

DAZZLED

By GRACE ANDERSON HEATH

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"I'm going to know my fate," declared Abner Gale.

"Why not? You're alluding to popping the question to Miss Naomi West?" questioned his friend, Parker Bliss.

"Is there any?" asked anxiously, propped up.

"You ought to know. You've been hanging around the West place off and on for two years."

"Abner peered up with the consciousness of looking out and into a brilliant sun, and forthwith started in the direction of the West home."

"Miss West lived with two brothers who worked in the local bank. Recently a new element had come into the lives of the prominent trio."

"Sir Annesley Wellington. He registered under the high-sounding title of Sir Annesley Wellington."

"Sir Annesley Wellington was very guarded as to his antecedents, but mysteriously hinted at high social connections and a great estate abroad."

"His passion was diamonds which he wore in profusion. His hobby was poetry. He showed the same to any audience he could find, and as Abner neared the West home he caught the echo of sonorous tones."

"That settles it for me," growled Abner, turning back. "If Naomi is silly enough to train with that Jeweled and crack-brained laughing stick of the village, I'm through."

"For all her attention to her erratic guest, however, Naomi would have fluttered considerably had she known that Abner had appeared bent upon proposing to her, and for many a month she wondered why he had not spoken out what her woman's wit told her must be on his mind."

"Sir Annesley Wellington to a degree had fascinated her. Certainly he was flighty, and now he had arrived at a point where he avowed to Naomi a profession of undying love and asked her to marry him."

"Thanks. You don't happen to know a Sir Annesley Wellington, do you?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, Abner knew him to his sorrow. He couldn't tell what he knew of the individual in question. Just then John Gale, the older brother of Naomi, came rushing to the spot. He clutched the arm of Abner; he pulled him excitedly aside."

"Abner" he gasped, "hurry with me to the house. The maid has just telephoned me that Naomi and that Wellington fellow have gone off in an automobile, eloped!"

"The stranger caught the words, he came forward throwing open the lapel of his coat, revealing an official star. 'Gentlemen,' he said briskly, 'no intrusion, but I'm a detective. I have been off the track of this Wellington, whose real name is Watkins, for over a month, at the request of his wealthy relatives.'

"Who is he—a criminal?" asked Abner.

"No; but mad as a March hare. He escaped from home with a lot of money and the family jewels. He has been cutting a wide swath I hear. His great specialty is to get the swell foreign nob. and marry. He has six wives to date and if you want to rescue this new lady from him, get into action quick."

"They ran down the fugitives where their auto had broken down, 20 miles along the road. Sir Annesley Wellington placidly submitted to detention; Naomi fainted away from sheer mortification."

"I can never go back and face the people—everybody will laugh at me!" Abner heard her sob out.

"No one need know of your foolish adventure," declared her brother; and then Abner glided to the side of the unblinded lady.

"Naomi," he said softly, "maybe, after all the false glamour that has cheated your fancy, you would care to consider the proposal of a common, every-day man ready to make you Mrs. Gale the day you say the word," and Miss Naomi beamed upon this loyal adorer, comforted and content.

HOW SPANIARDS ARE FOOLED BY THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN BLUFF

On the Alcaiz, the main business street of Madrid, the Hamburg American line keeps its magnificent offices open and ready for business, though there is no business to do.

This in itself is interesting. In the Saturday Evening Post it becomes much more impressive when I tell you that in the show window is a huge map of the seven seas, showing the trade routes traversed by the line, and from a corner of the map a complete list of the hundreds of ships flying or that once flew the Hamburg American flag.

This may appear to be a bluff to you, but it is not. It is a bluff to the citizens of Madrid, and it is a bluff to the citizens of other cities.

All he knows is that he sees and he sees before him, in the midst of a great war that makes German imports exist only in the name of the Hamburg American line.

It shows how the German bluffs on to a foreigner. It is a bluff to you, but it is not. It is a bluff to the citizens of Madrid, and it is a bluff to the citizens of other cities.

