This is the anniversary of the death, in 1768, of Laurence Sterne, the Irish humorist, whose Tristam Shandy made him a lion among the literary notables of England. His characters are original and live as examples of creative genius.

The Washington Times Magazine Page

Men have used body armor of some kind since earliest days. Except in withstanding severer ballistic tests, neither our modern plate nor our padded armor seems to be much improved over the old helmet and corselet.

BIRTHRIGHT

A Fascinating Romance of Society In Which a Poor Rich Girl Sponsors a Rich Poor Girl.

THE STORY SO FAR.

Patricia Chesebrough, lovely daughter of an old, impoverished family, is forced to make her own way in the world. She has the entree into society, her relatives stand for culture, wealth and exclusiveness. Into the city come the Palmers — nobodies — made millionaires by a patent medicine concoction. The father dies, leaving a rheumatic widow, a young circle son, and a daughter away at school. Mrs. Palmer asks Patricia to call at "The Castle" and her son, bluntly states the position of the family as outsiders who want to get in.

By Kathleen Norris.

PATRICIA was too much embarrassed to answer. The unattended receptions and dinners at "The Castle," and the ungratified desire of Mrs. Palmer to enter Deerbridge's inner social circle, were still fresh in Deerbridge's mind.

"Now, I don't care much about a little Western town like this!" Dan said, magnificently, "but Pansy does. She's coming home, and she wants to come out. She wants to belong to the Countrywoman's Club and the Entre Nous dances. We—we practically built this house for Pansy. My mother liked the old house better, really But we want Pansy to have a good time. We want her to marry the right man, some day. And that's—that's where you come in!" he added.

"Well, but—but surely you have friends here who will be glad to welcome her," Patricia murmured. Her tone was pleasantly aloof, but her cheeks were burning with the awkwardness of the talk. "I should—since you have been so good as to take me into your confidence—I should certainly advise you to ask the friends you have to the house, she pursued. "Give dinners, widen her natural circle of friends in the—in the natural way. Wouldn't that be the wisest plan?" she suggested, hopefully.

"It would, if we had lots of time," the brother agreed. "But the season will be opened in about another month. When do those Entre Nous invitations go out?"

"I don't think it would be possible for her, this year"—Patricia began, gently, regretfully. "My aunt, Mrs. Anthony Page, is really in charge of that, and I imagine that the list is all made up by this time."

"Exactly, your aunt is Mrs. Page," he said, "and you are related to the Pomeroys and Eyres and Throckmortons, aren't you? Exactly. Now, I'll tell you our proposition. Miss Chesebrough, and you can take it or leave it, just as you see fit."

FREE AS AIR.

His rather heavy face was lit by excitement now, and he was leaning forward in his chair. "You have undoubted position here," he said. "You belong to one of the oldest families, and you have relatives in all the others. You know them all, and just how they grade socially, and they know you. Now I'm not asking you to come here to live, that isn't my idea at all. I'm asking you to meet my sister—you'll like her—and to take her about with you, and get her started.

"You'll know better than I how to manage it. You will be supposedly cataloguing our books, but you will be as free as air. You'll have the cars and the boat—anything; all the money you need! And, of course, I'll make it worth your while. You're a business woman, and I'm talking business.

"You understand this," he continued earnestly, "and I'll bank three hundred dollars to your account on the first day of every month. More than that, if Pansy marries, and marries decently, twenty-five thousand dollars cash. Now, how about it?"

Patricia's first thought was that of all the delicious gossip that had been drifting about concerning the Palmers this was the most delectable scrap. She must remember every word of this for her intimates to laugh over.

But the mention of $300 a month had given her a second's resentful pause. They could offer her this—these plebeians! And, oh, she groaned in her heart, "Why couldn't it be something I could do?"

PATRICIA WAS POOR.

For Patricia was poor, only herself knew how desperately and how humiliatingly poor. She went to luncheons and teas, she drifted in and out of the Countrywoman's Club, the city's most exclusive doors were open to Patricia; but she owed money at her cheap little boarding house and she had not a dollar in the world.

