Their Ride in Motor Car 13

By WILL GAGE CAREY

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Obeying my not altogether courteous summons, "Come in!" which I had uttered in response to a brisk knocking at my studio door late one stormy night, a young man clad in motoring attire entered, and came forward to where I still remained seated before my easel. His bearing was easy and graceful, and with an unmistakable air of culture and refinement he introduced himself.

"My name is McGork—Langford McGork. I am motoring through this part of the country, for the first time, and having heard that the scenery from here on to the city is especially fine, I am desirous of making the balance of the trip by daylight."

"Please be seated, Mr. McGork," I said, offering him a chair before the open fireplace.

"Thank you, sir," he resumed, seating himself comfortably. "I saw the light in your window, and stopped to request shelter for the night." Then, as if detecting a reluctance on my part to have him, he added quickly: "I shall endeavor to put you to as little inconvenience as possible, Mister—"

"Paulson—Paulson is my name," I said, "and I do not see how I can possibly—"

"Now, now, Mr. Paulson," he pleaded, "all I want is a place to tumble down on—for I am dead tired!"

"But my only servant goes home at night," I argued. "I fear I can offer you very little in the way of refreshment."

"Refreshment!—that reminds me," he said cheerily. "I have a large basket in my car—really, a capital cold spread—and, if I remember correctly, a bottle or two. Before this fine old fireplace we two could have a cozy enough evening of it—if you say the word!"

As we were finishing the repast, he chanced to look up at the canvas upon which I had been musing when he came to my door—a young girl I had painted as "The Lady in Brown." The picture now lacked only a few finishing touches. I saw him give a

Still I Felt Every Confidence in the Man at the Wheel.

slight start. Then his face changed color as his gaze fell upon the canvas, and I heard him murmur in ecstacy:

"That's the girl—sure as I'm sitting here!"

"When did she sit for you?" he continued eagerly. "Where is she now?"

Before I could attempt to answer him the clatter of a horse's hoofs sounded without. The next moment the horseman came to a sudden stop before my door. I stepped forward to open it. As I did so, a messenger dismounted from a dripping steed and handed me a letter, with the words: "For Mr. Paulson. Bearer does not wait." Leisurely mounting again, he rode off into the night.

I turned back to my guest and closed the door. "You must pardon me a moment," I said, a strange dread coming over me; "this seems to be a matter requiring immediate attention." I tore open the envelope. As I read I began to clutch the paper convulsively; it was from an artist friend of mine in the city—Fernandez Bretillac. The contents were most alarming—horrifying! For a moment I sat dumfounded, the letter still clutched in my nerveless fingers; then suddenly I turned to my guest. "Mr. McGork, we are going to start at once for the city!"

He looked at me amazed.

"It must be done!" I answered, pushing him on, protesting, out through the door. "I know the roads. Get me into the city by twelve o'clock—and I promise you that you will be speaking with the lady herself—before daybreak!"

He darted for the car as though shot out of a catapult.

"Jump in!" he shouted hoarsely. "I'll get you there or blow the car and the two of us—into Kingdom Come!"

In another moment I was seated beside him, but even as I clambered in, I caught a quick glimpse of the number painted at the end in large white figures. It was No. 13!

The road for the first twenty miles lay in a straight level stretch, and at that hour was well nigh deserted. My companion pulled the speed lever over to the limit. We rushed on at a rate which, to me, seemed terrific! The yellow glare of our lamps only made the surrounding darkness more impenetrable; it was like an appalling shroud of black hanging over us. Still, I felt every confidence in the man at the wheel. He sat there, rigid and intense—but in no way, perturbed. Already he had convinced me that he was the master of the great throbbing machine.

For a time we sped on in silence. Then, as I gradually became accustomed to the plunging flight of the car, I lessened my hold on the seat, got out the letter from poor Bretillac, and by the gleam of a small flashlight began reading the epistle to my companion—that he might better understand the urgent need of such desperate haste:

"My Dear Paulson,

"This is the end; at the stroke of twelve I shall lock the door of my studio, close the windows and crevices—turn on the gas—and pass into oblivion. Do not blame me for this deed. I fought against it, but in vain * * * Stella and my wife are spending the night at her mother's; it is for their sake I send for you. I know you cannot reach me before the end—but I want you to be here as soon after as possible—to see to things—and break the news to them. For this accept my grateful thanks—and good-bye—forever.

