

Love and Breakfast

By SHIRLEY MONROE

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While the dew was still on the grass and the sun not yet full-orbed over the eastern hills, there came down the steep, narrow path which led, between thickets of sweet fern and bayberry, to the pebbly shore below, a maiden fair as any queen of fairy tale fame. Her slim little frock seemed to have borrowed its color from the rosy dawn.

A wandering ray of sunshine found her hair and transformed it into a crown of fine-spun, virgin gold. Her daintily shod feet appeared to barely touch the ground, yet they brought her quickly down to the beach. There she threw wide her sun-browned arms and took long breaths of the sea-washed air.

"Everything is perfect this morning—yes, everything!" She spoke aloud. A kingfisher successfully camouflaged against the rain-bleached limb of a dead tree near by turned a startled eye in her direction for the thousandth part of an instant, perhaps, then concentrated again on the sparkling water beneath him.

The girl looked at the tiny jeweled disk bound to her wrist. She seated herself, carefully smoothing out her frock that it might not be wrinkled, and, picking up handfuls of the shining pebbles, let them trickle slowly back to the ground, talking to them meanwhile.

Her happiness was of the sort that demanded expression, and at first glance there was no animate thing nearer than a lonely osprey which circled high over the bay.

So the pebbles and sedge grass heard her wonderful news—a tale as old as the spectacle of the dawn, yet ever as new and marvelous to one who experiences it for the first time.

Only the evening before had it happened—the miracle—when he had taken her into his arms and of a sudden it had come and she knew that she loved him! It would end in marriage, of course; but she didn't want to think of that now, only of the utter perfection of her prince and of the beautiful, beautiful world, which was such a happy place to live in.

On parting they had agreed to meet on the secluded beach, out of sight of the hotel, before breakfast. She had anticipated the time set, for the night had been sleepless and the glorious morning called. But at any moment, now, there might come the sound of footsteps down the narrow path.

Instead of a sudden step there was a splash in the water a few feet from shore. The girl turned in time to see a fountain of rainbow-hued drops and emerging from it a gray bird with a white collar around his throat, carrying in his beak a small silver fish. The bird flew straight back to his perch on the rain-bleached limb of the old dead tree, swallowed his booty and resumed the watchful waiting.

"Why—you horrid thing!" exclaimed the girl, startled from the tale she was relating to the shining pebbles, "to eat up that beautiful little fish who wasn't doing you one bit of harm—and on a glorious morning like this, when every living creature must be filled with joy at being alive!"

In the sedge grass, a few feet away, a lump which she had taken for a brown stone moved cautiously forward, step by step. There was an indescribably quick motion of a sinuous neck, a glitter of silver, then a lump moving down the long throat as something was hastily swallowed. It took but an instant for the tragedy; the murderer resolved again into a brown stone, ceaselessly watching its chance.

In disgust the girl turned her back on the kingfisher and on the marsh-heron and, after a fleeting glance up the steep path, turned to the sparkling waves breaking almost at her feet.

At least there was one creature on that beach who could enjoy the fair beauty of the morning without thinking eternally and only of eating, she soliloquized. Something grotesque and horrid of form was moving sideways and with difficulty out of the water. With one ugly claw it was pushing before it an object almost as big as itself, which feebly struggled.

As the girl gazed, fascinated, the thing took a great mouthful of its living prey in its free claw and crammed it into its mouth. It was only that common occurrence, one crab eating, with relish, a disabled brother; but to the girl looking on there came a nauseating revulsion of feeling and she stoned the cannibal till he dropped his victim and scurried away.

"How perfectly awful! Why, I'll never eat another crab as long as I live—they're too disgusting. Nor another fish, either! Poor things; they have enemies enough! Oh, why need such cruel things happen in such a beautiful world?"

A loose pebble rolled down the path, announcing the swift approach of another human to the secluded beach. The girl leaped to her feet; strong arms held her tight. It was her prince, of course, and there followed an hour of that ecstasy only new lovers experience when they tell, to each other, just how unutterable that love is. Forgotten were the greedy birds and the cannibal or crab. Once more life was ecstatic—a gift of the gods!

Then the prince announced that he must return to the city on the morrow. "Why, dearie," he answered to her

strong protest, "I haven't the nerve to face your father with my present bank account. Just give me a couple of months, though, and 'oh boy,' but I'll make some killing! Then we can be married."

