

Climbing the Clouds

By
Eva Meredith Rossiter

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman)

And odd trick of fate made of me an amateur aviator. My father had been a professional balloonist. The average of life among men who follow that line is brief, and I was called from college to attend his funeral. My mother had died several years previously, but an aunt had been a faithful housekeeper.

My ambition was the law and I had been a credit in my college class. In fact I was so far ahead that another year would have seen me fully qualified to enter the official legal examinations.

"It's come, Bertram," remarked my aunt day after the funeral. "What I suspected I find to be true, what I feared has come with full force."

"You mean?" I asked, fairly troubled at her serious words.

"That your father has left nothing but debts."

"You amaze me!" I said, and stood shocked at a flashing thought of this dear old woman left stranded, and gave a gulp of dismay as I remembered Fay—loving, peerless Fay, the only girl I had ever loved or ever would love.

"These later years," went on my aunt, "your father has devoted all his time and money towards perfecting a dirigible airship. His dream was to inaugurate an aeronautic mail service. I fear my little savings have gone into the scheme. I grieve, because I believe further that Fay's father, the judge, risked his pension in the investment. The family lawyer this morning sent me the results of his investigation. They are fairly appalling."

Within an hour I knew that my legal aspirations were doomed. Nearly all my father could raise of money had gone into an impossible aerial mail cloud climber. My aunt's little savings were swallowed up. The judge had invested all he had.

"If your father had only lived another year," he said, "how the world would have stared at his marvelous invention! Someone else will perfect it and attain fame," added the honest jurist with a sigh. "So we have pushed the world ahead as pioneers. That is one satisfaction. As to the rest—I presume my past services on the bench will win me an humble clerkship somewhere."



My Grim Passenger Never Lowered His Weapon.

"At sixty—you, my father's dearest friend, you, who have sacrificed all you had for him—never!" I cried and my heart was melting with tenderness and tears were in my eyes. "I have thought it all out, sir. Our home is mortgaged, but the debt can stand indefinitely if the interest is paid. It must be your home, and Fay's, and that of my aunt. Give up the expense and care of your establishment here. I am going to work and I would be a poor stick if I could not provide for the needs of so small a family."

There was a general reconstruction of affairs. Those dear people agreed to my plans. I sold some odds and ends and placed enough in the bank to cover household expenses for six months ahead, and I set out to meet the world with a loving kiss from the dearest girl on earth, whose faith in my energy and ability was sublime.

I was idle in the big city for a month and affairs began to daunt me, but one day there came a flash of hope and fortune. I was walking dejectedly along the street when a hand slapped me briskly on the shoulder and a cheery voice spoke the words:

"The very man!"

I recognized Revell. I had not seen him for years but I recalled him as a former partner of my father.

"I am in on a great new trend," he advised me. "The balloon has had its day—now comes the airship. Head of the big international meet at the

aero grounds here? Well, I've got the latest in the biplane line and I'm an entrant for the great \$50,000 prize. Your name, Bertram, is worth something, for your father is not forgotten. Come up to my hangar and I'll open your eyes to a fine business proposition."

I drifted into aviation with this fascinating optimistic airman gradually. I could not resist his hopefulness and eloquence.

Revell had a superb biplane, the latest model in its line. Then there was a small monoplane for practice stunts. He initiated me into its possibilities. In a week I was a fair birdman.

I doubted our ability to compete successfully with experts from all over the world, and, indeed, in the end all we won was fifth place and a twenty per cent interest in a \$10,000 minor prize pool. However, at dusk one evening that happened which led to my abandonment of the perilous field of aviation.

Revell had arranged for a night flight, he in the big machine and myself with the little monoplane. I had got into the pilot seat and started up, expecting him from the hangar at once. Just as the tail of my machine left the ground a man, a stranger dashed up to the spot. He was in a frantic state of excitement.

He ended a sharp run in a daring spring that carried him clear over the wings and into the pit just back of the pilot post. The delicate mechanism of the monoplane shivered at the unusual shock. I was about to shut off the control when he leaned towards me, pressed the cold muzzle of a revolver to my temple and hissed out:

"Keep on going or I will kill you!" I was conscious of shouts below, a blurred sense of Revell rushing out of the hangar, of uniformed men rushing to the spot. Then, fairly alarmed, I let the monoplane shoot up into space.

Then there happened a series of starts and thrills. A steady level attained, my grim passenger never lowered his weapon. He ordered me to proceed due north. Less than five miles accomplished, he let out a wild yell of dismay and rage.