"She don't have to marry money!" Mrs. Palmer said, when the son paused "but a gentleman, that's all. Now she met a man coming across the ocean, two years ago, and she liked him real well and he didn't have a cent. But she was only sixteen then, and, of course, she was only a little girl. But a man like that, I mean. It was Sidney Hutchinson, the artist——"

Sidney Hutchinson! Patricia's heart gave a spring. But immediately amusement blotted out every other emotion. Sidney the exquisite, Sidney the rare, casually allotted to Pansy Palmer. She had a quick vision of him, in his dainty smock, dreaming over his piano; she seemed to hear his strangely sure and half-cynical comment upon a book.

"D'ye know him?" asked Dan.

"Oh, very well. He—I've known him since before father's death, eight years ago. He is just painting my debutante cousin, Roberta Throckmorton."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Hundred Dollar Question

SYNOPSIS.

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Ellsworth, a young married couple, finds employment as secretary to Eustibo Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a $500 gold note, after she has discovered him and a Japanese studying a map, and takes her to lunch.

She discovers her sweetheart, Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl. She is jealous of the Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Edith becomes suspicious as to what is going on in the office. She is satisfied that no oil stock is being sold, but she cannot guess what her mysterious employers' real business is.

Her employer, after paying her many compliments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the office, expresses a desire to be introduced to her sweetheart, which amazes her.

HE LEANED OVER AND KISSED ME.

When they don't blow their brains out, they usually pursue the course Willard is pursuing—disparaging the other man, and trying to make him out a crook. Not that I think Willard really would say anything malicious about anybody unless he thought he had just cause. But I'm afraid his jealousy is forcing his imagination to run away with him.

And if Willard thinks Mr. Alvarez is—all of the things he said he is—why doesn't he ask me to quit working for him? Why should he wish me to be thrown in daily contact with a man—like that? I'm quite sure if he really believed half of the things he says he does, he wouldn't want me to work there a day.

ACTS AS SPY.

And certainly if he really loved me he wouldn't want to keep me working for a man of questionable character. And certainly if he cared so terribly much for me he wouldn't want me to stay there and act as a spy—at the expense of my own reputation.

Which is practically what Willard has asked me to do. That's what he told me the other night—the night he couldn't tell me everything.

I quite agree with him that he didn't tell me everything. He told me so little—and yet so much—that I've been positively miserable ever since. All the time I'm in the office I feel like somebody's going to come up behind me and press a gun against my ribs, and tell me to "give up the papers" or something.

Of course Willard says there's no danger of my getting mixed up in anything. But if I'll keep my head, he said, and see everything I can and report to him everything I see, I can be a lot of help in solving this great mystery existence of which seems to be known only to Willard of all the persons in the world.

I didn't exactly promise. I didn't say I would; and I didn't say I wouldn't. The truth is, I didn't feel that I was free to make any such promise. But I couldn't tell Willard that. I couldn't tell him about that five hundred dollar gold lien note. At first I'd thought I might. But as things had developed I wouldn't have told him for the world.

In the first place, I know he'd have insisted that I give it back to him. And in the second place, he'd probably have misjudged Mr. Alvarez's intentions in giving it to me.

So the most I could do was to tell Willard I would do all I could to help him—without making any actual promises. I wanted time to think the matter over.

INSANE CHATTER.

And when Grace had Willard to dinner that night, I had had time to think the matter over. And I wasn't any nearer a decision than I was when Willard had asked me. Which probably accounted for my state of mind and my general peevishness. And which also made me terribly glad to get an opportunity to lose myself in the frivolous lightness of a New York musical comedy.

"Discovered anything?" Willard whispered to me, during the intermission after the act.

"Nothing," I wishpered in return. Bob was sitting on my side, and I was afraid to say more.

"You will," Willard answered, 'Just keep looking—and listening." Which I though was rather catty on his part, considering, as I did, that he really had nothing on which to base such insidious assumption.

To show my utter contempt for his suspicions I didn't answer, but just kept my eyes on the stage. Besides, I'd come to the show to get my mind off of work and worries, and I didn't intend to have my evening spoiled by Willard's insane chatter. However, his next remark did make me sit up and take notice.

"Do you think—I wonder if you could arrange for me to meet Mr. Alvarez?" he said.