"FERNANDEZ."

I folded the letter and replaced it in my pocket.

"Bug-house!" observed McGork, laconically.

"Well, yes," I responded, "at very rare intervals he has been subject to hallucinations—but only of short duration."

His only response was a slight move of a lever which sent us whirring and plunging ahead at still greater speed.

We sped on in silence. At length I could restrain myself no longer, and I asked:

"Mr. McGork—are you indeed so anxious to see Miss Estella Moore?"

"Anxious!" he ejaculated impetuously. "For two years I have searched everywhere for that woman without finding the slightest trace! For two whole years I have thought of her constantly by day—dreamed of her by night!"

"Humph!"

"I met her on the steamer returning from Europe. She was with her mother—part of the time. I shall never forget that voyage—the cozy nooks—the moonlight promenades! Oh, it was heavenly—but perhaps I bore you?"

"Some," I replied, "but go on."

"Before we were two days out I was madly infatuated with her, and she—I believe—reciprocated my affection. Then, two hours before we landed in New York, we had a quarrel, a foolish, lovers' quarrel. She said that it would perhaps be best to forget everything—and never see each other again. I agreed with her fully and have spent the last two years thinking of her, trying to find her!"

"That possibly accounts for some moping I have seen on her part!" I observed, unguardedly.

"Do you mean that? Do you really think she has missed me? Mr. Paulson—you make me the happiest man—"

"Now, now!" I remonstrated, "she may have been moping about something else entirely. I have observed that she had not seemed as happy at times as I should have liked to see her."

We did not reach the studio of Fernandez Bretillac by twelve o'clock. Just at the city limits we underwent a number of exasperating delays. It was nearer 12:30 berore we finally reached his apartments, and with fear and dread made our way up the winding stairs to his studio.

We found the door locked—the key removed from the inside and the keyhole stopped up. We broke in the door. Reclining peacefully upon a low couch was the form of Fernandez Bretillac—he had carried out the attempt of his poor, deranged mind! He was still breathing feebly. I threw open the windows, then 'phoned for a physician, and sent a cab for Estella and her mother. Before any of them arrived, Bretillac had returned to consciousness.

I did not witness the meeting of McGork and Estella Moore. I was busy at the moment assisting Mrs. Bretillac in caring for her husband. When I did get a chance to glance in their direction, they were standing close together. They both looked radiantly happy, which, after all, was only natural—seeing that we had succeeded so well in saving Fernandez.

In half an hour the artist, though still faint and dizzy, was able to sit up in a chair and converse with us; and the ladies, for the first time, ceased chiding themselves for having gone away and left him, knowing as they did, his recurring attacks. Finally he explained to us why it was he was late in carrying out his project. It seems that just before turning on the gas he had attempted to call up a certain number on the 'phone, to arrange some business details. "Central," as it happened, was cross and sleepy, and kept him waiting, and snapped him off so short he finally hung up the receiver in disgust. The delay unquestionably saved a human life.

Bretillac and his wife now attempted to thank me. Estella joined in prettily with: "We have so much to thank you for!"

"My friends," I remarked serenely, "don't attempt to thank me. Thank the factors that have united in making motor-cars so fast * * * and telephone operators—so slow!"

PROMINENT PEOPLE

SELECTED FOR SUPREME COURT

The nomination of Mahlon Pitney, chancellor of the state of New Jersey, to be an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, was sent to the senate the other day by President Taft. He will succeed the late John M. Harlan of Kentucky.

The president also nominated Julius M. Meyer of New York city to be judge of the United States district court for southern New York, and Ferdinand A. Geiger of Cassville, Wis., to be district judge for the eastern district of Wisconsin.

