

FAMILY AFFAIR

By JAMES GRAHAM

John Lancaster thought Helen Wade was the most beautiful girl that he had ever seen. It was his first experience of the world of men; he had only left Harvard two years, and here he was dining with Jim Wade of the Southwestern Interstate and a score of other railroad magnates and financiers and their wives. "Be nice to him, Helen," her father had pleaded, and Helen obeyed to the letter. The truth was that she felt herself attracted by the clean-looking, well-poised, alert young lawyer.

And John sat almost silent through the dinner; he felt like a criminal to have come there and accepted Wade's hospitality when he must tell him that Wade had sized him up already. The test came after dinner. As if by agreement, the other men fell to talking among themselves, leaving John and his host together in one corner of the dining room.

"I confess I was surprised when I saw you, Lancaster," said the magnate, clapping the young fellow on the shoulder in the friendliest way. "But I thought—in fact, I realized at first that you were the only man who could handle our claim against the city successfully. It would take a year for any man to master that mass of statistics and figures that you have at your fingers' ends."

John Lancaster was not insensible to the flattery, and Wade had intended that he should not be. "Your father was our chief reliance in this case," continued Wade. "Naturally, his sudden death was a great blow to us. But when we considered that you had been in his office two

years, and knew the case from A to Z—"

"Mr. Wade, I can't take your case," said John abruptly.

Wade sat studying him. "Why not?" he demanded presently.

"It isn't right. And I am only going to take cases that I believe in," answered John.

He set to work to wear him down with insidious means. Saying no more about the matter, he employed him on one or two minor cases. Meanwhile he made a close friend of the young man. John was constantly at Wade's house, and from each visit he went away with a deeper impression of Helen.

An only daughter, reared in an atmosphere of wealth, her father had denied her nothing. John knew the folly of his aspirations. But he felt that Wade would not have invited him to his house unless he regarded him as his equal.

The day came when love could no longer be denied. John told Helen that he cared for her, and asked her whether she was willing to wait until he had acquired fame and fortune.

To his surprise, the girl, who had heard him silently, with downcast eyes, suddenly burst into tears.

"I am not worthy to listen to such words from you," she sobbed.

"It is I who am not worthy—" John began.

She turned on him with flaming cheeks. "Listen and I will explain to you," she began. "Father was very eager to have you take charge of a certain case for him. What it was I don't know, but I do know that you are the only man he thinks can handle it. Father told me you were puritanical, that you had not seen much of the world, and had not understood the art of compromise. He thought that after two or three months of mixing with our class of people your prejudices would disappear. He asked me to be nice to you."

"And so it was all pretense," said John bitterly.

"No," cried the girl. "After I had begun to play the part he assigned me I—I grew to care for you. Then it was real. I love you, John, and—and I don't care anything about father's old case."

"Then I shall go and speak to him," answered John.

But, to his surprise, the railroad magnate was at the door. He had seen his daughter in John's arms, and came forward, his face red with anger.

"So this is how you abuse my confidence," he began; but the look on John's face checked him.

"I love your daughter, sir," he answered, "and I have every reason to believe that she cares for me. The fact of your admitting me to your house gives me the right to hope to make her my wife."

"Your wife!" cried Wade contemptuously. "Why, the girl was simply being kind to you. I told her to, if you want to know, in the hope that you would stop holding up our operations with your infernal pigheadedness."

"Stop, father!" cried Helen furiously. "Do you think I would go that far, to let a man kiss me just for the sake of your old railroad? I know John loves me, and I don't care whether he handles your case or not."

"If you marry him," her father shouted, "I shall call you no daughter of mine. Not even if he takes the case. Takes it! I don't want to see your face again, sir!" he shouted to John.

Helen placed her hand on John's arm. "If you go, I shall go with you, dear," she said.

For a moment Wade struggled with his emotions. Then, suddenly, his face cleared.

"John," he said, holding out his hand, "forgive me. I guess I didn't mean all that. Take her. And you'll take the case?"

"No, sir," said John. "I have looked further into it, and it is infamous. I am going to oppose it to the utmost of my power."

"Then," said Wade quietly, "we'll have a battle royal over that. A battle royal—in the family."

Hearing but Not Listening.

In the course of a visit to Nagpur, the capital of the central provinces, writes Mr. Stanley Coxen in his Indian reminiscences, I heard of an amusing ending to a civil case. It was an appeal case, and one one side was a Mr. Stanyon, an English barrister, and on the other, a number of native pleaders. The arguments on both sides had been heard, and the case closed for judgment. Suddenly one of the pleaders got up and addressed the court once more. Mr. Stanyon suffered it for some time, but losing patience, he also stood up, and addressing the court, said: "Your Honor, I would beg with all respect to point out to the court that my learned friend opposite is entirely out of order in addressing the court, and if I may be permitted to say so, the court has no right to be listening to him." The court, who at that time was writing, put his head over the desk, and said: "Mr. Stanyon, it's a great piece of impertinence on your part to assume that the court is listening to him."

