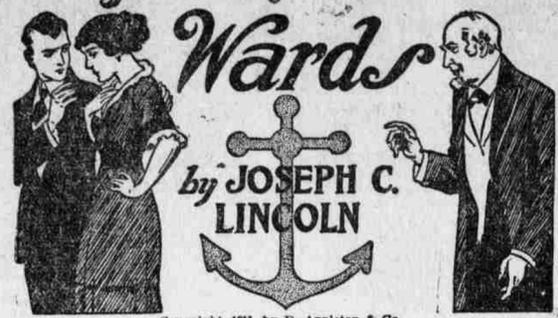


Cap'n Warren's Wards



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CAROLINE AND STEPHEN BREAK OFF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH THE CAPTAIN.

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends. The captain makes friends with James Pearson, a reporter; then he consults with Sylvester, head of Graves' firm. The captain decided to accept his brother's trust. Sylvester is pleased, but Graves expresses disgust and dismay. Pearson calls and is surprised, for he had known the young Warrens and their father. Caroline asks the captain's aid for a servant whose father was hurt by an auto. The captain finds that Malcolm Dunn had caused the injury, and makes him help in paying the sufferer's expenses until his death. Pearson tells the captain of a difference he had with Rogers Warren because he refused to help the latter in a shady transaction. The captain plans a birthday celebration for Caroline, but the latter, who with Steve had been spending the day with Dunns, fails to return for dinner.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

At last the bell rang. Captain Elisha sprang up, smiling, his impatience and worry forgotten, and, pushing the butler aside, hurried to open the door himself. He did so, and faced not his niece and nephew, but Pearson.

"Good evening, captain," hailed the young man cheerily. "Didn't expect me, did you? I dropped in for a moment to shake hands with you and to offer congratulations to Miss Warren." Then, noticing the expression on his friend's face, he added: "What's the matter? Anything wrong? Am I intruding?"

"No, no! Course not. You're as welcome as another egg in a poor man's henhouse. Come right in and take off your things. I'm glad to see you. Only—well, the fact is I thought 'twas Caroline comin' home. She and Stevie was to be here over two hours ago, and I can't imagine what's keepin' 'em."

He insisted upon his visitor's remaining, although the latter, when he understood the situation, was reluctant to do so.

But a good many minutes passed, and still they did not come. Pearson, aware of his companion's growing anxiety, chatted of the novel, of the people at the boarding house, of anything and everything he could think of likely to divert attention from the one important topic. The answers he received were more and more brief and absent. At last, when Edwards again appeared, appealingly mute, at the entrance to the dining room Captain Elisha, with a sigh which was almost a groan, surrendered.

"I guess," he said reluctantly—"I guess, Jim, there ain't any use waitin' any longer. Somethin's kept 'em, and they don't be here for dinner. You and I'll get down and eat—though I ain't got the appetite I cal'lated to have."

CHAPTER XI.

"Caroline, I Want You."

PEARSON had dined hours before, but he followed his friend, resolved to please the latter by going through the form of pretending to eat.

They sat down together. Captain Elisha, with a rueful smile, pointed to the floral centerpiece.

"We won't touch the birthday cake, Jim," he added a little later. "She's got to cut that herself."

The soup was only lukewarm, but neither of them commented on the fact. The captain had scarcely tasted of his when he paused, his spoon in air.

"Hey?" he exclaimed. "Listen! What's that? By the everlastin', it is. Here they are at last!"

He sprang up with such enthusiasm that his chair tipped backward against the butler's devoted shins. Pearson, almost as much pleased, also rose.

Captain Elisha paid scant attention to the chair incident.

"What are you waitin' for?" he demanded, whisking on Edwards, who was righting the chair with one hand and rubbing his knee with the other. "Don't you hear 'em at the door? Let 'em in!"

He reached the library first, his friend following more leisurely. Caroline and Stephen had just entered.

"Well," he cried in his quarterdeck voice, his face beaming with relief and delight, "you are here, ain't you! I begun to think— Why, what's the matter?"

The question was addressed to Stephen, who stood nearest to him. The boy did not deign to reply. With a contemptuous grunt he turned scornfully away from his guardian.

"What is it, Caroline?" demanded Captain Elisha. "Has anything happened?"

The girl looked coldly at him. A new brooch—Mrs. Corcoran Dunn's birthday gift—sparkled at her throat.