The statement that Chancellor Pitney would be named as the successor of Justice John M. Harlan was made at the White House subsequent to a call by John W. Griggs, former attorney-general of the United States, and a delegation of New Jersey lawyers, all of whom spoke of Judge Pitney in the highest terms.

The fact that Mr. Taft would likely select Chancellor Pitney for the Supreme Court vacancy came as a surprise, and did not become known until the night previous to the nomination, and then it was discussed only among some of the president's closest friends. Unusual efforts were made to guard the secret.

Judge Pitney has already made a name for himself in state and national politics as congressman and president of the New Jersey state senate.

His elementary schooling was received in his home town, after which he entered Princeton, from which he graduated in 1879. He received the degree of master of arts in 1882 and that of doctor of laws in 1908.

HELPS COOK AND SERVE MEAL

Girls employed in the Outlook offices held their heads high the other day and regarded with a somewhat superior air the other girls in the same building in New York. No less a personage than Miss Ethel Roosevelt took luncheon with them in their combined dining room and kitchen on the second floor.

Miss Roosevelt not only said she enjoyed the luncheon, but she also had a lot of fun waiting on herself and helping to cook things of the gas stoves. She was no stranger to the 75 Outlook girls. She attended their Christmas party, and she knows most of them by their first names.

Miss Roosevelt did not say what time she would arrive. Thirty-five of the girls have their luncheon at 12 o'clock and the others at 1. The Outlook company furnishes sugar, milk, butter, tea and coffee, and also the room and stoves, as well as "Irish Mary," who takes care of the room and washes the dishes. The girls go cut to markets and grocery stores to buy their food, then bring it back and cook it themselves.

The 12 o'clock squad waited a long while in the hope that Miss Roosevelt would arrive before 1 o'clock. Then they went back to work disappointed. She arrived in a taxi-cab shortly after 1, to the great delight of the second squad of lunchers.

Miss Roosevelt went immediately to the lunch room, threw off her furs, and unbuttoned her gloves and announced: "Now, give me something to do."

The girls told her she must sit down and wait till they served her, but the blood of her father wouldn't let her. Not a minute did she sit still. She helped to scramble eggs and make tea and carried the things to her table.

KING GEORGE MAY VISIT U. S.

That the plan to have King George visit the United States this year or next will be submitted to him soon seems assured, though in official circles not a word is being said aloud on the subject.

There is a feeling in court and political circles that such a visit, if practicable, would present many very desirable features. But there are many difficulties in the way, not insuperable, but presenting for the diplomats and the statesmen a task that they regard as prodigious.

As is understood here, the plan would contemplate a visit by both king and queen to Washington, just as, according to ancient usage, the newly crowned sovereigns are required to pay their respects to the rulers of the European states. This custom might in effect be described as the returning of the calls made by the heads of other countries or their representatives upon the king and queen at the time of the coronation. At once a matter of etiquette arises—namely, that should the king and queen make such an after-coronation visit, the president of the United States would be expected to in turn visit London and the other European capitals after his inauguration. Whether such a thing would be approved by the American people is very doubtful, for no president, as such, has ever crossed the Atlantic.

In any event it is believed unlikely that a royal visit to the United States could take place this year owing to the king's recent prolonged absence in India.

HAS MILLIONS FOR CHARITY

Probably in the history of philanthropy no woman has done more for charity than Mrs. Russell Sage, who, since the death of her noted husband, has been spending millions in the cause of humanity. Most of her work has been accomplished through the Russell Sage Foundation, the scope of which embraces a wide and worthy field. The movements helped by the foundation are as follows: The anti-tuberculosis campaign, the movement for public recreation, the placing out and management of children in institutions, the medical inspection of schools, the propaganda in behalf of children's school gardens, the propaganda for the prevention of blindness, especially among children, and the encouragement and extension of charity organizations.

These are not the only charities that have occupied the attention of Mrs. Sage. She has given large sums to the furtherance of education in this country. The principal universities have each received large endowments. Hospitals and homes for the aged and infirm have also been helped by her and her gifts to the charities of her home city, Syracuse, have been most generous.

