

HER OWN SWEET SELF

By ROBERT MCLENNAN.

It had been her fate to be seen by him always at a disadvantage—and she resented her fate fiercely. In fact, she was all wrapped up in plans of which he was the central figure.

Of course she was a most ridiculously juvenile figure of a girl. Nobody—excepting her own people and the playmates of her childhood—would believe she was a grown-up person. At least they all affected to believe that she was a mere child and treated her with the freedom and condescension of that estate. Why, the men actually kissed her as a greeting and everybody called her "little girl" or some other abhorrent and belittling title. Her resentment had been growing for a long time, but it burst into white flame that summer when he appeared on the scene. Not that she cared for him, excepting in a most impersonal way, but for all that it galled her very soul to have him treat her like a child.

She was interested in him—indeed, who was not, and who had not the right to be? One privilege the clergy always have—the interest and care and attention of the women, young and old, little and big, rich and poor. Indeed, if the ladies did not look after the clergy who in the world would?

So, in common with all the rest of the girls in the camping party, Elsie was interested in the grave and handsome young clergyman who had joined them at the invitation of one of the young men—a college chum—in the hope that a season in the woods would restore the steadiness to his nerves and the redness to his blood, which had been so sadly sapped during those trying years since he had quit college to try to build up a church in one of the poorest districts of the great city. And the languorous shade and the lazy life were doing their work and the color was again in Morton Graham's face and the ginger had come back into his stride and the old whimsical expression into his tired eyes.

Now Elsie had conceived a most romantic idea regarding the Rev. Morton Graham the instant she set eyes upon him. He was young, ardent, ambitious and devoted to his calling. He plainly needed a wife—a helpmate to care for him and cheer him on in his climbing of the heights. Plainly he never would have sense enough to realize this need himself, therefore some one else must attend to it for him. Therefore Elsie determined to assume the task herself.

She spent many sleepless nights and brain-racking days in her pursuit of this problem—and the further she got into it the more hopeless it appeared. At first any one of the girls appeared to be plenty good enough for him, but as the days went by the circle of eligibles narrowed rapidly.

In the meantime, however, Elsie labored assiduously and bravely. She arranged the most seductive tete-a-tetes in the stern of the boat, the most romantic moonlight rambles, the most lonesome fishing trips, always managing to get the Rev. Morton paired with the particular girl she had in mind for him on that particular day.

But, alas! it all appeared to be in vain. Nothing definite seemed to come of it, and as the season waned Elsie was distinctly impatient and cross about the entire affair.

In the meantime she necessarily had been thrown into daily contact with the Rev. Morton Graham and it had been her ineluctable destiny always to be at a disadvantage. At first she did not care at all; then she was simply a trifle annoyed. For, after all, what did she care? She was interested in him only to the extent of securing for him a wife. Why, indeed, should she care how she personally appeared to him. And yet she was annoyed and finally it came to be the source of great humiliation and shame to her.

Just so sure as she sneaked out in front of her own tent and hidden by the flowers and foliage at that, after her bath and with her hair down to dry in the sun, in a loose wrapper, of course he must needs come along and stop to admire the foliage and the flowers and catch her red-handed, looking like a perfect fright. And when the pony threw her and she landed in a most humiliating heap at the side of the road with her skirts principally over her head, of course he must be the one to rush to her rescue, arrange her skirts as best he could and try to soothe her like some tired child. Oh, how she hated him for it.

Then, when they went to the dance at the Village hotel, the night Archie and Tom and Ted were called to town and only the older fellows, and they mostly engaged, were there, of course the Rev. Morton Graham must rescue her from the most embarrassing wall-flower position she ever had experienced and taken her out for an ice and a walk under the trees on the village street. Yes, and he even had danced with her, a most decorous square dance, but she had not failed to notice that he danced extremely well and was very graceful. But all the time he had regarded her with those whimsical eyes, and she resented the expression of amused interest with all the strength of her nature.

But the very limit was reached when, despite the advice of all the party, and particularly of the young clergyman—indeed, it was his advice that drove her to it—she insisted on going in swimming with a storm coming up and was caught in the storm

and swept out into the lake despite every effort she could make.

Of course it was the Rev. Morton who dashed into the water and grabbed her just as she was about strangling with the great waves and took her to shore in his strong arms. Even though she wanted to laugh at his bedraggled broadcloth, the quizzical expression in his blue eyes maddened her beyond endurance, and she sputtered like a half-drowned chicken.

