MASTER MIND IN CHARGE.

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a printing press and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Rooter, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "boss," is frankly annoyed, and not at all backward in saying so. However, a poem she has written is accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance. The poem suffers somewhat from the inexperience of the youthful publishers in the "art preservative." Her not altogether unreasonable demand for republication of the masterpiece, with its beauty unmarred, is scorned, and the break between Miss Atwater and the publishers of the Oriole widens. The Sunday following, Florence's particular chum, Patty Fairchild, pays her a visit. They are joined, despite Florence's openly expressed disapproval, by Herbert and Henry. Florence will not play. Patty and the visitors indulge in a series of innocent Sunday games. Among them is one called "Truth," the feature of which is a contract to write a question and answer, both to be kept a profound secret. The agreement is duly carried out. Florence is told as a family secret that her beautiful aunt, Julia Atwater, has apparently become engaged to a man named Crum, altogether unknown to the Atwaters. Florence finds the notes in the "Truth" game, in which both Herbert and Henry admit that they have pretty eyes, and threatens to tell the much-feared Wallie Torbin of the episode. Florence becomes the master mind of the Oriole.

PART II—Continued.

—10—

"I don't say we will and I don't say we won't," Henry added. "That's the way I look at it. My father and mother are always talkin' to me; how I got to be polite and everything, and I guess maybe it's time I began to pay some 'tention to what they say. You don't have your father and mother for always, you know, Herbert."

Herbert's mood at once chimed with this unprecedented filial melancholy. "No, you don't, Henry. That's what I often think about, myself. No, sir, a fellow doesn't have his father and mother to advise him our whole life, and you ought to do a good deal what they say while they're still alive."

"That's what I say," Henry agreed gloomily; and then, without any alteration of his tone or of the dejected thoughtfulness of his attitude, he changed the subject in a way that painfully startled his companion. "Have you seen Wallie Torbin today, Herbert?"

"What!"

"Have you seen Wallie Torbin today?"

Herbert swallowed. "Why, what makes—what makes you ask me that, Henry?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin'." Henry still kept his eyes upon his gloomily scuffing toe. "I just wondered, because I didn't happen to see him in school this afternoon when I happened to look in the door of the Eight-A when it was open. I didn't want to know on account of anything particular. I just happened to say that because I didn't have anything else to think about just then, so I just happened to think about him, the way you do when you haven't got anything much on your mind, and might get to thinkin' about you can't tell what. That's all the way it was; I just happened to kind of wonder if he was around anywhere, maybe."

Henry's tone was obviously, even elaborately, sincere; and Herbert was reassured. "Well, I didn't see him," he responded. "Maybe he's sick."

"No, he isn't," his friend said. "Florence said she saw him chasin' his dog down the street about noon."

At this Herbert's uneasiness was uncomfortably renewed. "Florence did? Where'd you see Florence?"

Mr. Rooter swallowed. "A little while ago," he said, and again swallowed. "On the way home from school."

"Look—look here!" Herbert was flurried to the point of panic. "Henry—did Florence—did she go and tell you—did she tell you—?"

"I didn't hardly notice what she [illegible] talkin' about," Henry said, dog- [illegible] "She didn't have anything to [illegible] I'd ever care two cents about. [illegible] up behind me and walked [illegible] me a ways, but I got too [illegible] things on my mind to hardly [illegible] the least attention to anything [illegible] talks about. She's a girl [illegible] about her the less people [illegible] to what she says the [illegible] are."

[illegible] way with me, Henry," [illegible] assured him earnestly. "I [illegible] pay any notice to what she [illegible] The way I figure it out about [illegible] Henry, everybody'd be a good [illegible] off if nobody ever paid the least notice to anything she says. I never even notice what she says, myself."

"I don't either," said Henry. "All I think about is what my father and mother say, because I'm not goin' to have their advice all the rest o' my life, after they're dead. If they want me to be polite, why, I'll do it and that's all there is about it."

"It's the same way with me, Henry. If she comes flappin' around here blattin' and blubbin' how she's goin' to have somep'm to do with our newspaper, why, the only reason I'd ever let her would be because my family say I ought to show more politeness to her than up to now. I wouldn't do it in any other acount, Henry."

