

HER KIND

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Lawrence Morey was tired of the adulation attendant upon fame and fortune. Presently, he acknowledged, the call would come to him to go back, but he would now linger longer in the perfect freedom this unfrequented Lakeshore resort afforded.

Most of the regular cottagers had returned to their homes, the distant boarding place he had chosen was free from interruption; it was unlikely that the distinguished features of the miniature artist would here be recognized. Fishing, at first entered into with zest, now lost its charm, Morey took to long walks upon the beach. It was during one of these strolls that he came upon a girl's camp, with the name of a well-known city factory above its door. The fair workers out for their vacation were evidently thoroughly enjoying the change. Much like the favored girls whose society the artist had always known, were these bright-faced creatures taking their morning dip in the lake, or cooking things over a beach camp fire. One face especially attracted his attention, several times he had met the girl upon a return trip from the village. In her short skirt and middie blouse she was childishly attractive.

Each time he saw the girl he became more eagerly desirous of knowing her. After all—in this place so free from observation—why not pass the time with a diverting flirtation? The woman at home had become of a tiresome sameness, here one might find interesting variety. So Morey approached one day a jolly favorite dubbed by her companions, "Myrtle," and besought "Myrtle" for an introduction to her reserved friend.

"You want to meet Jane Gray?" the girl responded, "sure, I'll introduce you," and she did.

Jane Gray, swinging along down a path, smiled when she was accosted. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Morey," she said simply.

If the artist had found the women of his acquaintance "tiresome sameness," the feeling had not been reciprocated. Even in his indifference he had possessed for them a fascination, so now where Lawrence Morey was for once in his life eagerly desirous of pleasing. It was not strange that he should succeed. Jane Gray at first apparently diffident, yielded to his acknowledged charm and few hours of the day found the two apart. There were so many beautiful walks to be taken, rides through the early autumn in the artist's car—enchanted moonlit evenings the two seated in silent companionship, just beyond the laughing cove at the beach fire.

Morey did not talk to the other girls, this one little dark-eyed, soft-voiced creature claimed his every thought. Alone with his pipe, he fretted uncomfortably, that where he had intended this girl out of his world, had so completely enthralled him. When the acquaintance would be ended as abruptly as it began, would he, still know this constant yearning for her presence? In his apprehension came a joyous realization of love returned. Could it be love at last—upon his part? This he must know though he cast it from him.

The opportunity came upon the night before his secretly planned departure. She was irresistibly appealing, as they stood alone at dusk, her upraised eyes showing in the moonlight with a sort of radiance. Lawrence Morey kissed her—kissed her, and then he knew! For one glorious moment her arms clung to him.

"I love you," he whispered tensely. The girl sighed.

"It seems too good—to be true," she said—"you and I meeting here and through this chance—a future life of happiness. I will confess now, that I knew all along, who you were—else I should not have been so friendly. Though wealth and fame could not influence my love, that—just had to come."

Then, feeling the while like a brute, Morey told her. "It was all a mistake. He must go back. Loring her, still he might not make her his wife. There was his aristocratic family to think of, his career. One might prate of marriage for love, alone, but after all there could be but one satisfactory union for him—marriage with one of his kind."

Pale, wide-eyed little Jane Gray listened, then dumbly, silent moved away. During the business hours at the studio, he could not banish her from his thoughts. "Girls like that sometimes made way with themselves," and he wondered.

Bursting in on his troubled reflections, one wily afternoon, came his sister. "Such luck, Lawrence," she began, "I'm bringing up a millionairess to see you. She's going to be all the rage here this winter and if you can get her portrait, you'll be the rage too. Daughter of the 'Gray Manufacturing Plants'—man, you know, and she's doing a great work among factory girls, has vacation camps for them and even chaperones them sometimes herself. Wait till you see her."

When Morey did see her, he stood speechlessly staring. The little lady in costly furs was quite composed. "When he could find a moment with her alone, the artist spoke quickly, 'I did love you—I want you for my wife,' he pleaded. But Jane Gray smiling, shook her head.

"I too believe in marriage with one's kind," she said, and my kind—are honorable—and true."

The KITCHEN CABINET

What kinder spot on earth? A fire on the hearth. A furry rug and small A picture on the wall, A table and a light Well shaded and bright, A hollow lazy chair, With cushions plump to spare, A jewel of a book— My cozy reading nook.

CORN, THE AMERICAN FOOD.

