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A TEST OF FAITH.

A girl was p... in a lane:
He sighted her with interest from afar
And wondered if the effort would be vain—
A loss of time—such efforts often are—
To pass that way, and pause, as fate to rest.
Then modestly accost her—just to see
(Flushing to face, perchance, too bold a test)
What sort of girl this special girl might be?
—Madeline Bridges, in Woman's Home Companion.

money to a naturally frugal-minded woman, who, moreover, prided herself on her own jelly-making ability. This apparently reckless waste of her entire currant-crop, causing as it did to crown the anxiety caused by Sarah's typhoid fever, was too much for poor Mrs. Pidgin, who laid Sophia's letter aside and wept.
Then, being a straightforward person, she seized her pen and wrote and told Mollie what she thought about it. To the letter she added this postscript:
"Whatever else you do don't meddle with the plums and such apples. It's



VESUVIUS MURDEROUS,

THOUSANDS OF LIVES CLAIMED BY VOLCANO IN 1,827 YEARS.

First Known Eruption in A. D. 79 Destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii—Since Then Some Villages Have Been Overwhelmed Twice and Thrice—Ten Years of Activity—Fatality of 1872.

Vesuvius has been more than ordinarily active within the past few years, offering a spectacle of keen interest—of which tourists have not failed to take advantage.
In 1895, 1899, and 1903 the mountain's energies have been violent enough to convey dreadful suggestions of possible disaster, but happily they only suggestions.

burst out of new vent close by them, and twenty of the spectators were caught by and perished in the molten torrent. Many others were injured by a shower of hot stones from the summit.

A tablet near the Royal Observatory on a shoulder of the mountain close by, commemorates this disaster. The tablet itself may have been destroyed by Sunday's upheaval.

The torrent which killed the tourists in 1872 partly destroyed the towns of Massa and San Sebastiano. It ran twelve miles in three hours. At the same time, amid terrific thundering, a huge cloud of smoke and ashes was emitted, which arose to a height of 8,000 feet. The lava flow of this eruption covered an area of two square miles, and averaged thirteen feet in depth. This destroyed property worth \$600,000.

The series of eruptions of 1897 and 1898 did not proceed from the main summit, but burst new and small craters from the side of the mountain looking toward Naples, from which city the glow of the fires within could be seen plainly at night.

The series of 1903 was spectacular and even alarming, with frequent lava

FAREWELL TO AN AUTO.

(After Caroline Norton.)
My beautiful! My beautiful! that standest broken by
With thy dilapidated steering gear and tonneau all awry,
Fret not to skid upon the road, a record new to make,
Ask not to exceed the limit speed, nor auto-law to break,
Fret not to treat with me the poor pedestrian with scorn,
Nor sigh to rend the ambient air with thy most awful horn!
Thy dear chauffeur hath been discharged; thine owner's had his joke,
High-gereed and priced, farewell! farewell! thou'rt broke, my steed, thou'rt broke!
Farewell! those three wheels again full full many a mile may roam,
But not with me—to leave me straggled some twenty miles from home,
Some other hand more skilled than mine must thy dear self repair,
Some person with a larger purse must have thee for a care.
Away with oily speeches and with airy penance!
Farewell! So long! My 'mobile steed, thou art in the garage!
What time I bought thee I was young, thou madest me gray and old,
When I can find a purchaser, thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!
—Franklin P. Adams.



By the Currant Jelly Route

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

The two daughters-in-law of Mrs. Pidgin were Sophia, whom she had selected for her son James, and Mollie, whom William had selected for himself.
James and Sophia lived in their own little cottage at a discreet and therefore comfortable distance from Mrs. Pidgin; but William and Mollie lived with her. Strangely enough, good Mrs. Pidgin and the admirable daughter-in-law of her own choosing had found it impossible to dwell in harmony beneath the same roof.
Mrs. Pidgin was a thoroughly domestic person; so, too, was Sophia. The older woman was a notable cook and housekeeper; so also was Sophia. Mrs. Pidgin's bread was a marvel for lightness; so was Sophia's. Mrs. Pidgin could not abide flies, dust or cobwebs, neither could neat Sophia. But in spite of all these points in common, or probably because of them, these two excellent women were very much happier apart.
Mollie, on the other hand, was as far as Mrs. Pidgin could judge, merely a useless small person with a high school education, a taste for fancy work and a decided dislike for all things domestic. Her ignorance of housekeeping was appalling. She was the very last person that a master-of-fact woman like Mrs. Pidgin would be likely to welcome as a wife for any son of hers.
After all, to the amazement of the village generally, here were frivolous

noons, when Mollie was supposed to be counting the stitches in her embroidery, she was really saying to herself, "Half a cup of butter, three eggs, and four enough to make a stiff batter."
Mollie's opportunity seemed long in coming and she would have liked better had it arrived in some less alarming form than the telegram that summoned Mrs. Pidgin to her daughter Sarah's bedside.
"You'll have to close the house," said Mrs. Pidgin, while Mollie's deft fingers were swiftly packing a small trunk, "and go to Sophia's. She's a good cook, and you know William's digestion."
"Now don't worry about Will or me or the house," said Mollie, neatly fitting a folded alpaca skirt into the space she had made for it. "If I find I can't get the meals, well, go some where to board, but you mustn't give us a single thought. Now there are your handkerchiefs and stockings in this corner of the tray; I've put in some of mine, so you'll have plenty in case it isn't convenient to get things washed."
"My," said Mrs. Pidgin, who was visibly shaken by the unexpected tidings of Sarah's serious illness, "wouldn't have believed you could pack a trunk like that! I don't know but I'm willing to trust you to keep house for William, after all, for you've neat hand."
Half an hour later Mollie, her eyes shining with anticipation, was actually in the kitchen, busy with the currant jelly-making. Thanks to the busy day, William did not start home until late in the evening.

