

TRUE TO THE HERO

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"Hello!" hailed one young man, crawling out of the side of a haystack and facing another young man, just emerged from a second stack ten feet away.

"So you've been enjoying a free bed, too, eh?" was the laughing challenge.

Then both proceeded to unwind the hay from their clothing and brush the timothy seed from their hair. The toot-toot of a threshing machine in a field near by aroused those of the birds not yet awake and had signaled to the two wayfarers that a new day was on its way.

"I little expected to meet any of my friends in my present unpleasant predicament," spoke Bob Tyrrell.

"Oh, the smash is general," retorted Tom Martin, carelessly—"all sorts and conditions of what is left of the University Biography counting the ties citywards."

They were two bright, clean, lively young fellows, just started out in life. Both had served an apprenticeship as cub reporters. Then a great write-up scheme had attracted them. They became two of some fifty "biographers" sent out through the country to write up the prominent men of counties and townships. At the end of a month the remittances from headquarters had suddenly and effectually ceased, and the hungry army found themselves stranded.

These two had unexpectedly met, and under peculiar conditions. Tom regarded his companion with a quizzical smile as he made a show of rummaging pockets. Tom managed to produce a broken cigar, which he proceeded to enjoy with difficulty.

"Well," he said, "I suppose the natural thing to do is to get back to the city and begin all over again. I shan't do that, though."

"You won't?" questioned Bob.

"Not I. There's a scheme I intend to try. It will be the stronger if you



Dashing on at Breakneck Speed.

go in with me on it. I have lost money on this biographical business, but I have gained lots of experience and new ideas. I propose to capitalize them. I won't go back to the city with drooping feathers, a failure, till I make good."

"I shall not go back to the city at all," spoke Bob, almost gravely and with a slight sigh as if he were mentally disturbed, and there came a far away dreamy expression into his face. "I have no interests or affiliations there. I am charmed with this free cheery country life. I have gained experience, too, Tom, and something else."

Tom studied his companion with interest. They were close friends. He felt that some important confidence was coming.

"What is it, Bob?" he asked softly. "Love," was the tender but definite reply. "You will not laugh at me, we are too good friends for that, but you will never know how irresistible was the influence that has brought new joy and impulse into my life until you have seen Ethel Prothero."

"That's her name, is it, Bob? Well, you are a good fellow and she must be a good girl to attract you, but—"

The speaker made a comical wry grimace indicative of the penniless prospect facing them. Bob understood him.

"Oh, I shall soon mend all that," declared Bob buoyantly. "She loves me. She will wait for me and I am sure it will not take me long to find some work—a start towards building up a competency to care for us."

"Love in a cottage and all that—good!" cried Tom cheerily, with an encouraging slap on the shoulder of his good friend. "You've got a star of hope ahead, sure, but just at this moment, what about something to eat?"

They were about a mile from a bustling little manufacturing town and Tom took the lead in that direction.

"An old schoolmate used to live here," he said. "If he hasn't moved, or died, or got hard hearted and selfish, he'll surely stake me till I get on my feet with my new enterprise."

"Which is what?" inquired Bob. "Biography. Yes, sir! hard as we've fallen down on it, the same is now our sole rock and refuge. I propose to arrange with the local paper here for

a supplement write up of prominent citizens. Why won't it work? The big scheme would have, if the capital hadn't given out. We can surely round up wages for a couple of weeks on our plan, and take none of the financing or risk. Hello—see there, Bob!"

Tom suddenly interrupted himself with a sharp cry. A horse attached to a light wagon was visible where the road drooped past a bluff spot. The lines were trailing, the driver, an old man, had been thrown from his seat over into the wagon box and lay there either helpless or insensible.

The horse suddenly veered, dashing on at breakneck speed towards a sharp decline in the highway. Peril menaced. In a flash Bob was on a sharp run, aiming to head off the runaway steed. There was only one thing to do, Bob found, as he neared the runaway—this was to describe a quick leap, land directly on the back of the horse and pull him to a sharp halt right at the edge of a pit where destruction loomed.

Some men came running from the field. They knew the old man. He was simply stunned and they carried him into the house near by and the two friends went on their way and forgot the episode.

