

THE LIGHT

By MOLLIE MATHER

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Time lagged, with the vacation party at Hamstead on the beach. It was Marcia Cole who spoke from her hammock at the far end of the hotel veranda.

"Let us," she suggested, "take a boat ride over to the lighthouse. Miriam Evans says it is most interesting. There's an old Scotch keeper there, who lives like a hermit. His floors are as white as snow, and old brasses shine upon the walls. He has a corner of books, a peeling lamp by a tiny fire place, and his only companion is a Scotch collie dog. The old man told Miriam the sad story of his life."

Laughingly Marcia stopped. "I have been rambled on," she said. "Ramble some more." Phyllis encouraged, and told us the sad story.

"Miriam was with Peggy the day she went out to the light," Marcia went on; "she seemed to remind the old fellow of his own daughter who had, he insisted, deserted him; though Miriam concluded that the girl had grown tired, naturally, of an isolated life, and escaped. They lived, then, in some old house in a remote village. His daughter, the old man declared, was the light of his life." Her mother had died in the girl's infancy, and he, the father, had tried in his care for her to take the place of both. Miriam said she could fancy as he talked, how tender and absorbing that care had been. Tears traced down his rugged cheeks, as he told of a lover lad who was evidently his choice for the girl, as a husband. Miriam could picture that girl, too, as selfish, accepting the devotion of the two men as merely her due, and casting it aside for the new arrival who stirred her romantic fancy. He came from the city, an illustrator, idly traveling about and sketching here and there. He made experimental sketches of the Scotchman's beautiful daughter; her piquant face pleased him. And then—before the very eyes of the father and his young trusted friend—the lover this artist, carried the girl who pleased him away to the city—to marry her. Oh, yes, to marry her. And, as usual, she accepted the homage as her due. But he was ashamed of the crude, old Scotchman and the girl's humble surroundings. He thought that a year of travel and study under his married sister's care would improve this girl who had touched his heart, and would make her in time a fit mate and companion for himself. The sister, who adored her gifted brother, willingly undertook the task. But here is the tragedy—the father never heard from his daughter from the moment when she parted, him a careless good-bye to this day, when he tends the light in the tower, and sadly smokes his pipe at night hours gone by—just thinking of her. He sold the village home when two years had passed, with no word from his daughter. The fitted lover, so the old man told Miriam, is his one comfort. "Davey rows over often to see me," he said.

Janet Rae was on her feet. "I want to go over to the light," she said.

The guests objected.

"It's quite a story," Phyllis agreed, "but I have more cheerful plans for the afternoon. When you hear who is coming out on the evening boat, you will want to be here at the hotel," she told Marcia Cole. A pretty matron came forward.

"And you, Janet, dear," she addressed, "will wish to be here, too. Gregory is also coming!"

Janet made no reply. Her eyes widened as she gazed out over the tossing waters.

"Tell Gregory not to look for me," she said.

The matron shrugged her shoulders.

"Who," she quoted smilingly, "cautioned the ways of Janet?"

It was a rowboat that the girl found and she bent to the oars herself. It was twilight when the tiny craft made shore. Janet Rae sprang out and climbed the rocks in her ridiculous little slippers. There was no person in evidence about the place, so she passed breathlessly through the white-floored kitchen up on the stairs to the balcony light. Far beyond she could see like a vision past, the hotel on the bluff, where guests would now be assembled in the great dining room—gayly clad women, men like Gregory—exact, critical. The wind tore suddenly at Janet's light skirts; the balcony door blew shut with a metallic snap. When she tried it, it would not open. She huddled back against the stone wall, wondering, as the stars came out, how soon he would find her—the poor disappointed old keeper of the lighthouse.

The old keeper had long been buffeted by winds and rains of sorrow. He found the girl later clinging there, when he went to make sure that the lower door was closed. His flashlight illumined her stained pale face. "Janey," cried the old man, "Janey, my girl!"

Through tears she looked up at her father.

"Yes, it's Janey," she said, "come home to stay."

That it was David, following wonder up the stairs, who carried her to his arms.