"Neither would I. That's just the same way I look at it. If I ever begin to treat her any better, she's got my father and mother to thank, not me. That's the only reason I'd be willing to say we better leave the plank down and let her in, if she comes around here like she's liable to."

"Well," said Herbert, "I'm willing. I don't want to get in trouble with the family."

And they mounted the stairs to their editorial, reportorial, and printing rooms; and began to work in a manner not only preoccupied but apprehensive. Now and then they would give each other a furtive glance, and then seem to reflect upon their fathers' and mothers' wishes and the troublous state of the times. Florence did not keep them waiting long, however.

She might have been easier to bear had her manner of arrival been less assured. She romped up the stairs; came skipping across the old floor, swinging her hat by a ribbon, flung open the gate in the sacred railing, and flounced into the principal chair, immodestly placing her feet on the table in front of that chair. Additionally, such was her riotous liveliness, she affected to light and smoke the stub of a lead pencil. "Well, men," she said heartily in a voice assumed to be that of a tall, powerful man—"I don't want to see any loafin' around here, men. I expect to have a pretty good newspaper this week—yes, sir, a pretty good newspaper—and I guess you men got to jump around pretty brisk to do everything I think of, or else maybe I guess I'll have to turn you off and get some new ones that'll be more obedient. I don't want to baf to do that, men."

The Blackmailed Partners Made No Reply, on Account of an Inability That Was Perfect for the Moment.

The blackmailed partners made no reply, on account of an inability that was perfect for the moment.

Florence made it clear to them that henceforth she was sole editor of the North End Daily Oriole. (She said she had decided not to change the name, after all.) She informed them that they were to be her printers, nothing more; she did not care to get all inky and nasty, she said. She would, however, do all the writing for her newspaper, and had with her a new poem. Also, she would furnish all the news and it would be printed just as she wrote it, and printed nicely, too, or else—"look out!"

Thus did this cool hand take possession of an established industry, and in much the same fashion did she continue to manage it. There were unsuppressible protests; there was covert anguish; there was even a strike—but it was a short one. When the printers remained away from their late newspaper building, on Wednesday afternoon, Florence had an interview with Herbert after dinner at his own door. He explained coldly that Henry and he had grown tired of the printing press and had decided to put in all their spare time building a theater in Henry's attic; but Florence gave him to understand that the theater could not be.

Henry and Herbert had both stopped "speaking" to Patty Fairchild, for each believed her treacherous to himself; but Florence now informed Herbert that far from depending on mere hearsay, she had in her possession the confession of his knowledge that he had ocular beauty—the ruinous bit of writing in his own hand and signed with his complete name—that she had discovered the paper where Patty had lost it; and that it was now in a secure place, aud in an envelope upon the outside of which was already written, "Wallie Torbin, Kindness of Florence A."

Herbert collapsed. So did Henry Rooter, a little later that evening, after a telephoned conversation with the slave-driver.

The two miserable printers were back in their places the next afternoon.

And on Saturday the new Oriole, now in every jot and item the inspired organ of feminism, made its undeniably sensational appearance.

A copy, neatly folded, was placed in the hand of Noble Dill, as he set forth for his place of business, after lunching at home with his mother. Florence was the person who placed it there—without charge. She came hurriedly from somewhere in the neighborhood, out of what yard or alley he did not notice, and slipped the little oblong sheet into his lax fingers.

"There!" she said, breathlessly. "There's a good deal about you in it, this week, Mr. Dill, and I guess—I guess—"

"What, Florence?"

"I guess maybe you'll—" She looked up at him shyly; then, with no more to say, turned and ran back in the direction whence she had come—and was gone. Noble walked on, not at once examining her little gift, but carrying it absently in fingers still lax at the end of a dangling arm. There was no life in him for anything; Julia was away.

Away—and yet the dazzling creature looked at him from sky, from earth, from air; looked at him with the most poignant kindness, yet always shook her head! She had answered his first letter by a kind little note, his second by a kinder and littler one, and his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth by no note at all; but by the kindest message (through one of her aunts) that she was thinking about him a great deal. And even this was three weeks ago. Since then, from Julia—nothing at all!

