

Fables of Everyday Folk

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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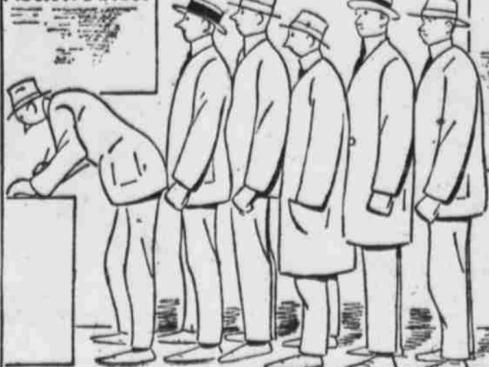
The Person With the Pull

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who had an influential father. The father was a dominant figure in a man of affairs who had several business connections. The youth, Clarence, was very proud of his father, for the father was very much of a leaning post for the younger man. Father paid all his bills through school; and when any "influences" was needed for anything, father was on the job. Came the day when the young man finished school and father looked about to have him enter some enterprise. He found it. There was a good friend who was the President of a large concern, and who had considerable business dealings with father. So father went to the President of this company and urged him to take his son into the business. Father explained that he was willing to put up some money for the son, and he felt sure that the "dear boy" would make good. So the deal was closed and Clarence went into the business. Of course, having this pull of father's, which always seemed so easy to get "by" with, he went into the work with the air of a Caesar. That he could do it, he saw, and he expected to conquer. Now this business was not an easy one to learn. The men who had been to the top and were drawing big salaries here were those who had started from the ground up, as it were. So Clarence was told that the wise thing would be for him to follow in the footsteps of such men. Oh, yes, he didn't mind that, and started in one of the lower departments. Here were the rough laborers—men who did the fundamental work in the whole scheme. Young Clarence felt himself very much superior to these men, and went among them with a supercilious air, which plainly said: "I am only here simply to get a line on what you're doing; but soon I will be at the top."

Young and Old

By Maurice Ketten

REGISTRATION



SELECTIVE DRAFT



How I Helped My Husband

How Politeness Really "Paid"

WHEN I married Jim he was a brakeman on a local running out of New York. He made money enough for us to live on economically, and as I had been brought up to be thrifty, we got along very well. Jim seemed very contented. Of course, he wanted to make more—every one does—but, as a general thing, he did not bother his head much about the matter. He was a good natured, easy-going man, and I thought, though he did his work well enough to avoid complaint, I think he would have been a brakeman to this day if I hadn't happened to be a friend of his in the office. He discovered, also, that he knew a brakeman on the train I intended taking, so he told me to make myself known to him. I did this as soon as I could, and the brakeman introduced me to his conductor, who was very kind to me on the trip. But I noticed that this was not a special favor to me, for he was pleasant to every one, and never seemed to mind explaining over and over again to nervous people just how to change cars, or how to get to a certain station, or how to get a ticket. No matter how fussy they were he never seemed to lose his patience. I stayed in Chicago a month and then mother got so much better that I started home and happened to take the train on its return run. I was still more impressed by the tact and helpfulness of the conductor. I told Jim about him when I got home and as soon as I started to describe him he interrupted with: "I know who you mean. Pleasant Smith, the boys call him. Every old woman on the road, all the fussy old gentlemen and cranks wait to take his train and parents always put children in his charge, when they have to send them over the road." "Has he only been so good natured and obliging since he was a conductor or was he always that way?" "Why, I guess he was born so," said Jim. "What are you trying to get at, anyway?" "I was only wondering if that wasn't one of the reasons why he held such an important position. You told me yourself that these long run conductors get very good salaries." Jim looked rather surprised over this and remarked that conductors and brakemen, too, for that matter, had something more important to do than to be pleasant. "But I'm rather stubborn when I get an idea so I continued, 'Of course they have something else to do. If being pleasant was all I would make a fine conductor myself, but what I mean is this. Take two men equally competent in their work and I would be willing to bet that the courteous and helpful man stood a quicker chance of promotion than the man who only did just what he was obliged to do, and did not take the trouble to be pleasant to passengers.' Jim had noticed that Jim was often a little brusque with people and I wanted this to sink in. Not that he isn't smart enough. He hadn't heard."

