

# HENRI'S NICKNAME

## It Was Bete-Noire Because He Always Did the Most Unexpected Things.

By F. H. LANCASTER.

"M'am, have you been hear what dey say about Bete-noire?"

"Qu'est-ce?" demanded Mme. Lanese.

"Dey say," Mme. Spigolet's voice lowered, "dey say he's been shoot de rap."

Mme. Lanese swallowed the shock grimly. "Seems like Bete-noire just love to do what he ought not."

Mme. Spigolet continued. "When my old man ask him about das, he laugh and show him dollar. Call it 'easy money.' My old man say he learn dose words down to still. He say all dose young woods-riders talk like das. I wish me das still catch fire and burn up."

Mme. Lanese was a woman of few words and no apostrophes.

"Dame," she said tersely. "If Bete-noire going shoot de rap like one negah, he ain't going come see Made-line."

"Bete-noire," assented Mme. Spigolet.

Eh bien, the thought of Henri always did suggest his nickname. His head was red, his skin like skimmed milk, his eyes like bits of brown fire; but madame, his mother, had re-named him before he was knee high. Such a willful little plague he was, forever doing the most unexpected things—"bete-noire."

And the bigger Henri grew the better the nickname suited him. A laughing dare-devil, honest and generous, and wild as the wind. If it was a boat race, the boat he sailed would win—if she did not go to the bottom. If it was a horse race, the horse he rode would lead by a neck—if it did not break a leg. But, yes! betting was always interesting when Bete-noire was in the running. No wonder the Bayou loved him; no wonder it shook the sorrowful head when he fell from grace. And after that crash-shooting, fall from grace Bete-noire did as ever angel fell. Even M. Lanese shook the head.

Das ain't right, shoot rap like one negah. No, sir; das ain't right," he said to his wife; and Madame Lanese said briefly to Madeline, her daughter, that she would not speak with Bete-noire any more.

Madeline made answer: "I been told Bete-noire I make marry wit' him when he build house."

"You can't make marry wit' boy das do like one negah."

"I'm going make marry wit' Bete-noire when he gets house built."

"Ha! Das what you tink maybe; but me, I say non, non, non!"

Madeline said nothing.

Madame Lanese sought her friend. "Par Madonne!" ejaculated Madame Spigolet, when she had heard the story. "And Madeline, she say—yes?"

"But me, I say non, non, non!" Madame Lanese felt a little proud of her volubility. She had never done it before.

"And what she say den?"

"Noting." Madame relapsed into brevity. "Just go on peeling taters. Dam taters!" she declared, rather unfairly, for the potatoes had not been that way at all. Madame Spigolet was concerned with the situation:

"Mais ciel! She can't make marry if you say no."

"She make her age in five years and den—"

"Beh! Das long time, five years, if you young. Tell Bete-noire he can't come see Madeline till she make her age."

Sait! But Bete-noire, notified that he should not invade M. Lanese's front gallery, joyfully invaded M. Lanese's cornfield, where Madeline was pulling fodder before sun-up, and joyfully took Madeline into his arms.

"Don't you bot'er, Hebe. I'm going build house for you tout-de-suite."

Madeline said "Yes" contentedly. She had not a doubt but what he would. Eh, bien! It is so comforting to feel that one's lover is the biggest and bravest man on the Bayou.

Under pressure of her faith in him, Bete-noire resolved to do what no other boy on the Bayou had ever done—go away from home to make his fortune. Ten miles from the Bayou, he learned, there was a factory that paid three dollars and twenty cents a barrel for shrimp; and that ten barrels was a not unusual day's catch. More money in that than in dipping turpentine for 30 cents a barrel, or burning coal for \$40 a kiln. Ha! he would go to work for the factory.

When Bete-noire ran his boat alongside the factory wharf they told him he must go to the notary and get a license, and he went, wondering recklessly what license might be. But when he saw the bit of paper and understood that he would have to pay some money for it, he perceived that it was much like the "tittate" old man Rene showed whenever he wanted to get out of working the roads. Ha! a certificate is no bad thing to have! Bete-noire put it in his pocket and called away. His dago assistant sat down in the bow and said nothing. What could he say, unless he meant to lose his day's work, or, rather, day's pay for idleness?

