

It Is a Hunt For Treasure

The American Soldier of Fortune Listens to the Camp Gossip and Learns a Thing or Two About the Enterprise

The Adventurer by Lloyd Osbourne

CHAPTER XIV. In Strange Company.

THE pair shook hands. "Welcome to camp," said the ex-soldier. "Hope you've brought some potatoes with you?"

The Australian looked mollified, and added, not unkindly: "What if you were to be put through your facings?" Kirk judged it wiser not to say that he would not have shrunk from the ordeal.

Inside Information.

The ice thus broken contributed to further confidences on each side. Others gathered about them, and there was a general introducing and handshaking.

The little officer looked quite capable of doing it, and he was expatiating further on the subject, with much noise and gesticulation, when a hissing in the kitchen caused him to dart out.

A few minutes later they were invaded by a swarm of men who tramped in noisily and crowded the benches like a parcel of schoolboys, shoving and jostling as each one sought his accom-

Each spoke of long practice. Above the clattering knives and forks voices could be heard demanding: "After you with the milk! Here, Bobby, coffee! Say, old man, fill her up again, will you?"

Bobby, as St. Aubyn was familiarly called, was kept on the rush, while the major cried about the table, grabbing about the plates and rolling them down from the sideboard.

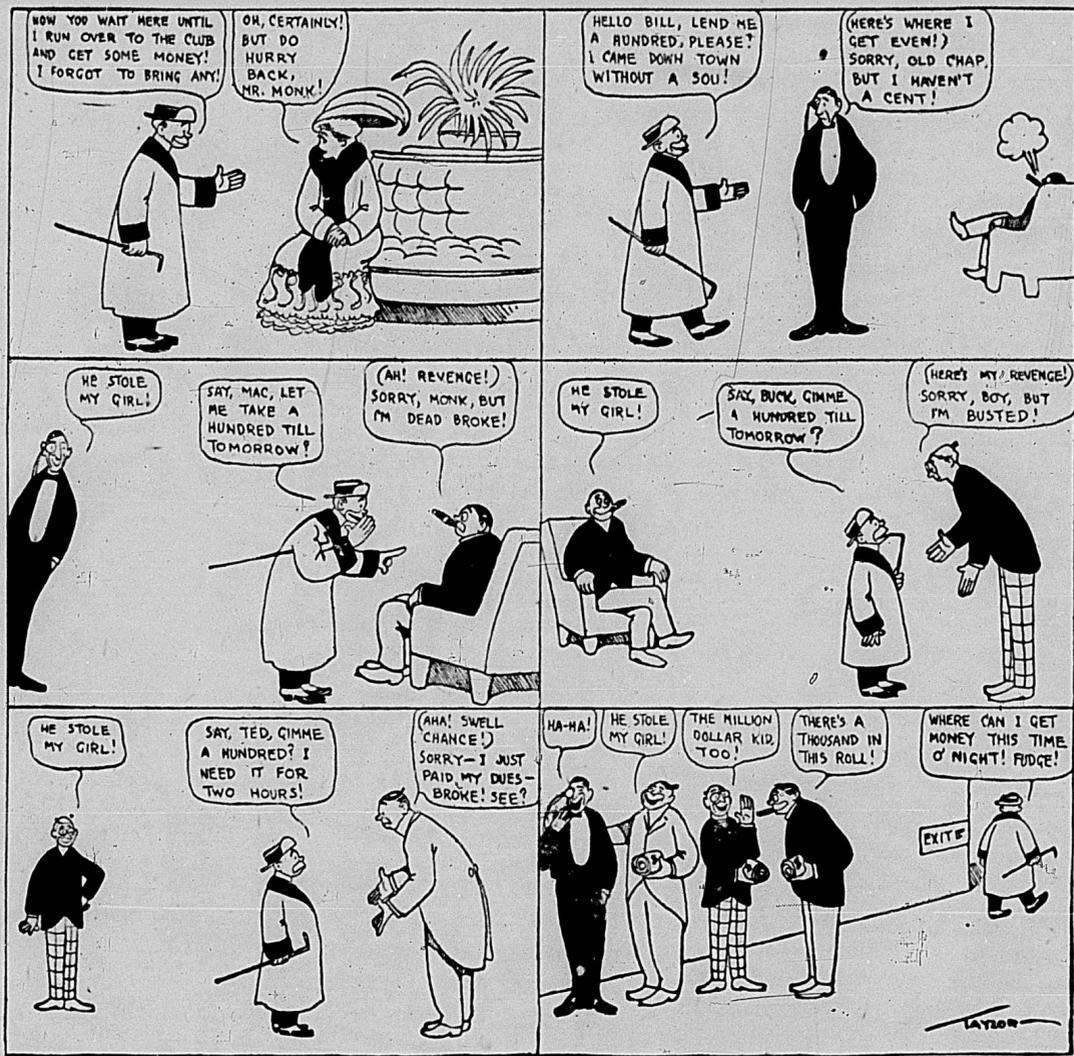
Kirk thought he had never seen such a remarkable collection of men. Individually, character, resolution, stood written on every face.