A charming blush suffused the face of the girl. To cover it she asked what he meant by "a killing."

"Why, everlastingly watching my rivals in business, catching them napping and swooping down upon them like—like that kingfisher chap over there—and coming home with the spoils." As he spoke, prompted by an instinct he didn't stop to analyze, one hand gently detached itself from the hand of the girl and soughed his watch. With a start an arm was withdrawn from a slender waist and with a nimble movement the prince was on his feet.

"But why need you go so soon?" the girl objected.

"Breakfast, darling! And I forgot to tell you! I got out at four this morning and caught some snapper blues for you. That's what made me a little late here. Gosh, it was great; getting up at that hour and killing meat for my mate like a regular primitive cave man!"

The girl gazed up at the glowing countenance of her prince and many things ran through her mind in the second that she hesitated. He had felt a need for food, with his arm around her! He had killed innocent living creatures, even as the kingfisher had, and the marsh hen—but not, thank goodness, not like the crab! And he had killed them for her—because he loved her!

After all, what did it matter? There were many things she didn't understand, and nothing mattered but that "He loved her." The girl sprang up with a happy smile.

BROUGHT JOY TO ROOSEVELT

Companion Tells of Colonel's Joy in Unlooked-For Discovery in the Bird World.

Roosevelt's intense eagerness over any new discovery in the bird world is interestingly described by John M. Parker, who once entertained the colonel on a camping trip along the Gulf coast of Mississippi and Louisiana. One day they discovered one of those queer birds known as the bull bat, and the colonel was greatly excited about it. Here is the way that Mr. Parker describes the incident:

"One day my sons were running around on a little island, and presently began waving for us to come over. We immediately answered. When we got close to them we saw them pointing to a bird on the ground, blended so well with oyster shells and debris that it was almost invisible unless you watched closely. They motioned to the colonel to step up to the bird, and as he did so it flew off the nest, fluttering along the way as a great many birds do, simulating being badly wounded or crippled in order to lead us away from its nest. It was a bull bat, or night hawk, and as the colonel glanced at the nest he remarked: 'By jove, this bird is hatching now!'

"Herbert K. Job, the nearest and possibly the most famous bird photographer in the world, came in answer to our call and fixed up his old green shade from under which he made some wonderful pictures both of the bird returning to the nest, and then how he scared her off the nest. He made pictures of the two little bull bats breaking the shell of the egg, and to see the eggs divide was wonderfully interesting. Mr. Job photographed them with patience and with a total disregard of mosquitoes.

"The evening we returned to Pass Christian the colonel went around my yard with a great deal of interest, and announced that he had found nests of 27 varieties of birds. One in particular interested him very much—the crested fly catcher. I told him that the bird had nested there since I had had the place, and that only a few days before had raised an entire brood of young ones, which were now flying around the yard. He immediately asked me whether I had ever investigated the nest carefully myself. I told him no and asked why. He stated that he had never found a single nest of a crested fly catcher that did not have in it a shed skin of a snake, and said that he would like very much to see whether this nest 'way down on the Gulf of Mexico could be an exception. We got a ladder and I took the nest out. Instead of having one skin in it, there were two, to his very great delight and joy."—Tulsa World.

Explorers on Floe for Five Months. Scientific data of considerable value were obtained by a party of 15 men who returned to civilization recently after spending about five months on a drifting ice floe in the Arctic ocean, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. Special attention was given to the currents in Beaufort sea, that part of the ocean which stretches north of Alaska and Canada as far as Banks Land, and numerous soundings were made in the cold water. The floe on which the strange voyage was made was seven miles wide and fifteen long. Many seals, polar bears, ducks and land birds made their homes on the floating block of ice.

Bedroom Farce. "That there troupe of show people wuz in a wreck down the road a piece an' I don't believe they'll be able to play at th' operty house tonight." "Was anybody hurt, Hiram?" "Nope, but th' pink and white bed they wuz bringin' along got smashed to kindlin' wood an' th' property man says he can't find another one like it in th' hull blamed village."—Bruningham Age-Herald.

Do Men Know What to Eat?

