

LITTLEST SISTER

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

The child looked gratefully into the face of the young woman bending above her. A Madonna-like face it was with tender, brooding eyes, yet eyes which a sudden sunny smile could transform into dancing merriment.

"It is lovely to have you here," said the child, "before you came, it was so lonely. That's what it means, I guess, to be the littlest sister, specially when you've had a different mother from the rest. They were all quite grown up you know, when my mother came, and they didn't need her. P'raps that's why she went away to Heaven, Paddy did not like to be bothered."

"The biggest sister had said 'Mercy me! the child's too old to have a nurse and going to school, will not need a governess, whatever shall we do with her?' And I told her to advertise for a—a sort of sister. Some one to fix my clothes and read to me, and stay in at night when everyone else was away. Oh! you don't know how dreadful it is to be the littlest sister."

The young woman nodded. "I do know, darling," she replied, "I was just like that." There was a sudden catch in the sweet voice. "They closed the doors," she went on dreamily, "and went their different ways, and I—was left alone."

"For all of the evening?" asked the child.

"Forever," answered the girl.

"And they did not come back?"

The young woman sadly shook her head. "There were so many things in the world to keep them busy," she said.

The child leaned forward eagerly. "Then, whatever did you do?"

Into the amber eyes danced the sunny smile. "Why I came here," the girl replied. "Your advertisement seemed just written for me, to make a 'little sister' huppy so exactly the thing I wanted to do."

"You might have been a secretary," the child suggested shrewdly, "and have made more money." Again the companion smiled.

"I was very stupid," she said, "about making money. Perhaps I had forgotten all that I knew, in caring for my invalid father."

"Well," the child answered cheerfully, "that was a good thing for me, I'm so much in the way, they all tell me that, and they never did want me at all. Now, the biggest sister is going to be married and the other is going abroad. The brother is going abroad, too, the one who calls me 'that kid,' and—"

The young woman turned about. "Not," she asked breathlessly, "the tall brother with the deep true eyes, not, the brother with the kind voice which makes you feel that somebody cares—he is not going away?"

The child regarded her companion perplexedly, then shook her head. "Oh, no," she said, "that is the oldest brother who has always been painting pictures somewhere far away. He came back not long ago, and yesterday he came up here to my big room. He was so very grave and so very cross, that I was afraid. 'So,' he said, 'you are the little one? Where is she?' I s'pose he meant the biggest sister, and I told him and he went away."

The girl caught the child in her arms. "He asked like that?" she questioned eagerly, "quickly, anxiously, like that?"

Bewildered the child nodded, then raised a startled face, "what was that noise, back there among the shadows?" she asked.

"You are fanciful," the girl replied, "a log broke in the fire. Let me hold you close and I will tell a story."

"Once upon a time a great artist came back to his native land to see his own, and perhaps to wed a wondrous lady. The hearts of his sisters were set upon this choice, for great was her influence in the world of letters, and very great was her wealth. To marry her, would be to bring to the artist all those things for which he had struggled so, the sisters told a humble maid of their dwelling. This maid had but dared to raise her eyes to the man, as he passed her upon the stairs, or—in the garden. Had but dared, meeting him upon the road, to ride home at his side in the great automobile. Yet the sisters seemed to know of the dream she had dreamed alone in her own little room with the stars for company. And so the maiden found that she must go away because the kindness of his eyes grew so akin to love,—because the gentleness of his voice thrilled to tenderness—"

"Didn't she care—for—him?" the child asked drowsily.

"It was because she cared so very much," answered the girl, "that she determined to go away—that she might marry the wonderful lady, who could bring to him victory." A tear splashed down upon the now sleeping eyes of the child, while from the shadows came a man's figure.

"So—dearest," said the man's low and jubilant voice, "that is your reason, that is why you have made me play at hide and seek finding you like a boy, that is how you would sacrifice yourself. Well here," his arms closed about her, "here is my victory now and forever."

Blinking the littlest sister opened her eyes. "My—brother!" she whispered unbelievably. "And, your sister," answered the deep kind voice, "and we are all going to live in the happiest home together."

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

SHELLS CUT THROUGH WIRE

New Projectile Has Scissors Attachment—Another Releases Short Chains When It Explodes.

There seems no limit to what the new shells can do. One of the latest shells has a sort of scissors attachment which, when released by the explosion, will cut through the strongest wire entanglements. Another releases a number of short chains when it explodes. These chains are sure to wreck anything they touch, says Popular Science Monthly.

The scissors shell has an opening in the casing through which the cutting arms project. They are slightly recessed in order to avoid wind resistance. The arms are attached near the nose of the projectile. They are mounted on steel studs in such a manner that they can rock and expand in order to throw the free ends outward at the base of the shell.