Queer Politics. "Yes, Westbrock has tried to, and so did old Zeddy, but they were both too worked up to have the necessary tact."

Timely Warning. "We, I don't mean his name. Where does he come from? What's his history?"

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Things for Women to Know.

Spiced Cranberries.

BOIL together 3 1/2 pounds brown sugar, 2 cups good vinegar, 2 tablespoons each of ground allspice and cinnamon and 1 tablespoon of cloves to a syrup, then add 6 pounds cranberries and let simmer 2 hours.

Cranberry Fritters.

BEAT 1 egg thoroughly and stir into it 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup flour in which 1 tablespoon of baking powder has been sifted.

Handkerchief Bag.

A USEFUL gift to hang on dresser is made of two fancy linen handkerchiefs with open borders. Lace together three sides with baby ribbon, putting a bow in each corner.

You Want an Excuse for Playing Diabolo? Well, Here It Is

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Did you ever try to play diabolo? After you tried it, didn't you wish that you were about ten years old, so that you could put in all your spare time learning to toss the spool and catch it on a piece of string?

Diabolo is a game that requires agility and quickness of the eye, and it soon develops a good disposition. After your friends have smashed a few of your best pieces of bric-a-brac playing diabolo in the drawing room you will know where the good nature comes in.

There is no prettier sight than a graceful diabolo player, whether it is a man or a woman, and if you play diabolo well you are likely to be graceful.

The constant gentle exercise of the arms develops them, and thus the game affords our girls a happy relief from light dumb-bell exercise; for in playing diabolo the same movements of the arms are made, but the exercise is not so tedious because the weight of the

Mrs. Phillips's Conundrum.

By Jeanie Gould Lincoln.

A MEMBER of this brilliant coterie, though not of the White House, owing to political differences, was Mrs. Philip Phillips, a Southerner by birth, and Washingtonian by adoption.

"Madam!" cried the shocked priest. "How can you put so sacrilegious a question to me?" "Never mind your cloth," said Mrs. Phillips; "be a man for a moment, not an Archbishop."

Christmas the Feast of the Poor.

By Most Rev. John J. Glennon.

TO be wealthy and refuse to give to the poor is to become a pariah among a people classed as Christian, and to deny that there is any tie that binds us to our fellowmen.

Christmas is the feast of the poor, consequently a feast of giving to the poor. The gift of Almighty God to the world was His only beloved Son, who came surrounded by all the evidences of poverty, the homeless and friendless Babe of Bethlehem.

In commemorating His coming we ought to remember the homeless and friendless, and furnish to them, in so far as we may, some of the joys of home and the comforts of friendship.

