

IN THE LIMELIGHT

GREAT DUTCH CARTOONIST



Lohis Raemakers, the Dutch cartoonist whose sketches of German frightfulness have caused the kaiser to place a high price on him, spent his early years at Roermond, in Holland, and afterward studied art in Amsterdam and Brussels. Before the war he was living quietly with his family in Haarlem, the heart of tulip-land, where he was contentedly painting the canals, cattle and windmills of his beloved Dutch countryside.

Four days after the war began he drew his first cartoon, "Christendom After Twenty Centuries." He investigated the horrors in Belgium personally. Since then his chief thought has been of the war and how best to aid the cause of the allies.

From the outset his works revealed something more than the humorous or ironical power of the caricaturist; they showed that behind the mere pictorial comment on the war was a man who thought and wrought with a deep and uncompromising conviction as to right and wrong. The leading newspapers, first of Holland, then of the continent and England, reproduced his sketches. Quick to recognize the significance of his work, the German authorities did all in their power to suppress it.

URGES VALUE OF SPANISH

Former Gov. Benton McMillin of Tennessee, now minister to Peru, who is in the United States for a brief stay, believes that Spanish is the most important foreign language in use and that it ought to be taught in all the higher grades of the public schools and universities.

"Spanish is the most universally used language," said Minister McMillin. "Every one of the 20 republics of South and Central America speak pure Spanish except Brazil, and there it is mostly Portuguese. There is the utmost cordiality existing between the South American republics and the United States, and the trade opportunities offered American manufacturers and exporters are tremendous."

"After the war we will have the greatest chance of any nation to monopolize practically all the trade with South America. The relations between Peru and the United States are not merely conventional. They are exceedingly warm. The people of Peru have the warmest sort of regard for our people, and there is every desire on their part to extend the trade relations in every way with this country."



WON FIRST AMERICAN DECORATION



First Lieut. John Newport Greene is on the records as the first man to receive the new American decoration for valor in battle.

His home is in Staunton, Va., and his parents are of English birth. Admiral Reynolds of the British navy was one of his great-grandfathers.

In January, 1917, he went to France and served six months with the Norton-Harjes field ambulance service. In September he was commissioned second lieutenant in the field artillery, U. S. R. After six days' training in an artillery school he went to the front.

In December he was one of 47 men General Pershing recommended for promotion and received his first lieutenantcy. On March 1, while he was on duty in a dugout near Toul, he was struck by a hand grenade on the leg and was called upon by one of the enemy to surrender, but he shot the attacking party. For this brave conduct he received the French Croix de Guerre and the American Military Cross.

FIRST AMERICAN TRAINED ACE

Lieut. Douglas Campbell of California has the honor of being the first aviator trained in America to reach the coveted position of "ace." He brought down his fifth German airplane in a fight back of the American lines, and since then has added others to his score.

Campbell never trained with any other outfit than the Americans, and never did any air fighting before he arrived on the American front.

Campbell is the son of the chief astronomer of the Lick observatory, near Pasadena, Cal. He joined the American air service after the United States entered the war and came to France and began practice flying last fall. He is twenty-two years old. He is the first to get the credit of being a Simon-pure American ace. He brought down his first Boche on April 14, for which he was awarded the Croix de Guerre. He brought down his second on May 18, third May 19 and fourth May 27. On May 28 he shot down a machine, but its destruction was not officially confirmed. So he soon strived out after another to make up his record, and promptly got it.



The KITCHEN CABINET

The chief reason that everybody is not successful is the fact that they have not enough persistency. Do one thing well, throwing all your energies into it. The successful man, unlike the poet, is made, not born.—John Wannamaker.

There are nettles everywhere. But smooth, green grasses are more common still. The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud. —E. B. Browning.

FOODS WITH MIXED FLOURS.

