

THE PEARL.

The pearl is the only gem that does not require the lapidary's art to bring out its beauty.

Here's Another Installment of the Self-Analyzing Reflections of Mary MacLane From Her Latest Book

The Times' Daily Magazine Page

Women Inventors. A woman is the inventor of a suit case made in three parts and with legs that unfold to support it so it can be used as a dressing table.

Mary MacLane AND THE COLD BOILED POTATO AT MIDNIGHT She Says: "If I Had a Broken Arm or If There Was a Burglar in the House, I Should Disregard Each If I Had Also a Cold Boiled Potato."

Mary MacLane, the authoress of many personalities, writes a unique chapter in her book, "I, Mary MacLane," on the impressions produced upon her versatile mind by eating a cold potato at midnight.

Most of us have eaten a cold potato, but perhaps not at midnight. Mrs. MacLane heads this particular chapter of this book, published by F. A. Stokes Co., "God Compensate Me."

IT'S a Sunday midnight and I've just eaten a Cold Boiled Potato. I shall never be able to write one-tenth of my fondness for a Cold Boiled Potato.

A Cold Boiled Potato is always an unpremeditated episode which is its chief charm. It's nice to happen on a book of poetry on a window sill. It's nice to surprise a square of chocolate in a glove box. It's nice to come upon a little yellow apple in ambush. It's nice to get an unexpected letter from Jane Hillmore. It's nice to unearth a reserve fund of silk stockings under a sofa pillow. And especially it's nice to find a Cold Boiled Potato on a pantry shelf at midnight.

I like cavare at luncheon. And I like venison at dinner—dark and bloody and rich. And I like champagne bubbling passionately in a hollow-stemmed glass on New Year Day. And I like terrapin turtle. And I like French-Canadian game pie. And artichokes and grapes and baby onions. And none of them has the old gnome-like charm of a Cold Boiled Potato at midnight.

It Has Its Pedestal. I can imagine no circumstances in which a Cold Boiled Potato would not take precedent with me at midnight. If I had a broken arm; if I had a husband lying dead in the next room; if I were facing abrupt worldly disaster; if there were a burglar in the house; if I had a day full of depression; if God and opportunity were knocking and clamoring at my door—I should disregard each and all some minutes at midnight if I had also a Cold Boiled Potato.

I love to read Keats' "Nightingale" in my hushed life. I love to remember Caruso at the Metropolitan singing "Celeste Aida." I love to watch the bewitchingly blond Blanche Sweet in a moving picture. I love to feel the summer moonlight on my eyelids. And it's disarmingly contented I am with a Cold Boiled Potato at midnight.

Content is my rarest emotion, and I get it at midnight out of a Cold Boiled Potato.

Some things in life thrill me. Some drive me garbally mad. Some uplift me. Some debauch me. Some strengthen and enlighten me. Some hurt, burn, hurt. But I'm not thrilled nor maddened nor uplifted nor debauched nor strengthened nor enlightened nor hurt, but only fed-up and fattened in spirit by a Cold Boiled Potato at midnight.

I Say, "Gee, It's Good!" I stand in the pantry door leaning against the jamb, with a tiny glass saltshaker in one hand and the sweet dark pink Cold Boiled Potato in the other. And I sprinkle it with salt and I nibble, nibble, nibble. And I say aloud, "Gee, it's good!"

I liked Cold Boiled Potato at four-and-twenty. I liked it at seventeen. I liked it at twelve. At three I climbed on cake boxes in search of one. And now in the deep bloom of being myself I am made roundly replete at midnight with a Cold Boiled Potato.

A Cold Boiled Potato—it tastes of chestnuts at midnight, the first frost-kissed chestnuts in the woods; and it tastes of rainwater, and of salt and of roses; it tastes of young willow bark and of earth and of grass stems; it tastes of the sun and the wind and of some nameless relishingly-borne of the summer hillside that grew it; it tastes at midnight so like a Cold Boiled Potato.

A precious peach-colored orchid, an antique spider-web like lace handkerchief, a delicate purple butterfly, an emerald bracelet; I'd strive for each of those in an eagerly casual way. But it's like



As the artist pictures Mary MacLane nibbling the cold boiled potato.

an ogre at midnight I pounce on a Cold Boiled Potato.

It Brings Up Memories. A Cold Boiled Potato reminds me of the Dickens books in which so much food is eaten cold and tastes so savory—even the "wilderness of cold potatoes" portioned to the Marchioness by Sallie Brass.