There Ought to Be a College Course to Teach Them, Domestic Science Specialist Declares

There should be a college course to instruct young men in the art of selecting what to eat, an instructor in domestic science at the Kansas State Agricultural college said recently. Not only are many men required to select their own food at public eating houses, and by such selection unwittingly impair their efficiency, but they absolutely refuse to eat the carefully thought out meals prepared for them by their wives. They clamor for meat three times each day when the domestic science experts whom they marry know they should not have it, she added.

"What will it avail carefully to instruct our young women in the art of planning a carefully balanced meal admirably fitted to meet all the requirements of the body if the husbands, for whom they cook, will not co-operate with them in their efforts to promote health and efficiency by the formation of right food habits?" she argued.

"To meet this problem in a certain degree the young men seniors of the college are urged to accept the invitations of the dinner work girls and try out in this way the effect of scientifically planned meals. By this means these men will have their attention directed toward balanced rations and may be favorably enough impressed that the wives of the future will not find the correct feeding of their husbands such a difficult matter."

OF INTEREST TO POULTRY GROWERS

The grower who expects to realize a nice profit from his poultry, will keep purebred stock. Any of the standard breeds of poultry have years of intelligent breeding back of them and they can be depended on to give satisfaction.

Cross-breeding is a step backward. Most breeders who practice cross-breeding, mate one of the larger breeds with one of the smaller, as Plymouth Rock and Leghorn. The idea in cross-breeding is to produce a fowl that will not only lay well, but one that will also make a good table fowl. The result of such crossing is always disappointing and results in a flock that is little better than mongrels.

The advantages of keeping purebred stock are numerous: One can market a uniform product in eggs and stock. The value of uniformity in products cannot be over-estimated. A case of eggs all of a color and size, or a coop of hens that run uniform in size and color, will usually sell better than a mixed lot of eggs or a coop of mongrels.

When purebred poultry is kept one can often sell eggs for hatching or mature stock, at prices that one could not expect to realize for market eggs or scrub stock.

And then the satisfaction and pride of caring for a flock of purebred chickens is a point that ought to be considered.

SAYINGS OF WISE MEN

There stalks discord with her town mantle.—Virgil.

Little discourse is gold, too much is dirt.—German Proverb.

That only is a disgrace to a man which he has deserved to suffer.—Phaedrus.

Discontents arise from our desires oftener than from our wants.

A dram of discretion is worth a pound of wisdom.—German Proverb.

A clear bargain; a dear friend.—Italian Proverb.

Fashion in Reading as in Dress, Which Lasts Only for Season, Notes Writer

I cannot understand the rage manifested by the greater part of the world for reading new books. If the public had read all those that have gone before, I can conceive how they should not wish to read the same work twice over; but when I consider the countless volumes that lie unopened, unread, and unthought of, I cannot enter into the pathetic complaints that I hear made that Sir Walter writes no more—that the press is idle. . . . If I have not read a book before, it is, to all intents and purposes new to me, whether it was printed yesterday or three hundred years ago. If it is urged that it has no modern, passing incidents, and is out of date and old-fashioned, then it is so much the newer; it is farther removed from other works that I have lately read, from the familiar routine of ordinary life, and makes so much more addition to my knowledge. But many people would as soon think of putting on old armor as of taking up a book not published within the last month, or year at the utmost. There is a fashion in reading as well as in dress, which lasts only for the season.—From "Sketches and Essays," by William Hazlitt.

Keeping the Leaves Clean.

Glossy leaved plants such as palms, rubber plants and callas, should have the leaves sponged with clear water once every week, with an occasional spraying at the sink. Rough leaved plants, such as the begonia, gloxinias, etc., should not be sprinkled over the foliage. The under side of the foliage needs attention also.

Cedar Apples, Mistaken for Fruit of Tree, Said to Be in Nature of Tumor

"Cedar apples" have been so named because they have been mistaken by some persons for the fruit of the cedar tree," writes Frank D. Kern in the department "On Nature's Trail" in Boys' Life. "They are found rather commonly on the red cedar, perhaps best known as the Virginia red cedar, but they have no relation to the fruit, which is a small bluish berry.