I was glad the orchestra was playing loud just about then. If it hadn't been I know everybody in the place would have heard the exclamation of surprise that escaped me.

"Why, I——" For just a minute I couldn't answer. I was so flabbergasted. First, Mr. Alvarez wanted to meet Willard. And now Willard wanted to meet Mr. Alvarez. Certainly something WAS going on. And certainly I was right in the midst of it—although I hadn't the faintest idea what it was all about. "Why, I," I began again in the lowest whisper I could muster, "I should think it could be easily arranged.

INVENTORY.

"I wish you would," he answered. And that was all he said. During the remainder of the show he sat there and kept his eyes glued on those bare-back chorus girls, and hardly paid any attention to me at all.

After I got home and to bed, I went over the whole thing in my mind—as much as I could get together disjointedly.

And the result of my inventory left me as puzzled as ever. All the knowledge I had amounted to something like this:

Willard knew Juanita. And Juanita knew Mr. Alvarez. Willard wanted to know Mr. Alvarez and Mr. Alvarez wanted to know Willard. Neither Willard nor Mr. Alvarez knew that the other had asked to be introduced by me. Juanita was in love with Willard—of that I was sure. Willard claimed to care nothing for her—of that I wasn't so sure. Both Mr. Alvarez and Willard pretended to care for me. Something mysterious was supposed to be going on in that office where I was working. I was bound by a $500 gold lien note not to tell anything I might see.

And I had half way promised to divulge to Willard any information I might get.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

$100 $100

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$100 $100

This serial story has no name. The Washington Times will pay $100 in gold to the person who submits the best title.

Read the story every day in The Washington Times and, when the last instalment has been printed, send in your suggestions for titles.

The title must consist of three words or less.

Story Written By

Winnie Davis Freeman

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Like Maryland Cooking?

Clip These RECIPES AND LEARN HOW

From the Melwood Cook Book.

ROAST CHICKEN.

It is not wise to roast a chicken weighing less than three pounds, and the heavier it is the better it will be after it is roasted.

Clean, draw, and salt and pepper it inside and out. Stuff with the following stuffing, return to the pan, dust with salt and pepper and cover with flour. At least a cupful of water should be in the pan, and if the chicken is not a fat one, slices of fat meat, bacon, or pork should be laid over the chicken, which should be placed on the breast when it is first placed in the oven. When it has well browned on its back, it should be turned over and the slices arranged over its breast, unless they are too brown. A piece of butter will do as well, and should be softened and spread over the breast and allowed to cook at least fifteen minutes before it is again basted. Thrust a sharp fork into the thick part of the thigh, and watch the water that runs out. If it is pinkish the chicken is not cooked, but if colorless and the flesh has withdrawn from the bones of the legs, the chicken is ready to be sent to the table.—Mrs. Percy Duvall.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

Line a deep dish or a very large sized pie plate with puff paste. Bake in the oven until a light brown. Remove from the pie plate to the serving dish and bake a second piece of puff paste the same size as the first piece. When the pastry is ready to be served have previously capped and washed ripe strawberries, thickly strewed with sugar and fill the first piece of pastry level full, then over this pour beaten sweetened cream, until the cream comes up on the side of the pastry. Place the second piece on top of the filled piece and fill that with the sweetened berries. Sift plenty of powdered sugar over this and pile it high with sweetened whipped cream.—Mrs. Percy Duvall.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

2 pounds raisin, one light and one dark.
½ pound citron.
1 pound currants.
½ pound English walnuts.
1 pound brown sugar.
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.
½ teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.
1 pound suet.
1 pound flour.
1 teaspoonful salt.

Mix dry ingredients, beat lightly seven eggs and add a half cup milk. Stir this into the dry mixture.

Dip a cloth in hot water, flour well and tie the pudding in it tightly. Boil five hours. Serve with "hard" sauce.—Miss Carrie J. Harrison.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.

Cream together
¼ cup lard.
¼ cup butter.
¼ cup sugar.
1 egg.
1 teaspoonful cinnamon.
½ teaspoonful nutmeg.
½ teaspoonful allspice.
2 cupfuls sweetened apple sauce, as for the table.
2 cups flour, in which is mixed
2 teaspoonfuls soda.
1 cup floured raisins.

