

# OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

## Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

FLY-AWAY NANNIE

**"AND** be sure to lock the door after you," ended Nannie's mother. But by this time Nannie was out of sight and hearing. It was always that way. This was just like her—going off half-cocked and losing the end of her mother's directions. Now the chickens would all escape while she was bringing in the eggs. Nannie was what the neighbors called a "fly-away child."

Then she grew up. She was pretty and she was pursued. Christopher pursued her with slow and deliberate methods. Christopher always weighed the consequences before acting. The ground was solid, not only beneath Christopher's feet, but also several yards in advance of him. Indeed, he cut a poor figure beside young Dashwood, who would take a situation by storm, who would—if he won at all—by his ardor and sweeping ways. Dashwood posed and gestured before Nannie with his hat on the side of his head and his air of "Take me or leave me and be quick about it—you won't get a second chance." But, in spite of the fact that young Dashwood was so gay and romantic, and Christopher unharried and rather heavy, Nannie really liked Christopher better.

Then, one day at the railroad station in town, she thought she saw Christopher's broad shoulders through the crowd—Christopher and another girl. As she watched he bent and bestowed an unmistakable farewell kiss upon the lady clinging to him. Then Nannie, with mortification, boarded her suburban train. Presently Dashwood joined her. During their half-hour journey Nannie brought matters to a head and reached home engaged to be married. There on her own porch was Christopher, who had never been to town that day at all.

When Nannie had been married for a year young Dashwood left her. She had enough money to scrape along with—but that was all. One day she read the alluring advertisement of a mining investment. By purchasing shares at the existing low price she might triple her income in a month. If she waited a day to get advice from her broker her opportunity would be gone. Nothing venture, nothing have. Nannie got together every bit of her

capital she could lay hands on and bought mining stock heavily. Then, before long, her friends heard that she was penniless. "Flinging without aiming as usual," was the general verdict. But Christopher went to see her. Laboriously and methodically he told her that he had always loved her. Nannie's reaction was outraged anger. She would show Christopher that, even if she was destitute and a beggar, even if her husband had deserted her, she would keep to the narrow path of virtue, she wouldn't be insulted by any one, she was still Dashwood's wife. So she interrupted him with old-time vehemence and Christopher went away for good. Too late she learned that had she waited for the end of Christopher's long proposal, she would have known that he came to tell her the news of Dashwood's sudden death and her own freedom.

Her habit of pulling trigger before she took sight had lost her her last friend.

**HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?**  
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## MR. PURVIS OF PENSACOLA

By HINTON GILMORE

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

Here is a story that will start you chuckling. Of course none of us are superstitious and maybe that's the reason we never walk under ladders and always shiver when we see 13!

If you chanced to read the Journal of that date, you already know that on Friday, April 13, Mr. G. W. Purvis, dealer in hides, pelts, tallow and beeswax, left Pensacola bound for St. Louis.

But sometimes there is more to a casual journey to St. Louis than appears in the column devoted to "City Brevities and News of the Streets." Let us, therefore, violate the interstate commerce commission ruling on that subject, and ride free and unobserved with the well-known Pensacola dealer in hides and pelts, tallow and beeswax.

At Mobile he boarded the train one "Oriole Joe" Maxey. It would not be a bad guess to venture that "Oriole Joe" carried in his satchel an ordinary gold brick of commerce, whose core, were it pierced by a suspecting gimlet, would have assayed heavily in lead.

His purpose in getting on at Mobile was twofold—to avoid the awakened attention of the police, and to sell one gold brick to the best commercial advantage.

"Oriole Joe" entered the car and sized up the occupants. He was quick to note the trusting eye and the receding chin of the Pensacolan. In the third seat beyond, he also observed another promising-looking prospect. With one, it was a question of choosing between Purvis and the other prospect, a farmer who had just settled a mortgage on his home and was heading for New Orleans to buy an automobile.

