

THE BALLOON PATCH

Became Means of Reuniting Two Lovers Who Had Quarreled and Parted.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Donald Warren carefully blotted the sheet of paper and reread the letter written in his splashing black characters. It was a manly letter of regret over a mistake he had made—a misunderstanding between Donald and the girl he loved, and it had parted them.

He was in the wrong, and he frankly acknowledged it. Then he had poured out his love and his longing for a reconciliation. He slipped the letter in an envelope and addressed it to Marjorie Hinman at her father's country home over on the other side of the island.

His young nephews were calling him with lusty lungs: "Uncle Don! Come and open the box of fireworks!"

Smiling, he went out on the lawn where the expressman had dumped the packing case. The three boys were pecking at the boards with hammers and chisels.

"I expect if we were to set off the whole box it would shake the island," boasted little Frank.

"I'll bet Aunt Marjorie could hear it," remarked Bob.

Donald reddened hotly. He paused with one unbrowned arm in midair. "Aunt Marjorie?" he repeated grimly. "Where did you learn that?"

Bob shrugged carelessly. "Cousin Patty said when you and Miss Marjorie were married, why, she'd be our aunt. So I asked her if she minded our calling her Aunt Marjorie right off—just to get used to it, you know," he explained.

"What did she say?" asked Donald. "She got awful red and said I was a dear and she guessed she didn't mind. Just like a girl not to know whether she did 'mind or not!' he added contemptuously.

"When did this happen?" "Last week. I say, Uncle Don, hurry up and open it, won't you, please?"

Amid the splintering of pine covers and the chatter of the boys Donald's thoughts ran swiftly.

She had said it last week. Ah! Last week all had been well with them; their happiness seemed assured. But now, because of his unreasoning jealousy, their bliss had turned to sorrow and bitterness.

There was one comfort, he thought—when she received his repentant letter she might relent. He would take it down and mail it that evening. She would receive it the next morning, the Fourth, and perhaps she would call him by telephone to tell him that he was forgiven and that he must come across the island at once. Perhaps she would meet him half way!

His meditations were drowned in a chorus of excited cries as his nephews fell upon the fireworks and sorted them into shape.

"Look, Uncle Don," cried Ned. "One of these fire balloons is torn." "I'll put a patch on it," said Donald. "We'll send that fellow up now, eh? There's a good stiff breeze. Bob, go and bring me the paste pot and a sheet of paper."

"Here comes Cousin Patty," said Frank, running to meet the little gossip, bright-eyed relative whose cottage was almost at the end of the cliff.

"Well, Patty?" smiled Donald, as he shook hands.

"I am well, Don," said Cousin Patty. "Two been fishing all morning off the Topstone light."

"What luck?" "Not much—except that I caught Peter Gray's scarlet sweater and nearly pulled him overboard!" giggled Patty.

"Peter Gray—here?" scowled Donald, for he was jealous of young Gray, who had a singularly winning way with him.

"Stopping at the Hinmans, I suppose, as usual. He was out there fishing with Marjorie and her sister. Our boats were quite close together, and my line flew over my head and the hook caught in his collar. It was all very funny. Peter said it would have been a fair capture only he had been hooked already."

Donald's face darkened. He wondered if it was one of Gray's ill-timed jests or had Marjorie really accepted him on the rebound? Jealousy possessed him again and he lost his temper.

He was glad he had not sent the letter.

When Patty had gone on to the house Bobby came running back with the pot of paste.

"I couldn't find any paper, Uncle Don," he said.

"I have some here," said Don, and, tearing open his letter to Marjorie, he deliberately pasted it over the torn place in the paper balloon.

He smiled grimly as his eyes fell upon the opening words: "My darling."

Judged by all appearances, she was Peter Gray's darling, he argued, as he helped his nephew light the wick and inflate the balloon.

"Which way is the wind, Uncle Don?" asked Ned.

