The Soul Kiss

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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"Nine," spoke Adrian Pearce, indicating his floor to the elevator conductor.

"Eight, please," supplemented a mischief-eyed girl at his side. She had once done stenographic work for the young lawyer and they were on pleasant speaking terms. She emphasized the "please," and Adrian recognized an implied reproach, but he spoke, low enough for the conductor to hear.

"I said 'please' in my heart, Miss Adams, feeling duly grateful for the willing and pleasant service we all receive on the cars in this building. Do you know that I shake hands in spirit with every smiling person I meet? As upon any little tot who looks at me I bestow a mental hug and it brightens my day."

"And I am so far from babyhood!" mourned Myra Adams daringly, and left at her floor with a bewitching, though flirtatious laugh.

It was that evening that Myra mentioned Adrian to her closest friend, Adele Bartlett. There was a wide gap socially between the two girls, for Adele was an heiress, but their mothers had been close friends in their youth. Adele, sedate and lovely, for both her parents were dead, was very fond of her less fortune favored friend, whose bright free ways showed a happy spirit under all circumstances.

"The only fault with Mr. Pearce," observed Myra, "is that he doesn't in the least know what flirting means. I think he is the finest gentleman I ever met. He has very little business, for they say he will never take a case unless his client is absolutely in the right. He is the soul of goodness and never seems to begrudge his services for the poor and distressed. He got me my present position."

"He must, indeed, be a model man," said Adele.

"You should know him, Adele," declared Myra; "you must know him. Somehow he is just your kind—a great thinker and so original. All he seems to care for is exerting a good influence."

But Adrian Pearce was neither uncanny nor an eccentric. There had been born in him a purity of impulse and thought that distinguished him from ordinary men. He was intuitively humane and law was to him justice sheer and simple. He was invited to the Bartlett house by Myra during a social function and there was a dreamy, satisfied expression in Adele's eyes after he had left.

Adele's fair cheeks paled and her lips tremored as Myra said one day: "Mr. Pearce is about to give up his office on account of unprofitable practice and is going to South America with some great railroad project," and when Adrian called that evening Adele found it difficult to conceal her vivid emotions. As he held her hand at parting his words bore an undertone of sadness. "I shall miss you greatly, Miss Bartlett," he said. "I shall not cease to think of you always. If I succeed I shall return."

"Oh, I so hope you will!" spoke Adele fervently, and his eyes lightened and expressed emotions that caused her to thrill and quiver. She sat alone after he had left, unable to cast off the spell his coming had evoked. In a dreamy mood akin to half somnolence she suddenly started up. To her overstrained senses it seemed as though an impalpable presence had entered the room and that she felt a soft caressing pressure upon her lips. She flushed and palpitated. Had this mysterious man in whom she was so interested, who sent his thoughts out after others to console, to cheer, wafted to her a true "soul kiss?"

A new life was born in her. She arose, ordered her automobile and followed out an urgent impulse. Only a few days before a friend, Mrs. Wynne, a widow, had told her of a just claim for a large amount she had against the wealthy former partner of her dead husband but had not the means to prosecute it. For hours Adele was closeted with this lady.

Adrian Pearce did not give up his office. There came to him the next day the widow friend of Adele. He had no knowledge of their mutual acquaintanceship. The case was placed in his hands and its merit involving a just claim aroused his truest interest and attention. He won the case and was the recipient of a large fee besides acquiring fixed professional prestige.

It was a few days after that when he entered his office to hear voices in the inner room. Mrs. Wynne was there, and Adele. He heard the latter say:

"I must hurry away, for if Mr. Pearce met me here with you he might suspect"—and just there she came face to face with the young lawyer and flushed crimson.

"I overheard you, Miss Bartlett," spoke Adrian gravely, gently. "You sent me this client and financed the case. I am glad I can repay you, but the noble motive that impelled you to aid a struggling lawyer to his place in life I can never forget."

She swayed unsteadily under his grateful glance. Then she returned it, and in her eyes there was something that told Adrian Pearce that to his moneyed gain and fame there had been added—love.

HAS HIS CHOICE OF MOUNTS

Many Horses Provided, From Which the Sultan of Morocco Selects the One He Will Ride.