## WASHINGTON

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

**THIS** was his greatness; he could be Vision and judgment, fact and dream; His was the truly balanced mind, Not skeptical, nor yet extreme. No thinker quicker caught the gleam Of new-born stars in human skies, And yet he tested star and stream, On earth and heaven kept his eyes.

THIS was his greatness; he could be Leader and comrade, master, man; He wore the robe of dignity, With human brotherhood his plan. He was the first American, A pattern for a nation now, His soul as large as heaven's span, His heart as tender as its dew.

THIS was his greatness; Washington Met strength with strength, yet could be kind Without the look of weakness—one Who firmness, gentleness, combined. His was the truly balanced mind That none could flatter nor defame; To glory and ambition blind, He won, unsought, a deathless name. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## SCHOOL DAYS



## Your Last Name

IS IT KISSAM?

**THERE** seems to be much difference of opinion and uncertainty concerning the surname Kissam. However, there is no uncertainty concerning the fact that the family was founded in this country by one John Kissam, born in 1644, who made his home in Flushing, L. I. It is not known where he was born. That is, some authorities say that he was born in England, while others say he was a native of Amsterdam, Holland, and others have it that he was a Huguenot from Montpellier, France. It would be interesting for some member of the Kissam family to trace to its source each one of these traditions.

The fact that the Kissams were always strong supporters of the English or Episcopal church certainly suggests that they were English rather than Hollanders, though there are some instances of families of Dutch name having become devoted Episcopals. Sometimes the fact that the head of the family married women of that church led to the future alliance of the family with that church.

It is also recalled that the Kissams were strong Tories in the Revolution,

a fact that has been cited in proof of the English origin of the family. But this might be explained in another way. The Kissams were from the first persons of prominence in Queens county, Long Island, and intermarried with the Whitehead, Rutgers, Hewlett, Treadwell, Combs, Van Brunt, Vanderbilt and other prominent families in and about New York city.

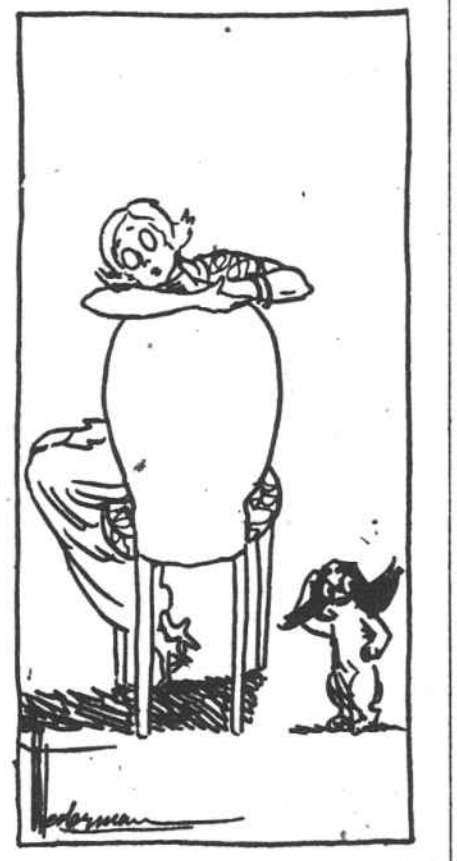
Simple—There is no doubt that this is derived from an earlier form of surname, St. Paul. This sort of contraction of a saint's name was quite usual.

Holland—At first sight you might suppose that the first to bear this name was a native of the Netherlands, but it is an English name derived from a small place in Lancashire called Holland.

Maud—This is clearly a matronymic. That is to say, it is a surname derived from the mother rather than from the father.

Low—This is usually a German Jewish name and, of course, is from the word meaning lion in German. About a hundred years ago, when German Jews were required by law to adopt a definite surname, many took names of animals and birds, as Adler, Eagle, Hirsch, Hart and Wolf. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she supposes the shipping interests will get on their feet before long now, since it's definitely settled that they don't have to pay any subsidy. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## Mother's Cook Book

**SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS**

**THE** evening meal on Sunday is usually a light one. To the old-fashioned folk, there is no dish that they like better than mush and milk.