But yesterday something a little stimulating had happened. On the street, downtown, he had come face to face, momentarily with Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, Julia's peculiar old father; and for the first time in Noble's life this Mr. Atwater nodded to him pleasantly. Noble went on his way, elated: Was there not something almost fatherly in this strange greeting? There had been an easement of the pain of absence; and he glowed with thoughts of Mr. Atwater.

The glow faded somewhat from Noble when he reached a telephone: he called up his mother, and she said there was no recent news of Julia current in the Atwater family connection that she could hear of; none of them had word that she was coming home. However, Noble did not descend all the way into the cellar of his soul; some of his glow remained and kept him a little more cheerful than he had been for several weeks. The kind greeting of Julia's father had stirred his imagination. An event so singular might be interpreted in the happiest way: What had Julia written her father, to change him so toward Noble? And Noble was still dreamily interpreting as he walked down the street with the North End Daily Oriole idle in an idle hand.

Some startling news in our next.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Lovers' Quarrel.

They stood beneath the stars, the silence of the night being only broken by the intensified sound of two hearts beating as one.

For a moment he withdrew his gaze from the dazzling depths of her eyes to the diamond-studded shirt front of the sky.

"Is that Mars?" he whispered, as he slipped his arm around her small, slim waist, and gazed upon a glittering orb in the heavenly dome.

"No, it isn't," she exclaimed angrily, jerking herself free of his embrace. "It's mine, and if you can't tell the difference between my waist and mother's after you've been courting me for eight years, well, you—"

Her voice broke, and her head fell forward upon her arm—

"We had better part!"

It is pleasing to report that the matter was amicably adjusted before anything more serious resulted.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Electricity in Canada.

The popularity of electricity in Canada for lighting homes and operating household appliances, is shown by the fact that 74.9 per cent of the residences so situated that electricity is available for use, are wired. Electric flatirons are used in 45.7 per cent of these; electric toasters in 18.2 per cent; electrically-operated washing machines in 5.0 per cent; electric fans in 5.4 per cent; electrically-operated vacuum cleaners in 5 per cent; electric ranges in 3.1 per cent; electrically-operated sewing machines in 1.2 per cent; electric dishwashers in 6.7 per cent, and electric refrigerators in 0.6 per cent.

Types of Gowns

Three Distinct Kinds for Milady's Evening Wear.

Straight of Line, Low Waist; Tight-Fitting Bodice; Draped, Long and Slender of Line.

Evening gowns may be said to be of three distinct types: those that are straight of line with low waists, those that have tight-fitting bodices and bouffant skirts and, for more formal affairs, long and slender of line.

Regardless of the class to which they belong, notes a Paris fashion authority, practically all have uneven hem lines. It is most interesting to observe how the uneven effect is achieved. In the straight-line models it occasionally is accomplished through the use of swinging panels, always longer than the foundation skirt, and often cut on bias lines. When bias, they are narrower at the top and have the hem edge cut in blunt points. The foundation skirt as well as the panels may be cut in this fashion.

Trains as well as skirt hems are cut in uneven lines. Madeleine et Madeleine show an exaggerated example of this in their model Fume Bleu, which is of smoke-blue velvet, with side panels of silver brocade that flare into long and pointed winglike trains, one falling from either side of the dress. Many of the evening dresses brought out by this house are in princess form, with swinging panels of various shapes.

Frocks that savor of the days of 1830—days of tight-fitting bodices and long, full skirts—frequently have the bottom of the skirt cut in rounded form, with the sides slightly longer than the back and front, and the uneven effects further accentuated by being finished in rounding scallops.

One model exemplifying this idea is of black velvet and has no trimming other than a yoke of heavy white lace, which serves in place of sleeves.

Lanvin shows a number of dresses of the wide-skirted variety. In a model of white silk net—a material which she favors for this type of dress—the skirt is built up in a succession of panels composed of overlapping petals and circular-cut flounces. The skirt is set to a tight-fitting bodice, which has a round yoke that fits over the top of the arm and so forms the sleeves.

As a trimming on these wide-skirted frocks Lanvin uses ribbon ruchings, garlands of tiny ribbon roses and metal and crystal embroidery.

For the evening brocades are much in evidence. One might well question the suitability of a brocaded fabric for an informal evening dress, but when we consider the simple way in which they are made and the fact that they have no trimming, they are quite appropriate.