Between the black guard and the tents five or six horses were being led up and down by muscular grooms in snowy tunics. They were handsome animals, as Moroccan horses go, and each of a different color; and on the bay horse was a red saddle embroidered in gold, on the pibald a saddle of peach color and silver, on the chestnut grass green encrusted with seed pearls, and on the bay mare purple housings, and orange velvet on the gray.

The sultan's band had struck up a shrill hammering and twanging, the salute of the black guard continued at intervals, and the caparisoned steeds began to rear and snort and drag back from the cruel Arab bits with their exquisite niello incrustations, writes Edith Wharton in the Yale Review. Some one whispered that these were his majesty's horses, and that it was never known until he appearel which one he would mount.

Presently the crowd about the tents thickened, and when it divided again there emerged from it a gray horse bearing a motionless figure swathed in blinding white. Marching at the horse's bridle lean brown grooms in white tunics rhythmically waved long strips of white linen to keep the flies from the imperial presence; and beside the motionless rider, in a line with the horse's flank, rode the imperial parasol bearer, who held above the sovereign's head a great sunshade of bright green velvet.

HAD ODD IDEAS OF BURIAL

Eccentric Individuals Disposed of After Death According to Instructions Left in Their Wills.

A Londoner who died recently, left a codicil to his will in which he desired that his remains should be cremated and mixed with equal portions of cement and sand and buried "in a large old jam jar which belonged to my mother."

Nor is this by any means an isolated example of the peculiarities of some people in regard to the disposal of their bodies. Perhaps the most extraordinary is that of the great philanthropist, Jeremy Bentham, who directed that, after his body had been dissected for the benefit of certain medical students, the skeleton should be reassembled, clad after the custom of the period, and exhibited in a glass case at University college, where it may still be seen.

A certain major desired that his body should be buried in a vertical position, feet upwards, on Box hill. "I am convinced that by the time I rise again the world will have turned topsy-turvy," was the eccentric soldier's reason for departing from the usual procedure in regard to burial and, it may be noted, his wishes were duly carried out.

Mystic Number Forty.

The number "Forty" plays an important part in Mohammedan ritual, the sultan gave Aladdin 40 days in which to find the lost palace. In the Thousand and One Nights' entertainment the Third Calendar had a prosperous voyage for 40 days and was entertained by 40 damsels, who absented themselves for 40 days. And then there's Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Also there is the story of Nasir, who spent 40 days in prayer, and then shot an arrow through a suspended ring 40 times in succession, and when he wounded the king it took the monarch 40 days to recover from the hurt.

Varied Spelling of His Name.

In a remarkable collection of autographic material which has just come from England to America, one of the most noteworthy items is closely related to the first English settlement in America. Sir Richard Greynville, a relative of Sir Walter Raleigh, established that settement, and his autograph remains in very few British collections and is said never to have passed through an auction room. Signatures enough remain to show that Sir Richard, like other gentlemen of his time, seems to have spelled his name as he happened to feel like spelling it at the moment. One takes one's choice between Greynville, Grenville, Greenville, and Granville.

Trade Value in Gum Tree.

In the South, where the red gum tree (Liquodambar styraciflua) grows, few are aware that the gum which exudes from this tree when its sapwood is wounded has commercial value, says the American Forestry Magazine, of Washington. Small amounts of the dried gum have been used for some time in the manufacture of chewing gum. Storax is used in the manufacture of perfumes, tobacco, adhesives and pharmaceutical preparations, and contains cinnamic acid and cinnamic alcohol, both of which are in demand.

Memorial Trees in Utah.

Lester park, the most beautiful and best known park of Ogden, Utah, was the scene of a very unusual ceremony says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington when the members of the office of the district forester planted three memorial trees for Capt. Homer S. Youngs, Lieut. Hubert C. Williams and Forest Ranger Rudolf E. Mellenthin. The first two died in France and the last was killed arresting a draft evader.

