MAN'S PREROGATIVE

An Argument, Going to Prove That All Good Sportsmen Are Not Masculine.

By VINGIE E. ROE.

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"They always say that women are hardest upon their own sex, that we never forgive, and that jealousy knows no justice; and sometimes I think 'they' are right. We are dreadfully small and mean where another woman is concerned.

"How many women of those we know would be able to shake hands with the woman who had worsted them in the love of a man, and say, 'Go ahead; may the best woman win?'"

Mrs. Haleigh reached for another wafer, and leaned back in her chair, challenging the small ring of feminine faces on Mrs. Bobby Pelham's veranda.

There were drawn sun-blinds and tall plants, restful in the summer heat, luxurious rockers, dainty frills and frou-frous, a white little table with tinkling glasses, and seven refined and more or less pretty women.

The small gathering bore the one distinction—that all seven were as near dependable friends as the exigencies of an insignificant and isolated army station would permit.

There were other women in the station, to be sure, but somehow these seven had drawn together by that law of standard and requirement which binds the nature above a certain line.

"Do you know of one?" Mrs. Haleigh went on. "Would I? Would any of us?"

There was an appreciative silence, while slim fingers toyed with glass and spoon, and meditative eyes were bent on slippered toe and rug. Then frank smiles broke out here and there.

"No," said Mrs. Carston frankly; "I—don't—know—of—one."

"Nor I," confessed pretty little Mrs. Gaylord.

"Do we know of one woman who, even knowing of a rival who had lost to her, could ever think of that rival without bitterness? It is the ingrained nature of woman to be narrow where the love of a man is concerned, just as it is the nature of the male moose to challenge another on sight in the mating season. Mrs. Payne, what do you think?"

All eyes turned to the newest addition to the circle—a tall, slim beauty from some far South, as attested by the dusk of cheek and hair and glorious dark eyes—Nan Payne, the known friend of long standing of Mrs. Bobby Pelham.

Only within the last month had Captain Payne been transferred to the post of which Colonel Bobby was the idol, and the two women had impressed the populace with the quiet joy of their reunion. It was a friendship that carried a film of mystery, so quiet was it, so sure, so manlike in its seeming depth.

As she raised her face they saw, with dismay, that the soft southern eyes were full of tears.

"No, ladies," said Nan Payne, "I don't believe that way."

She looked at Mrs. Bobby.

"Tell them what we know, dear," she said.

Mrs. Bobby Pelham was as decidedly of the North as her friend breathed of Dixie—a golden blonde, with the glowing lily and rose of the German blood, and a very tender little mouth.

Now she looked at Nan Payne's dim eyes and put down her glass.

"No; neither Nan nor I can sanction that view of women as being absolutely true, for we know of a case which gives it the lie."

There was a soft rustle of settling throughout the veranda, for the sudden small wave of emotion over the southron's speaking face had spelled a romance—and what woman does not love a romance?

"When I was eighteen," said Mrs. Bobby, "my parents, who lived in Pennsylvania, decided that the rigor of the winters was responsible for my slenderness and swift growth upward without corresponding weight, and that they could kill two birds with one stone by sending me, since I had reached the boarding-school age, to some seminary in the South.

"I accordingly was packed off, with many tears and extracted promises of weekly letters, to that dear old motherly refuge of girlhood, Kidd-Key, the North Texas Female college. I remember distinctly my first weeks of loneliness, and then the glorious South crept into me with its insidious wine, and I forgot my woes.

"And it was then that I first came to know the two young women with whom this little tale has to do. One was a girl about my own age, a student at the seminary, a somewhat shy and shrinking young person who had, most palpably, never been out of the shelter of her own home before.

"She, too, was homesick those first weeks, and often sat of evenings—those soft southern evenings, with the prairie wind blowing free across the level miles—on the rim of the fountain, and dipped her fingers in the water. She was homesick—very homesick.

"And then, after a while, it passed, and there came a hop or two, and she got acquainted with the other girls, and also some of the other girls' brothers. And altogether I think this girl got to be quite contented.