William's lovable little wife had grown to her, she straightway tried to conceal what she secretly called her "ridiculous affection for that child."
In so far as Mollie was concerned, her efforts were successful. Although no one guessed it, Mollie was far from being satisfied with herself. She knew how much value Mrs. Pidgin placed on culinary accomplishments. During the first rather trying week of her residence under her mother-in-law's roof, the unskilled little bride had heard a great deal about the domestic accomplishments of Mrs. James, for Mrs. Pidgin would never admit that Sophia was not perfect.
From that time forth, however, Mollie secretly yearned to be as much as possible like Sophia, which was certainly foolish in her, for Mollie could not have made herself like Sophia if she had tried for a thousand years.
"I don't think, Will," confided Mollie, wistfully, one spring day, "that your mother likes me as well as she seemed to a while ago. You see I'm such a goose about everything useful."
"Nonsense!" said William. "I heard mother tell Sophia the other day that you could baste—no, hemstitch—better than she supposed anybody could."
"Did you?" asked Mollie, visibly brightening. "That was pleasant. But you know, Will, she always says the nicest things she can about any one. That's one of the pleasant things about her. But I know she'd like me better if I could make bread and apple dumplings like Sophia's."
"Don't you ever think it. She likes you all the better for being so unlike herself—and Sophia."
This comforting statement, however, was beyond Mollie's belief. She was certain that in order to receive the full measure of her mother-in-law's respect and love it would be necessary for her to learn not only to cook, but to cook well. How she was to accomplish all this Mollie could not see, because Mrs. Pidgin gently, but none the less firmly, refused all Mollie's offers to help in the kitchen.
"No," Mrs. Pidgin would say, "it frustrates me to have people around when I cook. If you want to help you can put fresh flowers in the vases, or darn those striped socks of William's—I noticed a thin place in the toe."
Of course, if Mrs. Pidgin had guessed how desirous Mollie really was of learning to cook, it is probable that she would have paved the way for her; but Mollie was a timid little person about making her wants known, and the older woman did not suspect her of cherishing such a large, ungratified longing.
Mollie was obliged, therefore, to do all her cooking by theory. She bought an enormous scrap-book and into it went everything pertaining to domestic science that Mollie could wrest from the newspapers.
Mrs. Pidgin, although not an old woman, was an old-fashioned housekeeper, with a fine scorn for modern ways and modern dishes; and she held that a cook who depended on written receipts was no cook at all. It is probable that many of Mollie's carefully collected receipts were worthless; but everything that looked in the least helpful went, in neat alphabetical order, into the bulky book. After

great deal.
What Mollie most wanted was to prove conclusively that she could do it. How was doubting Mrs. Pidgin to be convinced when the daintily poached eggs, crisp muffins and nicely broiled potatoes were all safely stored inside of William?
William suggested saving samplings, but of course that was not feasible, as everybody knows, a muffin, a poached egg without its privacy, is a melancholy object, and sides, William never left any to Mollie.
Mollie finally found her inspiration in the cellar, in the preserve of currants. Only four glasses of currant jelly remained; Mrs. Pidgin had opened and explored this fact within the night. It was good, firm jelly, dark, rich crimson. If, for instance, Mollie could make jelly like this, she could show Mrs. Pidgin on her return reputation as a cook would be ever established.
Returning the glass to its shelf, Mollie flew up the cellar stairs, seized her plethoric cook-book and ran out into the back yard in a strangle against the fence, where twelve bushes with ripening currants sat down on the grass, opened the book at the page containing the receipts for currant jelly, and critically from the currants to the bushes in the night.
"They seem to match the color," said Mollie, "I'll try it right now. I'll have Will sugar at noon."
Mrs. Pidgin always made currant jelly by the time-honored rule her mother had used. This meant the boiling of the juice and for anywhere from three to five hours, and meant a long day's work. However, was much taken by a paper article that flouted the old method, and stated that ten minutes of cooking was enough for jelly.
Both Mrs. Pidgin and Mollie had heard of the twenty-minute method, but neither had any faith in it. Mollie, however, did not think it plausible. Moreover, it fit with certain things she had learned in the chemistry class, another line for which Mrs. Pidgin had no patience.
Mollie boiled her currants for twenty minutes, added a little sugar, allowed it to come to a boil—and the deed was done. She cautiously filled glasses with the ing crimson rows on the shelves, and by morning it was sealed. Mollie, with a sense of her handwork, of course, showed it to William, who bragged about it to James. James recently told Sophia the story, and she had intended to let it be a surprise for Mrs. Pidgin.
Sophia, without intending it, however, mentioned in conversation that Mollie had been making jelly by "that twenty-minute method," but that not having so much sugar, she did not know whether or not it was fit to eat.
Although Mrs. Pidgin was in comfortable circumstances, these twelve currant jelly glasses were the saving of her