

# RHYMED PROPOSALS.

Well, well! Johnnie of Hoboken writes us to express the opinion that Elsie of Union Hill, who is seeking a mate, wouldn't make a good wife. He says he knows her, and while she's pretty and a hard worker, he fears she would not be a home-maker. On the other hand, F. A. M. writes accepting Elsie's hand. We're inclined to believe Johnnie is a rejected beau or something. Here's what F. A. M. writes:

Dear Elsie of Jersey, if you are so sweet,  
You are my cookie and I am your meat.  
I'm not much on looks—not so much,  
as you'll see,  
But I'd be delighted with tidings from thee.  
I have a fine job and get pretty good dough,  
So let's hear from you, dear; I don't think you're slow,  
You won't have to cook, scrub, sew garments or wash,  
For I can do those things and lots more, by gosh.

# Official Cruller Recipe Divulged

THOSE delicious hot crullers that the Salvation Army made for the doughboys right up in the front line trenches will long be remembered. The members of the A. E. F. have tried in vain to inform their parents, wives or relatives just how they were made. The secret is out at last. Paste this recipe in your pantry:

5 cups of flour,  
2 cups of sugar,  
5 teaspoonfuls of baking powder,  
1 saltspoonful of salt,  
2 eggs,  
3-4 of a cup of milk,  
1 tablespoonful of lard.  
Knead and cut and drop into boiling lard. The lassies who made these steaming bits of delicacy in France say that a happy smile, added to the doughnuts at the time of serving, makes them even more delightful.

# Schooner Alex T. Brown Comes Here In Distress

"There's a four masted schooner off here, but I can't tell what she is," now, she appears to be quite undamaged. She is certainly flying light, and has the appearance of having discharged her cargo. There are no signs that she has been through a tempestuous voyage, beyond rusty streaks down her sides.

The schooner was built at Washington by Ballard in 1903, and she is owned by the Globe Navigation Co. Her home port is Pt. Townsend. She is 180.9 ft. long, with a breadth of 40.2 ft., and a depth of 14.4 ft. Her crew totals nine.

Lost About 320,000 Feet of Lumber. It is estimated that Captain Mackey had to throw overboard fully 320,000 feet of lumber before he felt safe with the boat. The vessel was making water at the rate of about seven inches an hour, and the power pump just found itself able to cope with the inflow, but unfortunately salt water had to be used in the boiler, and then the work had to be stopped at frequent intervals owing to the effects of the salt water on the boilers.

Captain Hyde of the Intrepid pumped to the Alex. T. Brown this morning 2,300 gallons of fresh water. The vessel, as she rides at anchor now, is not making much water, not more than four or five inches an hour. There is now about 60,000 feet of lumber left out of the original cargo.

Some Fast Sailing. The seriousness of the situation was not fully apparent until about twelve days ago. Captain Mackey knew that he would be unable to make Valparaiso, so he headed back for Honolulu. He was then some 2,000 miles away from here, but was lucky in getting favorable winds, which bore him here in twelve days.

Honolulu Paper June 29 anchored in Harbor of Honolulu

# Just Whistle.

WHEN troubles assail you and grief gnaws your heart,  
And you feel that you haven't the strength for the part  
You know you must carry, don't worry, but start  
In and whistle!

