Youth Writes a Letter to Love

By EVELYN GILL.

PART IV.

Finally one of Muggins' strong hands released the fingers that so convulsively imprisoned her other hand; and then, just as she had her two hands safely again in her lap, she heard a soft step reach the door, heard the sound of a turned knob, and the click of the electric light button, which flooded the room with a blinding brilliance.

Mrs. Hammond, very gorgeous in her blue-and-silver negligee, stood at the foot of the bed, looking at her son.

"I thought I heard his voice," she explained. "Isn't he any better?"

"He's very restless," Muggins told her, "and the fever hasn't subsided much."

At the sound of her voice the boy turned heavily over on his side.

"Mary!" he called again, fretfully.

Muggins' hand went to the table beside her to steady herself.

"Mrs. Hammond looked at her curiously. "Does he mean you?" she inquired.

"He's been calling me that this evening," Muggins temporized.

"Is Mary your name?"

She nodded.

Mrs. Hammond looked thoughful.

"I didn't know it was," she said. "They always just call you Muggins."

Then again came the voice of the fevered sick boy, this time startling them into silence.

For—"My dearest," the boy said in his broken delirious voice. "Oh, Mary, dearest."

Mary Hopkins' mind went searching frantically for something to say. "I don't think—" she started to say, but didn't finish it, for she did think that he meant it. It wasn't until later that she began to doubt; later, when Mrs. Hammond had gone with her icy disapproval, leaving them alone again, with the darkness of the room settled down upon them—the darkness out of which had come that one strange flash of romance.

He was sleeping now over there. Muggins didn't sleep. How could she have slept? It's something you don't do when suddenly romance has flashed into a life of gray routine.

Only, had it flashed? That was the doubt that grew and grew. At first it was only a shadow of a doubt, for was not the sound of his "Mary dearest" still ringing in her ears, and the feel of his sinewy young hand still upon her own? But how could she know for sure? It was all so new, and she felt herself as ignorant about this sort of thing as the greenest little probationer in the hospital could be about anaesthetics and hypodermics.

With dawn doubt had waxed into a great grim thing. How could it be true? They always said queer things with a temperature. And, anyhow, who could feel that way about her? Certainly no one like him.

Only, dear God! she wanted it to be true. Let just that one little thing be true, and she would give her whole life to nursing other people's loved ones.

When he should awake she would know for sure. But she was almost afraid to have him wake.

He was still sleeping when the maid came to summon Muggins to her breakfast.

Mrs. Hammond had always been patronizing and superior, but now there was a new and special chill about her manner. Muggins was well aware of it, and knew why it was there. But she went plodding somehow through grapefruit and soft-boiled eggs and toast and managed to reply, "I think so," and "Yes, indeed," to Mrs. Hammond's conversation.

But when it was all over, even to finger bowls and folded napkins, Mrs. Hammond raised her eyebrows at her plate and said:

"Miss Hopkins" (Muggins felt a shiver run down her spine), "Miss Hopkins, a former nurse of ours, Miss Edmunds, will be able to come to us this morning. Any time you can find it convenient to get your things ready, I can have James take you in the limousine wherever you want to go."

"I can be ready, Mrs. Hammond, in exactly twenty-five minutes," and, to herself, "There," she said. "There! I hope that's soon enough to suit her."

On the way to her room she had to pass Godfrey's door.

"Shall I go in now to say good-by?" she asked herself. And then it came to her that when she did that she would know for certain.

"I'll wait until I've packed," she thought, "and stop in as I am leaving."

She went on to her room and with those swift, capable hands of hers gathered together and packed her things in twenty minutes.

"Five minutes," she thought, "to say good-bye and get down-stairs."

So she dropped her suitcase outside Godfrey's door, but when her hand was on the knob she hesitated.

"Shall I or shan't I?" she demanded of herself. "Quick—shall I or shan't I?"

And while she was hesitating there came the sound of Mrs. Hammond's voice in the hall below.

So her hand slipped away from the door knob. She picked up her suitcase and went silently down the stairs.

[illegible] Dr. Biggins that she [illegible] Godfrey's convalescence of his first day downstairs, of his first ride in his car. And then, before you can believe it possible, came the news that he had enlisted.

And then he was gone without a good-bye, without Muggins having a glimpse of him, without even a chance to know. Delirium, nothing but delirium. People say anything then.

The days went on and she kept at her nursing, and kept putting off Bessie, and kept waiting, though she told herself flatly enough that she wasn't waiting.

