"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl.

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THAT state which a man calls his "single blessedness" is usually nothing but his single cussedness.

An optimist is not one who has been made happy by auspicious circumstances, but one who has made circumstances auspicious by being happy.

This is the time of year when a man's heart is full of false alarms and imaginary little flames which he so often mistakes for the fire of true love.

The easiest way in the world to deceive a man, Clarice, is to tell him the honest truth; because no living man ever believes that a woman MEANS what she says, or that she knows what she means when she says it.

Arousing a man's jealousy may stimulate his love temporarily, but the effect always wears off quickly and leaves him just as cold and tired as any other form of dope.

Truth is so much stranger than fiction that a man never tells it to a woman unless he simply can't think up anything else more convincing.

A confirmed bachelor prides himself on his "horse sense," but it's nothing but "cat sense," Dearie, that makes him so hard to catch and to hold.

Forty is the "desperate age" at which a discreet woman usually begins doing the things at which she used to be shocked, and a frivolous woman begins to be shocked at the things which she used to do.

Don't try to soften a man's heart; love may be a matter of softening of the heart, but judging from the way in which most men select a wife marriage is a matter of softening of the brain.

Perhaps the reason that the new knee-waistline is meeting with favor is that since love-making has gone out of fashion it hardly seems worth while to keep your waist in a convenient place any longer.

When the Wires Get Crossed

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The State Dinners That Are Served at the White House

Favorite Menus and Recipes at the Presidential Mansion.

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HAVE you ever dined at the White House? Several people have not—yet. Several millions, in fact. But several million people have more or less curiously as to what goes to make up the state dinners served there.

Here are some menus used at various more or less formal White House banquets, and recipes for one or two of the most renowned dishes. Take a Cabinet dinner, for instance. The menu follows:

Caviare on Ice. Toast.
Green Turtle Soup. Cheese Straws
Terrapin.
Filet of Chicken with Bechamel Sauce.
Saddle of Mutton with Currant Sauce. Peas. Potatoes.
Pate de Foie Gras.
Pheasants With Bread Sauce.
Celery Salad.
Pistachia Ice Cream.
Cake. Coffee.

The star feature of the foregoing meal is the filet of chicken with Bechamel sauce. This is the recipe:

Trim filet of broiling chickens neatly in a "boat" shape. Cover them over with the chicken force meat, decorate them with truffles, steam in oven for ten minutes in chicken broth. Add a few tablespoons of Madeira, if handy. Serve at once with Bechamel sauce, which is prepared thus: Make a white sauce, using for liquor one half each of rich white stock and milk (or use stock alone or milk alone). A slice of onion, of carrot and turnip should be fried in the butter before the flour is added. A richer Bechamel is made by adding a little cream and chopped mushrooms.

For a dinner served to several diplomats—a function known as a "Diplomatic Dinner"—the following is a favorite menu:

Caviare in Ice. Toast.
Green Turtle Soup, with Cheese Straws.
Terrapin.
Artichokes Stuffed with Mushrooms.
Boned Capon.
Peas. Potatoes.
Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce.
Ducks.
Mixed Salad.
Marron Ice Cream. Cake. Coffee.

Here the dish which stands supreme above the rest is artichokes stuffed with mushrooms. The recipe is:

Have a pot of boiling water. Put in salt and a pinch of baking soda. Put twelve French or California artichokes into the boiling water. Cook slowly from thirty to forty minutes, or until the leaves can be picked off. Have a basin of ice water ready. Plunge the cooked artichokes into it. When cold enough to handle, remove all the leaves. Trim the bottom into a cuplike shape. Put in salt water until ready for use.

The mushrooms filling for the artichokes is prepared in this way:

Two pounds of mushrooms for twelve artichokes. Clean the mushrooms, chop fine. Put a flat pan on the stove with two tablespoons of butter in it. Allow the butter melt, then add the mushrooms. Cook slowly for six minutes. Add one cup of flour and then a half a cup of chicken broth. Salt and pepper to taste. Flavor with sherry or madeira, whichever preferred. Allow it to cook for a few minutes. Then remove from the fire. When cold add three yolks of eggs, beaten with a half cupful of cream. Then fill the artichokes. Save one mushroom for the top of each artichoke. Cook them in butter. Put on top when artichokes are filled. Steam on the top of the stove for five minutes before serving. Serve with cream sauce.