Blithely unconscious of the evil significance that hung over the empty scene, Bete-noire set his man and himself to work. Shrimp were plentiful, yet, save a sail in the offing, no other boat was in sight. The dago watched the sail, Bete-noire did not. He had come there to catch shrimp, and he

was catching them when a boat swooped alongside and a gentleman, uninvited, came aboard.

"Seem to be catching some shrimp," said this gentleman, dryly.

"Yes, sir," returned Bete-noire politely, "I been catch some, me!"

"Well, you are going to stop it, you know?"

"Ha?" questioned Bete-noire pleasantly.

"You, nor no other man ain't going to fish shrimp out of these here waters for three, twenty a barrel."

"Yes, sir," said Bete-noire, "das what I get, me. Tree, twenty a barrel."

"Well, you shan't, do you understand?"

Bete-noire bethought him of his certificate and drew it out.

"Ain't dat 'tittate all right?" he demanded.

"That paper's got nothing to do with it. You got to throw them shrimp back in the water and go home."

"Ha?" said Bete-noire. The dago began to grin but the delegate didn't understand the tone. He swore sharply.

"I'll show you what I mean, thick-head," and seizing a shovel he threw a peck of shrimp overboard. The next instant he dropped the shovel and dove head-first after those shrimp.

As his boatman pulled the delegates in a voice low-pitched and vibrant put the question: "You going get out; you going die?" and the steady aim of the rifle put a point to the question.

The boatman dropped to his oars. It was some time before he even took breath to say disgustedly over his shoulder: "Didn't you know no better than to make a 'Cajan mad'?"

By and by other boats came out on the bay; some hailed him cheerily, some went, sullen, by. Bete-noire did not notice. He was busy and so was the dago now. And when he got in with his load everybody seemed busy with him. They shook his hand, they bragged about his catch, they helped him unload, they showed him where to get his checks. And when the man at the window had pushed out the checks, he too, shook hands with Bete-noire and said genially: "The boss wants to see you."

"Where I find him, if you please?"

"In yonder."

As Bete-noire entered the office, the bookkeeper said significantly: "Here's that red-headed 'Cajan.'"

The boss dropped his paper and arose: "Ah, Mr. Bete-noire they tell me you made a fine catch."

"Yes, sir; tank you. I do pretty good, me," and Bete-noire, smiling, shook hands for the twentieth time.

"I understand—ah—that you had some trouble out there."

"Trouble? No, sir; I didn't have no trouble. No trouble 'tall. Water still, plenty shrimp—ten barrels. Everything all right."

The boss bit his beard. "Ah? I understand that some one tried to throw your shrimp overboard."

Bete-noire's fine teeth flashed with fun: "Yes, sir; das what he say. But, me, I 'row damfool overboard."

A roar of laughter rang through the factory and Bete-noire joined joyously in the joy of it. It was worth even a peck of shrimp.

"Well," he said courteously, "I reckon, me, I better be going."

A heavy hand clapped his shoulder. "Yes, sir! You better be going wit' me. I got wagon here for you."

It was M. Lanese. He had come to town to trade hides for cot-meal and had been greeted on all sides with how Bete-noire had "broke strike." Monsieur never stopped to question whether it was a good thing or no to break a strike. He just let himself go with gladness and said to everybody that would listen: "Yes, sir; das great chap, das Bete-noire. Great chap, he! He's going make marry wit' my titt gal. And I reckon, me, he break strike all right. He's always break someth'ing."

And the craps? Eh, bien! When a man makes a fine catch shall not his sins be forgiven him?

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## TOMBS ARE CENTURIES OLD

### Relics Believed to Be Pre-Etruscan Recently Unearthed Near the City of Rome.

Relics said to date to the pre-Etruscan civilization of nine centuries before Christ have been discovered in the heart of the Campagna, 15 miles to the north of Rome and not far from the interesting remains of the great Etruscan city of Veii, which was taken by Camillus in 396 B. C.