For those who enjoy the chafing dish or who are fortunate to have men in the family who like to dabble in meal getting, Sunday night is a good time for their activities. Omelets, rarebits, with sandwiches and coffee, toast with various additions, are all good. Oysters stewed, fried or scalloped, are not beyond the ability of a tyro in cookery.

A good piece of toast may be the basis for any number of good things. Creamed eggs, fish, oysters or creamed vegetables of some kind, as vegetable oysters. An easy way to prepare fried oysters is to dip them in milk, then in rolled cracker crumbs and fry them until plump, in butter. Serve with a relish of some kind, even the ordinary cabbage finely shredded and dressed with vinegar and salt, is most palatable.

If one wishes to be quite elegant, serve the relish in halves of lemon, one for each plate.

An onion sandwich is very popular for a night lunch. Cut the mild onion into very thin slices, dip in a good highly seasoned French dressing and use between slices of thin buttered bread. With a glass of hot milk, or a cup of cocoa, the appetite is satisfied.

Onions are especially recommended to ward off disease, and in keeping the body in good health.

A simple salad that even a child may be taught to serve is lettuce with peanuts and a mayonnaise dressing. Use head lettuce, sprinkle with chopped nuts, a very little minced onion and a generous portion of mayonnaise. This with bread and butter and a hot drink, is another good meal.

Cottage cheese with minced pepper, chives and a bit of salad dressing is a nourishing dish.

Cold meats, fish and fowl are always popular to serve for a supper dish. Any may be used as sandwich filling which are in too small pieces to serve as cold meat.

**Rocks.**

Take one and one-half cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter,

one cup of walnuts chopped, and raisins, also chopped; three eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three and one-fourth cups of flour and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one and one-half teaspoonfuls of hot water. Mix as usual and drop by spoonfuls on baking sheets.

**Saddle of Venison.**

Lard a saddle of venison and cook the same as a saddle of mutton. Serve with currant jelly sauce. To prepare take one cup of brown sauce, add one-fourth of a cup of currant jelly and a tablespoonful of orange juice.

**Deviled Pecans.**

Put shelled pecans into a frying pan, add a teaspoonful of olive oil, stir until slightly browned, pour out on absorbent paper, sprinkle with salt and a few dashes of red pepper. Serve at once before the crispness has been lost.

**Neenie Maxwell**  
(© 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Drawing a coin from his pocket, he designated Purvis, the pelt dealer, "talls," and the farmer who pined for rapid locomotion, "heads." There was a trifling spin of the disk. Maxey observed the result with a satisfied smile, and forthwith struck up an acquaintance with the farmer.

Ensuing events have no interest except to a New Orleans automobile dealer, whose well-devised plan of follow-up letters failed to bring in a promising prospect just when he seemed clinched.

Miss Celeste Adair, very attractive, though overdressed, boarded the train of Mr. Purvis of Pensacola, at New Orleans, ticketed ostensibly for Meridian. But she had something more in view than a short smoky ride upon the cars. Briefly and bluntly, Miss Adair was low in funds. Life in New Orleans is expensive, and the young woman, being a devotee of certain refined palaces of chance, longed for the wherewithal to make an uphill climb against Luck. Her object in taking a trip at this time was to make the acquaintance of some married person of home-town respectability, from whom funds might be drawn by that inelegant but often effective procedure of blackmail.

Scarcely had the train left New Orleans when she observed Mr. Purvis. Here, in all innocence, was game. He looked just prosperous enough to stand for about a \$250 monthly gouge for perhaps a year, before threshing it out over his own lares and penates, and then appealing to the police. Mr. Purvis, unconscious of the unkind scheme, scanned the quotations of the Hide and Pelt Dealer's Guide.

Miss Adair made her survey more inclusive. The car yielded, however, but one other prospect—a professor, perhaps, in a small school, or pastor tending the spiritual grazing of a small-town flock. From either of the two men the adventures felt that there might be an income derived.