And it reminds me of the Rip Van Winkle play—"Give this fellow a cold potato and let him go." And it reminds me of Hamlet—funeral baked meats might include it. And it reminds me of Robin Hood's merry men, and Huckleberry Finn and the Canterbury Pilgrims and the Prodigal Son, and all the picture-book wayfarers. It reminds me of the poor as a colorful race wrapped around with hungry romance. It reminds me that life is full of life-rich and fruitful and evolutionary and cosmic; few things feel so cosmic times as a Cold Boiled Potato at midnight.

It makes me want as I nibble to plant a field of potatoes on a southern exposed hill and hoe them and dig them all by myself; and give all but one to the poor and boil that to eat Cold at midnight.

I have to be very hungry to crave a Cold Boiled Potato; but being hungry, no possible morsel of food can so interest me at midnight. The same potato hot is domestic ant-tasteful. The same potato at 10 in the evening lukewarm within and sodden with memories of dinner. It is still unexpected magnetism. At midnight my whole being

is profoundly courteous, woefully cordial toward a Cold Boiled Potato. If I had only what I deserved my portion might well be a Cold Boiled Potato. Intrinsically it is rated low and I know me to be a sort of Jezebel. But I'd wonder each midnight; if whenever metes out the deserts in this surprising universe know with what gusto I rise at it—would I get it?

Nor am I satisfied like the meek and lowly with my midnight supper of Cold Boiled Potato; damn the meek and lowly. It's a satanic delight I take in it. It's a sly private orle I make of it; a pirate's banquet, a thieves' picnic, a pagan rite, a heathen revelry, a conceit all and unhallovedly my own. My thoughts as I nibble are set mostly on my villainies. No food I eat brings me so broad a license of feeling—a sense of freedom—as a Cold Boiled Potato at midnight.

On a Cold Boiled Potato at midnight I am lightly valorous; call me a trickster and I'll call you a rotter; call me a liar and I'll call you a traitor; call me a coward and I'll call you another; not pugnaciously, but calmly and serenely. I am then in my most bespeaking mood. I am alone in the stand, nibbling in a pantry doorway at midnight would be charmed. I would talk with a dainty ribaldry and offer to share the feast.

For shadow-things piled too near God compensates me in unexpected midnight with a Cold Boiled Potato; to stand in and a little glass salt-shaker to hold in my other hand.

stands out with significant individuality. People who engage them to mow their lawns know that work will be done with artistic perfection. Their reputation has extended through a large city neighborhood, so that practically all the forenoon hours are occupied with this exhilarating work. Last season they earned nearly \$100 and this season's effort promises more. A major part of the money goes into a building and saving association.

Now, it is not sufficient to point the moral that Charles and Ida will be well off financially some day. Many cheap and low grade men somehow come into possession of wealth. The most cheering thought is that these two boys are on their way to substantial citizenship. They are free from boy vices. Both are regular in the day and Sunday-school classes and are good to their mothers. They are indeed two youthful masters of a certain part of the world's needed work, and have been led to the secret fountain of joy in everyday life.

Attractive Trifles For The Summer

By Rita Stuyvesant.

ACCESSORIES are those delightful little touches that lend charm to the most ordinary costumes. Designers have certainly not failed us this Summer in the matter of accessories. What woman does not adore these indescribable little touches that make her appear so lovely and feminine? The wise woman knows that a simple gown may be given a distinct personality if correct accessories are used. And such dainty affairs there are for Summer wear that Dame Fashion has become enthusiastic. So delightfully simple are these little beautifiers to copy that any woman who is at all handy can turn out some fetching little creations.

One designer has imported a charming set, consisting of a hat, bag and cape. The material is navy blue taffeta, lined with figured net and brightened by "confetti-sprinkled" lines.

The cape is both quaint and demure, being cut somewhat like a very deep Quaker collar, rounded, but ending in points well separated in front. Two long taffeta streamers are tied in a cunning bow and hold the cape in place. Little diamond-shaped pieces of "confetti-lines" are inserted at the front point of the collar. Figured net lines this dainty Summer cape.

There is a stunning envelope bag that belongs with this set. It also is made of taffeta and is cut a good size. A pointed flap is folded over the bag and fastened with a durable snap hook. The string of the bag is fashioned of a narrow strip of silk, machine stitched, and is slipped under the flap and stitched

at the corners. Very effective is the triangular piece of "confetti-lines" that decorates the envelope flap of this attractive bag, which is also lined throughout with figured net.

The hat that completes this outfit is of "coachman" shape. A buckram frame could easily be covered by blue taffeta and finished at back by a neat bow. The exact method of making such a hat has been described before.

Another charming set consists of a taffeta scarf and wide giraffe belt. Sea green was chosen and was very cool looking. The scarf was about twelve inches wide and reached to the waistline in front. Both ends of the scarf were gently rounded and the whole was completely outlined by a narrow lording. The material was lightly shirred on the cording.