Tom was staked by his friend and a clean brisk campaign of publicity commenced. It was quite successful. One day Bob went to visit a person said to be the richest man in the village—Ezra Bartley.

He had heard that the old man was miserly and difficult to approach. The minute he appeared at the door of his house, however, his keen ferret eyes scanned Bob closely.

"See here," he observed, "from description you are a young man I've been inquiring about. You are the fellow who stopped my runaway horse the other day and probably saved my life."

"Oh, not so serious as that," disclaimed Bob modestly.

"I'm the judge of that," retorted the old man in his characteristic terse way. "Now then, what can I do for you?"

Bob told of the write-up proposition, to which his host listened rather impatiently.

"Humph!" he observed. "I've not much vanity, so I don't cotton to your scheme. I owe you a good deal, though, and if you will not garble it, I'll go in for a column. I'm rather proud of my old family history, although today I have neither kith nor kin in all the wide world."

Mr. Bartley began the history of his life. It had a sad shade. He had become separated from his relatives while making a fortune. He had returned from a distant country to find them scattered, dead, lost. He had not been able to find one near of kin living.

"My sister Elsie, who was Mrs. Prothero," began Mr. Bartley, and Bob stopped him excitedly to tell him of the friendless orphan, Elsie Prothero, whom he knew.

It took only a few days to prove that old Mr. Bartley had found a near and dear relative. He felt too grateful to Bob not to see him started in business on a good way. As to Ethel—although an heiress now, she was true to the hero of her humbler days. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

FOOD WASTED IN KITCHEN

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley Comes to the Front as a Critic of the Present Day Housewife.

"We have the most abundant and palatable food in the world, and yet spoil more of it in the kitchen than any other country, or all other countries."

So says Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the pure food expert.

Exempting his own wife, whom he said he "acquired late in life," he declared that American women, as a whole, are "the worst cooks in the world."

"Good food and good cooking are preventives of divorce," asserted Dr. Wiley. Last summer he sampled the menu of French peasants, and from that experience was born this question.

"Who ever heard of divorce in rural France?"

"You can no more drive a man away from a good table than you can a cat," he continued, "and if you do, he will come back. The way to keep husbands at home is to feed them well."

"Old age is the only disease a respectable person ever should die of. The average life in this country today is forty-four years. There is no reason why it shouldn't be eighty-eight. If we would go back to the simple life, we could all live much longer than we're going to."

Dr. Wiley advocated the removal of manufacturing plants from cities to rural districts as the best solution of the problem of urban congestion. If this were done, he thinks, the cost of living would not soar so high, for the lessened congestion would help solve the question of distribution of the country's abundant food supply and thus bring down prices.

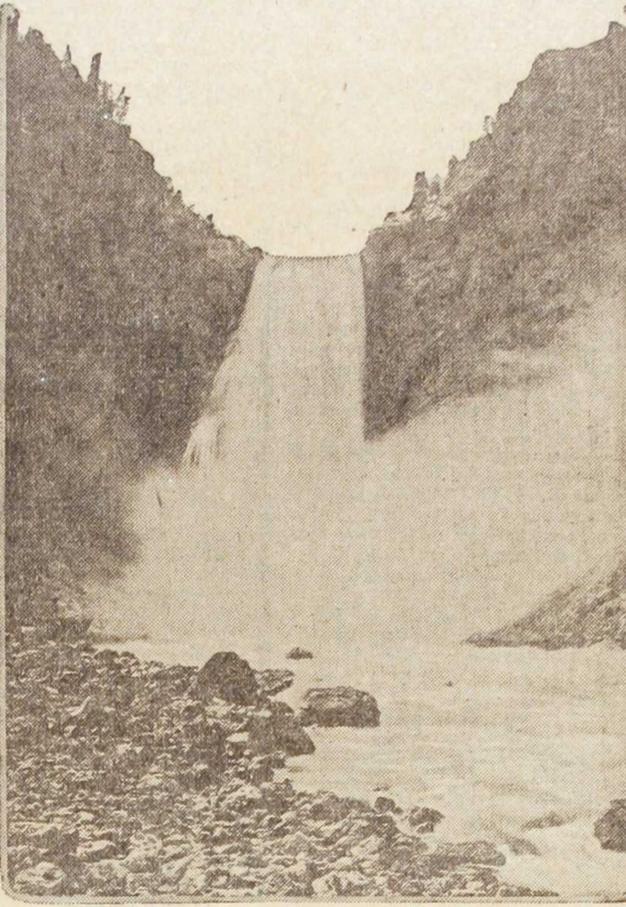
Honors Were Even.