"Northwest, and blowing strong," replied Don. "Your balloon will blow out to sea, kiddies!"

"And we'll play that what's written on the patch is a message to some shipwrecked sailor on a desert

island," suggested imaginative Bob. "Anything you like," agreed Donald.

It was midafternoon of the day before the Fourth when Donald and his nephews stepped back and allowed the balloon to rise up, rocking to and fro until it found balance in a higher current of air. They watched it until it disappeared beyond the trees of the hill back of the house. Then the boys returned to gloat over the fireworks and to store them away for the morrow's celebration, while Donald threw himself into a hammock and flung an arm across his aching eyes.

Peter Gray sat on the beach with his arm around a very pretty girl—Gertrude Hinman.

Marjorie, with her shoulder discreetly turned to the lovers, gazed sadly out to sea.

"See who's here!" chirruped Peter blithely.

Marjorie looked around and her glance followed Peter's pointing finger. Behind them, lazily drifting down to the beach, was a limp paper balloon. Its fire was extinguished, and in the shelter of the cliff, where there was no wind, it was coming to earth.

"Observe the patch," said Peter as the balloon neared them.

Marjorie got up and walked toward the fluttering thing, holding up her slim tanned arms to catch it.

"Doesn't it look odd?" she laughed over her shoulder, and then the balloon was in her grasp—a smoky, smelling crush of paper with a stiff white patch covered with splashing black characters in a handwriting she knew so well.

She tore the letter from the balloon and crushed it into her pocket. Then, flinging the mass of red paper on the ground, she sped to the shelter of the pine grove, where she spread open the letter and read it with shining eyes.

Her heart beat madly as she read Donald's confession and apology.

"The dear, dear boy!" she murmured softly. "But what a funny way to send a letter? Shall I telephone—or—yes, I will!"

In a few moments she was talking to Mrs. Warren.

"Donald is down on the beach, Marjorie," said Donald's sister-in-law. "He's sitting there, staring at the sea as if he contemplated jumping in. I'll send Bobby after him. Wait a moment."

Donald received the message and went to the telephone with scowling face.

"Yes?" he inquired politely.

"Donald," wavered Marjorie's voice, "I—I received your letter."

"My letter? What—tell me what you mean," he gasped.

"Why, didn't you send me a letter by balloon?" she asked tearfully.

"Yes, I did," declared Donald, bravely. "I—I'm coming over—may I?"

"I'm expecting you," said Marjorie, ringing off.

When they met he clung to her hands while he repeated the contents of his letter and begged forgiveness.

"I was a beast to be so jealous," he admitted; "but you know Gray has been hanging around here a lot!"

"He had to," said Marjorie with dancing eyes. "Gertrude is wretchedly lonesome when he's away."

"Gertrude?"

"They're engaged, you know," explained Marjorie sweetly.

Then Donald made a clean breast of how his letter came to be patched upon the balloon. "I thought it would go out to sea," he said.

"It was kindly fate that bore it into my hands," she whispered.

Cost of a Long Tail.

On the highway between Dieppe and Gournay, France, there is an interesting wayside inn that never fails to attract the attention of travelers who journey over the road. Nailed over the door of the inn there is a notice that reads: "Horses boarded here: Rates—Horse with a short tail 50 centimes a day. Horses with a long tail, one franc."

No one could understand a discrimination among horses based on the length of their tails until a reporter for a Paris paper questioned the proprietor, and later published the explanation in his newspaper. The honest old inn keeper gave an amusing but logical answer to the reporter's question.

"Why, that's very simple," he said. "A horse with a short tail is very much bothered by flies and gnats. He is kept so busy driving them off with his head that he naturally cannot eat much. A horse with a long tail does not need to use his head to keep off the flies, but can busy himself eating. In that way he eats more than the other. Therefore it is only logical that I should charge a higher rate for his board." The inn keeper's argument surely sounds reasonable.—Youth's Companion.

The Intoxicating Strawberry.

