

MISSION ENIGMA

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Her face attracted him the moment she had entered the mission room and unobtrusively seated herself at the long supper table.

The keen eyes of Reverend Phillip noted the neatness of her worn little blue suit, the unmistakable "air" about the simple turtleneck.

"I have been interested in you," his frank, pleasant voice addressed her, "and wondered if I might be of any service. Through the offer may seem a presuming one, you realize that it is only those in need who accept our hospitality."

The girl hesitated, then her clear gaze met his. "Thanks," she replied, "my need, I hope, is only temporary."

"You are a stranger?" he asked. She nodded. "I come, as you may suppose, from a country town. I— she laughed softly, "hope one day to be a successful writer, but the time is long in coming. A few accepted magazine stories encouraged me, but now she paused eloquently—"I wait."

"Better go back home," the curate advised, "the city is not kind to those who wait."

The girl looked back at him. "I have no home," she answered simply, "that went—when my father died."

She had gone before he could form a reply, and all night with troubled persistency the sweet face haunted him. As had become his habit, he confided in the morning his concern to his mother.

"You may have another opportunity of speaking to the girl at the next mission supper," his mother suggested. "If you do, persuade her to call upon me," but she was absent at the following "Free meal to needy girls."

Phillip missed her with a pang, the eagerness with which he had looked forward to the meeting was inexplicable. Could it be possible that she was now in actual want. Pondering the question he entered upon some errand the city's greatest department store.

Swaying toward him down the aisle came a graceful figure. His eye had barely become aware of the velvet suit with the luxurious furs, the costly picture hat deftly placed upon wavy hair, when, bewildered, he found the girl of the mission returning his startled gaze from beneath its tilted brim.

The curate stood inhaled before her. "What," he asked fiercely, regardless, "does all this mean?"

"I will explain tomorrow," she answered, "at the free supper." Then head erect, with her proud sway, she moved on.

Reverend Phillip had no expectation of seeing her at the supper; what was her object in deceiving? "A social worker or investigator of missions would not," he mused savagely, "paint herself up like a Christmas doll." And at this point the girl entered, seating herself again at the end of the mission table. Compelling hunger was evidenced in her absorption to her meal, the worn little suit again clothed her trim figure. Reverend Phillip at last claimed her attention.

"Well," he asked briefly. The girl smiled involuntarily, her pale face was very beautifully again. He felt its magnetic power.

"You want," she asked, "an explanation of this Mission Cinderella? Well, I come, because so far, my writings cover room rent, but with the best management the food supply keeps low."

She arose and her eyes filled with tears. "Once in awhile," she said, "I must have a real meal."

Before he could divine her purpose the girl had again eluded him, slipping back from her place into the crowd. Recklessly the curate followed, the tormenting enigma must be solved; but she was not in sight when he reached the street. Baffled there in the darkness he told himself he was a fool for his pains, yet in this very line his duty lay. It was a chance hope, which took him next day to the same department store, and his usually even heart seemed to cease beating as she again came toward him. Above the white ermine of her costly cloak the girl's face showed dismay. Resolutely he blocked her pathway.

"Now," he demanded, "the explanation?" She spoke, glancing about in trepidation. "I had to do something for money at once," she said. "They call me a 'manikin' here. I display the latest tolets—every afternoon in the store. It is advertised. I did not wish to admit this—to you," she finished and passed on her way.

Reverend Phillip lingered, a smile upon his lips. "I did not wish to admit it—to you," she had said, her voice breaking tremulously. When she came forth in the little dark suit he claimed her arm possessively. "You are coming home with me," he said; "my mother will find a way out of all your perplexities, and I want my mother to know you."

The KITCHEN CABINET

Just doing right—not striving to be great. Or wise or rich or seeking noble fate; Just being good and generous and brave. Just trying how humanly to save— Ah! that's the way to live!