SHRINE COMING TO AMERICA

Probability That Brahman Temple May Find a Home in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

An entire stone Brahman temple, which served as a place of worship in India for hundreds of years, will be installed in the massive rotunda of Memorial hall, Fairmount park, Philadelphia, provided the director of the museum can assemble the 100 tons of stone that go to make the shrine. The Hindoo house of worship was purchased by Mrs. Adeline Pepper Gibson, a Philadelphia woman who died in war service, and every stone in the structure was boxed and shipped in a sailing vessel, which made the trip around Cape Horn. The shrine is the gift of Mrs. Gibson's relatives, who wish it to be a memorial to the work of the dead woman. It is the first time that such a huge piece of sculpture was ever brought to America, and even Europe cannot boast of such an accomplishment. The nearest to it are the Elgin friezes in London, the tomb of Pernab, brought from Egypt to the Metropolitan museum, and the frescoed Asian walls seen in Berlin. While some say the temple is of Dravidian architecture, which would mean that it was built prior to the tenth century, the stone is in such fine condition that it looks less than 300 years old. The fine air of southern India may have preserved it, some say. Nothing of its origin is known.

HOLDS MYSTERY AND HORROR

Land of Tibet Awaits the Illumination Which Can Only Come From Civilization's Light.

Tibet, the mysterious land to the north of India, has got no wheeled vehicles, and the grand lama is carried in a sedan chair. Punishments are cruel. Men are cut to pieces slowly. Women suspected of adultery have their noses and lips slit and then are whipped to death.

Newborn babies are plastered over with butter and then laid in the sun naked. Ears are pierced and heavy rings inserted which often tear out the lobe of the ear.

The limbs and trunks of the dead are hacked apart and left on stones for the dogs, pigs and vultures to devour. The pigs are in turn a table delicacy with the Tibetans.

The "breakers of the dead" are also the scavengers of the country. They live in filthy huts four feet high, built of human bones and the horns of cattle.

Yet the Potata, the seat of the Tibetan ruler, is a magnificent white granite building, larger than any in Europe. It is crowned with huge domes glistening with gold. It is the home of 10,000 monks, as well as the grand lama and his household. The building is 970 feet long, 12 stories high.

Welcome to the Wattle.

Australia's national flower, the golden wattle, has played its part in the welcome to Australian soldiers, and the motorcars which run from the transports to the discharging depot are filled with blossom as well as with khaki. Equally happy is the custom in some cities of utilizing Wattle day as an occasion for a special appeal on behalf of children's charities. It is worth noting that a correspondent in the Sydney Morning Herald declares that the word "wattle" comes from the "wattle-and-daub" huts made by the early pioneers by the aid of the twigs and branches of a strange tree laden with beautiful yellow, ball-shaped flowers. "They began the weaving—the wattling—of such a fabric as the world has never before seen, the warp and woof of a fabric which was in after years to stretch across the globe with never a breaking strand—the fabric of an empire."

Spruce Tree 573 Years Old.

In making a survey of the spruce forests, where the airplane cutting was carried on during the war in the Grays Harbor spruce district, a tree 573 years old was found, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. The tree was felled in clearing to make the military camps safe after a limb had fallen and menaced the roof of the officers' quarters. The tree is close to the Olympic highway, 11 miles north of Humptulips. The stump was 11.6 feet from the ground level. The tree was two inches in diameter when Columbus discovered America.

Creative Genius.

Shakespeare used the skeletons of former life that had drifted down to him upon the stream of time and were cast at his feet a heap of mere dead matter. But he clothed them with flesh and blood and breathed into their nostrils; and they lived and moved with a life that was individual and self-existent after he had once thrown it off from his own exuberant intellectual vitality. His teeming brain bred lowlier beggars and kinglier kings than all Europe could have furnished as subjects for his portraiture.—Richard Grant White.

Famous Library.

The Vatican library is the most sumptuously housed of all libraries, and contains some of the rarest manuscripts in existence. The printed books include over 2,500 books issued in the fifteenth century, many of them vellum copies. The library is said to contain over 220,000 volumes and 30,000 manuscripts.

"Happy-Go-Lucky"

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

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"Impulsive? Yes. Irrational? Perhaps at times, but that is his temperament. He was the dearest of lovers and is the very best husband in the world!"