Very pretty indeed was the platted edging applied under the cording. Strips of taffeta about an inch wide were platted and machine platted. A rosette of the plating gave a smart finish to the ends of the scarf. Sand-colored Georgette crepe was used for lining, though chiffon or net might be substituted.

A wide giraffe belt was constructed very much like the scarf. The edges were corded and also showed the fine plating. A platted rosette was substituted for a belt buckle and made a very good-looking closing. A large hook and eye was hidden under the cording.

Vells are another accessory that have gained remarkably in popularity during the past season. Very sheer black silk net may be edged with fine black lace to form a fascinating screen for the complexion. An extremely simple matter to purchase a well containing a becoming edge and embroider a few figures through the mesh. One will find this very economical as well as pleasing.

With the Summer designers offering us so many delightful accessories, no woman can afford to be without these little touches that add so much to her appearance.

Advice to the Married

By Aunt Sophie.

I knew a little woman out in California several years ago who looked at life much as does Mrs. Whaleback, of Duluth. She was so happy that she was miserable, to use an old Irish bull. Her happiness worried her. It seemed too good to last, and she was always saying as much to her friends and neighbors. She seemed to think that happiness has no steady place in a life. When a Buddhist where she got that idea, but I suppose she read it somewhere in a book or optimistic weekly. In any event, the Buddhist had a haunting fear that on the Seven Twenty-three Some morning he will disappear.

HERE is an odd case. Mrs. Winifred Whaleback, of Duluth, Minn., writes me Aunt Sophie gets some very dippy letters at times, but this letter is simply idiotic, or so it seems to me.

How can a woman be TOO happy? Life is so short and sand-strewed at its best that we ought to get a strange hold on what little happiness gets some sort of set-back. That was the system I played all the years of my married life, and now that I am a lone widow I can look back and say that I played more than even. Ah, yes!

I hold that no married woman, or single woman either, can be TOO happy. Sooner or later she is going to get some sort of set-back, whoever or wherever she may be, and when these setbacks come it is always grand to have a surplus of happiness stored up in the system to protect it from melancholia. A surplus of happiness, like a little overweight, protects the nerves, as any doctor will tell you for the customary fee. Let the happiness cook in, say it!

The Manicure Lady

By William F. Kirk.

"It seems to me," said the Manicure Lady as she hung up her raincoat and wet little hat, "that I haven't ever saw such moist weather."

"Some days must be dark and dreary," said the Head Barber, quoting a line he dimly remembered having read in school. "I wouldn't mind if it was once in a while," said the Manicure Lady, "but this constant gloom is getting me into a state of sadness that not even tips can chase away. I just set here and look at the rain splashing on the pavements and wonder if maybe the heavens aren't weeping just on account of all this terrible war."

HICTANER--"The Man Fish" Who Succeeded In Sinking a Navy.

By JEAN DE LA HIRE



Hictaner had attached his apparatus at different depths throughout the waters of the globe.

(Copyright, 1917.)

PART I.—(Continued.) HICTANER by little I sent Hictaner to search for the great treasures strewn along the coasts of Spain and Portugal by battles and shipwrecks.

"At the same time I was bringing together, from the four corners of the globe, sixty of my brother priests and monks in the Buddhist faith. They were to form the nucleus of my society.

"I bought a steamer, loaded it with treasures raised from the ocean—with judiciously chosen raw materials, with objects fashioned of wood, iron, bronze, aluminum, silver, ivory, and glass—I came to this Lost Isle, whose vast grottoes had once been revealed to me through chance and a shipwreck."

"What!" exclaimed Severac, "this isn't the place where Hictaner was created and reared?" "No, that was on a deserted island in the Balearic archipelago, where there are countless half-marine, half-subterranean caverns. Oxus and I built a house over one of these caverns, which was known only to ourselves.

"But I will continue. "My sixty confederates came here, and under the direction of Oxus and myself arranged these grottoes just as you found them when you landed. You have seen some of the members of the society, for, with the exception of three, who died, they are all at the Lost Isle.

"When all was done, Oxus and I reviewed the situation. "All but two things were perfect. "Hictaner had only the speed of the ordinary good swimmer, and that would not at all suffice for my projects. Besides, we needed light and heat. The best agent is electricity."

"Of course," murmured Severac. "But we did not know how to manufacture it easily and practically. "It was at that juncture that I read an article upon your discovery of new ways to increase the dynamic power of electricity. It was published, you remember, in an anarchistic magazine which had found its way to our library.

"I set sail for France and arrived on the night before you were to go to the guillotine. "The priest was silent. He watched Severac, but not a muscle moved in the engineer's face, though his eyes had closed.

