

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rossler, his stepmother Lady Rossler and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; that answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marry before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds Kempton Rossler (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. To shield his father's name and in consideration of release within six months, Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, who is an artist, and a wealthy young man, Jasper Waldron. After the secret marriage of Rossler and Marcia go their several ways; her improved mode of living benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her new friends and the love of Waldron. He pays a large sum for Marcia's portrait, painted by Trask. Lady Rossler claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and insists upon a visit from Marcia which angers Kempton. The young heiress discovers that she loves Waldron but keeps him at a distance. Returning to his apartments one evening, Waldron finds his life-long friend Rossler.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Cont'd.)

"It's a beastly bore—going away just now, I mean. But it can't be helped." Waldron pulled a deep chair forward and dropped into it. He repeated, half shrugging, what he had said to Marcia earlier in the evening. "I've got such a deuced lot of irons in the fire, you know—and I have to attend to each concern personally, because I don't know anyone reliable to do it for me. Shall have to find some one some day, I suppose. Kemp, what in thunder have you been doing to yourself lately? You're all on the jump, and look worn to a frazzle!" Rossler started. Then he laughed rather harshly, shrugging. He, too, dropped into a chair, his back to the portrait.

"It's been a jumpy time, just lately," he returned somewhat grimly. "Things in general are all anyhow—and I, in particular, am in the devil of a mess."

He broke off. His eyes grew sombre as he remembered the necessity of curbing his speech. "Things in general are all anyhow—and I, in particular, am in the devil of a mess."

"Money?" he asked. "Or—"

He paused. Kempton stirred, flushed, then nodded grimly.

"The lack of it. I'm up to my eyes in debt, and can see no way of getting out of it. The pater's cutting up rough all round—and, anyway, he's falling fast. Looks ghastly lately—a mere shadow—certainly not fit to be bothered."

He stopped. Waldron reached for his pipe and filled it slowly.

"Mayn't I help?" He asked the question with a level matter-of-factness that steadied Kempton. He laughed.

"Too big a proposition, old man, or I'd come to you in a shot. What I owe runs well into three thousand. I couldn't pay you back, God! He flung out his hand suddenly, fiercely.

"Why do men in my father's position bring up their sons in idleness—to know no profession—to have not the smallest conception of what it means to work—honestly, wholesomely, sanely, for a living and luxuries? They're handicapped from the start! They begin life in cotton wool. By the time the wrapping is torn off they are not fit to face life itself. And every man who is a man has got to come to it sooner or later. And—well—it's too late. I'm good for nothing!"

Waldron applied a match, drew slowly, with enjoyment, then let out a cloud of smoke. Through it he eyed the other contemptively—with something of speculation. His brown face was impassive, but there was a certain brightness in his eyes. He spoke at last.

"Rot!" he said, tersely and with emphasis.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Rot!" said Waldron again. "No man who has his health and the use of his sight and his limbs is good for nothing! That is—if he's willing to put his back into it and work!"

Agitatedly, he made a half fierce gesture. His face was flushed, the brooding in his eyes was more pronounced.

"Work!" he repeated tensely. "That's just it! I don't know the first thing about work! I've been an idle all my life, wandering aimlessly through existence and accepting an allowance like a schoolboy. It makes me sick. Sick with myself—with everybody! I suppose there are hundreds like me. Only that's not much consolation."

Waldron reached out a long arm and pushed the decanter nearer to him.

"You can learn!" he said placidly. "To work, I mean."

"And who's going to teach me? I wish to God, though," forcefully, "that I could work! That there's something I could do!"

Waldron eyed him again, closely, speculatively. He said, between puffs at his pipe.

"You're young. You're sound as a bell. You're overflowing with surplus energy. You could work as well as the next man—and better than a lot. You've got intelligence as well as muscle—stamina—vitality! Not only could you work—if you gave your mind to it—but you could make good!"

"What at?" Kempton's voice was frankly scoffing. He was very much out of love with himself and his uselessness to-night.

Those things which had satisfied him once satisfied him no longer. He was possessed of an overwhelming restlessness—a desire to be up and doing. Of a sudden it seemed to him that his existence hitherto had been contemptible.