The unearthed relics consist of a number of tombs in which bodies were evidently buried extended at full length, although in consequence of their extreme antiquity all traces of the skeletons even have disappeared.

Beside each grave a smaller receptacle was dug out to hold the vase which were always buried with the dead, and which in this case are made in simple shapes of earthenware of a dull black color with traces of a slight linear decoration.

Where the bodies must have lain various objects have been discovered in bronze, iron and copper, with some gold ornaments made of thin sheets of the metal in a very pure state, beaten out into raised patterns of lines, knobs and sometimes rudimentary masks. It is thought that all these must have been imported treasures, as they would have been beyond the competence of a people who could only achieve the rough pottery which accompanied them.

The legislatures of Virginia and South Carolina are considering advanced forestry legislation.

## USES FOR PRESERVE JUICE

### May Be Made the Basis for Many Dainty Desserts and Cooling Beverages.

Many housekeepers find at this time of the year that they have a certain amount of canned fruit and fruit juices left from the winter's supply. These make the basis for many dainty desserts and cooling beverages for the warmer weather.

There are many ways in which fruit juices can be used. A delicious blanc mange can be made with the fruit juice used as flavoring. The juices can be boiled and used as pudding sauce. They can also be used in ice cream. One very delicious pudding sauce is made by boiling any kind of fruit juice, and when thick, adding a few chopped nuts and small bits of candied orange peel.

To make a cooling and delightful spring dessert take a pint of fruit juice or the blended juices of various fruits. When heated to boiling thicken with cornstarch wet in a little cold water. Mold the fruit pudding and serve with a little whipped cream.

The housekeeper who has plenty of jam left over from winter, and who desires a pleasant variation for desserts can utilize some of it in making jam ice cream. To make this delicious ice cream add one tumbler of fruit jam and one tablespoonful of sugar to one quart of cream. After this is thoroughly incorporated in the cream, strain through a wire sieve to take out the seeds. In this way strawberry, raspberry and blackberry jam may be used, and the result is delicious.

Wrap cut bread in waxed paper if you would keep it fresh.

Hang very dusty skirts out on the clothesline in a high wind.

Try scrambled eggs with minced green peppers for a change.

Carrots and spinach are among the best of tonics in the spring.

Dry lamp chimneys on the radiator and on the back of the stove.

The smoke from burning sugar is one of the very best disinfectants.

Discarded inner auto tires can be cut up into the best of rubber bands.

Dip matches in hot, melted paraffin if you wish to make them waterproof.

Good nets for dresses can frequently be bought in the upholstery stores.

It is a good idea to buy a supply of extra bobbins for the sewing machine.

Keep a pair of ordinary pliers in the kitchen for lifting intensely hot pans.

Keep an egg timer near the telephone to gauge your long-distance calls.

Cut the invalid's toast into inch squares; it can be eaten much more easily.

### Oil and Vinegar.

The expert salad mixer never puts the oil and vinegar and other seasonings together, but adds them separately to the salad. If a salad is perfectly mixed, and the materials are in the right condition no oil will be wasted by being left on the plate. But for some sorts of service it is most convenient to mix the "French dressing."

Put the pepper and salt and perhaps a bit of mustard and other seasoning in a dish, add vinegar and then stir the oil, three times as much as vinegar, in briskly so that the dressing will be thick and creamy. Garlic rubbed on to the dish first heightens the flavor and is much favored by the sophisticated.

### Wood Restored.

Woodwork which has grown dull with time and the accumulation of dust may be restored by first cleaning thoroughly with kerosene on a flannel cloth. It should then be polished with a mixture of two parts of turpentine to one of linseed oil. Apply this with a soft cloth and rug flannel until every trace of the liquid seems to have disappeared. Repeated applications and continued rubbing will give a fresh gloss to wood trim or mahogany furniture.

