

Caterpillars as Food

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society of America J. M. Aldrich stated he found a small tribe of Mono Lake Indians which caught and dried a ton and a half of caterpillars in a season for food.



Magazine Page



This Day In History

THIS is the anniversary of the battle of Plassey, in 1757, in which Clive defeated the Nawab of Bengal and laid the foundation for British supremacy in India. Plassey is seventy-five miles north of Calcutta.

THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fictions.

DIANA had never stayed in the house by the week at a time. It had been her town headquarters. The convenient quarters from which as an engaged girl, whose family lived in the country, she had made tremendous sallies upon her trousseau. And with Mary Hastings they had both struck up a wonderful friendship.

Downstairs the house was more suggestive of Hastings than of his wife. It was dark and austere. It contained a certain amount of very expensive and very ugly mid-Victorian furniture with which nothing would induce him to part. It had belonged to his mother, with whom he had always quarreled, and he had perhaps a remorseful sentiment about it. A full-length portrait of himself lent no cheer to the entrance-hall. He was an angular man, with a bony face and one shoulder hitched a little higher than the other; his expression was at once mean and lordly, jealous and generous, shrewd to the point of genius and childishly vacant. John Sargent had painted the portrait and had told no lies. It was as if an alienist had said: "He is sane at the moment; but he will bear watching."

Hastings Had Bought Her.

Manners could never pass that wonderful portrait without stopping to look at it. It made his own talent seem purposeless and blundering. He could never go from that portrait to confront his own "Apple-Tree" that hung over the fireplace in Mary Hastings' little upstairs sitting-room without a feeling of

The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East. On the train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home he is keenly disappointed in Diana's conduct and in her coldness toward him; but finds much joy in the love of his daughter, Tam. He tries to find out what is troubling Diana, and she finally tells him she is in love with Ogden Fenn. Manners then tries to persuade her to give up Fenn. Failing in this, he tells Fenn he must give up Diana. Manners calls on Mary Hastings, a friend to him and to Diana.

failure and self-contempt. And yet the apple-tree was a joyous thing. John Sargent himself had whistled when he saw it, and had asked if Manners was a child of mortal parents or if some god and goddess had not really been responsible for him?

Mary Hastings' little sitting-room was her favorite place in all the world. There she received her intimates, and there, often with her frank, kind eyes upon the young greens and the delicious pinks of Frank Manners' apple-tree, she there she came to fight her battles with herself, and thence she emerged faced and thought out her problems, self-sacrificed, victorious.

People said that she had married Hastings for his money and his position. And so she had. But the whole truth was not to be told in one cold-blooded sentence. She had married him to save her father from bankruptcy and to escape the serpents of her mother's tongue.

Hastings had bought her; but she was too honest not to perceive that in allowing herself to be bought she had shared in his crime. She had borne him two children, a boy

and a girl. They were bony children with very high foreheads. They had shoulders of unequal height. They had in them no trace of their mother's beauty, either of body or of spirit.

So greatly had Mary Hastings triumphed in her fight with unhappiness and despair that even her intimates did not know whether she was happy or unhappy. Poise and self-control had become natural to her. Directness, sweetness and simplicity had always been natural.

Manners' "Apple-Tree" and Mary Hastings herself made the room; to the greens and pinks of the tree she offered the strong and rich contrast of black velvet. Her tall, slender, and commanding figure had tempted her dreamer to the utmost severity in cutting the dress.

A large table diamond on her left hand and a short string of splendid, glowing pearls were her only ornaments. Her black hair, which grew low on her forehead in a widow's peak, was brushed back. But the hair itself was not straight; neither was it curly. It was strong, bright and waving. Manners liked to compare her face with the Greek face (which of course he had never seen) which launched a thousand ships against Troy. "But Trojan Helen's face," he usually added, "couldn't have been as sweet as Mary's." Men often forgot the sheer classic beauty of her face in the sweetness of its expression.

Mary Hastings' Advice.

She did not rise when Manners entered, but held out both hands to him across the steaming teatable.

"I am not at home to anybody but you," she said. "I had to see you. I must know about Diana."

