

HIS MANHOOD

By OLIVE GROVES.

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She stood at the street crossing and waved to the motorman to stop. Then she boarded the car.

It was a crisp morning, and the sun was just peeping over the horizon like a ball of burnished steel. The street car was already packed, and the motorman was standing with his hand on the crank to let the vehicle go.

"I have picked her up at all hours of the night," he remarked to a passenger beside him on the platform. He was Paul Lacroix, the motorman, young, handsome.

The electric car was on a trip toward the business center of a large city, and was uncomfortably filled, as usual at that hour, with stenographers, clerks and a few miscellaneous passengers.

Going down an avenue that paralleled the street upon which the car was running was another young man, handsome and self-opinionated. He was a camouflaged employee, for he spent certain hours in the office of his father, who was a rich business man. He had been looking "over the top" and facing "high balls" the night before, and being late to work, was racing his little submarine—in common parlance called an automobile—to reach his office on time.

On went the electric car, held in leash by the motorman, who remembered the presence of his lovely passenger. There was no more room for passengers and none disembarked, so the car moved on without further interruption.

The manipulator of the "mundane submarine" turned on more "juice" and speeded up to make up for the time he had wasted the night before. His mind was partially upon the high balls that had sparkled in the electric lights, and his nerves were somewhat unsteady.

The street down which the car hurried and the avenue down which the automobile was racing, were rapidly converging. Down some distance was a circle upon which stood an equestrian statue, and there the street and avenue became one.

When within a block of this circle the car, in answer to a ring, came to a stop. Pushing her way through the crowded aisle, Miss Blanche Carter, the passenger who had merited the consideration of the motorman, disembarked. Holding tightly to her hand, she made her way toward a massive brick structure a block away.

Lacroix did not see who had left the car, for the crowd was too dense. When the signal to go was given he put on full power. Now obvious to all else than reaching his destination on schedule time, he was soon going full speed.

In this age, when all realize that the building in which they work may be blown up by dynamite, the house in which they sleep razed by a bomb from a flying machine, the vessel in which they ride destroyed by a submarine, and that they may be riddled as they walk along the street by a trench gun masked ten miles away, or ridden down and crushed to pieces by joyriders and half-brained chauffeurs in automobiles—even now one's nerves are not equal to looking on unmoved at an electric car, controlled by a loved motorman, and an automobile handled by a wild-oats youngster dashing wildly and rapidly toward each other. And it is not to be wondered at that as the street and avenue came together, and car and auto, unaware, were making for the same point at the same identical moment, the occupants of the car, penned as they were, should be excited.

Seeing no chance of avoiding the collision, the young man jumped from his auto. Occupants of the car rushed madly toward the rear. Lacroix turned off the current and put on the brake. He might have let go and run backward to safety, but the manhood in him asserted itself. He might have been selfish in that he thought of the girl who impressed him so much. But he remained steadfast at his post.

Reaching the large brick structure, which was an infirmary, Miss Carter entered. She had scarcely finished donning her professional suit when she was called upon to assist in dressing a badly wounded young man. It was Paul Lacroix. He had been the only one who had been injured by the collision, and his injuries were serious.

Paul's life hung on a thread for some time, and then a slow recovery followed. But as time sped onward he learned to be dependent upon his nurse and to regard her in another light than that in which he thought of her the day he was injured. At length he began to regret the coming of that day upon which he must leave the hospital.

One day the nurse brought to his bed a bit of roast turkey and a pot of flowers—her gift. He looked up at her with tears in his eyes, and said:

"I indeed have much to be thankful for, but I want one more gift. Can I have it?" And he reached out his hand and drew her irresistibly toward him.

Backing Up General Sherman. Flatbush—So your wife has gone to the front as a nurse?

Bensonhurst—Yes, she has, and her mother's up at the house while wife's away.

"Oh, her mother's living with you now, is she?"

"Yes. And I begin to realize that what General Sherman said about war is just about right."

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

A STAIN REMOVER.

In every kitchen one of the handiest and most useful lists is one giving directions for removing spots and stains.

There is no more obstinate and annoying stain to remove than a cream stain which has been allowed to be overlooked. Boiling in a strong soap solution and drying in good sunshine will probably remove the worst stains that simple rubbing with soap will not remove. A little turpentine or kerosene rubbed on the spots before boiling will help to soften the fat. The best method to use is dealing with a fresh grease stain is to use soap and cold water on it; the hot water fixes the fat in the fiber of the linen and makes a most difficult stain to remove.