"No accident has happened, if that is what you mean," she said.

"But—why, yes, that was what I meant. You was so awful late, and you know you said you'd be home for dinner, so—"

"I changed my mind. Come, Steve," she turned to leave the room. Pearson at that moment entered it. Stephen saw him first.

"What?" he cried. "Well, of all the nerve! Look, Caro!"

"Jim—Mr. Pearson I mean—ran in a few minutes ago," explained Captain Elisha, bewildered and stammering. "He thought, of course, we'd had dinner—and—and—he just wanted to wish you many happy returns, Caroline."

Pearson had extended his hand, and a "Good evening" was on his lips. Stephen's strange behavior and language caused him to halt. He flushed, awkward, surprised, indignant.

Caroline turned and saw him. She started, and her cheeks also grew crimson. Then, recovering, she looked him full in the face and deliberately and disdainfully turned her back.

"Come, Steve," she said again, and walked from the room.

Her brother hesitated, glared at Pearson and then stalked haughtily after her.

Captain Elisha's bewilderment was supreme. He stared open mouthed after his nephew and niece and then turned slowly to his friend.

"What on earth, Jim?" he stammered. "What's it mean?"

Pearson shrugged his shoulders. "I think I know what it means," he said. "I presume that Miss Warren and her brother have learned of my trouble with your father."

"Hey? No, you don't think that's it?"

"I think there's no doubt of it."

"But how?"

"I don't know. What I do know is that I should not have come here. I felt it and, if you will remember, I said so. I was a fool. Good night, captain."

Hot and furiously angry at his own indecision which had placed him in this humiliating situation, he was striding toward the hall. Captain Elisha seized his arm.

"Stay where you are, Jim!" he commanded. "If the trouble's what you think it is I'm more to blame than anybody else, and you shan't leave this house till I've done my best to square you."

"Thank you, but I don't wish to be 'squared.' I've done nothing to be ashamed of, and I have borne as many insults as I can stand. I'm going."

"No, you ain't. Not yet. I want you to stay."

At that moment Stephen's voice reached them from the adjoining room. "I tell you I shall, Caro!" it proclaimed fiercely. "Do you suppose I'm going to permit that fellow to come here again—or to go until he is made to understand what we think of him and why? No, by gad! I'm the man of this family, and I'll tell him a few things."

Pearson's jaw set grimly.

"You may let go of my wrist, Captain Warren," he said. "I'll stay."

Possibly Stephen's intense desire to prove his manliness made him self-conscious. At any rate, he never appeared more ridiculously boyish than when, an instant later, he marched into the library and confronted his uncle and Pearson.

"I—I want to say"—he began majestically. "I want to say"—

He paused, choking, and brandished his fist.

"I want to say"—he began again.

"All right, Stevie," interrupted the captain dryly, "then I'd say it if I was you. I guess it's time you did."

"I want to—tell that fellow there," with a vicious stab of his forefinger in the direction of Pearson, "that I con-

sider him an—an ingrate—and a scoundrel—and a miserable—"

"Steady!" Captain Elisha's interruption was sharp this time. "Steady now! Leave out the pet names. What is it you've got to tell?"

"I—my sister and I have found out what a scoundrel he is, that's what! We have learned of the lies he wrote about father. We know that he was responsible for all that cowardly, lying stuff in the Planet—all that about the trolley combine. And we don't intend that he shall sneak into this house again. If he was the least part of a man he would never have come."

"Mr. Warren"—began Pearson, stepping forward. The captain interrupted. "Hold on, Jim!" he said. "Just a minute now. You've learned somethin', you say, Stevie. The Dunns told you, I s'pose."

"Never mind who told me!"

"I don't—much. But I guess we'd better have a clear understandin', all of us. Caroline, will you come in here, please?"

He stepped toward the door. Stephen sprang in front of him.

"My sister doesn't intend to cheapen herself by entering that man's presence," he declared hotly. "I'll deal with him myself."

"All right. But I guess she'd better be here just the same. Caroline, I want you."

"She shan't come."

"Yes, she shall. Caroline!"

The boy would have detained him, but he pushed him firmly aside and walked toward the door. Before he reached it, however, his niece appeared.

"Well," she said coldly, "what is it you want of me?"

"I want you to hear Mr. Pearson's side of this business—and mine before you do anything you'll be sorry for."