As we wish to save every ounce of white flour possible in our food in these days of pressing need, it is well for us to remember that our forefathers had little else but corn for bread in the early days. In 1588 Hariot in his account of the Virginia colony writes of maize as follows: "The grain is about the bigness of our ordinary English pease, it yeilds white sweete flowre; being used according to its kind, it maketh a very good bread."

As cornmeal or corn flour lacks the tenacious substance (gluten) present in wheat it is impossible to make a good yeast bread from it alone; but by using the flour in the sponge, cornmeal may be used as substitute from one-fourth to a third of the flour used in kneading, in this way saving a large amount of flour for our country's need. Bread which has corn flour or cornmeal added should be longer baked to be palatable.

Fifty-Fifty Biscuits.—Take two cups of white flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of shortening and two of sugar, liquid to mix to the proper consistency, about one to one and a half cupfuls. Milk, potato water or other vegetable water of little flavor may be used, in this way much mineral matter is taken into the body.

Fifty-Fifty Griddle Cakes.—Take one cupful of sour milk, three-fourths cupful each of flour and corn meal, a half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a half teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of molasses and one beaten egg. Get a few pounds of flank fat, try it out, saving the scraps, mix the fat with hot with lard and it will keep it soft as butter. Use the scraps finely chopped to stir into a cornmeal mush, well seasoned with salt, and a few dashes of cayenne. Pour into a bread pan to mold. Unmold and slice, fry in the hot flank fat, for a most fitting breakfast dish.

Nellie Maxwell



War calls women to national service as well as men. The nation needs well developed men and women and diet is a great essential for proper physical development.

GOOD ECONOMICAL DISHES.

In these days with a desire to have small portion of meat do double duty, the following will appeal to the thrifty housewife.

Beef and Potato Roll.—Take a pound loaf and put it twice through the meat chopper, add a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper, one egg and a half pint of cold

boiled potatoes finely chopped, form into a roll about six inches long and bake for half an hour, basting it once or twice during the baking. Serve either with tomato or brown sauce. It may be rolled in oiled paper and baked over the paper while cooking.

Where there is a small family a three-pound chicken will serve for several meals. Cook the wing tips and giblets, chopping the giblets when cooked and adding to the broth, this making sufficient gravy to serve with the fowl for two or three meals. Make the gravy by using any sweet fat brown with flour, then add some of the broth with a spoonful or two of the chopped giblets, cook until smooth, change the flavor, using celery salt, onion, or parsley, with a dash of tobacco or Worcestershire and kitchen bouquet.

A serving of the second joints and drumsticks parboiled and the liquid added to the gravy broth then brown the pieces in a little hot fat will make a fine meal with baked or mashed potatoes, then the rough pieces, neck and back in a stew with dumplings and gravy, making a little meat and much dumpling and gravy answer for the meal. Then there will be a little of the breast left which may be used in a few dainty sandwiches or mixed with apple in a salad or finely minced and served in a sauce either of the broth or a white sauce on toast. All the bones carefully saved may be crushed and covered with cold water and will make another cup or two of good broth which may be set away and used after a day or two. A chicken costing 50 cents may thus serve a family of two or three with three or even four good meals, and they need not come in succession so that one tires of the flavor.

Nellie Maxwell

THE MISSING WILL

By MARIE HAMMOND.

"Well, my children, I've made my will."

Boyd Hartley looked interested and his wife, Nettie, curious. Both, however, were too eager to welcome their visitor to think of anything outside of kindly attentions. Boyd helped his wife's uncle remove his overcoat, while Nettie placed his tall alk hat and cane upon the hat rack.

"Yes, sir," resumed Uncle William Cass, as they led him into the bright and cozy sitting room and he snuffed the evening meal appetizingly. "I just went to Mr. Byrd, my lawyer, and had the matter settled once for all."

Ever since they were married, every Tuesday evening Mr. Cass had come to visit his dead wife's niece and her husband. He would take supper with them and usually stay all night. Boyd was not earning a large salary, and every Wednesday the old man would return the compliment by sending them a hamper of provisions. The evening passed in the pleasant home of the attentive couple who really cared for him unselfishly, was a marked event in the routine of Uncle William. He seemed happy and relieved, almost jolly, upon this special evening. He declared that supper had never tasted so good, and when Nettie placed him in the most comfortable arm chair in the house and started the talking machine, the old man sank back with a sigh of comfort and peaceful enjoyment.

"I'll help Nettie get the dishes out of the way, uncle," said Boyd, "so we can be together right away," and joined his wife in her usual task. Brisk and active, Nettie had her part of the work done before her less able assistant had finished putting away the knives and forks. She removed her apron and ran into the sitting room.