Thrusting a dainty finger between the pages of a book she carried, she agreed with herself that if the number under her hand proved to be an even numeral Mr. Purvis should by that edict be chosen to rehabilitate the lowering funds of the young woman; if the numeral were odd, the distinction would depend upon the dignified gentleman with the clerical costume.

At Meridian, a man with beetling brow and formidable chin boarded the train and hurriedly approached the seat where Miss Adair sat in mirthful conversation with her companion. There were harsh words spoken low. Threats of divorce proceedings with corresponding publicity were effectively voiced. Some agreement was reached, and Miss Adair accompanied her beetle-browed confederate back to New Orleans on the next train. The president of a little college for girls over near the Alabama line is sending her \$200 each month with which she is slowly recuperating her sunken losses.

Meridian added a few passengers

to the train list, among them Harvey Collier, suave itself. Dressed stylishly, manicured, polished and perfumed, he seemed out of place in the dingy day coach. But it was a question of business with him, and he lost no time in setting about his work. Standing in the doorway of the car, he sized up the field. Observing Mr. Purvis of Pensacola, he smiled. He almost went forward to take the vacant half of the seat, without further preliminaries. A second glance, though, revealed another promised dividend. Across the car and forward, sat a stout passenger, begirded by a heavy gold watch chain.

Collier had a proposition in which he felt either might be interested. But complications might arise if he attempted to interview them both.

Collier, being weak on matters requiring instant decision, left the problem to Chance, ingeniously. If the next station bore a name of one syllable, he proposed to interest Mr. Purvis in his scheme, if of two or more, the stout gentleman with the auriferous girdle was to be approached. The next station was Bartholomew, and two hours later Harvey Collier left the train at an obscure town in northern Mississippi, and the begirded stout man perused a deed, reciting a consideration of \$600, cash in hand, paid for certain city lots in the town of Subaqua, located, had he not known, twenty miles out in the Gulf of Mexico.

Without further incident, early morning brought the train to St. Louis. At five o'clock a. m. in outlying streets little traffic strid in St. Louis. But at a darkened corner two men stood in the shadow and observed whatsoever might be moving. They saw the approaching Mr. Purvis and noted with satisfaction that he wore a diamond stud.

The shadowed shadows decided upon seizure and forfeiture. A minute or so, and the prize was almost within grasp; being merely a question of a quick blow in the back of the man's head, a hasty pinch at the shirt bosom and a speedy getaway.

Closer came the prey. Suddenly "Lop-Eared" Hunt whispered: "Nuttin' doin' tonight, bo! I've lost the rabbit's foot out of me pocket!"

Which goes far in explaining why Mr. Purvis, in perfect good health and humor, much refreshed by his walk from the station, came into the Continental hotel.

The Continental had but two empty rooms for the price at which Mr. Purvis desired to be housed. They were numbered, if you chance to be interested in such trifling statistics, 1323 and 1313. Given but two chances, with the necessity of making a choice, the clerk became viggilant personally. He seemed unable to select. First his hand stretched for the key to room 1313, and back again to No. 1323.

At that moment bell boy No. 13, seeking instructions relative to ice water desired, urgently, by a bibulous reservoir in No. 417, came within view of the hesitant clerk. He saw the boy's badge with its emblazoned "13" and considered the matter settled professionally, handed key No. 1313 to the man who had charge of the new guest's solitary suitcase—shabby security for a much-desired ransom.

"Please call me at eight o'clock in the morning," the Pensacolan admonished as he vanished toward the elevator.

At eight o'clock, a dutiful servant rapped lightly on the door of Room 1313. No response came, and the rapping increased in rapidity and vigor. Still no response.

There came through the transom a wispy odor of fugitive gas. Quickly apprehensive (gas being expensive), the boy summoned his superiors, and the door was unlocked with a key sent up from the desk. There was an undeniable presence of gas. It wasn't even necessary to light a match to find the point of escape, for a low hissing from a pipe in the corner of the room gave a quick cue to the break. After pausing to shut off the supply at the point of intake, the hotel servants gave attention to the unconscious figure on the bed. Life existed in the crumpled heap of humanity, but at a low ebb. Physicians were summoned, restoratives were placed in operation, and very slowly the gentleman was brought back from the hem of the hereafter.