To give to the poor inspires the blessing of heaven, especially at the Feast of Christmas, and is a duty which rests upon our common humanity.



Beauty Advice To Women

Enlarged Pores.

It takes time and patience to overcome this trouble. Just as their enlargement has been very gradual, so the contraction to the proper size cannot be accomplished in a few days.

Hair Too Short.

With a thorough brushing every night and vigorous scalp massage your hair ought to grow longer. Scalp massage is especially good for invigorating the roots and distributing the natural oils.

A Plea For the Past.

By Helen Vall Wallace.

The poor old Past often gets it in the neck.

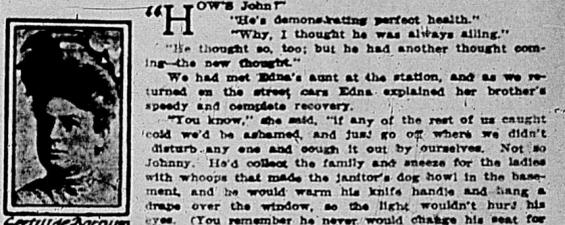
The poor old Past is regarded as a wreck. The Past sure has its uses. As well as its abuses; And it's a good old, poor old, dear old Past!

The kind old Past has taught us many lessons; The kind old Past has brought us many blessings; The Past holds many joys, As well as mere annoy; And it's a good old, dear old, kind old Past!

The wise old Past of trouble never borrows; The wise old Past indulges no new sorrows; It is all up on the shelves; And others and ourselves; And we're busy busy billing up more Past.

Talks With Girls. The New Thought and How Three Girls Cured Their Brother John of a Bad Cold.

By Gertrude Barnum.



"HOWS John?" "He's demonstrating perfect health." "Why, I thought he was always ailing."

We had met Edna's aunt at the station, and as we returned on the street, Edna explained her brother's speedy and complete recovery. "You know," she said, "if any of the rest of us caught cold we'd be ashamed and just go off where we'd disturb any one and cough it out by ourselves."

"When Ma went West Johnny was preparing to enjoy poor health again, and we three girls wondered who was going to wait on him. None of us wanted to draw the lot. So we decided on the 'exercise cure' for his case."

There was the "king's touch" in the olden days and the witch's spells in early New England. Then there was the Austerian Pessimal and the Bavarian Miraculous Workers who came to us in fact, there have been from time immemorial faith cures and prayer cures and mental science cures galore, and even to-day cures are effected every now and then by "regular physicians" in cases where the patients have complete confidence in the doctors.

Verily I believe that by exercising sufficient faith we could cure with bread pills two-thirds of our ailments, physical and mental. And I, for one, mean to practise from now on "Brother Johnny's New Thought" and try to demonstrate "perfect health and cheerfulness."

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

A Signed Photograph.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty-one and am very interested in a young lady two years my junior, to whom I was introduced about two years ago, since when I have met her but once or twice. She is now in England and I think I shall correspond. Would it be polite for me to write and ask her to send me a signed photograph of herself? A. P.

A Perplexed Lover.

Dear Betty:

I AM nineteen, and have been courted by a young lady one year my junior for the last six years and we six have been talking marriage for the last six months. My present position is not a good-paying one, but in a short time a much better position will be offered me, which I feel afraid to undertake, as I believe it will require a person with better mental facilities than I possess.

She Does Not Write.

Dear Betty:

I AM in love with a young lady who resides in Brooklyn, and as I was not able to go over there but once a week we corresponded quite regularly. From the time of her return, and her actions when I see her, I have every reason to believe that she loves me. About two weeks ago, however, she suddenly stopped writing. There was absolutely nothing in the last letter that could have offended her, as I am at a loss for an explanation. About five weeks ago I received my pocket book, thinking she possibly had had mislaid, and wrote her, asking the reason for her silence. I have not heard from her, and it is certainly not a good deal of wondering. A girl to love one of my friends and not to have any letters from her about five years.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.