It seems difficult to believe there can be any connection between the strawberries now coming to market and poison gases, but the association exists. The steamships bringing fruit from Brittany to Plymouth refuse to carry passengers when conveying a cargo of strawberries because of the intoxicating fumes given off by the berries when packed in bulk. Even the seamen have orders to keep on deck as much as possible. As strawberries, even tons of them, give off no very pungent smell, the theory has been advanced that the intoxicating effect of a cargo of the fruit is due to the fermentation of the sugar in the berries.—London Chronicle.

Most VENERATED CHRISTIAN SANCTUARY

THE Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem for the possession of which Crusades of the middle ages were undertaken, will at last become the property of Christianity in case the allies win in the European war. Today the keys of this, the most venerated sanctuary in Christendom, are held by the Turks, and Moslem sentinels stand outside of its doors, while the pavement in front of its main entrance is occupied at all hours by beggars and street peddlers, who assail visitors and passers-by.

The sepulcher is contained within the walls of a church, in which not only the Catholics, but also the Greeks, the Armenians and the Copts have altars of worship. It is a grotto, or cavern, consisting of two rooms hewn out of living rock. The outer chamber, which is 16 feet long by 10 feet wide, is called the "Chapel of the Angels." The inner room is the sepulcher itself, and contains the stone on which the body of Jesus reposed. Both are lined with white marble.

It was in the outer chamber, the visitor is told, that the angels announced the resurrection to the holy women. In the middle of the floor, covered with white marble, richly carved, is a portion of the stone on which, as described in the Scriptures, the angel sat on Easter morning. Suspended from the roof are fifteen lamps, representing as many Christian nations, which are always kept burning.

Burial Place of Jesus.

A door so low that the visitor can pass only by stooping gives entrance to the inner room, pointed out as the actual burial place of Jesus, which is hardly more than six feet square. The stone on which the body of the Redeemer lay is raised three feet above

skull of the first man is said to be buried there.

Students of history recall the fact that the Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon captured the city of Jerusalem in the year 1099, and that it remained in Christian possession until 1178, when the Saracens drove out the invaders. It was during this period that the famous Mosque of Omar was converted into a Christian church.

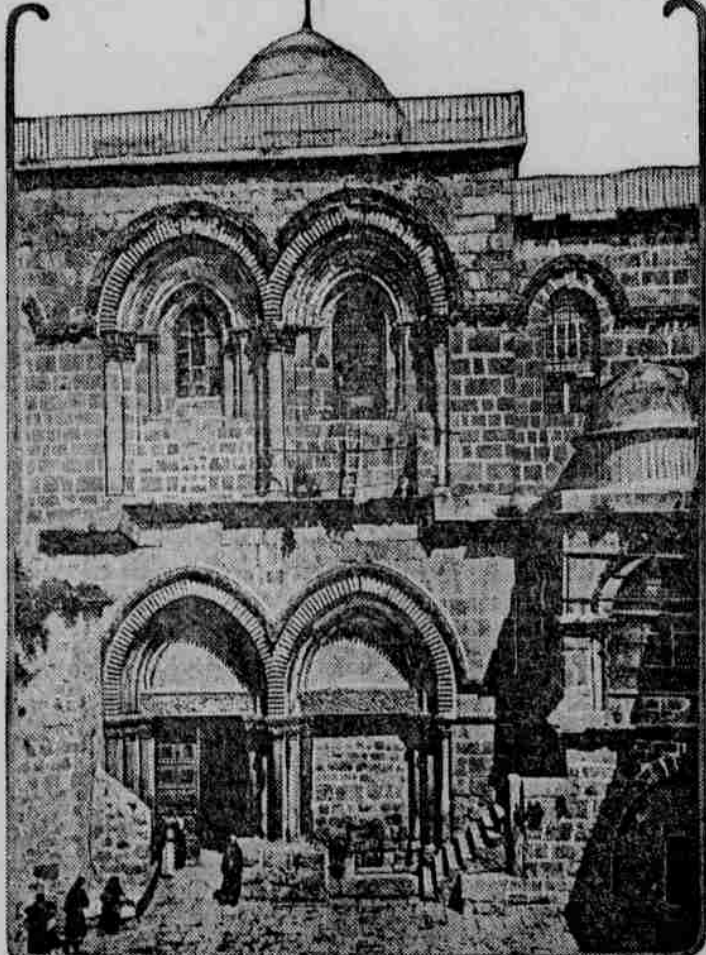
When the Moslems regained control it again became a mosque, but today it is regarded as a structure of sacred interest from the viewpoint of both religions, occupying, as it undoubtedly does, the site of the great temple wherein Christ denounced the Scribes and Pharisees, and where he overturned the tables of the money-changers. According to tradition, it was here also that Abraham undertook to sacrifice Isaac.