The fuse is made in the ordinary way, and behind it is a chamber for the explosive charge. The projectile is fired just as any shell is fired. The explosion releases the cutting arms and they cut through any object with devastating force.

The chain shell is considered similarly, except that the short chains are wound around the gaine and separated by disks which keep them in place until the projectile is emptied. Sometimes the chains are weighed heavily at the ends. When the explosion takes place the chains fly out with fearful force, and in addition to their high-speed forward movement they rotate rapidly. Needless to say, where they hit something, there is nothing left.

RELICS FROM FLINT RIDGE

Collection of Arrowpoints and Spearheads Donated by Ohio Man to Gonzaga University.

More than 70 arrowpoints and spearheads, gathered at Flint Ridge, O., have been donated to Gonzaga university museum of Newark, by Walter A. Mitchell, of Newark, O., says the Spokane Chronicle. They come from the most famous flint-quarries worked by prehistoric men in the United States. It was at Flint Ridge that the warriors of the stone age bought their ammunition for the hunt and for warfare.

"The great quantities of flint implements dug up there even in our own days permit us to form an estimate of the extensive workshops that must have been in operation there during the stone age, in order to supply the actual demand from near and far and to store away such a vast surplus," said A. M. Jung, curator of the museum at Gonzaga. The specimens in the Gonzaga collection show well the various colors which made Flint Ridge implements so much sought after in prehistoric times. The characteristic colors are white, gray, yellow, brown, blue, green and black.

Saw Soldier Cousin in Movies.

At a moving picture performance, says the Boston Post, there was shown "The Battle of Arras" and the retreat of the Germans. One view showed some English soldiers marching through a street in France. In the film the soldiers stopped in front of the camera a few seconds, when suddenly an American soldier jumped to his feet and yelled at the top of his voice, "Give 'em thunder, Johnnie, old top! Give 'em thunder!" The audience almost went wild in its applause; but the soldier, realizing what he had done, blushed and started for an exit, when a young woman usher told him not to mind, but stay and see the show. He later explained that the man in the picture was Johnnie Clark, his cousin.

She Wished Good Service.

Telephone girls have many questions put to them daily, according to a young woman who is employed at the Central Union exchange in this city, notes the Indianapolis News. But the funniest request made by any of our subscribers in all my experience," she continued, "came from an old woman just the other day. "Is this the Bell Telephone company?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied. "Well, I want to speak to Mr. Bell at once. There's something the matter with my telephone, an' I want him to come down here an' fix it!"

Effect of Learning.

President George Kistner of Campbell college said the other day: "Learning, profound learning, is the light of the world, but we continually get new proof of the harm a little learning does. "A lady employed a schoolgirl of twelve to scrub her front steps. The schoolgirl worked well, but suddenly she stopped coming. The lady met her on the street and said: "What's the matter, Minnie? Why have you stopped working for me?" "The urbin tressed her head." "I'm talkin' Latin now," she sniffed, "and I don't scrub steps no more."

Wrist Watch Again.

Old Convert—I can't understand why the wrist watch is such an object of levity. I'm sure it is a great convenience. New Convert—Yes. With the old kind, in order to find out the time I had to unbutton my coat and fish around in my waistcoat pocket for my watch. Now all I have to do is unbutton my coat, fish around in my waistcoat pocket, discover that my watch isn't there, and then pull up my sleeve and look at my wrist watch.

PLEASING DAD

By OLIVE BROWN.

The elder Seiridge did not look up as his son entered the office, but he was safe in identifying him as such for the hands on the floor clock in the corner pointed to 9:30.

"Morning," he growled, without moving.

"Good morning, Dad," came the hearty, good-fellow response.

"Out late again?"

"Not so very. Just two."

"Yes, I'll bet there were just two. Say, looka here, Bert, that reminds me. Gilchrist says you're rushing that girl like dynamite."

"What girl?"

"That girl, I said. How many girls have you and I been talking about in our heart-to-heart confidences?"

"My, you're particular about your company. You'd think I was just out of boarding school."

"No impudence now, Mister. You bet I'm particular about your company. Say, Bud, you know what I promised your mother. She was always strong on your marrying well—somebody in your set, as she would have put it. Bud, we can't go back on her, can we?"

"No, Dad. But who ever said anything about my marrying this young lady?"

"Well, when you're with a girl every second she's out of her office and you're out of yours, it looks like business. Gilchrist says you had her to—"

"Oh, darn Gilchrist."

Mr. Seiridge had nothing to say to this. "Well, anyway, son, don't marry her, will you?"

