

CAPTURE

By ANNA E. SHERRY

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"I hate school teaching—and—and farmers!" Such was the verdict pronounced by blue-eyed, dainty little Jessie Thorne from a pile of half-corrected papers one dreary autumn day.



Her Worst Fears Were Realized.

"where there is smoke there must be fire." Professional enthusiasm, where were you? She thought of the tousle-headed boys and the stolid girls who stared at her daily from the battered seats.

So she quelled her fears and began a thorough examination of the family album. This novel method of entertainment proved her undoing, for the strange faces smiling stiffly from their frames only increased her misery.

made the door and leave him to ransack the house to his heart's content. But again came Mrs. Smith's words: "City girls ain't afraid of anything."

Spieslessly she crept out the door, down the creaking stairs that must betray her, through the silent living room, to the door of the dining room, where, in the dim rays of a flashlight, a broad pair of shoulders bent over the array of silver on the buffet.

"Sit down, right where you are!" "But—rather pleasant voice attempted, "it's a—"

holding up the lantern he beheld a manly form seated on the floor. "Well, Jim, is this where you are, and they're waiting for them spoons for the last half hour."

Unusual Feat of a British Aviator in Palestine Is Worth Committing to History. A trench newspaper published by one of the British divisions in Palestine gives the following account of an unusual feat by a British aviator in the fighting zone.

Saint Gaudens' Home. There is a plan afoot to make the Saint Gaudens estate at Cornish, N. H., public property, and to open it to all those interested in American sculpture.

Why He Trembled. It was behind the scenes of a barn-storming theatrical company. "Marshall's Partlow is figurative about appearing tonight," said one of the troupe.

How foolish! replied another. "He shouldn't have stage fright. Why, he's been on the boards for years." "True," replied the first speaker, "but this is the first time he was ever bilked for two nights in one town."

The KITCHEN CABINET

Through envy, through malice, Against the world, early and late, No lot of our courage abating, Our part is to work and to wait.

—Alice Cary.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

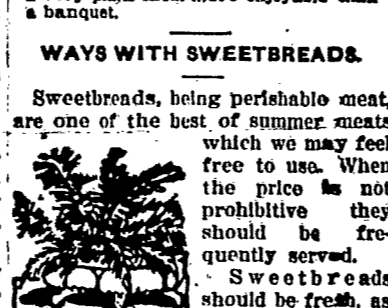
Cereals, even the leftovers from breakfast, may be used to make delicious and nourishing dishes as puddings and desserts.

Date Hominy Pudding.—Soak a cupful of hominy in four cupfuls of water with a teaspoonful of salt overnight. Cook in a double boiler until the liquid is absorbed, then stir in a cupful of honey, a grating of nutmeg and the grated rind of a lemon.

Soy Bean Soup.—Wash and drain well one pound of soy beans, place them in a saucepan and cover with plenty of cold water; put in an onion stuck with a clove, a little salt, a bay leaf and a half teaspoonful of thyme, and a bit of muslin. Cover the saucepan and cook at a low temperature until the beans are tender, adding more water if needed.

Chili Con Carne.—Cut two pounds of round steak into small square pieces. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan and when hot add the steak, fry brown; then add one cupful of boiling water and four tablespoonfuls of rice. Cook until tender.

Ways with Sweetbreads. Sweetbreads, being perishable meat, are one of the best of summer meats, and those which we may feel free to use.



Remove all the skin, fibers and bones without breaking the sweetbreads themselves. Soak in cold water for an hour, changing it often to extract all the blood.

Braised Sweetbreads.—Place in a baking pan a layer of new peas and small carrots with new potatoes; on this bed of vegetables place the prepared sweetbreads with a few cubes of fat salt pork.

Sweetbreads in Gelatine.—Cut into small dice two cupfuls of cooked sweetbreads. Soak a tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of the broth and dissolve it in half a cupful of hot broth.

