

THE DOOM THAT WAS HERS

By R. E. MARSHALL

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IT WAS a night such as poets dream of but seldom see. A night when glamor and romance and subtle mystery are in the air. A night for music, for love legends, and tales of chivalry, when the nameless charm that lies in ancient ballads, in the sight of armor, or of castles scarred with the wars of kings long dead, when the power that arises like a perfume from these things is strong and harsh and commonplace realities fade away. A night so beautiful it should have been hallowed and nothing but beauty had power to stir abroad.

Under its eham the high-ralled garden and quiet streets of St. Louis square in Old New Orleans were a fit stage for a medieval drama or poet's dream come true.

So great is the transforming power of moonlight that the buildings on either side of the square, once palaces for French and Spanish nobility, now Italian tenements, took on something of their former dignity and beauty. It wrapped them in a veil of silver and cast softly rounded shadows and quivering half-lights on their stained and crumbling door posts; made even the dish cloths and old shirts, hung about, suggest banners and tapestries flung out to welcome some new prince or stately embassy from afar.

It picked out the exquisite tracery of the iron railings, and gleamed a glory around the head of Jackson on his plunging iron horse, rising dark and still out of the fragrant tangle of pomegranate and oleander and starred jasmine.

There should have come, perhaps, out of their graves in the cathedral facing the square, a tansored monk, or a proud Spanish dame, or a pale light-haired woman in whose veins there ran a drop of that blood which is a curse, forever setting her apart, too high for her mother's people, too low for her father's, forever debarred by nature's inexorable law that punishes through reversion to type.

But there came none of these; there came a woman, bent, unevenly shrunken, dressed in black and heavily veiled. Slowly and painfully she moved down the cathedral steps, across the empty street, between the Venetian lamps, burning yellow, into the silver silence of the square.

She paused peering about, but seeing no one threw back her veil with a strangely broken indrawing of the breath. Behind her, flame-colored pomegranate blossoms swayed and gleaming banana fronds clapped softly and a bird sang exultingly back in the dim mysterious reaches of the garden, pierced in flickering spots and curved spaces by the moonlight that, as the woman lifted her veil, fell startlingly clear and strong across her face.

It was white, not with the even pallor of death, but chalky, like paper twisted and ravaged and worn away in places as an image is worn away by storms and long exposure.

Out of its mask-like hideousness her eyes, liquid, creole eyes, looked out at the beauty of the night with the passionate longing of the exile, across the garden to the lights gleaming in the house with an utter and agonized loneliness.

A magnolia petal detached itself and fell with ever so slight a sound, but she started and clutched at her veil. She knew that if seen she would be followed and the shelter of the nearby little house behind the tall green fence, inside of which no one ever saw, would be taken away and she be sent to the island with other lepers.

But no one came, and she went slowly down the curving walk arched over with oleanders that dropped their waxy blossoms on her head and cast long, narrow, black shadows of leaves that formed themselves into innumerable crosses so that her way was paved with them.

Presently the walk came out in a flood of light and there on a bench a man lay asleep, face upwards.

The woman, quite close, suddenly perceived him and with a shuddering cry covered back into the dark, peering out as though fascinated by the sleeping face. A handsome face it was, though weak, older than its years and lined by hard living.

With wide eyes in which pain and a dazed joy fought for supremacy the woman watched him.

Twenty years had passed since she had seen him; twenty years since the night when, dressing for her wedding with him, she had found a white spot on her arm and recognized the doom that was hers. Twenty years she had hidden away in the little house behind the tall green fence, nor heard a word nor seen a face from all her world, her gay French world she loved so. No one knew who lived in the little house; men said it was haunted. Strange noises were heard there; hurrying passers-by declared that the fig and myrtle tops above the fence stirred when the trees on the sidewalk were still; an old negro told in nerve-crinkling whispers how once at early dawn and once late at night she had seen a black-robed figure going soundlessly in the high gate. And so, as about all things not understood, legend grew, woven out of the fancy of the superstitious, and wrapped the house in a veil of mystery and tragedy that shut it from the outside world

more securely than stone walls and iron-barred gates.

Mystery there was and sublime tragedy behind the tall green fence.

And as she stood there alone after twenty years with her lover cast up, as it were, at her feet by one of those strange waves of fate which wreck and save according to no man's plans, according to laws no man may understand, a flood of memories overwhelmed her, shook her body and soul, the surge of a love great enough to hide itself from the beloved, to sustain her through nights and days and years alone with the fear.

A longing possessed her to reach out her hand and touch him; touch the lock of hair gray but curling in the old way over the forehead; a longing to prove to herself that this time he was no dream, to melt away into the bitter loneliness of the little house, a longing so potent that for a moment she forgot even the fear, forgot that her beauty had gone years and years ago, that she was an outcast, a horror, a thing scarcely human in shape whose breath was pestilence and whose touch, contagion.