Bert considered this soberly. "No, Dad, I will not marry her," he promised.

"That's the boy! That's the talk! Now I feel better and believe my breakfast is going to digest, after all."

Then turning to his desk, "Say, Albert, this order of Ormiston's worries me. Some way we just can't seem to land it. I know they've got to have those girders and stay plates and that we've put in as low a bid as anyone. We've just got to land it, that's all."

"Well, what is it, Dad?"

"Suppose you try."

Albert got up as though shot out of a spring gun. "You bet I will." And then his father remembered that Gilchrist had also said the very pretty girl young Seiridge was rushing so dynamically was in Ormiston's office.

"Listen, Bert, I've changed my mind. I need you here today. Suppose you go to Ormiston's house tonight. I know it isn't done—but all's fair in love and war, and this is war. Ormiston's girl's a beauty. By Jove! That's the idea! Why don't you marry her, Bert?"

Albert hung up his hat again and looked out of the window. "I might think it over, Dad. But maybe you don't know that old Mr. Ormiston hates me like 'pizen'."

"What?"

"Fact, Billy Ormiston and I had a fight at college about—about something, and I knocked him out."

"Do you mean to say that old buzzard wouldn't be just tickled to death to have you for a son-in-law? Well, you come along—get your hat, and I'll tell the whole family a few things. And I'll tell them they can go to the devil with their contracts."

"But, dad—"

"Come along."

A few minutes later they were ushered into the presence of "the buzzard," a sharp-eyed, eagle-nosed gentleman, who asked them to be seated in words more civil than his tone.

Mr. Seiridge went straight to the point. "Mr. Ormiston, I came to discover if any personal feeling has influenced your decision on the bid we made you. If so, we will consider all future co-operation at an end, and I will inform my representatives accordingly."

"I never let personal affairs influence business," returned Mr. Ormiston, "but since you have suggested it, it will be quite satisfactory to this firm to cease all future transactions with yours."

Mr. Seiridge was about to reply when there was a scream and both gentlemen turned to find the very pretty secretary seeking protection on Albert's manly bosom, while he was doing his best to comfort her.

"Eleanor," stamped Mr. Ormiston, "come here this minute."

"Albert," roared Mr. Seiridge, "I'm surprised, you promised—"

"I said I wouldn't marry her, because I have married her, Dad. She's my wife," calmly declared Albert, without moving.

"And she's my daughter," said Mr. Ormiston, sinking into a chair helplessly. "She's insisted on working. So I've had her here in my office."

"And we," gasped Mr. Seiridge, in a dove, "are two blamed old fools, Ormiston."

"Dad's a pretty good champion," whispered Albert into Eleanor's pink ear the first moment he had the opportunity. "We might have known he'd be on our side."

"But it's turned out all right, dear," she smiled. "Let them worry." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Molding a Future.

"How did you come to be a performer on the bass viol?"

"Well, when I decided to be a musician I got father to promise to buy me a fiddle. But father always was one of those men who want to get as much as possible for their money."

WOMEN RACE FOR LIFE FROM PURSUING BEAR

People in Maine Don't Have to Go to War to Get Excitement.

Bears are so numerous and bold in Maine this fall that the natives don't have to go to war to get excitement. It is a popular belief that the bear fears the hum of civilization and instinctively avoids settlements, but like most popular beliefs, that one is subject to frequent upsets. One of these upsets occurred in the town of Milford, 15 miles up the Penobscot from Bangor, the other day, when a bear described as "big as a cow" pursued Mrs. Alice McAllister and Mrs. Millie Powers, who were driving along the county highway on their return from Greenfield.

Mrs. Powers lashed the horse into its top speed to keep ahead of the fast-trotting bear, but at a turn in the road the front axle of their carriage broke, pitching them into the ditch.

In an instant the women were on their feet and freed the horse. They mounted the animal and rode at top speed. After a race of a mile or more they reached the Fred Allen place, but there was no one at home. They barred the doors and telephoned to the Tom Simmons farm for help. A dozen men were soon out after the bear, but no trace of him could be found.

KILLED IN SPECIALLY ARRANGED AIR DUEL

Captain Immelman, until his recent death Germany's premier aviator, who was killed in a specially arranged air duel by Captain Ball, an English pilot.

Notes dropped in the opposing lines arranged the meeting to take place in the air high above the German lines. The two planes soared into the air while the guns in the British and German lines ceased firing. Soldiers of the two forces lay down their arms and watched with interest the maneuvering of the fighters. Before Immelman could get into firing position Ball looped and let go with his machine gun smashing the airplane. The German machine burst into flames and dropped to earth.

