

THEY ALSO SERVE

By H. M. EGBERT.

At fifty Hilda Mainwaring was accounted the prettiest woman in the town, and her son Walter was said to be the image of his father, by those old enough to remember the late general.

Augustus Mainwaring had fallen in love with the beautiful village belle while on a visit from England to the United States. He had married her and taken her to England to live. After his death she had returned to her native country.

At school Walter was twitted by his friends with being an Englishman. When he was twenty-one the vexed question of nationality could be decided. Most people thought that that choice would be made, next year, in favor of America, on account of pretty Miss Agnes Latham. Village gossip coupled together the names of the bank president's daughter and Walter.

It would be an ideal match. She had money; the Mainwarings lived decently enough, they were not supposed to be rich, and were, of course, of good family. After leaving the high school, to everyone's surprise, instead of entering college Walter accepted a position in the bank. At that heads were wagging knowingly. The reason did not seem an abstruse one.

And then, like a bombshell, came the news that war had broken out in Europe.

Walter Mainwaring, reserved by nature, had told nobody of his secret dream one day to emulate the exploits of his father, who had won the Victoria Cross in the Sudan for heroism. Perhaps he had, looking at the matter in a common sense way, decided that the realization of his dreams was impossible.

On the evening of the declaration he walked home from the bank with his mind made up. England was calling for soldiers; it was said to be the duty of every able-bodied man to enlist. How much the more his, then, with his father's record behind him?

Practical that he was, Walter Mainwaring went straight to Miss



"I Am Going to Give Up My Position."

Latham's house, because it was the nearest point of call to the office.

"Isn't the news dreadful, Walter?" sighed Agnes, after greeting him with an unusually warm handshake.

Walter plunged abruptly into the subject that occupied his thoughts.

"Agnes, I am going to England to enlist," he said.

The girl looked keenly into his face. Was he joking? But it was unlike his serious nature to joke in that way. Yet it seemed horribly unreal, in the little peaceful village; war, shots falling, and Walter in the thick of it. She caught him by the hands.

"What do you mean, Walter?" she cried.

"England wants every man," he answered. "You know my father's record, Agnes. It would be expected of me."

"But when are you going?" asked the girl, stricken almost speechless by the thought.

"Tomorrow," he answered.

That was all, but it was a fortunate thing that there had never been any love-making between them. Agnes felt that she had no excuse for tears—except in her own room; for reproaches, except perhaps dim feelings that he had wronged her.

She had loved him, and had awaited the time when he would be able to declare his love. She thought he had gone into the bank instead of to college so as to bring that time nearer. Perhaps he had. Walter Mainwaring did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, however, and nobody knew.

The next house he came to was that of the bank manager. The president, Agnes' father, was away on a business trip. Walter had not been able to catch Mr. White at the bank. So he took the most direct route; he went to his house.

"I am going to give up my position, sir," he said. "I am going to England to enlist."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. White, staring at the young fellow. He had not known what to say.

"I suppose it is because of your father, Walter?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Walter.

"You don't think you are doing wrong?" asked the manager. "Your future—well, your mother—she is all alone, you know."

"I don't think my father would have wished anything else, sir," said Walter; and Mr. White said nothing more.

Privately, of course, he thought him a fool, and he would not have hesitated to say so to most young men; but Walter always won respect, even where he did not gain sympathy.

He went straight home, and his mother was waiting for him at the door, as she always did. Walter kissed her.

"Well, it's come, mother," said the boy, nerving himself for the ordeal.

"Yes, Walter," answered his mother.

"War is a dreadful thing, but sometimes it is necessary. And this seems necessary. England could not have done anything else."

"No," answered the boy. When his mother yielded so readily he knew that she had stronger dissuasive arguments behind.

"I want to show you something, my dear," she continued, and, leading the way into the living room, she began rummaging among a heap of papers in a desk. At last she brought out what she had been looking for, and, smiling at her son, sat down beside him at the table.

"You knew we were not rich enough for you to go to college when you wished it, Walter?" she asked.

"I suspected so, mother," answered the boy.