"I am glad you must, Mary," said Manners, "because I can't think about anything else."

He remembered the difficulties of his nights, and refused tea or any-



Mary Hastings Asks Manners to Think of Tam Before Acting Rashly.

thing stronger. And then for a long time, with great gentleness and consideration, he talked about Diana; what she had done, what she was doing, and what she

wanted to do. He told his story dispassionately and without comment.

"And your intention, of course," said Mrs. Hastings, when he had

Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon at Leading Theaters

finished, "is to let her have her way. But you mustn't."

"She is still fond of me," said Manners hopelessly, "but if I block the road of honor and glory that leads to Fenn she will hate me."

Mrs. Hastings nodded, but said: "She will only hate you as long as she loves him; but even if her love for him is one of the eternities, even if she hates you and makes your life miserable till her dying day, you mustn't let her divorce you."

"Oh," he said wearily, "if I could be sure that her love would last I'd let her go. I'd have to. It would be too cruel to keep her. I love her too much, Mary. I've loved her since she was a little girl, and no matter what she does to me I keep right on loving her. I'm a regular old wild goose, I expect."

Diana Too Selfish.

He sat leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, and his fine workman-like hands dejectedly hanging.

"Diana," said Mrs. Hastings gently, "is thinking only of herself. Fenn is thinking only of himself. Now I'd give a penny, Frank, to know whom you are thinking of."

He looked up smiling.

"Perfectly right," Mary. I am thinking only of myself." The certainty seemed rather wonderful to him, and he reflected upon it for some moments. Then he said:

"Absolutely right. If I let Diana go, I think only about how much I must suffer. If I keep her and she hates me I think only about how much I must suffer. I think that I'm thinking about Diana; but I'm not. I haven't really thought about her end of it, except just at first—just when she told me, and for a little while after. I'm just an ordinary, selfish, self-centered dog."

"You're nothing of the kind,"

Frank. You've had a dreadful shock, and you're bewildered. Your mind is working in a selfish channel, but that's mere accident and incidental to the shock. I've suspected for some time that things were very wrong with Diana and you, so in my case shock has been discontinued, and I'm not worrying too much about either of you."

Don't you see that it doesn't really matter how much Diana is hurt? She has had her chance and she has abused it. And it doesn't really matter how much you are hurt. You are a man. As for Fenn, the more he is hurt the better. He will have only himself to thank. You three have been of age for a long time. You have been free agents. If you have made messes of your lives, you have only yourselves to blame."

"Diana has been too selfish. You have been too indulgent. And—let's consider Fenn. Don't punish Diana, don't make her suffer, but if she will suffer, why let her. And if you must suffer, why suffer—and get the most out of life that you can. But for heaven's sake, don't take the life of an innocent, helpless person, who has no way in the matter whatever, and rearrange that person's life for the worse."

Pretty Decent Sort.

"Both you and Diana are as necessary to Tam as the food she eats. No matter how much Diana suffers she will always be good to Tam, and good for Tam. It will always be the same with you. Don't argue this with Diana; she wouldn't see it now. But don't ever let it out of your mind. Stick to it. Even if Diana went completely wrong it would be better to keep her for Tam's sake."

"Every time I try to argue with her," said Manners dismally, "she threatens to run away with him. She says that if she is separated from him she will die or kill herself."

"Only the running away with him," said Mary Hastings comfortably, "need I be considered seriously. And that mustn't be considered too seriously. Men will only consent to that way out when there is no other way out. Even bad men don't like the idea of running away with married women. They do it, of course; it does happen. But they don't like it. It amounts to being found out. They would much rather cheat and hope not to be found out."

"Fenn isn't a bad man," said Manners. "I've talked with him and I think he's a pretty decent sort. He told me I needn't be afraid of him. I try very hard not to be. I know they haven't cheated. I don't think they will. Has there been much talk?"

"More laughter than talk. Nobody knows Fenn, of course, and the affair hasn't been taken very seriously. People are not laughing at Diana—yet; or at you, you poor soul. They think they are laughing with her. Only a very few people—real friends—have been worried; your cousin Peter, Mrs. Langham, of course."

