

ONE KIND OF A HERO

By JOHN B. OXFORD

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As Lieutenant Reilly and the three men with him—probationers all of them—had opened the last of the smoke vents in the roof of the burning piano factory the explosion came.

The three probationers looked questioning at one another with blanched faces. One of them turned, as if involuntarily, toward the open scuttle by which they had gained the roof, but before he could take a step in that direction Reilly's hand was laid firmly on his shoulder and Reilly's big voice was giving assurance to all three impartially.

"That ain't nothin' but hot air. More noise'n anything else. Git your mauls now an' bust in them deadlights over in the center."

Reilly, turning to steady his men once again, found he was alone. At the second explosion the probationers had scurried unceremoniously to the open scuttle. Two of them had already disappeared within, and the third, a man named Kerrigan, had just reached the opening when Reilly spied him and opened toward him, bellowing hoarsely at the top of his voice:

"Here, you damned quitters! Come back here, d'yer hear? Come back, you white-livered tabbies!"

The man at the scuttle made a motion as if he were about to step inside. In a sudden blind rage Reilly tore off his helmet and hurled it with all his strength at the man before him. It flew true as an arrow and caught Kerrigan squarely on the left cheek.

The heavy rim cut a great gash in the flesh, and the force of the impact sent Kerrigan sprawling backward at full length. Before he could get to his feet Reilly was on him.

"Yer would, would yer?" he snarled between his teeth, reaching down to twist his fingers into the collar of the prostrate man's rubber coat.

"Oh, yer would, would yer? I'll learn you a few things about quittin', yer damned little scut!"

He yanked Kerrigan roughly to his feet and pushed him forward, at the same time landing a vigorous kick.

"Go on now, and bust in them deadlights. I'll do for them other two the first time I lay eyes on 'em, s'help me I will!"

"Don't be a damned fool any longer than you have to," Reilly yelled at him. "Git your maul an' git into them deadlights."

He took a step toward Kerrigan, who slowly backed away. In his retreat he tripped over one of the mauls, which had been flung aside in the recent flight to the scuttle. He stopped quickly and picked it up. A sudden blaze of anger and hatred came to his eyes. He leered at the lieutenant like a cornered beast.

"You keep away from me, understand," he said thickly. "Don't you come a step nearer. Keep back!"

His voice rose to almost a scream; he swung the maul threateningly above his head.

Reilly caught his breath in a great gasp. "What!" he yelled. "What's this? Would you be tryin' mutiny on me?"

He drew back a step, lowered his head, and hunched his shoulders, as if he intended to rush the man before him; but at that moment a voice shouting stridently through a megaphone from a roof across an intervening alley drew the attention of both belligerents.

"Get off that roof!" it bellowed. "Get off that roof! It's going down in a minute!"

Reilly sprang at the man facing him, swung him about, and shoved him on before him.

"Run for the tank!" he roared above the din; "it's our only chance!"

Stumbling blindly, choking, gasping for breath, the two men pushed across the roof, gained the tank, and scrambled up the footholds on its side just as the remainder of the roof went crashing down.

They reached the top of the tank, swung themselves over the side, and clinging desperately to the edge, lowered themselves into the cooling water, which, fortunately for them, nearly filled the tank.

The heat from the blazing pile below was terrific. Moreover, it was only a question of time when the steel supports of the tank would warp and twist and the whole thing topple over into the inferno below them. For a time they clung there, breathless, silent, spent. Reilly was the first to speak.

"We'll be goin' over in a few minutes. The supports of this thing will warp and let us down," he said with the calm of despair.

"Sure," said Kerrigan simply. His voice was quite as steady as Reilly's. From the street far below came the labored puffing of pumping engines. It sounded plainly even above the roar of the flames. Reilly's hands closed convulsively on the edge of the tank.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned involuntarily.

Beside him Kerrigan moved uneasily in the water.

"I'd like to get out of this," he asserted stolidly.

There was something so very matter-of-fact in the tones that Reilly burst into raucous laughter—the harsh,

grating laughter of a man who is about to die horribly, and who knows it.

It seemed to nettie Kerrigan. "There ain't nothin' funny about it," he said. "I mean it, I want to get out of this; an', what's more, I want to get you out, too. I wouldn't give a damn to get out without you."

