AN EPISODE OF LONDON SOCIAL LIFE

By WARREN MILLER

Winslow Coker's ancestors were London swells. Coker himself was born poor in America, but before he was thirty made an enormous fortune. Then he went to England to occupy the family's former position.

He said nothing there about his wealth, but announced that he was a Coker, with a view to gaining, if the name would assist him, an entree to society. Some remembered the position held by his ancestors, but no one seemed to take him up on account of it. Then he mentioned his wealth, but even that at least the mention of it—made no impression on society. Finally he fell in with Sir Thomas Spottiswoode, an impecunious baronet who told him that to get into society he must spend money and spend it in a way to accomplish the object he desired. Sir Thomas offered to direct his expenditures for a consideration. A bargain was struck by which Sir Thomas was to receive $7,000 for himself and an unlimited amount for society.

The beginning was a dinner given by Coker, the invitations to which were given by the baronet. He knew those in society who needed money, and paid liberally for acceptances from the right people. Among those invited were Mrs. Mulholland and her two daughters, Lillian and Grace, aged respectively twenty-four and twenty. Coker was by no means an unattractive man, and Grace Mulholland took a fancy to him. But in sending checks Sir Thomas made a mistake. He sent a separate check to the mother and each of the daughters. Grace Mulholland had been unaware up to that time how her mother maintained her social position in the face of poverty and was indignant. She sent her check right back and to Mr. Coker himself.

Coker said nothing about the matter to his social manager. He felt sure that in the main the baronet was managing well, and this turned out to be the case. Coker after a few months got beyond the people he had invited to his first dinner, though in rare instances he met the Mulhollands. After a time he broke through the coolness with which Miss Grace treated him, having excused himself for his action toward her on the ground that he had desired to enter London society and had placed the management of his entree into the hands of another. In time her prejudice was worn away, but scarcely before the American rose to a social position so high that he was quite beyond the Mulhollands and he never met them.

Coker spent several years in London, reaching the topmost round of the social ladder, then at thirty-four he had exhausted whatever pleasure there had ever been in it for him. He resolved to return to his native land and lay out for himself a career. What that career was has nothing to do with this story. Shortly before leaving he was driving by the house where the Mulhollands lived and saw a red flag flying. Upon inquiry he learned that Mrs. Mulholland's management of her affairs had not been a financial success and the home given the family for services to the state by the first Mulholland must go by the board.

A few days later Coker sent out invitations to a farewell dinner. It was a souvenir occasion, that is, a souvenir was to be given to each guest. He sent an invitation to the Mulhollands, writing one himself for Miss Grace, begging her to accept. If she declined he would consider the declination to mean that she had not forgiven him for that which he never would have permitted had he been previously honored by her acquaintance. She wrote an acceptance, saying that she had never blamed him and to make him feel comfortable about the matter would keep the souvenir intended for her as a memento of a very pleasant acquaintance.

When the dinner came off every one was surprised to see the Mulhollands, for they had not been able financially to keep up their social status especially with the set in which Coker now moved, not even by the mother's questionable methods. Several young women present who had endeavored to snare the wealthy American wondered when they saw him singularly deferential to Grace Mulholland. The dinner was a splendid affair and the souvenirs were very costly. They were brought in for a last course, and when the covers were removed many magnificent jewels glistened in the lights. All were handsome except that of Grace Mulholland, which was a glove box containing a dozen pairs of gloves. She smiled sincere thanks, considering her comparatively valueless gift a reparation for the check that had been sent her.

When she got home she took out the gloves, and with the last pair came a false bottom to the box, it having been glued to the gloves. Beneath was a folded paper of legal appearance. It was a deed to the Mulholland home made out in her name.

Many a painter would have been pleased to catch the expression on the girl's face at this mark of devotion of the man for whom she had had a fancy from the moment of their first meeting. It required two days for her to come to a decision to return the deed to the donor with a note expressive of her deep gratitude and saying that she could not accept such a gift from any man not of her own kin. But she afterward accepted it from her fiance.

In the Arena of Sports

A Dependable Twirler.

Among the great pitchers of the national game few equal Walter Johnson, star slabman for several years of the Washington Americans. He has never won a pennant, but during the 1915 season kept the team in the race for the greater part of the season. Last year Johnson finished third among the pitchers with an average percentage of 1.89 earned runs per game. Walter is also a heavy batter for a pitcher, his record for last season being .281. He is likewise a good fielder, his percentage being .937 for the 1916 season.

Photo by American Press Association

WALTER JOHNSON

Pitcher Mamaux Suspended.