She pulled a rose, a red rose, their sign in the old days; she would put it in his hand. He would wake and see it. Would he know and understand? He might never know and even cast it away; but she would know and it would be a comfort in the long empty days behind the excluding green fence.

She reached out her hand with the rose. Two of the fingers were gone, the flesh was rotting upon the third and a bit of bone projected from the second joint of the fourth. He was homeless and penniless, asleep on a bench in a public park. He was her lover of old from whom she had hidden twenty years lest he find her and follow her as she knew he would have done despite the fear. The moonlight fell ghastly white upon her hand and she drew it back into the shadow. She was a leper. She might not give him even a rose. The red line of an unhealed scar showed across the hand that lay, slender and long fingered, across his chest. In the rose might be death; more than death; the fear.

He stirred and muttered in his sleep. The woman crushed the scarlet petals in her hand and drawing down her veil walked with bent head and hurrying, uncertain steps away into the silent darkness of the path leading to the little house behind the tall green fence.

Geographer Gave Name to All Modern Maps

Modern mapmakers regard the maps made a few hundred years ago as great curiosities—and so they are, yet every atlas published in the Twentieth century borrows an idea from the Fifteenth century. It is known as Mercator's projection.

As a rule, the map of the world is represented in our atlases in two forms—first the two hemispheres side by side, with America and the Pacific occupying almost the whole of one, and the rest of the continents and oceans nearly the whole of the other. But the two circles are difficult of mental adjustment, as they require to be placed back to back to represent the actual geography of the globe.

This difficulty was recognized by a famous geographer named Gerardus Mercator. He originated the system, still followed, of drawing the map of the world as though the globe were flat, having all the meridians of longitude parallel and at right angles to the parallels of latitude.

Thus one gets a bird's eye view of the world, as it were, but only the parts of the map adjacent to the equator are correct to scale. As the map proceeds north and south toward the poles, oceans and continents expand more and more, and are thus out of proportion. Nevertheless, the advantages of this projection, named after Mercator, are obvious.

Little Sport in This Method of "Fishing"

An ideal stream for the lazy or impatient fisherman, who craves nourishment rather than the thrill of the catch, has been discovered by Interior department engineers in the inaccessible, rugged San Juan river, one of the main tributaries of the Colorado in Utah.

The swiftly flowing San Juan, called Pawhuska (mad water) by the Navajo Indians, who live nearby, never gets clean and sometimes it carries three times as much silt as water. At times the river runs with a smooth, movement like that of molten metal, so red and viscous is it with silt. At such times the fish become exhausted and flounder on the surface, their dorsal fins projecting into the air. Then the fisherman needs only to arm himself with a club and wade cautiously into the mud to snatch a fish with bare hands after he has stunned it with a blow.

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Blaming the Giver

The cheekiest person I ever met was a man who came to my home peddling vegetables late one fall. Quite a few grapes still hung on the vines in our arbor and he asked what I would take for them, as he wanted to make wine.

I told him I was afraid the grapes had been frosted, but he was welcome to them if they were of any use to him.

He picked a bushel and departed. It was a year later when I stopped at a house to get some water for my car that I was greeted by my grape friend. In no uncertain terms he gave me a severe bawling out because he had wasted his sugar, and the wine was not good and "would not even make good vinegar."—Chicago Tribune.

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

BRIGHTYES' MISTAKE

"OH, QUICK; come quick, Boys," cried Brighteyes one day, as he sat on his spider web, resting during the heat of noontime. "Hurry, hurry!"

Up panted Quickie, Sniff-foot and Sniff-sniff as fast as they could and gathered around their playmate to see what the fun was.

"Look, look," whispered Brighteyes, "right over there; don't you see? His coat is all white with black stripes; maybe he is just out of prison."

"Well, for my part, I can't see a thing," grumbled Quickie; "but I can hear a most peculiar noise. It sounds harsh and rasping, like some



Look, Look," Whispered Brighteyes, "Right Over There."

one sawing wood back home on the steep mountain side.

"I don't see anything nor do I hear anything," piped Sniff-foot and Sniff-sniff in chorus. "What's the joke anyway, Brighteyes?"

"Can't you be a little quieter, Boys?" said Cheerups, looking out of his house. "Dear, dear, I just thought I would have a wink or two while Mr. Sun was doing his worst. But, bless me, who is that?" as a plump little white horse all covered with black stripes came cantering up.