"Have you talked with her?" he interrupted. Mrs. Hastings nodded. "She's a wonder!" he exclaimed. "She never mentioned it to me."

"She never does mention things that are mentioned to her. You've talked with her, of course?"

"And mighty glad I have. If you'll believe it, she's on my side. Who else knows?"

"My husband. He's a very good friend of yours."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say much. He did things. He had Fenn looked up. He had him looked up here and all through the West in the different places where he has lived. But the man's record is negatively good. He's well thought of by the people who have known him and done business with him."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

(Copyright, 1919, International Magazine Company.)

CONTRASTS IN MEALS

By Loretta C. Lynch

An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Pertaining to Household Management.

SOMETIMES we are apt to think only in terms of food value in planning our meals. As a result, we may get a meal, some thing like this: Cheese, fondue, sweet potatoes, creamed carrots, baked bananas and bread and butter.

Undoubtedly it is inexpensive and easy of digestion. Yet it is not an attractive meal. What's the matter with it?

In the first place, the sameness of color warms the eye. The sameness of texture tires the palate. To some extent, the meal lacks contrast as to flavor.

If you plan a course dinner, or if it is one to be served on the regulation plate-dinner plate, courses must contrast with one another. There should be, for instance, a

bland course followed by a more highly flavored one—a hot one and then a cold one—a fluid one and then a solid one. The last course should leave a pleasant after-taste. In the formal dinner some people prefer a sweet dessert, others prefer cheese and, again, others prefer coffee or fruit.

Suppose, for instance, we plan a plate-dinner about equal in food value to the one above. A dinner of broiled steak, potato balls, water-cress, bread and butter, coffee and fruit, not only makes a satisfying meal, but a most attractive meal as well.

But, is this study of contrasts and shape-changing worth while? Quite so. For, in this way a housewife can get the members of a family to eat what is good for them instead of depending upon pickles, spices and condiments to whet the appetite for the meal lacking in appeal.

Hippocrates First Praised Beef as Food

Hippocrates, the oracle of medicine said, "Beef contains the most nutritive qualities." He propagated this belief thousands of years ago, and today we know it is true.

SWINDELL'S CHIPPED BEEF

—conserves the nutritive qualities of the beef in most taste-exciting form. No fat, no bones, no waste—pure beef essence that delights, whether heated or cold. Choice of ¼ or ½ pound sanitary packages.

The Most Popular At All Chain Stores, Groceries and Markets

When a Girl Marries, Ann Lisle's Popular Serial

By Ann Lisle

Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success.

"PAT" I cried, taking a stumbling step toward him. "Oh, I'm glad you're here! Tell me how Neal is. Tell me he's safe."

"Neal's in fine shape. I've come to take you to him, if you're fit to travel," replied Pat with reassuring simplicity.

Come now, Alanna," he said, "that fine young lad of ours is in great shape. He'll be up and about before you know it."

"Mr. Dalton," protested Dr. Norman, "can't you see that my patient isn't fit to start off again? In her weak condition she can't stand any more strain today."

"She had plenty—that I'm allowing," replied Pat, with a pleasant and unassuming twinkle in his eyes. "So now I'll just take her off with me, if you'll be so kind as to give her something to brace her up a bit."

"You can scarcely expect me to do anything so unethical as you are asking," replied the doctor, with a last effort to maintain the situation. He went on in the face of Pat's astonishment:

"Besides which, I'm no longer in

charge of this case. My orders have been ignored. I have been dismissed. Come, Miss Rathbun, I'll drive you home if you'll just hurry with your preparations."

"Will you wait for me in the car?" asked Miss Rathbun, with a sort of breathlessness in her tone.

"I will wait in my car since, as you've guessed, I don't care to remain longer in this house," replied Pat.

Then, his pallor heightened by his watch, he bowed with elaborate dignity and swept from the room.

Miss Rathbun started to follow with lagging steps.

"I want to go now. I can't stand lying here all night and longing for Neal," I gasped. "I've been trying to get to him all afternoon. That doctor stopped me."

