

An Amateur

By H. M. EGBERT

Cyrilla was the dearest girl in the world, but a little cold-hearted. Freddy Broughton could not disguise that fact from his knowledge. But he had weighed it against her virtues when he asked her to be his wife, and it did not weigh a great deal.

Cyrilla Burns and Freddy had known each other since they were tots. Their families lived in one of those old-fashioned city squares that are rapidly disappearing before the march of progress. Only a few of the old families remained in the vicinity, and they formed a sort of aristocracy of birth, though few of them had any money.

It had always been understood that Freddy and Cyrilla were to marry. When Freddy came home from college he looked at Cyrilla and wondered. Here he had been out in the world, as it seemed to him, tasting the joys of emancipation, and Cyrilla was going the same old round of missionary meetings, library committees and visits among a select and exclusive old-fashioned set.

Yet Freddy was shrewd enough to see that a wife must be chosen for her wearing qualities. And Cyrilla undoubtedly did wear well.

So it came about at the annual dinner party that, finding himself alone with Cyrilla, Freddy took her hand in his.

"Will you marry me soon, Cyrilla, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Cyrilla.

"I know I love you," answered Freddy.

"I love you well enough to look



The Struggling, Shrieking Throng Was Having a Glorious Time.

forward to taking you into the world, where we shall live our own life—a different life—"

He stopped abruptly. It would never do to let Cyrilla realize that he had other views of their future than living in the Square. And if a little gleam came into Cyrilla's eyes Freddy did not notice it.

They were to be married in early autumn. That summer Cyrilla behaved in an unprecedented manner; she accepted an invitation from a friend to spend a week up-country.

Left to himself, Freddy pined in his father's law office. When his vacation arrived he decided not to take one. He was moping. Somehow Cyrilla's letters seemed awfully cold. Did Cyrilla love him well enough to become his wife? That was the question he put to himself.

"No!" was the answer that his inner consciousness thundered out one afternoon. "No! And I am going to offer her her freedom. And I am going to break away!"

He told his father that he would take his vacation after all. He went to the Catskills and selected a little hotel there filled with shopgirls and young men from the stores at eight dollars a week. And there he plunged, with a sense of awful wickedness, into a new life.

The region was simply dotted with hotels. In every forest glade one came upon spooning couples. On every lake rang out the voices of hilarious young people. Freddy flung himself into it all with zest. He made desperate love to a little girl who sold perfume at Stacey's, and had apparently abstracted a good deal of the stock to pour over herself. He spent the mornings with her, the afternoons with a ladies' shoe department girl from Isaac and Coppinway's, and the evenings he strolled up and down with a waitress from Milla's, and discussed the relative advantages of the breakfast cereals.

And he liked it. He was growing more and more entranced with the vulgarity of it. He felt a regular Don Juan, and when the hotel gave the annual masked ball and the carousel was set up Freddy was the gayest of the gay.

He swung round giddily upon his horse, side by side with a shrieking young thing in black, whom he kept on her unsteady seat at intervals by the pressure of his hand against the

back of her waist. Then masks were donned, and a perfect whirl of pleasure followed.

Introductions are not considered essential at that sort of Catskill hotel. Freddy spun in the giddy mazes of dance after dance. The struggling, shrieking throng was having a high and glorious time when some wag cut the electric light wire.

Instantly terrific confusion followed. Girls shouted that they were going to faint, and fainted in the arms of the men nearest them. Freddy, embracing an unknown creature, who lay like a dead weight upon his shoulder, felt a regular devil. He thought of the Square with a profound sense of the irony of life.

"Help! Make way for a lady what's fainted!" shouted the landlord's stentorian voice through the darkness.

And somebody appeared, a dimly described shadow, supporting the figure of a girl, petite and slim, with a black mask covering what might have been an uncommonly pretty face.

"I'm the boy," shouted Freddy—he had learned that phrase the day before—and snatched the lady from her escort. The escort, not owning her, turned his attentions to the nearest girl. And the struggling mass gradually made toward the doors.

The girl had really fainted. Freddy carried her, but when he reached the entrance he felt a sudden disgust for the crowd. He picked her up bodily in his arms and made toward the lake. Some fifty paces distant. The moon had not risen, it was almost pitch dark, and he could see nothing but the shadowy trees and in the distance the level top of what must be the water. The shouts behind him had died away, and Freddy for the first time began to be frightened.