Thus Cecile Drury spoke to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aileen Boughton. The bride of a year and her relative had been discussing Sidney Drury in a friendly, familiar manner, Cecile all indulgence and resenting somewhat the mild criticism of the other.

"I was basing my thought on the sheer goodness of heart of Sidney," explained Mrs. Boughton. "His generosity is his greatest failing. It seems as though all anybody has to do to get anything he has is to ask him for it."

"Maybe you are hinting at me!" laughed Cecile. "I can't break Sidney of his spendthrift ways with either scolding or pleading. Why, I happened into his office the other day and chanced to admire a new rug he had just bought. By the time I reached home he had already sent it there."

"That is Sidney all over," said Mrs. Boughton. "Can't you and Sidney come over and take dinner with us this evening?"

"I am sorry, dear, but we are booked for a card party at Mr. Ream's. I am to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Ream and Sidney is to join me there in the evening. Oh, by the way! I want to show you the lovely vase my brother has sent from Rome."

Meantime the handsome and happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow well-met subject of interest and discussion, Sidney Drury, on his way to the stock exchange of which he was a member was met by Gregory Ream, the latter in a great fluster. It was at the house of Mr. Ream that the card party was to be held that evening.

"See here, Drury," he spoke, "I'm in a tie-up all the afternoon in an important conference. I promised my wife to arrange for a prize to the winner. Take it off my hands, will you?"

"Certainly," answered the accomodating Drury.

"Buy something worth while, neat and tasteful, see? And I'll fix it up with you later."

But pressure of unexpected business with Sidney drove the promise entirely from his mind. He had hurried home after business, dressed for the pending social function and was about to start to join his wife at the Ream home when sudden recollection moved him as by a shock.

"The mischief!" he ejaculated—"the prize for the card game! I promised Ream I would attend to it. What will he think of me?"

Drury stood reflecting as to what was best to be done. It was too late to go back down town and many of the shops would be closed. He cast his eyes about the room. Was there not some article of bijouterie or art that would do for the prize?

"The very thing! and decidedly tasteful and pretty," he spoke with relief and satisfaction as his eyes fell on the vase so prized by his wife.

It was a gay, mirthful group, and all were ready for the midnight refection and wondering whose score would win the prize, when Cecile chanced into a side room to find Mrs. Ream unwrapping the prize. Just then some one called the hostess and Cecile nearly toppled over. Aghast, she viewed the vase! How had it come here? Direful thoughts came into her mind. She had left it near an open window. Had some burglarious passer-by reached in, secured it, sold it, and by some haphazard had it come into the possession of the Reams? Then again it might not be the same. Oh, she must know! She rushed by the lady deciphering the score cards and approached Sidney.

"Why, how pale and disturbed you look!" he observed.

"Sidney," she spoke impetuously, "we must go home at once."

"But—supper, the prize?" remonstrated her husband.

"Make our excuses, please. I am not well. Don't delay, Sidney. I want to get home at once."

She was mute and nervous all the way from the card party. Once inside their house her glance flew to the window stand. Her precious vase was gone. She dropped into the first chair and broke out into hysterical sobbings.

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Sidney, and then Cecile poured forth her woes. Her brother's cherished gift! Sidney was aghast. She chanced to catch a glimpse of his guilty face.

"Oh, Sidney! Surely you never—"

"Yes, I did!" confessed Sidney bluntly. "I'm a misfit, a bungler, an irresponsible imbecile! Don't cry, dear—I'll call up the Reams and explain."

"No, no—that won't do!" dissuaded Cecile.

"But I wouldn't have you lose your brother's gift for all I possess!" declared Sidney. "What don't I deserve for my foolishness! Some one on the wire," and he crossed to the telephone. Cecile saw his face brighten magically. He came toward her pirouetting on his tiptoes and chuckling.

"It's all right!" he cheered. "You won the prize, my dear! I'm a reformed man from now on," and he lifted Cecile's beaming face and kissed it.

"Never again!" he pronounced, lifting his hand solemnly.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

"The anxiety of some people to make new friends is so intense that they never have time to have old ones."

HOT SOUPS FOR COOL EVENINGS

The expert soup-maker will obtain delicious flavors by using leftover meats and vegetables. After cooking the soup should be strained and thickened as usual with a binding of butter and flour cooked together.