Hugo Bezdek new manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, has suspended Pitcher Al Mamaux, who in the seasons of 1915 and 1916 was one of the club's mainstays in the box. The suspension is indefinite and will depend largely on the conduct of the Pirate twirler in the future. Insubordination and breaking the club's rules were the reasons ascribed for Bezdek's action.

Cleveland May Lose Evans.

Joe Evans, third baseman who registered at Meridian, Miss., will be the only member of the Cleveland club called to the colors. Pitcher Jim Bagby has been drafted in his district, but may gain exemption on the ground that he has a dependent wife and two children.

Stains of Various Kinds And How to Remove Them

Here is a reliable list of remedies for the garment or material that seems hopelessly stained and ruined. The housewife would do well to keep such a list handy for reference in kitchen or laundry.

Ink Stains. When ink is spilled use blotting paper at once to absorb as much as possible. If there is none handy cotton batting will do, or cover the place with cornmeal. Wash in several waters to remove the stain, then in milk, letting it soak in milk for some time. Repeat the process if necessary.

Acid stains may be removed by sponging with a solution of ammonia (one part ammonia to six of water). Alkali stains will usually give way to a weak acid solution.

Sewing Machine Oil. Rub with sweet oil or lard and let stand for a few hours or longer, then wash in soap and cold water.

Mildew. Cover spots with soft soap, spreading it over like a thick paste. Let stand in sun several hours and then rinse in several waters.

Iodine Stains. Alcohol is the remedy for this. After washing in alcohol rinse in cold water.

Tea and Coffee Stains. When fresh these can generally be removed with boiling water. If of long standing they must be soaked in javelle water if the goods are white, as this is a bleaching agent. Fruit stains may be removed by the same process.

Chocolate and cocoa stains require only the use of plenty of a good, pure soap and tepid water.

Vaseline Stains. Soak in kerosene before washing. Unwashable goods should be cleaned with chloroform.

Grease Spots. Benzine, chloroform, naphtha and turpentine all dissolve grease and may be used on wash goods. Materials that are unwashable may be treated by absorption. Mix powdered French chalk or fuller's earth to a paste with cold water and spread on the grease spot. Let stand for a day or two and brush off.

POLITICS.

In politics, as in life, we must, above all things, wish only for the attainable.—Heine.

In politics merit is rewarded by the possessor being raised like a target to a position to be fired at.—Bovee.

Valuable Black Walnut.

Black walnut is the ideal wood for gun stocks, but it is scarce and high in price, and there are few of the trees left in this country. A single tree of this species can be sold for a good price, and a grove of black walnut trees represents a small fortune.

About the only black walnut trees available now are those on farms and private estates, and they are fast disappearing. The wood is hard and takes a high polish, qualities which make it desirable for the use to which it is put. Manufacturers have not found a wood to take its place satisfactorily.

Some of the black walnut used is obtained from old furniture or wainscoting, stairways and interior trim of dwellings or churches. Many years ago black walnut was used extensively in the manufacture of the best grades of furniture, and in old churches pews and pulpits made of it can be found today. The demand for the wood is gradually causing them to disappear.—New York Sun.

Carelessness and Fires.

Little Horace, whose father thinks he is a second Edison, and his mother, who would like to use electricity for everything from curling her hair to stoking the furnace, do more to keep the fire engines busy than mice ever did in all the years they chewed matches.

Washington Devereux, chief of the electrical department of the Philadelphia Fire Underwriters' association, said 51,000 fires were caused last year by overheated electrical devices. The fault wasn't with the devices, he said, but with the human equation, the woman who turned on the "juice" in her electric iron and then went out for a social afternoon without turning it off. He made the statement that no father had a right to buy his ten-year-old son a ten cent book on "How to Wire the House In Your Spare Moments" unless he was prepared to see the place go up in smoke some bright afternoon.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Keep Up With the Present.

Success and happiness depend upon the way in which we adapt ourselves to the realities of the objective life. If we fight against change and change we must meet at every turn and in every department of life we soon become exhausted, wear ourselves out and sink back into ourselves—into the subconscious—and fall and grow old before our time.

If we cling to past experiences, refuse to live in the present, let our faith die when disappointments come, the results are the same. The life forces ebb and we sink into the great sea of the unconscious and are on the road to being submerged.

Desire, will, concentration, purpose, faith—these can be applied to keep us living in the present; to keep our enthusiasms active and our creativeness expressing.—Nautilus.

What's the Answer?

