadn't anything else for that column and calling the other simply "cash received."

Angelica had promised to help Peggy with the percentages and correct their budget at the end of the following month, and Morton was casting about in his mind for a way of defeating her in her purpose. One night early in the second month of their budget experiment he told his wife he had met a long old school friend of his who had a delightful mission in life. He was trying to help the men he knew to make their wives happy and he had worked out a system which as yet he had not had published. It was, said Morton, the theory of this man that the most worth-while thing in life was not money. Money was incidental. One's happiness did not depend on the amount of money one had so why take pains to conserve it? The things that counted were the words one spoke, the smiles and tears and sighs and laughter. It was as folk use these real things of life that they were either happy or unhappy. For instance, if a man laughs only when his wife hits her thumb with a hammer or when he sees a cat with a tin can on the end of its tail, he is pretty sure to make himself and his associates unhappy.

The woman who spends two hours every morning gossiping with a neighbor about another neighbor's divorce case is wasting her time and cheating her husband because a woman's words belong as much to her husband as a man's savings belong to his wife.

Peggy listened intently to the explanation, and seemed enthralled. So far, was she from suspecting Morton's scheme that she even suggested that Angelica would like to meet the stranger, and went off into a very pleasant brown study as she thought that possibly a match might be made between these two workers for humanity's happiness—and so there might, had the second philanthropist been a person of flesh and blood and not a creature of Morton's imagination. Morton gave his wife some typewritten sheets containing items and a system of horizontal and perpendicular lines not unlike Angelica's budget book and he asked her to fill in the items from day to day. He would not let her forget, he said, but would go over the sheets every evening after he had finished telling her just how much he had spent.

One of the items of Morton's scheme was labeled "tears" and under this poor Peggy felt in duty bound—for Morton had accounted for his lunch money to a penny—to explain the cause for every tear she shed. The tears she spent over the frost-bitten geranium plant were in a measure excusable, for death even of a plant is a suitable cause of sorrow, but when she wept over the fact that she was not invited to a certain luncheon party she was in the wrong because the sorrow in that case was prompted by jealousy or personal pique.

Peggy had a hard time with the item marked "laughter" for it was Peggy's nature to laugh a little quite frequently and everytime she stopped to think that she was laughing and that she must remember to put it down in the list she was sobered so she stopped laughing. And it was hard sometimes to have to put down on that sheet for Morton's eyes that she had said "darn it" because the potatoes boiled dry; still there was an item for "profanity" and Morton had decided that "darn it" was as near to profanity as Peggy ever came.

One night—it was the night before Angelica's expected visit and Morton had been unusually severe with Peggy over the sheets, as indeed Peggy had been with Morton because he couldn't remember how much he tipped that day at luncheon—Peggy crumpled down over the sheets in tears. "We're not half so happy as we used to be—before we began to budget everything," she wailed. "I wish Angelica had never left the settlement and I wish your sour-hearted old friend—I know he is sour hearted—was—was in the bottom of the ocean. And I just hate to keep accounts, I do, and I don't want you to tell me how much you spend."

Morton took a warm little hand from under the tear stained face and then raised the face and kissed away the tears.

"Shake, Peggy," he said. "We don't need any one's prescription for happiness, do we? And we are through with budgets for keeps."

"Forever," echoed Peggy, and she meant it.

Strained the Glass.

The oldest inhabitant of Little Cockleton possessed a telescope he never used.

"Why don't you make use of it sometimes, James?" asked a neighbor.

"It used to be a good 'n," said James sorrowfully, "but it's broke now."

"Broken?" asked the neighbor. "Who did that?"

"Well," said James, "it was such a good 'n that I could see the old church steeple five miles away quite plain, but Joseph, the scoundrel, got the lend of it and tried to make out the steeple of the Methody chapel more'n ten miles away. He tried and tried and couldn't, so that strained my glass, an' it's never been right since. Drat Joseph!"

Modest Chorus Girl.

Chorus Girl—Understand, now, I want no publicity about my marriage to Harold Gottmunney.

Reporter—Very well.

Chorus Girl—Just a modest photograph of myself in tights and a scant half-column in an inconspicious place on the front page.—Puck.

The Matterhorn.

The Matterhorn was the favorite peak of those who "went in" for the hazardous sport of mountain climbing in the Swiss Alps. Now reports say that there is no more mountain climbing being done. It is easy enough to guess why, writes Niksah. For those who went around the world looking for hazardous occupations before the war there is now no need to make extended search, to stop at expensive hotels, or to hire a retinue of guides. Nineteen nations offer the adventurer more or less of a salary along with board, lodging and hospital facilities for the pleasure of risking his neck. No wonder mountain climbing has fallen off.

There are those who say that it will never again regain its old high estate. They rather think aviation will attract most of the devotees who survive the war. But your true mountaineer laughs at such a suggestion. For him there is no thrill to replace the one he feels as he swings by his fingertips over a 500-foot drop.

