TRUE STORIES of Adventure

The Inhospitable Islands

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

four-master Sally, out of for the South Sea Islands, as second mate in 1869. To into the story, we were in 168 degrees west and 8 uth latitude when we first trouble. No matter how an adventure he may en- hat is the point which stands all else in the mind of a the latitude and longitude fouled trouble. I remember was a quiet one until about time for the sun to go down. dropping below the hori- behind a bank of clouds almost the appearance of distance and which hid the of the sun so completely it were. In fact, it ark so early that we could with when the day did sli

there was not over-much ugh puffs tore viciously at ed rattled the yards. A low s of breakers, although not dinned in our ears. The at first from the northeast from the east. The ship ed under them, and eve experienced any violen helmsman felt a hint of the of the gale which was ap

We had time a-plenty to ake all our preparations ain feared a leeward shore a few points into the teeth which soon began to toss merily.

next watch after the first the storm we were plunging fully in a monster sea. All to hold into the wind had abloned and we merely tried from swamping in the heavy a sudden vicious gust of wind the only canvas set, were and we scudded helpless storm. The pumps were and every effort possible was preserve the Sally, but she a log and took water very

ge were tossed and battered storm, flying like a igreat bird before the wind, with ch of canvas holding to our bbers. It seemed that each wave mounted higher and er our stern and as though ast is ripped asunder from al strain on planks and cables. a dull, unhealthy light be- ed about us—it must have dawn, although no sun could we were still afloat.

he excitement of it all I did tired, but the captain, seeing gard, looked, ordered me to for a spell of rest, for he said n was blowing itself out and should all need strength for still in store for us. At the me he sent four of the men for a little sleep.

long time I could not bring so much as close my eyes, ed that should we for one ment relax our vigilance the ght go down. At last, from physical exhaustion my eyelids and I was sinking into obli- n, with a crash which hurled m my hammock, the ship came d stop and careened far to rd. Timbers groaned and Above I heard scurrying cries of men and the thud of stain pounding straight on our decks.

ng to the companionway and to the deck. Most of the life- were in splinters, but the flight of the crew made the ped dinghies all that was Many of the men had ed overboard, and two, Gunther, were wis- and forth in the scup- d.

hall struck was a matter ge to us, for to add to the the wind drove a stinging r faces with such force that hardly see to launch the

This work consumed I sup- matter of seconds, although to emed hours. There had been me to provision the dinghies, we had with us were a few s of water and enough bis- about two pounds. There was ft us to do but to run before m and outline our strength to rt of bailing and preventing ghly from capsizing. We very lost sight of the other boat never learned what became of upants, although I have no they drowned.

cannot tell how long we were tos- n, but I know that when the had finally blown itself out and was running high, but more y, we were all mighty thirsty hungry that the biscuits did satisfy us. Patches of clouds d away, revealing the blue sky, ugh the wind was puffy we ear it. The sun came out and us, but best of all, way to the ard we saw a low line of hills. was hard to tell how far distant were, for one moment we saw and the next, plunged in the of the sea, we saw nothing but water.

t we could we pulled away d, six of us, but it was slow The men fatigued and the sea high enough to bother us, but n be manned, and at last, waves had very nearly sub- were able to see what kind it was which offered us doubt- y. The sun, shining unmerci- ow torrents of perspiration and multiplied our thirst. We ry, but even if we had saved biscuits we could not have forced down our parched throats with- liquid. Some of us were jealous we had not been washed over- d with our mates, who were ned and out of misery.

he beach we were approaching ed only about an eighth of a mile nt, but it kept ever that far from Hard as we drove ourselves it ed as though we could not force dinghy another inch, but at last were in the breakers and capsized somewhat relieved by the cold er, the men scrambled ashore as they could, but Capt. Morris call m back and made them drag the hy high on the beach, weary as were. This proved our salvation th worse than drowning, perhaps starvation, would have been ours we not preserved that boat.