As rye flour is now on the "don't use" list, we must not use it as a substitute for flour. In many homes where rye is still found in quantities it should be used sparingly, as it will not be plentiful as long as it is used as food for the armies. In many of our war recipes we find whole wheat flour used as a wheat substitute, which it is not. Whole wheat flour used with barley flour to lessen the use of wheat is justified, but the use of whole wheat flour as a wheat substitute is not conforming to the rules of conservation.

CHEESE DISHES.

As we produce such large quantities of cheese in this country and as just now we are asked to use cheese, particularly cottage cheese, a few ways of preparing cheese dishes will be appreciated. Take the bits of dried cheese, grate them, not wasting a bit; this may be used as a flavor for milk toast, and a cream of cheese soup, in escalloped dishes, as sandwich fillings and in numerous ways which will occur to any thinking cook.

Cottage cheese with chopped cherries makes a most delicious sandwich filling—at least the college girls never find half enough to go round.

An omelet sprinkled with a generous spoonful or two of grated cheese will make a much more nourishing dish. Put the cheese on just as it is folded.

Cheese canapes may be served as first course at dinner or luncheon. Spread the well-seasoned cottage or cream cheese on well-buttered bread, cut in rounds or shaped in any form desired, finish with a border of finely chopped olives and a piece of pimento cut in fancy shape for the center.

Cottage cheese with boiled dressing served on lettuce is a most delicious salad combination.

Cheese Sandwiches.—Mix grated cheese with cream, season with chopped chives, a dash of paprika and salt to taste; spread on bread cut in rounds, put together in sandwich fashion, then brown in a bit of sweet fat until brown on both sides. Serve hot with a plain lettuce salad.

Cheese Croquettes.—Melt three tablespoons of sweet fat, add a fourth of a cupful of corn flour or barley flour, mix well and when well blended add two-thirds of a cupful of milk; cook slowly, add two well-beaten egg yolks and half a cupful of good-flavored cheese grated. As soon as the cheese is melted take from the fire, season with salt and pepper and spread out to cool. Make into balls, dip in egg white and crumbs and fry in fat.

Cream cheese with chopped Marischino cherries or with canned or candied cherries is a good combination.

Cheese Salad.—Grate half a pound of cheese and mix it with a boiled salad dressing, or a mayonnaise, enough to make it creamy. Put it through a potato ricer on head lettuce and serve with bits of chopped olives for a garnish. Grated maple sugar, chopped almonds and cream make delicious sandwich filling and quite in season.

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The Empty House

By Fannie Earnest Linky

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The little brown car had swung with a soft humming sound down the smooth road, and its sole occupant was sitting with her hands in her lap, looking dreamily out at the landscape and the rows of houses that they passed. Many a one passing by on the sidewalk might have envied the lovely young woman who sat there, so slender and aristocratic, in the little brown car, but she herself was not even conscious of the looks, whether envious or admiring, that were cast in her direction.

If, as the poets say, "the eyes are mirrors of the soul," then it was very apparent that Elaine Hargrave was not happy; for the sad, far-away expression on her face told its own story. As the machine turned the corner of the street, however, she began to take more interest in her surroundings, and she watched carefully the houses she passed.

Suddenly she leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur. "Stop, Jacques," she commanded, sharply, "at the house 'To Let.'" The brakes ground sharply, and Elaine stepped out at once. She looked again and drew in her breath quickly. A wave of crimson flooded her face. The chauffeur wondered at the sudden order, for they were already late for dinner, and he did not think that his mistress could possibly want to look at this empty house.

The glory of a perfect spring day was over all the out-of-doors. It seemed a day to tempt anyone to remain in the open, and drink in to the full the beauties of bountiful nature, but evidently this did not attract the girl, for she mounted the steps of the house at once.

She looked around at Jacques after she had rung the bell. "Wait till I come out," she said. A slovenly-looking woman suddenly appeared in response to her ring. She was as dusty looking, somehow, as the house was, and quite as dejected looking; but Elaine scarcely saw her as she spoke.

"I want to see the house," said the girl. "I suppose I can go in?" "Well, it's gettin' pretty late, mum, and I don't think as you'd be seein' much," replied the old woman.

