

THE OLD UNIFORM

By CHARLES FRASER ROSE.

The great pride in life of Jed Robinson was that his uncle Abner had been a soldier and a brave one. It was at Pea Ridge that the now old man had saved the colors of his company through an act of unusual heroism and had won distinguished notice. Shortly after Uncle Abner came home at the cessation of hostilities, the widowed mother of Jed died. Uncle Abner was a confirmed bachelor. His brother had left nothing. Abner himself owned a little forty-acre plot of ground along the river just outside the town. He ran up a shack, made its interior as comfortable as his limited means would allow and adopted Jed.

It proved a poor possession, and with the exception of about one-twentieth of its area the land was barren as a gravel pit. It seemed as though in some original glacial convulsion nature had made a dumping ground of this convenient and selected spot to pile up all the mongrel tailings of heterogeneous mineral veins. Dig where you would, the pick or shovel was sure to strike coal, or pyrites, or asbestos in masses that suggested the ground-off product of enormous rocks that had passed over the district in remote centuries of the world's geological travail.

Uncle Abner did his full duty by Jed and kept him at school until he was eighteen. By that time the old man had become incapacitated for work. Jed gladly took up the burden of caring for the little patch of ground. The vegetable garden, a few cattle and the sale of gravel and sand to district contractors and the railroad



"I'm Welcome There."

companies brought in a steady, though meager income, barely enough to subsist on. To make matters worse, in order that Jed might have an education his uncle had mortgaged the little place. It was only by exercising the strictest economy that Jed could manage to make accounts even up.

Finally Uncle Abner took a whim into his head. Fifty miles away there was a soldiers' home. He started Jed one day by announcing that he was going there.

"I'm welcome there. I have a right to go there," he told his sorrowful nephew. "Here's the point, lad: It's easier to feed one mouth than two. Let me have about a year or two with my old comrades, meantime reaching out for the new pension increase. You work hard, and between us we'll get the place free and clear and I'll come back."

A lonely life began for Jed. It had one bright spot. Once a week he went to the village church, once a month to the church social, and on each occasion he met Nettie Wilder. It went no further than a mutually pleasant acquaintanceship, but Jed cherished hopes of the future when better times came along.

Four times a year Uncle Abner came home for a week. These companionable visits Jed looked forward to with sincere longing pleasure. Such an occasion he was anticipating one evening when there was a knock at the door and a bluff, hearty voice said:

"Open up, there—I'm nigh perished with the chilling blast!"

"Why, Frank Wilder!" greeted Jed, as he opened the door to welcome Nettie's brother.

"Yes, I'm down from the city for a week, got lonesome and thought a chat with an old friend would do me good."

Jed made his visitor fully comfortable. He piled the wood into the broad open fireplace, got out a pitcher of prime home cider and some walnuts and maple sugar.

"I say," finally observed Frank, "why don't you come down to the house once in awhile?"

"I've been pretty busy getting things shipshape for the winter," rather lamely explained Jed, flushing up. "Especially the last month, for uncle is coming on his regular quarterly visit, you see."

"Well, Nettie invited you to her birthday party and was quite put out because you did not come. Hello!"

Frank gave a start and a stare at something he had just noticed before—a figure standing in the dim corner of the room. Jed was grateful that the conversation had changed. He could not very well explain to his friend that grinding poverty had not admitted of his buying a decent suit of clothes for over two years, and the old ones were not prescient about a social function.

"I declare!" remarked Frank in genuine admiration. "It looks fine. Talk about old armor—here's the real thing—something timely and natural! With that old gun and the flag spread above the uniform, oh, mighty fancy old Uncle Abner was about to spring out in the full glory of the battlefield."

"I thought it might please him," said Jed. "I stuffed the coat with straw and the rest of it with sand. I'm proud of Uncle Abner, I can tell you, Frank," continued Jed.

"Who wouldn't be?" replied Frank. "I hope he'll make his visit while I'm here."

"Oh, yes, he is due to arrive day after tomorrow," declared Jed.

"I'd just love to have him come more go over that splendidly thrilling story of how he saved the day at Pea Ridge, I say, Jed, I'll come Saturday evening, and I'll bring Nettie. You know your uncle always made a pet of her."

