

LIKE CURES LIKE

By DORA MOLLAN

John Nevins was having lunch at his club when excited exclamations from four young men seated at the next table caught his attention. The youths jumped up and crowded around the window. Being humanly curious, Nevins turned about and looked out on the street. A youngish woman, modestly dressed, was about to turn the corner. The wind blew smartly. "Oh, boy!" exclaimed one of the young men—he had Celtic red hair—"the Lord is good to the Irish!" John Nevins clenched his hands at what he saw till there were dents in his palms. He favored the backs of the absorbed youths with one baleful glare, then turned abruptly away from his unfinished luncheon and left the club. But on the way back to the office an inborn sense of humor came to his rescue and he chuckled aloud. He had had an inspiration.



Mrs. Nevins Gave One Horrified Gasp. Advice: Keep calm; act as though nothing unusual were happening, but watch him closely. If he develops other eccentricities let me know.

Some hours later Mrs. Nevins awaited John's return from the office. Seated before the library fire, she was comfortable in body but uncomfortable in mind. The latest fashion magazine failed to distract her thoughts from incidents of the previous evening, even though it exploited a brand-new fashion detail at which Viola ordinarily would have gasped with joy. Being the first to introduce a new style in her own home town had grown to be more than a fad with Mrs. Nevins; it had become a fixed principle. The click of the trolley heralded the approach of the man of the house. A word of greeting, a conjugal kiss, and John Nevins departed upward to freshen for dinner as was his wont. "Nothing unusual about his manner so far," Viola reassured herself as she awaited his returning footsteps. They came tap-tap, on the polished hardwood of the stairs. Viola felt her fears justified. Hastily she reminded herself that the vain expostulations and half hysterical pleadings of the evening before must not be repeated. Dr. Balfour's advice had been to keep calm, and calm she kept as John Nevins hobbled into the room, his feet, unusually small for a man of his size, encased in exaggeratedly high-heeled pumps, resplendently buckled. He addressed his wife with matter-of-fact seriousness.

"If I don't make faster progress than this, learning to manage these things, it will be days yet before I'll have the confidence to wear them to the office." At this development of ultimate purpose Mrs. Nevins gave one horrified gasp. Then her attention was diverted to the imperative need of standing between John and the maid as the latter appeared in the doorway to announce dinner. When the girl had departed kitchenward in search of soup, Viola offered her arm as an aid in negotiating the perilous combination of rugs and polished floors. John scorned it.

the shoes. But no; it was all true; for when the meal was over there was John, mincing his way slowly to the library door, upon those horrible heels. Viola waited for him to disappear through it before she rang for the maid. Then, even as her hand found the bell, there came a crash from the library—and silence.

Instantly she realized what had happened. Also that she must get there first and get rid of the ridiculous footwear before the servants transpire there must be no gossip about "queer actions of poor Mr. Nevins" to go the rounds. Viola flew—to find her apprehensions justified, and John lying motionless on the library floor.

When Dr. Balfour responded promptly to Mrs. Nevins' distressed phone call, the master of the house was still unconscious. Blood flowed from a cut on his head. The physician had the injury dressed in no time, waved the servants out of the room and said: "It's a trifling scalp wound. He is merely knocked out and may come to any moment now. What happened?"

Mrs. Nevins, in mute explanation, produced from under the davenport, where she had hurriedly hidden them, the evidence at once of the cause of the accident and of her husband's unbalanced state.

"Un-a!" remarked Dr. Balfour, "haven't I seen you wear shoes much like these yourself?" Mrs. Nevins resented the tone of the inquiry. It seemed to put her on the defensive. "Certainly," she answered; "but since these are women's shoes, will you please tell me why I shouldn't wear similar ones? The strange thing is a man's wanting to wear them, it seems to me."

Because Mrs. Nevins was looking straight—and somewhat defiantly—at Dr. Balfour she just here missed something which that worthy gentleman saw. During his wife's speech John Nevins had opened his eyes, looked at his physician—and winked.

"Rather small of Viola to object to my wearing shoes just like hers, don't you think, doctor," he interjected suddenly from the couch, "especially when she has taken to wearing socks precisely like mine? I came a cropper tonight, but I'll learn how to manage the cussed things yet—and give the girls at the women's club something to laugh about when I go by. We can't let the men's club have all the fun and free shows, can we, doctor?"

"John," cried Viola, half laughing in her boundless relief that it was all a joke after all, and not a case of incipient dementia; also with her arms tight around her husband's neck, "I had no idea you saw me that day—or would mind it so much. And to think you might have killed yourself trying to cure me. Why, John, dear, you are more to me than all the fashions that ever were invented. And I'll—I'll go looking like a dud hereafter if you want me to."

"You couldn't," said John, "not if you tried."