Menu for a Supreme Court dinner:

Olives on Croutons.
Clear Soup, with Egg Balls.
Cheese Straws.
Terrapin.
Filet of Chicken, White Sauce.
Smithfield Ham, with Madeira Sauce.
Spinach. New Potatoes.
Artichokes, Hollandaise Sauce.
Ducks.
Mixed Salad.
Marron Ice Cream. Strawberries.
Cake. Coffee.

Here is a bill of fare known, because of the chief occasion for its use, as the Speaker's Dinner menu:

Anchovies on Toast.
Clear Soup, Quenelles
Cheese Straws.
Terrapin.
Chicken Mousse, Mushrooms.
Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Peas. Potatoes.
Pate de foie gras in Aspic.
Partridge.
Mixed Salad.
Strawberries. Ice Cream.
Cake. Coffee.

BRIGHT SAYINGS Of Evening World Children

The Evening World gives $10 weekly in cash prizes for Bright Sayings by Children.

A first prize of $5 and five $1 prizes are awarded for such sayings as seem to the Editor the cleverest of those submitted.

Write on only one side of the page, keep to 100 words or less (preferably less), and address BRIGHT SAYINGS EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, BOX 1,354, NEW YORK CITY. The Sayings must be original and must be accompanied by name and address.

The list of winners in every week's competition is announced on Saturday.

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I overheard the following conversation between my little brother and his playmate. Jack remarked: "You said you had a 'bad' cold, did you ever have a 'good' one, Herbert?" Herbert answered: *"Sure. Once I had one that kept me home from school."*

MILDRED LAST,
No. 346 East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street.

Freddy was five years of age. He had attended Sunday school for but a short time, and with childish curiosity asked questions. One day his father took him to the ball game, and little Freddy, his eyes shining brightly asked: "Can God do anything, pop?" "Yes, my son," replied his father. Freddy was quiet for awhile. Then said: *"If God was playing ball He would NEVER get out, would He?"* FRED WILSON,
No. 316 East Fifty-seventh street.

One afternoon my little sister, aged four, while sitting looking at our canary, turned to me and asked: *"Sister, when the canary grows up will it be a poll parot?"*

Miss SYLVIA JACKSON,
No. 180 East Seventy-ninth street.

Little Arthur, aged six, upon being asked whether or not he had any sisters or brothers, replied with a deep sigh: *"No, I am sorry to say I am single."*

ARTHUR D. BAIRD, Sea Girt, N. J.

Dick and Jimmy were visiting their grandmother, who spoils them, as all grandmothers will. One night they were saying their prayers, and little Jimmy vociferated his petitions to the Heavenly Throne in a voice that could be heard a mile away. He was telling the Divine Providence what he wanted for Christmas, and his enthusiasm in the cause got on his brother's nerves. "What are you praying for Christmas presents so loud for?" interrupted Dick. "Th' Lord ain't deaf." *"No,"* whispered Jimmy, *"but Grandma is."*

KATHERINE HUGHES,
No. 200 West Sixty-eighth street.

Helen while in Sunday school last week was asked by the teacher how many years Methuselah lived. Helen looked surprised. "But," said the teacher, "I thought I told you to study this list, 'Methuselah, 969.'" *"Oh," said Helen, "Is that what it means? I thought it was his telephone number."*

KATHRYN H. ARMSTRONG,
No. 454 East Fifty-eighth street, New York City.

At dinner Mollie gazed for a long time at a bachelor guest and then exclaimed:

"Mother, what is an old bachelor?"

A frown was the only reply. But a laugh burst forth from the assembled company when Mollie answered the question to suit herself:

"Oh, I know! An old bachelor is an old maid's husband!"

MISS MARY HEGEMAN,
No. 403 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

It was in the kindergarten. A review on the subject of "The Indian" was in progress. "Now, children," beamed the teacher, "who can remember what the Indian woman is called?" There was an interval of profound silence; then an eager voice piped up: *"I know, teacher; Squab."*

ELIZABETH OGDEN STARR,
No. 46 Suburban avenue, Stamford, Conn.

