

## Arthur's Little Mistake

By Katherine Howe

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Helen saw her husband coming up the path to the house, and her eyes smiled a welcome. They lived about twenty miles from the big city, and often lately his business had kept him in town so that he had not come home, sometimes at night. Helen was a sensible woman, she loved her "big boy" Arthur, and as he always telephoned when detained, she had no reason to doubt that anything other than business kept him from her. They had been married about six years, and she reasoned that one could not expect the loverlike attentions of the honeymoon to go on indefinitely. All women want them, but they generally have to bring philosophy and cold logic to their aid instead, look the situation in the face, and not expect the impossible. Helen had done this, and she laid the diminishing attentions to the increasing demands of the practical life.

Arthur May was light-haired, tall, and beginning to grow stout. He was thirty-two, and Helen had repeatedly told him he was too young to let himself get fat; but May was not the self-indulgent kind, and refused to limit his food supply. He kissed his wife in the hall, patted her cheek, and said he was glad to get home. It had been bad going, plowing his way through the snow from the station. As he hung up his overcoat it slipped from the hook, and fell. In his haste to pick it up, he caught at the wrong end, and emptied several things from the pocket.



"Helen!" He Gasped.

et. Helen stooped to gather them up. One of the articles was a small morocco case with the name of a well-known jeweler on the outside. But he quickly caught it from her hand.

"Let me have that!" he said, and thrust it into his pocket.

Helen said nothing. She stood still looking at him in a kind of wonderment that gradually changed to suspicion, and a stricken agony.

He began to stammer out: "Listen dear—you see I got it for you—and—and it was not right—not what I thought I was getting—and I don't want you to see it till I get the right one."

She said nothing, and followed him dumbly into the living room. He went from there to his bedroom, and she began to think. After all it might be as he had said. The thought that there was some other woman in his life was somehow unthinkable. She must be more sure. But the evidence was—No! no! she must be more sure.

At dinner he talked glibly on all sorts of happenings, and she answered as though nothing had occurred. The next evening he handed her a small packet. Opening it, she found a pendant set with a turquoise.

"I remembered the turquoise was your birth-stone, and you liked to wear it," he said. "The other one was a topaz."

It flashed upon her that she had no reason to suspect him, and she thanked him, and kissed him for the gift.

About a week after this a friend in the city telephoned, inviting her to a matinee. She accepted, and took the next train in. Arthur had told her he would not be home to dinner, and she did not need to hurry home. After the performance, Helen wished to make a few purchases, and they concluded to dine together in a nearby restaurant. They went in early, but the place was already well filled.

"This is a great place for stage people," said her friend, Marian. "You see, they have to dine early."

She pointed out some prominent people of the stage. "Do you see that girl over there in the big blue hat? Well, she is in the front row in 'The Girl from Sweden.' Pretty, isn't she? But awfully made up."

"Yes," responded Helen, "she is pretty, and she is laying herself out

The man's back was toward them, and a waiter at that moment quite hid him from view. As the waiter moved away, the man turned to speak to him. Marian hoped Helen had not seen him, but it needed no word to tell her she had. It was her husband. He had not seen Helen, and she hoped he would not. She hated scenes, and she went through a pretense of dining, though her friend saw it was forced, and deeply sympathized with her.

Gradually from talkative friends she learned that Arthur May's devotion to this chorus girl was well known on Broadway. She said nothing, but waited.

One day in the city, having crossed the street, just as she reached the curb, she heard a scream behind her. A woman had fallen, and an automobile was swerving away from her. Helen was first to go to her, and help her to her feet. She seemed scarcely able to walk, and a policeman offered to call an ambulance. She refused, asking him instead to call a taxi.

"Wouldn't you like me to go home with you?" asked Helen.

"Oh, would you?" she begged. "There isn't a soul there to do a thing for me, and something has happened to my arm."

Helen got into the taxi with her. She had recognized her fellow-passenger. She was the girl in the restaurant, with whom she had seen her husband.

"Good heavens!" wailed the girl. "I hope this won't lay me up. I've got to get to the theater."

