

She Always Wore a Sleeve

By ELINOR MARSH

Lieutenant Arthur Delano of the United States navy having certain duties connected with lighthouses on the Atlantic coast one day was pulled up to the Ellison reef light by a crew of sailor carmen and upon stepping on to the landing place was received by a girl about nineteen years old.

"Father has been obliged to go into town today," she said. "A part of the machinery connected with the light broke and must be repaired before I can get home."

"And you are in charge, I suppose?"

"I am."

There was one of those mutual attractions between the father and the girl that sometimes appear at once when two persons of opposite sex meet.

"Let me see," said Delano, "this light is in charge of?"

"Edward Jamieson."

"And you are?"

"Edo Jamieson."

The girl conducted him through the lighthouse on a tour of inspection which he got back into the boat and was pulled away. After that he made numerous inspections of the light, not the lighthouse and for in fact with her. Her father was an educated man who, having met with reverses when he was too old to be able to get on in the world, had been forced to accept the position of lighthouse keeper. A match between Delano and Edo Jamieson would not be a marriage so far as blood and natural endowment were concerned, but he struck from infancy the daughter of a lighthouse keeper.

Nevertheless love was strong enough to prevent him from leaving away from her, and he decided himself to fall into the position of a sailor with out really being one. He used to call at the lighthouse with a boat and take her sailing. Many a happy hour they thus spent together, dancing over the blue waters, of which they were both very fond. One day while they were sailing together Delano noticed Edo's arm, from which a loose sleeve had fallen back.

"I would like to see you in evening dress. That arm of yours could never be hidden from view by a sleeve."

"Involuntarily she pulled the sleeve down from the elbow, but made no reply to the compliment."

"One would think from the way you keep your arms covered that you were ashamed of them. Most women would give a lot to have such an arm."

"I have no reason to be ashamed of my arm," said Edo.

"Then why are you so careful to keep it covered?"

There was no reply to this. But she was looking far up into the wafers with an expression in her face that told she could say something of interest about what she was talking if she chose. Delano, curiously aroused, but there was that in the look to indicate that he would be trespassing if he made further inquiry. He noticed a windmill on the horizon and, putting the light out, started for the lighthouse.

The cloud came rapidly and, although the young sailor would have liked to make speed, the wind was full sail, he did not dare do so. Lowering all but the jib he added another making what headway he could by this limited means. Suddenly the wind struck him and with such force that his boat went over. Fortunately they were not far from shore and both were excellent swimmers. Scarcely out after a long pull in which Edo seemed to be getting the worst of it, they came within the lee of the light and were rolled up on the sand.

Edo, who was exhausted by still Delano got on to his feet and ran to her. She had managed to divest herself of her jacket, which she had put on as the storm came up, and heaving down into the water, and the loose sleeve of her dress had fallen back and exposed her left arm above the elbow. A faint light in the look of a girl, rowing a boat was exposed. When Delano came up and saw her looking at the mark he pulled down the sleeve.

Having rested in the boat as they dared in their wet clothes, chilled by a fierce wind, Delano helped his companion to arise, and they started for the light, not far distant.

As soon as they had been made comfortable Delano asked the girl how she came by the tattoo on her arm. He did not get a continued story, but she elicited by many questions. This was the following account:

One day when a storm was raging the light keeper being away, Edo, his daughter, was the only one in the lighthouse. A ship was wrecked on a ledge that the light guarded. The coast guard hastened to save the crew and passengers, but they were too late. Edo got on a boat and, attaching a line to it, carried it to the ship. How she escaped being swamped was a miracle. The coast guard made the tattoo.

"The life saving men put the tattoo there. I didn't want them to do it, but they insisted. I was only fifteen, but I know better and should have refused. Father was away. Before he got back it was done and could never be undone."

Delano married Edo Jamieson and is now a high ranking officer in the navy. He is very proud of his wife's tattoo mark and occasionally begs her to show it at functions by wearing a sleeveless dress. But she has always refused.

SCHOOL TOGS.