Suddenly a great white glare shot up, down, narrowed in a steady circle to a direct focus, and as in a spotlight picture we were nailed by the powerful headlight of the big biplane, the loyal, intelligent Revell at the pilot post in hot pursuit.

"Drop! drop!" panted my passenger. "They're after me. Drop, I tell you!"

"In that forest of trees?" I objected, glancing below. "Impossible!"

"Get lower, or I will shoot!" yelled my companion, and I volplaned till we were skidding twenty feet above the thick grove of trees.

My blood ran cold as the man jumped. I saw his outspread form strike the top of a towering titan of the forest. He crashed through the branches. The headlight followed his downward plunge. Then it focused the monoplane. At a clearing I descended. The big biplane landed beside me.

"Hurt?" inquired Revell, springing out of his machine. "No? Good! Hurry, we must find that man—it's important."

We came across him under the tree, crushed, mutilated, stone dead. As we carried him to the biplane a long metal box fell out of his inner coat pocket. We placed him in the big machine and were soon back at the exhibition grounds. Half a dozen policemen and an excited bustling old man who looked like a millionaire excitedly awaited us.

He was what he suggested, it seemed, and the dead fugitive had robbed him of papers of inestimable value to him. As I handed him the metal box he cried out with vivid delight. He glanced eagerly over the papers it contained.

"All safe!" he gloated. "It means half my fortune. Young man, have you a fountain pen?"

I almost fell over as he wrote out a check for twenty-five thousand dollars! Faithful old Revell was induced to accept a quarter of it.

Then, good-by to aviation and—home, Fay, the mortgage paid, and a wedding and happiness complete.

Our Tolerance—for Ourselves.

"One of the greatest difficulties with which Christians have to deal," writes A. C. Benson, "is the tolerance with which they regard their own characters, which is quite different from the way in which they see and mark the faults of others. We make every allowance for ourselves, because we know our own difficulties and temptations. The results of many of our own faults escape us. We are quick-tempered and excuse it by saying we say frankly what we think, or we are silent and pretend to ourselves that we restrain our outbreaks of temper, and know what our faults are more truly than we know ourselves; while we take refuge in thinking we are well-intentioned and that God will not be hard on us."

Ossian.

Ossian, a mythical Gaelic hero and bard, is said to have lived in the third century, and to have been the son of Fingal, a Caledonian prince and hero, whom he accompanied on various expeditions. The story goes that Ossian was carried away by his fairly grandmother to the "isle of the ever young," but he returned later, and then old, blind and alone, "Ossian after the Feinn," he told the story of the heroes to St. Patrick. In 1760-63 James Macpherson published two epics, which he claimed to be translations from Ossian's poems.

COOKS MUCH RICE AT ONCE

Housekeeper Recommends Her Way as Time Saving and Making for Economy.

In winter, owing to the low temperature, I cook a large supply of rice at one time, as much as four cupfuls. The wholesale cooking saves fuel and enables me to have a constant supply on hand, which I use in the following way:

Some I use as a side dish with meat instead of potatoes, for I find it is cheaper and more nourishing, pound for pound, being in addition much easier to prepare. While the rice is still hot, I line a ring mold with about one cupful of it, and set away to shape and cool. At the same time, I set aside in a small pan enough for a small pudding on the following day and another portion I beat with eggs and at once shape as rice cakes for breakfast. Sometimes I save a portion to be used with croquettes. I serve the ring of rice with leftovers of any kind of meat, heated with a warm, rich gravy, filled into the center of the ring, which makes a substantial second meal. Sometimes I combine it with a cheese sauce.—Exchange.

SOUP LIKED BY JAPANESE

Has Fish as Foundation, but the Other Ingredients Are Many and Varied.

Procure a head of salmon or bass and place in a saucepan with a sliced carrot, a sliced onion, two branches of celery, two branches of parsley, one bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and a clove. Moisten with three quarts of water. Season with two teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of curry powder and gently boil one and a half hours. Strain the soup through a cheesecloth into another saucepan, add three ounces of raw rice and gently boil 15 minutes. Finely chop one branch of parsley and one small onion. Add to the soup lightly mix and boil five minutes longer. Remove the skin and bone from a pound of fresh halibut, then cut in half-inch square pieces, add to soup and simmer 15 minutes. Dilute an egg yolk in half a cupful of cream and the juice of half a sound lemon. Add to soup, carefully mix with wooden spoon when cooking two minutes but do not allow to boil.