The decent boy, whether rich or poor, has great respect for woman-kind, whether old or young. He feels that he is not only the natural defender of his own sisters, but of every boy's sisters. Nor does he think it smart to smoke or to swear, to get smart in the presence of girls, and above all he avoids the use of vulgar or unbecoming language, not only in the presence of ladies, but in the presence of men and of angels.

The boy with a watch and chain, sleeve buttons and studs and made-to-order clothes, often feels that he doesn't have to be decent, but can say and do as he pleases. He talks about betting about prizefights and about what great things he is going to do when he gets big—everything except work. That he proposes to leave to the past. This sort of talk appeals to the girl's fancy, but not to her heart, so that if she is properly coached and encouraged to look to true worth rather than to bluff and bluster, she will go along safe.

Are you pointing out to your girls the really decent boys of their acquaintance? Also, the decent, worthy men in the neighborhood who were decent boys before they became decent men?—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

How Chemists Are Useful. Chemists are stationed at outposts and in the trenches to detect the first signs of a chemical attack both for the issuing of a quick warning to their men to be ready for the attack and also, if possible, to make a speedy identification of the material used.

Between this service at the front and the development of new poisons and the supervision of the manufacture of old ones behind the lines, the chemist's share in the war is both exciting and dangerous. writes Julius Stogitz in the Yale Review. Any scientist who has experienced the joy of discovery by arduous research can imagine the feverish intensity of the men engaged in the invention of new delectables, with the prospect of their gaining a victory by surprise, not only over one or two opponents, as in the airplane service, but rather over a long front of the enemy.

How Naval Warfare Changed. The arrival of the submarine as an active factor in naval warfare, says E. Ashmond Bartlett in The World, "has entirely altered the peculiar role which the different units composing a fleet were supposed to play when they were originally designed. Battleships and great cruisers can no longer command the sea by strength of numbers and weight of armament. Even light cruisers, nominally intended for commerce destroying, protection of trade routes and as scouts, are frequently exposed to danger from submarines. Nevertheless battleships and great cruisers are still the final court of appeal between nations, and the most responsible duty which now falls to the light craft cruisers, destroyers and torpedo boats is not attacking the enemy's ships, but in protecting their own battle squadron against underwater attack."

Why "Spiral Socks" Are Best. "Spiral socks" are the latest comfort for the soldiers. Their chief advantage is that they are knitted without any heel. The "spirals" are somewhat shapeless, but soft and clinging, and have been enthusiastically praised by the men. They are said to outwear three pairs of socks knitted in the other style. The sock is the invention of Australian women and has been introduced to Washington by the local branch of the British-American war relief fund, of which Miss Helen Erskine is chairman. Many prominent women are now learning to make the spirals. Miss Charlotte Campbell of the Washington committee has become so proficient that she can knit two socks at once, and is acting as instructor for other enthusiasts. The Red Cross is preparing to issue instructions for knitting the new-style socks.

The KITCHEN CABINET

I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel, My morning toasts and my evening meal, The sweets of Hasty Pudding. —Barlow.

PEPPER DISHES.

There is almost no limit to the possibilities of the pepper as a dish itself for seasoning for various purposes. A spoonful of chopped pepper added to a hash or a croquette mixture changes it entirely. A tablespoonful of fresh red and green pepper added to a salad dressing adds to its attractive appearance as well as its flavor.

Creamed meats, fish, oysters, scalloped oysters of various kinds, in fact many kinds of vegetables with buttered crumbs and an appropriate sauce at all can be served in peppers.

A spoonful of chopped pepper added to bean soup improves it much in flavor. A most attractive salad may be made of tomato, gelatine and onion rings, poured into peppers to set. Cut them in slices and serve with salad dressing. Peppers may be crumbed as any other vegetable, breading, then pack and cook under water as usual in the cold pack method.

