

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

By PROEHL HALLER JAKLON
Illustrations by Ray Walters.

asked my mother for fifty cents to see the elephant jump the fence. He jumped so high he hit the sky. He won't be back till Fourth of July.

Clothes change and fashions change. But the circus, the Biggest Show on Earth, whether it opens its tent flaps in your town or mine, in your father's time or yours, is ever the same old pageant of color and action.

Invited ladies in long gowns fly through space as they scampers in and out; cowboys and cowgirls and their fathers and mothers; and the circus goes on. The pyramid constructed of strong men and strong women are seals balanced on their shoulders on their heads. Balls to each other in a series of a fresh fish. The white and pink balloons are for our attention, we do not wish to miss any of the very best. We do not wish to miss any of the very best. We do not wish to miss any of the very best.

From the circus of Nero's time to the gay show as we know it, the word itself has meant fun and frolic and a good time. We say "Didn't we have a circus?"

But the Roman youth was cheated out of one thrill of the circus—he couldn't go down to the tracks early of a morning and watch the circus detrain. For this is an event in the lives of little men. From the time the billboard slashes barns and fences



with gaudy posters announcing, in letters tall as a man, the great day on which the circus is to arrive, the youth of the favored town await that eventful morning when the mysterious train steams into view, comes to a halt and disgorges the queerest appearing lot of people, paraphernalia and whatnot that the eyes of youngsters ever were permitted to see.

As if by magic, hundreds of hard-boiled roustabouts, working furiously, and with the precision and dexterity that comes only to those who have learned their parts through countless experiences, are at their posts, and the task of unpacking a circus has begun.

They work fast. The big parade is scheduled for half-past ten, and by that time wagons must be put in readiness, horses groomed and harnessed, and everything running with machine-like regularity.

And what is a circus if there is no parade! A buzz of excitement runs through the town. Business is temporarily halted. Long before scheduled time, the line of march is lined with happy, carefree onlookers. Despite the crowd the street is strangely silent. Then some one shouts "Here they come!" And the parade is on.

Circus men will tell you that the prestige of the enterprise depends to a considerable extent upon the length and quality of the parade. A short, shabby parade conveys the idea of a flimsy, mediocre circus. "Only one band? Two starved elephants? And no callopes?" A poor circus indeed, is the thought that runs through the disappointed crowd.

Yes, the circus is an old, old institution. Nero was a circus fan at a time when bread, instead of peanuts, hot dogs, and pink lemonade, went together with circuses. This was the Circus Maximus whose 12,000,000 square feet of area lay between the Palatine and Aventine hills of Rome, and accommodated, it is estimated, nearly 250,000 spectators.

Here, the Romans sat round-eyed watching the feats of the strong men and laughed at the funny faces of clowns, dead now these 2,000 years. There were athletes and chariot races and living statuary—only tights were considered not in good taste. And how the crowd would delight when those early Christians were thrown to the lions!

But, essentially, the circus is the same. All color, noise, confusion, abandonment, chaos; so it starts, so it ends. It is the great leveler. You go in palpitating and come out exhausted—physically, emotionally. To man, woman, child, it is all the same.

There are additions and deletions: new fashions and features change outside and a few creep in to join with the changeless. Nero never saw elephants on roller skates. We are forbidden the horrible spectacle of feeding humans to wild beasts. But surely the Roman circus had nothing more terrible than that collection of freaks in our side show. For the Romans prized beauty and perfection even if their value of human life was cheap.



Even New York and Chicago and other large cities, which offer no end of amusements for their citizens, go to the circus and enjoy it immensely. But in these large places part of the glamor and romance of the circus, as most of us know it, is lost.

No one goes down to the tracks to see it come in. It is held indoors in a large building, and runs, not for one day, but for weeks. And there is no parade. City traffic is too heavy, and the dollars that every tie-up and knot in the swift movement of vehicles loses to business are too precious to be sacrificed for a mere circus parade.

But once inside the new Madison Square Garden in New York or the Coliseum in Chicago, your city circus goer has the same good time and he thrills to the same reckless performance.

Since the advent of the movies there has been some talk regarding the possibility of the slow dying-out of the circus. It is perhaps true that fewer companies are on the road now than there were twenty years ago, but many of these have been consolidated, making for bigger, grander and grander shows, each the Greatest on Earth.