It was a very pretty apartment, handsomely furnished, that they entered. Helen bathed and bound up the injured arm. She helped to remove the girl's clothes, get her into a negligee, and see that she was comfortably disposed on a couch. The ministrations of a sister could not have been gentler or more considerate.

"I think you are an angel," said the girl; "just an all-wool, yard wide angel. Won't you let me have your name, and address?"

Helen parried the question by asking the girl's name.

"Oh, I'm Florrie Parks—in 'The Girl from Sweden,'" she said. "She rose, and dragged herself, limping, to the telephone. She called a familiar number to Helen. To hide her agitation, Helen turned away. A diamond pendant on the dressing table caught her eye. She picked it up and turned it over. On the reverse side was the inscription, 'Florrie from A.' This was the jewel he had not wished her to see.

"Arthur, dearie," she heard her saying through the telephone, "do come as soon as you can. I'm pretty badly banged up. There's the dearest little woman here. She's done all sorts of things for me. But she'll be gone before you get here."

Helen managed to delay her departure. In about 20 minutes she heard a man's steps approaching, then the click of a latchkey, and her husband entered.

"Helen!" he gasped.

"I'm going to take the train now," she said quietly. "I suppose you'll not be out tonight."

"Yes, I will," he answered.

"I hope you'll be all right in the morning, Miss Parks," she said quietly to the girl, and she went. As she did so, she heard in awed tones the girl's exclamation, "My God!"

The next day Helen said to her husband: "I suppose you would like a divorce."

"Divorce!" he exclaimed, as though it had never occurred to him.

"Why, yes," she said. "That seems the only thing now; the only happiness for you. She is a good-hearted little thing—a bit coarse-grained, but with kind impulses; yes, very kind. I didn't blame her—I was just sorry."

"Yes, she's all you say. And you better believe she made me see what a rotten cad I've been to you. She thinks you must have wings, and she said if I hadn't found it out, I'd better begin right now. She didn't want to see me again till I could tell her I had."

Helen was silent, wondering at this strange turn of affairs.

"I don't know how to ask you to forgive me, Helen. But if you'll let me take her advice I—I think it's something I can never forget."

She put out her hand to him, and he drew her close in his arms.

## An Ineffective Revenge

By ALAN HINSDALE

A vehicle stopped at the country residence of Mrs. Van Arsdale, and a man, taking a photograph from it, carried it to the front door. Miss Birdie Van Arsdale was sitting on the porch at the time and asked him what she could do for him. Presenting the photograph, he said:

"I am introducing the burglar alarm photograph. It is especially designed for unprotected families and renders other defenses unnecessary. It is connected electrically with such openings in the house as would be considered available by a burglar, would ready for use, and on his breaking the connection the clockwork is set going. The machine then addresses the burglar, who, finding his presence in the house to be known, beats a precipitate retreat."

The prelude to such encomiums as a drummer knows how to pour out upon what he has for sale caused the young lady to call out:

"Mother! Come here." Mother came. The salesman repeated what he had already said and continued like a trotting horse on an endless track:

"If the burglar is one of the desperate kind any member of the family who has been awakened by the photograph's first words may move a slide marked 'Shoot' and the report of a pistol will be heard. This slide," pointing to another, "is to call the police."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances. They were deprived of man's protection and never went to bed without poking canes and umbrellas under their beds. Mr. Van Arsdale was obliged to spend his summers in the city and was rarely with them. When he came up he lay like a watchdog on a wire inclosed portion of the porch, and his wife and daughter slumbered.

Mrs. Van Arsdale asked the price of one of the photographs, drew a check for the \$100 asked, and after the new owner had been duly instructed the drummer departed.

It was Saturday evening. Mr. Van Arsdale had written that he would not be able to spend the week end with his family, and after the house was closed for the night Mrs. Van Arsdale and her daughter placed the photograph at the top of the staircase leading down to the front door. The salesman had put in all the connections, and there was nothing to be done except make the attachments. These things having been attended to, the ladies went to bed, and sleep and oblivion reigned over all.

