A RINGER FROM BEDELIA

—BY—
SEWELL FORD

IT didn't promise to be a dull summer, at that. But when the Merritys blew in from Bedelia, Col., leased the Mott place for the season, and sprung their plans about Jean on us—well, it did speed things up a bit, even with the war and all.

"I think it's perfectly absurd of them, Shorty," says Sadie.

"Yes; they're that kind, bless 'em!" says I, chucklin' easy.

Maybe you don't remember my mentionin' the Merritys before. I don't wonder. It was a long time back, the first year I ran the Physical Culture Studio, and that's almost gettin' into ancient hist'ry, ain't it? Anyway, it seems so to me.

But my meetin' up with Hank and Reney dated further back than that, to the old ring days when I had a trainin' camp just out of Bedelia and not far from Merrity's ranch. We got to be quite chummy that summer, me and Hank, what with havin' our pictures printed together on the sportin' pages and Hank winnin' a nice little wad on me when the match come off.

Then there was that time, a few years later, when they showed up in New York, after Hank's grub-stake interest in the Jayhawker mine had turned out such a winner; and, instead of findin' him wearin' a leather-trimmed hat and his pants tucked into his boot-tops, I discovers that he's had himself tailored like a collar ad. youth and was takin' a course at a skinologist's. Also, Reney had been up against the beauty doctors until you could hardly tell her from a movie star, and she could look at you through a gold lorgnette as calm as if she'd never juggled crockery behind a railroad lunch counter.

But after a couple of months in Peacock alley they suddenly quit the game. They'd made the grade all right, and as far as looks went they was the real thing. But they was lonesome.

"Never again!" Hank had told me, then. Yet here he is once more, with a new crop of freckles, his carroty hair a little thin in front, and his belt let out a few notches. He's raised another set of blond lip-whiskers, and has gone back to wearin' one of them biscuit-colored felt hats with a high crown and a six-inch brim. So there's no mistakin' him for anything but an alfalfa delegate.

And Reney she's given up the struggle to keep under a hundred and eighty, or have her hair done like Mrs. Vernon Castle's. Substantial and motherly, Mrs. Merrity looks, with no frills about her whatever. So I'm a little puzzled at this splurge of theirs in takin' a house down on the Point among a lot of swells.

"I thought you'd gone back to the simple life for good," says I. "You're goin' to find it quite a change from Bedelia, you know."

"Oh, yes—some," says Hank. "But, then, Bedelia's a lot different from what it was when you were out there, Shorty."

"Don't tell me you got a bank and a trolley line," says I.

"Hank's president of both," puts in Mrs. Merrity. "He's had a term in Congress, too, and could have——"

"Now, Reney!" protests Hank. "Let's stick to public improvements. What do you think has become of the old ranch, Shorty?"

"Turned it into a truck garden?" They smiles at each other.

"It's Ward Five," says Hank, "and has fourteen miles of paved streets. Course, we don't live there any longer. We bought the Judge Bickens house, on Colorado avenue."

"But we had it all done over," adds Reney, "and put on the sunroom and pergolas, and built the double garage, and laid out our Italian garden. Hank, you must show him those pictures. We think it quite a nice place—for Bedelia."

"Listens like it might be Newport," says I. "What I don't get, though, is why you should leave all that, and your good friends and all your interestin' enemies, and come on east again, to camp down among as frosty a set of near-plutes as you could find anywhere along the sound. You ain't never meanin' to take another crack at the social game, are you?"

"Not us," says Hank, prompt. "Do we look that simple?"

"Then what's the big idea?" I insists.

"It's for Jean," says Mrs. Merrity, sighin' a bit. "You know, she is almost twenty-five now."

"Oh!" says I.

Course, I hadn't seen Jean then; but that smothered sigh and the item about her age told the whole story.

"What's the matter with the local Romeos out there?" says I.

"Gash!" groans Hank. "There was candidates enough; only none of 'em seemed to last long."

"Somehow," says Mrs. Merrity, "they seemed afraid of Jean."

I got the picture. She'd been sent east to a flossy boarding school, I remember hearin' when ma and pa was makin' their big splurge here. And the fact that she comes from Bedelia don't throw me off at all. I'd known of cases like that before—young lady high-brows bloomin' in little tank stations where young gents of the first fam'lies still had their hair cut round in the back and the general idea was that a demi-tasse was some kind of a mixed drink.

You know how it is out in the mail-order zone. You can have two banks, and maybe a branch bucket shop, and a Bohemian grill in the basement of the Plaza Hotel, and still fail to qualify with a dame fresh from University Heights or Copley Square—specially when she turns the veranda chat toward those clever things of Lord Dunsany's, or asks what you think of Amy Lowell.

Yes, I could see 'em shyin' off after the first call or so, and then huntin' up some congenial young thing who'd quit botherin' her intellect about the third year of high school, but had learned how to wear her hair over her ears and could tickle the ukelele something grand.