He had relied solely upon his father, and what his father chose to give him. Even the coming of Araby into his life had not made him realize that he had to make a fight for himself—and for her. He had been effortless. And he loathed himself for it.

"At any job that's a man's job!" Waldron returned. Then he leaned suddenly forward. "If you're in earnest—about wanting to work—I'll prove it to you."

a strange wavering in his eyes, a new look. Araby's face, smiling, drifted before him—behind him Marcia's eyes, mournful, haunting, seemed to look through into his heart. He thought again of Waldron's assurance that he would be forced to go out of England—and was conscious of a sudden upheaving of relief.

His heart hungered to be near Araby; but to meet her constantly, under present circumstances, was painful—to meet her in Marcia's presence a torture. He was not a coward, but deep within him he knew that his present position was gradually becoming more and more untenable. He would have to get away; and the chance that Waldron offered was the only thing that made this possible.

He stirred, hesitated, then stood up. "Take it?" Waldron asked, and swung to his feet, too, as the other nodded. Their hands gripped.

"Good!" There was genuine satisfaction in Waldron's voice. "I'll be glad—really glad to have you. I can give you particulars of your immediate movements presently. Now let's talk, for a little while, of something else."

He had turned to face the portrait. For a second he hesitated. Then he

made a curious, conscious gesture towards it.

"What do you think of it?" he asked. "I never dreamed Trask had it in him."

"Trask has more in him than most folks realize!" Kempton said quickly. "Like a good many others, he's never had much of a chance—his environment is wrong. His training has been purely English. The portrait, though, is excellent."

Something in his voice made the other look at him half questioningly. He was staring into the pictured eyes, and his lips were close set. After a moment Waldron said:

"So excellent that it almost does justice to the original. Though I think no mere painted thing could ever quite do that!"

His voice softened, warmed. Kempton turned to him suddenly.

"You—admire Miss Halstead very much?" he asked. Again there was a strange, half eager note in his voice, but this time Waldron did not heed.

"When I come home," he said, very simply, "I hope to marry her!"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Woman's Sphere

Canning Helpers.

The process of cold-pack canning has been given so many times that it does not seem necessary to repeat it here. Remember to blanch greens with steam; do not dip in boiling water. This may be done by suspending the cheesecloth like a hammock over the water in the canner.

If asparagus, beans, peas, and corn are allowed to stand too long before canning, a sour taste often develops. They should be canned as soon as picked. Never let more than two or three hours elapse before canning.

Corn turns dark for three reasons: Using corn too old; canning with water that contains iron; blanching too long.

Corn becomes waterlogged for four reasons: Allowing it to stand too long in the cold water after blanching; letting the cans stand on the table after they are packed. Always plunge into corn in warm water over a slow fire; opening cans to serve and allowing the ears to stand in the cold water. Remove cans as soon as opened.

Beets lose their color because tops and tail are cut too closely. Leave on at least an inch of the top and all of the tail while blanching. Then scrape instead of peeling.

Peas turn cloudy for three reasons. Cracking the skin of the pea; blanching too long; using very hard water or mineral water.

Be sure to make currant jelly. Do not pick currants after a rain. Look over carefully and remove bits of leaf, wash and drain, but do not stem. Put in a porcelain or acid-proof kettle and cover with water. Cook until currants turn white, then drip through a jelly bag, boil juice ten minutes, add sugar, which has been heated in the oven, allowing cup for cup of sugar and juice, and boil for three minutes. Then test by taking a little juice in the spoon and pouring off the side. When two thick drops form on the side of the spoon it is done.

Raspberry, blackberry and strawberry jelly may be made by adding equal measures of apple juice, or by using a commercial pectin.

In making jams allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Crush the fruit and put it on stove to heat slowly while the sugar heats in the oven. When berries are heated through add one-third of sugar and boil ten minutes. Then add one-half remaining sugar and boil for ten minutes. Now add all the sugar and cook until thick enough to spread. Store in glasses like jelly.