He carried her up into the green fringe just beyond the reach of the waves and set her down with great gentleness.

"You will be all right in a few minutes," he said, cheerily.

"I hate you," she responded with tears in her eyes.

"Why?" asked Graham, gravely turning a keen glance on her which sent the color to her cheeks and caused her to drop her eyes.

"Because I had made the nicest plans for you," she replied, "and you are obstinate—and stupid—and horrid."

"Dear me, not so bad as that," he replied, with genuine distress in his fine features. "Come, little one, what is it I have done? Wherein have I offended the princess?"

He shot a glance of admiration at her which deepened the color in her cheeks. Indeed, she was well worth the glance as she sat there all huddled up in her dripping bathing suit which clung to her dainty form fast enough to suggest the perfect outlines. Even a clergyman must admire the perfection of nature, you know.

"You won't marry anybody," she retorted. "Here I have spent all summer trying to pair you off with Emma or Nell or Agnes or—any of the girls, and you only blunder along and find me in all kinds of humiliating positions."

"But my dear girl," replied Graham, "I could not fall in love with those girls, for I am in love with another girl."

She was silent for a moment, looking out into the storm with unseeing eyes.

"And you never let me know," she said, reproachfully. Then breathlessly: "Who is it?"

"Your own sweet self," he said, reaching for one of the wet little hands. "And all the blessed summer you have not given me a chance to talk with you excepting when I was fortunate enough to find you in trouble. I have found myself packed off with one of the other girls and I never knew how it happened—until just now. I had hoped perhaps you might find it in your heart to love me and make my life one long dream of joy—but I suppose I am too old—and serious—and—"

Just then the rest of the party burst upon them with wraps and rubber gossamers and things.

"Well, if there isn't the preacher holding hands with Elsie," cried Emma with a shriek of laughter. "Please explain at once, sir, how you make such conduct comport with your cloth."

Graham flushed to his temples and his lips trembled. Before he could frame an answer Elsie spoke up clearly and without a tremor in her voice:

"Because she is to become his wife," she said.

Graham drew a long breath and placed an arm about the shivering form in the bathing clothes and threw a glance of triumph at the party.

"Oh," said Emma.

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BOOK AGENT AS HE ISN'T

Fable in Words of One or More Syllables That Is Credited to New York Man.

"You have sent for me," said the book agent, entering the busy man's office.

"Yes, yes," said the busy man. "Have a chair, please. Shant keep you long."

"I can come some other day, if you prefer," said the book agent, edging toward the door.

"No, no," cried the busy man. "I want to see if you can sell me a set of Dickeray."

"I suppose I could," replied the book agent, dubiously, "but I don't believe a busy man like you will ever have time to read it. Why don't you wait until you have retired from business life and then decide whether you are still interested?"

"I must have it," said the busy man, sharply. "I want something nice in crushed levant, with gold tops and all that; a limited edition de luxe, if you have it."

"Won't it be somewhat of a drain on your purse?" suggested the book agent. "This paying for books month after month becomes monotonous. A man may think it a trifle at the start, but after the first six months it gets on his nerves. Why not go to a regular store and buy your set of Dickeray in cloth at a cash price for about one-sixth of what I can offer you?"

"Oh, all right," growled the busy man. "Have it your own way. But I'm sorry to have taken up your time."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the book agent. "Some day you may have a real need of something in my line and then I'll be glad to sell it to you. Good morning!"—Frank M. O'Brien, in the New York Press.

Mixed.

Mrs. Willis—It has 5,000 feet of film and cost \$200.

Willis—Must be some picture.

Mrs. Willis—It is.

Willis—What's its name?

Mrs. Willis—Name? It isn't a moving picture; it's a new dress.—Puck.

Popular Illusions in Manhattan

SKIMMING down Fifth avenue or Broadway you frequently see enormous "sight-seeing cars" laden with expectant tourists.

One is marked "Chinatown," and the occupants are holding their breath in anticipation of the thrills of horror they are to experience when they behold the dark wickedness of the Celestial empire, which is secretly practiced in the heart of New York.

They arrive at a populous district where there is a fair sprinkling of Chinks to be seen about the streets, and they are allowed to peep into what they think is an opium den, but what is in reality merely a dirty little chop suey house.