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

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**PUBLICITY WORK.**

MANY women are making a success in publicity work, and it is a growing opportunity. You do not need to know how to write yourself. What you require is the ability to get things into print, to know where to go for results, to handle the sort of material people are glad to hear and willing to pay for.

One way is to begin on speculation. Get something that wants publicity, and find your medium, and, if necessary, your collaborator. When you get the publicity you take the result to the firm who wanted it and are given the promised check. You may have to divide this up, but it's a beginning.

"I began in a very small way," I was told by a young woman who has just as much work as she can handle. "Just went about doing little jobs, getting something in here another bit there. I used to sit up nights thinking of original ways to exploit whatever it might be I had on hand, and I got all sorts of people to work with me on spec. Presently it began to pay, work kept on coming in, I got to know a lot of useful people, and now..."

"And there's no better fun on earth," concluded my young friend. "It is work full of variety, full of human nature. I have a partner now, and she and I are both busy every minute, and we love it. Also, we are laying up a nice little nest egg for the future, when we mean to be able to travel and see the world and be as idle as old people should be."

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**"What's in a Name?"**  
By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name, its history, meaning, whence it was derived, significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel.

**REBECCA.**

**O** GOOD old Biblical stock is Rebecca, which is translated "noosed cord." It is said to come from the Hebrew word *ribka*—a woad; that was the origin of the first Rebecca, a name which seems to have been coined especially to be bestowed upon the wife of Isaac, of Biblical fame.

The Rebecas of the world should make excellent wives, since the word *ribka*, a later rendition of *ribka*, which means a cord with a noose, is given to convey the firmness of the marriage cord. The Septuagint and the Latin both give evidence of the name Rebecca in very early times. Another version, said to be the authorized one, makes her *Rebekah*. This latter form seems to be the one affected today by every young miss who is called by the name of the good old Biblical heroine.

Despite the religious significance which history has given to the name, Rebecca has been a great favorite with writers, who have employed her in more or less frivolous romances. Two Rebecas who will never be forgotten by present-day readers are the "Becky" Sharp of Thackeray's immortal "Vanity Fair," and the charmingly quaint little "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which is endeared to the hearts of American admirers of Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The bloodstone is Rebecca's talismanic gem. It has the power to guard its wearer from all dangers and preserve her bodily health, and secure her consideration and respect. Moreover, it is said to guard her from deception, especially of her lover. Sunday is her lucky day and six her lucky number. The violet, signifying modesty, is her flower.

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LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

**LOOK FROM A WINDOW.**

**L**OOK from your window on the world. And you will understand Not purposeless mankind was hurled Upon the fertile land, Will think no more from chaos whirled. This planet was unplanned.

Look from a window, window high, And see the thing complete; Inside one house your soul will die— Behold the house, the street, Behold the town, the lands that lie Stretched out before your feet.

Your eaves touch other eaves, and they With other eaves combine— A block, a mile, they stretch away, A great unbroken line, Beyond your city cities—yea, What is one house of mine?

Look from your window on mankind, A man and not a mole, A man has visions, moles are blind, For them no planets roll. Look outward, friend, and you will find Each soul a kindred soul.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

The foundation of education consists in training a child to work, to love work, to put the energy of his entire being into work; to do that work which develops his mind and so to do that work most needed for the elevation of mankind.—Barber.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

**N**OW is the time for the thrifty housewife to gather her stores for winter. Pickles of various kinds may be put up at a time without too much of a burden to the cook.

**Oil Pickles.**  
Take one hundred small-sized cucumbers, wash and slice. The size of cucumber which suits the size of a quart is best. Do not peel, but wash carefully before slicing. Add one and three-fourths cups of salt to the cucumbers and let stand three hours. Slice three pints of onions, the same size as the cucumbers, cover with cold water and let them stand three hours also. Drain the cucumbers and onions, add three cups of white mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed, one ounce of white pepper, with a scant pint of olive oil. Mix well and fill jars; add vinegar to fill jars. Seal and put away in a cool place. Good to eat in ten days.

**Cucumber Pickles.**  
Take one gallon of vinegar, one pound of good mustard, one cupful of salt, one-half cupful of sugar, mix well and add the fresh cucumbers each day as they are picked fresh from the vines. Cover and put away for winter use. Mixed spices and an onion or two may be added for flavoring, if desired.