A glass of jam added to a pint of whipped cream makes a delicious mousse. Pack in equal parts of ice and salt and let stand three hours to freeze.

Superfluous Hair.

There is at least one manly characteristic longed for by boys and young men with great anxiety which is never coveted by any women of howsoever masculine type, that is the growth of hair upon the face. I know of no facial disfigurement that creates in a man so great consternation.

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"set." Now sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and with the spatula turn over one-third of the omelet, then fold once as you turn out. Serve at once. This omelet may be varied by adding chopped ham, peas, tomatoes, bacon or cheese, just before folding.

Creamed Egg:—Chop five or six hard-boiled eggs, not too fine. Make a white sauce of a cup of milk, a tablespoon of butter, a tablespoon of flour and salt and pepper. When this is cooked, put in the eggs and stir gently for a few minutes. Serve hot on a dish with suitable pieces of toast.

Egg Gems:—Use one cup of chopped cold meats, one teaspoonful of melted butter, one cup of bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Mix together meat and bread crumbs. Add the butter, salt and pepper and enough milk to bind it together nicely. Have ready gem pans well greased and fill with the mixture. Break an egg on the top of each, season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with cracker crumbs. Bake eight minutes.

Egg Salad:—Boil the number of eggs required for twenty minutes. When cold shell and remove whites carefully from the yolks. Chop the whites and leave the yolks whole. Serve on lettuce leaves with a boiled dressing and small balls of cottage cheese.

Escalloped Eggs:—Moisten bread crumbs with milk or meat broth. Place a layer of this in a well-buttered baking dish, slice some hard-boiled eggs upon it with bits of butter here and there. Then place a layer of minced ham, veal or chicken; then bread crumbs. Bake until well heated and crumbs are browned.

Growing. They said that I must keep you quiet, And wrote down carefully all the hours of your schedule. Food and sleep, they said, that was all you needed. But last night when I could not tell what you wanted And lay down beside you, worn out from your weeping, You slept happily, close to my heart. Little son, were you lonely so soon? Elizabeth Porter Wyckoff.

A New Two Keyboard Piano. A piano with two keyboards, the manuals somewhat resembling those of a pipe organ, except that they are not so widely separated as in the organ, has been invented by Emmanuel Moor, a Swiss. The instrument has one set of strings only, one set of hammers, and the two manuals as mentioned. To facilitate the passing of the fingers from one keyboard to the other, the back end of each white note on the bottom manual is raised to the level of the sharp notes. The upper manual is everywhere an octave higher in pitch than the lower one, and it is claimed that the player, by passing rapidly from one manual to the other, can execute the most difficult arpeggio without moving the hand literally.

The octavo coupler is operated by means of a centre pedal. Since two notes are being struck by one finger while the coupler is in operation, there is, of course, an increase in the weight of touch; but as one finger is really doing the work of two, there is no extra labor involved. A further characteristic of the instrument is the harsichord effect, which the inventor has produced by bringing a row of metal strips into contact with the wires, the ordinary hammers being used for striking the strings as usual. It is pointed out by the inventor that the use of his instrument will result in a great simplification of technique, eliminating huge skips and different extensions of the fingers, while at the same time securing an orchestral sonority of tone hitherto impossible with one pair of hands.

That the invention will prove an important factor in the musical life of the people is believed to be certain, it having received the endorsement of many celebrated musicians and heads of musical organizations and institutions.

An Observant Nurse. A doctor had been called to see a man who was very ill. He examined him and said to the nurse:

"You must watch the case very closely through the night and tell me all the symptoms when I come back in the morning."

The man became worse in the night, and talked a lot of nonsense in his fever.

When the doctor returned in the morning, he said to the nurse: "Tell me exactly what happened after I left."

"You were hardly out of the room," she began, when he said: "When did that old fool say he was coming back again? Those were the last sensible words the patient spoke."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff. No Wonder He Left Home. Returning to his native village, a young man missed the weather vane from the church spire. "And what's happened to the weather vane?" he inquired of an old laborer.

"Oh, mister, there were two of 'em in the village. But there weren't enough wind for both. So we took one down," came the reply.