Stuffed Peppers.—Take large, well-shaped peppers for this purpose. Cut off the stem and leaving the stem for a handle when possible. Parboil after removing the veins and seeds, either in cold water and they are ready for stuffing. A mixture of chopped ham and rice or potato with left over meat like sausage or any other meat mixture which makes a nice combination. Peppers scalded and clipped then sprinkled over with melted butter make a good salad with any kind of dressing.

Tramite, chopped peppers, if spoonful of chopped onion and a salad dressing poured over lettuce is another good combination. A potato is improved by the addition of a chopped green pepper.

Sherry Dressing.—Take a cupful of sherry, a tablespoonful of good vinegar, a tablespoonful each of chopped green and red pepper, onion and powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of cayenne with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, all well mixed and beaten until well blended, then allowed to stand an hour before serving. Makes a capital dressing especially fine for head lettuce.

Nellie Maxwell THE KITCHEN CABINET

DAINTY DISHES FOR THE INVALID. In these days of food conservation we must not fail to take into account the children, elderly people and the sick. For them great care should be used to provide them with the right kind of food. The preparation of food for the sick is an art. Appearance, palatability and nutrition are all important. Soups, because of their action upon the digestion, rank high in invalid cookery. Cream soups are rich in nutriment because of the milk, butter, flour or vegetables they contain.

For one serving of soup use a cupful of milk, thickened with three-fourths of a tablespoonful of flour and half a tablespoonful of butter, with one-half cupful of mashed or sifted vegetable. It should be combined and served at once as standing injures the flavor. For little people who are learning to cook, vegetables this is a most satisfactory way to serve them. Unless otherwise ordered, milk bisque is an especially delicious soup. Add a pinch of salt to a half cupful of thick strained tomato, then add it very slowly to the milk and blending in the proportions given above. Pour into a hot cup and serve with a teaspoonful of whipped cream on top. Sprinkle the cream with parsley for a pretty garnish. Be sure that the better and flour have cooked well before combining the mixture, for it is only heated after the tomato is added.

Creamed meats and vegetables served in pretty ramekins are other good dishes. Chicken is most attractive in the form of a soufflé. Take a fourth of a cupful of chopped chicken breast, one tablespoonful of salt, one cupful of hot cream sauce made as above for soup, then fold in a well-beaten white of an egg into the well-blended mixture. Cover and bake until firm. Serve with a sprig of parsley for a garnish.

In serving fish a few drops of lemon juice added to a cream sauce is an improvement, or it may be made of a mild sour cream. Creamed oysters with sweet breads is a delicious combination especially desirable for the invalid.

Whisky in Coffin. A coffin supposed to contain a corpse was seized at Huron, S. D., and when opened was found to contain 20 gallons of whisky. The bootlegger had ordered a grave dug in a Huron cemetery. The coffin had been shipped to Huron from the East.

Farm Hands in Demand. According to records of the free government employment bureau in Memphis, there are 316 jobs open for farm hands in Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee. It is believed the openings listed with the government are only a few of the number that actually exist.

PREFERRED TO WALK. Recruit Was Only Anxious About Provision for His Family. "I'll walk; it's only ninety-four miles." That is the way A. C. Bonifet of Shasta county, California, replied to an offer of transportation made by Capt. H. C. Boyden when Bonifet agreed to enlist in the Twentieth engineers.

Bonifet lived 12 miles from the nearest settlement. He first wrote to Captain Boyden to find out if his pay allowances and government allotments would furnish enough for his wife and family to live on. Captain Boyden answered that \$17.50 a month could go to his family, he could spend \$7.50 a month for \$10,000 life insurance and have \$8 a month left. Then he was offered transportation. "I'll walk," Bonifet replied.

ON CERTAIN ALIEN ENEMIES

By CLINTON SCOLLARD of the Vigilantes.

This vile and venomous brood we have interned, This slinking, sneaking set that now we feed, They who would pause not at the darkest deed, What from their bestial baseness have we learned? Our laws, our hospitality, they have spurned, Sowing wh'er'er they might the poisonous seed. Of treason, with their treacherous Kultur creed, Why not mete out to them what they have earned?