SWEATERS SENT TO ANNISTON

The box containing 76 fine, knit sweaters for "our boys of Co. H," now part of the 112th Machine Gun Battalion, stationed at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Alabama, was sent to Capt. John N. Weigle, on Monday morning. This was the splendid response of the women of Carroll county, members of the Red Cross Association, to the telegram of Mrs. Weigle received and published just one week ago, stating that 76 sweaters were needed at once by Carroll county boys.

The sweaters were packed on Saturday by Mrs. William H. Thomas, assisted by Miss Mary B. Shellman, who contributed a verse in rhyme to pin on every garment.

The following letter also accompanied the box:

"To our Carroll County Boys, with love from Home."

God bless you dear boys!
These knit sweaters are warm,
And will help to protect you from wind and from storm.
And the hearts of the knitters have been all aglow
With the warmth of their love. And we want you to know,
Each thread is a wish, and each stitch is a prayer,
That the Father watch o'er you always, everywhere.
The districts in Carroll, have each had a share,
In knitting and sending, to show how they care.
You are just "one own boys," and our love is sincere,
And its always the same, whether absent or near.
So wear them and know, it adds much to our joys,
To feel they are worn, by Carroll county's own boys.
Carroll County Home Folks,
Carroll County Chapter,
American Red Cross.

The following are a few of the verses which accompanied and was pinned to each sweater:

"This nice warm sweater knit expressly for you,
Is sent with good wishes, sincere, kind and true,
That it be a comfort, and help keep you warm,
When exposed to the blasts, of the cold winter storm."

"If all these stitches could talk, they would say
They are thinking of you in old Carroll today.
We call you "our boys," and we're proud of you too,
For we know you will always be loyal and true."

"I am sending you a line to say,
My thoughts are with you every day;
And tho' you do not know my name,
My thoughts are with you, all the same."

I hear you need a sweater,
So I've knitted one for you,
I've knit out of khaki,,
Tho' I prefer the blue.
But khaki, blue or gray, I know
You'll sure be glad of it,
And I hope you'll find it "comfy"
Also a perfect fit.

What can I say to prove unto you,
That I am still faithful and loyal and true?
Just count all these stitches, I'm sure you will say,
To please me, she must have knit both night and day.

You don't know who is writing this
To pin upon this sweater,
But if you ever guess my name,
Just send me, please, a letter.

Carroll County's love is deep,
Her love is is strong and true;
She's knit it into sweaters,
She's sending now to you.
We've knit, and knit, and knit and knit,
To send you each a sweater,
And may they warm your marrow bones
And make you all feel better.

Only a sweater knit full of love,
Commending you to the Father above.

Love and good wishes from hearts fond and true,
With the hope this warm sweater will snugly fiit you.

Love guided the needles that knit snug and warm,
This sweater to shield you from wind and from storm.

One of the college girls knit this for you,
Because to your flag and your country you're true.

If we can give you comfort
By sending you this sweater,
'Twill pay for all the labor,
And make you all feel better.

You are still "Co. H," to the people "back home,"
And we're loving you all just the same;
And we hastened to knit these sweaters for you,
As soon as the telegram came
Which told of your need. And we want you to know,
Our love will be with you, where-ever you go.

I hope this sweater will give as great joy,
As it gave me to knit it, for "somebody's boy."
And if to our own "Co. H," it shall go,
I sure will be happy, I want you to know.
Because of the millions who've answered the call,
Our "Co. H" boys, we love best of all.

This sweater was knit by a young lady, old,
For the thinnest young man, who feels the most cold—
Though older in years, her heart's young and true,
And it gave her great pleasure to knit it for you.
Old maids, and young girls, sweethearts and wives,
Have been knitting this week at the risk of their lives—
To finish these sweaters, and send them to you,
To show that old Carroll is loyal and true.

SILVER RUN

We are having cold weather at this time.

The teachers of Carroll county are attending the State Teachers' convention in Baltimore this week.

Mr. C. Irving Kroh and a force of hands are cutting lumber with which to erect a storage house and corn shed to can corn next summer.

We are sorry to lose one of our young men, Mr. Walter Bowman, who received orders to come to Camp Meade, Md. His friends all wish him a speedy return. He took an active part in Sunday school work and with the young people who will all miss him very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. Warehime spent Saturday last with the latter's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Copenhaver, at Hanover, Pa.

Mr. Charles Copenhaver, of Camp Meade, Mr. William Copenhaver, of Baltimore, Md., Miss Minnie Copenhaver and Master Earl Flickinger, of Hanover, Pa., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Copenhaver, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Penn are spending this week in Baltimore.

Miss Catherine Feeser spent the week with friends in Hanover, Pa.

Miss Ruth Wolf attended the Teacher's Institute at Gettysburg, Pa., last week.

Mrs. James Strevig, of near Linebboro, is visiting at the home of her son, Mr. Harry Strevig and family.

Rev. and Mrs. Wolf were delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Strevig Thursday last.

TYRONE

Mr. Lloyd Hull who made his home with Mr. Cyrus Leppo, of near Mayberry, died very suddenly last Tuesday morning, age 11 years 1 month and 29 days. He was burried Friday morning at Baust Church. Rev. Paul D. Yoder preached a fine sermon. His text was 2nd Samuel, 12th Chapter and 23rd verse.