In Making Salad.

If you take the heart of lettuce of the Romaine lettuce cut it into halves if it is small and quarter it if large. Wash the leaves well and dry with a cloth. There are twenty or more attractive salads, according to the way you combine fruits or vegetables.

Though there are not the same number of dressings, there are a number made by adding different ingredients to the ordinary dressings. The best known and most popular of these are French dressing, mayonnaise, thousand island and roquefort cheese. The simplest of these salads is the hearts of lettuce with thousand island dressing or the roquefort cheese dressing. The Romaine salad is good either with the French dressing or with the roquefort cheese dressing.

Guinea Fowl Breasts Searnaise.

Take the breasts from the bones and remove the skin of small guinea fowls dust with salt and pepper and place in a buttered pan; cover with a buttered paper and bake for 15 minutes. Remove the paper, pour over them a little melted butter, finish cooking until they are slightly browned. Place each one on a piece of toast, cover with a very thin slice of boiled ham, pour over each a spoonful of bearnaise sauce and garnish the dish with artichoke fonds and small sweet red peppers, the fonds filled with asparagus tips and the peppers filled with chopped mushrooms.

Cream Puffs.

They are very nice and not very expensive. One cupful boiling water, butter size of egg. Melt in water. While boiling stir in one cupful sifted flour, stir thoroughly. When cool stir in two eggs, one at a time unbeaten and a pinch of soda size of pea. Beat well and drop in tin far enough apart so they will not touch while baking. Bake in very hot oven. Makes nine puffs. Filling: One cupful milk, one egg, one teaspoonful flour or cornstarch, and sugar to taste. Flavor with vanilla.

Beans Spanish.

Soak overnight two cupfuls of pink beans, then boil them until tender. Boil three sweet red peppers and put them through a sieve. Fry three slices of bacon until brown, then add the pepper pulp and one green pepper that has been minced fine and one shredded onion. Then put in the beans, adding plenty of juice, a little salt and some grated cheese. Cook together thoroughly.

Poached Eggs.

Put some water in saucepan to boil, add a pinch of salt and a little vinegar; let it boil very hard. Break eggs on to a plate one at a time and drop them into the boiling water exactly where it bubbles. Take eggs out with a skimmer and trim them nicely, although there should be no trimming necessary if properly done. Place each egg on a piece of toast and serve while hot.

Dry-Cured Hams.

For one hundred pounds of meat take four pounds of fine salt, four ounces of saltpeter and one pound of brown sugar; mix well, and rub the hams with the mixture every other day until all is absorbed.

THINGS WORTH TRYING

ALL GOOD AND JUST A LITTLE "DIFFERENT."

Effective Touches That Will Not Add to the Cost of the Dishes but Will Add Materially to Their Flavor.

Oh, you housekeepers who hanker after something a little different that will not add to the "cost of living," have you ever tried:

Tiny red peppers to garnish your salad plates and give the touch of desired color, when tomatoes are not to be had, or are prohibitive in price?

A center of yellow cheese for the tomato salad that is arranged to represent a poinsettia?

Halves of canned pears, piled up with white grapes and nuts for a salad in the pale yellow tones?

Or asparagus tips on white lettuce leaves if to get that special coloring you prefer not to use fruit?

Rings of green peppers on greenish lettuce, with a garnishing of French peas when an all-green salad is desired?

Roquefort cheese, grated, or chopped onion in your French dressing?

Cheese balls molded from a paste made of cream, chopped nuts and parsley, and seasoned with salt, pepper, a dash of paprika and Worcestershire sauce?

Or this same paste used as a filling for sandwiches? Thin bread and butter sandwiches of brown bread to be served with your salad in place of the more orthodox wafers?

A sprinkling of paprika on top of the regulation stuffed potatoes?

Small white heads of cabbage, boiled and adorned with a cream dressing, instead of the more aristocratic and costly cauliflower?

Cabbage or turnips au gratin in place of potatoes cooked in the same fashion?

A sauerkraut stuffing for goose or duck if you have any hankering after "Dutch" dishes?

A boiled dressing made with cream instead of oil and seasoned with a double quantity of mustard with your Dutch suppers?

Tripe with a very highly seasoned cream gravy, or chicken livers broiled with bacon, when you are at your wits' end for something new and not too expensive in the way of meats?