Fruit stains of various kinds of long standing may be removed by sulphur fumes if the use of peroxide and sunlight fail to be effective. The peroxide which we buy commercially is not so strong that it needs to be washed out, but if fresh from the chemical laboratory it should be carefully washed and rinsed out or it rots the fiber of the cloth. The same is true of sulphur fumes. Place a little sulphur in a dish, light it, cover with a funnel and place the spot over the small end of the funnel where the fumes will strike it, changing as often as the spot fades, to a other one. Then carefully wash the garment or linen, to remove the sulphur.

Ink stains, if fresh and on white cloth, are best put to soak in sour milk, repeating the process until the stain is gone.

Acid stains should be sponged carefully with ammonia in water, one tablespoonful to six of cold water.

Alkalai stains are treated with an acid solution, lemon juice or vinegar.

Fresh stains are treated with an acid solution, lemon juice or vinegar.

Fresh fruit stains, like those from berries, may be removed by pouring boiling water from a height through the cloth stretched over a bowl; then wash as usual.

Turpentine will dissolve paint. Apply and rub well, then wash in soapsuds.

Nellie Maxwell

The KITCHEN CABINET

Red cloud of the sunset, tell it abroad,
I am victor. Great me, O Sun,
Dominant master and absolute lord,
Over the soul of one! —Kipling.

DISHES OF CONDENSED MILK.

A can of condensed milk is not only a friend in need, but with a little water added to it, the things produced are lighter, often, and more tender than when fresh milk is used.

Corn Bread.—Take three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, a teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of water, one tablespoonful of condensed milk and one tablespoonful of drippings or other sweet fat. Mix the milk and water, add egg, well-beaten, the dry ingredients and, last, the melted fat. Beat well and bake in a well-greased shallow pan.

The powdered milk may also be used in these recipes, in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a cupful of water.

White Bread.—Take a pint of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of condensed milk, two tablespoonfuls of fat, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cupful of home-made yeast and three cupfuls of flour. Prepare and bake as usual. This makes two loaves.

Dainty Muffins.—Take a third of a cupful of shortening, one tablespoonful of sugar, one egg, one cupful of water and a teaspoonful of powdered milk, two cupfuls of barley flour and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, with a half-teaspoonful of salt. Mix gradually with the water, beat well and drop by spoonfuls in well-buttered muffin pans. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

If tea leaves are ground they will make twice the amount of tea.

Hermits.—Cream one-third of a cupful of shortening with two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of water with a teaspoonful of condensed milk, one egg, one and three-fourths of a cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a third of a cupful of finely cut raisins. Cream the fat and sugar and cinnamon, clove, nutmeg and allspice, the raisins well floured, and mix with the remaining ingredients. Roll out and cut with a cookie cutter.

Nellie Maxwell

HOW HE MET HER

By J. H. LE ROY.

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Joseph was a very conscientious young man. As a boy he had been known at baseball to dispute the decision of an umpire in his favor. Even the ordinary social lines were repellant to him.

With such character there was only one thing that the young man could ultimately become.

Shortly after he became a reviewer of fiction for the Sun it happened that he met Florence. Florence was a jolly Southern girl, and had at comparatively early age been left an orphan. It was shortly after Florence had become a governess that she and Joseph met. Her face was wholesome and practical rather than beautiful. For some weeks he never told her his love. Then one afternoon he took her to hear an orator. It may have been the effect of the music or of the tea and toasts at the Eastman care afterward, or of the long ride to Baltimore over the Washington pike.

The fact remains that when they climbed into the touring car he called her Miss Bordeaux, and when they parted at the end of the journey he called her Florence. One night there was an air of mystery about her.

"Shortly," she said, "you will see me in a new light, Joseph."

"I would not have you different," said Joseph.

"East side of Mount Vernon bridge, about six tomorrow," said Florence.

"Right," said Joseph.

The next morning there was brought to his room a large parcel of novels from the Sun. He grumbled, because they meant work, and even the reading of novels is not pleasant if you are paid for it.

He tore his mind away from romance to an elevation, because their ancestors originally came from the mountains. They always follow a leader, because in the dangerous mountain passes their ancestors had to go in single file. Hogs grunt because their feeding grounds were thick woods, where they could not see one another, and sound was necessary to keep them together.

Dogs have a way of turning around several times before they lie down. This looks very foolish now, but when they were wild things centuries ago, they slept in the tall grass and turned around several times to follow out a bed, and they have never outgrown this habit, but to this late day they will turn around on a rug just as if they were in the tall grass.