Reilly seemed not to have heard. To him, Kerrigan's talk was but irresponsible babbling. Now and then a faint, far-off human voice drifted up to them, and Reilly bit his lips until the blood came.

Suddenly Kerrigan began to thrash about. He lifted his chin to the level of the tank's edge and looked up steadily for a time. Then he gave a grunt of satisfaction and lowered himself to his former position.

"Say, maybe there's a way, after all," he hazarded hopefully. Reilly made no reply.

"Just look at that wire cable up there," Kerrigan chattered on. "It runs right above the middle of this tank, and see that plank across the top of the tank over at the farther side. Now, if we could get up on that plank and get hold of that cable—"

"Oh, hell!" Reilly interrupted disgustedly.

"Come on," Kerrigan persisted; "we might just as well make a try."

He began to pull himself along the edge of the tank, and instinctively Reilly followed him. They reached the place where the plank lay across the top. Kerrigan scrambled on to this and helped Reilly up after him.

They stood panting on the narrow board. The heat, swelling up in great waves from the fire below, scorched their faces and nearly strangled them. Some feet above their heads swung a heavy wire cable, its long loop dangling from a bracket on a roof on one side of them to a similar bracket on a roof across the alley.

Kerrigan kicked off his heavy boots and threw aside his rubber coat.

"Hold steady, now," he cautioned Reilly; "we'll make a try for it."

With the ease of an acrobat he mounted Reilly's shoulders, but, reaching upward at full stretch, the cable still dangled just beyond his grasp. Reilly, watching intently, groaned, but Kerrigan was by no means at the end of his resources.

"Give me your belt," he demanded, scrambling down from his precarious perch and standing beside Reilly on the board. Reilly unbuckled his heavy ax-belt and Kerrigan strapped it about his own waist.

Once again he mounted Reilly's shoulders and stood there poised for a moment, estimating the distance to the cable.

"Hold tight now, will yer?" he shouted. "I'm goin' to jump for it."

Reilly was aware, that the man on his shoulders had assumed a crouching attitude; then suddenly there was an upward spring, the recoil of which nearly sent him staggering into the tank. He lifted his eyes to see Kerrigan clinging triumphantly to the cable.

"All right," the latter called down to him. "Jump for my legs, an' when you get 'em, climb up till you can get hold of the ax-belt."

Reilly's leap was successful. He caught Kerrigan's dangling legs, and slowly, painfully, worked his way upward, bit by bit, until his fingers closed firmly on the heavy belt about Kerrigan's waist.

"Hang on hard," Kerrigan panted. "If the cable don't bust we'll get across."

Inch by inch with Reilly's dead weight dragging at his belt, Kerrigan worked his way out on the cable toward the roof across the alley. Painfully almost imperceptibly they advanced along the sagging wire.

Once in that racking journey, when Kerrigan paused for momentary rest, Reilly voiced his doubts as to the ultimate success of the venture.

"You'll never make it, Kerrigan," he piped; "leastways, not with me hangin' on to you. I'd best leave go the belt an' give yer a show. It'll be one of us that goes out, then, at any rate."

"You hang on an' keep your blamed mouth shut!" gasped Kerrigan as the journey along the cable began again.

For untold ages—so it seemed to the two men—they dangled in mid-air, like some ungainly insect on the thread of a spider's web. Kerrigan's arms were numb and nerveless, the pounding of his heart nearly suffocated him, and a red mist swam before his eyes.

Time and again he was sorely tempted to loose his hold on the wire and end it all. Yet always he worked his way, slowly and with infinite agony toward that roof across the alley.

At last he heard a great commotion just below him. The dragging weight on the belt suddenly ceased.

His first thought was that Reilly had dropped to the pavement, and a dull anger pierced the torture of his mind; but looking down, he found that they had gained the roof, and that Reilly had dropped into the waiting arms of a pair of hosemen.

Three other hosemen caught Kerrigan as he fell. He staggered to his feet and shook them off.

"Where's Reilly?" he demanded feebly, struggling from the restraining arms. "Let me at him, will you? I got somethin' to settle with him. 'Twas for that I brought him out o' that hell over there. Aw, show me where he is, can't you? I don't mind the smash he gave me with the helmet, but he kicked me."