ADVENTURE

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dawn of the third day after the trouble brought the Jessie's white sails in sight. Eight miles away, it was still two in the afternoon that the light air fans enabled her to drop anchor a quarter of a mile off the shore. The sight of her gave Sheldon fresh courage. Had the tedious hours of waiting did not irk him. He gave his orders to the boss boys and made his regular trips to the hospital. Nothing mattered now. His troubles were at an end. He could sit down and take care of himself and proceed to get well. The Jessie had arrived. His partner was on board, vigorous and hearty from six weeks' recruiting on Malaita. He could take charge now and all would be well with Beranda.

CHAPTER III.

TWO days passed and Sheldon felt that he could not grow any weaker and live, much less make his four daily rounds of the hospital. Dawn of the third day after the trouble brought the Jessie's white sails in sight. Eight miles away, it was still two in the afternoon that the light air fans enabled her to drop anchor a quarter of a mile off the shore. The sight of her gave Sheldon fresh courage. Had the tedious hours of waiting did not irk him. He gave his orders to the boss boys and made his regular trips to the hospital. Nothing mattered now. His troubles were at an end. He could sit down and take care of himself and proceed to get well. The Jessie had arrived. His partner was on board, vigorous and hearty from six weeks' recruiting on Malaita. He could take charge now and all would be well with Beranda. Sheldon lay in the steamer chair and watched the Jessie's white boat pull in for the beach. He wondered why only three sweeps were pulling, and he wondered still more when, beached, there was so much delay in getting out of the boat. Then he understood. The three blacks who had been pulling started up the beach with a stretcher on their shoulders. A white man, whom he recognized as the doctor, followed them in front and opened the gate, then dropped behind to close it. Sheldon knew that it was Hughie Drummond who lay in the stretcher, and a mist came before his eyes. He felt an overwhelming desire to die. The disappointment was too great. In his own state of mind, he could not see that it was impossible to go on with his task of holding Beranda Plantation tight gripped in his fist. Then he directed the blacks to lay the stretcher on the floor. Hughie Drummond, whom he had just seen in the boat, was an emaciated skeleton. His closed eyes were deep sunken. The shriveled lips had fallen away from the teeth, and the cheek bones seemed bursting through the skin. Sheldon sent a house boy for his thermometer and glanced questioningly at the captain. "Black-water fever," the captain said. "It's the worst disease you get down here. It's fatal. You've got dysentery on board. What's the matter with you?" "I don't know," answered, as he bent over from the steamer chair and inserted the ther-

Showing How a Man and a Maid Found Love in the Heart of Romance

By Jack London

mother under his partner's tongue. Capt. Oleson swore blasphemously and sent a house-boy to bring whiskey and soda. Sheldon glanced at the thermometer. "One hundred and seven," he said. "Poor Hughie," Capt. Oleson offered him some whiskey. "Couldn't think of it—perforation, you know," Sheldon said. He sent for a boss-boy and ordered a grave to be dug; also, some of the packing-cases to be knocked together into a coffin. "It's been fair hell, sir," Capt. Oleson began, then broke off to help himself to more whiskey. "It's been fair hell, Mr. Sheldon, I tell you. Contrary winds and calms. We've been drifting all about the shop for ten days. There's been ten thousand sharks following us for the tucker we've been throwin' over to them. They was snappin' at the oars when we started to come ashore. I went to God a nor'wester'd come along and blow the Solomons clean to hell. "We got it from the water—water from Ogeva creek. Filled my casks with it. How was we to know? I've filled there before an' it was all right. We had sixty recruits—full up, and my crew of fifteen. We've been burning and waiting, go by in lugubrious procession. He saw the light making on the clouded horizon and thought of the sick in the hospital. "The boss-boys were called and given orders to rope down the hospital with its two additions. Other boys brought the coffin, a grotesque patchwork of packing-cases, and under his directions they laid Hughie Drummond in it. Half a dozen boys carried it down the beach, while he rode on the back of another, his arms around the black's neck, one hand clutching a prayer-book. While he read the service, the blacks gazed apprehensively at the dark line on the water, above which rolled and tumbled the racing clouds. The first breath of the wind, faint and sullen, tonic with life, fanned through his dry-baked body as he finished reading. Then came the second breath of the wind, an angry gust, as the shovels worked rapidly, filling in the sand. So heavy was the gust that Sheldon, still on his feet, seized hold of his man-horse to escape being blown away. Next came the rain, a deluge, a straight, horizontal sheet that poured along like a river, defying gravitation. The black, with Sheldon mounted on his shoulders, advanced into the thick of it, stooping far forward and low to the ground to avoid being toppled over backward. "He's sleeping out and far to-night," Sheldon quoted, as he thought of the dead man in the sand and the rainwater trickling down upon the coat of the man-horse and pulled and

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

A Story of India, the Mysterious, and a Plot That Failed

Will Begin on This Page June 18

For Physical Preparedness U. S. Army Exercises

Posed by Pauline Furlong

The Evening World Publishes These Exercises to Help All Men and Women Prepare for Any Call to Service.