Quite a Good Joke.

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK



By MARK DANIELS,
(General Superintendent and Landscape Engineer of National Parks.)

CRATER LAKE National park has been termed by many the eighth wonder of the world. Nestling in the heart of a great mountain chain, in ages past, was a living volcano, 6,000 feet above the sea, with its sapphire surface unfringed, reflecting the many-hued surfaces of the 1,000 feet high crater walls which surrounded it. It is undoubtedly one of the most exquisite gems of color to be found in the world. Its blue surpasses the blue of the Bay of Naples in richness and intensity and its somewhat weird surroundings, pregnant with mystery and solitude, are in perfect harmony with the placid repose of its surface.

There are glaciers in many countries, high peaks, water falls, cascades, forests and fields of wild flowers to be found in many lands, but there is only one Crater lake. Individuality is as difficult of attainment in scenery as it is in persons, and in Crater Lake National park one finds it to an extreme degree.

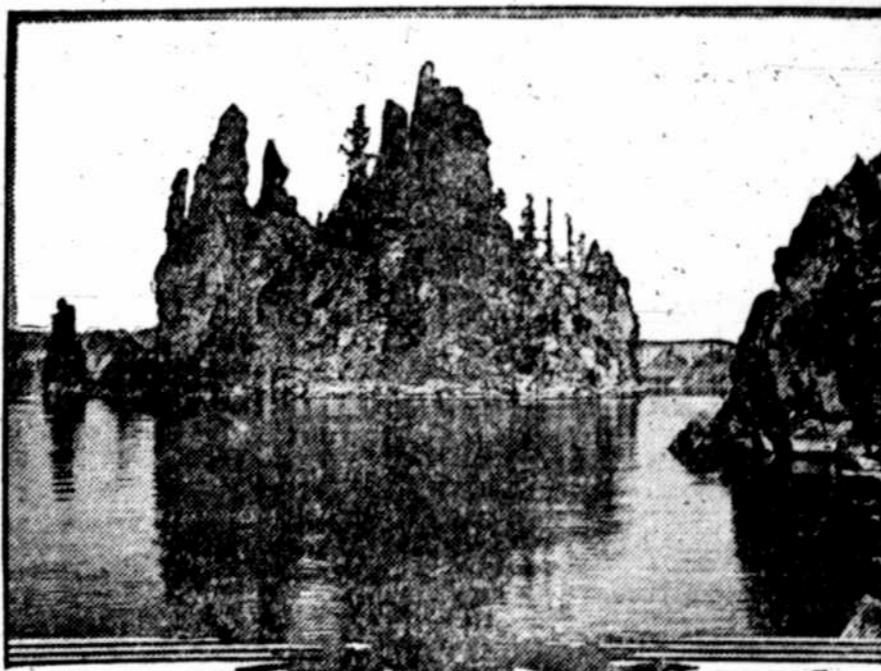
The people of the United States are particularly fortunate in the possession of their national parks in that almost every one of them has a marked and striking individuality and contains within its boundaries some features which will leave a lasting impression and will be a source of joy and pleasure when other things are forgotten; but of all the sights that can be had in the scenic reservations of our country, perhaps none will strike the observer with such force

which, at this latitude is covered with snows for many months of the year; it is however, the most practicable place at which to locate the government headquarters and to establish a small village consisting of a few stores and supply stations. It is not, however, at the rim of the crater and therefore could never, under any circumstances, be a place where tourists would be content to stay, for there is ever the mountain top with the lake beyond beckoning the traveler to the goal of his pilgrimage.

The establishment of the village on the rim of the crater overlooking the lake would be ideal, but in certain seasons the snows are so late in melting that tourists might never reach the village in the season of their travel. The solution, therefore, appears to be a double village or two stations, one at the lower level, which opens several weeks before the upper levels, and one at the rim of the crater. By this means tourists may arrive at the lower station, where accommodations may be found, and proceed to the rim of the crater by foot when the road is not passable for vehicular traffic. At the rim of the crater should be established a secondary village in which sleeping and eating accommodations are provided, together with stores and studios which might supply the wants of the tourists.

Sailing and Fishing on the Lake.

The desire of the tourist upon arriving at Crater Lake National park is to reach the rim of the crater at the earliest time. Once there, his all-consuming desire is to descend to the surface of the lake and to sail upon



THE PHANTOM SHIP, CRATER LAKE

and will leave as lasting an impression as Crater lake.

