Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd.)

Judy looked through the window, with a far-away expression in her eyes.

"I am not so much surprised at that, after what you have told me. Of course, it was all very different from anything he had ever known. Surely it was a frightful mistake for him to come to America!"

"It's a mistake for most of them to come," assented Jean quietly. "Your brother isn't the type that makes good here. He's too fine. What he suffered—but there! I don't want to go on like that, and he never spoke of it, anyway."

"But what are we to do?" asked Judy, wringing her hands a little. "Can't we find or go after him?"

"Who are 'we'?" asked Jean on the spur of the moment.

"Miss Carlyon—that is, Miss Tenterden and I," said Judy quickly. "I don't know how I am to tell her! Is there no way of finding out the Alberta address; and how far is it out there? Could I go and come in a day or two?"

Jean Dempster smiled and shook her head.

"I'm not sure of the exact distance, but it's nearer two thousand than one thousand miles from New York, Miss Rankine."

"Two thousand miles!" echoed Judy, in incredulous amazement. "Why, that is as far as we have come!"

"Further. But this is the land of immense distances. You can't go there after him, Miss Rankine, unless you have both time and money. But I could get the address for you, I think, though he did not give it to me. I know the name of the man who has sent him out. I could find out his address for you, if you would like to go and see him yourself; but, on the whole, I wouldn't advise you to."

She added this as an afterthought, reflecting that perhaps the millionaire, Fordyce, if all the stories about him were true, would not be likely to spare her feelings.

"I'd rather not go and see him. How did my brother get to know him?"

"He was in the employment of his firm, and had a row with the manager about some abuses he found there. He hadn't learned to shut his eyes to abuses. I don't think he ever would learn that—would he? The man's name is Fordyce. He has a factory on the East Side. I can easily get at him on the 'phone, or by letter, or interview, if you would like his address."

"Of course—I should like his address. I must get it! We must cable to him or something."

"Very well, Miss Rankine. I'll find it all out for you some time to-day. And where can I send it?"

"We are at the Holland House."

Jean scribbled it down on the edge of her tablets, and at the moment the bell-boy brought an urgent message.

"I am sorry, but I have to attend to my business, Miss Rankine," she said as she rose. "I wish I had had something brighter to tell you about your brother."

Judy's face was now very sad, and her eyes rather hopeless.

"We have both been uncomfortable in our minds about him for a long time; and, as you have been so very kind to Alan, I ought to tell you that Miss Tenterden is his promised wife."

Jean Dempster stood still in the middle of the floor, as if petrified with astonishment.

"That lovely, lovely lady who doesn't look as if she was an ordinary human being at all! Oh, Miss Rankine, isn't it a frightful tragedy?"

"You have used the right word. And God knows what the end will be! Then will you try and get that address for me? I shall have to go home now and tell Carlotta."

"You don't think me rude if I ask a question, Miss Rankine? What brought him to this? Of course, anybody with half an eye could see that he was not an ordinary man at all!—that he was a gentleman through and through—what we call a born gentleman as well as one by upbringing and training."

"Misfortunes. I can't go into it all. It's a long, sad, bitter story. I hope we shall meet again—we must! Carlotta will wish to see you, Miss Dempster. I don't know how to thank you. I don't think I can even try! But I'm thankful—oh, so thankful!—he had a friend like you here!"

"I did my best," said Jean simply. "And oh, I've seen such a lot of mothers' sons stranded here! It's cruel, I think! I wish something could be done to prevent it!"

"How did you come here? I suppose your family are with you?"

Jean shook her head.

"No. I left Scotland to get away from my old self. I've had my share of tragedy. I'm fed up with it! I've seen little else, I whiles think."

"It has given you the understanding heart," said Judy; and moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she leaned forward and touched Jean Dempster's cheek with her lips.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HIS WIFE.

Several times that afternoon Jean Dempster phoned to the East Side factory asking for Mr. Fordyce. Various officials and subordinates inquired her business, but to each and all Miss Dempster replied that she must talk with Mr. Fordyce himself. Finally she had to leave her office without meeting with success, but left her name and number to be passed on to him the moment he was available. Upon reflection she added that the business was urgent, and that Mr. Fordyce would probably think so when he heard it.

She went home to Mrs. Isaacstein's feeling oddly detached from all her fellow-inmates and from the whole ordinary current of her life.

Judith Rankine had not told her much, but Jean had her intuitive faculty largely developed, and had small difficulty in piecing the story together. It was, however, though true in some essentials, considerably wide of the mark.