"Miss Rathbun turned and came back from the doorway. There was a look of understanding on her face. "I'll give you a dose of bromide," she said pittingly. "If there's some hot broth ready I'll have Hedwig bring you a cup of that. Then, if all Dalton will give you half an hour to relax, you'll be able to travel

without danger. You're so keyed up you couldn't stay here."

"You ought to hurry," I protested, as Miss Rathbun patted pillows into place and started to remove my wraps. "Please hurry. It's brave enough of you to disobey your friend, but don't get into a quarrel because of me."

As I said this, Miss Rathbun caught her lip between short white teeth, but she patted my hand reassuringly.

"Here, I'll be lending a hand," announced Pat, suddenly, and he slipped me down gently in a nest of pillows.

"I'll run and get the bromide," Miss Rathbun quavered, gratefully. "I see you'll be very kind to Mrs. Harrison."

Pat straightened up and stared after her, thoughtfully, as she left the room.

"Think I'd better go out and punch his head!" he asked belligerently.

"She'd rather you didn't. Want to go out instead and ask him to be a good boy?" she asked. "She deserves some consideration."

"Won't get it from that young whelp!" scolded Pat. "But as soon as I've ordered the soup for sister

MORE PRIZE RECIPES

SPONGE CAKE.

2 eggs.
1 cup sugar.
1 cup flour.
1 teaspoonful baking powder.
Sprinkle salt.
½ cup boiling water.
1 teaspoonful lemon.
Beat eggs fifteen minutes, add sugar gradually, taking ten minutes; add flour, salt and baking powder, which have been sifted twice; flavoring and boiling water last. Bake 25 to 30 minutes. It should take one-half hour to mix the cake.
—Mrs. W. P. Mattoon, Mt. Rainier, Md.

MILK VELVET CAKE.

1 cup milk (sweet).
1 pound flour (Crescent).
1 pound sugar.
½ pound butter.
6 eggs, leaving out whites of two for icing.
3 level teaspoonfuls Rumford's yeast powder.
1½ teaspoonfuls lemon flavoring.
Sift flour seven times.
—Miss Kate Lelf, Alexandria, Va.

Delicious Ice Cream IN PURE FRUIT FLAVORS PROMPTLY DELIVERED DAILY AND SUNDAY AMREIN'S 1008 N. Y. Ave. Established 1890 Phone Main 2328

FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres

BUT for that unlucky moment with Mr. Dennison on the landing, she might never have known, she might have gone on for months, or perhaps years, living in her fool's paradise, until something happened to make her suspect.

She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief. "I am afraid I look rather dreadful," she said shakily. "Are my eyes very red?"

"No." He could not bear to look at her tear-stained face; the tears were not very far from his own eyes.

The train was running into the big terminus; Philip stood up and began to take down the cases from the rack.

He felt like a man in a dream. He was white to the lips as he turned to Eva.

But she would not look at him; she would not see his offered hand; she stepped out of the car unassisted.

And this was the beginning of the wonderful journey to which they had both looked forward with such passionate happiness.

"If you please, Mr. Winterdick asked me to say that dinner is ready and that he is waiting."

Eva turned listlessly from the glass and looked at the smiling maid.

"Thank you—very well."

The door closed softly.

Eva glanced at her watch—a little absurdity in brilliant and platinum, which her father had given her amongst a host of other presents—nearly 8 o'clock!

More than two hours since they reached the hotel; two hours during which Philip had not once been near her; two hours during

which she had sat almost without moving, trying to look ahead into the future and make some sort of plans.

For the moment she knew that she had succeeded in her desperate attempt to deceive the man she had married and save her own pride; but as yet only two hours of their lives had passed, and the remaining years of it lay before them both, dark and without hope. She had not shed another tear, and her heart felt like a stone. She changed her frock mechanically and brushed her hair.

It did not seem to matter in the least how she looked. She remembered how she had longed for him to notice her frock that night at the Highway House, and how disappointed she had been because he had made no comment. She smiled faintly at her own reflection. She felt an impersonal sort of sympathy and sorrow with the white-faced girl there in the mirror.

She turned out the light and opened the door. Philip had taken his suitcase; she wished now that he had not; things would have been so much easier and more possible with other people all around them.