ater was what we needed first most, and we all went in search at the same time trying to learn t manner of island we were on far from the beach we found r spring and the captain and I ed the men to drink sparingly, ing that if they gulped the liquid might die.

he captain had managed to keep e cartridges dry, and by means of powder we extracted from one of n and two hard stones, we got a going. Some of us stayed on the ch to dry the clothes of all the men, e others went inland a short dis- e to forage. They soon returned n fruits of all kinds and reported they had seen many birds which ed like game fowl, but were un- e to kill them, what pistols they ried being soaked. This brought m to us with somewhat of a shock thought that we might need pow- and ball for a sterner purpose n the shooting of wild fowl. We ht live for days on fruit, but a f dozen men tired and almost nerv- wrecks, could not hold out against attack by savages without the aid firearms. The captain alone had cartridges and had managed to p his rifle fit for use. So we laid stones near the fire and, removing leaden slugs from our cartridges, ead the powder to dry. The metal lls and the bullets we retained so t we might remake the cartridges.

While we were busy two of the men t into the forest to look for signs habitation. Missionaries were ttered pretty thickly throughout South Pacific, and we hoped that e might have found a way to this nd. The powder dried quickly and busied ourselves reconstructing the tridges. Our fortune seemed to e changed for the better, when denly we were startled to our feet a horrid cry from the direction of woods.

The captain sprang first into the k jungle, which tore our hands legs. The direction from which cry had come led us straight into sinking sun and we continued in s way for perhaps a quarter of a e, when the leader stumbled over body of one of our comrades. He s dead, with a dozen long jagged s in his breast and abdomen. An ow had pierced his heart. A knife, pped in his lifeless fingers and ined red, told the story of a strug- and ten yards farther on we found body of a naked black man, stab- in the side.

There were signs that the other n, Thompson, had given the sav- s a desperate fight at this point, the trail showed that several n had continued in the direction we e travelling. Spurred by the ught that Thompson was alive, we rged down the trail.

We had no notion of how strong a ce of savages we were to encounter, we knew was that one of our nds was in trouble and that we ht save him from death, even from ture. If we could not wrest him m the savages, we would at least e him dead, and we were deter- ed that should our attack fail we ld end our own lives rather than taken by the savages and suffer a ering death.

Another eighth of a mile along the ure trail we were following and heard the enemy crashing through brush ahead of us. They must have rd us about the same instant, for y turned and rushed us. It seemed the time that a whole army was rging down on us, but as nearly as could learn later there were only o of them. They carried queer ars with stone heads and waved g knives with crooked blades, prob- y supplied to them by traders who uld have been murdered with their weapons.

The first native to throw himself n Capt. Morris fell with his throat so that his head almost rolled free his body and the second was drop- by a backhand stroke of a knife Sam Wells, which left seven of the ages to four of us and Thompson, was a prisoner.

had never wielded a knife against man foe, but this was no time for ms, and when a big black fellow e at me with a kreese, I tried to ry and slash at him. It would e gone bad with me but for the big man, Bill Terry, who grappled with fellow. Over and over on the nd they rolled, while I watched chance. For an instant Bill was ermost and I fell upon the back the native, digging and slashing, my knife. Even then it gave me eling of nausea, but I sprang to feet to use my knife on another ge who was charging me.

There was a ringing of blades strik- together, the thud of falling bod- and of revolver butts on bare heads and the shrieks of the wounded. It sounded as though two armies were engaged in the work of slaughter. The scoring was not all done on our side, either, for Bill Terry was killed outright and every one of our men sustained some injury.

But the odds were becoming more equal and we had more to fight for than had the natives, and they began to weaken. One fled, then another, and with a rush the survivors disappeared into the forest. As he ran, one of the natives tried to stab Thompson, who was bound, but Capt. Morris saw the act and hurled a knife, which struck the savage in the side, and he fled howling.