Crater Lake National park is in the Cascade range of mountains in southern Oregon. The lake is circular in form and about six miles in diameter. Its surface is at an elevation of 6,177 feet above sea level and is an average of 1,000 feet below the crest of the surrounding crater rim. The great cavity in this mountain was once the crater of an active volcano which, at one time or another, collapsed, leaving a receptacle several hundred feet in depth which is now filled with sparkling blue water, clear as a diamond and of a blue that defies description.

Arranging for Tourists.

To make this unique gem of exquisite beauty available to the traveling public has been no simple problem. The park is traversed by roads from the west and from the south and the approaches are along easy gradients and through wonderful forests and alongside beautiful canyons, but upon a closer approach to the ascent to the rim of the crater, the difficulty of reaching the lake becomes more and more serious, and the problems involved in establishing proper accommodations for the tourists and maintaining them throughout the season becomes more and more complex.

The superintendent's house is located several miles from the rim of the crater and at an elevation of 6,000 feet above sea level. This altitude, while more than 1,000 feet below the rim of the crater from which a view of the lake can be had, is still one

this bluest sea about the phantom island and in the shadow of the jagged rim. After he goes this far, his next consuming desire will be to hook the glorious trout which may be seen swimming in the depths beneath his boat. A trip of this sort will only fill him with a further longing to encircle the lake on land around the rim, so that he may drink in the sparkling colors and deeper shadows from all angles. The problem, therefore, which confronts the secretary of the interior is the development of roads and trails about the lake so that the tourist may receive full satisfaction, and to do this, plans have been drawn and work begun on the roads and trails and village.

Congress has appropriated money, which is being expended through the war department, for the construction of an encircling road to be built around the crater. This road is under construction and a material portion of it has been completed. The three entrance roads, one from Medford on the west, one from Klamath Falls on the south, and one along Sand creek on the east, have been completed and are now open to travel. The trail from the rim of the crater to the lake surface indicating the location of the proposed rim village has been constructed and will this year be widened and improved. A lodge or hotel has been constructed on the rim of the crater and roads connecting it with the superintendent's headquarters at Anna Spring at the lower level have been completed.

WELL-LIKED DAINITIES

CONFECTIONS THAT ARE LIGHT AND TOOTH-SOME.

Excellent for the Breakfast or Lunch-
on Table—Sweet French Buns
One of the Best—Good Recipe
for Dinner Rolls.

Sweet French Buns.—One cake yeast, one cupful milk, scalded and cooled, one-quarter cupful lukewarm water, one tablespoonful sugar, four cupfuls sifted flour, one-quarter cupful sugar, three tablespoonfuls butter, one egg, one-half teaspoonful lemon extract, one teaspoonful salt.

Dissolve yeast and one tablespoonful sugar in the lukewarm liquid. Add enough flour to make an ordinary sponge—about one and one-half cupfuls. Beat until perfectly smooth. Cover and set aside in a warm place to rise for fifty minutes, or until light. Add sugar and butter, creamed, egg beaten, lemon extract and about two and one-half cupfuls of flour, or enough to make a moderately soft dough, and the salt with the last of the flour. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, cover and set aside in a warm place to rise until double in bulk—about one hour. Turn out on board and shape as clover-leaf rolls, or any fancy twist. Let rise until light, about one hour. Bake in hot oven fifteen minutes.

Oatmeal Muffins.—One cake yeast, one-quarter cupful lukewarm water, three tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter, one cupful hot milk, one cupful rolled oats, one-half cupful whole wheat flour, one-half cupful sifted white flour, one teaspoonful salt.

Boil oats and butter in milk one minute. Let stand until lukewarm. Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm water, and combine the two mixtures. Add flour and salt, and beat well. The batter should be thick enough to drop heavily from the spoon. Cover and let rise until light, about one hour, in a moderately warm place. Fill well-greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Let rise about forty minutes, bake twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Dinner Rolls.—One cake yeast, one cupful milk, scalded and cooled, one tablespoonful sugar, three cupfuls sifted flour, white of one egg, two tablespoonfuls lard or butter, melted, one-half teaspoonful salt.

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm milk. Add one and one-half cupfuls flour and beat until smooth, then add white of egg, well beaten, lard or butter, remainder of flour, or enough to make a moderately firm dough, and the salt. Knead lightly, using as little flour in kneading as possible. Place in well-greased bowl. Cover and set to rise in a warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk—about two hours. Mold into rolls the size of walnuts. Place in well-greased pans, protect from draft, and let rise one-half hour, or until light. Glaze with white of egg, diluted with water. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven.

English Bath Buns.—Two cakes yeast, one-half cupful milk, scalded and cooled, one tablespoonful sugar, one-half cupful butter, melted, four eggs, four cupfuls sifted flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, five tablespoonfuls sugar, one cupful almonds, chopped.