"You can give me your candle," said Elaine, quickly, as she slipped a coin into the not over clean hand, and with a little gasp, the woman yielded.

The front door was opened and Elaine went through the passage and glided upstairs like a ghost, the woman promptly returning to the lower regions, whence she had come. Lighting the dirty candle from a gas jet burning in the passageway, Elaine went from one room to another with quick, nervous haste. Her face was quite colorless, but her eyes burned with a feverish light that made her seem very different from the brilliant lady of fashion that most people knew as Elaine Hargrave. Here she was but a girl; and face to face with memory, a memory that was still alive after three years of bitter struggle—the struggle of trying to forget.

For today was the third anniversary of what was to have been Elaine Hargrave's wedding day, but that wedding never took place; and on the third anniversary of "what might have been," as Elaine expressed it herself, and just home from travels that had taken her into the faraway corners of the world, the girl had become possessed with the desire to see the place that once she had expected to call "home."

She stopped for a moment in her fitting from room to room and looked about her. Here, but three short years before, she had planned to come as a happy bride, and here she had left the man she loved after their bitter quarrel, called him "Puritan" and "Prude," because he would not countenance the ways of her "set." How empty and false were the ways of that very same set, she had come bitterly to realize, just as in her heart of hearts she had come to respect all the more the man who would not bow down to them. And how empty was her heart as well!

She could see him plainly, if she but shut her eyes for a moment, as he stood before her that day so long ago, so tall and proud and good to look at. She had always taken such pride in his good looks, all the more so because he had not belonged to her "set," but had come to the city unknown, and had worked up to an enviable position. She could almost hear again his earnest voice as he remonstrated with her on that last fateful day in this house.

"I know that I do not belong to this 'set' that you seem to think so much of, dear," he said, "and perhaps that is why I find it so hard to accustom myself to the things that they do, but I am certain that I have too much regard for the woman who is to be my wife to want to see her follow in the footsteps of people whose chief aim in life seems to be to attract the attention of others. You are made for better things than this, Elaine, dear. Won't you be guided by me in this thing and give these people up? Please, dear, for my sake?"

She recalled now how she had flung away from him, although in her heart she had known even then that he was right, but some perverse spirit seemed to urge her not to give in; how she had refused to do what he asked of

her, telling her "that she would live her life without him, and that she realized now that it was a mistake to expect an outsider—a plebeian—to understand the ways of her kind of people." Even now, after three years, Elaine still winced as she thought of those hasty words of hers. How she must have hurt him—and all the time she was hurting herself as well; and he had let her go on without a word of protest, in the end gravely agreeing with her, and saying that he would never ask her to come back again. And he hadn't. And they never met nor wrote.

Elaine's eyes were opened now, but of course it was far too late to give in and acknowledge herself in the wrong. Three years of time had rolled between them, the bar of passionate words on either side keeping them apart.

She started once more on her pilgrimage through the rooms. First the dining room, with the familiar paper, which she herself had selected. He had not been so well-off then, and had insisted upon living in the style that his own earnings would entitle them to—but he had worked hard to give her as many as possible of the luxuries that she had become accustomed to.

"So small a thing to mean so large a loss," murmured the girl to herself. She had read those words somewhere, and now they came into her mind. She stood for a time looking out through the clouded windows. Great tears welled up in her eyes and poured down over her face—as if the barriers were suddenly let down to allow tides of memory to flow in and engulf her.

She had never allowed herself to think in this way before, but the spirit of love seemed to have come back to the dusty little room from which he had flown three years before. For her time passed unheeded.

Darkness fell. Outside, James felt very cross. The idea of anyone spending so much time looking at an empty house! He folded his arms and went half asleep. Down in the basement, the care-taker, having finished her supper, came up, and, forgetting all about her visitor, or, thinking that she had surely gone away long ago, closed the door and went home.

And Elaine dreamed on—for how long, she knew not. But suddenly she awoke to reality with a start, to notice that it had grown very dark outside, and that there were footsteps coming through the hall. Then came the sound of a voice that seemed familiar.