Thompson and a man named Fielder were so badly wounded that they could not walk, so we made a sort of hammock out of boughs and carried them to the beach, where we buried Terry and the man we had found lying dead on the trail.

We knew that even with firearms we would be unable to repulse an attack by the savages in force, so as soon as we had given our dead mates a decent burial we gathered fruit and filled the water puncheons preparatory to taking to the dinghy. The sea was calm and the moon shone brightly, and we thought the water was the safest place for us. The captain had been unable to use his rifle in the hand-to-hand fight in the jungle, so we had his dry cartridges and the ones we made with the powder we had dried.

All night long we lay on or off the beach, and two of the men were on watch while the others slept. In the inconlight we saw the natives once or twice at the edge of the woods, but they did not attempt to molest us. Back of the first line of hills a fire lit the sky and we were in a quandary as to whether it was a signal to natives on other parts of the island. Our flight was not an enviable one. In the long watches I worried over it, for it seemed there would be no way to land and we could not remain in the boat indefinitely without more water and food. Life seemed to hold little hope, and I began to feel that the best way after all would be to attack the savages and die fighting.

I actually determined to propose this to the captain and the men when it should come morning, and the thought so pacified me that I fell into a sound sleep. I was awakened in broad daylight by a cry:

"Ship to starboard. Bearin' toward us."

All eyes strained in the direction in which one of the men was pointing and there, sure enough, was a barque heading straight for the island. She was far off and we scarcely dared breath for fear she would put about and sail away, leaving us in our fate.

Capt. Morris discharged his rifle as a signal to the barque, but I doubt whether we were near enough to her for the shot to be heard. But, at any rate, she continued toward us and we began to row in her direction. It was weary work, but joy at the prospect of rescue helped us. We had not taken forty strokes when around a point darted a native war canoe filled with armed savages. Behind it glided another and another. We lay to the oars and pulled for all we were worth for the barque, but the hardships we had endured had sapped our strength and our breath was short. We had a fair lead on the enemy, but in the first quarter of a mile they had cut it down and we saw that we could not hold against them.

From the action of the barque we judged she had sighted us, and the matter resolved itself into a race with life for the prize. The men were rolling from side to side at the oars, almost dropping from exhaustion. The captain in the stern threw water on us from time to time, but the stimulation did not last long. Foot by foot the savages overhauled us, yet they were not close enough for us to use our weapons.

One of the men who was rowing toppled over backward and his oar swung useless in the rowlock. We handled him into the stern and Capt. Morris took his place at the sweep. The barque was still at a great distance, and our pursuers were gaining rapidly, so that we were by no means safe.

When we thought they were close enough, the captain ordered us to stop rowing. The natives howled with delight, for they evidently believed we were spent. Bracing his feet widapart to steady himself, the captain took careful him at the leading boat. Bang went his rifle and a black body leaped high in the air, plunging into the water.

But the enemy were not discouraged. Onward they glided, and the delay while the captain fired gave them an opportunity further to cut down our lead. They were gaining steadily on us and at an alarming rate. We could see that the barque was hove to, and guessed that she had struck shoal water. Boats were being lowered, and although they were being rowed to our rescue this meant more time for the pursuit.

We had so little ammunition we did not dare waste it, and we played a waiting game. Soon arrows began to fly at us, but they fell short.

"We'll stop that," said Capt. Morris, and he used his rifle again, killing another man.

After that it was scramble at the oars, then stop for an instant to empty our revolvers and the captain's rifle. After the third volley one of the canoes rolled heavily to one side and sank. The natives thrashed about in the water, but their comrades did not stop for them. The time was getting short and rescue was at hand. There was a little puff of white in one of the boats from the barque. A second later we heard the report, and simultaneously a savage flung his arms in the air and sank to the bottom of his canoe.