"It was after one of the big festivities of the mid-term that she met the Man. It was spelled with a capital to her—I happened to know her well by this time, and was deep in her confidence, though not so well or so deep as I was later—and the dream of the great mystery began to dim her eyes.

"She would wander for hours about the grounds, lost in the first mazes of that sweet dream-country which every woman must enter for the first time, and I know that the whole world was bounded for her by that man's face. A handsome face it was—dark and subtly sweet, a tender, winning face, with lips that seemed made only for love's whispers, and eyes that spoke only its language.

"At the last reception before the holidays he asked her the great question, and the glory of it took the very light out of her eyes with its ecstasy. She nearly swooned, so great was the joy that mastered her.

"Letters passed between them while she was home for the holidays, and when she came back she entered upon her fairyland, into which a woman may only enter once—the Fairyland of the First.

"For a month the girl lived—hardly lived, I should say, for the days were just a golden dream with hardly beginning or end—a long web of shimmering gold, down whose length she drifted, half asleep with the poppy of love's intoxication.

"Then came a day when she awoke to a sickening reality. The Man was going away for several weeks. He was a traveling man, you see—a cotton buyer, whom his firm sent on long trips at all seasons of the year over the sweet South country. There was an agonized farewell, enthralling kisses, tearless gasps on the part of the girl at this first parting from her fiance, warm embraces and tender words, and the Man was gone.

"How many days was it—three, five—before it came—the telegram?

"There had been a great railroad wreck on a southern line—figures had been drawn, crushed and broken, from the debris. Among them was that of a man in whose garments had been found letters bearing her address. In the bevy of winged barbs of anguish that took flight from that gruesome place was the dispatch for her.

"The girl fainted instantly.

"When she came to, all that was to come had pushed through her madness to the surface.

"With quiet hands she prepared herself, and took the midnight train.

"It was gray dawn of a winter's day when that ghastly journey brought her into the fateful town somewhere within whose limits lay her dead.

"Gray-haired, pitying ladies of the White Ribbon had taken it upon themselves to meet the hapless comers, and she was taken into motherly arms and cried over when she got off the train—she was so very slim, and young and white."

Again Mrs. Bobby paused.

"It was a little journey then, across the town in the dawn, up the stone steps of an imposing building, down a corridor, and at last into a room where there lay an object, long and majestic, beneath a white cloth.

"The room blurred before the girl's eyes, and the motherly woman held her up.

"And then the end.

"She was standing beside the long slab, and some one had taken back the cloth, and she was looking down upon the face of the Man in all its sculptured beauty. No brand had burned, no beam had scarred it. It was fine in its calm sweetness, the loving lips curved in their last smile.

"Silently she looked—long and silently—and presently a sound cut into her consciousness—a low, persistent sound, that came from the distance beyond the slab—and she raised her eyes with difficulty.

"Beyond the face of her dead there knelt a woman—another girl like herself—one who wept, and neither looked up nor released the cold hand that she held in both her own; a regal dark head bowed itself close to that white temple on the slab, and all anguish moaned in her sobs.

"Can you see, ladies? One man and—two women. There had been found two addresses; two girls had been telegraphed. Two who loved him had come on the wings of grief.

"And—there had been two engagements; two wedding days had been set; two were rivals in his affections—two who stood above their dead."

Mrs. Bobby was looking through the rubber plant—far, far through.

In the willow rocker Mrs. Carston was gripping her hands.

Little Mrs. Gaylord caught her breath.

"They raised their eyes, those two girls who had become women in that one moment, and looked deep into each other's soul. Above the smiling face on the slab they looked.

"Then slowly the one on the floor lifted her arms to the swaying white face of the other, and in a moment they were locked in each other's arms weeping together.

"Rivals—they lifted their eyes above the humiliation, each owning some of the Man's love, they forgave.

"I know, you see—for I was the girl from Kidd-Key, and this was the hand that held my beloved's."

Mrs. Bobby reached and took the cold fingers of Nan Payne.

"Both our husbands know the little tragedy. It is buried, but sometimes we feel its pathos still. And I believe that, had he lived, each of we two could have said to the winner: 'Go ahead; may the best one triumph.' Eh, Nan, dear?"

