

How Father Changed His Mind

Sire and Son Grow Away From Each Other and Are Re-united in Peculiar Way

CODICIL:

To my son, Reginald Houlihan, I give, devise and bequeath the sum of one dollar, in lieu of his share of my estate until he shall have reached the age of 45. In case he changes from the fool he is now, by or before that time, he shall receive his full share, as set out in the original will. If not, he will have to keep on working.

Patrick Houlihan.

MR. P. HOULIHAN carefully but absentmindedly wiped the pen on his coat sleeve and surveyed his writing with great satisfaction. "I must show that to Jones. I don't know whether it would stick or not, but it looks legal." Mr. Houlihan chuckled, then reached for the button on his desk. "Ring up the house and tell them to send Reginald down," said he to the clerk, winking a little when he came to the name of his son and heir. "Reginald" was the name the ambi-

tious Mrs. Houlihan had picked out for the child came just as the Houlihan Plow Works were beginning to pay big money. Reginald had been a sickly, puny child, dressed always in velvet clothes and a big white collar. He was also "just cleaned up" when ever big Patrick Houlihan wanted to toss him up and down and the father came to regard the child as a mere possession of his wife. Reginald went through the usual course of governess, kindergarten, boarding school and tutor and P. Houlihan hardly knew the child. He didn't see that the name was an incongruity, that Reginald looked like his father, and that Reginald carried his left shoulder with the same slant as did Patrick Houlihan and Michael Houlihan before him—the heritage of generations of hod carriers. He didn't notice how Reginald's chest began to bulge in front and he never asked the boy any questions. "His mother will attend to him," he thought and let it go at that. Finally Reginald went to college and for four years "Bull" Houlihan figured in the sport-

ing sheets and the last year they blazoned his name among the stars of the All-American eleven. Short and heavy set, Patrick Houlihan didn't know of the physical prowess and unlimited nerve of Reginald Houlihan; he still pictured him a delicate little boy with white collars, big ties and long, curly hair. When the boy came back from college, Houlihan, Papa, paid great sums in club dues, tailor bills and automobile repairs. Finally, he called the boy to his office and, hardly looking up from his desk, commented harshly on his extravagance. The young man listened respectfully and went out without a word. The bills kept on increasing in size and the codicil was written.

"Mr. Reginald is here," said the clerk. "Shall I show him in, Mr. Houlihan?" The manufacturer grunted affirmingly and a short, clear-eyed athlete of 24 stepped into the room.

"Good morning, father," he said.

"Good morning, read this," grunted the plow maker.

The young man reddened painfully as he read.

"What makes you think I'm a fool?" he asked.

Sharp and crisp came the answer: "The clothes you wear and that hat and the golf sticks you carry around and that red automobile of yours and the great amount of work you don't do. That's what makes me tired. Where would you be today if I'd been loafing around at your age? I don't like weaklings, anyway. See that arm—extending a knotted member—work made me strong. Why, I could pick you up with one hand and toss you out of the window. I—"

Reginald cut him short. "What must I do to be saved?" quoted he unthinkingly. "Go to work as a common laborer!"

"Yes, that's just what you've got to do and you might as well start today. I'm done with you," retorted the elder Houlihan.

"Good day, sir," said the boy, as he turned toward the door. "good day to you, sir."

As Reginald reached the door the elder man turned. "Here, you go down to the plant and tell Murphy I sent you to go to work. Will you do it?"

"I will," said Reginald. An hour later Patrick Houlihan was interrupted at his work by the buzzing of his private desk telephone.

"What's that? The police station? My son and Murphy arrested? What for? What's that? Disorderly conduct. No, I won't go their bail. Yes, I will. I'll come down right away."

Fifteen minutes later Patrick Houlihan confronted a badly battered superintendent, a son with tattered clothes and an excited police sergeant, to whom the arresting of a millionaire's son was a new experience.

"Sure," he said, "they sent a riot

call from the plow factory and it took four of us to get 'em down here and—"

"Shut up," snarled Houlihan, senior, "what the devil is the matter with you, Murphy, and you, Reginald? You look more like a man now than I ever saw you. Murphy, who knocked that tooth out? Who tore your fine clothes, Reginald? What's happened, anyhow? What does it cost to get them out, sergeant?"

Murphy and Reginald both started to speak at once, looked at each other and grinned sheepishly.

"One at a time," said Patrick Houlihan. "You, Murphy, tell me what happened."