A reporter, inquisitive as his clan must ever be, sought, in addition to information gleaned from the hotel register, to learn more thoroughly the subject matter for his first yarn of the day. With no pang of impropriety he searched the clothing of the man who was being resuscitated. In an upper vest pocket, the reporter found a card which shall be read in your presence and the reading shall end the tale.

The card proclaimed the unconscious man to be:

**G. W. PURVIS**  
Pensacola, Fla.  
President National Association for the Eradication of Senseless Superstition.

Our creed:—"There's no such thing as luck!"

## Fondness for Animals Makes the World Kin

Among the thousands of dog lovers who frequent the public squares and parks a freemasonry seems to exist. The presence of a dog of any size or breed, at the end of a tether or running wild, makes formal introductions unnecessary and helps people of widely contrasted social planes to discover a bond of sympathy, says the New York Times.

Let two persons meet, each tethered to a dog, and they are friends at once. The fact can be proved daily in any park. One dog lover may be accompanied by a high-bred collie, the other may lead a hound of uncertain ancestry, but let the dogs approach one another and their respective owners will at once enter into conversation. The primmest of women and the most self-centered of men are not proof against the good will that a common fondness for animals engenders.

**And the Rest Followed**

"I see," said Gabe Giggery, "that you've had a good new bunnet. Did you have anything to do with her getting it?" "Yes—dad-blast the luck!" returned Zeke Yawkey. "I told her she couldn't—by gosh—have it!" Kansas City Star.

**Great Men's Friendship**

Boccaccio, the great Italian novelist of the fourteenth century, author of the famous "Decameron," was an intimate friend of the celebrated poet, Petrarch. His friend's death is said to have notably hastened Boccaccio's

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

## Horticulture News

SPRING PLOWING AID TO CLOVER

**How much it would add to the glory of the homes if it could be said of every one as of Lord Holland—"It always comes to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune had fallen."**

**APPETIZING FOODS**

During winter oranges and other citrus fruits are most reasonable in price and most abundant. Their delicious flavor stimulates and refreshes the appetite and their color adds to any dish or table.

For the first course an orange cup, filled with diced orange, a bit of grapefruit, seeded and peeled grapes and rind-flavored sugar sirup, is especially well liked.

Although the orange is delicately acid, it has an alkaline reaction which makes it especially valuable in counteracting foods that produce acids.

As a dessert, oranges make an excellent sweet course, containing sugar which is partially digested. After an elaborate and heavy dinner a light, easily digested dessert is a necessity.

**Orange Mint Cup.**—Take one cupful each of diced grapefruit pulp, orange pulp and pineapple. Mix and sprinkle with a little sugar and lemon juice—or better a lemon sirup, made by cooking sugar, lemon juice and rind with a little water. Chill and fill halves of oranges, set into sherbet cups, or simply fill the glasses with the fruit mixture. At the last moment sprinkle with finely minced mint and garnish with a sprig of fresh mint in the center of the glass.

**Orange Meringues.**—Separate into sections four oranges, without breaking the membrane. Make a sirup of one-half cupful each of lemon juice, water and any canned fruit juice, boiling five minutes. Add the oranges, cover and cool. This is compote and may be served just as it is. Place these sirup-covered orange sections on rounds of sponge cake, moisten with a little of the sirup. Prepare a meringue, using two egg whites, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a tablespoonful of the compote sirup. Cover the oranges and set in a moderate oven to brown. Serve cold with some of the compote as a garnish.

**Orange Ice Cream.**—Cook two cupfuls of water with one cupful of sugar, cool and add one cupful of orange juice, a pint of thin cream, a pinch of salt. Freeze as usual.

**Winter Fruits.**

The orange is especially prized during the winter months, when it is at its best and most plentiful and good flavored.

The winter diet, being rich and heavy, needs such fruit to keep the body in good condition. All citrus fruits contain fruit salts and acids which are most beneficial to health.