"I think I've heard quite enough of Mr. Pearson already. Nothing he can say or do will make me more sorry than I am or humiliate me more than the fact that I have treated him as a friend."

The icy contempt in her tone was cutting. Pearson's face was white, but he spoke clearly and with deliberation.

"Miss Warren," he said, "I must insist that you listen for another moment. I owe you an apology for—"

"Apology!" broke in Stephen, with a scornful laugh. "Apology! Well, by gad, just hear that, Caro!"

The girl's lip curled. "I do not wish to hear your apology," she said.

"But I wish you to hear it not for my attitude in the trolley matter nor for what I published in the Planet nor—"



"Well," she said coldly, "what do you want of me?"

for my part in the disagreement with your father. I wrote the truth and nothing more. I considered it right then—I told your father so—and I have not changed my mind. I should act exactly the same under similar circumstances."

"You blackguard!" shouted Stephen. Pearson ignored him utterly.

"I do owe you an apology," he continued, "for coming here as I have done knowing that you were ignorant of the affair. I believe now that you are misinformed as to the facts, but that is immaterial. You should have been told of my trouble with Mr. Warren. I should have insisted upon it. That I did not do so is my fault, and I apologize, but for that only. Good evening."

He shook himself free from the captain's grasp, bowed to the trio and left the room. An instant later the outer door closed behind him.

Caroline turned to her brother.

"Come, Steve," she said.

"Stay right where you are!" Captain Elisha did not request now, he commanded. "Stevie, stand still. Caroline, I want to talk to you."

The girl hesitated. She had never been spoken to in that tone before. Her pride had been already deeply wounded by what she had learned that afternoon; she was fiercely resentful, angry and rebellious. She was sure she never hated any one as she did this man who ordered her to stay and listen to him. But—she stayed.

"Caroline," said Captain Elisha, after a moment of silence, "I presume likely—of course I don't know for certain, but I presume likely it's Mrs. Dunn and that son of hers who've told you what you think you know."

"It doesn't concern you who told us!" blustered Stephen, pushing forward. He might have been a fly buzzing on the wall for all the attention his uncle paid to him.

"I presume likely the Dunns told you, Caroline," he repeated calmly. His niece met his gaze stubbornly.

"Well," she answered, "and if they did? Wasn't it necessary we should know it? Oh,—with a shudder of disgust—"I wish I could make you understand how ashamed I feel—how wicked and ashamed I feel that I—I should have disgraced my father's memory by— Oh, but there! I can't! Yes; Mrs.

Dunn and Malcolm did tell us—many things. Thank God that we have friends to tell us the truth!"

"Amen!" quietly. "I'll say amen to that, Caroline, any time. Only I want you to be sure those you call friends are real ones and that the truths they tell ain't like a bait on a fishhook, put on for bait and just thick enough to cover the barb."

"Do you mean to insinuate"—screamed the irrepressible nephew, wild at being so completely ignored. His uncle again paid not the slightest attention.

"But that ain't neither here nor there now," he went on. "Caroline, Mr. Pearson just told you that his coming to this house without tellin' you fust of his quarrel with Bijie was his fault. That ain't so. The fault was mine altogether. He told me the whole story; told me that he hadn't called since it happened, on that very account. And I took the whole responsibility and asked him to come. I did! Do you know why?"

If he expected an answer none was given. Caroline's lids dropped disdainfully. "Steve," she said, "let's go."

"Stop! You'll stay here until I finish. I want to say that I didn't tell you about the trolley fuss because I wanted you to learn some things for yourself. I wanted you to know Mr. Pearson—to find out what sort of man he was afore you judged him. Then, when you had known him long enough to understand he wasn't a liar and a blackguard, and all that Steve has called him, I was goin' to tell you the whole truth, not a part of it. And, after that, I was goin' to let you decide for yourself what to do. I'm a lot older than you are. I've mixed with all sorts of folks. I'm past the stage where I can be fooled—by false hair or soft soap. You can't pour sweet oil over a herring and make me believe it's a sardine. I know the Pearson stock. I've sailed over a heap of salt water with one of the family. And I've kept my eyes open since I've run across this particular member. And I knew your father, too, Caroline Warren. And I say to you now that, knowin' Jim Pearson and Bijie Warren—yes, and knowin' the rights and wrongs of that trolley business quite as well as Malcolm Dunn or anybody else—I say to you that, although Bijie was my brother, I'll bet my life that Jim had all the right on his side. There! That's the truth, and no hook underneath it. And some day you'll realize it too."