The living room was just opposite her own, and its door stood ajar. She could see an edge of white tablecloth and a glow of pink light from a shaded lamp.

Just for a second her courage failed her; her feet seemed chained to the ground. Then she went on and pushed the door wider.

Philip was standing by the window, his hands clasped loosely behind his back, looking out into the busy street. He turned sharply as he heard the soft sound of her entrance, and for a moment their eyes met across the room; his, hard and unhappy—hers, very quiet, but cold—cold as a stone.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"Thank you—not at all!"

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

TAKE CARE OF HEALTH

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THE greatest menace to the individual with a low resistance to tuberculosis infection is carelessness on the part of a consumptive relative living in the same house.

Kissing of children by relatives with a "cough" of any kind should be absolutely prohibited, and they should also be kept away from such people as much as possible. They should never use dishes used by a sick member of the household.

In moving into a previously occupied house everything should be

altered and the floors and corridors should be thoroughly cleaned in case the former occupant had the unfortunate habit of spitting. Germs may live a long time in unclean and dark surroundings, and the best precautions against them are cleanliness and plenty of sunlight.

Other indoor sources of infection are shops, factories and other working places where people are housed together for long periods. People are particularly likely to be careless about expectorating on the floors in these more public places even if they are careful in their own homes they will not feel the same responsibility in places which they do not own.



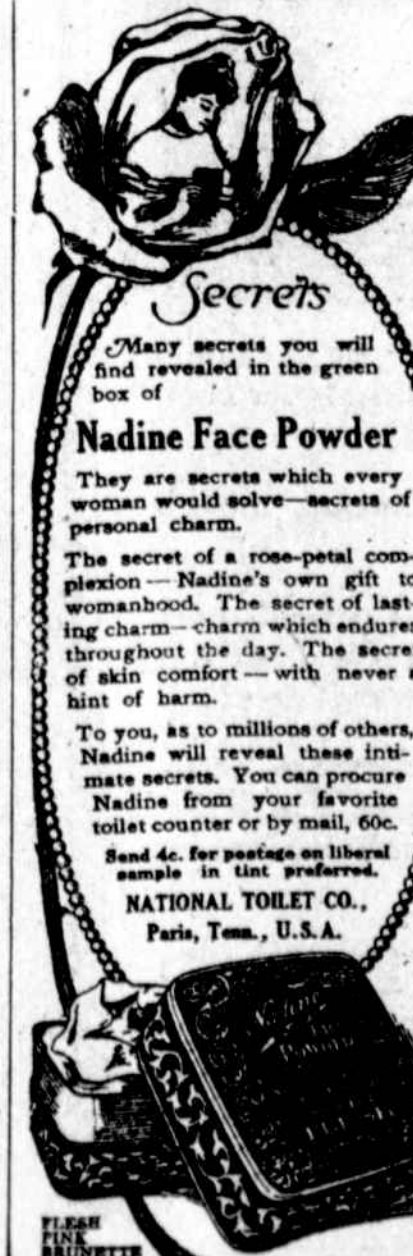
SUMMERTIME ASSORTMENTS IN LEOFFLER'S LIBERTY LUNCHES

You like light, but wholesome foods in warm weather, such as salads, tomatoes, cheeses, olives. That's why we put those good things you like in our sandwiches during this time of the year, and add light, tasty pastry, and some seasonal fruit, box them carefully, and sell them to you for 20c. Everything is FRESH DAILY—and there are five combinations to choose from.

Learn to Save Money on your Lunches. Phone us—Main 145—have them BROUGHT TO YOU.

Plenty to Eat for 20c

Leoffler's Liberty Lunch



Secrets

Many secrets you will find revealed in the green box of

Nadine Face Powder

They are secrets which every woman would solve—secrets of personal charm.

The secret of a rose-petal complexion—Nadine's own gift to womanhood. The secret of lasting charm—charm which endures throughout the day. The secret of skin comfort—with never a hint of harm.

To you, as to millions of others, Nadine will reveal these intimate secrets. You can procure Nadine from your favorite toilet counter or by mail, 60c.

Send 4c. for postage on liberal sample in tint preferred.

NATIONAL TOILET CO.,

Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.