Such a restlessness was upon her that immediately after dinner she left the house again and went in the direction of the Manhattan Theatre, hoping to be fortunate enough to secure at the eleventh hour some obscure seat in the house, from which she could watch [illegible] It was not as a great actress that she was interested in her, but merely as the woman who mattered in Alan Rankine's life.

She was fortunate in finding a corner at the eleventh hour, and she had just settled herself comfortably when she saw Harry Fordyce, the man she had been trying all afternoon to get into communication with, enter the stall. He was quite alone, and for the few moments before the curtain went up she had an excellent opportunity of studying his face.

He had no looks but only a certain rugged power; and, in spite of all the stories which had been circulated about him, she could find nothing evil or repellent in his face. He looked grave and even bored, and, though several around him would have been pleased with his notice, he studied his program attentively, and spoke to none.

After the curtain went up Jean, under the spell of what most of the world were agreed was one of the finest bits of acting New York had ever seen, forgot all about him. It was not until after the close of the second act that she noticed that Fordyce's stall was empty, and that, quite evidently, he had left the house. Perhaps she was not surprised; for it was a poignant story, and some of Carlotta's winged words might have pierced the joints of his armour.

Jean studied the play even more intently the second night than the first, and she watched Carlotta with a tender and painful interest which, of course, had its being in her own interest in Alan Rankine. Jean had not known how deep that interest had been until now, when he had drifted out of her life. It was not a love interest in the ordinary sense. She believed that she would never feel that kind of interest in a man a second time. But she had honestly liked him, and mothered him, as she had mothered many another fatherless unit in that great and difficult city. And she wanted desperately to know the whole story and to follow it to its end.

Her eyes ranged round the crowded tiers of the audience without finding Judy, who was not in the house, but had stopped at home to write exhaustively to Claud, who had returned to Cambridge, to tell him how they had just missed Alan. Judy now blamed herself bitterly for allowing these fateful hours to be swallowed up carelessly; even Carlotta's calm pronouncement that that too had been written in the book of destiny failed to satisfy or comfort her.

Jean Dempster did not sleep soundly that night, her pillow was dream-haunted, and she awoke unrefreshed. About an hour after she had begun her business day someone rang her up sharply on the 'phone.

"You, Miss Dempster?"

"Yes," answered Jean shortly.

"Fordyce speaking. You rang me up at the factory yesterday, I believe, several times. What did you want?"

"Only an address, Mr. Fordyce," answered Jean in her pleasant Scotch voice, an address to which Mr. Alan Rankine has gone out West."

"Oh!" came somewhat doubtfully over the telephone and the listener quite evidently hesitated. He had had a good many affairs in his life requiring extreme caution and reserve regarding all his movements, and it was as natural for him to hesitate over this as to breathe. Quite possibly a woman was at the bottom of Rankine's plight, and he might be glad to get away from her.

"Say—you're Scotch, aren't you?"

"Yes, same as you," answered Jean on the spur of the moment. "That's my excuse for venturing."

"Well, where are you speaking from now?"

"My office—in the Dormer House, on Broadway."

"Oh! business woman?"

"Stenographer's office."

"Righ. I'll come round inside an hour or an hour and a half, on my way back to lunch. Can't give you that address off-hand—well—for various reasons."

"Thank you, Mr. Fordyce. I'll be here."

Now that was destined to be a momentous morning in Jean Dempster's life, and, all unconscious of it, she pursued her usual avocations in her quiet, methodical manner.

Her desk was cleared and her office spick and span when her caller was announced.

He looked at her keenly when he entered, and they exchanged brief salutations.

"You know the chap?" began Fordyce, sitting down on the edge of the chair Judy had occupied yesterday.

Jean bent her head, aware of the fact that Fordyce was studying her intently and was pleased with what he saw.

He was a man of about forty or thereabouts, with a somewhat heavy figure and a square, good head, with immense determination in his clean-shaven jaw. But his gray eyes were not so hard as they might have been. They were quite soft and kindly as they rested on Jean Dempster's pleasant face.

"Do you know the chap?" he repeated, and watched her face to see the effect of the question.

"I know him quite well. He boarded at the house where I live when he came to New York first, last May."

"Only then? He must have descended rapidly! Eh? What was it?"

Jean did not immediately reply.

"I don't want that address for myself, Mr. Fordyce," she said presently and with some irrelevance. "I'd like you to understand that. If Mr. Rankine had wished me to know his whereabouts he would have told me, only he left me rather hurriedly that last night. I suppose he did take that train?"