Shall we again, when halbed Peace descends, Take them into our bosoms, open our doors, To opportunity for them? Heaven, forefend!

What place were fitting for them, what for shores? None on the earth unless perchance it be Their own, that spawned this bloody infamy!

NEW RED CROSS TRAIN MODERN AS HOSPITAL

Just Completed in England for the Use of the United States Army.

Another new Red Cross train for the United States Army has just been completed in England and it has recently been on view to the public at Liverpool street station.

It consists of 10 carriages, and without the engine, is 912 feet long, weighs 11 tons and has accommodations for 180 sitting or 300 or more. In an emergency these figures can be increased by the use of staff and other quarters to 600 and 480, respectively. All improvements suggested by experience gained in the war have been embodied. The stores are carried in a separate car and an elaborate pharmacy is provided.

Normally, the carriages are filled with three tiers of cots, but this can be varied at will the cots folding up when not in use. Infectious cases are isolated and separated from the ordinary patients by the doctors and sisters' quarters.

There are one or two recreation sections for the men and a special recreation room for 12 "sitting-officer cases." The personnel of the train is equally well provided for.

The beds are well sprung and hung so as to minimize the jolting of the train. Every carriage is ventilated by at least two electric fans. Everything has been constructed with a view to convenience and comfort. Cupboards, pantries, storerooms, lavatories, even a bathroom, appear in the most unexpected places.

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BLAST BRINGS UP \$115,000

In a Pot in an Old Well That Was Dynamited. A pot containing \$115,000 in gold was found in an old well on the Isaac Shaffer farm in Lawrence county near Housatonic, Pa. It has been known here for years as a limestone company were blasting and coming to the well, set off a charge of dynamite which sent a shower of gold coins skyward. The story of the burying of the treasure came to light with its discovery.

In 1888 Isaac Shaffer, a rich cattle buyer, died. Stricken with apoplexy, he managed to mumble "gold," mentioned toward his farm and fell dead. During the past 30 years his heirs have explored the farm many times, hoping to find the treasure. The gold has been deposited in a Newcastle (Pa.) bank. Heirs of Shaffer have claimed it.

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LITTLE SOUNDS THAT DISTURB

Strange How Ordinary Noises of the Night Affect One Who is Alone in the House.

When you are alone at home and the night comes on, and the noises begin—say, it is a lonesome feeling, isn't it? Uncanny like; ghostly; uncomfortable. You had not thought much about the family as a matter of course, and went about your way. Sat down after the evening meal and read the newspaper; paid no attention to the whispering of a curtain, nor to the creaking that forever takes place about a house. Nothing disturbed you, when the family was at home, but now, with the family away, everything disturbs you—and startles you.

There is nothing to fear, of course. You are not afraid; it is not that. But you sit there alone, reading, and a shutter rattles a little, how it startles you, says a writer in the Columbus Dispatch. The furnace clicks, as furnaces will, and you wonder what it is in the basement. A vine scrapes the attic floor, and it sounds for all the world like a burglar trying to unlock the door. You know it is not a burglar; you are not afraid, understand. But, some way, every little noise about the house startles and astounds you.

And then you get up to go to bed. You had never before noticed that it made any sound whatever as you walked across the floor when the family was at home; but now, it's different, to say the least, when the family is away.

No Plumbing There. The plumber—I believe that we'll all follow the same vocation in the next world as we do in this. The plumber—Nonsense! What use will there be for men of your vocation where there isn't any water?

PET SAVED SOLDIER'S LIFE

Effective "First Aid" Rendered by Cat When Its Owner Was Wounded During Crimean War.

During the Crimean war a French soldier was leaving his native village with his corps, when a little cat came running after him. It would not go back, so he put it on his knapsack and carried it along. Day by day, writes Arthur Broadley in the Evangelical Messenger, she was perched up thus, and every night slept by his side.

One day a great battle was to be fought, so the soldier left pussy behind with a sick comrade. After he had gone about a mile on the way the cat came running up to him, so he took it on his back again. Musket and cannon balls were now flying around. The soldier fell twice, but at last a dreadful wound laid him bleeding on the field.