What Young Ladies Will Wear at First Term.



JULY BRESLE

Unrivaled navy blue serge is almost accepted as a uniform for small girls. Here we have a one-piece, side-patched, on to a square yoke and high-collared with two large pockets for treasures and an embroidered piping collar for style. Mothers take notice!

KEEP THESE ON FILE.

Points to Remember if You Are an Expert Housekeeper.

If you keep a kitchen fire—and every efficient housewife should—just every other day, you should have a clean, bright, and cheerful kitchen.

When you are digging in the garden you will be discouraged to find how the dirt clings under your nails. Try rubbing soap under the nails before you go out into the garden to work. It will form a fine protection against dirt and will not be hard to remove when the digging is done.

Don't make the mistake of using your table or bed linen in rotation, and after the other. Use a few changes and they are worn out, then take the next best and add new ones to your store. In this way you will not be embarrassed by finding everything in holes at once. The same thing refers to under linens.

Have you found that your clothes baskets wear out quickly? Make a few for them by spitting clothes pins as far as the knob and pushing them up through each corner of the bottom of the basket. They will not as feet to lift the basket from the ground and save wear and tear.

Dampen clothes with a wash brush if it is far better than the hand and easier too. Never pour grease down a drain. If you have no sink strainer to catch the grease try laying a piece of paper over the drain before pouring out greasy water. The paper will catch the grease and can be burned in the stove.

About Naggers. Perhaps more men find in business through the attitude of their wives in their younger days than from other causes. A nagging wife, or one who is not in sympathy with a man's work, is an insupportable thing to him and is incapable of taking a general intelligent interest in his work. It is one of the worst handicaps he could have. If a man works with his mind clogged by domestic troubles he is of no use to himself, his employer or the world at large.

A wife ordinarily should not try to tell a man how to conduct his business, but she should be interested in it, and it will pay him to keep her informed about it.

Old Blanket Utilized. An excellent way to utilize an old blanket that is nearly worn out is to cover it with silkoline and tuff it like a comforter. It can be covered with chesecloth if desired, under which circumstance it can be washed very easily. Cover it in a tint to harmonize with the color scheme of a bedroom, this easily made coverlet is especially good.

Food Economy. We must remember that being well fed is not necessarily being extravagantly fed, though even plain food does cost these days.

Let us fight against chemical preservatives. We don't want our food preserved. We want to be able to use it in our ever burning human furnace.

To Remove Iron Scorch. If you happen to scorch an article when ironing just try moistening the spot with peroxide of hydrogen, lay a thin white cloth over it and press with a hot iron. It works like magic.

WHAT TO SERVE.

How to Combine Meats or Fish With Vegetables.

BALANCE YOUR CALORIES.

To Avoid Serving Too Many Proteins, in Both Animal and Vegetable, or Too Many Starches, You Must Know How to Portion Your Foodstuffs.

Steaks or chops are best served, either baked or broiled, with German, French, fried, creamed, baked, sweet or Irish potatoes. Serve also any one of the following vegetables: Eggplant, beans, stewed tomatoes, onions, spinach, green corn, brussels sprouts, beet greens, new beets, cauliflower with cheese or saffron. For dessert serve some light dish, such as cottage pudding or fruit whip.

Roast beef may be served with potatoes, mashed or fried or frenchified style. In addition serve any one of two of the vegetables mentioned above. For salad choose plain lettuce or endive with French dressing. For dessert a fruit whip or a blanc-mange would be acceptable.

Roast pork may be served with white or sweet potatoes and any one of the following vegetables: Spinach, parsnips, apple sauce, creamed cabbage, onions, baked squash. By the way all the vegetables, with the exception of cabbage, spinach and parsnips, will be improved by baking. For dessert either baked apples with cream or plain pudding, pumpkin pie or ice cream.

Roast lamb should be served with potatoes or rice and one of the following vegetables: Spinach, peas, squash, turnips. For a relish, either mint jelly or mint sauce is recommended. For dessert, baked apple dumplings, rhubarb pie or pudding, with the upper crust only would be good.