The Wings of the Morning

Still Another UNUSUAL Story

By Louis Tracy

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

Robert Anstruther, a rising British officer in India, is the victim of a conspiracy on the part of his Colonel's wife and Lord Ventnor. Dismissed from the army by court martial, he starts back for England in disgrace, slipping as a steerage passenger aboard the liner Sirdar. There he sees and is strangely attracted by Iris Deane, daughter of a great ship owner. Ventnor is a suitor for her hand. In the China Sea the Sirdar goes down. The only survivors are Anstruther and Iris. Anstruther swims with the girl to a nearby island. There, having landed many of the Sirdar's stores, he makes a home for Iris in a cave. In the cave he finds a skeleton and also finds a mysterious chart that is scratched on a tin dish. Anstruther tells Iris the tale of his disgrace. She believes his story and feels strangely drawn toward him. During an investigation of the island Iris exclaims, "A boat! See, there! On the rocks!"

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

Surprises.

THERE was no mistake. A ship's boat was perched high and dry on the north side of the cape. Even as they scrambled toward it Jenks understood how it had come there.

When the Sirdar parted amidships the after section fell back into the depths beyond the reef, and this boat must have broken loose from its davits and been driven ashore here by the force of the western current.

Was it intact? Could they escape? Was this ark stranded on the island for their benefit? If it were seaworthy, whither should they steer—to those islands whose blue outlines were visible on the horizon?

These and a hundred other questions coursed through his brain during the race over the rocks, but all such wild speculations were promptly settled when they reached the craft, for the keel and the whole of the lower timbers were smashed into matchwood.

But there were stores on board. Jenks remembered that Capt. Ross's foresight had secured the provisioning of all the ship's boats soon after the first wild rush to steady the vessel after the propeller was lost. Masts, sails, oars, seats—all save two water casks—had gone; but Jenks, with eager hands, unfastened the lockers, and here he found a good supply of tinned meats and biscuits. They had barely recovered from the excitement of this find when the sailor noticed that behind the rocks on which the craft was firmly lodged lay a small natural basin full of salt water, replenished and freshened by the spray of every gale and completely shut off from all seaward access.

It was not more than four feet deep, beautifully carpeted with sand, and secluded by rocks on all sides. Not the tiniest crab or fish was to be seen. It provided an ideal bath.

Iris was overjoyed. She pointed toward their habitation.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, "I will be with you at tea-time."

He gathered all the tins he was able to carry and strode off, enjoining her to fire her revolver if for the slightest reason she wanted assistance, and giving a parting warning that if she delayed too long he would come and shout to her.

"I wonder," said the girl to herself, watching his retreating figure, "what he is afraid of. Surely by this time we have exhausted the unpleasant surprises of the island. Anyhow, now for a splash!"

She was hardly in the water before she began to be afraid on account of Jenks. Suppose anything happened to him while she was thoughtlessly enjoying herself here. So strongly did the thought possess her that she hurriedly dressed again and ran off to find him.

He was engaged in fastening a number of bayonets transversely to a long piece of timber.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"Why did you return so soon? Did anything alarm you?"

"I thought you might get into mischief," she confessed.

"No. On the other hand, I am trying to make trouble for any unwelcome visitors," he replied. "This is a chevaux de frise, which I intend to set up in front of our cave in case we are compelled to defend ourselves against any attack by savages. With this barring the way they cannot rush the position."

She sighed. Rainbow Island was a wild spot after all. Did not thorns and briers grow very close to the gates of Eden?

On the nineteenth day of their residence on the island the sailor climbed, as was his invariable habit, to the Summit Rock whilst Iris prepared breakfast. At this early hour the horizon was clearly cut as the rim of a sapphire. He examined the whole arc of the sea with his glasses, but not a sail was in sight. According to his calculations, the growing anxiety as to the fate of the Sirdar must long ere this have culminated in the despatch from Hong Kong to Singapore of a special search vessel, whilst British warships in the China Sea would be warned to keep a close lookout for any traces of the steamer, to visit all islands on their route, and to question fishermen whom they encountered.