Which tactful remark closed a painful incident in the happy life of the Nevinses. And that old wheeze about history repeating itself, is so far as it relates to Mrs. Nevins' socks, a fib.

AT LEAST GOT SOMETHING

Chaplain, Unable to Procure All That Was on His List, Did the Best He Could.

Father Duffy's life was at stake. Father Duffy was shepherd of as wild and rollicking a regiment of Irishmen as ever rushed a Boche machine gun nest or struggled with a foreign tongue to make a French colleen understand.

Father Duffy reached Remagen with the One Hundred Fifth Infantry to find the place as bare of army extras as a miser's pantry.

Plainly the good father had to get something for his flock. But he was unable to get to Coblenz to get it—that is, he couldn't get a pass. So he went A. W. O. L.

When he reached the headquarters town of the Third Army, he dug up the secretary of the Knights of Columbus and yelled for help. The secretary told him to make out a list of things the flock needed. Father Duffy went to it. He overlooked nothing and when the list was completed it looked like a surfrage petition.

The secretary then took Father Duffy to the Knights of Columbus warehouse. "We're having a little transportation difficulty," said the secretary, "and most of our stuff is still in camp. But I don't know what we have."

But the One Hundred Sixth Fifth's chaplain figured that even if he obtained one-half of the stuff on his list his outfit would be satisfied. It would be something.

They reached the warehouse, went inside and rummaged around considerably. Then they came out again. Father Duffy carried in one hand two pictures, in brown sepia, of General John J. Pershing. In the other he had a deck of playing cards—Stars and Stripes.

Use Ingenious Methods to Determine if Unhatched Egg Contains Male or Female

Probably as a result of the late Dan Leno's researches, the breakfast egg is usually regarded as a sexless individual, yet it is possible to determine such a point on its entry into this world, the poultry market would be increased tenfold.

Some people contend that one can tell an egg's sex, and a favorite method of determining this is the following: Hold the egg with three fingers of the left hand towards the sun or gas light. Shade the point of the egg with the right hand and look for the air space or "setting," a dark spot about the size of a threepenny bit, says London Answers. If this is found at the top of the egg, it is a male, but if found lower down on the side, it is a female.

A method employed by an Australian poultry farmer is ingenious, though rather elaborate. He places a two-shilling piece on a table, threads a fine sewing needle with a piece of cotton, and holds the cotton in one hand so that the point of the needle is ranging just over the center of the florin. In his other hand he takes the egg and holds this immediately above the cotton. If the chicken inside is a cockerel the point of the needle swings from side to side above the coin, like a pendulum. If the chicken is a pullet the needle swings in a circular motion round the coin.

MOTHERS' COOK BOOK

There is an old, old story, as old as Mother or Morey. That if you give, the world gives back to you. With interest fully double. Why not take the trouble To give the world a cherry smile or two?

Seasonable Foods. Those who are fortunate enough to have a saddle of venison will enjoy this recipe:

Roast Venison. Let the haunch hang for a week in a cold place. The day before it is to be used, wash in warm vinegar and water, then rub with butter to soften the skin. Cover the top and sides with well greased paper and over this put a layer of paste made from flour and water mixed together. The next day put the venison into a baking pan, allowing three hours for a 12-pound roast. Add a pint of water to the pan and cover closely. The oven should be hot. At the end of an hour baste well. Half an hour before serving, remove the papers and baste thoroughly with a cupful of elder and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Dredge with flour and return to the oven to brown. Repeat the basting four times. When the roast is ready to serve remove to a hot platter and take off the surplus fat from the gravy. Add a tablespoonful of flour and stir until well browned. Add a cupful of elder, salt and pepper to taste. Stir well, add half a glassful of currant jelly, and when it is melted pour the gravy into the gravy boat.

Almond Stuffing for Fowl. Use only the white crumbs of bread well dried. For three-fourths of a pound of crumbs (the inside of a pound loaf) allow six tablespoonfuls of butter. Melt the butter and toss in the crumbs, stirring until all are covered with butter. Blanch one-fourth pound of sweet almonds, chop rather fine, then pound to a paste; add the white of egg as needed to keep the paste from becoming oily. Beat the yolks of three eggs, add half a cupful of cream, a pinch of nutmeg, and half a teaspoonful of salt, beat again and add the bread crumbs alternating with the almonds. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and fold into the mixture. Do not press too closely when stuffing as the dressing swells. Any leftover dressing may be shaped in a small loaf and baked in the pan with the fowl.

Plum Pudding. Take two cupfuls of fine bread crumbs, the same of chopped suet, one cupful of sugar, half a pound each of raisins, currants and chopped nut meats, one-fourth pound of sliced citron, one-half cupful of flour, one-half nutmeg grated, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of mace, four eggs, beaten light, and one cupful of milk. Mix and steam six hours in a buttered mold. Serve with hard sauce.