The tears were streaming down his smoke-blackened face. He babbled pitifully like an angry child. "He kicked me. He kicked me."

Reilly came pushing his way through the hosemen, but Kerrigan had sunk to the roof in a huddled heap and lay there exhausted.

PARIS CLINGS TO MODE THAT SUITS

Lines of Gowns Straight Instead of Puffed Out, According to Edict.

TAFFETA GROWING IN FAVOR

Popularity of Fabric Indicates That It Will Be Favorite for Spring Wear; Guaranteed to Give Reasonable Service.

The latest fashion in Paris—to which the eyes of persons interested in dress persist in turning in spite of what America now has to offer of its own—include many useful hints to the woman who has still to think of winter clothes, states a leading fashion correspondent. In the first place, Paris fashions are apt to indicate what our fashions will be a season or two hence, and, in these days of the high cost of everything, if one must buy a frock now, it is only good sense to see that it is the sort of thing that is to be instead of what has been or is ceasing to be.

One important assertion from a Paris fashion authority is that the lines of the gowns that the Parisians have accepted for the winter are straight instead of being puffed out in places. The further the season advances, she states, the more evident it becomes that the pannier silhouette is not so popular, at least in Paris, as it was expected it might be. For an astonishing number of seasons that have trailed into years the straight silhouette has been the thing in Paris, and it looks as though the French woman is determined to hang on to a mode which so well becomes her.

Keeping Clear of Extremes. The Parisian, too, in her dressing is keeping clear of any extremes in fashion. She has always done this more or less, and she is still holding to the rule that her style once discovered must be clung to rather than changed merely for change's sake. The straight silhouette seems to suit the majority of them. They all love it and keep on wearing it. We in this country are taking up the style more and more as time goes on. Within its limitations there are many variations possible. An infinite variety of the gowns can be designed without depending upon the idea of straightness.

Sleeves in Paris are still short—very short, in fact—there being no disposition to half-way measures. If they are not very short, they are long and tight and reach over the hands, fitting snugly all the way down. Skirts, too, are as short as they were at the fall openings, which means not almost knee length, as they were in the summer, but a good 11 or 12 inches from the ground to hem.

Coats are medium length and are trimmed sparingly with fur. Some

guaranteed, too, to wear reasonably well, so that the purchase of them does not mean the taking of any very desperate chances.

One of the very latest of taffeta models is from Madeleine et Madeleine, a house which is the recent rage of Paris. The color is black and the stripes across the front are little tucks run in by fine hand stitches. Then there is a plaited frill of the taffeta about the neck, tied with a ribbon woven in bright green and gold threads. The overskirt, low in front and high at back, is edged with a deep fringe of monkey fur. The sleeves in this model are short and puffed.

The Parisian Waist Line. The basque on this frock is one of the new decrees of Paris. It does not reach as low a line as basques of the past few months have done.



Street Frock of Black Velours. Skirt and Bodice Piped in Faille.

It drops just an inch or two below the normal waist line and fits rather snugly into the waist where it wrinkles slightly at the sides. All the Paris reports received in the last few weeks state that this is growing to be the waist line more and more accepted by Parisians themselves.

Another new French taffeta gown is made in shades of taupe, dark and light. The foundation skirt, a little bit fuller at the sides than it is at the back and front, is made of the darker shades and so are the little, tight, short sleeves. Then there is one of those basque waists that have just been described. This is made of the lighter shade, as are also the straight panels which fall over the skirt at back and front. There is an embroidered medallion on the front of the bodice at the waistline and one on each of the lower ends of the panels, this being done in threads of the darker shade of taupe with some gold threads intermingled.

Plaited taffetas and satins and serges continue to be created and worn to a large extent in Paris. There are plaited skirts with plain basques, and there are whole plaited dresses in taffeta with only a fold of the dress's material at the neck to finish the thing off.

Modest Evening Dresses. Evening dresses in Paris are, according to reports, taming their ways very materially. Recently at a huge reception where all of the smart people in Paris were gathered the evening gowns were of the simplest and most unradical type. In spite of all that has been heard of the low back or nothing at all in the back mode, the necks were only moderately low. The skirts were only moderately short.