There are a few unprepossessing Chinamen sitting or lying around with their pipes, in an opium stupor. "Opium fiends," whisper the thrilled tourists to each other, as they shudderingly gaze on the dark spectacle.

But is it an opium den?

And are they really smoking opium?

Most assuredly not!

Uncle Sam and the mayor of New York wouldn't stand for it a minute.

It is only a nicely arranged little "fake den," run for the special bene-

down amongst them and be one of them.

One Place Not Mythical.

There is one place, however, which hasn't been relegated to the mythical. There most certainly is still a Coney Island. And whether you go quietly with a friend or whether you go with a crowd in a labeled and megaphoned sight-seeing car, it's the same Coney Island, with its blaze of lights and its blare of orchestras and its bewildering whirl of things to ride and things to see, and things to do, and things to eat and drink, the latter consisting chiefly of "hot dogs" and beer.

But, however genuine Coney may be, there's no denying the spirit of graft that pervades the atmosphere of skyscraper land.

On every hand some person or some organization is trying to get something for nothing, and if you are weak enough to be caught, it's like buying 25-cent silk stockings, and serves you just right.

Perhaps some evening after the theater you stop in a high-class cabaret to enjoy a dance or two and a sandwich. At the entrance you are



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

fit of the too credulous tourist, who cheerfully pays his dollar to see a Chinatown that doesn't ever exist.

Then he pays another dollar and joins another sight-seeing party to visit the deadly precincts of the Bowery.

It would be too cruel to tell them there is no Bowery, just as there is no Chinatown, except in ancient history.

A Revised Bowery.

For the Bowery has been revised and expurgated and fumigated, and partially civilized, until now it is no worse to the outward eye than some portions of Fourteenth street or Sixth avenue. And the little shops and vocations of its denizens, if not strictly clean, come safely within legal bounds. You might easily get on the Bowery and not know it at all.

Where you expect to find the abode of thugs and thieves, you find nothing more reprehensible than second-hand clothes shops.

Likewise in Chinatown, where you think they are smoking opium, it isn't opium at all—but more probably something like the rabbit tobacco or cross vine you used to smoke when you were a kid at school, and thought you were doing something very wicked.

The "opium den" you pay your dollar to see is very likely a laundry—when there are no tourists due.

If you happen to be in touch with such people as newspaper editors and other fortunate beings who are on the inside of things, you will quickly learn to shun the tourists' car.

The best way to see the biggest city in America is simply to live in it, and go about to such places as may take your fancy. If you want to be thrilled with the Bowery and Chinatown, just read stories about them, for there's nothing to see.

You don't need a sight-seeing car. Any New York friend can show you the wonders of the museums, libraries and interior points of interest; while there are scores of cars and elevated trains covering every point of Manhattan, from which you may learn every inch of your New York—from the grandeur of the skyscrapers and the stupendous wealth of Fifth avenue, and the wretched poverty of crowded tenements and slums.

That is to say, you learn it from the viewpoint of merely seeing things. To really know any phase of life or class of people, you must go up or

met by an attentive footman, who very politely but most insistently relieves you of your hat and cane, and most gracefully takes charge of your lady's coat.

Inside the cabaret a smiling waiter attaches himself to you and shadows you devotedly for the remainder of your stay. He finds just the right table for you, brings your Tom Collins and your lady's orangeade and two small sandwiches—a modest order which should cost about 50 cents.

But does it?

Just wait until he brings your check!

While you are dancing, he hovers near your table, watching to see that no fashionable pirate carries off your lady's gloves and vanity bag, and guarding your half-eaten sandwiches from being devoured by someone else in your absence.

All of which zealous service is duly charged in your check, which is brought to you marked \$1.90! (You had paid for your table in advance, by the way.)

You haven't the nerve to put a mere two-dollar bill on the tray. Give that waiter a ten-cent tip? never.

So you sigh inwardly, while outwardly smiling, you place \$2.15 on the tray and carelessly wave aside the waiter's deferential thanks.

On leaving, you find the devoted footman again awaiting you with your hat and cane and your lady's coat and an air of expectancy.

The air of expectancy means another 25-cent tip.

You pay it like a little man, and the footman drops it in his pocket.