Nellie Maxwell

Kanaka Swimmers Salvage Valuables From Schooner

One of the characteristic and inviting features of life at Honolulu is the surf-bathing and swimming, in which the natives are distinguished. Their skill in the water, however, is something more than a national pastime. This may be seen from the fact that expert Kanaka swimmers have salvaged 300 tons of coconut oil from the cargo of a stranded schooner. The natives as divers and swimmers recovered these valuable goods.

Twin Electric Fans.

Containing that two small electric fans are more efficient than one large one, an inventor has mounted a pair on separate arms from a common pedestal, at different heights and separately adjustable as to angle.

To Be Popular One Must Be Charming in Eyes of Men, Women and Children

Probably you are popular and probably you aren't, but willing to be. The charming person, like the poet, is seldom made, but usually born. However, popularity is not so dependent upon birth. It can be attained.

It has been said that charm is the gift of responsiveness. It might have been added that popularity is the art of forgetting oneself. Look around you at the popular people you know. Are they beautiful? Are they charming? Well, perhaps you can say "yes," but if you can you are giving the unexpected answer.

The popular girl as a rule is neither charming nor beautiful. Yet she is the delightful person who is "wanted" at every party. She is not only popular with men and girls, but also older folk, and wee folk consider her just about right.

The secret of the whole matter is one which involves the passing of several years. It did not all happen overnight. In fact, most of the popular girls had their popularity start in their early-grade days in school.

It is not only because she is unselfish. She is far from being a doormat. She can play the piano, perhaps, play tennis well, converse interestingly, and is cheery, self-reliant, good natured and happy.

But that is not all. These are merely surface qualities. The things you don't see in her are the things which you trust and trust absolutely. You know she won't talk about you behind your back, you know she wouldn't do anything underhanded or mean, and, last of all, she is popular because she is a true sport!

"Devil's Dyke," Where His Majesty Cut Dikes, Sold at Auction for \$30,000

The Devil's Dyke, the world famous spot with a traditional legend, five miles from Brighton, the noted sea bathing beach of England, has been sold at auction for \$30,000. The Dyke estate includes 100 acres of land, with a hotel and many pretty bungalow sites.

Here is where old Satan kicked up a muss in the misty past. This historic dyke is an abrupt declivity in the Sussex Downs, and has all the appearance of a trench cut by giant excavators. According to the London Telegraph, local tradition credits the devil with the execution through the Downs in order to drown the churches on the Weald with the brush of the sea.

The devil, however, was frightened, so the story goes, by an old woman, awakened by the noise he was making. Her candle at the window, shaded by a sieve, he mistook for sunrise, and bolted, leaving his footprints burnt into the turf on the edge of the dyke. The estate stands about 700 feet above sea level and commands fine views of the channel, the Isle of Wight, Weald of Sussex, Leith Hill, Box Hill, and even so far distant a place as Windsor Castle.

During the war the military authorities utilized the dyke as a training ground for bombing operations.

Trees Have Individual Winter Beauty That Is Lost When Leaves Come

Each tree has a special and distinct winter beauty of its own in the outline of branches and stems and twigs—a beauty which is lost to us once the leaves appear, but which suggests an exquisite etching in winter when the dark lines are silhouetted against the sky, writes Flora Klickman, in "Between the Larch-Woods and the Weir."

The most graceful is the birch, with its light tracery of fine filaments, often with tasse-like catkins dangling at the end. The oak and beech give the impression of enormous strength in the ease with which they fling outright their massive arms with seldom any tendency to droop. And each tree has its special and distinct melody when the wind signals the forest orchestra: there is the sea surge of the beeches; the swish of the heavily plumed firs; the rain-sound of the twinkling aspens; the soft whisper of the birches; the acolian hum of the pines; and the sibilant rustle of the dry leaves clinging to the winter oak.

Lignum Vitae Only Used on Propellers of Vessels

While inspecting the head of a golf club or fitting a caster to the dining room table, few landmen realize that they are handling wood from the West Indian guaiacum, or lignum vitae tree, says Popular Mechanics. Fewer realize that this same wood has been used to make propeller shaft bearings for every battleship and ocean liner on the high seas. This wood alone, of the thousands upon the earth, will survive the grinding rotation of the great shafts. The reason is found on examining a Lignum vitae log. The sap cells are seen to be full of heavy, solidified resin. Successive layers of fibers are arranged obliquely to each other, making it impossible to split the log.

High Record in Tobacco Prices.

What is believed to be a new world's record was made at the Owensboro, Ky., tobacco market when Pryor tobacco sold for \$80 a hundred pounds. Burley tobacco also made a record. It is believed, when it went to \$80 a hundred pounds.