Roast chicken or turkey may be served with sweet or white potatoes and any of the following vegetables or cereals: Rice, hominy, squash, onions or celery. For a relish, serve a sweet pickle, jelly or cranberry sauce. For dessert, serve a sweet steamed pudding, ice cream, or cranberry, pumpkin or mince pie.

If the fish is broiled, serve with potatoes and one of the following vegetables: Onions, parsnips, Egg sauce may accompany the fish. The dessert may be heavy—a shortcake in season, a cottage pudding or a lemon pie. With fried fish, serve sauce Tartare. French fried potatoes and peas. For a relish, choose cucumbers and French dressing. A fruit pie is very good to serve after a fried fish.

Creamed salt codfish is best served with baked potatoes and dried beefs, fried in salt pork scraps. A plain feed, filled with toasted crackers and cheese, makes an acceptable dessert.

Boiled lamb may be served with spinach and creamed, diced potatoes. Baked apples or cider apple sauce make an excellent relish. Baked Italian pudding, with or without ice cream, would be a good dessert for this dinner.

Baked fish should be served with baked sweet or white potatoes, cauliflower or spinach, and some kind of jelly or relish. Horseshoe is acceptable with baked fish. Apple dumplings make a good dessert for this combination.

STUNNING FALL SUIT.

New Models for Maids Who Like the Military.

Both in fabric and cut is this new design, suitably. The tan colored worsted takes the military idea well.



UP TO DATE.

and pockets, deep collar, belt and lines all carry out the smart idea. This kind of suit will be popular all the season.

Captured by a Girl

By RUTH GRAHAM

Ned Mason when the United States entered the great world's war enlisted in the army and in time sailed from New York in a troopship for France. There he and his regiment were placed in a camp for instruction, and eventually they were all put on the fighting line. Ned was a good German scholar, but he didn't know a word of French.

One day Ned, with his regiment, was charging a German trench. The Americans pushed clear over the trench and some distance beyond. The country was open, and here and there was a dwelling house. There was no organized force of Germans to resist the Americans, and they pushed on nearly a mile from their base. But presently a number of helmets were seen in their rear, and it was evident that unless they got back pretty quickly they would be captured. They broke ranks, each man shifting for himself.

Mason in his flight ran through the yard of a house which was between him and the Germans, screening him from their sight. Coming to a well, he got into it and, catching hold of the bucket, let himself go down with it.

He was safe from the Germans, but there were disadvantages in his position. There are more comfortable places than a well of cold water. Nevertheless Mason remained where he was till he heard no more sounds; then he began to think of leaving his hiding place. He did not know whether or he was within the French or the German lines. If the former, he might help himself out by the bucket rope and rejoin his command, if the latter, by leaving his hiding place he would surely be captured.

He dreaded capture by the Germans more than death, but being frozen to death in cold water was not to be considered. After enduring his situation as long as possible he pulled himself up by the bucket rope, leaping himself by a foot on each side of the well, and thus reached the well house. After resting a few minutes he ventured to put his head up where he could see about him.

It happened that a young girl was coming to the well for water and was within a few feet of it when Ned raised his head up. She gave a shriek and retreated a few steps. Was she French or German? Ned did not know. He hoped she was French, but since he did not speak French he was obliged to explain his dripping presence in the German tongue.

The girl listened to him for a few moments, then broke in, beckoning him to follow her. She led the way to the house, put him in a room and locked the door. Presently it was opened and some dry clothing was thrown in to him.

It was now evening, and Ned made up his mind that he would remain quietly where he was until morning, and during the night would make an attempt to escape. He knew that he was on the second floor of the house, for he had found a stairway. After it was quite dark he went to the window to reconnoiter. The blinds were closed, but he opened them as softly as possible, hoping not to attract attention to the act. Directly below him was the roof of a one-story addition to the house. He resolved to go through the window drop to the ground and take his chances to escape to the French lines in the darkness. He had put one foot out when he heard a click from a window at an angle with the one he was leaving. Looking up, he could discern in the dim light the girl who had captured him pointing a pistol at him. He at once retreated to the room he had left.