Old elephant hunters who have hunted their quarry in India, Siam and the wilds of the Malay peninsula are agreed upon the following fact: Bury the carcass of a full grown tusker in any spot in Asia—it matters not whether the location be high and dry or low and damp—one year from the date of burial not a shred of hide nor a sliver of bone can be found by digging. Neither disintegration nor ants can be an explanation, for the phenomenon has been noted in the highlands of Nepal, where buried carcasses of other animals than the elephant undergo little or no change within a year and elephants' bones disappear in localities where ants are unknown. So far the scientists have failed to come forward with an answer.

The "Crowned Republic."

It was Tennyson who gave to England the phrase "Our crowned republic." It was the bill of rights, by which parliament voted "Dutch William" and his wife, Mary, joint sovereigns of England, which made Great Britain a "crowned republic." From the moment the bill of rights gave the house of commons the sole right to levy taxes and that house resolved only to grant the crown annual supplies the backbone of absolutism was broken and the nerve centers of tyranny were paralyzed. Henceforth we were a "crowned republic."—London Answers.

Safety First.

"What is your objection to me as a son-in-law?"

"I haven't any objection to you," replied Mr. Cumrox. "But I have trouble enough maintaining my own position in this household without assuming the slightest responsibility for anybody else."—Washington Star.

Life.

"Young man, there is nothing worse than high life on a low salary," said the wise man who is always giving advice.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the young man who knew a thing or two himself. "It's no worse than low life on a high salary."—Florida Times-Union.

Her Choice.

"Does your daughter play Mozart?" we asked, displaying unusual erudition.

"I believe so," she replied deprecatingly, "but I think she prefers euchre."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If Useless, Quit.

"Oh, stop whining. Is whining going to mend matters?"

"I suppose not."

"Then if not, whine not."—Exchange.

Fussy.

"You're to be shot at sunrise."

"That'll spoil the whole day for me. Make it sunset."—Lamb.

Mediocrity is excellent to the eyes of mediocre people.—Joubert.

She Won Two Prizes

By SADIE OLCOTT

A girl sat before a table in the library of her home studying her lessons, repeating the conjugation of Latin verbs. As children are wont to do when endeavoring to stamp anything on their memories, she beat her breast with her right hand and rocked to and fro.

"Amo, I love. Amas, thou lovest. Amat, he loves. Amamus, we love. Amatis, you love. Amant, they love."

Now, this girl was anything but a child. She was eighteen years and six months old. She was petite, and the fashion for women's dresses was that the skirt should not reach much below the knees. Her father was colonel and quartermaster of the army and stationed in a city where supplies were being collected to be sent to France for the use of the expeditionary force there. A young soldier had come to the colonel's house before office hours on army business and was waiting to see him in the living room, which adjoined the library where the girl was studying. She knew of the young soldier's proximity, but she was pretending that she supposed herself to be alone.

She when conjugated the present tense of the verb "to love" a second time she did it in this wise:

"Amo, I love. Amas, thou lovest. Amat, she loves. Amamus, we love. Amatis, you love. Amant, both love."

Lieutenant Bob Blackstone sat waiting for Colonel Henderson to come downstairs and listened to what he supposed was a little girl studying her lessons. He was of the senior class in —— university and was one of the large number of graduates who had donned khaki uniforms before graduation. He did not need to be a good Latin scholar to know that the pupil had conjugated the verb wrong. Stepping to the portiere, he raised it and saw the child, as he supposed, studying. She started at seeing him, but the action was feigned.

"I say, little girl," he said, "you're conjugating that verb wrong. Amant doesn't mean both love. It is they love."

"Dear me, how could I have made such a mistake? Are you sure it isn't both love?"

"I ought to know. I took a prize in college for a thesis written in Latin."

Miss Henderson's eyes, which were large and expressive, were brought to bear on Lieutenant Blackstone in a sort of wonderment. Presently she said:

"Didn't the Romans have any expression for both love?"

"I don't see," said the lieutenant, "what that has to do with your lesson. I take it your task is to learn to conjugate the present tense of the verb to love. You have it right except the last word, amant, which means they love instead of both love."

"What does amat mean?"

"He loves."

"I thought it was she loves."

"It means either he or she loves."

"Doesn't it mean he and she love?"

"Hardly. It means but one person."

"And does amant mean they love each other?"

"No. It means several persons love. It doesn't mean that they love each other. It means that each person loves some one else."

"How do you know that?"

"I can't say I do know it. I confess that I don't remember ever hearing the question brought up. They might love each other, mightn't they?"

"If they were both very nice."