The dances were very nice indeed. The music was divine, but the little whisper of a sandwich left you just as hungry as ever, and you go away wondering if you had your money's worth.

Then you console yourself with the thought that you don't grudge the tips to the poor waiters and hall-boys who are on their tired feet working so hard at all hours of the day and night.

But the point is: Did you tip the waiters?

No, indeed. The tired waiters do not get a penny of those tips. It all goes to the boss. You simply paid an extortionate price for a few cents' worth of refreshments, and then added an extra 50 cents in tips, all to be turned in to the manager of the cabaret.

LITTLE SUGAR NEEDED

EXPERTS TELL OF THE NEW METHODS OF CANNING.

Plain Water Instead of Sirup May Be Employed in the Process—Specialists Explain the Idea, as Worked Out.

Marketing specialists of the department of agriculture who have been following the fruit situation call attention to the fact that in almost all wholesale markets peaches for canning and preserving are very bountiful and are being sold at prices advantageous for canning in spite of the increased price of sugar. There is no indication, however, that the price of sugar will fall materially during the present fruit season. It is estimated, though, that with peaches at their present prices the combination of peaches and sugar necessary for preserving will not make a prohibitive total cost. Moreover, there are successful methods of canning fruit which call for much less sugar than that usually employed in this process by home preservers. The department recommends the following method of putting up peaches and apples without any sugar for those who find their local sugar prices prohibitive for canning:

"If the price of sugar is prohibitive one may can peaches so that they will keep indefinitely by using plain water instead of sirup. The following recipe may be used:

"Remove skins from peaches by immersing in boiling water for about one minute and then dipping in cold water. Place whole peaches in glass jars or tins and fill jars with hot water. Place rubber and top in place and sterilize for 15 minutes in hot-water-bath outfits, 12 minutes in water-seal, ten minutes at five pounds of steam pressure or five minutes at ten pounds of steam pressure.

"Of course the peaches when removed from the jar will not taste so sweet as those canned in sirup. However, if sweetening is desired it may be added when the fruit is to be eaten.

"This same method is good for canning with sirups containing varying amounts of sugar. A very thin sirup may be used if the housewife does not wish to dispense entirely with sugar.

"Apples may also be canned (for apple sauce, pie filling, etc.) using plain water instead of a sugar sirup. Department specialists have repeatedly canned them by this method. In the case of apples, jars should be sterilized 16 minutes in hot-water-bath outfits, 12 minutes in water-seal, ten minutes under five pounds of steam and four minutes under ten pounds of steam."

Peaches Preserved Without Cooking.

Select large, perfect peaches, wipe with a rough towel to remove the down, then pack in a stone jar and cover with boiling water so that all the fruit is immersed. Then put over the mouth of the jar a thick fold of cloth so as to retain the steam. Let them stand until the water is almost cold, then take out the peaches and rub off the skin. Now put a layer of peaches in the bottom of jar and cover with a thick layer of the best granulated sugar, then add another layer of peaches and sugar; and so on until all the fruit is used, having the sugar the last layer. Pour in juice immediately and keep in a cold, dry and dark place.

Catchup.

This will keep two or three years and is fine: Take one-half bushel of tomatoes; wash and boil with skins on until very soft, then put through a fine sieve. Put back the juice in the kettle and add one quart vinegar, one-half pint salt, three-quarters ounce ground cloves, one-half ounce allspice, one-half ounce red pepper, one-eighth ounce mace and two cloves of garlic chopped very fine. Boil about three hours, or until reduced half. Bottle when cool.

Fig Popovers.

Sift one cupful of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolk of one egg slightly, add one cupful of milk, pour the mixture slowly into the flour, beat until very smooth and finally fold in the stiffly beaten white. Butter hot gem pans, half fill them with the batter, drop a small steamed fig in each and bake in a hot oven. Serve immediately with maple sirup.

Peach Pudding.

Pare and cut fine ripe peaches in halves. Crack a few of the pits, remove and blanch the kernels. Butter a deep baking dish, put in two layers of the fruit, dredge each layer with flour, sprinkle generously with sugar, dot with bits of butter, then add the kernels and one cupful of water. Place a dish over the peaches, cover with a rich biscuit dough and bake in a hot oven. Serve with cream.

To Remove Rust From Table Linen.