Captain Ball then flew back to the spot over which the German fell and dropped a huge wreath of flowers.

Four days later Captain Ball fell after a battle with four German planes which he fought single-handed. Before he dropped he sent three to earth.

FINDS BIG EGG

Thought It Came From an Ostrich—But a Hen Laid It.

When J. T. Watson of Los Angeles heard a great chorus of cackling in his chicken yard he figured that his chickens had fixed up another fresh egg for his breakfast and he went out to investigate.

He reached into the nest for the egg and could hardly get his hand around it. He pulled it out of the nest and then started looking for footprints of an ostrich in his chicken yard, for the egg was the largest he had ever seen.

No ostrich or ostrich tracks could be found, so Watson arrived at the conclusion that one of his hens had hid another blow at the high cost of living.

The egg weighed four and one-quarter ounces and was six and one-half inches in circumference and nine inches in lengthwise circumference.

GERMANS ATE CIRCUS ZOO.

Feuton Soldiers Devoured All the Wild Animals From Hagenbach's.

The Kaiser's soldiers have eaten all of the animals in the vast supply zoo of the Hagenbach brothers, at Hamburg, according to G. W. Meredith, a Los Angeles manufacturer. Mr. Meredith was in Germany until after the United States entered the war.

It was impossible to supply the animals with meat and other food, says Mr. Meredith, so feeding the wild animals to the soldiers proved a double purpose. In the lot were lions, tigers, jaguars, leopards, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses and other jungle beasts and reptiles.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Any dullard can be waited on and served, but to serve, requires judgment, skill, tact, patience and industry.

A FEW WAYS WITH CORN.

When serving corn meal the following recipes will be helpful to furnish a variety:

Spoon Corn Bread.

Mix two cupsful of water and a cupful of white cornmeal and cook five minutes. Add two beaten eggs, a cupful of milk, a table-spoonful of butter and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Beat thoroughly and bake in a well-greased pan in a hot oven 25 minutes. Serve from the same dish with a spoon.

Corneal Fish Balls.—Pick over and soak a cupful of shredded codfish to remove the salt. Add two cupfuls of cold cornmeal mush, one egg and a table-spoonful of butter. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat. Drain on paper. These balls taste as good as those prepared with potato, and are easily made.

Corneal mush poured into a square breadpan and allowed to become cold will slice and fry in neat pieces, making a most acceptable breakfast dish.

Gustard Corn Cake.—Beat two eggs, add a-quarter of a cupful of sugar and mix thoroughly. Sift a third of a cupful of wheat flour, a teaspoonful each of soda, a cupful of sour milk and one and two-thirds cupfuls of cornmeal. Mix all the ingredients. Melt two table-spoonfuls of butter in the pan, grease the sides well and pour in the batter; over the top pour a cupful of cream. Bake twenty to thirty minutes. When cooked there will be a layer of custard on top of the cake.

Indian Pudding.—Scald a quart of milk and stir in very gradually two-thirds of a cupful of cornmeal, stirred with a little cold milk, cook until smooth. Add another quart of milk, a cupful of sugar, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of finely chopped suet, a cupful of raisins, a grating of nutmeg, two beaten eggs. Mix well and pour into a baking dish. Dust the top over the suet generously with flour, which will make a beautiful brown crust. Bake slowly three hours.

Hocokake.—These may be baked like griddle cakes, mixing cornmeal, salt and water to the consistency of a pouring batter. Cook slowly on both sides. These cakes were originally baked before an open fire.

Nellie Maxwell The KITCHEN CABINET

The dollar that one unexpectedly gets is only a dollar, but the one that one loses—how large it seems to grow!

DAINTY DISHES.

The following may be suggestive to vary the menu:

Frozen Bananas.—Put five large bananas through a sieve, add the juice of four oranges and one lemon. Boil a cupful of water with a cupful and a half of sugar until clear; cool and add the fruit and juices. Freeze to a mush, then add a pint of heavy cream whipped and folded lightly into the frozen mixture; finish freezing and let stand an hour before serving.

A most delicious sauce to serve on ice cream is Butter Scotch Sauce. Boil together a cupful of sugar and two table-spoonfuls of syrup, and a half cupful of water until it is very hard when tried in water. Remove from the heat, add a half-table-spoonful of butter, a fourth of a cupful of hot water and a half-teaspoonful of lemon extract. Color with "caramel" and serve hot on ice cream.