Cats have, perhaps, the most traces of old ancestral habits. Many times they do have a trace of the lion or tiger very near the surface. Their uncertain temper, their purring and growling, their sudden bounds, their tendency to scratch, all come from the forest and the jungle.—Indianapolis News.

Here, then, was conflict between love and duty. Duty was scratched and love walked in. By the evening he had written a column hailing Florence Bordeaux as the greatest genius that the century had yet seen. But his heart was broken. For once he had not been conscientious. He could not live with that stain upon his soul. So he determined to meet Florence on Mount Vernon bridge, take one long, last farewell, then send off the review and then leave town and his growing reputation as a literary critic forever.

Florence was a little late for her appointment and looked very pleased with herself.

"Well," he said, "why did you not confide in me? Why did you not tell me you had written a book? Possibly my practiced judgment might—"

"What on earth are you talking about? I have not written any book. I shouldn't be so silly."

"Then some one else with your name has."

"Has she? What cheek!" She still laughed at Joseph, somewhat inquiringly. He had an uneasy sense that she was expecting him to say something and that he was not saying it.

"Well," he said, "what did you mean, then, by saying you were going to appear in a new light?"

"If you happen to be blind," she answered rather snappishly, "I can't give you new eyes!"

"Don't be cross, dear. Let's see—it's the same jacket you always wear, and the same skirt."

"Oh, don't bother. I've got my hair done differently, and I've got a new hat. I don't want to talk about it. If you take no interest in my appearance there's no more to be said."

The rest of his interview with Florence was far more pleasant. But Joseph's column review of the novel by her namesake was reduced to two lines of the subject of literary rubbish.

And he was still conscientious.

Saponin, a Food Adulteration.

Saponin is a word coined as the name of a substance extracted from plants known as soapbark and soaproot, and a few other plants, by boiling them in water. The word is derived from the Latin word sapo, soap. Saponin possesses the quality when dissolved in water of foaming like soap, and while it has no nutritious or edible quality, it has come into extensive use as a substitute for the white of eggs by producing foam and thus giving some preparations a fraudulent appearance of body and therefore of food value. Administrators of the pure food act have declared that it must not be used in good products, and while not poisonous or hurtful, it is held as an adulteration under the pure food law.

IN EXILE WITH HER FATHER

Daughter of Millionaire of Kiev, Accompanies Parent to Save Him From Drabbed Loneliness.

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Children in the exile districts seem grotesquely misplaced, yet there were many. Sometimes the gentlemanly magic would lift a father from his too liberal friends in Russia and set him down without the humiliation of a trial in the glorious Narym solitude, writes Fortier Jones in the Century. "No, infrequently his family followed him in order to share the now life, for, elsewhere, fathers are loved in Russia. Particularly among educated men, the continual unrelieved loneliness tended to bring on insanity."

"I know one fine business man, a millionaire of Kiev, and a direct descendant of Rouget de Lisle, whose little daughter came into exile with him to save him from this dreaded loneliness. She was fourteen years old, and they lived in a dreary village by the great old river, in a log cabin with pink chintz curtains and a piano. She was a winning little thing, with happy brown eyes and long curls, and to all appearances was no whit the worse for her exile existence. The fascinating life of the forest was familiar to her, the birds and flowers, and her father cared for her French and history. What a bright spot she was in that wretched place, and what a curious life for a little girl whose illustrious forefather had composed the "Marcellaise!" Her mother, who joined them later when her health would permit, and they had gained permission to live in a town on the railway, was a sister of Mme. Curie."

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ANIMAL HABITS NOT CHANGED

Sheep Run to the Hills, Hogs Grunt a Signal, Dogs Fashion Their Own Bed.

Sheep, when frightened, always run to an elevation, because their ancestors originally came from the mountains. They always follow a leader, because in the dangerous mountain passes their ancestors had to go in single file. Hogs grunt because their feeding grounds were thick woods, where they could not see one another, and sound was necessary to keep them together.

Dogs have a way of turning around several times before they lie down. This looks very foolish now, but when they were wild things centuries ago, they slept in the tall grass and turned around several times to follow out a bed, and they have never outgrown this habit, but to this late day they will turn around on a rug just as if they were in the tall grass.

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The Millennium.

Millennium is a term applied in the Bible to the thousand years during which Satan will be bound and the martyred saints live and reign with Christ—Revelations 20:2-8. This long triumph is to be preceded by the decisive victory of Christ over the adversary, and followed by a general resurrection and the temporary release of Satan; then come the last judgment and the new heaven and new earth—Revelations 19:11. All that is positively told respecting the millennium can be read in the Scriptures. To the passages indicated various interpretations have been given, and upon the literal interpretation various theories have been built.