In the sixteenth century both the nobles (they came to be called "Balt barons") and the fortified towns of Esthonia placed themselves under the protection of the Swedish crown, but they were forced to acknowledge a new master after Peter the Great's successful wars against Charles XII.

In the last half century the Russian imperial government made systematic efforts to Russify the Esths, trying especially to abolish the Esthonian language to which the people have clung tenaciously. Harsh regulations as to the use of the language in the schools did not serve to wear the people from their own tongue, however. One characteristic which has served to preserve the Esth language through the centuries has been the people's love for poetry, and they have rare natural gift for versification.

The Russians also undertook by strenuous methods to gather the Esths into the fold of their orthodox church. The rugged endurance of this northern people, their vitality and spirit, is sufficiently shown by their bearing up under oppression that was both religious and political, and from the political standpoint, both Prussian and Russian. Perhaps their Mongolic descent helps account for that.

Progressive in Agriculture. Before the World War Esthonia had become one of the most progressive regions, agriculturally, in Russia. Though situated in northern Europe, the country is tempered by the far-faring Gulf stream. Another thing of American origin—the potato—has made its deep mark on Esthonia, and it has even been called flippantly, "the Potato republic." As a source of alcohol the potato has been most important economically to the country. Every large estate has its own distillery, and before the World War great quantities of the potent liquid were exported.

Russia was reluctant to have Esthonia set up housekeeping on its own account. The country, about as large as New Hampshire and Vermont combined, blocks a considerable section of western Russia, whereas it formed before a natural outlet for the larger country. The Esthonian railways have already played an important part in moving produce to and from Russia, and if conditions become stabilized in the latter country, Esthonia should regularly collect a tidy sum as a transit agent.

Since the Esthoniens are such lovers of liberty, yet had been so downtrodden by the "Balt barons" until almost the end of the World War, violent readjustments were inevitable. First came the Russian revolution. The Esthoniens demanded and were given home rule. Then followed the Bolshevik invasion, which was fought back; a German invasion; and finally the establishment, with Finnish and British assistance, of an independent state. Then the new republic set about what its leaders described as "righting the wrongs of 700 years." The Esthoniens, making up 92 per cent of the population, seized the great estates of the Balts (who constitute 1 1/2 per cent of the population) and parceled them out among peasant proprietors. The country's agriculture was thus placed on an entirely new footing, but the most recent statistics seem to show that production is holding its own.

Reval the Chief City. Reval, known to the Esthoniens as Tallin, is Esthonia's greatest port and city. It has existed for 700 years. With Helsingfors across the gulf, it formed the main line of naval defense to Petrograd; but to Esthonia, its commercial possibilities seem brightest.

As first seen from shipboard, Reval's skyline has been an epitome of the forces that have been at work upon Esthonia. On a hill which rises above the town is a citadel wall reminiscent of the Germans who took the country by the sword. On this height, too, are the homes of many of the Balt nobles who have descended from the German invaders. From the same hill a clump of Gothic steeples pierces the sky, recalling the Swedish invasion and the Lutheran religion, which most of the Esthoniens profess. Within the circle of sharp spires are the queerly shaped, gilded domes of an orthodox Russian church, speaking of the efforts at Russification which never bore much fruit. In the lower town are the homes of the Esthoniens—the stratum from which the people have literally risen to take over the affairs of their country.

In addition to its agricultural activities, Esthonia has numerous industrial possibilities. Already some of its waterpower is harnessed, and at Narva, on the Russian border, is one of the largest cotton mills in the world. Much of the land is still covered by forests, and the timber and wood-pulp industries are important. Millions of tons of oil shale exist in the country.

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There is never any real danger in allowing a pedestal for a hero. He never has time to sit on it. One sees him always over and over again kicking his pedestal out from under him, and using it to batter a world with.—Lee.

A speaker in Seymour, Ind., says the "farmer of America deserves a place in the sun." Goodness! Doesn't he get it?—Detroit News.

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This mother is but one of millions who now realize how helpful Dr. Moffett's Teethina is in bringing up children. It is a baby doctor's preparation and can be had for 30c at all leading druggists.

