

Lachesis

By R. RAY BAKER

Things happen just by accident, sometimes. But does the accident happen by accident? Not while Lachesis is holding down that destiny job on Mount Olympus.

Lachesis, you know, is one of the three Moerae who meddle in the affairs of mortals from the time they are born until they pass into other realms. Three Moerae, or Fates, have a room all to themselves in the big office building of the gods, and they run things with a high hand.

One would think that, in these days of progress, Clotho would get something to take the place of that old spinning wheel on which she spins the thread of life, and that Atropos could find an instrument less unwieldy than that long pair of dull shears she has been using to cut the thread when she decides it's long enough. However, they seem to have got along so far without modern improvements and they ought to know their business by this time.

Anyhow, this story concerns Lachesis, who works without instruments. She simply stands near the spinning wheel and dabs weal and woe on that thread and twists it about her fingers and ties knots in it, to suit her own pleasure. It has been said that Clotho and Lachesis and Atropos are old and ugly. Of course, as mortals reckon, these fates are old; but years don't count on Olympus. And as to ugliness—well, I'm willing to allow that Atropos has a hideous face, and it's possible Clotho is not beautiful, because her back must be lame and her eyes faded and her forehead wrinkled from bending over the spinning wheel; but Lachesis—there's no reason why she should be ugly, because her job furnishes lots of variety. Moreover, she's one of the heroines in this story, so she has just got to be beautiful.

The hero is Jack Watson, a mere mortal who defied Lachesis. She had decided, soon after Clotho began to spin the thread, that he should be married before he became twenty-eight years old, and she had picked for his bride a girl named Esther Richards. They were born in the same little town in Ohio and had one of those "school kid" romances; and then, when Jack was only eleven and Esther eight, it ended.

Jack moved with his parents to Columbus, where they resided three years. Jack and Esther wrote occasionally, as children sometimes carry on a correspondence, but they were too young to understand about affluence and such things, and gradually they forgot about each other.

When Jack was fifteen his mother died and he moved with his father to New York. The boy obtained a job as office boy with a broker and held it two years. Then he was promoted, and about that time pneumonia claimed Mr. Watson.

When Esther was ten she went with her parents to Vancouver, British Columbia, and there they remained until she was twenty-two.

Lachesis stood in the workroom of the Moerae one day, holding Jack Watson's thread of life in one hand and Esther Richards' in the other. "My, how far apart they have drifted," she murmured. "This will never do. I have decided differently."

Jack was leaning back in his swivel chair with his feet on his desk, in his own real estate office in Melbourne, Australia. Was he thinking about Esther? Decidedly not. His mind was full of business, of how to travel still farther on the path of prosperity, which he already had found.

Esther was reclining on a lounge in her home in Vancouver, reading a Red Cross magazine. Did Jack hold any place in her thoughts? No, not even a small corner. They had forgotten about each other, as I have said.

That evening Jack went to the Melbourne Business club for dinner with three other prosperous young business men, all of them married. When the meal was finished the conversation turned to matrimony.

"How comes it you never got married, Jack?" asked George Clifford as he passed cigars. "You're old enough and have enough coin to make some girl comfortable and happy."

Jack laughed as he lit the weed. "Not me," he said as he puffed placidly. "I'll never get married. I'm going to be a hermit. Do you know, fellows, it's a fact that I've never been interested a bit in the fair sex? I'm all for business. I'm sincerely opposed to marriage—for myself, at least."

Clifford, who was five years older, looked over the rims of his glasses with a slight grimace and inquired: "Don't you believe in love? Don't you believe that every one was made for some one?"

Another laugh, this time louder and longer, from Jack.

"I should say not!" he retorted. "There's no such thing as love. Marriage is a matter of business. When a fellow hasn't enough sense to save his money, he needs a woman to help him; and if he gets the right kind he's all right, and if he doesn't he's all wrong. I tell you I'm not interested in girls and I'll die a bachelor, as sure as the sun rises and sets."

Lachesis frowned. Such defiance! She was puzzled, but she was very re-

sourceful. For days at a time she would stand and hold those two threads, one in each hand. But when she attempted to bring them together her arms would stiffen.

Six months before it was time for him to celebrate his twenty-eighth anniversary something put into Jack's head the idea of touring the States. As he had accumulated a comfortable pile of the metal so much desired on this globe, and as he had taken in a partner who was capable of conducting the business alone, there was no reason why he should not carry the idea into effect.