Still, if the Merritys couldn't see that for themselves, who was I, to advise a strange young lady to ditch the deep stuff? I thought I might hint as much later on, if I saw it was goin' to do any good. But now I only shakes my head.

"With most of the young college hicks off trainin' to be colonels and major generals," says I, "it's apt to be a poor season for midsummer romances."

"I'm afraid you don't understand what we mean about Jean," says Mrs. Merrity.

Course, bein' so sure I did, I smiles and lets it go at that. And then, a couple of days later, I met Jean. She hadn't any more'n given me the up-and-down in that calm, steady way of hers than I saw my dope sheet was about as accurate as a left-handed drawin' of a pig made blindfolded.

"Hello, professor!" says she, stepping up brisk and givin' me a five-fingered grip. "I've hear a lot about you."

Talk about your lady husks! Why, say, this Jean person looked like she might be as well muscled as any trapeze performer you ever say do the giant swing. You know, Hank is quite sizable, specially across the shoulders, and Mrs. Merrity in her younger days was considerable of a wild rose. Well, Jean takes after 'em both, in a way. She's big without bein' awkward, and, while she has her mother's dark hair and eyes, she has sort of a heavy face, like Hank's. So she ain't a handsome girl, by any means, but, at the samee time, she's kind of stunnin'.

That don't begin to describe Jean, though; for she's about the oddest combination I ever ran across. Don't get the idea she's just one of the cow-girl type. Nothing as crude as that. As we found out afterward, she could sit in at a dinner party without usin' the wrong forks, and could carry her end of the table chat with the best of 'em. She danced, could take a hand at bridge, or would sit around listenin' to polite gossip.

Yet there was something odd about this whaling big girl who moved around so restless and had so little to say. It wasn't that she was just bored. Seemed to be deeper than that; something she was choking down, keeping back. I'd noticed it most when she was sizin' up people, specially the Watrouses.

They're our real headliners, you know, when it comes to countin' old fam'ly jewels and country estates and coats-of-arms. Course, Mrs. Thobald Chandler Watrous only married into all this; but she was long on the ancestor stuff herself, so I understand. And as for Miss Cornelia, why, she goes 'way back to the days when the Stuyvesants were newcomers.

They look enough alike to be sisters, with their long, straight noses, thin lips and pointed chins; and, believe me, when they sweep into a room majestic they're some pair to draw to. Me, I dive for the discards about then; for, although we've been neighbors quite some years now, and they've been here on and off to see Sadie, I don't suppose I've ever been officially recognized, or ever will be.

They're too busy, for one thing, runnin' the church and regulatin' society. They take both jobs mighty serious, too. I expect Sadie had to pull some wires before she got 'em to notice that Jean existed. I understand Jean had to be exhibited on neutral ground and looked over thorough before she could even be introduced to 'em. As for Hank and Mrs. Merrity, they wasn't so much as mentioned. But that was all right. They didn't want to be.

"You see," explains Mrs. Merrity, "she thinks even Bedelia is too artificial, too civilized. But, of course, we have only the imitation. If she could know the real thing once, without waiting as long as I did, she might like it better. And perhaps—oh, who knows!"

Business of maternal pipe-dreams by Reney. I had to smile. What the tests was I didn't hear, but Jean passed. The Watrouses fixed a day and place where they'd meet her at a tea, and after that she could be admitted anywhere almost as free as if she wore a fire badge.

Whether she was wise to all this or not, I can't say. Sadie insists that she didn't tell her a word. But it was weird to see Jean size up the Watrouses when she thought nobody was lookin'. Almost creepy. Honest! And yet, as a matter of fact, they seemed to take quite a fancy to her. Anyway, Sadie was almost chesty over the notice they took of her candidate.

"Just think, Shorty!" says she. "They've asked Jean for luncheon. She will meet Courtney."

"Then tell her to take along some crochet work," says I, "so she can have a real sociable time with him."

"Now, Shorty!" protests Sadie. "I wouldn't be so mean."

Maybe Courtney don't do crochetin', but he looks it. He's 'most as tall and slim and sallow as his mother, and just as ladylike. Course, he was sickly as a boy, and always had nurses and tutors around, which may account for his Lizzie ways. Then, bein' brought up by them two women, with no man around—Mrs. Watrous bein' a widow—no wonder he wears a wrist watch and takes his most violent exercise when he's playin' the violin.

If Jean had looked slant-eyed at the ladies Watrous, what would she do when she saw Courtney? Or what would happen to them slim fingers of his after Jean had given him one of her Rocky mountain grips? If the young hicks out in Bedelia was leery of her, I could see where Courtney would take one glance and dive behind a sofa.

Takes me to frame 'em up, eh? The Merritys would tow Jean around a few years more, with her gettin' huskier and huskier and the men growin' shyer and shyer, until Hank and Reney would finally give up all hope of ever marryin' her off, and she'd go back to Colorado and settle down to runnin' a mine or get herself elected to the legislature.