Mr. Van Arsdale changed his mind and went home.

It was just twenty minutes to 12 when Mr. Van Arsdale arrived at home and stepped lightly on to his porch that he might not awaken his wife and daughter. His out of door bedding not being provided, he thought he would go upstairs stealthily and get it. Inserting his night key, he opened the door and as he stepped into the hall felt his foot catch in some obstruction, such as a fine wire or light string. What was his astonishment to hear a sonorous voice burst forth:

"Aha! You thought to get in here without our knowing it, did you? Advance at your peril! I've got the drop on you! An inch further and you're a dead man!"

It must be admitted that such a reception on entering his own house had a marked effect on Mr. Van Arsdale. The only motion he made was throwing up of his hands. He could not see the speaker, but he supposed the speaker could see him, since he had declared that he had the drop.

At the first challenge of the intruder Mrs. Van Arsdale and Birdie both slid out of bed and made for the position of the photograph, reaching it just as the talking machine pronounced the words "a dead man."

"Is he going out?" whispered Mrs. Van Arsdale, shivering.

"No," replied the daughter. "I think I can hear him down there near the door."

"Push the slide calling the police."

Birdie felt for the slide, but, not being able to see in the dark, struck the wrong one. There was a shot, followed by the words, "Well, then, take that!"

Something was heard to drop in the hall below.

"What have you done?" cried the mother frantically. "I told you to move the slide calling the police! You've killed him!"

"Why, mother, it wasn't a real shot. It couldn't hurt any one."

The imagination is powerful—at least Mr. Van Arsdale found it so, for on hearing the shot he felt a shock; his knees gave way and let him down. When he heard his wife accusing his daughter of having killed him, not feeling at all dead, he called out in his own true voice:

"What in thunder is all this about?"

"Why, it's papa!" cried Birdie.

"Oh, Henry, are you killed? I mean are you frightened to death?"

"I reckon that's about it—frightened to death. Who's there to do the shooting?"

There was an explanation. Mr. Van Arsdale turned on the lights and saw the photograph. He spoke no word; but, striding out to the tool closet, he grasped an ax and, returning, made kindling wood of the machine that had scared him almost to death.

"Why, papa," whined Birdie, "you've spoiled our burglar alarm! You haven't hurt anybody except mamma, who gave

## Home Cookery

A Novel Fruit Salad.

Mix together one cupful of large strawberries cut in halves, two diced bananas, two slices of chopped pineapple and the yellow pulp from one large sweet orange. Let the fruit stand in a cold place covered for half an hour, then drain. Place two heaping tablespoonsful of the fruit mixture in each nest of crisp lettuce leaves. Pour over a whipped cream dressing that has been flavored and blended with the drained fruit juices and serve immediately.

Pimento Butter.

This is such an excellent relish to use with broiled fish and also as a sandwich filling that it is sure to prove a popular favorite. Use the canned pimentos (drained), chop finely and then mash to a pulp with a spoon. Beat a quarter of a cupful of butter to a cream, add sufficient of the pimento pulp to flavor to taste, a pinch of celery salt, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and one heaping tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Mix well before using.

Southern Egg Dish.

Heat an earthen dish over a moderate fire and drop in a piece of butter. Season with an onion minced fine, a little red pepper and a small spoonful of fine salt. Break six eggs very carefully into the dish and cook until the whites set. Turn carefully, cook until done and serve hot from the dish in which they were cooked.

Lima Bean and Celery Salad.

Take two cupfuls of cold boiled lima beans, a cupful of chopped celery and four hard boiled eggs, also chopped. Toss in mayonnaise, add the juice of an onion and lay up the salad on white lettuce leaves. Garnish with strips of red pepper.

Lettuce and Egg Salad.

Cut with kitchen scissors white lettuce leaves into crisp ribbons. Place the cold boiled egg cut in pond lily fashion in a nest of the lettuce and heap with mayonnaise.