It was on the outskirts of Chicago that the accident occurred. The train hit a broken rail or something and the parlor car left the track. Only one person was severely injured, and that was Jack Watson, whose arm was broken.

He was taken to a Chicago hospital, where the arm was set. His condition, physically and financially, warranted a nurse being assigned to special duty on the case.

This was the first opportunity he had had to study woman at close range, and it proved decidedly interesting. The nurse was in constant attendance during the day and ready to answer his call at any time during the night. She was continually putting thermometers into his mouth and taking them out again, feeling his pulse, feeding him ice cream and other delicacies, and smiling. And she had a pretty face, always shining with good cheer, and a lot of other nice ways about her.

"That's funny," Jack told himself frequently. "I never knew a woman could be so useful in this busy world." And he got to wishing that his arm wouldn't be in any hurry about getting mended, and his mind began thinking strange thoughts; that is, strange for him.

Of course, you know the nurse was Esther Richards. But he did not. A lot of changes take place in a person between the ages of eight and twenty-five; and there was no more reason why he should associate this Miss Richards with the one of his school days in Ohio than that she should recognize her childhood sweetheart in this Mr. Watson who was her patient.

Had Jack been less reticent about himself their former acquaintanceship would have leaked out in the "small talk" that usually develops between a nurse and a convalescing patient; but as he was one who took things for granted and never displayed curiosity, especially concerning the affairs of women, he had not even asked the customary "Where is your home?" Naturally her professional reserve, acquired during nearly three years of training, precluded the possibility of her taking the initiative in such personal matters; so the fact that they had not been schoolmates and "puppy-love" sweethearts remained unrevealed.

He fought against the peculiar feeling that was creeping over him, but it was a losing fight. He gave up the struggle and confessed, first to himself and later to her, that he was in love with her. He told her all about it on the day he was to leave the hospital.

"Do you believe in love?" she inquired, as she stood beside the bed and retained that professional demeanor sufficiently to keep him from seizing her hand. "These days, people are beginning to have the idea that marriage is only a business contract." Jack laughed and forgot all about Melbourne and real estate, business club dinners and hermits' lives.

"Love!" he echoed. "Surely, I believe in love. Every one was made for some one, and I was made for you. I've felt that ever since I first saw you standing by this bed and counting my heart-beats. Haven't you felt the same way?"

She forgot about "being professional" and her hand found its way into his.

"Perhaps," she confessed. "That's what we always read in books; and there may be something to it. Really, I feel as if I had known you always."

Lachesis smiled a smile of triumph. She drew the two threads together and held them side by side in one hand. With the other hand she reached into the happiness box and dabbed some of the contents on the threads. Then she carefully and methodically knotted them together.

You can't defy Lachesis and get away with it.

British Honduras. British Honduras is in the tropics, but its climate is only sub-tropical. The maximum shade temperature is 98 degrees Fahrenheit, while the minimum is 50 degrees. Cholera, yellow fever and other tropical diseases occur from time to time, but on the whole the country is not unhealthy in comparison with the West Indies or the Central American countries. The dry season lasts from the middle of February to the middle of May. Rain occurs at intervals during the other months, and almost continuously during October, November and December. The annual rainfall averages about 81½ inches, but rises to some parts of the country to 150 inches or more. Easterly sea winds prevail during the greater part of the year.

The Humming Birds. The smallest and most brilliant in color of all the feathered creations are the humming birds, and of the 400 species none is to be found elsewhere than in this western hemisphere. It is noticed that humming birds occur in great numbers in summer in Indiana have greatly diminished in number. An explanation is given that many thousands have been sacrificed in the millinery trade.

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
COCONUT FOR YOU—MASKS FOR SOLDIERS



The Housewife Is an Allied Soldier of the Cause.

COCONUT IS MORE THAN A DELICACY

Carbon From Shells Is Used in Making Gas Masks for American Soldiers.

BUY THE PREPARED PRODUCT

Contains High Percentage of Fat and Some Protein, Both of Which Have High Food Value—Some Nourishing Dishes.

When you buy coconut think of the American soldier whose gas mask is supplied with carbon from the shell that once surrounded that coconut. The coconut meat is used in various ways and the shells removed, some of the meat being dried and offered for sale in this form. Buying the prepared rather than the fresh product, therefore, saves a war material.

Coconut is more than a delicacy. It is a real food, for it contains a high percentage of fat and some protein, both of which have a high food value. And when you include coconut dishes in your menus you are helping to provide masks for soldiers at the front.