He tried to arouse the girl, but her unconsciousness was profound, and only the least catch of the breath reassured him that she was alive. He decided that the proper thing to do would be to dash water into her face. He set her down at the margin of the lake and plunged forward to scoop up some water in one of the tin cans that lay in numbers among the rushes.

He got his can, and, as he stooped to fill it, the soft, marshy ground gave under him, and he stumbled forward into the water, falling flat on his face.

A minute later a gurgling, puffing figure, composed, according to appearances, principally of slime and mud, arose from the bosom of the lake, still clutching the can of water, and struggled back up the ascent. For several moments Freddy hunted disgustedly for the girl, cursing himself for a fool. Why hadn't he been content to stay quietly in his room?

He loathed himself just then, and in the reaction, thought of Cyrilla for the first time in a week almost.

Then he came upon the girl, and forgetting his condition, he kneeled down beside her and raised her head on his arm, and dashed the tepid water into her face.

She sighed, and suddenly opened her eyes. At least, Freddy imagined so for he could see only the black shadow of the mask. He removed it from her face.

"Where am I?" she whispered in terror.

"It's all right, miss," said Freddy—he had learned that mode of address too. "Somebody cut the wire and you fainted. We'll have you back to your place in half a jiff."

The girl was quite silent. Suddenly the Don Juan mood came over Freddy again. Deliberately he bent forward and planted a kiss upon the girl's unresisting lips.

They were as cold as ice. Suddenly with a dreadful sense of horror, Freddy leaned forward. In the light of the lanterns which had been swung from the hotel porch, Freddy could see that it was Cyrilla!

And she knew him! She got up and surveyed him. Her face was inscrutable.

"You're rather muddy, Freddy," she said quietly.

"Yes, dear. Fancy meeting you here I knew it was you, as soon as—"

"Don't be untruthful, Freddy. You kissed a girl whom you didn't know from Adam."

"From Eve, you mean," said Freddy.

"Well, and will you tell me what brought you here, Cyrilla? How do I know what you've been doing?"

"I wanted some fun," Cyrilla said defiantly.

"Well, so did I," said Freddy.

She took a step forward. "You wanted fun, Freddy? Why, you're the last person in the world who ever looked like fun to me. If you knew how I wanted to break out—"

"My Lord!" cried Freddy. "Cyrilla, you mean? I never thought. But who's kissed you, anyway?"

"Nobody but you," she answered.

"They've tried to, all of them, but I wouldn't let them. O, Freddy, you are human, after all, then?"

He clasped her fiercely in his arms.

"You bet I am!" he shouted. "Why, Cyrilla, this is the happiest day of my life, to find you out. And we'll make our marriage a dream of happiness."

"And you—you won't kiss any other strange girls, then?" asked Cyrilla.

"How many, Freddy?"

Freddy held up one finger. "Only you, dear," he answered. "My, what a peach you looked, too! Say, what do you think of getting married here to-morrow?"

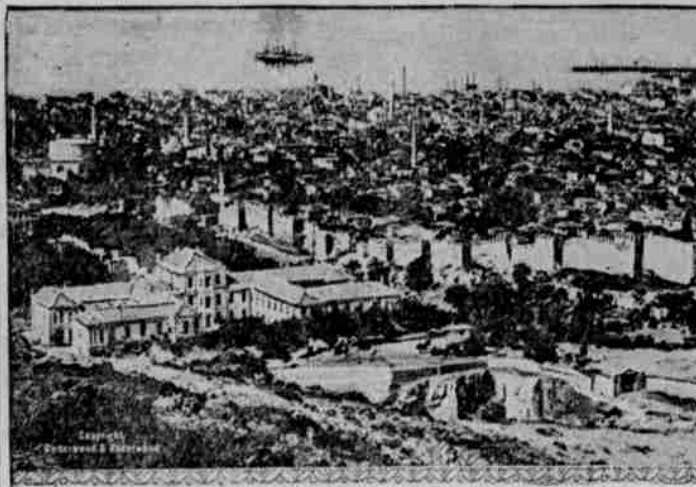
"And—and starting now?"

"Right away. But not at this hotel. A little place I know where there won't be anybody around but you and me."

"All right," said Cyrilla. "Good luck to the Square when it discovers that it has stood for an elopement."

"I guess we'll turn it into a paralogram with mortification," answered Freddy, embracing her again.