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

Try this good and inexpensive cake, as we are conserving on sugar, it seems to be the good custom to go without frosting on our cakes:

Inexpensive Cake.—Beat to a cream five tablespoonsful of sweet fat of any kind, add a cupful of sugar and an unbeaten egg yolk. Mix with one and two-thirds cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a dash of salt; add this mixture to the sugar and egg mixture alternately with a half-cupful of cold water, beating very thoroughly, then fold in the egg white and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. If this cake is well-beaten and carefully made it will have a fine texture.

Ginger bread, hot and fresh, with cottage cheese and apple sauce makes a most satisfying dessert.

Marshmallow Rice Pudding.—Take cold boiled rice and add sugar, spices or flavoring, with a beaten egg and milk for an ordinary rice pudding. Then place on top a dozen marshmallows which have been soaked in milk for three hours, and bake until a light brown.

Apple Omelet.—Mix a tablespoonful of flour into a smooth paste with one-third of a cupful of milk; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and a tablespoonful of sweet fat, melted, with four well-beaten eggs. Pare, core and chop four large apples, melt a tablespoonful of fat in a frying pan and, when very hot, turn in the apples, stir and cook until slightly soft. Pour over the flour and milk mixture and shake well, lifting the edges to prevent scorching and to cook evenly. When the eggs are set, dust with sugar and roll out on a hot platter. Set in the oven on the grate, or under the gas flame to brown the top.

Pimento and Cheese Entrée.—Take six canned red peppers, salt the insides, after draining; fill with a cupful of sharp cheese, grated; set on rounds of toast, pour the pimento liquor around the toast in a pan and bake just long enough to melt the cheese.

Nellie Maxwell

THE KITCHEN CABINET

To save meat we must use more poultry, rabbits and especially fish and shell foods; perishable meats like kidneys, liver and sweetbreads, in place of beef, mutton and pork.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

With eggs as high in price as they are it seems expedient to plan our meals without much reference to them. They are so nourishing that when possible, especially when one has children they should be used in various ways occasionally to add variety to the diet and furnish the growth determinant which is found in egg yolk and so necessary for bodily well-being.

Southern Rice Bread.—Put two cupfuls of boiled rice in a bowl, add two cupfuls of milk, and the yolks of four well beaten eggs. Sift in gradually, one cupful of flour, add a half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Turn into a shallow well greased pan and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. A half cupful of rice may be added to almost any muffin, gem, or griddle cake batter.

Almond Milk Soup.—Take a half a pound of rice, wash well and put into a double-boiler with a quart of milk, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and let it cook slowly until every grain is tender and swelled to double its original size. While the rice is cooking, shell and Blanch a half pound of almonds, chop them very fine, or grind in a meat chopper, then pound in a mortar, add a few drops of milk at a time (using three or four tablespoonfuls, it will make the nuts less oily). When the paste is smooth, add it to three pints of milk and simmer for thirty minutes. When the rice is done turn it out carefully into the soup tureen, then pour over it the almonds and milk.

Cauliflower Soup.—Select one good head of cauliflower. Wash and pick it apart, drop into a kettle of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt after a few minutes and cook thirty minutes. Drain and add to the water one pint of milk, a teaspoonful of scraped onion and a bay leaf. Mix together two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter and when well cooked, add to the milk, cook five minutes, add the cauliflower and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

HE GAINED PREMIER'S EAR

Man Disrobed With Others to Receive Free Treatment, and Appealed for Position for Sister.

Clemenceau, beneath his brusque, masterful, sarcastic and oft-cutting speech, and in spite of the vitriolic character of his writings, possesses an exceedingly kind and charitable heart. He is not rich, and therefore cannot afford to give away much. But he has made a point, both when in office and out of it, to devote a couple of hours each day to free medical advice to the poor, never consenting to take a fee; writes a Paris correspondent. His specialty is skin diseases, and his consultation room is always crowded with poor patients. One day when last in office as premier, being in a hurry, he instructed his servant to tell the last batch of his male patients to strip in his ante-chamber, so as to save the time of the undressing in the consulting room. One by one they were rapidly prescribed for and sent on their way, until only the last remained. He presented himself in due course in an extremely dejected condition—without a stitch of clothing, and with every appearance of nervousness.