**Watermelon Marbles.**  
Cut out with a potato scoop from the center of a firm but ripe watermelon enough pink balls to fill a quart can. Prepare a heavy sirup, adding a slice or two of lemon and a piece of ginger root, drop in the melon marbles and cook until well scalded. Drop the balls into a can and pour over the sirup and seal. These are delicious preserves to use as pudding garnish or for tea creams.

**Yellow Tomato Preserves.**  
Make a sirup of one-half pound of sugar and one lemon juice and rind and enough water to dissolve the sugar. Add one pound of tomatoes and cook until well scalded through skin out the tomatoes and hold down the sirup until quite thick. The lemon rind should be cooked in water until tender, the water used to add to the sirup.

**Preserved Citron.**  
Peel, cut in pieces, remove seeds and cut in dice an citron melon; add one lemon cut in thin slices, seeds carefully removed. Cook the melon and lemon until tender in clear water. Drain and cover the fruit with sugar. Take the melon liquor, add sugar to make a heavy sirup and when thick add the melon cubes. Can boiling hot. This makes a fine garnish or conserve to be used in various ways.

*Nellie Maxwell*  
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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Although life often puzzles  
I won't waste time complaining  
I have those joyful feelings  
That never need explaining



TO THE POINT

Act, or you'll react.  
Genus can never despise labor.  
Sympathy is the very soul of life.  
Fancy work is the busy woman's play.  
Mankind's salvation lies in education.  
Two swelled heads are worse than one.  
To make headway, improve your head.  
Don't be indifferent or you'll soon be out.  
The miser is known by the money he keeps.

**Why Not Get Business Training**  
Which will enable you to secure responsible positions? The R. B. I. Night School opens Tuesday evening, September 20, at 7:30. Offices open at a quarter to seven. You may register on that evening or at any time before. Rochester Business Institute, 172 Clinton Avenue south.—Adv.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

GIFTS FOR THE BRIDE

Never do a thing concerning the reticence of which we are in doubt.—Pliny the Younger.

**R**EMEMBER that wedding gifts are always sent addressed to the bride-to-be even though you may never have met her and you are a friend only of the bridegroom-to-be. If you receive invitations to the wedding or know of it before it occurs then the gift should always be sent before the ceremony and the present addressed in the bride's maiden name.

Silver and other articles to be marked with an initial should bear the first letter of the bride's maiden name, usually. There are, however, some young women who prefer to follow the continental European fashion and have their silver, etc., marked with their married initial. If you know this to be the case have your gift marked in this way.

If you do not know of the marriage until after it has occurred the gift should still be sent to the bride only, but it should of course be addressed to her married name.

A wedding gift may be something personal for the bride or something that is for both bride and groom as an article of household decoration or furnishing. It should never be something that is especially suitable for the bridegroom, as for instance, a smoking stand.

The understanding usually is that if you receive invitations simply to the wedding ceremony at the church no present is due, but that if you are invited to the house to the wedding or to a wedding reception a present is in order. Now, it is never in reality bad form not to send a wedding present if you do not feel able or if you do not think enough about the persons from whom the invitation is received to wish to do so. If you do not send a present, however, simply through indifference, then do not attend the wedding party, but write timely regrets.

Even though you are not invited to the house or in fact are not invited to the wedding at all, if the one married is a dear friend you are quite right in sending a present if you wish to do so. In order not to give the bride something that she would not care for it is permissible to make inquiries concerning her wishes on the subject. It is better, perhaps, to make these through a third person and not to ask the bride personally, but rather a sister or close friend.

It is customary for the bridegroom to give the bride a present of some sort of jewelry on the occasion of the wedding but this is by no means essential. The bride sometimes also makes the bridegroom a present at this time, but this is even less essential. In Persia the bridegroom gives the bride-to-be a present of two complete dresses, a ring and a mirror. In our own country the bridegroom must never make the bride a present of any part of her trousseau and, though he may give her jewelry that she wears on her wedding dress and her bouquet, he must supply no other part of her bridal array.

