

BATON ROUGE GIRL

By MICHAEL LANE.

"Mr. Charles," she said, changing suddenly her lively expression for one that was serious but kind. "I am sorry, very, very, very sorry for you—but I cannot marry you."

He wilted within. He felt his very existence crumbling away. He was silent for a space. Then he said: "Why?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I do not love you, and surely you would not want to marry a woman who did not love you? Come now, would you? A loveless marriage?"

He took heart. "But this would not be loveless. By no means. You know I love you. I have told you so a thousand times. I have attested it with my tears and I am not given to weeping. I have proved it to you dear Katherine. I would die for you. I would lie down and let you walk upon me. I would tear out my heart and give it to you."

"Oh, please do not say things like these," she softly interrupted. "They only pain me. I know you love me, but I do not love you. If I did—"

And she sighed. "But you could learn, you know. You might in time."

"No," she answered haughtily. "It is useless. Then, brightening, 'You will recover from this. It's hard, I know, but you'll recover. You'll live to laugh at it yet. Cheer up! Cheer up, my merry men, nor fear, nor wind, nor wave, as Columbus said to his mariners.'"

She beamed on him, radiant like an angel. He could not resist her and he, too, smiled in turn.

"There," she exclaimed, "you are better already. Didn't I tell you? And then, you know, this is only your first experience. You've never loved any body but me, have you?"

The question hit him hard, and he changed instantly. He turned his face away from her.

"Yes," he said, as if speaking to himself.

"Oh," she said, in the most unconcerned way, "you never told me that before. Tell me all about it now."

"It was in Baton Rouge," he began, and his eyes themselves seemed to be in Baton Rouge as he spoke. "I was only twenty. She was eighteen. Yes, I loved her. I did, indeed."

"Was she dark or light?"

"Dark," he answered, "her hair was rich chestnut and her eyes big and brown, like the eyes of Homer's ox. She was Creole, you know, and full of the South."

"Katherine (who was herself northern) moved unobtrusively and devoured the face of her lover with eyes of strange interest.

"Go on," she urged. "Why didn't you marry her? Did she love you?"

"That she did," he exclaimed with animation, looking Katherine full in the face. "Oh, yes. But she was religious and there never had been a free thinker in the family."

"How did you part?" she asked.

"In tears," he said. "I was a boy, and intellectually proud, and I could not break my mindless prejudice to believe in a religion my intellect rejected. I could not believe in any religion whatever, and I conceived it degrading to pretend to do so."

"What was her name?" (This in a weak, hesitating voice.)

"Nana," and his lips caressed the sound.

Another long pause.

"Would you join a woman's religion now if you loved her?"

"Why, of course," replied Charles, carelessly. "I am not a boy now. What difference would it make?"

He arose and walked toward the window.

"Mr. Charles," exclaimed Katherine faintly, "Why not you go down there and marry her?"

He turned. She, too, had risen and was now near him. He looked at her fondly.

"You ought to know why," he returned.

"Would you advise me to do it? Do you think the old love would come back? I wish I knew for certain, my self."

She was very near him by this time. Her eyes were cast down and her form was shrinking. He drew close to her and touched her shoulder. In a moment her arms were around his neck and her head rested in just the right spot. A long spasm of silence. Then she whispered, "Sweetheart!"

"What is it, love?"

"Do you love me more than you loved the girl in Baton Rouge?"

What answer he made I will not disclose; but I will say this, that Baton Rouge was never so far away as it was at that very moment.

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Not a Proposal.

"Miss Gwendoline, I have something to say to you."

"Yes?"

"I hardly know how to say it." She decided to help him a little. "One need have no hesitancy," said she, graciously. "In speaking freely to one who feels toward you as I do."

"That's what I thought. Well, you have a little too much powder on your nose."

Everything in its Place.

When through with a thing put it where it belongs, so you will know just where to go when you want it again.

The KITCHEN CABINET

How to take the best of the kitchen... to take the best of the kitchen...

CHESTNUT TIME.

This season does not lend itself in so many ways to the preparation of chestnuts as it does in the past.

Chestnut Soup.—Shell and blanch 60 of 70 good chestnuts. Remove the inner skin and put them on to simmer in a quart of good stock.

A tender morsel through the pure sieve into a tureen on the back part of the stock. Season to taste, add a few tablespoons of cream or an egg beaten and added to a little milk. Serve in tureens. Garnish with chestnuts in a little fat before serving.

Chestnut Dressing.—To one cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Custard.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Sauce to Serve With Turkey.—To one cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Pie.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Pudding.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Ice Cream.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Sherbet.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Sorbet.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Souffle.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Meringue.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Macaroni.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Lasagne.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Cannelloni.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Tortellini.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Ravioli.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Gnocchi.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Farfalle.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Fusilli.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Penne.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Rigatoni.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

Chestnut Tortiglioni.—To a cupful of chestnut puree add the yolks of three eggs, one beaten white, one cupful of rich milk, a little flavoring and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered dish and bake slowly. Make a meringue with the other two whites and two tablespoons of sugar, spread it over the chestnut and brown in the oven.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

The village of Wattsville was hard by large enough to support one newspaper, and here it was with two, Fred Burnett, proprietor, managing editor, pressman and compositor of the Wattsville Advance, walked up and down the little room in front of his plant which he called the office, and bit at a match furiously.