Corn Chowder.—Take about four teaspoonfuls of fat salt pork cubes and try them out; add one sliced onion and cook five minutes, stirring often to keep the onion from burning. Parboil four cupfuls of potato slices in water to cover, drain and add the potatoes to the fat and onion, with two cupfuls of boiling water; cook until the potatoes are soft, add a can of corn, a quart of milk, salt, pepper and buttered crackers. Serve with the buttered crackers on top. This recipe will serve six.

Cream Soup.—Put thin slices of bread as thin as shavings with a small amount of butter in a saucepan and brown; pour over enough boiling water to make the soup needed, add salt to taste and let the mixture boil up; then remove the saucepan and stir in a large cupful of cream, the thicker the better. Be sure to have it well salted or the soup will taste flat.

Cream of Peanut Soup.—Put a cupful of peanut butter into a quart of milk, add salt, cayenne, a tablespoonful of grated onion, a bay leaf, celery salt, and cook ten minutes in a double boiler. Moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch with cold milk and stir until smooth, add to the soup and cook ten minutes. Strain and serve with cubes of toasted bread.

Quick Egg Soup.—Stir a teaspoonful of beef extract into a quart of boiling water, add a grated onion, celery salt, salt and pepper to taste. Pour boiling hot into a tureen with four tablespoonfuls of boiled rice and two well beaten eggs.

Split Pea Soup.—Pick over, wash and put to soak in plenty of cold water one cupful of split peas. In the morning cook in two quarts of water, add a two-inch cube of salt pork and one sliced onion. Cook and stir often until the peas are soft, rub through a sieve, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour and butter, add milk to thin the puree to the desired consistency. Season well and serve very hot.

Nellie Maxwell

The KITCHEN CABINET

Ordinarily we find in people the qualities we are mostly looking for or the qualities that our prevailing characteristics call forth. The larger the nature the less critical and cynical it is, the more it is given to looking for the best in others.—Trine.

CHEESE DISHES.

Cheese naturally suggests itself as a substitute for meat, since it is rich in the same kind of nutrients which meat supplies; it is also a food which is staple and may be used in a variety of ways.

Stuffed Potatoes With Cheese.—Split hot baked potatoes lengthwise, remove contents without injuring the skin of the potato. Mash the potato, add seasoning and enough hot milk and butter to season well; beat until light, then refill the skin, piling it up lightly; do not smooth the top. Sprinkle with grated cheese and reheat in oven until cheese is melted and a delicate brown.

Rice Baked With Cheese.—Cook a cupful of rice in a large amount of boiling water, at least three quarts, adding a teaspoonful of salt. When tender drain and cover the bottom of a buttered baking dish with a layer of the rice; sprinkle with grated cheese, a dash of cayenne pepper and add milk to half fill the dish; cover with crumbs and bake until the milk is absorbed and crumbs brown.

Pittsburgh Potatoes. — Cook one quart of diced potato cubes with a small minced onion until the potatoes are nearly tender; add a teaspoonful of salt and half a can of minced red peppers and cook until the potatoes are done. Drain and put into a baking dish. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour, one teaspoonful of salt and a pint of milk, then add one-half pound of grated cheese. Pour this over the potatoes and bake until a golden brown.

Baked Eggs With Cheese.—Break four eggs into a buttered baking dish and cook in a hot oven until they begin to turn white around the edge. Cover the eggs with a white sauce and over this a cupful of cheese and bread crumbs well mixed. Season and brown the crumbs in a hot oven.

Egg shells should be carefully scraped out with a teaspoon; someone who has tried it says that the bulk of one egg is saved in the scraping of a dozen shells, and with eggs worth four or five cents apiece, it is worth while.

Nellie Maxwell

BACK TO PREHISTORIC [illegible]

Hoatzin Bird Found in Guiana Seems to be Link [illegible] Lives of Reptiles.

Running on all fours [illegible] fingers and toes like [illegible] and swimming as skillfully [illegible] were denizens of the [illegible] Hoatzin birds, found in [illegible] petuate the prehistoric [illegible] ties were the [illegible] It can neither sing nor [illegible] and its very presence [illegible] by its strong odor, but it [illegible] less of great importance [illegible] world because of its [illegible] toric attributes.

