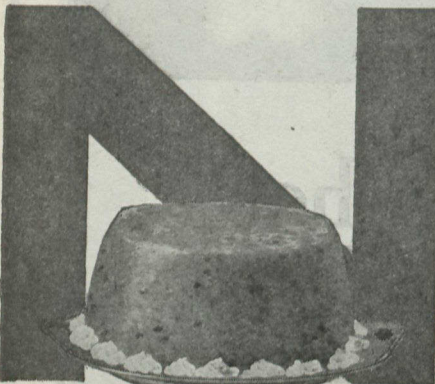
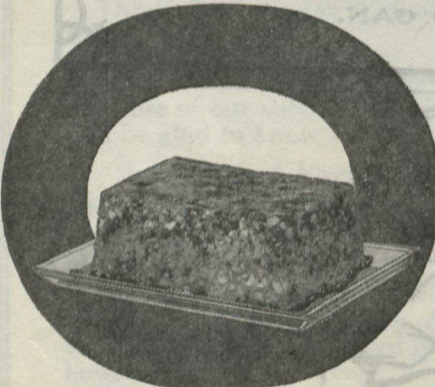


BELOW is a new and truly delectable way of serving rice—a delicious dessert that you will surely want to add to your menu—



BUTTER SCOTCH RICE PUDDING

Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan 1 cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak 1 envelope Knox Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold.



"Will it please the man of the house" is always the question in a woman's mind when she makes a salad. All doubts are removed, however, when she makes *Perfection Salad* for the household. It is only one of many wonderful recipes in Mrs. Knox's books. They are yours for the asking.



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"Always the Highest Quality"



The Night of The Storm

(Continued from page 51)

right. Can't you hear her breathe? Let her stay here—"

"So you and him can take care of her while I go for the doctor—is that it?" he sneered.

She seemed not to hear him.

"It's croup, Stephen," she said. "You can't take her out—" Stephen shook her off impatiently.

"I'll get out—I'll go for the doctor!" Waldo cried. "And I'll keep away. But you and Hannah stay with her, here." "Wrap her up!" said Stephen Mine.

Two or three of the neighbor women came forward now, protesting, and Jake Mullet cried out:

"Look here, Mine. This ain't no time to remember old scores. You got the kid to think of—"

"Wrap her up!" said Stephen Mine.

"Well, wait till one of us gets somewhere for a team," cried one of the men. "Stephen—leave her here! I can wring out the hot clothes till the doctor comes—"

"I've—I've got the stuff here, that was my baby's," Waldo chattered, but now they could hardly understand him.

"Wrap her up," said Stephen Mine, and strode to the door.

THE others gave way before him, and began to file out. Heavily Hannah Mine began drawing on the child's wraps, the sobs breaking through again. Some of the women gave of their own wraps, and seeing that one little mitten was missing, they put two or three pairs on the still inert hands.

"You carry her," said Jake Mullet to Stephen. "And I'll go to Lewiston for the doctor."

"I'll carry her—yes," said Stephen Mine, "and then I'll go up yonder and telephone for the doctor. I'll not trouble any of you that'd have me leave her here."

He took the child from the mother, and went out the door.

"He's beside himself," they whispered, and they understood that it was the disease of anger, or he would never have let them go away from their task of that night without so much as a word of thanks. Some lingered for a word with Waldo and would have heard more of his adventure, but all that he could say was "In the cut," and again and again. "In the cut—all alone." They saw that he was a sick man, and they left him with kindly words of advice and even—though these folk are chary of expression—an outstretched hand or two. But there were some who went out muttering a half acceptance of Stephen's implication.

Alone, Waldo began moving about the cabin, mechanically folding the quilt on which the child had lain, sweeping away the snow where the trampling feet had been, carrying the kettle back to its place in the lean-to. He felt sore and ill and weak. He felt stunned, as if he had been flung against some great, impalpable thing which had struck back at him with living hands. He could no longer save a child from death and be believed. He had turned to evil in Stephen's eyes, so that what he did that was good seemed evil. The black wall of the hate which he and Stephen had builded was round them, and beyond lay now more hate and evil, born of this night.

Waldo began to think—"If the child

Impasse

"That woman is the most awful actress I ever saw," said the mild-mannered man to his neighbor.

"That lady is my wife," replied the neighbor.

"I am wrong," said the m. m. m.: "she is a good actress struggling with a rotten play. I wonder what fool wrote it."

"Unfortunately, I am the author," said the neighbor simply.

—Columbia Jester.

A negro company had just returned from a long, forced march, and the captain had been anxious to make a record.

should die, it would serve Stephen right"—but he could not finish that thought. The weight of the warm little body was in his arms, the lovely curl of the child's lips as she lay before him and yawned. And Hannah—why, the child must not die. She must not die.

He pictured that slow fight through the snow, the child's breathing in the thick, cold air, the heart of the mother following—the neighbors falling off one by one at their own doors and their own waiting firesides. Then Stephen would leave the child with the mother while he went to the upper road for the doctor. Would he be in time? What if the doctor were out—and abruptly, through the blur of images in his mind came the cheery face of the doctor whom he had met on the road that noon, "driving sixteen miles north." When Waldo thought of that, it was as if his heart were a sword and smote him.