Dissolve yeast and one tablespoonful sugar in lukewarm milk. Add butter, eggs unbeaten, flour gradually, and the salt, beating thoroughly. This mixture should be thick, but not stiff enough to handle. Cover and let rise in warm place one and one-half hours, or until light. Sprinkle balance of sugar and almonds over top, mix very lightly and drop into well-greased muffin pans. Cover and let rise until light, which should be in about one-half hour. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven. These buns should be rough in appearance.

Raisin Pie.

Add to one quart of boiling water two dessert spoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in half cupful of cold water, add half cupful sugar (or more if preferred sweet), level teaspoonful of salt, butter size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls vinegar or juice of one lemon. Add one pound seeded raisins. Let set while you are mixing your crusts. This makes two good-sized pies.

Icing That Will Keep Soft.

Add a pinch of baking powder to the whites of the eggs that you are going to use in your white frosting for cakes. Do this before beating them. Then pour the boiling hot sirup over the beaten whites in the usual way and your icing will not get hard.

Almond Cookies.

Yolks of six eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of butter, one cupful of almonds chopped; one tablespoonful of cinnamon, three cupfuls of flour. Beat well, drop small spoonfuls on a well-greased pan and bake lightly.

Sauce for Cutlets and Croquettes.

Two and a half tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth cupful cornstarch or one-half cupful of flour, one cupful milk, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, few grains of pepper.

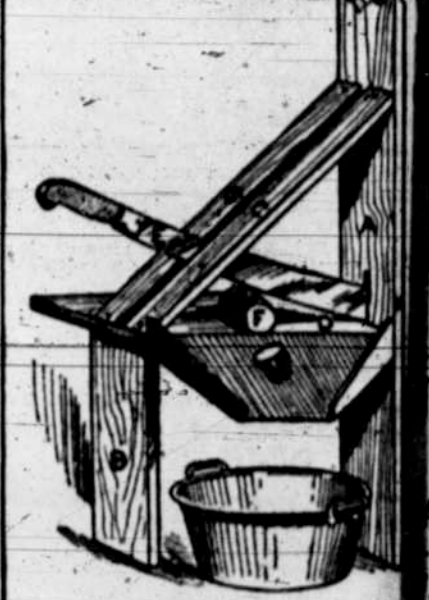
ROOT CUTTER IS HANDY

Good Use Made of Piece of an Old Crosscut Saw Blade.

Large Roots, Such as Rutabagas, Mangels and Turnips, Can Be Held With One Hand, While Knife Is Worked With Other.

The best root cutter I ever had hold of or ever saw was one that was built by a German boy I had working for me, writes R. E. Dimlich in the Farmer. We considered him none too reliable in general, but when it came to contriving handy things about the place he was a marvel of ingenuity and, strange to say, he did most of his work on these contrivances after work hours or at noon.

This root cutter consisted of two upright pieces, A and B (see illustration), the upright A in this case



Homemade Root Cutter.

ing the studding in my dairy barn, diagonal piece, C, having a slit, D, for a knife guide; a cutting blade, D, with a spout attached for the roots to fall on; a cutting blade, passing through the guide slit in and pivotally attached to the right A.

I made my first one with an old saw, thinking the thinner the better it would cut, but later when this got broke I put in a piece of old crosscut saw, and found that thick blade was much more satisfactory.

Such large roots as rutabagas, mangels or turnips, can be held with hand while the knife is worked with the other, and it is really surprising how rapidly the work can be done. We cut roots for over twenty years of one winter and were perfectly satisfied with our rig, although we tried out several of the factory wrenched cutters.

STRAPS FOR HORSE BLANKETS

Unique Arrangement Shown in Illustration Prevents Cover From Slipping From the Animal.

The front straps of this blanket cover the breast of the horse, pass between the fore legs, and buckle



Horse Blanket.

neath. It is claimed that this arrangement of the straps prevents blanket from slipping and is snug and comfortable fit.

MANURE NEEDED FOR GARDENS

On Average Farm Alert Gardener Usually Find Sufficient Quantity Near at Hand.

Where there is a scarcity of manure it may be well to provide few loads for the garden. On the average farm the alert gardener will usually find a sufficient quantity of animal manures near at hand. A cow, pigs and poultry are all good sources of manure. In cow stalls, the pigpens and poultry houses should be cleaned at regular intervals and the manure spread over the garden soil. In addition to adding the heavy application of manures enriches the soil and permits more air and thus induces bacterial action; it also increases moisture-holding capacity and makes the soil more friable and easy to work.

Most garden soils will be benefited also by an application of lime every three or four years. The use of lime corrects acidity, makes compact soils more friable and loose, sandy soils more cohesive.

Where Insects Winter.

Many insects and diseases overwinter in crop rubbish. Either plow this rubbish or destroy all debris of this