

OUR COMIC SECTION

Famous Last Words



THE AMATEUR DON JUAN

By B. M. CULLERTON

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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.

Freddy's father was a lawyer, and sat all day in an old-fashioned office and met old-fashioned clients there. Cyrilla's father was a rector, who wore a very stiff cravat, and preached in a stately church so empty that he might have begun his service "dearly beloved sister Jones" instead of "dearly beloved brethren."

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, and 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. She was just the same as ever, just as interested in him, just as willing to talk about her interests, even a little fonder, Freddy thought.

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. "If you are sure you love me."

"I know I love you," answered Freddy. "I love you well enough to look 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 on 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. It was so abnormal that there was much shaking of heads and consultation among the family. However, in the end it was decided that as an almost married woman Cyrilla might be permitted to go. Cyrilla, who had meant to go anyway, went.

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!"

And in that moment he saw himself a martyr and pictured the joys of life under new skies, and totally different auspices.

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 fifteen 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 & Coppingway's, and the evenings he strolled up and down with a waitress from Mild'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 stenographer 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 move 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 bushes.

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 struggling 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 knelt down beside her and raised her head on his arm, and dashed the tepid water into 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 jiffy."

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 all 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 tomorrow?"

"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 parable with mortification," answered Freddy, embracing her again.

Old Cotton Material

Batiste is a cotton material named from Baptiste, a linen weaver who is alleged to have first made it in the Thirteenth century. It is a plain weave, usually made of fine, high-quality yarn. It has a soft, lustrous finish and is made in white or in delicate colors. The best grades are used for lingerie, infants' wear and sheer dresses.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.—Emerson.

SOME SANDWICHES

The hot sandwiches are always enjoyed on a cold night and one may serve a variety of them.



Toasted Cheese Sandwiches.—Cut white bread one-fourth of an inch thick, spread with mustard butter and sprinkle thickly with cheese finely grated. Cover with buttered slices, press together and arrange on a wire toaster. Toast a delicate brown on both sides. Serve with cocoa, tea or coffee.

Here is one that will do for a dessert:

Sunshine Cake Sandwiches With Marshmallow Sauce.—Bake a sunshine cake in an eight by twelve pan and when cold cut into three-inch squares. Split and spread half the squares with the following: Drain free from syrup one can of peeled apricots, press the pulp through a sieve (there should be a cupful of pulp), add one cupful of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, or one half an orange, and the white of one egg; beat all together until the mixture will stand. Boil one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water five minutes—do not stir after it begins to boil. Remove from the fire and add one-half pound of marshmallows cut into quarters and beat until melted. Serve at once with the sauce.

Turkey Sandwiches.—Melt four tablespoonsful of butter in a saucepan. Add four tablespoonsful of flour, stir until well blended, add a cupful each of hot milk and cream. Season with salt and pepper, celery salt, add one-half cupful of mushrooms, one-half cupful of chopped celery, and two cupfuls of minced turkey. Pour over the toasted slices of bread. Cover with a thin layer of creamed turkey, season and garnish with two stalks of celery for each portion.

Marshmallow Tea Sandwiches.—Brush the sugar from the marshmallows and place them on vanilla wafers, set into a hot oven until plump and soft, remove at once and place another wafer on top of the marshmallow, press lightly and serve at once.

Anchovy and Cottage Cheese Sandwiches.—To one cupful of cottage cheese add two teaspoonfuls of anchovy essence, one-half teaspoonful of paprika and a tablespoonful each of finely chopped chives and parsley; season to taste with salt and moisten with mayonnaise. Spread between slices of rye bread spread with the dressing. Garnish with new onions and serve with coffee.

Tasty Things to Eat

Salads are always a welcome dish for the majority of menus.

Kidney Bean Salad.—

Take one can of beans, two cupfuls each of celery and apple diced, one cupful of dill pickles cut into bits, two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento with mayonnaise to moisten.

Ambrosia.—Take one cupful of diced orange, grapefruit, pineapple and raisins, cover with shredded carrot and dressing to moisten.

Fruites stuffed with pineapples and peanut butter, arranged on head lettuce and served with French dressing make a delightful combination.

Veal Salad.—Take two cupfuls of finely diced and seasoned cooked veal, add one cupful or more of finely diced celery, one or two sweet pickles finely minced, and a cupful of skinned and seeded white grapes. Mix with any good dressing and serve on lettuce.