"Why yes, I guess so. He had all his tickets anyhow, and I said good-bye to him at Sherry's at half-past two in the afternoon."

"At Sherry's!" inquired Jean with uplifted brows.

"Yes—he had as much right there as the most of 'em," he answered with a slight, dry smile, "in spite of the fact that he hadn't a stiver to pay with. What's the address then, if you don't?"

"His sister and someone else."

"His sister! But I understood from him that he had no people here. In his circumstances a man doesn't want his people over. Did she cable, or what?"

"No. She is here in the city, stopping at the Holland House."

"On his track?"

"Partly. Yes—I think that is why they came."

"Who are they? Not his mother! I hoped she was dead. Mothers complicate life for a chap when he's down on his luck."

Something indefinable flickered across the hard face at the moment, and Jean's eye did not fail to perceive it. She was beginning to be deeply interested in Harry Fordyce."

"No, not his mother. I don't think I'm betraying any particular confidence in telling you—especially after you've been so kind to him. I saw you at the Manhattan Theatre last night, Mr. Fordyce. Well, let me tell you Mr. Rankine is engaged to Margaret Tenterden."

Fordyce whistled in sheer amazement.

"Well, I never! Engaged! She's a fine woman—but then, he's a fine man. What was the racket, do you know? What brought him down to the hobo stage? Couldn't get a word out of him!"

"And he didn't tell me much," said Jean reflectively.

"I could bet my bottom dollar it wasn't drink," observed Fordyce.

"No, it certainly wasn't drink. Sheer misfortune—family misfortune first, and followed by personal misfortune and ill-luck. He is the head of one of the oldest families in Ayrshire, his sister told me that much; and there ought to be estates, but I don't know what has become of them."

"One more chapter added to the history of this inferno!" observed Fordyce with a sort of light bitterness. "Well, I must say I liked the chap, and I'm eternally obliged to him besides for something he did for me down east. Did he tell you?"

"Yes," admitted Jean after a moment, "he did."

(To be continued.)

Japanese Proverbs.

The character and the ideals of any nation are always pithily expressed in the popular proverbs that have become part of the everyday speech of the people. Here is some of an interesting proverbial philosophy of the Japanese:

One Japanese characteristic, perseverance, is expressed in the saying: "Fall seven times, stand up the eighth time." Another proverb in the same vein declares: "A road of a thousand miles begins with one step."

The Japanese equivalent of "casting pearls before swine" is "giving gold coins to a cat," and instead of "a wolf in sheep's clothing" they speak of "a wolf dressed in a priest's robes."

When a Japanese wishes to explain that a thing is quite impossible he tells you that one might as well "learn to swim in a field" or "lap up the ocean with a shell."

"A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed" and "The heart is the same at three as at sixty" are other Japanese gems. Picturesque too are "At the foot of the lighthouse it is dark" and "When the hen crows the house goes to ruin." The latter saying indicates the Japanese view of feminism. Equally pithy is: "There is no medicine for love-sickness or for a fool."

Horse's Pulling Power.

There can be no doubt that weight is an important factor in the production of a horse that can pull a heavy load. This has long been recognized in the United States, where for many years draught horses, pure-bred and commercial, have been sold by weight; and it has recently been definitely proved by the Iowa dynamometer, a machine for measuring the pulling power of a horse.

It has been abundantly shown that a pair of horses cannot exert a tractive pull greater than their own weight. A tractive pull is not merely the pulling of a heavy load over a required distance, but the maintenance of the pull required to start that load over a distance which is now fixed at 27½ feet.

Thus, the weight of a horse is undoubtedly a limiting factor in what it can accomplish. Moreover, the fact that a horse can make a tractive pull of nine-tenths of its own weight is significant; and these two points, taken together, show that breeding for weight in horses is no mere fad or "fancy point."

Doctor's Orders.

In an out-of-the-way village in Scotland a man entered one of the mourners' carriages at a funeral. Opposite him was another man he did not recognize. Leaning forward, the newcomer said, "Ye'll be a brither o' the corpse?"

"Naw," replied the other.

A minute later the man remarked, "Maybe ye'll be a cousin o' the corpse?"

"Naw," came the answer.

"Ye'll be a friend, then?" suggested the man.

"Naw," said the man emphatically, "I'm nae relation, but I hinna been verra weel, an' the doctor ordered me to take a herridge ride!"