Cocoa Apple-Sauce Cake.—Mix together a table-spoonful of cocoa, a table-spoonful of cinnamon, a half-teaspoonful of cloves, two cupfuls of flour and a cupful of raisins. In another dish put a cupful of sugar, a half-cupful of sour cream, a cupful of hot apple sauce and one and a fourth teaspoonfuls of soda which has been stirred into the apple sauce. Beat in the flour mixture and bake in tube pan for 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Frost with sour cream frosting.

Sour Cream Icing.—Take two-thirds of a cupful of sour cream, two cupfuls of granulated sugar and boil gently until it thickens. Cool until tepid, add a teaspoonful of orange extract and beat until creamy, when it can be spread quick over the cake. This makes a cream colored frosting.

Pumpkin and Almond Croquettes.—To a pint of sifted pumpkin add two table-spoonfuls of melted butter, a beaten egg, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a cupful of blanched almonds. Form into croquettes, roll in egg crumbs and fry in deep fat.

Nuts sprinkled over cookies, added to cakes or ices always add food value and attractiveness to an otherwise plain food.

Nellie Maxwell

AIR RAIDS TEACH LONDON TO DIG IN

Sociability Is Increased as Zepps Arouse Conscience.

PLAN TO FOIL ATTACKS

Back-Yard Gardeners Now Turn Attention to Building Bomb-Proof Shelters—Hunt for Safety Brings to Light Many Curious Structures in London—Learn to Be Careful.

The Londoner's particular form of individual self-sufficiency is giving way to a new feeling of real social science. It has been a characteristic of the Londoner that he seldom knew more than the few people who came in touch with him in relation to his work or pleasures and the neighbors dwelling on either side of his residence.

Today one can safely say that the system of isolated existence has passed away. The air raids have changed the outlook. No longer has he a room that takes months to break down. He meets the neighbor who lives up the street and stops him for a discussion as to the best method of cover, the details of the nearest bomb-proof refuge, the result and powers of the high-explosive shell that was last dropped in the district and the never-ending question as to the best way of dealing with the German airman.

In the days of the Zeppelin raids seriously was the moving spirit. The residents of London or Greater London did not trouble about cover. He sought the point of vantage where it was possible he could see the picture of the great gas bag outlined in the darkness searchlights and expressed himself in his disappointment if it failed to come within his range of vision. Now the doors very little star gazing, but making for the better cover obtainable.

The details given at inquests on the victims of previous raids with the comprehensive instructions issued by the authorities have given him a new sense of the danger of carelessness. The instructions issued, which deal with different kinds with action during raids, that cover the subject from taking cover to how to remove persons from unexploded bombs, unlike the usual official publication, make an easily understood document. It might almost be said to be the most useful document ever issued by a government department. This has helped the Londoner to replace curiosity by caution.

It cannot truthfully be said that the Londoner is rattled, but it is obvious that he does not intend the German to win the war in the air if he can possibly help it, and with the aid of the fellow citizens he hopes to reduce the danger of raids to the absolute minimum possible.

Therefore the Londoner is studying cover and the resident of Greater London is digging, or rather sand bagging himself in. In practically every division the problem of shelter from bombs or shrapnel is a live subject. Many districts have a distinct shortage of decent cover, especially on the borders of London, where with the exception of the churches and public buildings there are few structures that could withstand a high-explosive bomb and few that would be a defense from an unexploded shell or large piece of shrapnel.

As a consequence London is learning to dig itself in, to make a bomb-proof shelter with sand bags and to utilize other articles having a defensive value. Busy With Shovels.

Many hundreds of Londoners have been working on the vacant lots during the earlier part of the year with the object of adding to the food supply of the country; their hard work with the spade and the hoe has taught them to dig successfully and many a sand-dugout has been the result. Thousands of these can be seen around London.

The fortunate possessor of a house with a basement has found he has a lot of visitors since raid warnings have been issued, while houses possessing good cellars have been also used as havens of refuge.

The need of shelter has brought to light curious structures around London. During the last raid the police had to close a tube station owing to the number of people seeking safety and directed the refugees to a neighboring tenement building. The visitors were conducted under the building and were astonished to find themselves in the garbage dump. The vaults under a great furniture depository made accommodation for over 1,800 people, who spent their enforced inaction sitting round in parties on old ledgers in the store. In the vaults of a factory bordering a canal several hundred people waited for the "All Clear" notice entirely unaware that the canal was running above their heads and they were dismissed by a door on the opposite side of the canal from which they entered the building.

In all these temporary shelters the accommodation has been granted under the rule "women and children first" and with the slight exception of a panic among the foreign element the police have had little trouble in controlling the crowds.

At 103 the Deep Well Works, Mrs. Emily Hyams of Natchford, Le., aged one hundred three, has volunteered for active war work. She is engaged in Red Cross and other relief activities.