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Love and Breakfast

By SHIRLEY MONROE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BROUGHT JOY TO ROOSEVELT

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

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

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

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

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

Explorers on Floe for Five Months.

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

Bedroom Farce.

"That there troupe of show people wuz in a wreck down the road a piece an' I don't believe they'll be able to play at th' op'ry house tonight."

"Was anybody hurt, Hiram?"

"Nope, but th' pink and white bed they wuz bringin' along got smashed to kindlin' wood an' th' property man says he can't find another one like it in th' hull blamed village."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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

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

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

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 It is difficult to serve a salad dressing which contains oil to those who refuse to eat oil; but the following is one which will pass without comment on the oil:
 Into a mixing bowl drop the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful and a quarter of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; mix well and add one cupful of oil, but do not stir. Have ready a sauce made with a cupful of water, one tablespoonful of butter or any substitute, and one-third of a cupful of flour. Cook this about ten minutes in a double boiler. Turn the hot sauce into the bowl containing the other mixture and beat briskly with an egg beater. A thick, creamy dressing like mayonnaise will result. This might be called a salad dressing stretcher, as it makes about twice as much as other kinds.

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

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

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

Nellie Maxwell
Chinese Clothing Ripped
 Apart Each Time Washed

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

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