Additions to National Forests

Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture

Purchase totaling 66,381 acres in the White mountains, the southern Appalachians and Arkansas at an average price of \$3.91 per acre have been approved by the national forest reservation commission, a body created by congress to purchase land on the headwaters of navigable streams for the protection of their watersheds. The action of the commission means that usefulness of the new national forests in the East, the inception of which dates from the beginning of purchase work in 1911, will be greatly increased. The commission also decided to request, for the fiscal year beginning 1921, an appropriation of \$10,000,000 in five annual installments of \$2,000,000 for



Lost River issuing From Underground. A Scene in White Mountain National Forest, to Which Has Been Added a Large Tract by Recent Action of the National Forest Reservation Commission.

extending purchases. The program contemplated is contingent on the assurance of definite sums being available for making purchases through a period of years. Without such assurance the policy will be to restrict purchases to tracts contiguous to lands already approved for purchase. This policy is dictated in part by considerations relating to the administration of the lands and fire-protection measures. The lands recently approved for purchase bring the total area acquired or being acquired under the act of March 1, 1911, to 4,835,308 acres.

35 Executions in Army During War

Ten Put to Death in France; Twenty-Five in the U. S.

The annual report of Maj. Gen. Enoch Crowder, Judge advocate general of the army, was given out a short time ago, and with it there was made public for the first time an official summary of the "capital" cases occurring in the army since April 5, 1917, the beginning of the war period.

Death penalties were adjudged in 145 cases from that date to June 30, 1919, and execution was consummated in 35 cases—ten in France and 25 in the United States. Murder was charged in two of these cases, murders and mutiny in 19, assault in 11, and assault and murder in three.

"In no case," according to the report, "was a capital sentence for a purely military offense carried into execution."

General Crowder made no specific reference to the attack upon his administration by former Brigadier General Ansell, but in an appendix gave detailed statistics covering military courts martial.

HER MUSIC

It trembled off the keys—a parting kiss So sweet—the angel slept upon his sword, As through the gates of Paradise we swept.

Fainters of creation's primal bliss!— The air was heavy with the breath Of violets and love till death, Forgetful of eternal banishment— Deep down the dusk of passion-haunted seas.

Lost in the dreaming alchemies of tone— Drenched in the dew no other wings frequent— Our thirsting hearts drank in the breath Of violets and love in death. There was no world, no flesh, no boundary line— Spirit to spirit—chord and dissonance, Beyond the jealousy of space and time Her life in one low cry broke over mine!— The waking angel drew a shuddering breath Of violets and love and death. —Marilyn Gilbert Dickinson.

Masks Worn to Represent Supposed Faces of Gods

Masks have a religious origin. Away back in prehistoric times they were doubtless worn by priests and others who took part in religious ceremonies; and this is the case today among primitive peoples all over the world. The masks are supposed to represent the faces of gods, whose parts are taken in the ceremonial by individuals assuming the character of divinities.

In Polynesia the native deities are naturally oceanic, and many of the masks in that region represent astonishing fishes and monsters of the sea such as no human eye ever beheld.

Most Perfumes Chemical And Not From Blossoms

The great bulk of perfumes are chemical productions. The Wall Street Journal says the commercial problem is whether the American perfumer of the future is to be an artisan or an artist. Shall he deal with the fragrance of flowers or chemical odors and scents? The idea of the layman is that the cosmetic chemist seeks the color of flowers, but as a matter of fact, synthetic chemistry not only crowns his work with the crushed oil of roses, violets and jessamine, but seeks to rival the fragrance of flowers with superior scents originating wholly within the laboratory and trade-marked as such.

FEED TO INCREASE EGG PRODUCTION

It is the practice of a large percentage of the most successful poultry men to feed a part of the daily grain ration ground. Most of them feed the ground grain moistened with either milk or water, although some feed it dry. A fowl's gizzard is capable of grinding all kinds of grain, but it is generally considered to be more economical to have a part of the grinding done by steam or water power.

The soft-feed idea, however, must not be overworked, says an authority. Hens like ground feed better when it is moistened than when dry. Although fully fed on dry mash and grain they will eat a little bit more of moist mash. For this reason many poultry keepers give a light feed of moist mash once a day to increase egg production. When handled right it is a very effective.

A beginner often reasons that it is cheaper for the miller than for the fowl to grind the grain; but the powerful muscles of the gizzard are there to be used, and experience has shown that the balance of power of function in the fowl's economy makes the vigorous exercise of the gizzard beneficial. When feeding moistened ground feed have it a comparatively dry, crumbly mash, and not a thin slop. Give what they will eat readily in 15 or 20 minutes.

LIGHT AND AIRY

A conceited man revolves around himself. Telephone girls never invite you to call again. Girls will be girls—if they can't be married women. A free thinker isn't a free thinker when he is in jail. A woman will have her own way even if it is a roundabout way.

It is impossible to forget the majority of things that should be forgotten.

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