Bake in a slow oven one and a half hours.

(Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. Percy Duvall.)

Cleverness and Greatness

The other night I saw a clever cat. He sat on the fence in the moonlight, all alone. He looked up at the moon and opened his mouth. I braced myself for what I believed to be coming, namely, his effort at self expression. But, no, this was a clever cat. Like O. Henry, he dealt in clever surprises. In his attitude there was something of suspense. My waiting nervous system felt the strain of it. Then he gave voice to a great silence. He said nothing in a dramatic way. With a self-satisfied smirk on his pussy face he jumped off the fence gracefully and disappeared into the night. He was a clever cat. He did the unexpected in an original and artistic way. He annoyed me, for he failed to live up to my conception of cats, yet I felt a certain admiration for him.

The next night another cat sat on the fence. This was a great cat, though his appearance was far from prepossessing. He was scrawny, and his coat bore, all too plainly, the scars of many a "foughten field." The divine light of unrest burned in his eyes. He threw back his head and poured out his very soul in vigorous expression, sincere and earnest, though unappreciated. Nothing daunted by the lack of applause, or by the shower of missiles directed at his scared person, he gave full vent to his message in a form which, though unconventional, seemed best to fit his muse. Then, with an air of utter abandon, he shook the dust of the fence from his unconcerned feet and disappeared. "This," thought I, my ears still ringing, "was truly a great cat. He had a message and he gave it. Let the world receive it or reject it as it will."

Romance Aids Saving Habit

For the first time in his life the romantic but impecunious young Wayne is saving money. After trying out all sorts of "budget plans" and dime banks he has hit upon what he believes is the real psychology of saving. It conbines practicability with thrift and romance.

"You see," he explains, "it's hard to shove a whole dollar away in the old cigar box and a quarter isn't quite enough to justify putting it away. So I've started now dropping every 50-cent piece I get in the box. You really don't notice the 50 cents, especially when you break a dollar bill to buy cigarettes or a newspaper or some inexpensive thing which leaves you considerable silver. The pieces pile up rapidly, too.

"But the real inducement is this: I'm not a miser, but there's a certain romance and glamour about a handful of half dollars—something smacking of Captain Kidd and the Spanish Main. I don't know what 'pieces of eight' looked like, but I'm sure if they looked like our present-day 50-cent pieces I should have turned pirate myself. A cartwheel is too rarely found in the East, and besides it's an awkward coin—and in the greasy, germ-laden dollar bills, there is no beauty or hint of romance."

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest. Clip Them.

DOLLY VARDEN CAKE.

3 eggs.
2 cups granulated sugar.
2-3 cup of crisco.
1 cup milk.
2½ cups flour.
2 rounding teaspoons baking powder.

Cream sugar, crisco and egg yolks together, add the milk, then the beaten whites of the eggs, and stir in the flour in which the baking powder has been sifted.

Then turn half the batter into another dish, flavor one half with lemon (6 drops of "Pitkin" tube flavor was used in this cake, it contains no alcohol and equals 1 teaspoonful of ordinary liquid flavor), then turn into two layer cake tins and bake.

To the other half of batter add the following—1 cup seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon New Orleans molases, 1 teaspoon each of ground cloves, cinamon and nutmeg, bake in two-layer cake tins.

FILLING.

For filling between layers use the following:

1 egg yolk, beaten into
2-3 cup of milk.
1½ cups of granulated sugar.
1 small square of Baker's chocolate.

Boil this ten minutes, stirring. Take from fire, flavor with vanilla (6 drops "Pitkin" tube flavor used in this cake), keep stirring until nearly cool, spread between the layers, alternating the dark and light.

FROSTING.

When cake is cold, cover with frosting made as follows:

1 cup granulated sugar into 4 tablespoons water; place on stove to boil until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water Turn slowly into the white of 1 egg, which has previously been beaten to a stiff froth, stir all the time until syrup is all in and still stir until the frosting is nearly cool, then turn on cake and spread. Flavor with 1 drop almond (tube flavor) while stirring after the syrup is all in.