SHOWS STYLISH COAT DRESS

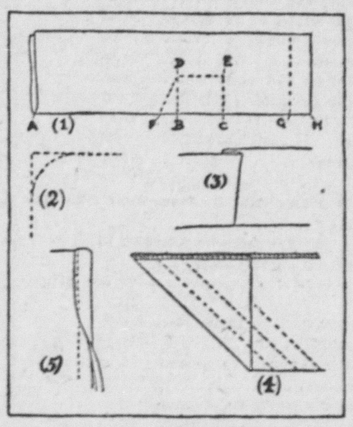
This is one of the latest in coat dresses. It is of navy poiret twill which is made most distinctive by its allover embroidery design of black silk stitching.

MAKING USE OF LEFTOVERS

Small Remnants of Dress Materials Are Sufficient to Make Aprons for Little Girls.

How about the half-yard of material that was left over from your own dress? Probably it hasn't occurred to you that it would make Louise an apron.

The diagram, Fig. 1, shows how to cut the apron for a little five-year-old girl. From A to B is eighteen inches; from B to C, five inches; from C to G, ten inches; from G to H, three inches; from B to D, four inches, and from F to B, one inch. Mark the square outline for the neck as lines B-D, D-C and E-C, then drop one inch in the front to point F. In cutting out the neck curve the corners, as in Fig. 2. A curve is easier to bind than a corner. Cut off the material from G to H and use it for the belts, cutting the strip in half at fold; line G-H.



If you press before stitching, your work will slip along faster. For instance, in making the apron, try it on and take up a dart at the top of the shoulder, deepest at the outer edge to nothing at the neck to conform to the slope of the shoulders. Pressing the dart will make the stitching easy. See Fig 3.

To cut true bias, fold the goods diagonally, bringing one end over to the selvedge and cut along the fold. See Fig. 4. Join the strips with one-quarter inch seams and press the seams open.

The binding can be felled by hand or stitched by machine, stitching on the right side of the goods just in back of where the binding turns. See Fig. 5.

Hand Tucks Made More Easily.

Most people who trim their clothes with hand run tucks find them difficult to keep straight. Yet as they make a pretty and inexpensive trimming for children's dresses especially they are apt to remain popular. One inventive woman has discovered that if she makes tucks on the machine, using the tucker, a coarse needle and no thread, she will have the needle marks to use as guides, the result being quick and even work at half the outlay of time and patience required by the old method.

NOVEL BAGS ARE DISPLAYED

Paris Shop Shows Winsome Accessories; Floral and Gothic Designs Are Featured.

In a recent display of new bags in a Paris shop the most distinctive was one of the Gothic inspiration. It is a long shape in darkest brown grosgrain, ending in a point and a tassel. The top in galalith represents old ivory and slips over the fastening on the bag itself like the top of a card case, but is attached by two fine brown cords which also serve as a handle. The "top" is a Gothic design, after the style of architecture seen on windows of that period. The whole style of the bag is after the ancient aumonieres worn slung over the shoulder in the Middle Ages, and gives a new trend to bag styles.

Other bags in this collection show huge flowers on the top in finely carved galalith, the top opening like a box. One model represents a beautiful rose, in an exquisite deep red, so finely made that it looks like a real flower with delicate petals, and a stray bud falling over one side of the top. The bag, like an old-fashioned bourse, or money bag, is in navy silk with red fluted sides.

Clothes for Small Boys.

For the small boy the suit made of heavy wool jersey cloth is a practical cold weather outfit. The little blouse or shirt has but scant fullness, fitting the figure almost like a sweater. It buttons straight up the front, is fastened with a cord tie, and, of course, a separate white collar may be worn. The sleeves are finished with a narrow band cuff, and the trousers are secured with invisibly placed buttons and buttonholes in the back and with large ornamental buttons in front.

MODES OF THE DAY

Heavy silk cord belts are seen on handsome coats.

The winter bride will wear her veil longer than the bride of June did.

For evening the fuchsia shades are newest, though black is still widely employed.

Double-breasted jackets are numerous, as are those which hang irregularly, imitating the uneven hem line of the skirt.

Tweed in heather and various other mixtures has been found desirable material for dresses and suits for girls of six to ten or twelve years.