Ripe bananas peeled, laid in earthen dish, water to cover, sprinkled with brown sugar and a few drops of lemon juice and baked slowly for about half an hour? If a few chopped nuts or dot of apple jelly are added to each portion the effect is prettier.

Use Mild Soap.

No strong washing powders or kitchen soaps should be used on linoleum, as they slowly fade the pattern, destroy the dressing, and so make the linoleum look old and grimy, says a Country Gentleman writer.

Clear water may be used and mild soaps which are really mild enough to be used as toilet soaps.

Wiping up the linoleum with milk has more disadvantages than advantages. The sugar and the fat in the milk seem to glaze the linoleum, but the stickiness of it will in time make the linoleum hold more dirt and in the end give a grimy appearance.

A thin coating of the best varnish twice a year will do much toward keeping the linoleum bright and shiny and preventing wear.

New Luncheon Dish.

Poach an egg carefully in boiling water to which a squeeze of lemon juice has been added, trim it neatly with a round cutter, mask it with some thick, nicely flavored white sauce, which is still warm, and put it aside to get cold. Dust the egg lightly with flour, brush it over with beaten egg, cover thickly with dried bread crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry it quickly (one and a half minutes should be sufficient) in a bath of boiling fat. Serve the egg on a round of buttered toast and garnish the plate with watercress.

Veal Croquettes.

Put two cupfuls of finely chopped veal in a saucepan, add two table-spoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of butter, the beaten yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of onion juice, quarter teaspoonful of salt, one salt-spoonful paprika and a speck of mace. Stir the mixture over the fire until thoroughly heated, then set aside to cool. Shape into croquettes, dip in beaten egg, roll in fine crumbs, let stand one or more hours, and fry until well browned. Serve with tomato sauce.

Renewing the Tablecloth.

It is suggested that when a tablecloth wears thin around the edge of the table, as it frequently does before showing signs of wear elsewhere, it is a simple matter to cut out the worn strip and to insert in its place a strip of heavy but not necessarily expensive lace.

Lacing the Fowl.

Instead of sewing up turkey, duck, etc., after stuffing, run some toothpicks across the opening and lace up with string. When the fowl is done, first pull the toothpicks out and the string falls off.

For Grease Stained Floors.

You will be delighted to see how quickly grease spots will disappear from floors when you apply a little alcohol.

AVOID DAMPNESS IN HOUSES

Usually Caused by Moisture Exhaled by Fowls and Can Be Got Rid of Only by Ventilation.

Often the poultry man finds his poultry house covered with frost inside and as the sun comes up and the house warms it melts and makes the whole building damp, uncomfortable and unhealthy. In many cases the owner tries to prevent this by making the house warmer and cutting down the ventilation. In most cases this is just the opposite of what should be done.

This dampness is usually caused by the moisture exhaled by the birds and can be got rid of only by thorough ventilation. This means that a certain amount of fresh air must constantly enter the house and pass out again. To permit this without causing a draft, an opening in the south side of the house should be covered with cotton cloth. This will not make the temperature of the house much lower, and it will make the house more comfortable and the hens more profitable.

TREE INSECTS ARE NUMEROUS

Over 30,000 Species on Record of Which Over 400 Are Known to Affect the Apple Tree.

(By E. M. PATON.)

There are very many different species of insects ranging in size from less than one-fiftieth of an inch to about eight inches in length. From the United States alone over 30,000 species have been recorded of which over 400 are known to affect in greater or less degree the apple tree or its fruit. Though there are many that are, it must not be supposed that all insects are injurious, for by far the larger number are either harmless or actually beneficial. Ruthless destruction of insects by means of trap lanterns and the like is to be deprecated since these methods are as apt to capture the beneficial and the harmless as the injurious. Poisons, traps, and other repressive measures must be used with caution, and at the right time and place in order to be most effective.

Before it is possible to combat an insect pest intelligently we must learn something of its habits and of its



Winter Stages of Insects:—1, Eggs From Which Tent Caterpillars Hatch.—2, Cocoon of Cecropia Moth.—3, Winter Nest of Brown Tail Moth.—4, Eggs of the Antique Tussock Moth on Cocoon.

vulnerable points. When these are known proper remedial measures may then be taken for its extermination or repression.

Protect Fruit Trees.

The following method of poisoning was used successfully in an orchard near Fort Collins, Colo., last winter, 50 jackrabbits being killed in one night:

Put a slit in an apple and insert strychnine alkaloid, powdered, the right amount being what the tip of a knife blade will hold, close the slit and wipe the apple to remove the bitter drug on the outside. Scatter the poisoned bait through the orchard at the base of the trees.