WOMEN FOLLOW THE HOUNDS

'n No Country Is the Sport So Well Beloved by Women as It Is In Ireland.

Hunting absorbs keen sportswomen in Ireland, and it is seldom that a frost drives the Irish follower to hounds from the countryside. Irish women are renowned for their fearless prowess in the hunting field, where the terrible obstacles to be negotiated call for nerves of steel, and it is neck or nothing in the distressful country, says the London Daily Graphic.

The fearsome stone walls, sometimes overgrown with turf and masking a brook, appal all but the stoutest hearts, and even the most hardened sportswoman is known to quail at the commencement of the hunting season, experiencing the sensation of the heart in the mouth when called upon to face the stiff going. She finds her nerve returning, however, after a day or so in the saddle.

The late empress of Austria used to hunt regularly in Ireland, where her reckless and brilliant horsemanship is still spoken of. With the late Bay Middleton to give her a lead, she was always in the first fight and stuck at nothing. The famous happy-go-lucky hospitality that marks the Irish temperament is exemplified in matters sporting, and open house is kept by those having accommodation in a good hunting district.

The Irish colleen will dance all night at a hunt ball and turn up at a distant meet as fresh as paint without going to bed at all, full of life and spirit, with wit and repartee bubbling like a font. The Irish country brings out all the dare devil Irish nature, and there is little searching for gaps or gates when the blood of Irish horse and rider is up.

Ireland is not overrepresented in the matter of hunting, and Irish packs are not by any means numerous, and may be reckoned to number a couple of dozen. Some only possess quite a restricted number of couples, and but few hunt four or five days a week, though an occasional by-day may bring the total up. The Meath hunts five days a week and is one of the famous hunts of the United Kingdom, and the County Galway, the Blazers, has four days a week.

Dickens' Care for His Guests.

If Dickens was particular regarding the equipment of his own bedroom he was equally careful for the comfort of his guests. Charles Dolby, in "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him," says of the bedrooms at Gad's Hill: "Each of these rooms contained the most comfortable of beds, a sofa, an easy chair, cane-bottomed chairs—in which Mr. Dickens himself had a great belief, always preferring to use one himself—a large-sized writing table, profusely supplied with paper and envelopes of every conceivable size and description, and an almost daily change of new quill pens. There was a miniature library of books in each room, a comfortable fire in winter, with a shining copper kettle in each fireplace; and, on a side table, cups, saucers, tea caddy, teapot, sugar and milk."

A peculiarity of the household, adds Mr. Dolby, was the fact that, except at table, no servant was ever seen about.

His Dreams Come True.

A number of interesting stories are told of F. F. Nicola, Pittsburg's most dazzling operator, by Isaac F. Marcosson in his article, "The Millionaire Yield of Pittsburg," in Munsey. One of them deals with the erection of his famous hosteiry, says the writer.

"About 12 years ago Nicola built a million-dollar hotel in an out-of-the-way corn-field. People thought he was insane. Now he has reared about it a whole civic center, which includes a memorial hall, an armory, and fine clubs, and will in time embrace the new University of Pittsburg. It was Mr. Nicola who vivified a string of decrepit railroad properties, and sold them to George J. Gould as the nucleus of the Pittsburg division of the Wabash system. He is a dreamer of indomitable will, and he has seen some of his big dreams come true."

How Life Appears.

To Pessimists.
Keep out.
Dangerous.
No smoking.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for hats and coats.

To Optimists.
Come in.
Take one.
No collection.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for free sample.
No trouble to show goods.
Money back if not satisfied.

Nowadays.

Lawyer—I've just landed that big corporation law-case for my son.

Friend—Certainly, but he'll be ready for it by the time I've finished the preliminary work of getting a jury.—Puck.

Impossible.

Bronson—I understand that he painted cobwebs on the ceiling so perfectly that the housemaid wore herself out trying to sweep them down.

Johnson—There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a housemaid.

SERVING LIGHT MEALS

EASY WAY TO COOK FOR ONE OR TWO AT TABLE.

Panned Chops Are Good, Make Little Work, and Need Spread No Odor —How Quick Breakfast Breads May Be Prepared.