There was a wistful note in Mrs. Bobby's voice, and Nan Payne's dark head nodded.

"Ah-h! Forgive me!" breathed Mrs. Haleigh softly.

WHEN MAKING PASTRY

SOME IMPORTANT THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Ingredients to Be Used Should Always Be Cold—Shortening Must Not Be Cut Too Small—Care of the Under Crust.

Making a good pie is the test of good cooking; but a rich puff paste is not at all necessary. A well made, flaky pie crust will, in fact, be much better for the family than the richer pastry, and with a little experience and more care even Mrs. Newlywed should be able to produce a specimen above reproach.

Ingredients for pastry making should always be cold. A good recipe for family pie crust is as follows: Three cupfuls of flour, one of shortening, and ice water to mix (about three-fourths of a cupful). Butter and lard, chicken fat and lard or beef drippings and lard in equal quantities make a good shortening.

Always sift the flour and also chop the fat into the flour. If flaky crust is wanted the shortening must not be chopped too fine. Sprinkle the water in a little at a time and toss about with a fork to mix. Turn on a floured board, dust with flour and roll back and forth until the paste is oblong, and fold over in three layers. Roll again and fold, when the paste is ready, though it will be improved by setting away in the icebox for an hour.

The reason why the shortening should not be cut too small is that little balls of it hardened by the ice water mixed with the flour make the crust flaky after the folding and rolling. Fat rubbed into flour until it feels "mealy" makes a short piecrust. Three rollings are as many as this paste will stand. To press too much breaks the balls of fat while they really should only be flattened. Otherwise the paste will not rise and puff up in the oven.

Some people use a little baking powder in piecrust. In that case less shortening is required.

Never use a rich paste as an under crust, because it soaks up the contents of the pie. Always cut pastry with a very sharp knife. If it is jagged at all around the edges the pastry will not rise so well. Cuttings and trimmings should be used for ornamentation or smaller dishes. Putting several pieces together to form one large one is not a success, although it will answer, of course, for the home table.

To give a glazed appearance to a pie, brush over with a beaten egg before putting into the oven. Usually meat pies are glazed.

Pastry will rise better if put ice cold into a hot oven. When the greatest heat is at the bottom the pie will bake most successfully, because the paste will puff up from the heat before the top has a chance to get too brown.

In making pates roll out the paste half an inch thick. Cut two rounds the same size and take a small round from the center of one. Use the ring left for laying on the other round. Brush with water to make it stick. The small round is used for a cover after filling the plate.

Popovers.

One cupful of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, seven-eighths cupful milk, and one egg. Mix salt with sifted flour, then gradually add the milk so the mixture does not become lumpy, then add the beaten egg and beat with a Dover egg beater until the mixture is full of bubbles. Pour into hissing hot iron gem pans which have been well buttered and bake in a hot oven between thirty and thirty-five minutes. If the popovers become brown too soon, cover them with a piece of heavy wrapping paper. Iron gem pans must be used in place of tin ones, because the heat is more even.

Hot Weather Table Napkins.

Table napkins that can be washed out easily and are specially desirable in summer, can be had by using cotton crepe. Two yards of white cotton crepe, costing about fifteen cents a yard, will make a dozen napkins. Cut these in squares, and fringe them. They make excellent napkins to use at the children's meals or for occasions where the very "best" in table linen is not needed.

Tomatoes With Okra.

Cut two dozen tender, young pods of okra into rounds, cook them until tender in two large tablespoons of butter, add one pint of stewed tomatoes, one tablespoon of sugar, a dash of cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Cook gently for five minutes and serve on slices of toasted bread.

Original Molasses Cookies.

One-half cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and lard, cream together with sugar, one-half cupful molasses, one-half cupful sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful soda in flour; flour enough to roll; roll thin and bake in hot oven five minutes.

To Make Lemons Juicy.

Before rolling or squeezing a lemon, heat it in a pan of water. By doing so you will obtain a double quantity of juice.

In Preserving Time.

Boil the corks before bottling pickles, preserves, etc. While hot they can be pressed into the bottles, and when cold they seal them tightly.