Then I think we all went crazy with relief. The dinghy drifted about in the sea and we lay panting in the bottom, for the savages had wavered, and after the effects of a heavy volley from the two rescue boats had fled for the beach. Some of our men were laughing and some were crying, but the sailors from the barque clambered into the dinghy and helped us into the larger boats.

It was the barge Triton which had rescued us and she left us at Bombay, from which we shipped to Boston.

Growing Annuals From Seed.

By Miss Anna Moyle for the Ontario Horticultural Association.

There is a peculiar fascination in growing our own annuals from seed. Success with some varieties, failure with others, makes one anxious to find the reason for the latter, so it is a case of "live and learn," with the enthusiastic gardener.

Before my border was ready for the perennials I used it for annuals. Asters, snapdragon, and ten-week stocks were the ones selected and sown in a hotbed in April.

Florists tell us the annuals should be transplanted as soon as the first true leaves appear, that is the first two, after the seed leaves. I found them too small and delicate for an amateur to handle without considerable loss, so waited for the next two leaves, then set to work. I made the hole with a narrow trowel, pinched off the two seed leaves, and set the plant in the hole so the remaining leaves were almost touching the ground, half filled the hole with earth, gently pressing it down around the roots and stem, then filled the hole with water, planted six or eight more, then filled up the first one. When all were in a little nitrate of soda was sprinkled around each plant and worked in. They were protected from hot sun, wind, and heavy rain, and were soon home and grew rapidly. Cultivated regularly, and as soon as buds appeared another application of nitrate of soda worked in, gave me dozens of strong, healthy plants that were full of bloom when the snow came.

Another year I decided to specialize in stocks, sending to England for the seed. Four beds were made for the four separate colors, white, pink, rose, and lavender, and the same methods followed when transplanting time came.

Heaven Help the Man.

Doctor—"Madam, you should have several months of perfect rest and quiet."

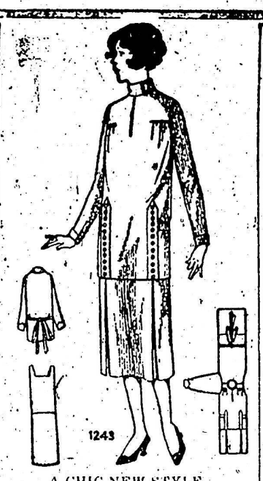
Mrs. Gabb—"But, doctor, it's my husband you were called to prescribe for!"

Doctor—"And I'm doing so, madam. I hope you will understand."

Music.

Virtue is the strong stem of human nature, and music is the blossoming of virtue.—Quoted by Plato.

When using stale bread for puddings, soak it in a cold liquid. Bread that has been soaked in cold milk or water is light and crumbly.



A CHIC NEW STYLE.

The two-piece mode—the classic of the season. If your wish is for a sports suit that reflects unmistakably the mode, you will find it in the model pictured here. The jumper blouse is in the new finger-tip length, with collar fastening to one side under the chin, or turned back to form revers. A slight fulness is introduced over the bust by gathers, and set-on bands are button trimmed. The belt, coming from the sides of the trimming-bands, ties at the centre of the plain back. The skirt is joined to a bodice top and is distinguished by two inverted plaits either side of the front. The diagram pictures the partly finished costume, and No. 1243 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years (34, 36 and 38 inches bust only). Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch, or 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material. The bodice top alone requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material, or with ribbon straps over the shoulders ⅞ yard. Price 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Historic English Residence Prey to Flames.

Excitement among the owners of historic English residences and the British public generally has reached a high pitch as the result of the burning recently of the tenth country mansion within three months. The latest mansion to go up in flames was Woolmore Farm, at Welksham, in Wiltshire, which was once the residence of Oliver Cromwell. The Battle of Round Row was fought near by between the Parliamentary and Royal troops.

The house was 100 yards from an ancient tree known as the Cromwell oak, on which seven men were hanged on his orders.