## Method of Preserving Eggs in Water Glass

When the hens are producing eggs faster than they can be used on the home table, or if a neighbor has an oversupply of eggs, it is time to put them away against the egg shortage of fall and winter, according to the Kansas College of Agriculture, which tells how to do it:

Eggs must be fresh and preferably infertile. The shells must be clean and free from cracks. A single cracked egg may cause the whole batch to spoil. Get water glass solution from the drug store, dilute with nine parts of cool boiled water and place eggs in small crocks containing the water glass. The solution should cover the eggs to a depth of two inches above the topmost layer of eggs. Cover the crock and place in a cool place where it will not have to be moved about. Replace the water which evaporates with cool boiled water occasionally.

Lime-water may be used in place of water glass. Make the solution with three pounds of unslaked lime in five gallons of cool boiled water and use the clear liquid after the lime settles. Containers for eggs must be clean and should be scalded with hot water after washing.

Eggs preserved in water glass or lime-water should be rinsed in clean cold water and used immediately after taking them from the solution. They can be used for soft boiling up to November, frying until December and after that, until March, for omelets, scrambled and in cooking.

## War Vegetables—The Pea

CIRCULAR PEAS. HISTORIANS HAVE FOUND THAT THE PEAS ORIGINALLY CAME FROM CHINA. PEAS ARE NOW GROWN IN ALMOST ALL LANGUAGES THAT HAVE PEAS YOU WILL FIND THEM BEHIND THEM.

CAN-O-PEAS (CANNED). GROW QUITE HIGH AND ARE USED AS A SHELTER FROM THE HOT SUN OR RAIN.

SPLIT PEAS. THE SPLIT PEAS ORIGINATED IN KENTUCKY—THE PEAS ARE PLANTED IN AMONGST THE GRASS ON WINDY DAYS OF THE SPRING. GRASS SHAPED BLADES OF THE PEAS IN HALF—THAT KENTUCKY SPLIT PEAS.

KUBIST PEAS. THE KUBIST PEAS ARE HIGHLY PRIZED BY A GREAT MANY PEOPLE, BECAUSE THEY DO NOT ROLL OFF THE KNIFE WHEN EATING THEM.

SWEET PEAS ARE PLANTED IN SOIL WHICH CONSISTS OF 60% BLACK DIRT, 35% SUGAR AND 5% FLOUR—THE BLOSSOMS ARE A SWEET SCENTED FLOWER—YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR A CENT.

EARLY JUNE PEAS—EVERY MORNING IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, YOU SET UP AT 8 A.M., CREEP OUT INTO THE GARDEN, WHERE THE PEAS ARE PLANTED IN BEDS—YOU MAKE A NOISE LIKE A JUNE BUG, THE PEAS HEARS IT AND WHEN THE PEAS LOOKS "ROUND, YOU GRAB IT AND PUT IT IN YOUR BAG."

OTHER SPECIES OF PEAS ARE: PETIT POIS—ALIAS FRENCH PEAS. BLACK PEAS—ALIAS BURNED PEAS. GRIN PEAS—WEARS IRISH OVERCOAT. NAP PEAS—GROWS JOYFULLY.

## Why They Trained Their Boy to Be a Soldier

By F. A. MITCHEL

Julius Dabney, seventeen years old, was his parents' only child. When he was a little fellow he said very smart things, and they confidently expected that he would some day turn out to be a leader of men. When he was not saying smart things he was eating candy. As soon as he had eaten enough candy to upset his stomach the household was upset by his wallings and complaints. Then his mother put him to bed and spent most of the day trying to persuade him to take medicine.

When Julius passed into boyhood he developed a taste for athletics. He would play baseball till he became exhausted. Then he must be treated with all the consideration due an invalid. At fourteen he was a fairly strong boy. An excellent skater, a fearless rider; indeed, everything a boy should be, except for an extreme repulsion for work—that is to say, he could neither bring himself to do drudgery nor could he be driven to it. If his mother told him to weed the garden, he would argue the point with her as to whether or no it was worth while, taking ground that vegetables could be bought cheaper in the market than they could be raised.