The cat, instead of running away, jumped to the place where the blood was flowing, and began to lick the wound. The army doctor came, and the cat was carried to the hospital tent.

When he recovered consciousness he asked whether he would live or not, and the doctor said: "Yes, thanks to your pussy; she has used her tongue well and has stopped the flow of blood, otherwise you would have died."

Sponge is a Germ Carrier. Along with many other unsanitary toilet articles, the sponge is going out of fashion. But people may be still found who consider it indispensable. They have overlooked the fact that the sponge is porous and that every pore becomes a hiding place for untold colonies of germs. You cannot boil a sponge for any length of time, therefore you cannot insure its absolute hygienic cleanliness. As the germs multiply, a peculiar musty odor becomes noticeable.

When one bathes, many particles of dead skin are thrown from the body. If a sponge is used quantities of these dead particles collect in the pores of the sponge and will remain there even after considerable rinsing. If a sponge were examined under a microscope one would be horrified at the picture it would present.—Marianna Wheeler in the People's Home Journal.

Another One to Try. Grand Husband—I've been reading about the recent action of the Prussian diet. Mrs. Heavysides—Tell me about it. Does it reduce you without starving you to death?

Its Definition. Young Bride—I wonder why they call a wife's allowance pin money? Old Matron—Because the average husband thinks money enough to buy pins to hold her old clothes together is all a wife needs.

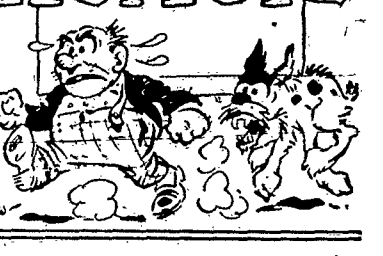
Sure Proof. That rich old fellow hasn't the slightest suspicion his young wife detests him. "How do you know he doesn't?" "Because I've seen him catch mice pie."

She's Patient. Newlywed—I have just insured my life in your favor for twenty thousand dollars. But if I die within a month you won't get it. Wife—Oh! that's all right, dear. I can wait that long.

Suitable Dish. "There are some psychologists coming to dinner with my husband, and I don't know what fish to have for the second course." "Why not give them soles?"

Not Settled. Bess—And is Bobbie quite ready to marry and settle down? June—I suspect he would like to try a divorce or two first.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR



His Antagonistic Attitude. "My terms to guests without baggage are cash in advance," said the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "You're a stranger and—"

"But I—ha ha!" began the would-be lodger. "Yes, I'll bet you're an easy feller to get acquainted with, and all that, but I'm not making any new friends these days and am pretty darn shy of the old ones."

Slighted. "Crimson Gulch doesn't seem the same old place since you got rid of the Demon Ruin." "It isn't the same old place," replied Broncho Bob. "The boys have quieted down so that it isn't worth while preachin' to 'em about reformin' an' they're gettin' to feel downright neglected."

No Plumbing There. The plumber—I believe that we'll all follow the same vocation in the next world as we do in this. The plumber—Nonsense! What use will there be for men of your vocation where there isn't any water?

The Doctor. "He's highly nervous. I advised him not to think about his condition." "That's fine advice. As if a man can help thinking about his condition. Did you give him that advice?" "No, I gave him that free."

THE LIMIT. The whole I founder deep in debt. This thought has crossed my mind, Soft coal is just as hard to get as any other kind.



Right—Birkus is the worst pest—most on earth. Littleton—Think so? Right—Know it. If his friends put him in the presidential chair he'd find fault with the upholstery.

Just as Hard. This thought has crossed my mind, Soft coal is just as hard to get as any other kind.

Noncommittal. Jones told me this morning his fiancée was light-headed, and I said, "Is she?" I am afraid he didn't like it. "Why weren't you more sympathetic?" "Because I couldn't tell whether he meant she was a blonde or delirious."

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