Wattsville had been without a paper for a long time, and the idea of starting up a weekly again was originally his. He was sure of that. He had come from the city and looked over the plant of the Echo a paper that had not been published for ten years, and had decided it wasn't in good enough shape to put in working order. Not to be beaten in his effort to make himself a redoubt from his friends, he bought out the plant of the Wainwright Advance and moved it to Wattsville to the little building it now occupied. In the meantime the Echo office had been sold by a real estate broker in the city, and the purchaser, who had bought the plant was a woman, the niece of the Widow Spur of the village.

The idea of the thing was proposed by her. She thought nobody could make the Echo plant work, let alone a woman.

"Poor thing—If she does know anything about newspaper work she will get a shock when she sees the Echo plant," he muttered.

He was right. Margaret Spur did get a severe shock when she saw the Echo plant. The real estate broker had told her it was in splendid working order and he had not verified his statement. She was foolish to take the word of either she thought.

If Margaret had belonged to another profession she would have wept, but her newspaper training had fortified her for just such disappointments as this one. Perhaps the plant was as bad as it appeared, she thought, she started to get things in both shape. As she worked over the typewriters and went back to the city and the life she had left.

It was to find an occupation to take her mind off the biggest disappointment of her life that made her give up her position on the Times in the city and invest her savings in the county newspaper that proved to be so unprofitable. The winter before she had been introduced to Tommy McKay at the Ironworkers' convention. He was representing the Tribune and she was reporting the convention for the Times. Tommy had a pleasant and attractive way, and as they sat side by side, chatting gaily, she couldn't help thinking that perhaps all the girls that wrote in her "Advice to the Fair Sex" column were not as silly as she had thought. The next day she missed her car and was late. Tommy left her his notes, so that she would not miss the important points of the mayor's speech. After that kindness she couldn't very well have refused his invitation to the theater that evening. After the theater they went to a cabaret. He was the brightest boy she had ever known, and his sense of humor appealed to her.

The next summer they had their vacation at the same time. They met again at a seaside resort. The moonlight nights helped a lot, and before they had been there a fortnight they had decided that they couldn't very well get along without one another. Their happiness was brought to an abrupt ending when Tommy was sent for to take a position he had applied for in the North.

Margaret couldn't help running this all over in her mind as she worked.

The editor of the Advance stopped in front of the Echo office. It wouldn't be out of place to call on this Miss Spur. He could find out what she thought of the Echo plant.

Margaret heard the step in the door and turned around. As her eyes met the visitor's, she uttered a little cry of surprise and her hand of type fell to the floor.

"Tommy!" she gasped. "Tommy, Norma, what are you doing here?" she cried in surprise.

"Why, I'm the owner of this plant, Margaret Spur."

"You, Margaret Spur? Isn't Norma Cousins your right name? Why didn't you answer my letters?"

"Your letters, Tommy? I never received them." Norma was excited. "Tell me did you address them to Norma Cousins?"

"Yes, I thought that was your real name, and I thought it was your name under which I wrote for the Times, but I had added in the all. One table. I never told you my right spoonful of lemon juice to three of orange. Put didn't you get my letters, olive oil, salt and paprika or red pepper, Tommy?"

"No, not a letter." Then it dawned upon him. "Did you know my right name isn't Tommy McKay; that that name is a pen name, too? My right name is Fred Burnett."

So that there would be no more mixtures changed and any desired dress-ups in names, the first issue of the Echo-Advance had printed at the top small pieces and mix with the salmon, which has been faked and the bones removed, mix with a good bottled dressing.

Dainty Chicken Salad.—To one cupful of cold cooked chicken cut in small pieces, add one cupful of walnuts, one cupful of peas and a cupful of mayonnaise dressing and a few chopped olives. Mix and arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with olives.

When There's Danger.

"Is it really dangerous to propose to a young widow?"

"Not unless you want to marry her."

Keep Doctor Away.

Close your mouth to overly rich foods and drinks and keep the doctor out.

How to Wash Chamolis Gloves.

In washing chamolis gloves use milk-warm water and rinse well. When they begin to dry blow into each finger, stretching it into shape in this way. Rub soft before putting on the hands.

How to Develop a Good Memory.

In an article about James Horgan in his great memory in the American Magazine, a writer says:

"Attention comes first. Horgan told me, 'When you meet a man, look squarely into his face for a second and forget everything else in the world. Etch his features into your brain; you can do it if you will keep practicing.'"

"It isn't enough to catch a name so that you can pronounce it. You must learn to see it. You must visualize it so that it appears in your brain as clearly as if it were printed on paper before your eyes. A trained memory is packed full of double exposures—to use a photographer's term."

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WHY UNITED STATES IS THE RICHEST NATION

There are twice as many cattle and swine in the United States as in any other country, with a total value of live stock products of more than \$4,000,000,000.