The Washington correspondent of a New York paper recently took his small son, six years old, to the newspaper man's semi-weekly conference with the president. At the conclusion of the conference he took Tommy up to the president and introduced him.

The president patted Tommy kindly on the head and said: "How are you, my little man? I have often heard your father speak of you."

Tommy was embarrassed, but not to be outdone in courtesy. "Yes, sir," he stammered. "I—I think I've heard him speak of you, too."

CANYON OF A THOUSAND SPLENDORS



GREAT FALLS

THERE is a strange satisfaction in having any great experience of life reserved for one until maturity of thought and a development of the appreciative faculties insure an understanding point of view upon it.

As Theodore Dreiser has said, apropos of his recent first visit to London, "We can only do one thing significantly once. The first time of any important thing sticks and lasts; it comes back at times, and haunts you with its beauty and its sadness."

"We can do anything but once for the first time," was the thought I had persistently in mind as I reached forward in prospect to my first glimpse of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, writes Neeta Marquis in the Los Angeles Times. It was not only to be my first vision of this canyon but of any Grand Canyon in the world, and I ached with the sense of what it was going to mean to me.

All the way I had abstained from guide books with almost religious earnestness, lest other travelers' impressions taken beforehand might blur my own when the time came for their forming. All the freshness of first wonderment must be reserved for my own eyes. Beauty filtered through another's consciousness is good, if it can be had in no better way. But this was my opportunity for a better way.

Stream Teemed With Fish.

It had rained during the night, but that had only quickened the mountain air and laid the dust on the long gray roads. Starting from the Antwerp-blue lake, our journey followed first along the Yellowstone river, a clear cold green stream teeming with fish, which leaped and frolicked in its transparent tide.

Pine forests loomed dark beside the road, and the sky above was thick and soft with brooding rain clouds.

The forests receded as we advanced, and before long the way opened out into the famous Hayden valley, lush with grass and rich in colors of golden green, reddish brown, mauve and tan and pink. The green river flowed through the middle of it, taking fantastic shapes at times around the quaint little grassy islands which broke the continuity of its flow.

We halted to make a detour on foot to gaze upon the Mud Geyser. It was a weird, almost a sickening sight—a hole under a mountain side forever and forever belching forth a thick black liquid permeated with the odor of sulphur.

There was somewhat primordial in the ugliness of it. It repelled while it fascinated me. It depressed me to think that year in and year out, through all the blue and green beauty of June and the snowy loveliness of December, there is no cessation to the motion or to the slop, slop sound of the slimy mud in its heavy splashing. It was the monster Calliban in a realm of enchantment—the one unlovely thing we saw in the park.

A few feet away from this Calliban was the Miranda of the Isle, a small and beautiful clear water geyser sparkling forth from under a little sheltering gable-roof of golden and green formation. And the black stream and the clear one could not but meet as they flowed down to a common level.

It was good to be driving for miles through the sweet, placid, rain-wet valley after we left this point.

We approached from the rear the falls which mark the head of the Grand Canyon, and we had no intimation of their nearness in the steady,

deep, unrippled flow of the clear green river.

I can look back now, however, and see that the river gained in depth and serenity—in poise, so to speak—as it neared this great crisis of its course, which involved rocks and chasms to shelter its evenness and to tear its smooth green color into a million rainbows.

Our first view of the canyon itself was marred as an impression, because it was taken in company with a coach-load of fellow travelers. Inspiration Point was the high far aerial from which we took that first comprehensive gaze up canyon and down, from the man-made platform overhanging its bewildering dazzle and depth.

"Inspiration Point!" chattered one inconsequent girl, as she leaned over the railing to measure the spaces with her eye. "How long does it take to get inspired?"

Nature issues no guarantees for inspiration for the mere asking, however. At her booth inspirations are sold, and the most vital inspiration goes to him who has bid highest in deep quietness of mind and reverent simplicity of spirit.