Well, it seems the luncheon party was a success, though Sadie couldn't get anything but a sketchy report from Jean. Yes, she did meet Courtney. He hadn't made any window exit, either. He'd said some very clever things, Jean thought, and afterward he'd played the violin for her. Yes, she did think him rather an odd person, but somewhat interesting. He had asked if he might call. As for the Watrous ladies—Jean would only shrug her shoulders.

"Now, I wonder what she meant by that?" demands Sadie.

"By me!" says I. "Perhaps she was tryin' to scratch a mosquito bite."

When Sadie gets curious, though, she don't take it out in guessin'. So I ain't surprised when she announces this garden party in honor of Miss Jean Merrity. I saw the scheme. She meant to get 'em together where she could see for herself. I was a bit staggered, though, when I hears Courtney is comin' too, for I never knew of his goin' much of anywhere before.

As a rule I plan to duck affairs like that; but this bein' set for Saturday afternoon, and me gettin' sick of stickin' around town with the mercury climbin' toward ninety, I does land out home in time to make myself useful.

I'd lugged out chairs, and set up tables, and squeezed lemons for the fruit punch, and tried to keep little Sully from snitchin' enough cake to feed his whole base ball team.

Sadie hadn't asked a mob this time—only fifteen or twenty hand-picked guests. The Watrouses were the first to arrive, all draped in black and jet, as usual, and with every window of the limousine shut tight.

At 4:30 Jean hadn't shown up, although we was lookin' for her to boom in any minute in her gray roadster with the cut-out wide open.

Trust Jean, though! At 4:35 something rolls in through the driveway gates. It's the two-wheeled basket-bodied cart that the Motts' governess used to use. And between the shafts is a buckskin-colored mustang, with Jean drivin'.

"I couldn't resist," says she, "when I saw that cart stored in the old carriage house. I always did want to ride in one. So I sent back to Bedelia for Ginger. It's an experience for him, too."

Ginger looked it. Seemed sort of dazed over the whole business, and the way he'd twist his neck around to gaze at that contraption behind him was curious.

Then, too, everybody has to swarm around and inspect the outfit. Even the ladies Watrous peered through their shell stick-glasses at it from a safe distance while they made Jean tell all about how she came to be driving around in such a queer rig.

"What an original idea!" says Mrs. Watrous.

"Yes, quite unusual," echoes Miss Cornelia.

They're that kind, you know. Why, most likely they'd been brought up in such carts; but, now they've gone out of style, they has to let on they don't know anything about 'em. Minds like rubber stamps, they have. And I caught an odd flicker in Jean's eyes as she listens to 'em purr on.

About then, though, I'm chased off to the back of the house on some errand, and when I gets around front again Jean is continuin' the exhibition by givin' little Sully a ride out to the gates and back.

Next she picks up some of the older folks; and the first thing I know, she's stopped in front of where the Watrouses are sittin' prim and stately, and seems to be invitin' them to take a trip.

Why they should ever do it I can't imagine. Maybe they'd gone temporarily nutty, or perhaps Jean could be more enticin' than I'd ever given her credit for. Anyway, while I'm grinnin' at the nerve of her, in they climbs.

Up to that minute both Ginger and Miss Jean had behaved as meek and respectable as if they'd come from West Newton, Mass. And I don't know but Jean would have kept right on if the mustang hadn't broken the spell. I wouldn't want to say he knew what kind of parties was bein' loaded in behind him, or that he didn't. Anyway, Mrs. Watrous and Miss Cornelia had no sooner settled themselves on the cushions than he lays his ear flat and promptly proceeds to back.

"Whoa now, Ginger!" says Jean, gentle, but firm.

SHE TOOK HIM BY THE ARM AND LED HIM ASIDE.

Nothing doing in the whoa line from Ginger. Right through a five-foot privet hedge he backs, across two rows of bush beans, and bang into a hot-bed where I was coaxin' along a couple of hundred celery plants. It was some crash as the wheels broke through the glass. He wasn't satisfied, though, until he had his hind feet in and had kicked out all the panes he could reach. And you should have heard the squeals that came from the ladies Watrous.

As I dashed to the rescue, Jean jerked a whip from the socket and laced it around Ginger's middle. He didn't like that a little bit. With two jumps he clears the hot-bed, breaks through the hedge in a new place, and lands in the drive again, headed toward the sound. By that time, though, Jean has got a firm hold on the reins, and is standin' up with her knees braced against the high front of the cart.

One good pull and she had Ginger back on his haunches, with his ears almost in her lap. Mrs. Watrous and Cornelia tries panicky to climb out, but they was so scared they couldn't undo the door at the back.

"Sit still, both of you," commands Jean.

"Oh, p-p-p-please let us out!" begs Miss Cornelia.

"Not yet," says Jean. "I promised you a ride behind Ginger, and you're going to get it."