Carl Lomen, a rancher of the Yukon, has over 50,000 head of reindeer and owns six and half million acres of land. He went north in 1900 from St. Paul during the gold rush.

THE MYSTERY OF THE LICKING STONE

By J. H. Rosny, Aine

Translated by William L. McPherson

"What has become of Pierre Souleur?" asked Minot Souleur. "He was the geenest of us all—the one who was going to outshine all the aces of metaphysics."

"I know where he is," said Angus. "He is in eggs, butter and cheese, and he is making a fortune."

"It is the mystery of the Licking Stone," Angus continued jokingly. "This is about how Souleur described his adventure to me one night last winter:

"'The Licking Stone was for me almost like the stone which one ties around his neck before jumping into the river. It originated in a perfectly correct idea, which at that time I considered a brilliant one. I had noticed in the mountain pastures of Franche-comte, Auvergne and Switzerland that salt is a considerable expense to those who own large herds. The farm hands waste it. One morning I was meditating on this important question as I watched a herd of cattle.

"'How much salt do you consume?' I said mentally to these phlegmatic animals. 'How much is lost each year?'

"'As I thought of the farmers' plight my brain became heated. I was like Kepler or Newton, a prey to the satanic spirit of discovery.

"'An idea flitted through my mind, but I could not quite grasp it. Yet the call of a genius is irresistible. I had my apple—a good flat stone, about seven or eight kilograms in length, which lay tranquilly in the short grass. It must have lain there for some time, for a pretty silvery lichen had grown all over it.

"'This stone, I said to myself, was my apple—the inspiration and model of its artificial sister, the Licking Stone. I see that curiosity listends your jaws. I will not keep you in suspense. The Licking Stone was to be made of salt and a neutral substance soluble in water and consequently soluble in saliva. Now you have guessed. We would hang this stone by a cord in the middle of a pasture. The good oxen, the honest calves and the noble bulls would come to lick it according to their needs.

"'It remained only to pass from theory to practice—to contemptible practice. I devoted my savings to the manufacture of Licking Stones (little ones to serve as samples, big ones to fill the first orders)—two hundred or three hundred of them altogether.

"'A clear and explicit set of directions completed the prospectus. I sent about six thousand copies through the country districts, especially the mountain districts. After which I sat back, perfectly confident of results. Orders were sure to flow in. The only doubtful point was whether I could fill them. How could I manufacture rapidly enough all the Licking Stones necessary for France, for Europe, for the world?

"'No order came in, not a single one. There were no requests even for samples. Utterly amazed, I attributed at first this prodigious silence to mail delays. But at the end of two weeks a new conviction dawned on me: "Routine, accursed routine, triumphs once more over progress!"

"'By heavens!' I cried, 'since the mountains will not come to me, I will go to the mountains. And we shall see!'

"'I never lacked obstinacy. I am one of those men who carry their good ideas and even their pleasantries through to the finish. I equipped myself with a sort of pouch, in which I packed the samples of the Licking Stone, and the train carried me to our beautiful eastern mountains. And there I got my training as an Alpinist. What roads, bridlepaths and trails I climbed!

"'They all listened to me. I received from heaven the facile tongue of a commercial traveler. I explained learnedly, not without eloquence, the wonderful advantages of my Licking Stone. I licked it; I gave it to the men to lick, to the women and to the beasts. They were very nice about it. The men laughed, the women laughed, the children laughed. I even saw the calves laugh. They offered me wine, coffee, brandy, beer, according to their hospitable dispositions. But no orders, not the semblance of an order!

"'I retired into my wigwam with tears and gnashing of teeth. There was not a piece of money left in my purse, which formerly was bloated out with 1,000-franc bills. So far luck goes. I returned to the ranks—that is to say, to eggs, cheese and butter—with a soul more disenchanted than Christopher Columbus's when he realized that the discovery of a world led only to prison.'

"Having concluded thus, the good Souleur laugh'd a few laughs. Then he added:

"'The stone which was to ruin me really saved me by revealing to me the world of calves and even chickens. I knew that butter, milk and eggs carried one farther than metaphysics.'"

Sentence Sermons.

We Must Be Free From Envy if we are ever to find contentment.

—From hatred if ever we expect to find any peace of mind.

—From the mastery of passion if we are to be the sons of God.

—From the spirit of revenge if we are to have time for real living.

—From worry if we expect to do our best.

—From jealousy if we expect our marriage to be a success.

—From all fault if we assume the right to pass judgment on all men.

First Quarantine.

Quarantine was first established against infectious diseases in the fourth century.