He had spoken with great vehemence. Now he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. When he again looked at his niece he found her staring intently at him, and her eyes blazed.

"Have you quite finished—now?" she demanded. "Steve, be quiet!"

"Why, yes; I guess so, pretty nigh. I s'pose there ain't much use to say more. If I was to tell you that I've tried to do for you and Steve in this—same as in everything else since I took this job—as if you were my own children you wouldn't believe it. If I was to tell you, Caroline, that I'd come to think an awful lot of you you wouldn't believe that either. I did hope that since our other misunderstandin' was cleared up and you found I wa'n't what you thought I was you'd come to me and ask questions afore passin' judgment, but perhaps—"

And now she interrupted, bursting out at him in a blast of scorn which took his breath away.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried. "Don't say any more. You have insulted father's memory and defended the man who slandered him. Isn't that enough? Why must you go on to prove yourself a greater hypocrite? We learned, my brother and I, today more than the truth concerning your friend. We learned that you have lied—yes, lied—and—"

"Steady, Caroline! Be careful. I wouldn't say what I might be sorry for later."

"Sorry, Captain Warren. You spoke of my misjudging you. I thought I had, and I was sorry. Today I learned that your attitude in that affair was a lie like the rest. You did not pay for Mr. Moriarty's accident. Mr. Dunn's money paid those bills. And you allowed the family—and me—to thank you for your generosity. Oh, I'm ashamed to be near you!"

"There, there! Caroline, be still. I—I shall not be still. I have been still altogether too long. You are our guardian. We can't help that, I suppose. Father asked you to be that for some reason, but did he ask you to live here, where you are not wanted, to shame us before our friends, ladies and gentlemen so far above you in every way, and to try to poison our minds against them and sneer at them when they are kind to us and even try to be kind to you? No, he did not. Oh, I'm sick of it all—your deceit and your hypocritical speeches and your pretended love for us! Love! Oh, if I could say something that would make you understand how thoroughly we despise you and how your presence, ever since you forced it upon Steve and me, has disgraced us! If I only could! I—I—"

She had been near to tears ever since Mrs. Corcoran Dunn, in the kindness of her heart, told her the "truth" that afternoon. But pride and indignation had prevented her giving way. Now, however, she broke down.

The captain leaves the Warrens' apartment, but refuses to give up the guardianship which has caused him so much trouble. Watch for the developments in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Be good and you'll be darty,

The KITCHEN CABINET

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work and to live and be happy.—Stevenson.

MEALS FOR THE DAY.

In these days of conservation of wheat, the breakfast helps one meal to pass with little comment or a great deal of planning. We have any number of breakfast foods that will supply a fair meal with top milk. A good dish of well-cooked oatmeal with top milk or thin cream will be all the children will care for. The older members of the family will probably like muffins or griddle cakes with a cupful of coffee. Most delicious, fluffy corn flour cakes can be made by using one beaten egg, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of sour milk; the richer the better, and a half-teaspoonful of soda; stir in enough corn flour to make it of the consistency liked for cakes. The thinner they will cook and turn well the more delicate is the texture of the cake. Serve these with maple syrup or corn syrup and the family will ask for them again and again.

Fried cornmeal mush is another good and substantial breakfast dish "which will stay by" until another meal. Bits of meat, chopped dried fruit like dates and figs or nuts, are all good to add to it and increase the food value of the dish.

Vegetables, because of their bulk, are most necessary and should form a large part of the food of the entire family after it is out of the milk stage. Vegetables are rich in mineral salts and vegetable acids as well as the wonderful and little known, growth determinants. "An onion a day keeps the doctor away." If the women who are an ounce overweight would cut out one meal a day or eat very lightly at luncheon and not gormandize at dinner, they would feel better, be happier and able to accomplish more work and at the same time be doing something to help win the war by conserving food. Children should not be stinted, as they need food for growth; but the average man or woman might easily cut down the food from one-quarter to a half and gain in physical as well as mental power by so doing.

It is not well to serve cornmeal at noon or night if it has been served in any form at breakfast, unless the family is especially fond of it.

Cottage Cheese Club Sandwich.—Toast three slices of bread on one side; butter and cut in halves diagonally; spread thickly on the untoasted side with cottage cheese; add water crress, salad dressing, and the other half of toast. Garnish with cress or parsley.