The nests of the old [illegible] ways built out over the [illegible] quently some 15 feet above [illegible] face, and the young birds with wings turned back, not [illegible] usual, but up like a diver's [illegible] dive cleanly from the nest [illegible] ter and swim like a fish. [illegible] wish to return to the nest they [illegible] on shore and walking on their [illegible] the handlike ends of their wings [illegible] creep back to the tree and then [illegible] like a monkey, using what is [illegible] the thumb and first finger [illegible] strange wings. They have [illegible] neck and head far more [illegible] than birdlike, and despite their [illegible] of beauty, many scientific [illegible] have been sent to Guiana [illegible] graph and study these birds which [illegible] resent all the ages of history [illegible] reptile to modern life.

MEANT TO HAVE THAT SUGAR

Grains Too Large for Bees to Carry They Converted It Into Sirup and Bore It Away.

A French professor, named [illegible] tells, in a paper bearing the [illegible] name of Revue Heodemadaire, [illegible] of the intelligence of the [illegible] On the Paris-Lyons railway, [illegible] biological laboratory at Fontainebleau, he says, some coarse granulated sugar had been spilled in a heap beside the track. Bees came and [illegible] to cary off the sugar, but the [illegible] were too big for a bee to carry. [illegible] they give up? Not these bees. They flew to the neighboring [illegible] trough, loaded themselves with all [illegible] water they could carry, flew back [illegible] the sugar pile, and threw the [illegible] on the sugar. Soon the top of the [illegible] was converted into a sirup, [illegible] the bees busily rolled themselves [illegible] til each and all were coated with [illegible] when they flew away to their [illegible] There they got rid of their [illegible] returned for more; and, when [illegible] they got down to the coarse granulations, they resorted again to the water trough. Countless bees engaged in [illegible] operation, and kept at it till no [illegible] was left. So far as one recalls [illegible] is a new example of intelligence [illegible] insects, and one is glad that someone was there, that July day, in [illegible] see and chronicle it.

Stalking Seals Difficult.

The seal's sun naps on the [illegible] ice are continually disturbed by [illegible] dreams of his enemy, the polar [illegible] or at least that seems a reasonable way of interpreting his behavior, [illegible] after sleeping for 30 seconds or [illegible] haps a minute, he will wake up, [illegible] his head as high as he can [illegible] can, which is 14 or 16 inches, and [illegible] a complete survey of the horizon. [illegible] nothing suspicious is seen, this survey takes about ten seconds, after which he drops his head on the ice again [illegible] sleeps a minute more, says a writer in the Argonaut.

Sometimes the ice is a little [illegible] in his vicinity and you can [illegible] up and shoot him from [illegible] cover, but more frequently he has chosen a level expanse where concealment is possible, and you [illegible] therefore, approach him [illegible] that he is going to see you before [illegible] are near enough to shoot.

Reveal Life of Old Pompeii.

Excavations of Pompeii in the ancient "Street of Abundance" have resulted in such extensive finds that life of the street can be almost entirely reconstructed. The principal discovery is that of a huge "thermopolium," a kind of public house. [illegible] in a state of perfect preservation [illegible] an exact idea can now be [illegible] of a Roman place of refreshment. There is a long row of wine [illegible] placed that it seems that the [illegible] was in the act of pouring wine [illegible] one into the other when [illegible] by the catastrophe.

Tomorrow.

A movement to abolish [illegible] now in order. Among all the [illegible] that cause trouble to humanity in general, tomorrow is probably the [illegible] offender. Nothing happens [illegible] in just the way we expect [illegible] most cases dread. The time [illegible] in wondering what tomorrow [illegible] and in worrying about it. [illegible] If applied to today, would [illegible] against the unexpected [illegible] thing else. Tomorrow is the comfortable place there is [illegible] Yet most of us live in it [illegible] time.—Life.

Few Professors [illegible]

In China [illegible] most densely [illegible] world—[illegible] in the cities [illegible] and in the [illegible] head of a [illegible] order in [illegible]