he Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

So from a little studio room began to take on a practical purpose. It was w which called for form and proport rather than color, and in these l excelled. She soon found herself as much as she could do, in addit to the duties of the house-hold, a aids were luxuries which could no longer be afforded, and her mother found unable to realize that they we not still living in the affluence of Mr Hardy's income. To Irene, therefore, fell the work of the house, as well its support. But her success in earning a living did not seem in the slightest degree to clear the way for marriage. She could not ask Dave to assume the support of her mother; particularly in view of Mrs. Hardy's behaviour toward him, she could not ask that. She sometimes wondered if Conward—— For a long while she refused to complete the thought, but at length, why not? Why shouldn' Conward marry her mother? And what other purpose could he have in his continuous visits to their home? Mrs. Hardy, although no longer young, had by no means surrendered all the attractions of her sex, and Conward was slipping by the period when a young girl would be his natural mate. If they should marry—— Irene was no plotter, but it did seem that such a match would clear the way for all concerned. She was surprised when she turned it over in her mind, to realize that Conward had made a place in her regard. That she could contemplate such a consummation as very much to be desired. Subconsciously, rather than specifically, she assumed a still more friendly attitude toward him.

Bert Morrison's confession had, however, set up a rather very insistent strain in Irene's mind. She realized that Bert, with all her show of cynicism and worldliness, was really a very womanly young woman, with just the training and the insight into life that would make her almost irresistible should she enter the matrimonial market. And Bert and Dave were already good friends; very good friends indeed, as Irene suspected from fragments of conversation which either of them dropped from time to time. Although she never doubted the singleness of Dave's devotion, she sometimes suspected that in Bert Morrison's presence he felt a more frank comradeship than in hers. And it was preposterous that he should not know that Bert might be won for the winning. And meantime.

Another winter wore away; another spring came rushing from the mountain passes; another summer was upon them, and still Irene Hardy had not surrendered. A thousand times she told herself it was impossible, with her mother to think of—— And always she ended in indignation over the treatment of Dave. It was outrageous to keep him waiting. . . . And somewhere back of her self-indignation flitted the form—the now seductive form—of Bert Morrison.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Irene Hardy chose to be frank with herself over the situation. She had not doubted the sincerity of the attachment for Dave Holden; but, as she experienced some doubt the entry of Bert Morrison into the affairs could have for such a result, she felt now that Dave's suit would be regarded with favor by another woman accomplished, experienced, woman she was, and much more able to monopolize it to herself. And in fairness she admitted that things could not continue as they were. The menace of Bert Morrison was static, so to speak. With fine self-abnegation Bert was going away. But how long would she be able to stand against Irene was old enough to know that the ramparts of friendship are a poor defence when the battery of passion is brought to bear upon them. Usually, though, it is conceded that the siege continues to the finish. She was not sure that she would tell of this, she would tell it. She was sure that she would make him speak at the very next opportunity.

It came on a fine summer's evening in late July while Dave and Irene drifted in his car over the rich ripening prairies. Everywhere were fields of dark green wheat, already beginning to glimmer with the gold of harvest; everywhere were herds of sleek cattle grazing and blowing contentedly in the cool evening air. Away to the west lay the mountains, blue and soft in a [illegible] of color for the hour of the dying day; overhead, inverted islands of brass and copper floated lazily in an inverted sea of azure and opal; up from the south-west came the breath of the far Pacific, mild, and soft, and gentle.

"We started at the wrong end in our nation-building," Dave was saying. "We started to build cities, leaving the country to take care of itself. We are finding out how wrong we were. Depend upon it, where there is a prosperous country the cities will take care of themselves. We have been putting the cart before the horse——"

But Irene's eyes were on the sunset; on the slowly fading colors of the cloudlands overhead. Something of that color played across her fine face, mellowing, softening, drawing as it seemed the very soul to cheeks and lips and eyes. Dave paused in his speech to regard her, and her beauty rushed upon him, engulfed him, overwhelmed him in such a poignancy of tenderness that it seemed for a moment all his resolves must be swept away and he must storm the citadel that would not surrender to siege. . . . Only action could hold him resolute; he pressed down the accelerator until the steel lungs of his motor were drinking power to their utmost capacity and the car roared furiously down the stretches of the country road.