BUY 75,000 HORSES FOR WAR

No Danger of Shortage in This Country, Says Expert—Big Demand Later, However.

Warring European nations have bought and exported more than 75,000 horses from the United States, but there is no immediate danger that continued exports will cause an acute shortage of horses in this country, says G. A. Bell of the bureau of animal husbandry in the Agricultural Outlook.

"We could sell two or three times the number already exported without there being any appreciable shortage of work horses," the statement adds. "The kind purchased are for the most part very mediocre animals, which would ordinarily sell for less than



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

the ground, and covered with a marble slab, is used as an altar. Inasmuch as only four persons at a time can find room in the small chamber, the Catholics, Greeks and Armenians are obliged to take turns in performing services.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is surmounted by a dome. Beneath the dome is a rotunda, off which is the "Chapel of the Apparition," marking the place where the Savior first showed himself to his mother after the resurrection. But this is only one of the many sacred associations pertaining to the ancient basilica. Just inside the main door is the Stone of Unction on which the body of Jesus was laid while it was anointed by the holy women before burial.

On entering the church the visitor ascends to the top of a stairway, where a tablet set in the wall states that this was the place where Christ was "stripped of his garments." For it should be understood that the sacred edifice here described actually covers the Rock of Calvary, and a long strip of mosaic in the floor marks the spot where Jesus was nailed to the cross. Beneath a nearby altar is the hole, or socket, in which the cross was planted. It is lined with silver. The holes for the crosses of the two thieves are on either hand, a little to the back.

"Grotto of Adam."

On one side of this altar, enclosed by a silver railing, is the rift made in the rock at the moment of the death of Jesus. This cleft extends downward to a hollow beneath, known as the "grotto of Adam," because the

\$100 per head, and are a class of which we can well afford to be rid.

"The big demand for horses will probably occur after peace has been declared. At that time the countries now at war, with the exception of Russia, will no doubt be very short of horses for their agricultural and other work. European Russia had, prior to the war, about 25,000,000 horses. This country and Russia together have 50 per cent of all the horses in the world. A very large number of horses in Russia will be destroyed in the war and the remainder will, no doubt, be needed by Russia for her own agricultural and other work.

"The demands of the United States, which has one-fourth of the world's horses, will, therefore, be large and will probably continue for a number of years, for the rehabilitation of the depleted horse stock of any country is a slow process. This country, however, will be in a position to meet this demand."

Russia's Melting Pot.

Tiflis, which the czar has been visiting, and termed "a pearl of the Russian crown," was described by Mr. James Bryce some forty years since as a "human melting pot, a city of contrasts and mixtures, into which elements have been poured from half Europe and Asia, and in which they as yet show no signs of combining." The description holds good today, for there are said to be 70 languages spoken in the streets of the ancient city by representatives of as many nationalities.

SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE BOX

Food May Be Kept Cool in Contrivance Which Is Not at All Hard to Put Together.