Third Set—Free Hand Exercise No. 7

MANY young men who are anxious to enlist have written and asked me how they could gain an inch or more in height, and I know that this is an important question just now. The stretching exercises are the best ones for this purpose and any movements which affect the waistline, legs and arms are valuable in adding height. The trussing swing, which is practiced from a stout curtain pole fastened in any doorway, is another strenuous but splendid exercise for short persons. Stand on a stool and grasp the pole with the hands, kick the stool away and swing and twist the body for a minute or two several times a day. Do not overdo this, as it may cause severe strain. Many experts and pugilists claim that an inch or more may be added to the height up to the age of thirty or more, but I am convinced that it is entirely possible to do so up to the age of twenty-four and not a difficult matter at that. To-day's exercise is the simple "arm forward, downward" movement for the chest and shoulders. Practice it as follows: Assume the "at command" position, and when you or the instructor commands "arms forward" raise them as shown in the picture. Repeat this ten times. Readers who have formed clubs must learn to call the movements by their proper names, and at the right times.

Answers to Health and Beauty Questions

CRACKED SKIN BETWEEN TOES.—R. E.: Spread zinc ointment over the cracked surface. Excessively dry and hot feet cause this and sometimes addity. FRUITS FATTENING.—MRS. H. F.: Bananas and grapes are fattening. Yes, olives contain some fat and are the only fruit which do. VEGETARIANS.—MARK D.: Your friend is right when he says that, strictly speaking, those who eat eggs, milk and cheese are not vegetarians, as these are animal foods. BEST EXERCISE FOR TORPID LIVER.—MRS. H. R. W.: Stationary running, rope skipping, and liver exercises are the very best ones. Copious water drinking is also necessary to overcome this condition. ENERGY FOODS.—M. R. C.: Fats, sugar, honey, cereals, sweet and white potatoes are some. IRON FOR ANAEMIC CONDITION.—MRS. F. H. G.: Iron is certainly necessary for rich blood, and should be introduced into the system through vegetables and fruits which contain it. Drugs and inorganic iron are not necessary for those who need blood. Raw eggs and milk are also advised. FOR CUTS ON HANDS.—GEORGE R.: You must be very careful to clean the wounds well with clean hot water and then apply tincture of iodine to them.

Cottage Cheese in Appetizing Dishes

COTTAGE CHEESE is richer in protein than most meats and is very much cheaper. Every pound contains more than three ounces of protein, the chief material for body building. It is also a valuable source of energy, though not so high as foods with more fat. It follows that its value in this respect can be greatly increased by serving it with cream, as is so commonly done. The following recipes supplied by the United States Department of Agriculture illustrate a number of ways in which cottage cheeses may be served.

COTTAGE CHEESE ROLLS

TO BE USED LIKE MEAT ROLLS.—A large variety of rolls, suitable for serving as the main dish at dinner, may be made by combining legumes (beans of various kinds, cowpeas, lentils, or peas), with cottage cheese, and adding bread crumbs to make the mixture thick enough to form into a roll. Beans are usually mashed, but peas or small lima beans may be combined whole with bread crumbs and cottage cheese, and enough of the liquor in which the vegetables have been cooked may be added to get the right consistency, or, instead of beans or peas, chopped spinach, beet tops or head lettuce may be added.

BOSTON ROAST

ONE pound can of kidney beans or equivalent quantity of cooked beans; one-half pound of cottage cheese; bread crumbs; salt. Mash the beans or peas through a strainer, add the cottage cheese and bread crumbs enough to make the mixture sufficiently stiff to be formed into a roll. Bake in a cooked lima bean, one-fourth portion of cottage cheese, five canned mince-topped bread crumbs, salt. Put the first three ingredients through a colander, cover in butter or other fat and add bread crumbs until it is stiff enough to form into a roll. Brown in the oven, basting occasionally with butter or other fat and water.

PIMENTO AND COTTAGE CHEESE ROAST

TWO cups of cottage cheese, five canned mince-topped bread crumbs, salt. Put the first three ingredients through a colander, cover in butter or other fat and add bread crumbs until it is stiff enough to form into a roll. Brown in the oven, basting occasionally with butter or other fat and water.