So help might come any day, or it might be long deferred. He could not pierce the future, and it was useless to vex his soul with questionings as to what might happen next week. The great certainty of the hour was Iris—the blue-eyed, smiling divinity who had come into his life—waiting to welcome him with a sweet-voiced greeting; and he knew, with a fierce devouring joy, that her cheek would not pale nor her lip tremble when he announced that at least another sun must set before the expected relief reached them.

He replaced the glasses in their case and dived into the wood, giving a passing thought to the fact that the wind, after blowing steadily from the south for nearly a week, had veered round to the northeast during the night. Did the change portend a storm? Well, they were now prepared for all such eventualities, and he had not forgotten that they possessed, among other treasures, a box of books for rainy days. And a rainy day with Iris for company! What gale that ever blew could offer such compensation for enforced idleness?

The morning sped in uneventful work. Iris did not neglect her cherished pitcher plant. After luncheon it was her custom now to carry a dishful of water to its apparently arid roots, and she rose to fulfil her self imposed task.

"Let me help you," said Jenks. "I am not very busy this afternoon."

"No, thank you. I simply won't allow you to touch that shrub. The dear thing looks quite glad to see me. It drinks up the water so greedily as a thirsty animal."

"Even a cabbage has a heart, Miss Deane."

She laughed merrily. "I do believe you are offering me a compliment," she said. "I must indeed have found favor in your eyes."

He had schooled himself to resist the opening given by this class of retort, so he turned to make some correction in the scale of the sun dial he had constructed, added therein by daily observations with the sextant left by the former inhabitant of the cave.

Iris had been gone perhaps five minutes when he heard a distant shriek, twice repeated, and then there came faintly to his ears his own name, not "Jenks," but "Robert," in the girl's voice. Something terrible had happened.

It was a cry of supreme distress. Mortal agony or overwhelming terror alone could wring that name from her lips. Precisely in such moments this man acted with the decision, the unerring judgment, the instantaneous acceptance of great risk to accomplish great results, that marked him out as a born soldier.

He rushed into the house and snatched from the rifle rack one of the six Lee-Metfords reposing there in apple pie order, each with a filled magazine attached and a cartridge already in position.

Then he ran, with long, swift strides, not through the trees, where he could see nothing, but toward the beach, whence, in forty yards, the place where Iris probably was would become visible.

At once he saw her, struggling in the grasp of two ferocious looking Dyaks, one, by his garments, a person of consequence, the other a half naked savage, hideous and repulsive in appearance. Around them seven men, armed with guns and parangs, were dancing with excitement.

Iris's captors were endeavoring to tie her arms, but she was a strong and active Englishwoman, with muscles well knit by the constant labor of recent busy days and a frame developed by years of horse riding and tennis playing. The pair evidently found her a tough handful, and the inferior Dyak, either to stop her screams—for she was shrieking "Robert, come to me!" with all her might—or to stifle her into submission, roughly placed his huge hand over her mouth.

These things the sailor noticed instantly. Some men, brave to rashness, ready as he to give his life to save her, would have raced madly over the intervening ground, scarce a furlong, and attempted a heroic combat of one against nine.

Not so Jenks.

With the methodical exactness of the parade-ground he settled down on one knee and levelled the rifle. At that range the Lee-Metford bullet travels practically point-blank. Usually it is deficient in "stopping" power, but he had provided against this little drawback by notching all the cartridges in the six rifles after the effective manner devised by an expert named Thomas Atkins during the Tirah campaign.

None of the Dyaks saw him. All were intent on the sensational prize they had secured, a young and beautiful white woman so contentedly roaming about the shores of this Fetish island. With the slow speed advised by the Roman philosopher, the backsight and foresight of the Lee-Metford came into line with the breast of the coarse brute clutching the girl's face.

Then something hit him above the heart and simultaneously tore half of his back into fragments. He fell, with a queer sob, and the others turned to face this unexpected danger.

Iris, knowing only that she was free from that hateful grasp, wrenched herself free from the chief's hold, and ran with all her might along the beach, to Jenks and safety.