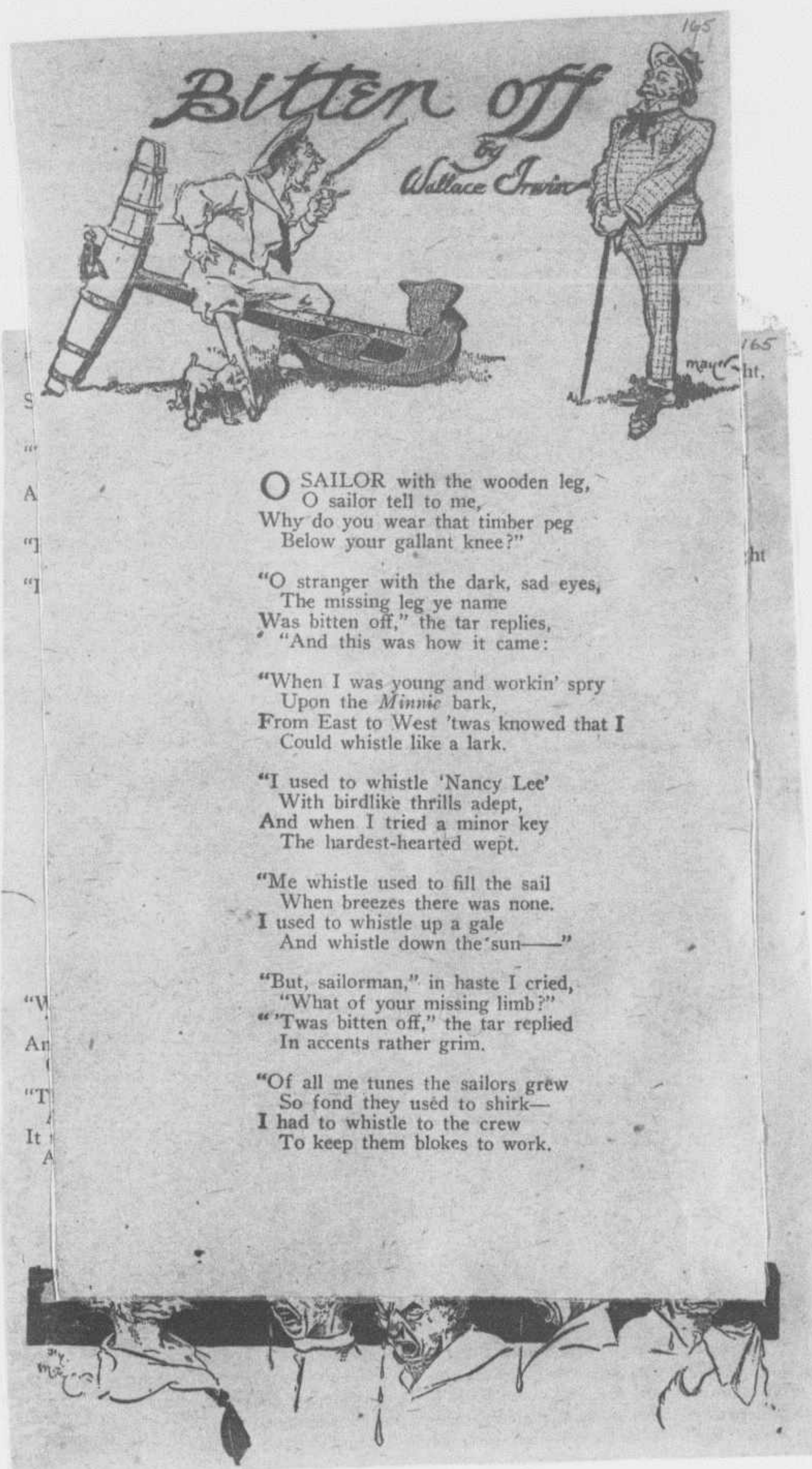
A note that's as light as the down on the thistle;  
There's a cheer that the tune to your spirits impart.  
If you whistle, and whistle, and whistle!

WHEN cares tend to down you and friends you have known  
Seem stilted and distant like memories long flown,  
There's no time for crying; it's no time to moan!  
Start to whistle.

A note that's as light as the down on the thistle;  
You can stop others doubting and likewise your own  
If you whistle and whistle and whistle!

WHEN all things go wrong and the fast world about you  
Bids fair to defeat you and even to rout you,  
And folks round about are beginning to doubt you,  
Then whistle.

A note that's as light as the down on the thistle;  
The world and its folk have small reason to flout you  
If you whistle, and whistle, and whistle.



O SAILOR with the wooden leg,  
O sailor tell to me,  
Why do you wear that timber peg  
Below your gallant knee?"

"O stranger with the dark, sad eyes,  
The missing leg ye name  
Was bitten off," the tar replies,  
"And this was how it came:

"When I was young and workin' spry  
Upon the Minnie bark,  
From East to West 'twas knowned that I  
Could whistle like a lark.

"I used to whistle 'Nancy Lee'  
With birdlike thrills adept,  
And when I tried a minor key  
The hardest-hearted wept.

"Me whistle used to fill the sail  
When breezes there was none.  
I used to whistle up a gale  
And whistle down the sun—"

"But, sailorman," in haste I cried,  
"What of your missing limb?"  
"Twas bitten off," the tar replied  
In accents rather grim.

"Of all me tunes the sailors grew  
So fond they used to shirk—  
I had to whistle to the crew  
To keep them blokes to work.

# SETS COLORS.

Take one cupful salt with one cupful of vinegar, water enough to just cover material, soak twenty to thirty minutes (longer if you have time) and the color will never fade or run.

# MAN SLAIN BY GERMANS LOST 13 SONS IN WAR

PARIS, June 18 (Associated Press).—Thirteen sons killed in battle, three discharged with grave injuries, one wounded four times, the father and one daughter summarily shot by the Germans for going to Lille, and another daughter killed by a German shell at Dunkirk is the record of the family of M. Vanhee, a French farmer of Reminghe, near Ypres. He had thirty-six children, twenty-two sons and fourteen daughters, all of whom were living when the war broke out. One of his sons, a valet to Pope Pius, returned to France to fight and was wounded in four different engagements.

# Claims World's Record in Number of Children

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Mary Di Gregorio, of Cleveland, claims to be the mother of thirty-one children. Thirteen are still living. Physicians declared this to be a world's record in motherhood. Mrs. Di Gregorio was married when sixteen, she declared. Her oldest child is twenty-two and her youngest nine months, she said.