Tomatoes Stuffed With Sweetbreads.—Peel and scoop out the centers of medium-sized tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and insert to drain. Season ice to chill.

LOUDER THAN ANY THUNDER

Modern Guns Make Noise That is Far Above That of "Heaven's Artillery."

Every big noise is compared to thunder, as if heaven's artillery were the greatest noise imaginable. We speak commonly of "the thunder of the guns," and the poets have always spread themselves on the terrific canonade of a thunder storm.

The gunfire in Flanders has been heard in London countless times while it is quite impossible to say how far the famous mineburst on the Vimy ridge, produced by human agency, though not gunfire, could be heard.

One of the greatest thunder storms of recent years occurred in the Richmond area, but not a sound of it reached London, and it is on record that when the church steeple of Lostwithiel was destroyed by lightning to the accompaniment of such a roar of thunder as the oldest inhabitant could not remember, no sound was heard 30 miles distant.

WOMEN HANDLE BIG SHELLS Young Mother Gave Practical Demonstration of Their Physical Fitness to Do So.

When women first were put to work in shell factories in England they handled only the light field-gun shells. Later it became necessary for them to turn out larger shells, and doubts were raised as to whether the women were strong enough to handle them.

There is a shell factory in the Liverpool district operated almost exclusively by the daughters of business and professional men. Many are young girls who had never done any kind of work other than needle work and cooking.

Rip Van Noah. It was the first twilight game at the local ball park, and the little fan with the whiskers just had to tell something to celebrate the occasion.

"Well, spring it! Spring it!" begged the "gang." "Let's get it over with." "Yuh know my son's at the National army camp at Chillicothe. Yeh, he came out flat-footed for the war."

Imitated Kopenick Captain. An extraordinary instance of Teutonic servility where uniforms are concerned has occurred at Essen. A party of three armed individuals, two in soldiers' and one in a policeman's uniform, made a round of all the schools of the town, representing themselves to be authorized to collect the children's satchels.

Flying Temperament. The most eminent of British scientists have devoted special study to the psychological and physiological aspects of flying. One authority says that good eyesight, normal hearing, good "muscle sense," and equilibrium are indispensable qualifications.

Two Prize Captives. While on sentry duty one night one of the men at Camp Colt, who had been the butt of numerous company jokes, halted two of his worst tormentors as they were endeavoring to slip into camp after taps.

Billeting and Barbara

By HARMONY WELLS

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Even after war had been declared and the troops were actually on the march, Barbara Heathcote failed to realize the gravity of the situation.

Barbara had not stopped to realize that the little village in Bedfordshire was right on the line of march, nor did she know that, being a householder, she would be ordered to provide temporary shelter for officers and men of the troops when they should pass on the way to battlegrounds.

It was with great surprise that she found herself watching an officer retreating from her door having billeted a score of soldiers on her. She had been asked, "In the name of the king," to provide shelter for a day or two for the men on the march, and Barbara had been first indignant, then indifferent.

But Barbara's equilibrium was upset. War had been forced into her consciousness and she wished the troops had taken another route to the battlegrounds. She disliked annoyances of any kind, for she was selfish and self-centered.

"Where will these troops sleep?" she asked of her old servant.

"On the veranda, Miss Barbara, and in the garden," replied Jenkins, more excited than the soldiers themselves.



"Where Will These Troops Sleep?" excited than the soldiers themselves, "We will feed them in the servants' hall."

When Jenkins had gone Barbara's brow puckered. She well knew that fighting men were accustomed to hardship, but the thought of them sleeping on wooden floors or perhaps in the dew-dampened garden was not pleasant. Certainly it would disturb her own night's rest to have them there.

In the evening when a score or more of tired but laughing soldiers in khaki came trooping through the great hedge gate Barbara watched them with quickly beating heart. Somehow and without warning a sharp emotion gripped her. She tried to stifle a desire to cry, and wondered why she should feel so helpless all of a sudden.