TREE SAVING DISCOVERY

Three-fourths of every tree cut is waste. To reduce this waste, and to make possible the most efficient utilization of the one-fourth used, is to contribute in a very effective way to forest conservation. That is the purpose for which a forest products laboratory was established by the Forest Service at Madison, Wis., says a Philadelphia paper. It is devoted to experiments which have relation to the better and more economical utilization of wood, and already its work has come to be recognized as of enormous practical value.

If the improved method of nailing boxes devised by the laboratory experiments, and adopted by the National Association of Box Manufacturers, saves only one per cent. of the annual loss in claims for damages to shipments paid by railroads, the saving on that item alone will be \$1,000,000 a year.

Tests of strength, resistance to splitting and ability to hold nails, which make it possible to classify woods for box and crate construction, have been greatly helpful in the same direction; likewise tests of such containers in a revolving drum, which, capable of handling loaded boxes up to 1,000 pounds, is so constructed that the box follows a cycle of drops simulating those received in actual transportation.

Wood in the form of railroad ties, mine timbers, posts, poles, etc., destroyed each year by decay, is approximately equal in value to the annual cost of forest fires. By proper treatment with preservatives, such as zinc chloride or creosote, it would be possible to save a billion and a half board-foot per annum in railroad ties alone.

Decay of wood is disease, due to infection by microscopic fungi, acting as an antiseptic. By the use of such preservative medicine great losses attributable to the so-called "dry rot" in buildings could be obviated. Every year fire destroys \$250,000,000 worth of houses and other buildings in the United States. If the wood used for such structural purposes were fire-proofed with chemicals, much of this loss would be avoided.

It is estimated that all of the six billion board-foot of lumber used annually in this country in the manufacture of small articles could be obtained from material that is now thrown away. This could be accomplished by cutting such articles direct from the logs, and by interchange between industries—i.e., utilization by one industry of the waste of another.

One way to save wood, which the laboratory has been working out, is to glue small pieces together. This idea has been successfully applied to the production of shoe-jacks, hat-blocks, bowling pins, wheel-hubs, and many other articles, not least important being propellers, struts and wing-beams for airplanes. A special kind of glue, which makes a piece of "laminated" wood stronger than a solid block from the log, has been developed for the purpose.

The laboratory has sought successfully to develop uses for wood-pulp for waterproof containers; molded, for buttons and electrical fittings; and for the manufacture of smokeless powder, lacquers and artificial silk. Spent tankard (a waste product) has been proved to be utilizable in the manufacture of roofing felt.

Not the least interesting of the achievements of the laboratory is the discovery of a process for making cattle-food from sawdust. As in the manufacture of alcohol from like material, the cellulose of the sawdust is first converted into sugar under pressure with dilute acid; then the sugar is boiled down to a thick molasses and mixed with the sawdust residue.

"Wood meal," the stuff is called. When it is substituted for one-fourth of the ordinary grain ration, the cattle fed on it increase in weight at a satisfactory rate, and there is no decrease in the yield of milk.

Strength of Joists. The strength of floors and the permanency of ceilings depend chiefly upon the strength and stiffness of the wooden joists employed. The choice of timber for this purpose usually rests with the architect or builder. Now that Canadian white and red pine are so scarce it becomes imperative to consider other native timbers for joists, and many architects must feel the need of some guidance in selecting other available timbers, particularly when they are comparatively new to the market.

In order to provide figures which will assist in determining the relative qualities of timbers to be used for joists, the Forest Products Laboratories of the Department of the Interior are conducting a series of tests to show how full-sized joists will behave under various loads. The timbers being tested are Douglas fir, western hemlock, western yellow pine, western red cedar, eastern hemlock, jack pine, and eastern spruce. Tests are also being made on undersized timbers of certain western woods, to see whether, by the use of smaller timbers, a saving of freight costs can be effected without reducing the strength below that usually obtained.

Encouraging. Maud—"Have you offered Tom any encouragement?" Edith—"Oh, yes. When he asked me what my favorite flower was, I said: 'Brown's for pastry and Smith's for bread.'"