To remove rust stains from tablecloth take dessert spoonful of salt, juice of one lemon, soak spots, put in sun, then rinse in borax water. This preparation will not harm the finest fabrics.

Boil It Longer.

The reason that some marmalade will not jelly is probably because it has not been boiled enough. Marmalade needs a great deal more boiling than jam. It requires from two and a half to three hours.

MAKING BATTERS AND DOUGHS

Comparatively Simple Proceeding If the Cook Will Remember to Follow These Directions.

The woman who cooks by recipe has not mastered the principles of her art, any more than the boy has mastered geometry who is not able to construct a triangle on a given line without referring to his textbook, says the Youth's Companion.

The principles that underlie the making of batters and doughs are simple and interesting, and cooking becomes a delight when you apply them in devising new dishes and new combinations.

The four essentials in all such mixtures are flour, wetting, salt, and a leaven. The four must always be in definite proportions, but the non-essentials, namely, sugar, shortening, spice, fruit and flavoring, may vary according to individual taste. In these non-essentials lies the scope for individuality in cooking.

The proportions of the essential ingredients should be committed to memory, and adhered to rather strictly. The wetting may be milk, water or beaten eggs, or of all three. For a thin batter you must have equal parts of flour and wetting—a cupful of flour to a cupful of wetting; for a thick batter, twice as much flour as wetting; for a soft dough, three times as much flour as wetting; for a stiff dough four times as much flour as wetting.

Now for the proportions of the dry ingredients: One cupful of flour calls for one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; one cupful of flour calls for two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Lastly, if you remember that one cupful of flour will make four ordinary-sized muffins, biscuits, gems, or pancakes, you will see that you can construct a recipe to serve as many or as few persons as you wish.

MAKE OWN SHELLAC VARNISH

Substitute as Good as Can Be Bought May Quite Easily Be Produced at Home.

For keeping the woodwork that is finished natural in good condition, a substitute for shellac varnish may be made at home and kept ready for use any time the housekeeper chooses, and the natural wood stair treads may be kept looking as fresh as they usually appear the first month after the semi-yearly housecleaning. Take four pounds of silica, or the same quantity of China clay, the former, however, is the better, and stir into it a quart of good Japan liquid drier, and beat the mass into a perfect mixture. Then add, while stirring the mass quickly, one and a half gallons of best hard oil, after which let the mass stand an hour or so and strain through a fine sieve. Thin with turpentine for use, and on soft woods use it very thin, but it should be applied heavier on harder wood. This shellac will look and wear as well as the finer materials sold, and will cost about one-quarter the price of the other.

Spiced Pears.

Wash one-half peck of seckel pears. Cook in boiling water to cover until soft. Take out carefully, place in stone jar, and cover with the following sirup:

Mix one pound of white sugar, one and one-half cupfuls vinegar, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls each of whole cloves and stick cinnamon broken in pieces. Bring to boiling point and let simmer three minutes. Cover jar and let stand two days. Drain off sirup, bring to boiling point, let simmer three minutes and pour over fruit; repeat. In the jar keep a muslin bag in which is tied two tablespoonfuls each of whole cloves and stick cinnamon.

Baked Quinces.

To make baked quinces that are not tough wash and core as you would apples to be baked and put them in a pan, filling the center of each quince with granulated sugar and a little cinnamon. Add a little water to the bottom of the pan and cover the quinces so that they will steam. When the quinces are tender to a thrust of a fork remove the cover and allow them to brown slightly. Serve plain for breakfast or for dessert with whipped cream or a meringue.

Shines Brass.

When brass beds become tarnished, as they often do, you can lacquer them and make them look like new. First rub the brass vigorously with a flannel dipped in whiting, then get ten cents' worth of shellac; dissolve it in enough alcohol to make it thin. Apply with a small brush. It can be done quickly and the bed will look as pretty as if sent to the factory and is much cheaper.

Chicken Cooked in Cream.

Prepare young chicken as for fricassee. Roll in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay in buttered pan close together. Cover with sweet, rich cream and bake until cream is nearly all cooked away, and top of chicken is nicely browned. Chicken must be young and tender for this.

Cold Tomato Relish.

Chop fine one peck of ripe, firm tomatoes. Drain through a cloth over night. Then peel two large Spanish onions, chop fine with three green peppers and two cupfuls of sugar and one quart of vinegar. Stir and seal without cooking.