Sashes of all sorts and descriptions are important parts of the later season evening gowns. They are used by the French literally to make a gown, for on the lines of the sash, the color and the manner of arrangement depends the effect of the finished creation. On a black charmeuse evening gown, interestingly draped to follow the line of the figure, a wide sash made of cloth of gold is wound about the low waist line, tied in a huge knot at the left side back and its ends lined with golden chiffon and tipped by weighty gold tassels hanging almost to the hem of the garment. Indeed, one end hangs below the hem.

Charming French Hats. French hats for the mid-season are as plain as ever and so charming that it is hard to tell just why. For one reason they manage to fit the wearer most astonishingly. They are shaped as an adjunct to her features and as an accent to the other parts of her attire. The little, draped turbans that turn away from the face and slouch over the ears are the popular favorites.

One of the draped velvet hats peculiarly French in the way it carries out the lines of the face is in dark blue and has for its trimming two bunches of a few coque feathers each, and they stream out over each ear in the most unstudied and careless fashion. Draped oriental turbans made of the most gorgeous of old and new brocades are much in demand.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

MEALS FOR A DAY.

For the first meal of the day, a little fruit of some kind is a good beginning. If fresh fruits, such as oranges, grapefruit, apples or pears are not at hand, a tablespoonful or two of raisins, steamed and added to the oatmeal or cooked cereal, or a few dates, figs or stewed prunes are all good and desirable breakfast fruits.

With an almost endless variety of breakfast foods, one may have a different kind every morning, if the family is large enough to practice this method without waste.

For the hot dish, eggs are always good, and may be cooked in as many ways as there are days in the year. Bacon is a breakfast meat, and if liked can be served daily without losing its charm. Sausage, chops and fish of various kinds are other breakfast meats. Mackerel is a great favorite. When the fresh fish cannot be obtained the salted fish makes a fairly good substitute. Soak the fish over night, or until much of the salt is removed, then bake in the oven for 20 minutes, covered with thin cream. Serve hot with bits of butter.

With toast, cakes, muffins, doughnuts, cookies and good coffee, one may find a choice for the first meal.

For luncheon, one hot dish, which may be escalloped fish, vegetables, rice or macaroni, codfish with baked potatoes, or a cream soup, of which there are a large number from which to choose; a salad, some kind of bread, a cupful of chocolate, cocoa or tea, and a small cake, with or without fruit, such as marmalade or jelly, canned or preserved fruit.

For dinner, a clear soup, if followed by a heavy dinner, a cream soup if a light dinner follows; one vegetable besides potatoes, a roast or meat loaf, a simple dessert, with coffee.

For a course dinner, the cocktail is served as a stimulant; on this account the clam and oyster, the various fruit cocktails and those with appetizing herbs, are used, their object being to stimulate, not cloy the appetite.

Pineapple Cocktail.—For each glass take a tablespoonful each of pineapple and lemon or orange, one-half tablespoonful of grated orange peel. Sweeten to taste, pour over a little chopped ice and fill the glass with iced water.

Many times—in fact, invariably—the mental attitude we take toward anything of an unfriendly nature that enters our lives determines its actual effect upon us.—Trine.

A FEW CREAM SOUPS.

A cream soup is sufficiently nourishing to serve as the main dish at a luncheon. One of the most common is potato, but the following is not common.

Cream of Potato.—Boil ten large potatoes and mash with a cupful of cream; season with salt and grated onion. Blend together two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter; add two cupfuls of cold milk and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add four cupfuls of boiling water, the mashed potato, and bring to boil. Serve at once.

Veal and Celery Soup.—Cut up three pounds of veal; break the bones; cover with four quarts of cold water and simmer for four hours; strain and return to the fire. Add two bunches of celery, and two chopped onions; simmer until the vegetables are done. Press through a fine sieve; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with two cupfuls of milk; add two tablespoonfuls of butter in small bits; reheat and serve with dice of fried bread.

Cream Veal Soup.—Chop fine three pounds of lean veal and one large onion. Cover with two quarts of cold water; simmer three hours; strain, cool and skim. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour blended with a little cold milk beaten with three eggs and two cupfuls of milk. Season with salt, pepper, minced parsley, and a grating of nutmeg.