Miss Mabel Hull, of near Taneytown, spent the week with her grandmother and mother and attended the funeral of her brother.

Mr. Nevin Crouse and Miss Jane Ecker went to Baltimore on Monday.

Mr. Harry Myers and wife and two daughters, Mr. George Nusbaum and wife spent last Sunday week in Baltimore.

Mrs. John Marquart spent last Sunday evening with Mrs. Sallie Gilbert and daughter.

WAYNESBORO

A few of the Clayton avenue school girls and boys of the 6th room of Waynesboro, Pa., had a surprise Friday morning, November 23, for Thanksgiving. Miss Sue Sanders and Miss Mabel Needy, teachers.

The program was as follows: 103rd Psalm, class; Americans' Message, class; My Country 'Tis of Thee, class; recitation, Ethel Deardorff; recitation, Leah Fisher; quartett, George Wallace, Joe Matin, Harold Mowen, Clair Kauffman; recitation, Annie Crumbacker; reading, Elizabeth Mumma; Elizabeth Elden, Gail Hollinger and Annie Crumbacker.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Young, of Hagerstown, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Joe Gorman, of Waynesboro.

The Waynesboro schools were closed Thanksgiving week.

Mrs. Arthur Gosset spent Saturday and Sunday with her father and mother of the mountain.

Mr. George Crumbacker and son Orval who have been on the sick list about two weeks, are improving slowly.

Mr. Preston Trite spent Sunday in Chambersburg with friends.

We were glad to see snow on Saturday evening.

OUR SAVINGS AND WAR AR[illegible]

"Our gallant men in the field will do the fighting with true American valor, but the responsibility rests upon you and me and every other citizen of the United States who is not in active field service to provide them with the equipment and machines to enable them to fight successfully.

"Valor alone is not going to destroy the Kaiser and military despotism. We must have organization back of it. Every man in this country must be a patriot.

"The value of the war-savings plan consists not alone in the amount of money which the people of the United States may lend to their Government upon the certificates which are sold, but also in the lesson which will be taught, in the habits of thrift that will be inculcated as a result of it. What this will mean in conserving the resources of America is inestimable. What this will mean in the future economy of America is incalculable.

"Victory can only be won by the valor of our soldiers, combined with the intelligent use of our resources. Savings and economy enlarge the available resources of the country for war, and the industry of the people is necessary to put these resources in the form which will enable our soldiers to use them with victorious effect upon the battle fronts."—From speech of Secretary McAdoo.

Gaston B. Means was put on trial in Concord, N. C., Monday, charged with the murder of Mrs. Maude A. King, of New York, the wealthy widow whose confidential agent he was. She was killed by a bullet from an automatic pistol on August 29. The shooting occurred while Mrs. King, Means and others were in a grove near Concord, where they had gone in an automobile to have target practice with a pistol. According to the story told when they returned with the woman's lifeless body, the pistol had been placed in the fork of a tree, and must have been seized and accidentally discharged by Mrs. King herself.

The United States Food Administration Monday sent a call to turkey growers throughout the country urging them not to kill immature birds for the Thanksgiving market, but to keep them until they reach their full growth. A turkey gains comparatively slowly in weight up to a certain point, after which it develops rapidly. To market birds before they are fully developed, the Food Administration points out, compounds the grower's loss. Not only will he get a lower price for his birds in proportion to the expense of growing them, but at this particular season he is likely to glut the market and bring down the prices generally.

Eight survivors of the crew of the American freight steamship Rochester, torpedoed off the Irish coast early this month, arrived at an Atlantic Port, Monday. They confirmed reports that the vessel was sunk without warning. Several of the crew were five days in open boats before being recued. David Caldwell, one of the arrivals, said they suffered so severely that four attempted to commit suicide and a fifth begged the captain to shoot him. Caldwell's companions reaching there are William F. Eisenhardt, of New Orleands; W. B. Thompson, Imlaystown, N. J.; Oscar Gailes, Edward McCausland, Charles Belg, Thaddeus Fellow and William Foulis.

A new oil-tanker for the Gulf Refining Company, which has been completed at the shipbuilding plant of the Riter-Conley Manufacturing Company at Fairfield, Anne Arundel county, was launched at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Mrs. W. W. Darsie, daughter of C. D. Marshall, president of the McClintic-Marshall Company, also interested in the construction of the vessel, christened the ship. The new vessel is to be named the Mononaghela, and its hailing port will be Port Arthur, Texas. It probably will proceed to that place in a few days. The launching was informal, and only the officials of the two companies that built the ship, with their families, were present.

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Falling backwards after having been pushed playful by a mate with whom she had been romping, Miss Anna Myers, a ten year old girl residing in East Berlin, Pa., dropped backwards upon a darning needle and the instrument penetrated her body to a depth of nearly three inches. The accident happened at the Myers home Saturday. Dr. Miller, of Abbottstown, called and after removing the pin dressed the injury, which was a painful one.

The Germans aren't alarmed over our big air fleet, as they have it straight from Kaiser Bill that American boys never dare ride in anything more sporty than a farmer's buggy.

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