"Now for a nice evening, uncle," Boyd heard her say, and then there was a wild scream.

"What is it, Nettie?" spoke Boyd, startled.

"Oh, Boyd! Come here! Come here!" gasped Nettie in a frightened voice.

Uncle William lay back in the chair, motionless. There was a set smile upon his face, but he was dead. The old man had passed away without a struggle amid the homage of honest, loyal hearts and rare home comfort.

They buried him from their own little home. Martin Evans was there, called the day after the funeral. Reverently Nettie had taken the old gold-headed cane and the familiar silk hat of her uncle and stored them away, as precious relics, in an unused wardrobe in the attic. Mr. Byrd was very serious when he informed Nettie that they had been unable to find the will.

"It was sealed, attested and witnessed at my office the day of his death," he said. "I do not know all the contents, but I am aware of the general legacies my client planned to make. We have searched his safety deposit box, at the old home, but have discovered no trace of the will."

Finally Martin Evans made application to the court as nearest of kin of the deceased and was awarded the estate. His spendthrift policy began at once to develop. He squandered what was left of a liquid character, then he mortgaged the store building. He would have done the same with the homestead and farm, but Mr. Byrd said:

"You can draw the income from the farm and live in the old home, but I will not consent to any loan or sale. I hear you have farmed out that poor little outcast child you agreed to care for, and have put him in charge of a wretched couple addicted to drink and who are abusive to the child."

Boyd sought out Evans.

"See here, Evans," he said, "I've a favor to ask of you."

"If it's to borrow or beg, don't waste your time," growled Evans.

"It is neither. Nettie is lonesome, we love children, and if you will turn little Alan over to us legally we will adopt him."

"Will I? Sure!" said Evans. "Good riddance to bad rubbish."

WHY

National Guard Is Being Gradually Eliminated

National Guardsmen now serving in the federal service, will become civilians at the end of the war, says the Indianapolis Star. Because of the drafting of the entire National Guard into federal service, states now have no National Guard. What formerly was the state National Guard has been wiped out of existence.

A number of inquiries as to the status of the Guardsmen brought this information from the war department. When the National Guard of a state was drafted into federal service every man was formally discharged from state service. This means, the war heads say, that all members of the National Guard raised in the state will become civilians when mustered out of federal service.

This is different from what happened when the local troops went to the Mexican border. They were not discharged from state service at that time, and when their period of service on the border ended they returned to their old station as members of the National Guard at home.

The war department has advised the state authorities that they may proceed with the creation of a new National Guard, provided they stay within the law, which limits the Guard to not exceeding 800 members for every representative and each of the senators from the state in congress. When the war with Germany ends the members of the old National Guard, now in the federal service, will not return to their armories and will not replace the regiments that may be raised since they left.

Although the governors of all the states have been notified of the authority conveyed by law to organize new National Guards, not exceeding 800 per representative and senator, the instances where initial steps have been taken to do so are very rare. War department officials and army officers generally frankly admit that the National Guard, as it was before the United States entered war, is being gradually eliminated and no regret is expressed by the regulars, who have always had a prejudice against the Guard.

SHOES INVENTION OF CELT

How Footgear Was Found Necessary to Protect the Feet From Injury.

Nobody knows who was the first shoemaker. There must have been a time when everybody went barefooted, observes a writer, and the first shoes were probably made of wolverine or skins. The original shoemaker doubtless sought comfort more than style. The Celt, who at times wandered over moor and morass, at others over stony mountains, invented a shoe that suited his purpose.

A sole of heavy hides protected his feet from sharp stones, while uppers or legs of lighter skin protected his ankles and legs from thorns and bushes. The buskin was so constructed that the water exuded from it as soon as the foot ceased to be emerged. In the modern shoe, the idea is that water be kept out, not let out. The Celtic buskin was tough and elastic, and could be replaced wherever there were untanned skins at hand. Every Celt was his own shoemaker. With the Norman conquest came the introduction into the British Isles of tanned leather, which had long been in use in Normandy, where it had been introduced by the Romans. Shoes then began to take on style, and the styles have never been duplicated in later days. From close-fitting shoes fashion went to long, pointed toes, which in time, grew so long that they had to be fastened to the wearer's knees.

How Shepherds Know Their Sheep.