Meanwhile, in Godfrey's home, his mother kept cherishing a resentment toward Muggins. Even when Godfrey, so innocently unaware of what upsetting words he had spoken in his delirium, had enlisted and gone to France, even then his mother's resentment persisted.

"They are all designing," she told her husband. "That's what they go into nursing for, and when a man is sick and weak and helpless, what can you expect?"

It is queer that even the last terrible news did not obliterate the mother's resentment. Following the news, there came in time the pitiful little bundle of Godfrey's possessions, including an old wallet which had belonged to Godfrey's grandfather and which the boy always carried with him. In the wallet was a picture of Godfrey's mother, taken when she was a child of ten; there were photographs, too, of his father and of his little brother and sister. In it they also found a letter, hastily written and a bit crumpled.

Mr. Hammond read the little letter—read it over twice, thoughtfully and gravely before he handed it to his wife.

(To be continued.)

SIGNED WITH FOUNTAIN PEN.

Premier Lloyd George Introduced An Innovation at Paris.

According to R. B. Morris, M.P., Premier Lloyd George signed the Peace Treaty with a fountain pen, says a London despatch. This is said to be the first time in history that such a pen has been used for the signature of a treaty. Mr. Morris thus tells the story:

"I desired some time ago to give the Prime Minister a little souvenir, and, seeing that he writes such a lot, I thought it would not be a bad idea to give him a fountain pen. The holder is heavily gold mounted and adorned with the Welsh words, 'Nado Lig, 1918.' It also is inscribed with the Prime Minister's signature in facsimile.

"When it was taken down to Downing Street, the Prime Minister at once commenced to write with it, and he has done all his writing with it ever since. Recently, when another was offered to him, he replied, 'I have one of my own, with which I am going to sign the Peace Treaty.'"

Weddings in China.

A novel method of arranging wedding ceremonies is adopted in China.

The "go-betweens" are usually the busy old gossips of the district, who get a commission on the amount paid by the bridegroom to the father of the bride.

On the wedding day the bride is clad in red and carried in a Sedan chair covered with red. Anybody has the right to turn back the chair curtains and take a look at her. Her hair is elaborately oiled, and so all the other girls throw hayseeds at her, which stick. On reaching the home of her husband the bride has to submit to the candid criticism of the entire family.

The strange wedding ceremony consists in the husband and wife eating rice from each other's bowl, then mixing the rice, and both eating from the same bowl. Of course, there is a feast, but it does not cost much, for every guest is expected to contribute something.

Served Too Hot!

Grandpa's little weakness was for a specially strong peppermint candy, and recently he gave one to four-year-old Muriel, and waited to see what she would say.

A little while later, he saw her slip the peppermint out of her mouth, and place it on a table by the open window.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked. "Don't you like the candy?"

"Yes, thank you," said Muriel, politely, "I'm only letting it cool a little.

Not So Foolish.

A young mill hand having some slight mental trouble, was sent to an asylum. After he had been there for a few weeks a fellow worker visited him.

"Hello, Henry!" he said. "How are you gettin' on?"

"I'm gettin' on fine," said the patient.

"Glad to hear it. I suppose you'll be comin' back to the mill soon?"

"What!" exclaimed Henry, and a look of great surprise came into his face. "Do you think I'd leave a big, fine house like this and a grand garden to come back to work in a mill? You must think I am wrong in my head?"

About the House

Cold Pack Your Vegetables.

There is but one sure way to can vegetables and that is the cold-pack method. The vegetable, whether peas, asparagus, string beans, corn or greens, should be canned immediately after picking before it has a chance to wilt. Clean thoroughly. The next step is blanching. This means cooking for a limited time, one to fifteen minutes, in a boiling water or live steam. This is best done by tying the vegetable in a square cheesecloth of a size convenient to fit easily into your kettle. After blanching the exact time mentioned in the table remove the cheesecloth containing the vegetable from the boiling water or steam and dip immediately into cold water. The cans, tops and rubbers should be ready sterilized, that is, put in cold water, brought to a boil and boiled not less than five minutes. Pack your cans with the vegetable; it should not be allowed to remain in the cold water, merely dipped in and at once removed, and allowed to drip, fill with boiling water to overflowing, put on the rubbers and tops, turning the tops down until they just touch the rubbers but not tight. Then place immediately in your canner, cover the top, and process-cook the time given in the table. If you use a hot water bath the water must come up two inches above the top of the cans. It must be boiling when the cans are entered and kept boiling the entire time. Enter each can as fast as filled. If you leave them standing on the table until all are filled they become chilld and crack when put into the hot water.