He looked at her searchingly. Her glance was fastened to her grammar. It was beginning to dawn upon him that he was not teaching a schoolgirl, but that a schoolgirl was chaffing him.

"Let me see the text," he said, bending over her shoulder. This brought his face very near hers.

Then a heavy footstep on the stairs betokened the approach of the colonel. Blackstone beat a hasty retreat into the other room, closing the portiere behind him. The child in the library went on conjugating the verb "to love," but when she came to amant she invariably gave it both love.

When Blackstone had transacted his business with Colonel Henderson he took his departure, receiving at the same time an invitation to dinner the same evening. The little schoolgirl had stung him, and when he returned to camp he had forgotten all the colonel had told him. What nonsense! To be turned topsy-turvy by a kid studying the rudiments of Latin!

Bob got himself up in evening dress for the dinner, taking as much pains to beautify himself as if he was to meet a woman instead of a kid. When he was formally presented to "our little Billy" she looked more like Miss Wilhelmina Henderson, which she really was. Bob didn't know what to say or what to do. But the colonel led the way to the dining room, and there was nothing for Bob to say or to do till they reached the board, and then Miss Henderson made it very easy for him.

"Have you been graduated this year, Mr. Blackstone?" asked Mrs. Henderson.

"I have, only a few weeks ago."

"Our little girl was graduated last year. She should have remained at school longer, she is so childlike."

"Did she take any honors?" asked Blackstone dryly.

"Only one—a prize in Latin, I believe."

"I have no doubt it was well won."

Miss Henderson followed up her advantage with Lieutenant Blackstone and won him as well as the Latin prize.

Household Hints

Use surplus chicken fat while fresh and sweet for cakes or other things in which butter is used.

When stitching thin material, as silk, etc., baste paper on the back and stitch through. This will prevent its "drawing."

When the brush bristles become soft and no longer pick up litter from the carpet take the brush out and dip it in a solution of baking soda in hot water. Hairbrushes may be improved in the same way.

Peeling potatoes and putting them in salted water for awhile before boiling are said to improve the flavor.

When lamp chimneys were universal to toughen them they were put in a vessel of cold water and put on the stove and allowed to come slowly to a boil. Undoubtedly other articles of glass might be toughened in the same way.

Tough meat or fowl should not be fried or roasted unless parboiled first.

Save the lemon rinds and when ready to boil towels or other white articles that have become dingy or stained drop several of the rinds into the water and the goods will come out finely bleached.

Always slice some of the lemon rinds and put in lemonade. The oil from them flavors the lemonade to suit most tastes better than the juice alone.

Bits of lean or fat meat can be run through the food chopper, well seasoned and wrapped in pie crust, to make delicious meat finger rolls, served either hot or cold.

Method of Washing a Car To Keep Varnish Bright

The high gloss on a new car in many instances is lost in a short time because it is irreparably marred in the first washings. The varnish on a new car requires a month as a minimum time in which to set properly. In warm weather it is often advisable with a newly purchased automobile to shower the body, hood and fenders with clear cool water. This will aid in hardening the varnish coating and so reduce the danger from scratching and abrasion.

The life of the finish on any car does not depend on the polishing action that is given in washing, but on quite the opposite. The body should not be rubbed any more than is absolutely necessary. In case the car is muddy it is always well to remove the foreign substance as soon as possible to avoid spotting. This should be done with clear running water, first thoroughly soaking the mud and then washing it off. On account of its scouring effect water under pressure should never be used for this purpose.

Perhaps the greatest enemy a high body finish has is a sponge in which sand or grit has collected. Even in the case of dust it is better to remove this with slow running water. Dusters which are employed by many owners seriously affect the paint by turning the dust into an abrasive.

When the body surfaces have been well cleaned off by running water they should be gone over with a new sponge care being taken that the sponge is always moved in a straight line. Following this treatment, the finish is to be thoroughly rinsed and then dried with a chamois skin, which should be thoroughly washed and wrung out during the drying process.

A Pantry Whetstone.

An article that should be found and used in every pantry is a good coarse whetstone. Doubtless you will have to keep it hidden from the men folks but it is a great help to a busy woman always to have sharp knives and not have to hack the bread or the meat or the potatoes.

Light as Chaff

The Artist's Joke.

An English artist once staying in the north of Ireland thought to have a joke at an old farmer's expense. So he proposed to paint a picture of the farmhouse for 5 guineas. The farmer agreed but was very particular he should be painted standing at the door. When the painting was finished to the farmer's disgust he found the careless artist had omitted "to paint him in." But the wily artist passed it off as a great joke, saying, "Oh, you have just gone in to get the 5 guineas."