PROGRESSIVE ESTHONIA



Esthonian Nurses and Patients at Typhus Hospital in Narva.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

ESTHONIA, with which the United States has been negotiating a commercial treaty, should be of especial interest to Americans. Not only is it one of the youngest republics, but its formation marked the emergence to sudden independence of a people who, through 700 years of crushing bondage, kept alive their dream of freedom and were ready to put it into realization when the opportunity came.

World attention has been focused so closely upon storm centers of central and southern Europe that comparatively little has been heard of the new nations carved from Russia along the Baltic sea. But with the gradual resumption of commerce between Russia and the outside world Esthonia and its neighbors, Latvia and Lithuania, will assume a more important aspect, either as barriers or as gateways to interior Russia. From the eighties of the last century until the World War period Esthonia bore the double yoke of czarist laws administered by German officials.

One must go far back into Esthonian history to trace the origin of this duplicate despotism. Like the Finns, to whom they are closely related, the Esthoniens or Esths, a race numbering a million and a quarter people, retain many characteristics which bespeak their Mongolian origin. They are long-armed and short-legged, have broad faces, are usually beardless and have slightly oblique eyes. They probably came to their present land between the Sixth and Eighth centuries from a former home along the middle Volga far to the east. Other relatives of the Esths, though more distantly related than the Finns, are the Hungarians, far away in south-central Europe.

The first record of the Esths in Europe reveals them as a daring, predatory people of the Baltic whose pirate outrages enkindled the wrath of Danish kings as early as the Twelfth century. In 1194 and 1196 Canute VI sent a strong expedition against them, and forced a number of the lawless bands to accept Christianity and allow themselves to be baptized. Hardly had the warlike proselyters left the Esthonian shores, however, when the inhabitants reverted to barbarism and their heathen practices.

Called by Teutonic Knights. A quarter of a century later Waldemar II was more successful. He subjugated the northern coastal region and brought the inhabitants under submission to the Danish crown. It was never a willing submission, however, and for more than a hundred years the inhabitants gave their conquerors endless trouble until in 1343 Waldemar IV decided that they were "not worth the bother," so he sold his interest in the rebels and in their land to the Brethren of the Sword. The latter, unable to subdue the Esths, called on the Teutonic knights who were gradually spreading their net of power northward from Teutonic lands. They went in the role of Christian crusaders and remained more than six centuries as overlords and masters. The lot of the Esthoniens became that of serfs.

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THE KITCHEN CABINET
(In 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)
Give me no light, great heaven, but such as turns
To energy of human fellowship;
No powers save the growing heritage
That makes completer manhood.
—Elliott.

FOOD FOR THE SICK

Food is so often more important than medicine in illness that the study of invalid cookery should be a part of every girl's education. To know how to make a good broth, beef tea and tasty gruel and a well-toasted piece of toast is knowledge which is invaluable.

For a convalescing patient who needs to be coaxed to eat, a tempting tray with the prettiest china and the daintiest linen should be used. When the invalid tray cannot be provided, use a large tray and support it on each side with books to hold its weight from the patient, and keep it from tipping.

Gruels are such important foods that it is fitting that proper thought be given to their preparation. Use two to three tablespoonfuls of cereal to a quart of water and cook for at least three hours, strain before serving; this is used in the liquid diet.

Chicken Broth.—A good broth may be prepared from the neck, wing tips and feet of the chicken. Scald the feet, removing the skin. Cover the meat with cold water, adding a stalk of celery for flavor; simmer for two to three hours. Season, strain. Often no pepper and very little salt is allowed.

Lemon Jelly.—Soak a tablespoonful of gelatin in three tablespoonfuls of water, add three-fourths of a cupful of boiling water, four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and five tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir until dissolved. Pour into a wet mold and put on ice to harden. This will make two servings. With the prepared gelatin of different flavor one may, with little labor, have a dish of jelly always ready.

Baked Custard.—Beat lightly two eggs, add a pint of good rich milk, and flavor with nutmeg, adding three to four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour into custard cups, set in hot water and bake just long enough to set. Thrust a knife into the center of the cup; if it comes out clean the custard is done.

Summer Salads. Skill in garnishing and arranging colors is as important in salad-making as in arranging bouquets. Bright splashes of red, green or yellow give zest to the appetite by appealing to the eye. Pimientos, chives, and hard-cooked eggs, thinly sliced, make attractive garnishing, as do olives (stuffed, green or ripe), shaved, chopped or in halves. Capers, green peppers, tomatoes, chives, all add to the appearance and flavor of salads. Lemon sliced in various shapes, sprinkled with minced parsley, makes most attractive garnishing for fish.