Jed fluttered like a timid school child. To see Nettie again—to have her under the same roof! How he polished up the old tinware the next day! How he planned a meal out of the ordinary for those cherished guests, and when his uncle arrived the old fellow was wild with delight to give his favorite a glad reception.

Frank Wilder was a mining engineer in the city and an agreeable and instructive talker. Both Ned and his uncle were arrayed in their best and the house spark and span when Saturday afternoon, Nettie and her brother drove up from their home, five miles distant.

Nettie was ardent in her praises of the orderliness and system of this typical bachelor's hall. She insisted on helping Jed prepare the meal. It was the happiest moment of his life, to view her dainty figure fitting about the kitchen, keeping up a string of pretty talk, all charming nothingness, but the sweetest of music to his eager ears.

It was after supper that Uncle Abner, in fine spirits, was induced to recite the Pea Ridge incident. In his excitement he used an old saber to illustrate an onslaught on the enemy. Alas! as an accidental sweep across the knees of the sand-padded uniform. A black flood poured forth. All hands laughed at the ludicrous incident.

"Why, where did you get this stuff?" suddenly inquired Frank, who had casually picked up a handful of the sand.

"The hill is full of it," explained Jed.

"Sort of iron pyrites, isn't it?"

"Pyrites!" shouted Frank, quite excited. "Why, it's tungsten, a good quality, too—used for hardening steel and worth fifty cents a unit."

"What's a unit?" pronounced Uncle Abner.

"Twenty pounds."

"Why, we've got tons of it!"

"Then you're rich!" declared Frank. "I'm chemist enough to know the value of this stuff."

His opinion was correct and within a week brought results. A steel company bought the old place for a big sum and Uncle Abner did not have to go back to the Soldiers' home.

They built a new house and Frank was a welcome visitor, and Nettie, too. And finally, in the course of a time Nettie came to the home to stay and help Jed do the cooking for the rest of his life.

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Childhood's Right.

One of the principal ingredients in happiness of childhood is freedom from suspicion—why may it not be combined with a more extensive intercourse with mankind? A disposition to dwell on the bright side of character is like gold to its possessor; but to imagine more evil than meets the eye, betrays affinity for it.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Alas, Poor Pittsburgh!

"The old man was certainly wild to-day," remarked the first Pirate as the last captive plunged from the plank.

"What do you mean, wild?" inquired the second.

"Didn't he walk seven men?" laughed the first offender.—Buffalo Express.

heel backward many muscular troubles are automatically cured."

Chinese National Color.

For talismanic purposes red is indispensable in China. It is interwoven with the pigtail, and must form a part of children's clothing. Written charms must also be in red ink on yellow paper to be efficacious against the multitudinous evil omens and evil spirits which seem to surround the Chinese, and for this reason all imperial decrees are written in vermilion.

Pa's Opinion.

"Pa, what is a cannibal?"

"A savage who eats human beings, son."

"Would a cannibal eat mamma, if he could?"

"He might, son, but she would be sure to disagree with him."

Damage Proof.

"Hinks' auto went over an embankment, rolled down 20 feet, turned turtle, killed Hinks, but wasn't even scratched."

"Fine! What make is it, Jim?"

RESCUED SERBIA FROM TYPHUS



From left to right: Dr. Richard P. Strong and Dr. Edward Ryan, who headed the sanitary work in Serbia that saved that country from the ravages of typhus fever. Doctor Strong, professor of tropical diseases in Harvard Medical school, was chief of the American Red Cross sanitary commission, with headquarters at Nish. Dr. Ryan is head of the American hospital at Belgrade. He wears the medal of the French Legion of Honor.

IS TIRELESS GAME

Hunting of Submarines Like Playing Hide-and-Seek.

Most of the Romance and Action of Sea Warfare Is Now With the Seaplanes and the Destroyers.

By FREDERICK PALMER. (International News Service) London.—Strangest looking of all the ships with the grand fleet is the Atlantic liner which has been transformed into a mother-ship for the seaplanes. There are platforms in place of the promenades where passengers used to lounge, bombs in place of deck chairs, and the dining salons have been fitted up as workshops. Everything that a seaplane needs in the way of repairs can be supplied.