It was dusk when he had burnt out his violence, and, chastened and spent, he turned the machine to hum back gently to the forgotten city. Irene, by some fine telepathy, had followed vaguely the course of his emotions; had followed them in delicious excitement, and fear, and hope. She sensed in some subtle feminine way the impulse that had sent him roaring into the distances; she watched his powerful hand on the wheel; his clear, steady eye; the minute accuracy with which he controlled his flying motor; and she prayed—and did not know what or why she prayed. But a color not all of the dying sunlight lit her cheek and she guessed—she feared—she hoped—that she had prayed that he might forget his fine resolves—that his heart might at last outrule his head——

In the deepening darkness her fingers found his arm. The motion of the car masked the violence of her trembling, but for a time the pounding of her heart would not allow her speech.

"Dave," she said at length, "I want to tell you that I think you—that we—that I—oh! I've been very selfish and proud——"

Her fingers had followed his arm to the shoulder, and the car had idled to a standstill. "I have fought as long as I can, Dave." She raised her eyes full to his, and felt them glowing upon her in the dusk. "I have fought as long as I can," she said, "and I—I always wanted to—to lose, you know; and now—I surrender. . . ."

Elden lost no time in facing the unpleasant task of an interview with Mrs. Hardy. It was even less pleasant than he expected.

"Irene is of age," said Mrs. Hardy, bluntly. "If she will she will. But I must tell you plainly that I will do all I can to dissuade her. Ungrateful child!" she exclaimed, in an outburst of temper, "after all these years to throw herself away in an infatuation for a cow puncher."

The storm of Mrs. Hardy's distress, seen of as it was in those last contemptuous words, struck Dave as so ridiculous that he laughed outright. It was the second occasion upon which his sense of humor had suffered an inopportune reaction in her presence.

"Yes, laugh at me," she said, bitterly. "Laugh at her mother, an old woman now, alone in the world, the mother that risked her life for the child you are taking with a laugh——"

"I beg your pardon," said Dave. "I was not laughing at you, but at the very great aversion in which you hold anyone who has at one time followed the profession of a cowboy. As one who was born practically with a lariat in his hand I claim the liberty of being amused at the aversion. I've known many of the cow puncher[illegible] and a good few others, and I know they are generally rough, they are sometimes wilder in a great deal whiter than many gentlemen, and with a wonderful respect for good women than I have found in ladies that [illegible] for themselves [illegible] ask me to make [illegible] for the class from which I come. I have [illegible] your answer. But when you [illegible] have taken your child through [illegible] you do me an injustice. And when you speak of Irene as the child you do Irene an injustice. And you [illegible] yourself an old woman [illegible] is all an illusion."

"You may [illegible]" said Mrs. Hardy [illegible] "I have no relish for [illegible] I prefer gentlemen. Why [illegible] her of every [illegible] Mr. Conward [illegible]

"Conward [illegible]

"He [illegible]

"Oooh," said Mrs. Hardy, in a low, shocked cry. The Elder should speak of Conward with such disrespect seemed to her little less than sacrilege. Then, gathering herself together with some dignity, "If you cannot speak respectfully of Mr. Conward you will please leave the house. I shall not forbid you to see Irene; I know that would be useless. But please do not trouble me with your presence."

(To be continued.)

"Nice Doggie."

The revenue cutter Acadia, the old sailor said, was coaling at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. As it was harvest time, the captain was having hard work to get men to carry the coal aboard. To help out and to earn some extra money several of us among the crew offered to do the work, and the captain was glad to have us.