Canada Thistles.

If you have any Canada thistles or quack grass on your farm, start early to prevent them from growing above the ground. Plants cannot gather food without the tops to change the plant food to plant tissue, and by keeping the tops cut off you can gradually starve them out.

A Good Windbreak.

A windbreak in the form of trees, such as cypress, willow or maple, is a very good thing to have around an orchard, especially in the winter, because this will keep the cold winds off and very often protects the buds from freezing in spring.

Keep Things in Order.

Put the home and farm in order and see how it pays. There is a vast difference in the way farms are kept. Do you ever notice this when you drive along the road?

Value of Milk.

One hundred pounds of separator-skimmed milk is worth about as much as a half-bushel of corn for feeding pigs.

Bad Practice.

Breeding from immature stock has a tendency to weaken the race, no matter what it may be.

INTEREST IN POULTRY

No Visible Sign of Over-Supply in Products.

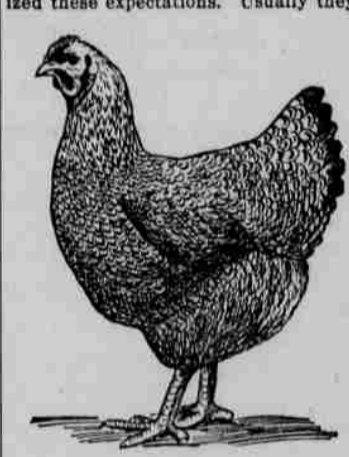
Farmers' Wives Study Details of Business and Are Eager to Learn of Better Ways to Care for Fowls—Conditions Change.

(By J. WELDER.)

The farmer's ideas of poultry-raising have changed considerably from what they were a few years ago. Everywhere on the farms a more intelligent interest is being taken in the subject.

The farmer at last has realized that the poultry is a good source of income, and is willing to take some trouble and spend a little money to make it even more so, instead of leaving the womenfolk to struggle along with the fowls as best they may, without any help or conveniences.

Not much in the way of eggs was expected of them, and they fully realized these expectations. Usually they



A Pure-Bred.

did not supply what eggs were needed in the farmer's family, and the farmer often remarked to his wife: "Your chickens are a perfect nuisance. I can't set a thing down since they are into it," (poor things! It was that or go hungry!) "and they don't lay an egg."

Conditions are changing. The most of the responsibility for the poultry on the farms still rests on the women, but instead of being considered a nuisance, the fowls are treated with respect and consideration, as an important part of the business of the farm. They have neat, comfortable houses, and yards, and scratching sheds, where they can be contented and happy, and keep industriously at work in cold as well as warm weather. The farmer and his wife both now feel it to be a reflection on their management if the hens do not lay more eggs than the family uses, in winter as well as summer.

It is a common thing to see a beautiful flock of pure-bred poultry on a farm and when farmers or farmers' wives meet, it is seldom they part without asking: "How are your hens doing? Are they laying well?" and unless it is already known, they are sure to ask each other: "What breed of hens do you keep?"

They are studying the poultry business in all its details, and are eager to learn of better ways of caring for their fowls, and of conveniences to use about the work.

In some neighborhoods the women of the farm meet on certain afternoons, to talk over their experiences with their poultry; to discuss the questions of feeding and caring for them, and to read together the poultry helps to be found in the agricultural sections of the newspapers.

This interest is not confined to the farms, but is also felt in the small towns and villages. At the meetings of the aid societies you will hear discussions on how to care for the hens to make them lay, and many a woman living in a small town helps out her husband's income by nearly, or quite paying the grocery bills with eggs and poultry from a small flock of pure-bred fowls kept in the yard.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

A good cow is the best milk machine.

One of the farm teams should be brood mares.

It is best for the average farmer to handle the draft breeds.

Strong, vigorous cows are more resistant to disease than their weaker sisters.

Protein may now be bought cheaper in cottonseed meal than in any other purchased feed.

Spasmodic salting, a handful in the manger when you happen to think of it, is not the best way.

Much depends upon the early training of the colt. Teach a rapid walk the first thing when the colt is put in harness.

In the cold parts of the country, every window should have a tight board shutter to close over the window on cold nights.

Prof. A. A. McDowell of Wisconsin says it is easily possible for farmers to double or even treble their crops by better cultivation and diversifying.