"M. le President," he began, with a low bow. "Well, what is the matter?" asked the doctor-premier.

The man stammered inarticulately. "Come! Come," exclaimed Clemenceau with impatience. "Out with it! Your skin seems perfectly healthy. I can see nothing wrong."

"There is nothing the matter with me," said the poor man at last, recovering his voice, "but—I don't know—it is all strange—I only came to ask you, M. le President, for your powerful influence with the government to procure for my widowed sister a place as post-mistress at Clermont."

DRIVING CATTLE BY MOTOR

Stock Dealer Introduces Innovation Which May Sooner or Later Relocate Broncho to Background.

A new use for a motorcar has been found by a cattle dealer in one of the middle western states, whose business compels him to drive extensive herds of meat on the hoof along the roads, says an exchange. During the hottest part of last summer this purveyor determined to drive his animals by night in order to spare them the inevitable suffering that attended such operations in the middle of the day. Getting in his car, he started the herd ahead of him in the road, and by throwing the searchlight before and honking his horn he kept the animals moving quickly in the compact mass.

There are instances of the use of the motorcar in round-up work in the far West, so that the traditional picture of a cowboy astride a bucking broncho may have to give way to one of that leather-breathed gentleman cuddled down into the wheel of a flexible runabout, his lasso presumably dangling over the windshield.

Height Effects in Airplane.

Some effects of airplane flights at very high altitudes are described in a recent English report. "Height effects" begin to be felt at 10,000 feet and become marked in most cases from 17,000 feet up. The principal difficulties are cold and lack of oxygen. Strange to say, no airplane has yet been devised on a plan which deliberately utilizes the heat of the engine to keep the passengers warm, although any tractor model has this effect to some extent. The matter of oxygen is solved by taking a supply in a container, which the aviator mixes with air when he feels oppressed. It is feared that flying at very high altitudes, to be made possible in the future by further development of models, may produce a trouble analogous to the "bends" experienced by workers in compressed air caissons due to the extreme pressure changes.

Climbers Imprisoned Atop Fuji.

The wisdom of erecting huts on Fuji for refuge in case of sudden storms of snow and rain was proved recently when a violent fall of snow and hail burst upon the crest of the sacred mountain. During two days more than 10,000 climbed the mountains and sudden arrival of the storm caught several hundred of them upon the hilltop. They sought safety in the numerous refuges. When the storm burst the police compelled all excursionists to wait for better weather at Gotemba and Tarobo. Relief parties were sent out but were unable to get through the drifts. Anxiety was felt for the food supply, but the adventurers came down safely. For two days the people in the snow were incommunicado, owing to the destruction of the telephone wires. These will be buried before next season.

Jerusalem's Great Walls.

After 1244 Jerusalem was under the rule of the sultans of Egypt until the year 1517, when Selim I conquered both Palestine and Egypt, taking the title of caliph, and carrying off the sacred banner of the Moslems to Constantinople. Selim's son, Suleiman the Magnificent, once more built the great walls about Jerusalem. These walls of Suleiman are the present fortifications of the city. But the great walls of Suleiman the Magnificent are only the last of a long series of walls which, time after time, have been built only to be destroyed. The most brutal destruction not only of the walls, but also of the whole city, was that which was carried out by the Roman armies of Titus, in the year 70 of our era, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian.

GOT THE INTERVIEW

By GEORGE GRAY.

"What are you trying to do, kill a fellow?" gasped Frank Morrison as he jumped back just in time to escape being struck by a runabout that had switched around from the side road. He faced the driver angrily but his frown turned to a smile as he met the frightened gaze of a young girl, the driver and sole occupant of the car. "I'm so sorry," she apologized, "the road was so dusty and I didn't see you. These country roads are— for goodness sake! Aren't you Frank Morrison?"

"Margie!" he cried as he recognized her and seized her hand. "Marjorie Thompson, you are the last person on earth I expected to see! This is a surprise, indeed!"

"Jump into the car," she invited, "we can talk it all over a lot better when we get out of this dust."