Attempts to fix the date of the advent, the second coming, the dawn of the millennium, have been proved by lapse of time to have been failures. Some of the dates that have been fixed for the beginning of the millennium have been 1783, by a man named Billing; 1836, by Bengel; 1845, by Miller; 1896, 1897 and 1898, by Doctor Cumming; and 1890, by the Mormon church.

The First Lessons.

The happy and prosperous children are those who have before all else the education that comes by reverence, writes Amelia E. Barr. This education is beyond all doubt the highest, the deepest, the widest and the most perfect of all the forms of education ever given to man. A child that has not been taught to reverence God, and all that represents God to man—honor, honesty, justice, mercy, truth, love, courage, self-sacrifice, is sent into the world like a boat sent out to sea, without rudder, ballast, compass or captain. The manipulation table can wait until the child has been taught to reverence all that is holy, wise and good, and the imagination received its first impulse.

Pigs Feed on Nut Trees.

It is an undisputed fact that in Morocco pigs climb trees in search of nuts, says the Los Angeles Times. Not only pigs but goats. The puzzle is in the pigs and goats, however, for they are of the common variety that we see here. It is the trees that are strange. It is called the argan nut tree and it grows near Agadir. Usually it shoots out from a steep hillside. The trunk is broad and flat and almost horizontal, and so are the main branches, forming ample and solid foothold for any animal that may be tempted by the olive-shaped nuts growing within easy reach of the main branches.

MAKING A MILLION

By H. T. RICH.

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Charles E. C. Ackerson was an obscure little author of unpopular fiction—short stories that one thanked heaven were short.

The difficulty lay not in any lack of ideas, but in a certain dearth of ideas. Result: a dull and tedious tale.

Ever hear of him? I doubt it. Anyway, you would be unlikely to know he had a daughter. He had, though! Her name was Allie, and her mother had died when she was very small, leaving her to her father's kindly but irregular tutelage. As a consequence of which, by the time she reached twenty, she was in possession among other things of a vigorous and artistic temperament as the most ardent temperamental fan could desire.

Now an artistic temperament must have its opposite, and hers was H. H. Bennisak—though he pretended he had just such a temperament as hers and swore he was a writer. For Bennisak was versed in the ways of women. Moreover, he and the afore-said Charles were friends. Put this with the fact that he actually was in love with daughter Allie, and you have a situation that would really have afforded grounds for fiction.

"Henry," Charles said one day, "you don't write. I'll wager you never sold a story in your life."

"Rush!" Henry replied, drooping a sallow lid. "I use a 'nom de plume!'"

Whereupon Charles had ceased to be concerned at that point. They understood each other, and the sooner a certain marriage took place, the better.

But not so Allie. She wanted a real author, not one who used "nom de plumes" and was materially reticent about his work.

"It's no use, Henry," she exclaimed at length, after he had been coming to see her for several months. "You've either got to write under your own name, or go away—for good."

Her words were final, and he knew it.

"Would you marry me if I did?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

Now watch!

Bennisak, being a business man, betook himself to Charles' inner shrine and sat with him in solemn concealment. There was bold talk, and mention of sums of money in seven figures. An agreement was reached. Then he returned to Allie.

"My dear," he said, "it shall be as you wish. I shall reveal my identity at last, in a series of stories which I promise to begin tomorrow."

And when tomorrow arrived, the series was begun.

We must now suppose some months to have elapsed, and Allie to have become Mrs. Bennisak.

Do you remember those stories in K—'s Magazine last year, about the young fellow who succeeded in raffling the Wall Street of so much money? "Henry Makes a Million," the series was called. Perhaps you have forgotten, but the name H. H. Bennisak was under the title.

Bennisak will never forget. The memorable day the issue containing his first story appeared, he had returned from the office (Yes, indeed, it is quite customary for authors nowadays to have city offices!) to be met on his doorstep by an exultant wife.

"Not 'O, Henry'—H. H. Bennisak!" he had laughed, and kissed her.

He said it bored him to see his name in print. But the arrival of each month's issue of K—'s continued to be fraught with keenest interest for his wife, and a certain pride in her husband grew and grew. Nor was she unduly proud, for the series was a great success.