From Westmoreland comes an interesting example of the way in which shepherds know their sheep. To them no two sheep are alike, any more than two people, says this Westmoreland correspondent of the English Manchester Guardian. The writer's brother had a number of black-faced sheep near Shap Fell, and one day a shepherd came to him and said: "There's one of your sheep at see a spot—a goodish bit off your head, that, eh?" "Are you quite sure it was one of my sheep?" the man was asked. "As sure as ah's which (alive)." And then he went into an elaborate description of the facial peculiarities of the animal, for he knew it by sight as well as he knew its owner. The orthodox markings of the sheep he did not even touch upon, leaving them for final proof, if such were needed.—Christian Science Monitor.

How New Electric Hair-Cutter Operates.

An electrically operated hair-cutter which eliminates the shears has been devised. It consists essentially of a light standard with cross-arms at the top to support a small electric motor connected with the clippers by a flexible cord three or four feet long, says Popular Science Monthly. In cutting long hair the fingers and comb are used in exactly the same manner as with shears. In outlining the hair in front the cutters are turned upside down and the points pressed close to the skin. The hair is cut in a fraction of the time usually required.

How to Clean a Gas Stove.

Put a small quantity of kerosene on an ordinary dish mop with a short handle and polish carefully. The hands are kept clean, the grease removed and the oil will not splatter.

DEAL AND IDEAL

By RUDOLPH TRESSINGHAM.

Clancy Wyeth had a deal in mind and process. Joseph Trull an ideal. The former was popularly designated as a keen, practical business man, the latter as a visionary and dreamer. Nature had formed both with strong individual intellectuality.

Clancy Wyeth was floor broker for a big firm on the grain exchange. Its offices were a rare glitter of gilt and plate glass. Joseph Trull had a desk and narrow office in an obsolete business block, where he did translation work for the foreign departments of local banks.

"I have a pretty idea in mind," he told a friend one day. "You know our old family homestead, fifteen miles from the city of Fendale; is mine. It has not been occupied for two years. They have built up some palatial homes near to it, and I have been waiting, expecting to get a good offer for it. Well, the house is old, but it can be made habitable. There are fifteen bearing cherry trees in the orchard. I'm going to have a crowd of these little ones out for a week, soon as the cherries are ripe."

"Excellent grand!" commented his friend.

"I shall pick out fifteen of the most deserving children," continued Trull, "and apportion to each a tree. It will be their tree to dream over, to long for, weeks before the visit. I will keep the fifteen for a week, hire a cook and a nurse. One week end the mother of each little one will come out and pick one tree, and I will see that the cherries are delivered by wagon at the city home."

Just this plan Jasper Trull put into operation. The mothers who came out with the little ones, were provided with ladders and baskets, and went home happy and content. There was one little tot, the youngest of the group, a girl not yet three years of age. She and the others were allowed to roam freely about the place.

"I cannot find little Dora," the nurse informed Trull one afternoon near dusk, and he started off in search of her. Nearing a high hedge that separated the grounds from those of a fine mansion occupied by a family named Crosby, he caught the echo of voices, and paused. He noticed a hole in the hedge, and peering over its top his eye took in a lovely picture.

Upon the grass was seated a beautiful young woman, whom he doubted not to be Miss Eunice Colby. She had little Dora in her lap, and had woven a garland of flowers for her. The prattling tot was beaming with delight.

"Please excuse me," spoke Joseph, "but the nurse is anxious about this wandering little charge of hers, and I promised to find her."

"Oh, you are Mr. Trull," spoke the young lady, arising and kissing little Dora and then handling her through the hedge. "I have heard so much of your noble work. Will you not allow this sweet little mite to come over again tomorrow? The rest of the family are away, and she is rare company."

Joseph promised. The nurse herself the next morning took Dora to the hedge and consented that she should remain all day in Miss Colby's charge, as the latter wished.

Now, by a strange freak of fate, Clancy Wyeth visited the Colby home that day. He had only a casual acquaintance with Miss Colby, but he had her in view as a prospective heiress, and hoped to make an impression. For his "deal" looked fine.

"The little brat!" he fairly hissed, after devoting a portion to Miss Colby, he found her devotedly engrossed in entertaining her little visitor and acting rather bored at his presence. He went away disgruntled.

"She won't be so indifferent, when I make my pile on the deal," he muttered.

"Please keep a little back from the hedge, Miss Colby," Trull said one evening. "Little Dora is down with fever. The doctor says it is infectious, and that we must quarantine the house. Do not run any risk. I will have the nurse keep you informed as to how Dora gets along."