### Russian Salad is Delicious.

Heart lettuce with Russian dressing is adequate for a light meal, and frequently ordered by food connoisseurs who want a delectable vegetable dish. The dressing has a mayonnaise foundation. To half a cupful of it add one teaspoonful each of chopped sweet red peppers, chives, and chili sauce. Add a gill of whipped cream. Cover the heart of crisp lettuce with the dressing.

### Marshmallow Cake.

Six whites of eggs, two cupfuls of white sugar, scant; one cupful of butter, one cupful milk or water, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with vanilla, slightly. Sifted flour to make of consistent thickness. Bake in three layers. Warm one-half pound of marshmallows by placing them on a pie pan in a slow oven. Watch that they do not brown, then spread between layers and frost as usual.

### Strawberry Pie, Plain.

Bake a shell of rich pie crust. Fill with fresh, well-sugared strawberries. Cover with meringue made of whites of 2 eggs, ¼ cupful sugar, and bake in slow oven until meringue is firm and browned. Serve cold. If pastry is baked in individual tins these become attractive tarts.

## SERVE THE BEETROOT

### ONE OF THE MOST WHOLESOME OF FOODS.

### May Be Prepared in Many Ways, and the Potash Salts It Contains Make It an Invaluable Table Dainty for All Seasons.

Beetroots contain a large proportion of potash salts and are consequently most wholesome. There are several interesting ways of serving them, apart from the usual salad and pickle form. To cook beetroots they should first be washed in lukewarm water and all dirt removed. Then put them in a steamer and let them cook for two or three hours, according to size. When done dip in cold water and peel off the skin while hot. They can also be baked in the oven and will take about the same time to cook.

Beetroot Soup.—Put a quart of white stock in a stewpan with one or two onions, a turnip, a carrot, a small beetroot (all cut up), and one or two cloves and peppercorns. Stew for an hour and a half, and then rub all through a wire sieve. Mix a tablespoonful of barley flour with one ounce of butter, add to the soup, and stir carefully until it thickens. Then serve very hot with fried croutons of bread.

Beetroot au Casserole.—Put half an ounce of butter in a casserole, and when hot add a sliced beetroot and a little finely-chopped shallot. Fry for a few minutes, then add about two pints of good stock, and let it stew half an hour. Mix one ounce of arrowroot or potato flour with one gill of cream, and pour the stock over it, being careful not to let it curdle. Arrange the beetroot in the center of a hot dish, reheat the thickened gravy (but do not let it boil), season with salt and pepper, and pour over the beetroot.

Beetroot a la Creme.—Cut a cooked beetroot in dice-shaped pieces and let it marinate in vinegar. Boil some macaroni in salted water, and when cooked drain and keep hot; strain the beetroot and put in a saucepan, allowing to every two tablespoonfuls one ounce of butter and a tablespoonful of water.

Let all get thoroughly hot, and just before serving stir in three or four tablespoonfuls of cream.

Beetroot and Apple Pudding.—Cook two ounces of rice in one pint of milk, with sugar to taste. When soft (it will take about an hour), let it cool, and then spread over the bottom of a glass dish. Stew one pound of cooking apples with sugar and a few cloves and add a sliced beetroot. Mash all well together and spread over the rice. Make a nice custard, and when slightly cool pour over the apple and rice. Serve when cold.

### Mock Rabbit.

Chopping the tougher cuts of meat makes prolonged cooking unnecessary. The chopped meats may be made into cakes and broiled as in hamburger steak, or into rolls and baked.

One pound round steak, ½ pound sausage meat, 3 slices of bread moistened with water, 1 egg, 1 onion, ¼ pound pork, pepper and salt. Chop steak, chop onion and cook without browning in fat tried out from a small portion of pork. Add the bread, after pressing water from it, and cook for a few minutes. When this is cool mix all the ingredients and form into a long, round roll. Lay the rest of pork cut in thin slices on top and bake 40 minutes in hot oven.