A crane that once had taken passengers' trunks out of the hold lifted a seaplane off a platform and deposited it on the water, where it bounced on the waves before the motor was started and it skimmed across the surface for a hundred yards or more, rose, circled around the fleet two or three times and then disappeared out at sea.

Most of the romance and the action of sea warfare while the British grand fleet waits for the German fleet to come out are with the seaplanes and the destroyers. The dreadnaughts remain in harbor, except for occasional cruises into the North sea; but the planes and the destroyers are always on the move. They work together in hunting "Fritz," as British officers and men universally refer to submarines.

A submarine is visible to an aviator when it is cruising below the surface. It never travels deeper than thirty or forty feet and leaves a characteristic ripple and air bubbles and streaks of oil. When a plane has located a submarine it signals the hunters where to go. But before they arrive a squall may have hidden the track. A submarine may be known to be in a certain region and be lost and seen and then lost and seen again. Submarine hunting is a tireless game of hide-and-seek. Naval ingenuity has invented no end of methods of location and of destruction. Experiment has proved some to be effectual, and some useless. Strictest kept of naval secrets these.

Very thin is the skin of a submarine and very fragile and complicated its machinery. It does not take much of a shock to put it out of order or a large cargo of explosives to dent that skin beyond repair.

"The difficulty is to know when you get them," an officer explained; "for it is in the nature of the submarine to sink, whether vitally injured or not. It may have gone to the bottom to stay in fifty fathoms of water, or it may have submerged under a choppy sea and made safe its escape. We have been hunting them for a year now, and no doubt we are getting the better of them. We have not only learned how to keep them off from our great ships, but how to destroy them."

If oil and bubbles come up for a long time in one place or if they come up with a rush, that is considered fairly good evidence of success. There is no escape for the crew. They cannot make the submarine rise or get out of it. It becomes a steel casket, in a watery grave. No nautical mind is required to realize that by casting about on the bottom with a grapple you will learn if an object with the bulk and size of a submarine is there; and the "death" of submarines is established in this way.

"The admiralty will not accept any guesswork about it," said an officer. "We may have put an explosive right into one or rammed it in a way that must have broken its back; but that is not proof enough. The record goes down on the chart as 'supposed destroyed.'"

With Admiral Crawford, the correspondent went to see the submarine defenses of a harbor. Cruisers and destroyers and auxiliaries are going and coming, but the narrow openings through which they passed were closed instantly they were by.

At one naval base the correspondent saw a number of destroyers lying moored to a quay as close together as fish in a basket. They had just come in from a tour at sea.

"Here today and gone tomorrow," said an officer. "What a time they had last winter! And they are in for another winter of it. You know how cold the North sea is—no, you cannot unless you have been out in a torpedo boat dancing the tango in the teeth of that bitter wind, with the spray whipping up to the top of the smokestacks. In the dead of night they would come into this pitch-dark harbor. How they found their way is past me. It's a trick of those young fellows who command."

If a destroyer gets on the track of a submarine it has thirty knots against the submarine's six or eight. There is no difficulty in keeping up; her wireless brings swarms of assistance. Every ship on the blockade from Iceland to the British channel is also a part of the system of submarine hunting. They show no lights.

"It gives one an idea of England's maritime resources," said an officer, "when you consider that we have 2,300 trawlers and other auxiliary ships on service."

The trawlers plod over plotted sea squares with the regularity of mowing machines cutting a harvest, on their way back and forth sweeping up mines. They were fishermen before the war, and are fishermen still.

Separated Fifty-Six Years.

Toledo, O.—After a separation of 56 years, Mrs. Helen McCullough, a widow of this city, has located her brother, J. D. Bingham, at Kalamazoo, Mich., and has gone there to see him.

KING OF BULGARIA

Bulgaria makes the twelfth nation to enter the great European war. The picture shows King Ferdinand on his way to the front.

As she did not wish snake for supper she screamed until her husband came and killed the reptile. The snake was 3 feet 6 inches long.

Logger Slain in Duel With Axes.

Ashdown, Ark.—Edward Walton is dead and Lee Durham is held in jail at Lewisville charged with murder as a result of a battle with axes at a logging camp near Lewisville. Walton's right arm was chopped off near the shoulder and before medical aid could be secured he bled to death.