I was just picking up my loaded basket to go aboard when I noticed a small black animal crouching between two timbers and looking at me. After I had emptied the basket I went back and picking the little fellow up, carried him aboard. As I was going up the gangplank I met the old boatswain, Bill Henson.

"Hello, Tom," he said; "what ye got there?"

"A little black dog," I replied. "I found him down on the wharf."

"Isn't he cute," said Bill, patting the little fellow on the head with his big hand.

I went below and, finding a cracker box, put the animal inside it and nailed some cleats across the top. Not long afterwards, the captain came aboard. His nose was high in the air, and his first question was, "Where's the skunk around here?"

"I dunno," replied the boatswain. "Tom's got a little black dog in the box up for'ard."

"Let me see him," said the captain and went to look. "Dog!" he said after one glance. "That's a skunk!"

Indeed it was; by that time almost anybody would know it, although some of us from Newfoundland had never seen a skunk before.

"Heave it overboard," ordered the captain, and, after loosening one of the slats, I threw the box over the rail.

The box landed fair on its bottom, and up popped the small black head of Mr. Skunk. With a catlike dislike for getting wet he glanced once at the water and then settled down again. The box drifted rapidly away from shore.

After a little while the skunk popped his head up again. Then, realizing apparently that he was getting farther and farther away from land, he leaped overboard and swam to shore.

That was the first time either Bill or I had ever seen a skunk! To those of the crew who were acquainted with the animal our experience was a source of much delight.

When Famous Men Were Young.

"He is a boy of great mental power, and has made progress in everything except penmanship. I think he is a serious boy—always anxious to do well. With his immense powers of application, I often tell him he could become a good French and German scholar."

In these words a schoolmaster described Mr. Bonar Law in the days of his childhood, long before anyone thought that he was destined to become one of Britain's greatest men and guide the affairs of the nation.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain tells of his youth. He had decided to devote himself to politics after his departure from the university, and communicated this decision to his old nurse.

"Politics!" exclaimed the old dame, scornfully. "Oh, Mr. Austen, I should have thought two in the family, your father and Mr. Richard, enough to have in politics! Why don't you go in for something useful?"

When Lord Curzon was at Eton he had a reputation as an adept at repartee, and it is recorded that on one occasion he put a big fellow to flight simply by the power of his tongue.

Another Viceroy of India, Lord Reading, had a terrible reputation at school. He has been described as one of the worst boys from the schoolmaster's point of view that it would be possible to find. "Lessons he left alone, classwork he shirked, mischief was his only devotion," said the early friend. "My recollection of him is always of a demoniacal young imp with sparkling eyes, who was always in disgrace or being caned, and yet withal ever merry and deliciously humorous."

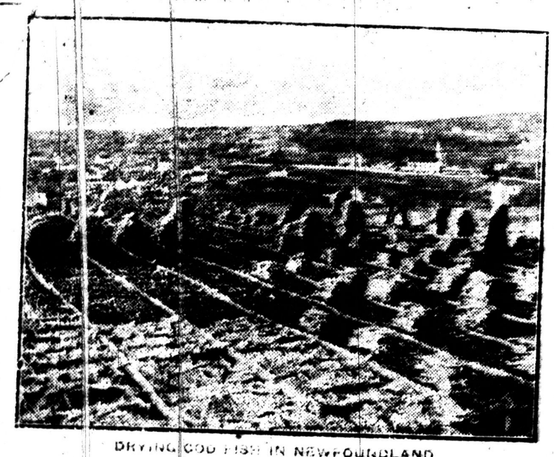
There are not many stories of Mr. Lloyd George's young days, but one refers to the period when he attended the National school in his Welsh village. The future Prime Minister found a small boy being bullied by four bigger youths. He interferred, and offered to fight the tormentors one after the other. Everything was [illegible], but it came to the ears of those in authority, and the battle was stopped.

Cheap Nitrates.