Here are a few good recipes for the use of coconut:

Coconut Rusks—50-50.

1 quart milk ½ cupful lukewarm
¼ cupful sirup ½ cupful water
1 tablespoonful salt ¼ cupful fat
2 cakes yeast 2 pounds wheat flour
2 cupfuls shredded 2 pounds rice flour
coconut 2 egg whites

Scald milk, sugar and salt together; cool to 90 degrees F. and add yeast, dissolve in one-half cupful lukewarm water, then add shortening, then all the flour, which has been previously sifted together. This makes a very stiff dough. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Beat the white of two eggs not too stiff, cut down the dough, and work in the egg whites. Work until a smooth, elastic mass results. Cover and set to rise. Let dough rise until very light, then roll out to one-fourth-inch thickness. After the addition of the egg the dough is very soft. Brush over with sirup, sprinkle with coconut, roll up and cut in pieces one-half-inch thick. Place in pan flat side up. Let rise. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes.

Coconut Corn Muffins.

½ cupful flour 4 teaspoonfuls bak-
ing powder
1 tablespoonful fat 1 egg
1 cupful cornmeal 1 egg
½ teaspoonful salt ½ cupful chopped
coconut

Sift dry ingredients, add to beaten egg, melted fat, milk and coconut. Bake in muffin tins.

Coconut Snow.

3 tablespoonfuls Pinch salt
gelatine 1 cupful corn sirup
2 tablespoonfuls cold ¼ cupful lemon
water juice
1 cupful boiling wa- 1 egg whites
ter 1 cupful coconut

Dissolve gelatine in cold water. Let stand ten minutes. Add boiling water, cool, and add coconut. Let stand in ice water until it begins to congeal. Mix into the gelatine the well-beaten egg whites, to which the sirup has been added. Let stand until firm.

Coconut Prune Whip.

1 cupful sifted prune 2 tablespoonfuls
pulp sirup
3 egg whites beaten 2 teaspoonfuls lem-
on juice
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 cupful coconut

Wash the prunes and allow to soak until they regain their plumpness. Simmer until tender. Rub through sieve.

Add salt to egg whites and beat until very stiff. Fold in the fruit pulp, lemon juice and sirup. Add the coconut. Put in greased ramekins and bake surrounded by water in moderate oven. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Coconut War Cake.

2-3 cupful sirup ½ cupfuls barley
2 tablespoonfuls flour
shortening 4 teaspoonfuls bak-
ing powder
½ cupful milk 1 teaspoonful vanilla
¼ teaspoonful salt 1 cupful chopped
coconut

Cream fat and sirup together. Add well-beaten egg. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to the mixture. Beat in coconut. Bake in a slow oven as a loaf or layer.

Coconut Cornflake Macaroons.

½ cupful sugar ½ cupful sirup
or 2 cupfuls cornflakes
½ cupful sugar 2 cupfuls cornflakes
and 1 cupful coconut

Beat egg until light, add sugar, fold in coconut and cornflakes. Drop on buttered sheet and bake ten minutes.

HELP WIN THE WAR

Pass the meat to the boys "over there."
Pass the potatoes to the family over here.

Pass over the flour, it's the best shipping food.
Consume the cornmeal, the bread's just as good.

When you hear the call for help hold the line.

Women Help Food Campaign.

The county home-demonstration agent of Monroe county, New York, has converted her small car into a "Victory Special." Demonstrations are given from the car, and equipment is carried for exhibits of labor-saving devices. In July the "Victory Special" made 34 visits to community meetings, and the agent's message reached 3,646 persons.

In one city in Iowa the women connected with home-demonstration work have issued a statement of wartime etiquette called table manners for patriots.

In Bristol county, Massachusetts, which contains many manufacturing towns, a food-demonstration truck has been very successful. Demonstrations out of doors in various villages have been well attended, the truck being used in the afternoon and early evening. A special effort was made to reach the Portuguese, French and Italian people. These people would not come to an indoor meeting, but eagerly collected on the sidewalk to watch the demonstration. They were glad to receive literature written in their own language.

In various towns of Windham county, Connecticut, the canning campaign carried on by home-demonstration agents was furthered by the use of an outdoor stereopticon which threw views on a screen over a store window. This attracted good audiences, and nine demonstrations were given, two of these being to foreigners with the aid of an interpreter.

Green Tomato Pie.