But nothing could mar the canyon as a fact. And it was in our unhurried separate studies of it that its magnificence made its lasting imprint, not to be outdone for splendor by oriental visions of seas of jasper and walls of garnet and sardonyx.

Golden Sea of Air.

Looking up the gorge from Inspiration Point, between the walls of rent sulphur cliffs, we could see the foaming descent of the great falls—nearly 400 feet of frothy white, viewed through a dazzle of prismatic lights.

Down the gorge there were green peaks covered with pines, and beyond them one tall mountain wrapped in deep violet mist. Below the wall, upon the rim of which we were frantically perched, tall needles of rock thrust up their points, colored like the garments of Cleopatra, and upon one or two of the pinnacles the ospreys had found their nests where they might lay their young. Even now the soaring birds floated near the nests, black specks in a golden sea of air far beneath us.

It was from Artist Point, on the opposite side, that we were best able to study the bewildering canyon color. At varied hours of the day the effects were strengthened or softened, but the bewilderment of the beauty did not alter. Here the walls were nearly 2,000 feet high, and every foot of the way dabbled with lengthwise streaks of color—rose, terra cotta, sulphur, chrome, orange, burnt orange, brown, green, gray-green, lavender. The blendings were ineffably soft. The atmosphere was like velvet. The river was an emerald thread below. It was a flashing knife which had cut down through a sheer mountain of sulphur, leaving ragged places on the sides where the rainbows of all the gods had snagged and been drained of their tints to warm the soil.

The falls were magnificent as they dashed over the titanic rocks, clear green and glittering in the sun, torn into the finest foam of white. The spray rose in clouds, swept by some continuous air-current against the north wall of the canyon, which was covered with a plush of emerald moss wherever thus watered.

Saving Stamp Money.

Patience—She says her husband is trying to economize now.
Patrice—How, I wonder?
"By forgetting to mail her letters."

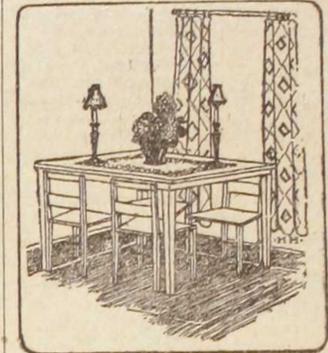
NEWEST IN FURNITURE

REMARKABLY PRETTY THINGS HAVE BEEN DESIGNED.

Breakfast Table Set Not Unreasonably Expensive, and Durable—Fern Stand a Delightful Accessory for Dining Room.

An inexpensive Austrian ware for the breakfast table is called Rusticana. It comes in many odd shapes, though the same decoration holds throughout. It is cream colored, with garlands of large, brightly colored German flowers. Pitchers are from 25 cents to \$1. Breakfast plates are 35 cents apiece; cups, 15 cents; egg trays, \$1; platters, \$1; bowls, 50 cents.

An attractive breakfast table is shown in the illustration. It is odd in design and takes up little space, as the four chairs are low of back and



are made to exactly fill the four quarter-spaces of the table. It is also a fine card table. The amazingly low price for table and chairs is \$21. It is in dull old oak.

An oblong, three-shelfed stand, with a handle stretching above the top shelf, was seen at \$12. This was similar to a muffin stand, but newer of design.

A delightful dining room accessory is a fern stand. It has a zinc lined flower box, and is about the height of an ordinary table. These fern stands are often very handsome. One of mahogany with cane insets was seen at \$17. This had square ends. And one with rounded box ends cost \$20. A dull oak stand was \$11.

A mahogany tea-wagon, which is shown in the last drawing, costs \$20, and another one in oak and cane, with a cretonne-filled tray, is \$25.

Two little high-chairs for the babies were most delightful little things—of mahogany, both of them. One at \$22 was a chippendale, and the other was a Windsor at \$12.—Philadelphia Record.

PUT TRIMMING ON HAT BAND

To the Small Bonnets This Idea Skillfully Done Has a Very Charming Effect.

Not being able to find a new way to trim a hat, this year's millinery artist has followed the ingenious method of taking the trimming from the hat and confining it to the band which goes around the head.