A box fitted up to hold food helps to solve the problem of keeping food during the heated months. If the cover is removed and the bottom taken out, and the remaining frame fitted with a shelf or two, and then stood in a window that is free from sun and to which the breeze has access, it proves quite a good cooler. But its construction is not complete until it is covered with strips of heavy cloth, such as burlap, sack, or flannel. These are fastened on top of the box and hang down over the sides, completely covering the whole. On top of this again is placed a dish of water, with narrow strips of material laid in it and hanging over on the cloth covering of the box. The water cools through these and keeps the cloth covering wet, it having been first given a good wetting. The air reaching this causes evaporation which in turn creates cold. The vessel of water must be kept constantly filled. The degree of cold obtained will depend greatly upon the condition of the atmosphere. When this is very dry, the evaporation will be much more rapid, and the cold will be increased correspondingly.

WHEN JELLY WILL NOT JELL

Putting Material Back into Saucepan Only Serves to Make a Bad Matter Worse.

When jelly will not jell, and that happens sometimes, do not turn it back into a saucepan to cook over. That breaks the little gelatinous globules that have formed, even though not enough to make jell, and you will have at best a sticky, stringy mess. Instead, take a large dripping pan, half fill it with water, set the undisturbed glasses of jelly in it, not close enough to touch, put into a hot oven and allow to bake until sufficiently jellied. It sometimes takes three-quarters of an hour, but the jelly will cut as smooth and clear as though stiff enough at first cooking. A pinch of powdered alum will help the jelling process. Now is the time when the far-seeing housewife, while doing her preserving, puts up dainty little glasses of jelly or pots of jam, to be used for Christmas gifts. For a few cents little fancy glasses, jars, mugs or tiny pitchers may be had, which, filled with homemade jelly and accompanied by a Christmas greeting, will prove very acceptable gifts. Small cold cream jars and the like, if well scalded, make excellent containers for jelly.

How to Repack Ice Cream.

When the cream is frozen, take off the cross bar, remove the lid and dasher, pack the ice cream neatly in the bottom of the can, replace the lid, closing the hole in it with a cork. Fill the tub with salt and ice, pushing them down to the bottom of the tub until the tub is filled to its top and covering the can; then put over the freezer a piece of carpet or blanket, to exclude air, and stand in a cold place for one or two hours to ripen and harden. When ice cream is fresh each ingredient is tasted separately, but after standing one or two hours they blend and form a pleasant whole. This is called ripening.

Hollandaise Sauce.

Cold or hot asparagus can be served with hollandaise sauce and, indeed, many lovers of this succulent vegetable consider this sauce its best accompaniment. To make it, beat a half a cupful of butter to a cream and then add the yolks of four eggs, beating again. Next add six tablespoonfuls of boiling water and then a tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. Beat now for five minutes with a beater and then cook in a double boiler, stirring all the time until thick. Serve cold.

Rechauffe of Beef.

Brown two tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls flour and brown thoroughly. Add two cupfuls of stock and one teaspoonful currant jelly. When the sauce begins to thicken add one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful paprika, a few drops of onion juice, one teaspoonful catsup and thin slices of rare roast beef. Stir carefully till meat is heated. A tablespoonful of sherry added just before serving improves it.

Cleaning Fine Fabrics.

Delicate fabrics like crepe meteor or crepe do chine generally require professional skill to clean properly. However, the homemaker can remove stains herself if she acts promptly by placing the soiled spot over steam issuing from the nose of the teakettle. The fabric can then be pressed between clean white blotters or brown paper, with a warm iron.

Pineapple Ade.

Cut slices of very ripe pineapple into small pieces. Put them with their juice into a large pitcher and sprinkle them well with sugar. Pour on boiling water, allowing a small half pint to each pineapple. Cover and let stand until quite cool, occasionally pressing down the pineapple with a spoon. Strain the infusion and serve in tumblers with ice.

Banana Conserve.

Take a banana and either slice it or split it and then put some of the conserve on it and a little sweet cream or top milk if you have it. It's simply great.