"How do you do, how do you do?" neighed the little horse in the same rasping tones which Quickie had heard. "I'm Zippy Zebra, and I've come a long way, I can tell you. It took a lot of courage to do it, too. All the family advised me not to come, said it was dangerous to get far from home and all that sort of thing, but Mrs. Ostrich and the Nervous Gnu said they knew you well and not to miss calling. They hinted that you might be gone if I didn't hurry, so here I am. Mrs. Ostrich and Mr. Gnu are my very good friends, you know. We pal around together a lot on the Great Plain, and I have every confidence in their judgment." Zippy Zebra stopped to catch his breath.

"Well, well," said Cheerups, now thoroughly awake, "I am delighted to see anyone who knows Mrs. Ostrich and Mr. Gnu. We have so many friends now that we begin to feel very much at home in Africa. We are not thinking of leaving for a long time yet.

But I should like to explore a little; an excursion to the mountains or a week-end on the Broad Plain, perhaps."

"Oh, sir, that would be splendid! I'm sure you would have a warm welcome everywhere, except perhaps in the mountains. You see, we Zebras are a shy lot. My branch of the family lives on the Broad Plain and is more used to society, but my cousins, the Mountain Zebras, who live up in the hills, just don't care for company at all. I say they carry it too far, but everyone to his taste, of course. Why, they even post sentinels on the highest crags to warn the herd when anyone is coming, so they can all scamper away. That's not very hospitable, it seems to me. And they are so pretty, too, you'd think they would be proud to show off a bit. They haven't plain white legs like mine, but are striped all over, way down to their hoofs."

"Thanks for the hint, Zippy. We'll try not to intrude on your shy cousins," laughed Cheerups. "But I should think all those black stripes would make you very easily seen, even at night."

"Oh, no, sir; it's just the other way," brayed Zippy with a proud ring in his voice. "They help to hide us in the daytime, but at night we are almost invisible. It's on account of the stripes that we are so inconspicuous—inconspicuous, perhaps," added Cheerups.

"Yes, that's it, sir, the very word! I'm not good at big ones," replied Zippy, feeling a little embarrassed. "Now I've made quite a long call for

Douglas Fairbanks



This popular screen star was born in Denver, where he received a boyhood training that included fencing, dancing, dramatic literature, and a wide range of athletic exercises, besides regular academic studies. At seventeen he was with Frederick Warde in Shakespeare plays. Later he was with other New York companies, and became a Broadway star, following which he entered the "movies."

The first one. They told me at home not to stay till you were tired, because I do love to talk. Come and see us some time; good-by, everybody," and Zippy Zebra trotted away with a parting whisk of his little tail.

"Well," gasped Brighteyes, "I guess I was mistaken that time!"

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

THE EXTRA PLATE

IF AN extra plate be accidentally placed on the table when it is being set for a meal it is a sign that some visitor is coming hungry. This is a superstition found in various sections of the country; the American Folk-Lore society specified Ohio as one of its habitats. It is, of course, based upon the idea of the ancients that what was connected in thought must be connected in fact, which idea produced the theory of that sympathetic magic which, from primitive times, had such a strong hold upon the minds of our ancestors. They were diligent seekers after the relation of cause and effect. Every result had a cause, therefore, every cause, every act, must have an effect. What would be the natural effect of placing an extra plate upon the table? Why, the effect produced, or signified, by the association of ideas, which would be that of someone coming hungry. Only admit, as did the ancients, that what is connected in thought is connected in fact and the rest is easy—the sequence of events clearly marked out. It should be noted, too, that in this system of reasoning to avoid the cause was to avoid the effect. Most of the

"don'ts" in modern superstitions are based upon this point. Avoid the omen and you avoid what the omen portends. Therefore, if you have barely enough for your own dinner, be careful not to place an extra plate on the table, and then if a hungry visitor should drop in it will be by pure accident and not owing to your own carelessness.

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AN ABBREVIATED STORY

BADLY KNEEDED

ROS COE RICKETTS yawned, rose from his easy chair, and remarked, "I think I'll go to bed early tonight. If I have time tomorrow morning I'll stop in at the tailor's and have these trousers shortened. They're nearly dragging on the ground. Sometimes I almost wish I had two pairs of trousers."

"Te hee!" tee-hee'd his wife to herself. "I'll shorten them myself while he's asleep just to surprise him. And tomorrow at breakfast maybe I'll ask him about that \$18 hat I saw in Bee-stinger's window."

At the same moment the same idea was occurring to Phillba, Ricketts's daughter, who needed a new pair of shoes to match her new stockings, and to Foulard, his son, who had won a motor in a lottery and wanted a motor boat to put it on.

Three times that night, dreaming of burglars, Roscoe Ricketts, who had changed his mind about the tailor and shortened his pants himself, awoke to find a member of his family replacing his trousers across the back of the chair.

"I found these out in the hall," lied Foulard.

"I came in thinking perhaps these had fallen on the floor, and sure enough they had!" lied Phillba.

"Here's these," said his wife, who never lied.