What funny things they are—these new little, untrimmed shapes, with a floral band to go around the back of the head under the high casque knot! One produced by a leading importer is a flat-crowned, narrow-brimmed bit of lavender straw, without one symptom of flower, ribbon or feather any place on its limited expanse. To go under the knot, however, there is a band of thickly studded violets—almost funereally solid, in fact.

It is certainly a sensation, and the dealers are all predicting for this little flat hat, with the wayward trimming, an immense vogue for the spring.

USE FOR OLD LACE CURTAINS

May Be Employed for Effective Designs in Decorative Needlework as Suggested.

The housewife who is the owner of some really pretty old lace curtains has in them valuable materials for economical decorative needlework if the fairly good parts of the curtain display effective designs. If the design is small and dainty and enough duplicates of it are intact, then they may be applied successfully to net for yokes, cuffs and even panels for children's wash dresses. For the latter purpose the pattern should be sharply cut out and arranged to the best advantage on a background of linen or washable material and basted firmly, taking care that all of it is perfectly flat. Either buttonhole the outline invisibly in white or use a thicker thread and bolder stitch. Let the applique stand out distinctly; if fancy dictates, work in velvets and other markings to suit your taste.

It is a comparatively easy matter to convert the larger undamaged pieces of old lace curtains into a variety of table and cushion covers, etc. By combining with linen or batiste very effective bureau or table covers can be made in many attractive patterns.

Wrinkles Are Out.

They're passe.
Women do not have them.
They are not being worn this year.
Massage and the tango have done it.
A sparkle to your eye is worth two crow's feet in the corner.

BRIGHT STRIPES THE VOGUE

Colors and Combinations for Spring May Almost Be Described as Glaring.

The Roman stripes with their dazzling bright hues are to be worn this spring by women.

From all indications the red and gold stripes are to be displayed in every possible guise, say the merchants.

In vests and sashes and even in more startling ways the bright stripes are to be worn.

The most popular way of wearing the Roman colors will be in sashes. They are being shown in the stores made with a bow in the back, built high and with draping tassels on the side.

The stripes also will be seen on the hats. The ribbons will be draped about the hat and will allow a sort of tassel to hang from the side or back.

Other styles will be striped vests. Vests have been worn all winter, but the brighter stripes are to be the spring style. These are to be made with long points and cut on the bias, allowing the stripes to slant away from the points.

FASHION HINTS

The woman of limited income will be wise to adopt one color for her wardrobe, with variations of tone and treatment.

The turban shows no signs of waning. One of the fashionable colors is stone gray.

Both long and short sleeves are fashionable. Among the late skirts are those cut with yokes.

Hats of corduroy are fashionable for young girls.

Fabrics show designs borrowed from the Chinese.

Many new spring costumes show the rippling flounce.

For morning wear the silk or satin skirt holds its own.

Rich flower tones appear in the colors of the new fabrics.

Checks the Vogue.

Checks are used almost as liberally as stripes and plaids. Black-and-white checked street suits are shown in all the newest cuts. They are always a good choice for the women who need not be very economical. For the woman who can have only one suit the checked one is hardly the right choice. It is much more noticeable than one of plain color, and therefore the owner of one tires of it more quickly than she would tire of a plain colored suit.

Moreover, black-and-white checked woollen goods does grow soiled rather quickly. Small as the amount of white seems to be at a glance in such a suit, it is really half of the whole surface, so it is hardly to be wondered at that it soon needs to be sent to the cleaner.

White Gowns for Spring.

So many and various of type are the white gowns now being made up for spring service, that unquestionably a "white" season confronts us. The costumes likely to be first worn—at after Easter church weddings and the like—are those in taffeta made up into skirts with circular flounces and into bodies trimmed with narrow ruffles, and the embroidered volles, velling bengaline slips. Somewhat less elaborate are the ratine gowns made up with heavy flit lace and with girle and pipings in colored voile, and the wool crepons with embroidered batiste yoke and sleeves.

New Handkerchiefs.

There is quite a departure from customary handkerchief styles this season. Some are trimmed with footing; black and white handkerchiefs are quite the thing; colored handkerchiefs are very fashionable, the handkerchief proper being the color and the border of white.

NEW CREATION

May Be Employed for Effective Designs in Decorative Needlework as Suggested.



Model of tulle and applique with tunic of black and white lace.