The war did a great deal of damage to the nitrate industry of Chili, owing to interference with exports, and the competition of plants established in Norway and elsewhere for separating nitrogen from atmospheric air by means of the electric arc. Since the armistice, however, the demand for nitrates has lessened to such an extent that the business of producing them artificially has almost ceased to be profitable. Some of the largest plants have closed down.

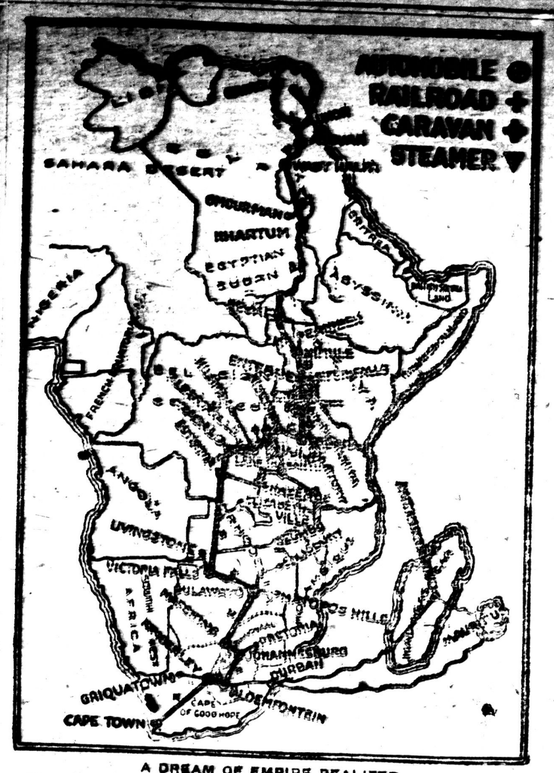
Thus Chile is now enabled to regain the market for the nitrate of soda which she digs out of the ground, where, in a desert region, it was deposited by the evaporation of vanished lakes. But a fact of special importance in this connection is that a new process has been invented for extracting this nitrate of soda, by which cost is so greatly reduced that it can undersell the artificial product.

Fish are always sold alive in Japan. People increase in weight from April to November, and decrease from November to March.



DRYING COD FISH IN NEWFOUNDLAND

One of the chief national industries of Newfoundland is fishing. In fact, codfish are sometimes called the Currency of Newfoundland. The picture shows one of the stages in the process of drying the cod.



A DREAM OF EMPIRE REALIZED

The Cape-to-Cairo route is now an accomplished fact in Africa. By railway, steamer, motor car and caravan, the trip can be made in 58 days. By the completion shortly of another strip of railway, it will be accomplished in four weeks. Sleeping and dining cars are provided from Cape Town to the Congo.

Are You Interesting?

Have you ever wondered why it is that some people, when they come into a room, are the immediate centre of interest, while other people may enter without creating any commotion at all?

You are sitting, perhaps, with half a dozen friends, chatting by the fire. Presently the door opens, and Robinson comes in. Everybody stirs, the subject of discussion flies temporarily from all minds, and you exclaim, "Hallo, Robinson!" as you jump up to greet him.

But suppose it is Smith, instead of Robinson. You merely look round, nod, indicate a chair, and go on with what you were talking about.

Why is one man interesting, and the other not?

There are various ways of being interesting, some of which can be acquired, while others cannot.

We are always meeting people, for example, who possess strong personalities, and who unwittingly exercise a sub-conscious magnetic influence upon us. Whether we wish to or not, we find ourselves turning towards them, addressing our remarks to them, and listening mainly to their conversation.

Sometimes we are glad to do this. At other times, we grudge the attentions which we bestow them. In nearly all cases, though we may not realize it, these strong personalities drain our own force and absorb our own energies into their own.

Become a Force in Life.