"Well," said Murphy, "the kid came down and wanted to go to work and I laughed at his clothes and his white, soft hands. I didn't know who he was. Then he told me he was as good a man as I was and I patted him in the eye. Then he whipped me, I guess, at least—"

"Then he what?" roared P. Houlihan.

"Then he licked me and the police—"

It was worth a trip of many weary miles to see the face of the manufacturer.

"Murphy, you hulking bruiser, did you let that kid, that infant, that soft-armed nunny, whip you, after you've been licking the toughest ones in the plant for 15 years? You, Reginald, what do you mean by heating up my help? Did you learn that at college? What right have you to be strong? Come here and let me feel your arm."

Patrick Houlihan whistled reflectively as he examined the bulging biceps of his son and heir.

"Say," he asked, "did you get that by knocking a marble around with a stick or by playing tennis?"

The father thought a moment. "Say, son, what would you like to do now?" "Go home and change my clothes." "Very well. I'll go with you if you'll come to the office first. I want to change my mind."

RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

CHESS PIE.

SIFT two cups of pastry flour with a teaspoonful of salt and cut into this one-fourth cup of cold lard. Add ice water to moisten and roll out lightly. Spread with two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into bits. Then fold and roll again. Repeat this process until six tablespoonfuls of butter have been used, then cover closely and set aside to chill. For the filling cream one-third cup of butter with one cup of sugar, four yolks of eggs and two whites, also a cup of halved raisins if desired. Roll pastry very thin (not more than one-third the amount given is required for this tart, but the remainder can be kept a week if in a

cool place, protected from the air) and form a rim around the edge of pie-pan. Place the filling in the pie and bake until firm. When partly cool cover with a meringue of the two remaining whites of eggs and one-fourth cup of fine sugar with a few drops of lemon juice. Brown lightly and serve cold.

CHOCOLATE PIE.

Cook one-half cup of flour with a pint of milk in double boiler for 20 minutes, then add two-thirds of a cup of sugar, two squares of chocolate, melted, and the yolks of three eggs. Stir for two minutes, add a little salt and vanilla flavor, remove from fire and strain. When cooled pour into baked pastry shell, cover with meringue of three whites of eggs and six tablespoonfuls of fine sugar mixed with a little ground cinnamon. Brown lightly, and serve when cold.

FRENCH SALAD DRESSING.

Suitable for vegetables.—Blend one teaspoonful each of salt and powdered sugar with half a teaspoonful of mustard, also a little paprika and celery salt. Add to this gradually one-half cup of olive oil and beat thoroughly; then pour in three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of which may be tarragon, if liked. A few drops of onion juice; Worcestershire sauce or Tabasco may be added for variety, or the sugar and mustard omitted.

BELLEVUE SALAD.

Select choice head lettuce, allowing one head to two persons, and after removing the green outer leaves cut each head in half, wash and drain thoroughly. Make a French dressing with salt, paprika, oil and vinegar, and pour into the upturned halves so that each leaf is moistened. Sprinkle the tops thickly with finely chopped hard-boiled egg and chives and serve at once. When chives are not obtainable onion juice may be used in the dressing and minced parsley substituted with the egg.

OYSTER BISQUE.

Wash and chop one quart of oysters and heat the liquor. Strain this over the oysters and add one cup each of stock (chicken or veal and water). Season with a slice of onion, bay leaf, mace, sprig of parsley and a few stalks of celery, and cook all slowly for half an hour. Soften one cup of bread crumbs in one cup of hot milk, add to oyster mixture and rub all through puree sieve. Thicken a pint of cream with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and cornstarch, blend the two mixtures, season well with salt and white pepper, and serve.

PUREE OF ONIONS.

Melt one-fourth cup of butter in a sauce pan, add a pint of sliced onions and cook slowly for 15 minutes, closely covered to prevent browning, then add

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three cups of water, salt and pepper, and a bit of parsley. Let this simmer for three-quarters of an hour, when it may be rubbed through a puree sieve. Have in readiness three cups of milk in which a bay leaf and bit of mace have been slowly heated, and thicken this with a tablespoonful of cornstarch or two of flour. When thoroughly cooked strain this into the puree, stir well and serve. Pass grated cheese with the soup, a teaspoonful being allowed for each service.

RAISIN BROWN BREAD.

Sift together two cups of graham flour (after removing bran), a teaspoonful each of salt and soda and baking powder. Mix into this two-thirds of a cup of raisins, half a cup of molasses and one and one-fourth cups of sour milk. Beat one egg well and add to the mixture, and pour into a greased mold, after pressing a few raisins about the surface. Steam for two hours. The addition of spices converts this into an excellent pudding.

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