With that she slacks up on the reins, drops the mustang onto all four feet, whirls him around sudden and gives him another taste of the whip. Once more they was off in a bunch.

Now, that drive of mine, you know, has two loops in it—one in front of the garage, and the other out by the gates. I didn't lay it out for any vest-pocket kite-track when I built it, but that's what it makes—about ten laps to the mile, I should say.

It don't take Jean Merrity long to discover the possibilities of it.

"We-e-e-ough!" says she, cuttin' loose with a reg'lar cow-puncher yell you could have heard half way to the station.

She's standin' up, her feet well spread, arm taut on the lines and swingin' the whip with the other hand.

You remember the old chariot race stunt they used to pull at the circus, where the bare-armed lady, with the four grays always won from the man? Well, Jean had that act lookin' like a piano solo, for, while there was only one of Ginger, he made up in pep what he lacked in size. He was well named.

As he took the sharp curves he had his neck arched like a high school stallion, his wicked little eyes seemed to blaze with excitement, and his nostrils was the color of a red flannel shirt.

Bumpety-bump, bump! they went around the corners, sparks flyin' as his shoes hit the gravel, and only one wheel touchin' at times. He sure could hump himself, Gihger, when he was properly urged.

And Jean was 'tendin' to that. I'd always thought that heavy face of hers never could light up. But it did then. Blamed if she don't look almost handsome. Anyhow, as she leaned to the sway of the cart and straightened up on the free stretches, she was more or less graceful.

As for the ladies Watrous, they was havin' the ride of their lives, all right. Each had a desperate grip on the cartsides and a panicky look in her eyes. Mrs. Watrous' black lid has jiggled over her left ear, while Miss Cornelia's was down over her eyebrows and her back hair was comin' loose.

Two, three, four times around the double loop Jean jumped that lively little mustang before she finally brought him up all standin', and vaulted over the front to grab him by the bits.

"You would, would you, you little imp?" says she, pattin' him on the nose soothin'.

Meanwhile, willin' and reverent hands was unloadin' what was left of the ladies Watrous and helpin' 'em into the house, where smellin' salts and extra hair pins could be applied.

I was on the spot when Sadie hurries back to where Jean is still pettin' the mustang.

"Why, Jean!" says she. "Whatever made you do such a thing as that?"

"I'm sure I don't know," says Jean, smilin' satisfied, "unless—unless I knew they needed it so badly. The silly old frumps! If you only knew how I have ached to jar them out of their stupid, complacent arrogance! How they have got on my nerves with their peacock manners, their fussy ways and their stereotyped speeches! I stood it all until I simply couldn't stand another moment of it; and then——" Jean breaks off with a chuckle. "I don't care a rap," she adds.

"But what about Courtney?" asks Sadie. "What will he think?"

"Look!" says I, pointin' over to a bench. "I'll give you two guesses as to what Courtney thinks."

Honest, I never thought that long, sallow face of his could wear such a grin. And he's wipin' tears out of his eyes, like he'd been laughin' until he had cried. He is just startin' over toward us.

"Really," says he, "I never saw anything so funny in my life! If you could have seen mother's face as she went around those curves! And Aunt Cornelia, with her hat over her eyes! Oh, it was rich! And you, Jean, you were splendid. Junoesque—no, like Diana. That's it; you were the goddess Diana. And I—I think you are a wonderful girl. I—I wish I could always——"

Then he breaks off, right in the middle of what he's sayin', and blushes until he's pink clear down the back of his neck.

The poor fish had just remembered that he wasn't talkin' to Jean alone in the moonlight; that is, if he knew he was talkin' at all. My guess is that he'd been rushed off his feet and had simply babbled right out.

Anyway, it seems to make a hit with Jean. She pinks up grateful. Here was some one she hadn't scared to death, at least. Also some one who was strong for her, big as she was.

"Thank you, Courtney," says she, takin' him gentle by the arm and leadin' him off to one side. "You were saying that you wished—I'll tell you! Perhaps I should understand if you played it to me on the violin."

"H-m-m-m!" says Sadie, as we watches 'em stroll off arm in arm.

"Can you beat that?" says I. "She wants him to play it to her on the violin! O you Susie Sourdimple fryin' the mush! I'll bet, though, she's as good as got him roped and branded."

Which was my first straight hunch about Jean.

It was all settled before they came back from that stroll.

"Just imagine!" says Sadie. "Those two!"

"I expect it's a case," says I, "of likin' what you ain't. Oh, yes; old stuff, I know, but always surprisin'. And I hope I'm around when Reney hears. Ruh, ruh for Reney! She's pulled the impossible."

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United States Army's Cookbook and How It Originated

By WALLACE IRWIN.