Beet and Potato Salad.—Take six beets and six potatoes, one cupful of chopped olives and chives with mayonnaise dressing. Cut the cooked beets into small balls with potato cutter, also the potatoes. Cover with mayonnaise dressing to which has been added the chives and olives. Dip the beets into vinegar and serve in mounds on lettuce.

Poinsettia Salad.—Take six tomatoes, a stalk of celery, a sweet green pepper, three apples, one-half cupful of nut meats, and one-half cupful of mayonnaise dressing. Scald the tomatoes, chill them and with a sharp knife mark five divisions from the top center over half way to the base. Carefully turn back the skin to form the petals, scoop out the pulp and fill with the apple, celery and nuts. Heap a little extra dressing on each and garnish with a ring of green pepper.

Jellied Egg Salad.—Take one quart of chicken jelly—this may be prepared from half a dozen pairs of chicken feet, or from the bones of a roasted fowl. If the feet are used, scald them, and the skin will peel easily; cover with cold water and simmer in a quart of water until the flesh falls from the bones. Slice the eggs—using six—and stir them gently into the cooling jelly, so they will be evenly distributed. When cold serve on lettuce garnished with mayonnaise and water cress.

Joe's Dressing.—Take one teaspoonful of salt and mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a dash of cayenne, one whole egg, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of corn oil, one-half cupful of evaporated milk, one-fourth cupful each of vinegar and water. Mix the dry ingredients and cook all together in a double boiler.

If the farm woman would realize that nine-tenths of her friends who come from small cities or large, would appreciate a farm dinner of fresh eggs, cream, butter and the vegetables that are so plentiful, fresh and delicious, and not try to prepare some fancy foods, both she and her guests would be happier. Such things as pickles, preserves, jellies and conserves are usually found in the fruit cellar of most housekeepers.

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Second Summer Is Hardest On Baby

Every mother should keep a close watch on Baby during the dreaded second summer. Keep his diet right, correct minor ailments before they become serious and build up Baby's strength to meet hot weather spells.

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Wanted Ham and Eggs

The true value of ham and eggs long has been recognized, but it remains for an inhabitant of the Thames valley, England, to place this dish in the pharmacopoeia of restoratives of life. Collapsing on the road between Chertsey and Staines, he was removed to a hickshaw by motorists, who hastened on to the nearest telephone to call an ambulance, believing the man to be in a dying condition. On their re-

turn, much to their surprise, they found the patient sitting up and taking nourishment administered by the owner of the place. The man explained that it was the odors of frying ham and eggs that revived him.

Pride

The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be called captain. The clergyman does

not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "my lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state, upon its throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "your majesty" by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.—Ruskin.

poor district seven years after the war should be the first to put up such a memorial. Except for the Nurse Cavell monument in Trafalgar square that was the first war memorial he had dedicated simply to the memory of brave women themselves.—London Times.

Qualities for Success

Men are best measured by what they do, not by what they say. The bigger the man the bigger the obstacles he overcame to be great. Success lies in fitting oneself to the job, not in fitting the job to capacities and abilities. Grett.

Abstraction

There was a man who was terribly absent-minded. One evening he sat knocking out his pipe, and presently was heard to exclaim: "Come in!"

Brave Women Honored

The bishop of London has dedicated in Holy Trinity church, Gray's Inn road, a chapel to the memory of "The Brave Women of the War." The chapel is draped in scarlet, above the altar table of black oak being a framed picture of the Virgin and Child, while the floor is paved with tiles of black and white marble. The bishop said it was a very striking thing indeed that a poor parish in a

Greatest of Tyrants

Time is the greatest of tyrants. As we go on toward age he taxes our health, limbs, faculties, strength and features.—John Foster.

Where It Comes From

The saying "How old is Ann?" comes from the following neat little arithmetical problem commonly put to the man on the street about twenty years ago: "Mary is twenty-four years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?"

If you solve the problem, says Frank Fitzpatrick of Tucson, Ariz., you will find that Ann was eighteen.

Hero's Position

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Exposed

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