Japan is the world's third largest [illegible] market.

PRINCE VISITS EARLY FOREIGN COLONY

BRITONS WERE FIRST TO SETTLE ARGENTINE COUNTRY.

Helped to Win War of Independence and Began Trade Development.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Argentina and other countries of southern South America comes as no surprise to those who are acquainted with the vital part played during the last 100 years by Great Britain in the development of these lands, and the great interests she has accumulated there.

In Argentina lies one of the main concentrations of British capital abroad, it being chiefly centered in railroads, water works and land. The British-controlled enterprises in Argentina are the main support of British trade, because they purchase their supplies and machinery in Great Britain, and it is by promoting these enterprises that Great Britain hopes to maintain her trade, considerably weakened during recent years. The British-owned railroads of Argentina represent an investment of $700,000,000.

The total investments of British capital in Argentina have been conservatively estimated at well over $2,000,000,000, and in the whole of South America at about $4,000,000,000. Great Briton is the oldest investor in the field, as she was the first modern trading nation to enter the South American markets, when the imperial colonial power of Spain waned and was shaken off.

Great Britain helped Argentina and the other South American countries in their war of liberation; she supplied them with munitions and money. Later, when the new states were set up, she took active part in their economic development, particularly in the case of Argentina, whose farming and pastoral industries have placed her among the foremost producing nations of the world.

Britons First to Arrive.

This year the Prince of Wales is being greeted on the banks of the Plata River by one of the oldest and most prosperous British colonies in any foreign land. Impelled by the spirit of adventure, that has led the Briton to the remotest corners of the earth, the British were the first to emigrate to Argentina when Spain was forced to loosen her grip upon the southern colonies, and probably were among the first to reach the shores of the Plata River three centuries before, in the days of Sebastian Cabot.

At the present the British colony on the shores of the Plata numbers nearly one hundred thousand. This colony is made up of commercial agents and representatives of British exporting firms, officials and employees of the British railroads, banks and cattle companies, farmers, cattle growers and managers of large estancias, and members of a great many British educational, religious, philanthropic, literary and social institutions. The British have two dailies in Buenos Ayres and one in Montevideo. Besides the British-born settlers, there is a population of British extraction several times as large. Isolated British rural colonies have been set up in several instances in Argentina.

British Sports Popular.

Greater perhaps than Great Britain's economic contribution to the development of South America has been her contribution to the welfare of those peoples as their sport teacher. Great Britain has not only built South American railroads, she has taught South America how to play outdoors. She has inculcated the love for sport in the last two generations there. The youth of the new South America has grown and is growing under the wholesome stimulus of British sport. Sport has been the most valuable British export to South America. None other has taken deeper hold with the people. English football is universal and has done a great deal of good for the rising generation.

Argentina has been linked to Great Britain by a virtual economic alliance extending to more than 100 years. Great Britain has always been and still is the main market for Argentine staple products, such as wheat, corn, frozen beef, mutton, linseed, wool and oats, taking under normal conditions between one-fourth and one-third of the total Argentine exports. The recent movement in England for an imperial protective tariff has created anxiety in Argentina, as she competes in the British market with producers of the dominions, particularly Australia and Canada, and a discrimination in favor of the dominions would seriously affect Argentina's basic industries.

We're All Gasometers!

The chief ingredients of our body are five gases, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine, and fluorine, and there is enough gas in a man to fill a gasometer of 3.649 cubic feet. The most important element is oxygen and the bulk of that gas contained within us, if set free, would be equal to a beam of wood one foot square and 1,191 feet (nearly a quarter of a mile) long.

Every man's body contains 2,466 feet of hydrogen, sufficient to inflate a balloon that would lift himself, balloon, and a tackle.

The nitrogen in the human body is about half an ounce to each pound of body weight, and about twenty times the bulk of the body. There is sufficient carbon in the human body to make 65 gross of lead pencils.

The Perfect Lover.

The two girls were walking in the garden at twilight.

"I wonder," said the first, "I wonder if Rollo really loves me."

"Of course he does, dear," said the second. "Why should he make you an exception?"

In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA" TEA

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

H636

Surnames and Their Origin

MULDOON

Variations—Meldon, O'Muldoon.
Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—Given name.

The family name of Meldon [illegible] not one which would be popularly regarded as Irish, though there'd be no doubt about the forms Muldoon and O'Muldoon.