A FEW weeks ago the quartermaster general's department, faithful to its complicated task of supplying everything from shoes to sugar to a rapidly forming army of over a million men, telegraphed an appeal to fifty-eight leading hotel proprietors throughout the country asking the loan of 3,840 chefs and expert cooks to teach the science of gastronomics to the kitchens of our sixteen new cantonments.

Now, the browned-in-the-oven old mess sergeants of our regular Army cooking schools—of which four have flourished for many years—are willing and anxious to sit at the feet of the capable wizards who have fed 5th avenue and Tremont street, but so great is the faith of the mess sergeant in the Manual for Army Cooks, issue of 1916, that they pause reflectively in their scientifically arranged pantries and allow—quite unofficially—that maybe a few of those fancy chefs will go back to their hotels with one or two choice recipes well worth trying on the favored fellow who always gets by the plush rope and calls the head waiter by his first name.

* * *

As a matter of fact, M. Panchard, famous chef of a New York hotel, was "loaned" a while back in order to gain sufficient knowledge of Army cookery to instruct National Guard kitchens in various New York armories. M. Panchard spent two days at Washington barracks, where he studied the cuisine for enlisted men; he went back to New York with his observations, together with a copy of the month's menu. Today the hotel serves—by the enthusiastic recommendation of M. Panchard—a "military luncheon," which is a duplicate of the noon meal which Uncle Sam dishes up for his boys. The price of this meal is 50 cents, and it is the highest compliment which Broadway can pay the Army's camp and field mess.

In fact, the day of civil war hardtack and Spanish war embalmed beef is "long gone." Emergency rations, of course, the soldier must carry to tide him over bad situations where the enemy fire is hotter than the bake ovens behind the line. But for feeding his armies in barrack and trench Uncle Sam has become a domestic scientist who thinks in terms of nutritive values and a psychologist who realizes that the stomach's digestive juices will not respond unless the palate telegraphs its approval to the brain.

Never before in the world's history have commanders of troops realized how absolutely an army "moves on its stomach." It would not be going too far to say that a unit in motion is organized around the commissariat. Closer than the artillery to the infantry, or the aviation to either, comes the group of "rolling kitchens," which, their great kettles boiling merrily all day, go mule-drawn into action behind the marching men. Soup is simmering, beef is stewing, the classic beans are heating as the doughty cook wagon bumps along. When the company halts for noon the efficient cook is ready to announce "dinner is served." In appearance it's as simple as the organization of a dining car service; and in actuality many times as complicated.

But months to come, when our American "rolling kitchens" are perched reasonably out of range on a scarred field somewhere in France and our boys from home are emptying their plates of a generous helping of "El Rancho" stew, they may lift their bulletproof helfets to the printed consoler, comforter and friend which has followed them to the trenches—the Manual for Army Cooks, issue of 1916.

As a matter of history the present volume of official recipes is about a dozen years old. It has been collected from many sources by many wise men adorned with uniforms and backed by general orders; but its choicest and best remains in the instinctive inimitable methods of Aunt Diana, who concocted her champion waffles by "jes' tastin'."

* * *

In fact, a large majority of the good and fine points in Uncle Sam's daily menu for his fighters is due to an old commissary sergeant of Fort Riley. His name was Dunne, and he was one of those "born to the griddle," who has the same advantage over the ordinary aspirant to kitchen honors that Kubelik had from birth over the little girl next door.

He was not a man of education in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but he was a first-class Army cook. On scraps of wrapping paper or old bills he kept a copy of every recipe he had ever tried. These were edited by Col. Holbrook, then in command at Fort Riley, and published in a little book called "Methods of Handling Army Rations," which has developed into the "Manual for Army Cooks," the text book in the Army schools for cooks and bakers started in 1900 by Commissary General Sharpe, now quartermaster general. And a perusal of its contents, after sampling the results of its counsel, leaves one little sympathy with the words fitted years ago to the bugler's regular mess call:

Soupe, soupe, soupe,
Without a single bean!
Coffee, coffee, coffee,
Without a drop of cream!
Piggie, piggie, piggie,
Without a streak o' lean!

There is a legend to the effect that there are several amusing musical diatribes against the Army food, but questioning of officers and men at the Washington Barracks School does not reveal them. One sergeant—one of the three "non-coms" in line for their commissions—said that when the food was bad the men "jes' the growl" and wouldn't sing at all, and when it was good they "felt fine and sang the prettiest songs they knew."

* * *

It is rather heartening to think that the men can have the same food in the field as they do in barracks. This is accomplished by the bakeries, which are portable, easily taken down and set up, and by the very remarkable "rolling kitchens," which cook a meal as the Army marches, having lunch or supper ready when the order comes to pitch camp. There are several models of this rolling kitchen, some more intricate than others and some very much more substantial than others. The government has ordered a large number of a model which weighs 3,000 pounds. All of these kitchens have stoves for burning oil and also arrangements for the use of coal or wood. One model, of which the government has ordered a great many, has two double boilers where oatmeal, for instance, may be cooked as the big stove on wheels trails on supply wagon or truck. Also there are direct-heat boilers where coffee may be made, or one of the many delicious stews, the familiar Irish, the savory "El Rancho" (containing everything eatable on a ranch), or the very delectable American stew, invented on the Mexican border and the first favorite at Sammie's table.