Recurrences of fires among country mansions have roused talk of incendiarism, but Scotland Yard as yet is unable to find any connection between the fires. Some nervous people are attributing them to communism. Another theory is that the antique electric fittings of most English houses are suddenly going bad. Certainly one reason for the immense damage is the inadequate fire protection, since once a country mansion catches fire it is practically doomed, as no arrangements have been made for a water supply sufficient to quench a major blaze.

YOU CAN GIVE ANY FLOOR A HARD-WOOD FINISH

BY CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD.

In the days of carpets floors didn't matter—you couldn't see them.

Soft wood was just as good as any other kind. Being cheaper, we rather favored it. But we have lived to regret our choice with rooms showing less of rug and more square feet of floor.

Softwood floors are one of the backaches of housekeeping. You can't keep them clean—splintery things. All one can do is to sweep or scrub them. Dry mops get tangled on the rough surface and leave their lint on every splinter.

Foolish to put up with a soft-wood floor when it is so easy to turn it into a hardwood substitute—a substitute that the mop slips over as smoothly as on polished walnut. You can do the work yourself for around five dollars a floor.

Paint is the best covering for old floors that have no natural beauty—but paint alone isn't enough. A small plane and an emery cloth come before the paint brush. Go over the surface until it is smooth and even, not a splinter left. It's a tedious job but the outcome of the finished task is dependent upon how thoroughly the scraping is done.

FINISH AS YOU GO.

The easy way is to start at one corner of the room and go over the boards one by one, finishing each as you go. Nails and tacks may be removed or else driven below the surface of the wood. Splintery spots and knots smoothen up best with a sharp knife. Each splinter and wave must be cut back to the solid wood if you expect to use the dry mop. This will give an uneven surface but when it is rubbed down with the emery cloth, and the paint and varnish are added, it scarcely shows.

Before you begin painting give the floor a good scrubbing with warm water and ammonia. One part of ammonia to eight parts water is usually about the right proportion. Grease spots and stains may require special scrubbing with a stronger solution. Where this fails, washing with alcohol or benzine will do the work. If paint spots refuse to come off with turpentine try elbow grease with sandpaper. Don't make the mistake of scrubbing first. The floor must be "bone dry" if you want to get the splinters out.

When the floor has dried overnight it is ready for the first coat of paint. Soft, porous wood needs an excess of linseed oil in this first or priming coat to satisfy the absorbing properties of the wood. You will be surprised how much oil a soft-wood floor can lap up—it takes nearly a full quart for a room 10x10 feet. Give this coat plenty of time to dry—forty-eight hours isn't too much. Before adding a second coat fill the nail holes with putty, using a good filler for the cracks and crevices. Mix some of the paint in with the putty and filler to give the desired color.

THREE COATS OF PAINT.

Now comes the paint proper, which is applied according to the direction on the can. You will have better luck if you put it on rapidly, taking only one or two boards at a time.

For painting use a fairly large round bristle brush. Brush out the paint first with the grain, then cross it, then smooth it out with the grain. This advice applies especially to the first coat, which must be well worked into the surface.

For a good finish use three coats of paint. It is poor economy to use but two when three would make a lasting job. In the choice of floor paints there is but one rule to follow—buy the best in the market. After the painting a coat of varnish will give the finish greater beauty and better wearing qualities. The floor should stand forty-eight hours before your rugs are laid down.

When the floor is hard enough you can treat it as you do a hardwood one.

Care of Fruit in Transit.

By illustrations and descriptions Mr. R. L. Wheeler, Dominion Fruit Transportation Specialist, in a Fruit Branch pamphlet entitled "Loading and Climax Basket," published by the Dept. of Agriculture and available free on application to the Publication Branch, Ottawa, points out how improper loading of cars is done and how it might be correctly performed and much waste saved. He says that the basket itself is a good seller of tender fruit but a poor loader and carrier and proceeds to point out grave faults in loading. Proper ventilation and inspection convenience must be considered. Trouble and waste are often caused by trying to squeeze in just one more basket in each row. Again, loading with mixed size baskets (six quart and eleven quart) always presents difficulties, which are minimized when only one-size basket is used. Crosswise loading is not advised but the practice of filling the doorway causes end to end slack and centre space is very necessary to develop the required air circulation which at best is insufficient. The important fact is, says Mr. Wheeler, that there must be air circulation to carry the heat to the ice and the ice must melt to benefit the load, chilled air flowing from the iced ends under the false floor and filtering through wherever space is provided when loading. The purpose of the false floor is disregarded if covered by a load without breathing space.