She looked again at the men, now going toward the back of the house, and their war kits brought fresh emotion to Barbara's heart. They were going to battle for perhaps months and maybe years with that small provision for comfort. Never before had Barbara seen the troops in full war kit, and the meagerness of their equipment appalled her.

When she had hung up the receiver Barbara felt a trifle more like herself. After all, most of the men would return from the war. She was expecting herself to wage peace. She tried to throw off the ghastly picture that the sight of the troops had put before her, but it was useless, now that her very doorstep was thronged with soldiers, to feel other than fearful for their fate.

time in her entire life Barbara knew how despatchly selfish she was. She was regretting the entrance into her life of that score of brave men, and she wished she had not been so doubtful of the utility of her own weakness and the utter uselessness of her life.

"Even my servants are doing something for those men," she told herself when she heard a burst of laughter from the direction of the lower dining hall. "They don't know I am in the house," she added thoughtfully. "I am an atom in this world and each of those men is a king." Barbara pondered then as she had never pondered before. Her own insignificance, the desperate reality of war and its suffering, together with the misery that must come in the wake of battle, all these thoughts held Barbara Heathcote in a grip of introspection.

Barbara jumped up and peered down at them and the tears blurred her sight. A pale moon threw her radiance on the upturned faces of the men and on their rifles and caps. An occasional murmur told Barbara that sleep had not at yet claimed them.

With sudden inspiration Barbara went into the drawing room and began singing gently so as not to startle them. Her voice filtering through the open windows swept like the touch of angel wings over the soldiers' emotions, and not one of them spoke a word.

A young lieutenant surreptitiously brushed the moisture from his eyes with khaki-colored sleeve. His sweetheart had tried to sing for him that song at parting, but her voice had broken.

Stop! Barbara's voice, too, had broken. She jumped up and went swiftly into the moonlight among the soldiers. They arose as one man at her coming and stood looking at the slim white figure.

"I can't stand it to have you sleeping out here," she said breathlessly. "You must all come inside. I will have all the room necessary." She smiled when they demurred, and commanded in a most adorable manner. "Please let me have my way," she said. "I have never done anything in my whole life for anyone save myself. Please let me do what I can now." And because she was crying Barbara hastened to help Jenkins make up the many beds in the great house. It cheered her considerably to be doing some trifling thing in the war movement, and out of the joy she derived from making up those beds Barbara knew that never more could she be happy while there were those in the world less fortunate than she.

The troops remained only until the morning of the third day, and when they had marched off with their bands playing and a smile on their lips Barbara wept as if her heart would break. Bedfordshire was impossible to her after that. The life of ease and luxury was not to be borne. She could not sit idly by and wait for news from the front; she must go and be a part of that working contingent and do her mite.

Barbara knew that somewhere some day, after the great war was over, she would again stand beside the young lieutenant commander who had slept beneath her roof on the way to battle. His eyes had told her that he would come back to her, and Barbara was living only for that day and for the good she might do to be worthy of him.

THEY WENT THE OTHER WAY

Arrogant German Too Confident as to What Soldiers Would Be on the Vatterland.

The archbishop of York, speaking in the Mansion house, London, told a story related to him while in America. At the launching of the Vatterland, the Hamburg-American chairman asked an American naval officer: "How many troops do you think I could put aboard her?"

Answering his own question, he said: "I can put 10,000, and some day shall bring them across to the United States." The naval officer replied: "If you do, I hope I shall be there to see them."

Short Will for \$320,000. One of the shortest wills ever read was admitted to probate in the register's office recently, when the testament of George W. Marshall, former manufacturer of passenger and freight elevators of Pittsburgh was filed. The will disposed of an estate of \$320,000 and was written in four lines and contained less than thirty words.

Superfluous Effort. Daughter—Pa, our domestic science professor is teaching us how to wash money. Dad (interrupting)—Next he'll be teaching ducks how to swim.