There is also an oven where a roast may be brought to a turn, and, as a surprise to you, a big smooth plate where flapjacks come to life. One kitchen will feed 200 men, a war-strength company, and it will need three men to operate it at its maximum capacity.

ARMY BREAD BAKERS AT WORK.

Trailing each kitchen is a fireless cooker with four large compartments. These are very convenient in that the tin receptacles fit either the stove or the fireless department and can be transferred without the bother of emptying of food from one vessel to another.

There are now four regular schools for Army cooks—at Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Fort Riley, Kan.; Monterey, Cal., and Washington barracks. The new cantonments will increase these schools many fold. It takes about four months of rigorous instruction to make a first-class Army cook, but under the intensive method the cantonment cook will be educated in half this time.

Oddly enough, the fact that a man has had previous experience is more apt to be a hindrance than a help, and there is a great deal in his natural endowment.

Take, for instance, the Army Irish stew. It is far removed from the dull washday dish which answers to that name in most households. The vegetables are tender and flavorous; the meat (round steak) is very delicious, because it is properly cooked, and the gravy—it's thick, but not thickening, and so very good with the meat juices and vegetable flavorings skillfully accented with spices that there is a justifiable temptation to wipe the last bit of it from the plate with a piece of the excellent Army bread.

To the average cook and housewife this bread is very remarkable, for it is made without milk and without lard. When you see it going into action in the floured hands of a squad of bakers your comment is that the shortening is "elbow grease," for it is worked until the dough is perfectly smooth. They "cut it over" five times, which takes about forty-five minutes of hard working—so hard no mixing machine is strong enough to do the work.

The most difficult thing to teach the student bakers, or "slick ears," as they are called, is the shaping of a loaf. This must be uniform, as there must always be twelve pounds, divided into six equal loaves, in a pan. The recipe for a batch of bread calls for 200 pounds flour, four pounds sugar, four pounds salt, one and one-half pounds yeast and thirteen and one-quarter gallons of water. The bakery at Washington barracks turns out 2,500 pounds a day, and every man gets his pound.

* * *

There are many very delicious and exceedingly efficient recipes in the Manual for Army Cooks, and Uncle Sam gives his boys all three of their excellent meals for an average of 40 cents a day. If the economy of the Army kitchen could be brought into all American homes we would hear little of food conservation, for the utilization of every edible molecule is nothing short of marvelous, as is the system of accounting for every ingredient that comes out of the storeroom.

On Sunday, June 9, the bakers and cooks' mess had the following meals:

BREAKFAST.

Creamed beef on toast, French toast, butter, fried potatoes, strawberries and cream, coffee with milk, bread.

DINNER.

Chicken soup with noodles, chicken fricassee, cucumbers, young lettuce, white radishes, fruit salad with mayonnaise, strawberry shortcake, lemonade, sliced bread, butter, cheese.

SUPPER.

Beef loaf, brown gravy, creamed potatoes, plain muffins and sirup, lima beans, iced tea.

Now the actual cost of those three meals for 100 men was $50.29. And every gram of every material, as well as every cent of every dollar, is accounted for. Part of the training of a student cook is the preparation of a day's menu, and the listing of the exact amounts and exact cost of every article used.

And if there is any anxious mother who, after reading these lines, still thinks that her boy is going to France to be starved or ill nourished by the government that sent him, let her take these favorite recipes home and try them on her gas range:

BEEF TURKISH (FOR 60 MEN).

Eighteen pounds beef, 5 pounds rice, 1 pound fat (butter preferred), 1 pound flour browned in fat, 2 pounds onions (browned), 3 gallons water.

Make a paste of flour and fat, adding the stock and onions to make a gravy. Cut the meat in one-inch cubes; season with cayenne pepper, salt and a little garlic; roll in flour; and fry in deep lard. After the meat is fried put into medium gravy and allow to simmer for two hours. While cooking it may be necessary to add a little more stock. Meanwhile boil the rice (and fry, if desired) and place around the platter, making a nest in the center into which the stew is poured.

STEW EL RANCHO (FOR 60 MEN).

Twelve pounds meat, fresh, without bone and but little fat, cut in about 1½-inch cubes.

Ten pounds potatoes, 2 cans tomatoes or 6 pounds fresh tomatoes, 3 pounds carrots, quartered lengthwise.

Four pounds turnips, sliced across grain.

Four pounds cabbage, with core in cabbage. Cut from top to bottom in quarters or eighths, depending on size of head.

Three pounds onions, small preferred, whole.