"I have never told you how our affairs stand. Your father was a disciplinarian; he wanted you to be under me until you were twenty-one; then you were to become master of the house. He left \$12,000. His instructions were that, if I decided to return to America, you were to receive the best education that our means allowed. He had planned a college course for you, but living costs twice as much as in his day, and the money would not cover it."

"We have lived on our capital, mother?" asked Walter, wonderingly.

"Yes, my dear. Your father's idea was that the capital would last four years after you had left college. Then you were to begin supporting me. Later, perhaps, you would be able to marry. That was left indefinite. He wanted to do his duty toward you to the full; to give you every opportunity, so that you should be able to support me in comfort afterward. I am afraid, my dear, that your father thought more of me than of you—he had the English idea of children's duty to subordinate themselves to their parents."

"And we have spent—?"

"All but \$1,500, Walter. As I told you, prices are much higher than when I was a girl. Your father reckoned on our living modestly upon a thousand a year. It costs us twelve hundred and fifty. That is the reason why you went into the bank and not to college."

And suddenly she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him impulsively.

"O, don't you think I know, dearest?" she cried. "Don't you suppose your mother can read your heart? And you haven't said a word to her yet—and there is no need for you to say that word, Walter."

"Let me tell you something; during the South African war your father longed to go to the front. He was one of the cleverest strategists in England. He would have come home a peer, with a pension large enough to give us everything we wanted. But because of his ability he had to stay at home and help direct the others, who were less skillful than he. He bore it bravely. You know his motto: 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

The boy looked up at her, and in the tragedy of his face she saw that all his youthful dreams were shattered. But she knew that a Mainwaring would not prove false to the duty which lay immediately to hand.

She saw what he was suffering; knew that his father's instincts were strong in the son. She saw the quiet life in the village, without even the consolation of marriage for years to come. Perhaps she guessed that he had already told Agnes of his intention, and pictured the smiles at his enthusiasm, the commendation of his "common sense" which would prove more galling than the criticism of folly.

She saw all this, and how he received the blow just as his father had done in England, ten years before.

The boy rose up.

"God bless you, mother," he said. "I believe I'll run over to the bank after supper to help, because Mr. White is balancing the accounts."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Origin of the Tides.

If then there exists on the earth's surface, under the moon, a mass of liquid, such as the ocean, whose particles, like those of all liquids, move freely among one another instead of being fixed rigidly like those of a solid, it is evident that this liquid will tend to be drawn away from the solid earth by virtue of the greater attraction to which it is subjected, and in this tendency lies the origin of the tides.

But there are two tides per day, owing to the fact that the same differential effect of the moon's attraction is felt, in a reverse way, on the side of the earth that is turned from the moon. On that side the ocean water is farther from the moon, than the center of the earth is. In consequence the earth is drawn away from the water, and the latter is raised into a tide analogous to the one on the other side.

Wedding Ring Fancies.

Fancy weaves the prettiest of ideas around the golden symbol that the happy lover places upon the slender finger of his beloved on the great day of days.

Some of the old sayings are worth remembering, for at heart most of us have a tinge of belief in fates and fairies and the like.

If the ring should be taken off after the wedding service has been performed, it is said that dire misfortune will ensue. Probably the foundation of this belief lay in the fact that the ring, having been hallowed, should not be removed for any reason.

For the Defense.

Judge—And you still claim to be innocent, although six witnesses say they saw you commit the crime?

Prisoner—Your honor, I can produce 6,000 who didn't see me.—Cornell Widow.

Intimate Affair.

"That was a wedding word seeing."

"Why so?"

"He had previously been engaged to all the ushers and he to all the bridesmaids."

Royal Ermine in a Chic Matched Set



ERMINES is for those who may indulge in luxuries and buy other furs for real utility. Not that the royal fur is not durable enough, but because its creamy whiteness makes it impractical for the workaday world. It is a fur for occasional wear and, since it will last for a long time, should be selected in shapes of muffs and neckpieces that are always in style. The rather large flat tuft and the plain straight scarf are never passe, and therefore the safest choice in the richest furs.

Narrow bands of ermine and small neckpieces are really more chic than any other finish to the pretty midwinter promenade or visiting toilette. Muffs, whether made to wear with large or small scarfs and neckpieces, are usually rather large. But ermine is one of those splendid things that look best when sparingly used. Like diamonds that are too large, and rich lace recklessly used, as if it were of little account, something is lost of the best effects when ermine is made

into entire coats or very ample capes and scarfs.