"Now, tell me all about yourself," she said as Frank settled down beside her and the car was moving again. "What have you been doing since last we met and what are you doing here?"

"Well," he began, "the last time we met was the night of the graduation at high school, wasn't it? You were going abroad to study music and I was leaving the next day for the city to take a whirl at reporting on Uncle Joe's newspaper. The job suited me and I've plugged at it ever since and am now special feature writer at \$40 per. I'm on my way to interview an actress, Marie Tellett. She's all the craze this year. You've heard of her, I'll bet?"

"Yes, go on."

"There's nothing more to tell, except I haven't found this actress home yet, although I've been wading through this dust for over an hour. It's the worst job I've tackled since I was a cub. But you're not interested! What about yourself?"

"Oh, I have very little to tell," she replied with just a little confusion in the accompanying laugh. "I got my fill of music abroad and was glad to get back to my own country. I was so lonely there and although I was busy I couldn't help being lonesome for my friends. I have been home over two years and it has hurt a little to think that one of those friends didn't take time to look me up."

"Forgive me, Margie; I didn't think you cared to hear from me. You meant a whole lot to me when you went to school and when you went away I thought I couldn't stand it for a while. The thought of you sort of took the sharp edges of some of my big early disappointments, but when Uncle Joe died and I didn't get his fortune as I had expected, I knew it wasn't much use thinking of you. I thought you would meet some fine fellow abroad who could afford to keep you as you had been accustomed to living."

"How foolish of you! As if I haven't money enough to look after us both."

While she had been speaking she had slowed the car down and the engine stopped, and neither of them noticed it. As he put his arms around her and drew her to him their thoughts went back to the night of the high school graduation, the night of their first kiss, when they had pledged to love until the end.

Marjorie was the first to regain herself. "You'll be late for that interview with that horrible actress," she told Frank.

"I don't care if I never see an actress again," he answered. "To think of spending an afternoon in the company of Marie Tellett when I can spend it with you. I'll report Marie sick in bed, unable to see me until tomorrow afternoon. I'll phone the office as soon as we get near a telephone."

"Perhaps you won't have to telephone. I can tell you all about Marie Tellett—I know her well—and you can write it just as if it was an interview with her. It will be great fun." Marjorie was finding it hard not to laugh.

"Fire ahead!" Frank said in surprise, as he got out his pencil and pad. "I didn't think for a minute that you might know Marie."

"In the first place," Marjorie started. "She isn't old and freaky and she doesn't live in this dusty old country for a while, but because she was brought up here and has the grandest little home imaginable. She studied music abroad and returned to this country two years ago. She met a man on the steamer coming back who helped her get an engagement in light opera. Her voice did the rest. She is a very popular star and has to hire a secretary to answer her love letters. Her real name is not Marie Tellett, but Marjorie Thompson, and she is going to marry Frank Morrison, a newspaper man. Have you got it all down?"

"She had tried to keep from laughing, but the surprised look on Frank's face was more than she could stand. She was almost convulsed for a minute. "You, Marie Tellett! And all the things I've said about actresses! It's a wonder you can speak to me," Frank exclaimed in bewilderment.

"I know you too well to think you mean everything you say, Frank," she said after she had recovered sufficiently to speak.

Exact Knowledge.—Ethel—I am trying to take interest in this electrical stuff so I can talk intelligently to Harold. Can you tell me if batteries have any age? **Sadie.**—Of course they have; they've got storage.

HOW

Spoony Couple Finds a Way to Get Together

It is a difficult matter to beat little Dan Cupid when he really gets on the job of roping two aching hearts together. There's an engaged pair in New York city who have solved the difficulties of spooning in a decidedly unique way, relates a correspondent. The young man in the case is ambitious, but has still to make good. The girl's parents for that reason have forbidden him coming to the house until he is able to support a wife in the comforts of a high-class apartment suite with an adjacent French poodle or two and a maid. The girl doesn't like to override the conventions by calling on her fiancé at his boarding house, and he himself is opposed to it. Thus shut out from the parks by the blipping winds and from the coziness of the parlor, necessity has mothered an invention.