A time-table for fruits and vegetables most usually put up follows, the time being expressed in minutes:

		Processing.		
	*Blanching.	Hot Water Bath.	Water Seal	Steam Pressure 5 to 10 lbs.
			214 F.	
St'wberries ...	none	16	12	10
Rasph'ries ...	none	16	12	10
Hkle'berries ..	none	16	12	10
Plums	none	16	12	10
Grapes	none	16	12	10
Currants	none	16	12	10
Cherries	none	16	12	10
Bl'kberries ...	none	16	12	10
Peaches	½	16	12	10
Quinces	1½	20	2	8
Greens	15	120	90	60
Peas	5 to 10	180	120	90
Beans	5 to 10	120	90	60
Corn (sweet).	5	180	120	90
Corn (field)...	10	180	120	60
Tomatoes	1½	22	18	15
Poultry and game	none	180	180	120
Beef	none	180	180	120

*Where blanching is necessary the hot water method is used with all the above products except with "greens," in which case steam is required.

When the time is up remove, tighten the tops and turn upside down to see if they leak. If they do, remove top, put on new sterilized rubber and boil ten minutes longer.

If you cannot buy a commercial canner you can use your boiler, a lard can, large kettle or pail. Put a small board with holes bored in it in the bottom to rest the cans on, otherwise they are likely to break. Do not use paper or straw packed down. The department of agriculture finds this method unsatisfactory. A slat bottom like a basket cover will do. Good commercial canners may be bought for $4.50 or $5.00. If you have a great deal of canning to do it would pay you to buy one.

In canning peas handle carefully so as not to break the skin. If the skin is broken the liquid becomes "cloudy." This does not spoil the vegetables, but gives them a bad appearance. In canning corn it is better to cut just enough off the cob for one can at a time. Corn that is packed slowly becomes soaked or "water-logged." When the directions say to blanch in steam, lay your cheesecloth in a steamer over boiling water instead of dipping directly into the kettle.

Entertaining in the Farm Home.

Many a farmer plans to build, or re-build his house "when the children grow up," but the years slip by until perhaps the boys have left the farm and the girls are saying "there is no way of having company at our house." Country boys and girls have to depend largely for recreation on the good times they have in each others' homes, and a good house to which company may be asked is the farmer's best investment if he wants to keep his children at home and make the place attractive to their friends.

It is easy to become so accustomed to our surroundings that we do not realize their deficiencies. The home that seems sufficient to the elders is not always suitable for the young folk's ideas of entertaining. The writer recently saw a rather pathetic letter from a girl who wanted to give a party in welcome of some home-returning soldier. She drew a plan of the lower floor of her home which showed a bedroom separating the formal parlor from the sitting-room and dining-room, where the family generally gathered, and she wanted advice as to how she could connect the parlor with the sitting-room and the dining-room. Of course, there was no way of doing this while the middle room remained a bed room.

Why should the middle room be used for a bed room? Why should not the bed rooms be confined to the upper stories or if it is necssary to have one downstairs, let it be entirely separated from the living rooms. These little formalities are safeguards to orderly living and should not be disregarded without reason.

In many cases our farm homes have grown and the rooms spread out in every direction. We all know old-fashioned farm dwellings where it is necessary to go through one room to get to a second room. These are very apt to be bed rooms, and there is no privacy possible for the occupants of either room. The situation is even more unpleasant when a bed room must serve as the entrance to a living room.

When we plan the new farm house let us have a place where the daughter may entertain a young man caller and where she may have a simple party. The parlor should adjoin the living room where the family gather, and, if the dining-room is at hand, so much the better; there will be more room and conveniences either for a sit-down supper or for informal passing around of refreshments.

A farmer who had taken up a homestead, planned and built the home for himself and family. He did not stint on quality or quantity of lumber, but when his home was finished he had a square structure of a story and a half, the lower part divided equally into four enormous rooms, without closets. The windows were many and large—they needed to be—to light up the big interior. When the children are older and the mother older also, and perhaps worn with the work of caring for that inconvenient home, imagine the steps that must be taken when company comes. Automatically, this poorly-planned house will make home entertainment either very hard to have or the flesh and blood of the mother and her girls will pay bitterly for the hard work. Needed: better planning.