There are two different Irish names from which these Anglicized forms have developed, and there is no method of telling from which any one of the three have come, in the case of the individual, aside from a genealogical research. You could make a guess with some chance of being right, if you knew the section of Ireland from which your ancestors came.

In the ancient province of Ulster was the headquarters of the clan "O'Maoldubhain," which was founded, apparently, about 870 A.D. by "Maoldun" (from "maol" and "Dubhan," meaning "follower of St. Dubhan") who was a brother of "Fogharthac" Fortamhail, the 157th monarch, or High King of Ireland. (This line of High Kings" or emperors reaches from 100 B.C. to the thirteenth century A.D.)

In Tirowen was the Clan [illegible] the "Siol Maolduin." It is the branch of the O'Neills of Ulster. It was established by "Moaldun," the son of "Aodh Ornaighe," the 16th monarch of Ireland.

JACOBS

Variations—Jacob, Jacobson, James, Jamieson.
Racial Origin—English and German.
Source—Given name.

The family names of Jacobs and its variations with their respective variations are virtually the same, no in the sense that there is any relationship, even remote, between families bearing these names, but in the sense that meanings of the names are similar.

It is the obvious result of a fact that is generally recognized, that the given names of Jacob and James have the same meaning, which is "the supplanter" or "the supplanted." Both given names became widespread throughout Northern Europe in the period of Christianity and the popularity of the Bible among the peoples of those days. As the history of Early Christianity had little chance of being recorded, it was of biblical origin, and accepted a religious flavor through the canonification of some saint in the Church in one of its many forms.

The surnames form of family name that was originally adopted as descriptive of a particular person, or combination of a given name with the word "son" (Mac, Fitz, "Sohn" in German, "Zoon" in Dutch). The [illegible] remains of the [illegible]

Sea Cooks and Sea Food.

The profession of sea cook [illegible] that has always been looked upon with profound contempt by the rest of the seafaring community, admits Miss Cicely Fox Smith, that sailor-loving English lady who has made herself an recognized authority on matters pertaining to ships and the sea. "Old Slush" and "Grub Spoiler" were the uncomplimentary nicknames bestowed upon him, and the familiar old chant of Paddy Doyle's Boots further attests the usual attitude of crew [illegible] the cheerful lines.

We'll all throw dirt at the coo-coo
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

The sea-cook, she explains, is the sea-going equivalent of the mother-in-law. He is the preordained and perpetual butt of ridicule and abuse. If he should have become so [illegible] not surprising. To begin with, he was provided often with the poorest and scantiest materials. Burgoo and [illegible] body were simply euphemisms for cabin scraps; hard-tack and salt horse were unobjectionable, but weevils served plain; cracker hash [illegible] them in a baked form. Dandy was also made of hard-tack, pounded very fine with a belaying pin, mixed into a sort of paste with jam or treacle and cooked on the galley stove into a sort of pudding. Duff—plum duff, figgy duff—was a boiled suet pudding with dried fruit added.

Often a bad cook made the sailors' food nearly uneatable; "he might add know a sauce-pan from a kettle, but once he had got his job, the unfortunate crew would have to put up with his experiments for the rest of the voyage. The usual thing, in extreme cases was for the whole watch to commit itself food untasted to the deep, choosing for the ceremony a moment when the sea-poor could not fail to witness it. He would then be compelled to admit that the grievance was a genuine one, since hungry men do not go without a meal unless for good and sufficient reason. But even if the cook were disgraced and sent forward, it was rare good luck if there chanced to be anyone among the crew who could do better.

Times have changed, and there is a vast improvement in the variety and quality of the food at sea, even on the humblest vessels. And there are ashore, schools where aspiring cooks may learn the trade. In a few years, perhaps, it will be no longer the direst insult a sailorman can hurl at a despised enemy to call him a "son of a sea cook."

But, amusingly enough, there are still a few tough old salts who do not appreciate the change.

The old sailor—conservative in life, in all things—strongly resented any attempt to interfere with his food. You might try to make his diet more varied and attractive if you chose. He didn't mind. But he had got to have his "virgy duff" on the proper day, or else the fat was in the fire!

"These 'ere calavances and such are all very well. But where's my duff?"

The Blank Book.

"I've just returned from one of those mind readers, Miss Sharp. She can't read a thing, you know."

"Not from a blank book, Mr. Sapp."

Salmon Are Prolific.

A single female salmon of 30 lb. weight deposits nearly 30,000 eggs, of which about 4 per cent. hatch.

Greenland is the largest island in the world.

BABY'S FIRST SHORT DRESS

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