Indiana Farmer's Wife "Scared Out of Her Boots" by Reptile Coiled on Plates.

Bedford, Ind.—When Mrs. Ollie Marka, wife of a farmer near here, was setting supper a few evenings ago she reached into the china cupboard for a plate. She was almost "scared out of her boots," she said afterward, to find a spreading viper coiled on a pile of dishes.

NIGHT WORK IN WAR

Manning a Roaring Cannon in Total Darkness.

Splinter of Shell Whizzes by Writer's Head and Buries Itself With a Thud in Cliff—Fifteen Shots Fired.

By GABRIEL DELGARDE. (Correspondent of the Chicago News.) At the Front, in French army.—We have scarcely finished our dinner when an under-officer appears at our stable door.

"Delgarde, Lerrick, you are to go on duty tonight at the quarry."

And away he goes. We prepare our things. Besides our cartridge case, which contains indispensable toilet articles and a few provisions which a prudent soldier always carries with him, such as biscuits and tinned beef, we each take our blanket, cap and tent canvas, also a cane, and start to mount the hill.

Just above us a few German shells fall on the trenches. A fragment of a shell breaks the branch of a tree under which I am sitting.

Unfortunately, our guardhouse is badly situated. We are in an old sand quarry, three yards deep, dug almost on the top of a hill. The top is nearly flat and the two adversaries hang on to the sides. A hundred yards separate the two lines of trenches.

Our cannon is installed at the foot of a little artificial cliff formed by the excavation of the quarry. Our refuge has been dug alongside. A "150" would soon demolish it.

And the refuge is very narrow. It contains two berths formed of wattles and supported by heavy logs.

Hardly have we extinguished our candle than a rat races across our faces. And he is promptly followed by friends who come out of a hole above our heads. These poor beasts cannot be very comfortable, for they are devoured by parasites.

At about seven o'clock, in our first troubled sleep, we begin to notice explosions which seem rather near. In the dead silence of our shelter and the black night, deadened by the walls of earth, these brusque detonations reach us at intervals of one or two minutes. They come from our right, from a place where there is a trench which we know has not many occupants. Doubtless the earth is flying. But the explosions draw nearer. A "minenwerfer" exploding close to us makes us jump. We hear footsteps. A man enters the shelter.

We are glad to be disturbed, to get away from the insects and from that mutual compression which was so trying. We could not even move an arm.

The lieutenant has sent us orders to fire a few torpedoes in the direction of the wood. We examine our list and mark the direction. Then the head gunner goes out and points the small dark cannon, which is hardly visible in its black hole. We light our way by means of a candle which we have to hide under our coat. It is I who go to bring the torpedoes to the shelter. I crawl in the moon's rays, silently, and soon return. I place one in the cannon's mouth. The third gunner attaches the fuse; the head gunner sets a light to the wick and we withdraw hurriedly. Briskly the powder burns with a sputtering noise.

Each time the shock of air extinguishes the candle in our shelter.

We fire four or five times. A messenger arrives.

"The lieutenant says you can fire as many times as you like. Fire chiefly in retaliation, but you can do as you like."

We return to our shelter and discuss the situation.

The head gunner says we are to fire to the right or to the left, but not in front of us, as this would draw the shells our way. The Germans will be deceived as to the direction of our machines. (And the unfortunate infantry will pay for it!)

We take out our list and mark the direction. Our head gunner, feeling himself at liberty, is anxious to fire.

Meanwhile we are being bombarded. During one of my trips to bring the torpedoes a splinter of a shell buzzes over my head and buries itself with a thud in the cliff.

The head gunner gets excited. He wants to keep firing; he would exhaust our ammunition. He admits he is afraid. Besides, he is the head gunner and is anxious to show it. We succeed in calming him.

This night work does not appeal to me. I do it unwillingly and the deafening noise of the exploding projectiles which wait for us does not tend to make my heart beat with pleasure. The third gunner, an old, peaceful territorial, thinks the same as I. Moreover, our head gunner expends this energy solely as a reaction against his fear. He is as unwarlike as possible; he hates this war. Is it not curious that men like that are often the most ferocious?