SALONIKI: A VIGNETTE



SALONIKI AND ITS HARBOR

TIER upon tier of crowded eastern roofs rise from the blue bay up to the old Mohammedan town. There on the summit delicate minarets and cypresses stand out against a lemon sky. One's eye turns gratefully from the clamorous Greek boatmen and jostling porters which crowd boat and quay to the lovely lines of the sailing boats, which bring back from the past many an old classic tag. In just such a boat did the old Greeks set forth on their adventures, perhaps even to the quest of the Golden Fleece, writes Constance Brooke in London Graphic. And what a contrast they must have been, those grand men, to the modern Greek with his supple fingers and volubrious tongue, and anxious efforts to compromise! The luggage is at last extracted from the hubbub by force. A very small boy wheels the narrow under a stream of instructions from a rabble, who would not lay one lordly finger on it to help, but find huge delight in directing the weak one, and shouting chaff and information to everyone we meet, convey me to the hotel. Soft voices pur in my ear. "You go Delphi? I good guide."

"Shree your boat gonore? Where come from? Engleesh? Yes?" "Hotel Rome, good hotel!" "You come Paris hotel?" "A persistent shoeblack backs in front of me the whole way like the lord chamberlain, pointing to my boots. Who that has been there does not connect Saloniki with shoeblacks and long-robed, stately Jews?"

At every corner, from every alley, there darts out a small alert figure, pointing its accusing finger at your feet. "Se-et, Se-et!" And, indeed, for the sake of peace it is better to resign oneself, or there is, indeed, no peace from these gadflies.

While dust rests on your shoes that figure will rise up, that finger will point, that hissing whisper sound in your ear. I have been haunted by my recollections (somewhat willingly. I must confess) of a Turkish boy with a winning smile, bare feet for an artist and a red sash round his waist. I defy anyone to resist his pleading brown eyes and that flashing smile—certainly I cannot. This was, or is, his mode of business. He first wiped the dust off with a rag. He then smeared on liberally, from a bottle, a very greasy oil, and then proceeded to polish, while still soaked in oil, with some unguent out of a box. Therefore is one's boot a most cunning dust catcher and the role of shoeblack a profitable one at Saloniki! I myself used to give my boots ten minutes' respite; but this was according to the attractiveness or otherwise of the shoeblack.

Still a Turkish Town.

Saloniki has only been in Greek occupation a couple of years or so, and is still a Turkish town. The richer Turks, not liking their masters, migrated to Turkey; only the poor ones, not allowed by the Greeks to leave, still remain. The lower part of the town is a maze of tangled streets and of hurrying foot passengers. Only the stately Jews are unhurried. They are bearded, and wear long black robes, fur-edged (for it is winter), and black or fur caps on their heads, and most are singularly good looking. Their womankind—seldom seen—has picturesque head dresses of emerald green silk, with long streamers flowing out behind, covered with Hebrew characters. I loved the Turkish eating shops open to the street, their counters filled with pyramids of fruit, dates and a gray-colored sweetmeat which looked like putty. Strange odors of cooking came from the inner regions.

The bazar is cobbled underfoot and glass-roofed above. It is full of Greek money changers (where you also buy tobacco and stamps), bootshops and the usual open shops of the East. A strange mixture of West and East, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Here in the bazar you see only Greeks and Jews. But go farther up the hill toward the old town and the country roads, or rather tracks, and you will see Macedonians in white caps drawn over their ears, a knife in their red sash, or Albanians striding disdainfully along in their native dress, like all mountaineers, upright and stalwart.

One day, in a quiet street, I came upon a country cart drawn up in the shade of a great wall. Its wheels had been roughly sawn out of the trunk of a tree. The two magnificent black oxen had red tassels and red cloth on their harness. Under great spreading horns their beautiful eyes gazed

wonderingly all ways (and upward) as they waited, chewing the cud. To add to the picture, their driver, a Turk, leaned gracefully against one of the glossy beasts, lazily rolling a cigarette. Besides the fez, he wore the short white coat embroidered in black of the country, loose white trousers and leather slippers. It was hot, and the color, light and shadow were sharply defined. Here and there in the town, turning out of some narrow street, are small market places, full of stalls and baskets and sorrow-stricken donkeys, where girls from the country wear handkerchiefs wound over their heads and thrown gracefully round their chins, and small boys lie chattering in the shade. I shall never forget one figure which came clattering out upon me from the shadows—a crouching figure smothered in white sheepskins, a white drapery over his head, beneath him a poor little donkey, staggering under the added load of many sacks and baskets. (Oh! the cruelty of this Near East to animals! an ignorant, unheeding cruelty.) Flashing eyes peered at me; a strange wild figure, which one would rather not meet if alone on a hill path.