Egg Soup.—Butter six slices of stale bread; sprinkle with sugar and brown in the oven. Reheat two cupfuls of veal stock and two cupfuls of milk beaten with the yolks of three eggs. Add a tablespoonful of butter; season with salt, pepper, minced parsley, and a grating of nutmeg. Pour over the toast; cover for ten minutes and serve.

Sweetbread Soup.—Reheat one quart of veal stock and add two cupfuls of cream which has been beaten with the yolks of two eggs. Take from the fire, season to taste, and add one cupful of parboiled sweetbreads cut in bits. Garnish with one cupful of whipped cream and a bit of minced parsley.

He who has the quest of the good in his heart relates himself thereby with all the higher powers and forces of the universe and they aid him at every turn.

FAVORITE DISHES.

The old-fashioned milk toast which our grandmothers made, with plenty of butter and flour mixed together, making a rich white sauce, is not much like the soupy mass usually served when asking for milk toast. Prepare the flour and butter, using two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour for each cupful of milk. When the butter is bubbling hot, add the flour; then when well blended add the milk. Cook until smooth, add salt, and turn over well-buttered toast, the edges of which have been softened by dipping them into hot milk or water. Some like a generous sprinkling of cheese; as this makes a more nourishing dish, it is especially good for a luncheon dish.

Fruit Souffle With Cornstarch.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one-third of a cupful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir into one and one-half cupfuls of scalded milk; stir until it thickens, then add three-fourths of a cupful of raisins or cherries cut in halves; cover and let cook ten minutes. Add one tablespoonful of butter and fold in the whites of three eggs beaten very light. Butter six individual molds, dredge the butter with sugar and fill the molds with the cooked preparation. Set the molds on several folds of cloth or paper in a baking pan, pour boiling water to half the height of the molds and cook about 12 minutes. Serve unmolded with cream or a custard made with the egg yolks.

Honey Frossing.—Boil half a cupful of strained honey and a tablespoonful of corn syrup to 240 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour in a fine stream the beaten white of one egg. Beat until cool before spreading on the cake.

Quick Potato Rolls.—Boil potatoes and press through a ricer. To one cupful of potato and water add half a cupful of scalded milk, three tablespoonfuls of shortening, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar; and when lukewarm, stir in one cake of compressed yeast mixed with one-fourth of a cupful of lukewarm milk; add two and a half cupfuls of flour; cut and work the dough into a loaf and let stand to rise, cut it down once, then let raise again and make into smooth balls. Cover and let stand until light. Shape for finger rolls and when again light, bake.

Success is the inevitable result of good management, just as failure is the natural outcome of ignorance, carelessness and idleness.

SEASONABLE FOODS.

There is no waste in tripe, it is all edible and easily digested, and reasonable in price. Take care to select tender pickled tripe, wash in cold water and cut in uniform pieces. Dry in a cloth, then pat in sifted corn meal. Have ready two or three spoonfuls of hot fat in a frying pan. Set the tripe and let cook until lightly browned on one side, then turn and brown on the other. Have ready small onions, boiled tender and seasoned with salt and butter. Serve the tripe and onions on the same dish.

Apricot Sponges.—Soften a tablespoonful of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of water and dissolve in one cupful of apricot pulp and juice, heated hot. Add one-fourth of a cupful of sugar and stir until dissolved, then when the mixture begins to become firm, beat in the whites of two eggs, beaten very light. Serve in glass cups with cream, sweetened and beaten very light. Prunes may be used in the same way. Care should be taken to use no more gelatin than needed as it is best when not quite firm enough to keep its shape.

Potato Puree.—Some potatoes are better if a little cold water is added occasionally to check the boiling. Test with a fork and when tender, drain and dry off in the saucepan; add butter, salt and a little milk, using more than for mashed potato. Rub the saucepan with the cut side of a clove of garlic. Soup stock may be used instead of milk. The puree is used as a vegetable with meat or fish.

Ginger Cream.—Make a custard of the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of the strup from the preserved ginger and one pint of milk. Just before the custard is done add gelatine, using enough for a pint of liquid. Allow plenty of time for the gelatine to become completely dissolved in the hot custard. As soon as the custard cools the spoon, stand the dish in a dish of cold water to check the cooking and then turn into the custard molds. Sprinkle each mold with chopped preserved ginger.

Reelie Maxwell