In the picture an attractive set is shown, with the neckpiece only two skins in width and the muff an excellent shape. The set is exquisitely made. The setting-in of the brilliant blackpoints of the tails is a feature that shows how expert workmanship can add to the beauty of that which is already beautiful.

There are certain types among women to which ermine is especially well suited. There must be something in the wearer to match up with the eminence of that fur which is the wear of queens.

Beautiful Fur Set.

A beautiful fur set is of tailless ermine—a quaint, pointed caplike toque, with one long slender quill held in place by a cluster of black crystals, a long, wide stole, with much elongated pointed ends and a bunch of tails forming a tassel to finish them off, and a heart-shaped muff.

Two Views of Velvet Turban, and a Hat



SOON those deft fingers that carry out inspirations and translate fancy into headwear will be busy with flowers and straws and ribbons with which we shall salute the spring. Just now they are making ready for this and fashioning some of the between-season and midwinter hats for which they must depend upon the tourist to make the demand. Gladly those who create millinery turn to the fabrics and novelties that inspire them. The story of the winter is almost told, but occasionally one sees a new development of the most familiar materials.

Two views of a rich velvet turban are shown here, and with them a picture of a brimmed hat. The turban is trimmed with two fitch skins and is noticeably original in draping and lovely in color scheme. The frame is brimless and the velvet sweeps to the back in a full puff which is extended into a wing. It fits closely

about the head. Its outlines and the rich depth of color in the king's blue velvet make it rich and becoming before the handsome furs are added. The two skins are mounted with heads posed at the left front. One of them runs over the crown and the other follows the line of the velvet draping on the side crown.

The reverse view shows the velvet draping on the right side and the pose of the hat on the head.

A handsome brimmed hat has a soft crown, with collar of velvet and a moderately wide brim that lifts at one side. A short plume at the right side curls downward from the collar to the brim, and a second plume at the left is mounted to stand and curl downward. Hat and plumes are in black and made just the right sort of background for the wreath of small brilliant, metallic flowers that encircle the crown. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

The New Petticoats.

Petticoats made of pique, button-holed in big scallops about the hem, are durable and serviceable. They are not transparent, and that is one of the things that commends them for practical wear.

Quite the opposite of the pique petticoat is that of net. It is often hand-embroidered with a scalloped edge and some sprays of leaves above the scallop.

The dancing petticoat is usually made with a slash in each side. This arrangement insures freedom, without which it is impossible nowadays to dance. The lower edge of the front and back of the petticoat are usually rounded, so that the petticoat is really formed of two sections rounded into a deep oval at the hem, fastened together along their long edges and fitted or gathered into the waist along the narrow edges.

Fountain pens were invented shortly before the beginning of the nineteenth century.

FOR THE SUCCULENT CARROT

Six Ways of Serving Vegetable That Should Be of More General Consumption.

Creamed Carrots.—Scrape and wash the carrots, cut in thin slices crosswise; boil in salted water until tender, drain off the water, cover with sweet milk, add salt to taste and a small piece of butter. Thicken with a spoonful of flour to the consistency of good cream.

Carrot Croquettes.—Boil four large carrots until tender; drain and rub through sieve, add one cupful of thick white sauce, mix well and season to taste. When cold, shape into croquettes, and fry same as other croquettes.

Carrot Soup.—One quart of thinly sliced carrots, one head of celery, three or four quarts of water, boil for two and one-half hours; add one-half cupful of rice and boil for an hour longer; season with salt and pepper and a small cupful of cream.

Carrot Pie.—Scrape and boil the carrots until very tender, then mash thoroughly, and to one cupful of carrot add one pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful each of salt, cinnamon and ginger, one well-beaten egg, sugar to sweeten to taste. Bake slowly in one crust like squash pie.

Carrot Preserve.—Boil the carrots until tender; peel and slice them and to each pound add one pound of granulated sugar with lemon. Simmer slowly until rich and thick, then seal.