Serge, duvetyn and broadcloth are favorite materials for strictly daytime wear, with steel beads and cire braid appearing most often as trimming.

A popular and economical trimming is pointed folds of goods sewed on the edge of necks and sleeves so that just half-inch points project above the edge similar to ric rac braid.

Ribbon is still used on the new hats. Narrow ribbons are looped and doubled to form a bristling surface over the entire hat. Long ribbons are looped in streamers over one side of the brim. Wide ribbons are knotted into high ornaments on the front of high hat crowns.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in many places as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a true word or making a friend.—Ruskin.

SOME HEARTY DISHES

Cornmeal, either yellow or white, is such a wholesome food that it should be more freely used.

Tamale Pie.—Grease a baking dish and put in the bottom a layer of cooked cornmeal mush. Prepare the mush by gradually stirring into a quart of boiling water two teaspoonfuls of salt and two cupfuls of cornmeal; cook for a long time. Over this mixture spread the following: Cook one sliced onion, two cupfuls of Hamburg steak, one sliced tomato, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of chili pepper. Place over the whole another layer of the mush and bake one-half hour.

Tomato and Hominy.—Take one can of cooked whole hominy, two cupfuls of canned tomatoes, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, pepper and one onion, two strips of bacon and one egg. Boil together for fifteen minutes the hominy and tomato, seasoned with the salt, sugar and pepper. Cut the bacon and onion into small pieces and brown slightly in a frying pan. Add these to the boiled mixture. Fold in the beaten egg and bake in the oven until the egg sets.

Gelatined Beef.—Boil a piece from the neck and flank that is fat until it drops from the bones; when cool enough to handle, remove all the bone and sinew; season with salt and pepper and place in small bowls, pouring over the liquor in which the meat was cooked. Put a weight on each and when cold it is ready to slice. Other seasoning may be added as well as hard-cooked eggs, to add to its appearance and food value.

Pea Timbales.—Sift a can of peas through the colander, season to taste with salt and pepper, stir in the beaten yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of butter and then add the stiffly beaten white of the egg. Fill greased timbale molds two-thirds full and poach in the oven until just firm enough to turn out. Overcooking spoils the flavor. Only a tender young pea should be used. Drain off the liquor and substitute chicken broth.

"Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true;
That keeps 'the laws of kindness' still,
Whatever others do.

"Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed."

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

For those who do not care for the rich and delicious mince pie of our New England grandmothers, the following will take its place:

Nut Mince Pie.—Mix together in order one-half cupful each of chopped walnut meats and raisins, one cupful of chopped apple, one-half cupful of dark corn syrup, one-fourth of a cupful each of cider vinegar, molasses and any kind of canned fruit juice, one-half teaspoonful each of allspice, cloves, and one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and salt. Add enough crushed crackers to make the mixture of the right consistency and fill a large pastry lined pie plate. Cover with pastry and bake slowly.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes.—Cook one-half dozen sweet potatoes, after peeling. Cut lengthwise into quarters and lay in a well greased pan. Boil one-half cupful of granulated sugar with one-quarter of a cupful of water for three minutes; brush the potatoes with this and bake until brown, basting once or twice with the leftover syrup.

Old Style Chicken Pie.—Cut up one good sized chicken, peel eight potatoes and cook together at the simmering point for twenty minutes. Meanwhile make a crust, using a quart of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sour cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Remove the chicken and the potatoes, place in a baking pan, thicken the water in which they were cooked with four tablespoonfuls of flour, rubbed smooth with three tablespoonfuls of butter, seasoned with one-half tablespoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper and pour over the chicken and potatoes in the baking pan. Roll out the crust until it nearly covers the dish, but does not attach to the pan. Place in a moderate oven and bake one hour or a little less. Five minutes before taking from the oven lift the crust and pour in one-half cupful more of rich sweet cream. Serve with thin slices of cold boiled ham.

Chicken Loaf.—Mix two cupfuls of cold-cooked chicken chopped with four cupfuls of bread crumbs moistened with hot milk. Add four tablespoonfuls of butter, salt, pepper and onion juice and bind with two beaten eggs. Pack in a mold, cover with greased paper and steam for an hour.

Nellie Maxwell