Place the meat and such vegetables as turnips, carrots and tomatoes in a large pan of cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Let simmer until the meat is tender and then add the remaining vegetables, season with salt, chili colorado, comina and oregano, and cook until done. All ingredients should be thoroughly cooked but not broken into pieces in the cooking. The liquid should cover all the solids by about an inch. It should not be pasty, but of the nature of broth gravy, and have a reddish hue from the chili, pepper and tomatoes. The stew is improved by a bunch of parsley chopped fine and added just before serving, and a few sprigs of parsley may be used for garnishing. Serve hot with vegetables, whole as far as possible. Any fresh meat and any vegetable may be used in this stew.

Old mess sergeants declare that the characteristic taste imparted to delicacies out of the "Book" varies with the climate. In the words of the commissariat, "Fort Riley cookin' ain't Monterey cookin'—you can tell 'em at the first mouthful."

Reviews of New Books

MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY. By James W. Gerard, late ambassador to the German imperial court. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Company.

MR. GERARD'S new book is addressed to the whole American people. Its direct and immediate purpose is to put into an every-day, general circulation a body of pertinent fact gathered by him at first hand through four years of official residence in Germany. This message is burdened with truths that are calculated to dispel any illusions that we may possess concerning the immediate exhaustion of Germany either in men, or ships, or foodstuffs and to dissipate any hopes that we may cherish of a revolt of the German people against the imperial government. If there be any left among us who are still seeking justification for the course of the United States in the present conflict between the forces of autocracy and democracy Mr. Gerard's book is calculated to meet one's utmost demand in this direction. The volume is crowded with pictures and incidents, the former portraying the significant features of political and official life in Germany, the latter marking the steps by which the imperial government approached and precipitated a world war. Much in the monstrous situation that has hitherto been wrapped in mystery is here brought to light. Documents of many secret significances are here reproduced in facsimile. A thousand side lights shed by the ambassadorial privilege of the writer illuminate many obscure corners of the German plans for world conquest. The whole is presented with a big and easy informality that, while leading to a ready reading, does not in any way take away from the momentous message of the book itself.

THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT. By Winston Churchill, author of "The Inside of the Cup," etc. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Churchill's new novel—wholly American in color and texture and so modern in outlook and attitude that it drifts out of today into tomorrow for certain of its prepossessions and projects. The "dwelling place of light" is that place of happiness toward which every heart yearns, as plants yearn toward the sun. The plant will not be denied the sun, reaching its light and warmth by never so devious ways. Nor will the human heart. And this is Mr. Churchill's story. A New England factory town is the unlikely place chosen by this writer in which to set up a quest of happiness. The story centers in a young working girl of a general New England fiber, with golden threads running through this sturdy stuff. Love of beauty is here, ambition and a curious effectiveness of spirit that revolts against the traditional bought-and-paid-for attitude of respectable folks toward wifehood. Dangerous combination. So it proves. All the time the girl is doing nothing more than to turn toward the light of beauty, and love, and the joys of knowing more about a very beautiful world. That is wrong. As it turns out, the world is not made beautiful for girls who work at a few dollars a week. Around this truly fine personality are certain groups common to current industrial life—the corporation and its management, the unsatisfied workers, the professional agitators. The story moves in its critical points by way of this industrial ferment. On the outskirts, or rather toward the horizon, are two striking figures of a larger and newer day than that exemplified by the main current of the story itself. It is toward these two, who have in large measure come out on the far side of this strife, that the girl takes her way by reason of her own liberal spirit. This is a big story—perhaps the best in substance and art of Mr. Churchill's work. One wishes it were not quite so long in getting under way—but why be captious about a minor point when, as a whole, the novel is so clearly fine and big?

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN HAY. Introduction by Clarence L. Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

One is glad to find the familiar and beloved "Pike County Ballads" standing in the first place in John Hay's complete poems. No other place would have been right for "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches." Beside this initial group that which gives this edition its particular interest is the hitherto uncollected poems that it contains—thirty or more in number. One of these, written in 1890, is too beautiful to resist. Not only is this exquisite poetry, but it serves also to emphasize that which "Castilian Days," "The Letters" and even "The Life of Lincoln" show—that John Hay possessed in an eminent degree the quality of himself. This poem is "Love's Dawn":

In wandering through waste places of the world,
I met my love and knew not she was mine.
But soon a light more tender, more divine,
Filled earth and heaven; richer cloud-curtains furled
The west at eve; a softer flush impearled
The gates of dawn; a note more pure and fine
Rang in the thrush's song; a rarer shine
Varnished the leaves by May's sweet sun unfurled.
To me, who loved but knew not, all the air
Trembled to shocks of far-off melodies,
As all the summer's rustling thrills the trees
When spring suns strike their bough, asleep and bare.
And then, one blessed day, I saw arise
Love's morning, glorious, in her tranquil eyes.