MERRY QUIPS

**A Steady Aim.**  
Miss Catt—"What is her aim in life?" Miss Nipp—"Making a target of her husband."

**Fair Resemblance.**  
"Have you anything in the shape of celery, waiter?"  
"There's rhubarb, sir."

**Common.**  
"I'm lookin' fer a harness shop."  
"Common. Them's corsets."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**News Sense.**  
"This paper says it'll rain today."  
"Well, why don't you buy some other paper?"—Life.

**When a Man's Married.**  
Flubb—"They say a man is incomplete until he marries." Dubb—"Yes; that usually finishes him!"

**Just Ink.**  
"The squid spurts out a cloud of ink."  
"Many novels are written on the same plan."

**The Census.**  
"What are you tabulating now?"  
"Gainful occupations." "I see. And where shall we list poets?"

**High Praise.**  
"What sort of a young fellow is he?"  
"The sort you'd like to have for a son-in-law."

**Not From His Viewpoint.**  
"This town is noted for its beautiful women."  
"Aw, g'wan! I'm the ice man!"

**All He Does.**  
"He gets his money easily."  
"Very. All he has to do for it is to stick everlastingly to his job."

**Not Much.**  
Motorist—"I ran across a friend of yours last week."  
"Friend—Hurt him much?"

**Positively Swell.**  
Lily—"The Impsons' new house is very pretty." Tilly—"Yes—with that artistic staccato finish."

FEARS SUBSTITUTES MAY SUPPLANT MILK

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

Head of Borden Company Says Canners of Condensed Product Are Unable to Compete.

FIGHT IS ON IN CONGRESS

Eighty-seven Million Pounds of Imitations Sold Last Year, Oils Replacing Genuine Butter Fats.

**P**roduction of milk substitutes will be forced on companies which have refrained from the sale of anything but pure condensed milk unless Congress adopts one of four measures pending in committee to prohibit the manufacture and sale of these substitutes, according to Arthur W. Milburn, president of the Borden Condensed Milk Company.

Placing these substitutes for condensed milk on the market has grown to such an extent, according to Mr. Milburn, that the situation amounts to a public health problem. Last year 87,000,000 pounds of condensed skimmed "milk," in which the butter fat had been replaced by coconut oil or other vegetable fats, was sold in the United States. As this sort of product has only been on the market for three years, its growth is considered alarming by manufacturers who believe in



ARTHUR W. MILBURN, President of the Borden Company.

retaining butter fat in condensed milk for its nutritive qualities.

The substitute milk lacks the vitamins considered necessary to human sustenance, and it is on this ground that prohibition by Congress has been sought. Feeding children on milk from which all the butter fat has been extracted may result in Pellagra and kindred diseases, Mr. Milburn said.

In a brief filed with the Agricultural Committee of the house, which is holding hearings on the Voigt bill to prohibit substitute milk, the Borden company, through its attorney, Walter Engels, referred to testimony by Dr. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University in which he condemned the substitution of vegetable oils and fats for butter fat on the ground that public health would not permit of the sale of this article.

Retail grocers sell the substitute milk on the same terms as condensed milk containing butter fat and often at the same price, according to Mr. Milburn, although the cost of manufacture is \$1.70 a hundred pounds, compared with \$4.41 for milk containing butter fat.

"The problem is no imaginary one," said Mr. Milburn, "with coconut, peanut and cottonseed oils competing with butter fat there is bound to be a decided slump in our dairy industry. The milk supplies and falls with the price obtained for the article. The butter fat replaced by foreign oils and fats creates a surplus to be used in other products, such as full cream butter and cheese, oversupplies the market and retarding in decreased production. Last year 7,000,000 pounds of coconut oil replaced a like amount of butter fat in evaporated milk and put 8,000,000 extra pounds of butter on the market that competed with and lowered the price of creamery butter. The public may see in this a benefit, but it is of a very temporary character, since a lower price for milk products has always curtailed production and induced the sale of cows for meat."

EATING GREENS WILL KEEP YOU YOUNG, HE SAYS

Baltimore Professor Tells People to Take a Quart of Milk a Day Also.