Panned Chops.—When the kitchen is near the living room it is important to cook meat in a manner to avoid odors. Panned chops do not offend the atmosphere with cooking, although there is bound to be some odor with meat. For one person buy two rib or loin lamb chops, getting the butcher to French the first—that is, trim down the bone so it will be bare. Rub a dry pan, only large enough to hold the two chops, with a cut clove of garlic, put it over the blaze, and when smoking hot lay in the meat. Turn quickly so as to sear both sides, and cook only long enough; which is to say, have the chops with some pink inside when served. The juices, and even a touch of pure blood, should run with the cutting. As the chops cook pour off the grease that gathers, and when cooked put the meat on a very hot plate and then salt, pepper and butter it. If chops are seasoned before cooking they will be tough. If allowed to cook in the grease which draws from the fat they will be fried and more highly flavored with the mutton odor. Steak may be cooked in the same way.

Quick Breakfast Breads.—The light housekeeper who knows how to make light breakfast cakes, dainty popovers, drop biscuits and gems of any sort is lucky indeed. The rest of us must be content with the bakers' staff of life, warmed up and tinkered with somehow to vary the taste. The bakeshops corn muffins, graham gems, biscuit, English muffins and crumpets can all be made delicious with warming or toasting. If only an asbestos is available for the reheating, put muffins, biscuits or gems on this and invert a saucepan over them to keep in the heat. If there is a toaster, split the English muffins and brown them like any bread with the little convenience. The crumpets may be reheated in a double boiler or be made exquisitely appetizing by being heated in a pan with a lump of butter on top of each "crump," as the dainties heat through the butter melts and permeates them. Put the brown sides of the crumpets against the pan. With the inside of French bread pulled bread can be made. Yank out the soft part while the bread is fresh and brown the pieces on a toaster. The rusks put up in paper boxes are very convenient to have in the house, as, also, are the soda biscuits, saltines and graham wafers. With any one of these breads, marmalade and a good cup of coffee the lone woman has no need to yearn for a better breakfast.

Portable Workstand.

Any one who has used the portable writing desks which fold like the old-fashioned saw horse clothes tree will appreciate a folding work stand on the same principle. These come in several sizes and designs, with frames of plain or inlaid mahogany or satinwood, and the receptacles of green or rose silk.

The working part is a deep bag finished with a frill at the ends, the sides attached to the upper part of the frame on each side. Two sides of the bag are supplied with straps to hold sewing utensils, pin-cushions, needle books, gauges, tape-measures and a good knife.

When not in use the frame collapses and is fastened with a clasp on top. The upper part of each frame forms a curved handle so the stand can be carried from place or stood against the wall when not open. These stands are especially popular for porch use and are convenient to stand out of sight in a library or living room.

Marketing Hints.

Aim to allow one-half pound of meat for each person. The fat should be firm, but if hard and skinny it indicates that the animal was old and tough; if thin, from a scrawny animal.

Beef or mutton should be a deep rose color and the fat a rich cream. The choicest cuts for roasting are the sixth, seventh and eighth ribs, the sirloin and porterhouse cuts. Sirloin and short cut porterhouse steaks are the best, although many prefer the pinbone steak.

When selecting poultry see that the feet are soft and moist, the eyes clear and the flesh plump.—Philadelphia Times.

To Avoid Scorching.

Many housekeepers do not know that there is a simple way to prevent potatoes from burning and sticking to the bottom of the pot. An inverted pie pan placed in the bottom of the pot avoids scorching potatoes. The water and empty space beneath the pan save the potatoes. This also makes the work of cleaning pots easier, as the adhering parts of potatoes are left to be scoured out.—Popular Mechanics.

Cocoa Cakes.

One-half cup butter, one teaspoonful cinnamon, three eggs, half cup water, one cup sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and a quarter cups flour, one-quarter cup cocoa. Cream the butter, sugar and cocoa. Add the well-beaten eggs, then the water and the flour and baking powder sifted together. Stir in the cinnamon, beat hard and bake in patty pans.