Ned gave up hope of making an escape through that window. The girl was doubtless watching him till the arrival of troops to take him in charge and would not leave her post, till they came. He thought of leaving by the window, letting her shoot him if she liked. Better death than a German prisoner, and possibly she, being a woman, would not have the heart to shoot him. While he was trying to make up his mind what to do he heard the tramp of men without, then foot steps coming up the stairs. The door was thrown open by his captives, and in the doorway stood Tom Bradley, one of the sergeants of his company. Bradley started back in surprise, then, looking at the girl, said:

"Is this your German prisoner?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"An American?"

"Mon Dieu, mademoiselle! Why the dickens didn't you tell me you were French?"

"But you spoke German."

"That was because I don't know French."

"He's your prisoner," said the sergeant to the girl. "What shall we do with him?"

"What you please," said the girl.

"Well, I shall march him to his trench and prefer charges against him for desertion in order to flirt with a French girl."

He matched Ned downstairs, placed him in the center of eight men and took him to his comrades, those guarding him laughing and huffing him by the way. On arriving at their destination Ned gave an account of the incident, which to the merriment of all who heard him.

Ned was told that the ground first captured by the Americans and then lost was retaken, and the well in which he took refuge was included in the American lines.

FOR AFTERNOONS.

Beautiful Satin Frock Made on Good Lines.



YOUTHFUL CHARM

Done gray satin is the fabric used for this handsome gown so suitable for semi dress occasions. The draped skirt has its wings embroidered in silver soutache, which also affords deep cuffs and a finish for the round, flat neck of the blouse.

POTATO STARCH.

Just How to Make It From Unmarketable Spuds.

Bruised and otherwise unmarketable potatoes may be used in making potato starch a very desirable and beautiful food.

Potato starch can be used in many ways for food purposes—in making salads, puddings, milk dishes etc. In every potato section of the country thousands of bushels of potatoes are wasted every year which could just as well be utilized in making potato starch.

Use plenty of water and a vegetable scrubbing brush in washing the potatoes. Seat yourself in a convenient position with a vessel containing potatoes at one side and an empty vessel for the gratings on the other. Place a dishpan with water on a low table and without removing the skins, grate your potatoes by hand or run them through the sausage grinder. Empty gratings into second tub or vessel.

Over the gratings pour clean water. Stir well, so as to saturate every particle of the potatoes. Allow to stand for a little time and then remove the peelings and other floating material from the top of the water. Stir again, add a little more clear water and allow the same to stand for several hours or overnight. The starch granules will settle to the bottom, and all pulp and potato skins will rise to the top of the water or settle on top of the starch granules. Remove the water carefully, also the pulp and skins. Scrape the dark coat off the top of the starch for matting, being careful not to remove any of the starch.

A second time pour fresh clean water over the starch. Stir thoroughly. Allow to stand for several hours or overnight. Remove water and pulp as before and add another application of water. Continue this as often as necessary to render your starch perfectly white and free, not only from the pulp, but from all sand or sediment of any kind which is not pure starch.

This operation can be abbreviated by raising the first time and then straining the pulp, starch and water through chesecloth or cloth of finer mesh.

National Emergency Food Garden Commission.

Be Decisive!

It is a rare woman who has the capacity to decide a thing swiftly and then unswervingly carry out her decision.

Knowing it is a weakness of the sex, it is strange that girls are not taught from childhood to make up their minds quickly. If they were the world would be spared numberless inefficient and ineffectual women.

The average woman really suffers in making up her mind about an important matter, and more often than not when she has got it safely made up and her family and friends are sighing with relief because the ordeal is over it collapses in straw-like confusion and they are called upon to make it up for her again.