A pint of orange juice contains almost the same number of food units as three-quarters of a pint of milk. Orange juice is quickly assimilated and because of its action on the bowels, is one of the finest digestive regulators.

Its beautiful color makes the orange particularly enjoyed in winter, when color in foods is most appreciated.

As a garnish the orange has wide possibilities. Baskets, cups, flowers, confections, may be prepared, the rind preserved and served as a confection, or as receptacles for salads or jellies.

A sherbet is easily prepared using citrus fruit, orange or lemon juice, sugar sirup and water, or if a richer sherbet is desired, thin cream or rich milk in place of the water. Serve in orange cups with roast meats or fowl. Candies of various kinds flavored with these fruit juices are both wholesome and delicious. Plain fondant, flavored with lemon or orange juice and made into patties like the wintergreen or peppermint are well liked.

Turkish delight prepared with gelatin, sugar sirup and fruit juices, cooled in a flat dish and cut into oblongs, then rolled in powdered sugar is another very popular confection.

Glaced fruits are particularly well liked during the cold weather. Orange sections, kumquats, tangerines and lemon quarters are very attractive. These should be eaten the same day made, as they soften in the air quickly.

To prepare the sirup for glaced fruits take two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of boiling water, one-third of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil until the sirup begins to color light brown, or to 310 degrees F., then dip each piece quickly, keeping the sirup over hot water.

**Wellesley Fudge.**—Cook three squares of chocolate, one-half cupful of milk and two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar for ten minutes; add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cream one cupful of light brown sugar and one-half cupful of butter. Add one-half cupful of sour milk, two well-beaten eggs and two cupfuls of sifted pastry flour, one teaspoonful of soda and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. To this add the above cooked mixture. Combine and bake in layers for twenty minutes. Put together with chocolate fudge frosting.

**Neenie Maxwell**  
**Nothing Out of the Way**

Animosa, a sensitive shrub, develops nervous prostration when touched too often. There seems to be something human about the animosa. We've felt the same way, many times.—Omaha Bee.

**Keep Straight Path**

So grasping dishonesty that it is no respecter of persons; it will cheat friends as well as foes; and were it possible would cheat even God Himself.—Bancroft.

**Avoid All Acute Angles**

**Crotches in Pruning**

Among the details of pruning work that should be constantly in the mind of the pruner is the matter of avoiding acute angle crotches. Two branches start out from a central origin and are of about equal strength. If they are allowed to grow normal, a weak crotch usually results. However, following their first growth one of them is headed back one-half that of the other, the larger one will become the leader and the other heavily headed back will become a side branch and will firmly unite with heavily growing one. Care in making such crotches in this way will result in trees are young will result in the capable of holding up a heavy crop fruit when bearing time is reached.

**Control Peach Leaf Curl**

Peach-leaf-curl, a disease which occurs in the spring and is manifested by swollen and distorted leaves and twigs, with sometimes quite serious damage to the trees, can be controlled by adding bordeaux mixture to the strength, to the oil-emulsion spray. The main point to be remembered concerning the control of this disease is that the spray must be applied before the buds begin to swell. No control will be obtained.

**Horticulture Hints**

If farmers would market only the class fruit, the corner fruit would have to sell that kind.

Your trees cannot function properly without a good supply of moisture in the soil in which they are growing.

All mummified fruits are sources of infections that should never be allowed to remain on the trees or on the ground beneath the trees.

Producing high-quality fruit is not enough without wasting time and labor at their best.

Young fruit trees are frequently killed by gophers gnawing the roots. Prevention costs but little. It can be considerable.

Pruning does not invigorate a tree but tends to dwarf it. The tree is no exception to this rule. More a tree is pruned, especially young tree, the more it needs pruning.

The principles of pruning are the same for all kinds of fruit trees. In this general rule, the peach is the exception.

A pecan tree, productive while in its early teens, is in the prime of life at one hundred years of age and scattering its blessings.

When the long winter nights come a few good eating apples and a paper help pass away the winter waiting for your enjoyment.