A GREEN TENT IN FLANDERS. By Maud Mortimer. Illustrations by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The "green tent" is a field hospital of the western battle front. This little book is a sheaf of sketches gathered up by an American woman out of many a poignant hour of service in one of the first of the rescue stations to the rear of the fighting line. Intimate personal sketches, these; sketches of shrapnel-torn poilus—Etienne, Louis, Eugene Sureau—and many another, over whose heroic endurance and gentle courtesy and gallant heart-breaking gayety one weeps openly in a tribute of pride over such human stuff and pity for its monstrous degradation. A heart-searching little book that stirs one with its infinite sadness. "Eugene Sureau, 79th Territorials." That is all. A card over your bed and indelibly written also in my memory. Why do I so remember you, Eugene Sureau? You came in the night when I was not even on duty. I did not see your wounds. Sometimes that gaping indecent horror photographs itself on the mind. Now we have wrapped you in your shroud and fastened the corner with its purple satin cross over your head. And what are you to me, Eugene Sureau, but a name, a fine line, a thrill at one more turn of the screw among so many others heroically borne? And yet you live for me. On some sunny countryside in France are your mother, your wife, your 'gosses'—playing at soldiers, perhaps, and talking of your homecoming. All unconscious are they that you lie here, shrapnel-torn in this darkened sleeping ward, still warm but dead, while I, stooping down, give you in their place the kiss of peace which in the east the living give the dead. Why does your name so echo in my memory? What were you, Eugene Sureau? So, stopping now and then in the urgent rush of work, and more work, the writer enlists the heart of one, as few in their stories of war service have had the power and the gift to do.

MARCHING MEN. By Sherwood Anderson, author of "Windy McPherson's Son," etc. New York: John Lane Company.

Such admirable writing! One picks up "Marching Men" with a hand of accustomed indifference. He has picked up so many futile books. Pretty soon, and only half-consciously, he begins to take notice that he is in good company. Little packed words step, businesslike, into short crisp sentences—that one a picture, this one an event, that one over there a personality. And just at the right moment he comes upon McGregor—the boy of unrest, the youth of vision, the man of action. It is by way of McGregor that one falls in step with the marching men, with all the working men of the world, swinging off into one triumphal procession toward a better partaking of the world's happiness, as they have already partaken so fully of the world's work. It is the story of a vision, of a dream—McGregor's dream of a world made over. The story ends in the storm of a Chicago labor uprising—and the dream has not come true. McGregor is a triumph for any man to have achieved—an idealist, a reformer, a brawny unlettered man of action, whose failure does not lie so much in any flaw in his own vision as in the fact that the marching men themselves are possessed of no vision. A fine piece of literary realism in its method as it is a masterly and dramatic picture of one of the uppermost conditions of modern life.

VAGABONDING DOWN THE ANDES. By Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," etc. Illustrations by the author. New York: The Century Company.

Half the value of being a good vagabond would be lost if the vagabond were not, at one and the same time, a good story teller. Harry Franck is both. By virtue of the second gift readers are permitted to go along with this glorified hobo, tramping from Panama to Buenos Aires. Cold, heat, hunger, fever, aching bones and screaming muscles are all in the day's work here. And, indeed, these are mostly forgotten in the interest of each new day's poking around in the intricacies of South American human nature, when one is so fortunate as to strike the infrequent human nature of much of this long and dreary trail. An astonishing amount of intimate detail piles up around this journey—striking pictures of the country, intimate views of the natives, grimly humorous records of daily happenings and a very substantial drawing off of the prime essentials of this giant walking tour. Innumerable photographs of the vagabond's own taking illuminate the text of this 600-page book of personal adventure. It is an amazingly rich report, rich in substance and riotously rich in color.

A NATURALIST OF SOULS: Studies in Psychography. By Gamaliel Bradford, author of "Lee, the American," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Washington: Brentano's.

Sainte-Beuve, explaining his method of literary criticism, called himself "a naturalist of souls"—one who gathers up souls, as the scientist gathers plants, analyzing them for those individual and essential qualities that make them what they are. Mr. Bradford, taking pretty much the same method, calls it "psychography." In substance it stands as a protest against the long dead-levels of conventional biography with its arid time sequence—a wasteful and unfocused process. On the other hand, it claims a fluid superiority over the detached, cut-out effects of mere literary portraiture. By way of the ten studies of this volume, Mr. Bradford gives a demonstration of the method of psychography. The English poet, Donne; the Italian poet, Leopardi; Alexander Dumas, Anthony Trollope—and six others—serve as the subjects of this demonstration. To find the soul of the writer—to discover those inherent and persistent essences and qualities that lie beneath superficial layers and accidental appearances—this is his point of departure along the road of making a critical estimate of the work of the writer. As one reads here he finds that the method partakes of both biography and portraiture—the critical points of the former, the shifting views of the latter. But it has more than these, and by this much more one does arrive at a more satisfying standing place from which to appraise the permanent values, from which to seize the personal idiosyncrasy of the writers here brought to the test of Mr.