When the frosting has hardened, decorate with any design, using "food colors," moistened with a few drops of water and applied with canel hair watercolor brush. This cake has the American flag painted on it. For a change with less work can cover the top of cake with the filling if one likes.—Miss E. M. Spicer, 606 Carroll avenue, Takoma Park.

Lauder On Health

"Work hard in the open air; be moderate in all things and occasionally take a wee drop of whiskey, just to keep out the cold." That is the recipe for keeping young and fit as given by Sir Harry Lauder, famous Scotch comedian, who is known familiarly to the theatergoers throughout the whole world.

The knight-comedian is typiaclly Scotch in all things, and this was emphasized in his remarks upon American prohibition.

"I managed to get more than one drop of whiskey in the United States in spite of prohibition," said Sir Harry. "No use telling lies; you can get anything in the States by paying for it. But it spoils the enjoyment to have to pay $25 a bottle for Scotch. Five pounds—just think of it." And, although the comedian was talking of Scotch he made a wry face.

Sir Harry is enthusiastic over real estate as a means of investing money. "I have got 14,000 acres in Argyllshire," he said, "and 10,000 sheep. All the money I have ever made upon the stage I have put in land. It is a solid investment and yields both profit and pleasure."

Sir Harry was dressed in a Glengarry, a kilt of McLeod tartan, and smoked the inevitable pipe. He was in the pink of health, and his recipe for keeping fit was his reply to congratulations upon his excellent condition.

Sir Harry said he had toured the whole of the British empire and the United States, but of all the countries he has visited he likes cause it is the most like Scotland. New Zealand next to Scotland, because it is the most like Scotland.

Is Marriage a Success?

A HUSBAND ON ALIMONY.

Ten years ago I married a talented woman. She was trained in a vocation and was able to make a good living at it. She continued working for several years after our marriage and always kept the fruits of her labor while I paid the bills. She was extremely temperamental and harmony was more often discussed than realized. Health did not bother her. Other things did. We always lived up to my income under the delusion that liberality was the price of peace. Ill nourished affection nearly starved to death the first year and thereafter had a precarious existence. It matters not whose fault it was, probably both.

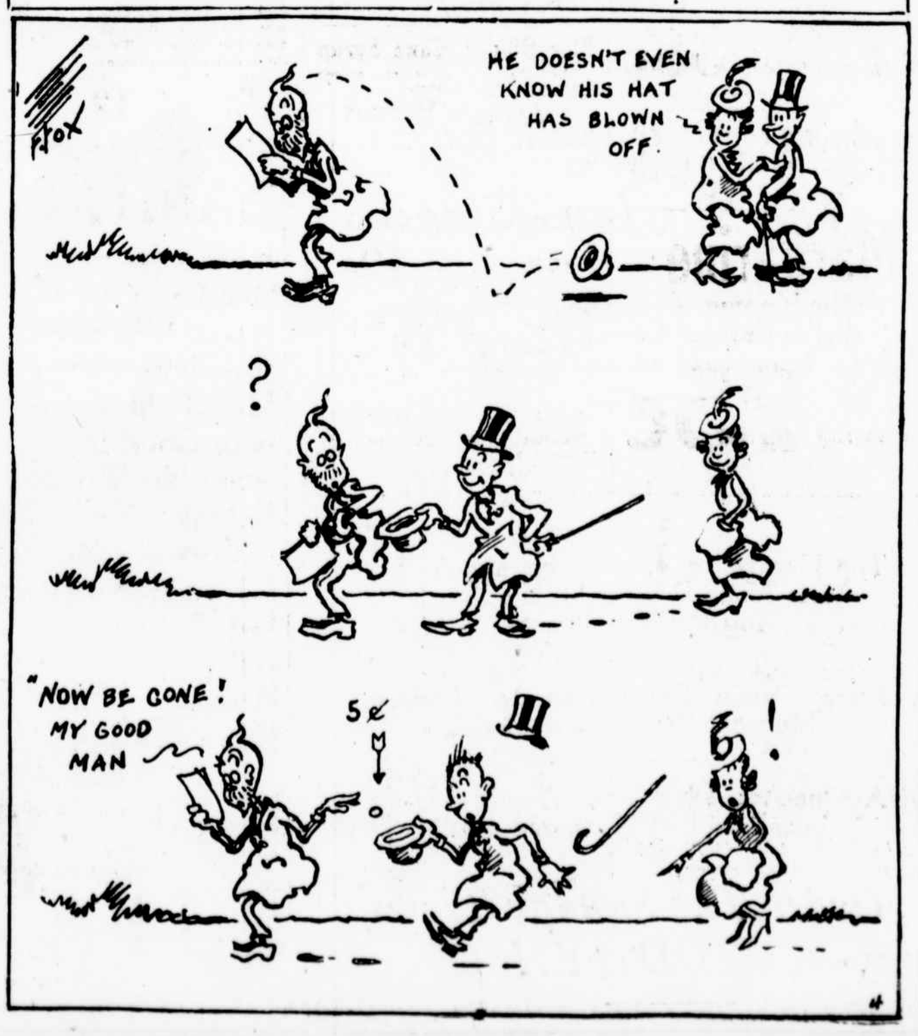
After seven years she suddenly announced that she was going to divorce me and force me to pay alimony. I did not take her seriously. Just as suddenly I was served with papers and restrained by the court from visiting the home. I filed a denial of the charge of cruelty but no counter bill and was ordered to pay temporary alimony. When the case was tried I merely resisted paying permanent alimony as there are no children, her health is good and her ability unimpaired.