A green tomato pie may be made as follows: Line a pie pan with pie crust, place in it a layer of thinly sliced green tomatoes, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and a little flour, repeating until the pan is full. Spread a crust over the top, make a few steam holes in it, and bake in a moderate oven until the tomatoes are well done, or about thirty-five minutes. A teaspoonful of butter or other fat dotted over the pie before the top crust is added makes the pie richer.

SIGNIFICANCE OF ARMY RANK

Explanation Concerning the Insignia of Various Officers That Is More or Less Romantic.

Because gold is a more precious metal than silver, not a few civilians confess ignorance of the reason for gold bars on a second lieutenant's shoulder straps and silver bars on those of a first lieutenant. Throughout the rank of army insignias gold appears to be subordinated. Moss' Officers' Manual explains the significance:

"The second lieutenant stands on the level ground, looking up to his superiors at varying altitudes above him. He begins to climb toward the top, his first step being the lower bar of the fence, which position is typified by the one bar of the first lieutenant. Upon reaching the top of the fence the officer wears two bars, which represent the bottom and top bars of the fence, from which point he can now as captain survey the field. From the fence, the officer must climb to the branches of the oak, the tree of might and strength. It is a long climb and symbolizes the marked difference that exists between the company and the field officer. The gold leaf on the major's shoulder strap symbolizes this position. The next step is to the tallest tree of the forest, the straight, towering, silver poplar, with no branches for many feet from the ground. Although this point of vantage is somewhat higher than that of the oak, it is not materially so, and the duties and responsibilities of the position are about the same. The officer is now among the silver leaves of the poplar, which fact is typified by the silver leaf of the lieutenant colonel. The silver eagle of the colonel symbolizes the bird that soars over the top of the towering poplar. The next step is the greatest of all: To the stars up in the firmament, far, far above the eagle's flight, which position is typified by the star on the general officer's shoulder strap."

This description of the significance of our insignia of rank, is, of course, merely a romantic explanation.

Four Women and a Bear.

Discovering a big black bear at the mouth of a cave while on a fishing trip with their husbands, Mrs. O. Hartman, Mrs. Guy Henderson, Mrs. A. Bassett and Mrs. George Chadwick threw rocks at the animal until it retired into the cave, and the remaining three then kept guard while the fourth summoned the men.

The party was without a gun, but after several hours an ancient musket was borrowed at a ranch several miles away, and whenever the bear attempted to emerge from the cave they drove him back with showers of stones.

Armed with the musket, Bassett crawled to the mouth of the cave and, aiming at the bear's right eye, fired. The musket burst without damage to Bassett and the bullet struck the bear in the left flank, inflicting a wound which caused death.

The bear is one of the largest of the black variety ever killed in this region. —Jackson (Wyo.) Dispatch in Cheyenne Leader.

Where Turgenev Did Early Work.

The estate of the Russian novelist, Ivan Turgenev, which is reported to have been sacked by peasants, lies in the low, marshy country of the government state of Toula. Some of the writer's early work was produced there though toward the end of his life Turgenev spent the greater part of his time in Baden-Baden or Paris and scarcely visited Russia. The influence of his home, with its beautiful, prosperous estates and hard-driven peasantry, was never quite forgotten by him, and toward the muzhiks especially—the parents, probably, of those who have just wrecked his property—he had always an active sympathy. The neighboring capital town of Toula, set in the midst of agricultural lands, was constituted a gun factory by the Czar Boris Godunov, and still devotes itself to the making of army rifles.

Resurrection of Old Roman Port.

Ostia, the harbor of ancient Rome, is once more, by decision of the Italian government, to become a port, and Rome therefore once more a maritime city. To the harbor at Ostia, when Rome was mistress of the world, came the corn from Sicily and Sardinia, which, after Tibet silt and national indolence had let Ostia perish, was stored at Portus, the rival harbor, which also afterward fell into desuetude. It was the seizure of Rome's granary which enabled Alaric to impose his will on the Eternal city. Ostia began its existence in 640 B. C., and she seems about to add another chapter to her history.

American Flyers.

This from Gen. William L. Kenly, United States director of military aeronautics: "There is no higher type of the aviator in the world than the American. The courage and the ability of the American flyer have won full recognition, and we may expect him to play a more and more prominent part in the war as it continues, because, after four years of fighting, the man power resources of our allies have been largely drawn on."

How He Found War.

Willis—This morning you told me you had just returned from the war, and this afternoon I heard you admit that you had never smelled powder.