Under the side heading of "Two Evils" our authority states that "The situation facing shippers is that the Climax basket is subject to damage by shifting if loaded loose enough to provide anything approaching sufficient ventilation through the load and is equally subject to deterioration by insufficient refrigeration if loaded compact enough to stand ordinary handling in train and yard movement."

Details are given in the pamphlet—study of which is commended to every shipper and handler in transportation of fruit—of comparisons made last September between two cars carrying grapes from St. Catharines to Winnipeg, one loaded solid and the other with the doorway spaced and braced, which argue strongly for the latter. Mr. Wheeler recommends loading from the end towards the door and that the load be built snug cross-wise but not overtight, with diagonal loading of the last wall row where necessary instead of either squeezing or risking slack. He adds that a load of Climax baskets may be braced with lighter material than is required for car of crates or boxes since with solidly built load the handles have binding tendency.

Bees in the Spring.

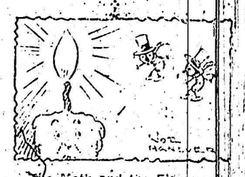
Spring is the most important and critical period of the bee year. The principal object of all manipulation during this period is to get a large number of bees reared in each colony and, later on, to prevent the tendency to swarm. For a maximum production of honey, says the Dominion Apiarist (Mr. C. B. Goodenham, B.S.A.) in his bulletin on "Bees—How to Keep Them," there should be during the honey flow, an abundance of bees between the ages of two and six weeks. If the bees were well prepared for winter they are best undisturbed for awhile, but if stores have run short or if by death colonies have become weakened and there is danger of them being robbed out, a short superficial examination should be made on a warm day. Combs containing stores may be taken from colonies that have more than they need and given, providing healthiness is apparent, to those that are deficient. If there are not enough bees to cover two combs the colony should be united with a stronger one. The work is best done towards evening. A warm day when the bees are flying freely should be chosen for making a thorough examination of the brood nest. A colony that is found to be queenless or to contain a drone-breeding queen should be united to one containing a fertile queen.

Colonies wintered out of doors should be kept in their winter quarters until the end of May or the beginning of June, in other words until settled warm weather. Protection to colonies wintered in the cellar depends upon the spring climate and to shelter from the wind. If there is no water within easy reach it should be supplied in a warm sheltered place in or near the apiary. The colonies should be examined weekly, or fortnightly if the weather is cool. All this and other valuable advice and information are given in the bulletin, which can be had free on application to the Publication Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Seek Lost Husbands.

There are approximately 26 "lost" husbands in England, and though rewards have been offered, no news of them can be obtained. Boards of Guardians in various localities, who are responsible for maintenance of the dependents of these men, are eager to find these husbands because the authorities are spending many thousands of pounds on "out-relief" for their wives and families.

Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and indeed most of the other cities have a list of "wanted" husbands. The Guardians say that many of the men found it impossible to settle down to humdrum life after their war experiences, and not being able to find employment in their home places, yielding to the wave of depression, left "taken to the road," knowing their wives and children would be cared for by the authorities.



The Moth and the Flame.

SAVORY DISHES FOR SUPPER

Baked eggs prepared thus are pleasing: Butter small tins or muffin pans and place in each one teaspoonful of soft bread-crumbs and one tablespoonful of milk. Break an egg into each pan, season with salt, add one tablespoonful of milk, a small lump of butter, sprinkle tops with a few bread-crumbs and grated cheese, and dust with paprika. Bake until a golden brown, then run a sharp knife around the edges of the pans, remove eggs to a hot plate and serve at once.