The corn crop is ten times greater than that of any other country.

The wheat crop is bigger than that of any rival.

The cotton output is more than half the world's supply.

The coal production of nearly half a billion tons is twice that of Britain, our nearest competitor.

The oil production of nearly 300,000,000 barrels is to that of Russia, which ranks second.

The output of iron and steel is twice that of Germany, our nearest rival.

We produce more copper than all of the remainder of the world put together.

In manufactured goods last year, our output was more than \$35,000,000,000.

The balance of exports over imports amounted to over \$3,000,000,000.

The gold reserve of about \$3,000,000,000 is more than one-third of the world's total.

The wealth is more than \$2,000 for every man, woman and child in the country.

The railroad mileage is more than double that of all Europe.

The total wealth of Britain, Germany and France amounts to \$227,500,000,000. That of the United States aggregates \$250,000,000,000.

BATS SCOURGE TO INSECTS

Why Most Species of the Swiftly Flying Creatures Are Beneficial.

Bats are often regarded with as much horror as snakes. The whirling and rapid flight of the little creatures in the twilight, their dusky forms, shroud-like wings and fiery eyes, seem to league them with the supernatural; but they are generally not only harmless, but useful. They are a scourge to insects of every kind, from the mosquito upward. The big bats of the Indian peninsula are considered table luxuries by the natives.

A bat measuring two feet from tip to tip must be a formidable looking creature to encounter. This is said to be the size of the fruit-eating bats of the Amazon, to which the name of "vampire" is often given; but even these are harmless. There is, however, a smaller species in South America, which does suck the blood of many animals, including human beings.

The mischief does not consist in the quantity of blood abstracted by the bat itself, but in the far greater flow from the triangular puncture after the withdrawal of the aggressor. It has been objected by obstinate unbelievers that no one has ever seen the wound inflicted; but, considering that the bat bites only in darkness, the proof upon which the skeptics insist is not easily obtainable.

The curious feature of the bat's bite, say South Americans, is that it is hardly ever felt even when the person attacked is awake.

MONITORS HAVE "COME BACK"

Why Cheese-Box Craft Have Proved Useful in Present War.

Before the outbreak of the present war monitors were considered almost obsolete. It had been many years since American naval appropriations had included items for the construction of monitors. Now it seems likely that monitor building will be resumed, for in the European fighting these cheese-box craft have proved highly useful.

A monitor can carry a big gun and at the same time draw little water. It can come near shore in such shallow water that submarines cannot follow. Monitor fleets have repeatedly shelled Belgian towns held by the Germans, and have done much damage in the Dardanelles campaign. Monitors were advantageously used after the enormous battleships had proved useless. Now it is reported that British monitors have been in the Adriatic, aiding the Italians in their Trieste campaign.

Besides the advantage of shallow draft the monitors present a small target for enemy marksmen. The British have many at their disposal, and are building more.

How to Develop a Good Memory.

In an article about James Horgan in his great memory in the American Magazine, a writer says:

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'LIZABETH ANN.

By ELIZABETH ACKENS.

'Elizabeth Ann was tired, lonely and hot. Little hall bedrooms under the eaves of old-fashioned houses, three stories high are, as a rule, freezing cold in the winter, and unbearably hot in the summer. Her tiny room was no exception. Besides, she wanted desperately to go home. A letter from her father that morning had made her homesick. "Better come home, 'Elizabeth Ann," it read. "The climbing roses are all pink and white and sweet; also, we are getting wonderful vegetables from the garden. Too bad you are so far away; we would send you some if New York were a little nearer to Ohio."

"No," thought 'Elizabeth Ann dimly. "Nothing keeps here—not even my usually sweet disposition!" She shook her small fist at the image frowning at her from the mirror.

"They all expect you to come flying home, Lizzie-Ann, the first time any little thing goes wrong, but you're going to fool them. You are not going to do it. Not when that blessed daddy of yours has raked and scraped every cent together to give this year of music in New York."

Two salty tears ran down the side of her straight little nose, but she brushed them away impatiently. She decided to take a ride on the Fifth Avenue bus and forget her troubles.

She dressed carefully, putting on a ruffled white dress and white shoes and stockings. When all else was ready, she took from her box and threw paper wrappings a broad-brimmed white hat. It was a lovely hat, with its wreath of dull blue corn flowers, and 'Elizabeth Ann adored it.

She went down stairs, tying, as she went, three dimes in the corner of her handkerchief. Two were for her fare and one for a soda water afterward. As she climbed the perilous stairs to the top of the car, her attention was attracted to a young man sitting on one of the front seats. He looked so white and ill that 'Elizabeth Ann's heart went out to him in pity.

As it happened, the only vacant seat was the place next to him, and as the girl sat down she heard a smothered exclamation. Realizing that her broad hat must have grazed his cheek, she flushed.

"I'm so sorry," she said gently. "It must have hurt, and I am afraid you have been ill, too."

"Typhoid," he said briefly, but 'Elizabeth, seeing him smile, knew he was not offended.

She found