As Julius grew older and more was expected of him, there was proportionate additional disappointment. Instead of developing a taste for things useful, he turned his whole attention to things ornamental, lavishing all his artistic taste on his own person. His habits absorbed his entire attention.

He was good looking and quite a favorite with the girls, but since they were about his age and correspondingly light headed, their liking for him was no great compliment to him.

This is a brief resume of Julius' first sixteen years in a world which he had come to consider had been created for his comfort and pleasure. The outside world liked him. He had a droll way with him that usually renders one popular. He was considered intellectually above the average. But—

According to his own estimate, he knew more than his father, his mother and every other human being the world contained. It was next to impossible to get him to assist in any household duty not only on account of his repulsion for work, but because he would assume the entire direction of what was to be done. Once in awhile some of his suggestions of a way were excellent. This was unfortunate, for it convinced him that he was especially fitted for a leader.

Julius' parents on his seventeenth birthday had a conference upon their son's worthlessness.

"I don't know what's the matter with the boy," said his mother. "I'm afraid he is physically weak."

"They don't take weak boys for football," objected his father. "I know what's the matter with him very well. He has never been broken. Do they expect a colt to be of any use until he has been broken to harness?"

"What do you mean by that?" "Both a colt and a human being are animals. Both need training, but of a different kind. We educate our boys intellectually, but not practically. Neither you nor I am competent to break in our son. I have a plan. The national guard has become liable to a call from the United States. I have heard it rumored that they are about to be ordered to the Mexican frontier. From the moment of their departure they will begin to become soldiers. They will learn to obey and to endure. I propose to put Julius into the national guard."

"How will you get him to join?"

"Buy him a uniform."

The youngster was tempted into the national guard by the splendor of his uniform, and a week after his enlistment he was on his way to Mexico. What he endured there, how he got a knowledge of his real worth in khaki as a private soldier, what respect was paid—or, rather, not paid—to his opinions by his officers, the contempt with which his comrades treated any shirking—all these are too voluminous to be detailed here.

One day in the following spring Julius, a soldierly young fellow, straight as an arrow, whose uniform sat well upon his stalwart figure, entered the gate of his home, hurried up the front steps and into the house. His father was engaged in taking down a stove. Julius hugged his mother, who was looking on; put his arms around his father, drew him away from his work, threw off his coat and, taking the stove on his shoulder, carried it to an outhouse and deposited it there for the summer.

"Well, my boy," said his father, "I think you're broken in."

"Yes, dad, I am. It was an awful experience at first, but after I got the new run of things I liked it. I don't know as much as I did, but I've taken a step backward to make several steps forward."

Julius had very little time in which to fall back into his former habits, even if he had wished to do so. It was not long after his return from Mexico that his country was caught in the maelstrom of the world's war, and the young guardsman was again ordered to active duty.

This time, with his regiment, he was ordered to guard some public works, but by this time his training had become too valuable for him to be allowed to remain a private soldier, and he was made an officer. He seems to have found his proper sphere and bids

## Home Cookery

Luncheon Statoes.

Put through the food chopper the ends of cold steak or any mixture of cold meats. Into a buttered baking dish slice raw potatoes (cold boiled will do) and sprinkle thickly with the chopped meat. Over this slice a layer of raw tomatoes or canned ones drained of most of their liquor; dot with butter and season with pepper and salt. Alternate the layers until the dish is full; sprinkle the top with a layer of cracker crumbs moistened with melted butter and bake until done.

Sausage Rolls.

Make a baking powder biscuit dough, roll out in a sheet about half an inch in thickness and cut into small squares. Have ready any good sausage mixture—pork, beef or a mixture of left over meats, well seasoned. Form into small cakes; place a cake in the center of each small square of the dough, bring the ends to the top and press together firmly. Place in a buttered baking tin, the edges not touching, and bake for about twenty minutes. Serve hot, with or without gravy.

Escaloped Cheese and Eggs.