We fire 15 shots. All is silent. Not a rifle shot, not an explosion. Nothing further troubles the night.

As it is really too uncomfortable in the berth I roll myself in my blanket, my tent canvas, and lie down on the ground.

It is now two o'clock in the morning. We shall sleep till six o'clock, when we shall be called, for today we have only twelve hours on duty instead of twenty-four, and thus fortunately only one night to pass here.

Runs Farm Without Horse.

Mansfield, Wis.—Eighty acres of land cleared and cultivated without a horse setting foot on the place is the record made by W. G. Wyckoff, a former Bloomington (Ill.) farmer, who located at Crivitz, in Marinette county, last year.

Wyckoff says this is the age of power. He has an 11-ton tractor, and whether the task is clearing land, leveling, plowing, disking, harrowing or harvesting, the tractor furnishes the power. When he goes to town Wyckoff drives an auto.

FOOD WORTH MUCH STUDY

No Other Problem Can More Worthily Engage the Attention of the Mother on the Farm.

What could be a woman's problem on the farm that was not a woman's eternal problem everywhere and anywhere? Home economics or the selection, use and preparation of food, clothing, shelter and household management, and how can this problem, or any other problem, for that matter, be solved except through study or education? And yet so little has been thought of the home problems that more money is spent year by year for teaching the men how to fatten a steer or pig than to teach a mother how to care for her babe or feed her superior animals—the men of the family, writes M. E. Barrett of the Texas experiment station. Visit any farm you please and you will be shown the fine pigs and calves, goats or sheep, but never a word of the baby or its nursery. I've even seen kindergartens for colts to train them in their stunts, but never a home garten for the children.

I believe you will all agree with me that food is the first problem. To load your table down with vegetables and meats is not treating your child as your husband treats his pig baby. He is carefully balancing the rations for the pig for growth, and that of the horse for energy, and that of the cow for milk. Neither is he working all day long on the three meals a day for his animal family. Now here is where education comes in again, to cut down the work of those three meals in quantity and make it count in quality, to take less time and more thought. Try a fireless cooker. Get a bulletin on balanced rations and menus from the university. Then, in the cool of the afternoon, prepare your vegetables and meats for next day; at breakfast bring them to a boil and put in the hot rock and close up the dinner. This will save you from one to two hours on dinner which can be spent in further study on the subject of food values.

PICKLED APPLES FOR WINTER

Delicacy That Will Be Appreciated in Cold Weather When Most Fruits Are Scarce.

Peel, core and quarter some sharp apples, throwing them into a brine made by boiling six ounces of salt for one minute in a quart of water, flavor being improved by a few slices of mild onion, and color by fresh vine or fig leaves. Leave then closely covered for 24 hours, then, having drained and carefully wiped the fruit and put it into an unglazed stoneware jar, pour over it a pickle composed of vinegar brought nearly to the boil, with some allspice, black pepper and either horse-radish or whole ginger, or both, in the proportion of one ounce each to the quart, the addition of half a dozen cloves, a couple of bay leaves, a blade of mace and two or three shallots or a little garlic if liked.

Stand, covered first, with vine or fig leaves, then with a plate, for 24 hours in a corner by the fire, drain off the liquor, reheat it, pour again over the fruit, screened with fresh leaves, and tie down.

Meat Souffles.

Meat of excellent flavor is needed for meat souffles. Chicken and ham are favorites. They should be chopped fine and then pounded smooth. Unless smooth and fine they will not mix with the egg thoroughly. White sauce, stirred into yolks, meat added, and nice seasonings, then the whites folded in is the order of procedure. An even tablespoonful of meat is about all one egg will hold up unless an expert handles the material.

Creamed Fish With Potato.

Mash and season potatoes and line bottom and sides of dish about one and one-half inches thick. Make a white sauce, add boiled salt fish broken in pieces and put the whole in the potato nest. Cover top with the potato and put pieces of butter on top. Make two slits with knife and bake until potato is nicely browned. In place of fish cold meat mixed with gravy may be used.

Cauliflower Salad.