In the Mohammedan Quarter.

Waiting one day for the Greek boat, which may come today, or in three days, or in a week—who shall say?—I wandered up the hill to the old Mohammedan town. Such a strange quiet drowns here, after the hurrying, chattering crowd below! The narrow road, worn by the rain, winds between high blank walls and latticed windows. As the hill steepens, broken steps help the traveler here and there. Not a dog, not a living thing is to be seen, only a funny little tub of a boy standing at my feet, peering up at this queer woman, so unlike his own womankind. A great wide red sash holds his fat little person together, and his trousers are so wide I wonder why he does not catch one leg in the other.

He has kicked off his funny little slipper, and rubs one foot against his leg, wondering whether to run or to cry. So I give him a lepta (Greek sou), and he decides to smile; and we sit down together under one of the delicious aromatic cypresses, on a square platform of what were the old fortifications. He sucks his thumb, and I look out dreamily over tangled roofs to the blue, blue Aegean, and watch the pigeons circling round a minaret above my head. The sound of clattering slippers makes me turn to see two Turkish women veiled in black from head to foot, accompanied by their servant, basket on arm, going to shop in the town below. Two or three Turkish men, going home, no doubt, or to the cafe for food, come lazily up the hill, their sashes, red trousers and tarboosh making a lovely bit of color against the yellow walls. There are hills outside the town; a year ago they were covered with tiny delicate flowers, now, alas! I fear, destroyed by the camps and trenches of the allies.

The consulates are in the aristocratic suburbs of Saloniki, where wide roads and pretty gardens abound. Here the Greek merchants, too, have their villas. Beyond these, again, on the left of the bay, hills and greenward stretch out to the sea. The large villa out here where Abdul Hamid was interned until his very sudden death, must have seemed a cell to that poor thing, accustomed to great palaces. And the garden, beyond which he was not allowed to stir, is small for ordinary mortals. Greek women drive out to these open spaces to take the air, and the bourgeoisie go to a well-known cafe to eat gjaourti (sour milk) or the delicious sheep's milk cheese of Greece.

Prosperity in Japan.

Japan's golden tide from the manufacture and sale of war munitions and supplies continues. The foreign trade of Japan for the second ten days of February, it is reported, was valued at \$11,117,500 worth of exports, and \$8,953,500 imports, a balance of \$2,164,000 in favor of exports. Compared with the corresponding period of last year, exports have increased by \$7,260,000.

The Family Favorite.

"I hear that you have been mentioned as a favorite son."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but being a favorite son generally means that you're expected to be polite and not act too greedy when the pile is being passed."

Man Should Pick Life's Work by Time He Is Twenty

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

By the time a man is twenty, if his occupation has not been chosen for him in childhood, and if he has not allowed chance opportunity to determine it for him, he should know what his inclinations are. If he is to be a mechanic, he will by that time find himself tinkering with machines. If he is to be a newspaper man, he already will have composed several epic poems and a blank verse tragedy. If he is to be a politician, he will be a leader at school and have several henchmen doing his algebra for him.

It is such indications as these that reveal the boy's real inclination. If his parents and teachers are alert and intelligent enough to perceive and encourage these tendencies, the boy has taken the first step toward success. But if he has a love for building motors, and yet studies law because he has an opportunity to go into his father's office, as did one young man of splendid natural endowment, he has foredoomed himself to mediocrity.

For the scientists tell us that the fixation of habit is an element which enters into a man's career as soon as he has chosen it, and slowly but surely binds him to it for better or for worse. At fourteen, perhaps, Tommy might adopt any one of several occupations. At twenty-one his inclination has become pretty well fixed. At twenty-five he has begun to discover his limitations and specialize upon the things he can really do. By thirty he is pretty well fixed in his position in life, and a radical change will be difficult. His occupation, whether it is the one for which he is fit or not, has formed permanent grooves in his mind. By the time he has reached middle age a radical change is practically impossible.

Just Smiles.

Use of Platform.

Bacon—Don't you think there is a great similarity between a political platform and one on a trolley car? Egbert—Sure; nobody's supposed to stand on either.

Lucky.

Patience—Peggy says that her face is her fortune. Patrice—Well, it's a good thing it's the kind of a fortune she can't leave to anyone when she's gone.

Not Necessary.