### Wholesome Sweet.

Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in eight of cold water. To two cupfuls of granulated sugar add eight tablespoonfuls of water and heat until sugar dissolves. Add gelatine slowly to sirup and let it stand until cool. Add pinch of salt and flavor to taste. Beat with an egg whip until stiff and then with a spoon until soft enough to settle into a sheet. Pour into buttered tins dusted thickly with powdered sugar and cool until it does not stick to the fingers. Cut into squares and roll each square in powdered sugar. This makes a wholesome form of sweet.

### Uses of Salt.

Salt sprinkled on parsley when chopping will make it chop much finer and easier.

Salt rubbed on the handles of knives will remove all stains.

A pinch of salt added to a glass of hot milk will improve the flavor.

A pinch of salt added to the water when boiling a cracked egg will prevent it boiling out.

When washing colored articles a little salt put into the water will prevent the colors running.

### Wonders.

Beat one egg, a little salt and enough flour to make stiff. Roll out very thin, cut with a biscuit cutter and fry in hot fat one minute. Serve with sirup, cream and jelly, or a delicate pudding sauce.

### Sewing Hint.

Try sewing paper on the back of goods that you are to put tatted or other insertions in; it will help to keep the fabric even, and neither insertion nor goods will stretch while sewing or when laundered.

### When Squeezing Lemons.

Before squeezing a lemon, if it is heated thoroughly first, nearly double the amount of juice will be obtained from it.

## IT WAS ONLY A BUM CIGAR

### FOR STRENGTH AND GRACE

### Young Man With Girl in His Arms Causes Consternation Among the Neighbors by Lighting Matches.

When Patrolman Zwerling rushed into the Lenox Avenue police station early the other night and cried that burglars were "doing a job" at 170 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street not more than twenty unformed men and half a dozen detectives reinforced Zwerling for the raid on the burglars.

"A woman next door gave me the tip," said Zwerling. "She saw their flashlights in the yard."

The police army surrounded the back and Detectives Geary and Kern, with Zwerling, entered the house next door and went to the yard. They heard muffled voices in the yard of No. 170. The detectives sprang to the fence top, pointed revolvers at two figures seated on the grass and cried, "Hands up!"

Four hands went up. One feminine shriek sounded.

"What's all the row?" demanded a young man, who held a scared girl in his arms. "Are you robbers?"

"No, we're police," said one of the disgusted detectives. They went away and reported:

"Just a couple of spooners. The fellow had a bum cigar and had to keep lighting it. That was the flash."—New York World.

### Sociable Scenery.

The new summer boarder gazed over the picturesque New Hampshire landscape then slowly fading out of sight, and noted the absence of houses.

"It's beautiful! Grand!" said he to the boss farmer, who was standing close by. "But aren't you lonesome—so far from the village and no neighbors?"

"Lonesome?" echoed the farmer, in genuine astonishment. "Why, on a clear day we can see Mount Washington!"—Everybody's Magazine.

### 'TIS HISTORY.

At the bottom of every mischief—Yes, and the top and the sides; Wherever there's mischief brewing Be sure that a woman presides.

Not Positive.

"Waiter," said the fussy man, "are you sure that these eggs are fresh?"

"I think they are, sir," replied the waiter.

"Don't think anything," stormed the fussy man. "Are you certain that they are fresh?"

"Well, I'm not positive, sir," replied the waiter. "I've only been working here since the first of the year."

### Hard Times Love Affair.

She—the narrow band of gold is very sweet, of course; but you—you said you intended to bring me a cluster diamond ring.

He—Y-e-s, but afterward it occurred to me that such a ring would hide those lovely dimples in your fingers.

She—Oh, you darling!—New York Weekly.

### Well! Well!

"I was just reading the impression of an Englishman who has been visiting this country," said Mrs. Gabb.

"He states that the only fault he has to find with American women is that they are overdressed."

"And yet we claim that the English have no sense of humor," commented Mr. Gath.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Safe on One Count.

"My friend, do you use tobacco?"

"I do."