It is not difficult to train a girl in the habit of decision, and it will be a comfort for a mother to know that if fate has decreed that her daughter must live a life bereft of the support of family and friends she can make her decision clearly, no matter by what strange paths it may lead her, and live up to it unflinchingly.

raucher of Pearl Work. Wonderful is the work of the designer in mother-of-pearl. With tiny segments of this iridescent material he builds up a beautiful design bit by bit, section by section.

First, from the cabinetmaker he receives the wood work upon which his design will be formed. It may be the top of a carved chest, a portion of a stool or table or some dainty knick-knack to delight a lady's heart.

Then upon the wood he roughly draws the design and gathers together the crude pieces with which to form the mosaic of mother of pearl, he fits it in a vice, and then with a tiny file he shapes it to occupy the required space. Deftly he sets the section in the wood, fixing it with warm paste to fill the crevices.

Another piece is then selected, fashioned and secured, and so day after day till the piece is complete. The design is then rubbed with pumice stone to give enamelled color, varnish is applied, and the finishing touches are given.

Marconi's Appropriate Drawing. Mrs. Alec Tweedie's book dealing with her wonderful collection of autographed table-tops is a hobby of hers—contains the following:

"Among the little drawings on one of the cloths," writes the authoress, "is a telegraph pole from which hangs a broken wire."

"Can you guess who drew it? The artist was sitting beside me when I begged for something more than a name. He quietly replied:

"Well, I can draw a little if I have time."

"You shall have all the time you want," I suggested. "We can keep the dessert waiting."

"No, no, I try to be quick. Would a telegraph pole do?"

"Certainly, though it will hardly be emblematic of your work."

"Yes, it will, I replied, my guest, 'for I can break the wire!'"

Needless to add, the guest in question was Signor Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy.

Growsome Mascot. Mme Bertha, who was deported from her sumptuous mansion in the west end of London as an "undesirable alien" a few years ago, had an upper room, which her servants irreverently called her "vault," hung with somber black curtains and, in the center, mounted on a pedestal, the most elaborate specimen of the undertaker's art that could be imagined, says a writer in London Tit-Bits. It was of polished rosewood, finely worked with silver mountings, very massive. On the name plate was delicately engraved "Bertha Trost." The favorite entertainment of this notorious beauty specialist and "reincarnation of Marie Antoinette" was a reception to "view my mascot," as she termed this coffin, and she would explain to her startled guests that she kept it near at hand to reconcile her to the idea of death.

Potted Tragedies. A burly bachelor met a winsome widow. He was sorry ever afterward. A grocer once saw his errand boy running. The old gentleman had a stroke. John Henry introduced his sweet heart to his brother Willie. She is now John Henry's sister-in-law. As his wife's mother was departing after a six months' sojourn Juggins asked her sarcastically to stop a little longer. She stayed another six months. A man questioned the veracity of a pugilist. The man's wife did not recognize him on his arrival home. A clergyman once saw "nothing" but gold and silver in the collection box. The shock awakened him.—London Mail.

A Real Providence. Mr. Youngusband reached home late for dinner.

"I got pinched for speeding on the way home," he explained rather sheepishly. "Have to appear tomorrow morning and get \$10 or fifteen days."

Mrs. Youngusband fervently clasped two bistered little hands. "What a providence!" she cried devoutly. "You must take the fifteen days, John! The cook has just left!"—Harper's Magazine.

Consoling Guy. "Just because that guy has a little coin he looks down on me. If I had money I'd fix him."

"The desire for wealth is often connected with some scheme for reprisal, old top. Perhaps that is why the wealth is not forthcoming."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

The Abuse of Purgatives. It may sound absurd, but the true reason why so many people constantly have recourse to purgatives to keep in condition is that purgative drugs are so easy to obtain. In other words, very often the person who prescribes a purgative for himself instead of lessening his tendency to constipation is only confirming his digestive tract in its habits of sluggishness. The intestine is just like a human being in that if it can get its work done for it it will become slack and lazy.

If used to reviving the stimulus of a powerful purgative drug several times a week or even nightly it really gets into such a condition that it is unable to carry out its work properly without this stimulus.