Again, and yet again, the rifle gave its short, sharp snarl, and two more Dyaks collapsed on the sand. Six were left, their leader being still unconsciously preserved from death by the figure of the flying girl.

A fourth Dyak dropped.

The survivors, cruel savages but not cowards, unslung their guns. The sailor, white-faced, grim, with an unpleasant gleam in his deep-set eyes and a lower jaw protruding, noticed their preparations.

"To the left!" he shouted. "Run towards the trees!"

Iris heard him and strove to obey. But her strength was failing her, and she staggered blindly. After a few despairing efforts she lurched feebly to her knees, and tumbled face downwards on the broken coral that had tripped her faltering footsteps.

Jenks was watching her, watching the remaining Dyaks, from whom a splutter of quick volley came, picking out his quarry with the murderous ease of a terrier in a rat pit. Something like a bee in a violent hurry hummed past his ear, and a rock near his right foot was struck a tremendous blow by an unseen agency. He liked this. It would be a battle, not a battue.

The fifth Dyak crumpled into the distortion of death, and then their leader took deliberate aim at the kneeling marksman who threatened to wipe him and his band out of existence. But his deliberation, though skilful, was too profound. The sailor fired first, and was professionally astonished to see the gaudily attired individual tossed violently backward for many yards, finally pitching headlong to the earth. Had he been charged by a bull in full career he could not have been more utterly discomfited. The incident was sensational but inexplicable.

Yet another member of the band was prostrate, are the two as yet unscathed thought fit to beat a retreat. This they now did with celerity, but they dragged their chief with them. It was no part of Jenks's programme to allow them to escape. He aimed again at the man nearest the trees. There was a sharp click and nothing more. The cartridge was a misfire. He hastily sought to eject it and the rifle jammed. These little accidents will happen, even in a good weapon like the Lee-Metford.

Springing to his feet with a yell he ran forward. The flying men caught a glimpse of him and accelerated their movements. Just as he reached Iris they vanished among the trees.

Slinging the rifle over his shoulder, he picked up the girl in his arms. She was conscious, but breathless.

"You are hurt?" he gasped, his eyes blazing into her face with an intensity that she afterward remembered as appalling.

To Be Continued.

The Day's Good Stories

Such a Shock.

FIRST MESSENGER BOY—I had to take a pretty tough wire up to that Kilday girl on de ave dis mornin'. Railway smash an' a lot of her folks badly hurt. She made me stay fer de reply while she read it.

Second Messenger Boy—Did she faint?

"Nope."

"Scream?"

"Nope."

"What did she say?"

She said, 'What do you know about that?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Natural Mistake.

A MAN who was greatly troubled with rheumatism bought some red flannel underwear recently, which was warranted in every respect, and a couple of weeks later returned to the store where he made his purchase.

"These flannels are not what you claimed them to be," he said to the clerk.

"What is the trouble with them?" asked the clerk. "Have they faded or shrunk?"

"Faded! Shrunk!" cried the purchaser, indignantly. "Why, when I came down to breakfast this morning with one of them on my wife asked me:

"'What are you wearing the baby's pink coral necklace for?'"—Harper's.

The Canny Scott.

MAYOR FITZGERALD of Boston, on account of the 100 per cent. increase in the price of gasoline, plans to supply automobiles of Boston with motor oil at wholesale rates.

"Greed," said Mayor Fitzgerald the other day, "greed is the sole reason for the rise in gasoline. That is admitted frankly. Well, such incredible greed as that reminds me of Sanders MacHoot of Peebles.

"'Sanders, have another drink,' a man said, entering a bar where MacHoot was just tossing off a glass of whiskey.

"'Na, na,' answered Sanders MacHoot, 'I winna hae anither; but ye can pay for this if ye like.'"—Washington Star.

Cause for Alarm.

AN old farmer drove into a small town the other day and stopped at the country store. A phonograph had just been installed and the farmer decided to have a few cents' worth of music. The clerk handed him the ear tubes, placed them in proper position and immediately started the machine.

The farmer instantly dropped the tubes and rushed to the door, crying:

"Great snakes! Hold on a minit, will ye? There's a gal d'rained brass band a-a-comin' an' there ain't nobody a-holdin' my horse."—Bill.