Carrot Marmalade.—Boil the carrots until perfectly tender, then mash to a fine smooth pulp, and to each pound allow one pound of sugar, six almonds, and the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two and a few drops of almond flavoring. Bring to a boil gradually, and let boil, stirring constantly for five minutes; then pour into jars and seal.

DAINTY BASKET OF MACARONI

For the Luncheon Table or the Afternoon Tea This is a Delicious Confection.

Take two cupfuls sugar, one cupful boiling water and one-eighth teaspoonful cream of tartar. Put ingredients in a smooth saucepan, stir, place on range and heat to boiling point. Boil without stirring until sirup begins to dissolve. Remove from fire and place in larger pan of cold water to instant stop boiling. Remove from cold water and place in a saucepan of hot water. Now dip macaroni in sirup at regular intervals close to edge and put two together. When firm add a third macaroni and so on until a circle is formed large enough for base of basket.

Over these fit another layer of macaroni and over the second layer a third one. Make a handle of stretched candy twisted, and adjust same. Arrange basket on small plate, fill with ice cream, garnish with whipped cream, flavored and sweetened, and surround with holly.—Exchange.

Wash Chamois and Doeskin Gloves.

The secret of success in washing chamois and doeskin gloves lies in using lukewarm or cool water—better cool than even a few degrees too warm.

That, at least, is one of the secrets; the other is to use soapy water. The soapier the water, providing it is of the right temperature, the silkier and softer the gloves will be. They should first be freed from all dirt in a soap bath, and then put through another soapy bath in order that they may be rinsed from the dirt set free. They should then be pressed and squeezed in a thick towel until they are free from soap and water as nearly as possible. Then they are ready to be hung to dry in a cool, dry place. Never hang them near a fire, and never hang them in the sunshine if you would have them soft and pliable after laundering.

Individual Coccunut Pies.

Beat together the yolks of two eggs, one cupful sugar, three tablespoonfuls flour and pinch of salt. Add one pint boiling milk and stir briskly until it thickens smoothly. Remove from stove, flavor with vanilla and add three-quarters cupful shredded coccunut. Pour into individual shells that have been previously baked. Make a meringue of whites of two eggs and a tablespoonful of sugar and drop on pies. Brown in quite hot oven. These are truly delicious.

Heavenly Hash.

Beat yolks of four eggs until very thick; beat into them gradually one cupful powdered sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat until sugar is dissolved. Add juice of two lemons and beat again. Peel and slice thin six bananas and four oranges, put in a deep dish a layer of bananas, then a layer of dressing, then of oranges, and so on, having the bananas on top, and pour the remainder of dressing over it. Serve very cold.

Beef Scraps With Tomato.

Take pieces of beef left from a roast that are not inviting enough to serve again at the table. Place in the bottom of a granite baking dish, season with salt and pepper and pour over this a quart can of tomatoes, or a can of tomato soup is even better. Then cover with bread crumbs and dot with butter and bake till golden brown. Fine served with fried potatoes.

Beef Fricassee.

Cut two pounds of stew beef into pieces about two inches square. Roll them in flour. Have some meat drippings heated in a large frying pan. Put in the meat with six or eight onions sliced. Cook until brown. Add the contents of a can of tomatoes. Remove to back of range and cook slowly two hours. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Real nice if served with well-baked potatoes.

More Comfortable Shoes.

Paste a round piece of black velvet inside your low-cut shoes when they begin to stretch, and you will not be bothered with them slipping up and down.

Scarborough a Famous Resort

WHEN the German fleet bombarded Scarborough and Hartlepool, both known only as watering places, it was taken for granted that the raid was designed to terrify the people of England, since neither place is really fortified.

Scarborough has no military history in modern times, but it was a stronghold of prime importance in the middle ages, and the great peninsula, or Scar, from which the town takes its name, and which juts out boldly into the North sea, is crowned by an ancient Norman castle, now in ruins.

It was off Flamborough head, a promontory a few miles south of Scarborough, that John Paul Jones, in the British frigate Serapis in the Revolutionary war. The thunder of the cannon in this sea duel was plainly audible to the inhabitants of Scarborough, and they were in constant dread that Jones would sail in and batter their houses about their ears. But his own ship sank from the effects of the Serapis's fire, and Jones made haste to get away with his prize before the British fleet could come up; and so it was a century and a quarter before Scarborough felt the effects of hostile cannon.