SELECTION OF LAYERS

Professor Kent Gives Rules Followed at Cornell.

Examination of Ear Lobe Is Considered to Be Almost Infallible—Velvety Texture of Hen's Comb Is Also Good.

The expert eye can readily detect laying hens among a flock of nonlayers. Professor Kent gives the following rules observed at Cornell, some of which were worked out some years ago by the Connecticut experiment station:

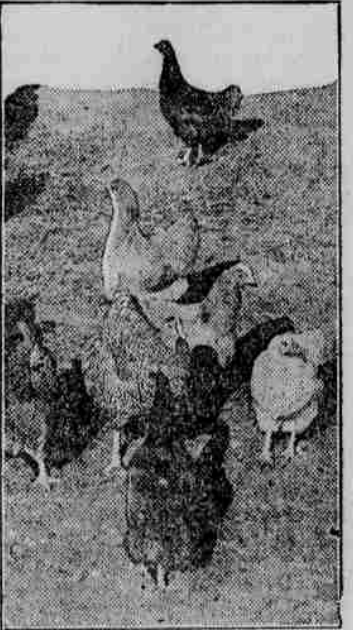
Yellow-legged birds quickly lay off the color in their shanks when they are laying. A hen which is laying heavily almost loses the yellow color out of her shanks. After molting the yellow color returns quickly.

Examination of the ear lobe is considered to be almost infallible. A chalky white ear lobe indicates a bird is laying heavily, whereas a cream-colored one shows the bird is laying moderately, has just started or has just stopped. A milk-colored ear lobe shows the hen has laid slightly or has stopped laying. A very yellow or dark ear lobe indicates the hen has not laid at all.

It is to be remembered that an extremely white ear lobe also may mean very low vitality.

The more velvety the texture of the comb of a hen is the better is her health, and it is almost a certain sign she is laying heavily.

Out of 40 hens under observation at Cornell, six with chalky white ear lobes showed that they had laid 22



A Mixed Flock.

eggs that week, 16 eggs the previous week and nine the week before that.

Of six other hens with creamy ear lobes, four laid 15 eggs that week and three laid 12 the week before and three more laid nine eggs the prior week.

Seven hens with yellow ear lobes were examined and only one of them had laid an egg that week and four the week before.

Nine hens with very dark ear lobes showed that they had not laid an egg for weeks.

TO ERADICATE POTATO BUGS

Hand-Picking Method Is Best in Family Patch—Paris Green and Plaster Is Recommended.

For the family potato patch the quickest way is to hand-pick the old bugs. The bugs may be easily caught when torpid early in the morning. One bug, it is said, will lay several hundred eggs. By gathering the bugs there will be few worms.

When the young worms are found in the heart of the potato vines the best method is to dust with paris green and plaster. One tablespoonful of pure paris green mixed in one peck of dry plaster will be enough to dust one-quarter of an acre of potatoes.

When the worms are in the small foliage surrounding the blossoms and when the worms are half grown and are spread over the leaves twice this quantity must be used. Two dustings will be necessary to kill the first and second broods.

Buy the best quality of paris green. Old green or green that has been exposed to the air is nearly worthless for killing worms. Use plenty of dry powdered plaster. The plaster is excellent to increase the growth of the vines. The best time to apply the mixture is early in the morning when the leaves are damp from dew.

FEEDING THE TURKEY POULTS

Nothing but Water and Sand Should Be Given Young Fowls Until They Are One Day Old.

Turkey poults require no food until a day or two old, as nature has provided for them, but water and sand should be placed within reach. The food should not be of a sloppy kind, as that leads to bowel trouble.

Curds or Dutch cheese is liked by them and they thrive on it. Stale bread, moistened and squeezed dry, is good. Onion tops and dandelion leaves minced fine should be fed each day while in confinement. Corn bread is the best food when two weeks old, and later cracked corn or wheat should be provided.