"Oh, have I?" said the old farmer irately. "That's very well. Just hang it up and wait till I come out with the money!"

Quick Thinker.

An old man living in South Berkshire was leading two lively calves out to early pasture in the morning. When he came to the field he tied one of the calves to one of his bootstraps and the other to the opposite bootstrap while he opened the rickety gate. The calves ran away. When he was picked up his wife asked him:

"Didn't you know any better than to do a foolish trick like that?"

"Yes," he answered. "I hadn't been dragged four rods before I saw my mistake."

Baseball Tactics.

Stealing third is, as a general proposition, a bad play, though it comes in handy now and then. I would suggest that all young players avoid it. If the man is thrown out trying to steal third you have tossed away a possible chance for a run, and if he succeeds he hasn't improved his scoring chances very much, because he would go home from second on a clean single anyway.

My personal opinion is that there is entirely too much changing of pitchers in professional baseball. The custom is so prevalent in certain clubs that every man that starts a game does so in fear, trembling lest he be removed as soon as he allows a couple of hits or is a little wild. He is prone to become nervous under these conditions and begins to fume and fret as soon as he gets in a hole. On the other hand, if he were assured before the game started that he would be allowed to finish if he would in many cases work out his own salvation. A pitcher learns through being beaten, and if he is taken out as soon as he has any trouble he will never get the right kind of experience to develop his mind and his courage.—Ty Cobb in "American Boy."

London In a Fog.

London is more or less noted for the dense fogs that obscure it at times, and a recent specimen that was in its prime a couple of hours before midnight, was a particularly fine one.

In a space that a good aerodrome could have inclosed I found a chauffeur looking with a lantern for landmarks, so that he could discover in which direction his car was heading. I saw a telegraph messenger fall off his bicycle in the middle of a quiet road, apparently from sheer perplexity, and I found three motor buses that came to rest with their bonnets close together in such a way as to suggest that each had been charging the other two and had only stopped just in time.

In the small hours of the morning I found another bus standing helpless by the roadside, with the driver slumbering within, but the driver of a motor bus is a remarkable man in many ways.—London Spectator.

A Parson's Adviser.

Old Neale, the parish clerk of Toddington, was a great character. He occupied the lowest tier of the "three decker" pulpit and recited the responses in so loud a tone that there was nothing left for the congregation to do.

In my first week at Toddington the whole Wednesday evening service devolved on me. Neale, having taken stock of the new curate, remarked:

"There are two baptisms tonight." This was sufficiently alarming, but my nervousness was increased when he added: "Take care you don't brain the children against the corner of the seat. It's bin done afore now."

When I reached the font I perceived that the corner of the semilhigh pew was indeed in dangerous proximity.—"Lively Recollections," by Canon Shearme.

A Philippine Medicine Tree.

Between the provincial building and the Filipino schoolhouse, part of which is used as a girls' dormitory, stands the sacred tree of the Ifugaos, with a span of its branches of 300 feet. Nor is it a tree at all in the true sense, for it is a gigantic example of the balete which begins as a parasite vine. Kills the tree on which it rises and then hides it in its twining trunk. The Ifugaos think that when that huge tree dies they too will perish, but there is an industry, a stolidity and a stamina in that obscure race that should remove from their hearts all fear of extinction.—Christian Herald.

Unter den Linden.

Unter Den Linden is the famous street in Berlin which extends from the Brandenburg gate eastward about three-fifths of a mile. Bordering it are the princely and imperial palaces, the university, the academy, the statue of Frederick the Great, etc. It means "under the lindens."

A Solemn Duty.

"Why did Bangs change his iron gray hair to black?"

"Because his fiancee thought the gray in his hair made him look too old for her, and he thought it was his duty to obey his sweetheart's dyeing request."—Exchange.

Where There Was No Change.

"Don't you think I'm thinner than when you saw me last?"

"Well, you may be thinner, but to me you're just as thick as ever."—Chicago Tribune.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Causes of Disease.

Many diseases are largely due to defective elimination or chronic accumulation of toxins in our body, due to one or more of the following causes:

Overeating, especially of meat and highly seasoned foods after middle life. As some one has aptly expressed it, we too often dig our graves with our teeth.

Insufficient exercise or too much or too strenuous exercise.

The use of alcoholics and the excessive use of tobacco. In fact, intemperance of any kind.

Probably the greatest determining factor is "the strenuous life." The mad rush for the almighty dollar and undue worry and anxiety interfere more or less with all the normal functions of the body. Worry is ten times more disastrous than work. — Health Bulletin.