"A case of getting famous all of a sudden," he confided to Charles one morning. "Why, do you know, dozens of magazines are after me for stories, publishers are bothering me to death about book rights, and seven colleges have offered me professorships in English. They call me the man of the hour—whereas—"

"Hush!" warned Charles. "The months sped on, the series was concluded, and presently it appeared in volume form—so that all might buy and learn how a certain Henry had the deepest, the widest and the most perfect of all the forms of education ever given to man. A child that has not been taught to reverence God, and all that represents God to man—honor, honesty, justice, mercy, truth, love, courage, self-sacrifice, is sent into the world like a boat sent out to sea, without rudder, ballast, compass or captain. The manipulation table can wait until the child has been taught to reverence all that is holy, wise and good, and the imagination received its first impulse."

Then, one day, Charles E. C. Ackerson and H. H. Bennisak voted themselves leave of absence; and Mrs. Bennisak, returning from an afternoon afternoon party, found the following note pinned to the lampshade in the library:

"My Dear: 'I am the hero, your father the author. I made the million. He made it famous. We are on our vacation. Love, HENRY.'

"E. S.—You will find my bookbinder in the top drawer of my desk."

Where Mrs. Bennisak found that bookbinder, she learned something that gave her artistic temperament a terrific jolt—and brought her to the conclusion that Henry was more of a business man, and her father more of a writer, than she had supposed—and by the combination was ideal both ways.

Welcome More Light.

Those who are walking up to the light—they have—always the most ready to welcome more light when it appears.—William M. Taylor.

SATIN HATS, SPRING STYLE

Touches of High-Colored Bands, Combinations of Velvet Fronts to Be Quite the Vogue.

For early spring wear, according to the Bulletin of the Retail Millinery Association of America, the opinions expressed that satin hats with touches of band in high colors, or satin hats combined with velvet, will be quite the vogue.

For immediate use white hats are coming to the fore. Sometimes they are of white satin combined with white panne velvet, while others show white satin with facings of black velvet.

White bengaline, a material that has not been used for some time, is coming back into style. It is seen in hats made entirely of this material, as well as in hats that combine bengaline with black velvet facings. All of the bengaline hats seen are tailored effects, and are trimmed with seal fur, balls, pom-poms and bands.

Bustle hats in white panne velvet with gold trimmings are seen, as are white panne velvet shapes, combined with silver cloth and trimmed with small silver flowers.

The bulletin also says that for the fur combination, hats are doing well in the high-priced goods, while in cheaper hats there is a demand for French helmet effects in panne velvet combined with satin in white and colored. Nutria fur is used to decorate the edges.

SCARFS OF TULLE AND BEADS

Fine Colored Material Affords Attractive Evening Wear as Does Black With Jet.

There are wonderful scarfs of fine colored tulle and bead embroidery for evening wear, says a fashion writer; the tulle foundation almost invisible over décolletage save where the folds deepen and the fine traceries of crystal run riot in the border and on the ends.

Black tulle with jet is used for other exquisite scarfs more delicate in effect than those of other seasons, and in some cases both flesh color and black scarfs are so cut that they have a suggestion of deep angle turn around back and shoulders, though they have the usual straight wide scarf ends.

For the hair ornaments to be worn with evening toilettes one must choose the thing that is most becoming, but there is a variety from which to choose.

The fine jeweled band of fillet across the forehead is as popular as ever, but with high-piled hair combs have come into their own again and one sees some extremely effective high coilures with jeweled combs of Spanish allure. Small jeweled combs often hold the strands of hair, too, after a time of forming upon such effects, and there are, of course, many audacious egret arrangements, though that sort of thing seems less common with evening coiffure than it is in some seasons.

KIMONO SMOCK OF LINEN



Wonderfully attractive is this deep rose linen kimono smock. The banding at the bottom and the edging on the pockets are of vibrant yellow, with iridescent satin in yellow, green and purple, held in place with a black tulle and short stitich. Kimono means ease, comfort and a spirit of rest for the wearer; if it is the proper kimono. The kimono lives up to the full meaning of the garment.

FASHION'S FANCIES

Hudson seal and velvet are beautiful combined.

It is a season of most wondrous richness and simplicity.

Black velvet skirts are worn with sprigged and embroidered blouses.

Soldier and civilian—men, women and child—all wear the wrist watch.

Black tulle banded with vivid blue tulle makes charming combinations.

Brown shoes are coming in strongly because of the military trend.

Muff and stole of velvet trimmed with fur will be fashionable this winter.

The mandarin sleeve was strongly featured at the Paris openings.

Brocades are seen in two tones of a given color, such as taupe or gray.

Sammycloth, satins, broadcloths and pique each and all are favored vest materials.

New shades in neckwear.

The newest shades in satin neckwear are red and coral; the first a delicate shade just of the white, the other a deep rose.