The following item appeared in the afternoon paper the next day: "Roscoe Ricketts, a prominent citizen with prominent knees, was arrested this morning for appearing on the street in knee pants."

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"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

BETSEY

THE quaint and charming name of Betsey, so endeared to American history, had its source far back in early times when the Muscovite princess Elisavetta, the daughter of Jaroslav, was the object of the romantic love of the great poet and sea king, Harald Hardrada of Norway, who sang nineteen songs of his own composition in her praise on his way from Constantinople and won her hand by his feats of prowess.

Her name, which means "God's oath," appears in many romantic tales and Danish ballads and finally spread, in numerous variations, throughout Europe by way of Germany, Elizabetha, Isabella, Elizabeth and Elsbeths were the most popular names in Europe—and still have tremendous vogue, for that matter—but Betsey is typically English and "inter-day" American.

Many famous women have borne the name in this country. Betsey Ross, whose skillful fingers fashioned the first American flag, is a heroine of history.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

GOOD ENOUGH

I CAN'T forgive my enemies— 'Tis useless to deny it. And what is more though it displeases I shall not even try it.

My reason's good enough for me— Just one among the many— I can't forgive 'em for you see I really haven't any.

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The KITCHEN CABINET

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No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—George Elliot.

Give thanks are stopping to deplore What seems to be a sorry lot; Give thanks, and most devoutly, for Those many things which you have not.

THINGS WE LIKE

Children are especially fond of the old-fashioned ginger cream cookie which can be made at home.

Frosted Ginger Cookies.—Cream one-fourth of a cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar and the beaten yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of strong coffee infusion, one-half cupful of pastry flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt and three-fourths of a cupful of chopped candied ginger. Combine the ingredients and drop from a spoon onto baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven and when cool frost with marshmallow icing.

Fig Jam.—Wash three pounds of dried figs and pass them through the meat grinder. Add one quart of water, one sliced lemon and one sliced orange. Let stand overnight. Add four cupfuls of sugar and cook until thick and transparent, stirring frequently.

Fruit Mincemeat.—Take one glass of spiced grape jam, one pint of canned cherries strained from their juice, one pint of peaches, one pint of plums, stones removed and juices strained; one glass of quince preserves, one of apple butter, four quarts of chopped suet, one cupful of finely shredded suet, one pound of raisins, four ounces each of finely cut citron, orange peel and lemon peel minced—the last two candied; two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of nutmeg, one-half tablespoonful each of cloves, allspice and ginger. Mix all together and add one cupful of good vinegar; let stand a few days to ripen.

Popcorn Crackle.—Prepare a large pan of popped corn. Make a slurp of one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful each of vinegar and butter. Boil slowly until the mixture is brittle when dropped into cold water. Pour a little at a time over the corn, mixing well until each kernel is touched with the slurp. Two persons will do this much better. One to pour and the other to stir and mix the corn.

More Good Things.

The following relish has the advantage of many, as it may be made after all the fresh vegetables are out of the market.

Beet Relish.—Chop cooked beets to make a quart; add one quart of chopped cabbage, one cupful of grated horseradish, two cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt and vinegar to moisten thoroughly. This is a good relish to serve with fish.

Silver Loaf Cake.—Take two and three-fourths cupfuls of pastry flour, one and one-fourth cupfuls of granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of water, one-half cupful of butter, the whites of seven eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of flavoring, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cream the butter, add the sugar, mix well, then add the flour and dry ingredients sifted together, alternating with the water; fold in the stiffly beaten whites and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Pound Cake.—Take ten eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, four cupfuls of flour, one and one-half cupfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract, one teaspoonful of salt. Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat until white and foamy. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs, beat well. Add alternately one heaping tablespoonful of flour with a small portion of the beaten yolk and white, beating well between each addition. The success of a pound cake depends upon the fine ingredients and such beating—then, finally the baking in a slow oven at first, increasing the heat to a moderate oven. Bake one hour and a half.

Beans, Tongue and Egg Sandwiches.—To one cupful of Boston baked beans add one cupful of finely chopped cold boiled tongue or ham. Add two hard cooked eggs finely chopped, season with one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar from the onion pickle bottle. Mix well and spread thin slices of brown bread with mustard and creamed butter, cover with a layer of the mixture, then with lettuce dipped in French dressing; put together in pairs. Press and cut into triangles, garnish with fan-shaped slices of pickled cucumbers.

Barbecued Ham.—Have the ham cut very thin and broil quickly. Arrange on a hot platter and add to the fat in the pan a teaspoonful each of sugar and of made mustard, a dash of red pepper and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir until bubbling hot, then pour over the ham and serve at once.

The apple is another fruit of the gods. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away" is an old and well known saying. They, too, are laxative, and hold valuable salts, such as sodium and iron.

Nellie Maxwell