He ran to a little chest on a shelf and fumbled among its bottles. There it was, tightly corked, just as they had used it once when their baby had had such an illness; and they were alone with her, and pulled her through. What if Hannah happened to have nothing.

He stood staring at the bottle, he began drawing on his mittens and his cap. His coat he had not had off the whole time. His scarf had been bundled up and carried away with the child. He let himself out into the storm.

HIS chill was passing and was succeeded by the light-headedness and the imperfect correlation of the first stages of fever. To his fancy, wavering out and seizing upon any figment, it was as if, back of the invisible drive of the snow, there were a glow of pale light. Now right, now left it shone, as if at the back of his eyes; and he turned his head from side to side to find it. But there were only the cutting volleys of the snow in his face; and everywhere the siege of the wind. Then as he fared on in the thick, impeding drifts, it was again as if he were beating toward and upon that great dark wall; and he kept saying to himself crazily that this was the wall that he and Stephen had raised and that he must somehow get through it, beat it down, and get to the child to save her. Yet if he broke down the wall, something would rush upon him—Stephen's hatred, Stephen's hatred! And his own hatred for Stephen, for there was rage in his heart when he remembered the man's look and the man's word. But of these he did not think—he thought only of the child, and he set his teeth and charged at the wall of darkness and would not wonder what lay beyond.

He went through the storm to Stephen's house, in a maze of darkness and light. Toward eight o'clock Stephen came struggling back from the house on the upper road. He had heard what Waldo had already heard, of the doctor driving sixteen miles north. And when he called Oxnard, his heart sinking at the thought of the eighteen miles which lay between, there was a delay which sapped his courage—and then the word that the wires must be down, for Oxnard did not answer. He could only leave his message with Central, for, to drive the distance on such

"To-morrow we will go on another hike and try for this record again, but I don't want anyone to go that doesn't want to. All those who do not want to go will step two steps forward."

All moved but one man, whom the captain addressed, with a stern glance at the laggards:

"Private Jones, I'm proud of you. You are the only man in the whole company who really wants to go."

Jones, highly gratified, said: "Why, you see, sah, I hates to take dem two steps."

—Judge.

A British physician says that "society

a night would mean to return too late.

Stephen came down from the upper road, and his strength and his pride were gone. Abruptly now he was empty of anger, empty of malice, empty of all save his terrible despair. It was strange to see the heat and the pride shrivel before the terrible fact that the baby might pay the price—"If she dies," he had heard Jake Mullet say, "We'll all know who killed her."

"Oh God, Oh God!" Stephen Mine said.

Abruptly, in the midst of the storm, he seemed to feel a lull, a silence. He went on.

It was before his gate that he stumbled over something yielding and mounded in the road. He stooped, touched the man, and with that which now at last is no decision but merely the second nature of the race, he got him into his arms and to his own door.

At the sound Hannah flung the door open, and from the dark and wind and snow Stephen staggered across the threshold with Waldo in his arms.

Stephen looked down at him as he would have looked at any other man.

"How is she?" was all that his lips formed.

"Alive," said Hannah Mine.

Waldo opened his eyes, and his snow-crusted mitten tried to find its way to his pocket.

"I brought something," he said. "We had it left, give it to her—"

At midnight when the message having reached him at last, the doctor came, Stephen met him with a smile.

"She's safe," he said. "She's sleeping. But there's a man here—a friend of ours—sick and done for. We've got him into bed. Come and have a look at him."

Up some measureless corridor Waldo at last struggled, when many days had passed. And at its far end it seemed to him that Steven's face was waiting. That was queer, because it had been years since Stephen had waited for him. Yet there he was, only back of him was still that dead wall, which neither of them could pass, and beyond it lay that old hatred and bitterness, accumulated through the years. And then there was the child—he must find the child.

One day he opened his eyes on that corridor and saw it clear. A homely room, now his own, about which Stephen and Hannah were moving, and a neighbor in homely talk beside the stove.

"—honestly, you'll have to move out to make room for the truck they've brought him. The whole Open has lugged somethin' here."

And Stephen's voice—surely Stephen's voice was saying:

"That's all right—he deserved it."

And again the neighbor's voice:

"Well, I'll always be proud it was my husband found Lissa's little red mitten down the cut—"

Then a child came to hang in the doorway, and to stare at the bed where Waldo was lying; and when she saw his eyes look—at her, she smiled and ran away—Stephen's child, safe and well and smiling.

Waldo lay still. But in his heart there was a certain singing. And it was as if he had stood close to that dead wall of hatred which he had feared, but its door had swung open, and lo, there was nothing there.

small talk is a greater strain on the mind than is the discussion of some serious topic." Is the doctor sure that it is a mind which is strained? We have often been on the point of suggesting that several ten-minute intervals of absolute stillness during the course of an evening would be of great benefit to society; soothing intervals in which everybody stood stock still and nobody was permitted to speak; such periods, rich in rest, as now mark "a nation's tribute" when a great man's funeral is on. Not through death alone should the boon of silence be won. Try it out in your home circle.

—Judge.