The court decreed that there was evident inharmony, no grounds for divorce but no evidence of reconciliation. She got a decree without alimony and feels that the law is unjust to women. She is again making a sufficient living. She is happy and so am I. Was the court wrong? She is still young and attractive enough to marry if she finds the right man. She firmly believes that I took enough from her life to warrant my paying her the rest of my days. I am convinced that I gave fully as much as I had agreed for she kept everything I had made and I had to start over again.

Other men might have made a go of it. I still believe in suffrage and woman's rights to choose her conditions, her happiness and enjoy her economic growth and freedom. If marital happiness is dependent on caveman tactics, please excuse me. There are some happy homes where mental companionship counts more than physical attractions. We are not all ready to see it yet.

K. T. M.

THE ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR—



Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have just finished reading a letter written to you by some unpopular young lady. She has a hard time keeping a beau.

I cannot remain quiet and let girls say such untrue things about all boys in general. The average man doesn't like a girl for her kisses only. I know, for I have all the boy friends I want, and I do not allow them to kiss me. In private, when with a man, I allow no privileges. In public, that is among friends, I sometimes playfully let him hold my hand, or put his arm around my waist. I have been told hundreds of times that I am different from most girls—they tell me they admire me for it. I am not of a cold or mean disposition, but I find that it pays to hold a man from me.

I always try not to be tired when in the company of young men, and I try to make my actions suit his feelings. If a man is tired, he appreciates a comfortable chair by the fireside and a frisky, jolly little girl to amuse him.

I think the trouble with most girls is caused by the fact that they always want to go somewhere—and most always in a taxi, too.

I am twenty-two, though I have often been taken to be as young as seventeen, and I have been of the "beaux" age long enough to know how to act when in the company of a man. I might add, too, that I have had several chances to have a husband, but I do not want to get married. At least, not so soon.

I also think one reason for such unhappy marriages is that so many girls accept the first man who proposes to her, and, of course, she doesn't know what real love is. But, indeed, I am not going to be unhappy all the rest of my life. I am going to have my good times until my great love comes to me. And my life, I am sure, will be a success, for I will make it so.

ONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS.

Here's wishing you the best of luck.

Whatever the dessert, it is best made and more uniformly good if you remember there is

"A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use"

Graham Dainty Cakes Powdered Confectioners Brown Golden Syrup

FULL OF JAZZ AND GINGER!

Off to school with bounding buoyancy and vigor, tackling study and play with dash and daring, star performer in all athletic contests—that's the Shredded Wheat boy, the boy who eats Shredded Wheat for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner, and in between meals. A diet of Shredded Wheat avoids many ailments that are common to youngsters. It is 100 per cent whole wheat.

Two Biscuits with hot milk make a warm, nourishing meal.