An Ancient City. Scarborough is what is known as a municipal and parliamentary borough, and its liberties date back to the charter granted in 1181 by Henry II. It is 37 miles northeast of the episcopal city of York and a little more than two hundred miles from London by the North Eastern railway, lying in that section of Yorkshire called the North Riding. It has a population of more than forty thousand. Geographically, it is distinguished by the peninsula which juts out from the center of the town, crowned by the remains of the castle first built by Henry II, and

rounding country unusually attractive. Sea bathing is safe and pleasant. The borough authorities for many years have added to the attractions, and the southern part of the town, which is the more fashionable, contains an aquarium and concert hall; the museum, a Doric building; two theaters, and the assembly rooms attached to the Spa house. A handsome marine drive 4,200 feet long was opened in 1908.

Aside from these attractions the chief buildings are the town hall, market hall, public hall, several modern churches, and a number of benevolent and philanthropic institutions. The South harbor is always full of fishing boats.

Old and New Hartlepool.

Hartlepool, a borough of the County of Durham, embraces the municipal borough of East Hartlepool, population 25,000, and the municipal and county borough of West Hartlepool, population 65,000. East Hartlepool is the old part of the port, and lies on a peninsula which forms the protection for the bay. Formerly it was heavily fortified, and the ancient walls today are used as a promenade. Like Scarborough, it is dominated by its parish church of St. Hilda, an ancient building, with a heavy Norman tower standing on an eminence above the sea, forming a splendid mark for German shells. Its handsome structure is a fine borough hall in the Italian style.

West Hartlepool is entirely modern, and has many handsome buildings, including several beautiful churches, municipal buildings, an exchange, market hall, Athenaeum, theaters, and library. There are numerous hotels and an extensive system of docks. The twin boroughs are situated 49 miles northwest of Scarborough, and about two hundred and forty-seven miles from London, and are as popu-



VIEW OF SCARBOROUGH

added to by most of the successive Norman monarchs.

This peninsula is 255 feet high, and has suffered much from the erosion of the waves. In 1190, the old chroniclers say, the area of the castle yard was 60 acres; now it is but 17. There is a moat on the landward side, with walls and towers and a lofty Norman keep, partly in ruins.

Near the landward end of the peninsula is the Church of St. Mary, occupying the site of a Cistercian monastery founded in 1198. This church, which would be in line of German shells in consequence of its imposing and commanding position, was destroyed by the castle guns during the Commonwealth, when the Roundheads besieged the Cavalier garrison. It was afterward repaired.

Famed as Watering Place.

In 1620 Mrs. Farren, a resident of the borough, discovered two mineral springs near the shores of the South bay—the semiprotected areas of water on each side of the peninsula are called the North bay and the South bay. From this time dates the rise of Scarborough as a watering place. It is now one of the best-known resorts in England. The climate is equable at all times, and the sur-

lar as tourist resorts as for their trade. Before the war they had a considerable traffic with the Baltic ports and Hamburg, Bremen and Rotterdam. The chief industries are ship-building, iron-founding and the construction of marine engines. A very large import trade in lumber was carried on.

This is the first time hostile cannon have assailed Hartlepool since the days of the civil wars. The nucleus of the town was a monastery built on the promontory in 640, destroyed by the Danes in 800, and rebuilt by Egred, bishop of Lindisfarne. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was a fief of the Norman-Scottish family of Bruce, and up to the termination of the commonwealth the place was frequently captured or garrisoned by the Scots.

Modern War.

"What can you pit against blood and iron?"

"Rubber and gasoline," answered the other diplomat, with a bow.

Profitable.

"A chauffeur's is a good job, isn't it?"

"Well, they certainly manage to raise the dust."

A Narrow Escape.

"Let me out of this building!" exclaimed the book agent.

"What's your hurry?" inquired the elevator man.

"Don't you try to get me into conversation. I used to think that sign, 'No Solicitors Allowed in This Building,' was a slight. But it's a blessing and a safeguard. I'm a good book agent, but I don't want to do any more business around here."

"Have you sold anything?"

"No; a volume—and I came pretty near buying 500 shares of mining stock."