From the Housekeeper to Another.

A spoonful or more of lemon juice or good cider vinegar added to apples that do not cook readily will hasten the process and improve the flavor.—M. A. P.

Keep a blackboard eraser near the kitchen range and use it to brush off dust or ashes when you have not time to polish the stove.—Mrs. L. M. T.

All verandah boxes should have castors on them. It saves calling a man when they are to be moved, and they cost but a small amount. Put them on everything that is too heavy to be lifted.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

Simple Perfume Making.

At first thought it might seem an impossible feat to collect the perfume of flowers after it has escaped into the air, yet it seems simple enough by a method that the Scientific American describes.

Fresh, high-scented blossoms are placed in an uncovered bowl filled with water and set near the "collector," which consists of a common glass funnel with the small end closed. The funnel is filled with a mixture of crushed ice and salt and suspended in an upright position. Moisture from the air of the room forms on it and unites with the emanations from the flowers. As the moisture collects it runs off the tip of the funnel into a receptacle. If this liquid is mixed with an equal amount of pure alcohol, the perfume of the flowers is preserved indefinitely.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The French Government has selected about 140 famous sites along the whole front, which will be preserved in their present state as monuments of the war. Among the sites in the British sector will be the Butte de Warlencourt, ruins of Bapaume, observation points on Hill 80, Givenchy battle field, and the famous slagheap and tower bridge at Loos.

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SIGN POSTS OF THE AIRMEN.

Flying Over Water Different Thing to Flying Over Land.

It is one thing to fly long distances over land, but quite a different matter when it comes to flying over water.

In order to navigate the Atlantic by airplane, the pilot must make exact and minute calculations before starting. These are taken in conjunction with meteorological reports, and the latest scientific methods of gauging the speed and direction of wind are employed. No easy matter this when some 1,900 nautical miles have to be taken into account. The pilot must study the position of certain stars, make use of the sextant and an instrument called the course and distance calculator, a hearing plate, and, above all, a good stop-watch.

Rapid and correct calculations must be made, as no means are available once the start is made of plotting and laying off the course by the usual means of parrallel rulers, dividers and protractors.

The aerial compass is so constructed that the pilot navigator can easily read the card, which is floated in pure alcohol, so that the liquid will not freeze when flying is taking place at high altitudes.

In the case of a long flight the compass requires the closest attention before starting. The machine must be swung, and the compass corrected and adjusted by means of small magnets, to remove any deviation that may exist owing to local magnetic attraction caused by the engines and other steel parts of the machine. A card on which deviations are plainly marked is placed at the side of the compass, so that a pilot can take these into account when plotting his course.

The position of the Pole Star can be fixed by finding the Plough, and the two pointers, Dubhe and Merak. A line drawn through the pointers will lead direct to the Pole Star, and if continued will also locate the Cassiopela group, which for direction is the simplest and easiest method of fixing the two groups, and is accepted at all times as indicating the true north.

JAPAN'S TEMPLES.

Built of Wood, Most of Them Are Now in Ruins.

Egypt built her monuments in stone; Japan built most of hers of wood. The Egyptian pyramids were thousands of years old when Kamakura was built. To-day the pyramids seem no older, but Kamakura's greatness is only a memory. A few temples built from the wreck, after fire and tidal waves had destroyed the city, are all that have remained, and they are fragile temples of wood.

In one temple the image is a Japanese conception of the god of the lower world. The figure has an unusual history. An image-maker, it is said, died. When he appeared before the lord of the other world, he was told that in his lifetime he had never represented the lord of the world properly, and that he must return to earth and make a correct likeness. The figure is pointed out as the result of the order.

The most remarkable image in Kamakura is not in a temple. It is the well-known Dai Butsu, or great Buddah, which sits alone in meditation with only the sky for a roof, and casual visitors and a priest in attendance. The grove which surrounds the Buddah seems dwarfed beside his giant proportions. The statue is said to measure fifty feet in height, the head alone being nine feet high. This giant Buddah is one of the relics of Kamakura's thirteenth century greatness. It has survived because it is made of bronze plates fashioned by the best metal workers in Japan. It is one of Japan's very few monuments that can aspire to rival in longevity the pyramids.

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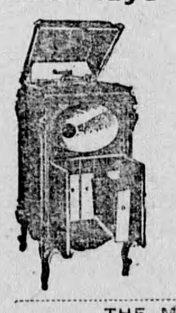

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