Trim and boil one firm head of fresh cauliflower in fresh water until tender, but do not allow it to boil soft. Remove from the fire and drain. When cold slice thinly then allow to marinate one hour in highly seasoned French dressing. When ready to serve drain and lay on fresh lettuce leaves, sprinkle with finely chopped walnut meats and red pepper. Place a heaping tablespoonful of mayonnaise on top of each portion.

Jelly Roll.

Four eggs, well beaten, one cupful sugar, one cupful flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda and a very little salt. Beat well. Spread thin in a large pan to bake. Takes perhaps 15 minutes. As soon as baked trim off the two long edges with a sharp knife, spread the cake with any kind of jelly and roll in a napkin while warm.

Grape Cordial.

One quart grape juice, one and one-half pounds of white sugar (loaf is best), an even tablespoonful of cinnamon and seven half an hour. Seal while hot. Will keep years. This is an excellent tonic for the stomach. Dose, a tablespoonful several times a day, or when tired take a teaspoonful.

Avoid Vegetable Burning.

If you will place a pie plate upside down in the kettle you will avoid all burning of the potatoes or other vegetable, if you should happen to forget them and the water boil dry. Your vegetables will be on top of the pie plate and not scorched in the least.

Green-Corn Fritters.

Cut from the ears a pint of corn, beat together a cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one egg, whipped light, salt to taste and enough flour to make a thin batter. Into this stir the grated corn. Heat hard and bake on a susceptor griddle.

HOME TOWN HELPS

IMPORTANT PART OF HOUSE

Wise Builder Will Always Provide for Porch That is Comfortable in All Weather.

A case before the city building commissioner for decision hinges on the question whether a porch is part of a house. It is a technical point the official is to decide, involving an interpretation of the municipal building code. Technicalities aside, however, the question almost answers itself, of course, a porch is part of a house, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. In the modern house it is likely to be about the most important part for six or seven months of the year.

Some day a monument may be erected to the memory of the person who first suggested the porch, if anyone is able to fix his identity. More probably, an investigator would find that the porch is a result of evolution like a modern locomotive or an automobile, for which no individual could claim credit. The "stoop" of our grandfathers, like the wheezy "incline" of pioneer days, has been exalted to a position of high service and respect.

Part of a house? Ask an architect or a contractor. The modern man who plans a comfortable residence himself designs the kind of porch he deems suitable to his comfort and dignity and when that is done gives secondary thought to the rest of the house. The porch must be big enough to entertain on, big enough to eat on in reasonable weather; it must be screened for protection against insect pests. If one wishes for comfort de luxe he may give his porch a fire-place and defy cool evenings to drive him inside.

The sleeping porch, too, has edged its way into our social consciousness in these latter days. It also is a big part of the house. Doctors prescribe and children cry for it.

Statistics indicate a general lowering death rate among Americans, rural and urban. One wonders whether the advent of the ubiquitous porch has had an appreciable influence in bringing about this result. The gospel of fresh air owes some acknowledgment to this part of the house which lures men, women and children out of stuffy rooms and fills their lungs with fresh air. The porch knows no social caste; it is not a rich man's privilege alone; the humblest home may possess it and, in fact, usually does. More power to it.

HAVE NO PLACE ON STREET

Overhead Telegraph and Trolley Wires Effectually Mar the Beauty of Any Town.

The two accompanying views show concretely the effect in making the city beautiful of the removal of the telegraph and trolley wire poles from the main streets. The telegraph and high-



The Old-Time Practice of Using Poles for Supporting Overhead Electric Wires.

power electric wires are strung through the alleys while the supports for the trolley wire are anchored in the walls of buildings. The views



A Modern Street Scene, Showing the Elimination of Poles and Overhead Wires.

were taken at the intersection of State and Commercial streets, Salem, Ore., before and after the wires and poles were removed.—Popular Mechanics.

His Kind.

"When a whale spouts, it is a pacificist oration."

"How do you make that out?"

"Doesn't he pour oil upon the waters?"

Hands Tied.

"I allow no man to call me a liar, sir," said the ponderous person.

"Suppose he merely says you made a false statement?"

"So long as he uses parliamentary language I'm powerless to chastise him."

Business Caution.

"Did he investigate the reports of her money before he courted her?"

"Well, you don't suppose such a good business man as he is would take her at her face value, do you?"