"I corrupted the jailers with riches—"An Emperor and a King visited Paris. "On the fourth day of their stay they had attended a gala performance at the opera, and were seated once more in their open landau in company with the President of the republic and a famous general. You had rented a room facing the Avenue d'Opera in one of the large hotels. "As the landau passed, you shot the Emperor, King, and general with a long-distance electric current sent by a weapon of your own invention.

"As the President of a republic is only a phantom of power, you spared him alone. "Your weapon, either ill-managed or still unperfected, went off in your hands and burned you badly. This was the cause of your arrest and your notoriety. "Severac had opened his eyes now

worked. "By installing wires in the sea at different depths and establishing a circuit through them, you have produced a constant supply of electricity through the difference of temperature between the surface and the bottom. "You have built machines to unlash, receive, hold, and distribute this electricity at will. "You have invented marvelous batteries, and the dynamo which drives the torpedo its mad speed of 105 miles an hour. "Some of my brothers have aided you, of course, for there are expert men among them. "As for Oxus, he has invented tiny torpedoes with clockwork mechanism and has manufactured an explosive for them ten times more powerful than melinit.

"At the same time he was Hictaner's ever-watchful physician, as he had been his general creator. "As for me, I had my faithful confederates in perfect training for their future work as kernel and keystone of my society. They will be delegated to govern the world. "Furthermore, I had finished forming Hictaner's mind and I had fixed with him upon the vast plan which was to overturn the powers and impose our dominion upon their forever! "At last all was ready. "One night I was taken by motorboat to the very port of Bushire. I crossed Persia, Turkey, and Europe. "At Berlin I saw the Emperor and gave him, as I gave by one means or another to all the heads of state of the world, an ultimatum of surrender or war. "Then I came back. "On February 1 a message came from the brother on guard at our Balearic wireless telegraph station. "The message was received and sent automatically from post to post. "Hictaner has attached his apparatus at different depths throughout the waters of the globe. "It came here. No one had surrendered. "I warned them, but men are blind and deaf. "Hictaner was in readiness before a receiver in a cove of the island of Heligoland. His boat was loaded with thirty torpedoes. "He heard an order. He obeyed. "Your torpedo flew from Heligoland to Tokohama. "The explosives were set off in harbors and on the bows of ships apparatus at different depths throughout the waters of the globe. "Hour by hour I got more of the tragic news from the Balearic station. "Now it was from one of my brothers stationed at the Indian Ocean post, now it was from the post in the Pacific. "The world was terrified. "An international congress of ambassadors met at Marseilles to decide upon their procedure against this nefarious mystery and to decant upon the mystery itself. Idiots! Did they expect to disarm me by empty words? I want nothing less than their complete submission. Now, I have notified the world of a truth until the 31st of March. I have recalled Hictaner, and I am waiting!" "M. Severac, you have indeed

Make Your Boy a Master

By Wm. A. McKeever,

one of the Nation's Authorities on Children and Sociological Problems. I HAVE urged more than once that there is a vein of genius, or at least a bright talent, potentially present in the make-up of every ordinary child, and which can be brought to its own through careful training.

Now I contend also that genuine happiness for any common life comes not from possession but from achievement. It is not what we have—that soon grows stale—but what we do, that brings a full measure of joy to our daily existence. Therefore, if you wish to make your boy happy, content with clean honest living and with modest belongings, teach him mastery of something worth while to do.

I know a boy, now sixteen, who owns and carries a paper route. For three or four years he worked at this business as a hireling and at other odd tasks till he saved up \$150, which he paid for the route. His income for an hour per day carrying and one day per month collecting is \$16 per month. This pays a major part of his expenses while at school. He can rent the route at \$4 per month, which is more than thirty per cent on the investment.

But what this youth has especially mastered is the right method of approaching his patrons on collection day. This achievement wins him the respect of business men and of his friends. "I have to tackle each one of my subscribers in a particular way," he said in explaining his method. "With some I must jest, with others I must be stern and with still others business-like. Some expect me to call as a pleasant visitor, and so on." I know a boy who is a master at kite making and who makes a nice little income from this juvenile craft. At first he merely made his own kites of various pattern and flew them for the admiration of himself and his friends. Then a merchant asked him to bring a half dozen to his toy store, where they would be offered for sale. "Tony's kites"—named after their maker—are now acquiring a reputation for wholesomeness and reliability, and they are firmly put together and rightly balanced and will withstand rough usage.

Now there is little likelihood that Tony will ever become tough or disipated. He is a master of his amateur art and his life is too full of wholesome joy in work and play to have room for the coarse and rude. I know two boys eleven and twelve, Charles and Ida by name, who are the sole members of the "Well-Cut Lawn Company." They have owned a lawn mower and rake and clippers for more than two years, and their work already