There are also people who command our interest purely on account of their physical charm or attributes. They may have nothing magnetic in their personalities, yet it pleases us to address them and to be addressed by them. This is merely an expression of the human streak in all of us, which causes us to turn towards physical beauty and grace just as naturally as a flower turns to the sun.

If you are not designed by nature to be in either of these classes, there is no help for it. You cannot enter them. But there is yet another way of being interesting, and, therefore, becoming a force in life, and it is a way which most of us can take advantage of if we care to rouse ourselves.

Interest yourself in others, and they will interest themselves in you!

I have in my mind a young man who, in the ordinary course of events would make no impression in a company. He is built on the small side, he is not handsome, he has a slight impediment in his speech, and he is totally lacking in what we usually understand by the term "personality." I have never seen him enter a room, however, without feeling delighted at his presence.

He is thoroughly interesting, because he is so thoroughly interested.

Get a Grip of Things.

No matter what we are talking about—a personal ailment, a political idea, a shopping incident, or our favorite food—he listens enthusiastically, and gives it his whole attention. You do not have to rack your brain for subjects. He brings the enthusiasm of his genuine interest into every theme, and, this being so, he immediately secures your own interest every time he opens his mouth.

You may say that this interest in life, too, is a natural gift, and cannot be imitated. Perhaps, in the deepest sense, this is true. Some people have more instinctive appreciation of the gift of life than other people.

But it has been proved over and over again that, when we find ourselves slipping into a state of apathy, we can grip ourselves and force an interest in existence which has never really been dead, but only dormant, or "temporarily stunned."

So it actually resolves itself into this. Make yourself interested in life, and life will be interested in you. And, once you find that life is interested in you, the game is won!

You've just got to make the start.

Hints to Husbands.

If your wife frowns at you, smile at her.
If she smiles at you, laugh at her.
If she is beautiful, appreciate her.
If she cooks well, compliment her.
If she doubts you, be frank with her.
If she is hysterical, ignore her.
If she is saucy, kiss her.
If she is good adore her.

It is impossible to run at a height of 17,000 feet above sea-level.

Guarding the Prince's Life

How would you like to know that everywhere you went, you were being shadowed by fearless armed men who, acting under strictest orders, dared not lose sight of you even for a moment?

Unenviable as such an existence may appear, it sems quite natural to the Prince of Wales. Almost all his life he has been thus guarded from harm by silent myrmidons of the law especially chosen for the purpose.

The task of guarding the Prince is one of the most difficult and exacting that the police of Britain have to carry out. For the safety of the heir to the throne rests solely in their hands. A mistake or carelessness on the part of one of the officers might have far-reaching consequences. In view of this great responsibility, the care exercised in selecting the men may be imagined.

The royal guard is drawn from "A" division of the Metropolitan Police, and is under the direction of a superintendent. The men do their work in a quiet, unobtrusive way, and although morning, noon, and night, they are in constant attendance upon their charge—or close at hand—their existence is almost unknown to many members of the Court!

At work or play, the Prince is attended by one or more of these lynx-eyed detectives. The most trying time, however, is when he goes abroad.

Scotland Yard can never forget that an attempt was made on the life of a former Prince of Wales—as King Edward then was—when he was in Brussels.

The would-be assassin, a man named Sipido, was observed by a British detective in the act of firing the shot. The detective rushed forward and managed to strike the madman's hand and the bullet went wide.

In foreign lands the Prince has his own bodyguard, but each country through which he passes makes it its special duty to protect him. Queen Victoria, by the way, used to declare that she always felt safe in France, and little wonder, for while she was there she was under the care of M. Paoli and his detectives, the most highly trained corps in Europe.

Even in his home—at St. James's Palace—the Prince has the same persistent attendants. The entrance to the Palace is guarded by sentries selected from one of the regiments of the Guards. Plain-clothes officers are a familiar sight to visitors.

Then, inside the courtyard, there are policemen and detectives whose vigilance is never relaxed. Patrols are made at frequent intervals the passages in the Palace, and every night the greatest care is taken to see that windows and doors are safely closed.