"These brownish, roundish or kidney-shaped bodies are in reality caused by a disease of the cedar. They are in the nature of a tumor and are produced by a parasite, a low form of plant life belonging to the group known as the 'plant rusts.' These tumors or galls are more properly spoken of as 'cedar rust.' From the surface are projecting horns of rusty color. The galls may be found on the twigs during the fall. They gradually increase in size in the winter, and toward spring the radiating horns develop. These horns absorb moisture like a sponge, and after warm rains in the spring they become much swollen and turn from rusty brown to yellow. With the absorption of so much water they become jelly-like and, with the increase in size and change of color, are conspicuous. In this condition they are noticed by many persons who would otherwise overlook them. After a shower in the spring a tree which has numerous 'cedar apples' appears as if it had bloomed. One old Swedish botanist was so much interested in the fact that a rain could bring forth such handsome things where, only a few hours before, one had observed nothing unusual, and thought them so wonderful that he said surely they were Coeli flos (flowers of heaven)."

It is difficult to serve a salad dressing which contains oil to those who refuse to eat oil; but the following is one which will pass without comment on the oil:

Into a mixing bowl drop the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful and a quarter of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; mix well and add one cupful of oil, but do not stir. Have ready a sauce made with a cupful of water, one tablespoonful of butter or any substitute, and one-third of a cupful of flour. Cook this about ten minutes in a double boiler. Turn the hot sauce into the bowl containing the other mixture and beat briskly with an egg beater. A thick, creamy dressing like mayonnaise will result. This might be called a salad dressing stretch, as it makes about twice as much as other kinds.

MOTHERS' COOK BOOK

We as a people can render the best service to suffering humanity abroad through intensive industry and prudent economy in the conduct of affairs at home.

Try These.

Take one-half pound of finely chopped beef suet, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one lemon, juice and rind; one cupful of brown sugar, two eggs, one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of nutmeg, ginger, cloves and cinnamon, one-half pound of seedless raisins, one-fourth pound each of seeded raisins and lemon peel, orange peel and citron, all chopped fine; one-half cupful each of molasses and orange juice. Mix all together in a bowl, adding the liquids last. Put into a buttered mold and steam three hours. Reheat very hot before serving, and serve with a hard sauce.

Potato Pancakes. Peel three large potatoes and let stand in cold water over night. Then grate them and add one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, salt and pepper, and milk enough to make a thick batter. Cook like ordinary cakes, but spread very thin.

Lemon Pie With Top Crust. Blend one tablespoonful of cornstarch with a little cold water; stir into one cupful of boiling water and cook until smooth. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter with one cupful of powdered sugar, and stir into the first mixture; add one well-beaten egg and cook until creamy. Cool slightly and stir in the grated yellow rind of one lemon and its juice. Pour into a pastry-lined plate and cover with a top crust. Bake in a quick oven.

Chinese Clothing Ripped Apart Each Time Washed

The Chinese wear clothes which differ so radically in style from the clothes of other nations that the American manufacturer of wearing apparel will find the Chinese market for his goods limited mostly to foreigners and to the comparatively few Chinese who have adopted foreign dress. Chinese clothes are largely made at home, being merely basted together, and they are ripped apart each time they are washed.

Most Exclusive Drink.

Of the alcoholic drinks wine is the most exclusive, having served kings and the tables of the rich from the beginning of civilization.

EUROPEAN BORER IS DESTRUCTIVE

Estimated Loss of Million Dollars Daily if Insect Once Gets Established.

FOUND IN EASTERN STATES

Larva Is Dirty White Caterpillar, About One Inch Long, With Brown Head—Ears of Corn Are Bored Through.

A million dollars' worth of damage a day is conservatively estimated as the effect of the European corn borer if it once gets established in the corn belt of the United States. This is the statement of George A. Dean, head of the entomology department in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

The insect, which has done tremendous damage in Europe and Asia, has been introduced into New York and Massachusetts and is looked for in other regions.

Larva Is White Caterpillar. The larva of the European corn borer is a dirty white caterpillar, about an inch long, with a brown head. It passes the winter in a nearly full-grown condition within its food plants. In the spring its growth is completed and it then bores its way to the surface of the food plant, where it makes a slight hole, to serve as an exit for the resulting moth.

The larva now forms a cocoon in the burrow, passes into the pupal stage, and in about two weeks the adult moth emerges. The moth, which lives about two weeks, deposits 300 to 700 eggs on the food plant. In about five days the eggs hatch, and the young larvae at first feed on the tender shoots of the plants, but finally bore their way into the main stem of the plant. In about six weeks, after burrowing through all parts of the plant, the larvae pupate as before and emerge as moths about the middle of summer.