Two days later an animated couple were enjoying tea, and, incidentally, each other, in a deserted corner of an out-of-the-way tea room.

"I think I understand everything now, except what you were doing with the silver."

"Why, that's perfectly simple. You see, Mary's grand-aunt had just given them some antique silver, which I had never seen, and as I love antique silver, even though it is not my sole desire—"

"Swiftly he interrupted: "Speaking of 'soul desires,' and you spell it any way you please, I know what mine is, now, and I am going to get it, too. I have to overturn heaven and earth to do it."

Did he? Well, his name is now Mrs. John.

A SILVER THIEF

By DOROTHY KNIGHT.

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John Stamey was in love! The realization swept over him like the rush of a mighty wave. But no, it was not possible. It could not be. How could a practical man, nay, a hardened cynic, as he was, in affairs of the heart, be in love with a girl he had never seen?

And yet, the allure of that picture—the calm, sweet expression of the wide-set eyes, with just a vague suggestion of roughness, the smiling mouth, the—But what was the use? He did not even know who or what she was, and how could he find out? A stray picture torn from an old newspaper! What was her plea to fame—the season's most popular debutante, a foot-light favorite, perchance, a bride? But no, not that. Her brown eyes (surely they must be brown; they were very dark, anyway) haunted him. He could not sleep.

He lay awake and reviewed the events of the day. That morning on arriving in Boston he had met his old friend, Norton, who, with his wife was going away on a trip. Norton had given him the keys and offered him the use of the Norton apartment for the week he was to be in town. So, instead of being in a drabby hotel, he was sleeping—or trying to sleep—in a luxurious bed in a daintily furnished apartment.

He dozed off, still with the fair face before his eyes.

A faint sound roused his ears as if someone were moving around the apartment.

A girl was moving quietly across the room in her stocking feet. Her back was toward the door. She went directly to the sideboard and opened the top drawer. An almost imperceptible exclamation came from her as she took out piece after piece of silver, examining it carefully. She seemed entirely engrossed by it—fascinated.

"What are you doing here?" John demanded in a stern tone.

She turned like a startled doe, at the same time grasping the silver more firmly. The color fled from her face. But almost immediately she gained at least a semblance of self-control as she said, in a voice that only trembled slightly: "What are you doing here?"

"But alas for John! In proportion as the girl had gained her equanimity he had lost his. It was the girl of his dreams, walking and, alas, sleeping, too, he feared. He knew her the moment she turned around.

"What are you doing here?" she repeated. She seemed entirely master of the situation, while poor John writhed in the knowledge that the girl he loved was a thief.

"I live here, of course, and you?" with a rising inflection.

For the fraction of a second she looked around helplessly, as if seeking a way out of her difficulty, and then, as if accepting the inevitable, she said, belligerently, as if trying to gain time: "These do not look like bachelor apartments."

"How do you know I am a bachelor?"

"Oh," sweetly, "a girl can generally tell." As she spoke she edged toward the door.

Anticipating her, John placed himself in the doorway.

"Do you know, if that were my silver, I should be almost tempted to give it to you? But since it belongs to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, whose apartment I am occupying for a few days, I will have to ask you to return it."

"Oh," she gasped, and the swift color dyed her face. "Then you are not—a—"

"Another thief," finished John. "No, I'm not, but perhaps if I loved antique silver as passionately as you seem to, and if it were my sole desire to possess it—"

"How do you spell that 'soul'?" she interrupted.

Before he could frame a reply her expression changed from flippancy to seriousness, as she begged: "But you will not have me arrested, will you? You will let me go? I will never, never do such a thing again."

Quickly she replaced the silver, stepped deftly into her tiny pumps, and before the astonished John knew what was happening she was gone.

Gone, too, was his peace of mind. Gone was his heart. His thoughts were in a riot.

He picked up a book carelessly, but what he saw made him gasp and rub his eyes to see if he were really awake.

It was the girl, and her name was signed. Of all the unexpected things! It was Norton's sister. What must she think of him, taking her for a thief?

Two days later an animated couple were enjoying tea, and, incidentally, each other, in a deserted corner of an out-of-the-way tea room.

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