For a hot night nothing is so good as a slice or two of cucumber with a good salad dressing used as a sandwich filling.

Oh! man is ne'er contented with his lot, the sages say: In summer's heat we long for March, in winter time for May.

COOKING IN CAMP.

For the housewife dependent upon her modern equipment to aid in making housework a pleasure, the simple outfit of the real camper would find her helpless. We need to get away from all the conveniences that make life enjoyable to really appreciate our blessings, while the novelty for the time being of going without and using our own ingenuity, is a source of pleasure.

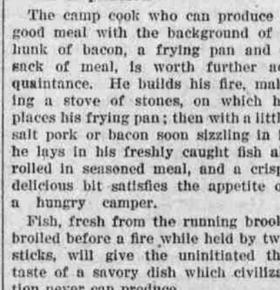
The camp cook who can produce a good meal with the background of a hunk of bacon, a frying pan and a sack of meal, is worth further acquaintance. He builds his fire, making a stove of stones, on which he places his frying pan; then with a little salt pork or bacon soon sizzling in it he lays in his freshly caught fish all rolled in seasoned meal, and a crisp, delicious bit satisfies the appetite of a hungry camper.

Fish, fresh from the running brook, broiled before a fire while held by two sticks, will give the uninitiated the taste of a savory dish which civilization never can produce.

The delicious mushrooms growing in such abundance in the woods and fields will make a full meal when well prepared. One must have enough knowledge to distinguish the good from the poisonous varieties. There is an endless variety of good foods which may be prepared in the woods.

A fowl or wild game of any kind, dressed and covered with a paste of barley flour and water to keep in the juices and flavors, may be buried in hot ashes and roasted to toothsome deliciousness. Remove the paste, and any ashes clinging to it will come off with it. The seasoning, of course, must all be done before it goes into the ashes.

If one is not able to go for an outing, unhampered, with weight and ready to enjoy even the discomforts of simple foods prepared in the open, he would better stay at home, for such are not agreeable companions. The broadest, most helpful people are they who never lose the childlike enjoyment of simple pleasures.



as between POSTUM and other table beverages is in favor of the Wholesome, Healthful drink.

POSTUM is all this and more. It's most delicious. Besides there's no waste, and these are days when one should save. Try INSTANT POSTUM.

Nellie Maxwell

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.



Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—NELLIE B. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

ENDED SHOW FOR THAT NIGHT

Midget Performers Scented Danger When They Heard the Ringing of Police Patrol Gong.

Two little colored bards from News alley were giving a concert a carter before a Washington hotel. The crowd which gathered was larger than any that ever regarded a soapbox orator. The boys sang, the dimes flew, they paused, and sang and danced some more. The two kids wove in witty lines as they went, and really made the thing a vaudeville act. But finally they decided it was about time for an intermission.

"We're goin' away," announced the larger, who was perhaps eight years old.

"Aw, don't do that," admonished the crowd.

"You didn't treat us right; that's all."

Dimes flew again. The boys started to sing. They saw that their audience was growing to a capacity crowd. But they started up on the last tune.

Somewhere out on the East side some one had had an argument, or else an automobile had tipped over, for an ambulance was hurrying back to the city hospital, clanging its bell.

The performers heard it. Up looked the youngest.

"Um, police!" he yelled to his little partner, and the two of them scurried as quick as lightning down the nearest alley. The crowd went on to its movies.—Indianapolis News.

Policeman's Happy Lot.

A little Indianapolis miss whose mother is dead lives with her little brothers and sister at the home of her grandmother. Her father, who is a physician, has his office and home in another part of the city.

Surrounded by everything that brings happiness to the heart of a child, the little girl's thoughts often wandered to poor daddy, who was all alone.

One day she surprised her grandmother with the startling remark: "Grandma, I wish daddy was a policeman."

"A policeman, dear! Why? Daddy is a physician, and that is a very good profession, you know."

"Yes, grandma," persisted the child, "but if daddy was a policeman he wouldn't be so lonesome."

The camp cook who can produce a good meal with the background of a hunk of bacon, a frying pan and a sack of meal, is worth further acquaintance. He builds his fire, making a stove of stones, on which he places his frying pan; then with a little salt pork or bacon soon sizzling in it he lays in his freshly caught fish all rolled in seasoned meal, and a crisp, delicious bit satisfies the appetite of a hungry camper.

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