Salad Dressing.—Take one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, three-fourths teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of butter, the yolks of four or two whole eggs, three-fourths of a cupful of milk and one-fourth cupful of lemon juice or vinegar. Melt the butter, add the dry ingredients well mixed together; when bubbling hot add the milk, and when well cooked add the lemon juice which has been beaten with the eggs. Cook over hot water until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Add cream when serving the dressing.

Carrot Pudding.—One cupful of grated carrot, one cupful of grated potato, one egg, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of shortening, one-half cupful of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda and one cupful of flour, good measure. Steam one hour. Serve with an egg sauce.

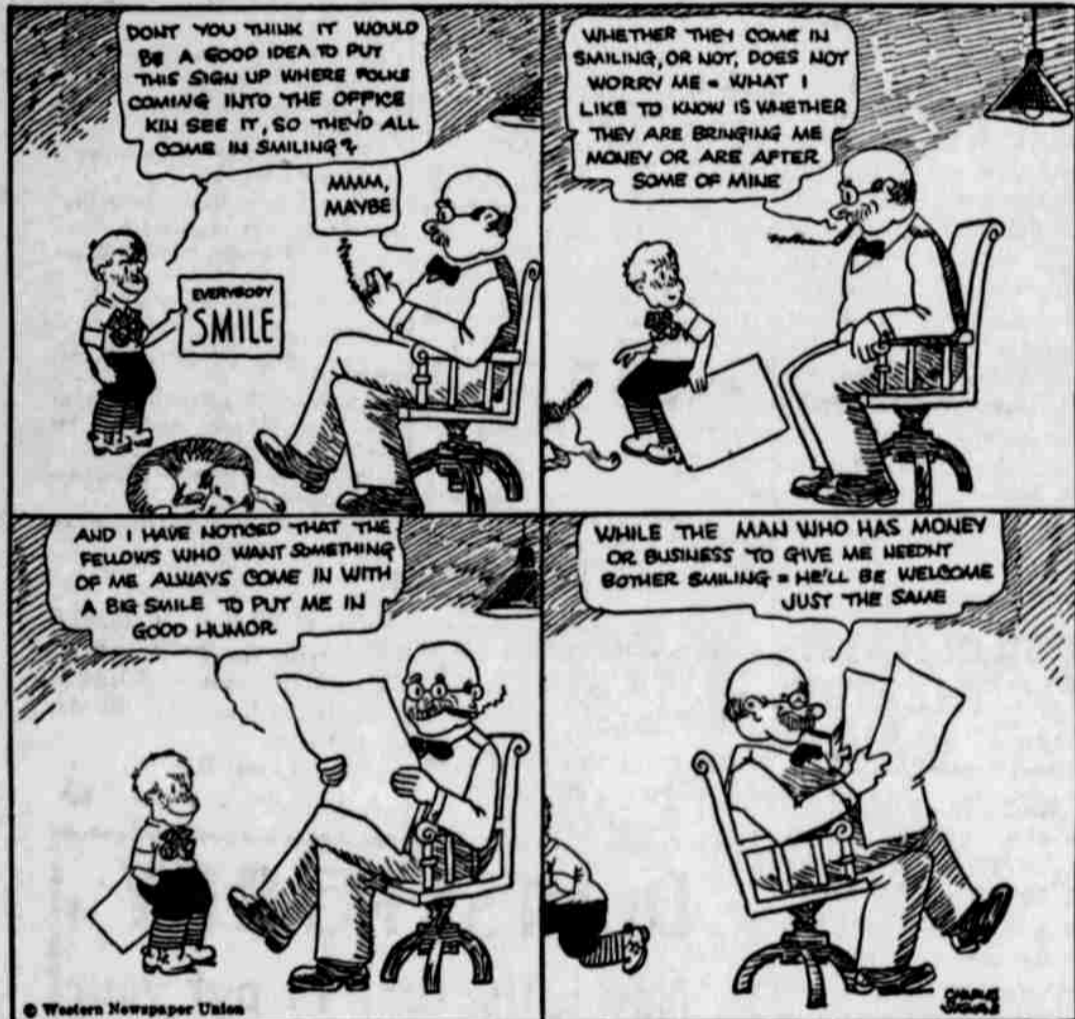
Egg Sauce.—Beat two eggs until light, add one-half cupful of sugar and continue beating until the sugar is dissolved, add one-half cupful each of cream and milk, a pinch of salt, flavoring to taste.

Peach d'Amour.—Fill tall glasses with peach ice cream, add sufficient raspberry juice to color and run down through the cream. Top with whipped cream or plain vanilla ice cream and garnish with a fresh berry or cherry.

Nellie Maxwell

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

The Wise Old Boss



THE FEATHERHEADS

Only Six More Miles, Felix