"Then let me quote you a few statistics. In addition to spending \$1,000,000,000 per annum on tobacco, smokers cause an annual loss of \$90,000,000 through fires."

"You can't charge any of that to me. I only use tobacco to chew."

### A Prompt Answer.

Pedestrian—Madam, a boy, who I am told is your son, has just thrown a stone at me, causing a wound that is very painful. What are you going to do about it?

Boy's Mother—Do? I'm going to recommend arnica. You'll find a drug store just around the corner.

### A Worker.

"So you worked your way through college? Your father must be proud of you."

"Not much! He's the man I worked."—Boston Transcript.

### At the Banquet.

"That girl does not eat enough to keep a bird alive."

"Now you speak, I noticed when she was asked her preference for wine, she said Canary."

## FOR STRENGTH AND GRACE

### Proper Training of Boy's Muscles is Something Worth Highest Degree of Consideration.

In the American Magazine Dr. Charles K. Taylor of Philadelphia writes an interesting and practically helpful article entitled "Your Boy and His Muscles," in which he gives suggestions as to proper exercises for young boys. Following is an extract from his article:

"First of all, when a child is in a poor condition of which the basic cause is some remediable physical defect there is little use in giving special exercises until the defect is removed. For instance, breathing exercises cannot be nearly as effective as they should be for a child suffering from large adenoids, nor can you expect good results when a child has some physical irritation inducing nervous effects of different kinds. Above all, you should always know the state of the child's heart. If the heart is good, and if there are no serious remediable defects to interfere with your obtaining good results, then you can take up the matter of special exercises with some degree of confidence.

"When you find just where your boy is lacking, whether in chest expansion, shoulder girth, arms, and so on, or perhaps in posture, if he is hollow-chested with shoulders bent forward, then you can take up the exercise suggested for the different needs. And right here is a word of caution, which will be repeated now and then. Never carry an exercise beyond the time when fatigue begins. Do not continue it to exhaustion; but when the boy begins to feel tired stop at once, if it is only after two or three motions!

"It interests the boy a great deal, too, to keep account of his physical measurements. If these are taken once a month his interest is kept up, and he is stimulated when he finds that he is actually gaining. Finally, do not carry on a special exercise after it is no longer necessary. What you desire is a good, all-around development, and when this is attained special work should cease and general exercise be carefully continued. It should be said, too, that such work can never be considered as a substitute for outdoor play. This latter is vitally necessary for all children. These exercises are to be used as adjuncts—to bring up to standard any set of muscles which are under-developed."

### War Drums Ordered Out.

It was some time ago that, acting upon the recommendations embodied in a report by a military commission, the French government reached the conclusion that the drum was no longer a necessary article of military equipment. The report set forth that the drum was a serious encumbrance in marching; that rain impaired its usefulness; that its calls could not be distinguished in time of battle; that it consumed a period of two years to turn out an efficient drummer; and that by abandoning the use of the drum many thousands of youths and men would be released for active service.

Since the decision of the French government other European powers have followed its example in decreeing that the "drum must go."

The history of the drum is both ancient and honorable. The Egyptians employed it, and the Greeks ascribed its invention to Bacchus. The Spanish conqueror Pizarro is said to have found drums in South American temples. The snakes of Ireland, we are told, fed from the Emerald Isle before the drum-beats of St. Patrick. The Puritans of New England used the drum as a church bell, and it figured frequently and romantically all through the wars of the revolution and rebellion in America.

### Knew Enough to Keep Dry.

"It looks like rain!"

"I beg your pardon."

"I say it looks like rain."

"What does?"

"The weather."

"The weather, my dear sir, is a condition. Rain is water in the act of falling from the clouds. It is impossible that they should look alike."

"What I meant was that the sky looked like rain."

"Equally impossible. The sky is the blue vault above us—the seeming arch or dome that we call the heavens. It does not resemble falling water in the least."

"Well, then, if you are so thunderingly particular, it looks as if it would rain."

"As if what would rain?"

"The weather, of course."

"The weather, as before stated, being a condition, can not rain."