Gillis—That's right. I fought the Germans. All we ever smelled was chlorine gas, fluorine fumes and poison spray.—Town Topics.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

COMMANDS OUR TROOPS IN ENGLAND

Major Gen. John Biddle, commander of all American troops in England, is one of the most modest and unpretentious persons imaginable, and one of the most popular officers in the army. He is not only a loyal friend, a polished gentleman and a good fellow in the best sense of that term, but he is noted for his tact.

General Biddle when a boy spent three years at the school in Geneva (where French was everybody's language) and then was sent to the University of Heidelberg. From Heidelberg, at eighteen, he was brought back to this country, and in 1877 entered the West Point Military Academy.

He was graduated second in his class, and was appointed a second lieutenant in 1881 and assigned to the engineers.

A few years ago he was appointed an instructor in practical military engineering at West Point. In the Spanish war he served in Cuba. In November, 1898, he was sent to Manila, and not long afterward to Guam to survey that island. He was made engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia in 1901, and held that job six years. Then he was put in charge of important work in California, to be later attached to the general staff at Washington, and sent (in November, 1914) to Austria as a "war observer."

So virulent was the feeling against Americans in the German and Austrian camps that our military observers assigned to the armies of the central empires were at length withdrawn. Colonel Biddle, on his return, was made superintendent of the West Point academy.



Western Newspaper Union

CHIEF RAILROAD DETECTIVE



William J. Flynn, for more than 20 years in the United States secret service until his retirement as its chief at the beginning of this year, has been appointed by William G. McAdoo to be head of the railroad administration detective force, having jurisdiction over all the railroads in the nation.

Except for six months in 1910-1911, when Mr. Flynn reorganized the detective bureau of the New York police department with the rank of second deputy police commissioner, his connection with the secret service had been continuous from 1897 until last January. He was appointed chief of the service in 1912, which position he resigned because of friction between his department and the department of justice.

Mr. Flynn has a reputation as a detector of crime which is more spectacular and involves more important work than that of any other detective living, and his appointment as head of the merged railway detective agencies assures competent protection of transportation at a time when all precious transportation records in this country are being dwarfed.

Mr. Flynn's knowledge of Italian criminals and their methods brought unusual protection to the reputable citizens of the Italian quarters and his activities in that branch of the service led to the only instance in the annals of the New York department in which a kidnaper child was actually caught in the possession of kidnapers. The case was that of the Longe and Rizzio boys, who were stolen from Brooklyn in 1910.

WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

The arrival in this country not long ago of Mrs. Adolphus Busch, the multimillionaire widow of St. Louis who had been living in Germany for several years, brought to light an interesting situation which, so far as there is any record, has never before actually existed in history. Although Mrs. Busch, whose husband was the famous brewer, Adolphus Busch, and who is herself the "Anheuser" of the widely known "Anheuser-Busch," is really the richest widow in the world, with more than \$60,000,000 in money and properties, yet her return to the United States has revealed her as literally a "woman without a country."

Technically, Mrs. Busch is a citizen of the United States. But part of her vast estate, though, is in Germany. She owns castles, villas, stocks and bonds and even part of a great ammunition plant in Prussia. So, when the United States declared war upon Germany the Prussian government promptly declared Mrs. Busch, who was living in the great Villa Lilly, near Berlin, an estate named after her and presented her by her husband as a golden wedding gift, to be an alien enemy of her husband's fatherland. All her fortune in Germany was seized by the German government, which classed her as an American citizen.



RISING STATESMAN OF URUGUAY



Dr. Baltasar Brum, the Uruguayan minister of foreign affairs, who headed the Uruguayan special commercial mission to this country—thus sufficiently demonstrating his importance in the public life of his own nation—was thirty-five years old on June 18. He is at the present time a candidate for the Uruguayan presidency. Few statesmen of his age have gone as far.

He was born in the department of Artigas, Uruguay, on the frontier of Brazil. His father, a wealthy planter, still occupies the homestead. The boy received his education in the Polytechnic institute of Salto and the University of Montevideo, where he took the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1908. While an undergraduate he was secretary of the committee which organized the first congress of American students.

Upon his graduation he made an extensive tour of Europe, and returning hung out his shingle in Salto, where he at once became active and conspicuous in local politics. In 1913 Doctor Brum, barely thirty, received a cabinet portfolio, though he had to wait a little until his birthday was passed in order to qualify. He became minister of public instruction and justice and continued in that post until February, 1915. Since then he has been minister of the interior, acting minister of finance and minister of foreign affairs.