The sweethearts enter the Pennsylvania station and both make a dash for a train about to leave. As the young man extends his hand in farewell the girl kisses him fervently and clings to his neck. Then, as if overcome by the parting, she quickly makes for the street entrance and on her way out comes face to face with her young man, who has also made for the street entrance through another door. They keep repeating the good-by performance many times during the evening, and no one pays the slightest attention to them, as farewell clings are the usual thing at train depots.

GERMS LIKE FRIGID WEATHER

Why Rheumatism, Caused by Bacteria, is Worse on Cold Days.

Rheumatism is now known to be a disease of the joints caused by certain bacteria called diplococci, discovered by Doctor Rosenow in 1912. In deaths from rheumatism these diplococci are found not only in the fluids of the affected joints, but in the valves of the heart and in the throat.

Doctors Foynton and Pease of London inoculated rabbits with fluid from the pericardium of throat of persons who had died of rheumatism, and in a few days these animals developed typical cases of the disease. Other rabbits inoculated from these followed the same course.

To test the relation of cold to rheumatism they made experiments which proved that the cocci of rheumatism grow better at low temperature than at high, in this respect behaving opposite to those of pneumonia and many other diseases which are rendered inert by cold. Animals inoculated with pneumococci and streptococci and kept at a low temperature proved refractory to the diseases set up by these, while animals inoculated with the cocci of rheumatism and kept at the same low temperature promptly succumbed.

Similar results were obtained with cultures of the cocci in the laboratory. Here, then, is a bacterium which is stimulated into activity by cold, and this explains why the "rheumaticks" are worse in cold weather.

TAKING SNUFF A CEREMONY

Why South Americans Never Inhale Powder While They Are Standing.

Did you know that the natives of South America make the taking of snuff an important ceremony? In old days no one was allowed to give snuff except the chiefs; and they had to be asked several times. If they had given it at once, and the person to whom they gave it should happen to be taken ill, he would have said at once that the snuff had poison in it, otherwise a writer.

Snuff is never taken standing, but always sitting down; it would be thought rude to stand. This is the remains of an old practice. When one man wanted to kill another, he asked him for snuff, and while his companion was using both hands to find his snuff box, he would kill him. They now make snuff boxes out of all kinds of funny things; old cartridge cases, little gourds, tin boxes and pieces of horn. They are very clever in making them, and often ornament them very prettily with brass and copper wire.

The snuff is made of coarse tobacco for himself. The people like it to bring tears to their eyes, and make them sneeze violently. When they sneeze, they say, "May the chief bless us." When the chief sneezes, the people near him say, "May he live long," or "May he grow greater."

How Wireless is Used in Trenches.—Although very little has been permitted to pass the censors, it is understood that an unprecedented degree on the battle front in France. In the front line trenches the aerial wires are strung along a parapet just behind the barbed wire. In the support trenches the aerial wires are elevated a few feet above the ground, while far to the rear the aerial is generally elevated to about 20 feet by light bamboo poles. The sectional masts familiar to only army pack sets and wagon sets are practically unknown in the war zone, for the reason that a modest aerial a few feet above the ground is sufficient for the short ranges which must be covered. Wireless telegraphy is a necessity in communication work, because of the difficulty of laying telephone and telegraph lines and then maintaining them across shell-sprayed terrain.—Salem American.

THE TRAITOR



The Lady—Dear me! Jimmy has rowed my nine cents to get his dress suit out to take me to a show, and here I've waited for him six hours!

DOUBLE ALLOWANCE



"How do you like it, having to pay alimony?" "It ain't as bad as you'd think. I used to have two dollars to spend of myself, and now I have four left every week."

PUPPY LOVE



"Some day you may be my little brother-in-law." "I hope so. I admit I'm kinder stuck on yer sister."

COULD SPARE HER



"A. P. George says he can't do all for himself." "Well, don't you think you can live up to that requirement?"

CUT DOWN



Fortune Teller—What! Are you a seventh son? You're lucky—it will bring you fortune. **WILHELM VILKES.**—Well, all it's brought me so far is the old clothes of my mother.