FOR RESULTS IN LAUNDRY

Exercise of a Little Care Will Make All the Difference in the Finished Work.

Green, yellows, lavenders or pinks should not be blued.

There is special starch prepared to be used with black materials.

Colored wash materials must be ironed on the wrong side if the color is to be retained; and the iron must not be too hot.

Several wash dresses of different colors should not be washed together, for if one garment should happen to run it might spoil the others.

When laundering cretonnes or tickings, and chintzes, use bran instead of soap. Cook four cupfuls of bran in a gallon of water for 20 minutes, and use half of it in the wash water and half in the rinse water.

Colored wash goods should not be soaked, nor should they be washed in very hot water, nor boiled. To use soap with colored materials, melt one cake in two quarts of water, and use this instead of rubbing soap on the goods.

When salt is used to set the color in wash materials, it should be used with clear, cold water, and not with the soap, as is sometimes done.

Salt is best to set the color in pinks, browns and blacks only, using a cupful to a gallon of water. Vinegar is best for setting the color in shades of blue, using half a cupful to a gallon of water.

ICE CREAM IN FANCY SHAPES

Molding Makes Delicacy More Appetizing and Pleasing to the Little Folks.

After becoming expert at making ice cream, the housewife naturally longs to try her hand at serving it in fancy molds. It is well to begin on the common brick or cylinder, and then experiment on fancy shapes. The trick lies in very quick, tight packing of the molds and the deft, skillful turning out of the shapes at serving time. Freeze the cream firm and solid, have a rather shallow tub over which you can bend easily, cover the bottom to the depth of about four inches with cracked ice and rock salt. Chill the molds, pack them quickly with the frozen cream and cover the seams between molds and lid with strips of cotton cloth dipped in melted paraffin. This prevents the entrance of salty water into the molds.

As fast as a mold is filled, pack it into the ice and cover them all with cracked ice, three parts, and coarse salt one part. When serving, hold the mold under running cold water, wipe it off carefully, remove the paraffin paper, open the mold quickly with a cloth dipped in hot water.

Salmon Croquettes.

With a silver fork flake the contents of a can of salmon, or two pounds of fresh salmon, into bits—removing all pieces of skin and bone—and season to taste with salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice. Cook together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and when they bubble pour upon them a cup of milk. Stir to a smooth, white sauce, add slowly a raw egg, then turn in the salmon mixed with two tablespoonfuls of fine crumbs. When the salmon is heated remove from the fire and set aside to cool. When cold form into croquettes, roll these in the ice box for an hour before frying in deep boiling fat which has been heated gradually.

Smothered Rabbit.

Soak one pair of cleaned rabbits in salt water for two or three hours. Wipe carefully with a dry cloth and rub all over with a little oil. Season well with salt and pepper and sprinkle with flour. Put them in a pan that has been well greased with oil or drippings (oil is preferable, as it adds flavor to the rabbits). Put into a moderate oven, and when they commence to brown add a litle boiling water. Baste frequently and serve on a large platter.

Pea Cakes.

I will send you my original recipe for pea cakes. I mashed and sifted the peas and potatoes left from dinner (about a cupful of peas and four medium potatoes), while warm, seasoned with salt and pepper, floured my hands and made into cakes like fishcakes, and set away to cook. In the morning I fried two slices of bacon then browned the pea cakes in the fat, and we thought they made a tasty breakfast.—Boston Globe.

Carrots and Peas.

Wash and scrape the carrots, cut them into dice, boil in salted water until tender and drain. Drain a can of peas, put them in a saucepan with one tablespoon of butter, three tablespoons of thick cream and pepper and salt to taste, let stand until thoroughly heated, add the carrots and serve.

Fig Compote.

Wash one pound figs, cover with one pint cold water. Soak over night. In the morning add two bay leaves and cook one half hour. Strain gently. Boil sirup down to one cup and pour over figs. Chill, serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Smooth Mush.

To avoid having lumps in mush first wet the cornmeal with cold water and stir until a smooth batter is made and add slowly to boiling water, salt to taste.

SIMPLEST OF ALL FAITHS

Religion of Islam Makes Minimum Demand on Intellect and Nature of Man.

