

**JANE'S TEMPTATION**  
By MADGE WEST.

As Jane looked back over the past it seemed that the eclipse of the Stevarts began with the coming of the Westovers. Jane's father, years ago, had followed his old father as village doctor. When young Ned Westover had come breeding into town, winning—with his city ways and shining new office equipment—in early professional victory, James Stewart stubbornly endeavored to hold his footing, managing only the humblest living. So James lived his conscientious and really capable life overshadowed by the aggressive personality of the more confident physician. And when he at last died his young daughter left motherless in her childhood, had but the labor of her hands to count upon for livelihood. And Jane's small hands knew no other labor save that entailed in the duties of her father's household. Jane was dismayed at the possibility of her future, and it was with gratitude akin to devotion that she accepted the offer Myra Westover made that for the time being she should make Myra's home her own. The daughter of her old father's rival had, it seemed, inherited his prosperity and good fortune, and while Jane Myra had treated, perfecting her art studies and finding pleasures bestowed all along her way. When Doctor Westover's successful career was forever ended—and he had not lived long to enjoy the fruits of it—Myra returned from abroad, selling the great house and building a beautiful bungalow. It was to this daintily appointed home that she invited Jane, to be, as Myra smilingly suggested, her "companion and housekeeper." Myra did not exactly say general housekeeper, but that was exactly Jane's position. But the heart of the lonely woman was more than content. Myra, she felt, was her benefactor indeed. And Myra, adjusting costly furs over a costly suit preparatory to starting upon a trip whose duration would depend upon her own interest in it, congratulated herself upon the acquisition of a faithful and tireless housekeeper. With Jane installed in the bungalow, Myra could be completely at rest regarding her own affairs, sure of a satisfying welcome when she returned. Jane was firm in her refusal of a stated salary.

"Are you not giving me a home?" she had asked, with her father's unselfish inconsistency.

And Myra, shrugging her shoulders, smiled shrewdly at this gratifying loyalty.

The gifted illustrator laughed her way easily through life, unmoved by various suitors to whom her charm and beauty appealed. Jane had known but one romance, hidden carefully through the years in the most secret place of her heart. This romance carried the same pathos as her unselfish life. Bob Moore had stopped at the little house of the humble doctor to laugh and chat with the doctor's sweet daughter. Then Bob Moore had gone to the great house—and Myra Westover had smiled upon him. That was the end. That was always the end—where Jane was concerned. When Bob went away, Jane expected to hear of his return to claim Myra as his bride. But Bob had not returned; and Jane still cherished her memories. It was when Myra was away upon one of her trips, that Jane learned of Bob Moore's presence in town. She was in the kitchen when a neighbor brought the news and Jane looked down with sudden rebellion at her print dress. Bob Moore would call, of course—and he would find her thus—Myra's servant. "Why?" Jane asked with keen resentment, "would all gifts of life be bestowed upon one woman?" Then to her came her one temptation. For that evening at least she would live as Myra—the Myra, Bob Moore should find her. Jane Stewart, hostess of the staid bungalow, hesitated only a moment before the mirror in Myra's deserted room, then sorted, hurriedly, the dresses left in Myra's wardrobe. Jane chose deliberately a white frock of finest lace, and around her waist she knotted a blue ribbon. The white satin slippers were Myra's, too. In Myra's charming fashion, Jane loosened and coiled her hair. Then with new graceful assurance, she went out upon the veranda—to wait. Bob Moore—Robert C. Moore, man of affairs—came presently, smiling his pleasure. Bob, too, was having his memories—his first love stood before him tonight, the girl he had never been able to forget.

"I am glad," he said as they sat and talked, "that Myra and you have made your home together. Though from what Myra told me, when I went away, I supposed that you would long since have married. If I had not believed what Myra told me concerning your engagement to another man, Jane—" His eager eyes finished the sentence. Then, rapidly, incoherently Jane Stewart made confession.

"Wait," she ended her story, and abruptly left him.

When she returned, Jane wore her plain print dress, white apron strings where the blue sash had been.

"You see," she said breathlessly, "it was a vision of Myra, that you remembered. But I am only Jane—the one who serves."