But there was no nurse the next day. They had taken the alarm, as well as the cook. Both had departed. Trull had cooked the breakfast himself, and was attending as best he might to the three who had come down with the fever, when a knock at the door sent him thither. He opened it to confront Miss Colby. She had a suitcase in her hand and started to come in.

"You must not," he told her. "It would be only to expose yourself to the contagion."

"But I have come to stay," persisted the determined little lady. "Please don't scold or deter me, Mr. Trull," she pleaded. "I have sent for two nurses in the village, and, if you will isolate and care for the well ones, we will attend to the sick little charges."

One month after that, Clancy Wyeth, the man of the deal, found that the information he had paid for as to the potato crop was a fraud. The market broke, his firm failed, and his dream of opulence ended.

HOW YALE UNIVERSITY

ED THE CHINESE IN MEDICAL WORK.

Yale University, founded in China, the college of Yale, or Yale-in-China, with the object of fitting native students to become leaders in their own land. In no direction do the Chinese more require leadership than in the field of medicine and hygiene, according to a writer in World Outlook.

Yale-in-China believes in a sound mind in a sound body, and it is hustling to teach backward China how to develop such bodies. Its nurses' training school is preparing 40 white-capped nurses to tend the Chinese sick; it has a fine hospital; and it is developing strong medical schools to launch into a waiting world 200 eager medical students—at a graduation.

Old Yale loved China early, but China did not love Yale at first. It did not know about these foreign doctors and their queer ways, but two remarkable men, an American and a Chinese, showed what Western skill could do, and the Chinese were won.

Doctors Hume and Yen cured so many patients that the grateful people spared the colleges in the riots of 1910, when other foreigners were killed. In the revolution of 1911 the Yale doctors again proved themselves such effective friends of the Chinese, caring for the wounded, that they became more beloved than ever. And when Doctor Yen succeeded in keeping the dread Manchurian plague out of the province, gratitude was expressed by a gold medal.

Now Doctor Yen can do what he wants and have what he pleases in Huanan.

FAMILY SHOULD READ ALOUD

Why Inventor Edison Is Blamed for Decline of Custom.

Edison is not to blame for the decline of the pleasant and profitable old custom of reading aloud, according to the Omaha News. The electric light, affording convenient illumination for every book or paper in the family, started it. Substitution of the phonograph and moving picture as a means of entertainment did even more.

Good poetry can never be fully appreciated until it is read aloud, even to one's self. Whitman and Swinburne, for instance, are not poetry at all without the magical sound of the syllables. The better the poetry the more it is improved by correct and leisurely reading.

But the principal gain lies in drawing the family together and in educating the children. Not even hard study will improve the spoken vocabulary of a child so much as listening to good literature and taking a turn in reading. The "hard words" become easy and common when father or mother can help with pronunciation and definition.

Stirring stories from the Bible, "Robinson Crusoe," Mark Twain's "Tom" and "Huck," Cooper's "Leatherstocking," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Dickens' and Scott's works, "Pigs in Pigs," "Little Women" are just a few suggestions. Reading aloud is pleasant in itself and forms a background for character building.

RISE OF ITALIAN OFFICERS

New Young Warriors Gained Command of Divisions During War.

The readjustment of the army commands in Italy as a result of the recent Rapallo conference which selected the veteran General Cadorna as the empire's military counselor brings a confirmation long wished for—the advancement of the young men among the commanders, says a correspondent. These are General Armando Diaz, fifty-six; General Badoglio, forty-six; and General Giardino, who will soon be fifty-six.

General Diaz started in the war as a junior major general. He rose from the command of a corps to a division and then was given charge of operations in the Carso. He commanded the Solo line in August, taking 5,000 prisoners. General Badoglio, a lieutenant colonel in 1915, reached the rank of major general after taking Sabotino and then became chief of staff of the second army. He has directed the operations of an army corps in the battle Isonzo since. General Giardino was a colonel in 1915. He won a major generalship last June and later was given command of a full army corps.

How to Tell Good Glue.

If glue is frequently remitted it loses much of its strength, therefore glue newly made is preferable to that which has been rebolled. The better the glue the more force it will exert in keeping the joined parts glued together. In all large and long joints it should be applied immediately after boiling. Apply pressure until it is set and hardened. Good glue requires more water than does poor glue. The best glue will require from one-half to more than double the water that is required with poor glue, which is clear and red. The quality can be discovered by breaking a piece. If good it will break hard and tough, and will be irregular on the broken edge. If poor it will break comparatively easy, leaving a smooth, slight edge.