Even greater precautions are taken at Buckingham Palace, where policemen have remained night and day, and march up and down the corridors. They wear felt slippers in order that no one shall be disturbed.

The men who form the Prince's guard are steadily careful, as indeed they need be if they are no to get in the way" occasionally. They always carry revolvers, but never yet has it been necessary to use them.

A good story is told of a visit the Prince paid to the Continent before the war. The royal party was out walking when the sun suddenly died down. One of the Prince's companions remarked that while the sun might not be shining, His Royal Highness could always be sure of having his "shadow," indicating at the same time one of the attendant detectives.

Woman's Interests

New Buckles for Dresses and Shoes.

Most women admire bead buckles, worn this season as ornamentation of dresses and shoes. A great many would like to wear them, but hesitate at paying the high prices asked for the buckles at the stores. But any woman who can sew, can own a pair of beaded buckles. Provided she knows the correct method, her buckles will look equal to those bought in the stores, and this at a cost within the reach of the most modest pocket-book. The only high-priced home-made buckles are those made from steel or gold cut beads. And though these will cost, complete, not less than $1.75, when one considers the prices asked for them, bought ready-made, the cost is extremely low.

The beads for a pair of ordinary buckles will cost not more than thirty cents, fifteen cents a bunch. Two bunches will make two buckles. Steel beads cost around seventy-five cents per bunch. There are some cut jet black beads which are as expensive as steel, but it is not necessary to use these to have pretty black buckles, the cheaper ones answering the purpose.

The method of making the buckles is simple. The secret of success lies in first stringing the beads on fine copper wire. If you try to sew them one by one on the foundation, the buckles will have a home-made look which is not desirable. Buy a spool of copper wire, very fine. Thirty-two wire is a good number, though twenty-eight will do, but nothing coarser than that. The beads will thread on a fine wire much better than on a needle. They can be threaded on the wire right from the strings on which they come, at a saving of time and patience.

A small piece of the stiffest buckram obtainable is used for the foundation. Cut both foundations at the same time exactly alike. If one is cut and made first it will be nearly impossible to get the second exactly the same size. Cover the buckram with some kind of material which will look well under the beads you are going to use, though it does not actually show. Oval buckles are the favorites, though the square ones, are, I think, the most effective. If your buckram is not very stiff use two pieces. Now, with the silk which matches the beads, begin at the edge, allowing a small piece of the wire to go over to the back of the buckle, and fastening it securely in place with small stitches. Sew a tiny stitch between every bead, making the beads stand out around the edge of the foundation, and being sure they are so close together that the stitches do not show. If an oval buckle is being made, after the first row is on, continue sewing round and round, till the centre is reached.

It is not necessary to put a stitch between every bead after the first row, a stitch every third bead usually being sufficient to fasten the rows firmly in place. See that the rows, as well as the beads, are as close together as possible. In case you are making square or oblong buckles, be very careful in turning the corners that no bare spaces are left exposed. When the foundation is entirely covered with rows of beads, put the end of the wire through the foundation and fasten it in place in the back.

For white pumps, lovely effects may be obtained with the crystal beads in pale shades, such as periwinkle blue, lavender, pink, and delicate greens. Sometimes buckles are made with borders or centres of contrasting beads, as in the large buckle shown where the outside is round bead [illegible] the centre cut steel, and the space between black cut beads. Sometimes the centre of the buckle is filled in with a large flat fancy bead, such as can be bought at the bead-stores, or art counters.

These beaded buckles make ideal gifts and give the needed touch to the new gown or shoes.

Use Cranberries Freely.

The cranberry is what we would call an anti-scorbutic, because of the vitamines which counteract scurvy. It is also a particularly valuable food in winter when we are all apt to eat too much of the sweet and starchy foods and not enough of the acids, because it acts as a liver stimulant. If the liver is decidedly inactive, put the raw cranberries through the meat chopper, add just enough sugar to sweeten, cover and let stand for a while in a cold place, then eat as a sauce or use a tablespoonful or so—with a little lemon juice, salad oil and a hint of salt—as French dressing for a fruit salad.