The female moths of the second brood do the greatest damage to corn, since they attack not only the stalk, but also the tassel and the ear, and continue feeding until cold weather.

Destroy Ears Completely. The ears of corn are bored through from bottom to top and from side to side, the borers feeding on the kernels while they are soft. Complete destruction of the ear is generally accomplished either by the borer or through decay which follows the injury. One moth which emerges in the spring may be responsible for from 100,000 to 300,000 larvae later in the same season.

Every farmer and gardener should be on the look-out for the insect, Professor Dean urges, and upon discovering signs of its presence should immediately inform his state entomologist or experiment station, sending in the insect or the plant on which it has evidently worked.



A Good Harvest of Corn, With Good Organic Matter Left, Which, if Plowed Under, Will Make Next Corn Crop a Better One.

INSULATE HIVES IN WINTER

Ample Protection Should Be Supplied to Keep Out Cold Winds—Leave Entrance Open.

Protect hives from prevailing cold winds, and insulate hives to retain the heat generated by the bees. A grove of trees, an adjacent hill, or nearby fence may serve as a windbreak. The packing usually done should completely surround the hive, including the bottom, but the bees' entrance should remain open, though reduced in size. Cork chips, sawdust, fine shavings, dry leaves, chaff, and similar material should be used and packed tightly in a box built about the hive, allowing from six to eight inches space for the insulation.

QUARTERS FOR YOUNG STOCK

Preferable to Have Calves Separated From Main Part of Cow Barn—Mothers Not Disturbed.

Some dairymen fail to consider housing the young stock when they build their barns. It is preferable to have the young stock separated from the main part of the cow barn because of odors and because calves near their mothers will cause the cows to become restless. The quarters for the calves should be connected with the dairy barn, and a location on the south or east side of the barn is desirable.

Form Habit of Giving Cheer and Encouragement to Others

Cultivate sunny-heartedness, and you will have a priceless charm for brightening existence and hushing troubled waters into happy peace. Form the habit of giving cheer and encouragement to others, never uttering needlessly a disheartening word. Don't quench hope, or throw cold water on reasonable enthusiasm, or chill ardor, or create an atmosphere of censure and fault-finding, but make folks tingle to the fingertips with the heartiness and spontaneity of your presence and greeting. Make others happy and you cannot help being benefited. Don't let the black-plumaged raven's croak down the skylark's note. Always look on the bright side.—Rev. Philip Greer.

Plants Should Be Watered Thoroughly When Very Dry

Water pot plants only when they need it, then water them thoroughly. When the soil begins to get dry and powdery on the surface, or when the pot is tapped with the fingers and it emits a ringing sound, the plant requires water. Then give sufficient water so that it runs out through the bottom of the pot; withhold water until needed again. Giving a little water every day, or at any stated interval, is not the way to water plants. Use tepid rain water or water that has been exposed to air and sun if possible for a day or two. The water should be just lukewarm, about 50 degrees or 60 degrees. Never use ice cold spring water for plants in winter. Warm water may be used to mix with the cold to bring about the temperature named.

YOUR LAUGH

Used to Postponements.

"Then you like working for a judge?"
"You bet."
"Doesn't he kick when you put things off?"
"Now, he puts off half his own work every day."

Times Had Changed.

"Strange Edith should invite that horrid grass widow to her wedding; she has such a disagreeable past."
"Yes, my dear; but she's rich enough to furnish a very agreeable present."

Not So Chummy.

"I s'pose husband and wife can be very chummy in a chummy roadster?"
"Yes, but it's a bad place to quarrel in."

No Need to Worry.

Harold Hollownut—I dread old age with its wrinkled brow.
Polly Pickles—Don't worry. There isn't room enough on your brow for more than one thin wrinkle.

Measured by Millinery.

Patience—Is that her husband with her?
Patrice—Yes.
"How long has she known him?"
"Not long. Only three hats!"

Strategy.

Subeditor—Nothing doing in the news line today.
Editor—All right. Put a pair of trousers on the office cat, photograph him, and we'll run a special on the oldest living man in the town.

Short but Sharp.

"Why aren't you speaking to Mrs. Gadder?"
"We had words."
"Indeed!"
"Yes—one apiece. She called me 'upstart' and I called her 'cat.'"