Butter a baking dish and put in the bottom a layer of cracker crumbs, then a layer of hard boiled eggs sliced. Dust with pepper and salt and dot with little pieces of butter. Then add another layer of crumbs, then eggs. Season as before and finish with a thick layer of grated cheese. Add enough rich milk to cover and bake until a delicate brown. Serve hot.

Blackberry Cake.

One cupful of sugar, one egg, butter the size of an egg, five tablespoonfuls of cold water, three heaping tablespoonfuls of blackberries, three tablespoonfuls of blackberry juice, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, spices to taste. Any kind of fruit can be used instead of blackberries.

## Corn Substitutes For Wheat Flour Foods

As a substitute for wheat breakfast foods try white or yellow cornmeal or hominy grits served with cream and sugar, butter, sirup or fresh or dried fruit.

As a substitute for wheat biscuits, rolls or toast the housewife can employ a dozen different forms of corn bread, such as hockcake, dodgers, soft or spoon corn bread, hominy bread, cornmeal and rye Boston brown bread, Zuni Indian bread, etc.

Fried cornmeal mush, fried hominy or cornmeal pancakes made with very little wheat flour will be found a pleasing variation from wheat cakes.

Cornmeal codfish cakes, cornmeal scrapple, cornmeal croquettes, cornmeal or hominy cooked with meat, fish, cheese, eggs or milk will supply nourishing dishes for the hearty courses.

Hominy grits and coarse hominy (sometimes called samp) may be boiled and used like macaroni or other wheat pastes to serve as side dishes with meat.

For dessert Indian pudding, cornmeal and fig or apple pudding, apple dumplings, cornmeal doughnuts, gingerbread, cake, fruit gems, etc., will contribute variety as well as nourishment to the bill of fare.

The housewife who wishes to substitute corn for some but not all of the wheat flour can make excellent raised or light bread, pancakes, waffles, muffins, rolls, graham flour Indian bread, etc.

## War Vegetables

THE RADISH IS SAID TO BE A NATIVE OF ASIA, BECAUSE OF THE LONG PISTIL IT WEARS ON ITS HEAD—NOTE THE RESEMBLANCE.

THIS CANNOT BE EATEN. THIS CAN BE EATEN.

THE FIRST RADISH WAS GROWN IN A TRENCH. RED DIRT, AND THAT IS WHERE IT GOT ITS NAME—THE ONLY TRENCHES HAS THE 'E' IN RED WAS CHANGED TO A 'A'.

THE BLACK RADISH ORIGINATED IN THE COAL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA—EVERY COAL MINER'S FAMILY EAT THE BLACK RADISH WHICH HAS A FLAVOR LIKE LICORICE.

THEN WE HAVE THE BROWN RADISH WHICH GETS ITS NAME FROM BEING OUT IN THE SUN TOO MUCH AND GETS ALL BROWNED UP.

THE GRAY RADISH GROWS VERY OLD AND IS NOT USED MUCH FOR FOOD.

THE HORSE RADISH IS VERY STRONG—RESEMBLES THE HORSE WHEN GROWING—USE FERTILIZER MADE OF HAY AND AFTER EATING IT BURNS SORELY AND MAKES YOU HOARSE.

WINTER OR WHITE RADISH IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE RADISH FAMILY THAT GROWS IN WINTER—IT GROWS UNDERGROUND MOST OF THE WINTER SEASON AND THE SNOW MAKES IT WHITE. THE FROZEN GROUND DOES NOT SOIL IT.

IN CHINA THE PEOPLE GROW THE RAT-TAILED RADISHES. WHEN THE RADISHES HAVE ATTAINED ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THEIR GROWTH, THEY ARE TRANSLANTED IN RAT TRAPS. VERY DELICIOUS WHEN SERVED WITH MONGOLIAN CHEESE.

NATURALLY, THE SEA RADISH GROWS UNDER WATER—WHEN EATEN, IT BRINGS TEARS INTO YOUR EYES SO THAT YOU CAN'T SEE—YOU CAN TELL THIS RADISH BY ITS WAVY LEAVES.