Most of us are accustomed to the use of cranberries merely as a sauce or jelly for service with poultry. Perhaps we may make an occasional cranberry pie besides, but that's all.

Why not make a fuller use of this fruit—both for its beauty and its food value? Blend cranberry jelly with cream cheese for a salad, use the fruit (cooked) stuffed with other bland foods, again as a salad, use it spiced as a garnish in a steamed batter pudding.

A few housewives put up a generous supply of cranberries either as jelly or by the cold water method for use in the winter and summer. Blend cranberries with the more mild fruits, such as apples and winter pears; use them in a pie, pie, and [illegible] the making of [illegible] for the school lunch basket. Add a cupful of raw cranberries with your pot roast—they will give it a [illegible] flavor in addition to tenderizing the meat fibres; use cranberry sauce or a mixture of cranberry and apple sauce with roast pork or indeed with any meat; use it as a filling for shortcake, either by itself or mixed fifty-fifty with apples or bananas; use it to give a new flavor to your apple sauce.

Disarm the Nursery.

Toy pistols, soldiers and guns teach children to tolerate and admire war, and to anticipate killing people in war.

Toy submarines, battleships, airships with bomb-dropping apparatus, and armored automobiles are made and sold.

War is not a pleasant game! War is hideous. There cannot be "civilized warfare." Vast majorities in all countries [illegible] children that [illegible] that game is a great mental danger.

The place to begin is in the nursery. Disarm the nursery first. Children's minds are extraordinarily receptive. Impressions are lasting.

Banish all war toys, war clothes, war pictures and war story-books.

No store would put into stock a toy guillotine, or a headsman's axe and block, with puppets to be beheaded. Parents would revolt at the idea of their children playing games with such toys of violence and death. If they would think, they would revolt at the idea of all kinds of war toys and war clothes. Sham battles are both silly and wicked. Uniforms are made to be soaked in gore.

Worst-Behaved Island.

Falcon Island, in the South Pacific, is the most restive and changeable piece of land in the world. It has a knack of disappearing below the waves and then suddenly bobbing up again.

It was first seen and charted by H. M. S. Falcon in 1865. But in 1877 another ship found that the land had disappeared, though smoke was issuing from the sea. The charts were altered accordingly.

Then, in 1885, the island returned quietly, and remained so long that the steamer Egeria, in October, 1894, charted it again, showing it to be just over a mile long, a mile broad, and 153 feet above sea-level at its highest point. Early in 1894, however, a survey ship found that the island consisted of only a low stretch of narrow rock, less than 1,000 feet in length.

By December of the same year the island had bobbed up again, and was over three miles long and nearly two broad. As if exhausted by such an effort to increase in area, it vanished once more in 1898.

No further signs of activity were noted until 1900, when the island again began to grow. Since then it has undergone many changes. To-day its achievements [illegible]

it is covered with palm trees and vegetables, but its reputation for misbehaviour is such that no one will settle upon it.

To a Favorite Book.

I count you as a tried and trusty friend
So satisfying the companionship
Of any page in which I chance to dip;
If I need laughter, you have much to lend,
Wisdom, a fault or fallacy to mend.
You never fail me; and your subtle wit
Delights me more each time I savor it,
So apt your words with quip or whimsy blend.

You never grow indifferent or cold,
You never disappoint with your replies,
You never irritate or criticize,
Or bother one with questions manifold;
In short, you as the perfect pal I rate,
For every mood, supremely adequate.

Charlotte Becker

Give us in the alphabet and an inn will, and why shall we have friends to [illegible]

CLEMENCEAU LIFTS THE CURTAIN

Cartoon in the Chicago Tribune.