Lady of the House—Say, Dinah, did you clean the fish? Dinah—Law, no missus! Why should Ah clean dat fish? He done lib all his life in de watah.—Puppet.

No Doubt.

Bill—I see that fresh-caught sea fish are said to form the principal ingredient in an artificial rubber invented in Holland.

Jill—Come to think of it, I've heard of some "bouncing" sea fish.

Brought to Book.

He (grumblingly)—My hand's always in my pocket. She (sharply)—Then how is it you can't feel there the letters I give you to mail?

The Danger.

"It was while traveling in Switzerland that I proposed to Miss Smith on the verge of a mountain gorge." "Horrors! Suppose she had thrown you over!"

Ain't This Awful.

Helny—Anna Little was recently wedded to Andrew Lott. Omar—Well, what of it? Helny—Oh, it was merely a case of A Little becoming A Lott.

Both Disappointed.

Husband (angrily)—When I married you I thought I was getting a helpmate. Wife (calmly)—And I thought I was getting a man who could supply the meat so I could help myself.

Its Contrariness.

"A club buffet furnishes but paradoxical comfort." "How so?" "Because the members often use it when they are out of spirits."

About Women

Of the 5,864,492 farmers in the United States, 287,703 are women.

Miss Maude Meagher is the world's successful writer of masques.

Women in Denmark, Finland and Sweden outnumber the men by over 300,000.

Miss Grace R. Finney, head of the circulation department of the public library of Washington, handled over 800,000 books last year.

For her relief work in behalf of French war sufferers, Mrs. Edith Wharton, the novelist, has been presented with the French Legion of Honor medal.

Women are in a majority in nine occupations—musicians or teachers of music, school teachers, boarding house keeper, housekeepers, laundresses, nurses, servants, stenographers and typists.

Mother's Cook Book

Fruit Bars.

Mix two and one-half cupsful of flour, two and one-half cupsful of rolled oats, one cupful each of shortening and brown sugar, one-half cupful of sour milk, and a teaspoonful of soda. Flour the board generously, roll thin and cut with an oblong cutter. Put a half pound of dates and a half cupful of pecan meats through the meat chopper, mix this and roll out in a thin sheet and cut with the same cutter. Put a layer of date paste between every two of the cookie dough, sandwich fashion, and bake in a hot oven. When cold pack edgewise in a jar. Hide the jar.

Apricot Shortcake.

Make a rich biscuit dough, roll out and cut with a large biscuit cutter and bake. Cook six apricots either fresh or dry with the juice of half a lemon, and half a cupful of sugar, mash, strain and flavor with a quarter of a teaspoonful of almond extract. Put three half apricots between the cakes and a half one on top. Pour the sirup over all and fill the top apricot with sweetened whipped cream.

Jam Omelet.

Beat the yolks of five eggs light with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar; into this stir a teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed with three tablespoonfuls of milk, cook. Then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and cook in a buttered omelet pan until set. Spread with jam, fold and serve sprinkled with powdered sugar. Serve as a dessert.

Escalloped Eggs.

Make a white sauce as for creamed eggs. Cook six eggs in the shell, cut in eighths lengthwise, put a layer of white sauce, then a layer of eggs and a layer of chopped olives using a fourth of a cupful of olives, repeat and finish the top with a thick layer of buttered crumbs using a cupful and a half of crumbs. Bake until the crumbs are brown.

Egg and Ham Timbales.

Cook together two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter, add a cupful of milk and when smooth and thick cool and add three beaten eggs and two cupfuls of chopped ham, season well with pepper and salt and put into timbale molds to cook in hot water until firm. Stuffed eggs are always appetizing and may be served as a hot dish with a white sauce.

Nellie Maxwell

Hit and Miss

Patent leather shoes never remain as black as they are polished.

Human nature makes us attribute the success of others to chance.

The woman who repeats a scandal adds her stamp of approval.

A man's strength is estimated by his ability to fight against odds.

Smiles add much to a woman's attractiveness, and they cost little.

A good mirror tells the truth, no matter upon whom it may reflect.

Some men who pay their bills promptly expect a lot of credit for it later.

A narrow mind overlooks a charitable act and looks for the motive.

If the husband foots his wife's bills she should at least foot his socks.

Some men would growl about the weather if it rained silver dollars.

Advice to an actor: When the whistle blows look out for the locomotive.

Not Entirely a Fool.

Knicker—Did Jones lock the stable door after the horse was gone?

Bocker—Certainly; there was another horse.