Eggs in nests make a very attractive dish. Force hot boiled potatoes through a potato-ricer; there should be three cupfuls. Add three and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half cupful of scalded milk. Beat until creamy, then add two canned pimentoes (chopped) and beat until thoroughly blended. Reheat and arrange on a serving dish that can endure oven heat. Make nests in potato mixture and into each carefully slip an egg. Put in a moderate oven and cook until the eggs are set. This same potato mixture is a very delicious accompaniment to roast beef.

Codfish hash comes from the seaswept coast of Gloucester, where there is more than ordinary interest in this useful fish. To prepare, mix the contents of one box of flaked codfish with an equal quantity of finely chopped potato and an onion, also finely chopped. Add one egg (well beaten) and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Form into a large cake and brown on both sides in a frying pan. Serve garnished with parsley or watercress.

For Frilled Oysters, arrange five slices of nicely browned toast (buttered) on a deep platter. Turn one pint of oysters and their liquor into a very hot frying-pan. Season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. When the edges of the oysters frill, stir in one tablespoonful of butter. Pour immediately over the toast, and sprinkle with one-half cupful of chopped celery.

Fish Chowder can be made with a two-pound piece of any kind of white fish cut into one-inch squares. Measure an equal quantity of potatoes cut into half-inch squares. Fry a scant quarter-pound of salt pork, diced, with a medium-sized onion, thinly sliced, until both are tender, but not brown. Place the above ingredients in alternate layers in a soup kettle, add boiling water to cover generously. Season with pepper to taste and cook gently for one-half hour after it begins to boil. Scald one pint of milk and thicken it with two tablespoonfuls of flour blended with a little cold milk. When thick and smooth add to the fish mixture, cover the top with split-and-buttered round crackers and serve. The potatoes will be more tender if parboiled for ten minutes before combining with the fish. To vary this, a pint of tomatoes may take the place of a pint of water, improving the dish for many tastes.

Eggs Southern Style are a good way of using left-over chicken gravy. Cook one dozen eggs until hard, remove shells, then add to one pint of chicken gravy. Serve very hot with corn bread or gems.

Bread Omelet is made thus: Crumble enough stale bread to make one cupful of crumbs and soak the one-half hour in one-half cupful of milk, then beat until smooth and add one-half teaspoonful of salt and five beaten eggs. Butter well a baking dish, pour in the mixture and bake about ten minutes. Serve at once in the dish in which it was baked, as it falls quickly.

Walks Over So Many.

"I don't like him—he's a man who walks over people."

"Who is he then?"

"Reaper of the cemetery."

Shakespeare Invented New Words.

When Shakespeare was at the height of his powers he almost made his language, as the Americans say they do today, as he went along. Dr. George Gordon, professor of English literature at Oxford, points out in a lecture on Shakespeare's English before the Royal Institution of London.

Referring to the state of the English language in the sixteenth century, Professor Gordon said there was no fixed standard in grammar or spelling or pronunciation or accent, and there was neither a standard grammar nor a standard dictionary. The first quality of Elizabethan, and therefore of Shakespearean, English, was its hospitality and its passion for experiment, its willingness to use every form of material wealth, to try everything "once, at least."

So far did it go, this movement of linguistic anarchy, declared Professor Gordon, that prudent, word-hoarding men grew alarmed, and some words were blacklisted.

Personality Should Be Expressed.

The most satisfying and [illegible] most applicable [illegible] is the home where [illegible] personality [illegible] We do not mean a [illegible] quality which is the expression of a decided [illegible], but that inner [illegible] which really is the [illegible] in the dictionary.

Remove green spots from wallpaper by applying crushed magnesium carbonate. Remove the carbonate after 24 hours and repeat application if necessary.