It was afternoon in a small oasis village of the Zizans. I was seated on a straw mat in a little garden-space just outside the cafe, and dreamily regarding the intense blue sky through the vine leaves trellised overhead, which flecked me with their shadows. An old Arab was praying just in front. Two groups, one on each side of me, were placidly seated on clean yellow mats—young men, whose dark, sad faces, thin-featured and large-eyed, contrasted with their white robes. They were smoking kif—a translucence of gold in their clear bronze skin, a languor of light in their immobile gaze, content. The garden made off before me, topped with palmy distance; the silent street to one side was out of sight, as if it were not. It was a place of peace. I had finished my coffee and dates. I filled my brier-wood. The May heat was great, intense; and I settled myself to a long smoke, and fell into revery and recollection.

How simple it all was! That praying Arab—what an immediacy with God! What a nonchalance in the dreamy pleasures of those delicate-featured youths! What a disburdenment was here! I had only to lift my index finger to heaven dying, to be one of the faithful; and the fact was symbolic, exemplary, of the simplicity of Islam. It makes the minimum demand on the intellect, on the whole nature of man. I had but lately placed the faith in its true perspective, historically. Mohammedanism, the Ishmael of religions, was the elder brother of Protestantism, notwithstanding profound differences of racial temperament between them. The occidental mind is absorbent, conservative, antiseptic. It is not content, like the Mohammedan, to let things lie where they fall, disintegrate, crumble and sink into oblivion. Western education fills the mind with the tangle-foot of the past. Catholicism was of this racial strain. It had a genius for absorption. It was the melting-pot of the religious past, and what resulted after centuries was an amalgam, rich in dogma, ritual and institution, full of inheritance.—Baltimore American.

Good Argument.

Leaders in the new thought, feminist, equal suffrage and similar movements are pointing with pride to a woman of Hutchinson, Colo., as proof positive that a woman can work at anything a man can. This woman is running a 160-acre farm near Hutchinson, raising chickens, looking out for a herd of cows, and doing about everything that a regular farmer does.

Some of her experiences, while rather ungentle, show that she has plenty of nerve. On one occasion a cow which had fed on frozen potatoes managed to lodge some of them in her windpipe, and started to choke to death. The woman farmer rolled up her sleeve, reached down into that cow and brought up the potato.

On another occasion two pigs got loose and led the woman on a cross-country hike. She not only recovered them, but she whaled the life out of them after she got them back and brought a fear into their hearts that prevented them from wandering again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Transplanting Hair to Eyelids.

Transplanting hair to the eyelids in order to replace lost lashes is performed successfully in Germany by Dr. Franz F. Krusius, who describes his method in the Deutche Medizinische Wochenschrift. He clips the hair on whatever spot he may select to a length of a little more than an inch, sterilizes the region with benzine, and removes single hairs with a suitable trephine, taking the skin and hair glands together in a piece of tissue about one and a half millimetres in diameter. Then by a specially designed instrument each hair is separately inserted into the tissue of the eyelid so that its base is completely imbedded and its free end projects in the normal manner.

Doctor Krusius says that not more than 20 hairs should be transplanted at one sitting. He adds that these transplanted hairs tend to grow and have to be kept trimmed to the desired length.

Working Out Sound Magic.

M. Dosne has invented a method for recording radio-telegrams. He first substitutes for the telephone receiver of wireless telegraphy a sound amplifier, and then connects this with the "receiver" of a Poulsen telegraphone. In this manner the microphonic current, serving to convey the reinforced sound, arrives, with all its variations, to a bobbin of fine wire in the center of which is a pen of soft iron in contact with a rotating plate or traveling band of steel.

The variations in the magnetization of the soft iron leave a sort of magnetic writing on the steel plate, which has the property, when it is afterward passed under the iron pen which wrote it, of provoking a repetition of the original signals in the connecting telephones.

Shrewd Citizenship.

"What's the wrangle about in Plunkville?"

"Some of the community want to maintain mudholes and swell their private fortunes by hauling automobiles out. Others want to improve the highways, pinch 'em for speeding and apply the proceeds to public works of all kinds."