"Hold the light low there, please, I wish to see all the rooms. There, thank you; that's better." Elaine had crept to the door, and was listening with a white face. She had a glimpse of the two men as they passed the door—one, evidently the night watchman, holding the lamp, and the other, the man she had sent away three years before.

"So he, too, has not forgotten," thought Elaine, bitterly. She wondered if she should speak—make her presence known—but each time she tried to her courage failed her. She looked again. Yes, there he was! Standing in front of the open fireplace. Once more she peered through the open door. "How changed he was," she said to herself. "How much older and grayer."

Her face was still wet with the traces of her recent tears, but she did not even know it as she went up and tapped gently on the wall between the two rooms. He turned round suddenly with a great start. Then he came to the door and opened it wider. Elaine walked into the room.

All the light from the lamp seemed to shine on the slender figure, standing there so erect and proud. The girl's face was white and strained, but her blue eyes shone like twin stars. The man started back with a little cry of unutterable astonishment.

"Elaine! Good God!" "Listen," she said softly, her hands outstretched. "Let me humble myself while I can. I need you, Richard—I want you—you and the little house."

"Elaine—Elaine—" The man could but whisper her name, for the sudden sight of her seemed to have dazed him. "Elaine—why did you come?"

Quite suddenly all the fear and pride seemed to die out of the girl's heart. "Because I loved you," she whispered softly. "Because in the old empty house I came to understand that I could never be happy without you. When I stood in the little room that we had planned together—her voice broke—"Richard, forgive me—"

She was in his arms, sobbing out the words she could not speak, and his arms were around her as he murmured: "It's for you to forgive me, dear. My little girl! And I thought that you did not care!"

She clung to him, even as he held her, as he kissed her hair and brow and hair. He could not let her go. He would never let her go again. "My dearest," he whispered, "not for long will it be the Empty House."

His Choice of Professions. A rich New Yorker decided that his indolent son must go to work. The father acquired his wealth by hunting for oil in Kentucky and is self-made. In his ultimatum to the leisure-loving son, he told him to have on his desk the next morning the professions he would like to follow—and the father would select the one for which he thought the son best suited. Here is the list the son turned in: Hammock demonstrator. Night watchman at police headquarters. Floorwalker in a bird store. Head waiter in the Automat. Director of the vacation bureau at Sing Sing. Ringmaster at a merry-go-round. Window cleaner in Grant's tomb, and cheer leader in the hall of fame.

O. K. ON PAINT AND POWDER

Woman's Right to Improve Her Looks If She Sees Fit to Do So, Rules Court.

Cleveland, O.—Woman has a perfect right to powder and paint and wear short skirts. It is a woman's right to improve her looks with paint and powder if she sees fit to do so, and if the style says that she shall show an ankle or maybe more, then she may do that also, and may wear skirts as short as

she wants to, as long as the police are satisfied.

This, in brief, was Judge Levine's finding in a suit for divorce brought by Sandor Ignatz against Mrs. Mary Ignatz, his wife. Ignatz alleged cruelty in his petition for separation from a wife who painted and showed too much of her anatomy to passersby. Ignatz must take her back or pay separate maintenance.

Our moods are tenses coloring the world with as many different hues.—Emerson.

The Last Straw.

"I'm willing to pay this young woman the money she demands," said the millionaire defendant in a breach of promise suit, "but only on one condition."

"What is that?" asked the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I want her to promise that when she gets the \$100,000 she won't turn right around and marry some fellow who claims he was a childhood sweetheart and has waited for her faithfully."

Dogs as Property.

Judge Kinkade, of Toledo, deciding for the plaintiff in a suit to recover \$300 for the loss of a loaned collie dog, said: "If the dog were taken to pieces and his bones converted into fertilizer, his fat into oils and his hide into gloves, manifestly the fertilizer, the oil or the gloves would be property and the subject of larceny. It seems to me that it is high time to cease reviewing the wanderings and speculations of prior decisions upon the question whether a dog is or is not property."

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