"You have served, long enough, dear," Bob Moore said quietly. And Jane's memory romance became reality.

At the end of 1919, the society reported these nations had a population of 400,000,000, and under normal conditions this population should have increased by the middle of 1920 to 424,210,000. However, it had fallen by that time to 380,000,000, which led to the conclusion by Danish statisticians that the loss of actual and potential human life in these nations approximated 40,000,000.

Causes of the abnormal falling of population were attributed in the society's report as follows:

Killed in war, 9,819,000; deaths due to augmentation of mortality, economic blockades and war epidemics, 5,501,000; fall to birth rate, due to mobilization of 50,000,000 men between 20 and 45 years of age, 20,200,000.

**STORK BUSY IN NEW YORK**  
Birth Rate Shows Increase Despite High Cost—Decline in Death Rate.

New York.—Despite the high cost of living, shortage of housing and the scarcity of domestic servants, the actual birth rate in New York city is going up at a rapid rate, according to health authorities' statistics issued here.

The figures show that the birth rate per thousand for the first seven months of 1920 was 22.34, against the rate of 21.90 in the same period last year.

The rate of infant mortality for the last year on each 1,000 births was 83, while the preceding years show a much higher figure on the records.

The decline in the death rate is attributed to the laws of sanitation and healthful living, which are now better understood.

**RETURN AFTER MANY YEARS**  
Tilfish Again Caught in Vast Numbers, Though They Were Believed to Have Been Wiped Out.

Tilfish are a fish with a short but remarkable history, writes a correspondent. Their discovery was dramatic. In May, 1879, Captain Kirby of the schooner Hutchings, out of Gloucester, Mass., was trawling for cod off the Nantucket banks. No cod was found, but a large fish, unknown to science, was present in great numbers. In a very short time 5,000 pounds of the new species were caught. The fish proved to be of high food value and good keeping qualities. There was a big popular demand for them, and huge quantities were caught for three years. Then the supply failed as suddenly as it had appeared. In the spring of 1882 the boats failed to catch a single tilfish. A few days later incoming boats reported having

passed through miles of dead or dying tilfish. They covered an area of 5,000 square miles and were estimated to number 1,000,000,000.

From 1882 to 1915 no trace of tilfish was found in any waters of the world, adds our correspondent. Scientific men were convinced that the fish had been suddenly and mysteriously exterminated. Then, early in 1913, a government boat, in shore the identical spot off the Nantucket banks as that in which tilfish were first taken, again caught some of the same species. Again, there proved to be vast numbers of them, and now grounds were also discovered along the New Jersey coast. Since then the tilfish has been caught without interruption, but the riddle of its strange disappearance for 33 years has not yet been solved.—Manchester Guardian.

**Another Royal Suggestion**  
**PIES and PASTRIES**  
From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

THERE is no further reason for worrying about table variety. The New Royal Cook Book gives new suggestions for every meal every day. The book is so full of surprises there should never be another dull meal in the home.

**Custard Pie**  
1 cup pastry flour  
1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup shortening  
cold water

Sift flour, baking powder and salt; add one-half shortening and rub in lightly with fingers; add water slowly until of right consistency to roll out. Roll out very thin; put on in small pieces remaining shortening; fold upper and lower edges in to center; fold sides in to center; fold sides in to center again; roll out thin and put on pie plate.

**Custard**  
3 eggs  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
2 cups scalded milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Beat eggs, add sugar, salt, flavoring and milk very slowly. Line pie plate with paste made as above, and bake in very hot oven about 10 minutes. Pour custard into the baked crust and bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. The pie is done when a knife put in center of custard comes out dry.

Custard Pie is made the same way, adding 1 cup of shredded coconut, and using only 2 eggs.

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**WAR COST 40,000,000 PEOPLE**  
Actual and Potential Loss in Population Estimated by Statisticians.

Washington, D. C.—Due to war influences, ten European nations engaged in the world war show a potential loss in population of 35,320,000 persons since 1914, according to a statistical research conducted by the Society for Studying the Social Consequences of the War, which has its headquarters in Copenhagen.

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