IN DISASTER AT SEA

TRAVELER TELLS OF ACTIONS OF FELLOW PASSENGERS.

Little Excitement, Although All Knew the Ship Was Injured, and Later Deep Thankfulness for Preservation From Death.

I have often wondered how people would act, how I myself would feel, in the event of a disaster at sea. I had the opportunity of finding out, the other night, when in the darkest hour just before dawn, in a dense fog, the ship on which I had sailed from Southampton, the New York, was rammed by the Pretoria, 400 miles from New York.

I was awakened by the stopping of our engines and the violent churning of the screw as the ship backed water. Then, out of the impenetrable darkness was heard the hoarse shriek of another foghorn than our own, which, at intervals of a minute, had been bellowing for hours. I knew that another vessel was approaching, and every minute drawing nearer.

Then came a shock, sharp though not very violent, and I knew we had been struck. Sailors and stewards rushed past to take up their station at the boats, and two or three minutes later the huge bulk of the Pretoria, towering above our craft, glided by so near that I could touch her with my hand, while she tore away part of our bulwarks in passing.

Then the passengers began to pour up from the cabins in scanty attire, many with life preservers buckled on. There were no hysterics, and surprisingly little evident excitement, but all quietly awaited the end which we thought was near, until in a few minutes the officers reported that the hole in our side was above the water line. It was big enough, however, to admit two or three trolley cars abreast, and a huge anchor of the Pretoria, weighing five tons, was found imbedded in our bow, while the iron plates of our ship were twisted up like shavings.

For nearly twenty-four hours more the fog continued with brief intermission, and this evidently got on the nerves of the passengers even more than the shock of the first moment of the collision. Some tried to throw off their nervousness by singing ragtime tunes, others by playing cards, and not a few, I am glad to say, by looking to a higher power, and remembering that the father in heaven ruled the waves.

It was a time when many hearts were tender, and any appeal to their gratitude and reverence went home. Sunday morning, the next day after the accident, just before reaching port, I asked permission of the purser to hold a thanksgiving service, which was readily granted. I never knew an audience to be more responsive. There were few dry eyes in the crowded music room as we voiced our gratitude in song and prayer and brief words of thanksgiving. Tears streamed down the faces of many strong men, and the impressive service will never be forgotten by any who attended.—Christian Herald.

New Theory About Gravity.

In an extremely interesting paper on gravity Professor McLaren considers the universe as possessing four dimensions, and also retains the notion of time. The universe so considered is regarded as changeless, but not timeless, and differs in this respect from Minkowski's four dimensional universe.

Professor McLaren considers that throughout the universe there is but one ultimate substance. This substance has, however, two forms, "matter" and "ether," which are exclusive one of the other.

Matter is a region where the fluid grows or decays. This theory strongly resembles that proposed long ago by Bernard Riemann.

Professor McLaren pleads for an unprejudiced examination of these views, revolutionary as they are, in view of the widespread feeling that there is something amiss with the classical mechanical theories of matter.

Religious Motive.

"A missionary's first duty is to learn to 'think black,'" said Bishop Maphtali Luccock in a missionary Sunday address in Helena. "Until he learns to think black—learns to think, that is, as his dusky converts do—he will accomplish little, for he won't understand his flock.

"He won't understand, for example, a man like Ali. Ali, a fat, lazy rascal, was converted from the Mohammedan faith to Christianity. A Mohammedan, you know, can drink no alcoholic beverages.

"Well, Mr. Goodes, Ali's missionary, came on the new convert one evening in the market place, drunk.

"'Why, Ali!' he said, reproachfully. 'Why, Ali, what religion have you just professed?'

"'Same religion as massa's,' Ali answered. 'Plenty rum drink.'"

Scores Modern Mothers.

Dr. Gilbert Fitzpatrick of Chicago, president of the Obstetrical Society of the American Institute of Homeopathy, said recently at a convention that the modern mother is a poor mother and the direct cause of the high rate of mortality. These women, he said, are defectives and muscular degenerates. They are poor mothers, weaklings, mentally, morally, physically, and even socially, when the country's welfare and race betterment are hanging in the balance.